

CURRENT EVENTS.

In London side-whiskers are called "side-wings."
Coching is no longer the proper thing in England.
Two \$25,000 hotels are being erected in Riverside, Cal.
Oregon's rainfall since August last exceeds the usual average.
A ledge of lithographic stone has been discovered near Los Angeles, Cal.
It is estimated by California vineyardists that over thirty million gallons of wine will be made in that state this year.
A large collection of coins owned by the late John T. Raymond will shortly be sold at public auction in New York city.
The brooks of Vermont are still covered with ice, and trout-fishers are beginning to think that their season's sport will be a failure.
A printing-press by which blind persons are enabled to print the raised letters, now universally used by them, has been invented.
A companion sign to the "Going Out Scrubbing Done Here" is a new one in Washington street, New Haven, Conn.: "Expressing Done Here."
A swarm of bees settled in the attic of a church at East Los Angeles, Cal., recently, and some boys took a hundred pounds of honey therefrom.
Although Virginia has three thousand miles of railway, many people in that state are embarrassed for want of means to get their produce to market.
A Boston woman recently refused, it is alleged, to buy some sugar-cured hams on the ground that she never bought anything that had been diseased.
Incendiary fires are almost a daily occurrence in Rutland, Vt. The work is done so well that the police are unable to find a clew by which the criminals might be identified.
Minister (to layman)—But why do you say that Mr. Smith is a good man? He rarely appears at church. Layman—I know he doesn't appear at church very often, but Bradstreet's quotes him A. I.
"Mother, have I got any children," asked little Johnny Fizzleton. "Why, no, child; what put that in your head?" "I read in the bible about children's children. That's what put it in my head."
The longest continuous run on any railway in the world is that made by the New Saratoga limited train on the road from New York to Troy, which runs the entire distance—145 miles—without a stop.
During the past winter eight wild gray squirrels were fed daily by Mrs. Mary Miller at Hillsborough, N. H. The little animals came from the woods every morning and returned after breakfasting.
A medical authority says that in warm weather people find their systems cleaned and cooled very comfortably and beneficially by swallowing a goblet of fresh water, noticed, with a little table salt mixed in it.
Atty. Gen. Garland has notified a United States district attorney of Virginia "that no money can be supplied by pay fees of jurors or witnesses for the remainder of this fiscal year, the appropriations being exhausted."
Hotel and sleeping-car porters are generally short-lived people, as the former die of diseases of the heart produced by the strain of lifting heavy trunks, and the latter of enlargement of the gall caused by over-exercise with a whisk broom.
Ithaca, N. Y., is already feeling the effects of the interstate commerce law. Several boats have been constructed on Lake Cayuga, which are to compete during the summer months with the railroads on either side in the carrying of merchandise and other articles of freight.
Janitor's families are quite a feature of Gotham's population. Living in sky flats, they are enabled to enjoy quiet lives and a society of their own, which are privileges quite unknown to their aristocratic neighbors. Nearly every building is inhabited by one of these families.
One night at tea the conversation turned on the seven brothers mentioned in the bible, who one after the other married the same woman, as each one died the brother next younger marrying the widow. "For pity's sake!" cried the 8-year-old boy, "how long did the widow last?"
Near Boston, Mass., the other day, a gust of wind removed a match-safe from a shelf and carried it across the room to the floor. The safe was broken, the matches ignited, and when discovered there was a brisk fire burning in that room, and ten minutes more would have seen a first-class conflagration.
Charlie, after his evening prayer, was adding some improvised petitions. He prayed impartially, as his memory served, for all his friends, for the people next door and around the corner, and added, with the same intently-abstracted tone, "I won't pray for old Dr. Hart's folks, for we don't visit them."
"Lost time," said the pastor solemnly, "is lost forever." "So is anything else that you lose," said the new boy from Bitter Creek. "Oh, no," said the pastor; "you may lose anything else and find it again." "Then that's lost," said the new boy, and somehow the minister didn't just exactly know how to go on with the conversation. And yet he had been warned against that very boy.
Omaha Parsons—if you had taken correct views of this earthly existence you would not now be ill. Look at the Quakers, they are the longest-lived people in the world. Omaha Man—I never thought of that. They undoubtedly are. "Statistics prove it. Now, my friend, let your own reason explain why it is so." "Well, they don't have to sit in draughty churches three times a week with their hats on."
Maxie was the little 6-year-old daughter of a clergyman who had taken great pains with her religious instruction, and had held before her the goodness of the Supreme Being, so that she should have in her mind always His kindness and mercy, as well as power. One morning her mother passing the open door of the room in which the child was playing, saw Miss Maxie standing on a chair before the mirror, with her face close to it, scrutinizing her little phiz with great earnestness, and with a long sigh she remarked: "I don't see how God could have given me such a nose when He knows how particular I am."
In the old town of Il., in Vermont, about the beginning of the century, says Harper's Magazine for May, lived a man named C., to whom the unique idea had occurred of following the order of the alphabet in naming his children. In accordance with this plan No. 1, a boy, was named Ashley Brigham C. The brief existence of No. 2 was shown by her name, Death Born Epithemia. Then followed Foster Gilman, Hilarity Juno, Kathira Lelona, Melina Nollia, Obadiah Polander, Quirett, Rosena, Servia Trusty, and when this point was reached the old gentleman died, leaving a girl without a name, and his widow finished the list by skipping the intervening letters and calling the unnamed baby &

HIS SECOND WIFE.

In silence she raises
Her low drooping head
To let while he presides
The wife who is dead;
And ever he echoes the old refrain,
"O! that was life
With such a wife,
Poor Susan Amanda Matilda Jane!"
She never was idle,
She never would tire;
Her temper could bridle,
Her servants inspire,
And ever her virtues he sang aye
Like her to me,
Poor Susan Amanda Matilda Jane!"
She never spent money,
Was ever content;
To have a new bonnet
Would never consent;
Yet summer or winter, or shine or rain,
Would never stay
From church away,
His Susan Amanda Matilda Jane!
Was never too early,
Was never too late;
Her dinner was ready,
Or ready to wait,
But ah! he would never see again
With mortal eyes
Such precious ones—
Poor Susan Amanda Matilda Jane!
Darn sew on his buttons,
Darn, back-stitch, and hem,
Each button a picture
Each darn a gem,
A vision of beauty, a pearl without stain!
When she was there
His woes to share,
Poor Susan Amanda Matilda Jane!
In silence she listens,
Till sudden there lies
An ember that glitters
Deep down in her eyes,
"O! to praise her yet farther to me is vain;
No one," quoth she,
"Rejoice like me
Poor Susan Amanda Matilda Jane!"
—Charlotte W. Thurston, in Harper's Magazine.

The Old Scout's Sacrifice.

BY M. VICTOR STALEY.

"Say, 'Jack, whence comes that smoke which rises from behind yonder hill?"
The question comes from a youth who stands leaning on his rifle beneath the shade of a dense growth of trees which fringe the edge of a small stream, a tributary of the Rio Grande, in the Territory of Arizona. The person addressed is Jack Ankerney, ranchman and prairie scout. He is heavily built, tall and straight as an arrow, a fine specimen of manhood. On his head he wears a broad sombrero, while in his belt glistens a large bowie-knife and the usual brace of revolvers.
The young man whose query opens this sketch is Dick Arguson, a nephew of the old scout, but lately arrived on a visit from the States. As he asks the question, the scout arises from the grassy knoll on which he is reclining, and gazes in the direction indicated.
Presently he exclaims, "Indians, Dick, or my name is not Jack Ankerney. They must be again on the war-path, for I can swear that is Capt. Raton's ranch." Then more hurriedly, "Mount your nag, my boy, we must ride over and investigate."
But, as Dick starts to untether the ponies, the old scout again exclaims, "Hold! if I am not mistaken, I beheld a horseman just descend yonder rise in the prairie."
Taking a small field-glass from a pocket in his buckskin blouse, he looks long and earnestly to the westward. "It is as I thought. 'Tis Capt. Raton, and how fast he rides! Ah! he is pursued. A band of red rascals press hard behind, and he is heading straight for this chaparral. He rides Whip-poor-will, the fastest piece of horse-flesh in this section, and will out-distance them yet."
Thus the moments fly, Dick and the old scout anxiously watching the exciting race. On, on, o'er the prairie come the pursuers and pursued, the distance between them slowly widening as Whip-poor-will bears his rider forward.
"Ha, ha, ha!" laughs the scout, "you may as well turn back my red friends, for your prey is eluding your grasp."
But, even as he speaks, the noble animal pitches forward and falls heavily to the ground. The Captain leaps to his feet, seeing that his horse is too badly injured to be of further service, and quickly puts a ball through his brain to end its sufferings, and, turning, speeds on toward the chaparral. His pursuers, realizing his misfortune, with yells of triumph urge their ponies on with new zeal.
"Get your rifle, Dick," exclaims the scout, "and we'll give those red devils a warm reception."
Meanwhile the Captain, now close enough to observe that friends are near, speeds on with renewed courage. His pursuers, who before seemed bent on capture, now realizing that he is likely to escape, unsling their rifles and fire repeatedly at their intended victim who is making every endeavor to reach the friendly cover.
On, on, he comes, the bullets whistling around him yet without taking effect.
As his pursuers draw nearer, however, their aim becomes more certain; and, just as he reaches the edge of the timber, he receives a wound in the leg and falls forward into the arms of the old scout outstretched to receive him, who, after bearing him to a safe shelter, selects a large tree and from its friendly cover watches the approach of the dusky warriors.
As they arrive within easy range of his rifle, he sings out to Dick to give them a charge, while he also takes deliberate aim, and fires with the satisfaction of bringing a red-skin from his saddle. Dick fires at the same moment but without apparent effect. The Indians return the fire, but evidently realizing that they are held at a disadvantage, and not knowing the number of their concealed foes, after riding to a safe distance and engaging in a short parley, turn, and carrying with them their dead comrade ride back o'er the trail.
Waiting only long enough to ascertain that they do not intend to return, Dick

and the scout turn to look after the Captain. They find him just recovering consciousness, and, upon examination, they discover that the charge has produced but a flesh wound, the Captain having fallen more from exhaustion than from any other cause.
"Well, old man, you have had a narrow escape," exclaimed the old scout, when the Captain was able to speak. "What has happened over your way?"
Thus questioned, the Captain relates the incidents that led to his exciting race.
He had been hunting, and was returning, when riding in view of his ranch he beheld the red marauders in the act of firing his home; while in their midst a prisoner, stood his daughter, Neleta, a beautiful young maiden of between nineteen and twenty years of age. His love for his child had nearly forced him to her side; but, reason asserting itself, showed him the foolishness of the act, and he realized that his presence would not in the least benefit her, and only prevent him from conniving at her rescue. Knowing that the old scout was somewhere in the neighborhood, he was on the point of hastening in search of him that he might obtain his aid, when he was discovered by a number of the warriors, who immediately gave chase with the foregoing result.
As soon as the Captain had concluded his narration, the scout turned to Dick and bade him proceed as quickly as possible to the secret cavern in the hills and procure a horse and arms for the Captain, and provisions they would need for an extended journey; and also an extra animal to be held in readiness for Neleta, when they should have effected her rescue, while they reconnoitered as well as possible under the circumstances until his return; and telling him to meet them at the ruins of the ranch, as it would be from there that they would take the trail.
Dick set out immediately, while Captain Raton with the old scout started for the vicinity of his desolate home; the Captain riding and the scout making the best of his way on foot, for he would not hear of his friend walking after the terrible experience he had endured.
Arriving at his home, Raton beheld nothing but the smoking ruins, the redskins having taken their departure, and to the northward as the trail indicated.
"Well, there is nothing we can do but wait for Dick's return; and then we will take the trail," said the scout.
"But, scout, how can I remain inactive, knowing that my daughter is in the hands of those demons," replied Raton excitedly.
"But you must, Captain, you can do nothing until you are equipped for the expedition. I feel as great concern regarding her safety as you, but it will not do to be too hasty. We must go slow or we will run into a trap and be caged ourselves. Those Apaches are cunning dogs, Captain."
"I realize that, scout, and will place all in your hands and be guided by your counsel."
By the time Dick returned it was already dark, and, as nothing could be done till daylight returned, they prepared to make themselves as comfortable as possible for the night, after partaking of a slight repast.
As soon as daylight appeared, they took to the trail, the old scout taking the lead and following it with unerring eye.
The first day they traveled swiftly. The trail leading over the level prairie gave no chance for an ambush; but toward dusk they struck the foothills leading to the mountains, where the savages were seeking to take refuge after their murderous raid.
That night they camped on the trail, and early the following morning pursued their course, but with more caution than on the preceding day, owing to the scout's repeated warnings.
Certain indications showed that the Indians were journeying more leisurely and with less watchfulness, no doubt believing they would not be followed, thinking that the Captain would be compelled to return to the settlement for aid, thus giving them plenty of time for an effectual escape.
The trail being broad and plain had given our friends no trouble, and on the second day out, just as twilight was beginning to throw its shadows about them, they beheld from a lofty hilltop, the fires of the unsuspecting savages.
Waiting till the shadows of night had settled down enshrouding them in impenetrable gloom, they proceeded carefully, picking their way and using the camp-fires as a guide, until they had approached as near as safety would allow, when, dismounting and concealing their horses they prepared to advance the remaining distance on foot.
"Now, Captain," said the scout, "I rely on your leaving everything to me, and whatever happens control yourself and do nothing rashly."
At a safe distance from the sleeping camp the scout halted, and requested Raton and Dick to remain quiet and await his return, proceeded forward to reconnoiter.
After leaving his companions he crept stealthily through the dense underbrush, making a circuit just outside the arc of light made by the waning camp-fires.
While thus engaged, he noted that no sentinel had been posted, the savages undoubtedly feeling secure in their retreat; yet, look as closely as he would, he could see naught of the object of his search, the beautiful maiden, Neleta Raton.
There stood in the center of the camp a number of hastily constructed wigwams, and he finally came to the conclusion that she must be the occupant of one of them; but which one he could only surmise. Resolved to locate her exact position and warn her to be in readiness, he picked his way through the sleeping-camp, kept up as much in the shadow as possible, ever on the alert with his hand on a weapon, ready in case of discovery, to deal forth death to his dusky assailants.
From one wigwam to another he quickly passed. Not a twig cracked beneath his well-trained feet so audibly did he glide. Carefully he picked his way to the one remaining and cautiously peered within. There on the bare ground, bound hand and foot, lay the object of his search. Near by lay the old hag who had been

set as watch over her, but who, becoming drowsed with her vigil, had securely bound her captive to prevent her escape, and was now wrapt in slumber.
The old scout made known to Neleta his presence, and, bidding her to remain as she was for a short time, set out on his return. He would have taken her with him had he been positive of being able to return unmolested; but, though he could creep in and out alone without disturbing the sleeping-camp, he doubted his ability to safely remove the captive maiden without an inadvertent step producing an uproar, and resulting in discovery.
He had planned, when all was arranged for her release, to have the Captain ready with the animals for a hasty flight, while Dick held himself in readiness, that, in case of discovery, he could conduct Neleta to her waiting father, thus leaving him free to draw the fire of the savages, and lead them from their trail in pursuit of himself.
It was a dangerous undertaking, but just suited the adventurous spirit of the old scout. Moreover, he was willing to brave any danger, and even sacrifice his life if need be, and by so doing could effect the rescue of the winsome maiden, who from her childhood had ever been his favorite.
On reaching his companions, arrangements were perfected in accordance with his plans, and while he, accompanied by Dick, set out on his dangerous mission, Capt. Raton retraced his steps to where the horses were concealed to await the denouement.
"Now, Dick," said the old scout, as they crept noiselessly forward, "if we are discovered, and I think that it is very likely we will be, I will contrive to mislead the redskins, while you conduct the girl as quickly as possible to her father, and set out immediately for the nearest settlement; and when I was succeeded in eluding my pursuers I will seek the spot where my horse is concealed and follow on your trail."
"But uncle, would it not be well for me to return that I may render you some assistance," replied Dick.
"No, I would rather you would remain with the Captain and his daughter till they have safely reached the settlement."
Dick thereupon readily assented to the plans proposed, and by this time they had arrived at the edge of the sleeping camp.
With a word of caution to Dick the scout, revolver in hand, creeps once more among the sleeping braves. The fires have entirely died out, leaving the camp veiled in the most intense gloom. Carefully he picks his way, the dense darkness making it difficult to proceed without stumbling over some one of the sleeping savages. He stops to listen, but hears nothing, save the low breathing of the dusky sleepers, who rest on undisturbed. One moment more and the wigwam is reached in which lies Neleta, anxiously awaiting his coming.
Stealthily he creeps within, and cutting the things that bind her, takes her by the hand and leads her forth into the dreary night. Slowly and carefully they move, now here, now there, now stepping over the prostrate sleepers, or passing noiselessly around them.
But a few yards intervene between them and safety; and they are about to congratulate themselves upon their remarkable escape, when, in the impenetrable darkness which surrounds them, Neleta trips against a sleeping redskin, who, rudely awakened from his pleasant dreams, with a startled yell bounds to his feet.
The old scout realizes his danger, and striking the savage a blow which levels him to the earth, he raises Neleta in his arms and springs into the forest. With a few words of advice to Dick, he leaves Neleta in his charge and bounds quickly away, pursuing an opposite course and keeping near the edge of the camp, while making considerable noise to attract attention. The redskins, surprised, yet surmising the cause of the disturbance, fire a volley in his direction, and start in pursuit.
Meanwhile, Dick, with Neleta in charge, picks his way carefully toward the spot where her father anxiously awaits their coming. Immediately on their arrival, they mount their mustangs and set out on their return to the settlement, though Dick would have wished to remain behind to, if need be, assist the scout; but, as he had cautioned him against so doing, finally concludes to adhere to his commands.
As daylight was breaking, on looking back from a slight eminence, they beheld the old scout some distance back on the trail and concluded to await his approach.
As he rode up, the party noticed that his countenance was deathly pale, while blood slowly trickled from a hole in his buckskin blouse, where a bullet had pierced his breast. Neleta, with great concern, inquired if he was badly wounded.
"I fear so," replied the scout. "My hours, I think, are numbered. Let us hurry on and I will strive to hold out till we reach the settlement."
"But, scout, had we not better examine the wound and staunch the flow of blood?" asked the Captain.
"No; it would only result in delay. I have already attempted to do so as well as possible."
With that they once more advanced, yet slower than usual, owing to the scout's condition, he having nearly exhausted himself in his endeavor to overtake them, ere he succumbed, though the hard riding had caused him great sufferings.
They were yet many miles from the settlement, when the old scout unable longer to retain his saddle, expressed a desire to be lowered to the ground. The Captain and Dick, thereupon, removed him from his horse and lay him gently down, while Neleta supported his head in her lap, and soothed with loving hands the tangled locks from his brow.
With a sad smile he extends his hand to those about him, and bids them farewell; and as Neleta, with tearful eyes bows her head and imprints a kiss on his forehead, he fervently exclaims: "Ah, child, you were ever kind to me, and the old scout never forgets. Good-bye, and with my dying breath I will bless you."
He tries to say more, but his voice

falters; and there, with the rising sun shedding its rays of golden light o'er all, the faithful old scout breaths his last.
Carefully they raised his inanimate form, and supporting it between them, proceeded toward the settlement. On their arrival the sad news soon spread, and all came to gaze for the last time on his well-beloved face; for there were none but who had on some occasion had cause to remember some one of the many kind acts performed by the old scout.
On the following day he was laid to rest. Dick remained for some time at the settlement. The old scout had been as a father to him, and he could not bear to so soon leave the haunts where they had passed so many pleasant days. Besides he had another object in remaining, the form of the beautiful Neleta Raton, and ere he had departed for his eastern home, she had gladdened his heart by the promise of a no distant day becoming his bride.
Captain Raton rebuilt his home, and Dick, returning to claim the hand of his daughter, was persuaded by him to take up his abode at the ranch and superintend his possessions; but in the happy years which followed they never forgot the sacrifice of the old scout, nor ceased to long for his kindly advice or the sight of his ever cheerful countenance.
How Roach Reformed a Drunkard.
John Roach, the late famous ship-builder, believed in the law of kindness in dealing with erring men employed by him. Out of the 25,000 men employed by him first and last, there were seventy found guilty of criminal conduct. He saved sixty of them. This is his story of the way he reformed a "confirmed drunkard." The man was a "master-work man."
"His name was Roach, and he had been pretty often. He would come raving into the shops, disgracing himself and disgusting everybody. When sober he was penitent, and I forgave him and took him back again and again. I appealed to him till there seemed to be nothing else to appeal to. One morning he came in after one of his spree and said: 'Mr. Roach, I want you to discharge me. You can't make anything out of me. I have broken my promise to you over and over. You took me when I had nothing to do and you learned me your trade and paid me good wages, and have borne with my faults till it ain't human to ask you to bear anymore. Now, discharge me.'"
"Mike," says I, "I won't discharge you, but I'll let you resign. I'll write your resignation, for an idea struck me. I went to my desk and wrote:
JOHN ROACH—SIR: You helped me when I was penniless. You gave me work when I was idle. You taught me when I was ignorant. You have always paid me well. You have borne with my infirmities over and over. But I have lost my self-respect, and have not enough regard for you or love for my wife and children to behave like a man, and therefore I hereby withdraw from your employment.
'I gave it to him and said: 'I want you to promise me one thing—that you will always carry this with you, and that when about to take a glass of liquor you will take this out, read it, sign it, and mail it to me before you drink.' He promised solemnly that he would. He staid in my employ for several years and was never drunk again."—Sailors' Magazine.
A Proverb Disproved.
"A man is master of his fate."
This proverb's light grows dim,
For when his wife's a heavy weight,
His fate, then, master's him.
—Boston Budget.
A Theater in Central America.
The theater at San Jose was the first built in Central America, and is, therefore, entitled to a brief description. There are three tiers of boxes, the lowest reserved for the artistic unwashed, the third for the gallery gods, the intermediate for society. The house is badly lighted—perhaps out of compliment to the ladies—by implying that their eyes are sufficient to make daylight in a shady place. Society goes in full dress and makes the scene quite brilliant. No high hats impede the view—in this one statement all that is necessary is said as to the advance in culture and refinement of Costa Rica during the last sixty-five years.
The president's box draped in scarlet, is exactly opposite the stage, and if our traveler is fortunate he may even see Gen. Bernardo Soto, the present president, or his handsome wife; the one in uniform, the other simply attired after Costa Rica French fashion—both the true exponents of pure republican simplicity.
Between the acts, the traveler will be thoroughly homesick for the first time, for the stalls will be emptied, the entire black coated through rushing out pell-mell, actuated by the same frantic desire to see the friend who always stands without. Ices and cakes will be sent to the ladies, and, later, they also rise and promenade the gallery with many a smile over their great feather fans; with many a flash from eyes bright with the electric fire of youth and high spirits.—San Jose, Costa Rica, Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.
Why She Went Up-Stairs.
A young lady had finally been persuaded to approach the piano, and she was looking for the music of "The Old Oaken Bucket," when a tired-looking old lady advanced and whispered:
"My dear, is this that same old song?"
"Yes'm."
"Same oaken bucket and well?"
"Yes'm."
"Same man comes up and draws water?"
"Yes'm."
"Then excuse me, please. He was my husband; it was our well; I fell in on it one day and he was an hour and a half pulling me out. Did it to spite me, but he's dead now and I don't want to have the past recalled."
And she went up-stairs to wait for the well to run dry.—Detroit Free Press.

THE BOOK OF MORMON.
A Puritan Minister Partly Responsible for Its Production.
The recent conference of the Josephites or monogamous Mormons at Kirtland, O., and the extended reports of their proceedings, has renewed public interest in the peculiar faith to which members of this church subscribed. The origin of the Book of Mormon has never been clearly established. The Latter-Day Saints, of course, accept the statements of Joe Smith and believe it to be an inspired work. The general public, however, are hardly as credulous, and regard the alleged bible as a fraud—the work of some clever romancer rather than the translation of hieroglyphics on golden plates by a nineteenth century prophet. The Spaulding theory, with which everyone at all acquainted with the subject is familiar, has the most advocates. They hold that Spaulding's manuscript of his romance, "The Manuscript Found," fell into the hands of Joe Smith, Sidney Rigdon, and others, and from that fanciful work was constructed the Book of Mormon.
If this theory be true it will astonish orthodox church people to learn that a Congregational divine, one of the foremost of his time in New England, is responsible for the introduction of the "twin relic of barbarism"—as the Utah church has been called—in this country. Rev. Ethan Smith, who died at an advanced age in the early 'forties," was one of the lights of the Congregational church in New England. A man of deep learning, he was at once a preacher, author, and philosopher, holding to many ideas far in advance of his time. One of his pet hobbies was the belief that the North American Indians were descended from the lost tribes of Israel, who came over to this continent several hundred years before Christ, built great cities, and reached a very high state of civilization. Rev. Dr. Smith wrote a work on this subject, which, after completion, he decided not to publish, fearing that it might injure his reputation as a theological writer. This book was an elaboration of the theory Dr. Smith had so long maintained. Taking as its foundation the migration of the lost tribes of Israel to the western continent, it described the hegira from Palestine, the establishment of the Jews in what is now Central America and Mexico, the bounding of a great empire and its gradual decline and fall. It told of magnificent cities inhabited by an enlightened and Christian people. The author claimed for them a civilization equal to that of Egypt or Jerusalem.
Hundreds of years passed, and the history of the eastern Jews was repeated on the western continent. Quarrels between the various tribes sprang up, bloody wars were waged, and the process of disintegration began. Gradually the people were scattered, their cities destroyed, and all semblance of a nation was lost. Thousands perished by pestilence and the sword, and the remnants of a once mighty nation relapsed into a state of barbarism. Their descendants, Dr. Smith claimed, were the Indians of North America, and the Aztecs of Mexico. This is almost exactly similar to the story told in the book of Mormons.
Solomon Spaulding was a warm admirer of Dr. Smith, and when a young man studied under his tuition. He became interested in his theories regarding the settlement of America, and in return Dr. Smith took the student into his confidence, and granted him a perusal of his unpublished book. Spaulding was deeply impressed with the truth of this theory, and pursued his investigations even further than Dr. Smith had ventured. Taking the latter's views as expressed in his book, Spaulding, some years later wrote his famous "Manuscript Found," which afterward fell into the hands of Joe Smith, and was reconstructed into the Book of Mormons. Indeed, it is not at all unlikely that Dr. Smith's original manuscript, which it is said Spaulding had in his possession, suffered a similar fate. At any rate, it has never been seen since.
These facts are told The Plain Dealer by a grandson of Dr. Smith now residing in this city. He states that the Book of Mormons differs very slightly, as far as general outlines is concerned, from the historical romance written by his grandfather sixty or seventy years ago, and he is quite certain that the Mormon faith is founded on the production of that worthy pastor's fertile imagination.—Independent Plain Dealer.
Canine Smugglers.
The most adroit smugglers across the Pyrenees that divide the frontiers of France from Spain, are a breed of dogs of the shepherd class, whose origin can be traced back a thousand years, as proved by old tapestries showing the retreat of Charlemagne through the mountain defiles. These dogs have their homes in the wild regions that skirt Navarre to the west; and, being taken across the frontier and laden with Spanish laces and tobacco, they make their return through secret passes, and during the dark hours of the night, to the great mystification of the custom house guards. They are said to scent the officers from afar, and remain hidden until the danger is past; but then, on the other hand, when once their home is reached, they are the finest watch-dogs to be found in the country. During the Carlist wars some of the dogs accompanied their masters to the field, and their service was found to be very useful in preventing a surprise on the outposts. The Germans, ever alert to increase the efficiency of the army, made a novel experiment in the recent manoeuvres, of employing trained dogs of the same species in the transmission of messages on the line of outposts, resulting in great success. The animals are much petted by the men, and when not in active service, they do duty with the field watch and sentinels, and are so efficient in giving the alarm that their use is henceforth to be extended.—Exchange.