MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED.

By W. L. Alden.

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weather, the American, whose name I cannot recall, and myself. Starkweather had just returned from a trip to the Rocky mountains, and he had made the acquaintance of the American on board the Atlantic steamer. According to Starkweather the American was the very best of good company, and he had invited us to meet him, assuring us we should pass a most delightful evening. We were not told whether the man was a millionaire, a humorist or a buffalo hunter, into which three classes, as I have been given to understand, the entire poplation of the American states is divided; and, as he never spoke during the whole of the dinner, except to ask for or to decline some article of food or drink, I did not find him a particularly entertaining person; but when we had arrived at cigars the American gave a sigh of re-Hef, tilted back his chair on its rear legs, and looked about him with a contented expression, and a general air of having laid aside business and prepared himself for

We were apeaking of the mysterious disappearance of a man who, according to the newspapers, had left his house in Bloomsbury square a fortnight ago to post a letter, telling his wife that he would return in five but who had never since been

There is something in these disappearances that I cannot understand," said Brown. "Every now and then some man, who has not the slightest reason for committing suidide or for running away, walks out of his front door and disappears utterly and forever. Say that of these men a certain per-centage does commit suicide, or does run away, and that of the rest another percentage knocked on the head and dropped into the Thames, there will still remain a large number of disappearances to which we can attach no explanation. Take this Bloomsbury man, example. I know a man who knew him intimately, and he tells me that a better man never lived. He had not an enemy in the world, and he was devotedly attached to his wife and children. He had a comfortable income and did not owe a penny. He was an exceptionally hard-headed, clear-brained man, and the hypothesis that he suddenly went mad is out of the question. So is the theory that he was inturdered at 7 o'clock on a summer evening between Bloomsbury square and the corner of Southampton row. And this is only one of half a dozen similar cases that come to my own knowledge."

Starkweather and I agreed that the subject was a mysterious one, and that there must be some explanation of these disappearances one had yet thought of. It was then that the American suddenly broke si-

lence, and began a monologue which lasted for the rest of the evening. "Gentlemen," he began, "we have just such disappearances in the states. Of course when a cashier or a broker disappears we all know that his time for closing up his business affairs and taking his securities across the border into Canada has come; but good, quiet, honest people, just such men as your friend there has been describing, disappear with us more often, I reckon, than with you. I have lost two intimate friends in that way, and it naturally made me think a good deal about the thing. That's the way I came to find out the truth about it, though I have never yet told a living soul, knowing that there is nothing so credulous as a human being, and that if I told what I knew nine people out of ten would think was a lunatic or a liar. But over this side I find that people believe twice as easy as they do with us. Just think for a minute how all your Englishmen believe all your Englishmen believe in your . But there, I guess we don't want to talk politics tonight. However, I'm going to tell you what I know about mysterious disappearances because I calculate that you'll be likely to believe it, and because I'm going to Paris tomorrow, and as I don't expect to come back to London again, it won't so much

matter whether you believe it or not." He paused for a moment and drew three r four times at his cigar. We begged him I was feeling a little drowsy, and the man's voice was southing in its monotonous inflec-tion, I rather thought that if his story did prove tiresome I could sleep through at

least a part of it. was living in Chicago, gentlemen," resumed the American, "when the first of my frends disappeared. He was a real esture agent and was making money hand over fist, with nothing on the face of the carth to worry him-having been happily divorced only that very year. He had been spending the evening at my house, and about c'clock he started for his lodgings, which in the next street, not 100 yards away. He had a sore threat at the time, and he said as he left me that he should stop in at the druggist's on his way home and get some medicine. He did so, as I afterwards found out on inquiring of the druggist, but from the moment that he left the druggist's shop no man ever heard or saw him again, and any sort, size or description.

"That was, say, ten years ago. Two years later another friend who had been married only s'x weeks and was the happi est man I ever struck, disappeared. His wife wasn't feeling very well one Sunday evening, and he insisted upon going for the dactor. It was about 8 o'clock in the evening, and it was a bright, mornlight night. The doctor's office was in the same street, about three blocks away, and the street was always full of people at that hour. But from the time my friend shut his front do r behind him he vanished completely. He never went to the doctor's office, so far we could find out, and the only trace of him that was ever found was the evidence of a boy in a druggist's shop that was about half octween my friend's h use and the doctor's office. The boy rather thought that a man answering to the description of the missing man had come into the shop at s o'clock and bought an ounce of chloride potash, but as he didn't know my friend he could not, of course, be sure that it was he. From that day to this nothing was over heard of Julius Hickok, which was the name of my missing friend, and his es-tate has been settled by the lawyers and

his wife has been married at least once

"I got into a way of thinking over the disappearance of these two men and trying to invent some theory that would account for it. I invented half a dozen theories, but every one of them broke down. I was absolutely certain that the men had neither ran away for comprising suicide for I was ran away nor committed suicide, for I knes about both of them to know that this was simply impossible. Then, again, the chances were at least a million to one that they had not been murdered. No man be killed early in the evening in a ded street without attracting the atcrowded street without altracting the attention of a6mebody. Even a policeman would notice a thing like that. My friends had not been enticed into some dark alley and there murdered, for they were not the kind of men to have that game played on them. You might just as well try to entice a cat to walk into the river. Then, too, if they had been murdered what had become of their bodies? A human body, centiemen is a mighty awkward thing to centiemen, is a mighty awkward thing to dispose of surreptitionaly, as you must know if you ever tried it. Well, the more 1 if you ever tried it. Well, the more I thought of the matter the more certain I was that the missing men had not been made away with, and not run away of their own accord, nor committed suicide. Then what had become of them and dozens of other men who had disappeared in sim-tlar circumstances? There didn't seem to ilar circumstances? There didn't seem to be any answer to this question, and that aggravated me. The thing beat me, and I hate to be besten. But one day I was reading in a newspaper of a new sort of gunjowder, and the whole thing was clear to me at once. That is to say, I knew I had a clew, and when you have the clew to newspaper.

got the thing, that is, of course, unless you went around to the university to a ne who was a professor of chemletvy, and I said Brinckerhoff, tell me if

to anything you can consider that you have

chlorade of petrah is an explosive?"

"Well! I should smile! says he, or wards to that effect. "It's one of the most powerful of explosives, and when it is mixed

We were dining together-Brown, Stark- | with certain other ingredients-some of which are as common as pork—it beats dynamite clean out of sight. Why, sir, I can make an explosive out of chlorate of potash that would blow the whole city of Chicago to Paradise, and you could carry enough to do the deed in your trousers

> there any explosive which will do a lot work with a very little noise?
>
> "'Now I see what you are driving at,'
> said Brinckerhoff. 'You are wanting to
> invent a noiseless powder and are thinking
> of chlorate of petash. It won't do, my
> friend. You can manage chlorate of potash
> as a to give you a tremendous explosive so as to give you a tremendous explosive force with next to no noise, but you can never harness it so as to use it in firsarms. gever harness it so as to use it in firearms. Other men have tried it before you ever

'Tell me one more thing,' says I.

thought of it, but they have all failed. Try something that is slower than chlorate of potash if you want to succeed in any-thing except blowing your own head off." 'T had learned all I wanted to learn of Brinckerhoff, and I knew now for certain that I was on the right track. I wondered that the Idea had not come to me before. You remember that the first of my friends who disappeared had been tast seen at a druggist's where he had gone to get some medicine for a sore throat, and that there was some reason to suppose that the second man who disappeared had bought chlorate of potash at another drugglat's. Looking at these facts in the light of what Brinckerhoff had said, I felt reasonably sure that in both cases chlorate of potash was at the

bottom of the mysterious disappearance of

my two friends, and I set to work to try to "I bought a couple of ounces of chlorate of potash, and that evening I gave a good big dose of the drug to my landlady's cat, putting it in the center of a meat pill. The cat bolted it without the least suspicion, and I watched patiently to see if the beast would disappear. She did nothing of the kind, but after about half an hour she curled up on the floor and went into convulsions; and, after freeing her mind as to the trick that she found I had played on her, she died without showing the slightest inclination to explode. However, that didn't shake my faith in the theory. Brinckerhoff had said that when chlorate of potash was combined with some other substance, the name of which he would not give me, its explosive powers were enormously increased. What was that other substance? It seemed to me that this question could not be a very diffi-cult one. The two men who had disappeared must have had this substance somewhere about them, and it must have come in actual contact with the drug. That thousands of people take chlorate of potash, or carry it in their pockets, and don't disappear, must mean that they don't happen to have the other mysterious substance about them. It was then a substance which my two friends had with them, but which the average man does not have. It must have been carried loosely in the pocket, or else it could not have come in contact with the chlorate of potash. What could this substance be?

"Well, I worked over that problem for weeks, and could not come to any conclusion. I mixed chlorate of potash with every sort of thing that I could imagine a sane man might possibly have in his coat pocket, but I could not produce the terrible explosive that Brinckerhoff had spoken of. It was not phosphorus, nor sulphur, or anything else that is used in making matches. It was not tobacco, nor sugar, nor coffee, nor tea, nor tobacco, nor sugar, nor coffee, nor tea, nor gum, nor flour, nor anything else that I could think of. I was beginning to get a little disheartened when one day I had to go to a dentist to have a tooth filled, and then I made my discovery. The dentist, was one of those men who think that they can distract your attention from dental operations by perpetually talking to you. The theory is that the suffering you undergo in your ear makes you forget the suffering you undergo in your teeth. This particular undergo in your teeth. This particular dentist meandered along, telling me all about the weather and the politics of America and Europe, and the progress of astronomical discovery, and the last new novel that he read, and gradually he worked round to my two friends who had disappeared, and re-marked how singular it was that they had both been under his hands within a week before they disappeared.

This naturally interested me more than This naturally interested me more than I cared to say, and I asked him what he had done for my friends. He said he had filled two teeth for one, and seven for the other. Filled them with gold, I suppose, said I, though I didn't suppose anything of the kind. 'Not all of them,' said the dentist. There were several cavities that were too large for gold fillings and in them.' large for gold fillings, and in them I used What is your cement made of?' I asked

in a careless sort of way.
"'Well, that is a trade secret,' he replied.
To tell the truth, I don't precisely know what all the ingredients are myself, show it to you. So saying, he opens So saying, he opened a drawer, and taking out what looked like a thick sheet of glue, he laid it on the table beside me. 'That is it,' he said, 'though of course it has to be softened before being

"Just then the dentist excused himself for a moment, and went into the other office to speak with a newly arrived patient, and I improved the opportunity by stealing a bit of the cement. You see I did it in the cause of science, and everybody knows that a man has a right to do anything in the cause of science, from vivisceting a dog to writing books on political economy.

"When I got home I made a powder of that cement, and I mixed a very little of it with a very little chlorate of potash. Then I looked around for something to try it on. My landlady was out of cats just then and there was no available dog to be had. How-ever, I thought I knew where I could borrow a cat, so I took a small covered basket and a bit of dried herring and I went to a neighbor's, where I had seen half a dezen cats in the front yard, and I didn't have much trouble in stealing one—in the

interests of science, you understand.
"I took the cut to my room, and when "I took the cat to my room, and when she had agreed to overlook my conduct in putting her into a basket I gave it a meat pill, compounded of chlorate of potash and the cament I had borrowed of the dentist. She swallowed it auff asked for more, but didn't get it. Then I hung a atring from the corner of the table and advised her to play with it, which she accordingly did. You know how excited a young cat will get over a string. Well, that cat got so excited after a little while that she took to throwing herself around on the floor and against the leg of the table in a mighty reckless way, considering she was making a delicate chemical experiment. Suddenly I heard a chemical experiment. Sudeenly I heard a little faint puff, as you might say, for you could hardly call it a report, much less an explosion, and, gentlemen, as true as I am sitting here, there wasn't so much as a hair of that cat to be seen. And, what's more, nobody ever found the least trace of that animal, not even so much as a particle of dust or soot. I needn't say that the doors and windows of the room were locked, and that nothing is more certain than that the cat wasn't in hiding under the furniture. No, mir; that cat had disappeared the same as my two friends had disappeared, and I had solved the mystery of their disappearance. "Why haven't I published this discovery? Because it would do more harm than good. Brinekerhoff was right in trying to keep me in the dark as to the way of making such a tremendous and silent explosive. If I had published my facts anybody could have made that explosive, and by this time the an-archists would have blown nine people out of ten into the other world. I wouldn't tell what I know even now were it not that the cement of which I speak has gone out of use, and there probably isn't a dentist living who knows how it is made. All I know of the matter is that if you have ever had a tooth filled with cement of any kind you had better keep clear of chlorate of potash. You might make the combination by accident.

just as my friend did, and then we should hear of another mysterious disappearance.

Very likely you don't altogether believe what I've been telling you, but you can't

deny that it does explain how propil

mysteriously disappear and that there isn't any other explanation that meets the case.

That is sufficient reason for believing the theory, as every scientific man will tell you.

If you diabelieve it you might just as well diabelieve the theory of gravitation. You can't prove the existence of gravitation as a

universal law, but you believe it because explains all the facts, and it is the only theory which does explain them."

PRINCESS BORU.

Once in a while the fishermen on the west coast of Ireland rub their eyes with amazement when they look out first thing of a morning, and they ask themselves if it's really true they are awake, and well they may. So would any one who, coming out for a sup of the morning air while breakfast was being got, maw right before him in the sea an island that wasn't there the night before. And no common island either, mind you; but one all covered with trees and towns, and rivers running down the hillsides into the sea, and folks going to market and men plowing in the fields, all as natural as life, and fit to deceive priest or parson, though when you take a boat and row out to it the nearer you get the less you see it, and when you are right on the place where it stood you don't see it at all. And when the sun comes up high it vanishes clean away, which same is all the doings of Princess Peggy Boru, who was a chip of the

old block and her father's own child.
It came about in this way:
The king of the Island of Ballyloo want d a wife, which was a want he was often wanting, for he-was short tempered even for a king, and any troubles at home he was likely to settle by cutting off his wife's head. as the shortest way out of it. Of course this saved words, but in the long run it took more time than arguing it straight out would have done, because by the time the king had been a widower nine times the girls on the mainland began to grow mortal shy and nothing would tempt them to go to be queen on the Island of Ballyloo—owing to unhealthiness.

So when King Dennis had asked every So when King Dennis had asked every likely lass on the coast and got a refusal he went inland and requested King Brian Boru to send him his daughter to be queen of Ballyloo, for it was well known in all Ireland that Princess Peggy was as fine a girl as you'd see in a month of Sundays, barring her sed hair and a few frackles and had an her red hair and a few freckles, and had an arm on her like a blacksmith. King Brian was pleased enough, for he

a good wife she made him. Never had been such management in the castle since the king came to the throne; not a bit of waste anywhere, and all the rents paid up to the very day. But by reason of her temper being a little sourcd by her separation from Jim, Queen Peggy was pretty short with the king and he began to thin he'd rather have less good management and more humbleness in his wife, and one day when she'd given him a good tongue-lashing he came up behind her with his sword drawn, meaning to cut off her head and make his self a widower for the tenth time. Queen Peggy, as it chanced, had a pan in her hand and lucky for her she kept all her tins like mirrors, so that she saw what he would be at reflected in the tin, and turning quick, knocked the sword out of his hand and boxed his ears with the pan until he begged her pardon. Nevertheless, seeing what was on King Dennia mind, Queen Peggy deon King Dennis' mind, Quren Peggy de-cided her health was in need of a change to the mainland.

Now at the bottom of the well in the court yard of the castle was fastened the chain that held the island fast to the bid of the ocean, and one dark night Queen Peggy tied, a rope round her waist and with a hammer, and a chisel stuck in her belt let berself, down to the bettom of the well and cut the chain. Then she came up and went quietly to bed. When King Dennis got up in the morning he saw that the island had changed

"Bad luck to it." says he, "the chain is broke and 'tis I must go down in the well and fix it," but as chanc; would have it, the bottom dropped clean set of the well so that King Dennis went right through into the ocean and was drowned.

Queen Peggy was leaning over the curb and saw it happen, but she said nothing to anybody, only seeing she was a widow she'd no longer any call to stay in Ballylos and took a boat and rowed to the mainland and went home, and all in good time, as it happened, for Castle Born was at sixes and sevens, and matters badly in need of attention. The widow Clancy, who was to have been married that very morning to King Brian, had run off in a jaunting car before daybreak with the king of Atherroy, who was a young fellow near her own age, and Queen had all she could do to quiet her father. By the time this was done and things put to rights she happened to see in was a widower himself, and there was a pretty widow whose farm lay just beyond the village that be'd have liked right well to have brought up to the castle as queen "It's a pity," says she, "that good food "It's a pity," says she, "that good food



if he'd not been afraid of the two women quarreling, for the widow had a will of her own, and Princess Peggy's hair was not pink for no reason. So he thought this a good chance to get his daughter well qu't of the place, and Bailyloo was too far fer of the place, and Ballyloo was too far let of the place, and Ballyloo was too far let visiting. But Princess Peggy had her eye lit was a grand wedding, and it's not often that either Jim or King Brian ever gainsay Princess Peggy. gal, not to mention that she had her sus-picions of the widow, and her idea was that she and Jim were to live at the castle, and when King Brian grew too old to rule Jim

was to save him the trouble of it. So "thank you, kindly," says she to the prime minister of Ballyloo, "but I think I can never be more than a sister to King Dennis, and I should recommend your asking instead the little widow Clancy lives on the farm the other side of the vil-lage. I are sure she'd jump at the chance, and the Doolans would be glad of an op-portunity to take up that farm." Now, if Princess Peggy had left out the re-marks about the little w.dow, everything would have been all right, and nothing more

would have happened of any importance, but when King Brian heard that, he made up his mind that the time had come when either he or Jim Doolan was to wear and that the matter might as well be settled then as inter.

"Sister, indeed!" says he, "wife "Sister," says Princess Peggy.

"Wife," says he.
"Sister," says Princess Peggy,
"Here," says the king to the prime min-ister of Ballyloo, "we'll have no more words in the matter. Take her to Ballyloo, and may a father's ble-sing go with her. Sh-make your master a good wife, I'm sure.' But when the prime minister tried to take him at his word Princess Peggy ran away and locked herself into the tower

and refused to come out.
"Ah, well," says King Brian, "never try to balk a woman of her will. wishes to stay in the tower, stay she until she makes up her mind to come out,



"SURE, IT'S STARVING I AM."

and he sent down to the village for his army, who surrounded the tower and let no one pass in or out. On the second day Princess Peggy put her head through the window, and says she, "I want something

"Do you, indeed?" says King Brian, "well a good appetite is a fine thing, and they say that no finer potatoes and buttermilk are found in all Ireland than in Ballyloo." On the third day Princess Peggy calls down from the window: "Sure, it's starving I

"And that's a pliy, too," says King Brian who was always a civit spoken man, "for there's slathers of good meat and drink to be had in the Island of Ballylon." On the fourth day the princes came down and knocked at the door of the lower. "Sister or wife?" says King Brian through

"Wife," says Princess Peggy and came of had a good meal and went off King Dennis as quiet as you please, and

should be wasted. "We'll have the wedding in spite of little Clancy. Go down to the Doolan farm," says she, "and tell old Paddy that he may go over to the Ciancy place and take possession. And if Jim is at bome tell him to step up to the castle a moment.

As for the island of Ballyoe, it drifts about as the wind takes it, and some thinks. It's enchanted, but the people there are fairly content, seeing that until King Dennis comes back from the bottom of the well,

they've no rents to pay. PRATTLE OF YHE YOUNGSTERS.

"That government is best which governs the least." When little Johnny read said: "I'll have to show that to dad. Tommy (studying his lesson)-I say, pa where does the Merrimac rise, and into what sea does it empty? Pa-1 don't know, my son. Tommy-You don't know, ch? And to morrow the teacher will lick me on account of your ignorance.

Tommy—Say, Paw. Mr. Figg—Now, what is the matter? "When the Fourth of July falls on Sunday, does it fall hard enough to break the Sabbath?"

Dottie—Mamma, I guess my dolly's mamma

must have been a very unplous lady. Mamma
—Why so, Dottle? Dottle—Why, she's made
her so her knees won't bend. I have to put her on her stummick to say her prayers.
"Tommy Wing's mamma is awful good and kind to him." Mamma—What has she done that is so thoughtful? "Let him have measles just the very day school began." A dignified little mamma, who sometimes indulges in acrobatic feats in the privacy of her bedroom for the entertainment har 6-year-old daughter, took the child to an amateur circus, where the society people were acting for the benefit of a fresh air One of the performances consisted of a double somerset which elicited great applause, and when the applause had died away the voice of the child could be heard distinctly over half the tent: "Mamma, that man does that most as well as you

TO AN "ADVANCED WOMAN."

F. Mabelle Pearse in the Idier.
Divinest Woman, shall I dare in humble rhyme to praise thee.
Can words depict thy modern charm of manful coat and hat?
Thy muscle and thy intellect! the ardors that upraise thee!
Thy newness day by day! thy mission! but I may not speak of that.
Reformer lion-hearted,
With fashion hast thou parted.
Thy unkempt locks lie limply on thy clear and classic head;
In hygienic clothing.
A waist and heels deep-loathing.
Thy unstayed figure freely flounders, knickerbockered.

With journalistic intellect and mind inquirof man or devil, heav'n or hell, or even Mrs. Grundy:

To church thou dost but seldom go, nor lov'st the Abbey peerless;

Soul-anchored at the Ethical I see thee

Soul-anchored at the Ethical I see thee oft on Sunday.
Or in occult meditation,
Deep in lore of Eastern nation,
Thou followest the astral track of a Besant or a Stead;
Intellectual gyrations,
Mazes of reincarnations
Close wreath their mystic spells around thy unbewildered head.

In fiction, though we seek thee not, full many a time we've found thee, With chapters of opinions, but a saving love of dress.

Thy heart is all platonic, though thy suitors flock around flee, And the grave and simple-minded is made graver by the "Yes."

But-if man flots it well-o To wed an Astor Yellow,

Or dream Superfludus Woman is to wealth and title blind;

Should he faster and lands at Meller. I would trust he may be happy-I would pray she may be kind.

woman of the period, thy accomplish ments are legion! To lecture or to skirt-dance, to frivol or to fight.
To pioneer, to educate, to nurse the leprous region.
These thy passimes—but a graver, sweeter task is the delight:
To proclaim stateman salvation,
Through Woman's meditation;
To show Earth's highest progress through the Woman-soul is found;
Man as intellect material,
Thou as spirit all ethereal
Ah! 'tis Woman-Woman-Woman-that makes the world go round. to fight

makes the world go round.

CAPTAIN JACK IN LUNNUN

The Peet Scout Kindly Received by the British and French Press.

HE RECITES SOME WILD WEST STORIES

Audiences Charmed by His Verses and Romantie Adventures-liis Sermon "By Pony Bill, the Mountain Howitzer of God," Was a Stunner.

'Way back in the 70's the name of Captain Jack Crawford became famous through out the west. In those days the Black Hills gold fever was at its height. Thousands of gold seekers were pouring into the hills. The nearest railroad point then was at Sidpoy, this state, whence stage coaches and supply trains took the long, wearisome trail to the hills. Captain Jack was engaged by The Bee as a special correspondent, and his letters telling of the new Eldorado were copied far and wide. It was his first newspaper work. Then it was learned that he possessed some literary talent, which in succeeding years he cultivated, until now he enjoys a reputation that has spread his fame throughout America.

Captain Jack visited London and Paris recently, where he was accorded a hospitable reception by the press. Mr. George R. Sims, the noted English author, devotes over a column in the Referee to Captain Jack's visit to London. Among other pleasant things, Mr. Sims says:

There strode into my room, out of the mist and the rain of the park, Captain Jack Crawford, the famous poet scout of America. the ideal fronticrsman, with long hair hanging over his shoulders, tall, lithe, and sun burnt, with eagle eyes and shading brows; and he sat himself down in my study, and, shaking the rain from his leonine locks, exclaimed, "I like this-it does me good, "Like what?" I asked, "The weather," he replied. And then he told me how for five long years in Mexico they had not a drop of rain, only the eternal, scorching, blinding sunshine, and how 75 per cent of the cattle died, and the fish lay in the dry bed of the river and fanned thomselves with their tails and the snakes crawled about with their skins blistered and cracking; and he called the ceaseless downpour of Thursday 'just a drsam.' and wished he could take a slock of our special summer weather back to New Mexico with him

Captain Jack Crawford was for many years the chief of scouts of the American army, and he has written some of the daintiest little poems in the American language.

The captain's frontier reminiscences are not all of them of scenes of slaughter and violence. Many of them are sweet and pathetic, and open to the weary toller in dreary city pent a world of fresh romance. To tell them as the captain tells them would be impossible in cold print. They want the "cow talk," the vernacular of the plains, with its odd smagery and sits quaint and startling turns of thought. Perhaps the maintest and most original item in the cap tain's collection are the Cowboy sermon These sermons are attributed to Pony Bill, cowbry who was converted by a Methodis preacher, now the bishop of New Mexico who was known in the old days as "the Mountain Howitzer of God," and who mixed with the roughs and the gambiers, and took them their own way, with the result that at the chapel collections the place was fre-quently filled with "chips." These chips are colored tokens used at the gambling houses. A blue chip is given for \$1 a red chip for 50 cents, and a white chip for 25 cents. The

rarson after his sermon would walk to the gambling houses, cash the chips, and put the dollars to the credit of the chapel fund.

Pony Bill's sermons are delightful, and must be intensely appreciated by cowboy audiences. From one of them on the audiences. From one of them on the Prodigal Son, Captain Jack quoted exchalvely or my edification. Pony, when he begins to jerk his jaw on pious talk," staggers the regular parsons who drop in to hear him, at first, but many of them have taken him by the hand and recognized the good him by the hand and recognized the good he is doing. He reads the story of "The Prod."—that is cowboy for the Prodigal Son-first from the bible and then he trans-Prof. had at first, and then his career down to the time when he came to be "herding hogs on a Jonah ranch and afoot. and sittin on a fence sizing up the lay out;" the time when, penniless and hungry "he'd be glad to sit down and work the husks with the hogs if he'd been built for chewin" that kind o' truck;" and he figures out the Prod.'s thoughts when he makes up his mind "to give the hog ranch the shake and let out for the home carral." In cowboy vernacular he describes the meeting of father and son, and the killing of the fatted calf, and he gives a glowing descrip-tion of the grey-headed father's grief over the repentant "Prod." and tells how "such a night was put in as a man of the country never saw afore." Without the accent and the gentle, homely, pathetic passages, in print like a vulgarisation of the looks great bible story; but hear it with the real western accent and the quaint lecution, and you will understand how the "Cowboy ser-mons" have gripped not only the cowboys. but thousands of cultured Americans. The moral of the sermon is excellent. Back-sliders are urged to "start for the home ranch at once, and never look back on the

Captain Crawford, who is staying at the Metropole, is only in London for a few days this time, but next year, if he makes a stay among us, I am sure that he will meet with hearty welcome. I have known him to good many years as a writer of charming erse, and across the broad Atlantic we have many a time exchanged fraternal greetings He has all the originality and quaintness o he best American story-tellers, and he takes the English listener into a bright, clear atmosphere which is a tonic to the jaded

narves. Nym Crinkle wrote of him in the New York World: "The world longs for a fresh individuality and fresh, strong character. I never was so struck by this as when I sat the other night in a crowded house and listened to the celebrated Captain Jack Crawford while he held his audience spelibound for two hours by the simple narrative of his life." And he must have held me spellbound, for it was 5 o'clock in the afternoon when he came into my study just to bring me a message from my friend Robert P. Porter, of census fame, and I shouldn't like to tell you what time it was when I let him out of my front door into the night, with his long hair waving in the breeze, and then went up to bed reviling the fate which bad made me a melancholy London scribbler instead of a poet scout, with a ranch in New Mexico and a glorion record of gallant deeds on the frontier of the wild west.

The Westminster News, London over a column to Captain Jack's address at St. John's Mission hall, Horseferry road, to a large audience, which, it is said, gave epeated expressions of high appreciation The Westminster Budget gave the captain a full page interview, with an excellent half tone portrait. In conclusion the reporte quotes a verse from "Sunshine," a poen of which the post scout is especially proud; never likes to see a man a-rustiin' with the

drinps
Cause in the game of life he deern't always
catca the trumps;
But I can always cotten to a free and casy
cass
As takes his dose and thanks the Lord it As takes his dose and thanks the Lord it ins't any ways.

There ain't no use o' kickin' and zwearin' at your luck.

Yor can't correct the trouble more'n you can drown a duck.

firmember, when beneath the load your sufferm' head is bowed.

That God 'Ill synthic sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

When Captain Jack reached London Mr. James Gordon Bennett sent a representa-tive of the Paris edition of the New York Herald to interview him. The captain was atroduced to the Herald's Parisian readers A tall, strongly built, good looking man

whose fair mustache and imperial, as well as the fair hair, were slightly streaked with gray, stood on the steps of the Hotel Metro-pole looking out at the gloomy, misty weather with a smile that seemed to bring a glimpse of annehine into his immediate ne ghborhood. His sharp peering eyes set in networks of minute weinkles could only belong to a sailor or a plainsman, and when, as he lifted ap his broad brimmed sombrero

gray-alreaked hair which had been twisted underneath fell over his shoulders, it was not difficult to definitely place him in the

As a matter of fact, it was Captain "Jack" Crawford, the poet scout, who is not the only one of a few long-haired gentry from the plains who do not give the effect dweller in the east the impression that hair and hat are only part of a masquerading costume. I think it is the absolute honesty and simplicity of the man, as well as a subtle sesse of refinement, despite the uncouth accent which he somewhat unnecessarily affects, that dispose one in his favor. It is at least certain that since Colonel Cody role and shot his way into English favor no one has created so favorable an impres-

sion in so short a time among the English people he has met.

Jack writes The Ree that he expects to visi: Omaha during the coming winter

RELIGIOUS.

The annual conference of Catholic arch. bishops will be held in Philadelphia the present week, beginning Wednesday. The Baptists of New York, New Jersey

and Commetteut maintain a home for worn-out Baptist ministers at West Farms, N. Y. The Pretestant Episcopal Society of Reformation has been started in New York City with the avowed purpose of opposing advanced ritualistic practices. Rev. Pather James A. McFaul, who

has just been appointed bishop of the Reman Catholic diocese of Trenton, N. J., began life as a clerk in a greery store. Solomon Schindler, the well known rabbi

of Boston, has left the ministry and removed to Cambridge, where he will devote himself to literary work. He announces that he has completed a sequel to "Locking Backward. Bishop Hurst of the Methodist Episcopal church has come back from Europe with the opinion that "the so-called liberal theology of Germany is on the wane, the tide of edu-cation being toward the evangelical stan-

India has now seventy-two Christian Endeavor societies; Japan, fifty-nine; the West Indies, forty-four; Turkey, thirty-eight; China, twenty-three, and Madagascar, thirty-In missionary lands there are in all 2,740

Among other "Maxima for Preachers." tained in a series published by a Jewish rabhi, are these: "If you have nothing to say, say nothing. When you are done, stop." An application of these rules would nip many a sermon in the bud.

N. P. Stanton has devised a scheme for the rebuilding of the Brooklyn tabernacle, by the issue of twenty-year noninterest bear-ing bonds of the denomination of \$1, \$20 and \$100, on which he is confident \$300,000 could be easily obtained.

During the sessions of the Rock River can erence of the Methodist church the other day, in the Methodist church of Galena, Ill., pew No. 65, which General Grant used to occupy, was draped with the stars and stripes. Bishop Vincent, who was then pas-tor of the church, presided over the con-

The Board of Home Missions of the Presby terian church reports receipts from April 1 to August 31, of \$242,150, against \$159,998 for the corresponding period of last year. The gain is divided as follows: Woman's execulve committee, \$22,259; legacies, \$59,996; mis-claneous, \$4,173. In the church collections here has been a loss of \$4,276, leaving a net gain of \$82,152.

A new celibate order of laymen in the A new celluate order of laymen in the Protestent Episcopal church was instituted in New York last week by Bishop Potter. The order will be called the Community of the Brothers of the Church, founded by Russell Whitcomb, lately a student in the General Theological seminary. Work among the poor will be the main purpose of the General Theological seminary. Work among the poor will be the main purpose of the Brothers of the Church. Their work will be largely among the children in the Sanday schools. This will be supplimented by a systematic attempt to elevate the character of the young men in the district by means of reading rooms, lectures, entertainments and religious meetings. The Brothers of the Church will be distinguished by a plain habit, the prevailing color of which is brown, consisting of a long cossack, with a black cross on the breast, and bound at the waist by a black girdle. The postulant takes the vows for five years. The order has no endowment and will live on gifts of the char-

EDUCATIONAL

The introduction of the vertical system of handwriting in the Chicago public schools is an important and interesting innovation and the result will be closely watched.

Direct Curtius, the famous Greek choise, who is now 80 years of age, has in his possession a note written to him in his boyhood by his teacher, censuring him for being backward in Greek

The Columbia college library continues to grow rapidly, as many as 15,000 bound volumes having been added during the past year, making the increase in the last years \$4,000, and the total number of volomes now in the library over 180,000

The Orrington Lunt library building of the Northwestern university of Evanston, III., was thrown open the other day. It is named after Orrington Lunt of that who gave most of the \$100,000 that it east to build it. Mr. Lunt, who was born in Maine seventy-rine years ago, went to Chi-cago in 1842, and has ever since taken a ent part in the social and religious

Ife of the city. Many of the most distinguished electricians in the country will render service in the Na-tional School of Electricity, which has been organized and is to be established in this city. Mr. Edison has been chosen as dean of the faculty, among the members of which are qualified electricians like Tesla Barrett, Carbart, Herdman, Anthony and

others. The two rival California institutions learning, that is the University of California and Stanford university, seem resolved to continue the practice of getting their foot-ball coachers from the masters of that half coachers from the masters of that science in the cast. This year the former has engaged Gill, captain of the Yale team of 1890, and called by Walter Camp the greatest tackle Yale ever had. The salary for the season is about \$1,000.

Prof. Todd of Amherst college, who has

for many years been an enthusiastic student of eclipses and of the sun's corona during the eclipse, is perfecting plans for his expedition to Japan in 1896, where a very important eclipse will occur about 3 p. m., August 9, continuing two minutes and forty seconds. He has collected all the scientific data in connection with the eclipse, and as soon as money for the expedition is forthcoming he will begin the construction of the special apparatus for the observation.

A codicil to the will of the late Prof. Josiah Cooke, for more than forty years profeator of chemistry at Harvard college, off from the college a reversionary interest in the professor's estate, valued at \$590,000 one half of which, and possibly more, would have gone to the university fund. The interesting significance in the codicil less in the date-October 30, 1893-for it was immediately after the dismissal, on the score of hard times and the necessity for economy, of Dr. Oliver W. Huntington, Prof. Cooke's nephew and assistant in the laboratory and lecture room. Dr. Huntington was treated by Prof. Cooke as a son, and it is said that the action of the university was a severe blow to the old professor, who was a man of supersensitive nature.

A Very Valuable Medicine There is no medicine so often needed in

every home and so admirably adapted to the purposes for which it is intended as Cham-berlain's Pain Balm. Hardly a week passes but some member of the family has need of A toothache or headache may be cured A touch of rheumatism or neuralgia I. The severe pain of a burn or scald promptly relieved and the sore heated in much less time than when medicine has to be sent for. A sprain may be promptly treated before inflammation sets in, which insures a cure in about one-third of the time otherwise required. Cuts and bruises should receive immediate treatment before the parts become awollen, which can only be done when Pain Balm is kept at hand. A sore throat may be cured before it becomes serious. A iame back relieved and several days of valuable time saved or a pain in the side or chest cured without paying a dector's hill. Procare a 50-cent bottle at once and you will never regret it. For sale by druggists.

Signorina Teresina Labricia, upon whom he University of Rome recently conferred the degree of acctor of laws, is only its years old. She is delicate, almost fragile, in ap-parance, but has made herself noted for her onderful powers of observation and the logic

CONSTANT CRY FOR REFORM

Has Been Heard Ever Cince the American Republic Was Founded.

IT IS BY NO MEANS AN EVIL OMEN

Ex-Senator Henry L. Dawes Sees in It . Commendable Strefe for Improvement that Augurs Welt for the American People.

(Copyrighted.) The cry for government reform is heard ev rywhere in the land and has been so heard from the beginning of the government. The constitution under which we live was adopted only on condition that it should be reformed. And we have been at work ever since in the endeavor to make over not only our organic law, but all government institutions which have sprung up under it. It is not enough that there is an entire change of administration radical in character every four years. Nor does it suffice that every year, or at most once in every two years, the legislatures of forty-four states spend three or four months in undoing what their producesors have done, and in amending old laws or making new ones. This restless and in-cessant cry for change is by no means cou-fined to administrative detail under an estab-lished system, but includes varnest effort at organic reformation.

An outside listener would come to the con-An outside listener would come to the con-clusion that nearly everything was going wrong with us and that a g neral upturning and reorgaization was imminent and in-dispensable. Not the least noticeable in dispensable. Not the least noticeable in these movements is the singular fact that these forces are often working in opposite directions, even when made up of the same in livideals, in that way attempting to walk in opposite directions at the same time. Thus the necessity of clothing one man alone, with all executive power and administrative responsibility, is advocated by the same people who, at the same time, urge the adoption of a referendum that will throw responsibility for legislation off the shoulders of legislators, where it now rests, and put it upon the multitudinous voice, to be scattered and lost altogether.

The same reformers, who are insisting on seven years' presidential tenure, and ineligibility to re-election, in order to shield that efficer from any time-serving bias of popular influenc —these reformers are in the same breath demanding the election of United States senators directly by the people, in order that they, while in affice, may be in clear teach with the popular will of each hour as it passes. Fo. too, political senti-ment is divided between a life tenure for ment is divided between a diffe tenure for officials, based upon merit atone; and that to be determined by a tribunal outside the efficial responsible for the service, on the one hand and a partisan tenure on the other, to be d termined by tests set up from time to time by those whom the people place in tenure. in power. Some of us are for and some against government by commission, in against government by commission, in derogation of the authority of a single execu-tive; some likewise condemn, while others commend, legislation by committees instead of by the whole body of the ligislature. There are those who would put the liberty of debate in the keeping of one mun; others would lodge it in the custody of a committee of three, and others still would put it in no man's keeping and under no limitation. Hardly two of us agree upon the terms upon the elective franchise shall be

cired by there who, in theory, I we und r laws of their own making. NOT AN EVIL OMEN.

This widespread propagandism of new id as of government and appar at dissatisfaction with existing conditions, fundamental as well as administrative, is by no means an evil omen. Any foreigner inferring from this omen. Any foreigner interring from the universal debate among us over questions touching the character of our institutions that there is any radical defect in the principles upon which they rest, would fall sltogether to understand the character of our people or the true inwardness of this constant disagreement over the merits of our govern-ment. The American people have a genus for government making and this r ver man-ing challenge of the op rations they have put over themselves is evidence that the getins which constructed it without model and in defiance of all governmental dogma tin tolerated among men is still quick and all rt, with vigor unimpaired, and with vix an breadened and clarified by a hundred yet us of constant search for defects and strife irr improvements.

These struggles to achieve government teform should be encouraged, not stifled, and this not because this or that scheme of reform meets our approval, and notwithstandmay in our opin on be unwile and mischlev-ous. They are to be encouraged, because they keep alive and atimulate an interest in governmental affairs essential to vitality. There cannot be indifference where there is dissatisfaction, and stagnation is fatal to life Thre can be no improvement so long as there is content, and there can be no dl. covery excent by an open, scarching eye. This universal outery for universal reform is therefore evidence of universal interest in the affairs of a government in which all are in theory, as they should be in fact, respon-sible, and it is a most healthy and essential condition of the pub ic mind. Let, therefore, the search for defects go on, and let every one be put up to try his hand at reconstruc-tion or amendment of the system of govern-ment under which we live. If he prove to be crazy or a crank he can do no harm un-less we try to step on him, the sure t way to recure for him a following. If he be a mere doctrinaire practical application alone will cure him, and whether the disease or the cure will hurt more is often a problem

of no little difficulty.

Destrinaires are generally harmless, even when the cure of practical application is im-possible, and perhaps less so there than in any other case, because there are instant where absurdity neutralizes dangerous gases. It is only where the dividing line between absurdity and practicability is shadowy or uncertain that any difficulty in treatment can arise. He is hardly ever so absurd or transcendental an expounder whose lesson does not yield at least a kernel worth examining. If you cannot follow him all the way you will by listening, see all the clearer how far he is a safe guide, and will thereby be the better able to hold to the safe path I practicability with a steady step.

The importer of reforms in government in

the most unsafe of all the many types of the race of men, and his treatment presents more difficulties than that of any other. He comes to you in so many attractive colors and with such specious arguments drawn so long a distance from their home that you cannot trace their origin or inquire into their character. They are, therefore, to be taken at the r valuation abroad like other imports. Heades, the importer of political principles and machinery resembles in other respects besides valuation the imparter of "goods, wares and merchandise." All sorts of men are engaged in business-the nihilist, the anarchist, the socialist and the agrarian, as well as the earnest and honest student of well as the carbest and honest student of civici- and the goods of these men bear no label. They are like ready-made clothing—admitted free of duty because they have been already wern, and for that reason it is insisted that they shall be put on and worn just as they are, whether they fit us or not. They were excellent and close-fitting where they were found, and adapted to the climate of the country and the habits of the people who had worn them, and the same fitness is claimed for them here regardless of differences of people, of their civilization and of those institutions of government which are their legitimate outgrowth.
It is these differences which constitute the

chief obstacle in the way of the introduction into our system of the many new and start-ling innovations brought here from abroad by aprious and earnest students of the nature of governments, and which have in recent years occupied so much of public attention Some of them are already on trial, some are still delayed by public hesitancy, and officers are waiting impatiently for their turn. British civil service system and the Australian ballot have already effected a landing, and are undergoing adaptation to our system. The Norwegian liquor law, the Torrens law of conveyance timported from a British province), the Swiss referendent, the English method of making cabinet officers legislators, and other like propositions of fereign origin are finding able advocates among us. The progress of foreign governments along their own lines scenes but at this time to engage the attention of the student of civics far mere than that of our government along the lines of its own development or in the improvement of its own methods of administra-

HENRY L. DAWES