

THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1897.

EXPLOSIVES.

Drifter's Experiences Have Left Him to Steer Clear of Them.

"As you say, I am extremely anxious about handling high explosives," admitted Drifter, "and, for a man who has mixed in the mining business, I confess, I am unique. Why, I actually avoid fire-works displays, except at a safe distance, and when the big downtown stores blow up with Fourth of July decorations I pass by on the other side."

"I wasn't so easily scared; when you first knew me. That's true. Maybe I can explain how the scare developed in me. One day while tramping along over a dusty road in Connecticut—there being no stage line to my destination—I was overtaken by a jolly young chap who was driving such a wagon as cigar and candy peddlers in New England affect. He gave me a lift and put the whip to his horses. He went at it poor and puffed away at cigar from my case. I enjoyed my smoke, too. That is, until we reached the village. Then the driver tossed his stump in the road and said,

"Young fellow, try that cigar. You're riding on a powder wagon, and the boss would blow me if he caught us smoking. I used to take chances. Wasn't born to be blown up."

The very next day an explosion shook the country. A powder wagon went up in the twinkling of an eye, and that care-free driver—well, he was no widely scattered to a funeral.

"I was rather brained when I made my first trip to the minting nation now famous as the Ledge of the Woods mineral belt. We had to pack all the supplies to our camp, and when we came to a portage I took my share of the work. I picked up a box weighing fifty pounds and trotted it half a mile. I wanted to fill my pipe so I carelessly rummled that box—containing canned goods for all I knew—down on the ground. Jack Brown, the foreman of the outfit, lounged back to the trail and said quietly:

"Drifter, don't be so skittish with that box. It's full of dynamite. Lucky for you and the lot of us that I filled it at the winter cache near Rat Portage and it's frozen."

I didn't talk above a whisper during the rest of the trip. The next summer I went up to the mine and did my turn on one of the drifts. One day I proposed a fishing trip. Mike, the day engineer, laid off and went with me in our canoe. The pickered didn't show up to suit Mike, so paddling to a rock entirely bare of vegetation, he steeched himself and said:

"Now, Mr. Drifter, I'll show you how to catch fish." He had a dynamite cartridge in a bottle. He inserted a fuse packed the dangerous stuff tightly in the neck of the bottleneck and said: "I'll touch this off, toss it in the lake and heaven help the fishes." I argued again, such unportsmanlike behavior, and Mike got rattled. We were standing on a naked rock. Mike's foot slipped, that internal battle dropped from his hand, and we—

"No, we were not blown to kingdom come, for Mike just grabbed the bottle an inch or so from the rock. He threw it out in the water. There was a convolution, a vast jet of water shot up in the air, and hundreds of fluttering, dead and dying fish lay on the surface. I couldn't have punched one to save me from hanging and though Mike simply said: 'That was close enough,' he suggested a return to the camp, and he was the quietest man in the outfit for the next month.

"From that day to this I have been just a trifle disconcerted, as you might say. I don't nose around powder mills or try to investigate chemical works, and when I go back to mining the miner who tries to show me a dynamite cartridge by the fire in our shack will get out of the camp before his minute older, if I catch him." —New York Sun.

There is Nothing So Good.

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Sprocket—"Did your wife run into anything when she first got her wheel?" Bloomer—"Yes she ran into debt."

Did You Ever.

Try Electric Bitters as a remedy for your troubles? If not get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all Female Complaints, exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have loss of Appetite, Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, or are Nervous, Sleepless, Excitable, Melancholy or troubled with Dizzy Spells. Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and Strength are guaranteed to its use. Fifty cents and \$1.00 at W. M. Cohen's Drug Store.

He—"Can I dance with you to-night?" She—"You might try."

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HOPE FOR THE ERRING.

Is the Hand of God Shattered, or Has It but Its Canning?

S. V. Herald.

For the Land Lord will help me, therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed. Isaiah 4, 7.

One of the questions which thoughtful men and women ask is: How long will the consequences of an evil act be an evil bala [sic]? Is the soul that has sinned doomed to unending punishment?

I can easily put the answer in a few words. In a very important sense, God does not punish you, on the contrary, you punish yourself. How long, then, do you propose to pursue a course of action which has already brought direful results, and which will certainly continue to do so until you effect a change in your conduct?

When the prodigal went away from the paternal home he went of his own accord. And when he found himself in wretched poverty, forsaken by his friends, his only companions the swine which he guarded, he entered a regime of fearful but soft inflicted punishment. He used his body badly and his brains badly. He had been endowed with the tremendous and awful prerogative of freedom to choose, and his judgment was so defective that he chose evil in the full expectation of getting personal happiness from it. He was destined, however, that the universe should make that happiness does not come from dishonesty or abuse of appetite. He found that he could not swim up a waterfall; that lemons are not made sweet by delecting that they are so; and that there is no other way to achieve success known among men except obedience to a moral law which represents both wisdom and omnipotence.

Having made that discovery, he stepped into line with the law, and with extraordinary good sense and admirable power of will proceeded to rectify his error.

The father of this wretched youth did not revenge himself for the disobedience of his son and in that fact he represented the attitude of God toward all of us. There was great rejoicing in the home, and the old relation between father and son, broken by the wayward boy, was re-established.

We cannot ignore the fact that the son suffered great moral loss, but the question is, How far was that loss repaired? And the answer to that question is the important matter for you and me to consider. Can a man do wrong and recover himself? Does the punishment which he brings on himself last forever, or is it possible for him after changing his course of life, to withdraw the sad experience and offer a daily positive good? In other words, is God a king and does He rule the universe like a king, or is He a father who is more than ready to rectify his children when they discover that some place like home?

Let me use another illustration. If you have a violin, you can either set good music or bad out of it. You have the power to break that violin if you abuse it—a piece, but after you have done so, is it no longer a violin? It is now a musical instrument, as sound and ended forever. Notice to the world of eternity will ever be a violin again.

Now, Mr. Drifter, I'll show you how to catch fish! He had a dynamite cartridge in a bottle. He inserted a fuse packed the dangerous stuff tightly in the neck of the bottleneck and said: "I'll touch this off, toss it in the lake and heaven help the fishes." I argued again, such unportsmanlike behavior, and Mike got rattled. We were standing on a naked rock. Mike's foot slipped, that internal battle dropped from his hand, and we—

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