

R. HAGGARD NYE.

He Revels In the Sunny Northwest Climate.

Elephant Hunting Near Winnipeg—Affican Prevarication Laid Bare—Lion Shooting Exposed—The Train Brute Again—Steals Nye's Overshoes and Disappears Wearing an Old Lady's Eye on the End of His Umbrella.

In the exhilarating Northwest, 1889.

The cold of Minnesota has been greatly exaggerated by rival states, and though the thermometer lowers in the estimation of society, the cold is of such a dry, bracing character as to seem almost invigorating to those who are not accustomed to it. The eye sparkles, the step is elastic and rich blood mantles to the nose, as the airy caparisoned droshka speeds blithely through the palm-tree groves of the thrifty incident.

Many southerners come to St. Paul and Minneapolis, it is said, in order to escape the rigors of their own winter. The banana belt extending from Duluth to Winnipeg reminds one of tropical Africa. Last week Mr. Riley Haggard and I started out for a little, quiet elephant shooting in the country. Bidding farewell to the concierge at the hotel, we packed our heavy express ride, and both bore elephant guns, penetrated as far as the telegraph car could convey us, and bidding farewell to our faithful Wan-Wen, who caressed us both with a whisk broom to the value of twenty scudi, we hired an elephant apiece and began to permeate the jungle, preceded by our trusted bird dog.



by and returned across the transvaal, whatever that is, and hiring a diligence, we pacified our remaining supply of bullock, elephant tusks, spoons, penknives, elephant leather, sacred cow meat, dried game, Kroolejam, Milwaukee Heidsiek and all the glossies of hard words from Rider Haggard, and took the cars at Stanley Pool, resolving to penetrate still further into the tropical depths of the Northwest.

I had been told by the real estate men both at St. Paul and Minneapolis that the winter here was very much like that of Singapore, but I would not have believed it even then if I had not personally tried it.

Yesterday I associated for some time with the champion bête noir. As a bête noir he could give a self-made man leper thirty points, and still sail out of the game in a blaze of red fire and a cyclone of applause. He was tolerable about, and when he sat down on my pillow and crushed a bottle of Edeina, presented to me by an admirer in Kentucky, I measured and measured and well-chosen terms, but he just trotted his embonpoint on the other knee a little while and watched the airy caparisoned droshka speeds blithely through the palm-tree groves of the thrifty incident.

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THE CHILD'S STORY.

Once upon a time, a good many years ago, there was a traveler, and he set out upon a journey. It was a magic journey, and was to seem very long when he began it, and very short when he got half way through. He traveled along a very dark path for some little time without meeting anything, until at last he came to a beautiful child. "What do you do here?" and the child said: "I am always at play. Come and play with me!"

So he played with that child the whole day long, they were very merry. The sky was so blue, the sun was so bright, the water was so sparkling, the leaves were so green, the flowers were so lovely, and they heard such singing birds and saw so many butterflies that everything was beautiful. This was fine weather. When it rained, they loved to watch the falling drops and to smell the fresh scents. When it blew, it was delightful to listen to the wind and fancy what it said, as it came rushing from its home—where was that they wondered!—whistling and howling, driving the clouds before it bending the trees, rumbling in the chimneys, shaking the house, and making the sea roar in fury. But, when it snowed, that was the best of all; for they liked nothing so well as to look up at the white flakes falling fast and thick, like down from the breasts of millions of white birds, and to see how smooth and deep the drift was, and to listen to the hush upon the paths and roads.

They had plenty of the finest toys in the world and the most astonishing picture books; all about scimitars and slippers and turbans, and dwarfs and giants and genii and fairies, and bluebeards and bean stalks, and riches and caves and forests and Valentines and Orsons, and all new and all true.

But the voice cried, "Mother, mother!" without minding him, though his hair was now quite white and tears were on his face.

Then the mother who was already drawn into the shade of the dark avenue and moving away with her arms still round his neck kissed him and said, "My dearest, I am summoned, and I go!" And she was gone. And the traveler and he were left alone together.

And they went on and on together until they came to very near the end of the wood—so near that they could see the sunset shining red before them through the trees.

Yet, once more, while he broke his way among the branches, the traveler lost his friend. He called and called, but there was no reply, and when he passed out of the wood and saw the peaceful sun going down upon a wide purple prospect, he came to an old man sitting on a fallen tree. So he said to the old man, "What do you do here?" And the old man said with calm smile, "I am always learning. Come and learn with me!"

So he learned with that boy about Jupiter and Juno, and the Greeks and the Romans, and I don't know what, and learned more than I could tell—or he either, for he soon forgot a deal of it. But they were not always learning; they had the merriest games that ever were played.

They roamed upon the river in summer and skated on the ice in winter; they were active afoot and active on horseback; at cricket and all games of ball; prisoner's base, hare and hounds, follow my leader, and more sports than I can think of, nobody could beat them. They had holidays, too, and Twelfth cakes, and parties where they danced till midnight, and real theaters, where they saw palaces of real gold and silver rise out of the earth, and saw all the wonders of the world at once. As to friends, they had such dear friends and so many of them that I want the time to reckon them up. They were all young like the handsome boy, and were never to be strange to one another all their lives.

Still, one day, in the midst of all these pleasures, the traveler lost the boy as he lost the child, and after calling for him in vain went on his journey. So he went on for a little while without seeing anything, until at last he came to a young man. So he said to the young man, "What do you do here?"

And the young man said, "I am always in love. Come and love with me."

So he went away with that young man, and presently they came to one of the prettiest girls that was ever seen—just like Fanny in the corner there, and she had eyes like Fanny, and hair like Fanny, and dimples like Fanny's, and she laughed and colored just as Fanny does while I am talking about her. So the young man fell in love just as Somebody I won't mention, the first time he came here, did with Fanny. Well! he was teased sometimes—just as Somebody I won't mention and Fanny.

"I think you are mistaken," he said. "I will give you an illustration.

There is John Howard Paine's Home, Sweet Home, for instance. You surely do not agree with all the sentiments that one cannot wholly approve."

"Why not?" he asked, warmly; "why not?"

"Because," she said glancing at the clock, which was marking the hour of eleven, "because there is a line in that song which says 'There's no place like home.' You do not believe that, do you?"

Then he coughed a hollow cough and arose and went silently out into the night.—Boston Courier.

Sometimes they came to a long green avenue that opened into deeper woods. Then they would hear a very little distant voice crying, "Father, father, I am another child! Stop for me!" And presently they would see a very little figure, growing larger as it came along, running to join them. When it came up, they all crowded around it, and they all went together.

Sometimes they came to several avenues at once, and then they all stood still, and one of the children said, "Father I am going to sea," and another said, "Father I am going to seek my fortune where I can," and another, "Father I am going to Heaven!" So, with many tears at parting, they went, solitary, down those avenues, each child upon its way; and the child who went to Heaven rose into the clouds and vanished.

Whenever these partings happened the traveler looked at the gentleman, and saw him glance up at the sky above the trees, where the day was beginning to decline and the sunset to come on. He saw, too, that his hair was turning gray. But they never could rest long, for they had their journey to perform, and it was necessary for them to be always busy.

At last there had been so many partings that there were no children left, and only the traveler, the gentleman and the lady went upon their way in company. And now the wood was yellow, and now brown, and the leaves, even of the forest trees, began to fall.

So they came to an avenue that was darker than the rest, and were pressing forward on their journey without looking down it when the lady stopped.

"My husband," said the lady, "I am called."

They listened, and they heard a voice a long way down the avenue say, "Mother, mother!"

It was the voice of the first child who had said, "I am going to Heaven!" and the father said, "I pray not yet."

But the voice cried, "Mother, mother!" without minding him, though his hair was now quite white and tears were on his face.

Then the mother who was already drawn into the shade of the dark avenue and moving away with her arms still round his neck kissed him and said, "My dearest, I am summoned, and I go!" And she was gone. And the traveler and he were left alone together.

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A New Danger.

The introduction of leprosy into the United States must be stopped, and the terrible disease stamped out at once, or it will be the most unmanageable of all epidemics that ever visited our land. There is no longer any question of its being communicable. The lepers have invaded British Columbia, and had such free access to the Indians that the whole race of red men is infected. The antagonist to Chinese immigration will be more widespread than ever, and will be based on something besides race prejudice. It would be far better to stop quarantining against yellow fever and smallpox, for while the latter kill more quickly, leprosy devours its victims with a living death. When will our authorities get well aroused to appreciate the danger that is coming upon us?—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Well, which way did he go?" I inquired.

"Well, sah, he went up toads eye stock yards, sah, and when I saw him lasht he was wearin' the eye of a dead old lady from Shaking, Ill., on de end of his umbrella," he said.

I can imagine such a man in his horridness. He plays the poor sick papa, which he gets home and eats up all the meat, and digs the tenderloin out of a steak, and the poor old thoughtful hen comes and contributes to poor sick papa her latest and best work. His poor, meek wife wishes that Heaven had made her a better assignment, and his children run and conceal themselves when he comes home.

When the excitement incident to the resuscitation has died away, I shall be surprised if the patient sad-eyed, wife, and scared children on the parlor floor of heaven, not receive a new messenger boy from "Poor Dick Papa," asking them, if they can consistently do so, to let their influence toward getting the Celestial House Co. No. 1 to play for a few hours in the concentrated apartments of "Sick Papa."

A dark carpet often looks dusty so soon after it has been swept that you know it does not need sweeping again,

so wet a cloth or sponge, wring it almost dry and wipe off the dust. A few drops of ammonia in the water will brighten the colors.

VERY APPROPRIATE

Passages are Dwell Upon by the Rev. Talmage That Fit Snugly.

Herod Was a Lover of Great Architecture, Says the Divine.

"The Literature of the Dust" His Text.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 17.—Dr. Talmage preached this morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on the subject, "The Literature of the Dust." After explaining appropriate passages of Scripture concerning Christ he gave out the hymn,

"Oh, come let us eat matzoths worth,

Which in my Saviour's shire.

Text: John vii. 6.—"Jesus stood down and wrote on the ground."

A Mohammedan mosque stands now where once stood Herod's temple, the scene of my text. Solomon's temple had stood there, but Nebuchadnezzar thundered it down. Zorobabel's temple had stood there, but that had been prostrated. Now we take our places in a temple that Herod built because he was fond of great architecture and he wanted the preceding temples to be insignificant. Put eight on ten modern cathedrals together and they would not equal that structure. It covered nineteen acres. There were marble pillars supporting stags of cedar and silver tables on which stood golden censers and incense burners and incense and incense resplendent, gilded, balustrades and ornamented galleries. The building of this temple kept to town workers busy for forty-six years. In that stupendous pile of pomp and magnificence there was nothing but that which came from God. And the most glorious thing about it was that it was built of stone, and that it was built of stone.

But when Christ stood up, it was beyond endurance, so the floor and ceiling gave way, and the people who were in the temple fled, and the roof fell in. And the people who were in the temple fled, and the roof fell in.

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