

THEY CUT HIS ROPE.

The Wonderful Adventures of an Artist Who Paints on Precipices.

"Give me a good silk rope—silk because a very small silk rope will carry a man, and a painter don't want to lug a heavy rope around with him—and I'll paint your name on the steepest precipice that ever was."

"When I'm sitting down my brush has got a seven-foot swing, and I set out to paint the words 'Love's Lung Lozenges' in seven-foot letters. I didn't care if it took me a week, I wasn't going to be bluffed by them Tombstoners."

"Well, sir, I was brushing away and singing to myself like a mocking-bird, when a stone came down and lit fair in the paint-pot, splashing paint all over my sign. I looked up madder than a hornet, and there I see two dirty Apache heads grinning at me."

"I didn't say anything, but the sight of them took the life out of me so that I dropped my brush, and I could hear it bounding along from rock to rock until it struck bottom. It seemed to me ten minutes from the time that brush left my hand until it struck the ground. Every time it bounced from one rock to another I seemed to say to myself, 'You'll strike there and there and there.'

"I knew the Indians were Apaches the minute I saw their heads, and I knew, too, that the Apache is the blood-thirstiest animal on earth."

"They grinned at me, with their heads stuck over the precipice, and then one of them swung out his right arm and began making passes at the taut rope with a butcher-knife in his hand."

"I watched that knife flying around up there with its sharp edge always turned toward the rope, until it made me sick, and I looked down for relief. Below me there was nothing but little mesquit bush growing out of the precipice about half way down, and under that boulders."

"Suddenly I thought of something, and whipping my whisky flask out of my breast pocket, I held it up toward them. They stopped grinning, the knife stopped wheeling around, and I saw in a minute that they were two thirty Indians, and that I had a chance yet. But like a blamed fool I was too sure, and didn't take enough care of the bottle, and the first thing I knew it slipped from my hand and smashed to flinders on the rocks below."

"The Indians gave one howl and then zip went the knife across the rope, and I followed the whisky bottle."

"Did I get killed? Well, not hardly. You remember that mesquit bush? Well, the end of the rope managed to get wrapped around that bush in the fall, and it brought me up so sudden that the shock broke out four of my front teeth."

"But you were still a hundred feet above ground, and your rope only fifty feet long."

"To be sure; but everything was plain sailing now. I just shinned up the rope to the bush, got the rope set, and away to the toe and the shoe so fitted that the toes do not touch the ground when the foot stands flat, the weight resting on the middle and heel of the shoe. Second, the shoe is nailed on perfectly flat and close to the foot, which is flattened to receive it; the iron is thereby deprived of all spring, and the hold of the nail is undisturbed. The frog comes in contact with the ground.—Exchange."

room window nodding over a newspaper. For a joke she threw her prayerbook, intending to hit the newspaper and so waken him, but she missed her aim, and the sharp corner of the book entered his eye, depriving him of the sight of it forever.

Horseshoes.

Horses are not shod in Egypt, Asia, or Palestine. The latter country was supplied with horses by the Egyptians. Solomon paid 150 shekels of silver, equal in value to \$75, for each horse. This was a high price, the difference in relative value of a shekel and a given weight of wheat being considered. Isaiah speaks of horses "whose hoofs shall be counted like flint"—a valuable quality where they were shoeless. The Syrians and Hittites were supplied with Egyptian horses by Solomon, who thus turned an honest penny by this means.

Aristotle and Pliny mention the covering of horses' feet in stony places to protect the hoofs from breakage and wear but it is probable that such a covering was a bandage or boot, and used principally on long journeys. Suetonius refers to the dismounting of Vespa's muleteer to shoe his mules. Wrappings of plaited fiber, such as hemp or broom were used, as was also leather. In Japan the horses have clogs of twisted straw, of which a large supply is carried on a long journey; when worn another is immediately applied. The American custom of shoeing would, no doubt, appear a barbarous custom in their minds. Capt. Cook refers to the fact that the Siberians and Kamtchatskans use traveling socks for their dogs.

Camels in old times were similarly provided. These boots were drawn over the feet, and it does not appear that iron or other metallic plates were nailed to the hoofs. Such boots were shod with metal for the rich. The mules of Nero were shod with silver; those of his wife, Poppaea, with gold. For less stately purposes mules were shod with iron. Homer mentions camouflaged footed steeds, probably a merely metaphorical expression, implying strength. Mithridates and Alexander experienced great difficulty with their cavalry, owing to the soreness of the unprotected feet of the horses on long marches. The first certain mention of shoes being nailed to horses' hoofs is in the works of Emperor Leo, ninth century. The practice of shoeing horses is said to have been introduced into England by William I.

In two respects the shoeing of horses in Holland differs from ours. First, to prevent slipping, the forehoofs are pared away to the toe and the shoe so fitted that the toes do not touch the ground when the foot stands flat, the weight resting on the middle and heel of the shoe. Second, the shoe is nailed on perfectly flat and close to the foot, which is flattened to receive it; the iron is thereby deprived of all spring, and the hold of the nail is undisturbed. The frog comes in contact with the ground.—Exchange.

The Viceroy and the Baby.

A characteristic anecdote is related of the late Lord Lawrence, when, as the new Viceroy, he was returning to the country in which his best years had been passed. He was in bad spirits, partly from sea-sickness, partly from lack of friends and congenial natures around him, partly from the feeling of the heavy responsibilities which he had assumed in comparatively weak health. A lady was returning to India with her infant child, which she utterly neglected, and the baby took its revenge upon the passengers generally by squalling day and night alike. They complained in no measured language to the authorities. "Steward, throw that baby overboard!" was a cry which came from many a sleepless berth. But the nuisance continued unabated. At last the new Viceroy, half-unconsciously, a slight resemblance to his lost Bertie, gave it a large share of his attention, and would take it for hours together on his knee, showing it his watch and anything that would amuse it. The child took to him, as he to it, and, to the great relief of the passengers, was always quiet in his presence. "Why do you take so much notice of that child?" asked one of them. "Why, to tell the truth," said the Viceroy, "that child is the only being in the ship who I can feel sure does not want anything out of me, and so I take pleasure in its society." How much of the kindness and simplicity of a great nature is revealed by this simple story!

The Rat and the Badger.

A Rat who had grown fat and sleek and nested undisturbed in a Peasant's Corn Crib was one day visited by the Badger, who inquired: "How long since you have had any Cheese?"

"Cheese? Why I haven't even smelt the article for a year!"

"Ah! me! but you must be a curious Rat, not to help yourself to Cheese. I would stand it a single hour if I were in your boots. You will never be a happy Rat until you have Cheese."

After the Badger had gone the Rat got to thinking the matter over. He was fat, contented and safe, but now that Cheese had been mentioned he felt that he must have a taste. He left the corn-crib and went nosing around until he discovered a piece of Cheese hung to a wire. He rushed for it, heard a click, and turned around to find himself in a trap and to hear the Peasant traveler.

"Ah! here is another Rat who didn't know enough to remain in the corn-crib!"

MORAL—Let corn enough alone.—Detroit Free Press.

THE ancients did know a few things. As to downright common sense it is not always easy even for this steam-driven, electric-lighted and telephone-talking nineteenth century to get ahead of them. And among their proverbs which come around ever and anon to greet with fresh respect, is that famous, old, curt frestina lente (hasten slowly).—Congregationalist.

DISPARAGE and deprecate no one; an insect has feeling and an atom a shadow.—Coleridge.

THERE are 152,931 persons in Kentucky who would feel insulted if you asked them to write in your autograph album.

Geological Divisions of Time.

The divisions of time established by geologists are based upon the formations of strata and the advents of different forms of animal life. The history of the earth is divided into five "eras," seven "ages," twenty-two "periods," and the last two periods are subdivided into seven epochs. These divisions, proceeding from the fifth downward to the first, are as follows: 5. Psychozoic era, age of man, human period and recent epoch. 4. Cenozoic era, age of mammals—embracing the quaternary period, which comprehends the terrace, Champlain and glacial epochs, and the tertiary periods, which comprehends the pliocene, miocene and eocene epochs. 3. Mesozoic, or middle era, the age of reptile, the cretaceous, jurassic and triassic periods. 2. Paleozoic era, the carboniferous age, or age of acogens and amphibians; the Devonian age, or age of fishes; the silurian age, or age of invertebrates, or mollusks—the names of the fourteen periods into which these ages are divided are not in common use. 1. Archaean, or eozoic era; the archaean age, and the Huronian and Laurentian periods. For an explanation of the terms used in this division consult Webster's or Worcester's Unabridged Dictionaries, and study the clear illustration accompanying the word "Geology" in the former work.

National Modes of Salutation.

Most of us say "How-de-do?" and think we have said "How do you do?" "How are you?" is more elegant, perhaps, and "Hope I see you well" is the habit with some people. Then we shake hands, and women very frequently kiss. In olden times English-speaking people said, "Save you, sir," or "madam," and "God save you," and long ago men as well as women "kissed for courtesy." Englishmen now consider such salutations as absurd between persons of their own sex.

Frenchmen, however, are not ashamed to kiss as they ask, "How do you carry yourself?" and the Germans crush each other, bear fashion, as they cry, "How do you find yourself?" The Italian gives both airy clasp and kiss, after he has flourished his fingers in the air and shouted, "How do you stand?" But the Dutchman's "How do you fare?" is generally only followed by a clasp on the shoulder. When two Swedes fall into each other's arms and look over each other's shoulders, they ask, "How can you?" and the Polander, who has lived in the land of sadness, inquires, in a melancholy tone, "Art thou gay?" In Turkey the people cross their arms, bow low, and say, "I will request of Allah that thy prosperity be increased." The Quaker regards his approaching friend without smile or nod, and quietly remarks, "How is thee?"

American Triumph at Amersterdam.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Company have just received the following cable dispatch from Mr. C. Bender, their agent in Holland, now representing them at the World's Exposition at Amsterdam: "Received Diploma of Honor, the very highest award."

The Mason & Hamlin cabinet organs were placed in competition at this great exhibition with a large number from the leading makers of Europe and America, and this award is but a continuation of their unbroken series of triumphs at all the great world's exhibitions for the last 16 years. Mason & Hamlin have now won the highest awards at Paris, 1867; Vienna, 1873; Santiago, 1875; Philadelphia, 1876; Paris, 1878; Milan, 1881, and Amsterdam, 1883.—Boston Journal.

A Mighty Fall.

A Cincinnati man, while on a visit to Richmond, Va., asked the hotel clerk where he was stopping to show him around the city. The clerk very politely acceded and took him everywhere, ending the trip at the Capitol. As they were looking at the portraits the clerk was telling about his high lineage and ancient pedigree and pointing out several portraits as those of his ancestors.

"Ah," said his visitor, when so much ancestral talk had become monotonous, "you are then of high descent?"

"Yes, sir; I am proud to say that I am," he replied in a satisfied way.

"Well, sir, I should think that your neck would be broken."

"I don't understand what you mean."

"Why, it seems to me that a man of such lofty birth, who had dropped clear down so suddenly to hotel clerk would have his neck broken in spite of all he could do. Possibly, however, you came down on a fire escape."—Merchant Traveler.

An Old Butcher Way Out in Missouri.

With neuralgia, he suffered like fury, St. Jacobs Oil banished

The pain which all vanished—

And prevented a Coroner's jury.

A cranky old man named Blake, Says St. Jacobs Oil "takes the cake."

He gave it one test,

And says it's the best

Cure in the world for backache.

Roscoe's Orthography.

Roscoe Conkling when in the Senate was regarded as the worst speller in that body. Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, was assigned to a seat directly behind Conkling, and soon the Senator from New York, who had been busily engaged in writing, turned to him and said: "Senator Mitchell, how would you spell wagon?" "W-a-g-o-n," said the Oregonian. "Well," said Mr. Conkling, "I will immediately proceed to erase a g. I spelled the word with two g's." On another occasion he asked Senator Mitchell how to spell Czar, and being told, remarked: "I have just spelled it z-a-r, so I will prefix the letter c." Many other eccentricities in spelling are told of Senator Conkling.—Washington Critic.

To BE flattered is grateful, even when we know that our praises are not believed by those who pronounce them; for they prove at least our power, and show that our favor is valued, since it is purchased by the meanness of falsehood.—Johnson.

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SINGULAR that the word miser, so often expressive of one who is rich, should, in its origin, signify one that is miserable.—Browne.

The Return of Health.

After a protracted and exhausting illness, the return of health, though it may be slow, fills the mind with joyous anticipations. Debarred from every enjoyment by disease, the patient grows despondent and loses all interest in life. The change comes with the first thrill of health, what pleasant thoughts of resuming life's active duties and participating in its pleasures! In order to hasten the return of vigor, the grand need of the convalescent's digestion should be to stimulate an assimilation of the food of Hostetzer's Stomach Bitters, a tonic containing only ingredients of standard purity and long-tested efficacy. Beside giving an impetus to returning health, it affords an adequate defense against the infection of the period of fever and such forms of malaria as are caused and abated by the disease.

"MINE, miser, minus!" This is the general upshot of speculation in mining stock.

Ottawa, Ill.—Dr. T. A. Smurr says: Brown's Iron Bitters give entire satisfaction."

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EXPRESSION LIABILE.

Mr. A. S. Marshall, the popular expressman of Brunswick, Me., writes us on May 15, 1883, as follows: "Having been severely afflicted for about two years with inflammation of the kidneys and bladder, so called by my physicians. I suffered with distressing pains in my back and retention of urine, caused by a stoppage of the neck of the bladder, and a complication of other diseases. I was hardly able to attend to my business, and at times would be completely prostrated. I was also affected with incontinence of urine to an alarming degree; indeed it demanded my attention fifteen or twenty times per night, and at times it would seem impossible for me to ride down to the depot on my wagon, for every jar from the wagon would almost seem to take my life. Having failed to obtain relief from my doctor, I finally consulted our druggist, Dr. Merriman, of Brunswick, and requested him to furnish me with the most reliable and speedy cure for such sickness, for I was suffering too much for human nature to endure long. The doctor recommended me to use Hunt's Remedy, as it had been used with remarkable success in a good many cases in Brunswick and vicinity. I purchased a bottle, and received such great relief that I continued, and had not used two bottles before I began to improve, to my great satisfaction. The doctor prescribed a strong dose of the medicine, and I gained strength, and my water began to pass naturally, and I was able to sleep soundly and obtain the needed rest which for a long time I could not. I am full of relief now, and am able to go about my business. Thanks to Dr. Hunt for his restoration, and I highly recommend it to all who are troubled with kidney complaints."

COULD NOT LIFT A POUND.

The above are the words of Mrs. Harriet Bailey, of Putnam, Conn. She writes May 8, 1883: "I have been troubled with kidney and liver disease for two years. I suffered severely in the back and joints. Before taking any medicine I was unable to lift a pound. After taking it a fair trial I began to improve, and can now truly say it was a 'Godsend to me.' I am full of strength now, and am able to enjoy the best of health. I have recommended Hunt's Remedy to two of my neighbors, who have been greatly benefited by it. The letter was sent voluntarily, as I wish it will be the means of inducing some sufferer to use Hunt's Remedy and be cured as I have been."

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