Don't Mince Matters.

but take all the help you can get. And you

can get more of it, with Pearline, than with

anything else that's safe to use. Everybody

knows about Pearline for washing clothes. We

talk more about that, because of all the wear

(without taking up), milk cans, silver, jewelry, etc.—these are only some of the

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you.

Beware "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends ou an imitation, be honest—send it back. 866 JAMES PYLE, New York.

things that are washed best with Pearline.

and tear and labor it saves, by doing

away with that ruinous rub, rub, rub.

But don't let it's help stop there.
With anything that will wash at all,
Pearline will save you something
in the washing. Dishes, paint,

woodwork, marble, windows, carpets

PULSE OF WESTERN PROGRESS

Marvelous Capacity of the Harney Peak Tin Company for Water.

ASSININE ANTICS OF OREGON'S GOVERNOR

Severe Weather Disastrous to Stock in Montana-A Famous Black Hills Case-Death Valley Revisited-General News of the West.

It is highly probable the Harney Peak Tin company is suffering from an overdose of water-congested its reservoir, so to speak Water is exceedingly valuable in the Black Hills for mining, irrigating and ordinary domestic purposes, but when taken internally in copious quantities disastrous results frequently follow. The Harney Peak company did not cultivate the native aversion for water. Just the contrary. It plunged into the swim and strained its capacity.

The general estimate of the company's investment in tin properties is about \$3,000,000. The capital stock of the company is \$15,000,-000, representing a proportion of water that throws a boomed railroad in the background. All this is issued as paid up stock. The debts of the company are officially stated to be: First bonded debt and interest, \$126.970; mortgage to be secured by issue of bonds under contract, \$4,550,000; current accounts, including bills payable not exceeding \$165,000.

The figures explain the recent suspension of operations, though it may not be the real reason. It is evident the company must strike very rich ore to make profits sufficient to pay interest on this load of watered stock. Time alone will answer the question, and the additional one—whether a company so heavily stocked can successfully compete with the foreign article, even with the tin

A Celebrated Black Hills Case.

The courts of South Dakota are about to be called upon to settle an exceedingly interesting mining suit, according to that reliable mining authority. Harper's Weekly. The question involving the ownership of a mine nearly always, when brought into the courts, makes a difficult and complicated case, and judges could scarcely be blamed were they to express the wish that all misunderstandings about mines might be settled with that important mining implement known locally as a "gun" or "shooting iron," as, indeed, they frequently are. But legal proceedings have already been begun in the case of Drinkwater against Campbell, and the Dakota judges will have to make the best of it.

Mr. Drinkwater, the plaintiff, is an old

and experienced miner, living at Deadwood.
About a month ago he went up into Tanglefoot gulch, which is near Deadwood, and
staked out a claim. It was close to one side
of the gulch, and much of it was shadowed by a great overhanging rock, some fifty feet in thickness, which extended out from the mountain-side over his claim something like a penthouse above a door. But it was some six or seven feet from the ground, and gave him ample room to work beneath it, so he paid no attention to it. He sank a shaft, but found no gold. He concluded to abandon the claim; but just before leaving, as he was standing on the outer edge of it and looking up, he saw a rich vein of ore cropping out of the overhanging ledge about half-way up. He instantly decided in his own mind that the vein was his, as it seemed clear to him that anything directly over his claim was as much his as anything directly under it. He determined to dig up to the gold. Returning under the rock, the ingenious Mr. Drinkwater began to sink, or rather to elevate, a

It so nappened that Mr. Alexander Campbell, another old miner, was out doing a little prospecting that afternoon, and in coming down around the mountain he halted on top of the very rock into which Mr. Drinewater was raising his shaft. Looking over the edge his eye lit on the auriferous win some twenty-five feet below. He instantly staked out a claim and began to sink a shaft straight down into the earth discontinuous and the state of th over the one being lifted by Mr

Drinkwater.

There then followed during the ensuing week one of the most exciting struggles ever witnessed in the Black Hills. The rock was soft and each man made good progress. Mr. Drinkwater ran a staging up into his shaft and extended it as he worked higher. Mr. Campbell let himself down into his with a rope. Each became aware of the other's presence. All through the day and half of the night Mr. Drinkwater could hear the man above wielding his pick and whistling 'The Campbells Are Coming.' Mr. Drinkwater recognized the tune and re plied with loud strains of "Die Wacht am Rhein." varied with bursts of "On-ward and Upward." As they drew nearer each frequently inserted heavy blasts with the pleasing purpose of blowing the other out of his shaft, but nothing came of other out of his shaft, but nothing came of this. On the morning of the sixth day but two feet of rock remained between them, and Mr. Campbell stopped his whistling, and, as he worked, shouted out his favorite tune in a tenor voice which could be heard half a mile. Mr. Drinkwater, swinging his pick with desperate energy, roared back the German national hymn in a deep bass voice which seemed to make the ledge tremble. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon My Campbell, after striking a particularly flerce blow, broke through and landed on the scaffolding in Drinkwater's shaft. Mr. Drinkwater stood upright, with his head and shoulders

in Campbell's shaft. 'Hoot mon!" cried Campbell; "an' wha tauld ye ye could pick out the bottom o' my

mine?"
An' who you t'ink glf you lipperty to pacak into de top of my mine?" roared Drinkwater.
Then they clinched each other and fought

desperately. The staging gave way, and they fell to the bottom of the shaft, which so startled them that they gave over their murderous intentions, and each sought a

Fought for a Girl.

The old aphorism that "when hearts are trump look out for war" has never been more fully exemplified than it was at Butte when two young men, who have been paying court to the same young lady, entered an old warehouse and fought to a finish with eight-ounce gloves one of the fiercest and bloodiest prize ring contests that has ever taken place within the confines of Montana

Only four rounds were required to decide who should say, "Fair lady, thou art mine," but it is just possible that the winner will postpone speaking this little piece until such time as he will present some other appearance than that of having been jammed through a brush fence. When one makes a break of this kind it is said that there is nothing like having the young lady recognize who is doing the talking. This point is, in fact, considered very essential. At the end of the third round honors were about even, both being badly punished, but early in the fourth one received a severe blow on the p e chin, from the effects of which he fell in

a neap and was counted out. After the knocked out lover had recovered his senses he arose, shook himself to make sure that he was still alive said "D—the girl" and was loaded into a back and taken home. Then the bottle was passed, the victor started for the city via back street and the crowd dispersed.

A View of Death Valley. Death Valley was, in the main, disappointing, as I think it will be to any tourist, writes John R. Speers in the Californian. I could not realize that Telescope Peak, the loftiest Panamint, rose about two miles above the lowest part of the valley; nor that this lowest point was 200 feet below sea level; nor (the weather being then comfortable) that in summer the air is kilndried until it contains but 1 per cent of humidity; nor that the well shaded thermometer has ranged, according to various authentic observers, all the way from 1220 to 1350 Fahrenheit. But there were some things I appreciated fully, and one of them was a sand storm. I saw the air filled with a dusty fog clear to the mountain tops, while the sun grew dark and light by turns as the fog increased and lessened; I saw plumes of dust waving above the cloud masses as do the

feathery plumes of fog above the cyclone.

and saw slender, sinuous sandspouts a mile

high, careening down the valley in the arms

high, careening down the valley in the arms
of the gale. It was a marvelous exhibit of
the powers of nature.

To most tourists Death Valley presents a
complete picture of desolation. The mountains are rugged and devoid of verdure; the
lowland is a salty waste, where only the
mesquite, thorny and gnarled, and the sagebrush of the color of ashes thrive. Even brush of the color of ashes thrive. Even these have a constant struggle for life with the searing sandstorms. As to the fauna of the country, one finds the gauntest of coyotes and the leanest of widcats: the lizard and the rattlesnake, each with horns; the centipede and the tarantula. In the wailings of its mammals, the terror of its reptiles, and the suffocation and oppression of its atmosphere. Death Valley is in the season a veritable type of the fabled sheol. Its dangers have never been, nor can scarcely be adequately described. And yet, because of its magnificent geological pictures of the wonderful powers of nature, because of its resources in salts and minerals, because of the anthropological minerals, because of the anthropological studies of the region roundabout, and because of the novel experiences which the tourist will surely have, there are few places that will better repay him for his time and

Governor Pennoyer of Oregon is a populist from wayback and a clown whose antics would be amusing did they not disgrace the

Pennoyer rolled into power as a democrat some four years ago. His first distinguishing act was a refusal to meet President Harrison during his visit to Oregon. He was puffed up with the idea that he was "a bigger man' than the president and insisted that the latter should call at the state house and render due homage to Cæsar. But the president did not cater to the whims of Pennoyer. Thus the gubernatorial wart con-tracted a corpulent sore spot. Presidents were immediately tabooed in the dominions of Pennoyer.

of Pennoyer.

The lapse of a few months time served to still further inflate the executive. He cast aside the mask of democracy and blossomed as a full-fiedged populist. To prove the sincerity of his conversion he declined to lend a few state cannon to his late political partners. "Oregon," exclaimed the functionary, "cannot sanction the celebration of the inauguration of the Wall street plutocrat."

The latest bray from the executive cham-ber in Salem is a veto of a bill appropriating \$60,000 to defray the expenses of the state's exhibit at the World's fair. Oregon deserves sympathy. The honor and intelligence of her people should not be measured by the Pennoyer standard.

Stock Losses In Montana.

Leading cattlemen of Montana estimate that the losses of cattle on the open range will average about 25 per cent from the storms and frightfully cold weather prevailing since January 25. Losses will be heaviest in Choteau, Fergus and Dawson counties, as the weather in that section in the early part of the winter was less favorable than in the southeastern portion of the state. Old cows, young calves and Texas cattle brought north last year have stood very poorly. In the northern part of the state along the Marias all the feed has been eaten off the islands, and as thousands of cattle drifted on to them when the storm set, losses in that sec-

them when the storm set, losses in that section will be above the average.

Wolves and coyotes, made desperate by the weather, are more ravenous than for years. From all sections of the country come reports of the depredations of these fierce, ravenous prowlers. Having for some years past been practically protected by reason of the insignificant bounty that is now offered for them, they have largely increased in number and have now become so bold that they make no bones of coming right up to a ranch and attacking whatever instinct tells them they can get away with. Los this source are continually reported. Losses from

A Tussie with a Wolf.

A hunter and a wolf had an interesting mutual surprise party to themselves in the hills near Helena, Mont., a few days ago. The hunter arrayed in a heavy wolf-skin overcoat, fur side outward, was examining some traps set the previous night. He was stooping over one, rearranging the bart, when there was the sound of a fierce growl and a heavy weight fell suddenly on his back, bearing him to the ground, so that he barely missed being caught in his own trap. He managed to shake himself free, and re-covering his feet found facing him a fullgrown buffalo wolf. The wolf seemed quite as much surprised as the hunter, and they looked at each other for some seconds be fore the fight, which ended in the death of the wolf, began. The brute evidently was fooled by the coat and the hunter's stooping position, and mistook him for another wolf.

Another Public Reserve. Oregon is to have a national park. The president has issued a proclamation withdrawing from settlement all unclaimed lands between the Columbia river and the northern boundary of California and lying in the Cascade mountains. A portion of this land may, by later proclamation, be thrown open for settlement, but the part of the reserve surrounding Mount Hood, and also Crater lake, has been reserved for national parks and are forever closed. This land embraces some of the finest timber land in the west, and is the watershed of the principal Oregon rivers, so that the closing of it to settlers will preserve the game and timber, and in sure a permanent water supply to the valleys below. The plan is a wise one and should be generally adopted by all western states, that the devastation of our forests may be, in a measure, checked.

A Ledge of Moss Agates. A ledge of moss agates six inches thick five feet wide and running half a mile has

been discovered 100 miles north of Cheyenne, Wyo,, and but nine miles from the railway. The agate as quarried is worth over \$200 a ton. The owner is J. M. Grogan, who was prospecting for copper. The find has been visited by Geologist Hart of Colorado and pronounced rare and valuable.

A. B. Laurence has opened the Waterfall sandstone quarries on the Oregon Short Line in this state. He prospected last fall, traveled with samples and booked an order of 450 cars for the new city hall at Portland.

450 cars for the new city hall at Portland

Nebraska and Nebraskans. There are prospects that Wahoo will seure a canning factory. John Heck of Oakdale is in jail at Neligh

charged with stealing oats from a freight Thirty conversions resulted from the vival meetings at Rising City conducted by Evangelist Henry.

George A. Berlin's store at Auburn has been closed by his creditors and it is now in the hands of the sheriff. The Nebraska conference of the Swedish

Evangelical Lutheran church will be held at Wahoo from February 20 to 28. Mr. Hadkinson of Weeping Water has gone to England to look after a fortune left him there by a brother recently deceased. Over 100 conversions are reported at Blue

Springs as the result of the three weeks re-vival services conducted by Rev. Clay Coxe. Nebraska City citizens are after a paper aill, which it is believed will be located in their city if the proper inducements are A vicious bull attacked Frank Wallace

Superior and nearly killed him. One of the young man's legs was broken and he was otherwise badly bruised, but he will recover. Mrs. Minnie Armstrong of Dorchester, who was considered to be in a dangerous condi-tion from having swallowed a brooch pin, has entirely recovered and is out of danger.

Tim Rafferty drove into an obstruction in the streets of York and immediately made a claim against the city for \$461 damages. The council offered to settle for \$30 and Tim is considering the proposition. Mrs. Fannie Buck of Gibbon tried to brain

her sister with a lump of coal and was at once declared insane and taken to the asy-lum. This is the fourth time she has been an iumate of the state institution. It is said that E. C. Carroll, a leader of the Gage county populists, is a candidate for the Beatrice postoffice, and that his petition has been forwarded to Senator-elect Allen to be properly filed with the incoming president. "It wasn't necessary," says the McCook Tribune, "to go out into the country yester-day to show land, so the agent that was on

to his job simply stood at the window and described his several farms as they moved by in one grand panorama of dust." While Herbert Brown, a young man about 15 years old, was galloping past a wagon

loaded with baled hay, near Pawnee City, his horse fell, throwing him under the wagon, the hind wheel passing over his breast. It is feared he may be injured in-

ternally Whisky, alcohol and cold caused the death of Sebastian Schmidt, a Richardson county farmer. Just before starting from Falls City for his home, seven miles distant, Schmidt, who already had a jag, drank a half pint of alcohol. When his horse reached home the occupant of the buggy was dead.

The identity of the bright boys at Beatrice who covered the High school register with limburger cheese has been discovered. There were five of the hopefuls and they were forced to make a public apology, but no other punishment was meted out. An hour in a closet with a chunk of limburger would have been an appropriate sentence

Happenings in the West. Cheyenne salary roll for 1893 foots up

Helena banks pay 7 per cent for the city's

Salt Lake has a grand boulevard project well under way. The narrow guage roads in the Black Hills are to be changed to standard guage. The senate of South Dakota passed a bill peropriating \$63,000 for the World's fair ex-

The governor's estimate of the expenses of Montana for the ensuing two years is \$875,000

A recent fire in Deadwood caught the fire-men at a dance. They fought the flames in full dress. The Utah Fair association will suspend

operations this year in deference to the World's fair. The Detroit mining district of Utah is looking up. A strike in the McBurney & Jacobs mine assays \$247 in gold to the ton. The regular clean up at the Golden Reward works at Deadwood for the first six days of this month yielded a handsome brick of

John Carter, an early pioneer of Montana and the discoverer of the famous Tiger mine in the Cœur d' Alenes, died in Missoula

The law authorizing the location of the state agricultural college at idaho Falls has been killed by the attorney general, who pronounces the act unconstitutional. South Dakota has realized \$1,387,381 from the sale of her school lands, and has left 2,721,484 acres. These cannot be sold until they will bring \$10 per acre, which when disposed of will make a snug little school fund. Charles Cunningham is the sheep king of Oregon. He herds something like 20,000

Oregon. He herds something like 20,000 sheep, and has a farm of from 12,000 to 15,-000 acres in Umatilla county. He landed in this country in 1869 and began life as a sheep

An estimate of the game in Yellowstone National park includes 4,000 elk. 1,500 ante-lope, 400 buffalo, 1,000 black tailed deer, 300 mountain sheep, with plenty of bear, beaver and other varieties. The game increases from year to year. Work will, be begun as soon as spring

in eastern Oregon. It is said the coal is of excellent quality, and as there is a scarcity of fuel in that locality further developments are anxiously awaited.

opens on the coal mine six miles from Ukiah

A mountain zephyr unroofed several houses in Carban Wyo. Tuesday. In the Lander valley the wind damaged property of farmers on a large scale. In the mountains northwest of Lander a blizzard has been raging for four days. The sheriff of Crook county, Wyoming, notifies all persons who butcher beef and place the same on sale that they must comply with the provisions of the law in regard to exhibiting the hides. He closes his notice with this significant remark: "When called upon

to exhibit a hide be sure that it fits the beef you have for sale. An investigation into the cost of the my ipal election in San Francisco last fall developed a few instructive facts. There were several parties in the field—republican, democratic, nonpartisan, prohibition and populists. The aggregate expenses of all was \$85,000. There must be several succulent plums in the political orchard of San

Francisco. A Laramie druggist recently filled the following order from an anxious parent: "A dose of castor oil for a child aged 15; be sure and send enough to work her good. One dozen two-ounce quinine pills, one bottle honetta (Hunyadia) water, one box brandteths (Brandreth's) pills, sugar quoted, (coated.) Please send enough appeaac (ippeaac) to through up a 4-months-old baby, two five blue mask (mass) pills, ten cents worth partisapated (precipitated) chalk."

stable deaths in San Fran risco is that of Dr. T. M. Leavenworth, first alcalde of the city under American rule. Dr. Leavenworth, like most of the early property-owners of the city, gave away lots and other real estate which would have made him many times a millionaire. He was one of the veterans of Stevenson's regiment, the old colonel of which, now in his 93d year, promises to outlive all the younger men whom he brought around the Horn in 1847.

THAT INVESTIGATION.

Why Independents Will Be Forced to Push it Through.

That the alleged bribery in connection with the senatorial fight in Lincoln will be probed to the bottom is the opinion of Dr. O. M. Ricketts, Omaha's colored representative in the legislature. In speaking of Friday's proceedings in the house Dr. Ricketts said to a BEE reporter: "I believe the investigating committee in

tends to get at the bottom of the whole affair and ascertain what was done with reference to the alleged efforts to purchase

"What impression did Dungan's story

create?" His story was hardly worthy much credence. It was rather fishy—I may say very fishy. The impression the sergeant-at-arms attempted to create that the whole affair was a scheme to entrap the republicans and resound to the glory of the independents requires too great a stretch of the imagination. His story that the two men he took to the hotel and, who after the price he took to the hotel and, who after the price had been agreed upon, walked or ran out with himself after them, is to my mind a queer tale. There is a fortune in the chromos of the men, or in the men them-selves who went as far as Dungan claims those two members did, and then ran away from \$3,000. That the sergeant deliberately gave the names of two members whom in-vestigation will prove innovent seemed to be gave the names of two members whom investigation will prove innocent seemed to be the opinion of many with whom I talked. This ruse was adopted by him merely to gain time, I believe. He was getting cornered and had to do something. The friends of Mr. Thurston are very indignant and claim they will push the inquiry. The great fight and the one I think that will precipitate a thorough investigation, even should one not be desired, will begin on the reassembling of the legiswill begin on the reassembling of the legis lature. The resolution suspending the sergeant-at-arms will come up for action, all the members will be present and a fight will ensue. Then I think the whole matter will be looked into, as the independents, in order to clear their skirts, must favor the in "Will the legislature have time to pass any

"Yes, I think it will. Of course the senate is occupied in a recount of the Douglas county vote, and the house will have the bribery investigation on, but there will be

time to legislate for the people.

NORTH GALVESTON, Tex., Feb. 11.-Two northern gentlemen, engaged in the wood-working business, came to North Galveston recently, each bent on removing his factory to North Galveston. The outcome of the matter was that these gentlemen now propose to consolidate their factories and bring the same here. Their immense plant will furnish employment for 100 men or more Thus it is that every week marks the project of new industries which will ere long, make North Galveston the industrial city of the gulf.

Paderewski Likely to Come.

Correspondence is current between a certain capitalist of the city, who is also a musical enthusiast, and the Messrs. Steinway of New York, and the outlook is favorable to the appearance of Paderewski in a recital in Omaha about the first week of April. The Exposition hall will be engaged for the recital. Both theaters are fully oecupied with dates and it is impossible to buy off any of the attractions contracted for.

The standard cure for cold and cough, Dr Bull's Cough Syrup, should be kept by every mother who loves her darlings.

WHEN WORSHIP WAS WORSHIP

Wakeman Writes of One of the Most Ancient of Irish Religious Shrines.

DANGEROUS CLIMBS FOR THE PILGRIMS

Road to the Summit of the Skillig Along Which Thousands of Devout Passed Every Year-Early Morning in Malta.

[Copyrighted, 1893.] LONDON, Jan. 30.—[Correspondence of THE BEE.]-I wonder how many Americans ever visited the famous Skeliigs off the southwest coast of Ireland! They are the most south westerly extensions of Ireland, are three in number and lie in a direct line southwest of Port Magee. The first, and the least, is called Lemon Rock. It is a round, solid mass rising only a few feet above the water. The second and next larger is called Little, or Lesser, Skellig, and is a craggy grouping of rocky pinnacles, standing grim and black against the sky; as though some city of churches with wondrous steeples had been submerged, rearing above the waves their mighty Gothic spires, among which millions

of sea birds had found their desolate homes.

The third, the Great Skellig, is precisely nine miles at sea from Port Magee. It is an enormous and precipitous mass of rock rising perpendicularly at nearly all angles to the height of several hundred feet, and from thence pushing skyward stupendous, irregutar groups, terminating in two lofty pinnacles, the highest of which reaches an altitude of 710 feet. It is said that the ocean soundings around it are far deeper than those in any part of the English channel; and at no other point upon the whole Atlantic are witnessed such awful battles between wave and stone. The base of the only lighthouse now in use upon Great Skellig stands upon a leveled rock, 140 feet above the sea, and the roof of this lofty structure was a few years ago crushed in and partly carried away by the assaults of the waves, which must have been lifted upwards of 180 feet above the sea level to have been dashed upon it!

Hard Place to Light.

A determination to land upon and scale Great Skellig rock is more easily formed than is the project performed; for certain destruction attends attempted landing, save when old ocean may be caught napping and for a few hours quite at rest. Every day for nearly a week, with a Kerry fisherman friend, I arose before day and tramped to the cliffs below Port Magee for forecast of wind, weather and sea. At last a propitious day came. With my friend and three of his hardy companions we set forth in a strong open boat with the outgoing tide from the tiny pier of the port, and without stroke of our were soon sweeping through the southern entrance to the harbor of Valentia.

The sea was perfectly calm as we left the channel, save where imperceptible distant swells, massing upon the half hidden ledge that protects the harbor entrance, flung glittering spume and spray landward behind us. Over to the west, Bray Head rose precipitously 1,000 feet out of the water. Beyond this innumerable fishers, sails blended like a huge on-coming surge at the edge of the horizon. To the left, grim headlands stretched away in dark projections to far Bolus head, and the long, regular stroke of the oarsmen soon sped us past Puffin island. In an hour and a half we were alongside Lemon island, lying like some sleepy, halfhidden monster to our right, and in irs time we had come abreast of Little

Here we were favored with a characterissight. This island is the only one off the Irish coast where the puffin haunts and breeds in countless numbers. Taking ad-vantage of the placid sea, perhaps three score coastwise folk were here senking these fowl within the fissures and clefts of the crags. Many aerial battles between men slung with ropes from dangerous heights and the birds they were mercilously seeking were seen in progress as we passed. The eggs and flesh of the puffin are eaten, their feathers are dried and sold and a traffic is carried on in pickled or cured puffins which are exchanged for potatoes and meal with the country folk of the Iveragh wilds.

At last the Great Skellig was reached, and we made a landing without difficulty at the only spot upon which foot can be set from the sea. I begged the boatmen to climb the crags with me, but they shook their heads gravely and refused. The reason for this, as related by my fisher friend who consented to accompany me, was on account of certain portentous superstitions the peasantry and fishermen tenaciously hold regarding the spot. The only human beings now living upon the Great Skellig are those having

charge of the lighthouse. Ancient Seat of Religion.

But more than a thousand years ago, hundreds, if not thousands, passed their lives in religious devotions upon this wild sea-mountain; for this place was then the St. Micnael's Mount of Ireland. Its history was luminous even in the earliest days of Christianity in Erin. A majestic monastery once stood in the little valley between the two lofty peaks of the island. From the single landing-place, 620 stone steps, many portions of which remain, led to the monastery, the great cashel, the orato-ries, the stone cells, the aucient burial place, and many unrecorded structures which the incalculable toil and zealous consecration of a remote age grouped within this sacred spot. Easily traced remains of nearly all hese structures still exist; and fragments of gigantic crosses here and there push through the strange debris, whose contemplation cannot but send a thrill through the

east impressive heart. Far, far above this tens of thousands of pilgrims in the intervening centuries have climbed. Near the top of the highest pinnacle, one must squeeze through a narrow orifice called the Needle's Eye, in order to follow their oldest painful way. Just beyond this is a narrow ridge or saddle of solid rock. One must get astride this and work along with legs and hands until an ascending shelving rock is reached. The dan-ger here is terrible. One false movement, and you are plunged headlong into the sea from either side. From this to the highest point any fairly sure-footed man may pass securely to the slender yard-wide summit, along which are found rudely sculptured crosses or stations

crosses, or stations. I have been in some eerie spots in my travels, but never before have I stood where such sense of sublimity mingled with awe-inspiring insecurity possessed me. On three sides you look down a black, straight line of over 700 feet into the ocean. Behind and below you are the solomn ruins of remote ages. Far to the north and east is the weird, sea-walled coast. Your own land is 2,000

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boys' bicycle hose, etc., ranging in

Underwear---

miles beyond those white specks of fisher boats to the west. Around and above you are only the palpable clouds, and ghostly whistle of darting sea-bird's wing. The solenn grandeur and awful impressiveness of

emn grandeur and awful impressiveness of the place are appalling.

The descent was more dangerous than the climbing, but we accomplished it safely, reentered the boat and made for Port Magee. I never wish to see Great Skelling again—uniess from the deck of an Atlantic steamer, when a sight of it as the first glimpse of Europe is occasionally had; and as we rounded the reef into the safer channel, while night was softly descending and the lights from a thousand mackerel fisher boats gleamed along the western horizon, I turned with a sigh of relief from this tremendous and desolate terror of the deep to welcoming land as from some hideous phantom of unhappy dreams. tom of unhappy dreams.

Early Morning in Malta.

Valetta, the chief city of Malta, is never silent save in the early morning hours. Then it is like a city of the dead; but always sweet and cool and winsome. At that time, if you are abroad alone, the silent churches the huge auberges, the tremendous ramparts, the vast archways, the dim porticoes and the shadowy balconies' seem to whisper anew their tales of romance of old, their mysteries of chivalrous and knightly days. But soon from this patio, from that nar row thoroughfare, another silent archway from huge barred doors that open and close with a startling click, come funereal forms, clad in somber black. They glide along with bowed heads. Their ndvent has been so sudden and their number is at once so great that you are filled with surprise and dismay But these do not remain.

For a soft and delicate hand, as is by acci-

dent, with a swift motion changes the folds of the faldetta, and the pretty faces of half a thousand Maltese maids and matrons are one by one turned roguishly or kindly to yours. Then you realize that the faithful fair of Valetta are on their way to early mass, and you stand there, hat in hand, yourself a nt worshiper, mentally blessing on and all for their piety and pretty gracious

In the vast geography and panorama of travel certain places and objects take on special typification and significance. least this is true in my own experience as a wanderer. I never see in a port a little squatty, high-pooped brig with its two, tiny, square-rigged masts, but my mind instantly reverts to Barcelona and the sunny harbors of the Riviera. A basket of eggs in a grocer's window no longer recalls the boy-hood farm days, but a certain barron ledge upon the western sea wall of Fitful Head, where beneath the deafening screams of sea fowl, I saw not thousands, but millions of sea-fowl eggs. The faintest odor of sugar or sirup brings back the screeching of ships' wenches as oceans of murky sweets are being stowed in holds in the harbor of Havana. An emigrant Russian Jew in his quaint, patriarchal habit, flashes back upon my mind the dumb suffering of these folks in Cracow. Any muffled Italian i vering over his charcoal stove and tray of chestnuts wafts to my imagination the edor of the steaming polenta, or brings again to sight the fair chestnut groves of Louipardy and Tuscany; and so on through an infinite reach of suggestive seeming and as-

But the most dreamful, mystic, almost pathetic suggestiveness always comes with picture or sight of the paim tree. Cuba, Spain, Majorca, Malta, Morocco, Algeria, always return with this emblem of dolorous isolation and inexpressible loneliness. hints of the camel, the Bedouin, the desert. In art, in story, in fact, it ever suggests the endless hopelessness and impassability of the barriers between the races that subsist upon and rest beneath it and those who know and love the maple

Where Whisky is Popular.

I wish to record a conclusion from extended observation in favor of the lowly women of Scotland. We have all read much in books, and in the prints where names are not often enough signed to sweeping generalizations regarding foreign peoples to the effect that lowly women of Scotch towns and cities are all woefully addicted to drink. I do not be-

They drink, but neither do all nor even any important percentage indulge in liquor at all. Those who do often get "cheery," and no doubt they would be better off without it. But I have never seen a Scotch woman, high or low, in or out of Scotland, even in the most wretched wynds and closes of Edin burgh or Glasgow, approaching that emphatic condition termed "fighting drunk." So, too, I am inclined to believe that the

drinking prowess of Scotchmen has been greatly exaggerated. Scotch literature, especially that portion giving expression to Scotch life and customs of a century ago, is Scotch life and customs of a century ago, is certainly full of the humor and pathos of drunkenness. Perhaps Scotchmen were drinkers of valor the 1; but there is not a more moderate at well ordered people today. The old drinking-bouts of the clan chiefs, and, later, of the small nobility and county notables, are no more. From the great St. Andrew feasts down through the countless grades of social festival and cheer to the simple heart-lightenings of the fisher-folk, beside the wild sea-lochs, who were once almost sayage in their thirst for strong drink, guzzling and drunkenness are almost unknown. "Tay"—and oceans of this—"the cup that cheers but not inebriates" has almost universally displaced the fiery usque-baugh of old.

If a fondness for liquor lingers in Scotland as a class peculiarity, it still holds among those "children of the mist," those impetuous, canny, though ever winsome Highlanders of the north. In my wanderings among them I have found one curious characteristic. They are born religious disputants. Warm up the cockles of their hearts with a drop of peat whisky, and they are masters of polemics. It is then that they will stoutly assert that Adam spoke Gaelic and that the bible was originally written in Gaelic. As a Highland clergyman of Strathglass once told me: "One glass makes them doctrinal en-thusiasts; two sets them expounding every point upon 'Justification,' 'Adoption' and 'Sanctification' in an ecstacy of argumenta-tive frenzy; and, I sometimes think, with an-other, they would stop on their way into heaven and hotly engage St. Peter himself! EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

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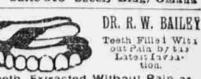
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