The Great Arrow ? RANK BALLARD.

A Boy Who Climbed the Steeple of St. Paul's.

one of the largest seaport towns in France, lived a family of the name of Vincennes. There was the mother and her eldest son, Jacques, a well developed lad of 15, and Jeanle, a comely little daughter of 12, and Bab and Betty, two chubby-cheeked baby

The father had been a saller in a trading vessel which sailed between Havre and South American ports. But one day, during a violent storm at sea, he was washed overboard and lost, leaving the widowed mother and the boy, Jacques.

Jacques was obliged to leave school and seek employment on one of the docks. Though this work was not very interesting, occasionally there would be a short stop in the routing when one vessel had done with its cargo and they were waiting for another to take its place, and then Jacques, with others of the boys who worked on the docks, would get aboard the ships, and climbing into the rigging they would there chase each other about at an imminent risk of breaking their necks or falling overboard. At this last practice Jacques became won-

Jacques' earnings on the dock, together with what his mother was enabled to make with what his mother was enabled to make by taking in sewing, was sufficient to keep them from want. The rent was ready the first of each month, there was always a cheerful fire in the stove when the wind blew cold from the sea, their clothes, with much judicious mending on the part of Mrs. Vincennes, always looked well, and they would have been happy but for one thing. JEANIE'S EYES.

The little girl, Jeanie, had something the matter with her eyes. It seemed to her as if there was always something moving before them. If she gazed up into the sky or looked out over the sea there would come floating before her vision myriads of specks and spots like snowflakes and curious looking lines like tangled threads and bits of cob-

It had just about been decided that Jeanishould have a doctor come and examine her eyes when Mr. Vincennes made the last fatal voyage from which he never returned. Their great sorrow over their father's death for the time being absorbed all other thoughts and the troubled eyes and con-templated visit of a physician were forgot-ten. But the trouble went steadily on and Jeanle was finally obliged to leave school, as she could no longer . use her eyes to study; then a physician was called.

He shook his head gravely after he had made his examination, and explained as kindly as he could to the awed little group about him that an operation would be necessary to save her eyes. He told them what the trouble was, but they could on, under stand that Jean's would be blind for all her life if her eyes were not operated on and that it would be necessary for her to go to Paris to a great oculist to have her eye treated and that the operation would prob ably cost not less than 600 francs; a hopeless sum this to the poor family that depende on a boy of 15 and a mother's scanty earnings

There seemed no possible way for them to raise this amount of money; there was no home they could mortgage, no friends or relatives they could call upon; had nothing. Mouths passed by, nothing was done and the shadows darkened before the little girl's eyes, until one day Jacques led her home blind; the sunlight had gone from

THE GREAT STORM.

But one night something happened. A great storm swept over Havre. It tossed the waves in the harbor mountains high and the shores were strewn with the wreckage of vessels. It littered the streets with broken gable ends and shopkeepers' signs, and when morning dawned over the windawept town it was seen that the great golden arrow that surmounted the steeple of St. Paul's had been dislodged from its socket and hung limply, point to earth, giving a dejected, forlorn air to the mighty steeple, the pride of the town. How to fix it, that was the question. Many plans were suggested, but all failed. As a last resort the authorities offered a reward of 500 francs to any one who would climb the steeple of St. Paul's and put the gilded vane back in

Jacques Vincennes, returning from his work one afternoon, chanced to pass near St. Paul's, and, seeing a great crowd before the church, ran that way, 'What is it?" he asked of an acquaint-

"A sailor just tried to climb the steeple," was the reply. "He got as far as that third window when he slipped and fell, but caught hold of something as he went over and saved himself. See, that's him up in the belfry." Jacques quickly learned what it all meant



A SAILOR JUST TRIED TO CLIMB THE

the broken vane, the reward. Five hundred francs, he repeated. It is needless to say what passed through his mind; almost Jacques had been very fond of Jeanie, she

was such a pretty girl, and days when she tion seized him, his hands grew cold and brought him his dinner on the docks her his head got confused. Turning partly, he big blue eyes and bright hair attracted so much attention from the men on the docks that they came to know her as Jacques Vincennes' pretty sister, and he felt himself Immensely proud of her. Her sad fate hold himself back he cit grieved him deeply.

Now, as he stood thinking, little thrills white lines in his firsh.

of heroic feeling swept over him, and young though he was, thoughts of danger to be difficulty, braved, life to be risked for his sister's "He car sake took possession of him, and a noble impulse made him for the time being some thing better than just Jacques, the windlass thing hetter than just Jacques, the windiass boy. Hardly realizing what he was doing he clowed his way through the crowd, mounted the winding belfry stairs and with beating the winding belfry stairs and with beating seemed to be swaying gently like a tree in the wind, when his hand touched the rope though his waist; strange that he had not

JACQUES' RESOLVE.

"What do you want here?" inquired one of the onlookers of Jacques. "I am going to climb the steeple," he re-ded, conscious of the half absurd effect of such words coming from him.
"You," succeed the white-lipped sailor.

chagrined at the sorry showing he had made had better go home to your mother." The others paid little attention to Jacques,

(Copyright, 1894, by the S. S. McClure Company.) sill, and, grasping the peak of the cornice Some years ago, in the city of Havre, overhead climbed up and rested there, while no of the largest seaport towns in France, the men in the helfry window should to him to come back, and the crowd in the street hurried pack at this new sensation. Pausing for an instant, Jacques gazed up ho sides of the big steeple towering above im, and an almost overwhelming sense of his own littleness and helplessness stole over him as he clung to his narrow perch. Grasping some of the ornamental from work that

branches above each window, Jacques steadied himself and began the ascent. At short distances apart were rows of little openings and windows extending around the first part of the steple, and between these circular cornices prorruded a few inches, just affording a perilous foothold. Standing on a window top, his bare toos clutching the iron fretwork which adorned it, Jacques would reach up and with a grasp which whitened his fingers seize the top of the next window, draw himself up until his knees rested on the cornice between, and rest a moment, his heart throbbing with his exertions. Then he would lift his knee to the sill of the next window and then climb to the top of it. Below a dense crowd watched his movements, fascinated by the sight of the boy's damer.

"It's a shame," cried one. "He's a mere boy."

mere boy.

"They tried to stop him," said another, but he wouldn't come back. It's his own fault if he's killed." A single mis-step or of an hour, Alice, and yet I don't believe

happen. But Jacques didn't slip; his practice in Hut Jacques didn't slip; his practice in climbing the high masts and rigging of the ships at the dock served him well now. Slowly, steadily he worked his way upward, was only thinking what queer old things from sill to sill, from window too to window. from sill to sill, from window top to window top, crawling on hands and knees up sharp

carefully the dangerous climb down was ac-complished and willing hands helped him through the belfry window. Then the overstrained body gave way and Jacques did what he supposed only girls did—he

Hiness followed, the doctor said nervous prostration, and for weeks Jacques laid in bed, but he was not neglected. His story went abroad through the town, and many were the attentions shown him by those who became interested in his case. Not only was the reward of 500 francs given him, but enough more was willingly subscribed by wealthy members of the church to pay all the expenses of sending Jeanie to Paris, where she soon after went in charge of one of the home doctors. One afternoon as Jacques lay thinking bed, the quiet of the little rooms was disturbed by a rush of feet, and Jacques' door was pushed softly open, and Jeanle's face appeared, smiling and happy, the blue eyes were open wide and life shining in

"As well as yourself, Jackie, dear," she told him what each object was on the

it was even so. The operation had been a success, and her sight was restored. Jacques recovered, and his brave act helped him to a good position in one of the steam-boat company's offices, and he is yet known in Havre as the "boy who climbed the steeple of St. Paul's."

COLUMBUS OUTDONE.

Playing Amusing Tricks with Eccentrie Eggs.

"It is really very strange," said Harold, "how long a person may look at a thing without seeing it. If you've been looking slip-one shuddered to think what would you know what you were looking at. A happen.

eggs are sometimes.

top, crawling on hands and knees up sharp little inclines, hanging by his feet while he felt for sure footing for his feet, the rough slates bruising his knees and the sharp corners paining his fingers.

He got so high that the tower became small enough so that he could catch glimpses on the other side, but nothing but the ocean and shirs could be seen all else.

"Nert has birthday party Cousin Eva gave last Wednesday, you couldn't go, you know, because your arm had been hurt playing foot ball, there were some of the queerest acting eggs you ever saw. You should have seen how they behaved," said Alice.

"Ent I noter was seen and the seen all else."

"Yery queer, indeed, especially if they're old." assented Harold, gravely.

"At that birthday party Cousin Eva gave because your arm had been hurt playing foot ball, there were some of the queerest acting eggs you ever saw. You should have seen how they behaved," said Alice. the occan and ships could be seen, all else "But I never saw eggs act at all," cried was beneath him. The pigeons, disturbed Harold. "You really surprise me, Alice from their rocats, startled him with their Oi all the tranquil, harmless, inoffensive,



BELOW A DENSE CROWD WATCHED HIS MOVEMENTS.

flapping wings and wheeled and circled above him; the sea breeze fanned his hot cheeks and a strange, indescribable sensation crept over him as he became conscious were boiled," said Alice. "I don't of the great height to which he was getting. think that explains matters"

Not for all the world would he have turned Harold, but Alice went of and looked down; the sight would have turned his head and he would have recled and fallen. Striving to shut out thoughts of the yawning depth beneath, the resolute lad hugged tighter against the slates and could discover America, you know, and they

Finally he had reached the last of the little windows on the tower and rested. Columbus said that was nothing, he could with both knees on the sill, his hands clutch—do it, and he small of it and the seg right down with both knees on the sill, his names charts ing the top overhead. There was only one so it broke in the end of it and his van ing the top overhead. There was only one so it broke in the end of it and his van more circular cornice and a row of metal up. Just think of it, Harold, on a clean more circular cornice and a row of metal up. Just think of it, Harold, on a clean table cloth, and likely as not the egg was table cloth, and likely as not the egg was feet, were the flagged pavements, and tall time went on and people progressed in the word the hazged parentlems, that he arts and sciences, they learned more about dared to look down upon them. Steadying himself for a last effort, he reached up and grasped two of the iron knobs firmly and drew himself up on his knees on the cornice; a moment's wait, and he cautiously raised one foot up and set it down on the narrow space, then bearing his weight on it, he slowly rose, stood erect, and threw both

arms around the steeple.

The rest of the climb was like going up a Winding his strong arms and legs about the steeple he climbed the remaining distance, and throwing an arm over the horizontal piece near the top, he reached up, and exerting all his strength, tipped the big arrow back into its socket. Slowly it swung around until it pointed into the ey of the light breeze, and faintly from beneath came the noise of a great cheer. Then he slid back until his feet again rested on the cornice. But alss poor Jacques, the worst was to come, and he soon realized it. BACK TO EARTH.

To get back to the little window top, and down where the friendly iron work afforded him such a safe grasp, was the most perilous part of it all. He could take hold of the iron knobs, drop his feet down until they rested on the window top, stoop a little lower, and take hold of the cornice with his hands, but this would not quite let his feet teach the sill of the window, nor could he let go his hold on the cornice and stoop say what passed through his mind; almost low enough to grasp the iron work on the your wax the other aperture and your trick and to me in the signs, shrugs, grunts and enough to pay for the operation on Jeanie's top of the window, as at that instant he egg is complete.

gotten somehow betained, the rest could be would less his balance and topple back. If shot is not to be procured common sand "Bones; they are looking for bones," I

As Jacques realized his position, consternaproud of her. Her sad fate hold himself back he clutched his arme about the tower until the slats left deep

Those on the ground saw that he was in "He can't get any farther; he will fall sure." some one said. Some gazed at him spellbount, others turned away unable to endure the sight of the boy's poril. In a moment more Jacques must have fallen; about his waist; strange that he had not thought of it before. It steaded him for the moment and his courage returned. Un-fastening the rope, he made one end fast around the steeple and found it was long enough to let to the window sill below Giving the rope a strong pull to see that it was fast he let himself down, and in a moment more he had one knee on the little sill, his hand again grasping the window top; then he waited to regain his com-

To those below it seemed as though the who quietly slipped off his coat and shoes. Then, seeing he was in earnest, the man who had first spoken told him roughly to get back down stairs. But Jacques, catching up a piece of rope, slipped it around his waist, stopped from a window onto the

xplains mass.
Alice went on When began said he couldn't and that you might as well

eggs than their aunt's sisters knew."
"Ancestors?" said Harold inquiringly.
"Aunt's sisters," retorted the little girl quickly, "and that we could manage the egg trick much better nowadays. She stood one of her eggs up on its little end and didn't break it either. Then she made it lean over and it stayed that way and didn't roll down. She took another egg, balanced t on its end and put the first egg on top and they both stood up one on top of the other. Afterwards she built up the goblets the queerest way and balanced the them and on the edge of the mouth of the decanter of milk and it stayed there leaning over, but never fell, and-oh, she did all sorts of things like that."

There is no trick of such simplicity s essily performed that is as effective in puzzling, interesting and amusing a party of children as the antics of the eccentric eggs, which Alice was attempting to describe.

The eggs to be used must be blown. Take small perforations in the egg at either end, and, holding it over a cup or some other receptacle, apply your lips to as to the authenticity of the wrinkles on cott against them by the merchants and one of the holes and with your breath force age, I did not take in the rock theory.

of the perforations with white wax and drop into the other the emallest shot you can procure, until the weighted end makes the egg stand securely in any position in which it may be placed, then stop up with "What white man want is there?" he worker secretary and your right.

as to the authenticity of the windles on the mindesting the critice's the prize fight.

The Episcopal diocese of Michigan has declared women eligible to vote for vestrymen in parish elections. Twenty-five other dioceses and four missionary jurisdictions of the Episcopal church allow women to vote

with others and are seemingly selected at random by the performer. The Humpty bumpty egg is like the others, a loaded shell, but is painted to represent the comical terraced plateaus are the bed of a pre-historical terraced plateaus are the bed o of fine white sewing silk, which runs up the tea tray and over the edge of the decanter. The other end of the thread either wash of ages from the high mountains surrounding this basin, have left here the richest most idexhaustible soil on the felther wash. canter. The other end of the thread is of the globe either manipulated by the performer or hangs over the farther end of the table athangs over the farther end of the table at-tached to a weight which carries the egg along until it is arrested by some obstacle placed in its way, a bit of wax is effective for this purpose. The white silk thread is entirely invisible at a little dstance even to the sharp eyes of children, but the room may be darkened a little if the trick is

leaden shot, however, it will require more

come too near Humpty Dumpty, while he Another Sherlock Holmes.

played in broad daylight, and care must be taken that the little spectators do not

Indianapolis Journal: "I don't see how you got on to me," said the bunco man, sadly. "I've gone and wasted a whole sum-mer growing the whiskers and getting the tan for this farmer makeup, and I get pinched the minute I hit the town. How did you get on?"

BUFFALO BILL IN A NEW ROLE for the water will be hewn in the solid rock. In the third leap, the water will descend

Proposed Reclamation of Desert Land in the Big Horn Basin.

RICH FARMS FOR THRIFTY THOUSAND

Col. Cody's Account of His Irrigation Project_Cultivation in a Region Famous in Border Warfare,

Copyright, 1896, by the S. S. McClure Company. Colonel William F. Cody-the worldfamous "Buffalo Bill"-has made his appearance in a new role; a role, which, should it bring him success, is destined to make him far more noteworthy than have done all Indian fighter and showman. "Buffalo Bill" never does things by halves; and in this only and for a fixed price of 50 cents per very latest vanture of his the vertex of the purchaser satisfying the state that very latest venture of his, the vastness of he has made satisfactory arrangements with the project is only equalled by the alluring the water company for the water he must qualities, which it possesses alike for the shrewd speculator and the lover of western adventure. In fact a bald statement of the colonel's daring schemes in hig Horn Val-

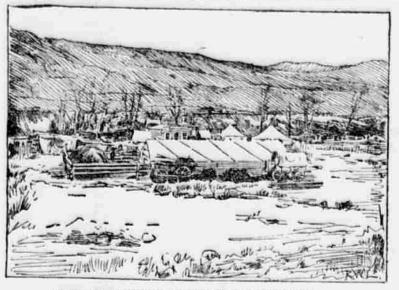
third leap, the water will descend through steel tubes. These three waterfalls develop over 100,000 horsepower, making it possible to generate electric power and turn it to purposes of agriculture, mining, manu-facturing, mechanics and light to an extent not found possible heretofore in any one

"At the foot of one of these falls four thousand acres of gold placers will be made THURINGIA AND THE WARTBURG to yield their yellow treasure to a hydraulic stream of water that would knock this hotel

ito smithereens as quick as modern artillery would do it. From the center of the basin it is now

fifty miles to the nearest railroad station; but the Burlington & Missouri railroad is pointed toward us PLANS OF THE COMPANY.

'The Cody canal is not a land grabbing The Cary law under which we are operating gives states where and lands exist the power to grant charters for ditches for irrigation and power purposes; and the land covered by such ditches, that is the land the ditches bring within reach of irrigation; his efforts as scout, frontiersman, guide, becomes the property of the state and the Indian fighter and showman. "Buffalo Bill" state can dispose of it to actual settlers



CODY SETTLEMENT IN THE BIG HORN BASIN.

like a sort of realized "Monte Christo, rob the subject of its western flavor and n a perfect chaos of maps, plans, pictures and geological specimens.

After a hearty greeting, the colonel bustled hither and thither through the littered apartment, trying 'to set things to rights' as he declared, but really only suc-

"D'you know what I'm going to do?" he ked. "No? Well, sir, I'm going to make the bibical two blades of grass grow where none grew before. I'm going to give 160,000 people farms where no farm exists now. I'm

piatinum mines, mica mines, coal mines, marble quarties, granite quarries, limestone beds, asphaltuus beds, a whole mountain of sulphur, pottery clay, with tracts strewn thick with onyx, sapphires, amethysts and thick with onyx, sapphires, amethysts and and while I was there I killed a grizzly crystals. That spot is situated right in bear, several elk, two (big horns) mountain crystals. That spot is situated right in the heart of the continent-in Wyoming; and I've got an option on it.

SPYING OUT THE LAND. You may look incredulous. t know what T've said sounds like a tall storyregular 'big Injun yarn.' But it's true

as gospel. Where is this Golconda? In Big Hern

Bull, the then rulers of the plains.
"I used to smile in derision when Major Powell and the professor would discuss of a church at El Paso, Tex., at the time of and settle to apparently their perfect satisfaction 'the age of a rock.' The idea has been driven from the town "through

ley, Wyo., will read to the average man pany to be a philanthropic scheme. We of realized "Monte Christo." expect by the sale of water and the develop-"Buffalo Bill" had better be al-ment and sale of power to build up agrilowed to tell his own story in his own way cultural, horticultural, mining, mechanical, To clip his utterances would have the same manufacturing and merchandizing interests effect as to clip his flowing locks-it would in the basin and surrounding mountains, that will make this now unknown, unsetpicturesque quality. In an Omaha hotel, a the mountain valley as productive, pleas-short time ago the writer paid a visit to and and profitable an abiding place as the Colonel Cody's room, and found the ex-scout | Great Salt Lake valley is today—and that ant and profitable an abiding place as the Great Salt Lake valley is today—and that

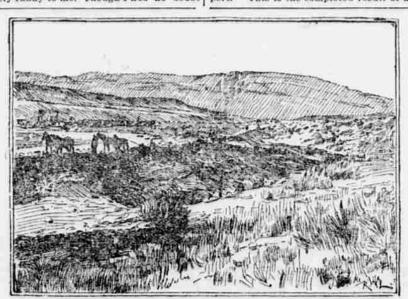
"Cody City has only one house now, but has rich valleys reaching out to mountains capped with eternal snows, and clothed with forests of timber. The finest groups a seat on one of the few vacant chairs, and thence he told the strange story of the city which it is his firm purpose to build in down the rock cliffs bordering the town. We will spend more than one million dol-lars on the canal and while I hope we shall make money I have a still fonder hope that I shail be able to leave in this basin a monument that will connect my name for gener-"I know a spot, sir, where there are gold mines, silver mines, lead mines, iron mines, lead mines, coal mines, and more with the country in which my life has been spent and that has given me such fame and fortune as I have gained. "Now isn't what I have told you have and markle and more with the country in which my life has been spent and that has given me such fame and fortune as I have gained. and more wonderful than an Injun story? Yet it's only what has been and is happening in this great transmissouri country

"I have just come down from the Basin sheep and all the antelope I cared to shoot. The basin is in northwest Wyoming just east of the Yellowatone National park." JOHN HENRY MARTIN

The Moslem religion teaches that there valley. Wyoming. Years ago I was en-gaged as a guide for a government party. other, the deepest and hottest being elwas long before Sitting Bull's rising; Kariah, which is reserved for hypocrites. and Major Powell of the United States geo- | Rev. W. Scott Watson of Guttenburg, N. logical survey was at the head of the ex-pedition. With him was Prof. Marsh of which is an incomplete text of the Samaritan

Yale college. I had seen none of the great pentateuch, and is older by several cen-world but that portion of it that belonged turies than any other Hebrew text. to the Indian nations; in fact my scientific
accomplishments were about on a par with ministers of Philadelphia will unite in a those of the 'bucks' who paid allegiance general evangelical movement. A large num-to 'Spotted Tail,' 'Red Cloud' and 'Sitting ber of revivals will be held, which will be conducted by well known evangelists.

Every Protestant pastor who was in charge of telling how old a rock was was then ex-tremely funny to me. Though I had no doubt port." This is the completed result of a boy-



AT WORK ON THE CODY CANAL.

will answer. As it is much lighter than the replied. 'Ugh, white man crazy; white man fool! of it to accomplish the purpose. Heap bones on top the ground, indicating
The eggs are brought upon the table along the buffalo bones that were bleaching white terraced plateaus are the bed of a pre-his-toric lake, and the sediment of the lake and

> A COMPANY FORMED. "So when the Cary law opened the way to bring water to these lands, I interested some friends of mine in New York City, Buffalo, New York, and in Omaha here with me in forming a company to build an irrigating and water power canal, which has been named the 'Cody Canal,' and to me was given the honor of western New York, is the tallest man in the house of kind of the missionary jurisdiction of North Dakota, who has been chosen bishop of western New York, is the tallest man in the house of kind of the missionary jurisdiction of North Dakota, who was given the honor of presiding over the

We are building a canal fifty miles long. and when it is finished, it is to be six feet deep and 64 feet wide; though we are only digging a width of 34 feet now. The canal will put under irrigation one hundred and lifty thousand acres of land.

The officers of the United societies of the Christian Endeavor society have announced that the dates of the next international Christian Endeavor convention will be July to 12, 1897. San Francisco has already een selected as the place.

A famous colored preacher is Peter Vine-gar of Lexington, Ky. His sermons are unique, one being entitled "Watch Dat Snake." Under his ministry of twenty-four years 2,336 souls were converted and he has baptized 2,112 of them.

A Maine man who has studied church fairs

pretty carefully thus defines them: "A church fair is a place where we spend more money than we can afford for things we do not want, in order to please people whom we do not like and to help the heathens, who are happier than we are

is the tallest man in the house of bishops. When Phillips Brooks was bishop of Massachusetts he was next in episcopal stature to the giant of North Dakota. Bishop Walker is well known in New York, having vicar of Calvary Chapel for several years before his elevation to the episcopate.

will put under irrigation one has.

"The Big Horn Basin is a auccession of the Shoshone river, which flows through the basin, in terraces each about 250 feet above the other. The terraces extend back from the river two to ten miles.

"We take the water out of the Shasbone of Sylvania, gave up a military education at West Point and entered the Episcopal minimum."

"We take the water out of the Shasbone of Sylvania, gave up a military education at West Point and entered the Episcopal minimum." The great detective smiled (at the prisoner's expense, by the way.) "I never knew hills. In its fifty miles length the canal is a farmer to light a match on the sole of his boot," he said.

"We take the water out of the Shasbone river, where it debouches from the high hills. In its fifty miles length the canal is to be brought down over three of these 250 feet high rock cliffs; in two cases a course many elegation at Athens. West Point and entered the Episcopal ministry. He is now rector of the church in Athens. West Point and entered the Episcopal ministry. He is now rector of the church in Athens. West Point and entered the Episcopal ministry. He is now rector of the church in Athens. West Point and entered the Episcopal ministry. feet high rock cliffs; in two cases a course many clergymen in the past.

ABIDING

The Historic Twelfth Century Castle i Excellent Preservation.

Names Around Which Romance and History Cluster Ancient Associntions Recalled by an American Visitor.

ruin, being for years used as a monastery, but during this century it has been completely restored, and now serves occasionally pletely restored, and now serves occasionally German railroads are most peculiar. You as a residence for the grand duke of look up a trip on your map and I think it Weimar. The object of the restoration was will take only an hour or two. Upon inquiry to present a perfect picture of the twelfth the hour or two lengthens to four or five, century castle, which was the scene of so with the chance of half a dozen changes. century castle, which was the scene of so many song contests, and to preserve as an everlasting monument the place which served as a retreat for Luther, and where the struggle for religious liberty began.

With this bit of retrospect we are better prepared to climb the mountain and see all that is in story. Circumstances could the description of the same to the struggle for religious liberty began. that is in store. Circumstances could scarcely have been more favorable than they were for me that August morning when I climbed the mountain, and if I can only make you see it in imagination with a small part of its charm, I am sure the day will not be distant when you will see it in reality. My first glimpse of it was in the early morning, just as the sun was clearing away the clouds of a rainy night and declaring her away. Away over the tops of smoky chimness and tall gabled roofs, over the crooked streets and byways little town of Eisenach, over the low-lying hills below it rose majestic on its height. I gazed with delight from a little dormer window of the "Golden Lion," and wondered if I were really awake and if it could be Wartburg. Yes, there were the the house where Luther lived and his monutowers in plain though distant view; and ment recently erected. Train time arrived all the stately grandeur of the old castle and the so-called express hurried me away THE ROADS OF GERMANY.

The rain was really clearing; so, hastily dressing, I resolved to make the most of the few promised hours of sunshine, for one never knows in Thuringla how soon it may rain again. All nature was simply dripping with the heavy all-night rain, and a damp chill still filled the air, but an hour of sunshing would do much toward drying of sunshing would do much toward drying and brought to life by water as can be found on the face of the globe.

"Cody City has only one house now, but praise of the German roads. Go where you to mount to make the mount to mount to make the mount to make the mount to make the mount to mount to make the mount to make the mount to make the mount to mount will, up hill or down, through an open country or forest, the road is open before you and beautifully kept. Knowing this by previous experience, I started on my climb, scorning the proffered cabs and not waiting for companions. Let other travelers come when they would, I must see Wariburg in the morning freshness. Richly was I repaid. I climbed by the carriage road most of the way, the footpath being still too damp, is a very beautiful winding road, al which every few rods a new view of the castle bursts upon one. Not a human sound was to be heard at first; only the morning songs of the birds brake the profound si-lence. Before I had gone very far, however, a strange sound attracted my atten-tion, like a rumbling, and yet more human. Looking in the direction from which it came, I saw across the meadow on a hillside a large building, with a sign indicating that it was an institute for deaf mutes, and the strange sound was the mingling of their voices in their morning practice. It seemed a strange coincidence that here, where I was taking such delight in the absolut quiet, I should hear those poor afflicte children struggling to produce a sound,

> I soon found that I was not the only of riages passed me, and when I reached 'h summit of the mountain, half an hour late quite a company had already assemble awaiting a guide. Some twenty minutes we must wait, so spent the interval in examiing the exterior. We went over the ald drawbridge into the inner court, thinking how many years had passed since it had been necessary to draw it for protection. We imagined the troops of minatrels gather ing here to celebrate the saengerfest. We could see the beautiful St. Elizabeth, driven from the castle by her heartless brother-in-law, crossing the bridge in the chilly night with her little children; then descending into the black valley, with only a torch to light the path. Most prominently of all Luther rose before us, whose footsteps have made the whole region round about famous We could see him being hurried over the bridge into the castle for protection. Here he had walked, he had stood upon this parapet and gazed out upon the same beautiful valleys in his solitude. We were soon to see the room where he sat and worked in confinement to enlighten the nation with his new translation of the Bible and to give them a language that should be thereafte the standard for the German nation, a compromise between the extreme dialects of the LUTHER MEMORIALS.

DOING THE CASTLE.

The guide appeared at length and we were

conducted up the narrow, winding stairs to the half where the famous song contests were held, which Wagner has made so real to us in his "Meistersinger," We know that all the famous minstrels and poets of those past ages visited the castle and we like lieve all the traditions that are told of them This hall is beautifully accorated now, and so appropriately is the new combined with old throughout the entire castle that the restorations are not plainly apparent. The Elizabeth gallery decorated with scenes from her life and with the "Seven Works of Mercy" leads to an interesting chapel with some rich old stained glass. In the socalled Ritterhaus of the castle we were shown that part devoted to Luther's memory. His very room, his chair and table, his por-trait (the original) on the wall, some of his letters, the handwriting still legible, all made us feel that his spirit still lingered there. Last of all the guide called our at tention to the spot on the wall made by the ink, when Luther in his wrath threw his ink bottle at the devil. We looked for the spot, but saw a large hole in the wall, for insatiable collectors of relics have carried away the very plaster from the timbers bit by bit. A visit to the armory, where there is a fine collection of weapons and ancient armor, finished our tour of the castle and we found ourselves at the close in the never-failing restaurant. Refreshments and illustrated postal cards are inseparably connected in Germany. The sale of the latter has really grown to an enormous business. serve a very useful purpose in enabling a traveler to keep his friends posted in regard his whereabouts with very little effort. He needs only to say "I am here;" the pic tures tell the story. SCENIC GLORIES.

Having seen the castle, I was delighted t find the weather west propitious for a walk to the Hohe Sent. some three or four miles away through Anathal and the famous Dra-

PLACE

Gormany, for the way is distictly marked by signs at all the cross roads and streaks of paint on the trees along the road. Thurlingia as a whole reminds me of Vermont, with its beautiful green hills and charming valleys, but one notices some decided differences. Plues abound, but they are much darker than our pines, howing almost black at a little distance. The sold is in market. at a little distance. The coll is in many parts bright rell, and adds a most effective tone to the coloring of the landscape, while the "purple of the hills" is not dependent on the sunset glow, but is most brilliant in the sunshine, for it is produced by the purple heather that in many places fairly clothes

the hillsides. Following a small party whose destination Centuries of romance and history cluster about the name of Wartburg, so that the mere mention of it brings many scenes to view, writes a correspondent of the Springview, writes a correspondent of the Spring-walls on either side are covered with moss field Republican. It is situated within easy and ferns, over which water trickles, while walking distance of the little town of Eisen. at your feet, sometimes beneath the rocks waking distance of the little town of Eisenach, now become quite famous as a resort and furnished with excellent hotels. In 1979 the foundations of the castle were laid, and it was occupied by the landgraves of Thuringia till the middle of the thirteenth formulations and the middle of the thirteenth formulations of the castle can be obtained from the garden of the inn located there. We all went on and found the refreshments of the castle can be obtained from the garden of the inn located there. We all went on and found the refreshments of the castle can be obtained from the garden of the inn located there. century. In the course of time it fell to found the refreshments, view and Jinner most acceptable

RAILROAD PECULIARITIES.

How to get back is always a question, for had taken in the morning was out of the question, for it was too long. I consulted the brisk little waiter at the inn. 'Can I find my way alone by a shorter read?' said I. "In Gottes name you can't miss it," said he; so with this assurance and the parting inscruction to follow the yellow streaks on the trees I started back alone, with a sense of independence that I never felt before, Alone in a German forest, on a track to me unexplored. His words proved true, how-ever, I guided myself back in safety. When about half way there I met a party of Ger-mans, who stopped me to inquire about the road to another place. I proudly gave them the asked for information and concluded

"I am Wartburg. Come up, come at the rate of at least twenty miles an hour



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