

THUS THE YEARS GO BY.

A tear, a smile,
From joy and sigh;
To turn away and sigh;
To suffer loss,
To bear the cross—
'Tis thus the years go by.

WHO WINS?

Delhi, that city of minarets, the seat
in former years of the Great Mogul,
whose rule dominated Hindostan,
and whose style and magnificence reached
the ears of the inhabitants of the old
world in such an exaggerated way as to
make people believe that the streets
were paved with gold.

In the year 1857, Delhi, though shorn
of its ancient splendor, was still a place
to talk and dream of.

The bazaars were filled with rare and
costly merchandise, and streets of the
capital contained nothing but jewelry,
which was largely exported to Europe
and America.

But in a single night all this was
changed, and instead of the hum of
toiling thousands there came the brazen
notes of a war trumpet, the boom of
cannon, the rattle of musketry, and the
steely flash of the naked sabres.

British valor was once more called
upon to defend the honor of Old Eng-
land against a nation in revolt—a hand-
ful, so to speak, of devoted men were
pitted against Sepoys, outnumbering
them a hundred or more to one.

Two officers were seated in a tent
enjoying a weed and a cup of fragrant
coffee after the toil of the day, on which
a hard battle had been fought against
the enemy, victory declaring for the side
of the British.

"This is a change with a vengeance,"
remarked Captain Vandeleur, a gallant
soldier in a crack cavalry regiment.
"A fortnight ago we were dancing at
General Coghlan's party, with his sweet
daughter, Cicely, as an engaging
partner; now we caper to different
music, with no lady friends to smile
encouragement upon us."

"Quite right, old fellow," laughed
Cyril Benthorne, surgeon in the corps,
and as brave and handsome a fellow as
ever used lance to relieve suffering
humanity. "I'm afraid we were both
hard hit in that quarter—an affection
of the heart, which perhaps, a rebel
bullet will cure one of these days."

"It's a wonder's lot it is," said
Vandeleur lightly. "I had no idea,
though, Benthorne, that you were in
the lists against me; but we needn't be
less friends for that, need we, old
man?"

"Certainly not," said his friend,
whose face assumed a more serious air
as he added: "By the way, I wonder
why we have received no news from the
old general. I hope the rebels are giving
him no trouble."

"By Jove! I never thought of that.
But here comes Major Fringle, looking
like another Bombastes Furioso, full
of news."

"Hallo, you fellows!" said the major,
"do you know that some friends of
yours are in great peril? I refer to the
Coghlans; but give me some brandy-
pawnee, the accused rebels kick up
such a dust that I'm well-nigh choked."

Vandeleur helped the somewhat bibu-
lous major to the stimulant, while
exchanging serious glances with Ben-
thorne.

"We're sorry to hear that, Pringle,"
remarked Benthorne. "How did the
news reach our camp?"

"A fellow brought a few lines from
the general, rolled up, and hidden in his
ear. A squadron of our corps is to
little garrison, if possible, and to bring
its members," said Pringle, holding
out his glass to be refilled.

"I should like to go," Pringle,
remarked Vandeleur, as he poured out
a bumper for his chief, with a view of
propitiating him.

"So should I," put in Benthorne,
eagerly.

"What, two of you badly hit in that
direction?" laughed Pringle. "Well,
well, I'm no lady's man myself, and so
won't enter into rivalry with you
fellows. I have already detailed you
both in orders for the smart little affair.
The trumpets will sound boot and sad-
dle at nine. We shall have a moon to
guide us, that goodness!"

When the major left, which he did in
a hurry, for his last glass of brandy-
pawnee, the friends sat on in silence
for some minutes, evidently very deeply
concerned about the fate of Cicely
Coghlan, a lovely brunette, with laugh-
ing black eyes and hair as dark as a
raven's wing—just such a girl as to
conquer a whole regiment of impressive
officers—the very beau ideal of a sol-
dier's wife—gay, impulsive, yet full of
womanly tenderness and gentleness.

"See here, Benthorne," said Van-
deleur, who was the first to break the
silence that had come upon both; "I
love Cicely, so do you; let us decide
now who shall win her."

"How? in what way?"

"We are both going to the relief of
the place—the man who reaches her
side first shall win her hand—that is,
provided she is willing; the other fellow
must retire gracefully."

Benthorne pondered over the proposal
for a few minutes, and then placing his
hand in Vandeleur's, said with all a
soldier's frankness:

"Done with you, old fellow, it's a
bargain. If you win, I'll congratulate
you; if I, I shall expect the same treat-
ment at your hands."

Anything more incongruous than
thus staking love on the issue of a dan-
gerous expedition could not be imag-
ined.

Love, indeed when bullets not many
yards from where the pair sat were fly-
ing about like hail, seeking a billet in the
corporeal frame of some unlucky wight
who was unfortunate enough to get in
their way.

ing about as if the vast maiden, or
sandy plain, were a veritable skittle-
alley where Titans were amusing them-
selves at their favorite pastime, knock-
ing over human beings in lieu of nine-
pins, but love is stronger than death,
which cannot quell its life, for while
the black angel itself dies when the last
great trump shall awaken the dead,
both small and great, love lives on for-
ever, sailing over jasper seas to the mu-
sic of angels' voices.

The moon had just shown itself over
a top of mango-trees when the cavalry
started on their errand of mercy, to
rescue women and children from death
and dishonor, and to succor brave men,
who at that moment were battling
against great odds for dear life.

Delhi was soon left behind, and the
boom of cannon became fainter and
fainter, until at last it ceased altogether.
The squadron rode through silent vil-
lages embowered in palm trees, whose
all tops looked fairylike in the moon-
light which flooded everything.

A few village curs barked defiance,
and occasionally a troop of jackals
made night hideous with their fearsome
cries.

A short halt was called near a tank,
or miniature lake, where the horses were
watered, and the men partook of such
refreshment as their haversacks afford-
ed.

This done, they saw to their girths,
and, remounting by word of command,
lest the sound of the trumpet should
warn the rebels of their approach, they
galloped forward, the clatter of their
swords and accoutrements awakening
the echoes of the night, and sounding
ominously of impending strife.

"By Jove! they're at it hammer and
tongue," remarked Vandeleur to Ben-
thorne in a stern tone. "I'm glad to hear
fringe; it shows the garrison are still
holding out."

"Yes. Now to rescue Cicely," said
Benthorne with a grim smile. "For
once I shall become a combatant officer,
and shall use my sword to wound and
slay, instead of saving life. The black
hounds deserve neither pity nor consid-
eration, they have committed so many
atrocities."

Every man of the British army
shared these sentiments to the full, and
resolved that, whenever the shock of a
battle came, to neither risk nor give
quarter to such dastardly foe-men.

Swords leaped from scabbards, and
for a moment both horses and men
were almost as motionless as statues,
when came the clarion notes of the
trumpet sounding the charge, and away
went our brave fellows, straight as an
arrow from a well-bent bow, for the
enemy.

The relief had come not a moment
too soon, for when the first British
saber descended on the head of a rebel
Sepoy, a hand-to-hand fight was going
on between the garrison and the muti-
neers.

Vandeleur and Benthorne kept close
together and thrust and parried, and
gave downright blows, as they made
their way through swarms of dusky
foeman, whose faces blanched before
the courage displayed by British sol-
diers, who if well-handled, are always
invincible until they fight with their
brothers the Americans.

At last Vandeleur was able to take
General Coghlan by the hand to con-
gratulate him.

"Where is Miss Coghlan?" Benthorne
asked.

"She was safe a moment ago,"
"By Heavens! that's her voice calling
for help!" exclaimed Vandeleur, as
spurring his horse forward, he rode in
that direction, followed by Benthorne,
both of whom saw the woman they
loved in the arms of an officer of sowsars
(irregular cavalry), who was well-
mounted, and at that moment was
riding off with his lovely prize.

Both men rode after the wretch,
eager to be first to rescue Cicely.

It was a race for love, and promised
to be a long one, for the rebel's horse
was a powerful animal, and kept up a
good pace in spite of its double burden.

Once out upon the open plain the
chase became exciting, for the sowsar,
seeing himself pursued, put forth every
effort to outdistance his foes, from whom
he would meet no mercy if overtaken.

Vandeleur being a light-weight and a
good rider, was gradually heading away
from his friend Benthorne, when his
horse caught his foot in a hole and
stumbled.

This gave Benthorne the advantage,
and he was not slow to use it, for he
shot ahead with a grim smile of pleas-
ure, and was pleased to find that he
was gaining on the sowsar.

Suddenly the fellow wheeled half-
round, and taking deliberate aim fired
at his pursuer, whose horse was hit and
fell under him.

By this time Vandeleur rode up,
when Benthorne shouted:

"Frank, win her—save Cicely!"

Vandeleur's answer was to wave his
hand, as he kept straight on, like a
bloodhound on the scent of death.

"By Heavens!" he hissed between his
clenched teeth, "he'll escape me after
all if I'm not careful!"

Snatching a pistol from the shoulder,
he fired, but the cap only snapped. With
an air of disgust, he produced his
fellow, and being a noted shot, fired
this time with success, for the sowsar
reared in the saddle, and fell to the
ground, still, however, holding Cicely
in his arms.

When Vandeleur's sword entered
the rebel's body it was only to save
Cicely's life; another moment, and the
fellow's dagger would have been plun-
ged into her heart.

The war is over, and in dear old Eng-
land Major Vandeleur stands at the
altar with Cicely Coghlan, Benthorne
being best man.

"Was not till the honeymoon was
over that Frank told his wife of the
little incident of 'Who Wins?'"

A Celestial Belle.

A Chinese belle is a curiosity to Chi-
nemen as well as to Christians. Ever
her own country-women look upon her
with as much wonder as admiration.
One reason of this is her rarity. Belles
in China are rare birds of rare plumage.
No ordinary community can afford the
luxury of possessing more than one or
two such dazzling charmers.

The approach of a belle not only flut-
ters the hearts of the gilded youth—the
sons of mandarins and men of wealth—but
draws upon her glances of envy and
admiration from members of all
classes of society, especially the father
half of it. Fashion is the father or
mother of despots, and a Chinese belle's
tiny foot presses as ruthlessly upon the
necks of her subjects as the slipper of
an American beauty, or the still larger
shoe of the English professional walk-
ist.

What arts and sciences does a Chi-
nese woman have to master before she
can take her degree as a belle? Of
moral qualities she need possess only
that one necessary to the Christian law-
yer—cheek. She must have nerve
enough to look the public in the face,
and to endure any amount of praise
without betraying her satety.

A Celestial belle's most striking
marks, however, are not moral. Her
movements, restive yet restrained, must
give evidence of a great deal of sup-
pressed animation. As speech with the
male sex is of course forbidden her,
her features, eyes, cheeks and silent
lips must all be eloquent. Her skin
must have great firmness of texture to
endure the continual coatings of white
paste and vermilion paint which the
glance of her being enjoin. Her feet
must not exceed three inches in length,
or one inch in breadth. The finger-
nails of her last three fingers must be
as long as her fingers. These last two
points are the especial glory of Chinese
fashion.

Besides these traits, a Celestial belle
must have the instinct and art of a
good historical novelist. This she
needs in order to survive and make at-
tractive the fashions in dress of three
thousand years ago, for in China ladies'
fashions change even more slowly than
in our Western towns. Men, strangely
enough, are more progressive and their
present style of dress does not date back
further than 200 years.

The daily life of a Chinese belle does
not differ much from that of a lady of
fashion in the days of Pepps or the
younger Walpole. Suspicious of the
morning mist she never rises before
noon. Breakfast is served in her own
room by her servants. This languid
meal over she begins the serious busi-
ness of her life. Her hair, supported
by three or four hair-dressers, she
attaches the tangled locks in whose
adornment she finds her chief pride.

Both mistress and maids labor for
three or four hours, with snatches of
rest, and thoroughly exhausted by their
task at 6 o'clock, sit down to their
dinner. Each province has its separate
method of dressing the hair, eighteen
in all, and the fashion of a woman's
hair betrays her residence. The hand-
some coiffure is worn by the women
of Khan Lu, that boasts the beautiful
cities of So Chow and Shanghai. The
hair is drawn back from the forehead
and temples, and tied close to the neck
with crimson silk ribbons. Below the
ribbons it falls about a foot, and
spreads, curling outward at the ends,
so as not to touch the shoulders. The
method of dressing the hair of old
age of half its baffle power, for a
woman with this coiffure, seen from
behind, may be 16 or 19, and no one the
wiser. Jewels, flowers and lace deck
the dainty braids.

Such, and so marvelously made, is the
beauty of the dominant nation of Asia.
Strangely enough, the belle is the only
woman in China who has a shadow of
freedom. She is allowed to go to theat-
res, and even to pay visits, with far less
surveillance than her less favored sis-
ters. There is something in the black
patch that she wears next her left temple
or by the corner of her mouth that
checks any attempt at impropriety.

High Up in the Air.

"Dollars and cents," said a prominent
insurance man, "have been the motive
power which has induced the erection of
high buildings, the first consideration
being the cost of the ground, and the
second a largely increased rental at a
material decrease in the cost of con-
struction as compared with the cost of
more earth. It is only a question of
how the most money can be made on
the smallest area that has induced the
erection of tall buildings in large cities.
It is true these high buildings are to
be occupied with offices, and not as ten-
ements, and that few occupants will
be in them at night, when the greatest
danger is apprehended from fire, and
that none of them will be crowded in
the top stories, as they might in a man-
ufacturing establishment, but the dan-
ger is none the less to tenants, the only
difference being in the fact that it may
not be quite so great where there are a
few as it would be if they were crowd-
ed; yet the danger to these few is so
great that little hope could be expected
of effecting a rescue of a single one on
the top floors of a building ten or twelve
stories high."

"It is a well-known fact that firemen
can not do effective work with a fire in
a building more than seventy-five feet
high, yet it is proposed to build some
of the projected towering structures to
a height of 135 feet, or sixty feet be-
yond the ability of the firemen to work
with a stream of water. As a consequence,
if a fire should get under headway in
one of these tall buildings there would
be no possibility of saving it, while its
crumbling ruin would endanger the
lower floors and surrounding buildings
to such an extent as to render almost
impossible good work to be done in try-
ing to prevent the spread of the flames."

"But they will be practically fire-
proof," suggested the reporter.

"Practically, yes. But practically

does not mean absolutely. Many of
our buildings which were considered
absolutely fireproof have been seen to
crumble under the devouring flames,
and become a mass of ruins in a few
hours. These buildings will, no
doubt, be so constructed; but it is
hardly possible to make one of these
handsomely ornamented palaces
entirely fire-proof. Hardly anything
enters into the pile but bricks that will
not succumb to the flames, and even
these will crumble under excessive heat.

The building itself may be practically
fire-proof, but the contents such as
desks, and office furniture generally,
are all combustible, and it is from the
contents of the buildings that the
greatest danger is generally apprehend-
ed, and in which a fire usually origi-
nates. It is recognized as an impossibil-
ity to make a building entirely fire-
proof, and when this is the case the
limit in height should be kept at a
point at which the fire department
would be able to do effective work in
extinguishing a fire. It is not alone
the safety of the building—and its occu-
pants—in which a fire may originate,
but surrounding property is deeply in-
terested in the question of high build-
ings, and in my opinion has a right to
be heard upon the question in such a
manner as to make the protection as
complete as it can possibly be made."

Following His Chin.

There was a beautiful young man
down at the wharf the other morning
from the boat left for the Flats and
Port Huron. He had sad eyebrows, a
drooping mustache, melting eyes, very
tight pants, a little cane and the general
bearing of a man who wanted to be
stepped on and scalped and murdered
and torn limb from limb to prove his
devotion to something or somebody
wearing a corset and a dress. He was
posing for dramatic effect when along
came a chip of a girl with devilry in
her eye.

"Aw—um—can I—I—assist you
aboard?" stammered the beautiful
young man.

"You bet!" she said as she surren-
dered her shawl and satchel.

He took her aboard, found her the
best rocking chair, and announced his
complete happiness to find that she was
also going to the Flats. Did she fish?

She would reckon!

"Delightful some more. Would she
think him too bold if he presented her
with a fancy reel-rod?"

"Oh not at all."

He ran down and got it from the bag-
gage-room and presented it with all his
heart. She said it was boss.

He bought six oranges, four bananas,
twelve jaw-breakers and twenty sticks
of candy of the old woman peddler and
dumped them into her lap. She re-
marked that he was too good.

"Would she take his silk umbrella to
keep the breeze out of her right ear?"

"She would smile."

And she smiled until his feet felt so
light that he walked around on egg-
shells.

"Had she got her ticket?"

"O—well forgotten!"

He rushed down and secured it.

"Would she like to read the morning
paper?"

"Yum!"

He bought three.

"Would she like—?"

But at this moment a man with a
cataract in his left eye, and a nose
which had played with a brandy bottle
for 20 long years, came slouching up,
flung down a bundle, and growled out:

"Mary, who's this 'ere persimmons?"

"Oh, he's one I saved for you to
practice on! Say, George, begin on his
chin!"

"K'rect!" said George as he shed his
duster.

But the chin disappeared. It disap-
peared in company with the beautiful
young man. It went fast. It went up
the street. Even when a boy asked the
owner of the chin if he ever got left
that chin didn't wag a word in reply.

Marseilles and Toulon.

The city of Marseilles, France, at
which point the Asiatic cholera has
made its appearance, enjoys a foreign
commerce which exceeds that of every
other port of the republic. Its coast
trade is also very great. With respect
to the amount of tonnage owned it
holds the first rank in France. Its
commerce in the wines and fruits of the
South, in cork and anchovies, has flour-
ished for twenty-four centuries, and
extends to all parts of the world. It is
the great point of embarkation of pas-
sengers for the various ports on the
Mediterranean and the East, a great
centre of steam navigation and the ter-
minal of important railroads, the man-
ufactures of Marseilles are various and
extensive. The principal articles pro-
duced are soap, soda, and other chemi-
cal products, bonnets, shoes, perfumery,
tobacco, olive oil and liquors; besides
which there are tanneries, and sugar,
salt and sulphur refineries. The harbor
is one of the finest in Europe, perfectly
secure in all weathers, with anchorage
for 1200 vessels in from eighteen to
twenty-four feet of water. Although
one of the oldest cities in the world it
is said that Marseilles has few ancient
buildings, and none of any great anti-
quity. Its vessels trade with nearly
all the principal seaports in the United
States. Its population is about 350,000
souls. Toulon, the port to which the
cholera was brought by any army trans-
port from Tonquin, is a place of about
80,000 inhabitants, and the naval station
of France. The town is built on an ac-
clivity which rises gradually from the
sea and terminates toward the north in
a range of hills. In front of the bay is
a tongue of land which nearly closes its
entrance. In the town itself the arse-
nal and other marine establishments are
on a scale of almost unrivaled mag-
nificence. The houses are generally
well built, but the space occupied by
them is small and they are closely crowd-
ed together in narrow streets or on
small insignificant squares. Its trade,
which has increased considerably since
the occupation of Algiers, is chiefly in
corn, flour, salt provisions, wine, brandy,
oil, capers and fruit. Toulon is the
principal point where convicts are
sent and employed as galley slaves. It
is situated on the Mediterranean, thirty
miles southeast of Marseilles.

Escape from Highwaymen.

Clarence King, the Sierra scientist,
was once followed for three days over
the Tulare plains and into the San Joa-
quin Valley by a couple of mounted
Mexican highwaymen, who alternately
chased and intercepted him, forcing him
more than once for safety to the
chances of speed or stratagem. After
one narrow escape by a magnificent run
of the good horse, "Kaweah," he had
traveled a day unmolested, and was
stopping for the night at a settler's
ranch, when the robbers rode up to
the ranche, and from their questions to
his villainous host, and their sudden
departure, he knew as he overheard the
whole from his window, that they in-
tended to waylay him on the road. The
story of the remarkable slip he gave
them is thus told by Mr. King himself:

In the night I rose cautiously, and
holding my watch up to the moon,
found that twelve o'clock had just pass-
ed; then taking from my pocket a five-
dollar gold-piece, I laid it upon the
stand by my bed, and in my stocking-
foot, with my clothes in my hand, start-
ed noiselessly for the corral, a fierce
bull-dog, who had shown no disposition
to make friends with me, bounded from
the open door of the proprietor, to my
side. Instead of tearing me, as I ex-
pected, he licked my hands and fawned
about my feet. Reaching the corruga-
te, I dreaded opening it remembering
that the hinges creaked badly. So I
hung my clothes upon an upper bar of
the fence, and cautiously lifting the
latch, began to push back the gate, inch
by inch, an operation which consumed
eight or ten minutes. Then I walked
up to Kaweah and patted him. The
horse seemed full of curiosity, as if he
had never been approached in the night
before, expressing his ordinary whinny-
ing, he preserved a motionless, statue-
like silence. I was in terror lest by a
neigh, or some nervous movement, he
should waken the sleeping proprie-
tor and expose my plan. The corral
and the open square were half-covered
with loose stones, and when I thought
of the clatter of Kaweah's shoes I ex-
perienced a feeling of trouble, till final-
ly the idea struck me of muffling the
iron feet.

In constant dread lest the horse
should make some noise, I hurried to
muffle his forehead with my trousers
and shirt, and then, with rather more
care, to tie upon his hind feet my coat
and drawers. Leading him slowly out
of the corral-gate, I walked beside him
holding him firmly by the bit, for a dis-
tance of perhaps a quarter of a mile. I
then stopped and listened. All was
quiet. I then unbound the wrappings,
snook from them as much dust as pos-
sible, dressed myself, and leaping on
Kaweah's back, started northward on
the Mariposa trail. In the soft dust we
traveled noiselessly for a mile or so,
passing from open country into groves
of oak and thickets of chaparral. Sudden-
ly, I came upon a smouldering fire
close by the trail, and in the shadow
saw two men asleep. One was stretch-
ed on his back, snoring heavily; the
other was lying upon his face, pillow-
ing his head on his folded arms. I rode
carefully by without awakening them.
My nerves were keyed up to a high
pitch. I turned around in the saddle,
leaving Kaweah to follow the
trail, and kept my eyes riveted on the
sleeping forms until they were lost in
the distance, and then I left safe. We
galloped over many miles of trail, en-
joying a sunrise, and at last came to
Mariposa, where I deposited my gold,
and then went to bed, and made up my
lost sleep.

Precious Stones.

The amethyst, which has once had
reign, is again waking up to a summons
from the fickle goddess to appear once
more in public as a jewel worn by ladies
of fashion. These stones are set in ox-
idized silver, and are arranged for clasps,
for buckles and necklets, as well as for
girdles. The topaz, which went out
with the amethyst, again appears, and
to brunettes the topaz is a particularly
becoming stone. In our grandmothers'
times the topaz was thought worthy to
be set in circlets of diamond or pearls.
Even for engagement rings and wedding
gifts the topaz was thought appropriate.
Paring stone setting is used for the top-
az, and in truth for almost all gems.
This is at once the most enduring and
the most artistic of settings. The
fashion of mixing gems is still in vogue
in Paris, where the most beautiful jew-
elry is made, and pearls, diamonds and
rubies, emeralds, tourmalines, moon-
stones and others are massed in beauti-
ful combinations. The moonstone and
the diamond seem particularly well
adapted for producing a beautiful effect,
and are now used together in England
in a great variety of ways. For gentle-
men's rings of which it is the English
fashion to wear three or four at once,
three moonstones are greatly in favor,
not alone for their beauty, but for the
luck they are supposed to bring to the
wearer. Lapis lazuli is again in favor
and is rather hard to set in an artistic
manner. In itself it is a beautiful gem,
but requires much care in its arrange-
ment. Roman gold is better than any
other for a setting of lapis lazuli, and
some beautiful bracelets and pendants
are shown with this setting this season.
It is a passing but very extravagant
fashion for any except monarchs to wear
jewels in the handles of umbrellas and
canes.

The Infant.

A young gentleman, under 21 years
of age, ordered of his tailor in London,
last year a frock coat and vest, three
market coats, and a mourning coat and
vest. The amount charged was about
\$100. Although the customer pleaded
infancy, the tailor got a verdict on the
ground that the goods were "necessa-
ries." A divisional court has, how-
ever, on appeal, granted a new trial,
because the evidence as to what amount
of clothes the infant already had in his
wardrobe had been wrongfully with-
held from the jury. In other words,
necessaries in such cases are, it appears,
relative not only to the infant's cir-
cumstances, but also to the state of his
wardrobe.

Through danger, safety comes;
through trouble, rest.

Early Morning Drinkers.

"He's late this morning," said a
staid and well-dressed man who loitered,
with an umbrella in his hand, at the
corner of Fifty-eighth street and Sixth
avenue one morning when the sun said
it must be about six o'clock.

"Who?" interrogated a reporter, who
stood on the corner waiting for a street
car.

"The bartender," was the answer, as
he took out a gold chronometer and re-
marked that it was a good deal after
six. But the bartender, king in hand,
with a bright "Good morning," came
before the car did, and the reporter
went in with the thirsty man at his
invitation. He poured out a full shell
glass of gin and drank it without say-
ing "Here's luck" or any other of the
usual saloon phrases. He laid down a
quarter and the bartender took out
only ten cents for his drink. As the
aristocratic gentleman closed the door
behind him, the bartender, rinsing the
glasses remarked:

"You wouldn't think there was any
money in him but there is. Your drink
and his cost about the twenty cents he
paid, but he'll be in here a dozen times
again to-day, and every time he'll bring
in some friend or chance acquaintance.
Then he'll sit here for a couple of hours
to-night, and spend another dollar or
two. This is his long drink, and that
is why I only charge him ten cents for
it; his drinks get smaller, little by little,
all day long, but in the morning he
seems to suffer from a terrific thirst
which only a full glass can satisfy.
There hasn't been a day in a year that
I haven't found him here when I came
to open, even on the coldest winter
morning. He is rich and one wouldn't
think he'd keep liquor at home, but he
says his wife won't let him."

A talk with another bartender devel-
oped a peculiar fact. He said: "You
see that man sweeping out there?"
Well, he's not poor, but an able me-
chanic, and has regular work. He
waits at the door every morning until
I come; then he gets a drink, sweeps out,
gets another drink and goes to work by
7 o'clock. His wife knows what wages
he earns, and he has to turn them all
over to her, and she gives him what she
thinks he needs in the way of money for
personal purposes, but nothing for
drink. Then after he gets his supper
he helps me clean up and gets another
couple of drinks. I should be much
more surprised to miss him than I
should to stay away myself. But here
come a couple more of my pretty early
morning customers; they are always up
to some trick. See what they'll do this
trip."

In came a couple of tall-hatted and
be-caned semi-dudes, who looked inno-
cent enough, but from appearance, did
not know that it had been bedtime about
ten hours before, and had missed San-
cho Panza's best gift of sleep.

"What'll you have, Charley?" quer-
ied No. 1.

"Oh, nothing; I'm not well."

"That's just the reason I'm going to
have a long drink. Give me some whis-
key," he continued as he laid down
ostentatiously a ten cent piece. He
filled the glass to the brim, took a gulp
from it, choked and said: "Ugh! That's
terrible stuff," Charley, as bid, swal-
lowed the other half of the glass, with
the remark that: "It's not so bad after
all, you know, Harry."

They departed and the bartender
continued: "Now you see those fellows
think they fooled me. Well, between
them they are not bad, and they turn
in here a dollar or two a day. They
have money, but they've been out all
night, and that was their last ten cents
for the present. They think they played
a sharp trick; they'll tell their friends
about it, bring half a dozen of them in
here to-night, laugh at and guy me,
and they and their friends will get \$5
worth of fun out of it all, but I'll get
the money." Tell me where the laugh
comes in?"

Chinese Habitations.

Eastern architects may get some hints
of things to follow or avoid from a
description of the structure erected by
the Chinamen in Virginia city: "Be-
tween lights the Chinaman is an indus-
trious animal. Just now he is turning
his energies to building, and like his
fighting, some of it is contrary to law
and also shocking to a correct architec-
tural taste. On the Northwest corner
of I and Union streets John has created
a marvelous affair. It is built out far
enough to occupy a third of the road-
way. The front elevation (height five
feet) is composed of odds and ends of
stone picked up in the neighborhood.
The one window