Oh, then's the time for wooing. For wooing, and for suing. Dear lad, the time for wooing!

When August calls the locust To sound the year's undoing, And, like some altar dressed of old In drapery of cloth of gold, High pasture this with broom unfold, Oh, then'stlk sime for wooing, For weeing, and for suing, Mear lad the time for wooing!

When brown October pauses, Theripened woodland viewing, And all the sunny forest's spread Their fallen leaves, as heart's blood red, A carpet fit for brides to tread, Oh, then's the time for wooing, For wooing, and for suing, Dear lad, the time for wooing!

Oh, listen, happy lover, Your happy fate pursuing; When fields are green, when woods are sere, When storms are white, when stare are clear, On each sweet day of each sweet year, Oh, then's the time for wooing, For wooing and for suing,

Dear lad, the time for wooing.

## A LUCKY DISCOVERY.

"And so Miss Dorinda Beam is dead 'an buried!" "Yes, an' hain't left no will-that's

the wust of it." Mrs. Grimes stopped churning to listen to the news brought by Neighbor hands and looked again. Hockins.

"You don't say!"
"It's so," declared Neighbor Hockins, emphatically. "Beuly Bittersweet won't get noth-

in' after all, then," observed Mrs. Grimes lifting the churn lld to see if the butter was coming. "Not a stiver. An' her allus brought

up to think she'd git it all."
this tr an' his woman'll come in fur the proppity, then?" 'Course they will, bein' they're the

nighest of kin. All the kin folks she hed, I reckin, fur her an' Beuly wasn't no ways related."

"I shouldn't think Miss Dorindy'd sleep quiet in her grave, with them Foggs a-handling of her things. She hated 'em like pizon while she was alive," remarked Mrs. Grimes.

'She hadn't ort to put off makin' her will, then. But that's allus the wayfolks keep a-putting off an' a-putting off, a-thinkin' they're goin' to live forever, an' then all at once they're gone 'fore they know it. An' then it's too not worn for a good while." late. Miss Dorindy died awful suddint,

And indeed poor Beulah herself scarcely knew what she was going todo, having no knowledge of it. "Everything here will be yours Beulah, when I'm dead and gone," Miss home, and Peter Fogg and his wife, Dorinda had often declared. "That after refunding the money paid for the won't get a stick nor a stone of what their farm, greatly chagrined at the belongs to me! I kin tell him, if he is unexpected turn of affairs. my nephew."

one, sure enough, and Peter Fogg and grumbled Peter. his "stingy wife" were the heirs at law.

The place had been thoroughly ter coincided with him. searched for a will, but none could be found, and Lawyer Green, who had to congratulate Beulah on her good forattended to all Miss Dorinda's affairs, tune, was Dr. Clarence Virden; but declared that he had not been called much to his discomfiture he was inupon to make any will; and so poor formed that "Miss Bittersweet was en-Beulah was left penniless and alone in gaged." the great world.

One year ago, Beulah was the promised wife of Richard Barrymore, a stalwheat and corn,

But Beulah was young and giddy, and when the new physician, Dr. Clarence Virden, began to pay lover like attentions to her, Richard grew jealous, a quarrel ensued, and a broken engage ment was the upshot of the matter.

Since that time, Dr. Vivian had continued his attentions, uatil Miss Dorinda's death had occurred, and Beulah's

the other side." A week later, Mr. Fogg and wife

came to take possession. He was a hard featured, miserly man, you dress in the morning. and she a sharp nosed, avaricious wo-

"The ole woman hed a heap o' plunder" remarked Peter, as he went lum-

bering through the parlors with his heavy cowhide boots. "That there pieanner won't be here long, though, nor the picters on the wall!" he declared, eyeing the articles named with a calculating gaze. "I reckin they'll fetch a tion rooms, an' I'll cart them off an' sell em. "There's a hull trunk full o' the ole

woman's good clo'se," put in Mrs. Peter, who had been exploring the upper rooms. "You mout as well cart them I own right up to being reckless and off, an' sell 'em too, Peter. I kaint

"Course you kaint," said Peter, grufily. "What do you want of any order. It is a trait that can be acquimore clo'se, anyhow? Them you've got red. on your back is good enough fur any-

Shocked and pained at their coarse remarks, Beulah went to her own room, to think over her plans for the future. "You kin stay here if you work fur your board," Mrs. Peter had informed

her, but Beulah had declined the offer.
"I had rather beg my bread from
door to door," she declared to herself, "than to stay with them. But where

"Beuly!" called Mrs. Peter's sharp voice. "Come down-here's a feller wants to see you."

Beulah sprang up with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. "Could it—could it be Doctor Vir-

She caught her breath, her heart beat so violently with a sudden hope. She hurried down with a pink flush, like the tinted heart of an ocean shell, May 6th, 1886.

staining her cheeks to meet-Richard Barrymore.

He took her hands in a firm, gentle "Get your things, Beulah. I have come to take you home with me. Mother has a room ready for you, and you

are to live with us.' "Oh, Richard, I--I don's deserve it!" sobbed Beulah, remorsefully.

"Hush! Get your things," ordered Richard, authoritatively, "and let me carry out your trank; my wagon is at the door." And half reluctantly, though with a feeling of relief in her heart, Beulah

allowed him to lift her into the wagon, where he had already placed her trunk, and they drove away. Peter Fogg was as good as his word, and before many days he drove into town with his lumbering farm wagon

pictures, and Aunt Dorinda's trunk, containing her best clothes," The honeysuckle and madeira vines clustering about the old Barrymore farm house were full of bloom, and the scented petals of a tall cinnamon rose bush were dropping lightly on Beulah's nut brown curls, as she sat on the south porch with a basket of yellow Septem-

ber peaches beside her. "Dick is so fund of peaches and cream," commented Beulah to herself, as she peeled and sliced the ripe, golden hued fruit. "He shall have them every

day while they last." Just then the sound of wagon wheels was heard in the lane.

"What on airth is that Richard's got in the wagon?" asked Mrs. Barrymore, coming out on the porch just as the wagon came into view. "Kin you make out what 'tis, Beuly? Your eyes are better'n mine air."

Beulah shaded her eyes with her "It-it looks like a big box," she said, doubtfully. And so it was a big box, with a piano

inside of it. There was another box,

also, filled with pictures, and a trunk. Richard drove up to the deor. "I've brought you a present, Beulah!" he cried gaily. "The piano and the pictures we'll put in the parlor, and this trunk I'll just carry up to your

And calling Sim, the hired man, they carried it up at once. Beulah could only look her thanks,

and then ran upstairs to hide her tears. Half an hour later she came dancing down stairs, laughing and crying to-

"Oh, Dickl Oh, Aunt Laura!" she cried, hysterically. "There was a will after all; and here it is! It was in the bosom of Miss Dorinda's dress, between the lining and the outside. I thought I would hang up the clothes to air them. after being shut up in the trunk, and just happened to feel this in the bosom of her silk dress. It was one she had

It proved to be a genuine will, made they say-appellexy or the like. I dun- out three years ago, in St. Louis, where no what Beuly is a-goin' to do, I'm Beulah and Miss Dorinda had spent a few weeks one summer. This accounted for Lawyer Green

Beulah was soon reinstated in her old miserly Peter Fogg an' his stingy wife piano and other articles, went back to

"I wish the pesky trunk had of burnt And now Miss Dorinda was dead and up 'fore ever we went an' sold it,"

In which unavailing wish Mrs. Pe-Among the visitors who soon flocked

And so she was, in more senses than

For when the first October frosts had wart young farmer who lived with his crimsoned the trailing ivy leaves and mother in the old homestead, with its green orchard trees, its meadows of to scarlet and gold. Beylah Rittersweet to scarlet and gold, Beulah Bittersweet sweet grass, and its waving fields of was transformed into Mrs. Richard Barrymore.

An Orderly Man.

"Where's my hat?" "Who's seen my knife?" "Who turned my coat wrong side ont and slung it under the lounge?"

There you go my boy. When you came into the house last evening you flung unfortunate position was made public. your hat across the room, jumped out Then his visits suddenly ceased, and of your shoes and kicked 'em right and he found it convenient "to pass by on left, wriggled out of your coat and gave it a toss, and now you are annoyed because each article hasn't gathered itself | go and see him. It contains brandy. into a chair to be ready for you when Gimme some brandy."

> Who cut those shoestrings? You did it to save one minute's time in untying out. them! Your knife is under your bed, where it rolled when you hopped, skipped and jumped out of your trousers.

Your collar is down behind the bureau, one of your socks on the foot of the bed, and your vest may be in the

kitchen wood box for all you know. Now, then, my way has always been right smart sum o' money at the auc- the easiest way. I had rather fling my hat down than hang it up; I'd rather kick my boots under the lounge than place them in the hall; I'd rather run

> I own right up to being reckless and slovenly, but, ah, me! haven't I had to pay for it ten times over! Now set your foot right down and determine to have

> An orderly man can make two suits of clothes last longer and look better than a slovenly man can do with four. Can save an hour per day over the man who flings things helter skelter. He stands twice the show to get a situation and keeps it, and five times the show to

> conduct a business with profit.
>
> An orderly man will be an accurate man. If he is a carpenter every joint will fit. If he is a turner his goods will look neat. If he is a merchant his books will show neither blot nor error. An orderly man is usually an economical man and always a prudent one. If you should ask me how to become rich I should answer: Be orderly-be accu-

rate." Stations on some of the Marquesan Islands will be the only practical cases for observing the eclipse of the sun on KING OF THE WOODS.

The Extraordinary Appearance of Bears in Two Great Swamps.

F. L. Shattuck is postmaster at Hartwood, Sullivan county, New York. Hartwood is in the town of Forestburg. fifteen miles from Port Jervis, on the line of the l'ort Jervis and Monticello Railroad. The country between there and the Delaware river is all woods and swamps. On Thanksgiving Day Postmaster Shattuck, Lewis Boyd, and a man named Carpenter went out for a the atox in that region. They had direct. They bagged a 180-pound dear and a 300-pound bear. The latter was killed on the edge of Gray Swamp. The hunters had reason to believe there were more bears in the swamp, and on Friday they went out to see. They discovered tracks of several bears, among filled with the big piano, the handsome them one of unusual size.

On Friday they killed another bear, but a small one, and on Saturday they knocked over another. The big fellow that they were after succeeded in keeping out of their way. The men did not hunt on Sunday, but yesterday they renewed the search for the big bear. Today when Ell McMullin's train from Monticello arrived in Port Jervis the news came with it that Shattuck had killed the monster, and that he weighed 521 pounds, the largest bear ever killed in the county. News was also sent by Mr. Shattuck to James J. Shier, editor of the Port Jervis Gazette, and an enthusiastic bear hunter, that he had not only killed the big bear and helped bag the three smaller ones, but that during vesterday's hunt they saw five more in the swamp, tramping along all together and that they are in the swamp yet.

George W. Proctor, of the Delaware House, George W. Simpson, of the Union; James Bennet, of Carpenter's Point, and others, who enjoy the chase, and who have a big reputation as hunters, began preparing at once to go to Hartwood to join Postmaster Shattuck and, shutting one eye, looked about. in a raid upon the five remaining bears in Gray Swamp. While they were dis cussing the subject at the Delaware House, Warren D. Ridgway, Superintendent of the Kilgour Bluestone Company, arrived in town from a visit to some of the quarries in the Delaware Valley, in Sullivan and Pike counties. He joined the excited hunters at the

"Boys," said he, "I should think you'd be up in Sullivan blazing away at that drove of bears they've discovered." "Just where we're going," said Edi-tor Shier. "We start for Hartwood to-

"Hartwood," said the superintendent "Hartwood ain't within ten miles of know." them bears. Go to Shohola if you wan't to reach Eldred quick. It's only across "Eldred!" exclaimed the group of

hunters. "Our five bears are at Hartwood, in Gray Swamp." "Well, my seven bears are at Eldred,

in another swamp," said Superintendent Ridgway. Then he told them that on Saturday

two hunters were out after partridges man behind the bar. near Eidred, when they ran square up against seven bears, all in one drove, and by the customer said : not dare to fire at the drove, and the seven bears walked off into the swamp. 'n wa'ns bad, is less barte'rs 'n more They were three very large ones and We'st' putch. Say, Pe-hic-Petey, four small ones, probably this year's w'en it tace feller two hours 'n a three-With twelve bears, five of them with-

in fifteen miles of Port Jervis and seven of them less than twenty miles away, sirteen balls f'r ev'ry one. I gess farz the hunters were at a loss to know which to go after, but Messrs. Shier, Bennet, and Proctor concluded to go to Hartwood. Another party were talking of going to Eldred.

He Wanted a Webster Punch.

A young man whose appearance indicated that he had all the money he wanted entered a down-town wine room in New York, the other evening. He walked confidently to the bar.

"Gimme a Webster punch," he said. "Haven't got one," said the bartender. "What is it, any how?"
The customer looked surprised. "What is it, any how?"

"Don't know what a Webster punch is?" he said. "That's funny. Thought every one knew that. It was Daniel Webster's favorite beverage. He concocted it himself. It is made out of thirteen different kinds of wines and stuff, and is calculated to drive dull care away in less than a York minute. When Webster died he willed the prescription to Capt. Fowler of this town. He's got it yet, and I'd advise you to

The brandy was produced, disposed of, and paid for. The customer went

"Thirteen different kinds of juice, eh!" soliloquized the bartender. "She must be a dandy! And all at one drink, too! Jeewhizz!'

A few minutes later the young man who had drank the pony of brandy dropped in at a cafe further up the

"I want a Webster punch," said he.
"I'll have to pass," remarked the bartender. "I can't draw to a Webster punch. S'pose you play shy this hand on Webster, and call me on something

"Don't know what the tipple is, hey?" said the customer. "Nay," replied the bartender.
"It holds thirteen different ingre-

dients, and every one of 'em's a hummer. Daniel Webster invented it, and Cap Fowler's got the prescription today. There's Jamaica rum in it. Gimme some Jamaica."

"Sure," said the bartender, and sat up the bottle. The young man mixed the rum with his pony of brandy, lit a cigar, and strolled away. By and by he came to snother place that suited him and went in. He approached the counter with less confidence than he had exhibited earlier in the evening.

"Webster punch, please," he ordered. The bartender looked at him. Then he walked to another bartender and whispered with him, Then both bartenders went to the proprietor and con-sulted with him. The one to whom he

gave the order came back.
"The man that makes our Webster punches is off to-night," he said. "The man that makes them is off, is race.

he?" said the young man a little hot. | should find its cure.

Taking an Eye to Be Painted.

'So are you! 'Way off! I see at once

that you don't know that thirteen dif-

ferent kinds of very sudden compounds

enter into the distillation of a Webster

punch, and that your knowledge of

original concecter of the drink, and al

ways took it when he drank anything

The recipe is still extant, young man, but you don't know it. I believe it

The old Burgundy was sent to mingle

wth the Jamaica and the brandy. The

persistent seeker after a Webster punch

departed. Later on he turned up

in another sample room. There was

much color in his face, and a slight

suspicion of thickness to his tongue.

He had evidently been searching for his

favorite beverage at many places in the

punch! You hear me! A Webster

catch what the customer ordered, said :

"H'le!" he said. "Sess up a Wa'ster

The bartender, resting his hands on

"Wah for?" said the young man,

"I don't know what you ordered,"

drinks in't 'n there's eggs in a dozen.

'grezhence, 'n now'll put in twelf'.

"I'll show'm wah We'ster punch is!"

"'S la'lord in?" asked the young

interval, and was apparently happy.

punch!"

"I beg pardon."

holding on to the bar.

replied the bartender.

some whiskey,"

bled tones:

tender

asked:

"We'st' putch."

We'st' putch is?"

"Whez la'lord?"

man behind the bar.

denly occurred to him,

"Whaz zy?" said the inquirer.

satisfied yet, and went out saying:

-hic-the curry can't be saved,"

caused instant death.

Thought She Had Two Heads.

cinations which frequently upset her

mind lately. She fancied that she was double-headed and believed that people

aughed at her deformity in the street.

At 1 o'clock recently she woke her hus-

band from a sound sleep and asked him

"Now, don't you see two heads?"

"You do not want to tell me the

"I will prove it to you in the morn-

"No," he replied, "I do not."

make that you have only one head,"

to look at her. He did so.

truth," she said sadly.

"How?" she asked.

ing," he answered.

not known.

she asked.

The young man whose statement that he obtained his black eye by running history is so deficient that you don't against an open door in the dark was received with some incredulity was know that Jamel Webster was the obliged to repeat his story so often that he decided to undergo the operation known as having the eye painted, in order that he might not perjure himself her an interesting history. She was beyond redemption. He had a vague the granddaughter of the Margula de calls for a little old Burgundy. Gimrecollection of having seen a sign, "Black Eyes Painted Here," while riding on a Third Avenue street car through the Bowery, and he accordingly mounted the front platform of one of these cars and rode down to find the place. He found it without any difficulty in the vicinity of Chatham square, a location where the trade in black eyes ought to flourish by the way.

The first sign, "Black Eyes Painted Here," pointed round a corner. Here another sign on a photographer's case pointed to a hallway, and on every landing and at the foot of every flight ters, Cecelia Agnes Gertrule Davide, for four flights of stairs was the sign, and Marie Pauline. The first was born the counter and bending over as if to four flights of stairs the youth with the and her godfather the Count de St. black eye toiled perspiringly, and finally found himself in the photographer's reception room, where two or three "Course you don't !" exclaimed the customer, setting his hat back on his young women and one embarrassed young man were waiting. It was to-"We'ster punch's got more Takes sixteen kinds liquor to make one, 'nime mixin' one for myself. 'Fad 'leven 'Swiskey in We'ster punch. Gimme to 'tend to you be out in a .minute." The other young woman giggled, the The twelfth ingredient was mixed in. triffe, and the young man with the black he said, as he webbled out. Not long eve looked as dignified and unconcerned after that he came hurriedly and unas was possible under the circumstansteadily through the door of an up town

Broadway hotel. He was not apparent-It was a very superior person who, at ly feeling as good as he had. He stood the expiration of a few minutes, during for a moment with his hand on his chin, which the patient held a newspaper before his face and affected to be interest-Then he made his way carefully to the ed in it, came out into the reception bar, and said, in confidential but mumroom. He did not need to be informed what the young man had called for either, but bade him summarily, "Come "Huh!" said the bartender, starting in here!" and led him into the photographing room under the skylight, "Naw, not huh, bu' We'st' putch !" 'Take a seat," he said, pointing to a said the customer, getting a focus on

chair before the camera. the man behind the bar by closing one "I don't want my picture taken, you "D'no wah We'st' putch-hisknow," said the young man with the black eye, and added a feeble joke about "Never heard of it," replied the barlooking better for a photograph when

his eye got well. The black eyed artist ignored the joke and said: "I know you don't want no

"The landlord?" said the bartender, picture." smiling all over his face. "I don't Then he proceeded to mix up a species of white paint upon a palette, an After another pause the customer operation that required several minutes, during which time the young man with the black eye engaged in a hopeless "I said I didn't know," replied the effort to stare the photographer's assistant-a dirty boy of the Bailey type-out "House's got a laiord, ain't 't?" inof countenance. It was hop less, bequired the young man, as if the fact cause the boy only stared at the black that it might not have one had sudeye and grinned. Finally the black eye artist approached with the palette, and "Of course it has," said the pleasant the young man asked:

"What is that stuff?" "That's a secret," responded the

The bartender didn't reply, and by "Well, is there any danger of its inju-"Say, Petey, wah this country wa'ns, ring my eye?" pursued the young man. 'Naw," said the artist briskly, "It's both healing aud concealing. Look up

at the roof." mile walk t' find one We'st' putch, 'in The young man with. the black eye then 's get t' mix 'tself zuh screw loose gazed heavenward, and the artist ap some'z, surezh live. We'st' putch tace plied the brush, whereupon the young man involuntarily closed his eye.

-bic-farz twelf'. 'n ere I am. 'Sir-"Open that eyel" sail the artist teence 'll be champagne, 'nile have 't now. Gimme sma' bo'l." sterply, pausing with the brush uplift-But when the young man had mixed

The young man meekly did as he was the last ingredient he was not exactly bidden, and the artist painted the face carefully close up to the lids and for "Zgot to be less barte'rs 'n more half an inch below. When he got We'st' putch in this curry, or the curry through the young man's face felt as if a heavy plaster was pasted over it. The black eye artist brought him a mirror, and, as the other gazed into it, said: In leaving his home at 446 Ninth 'Don't get any soap on that, or rub it avenue recently in New York, Charles with a towel. Fifty cents." The young H. Siebert, a Journeyman tailor, was man found that the preparation was so nearly the color of the skin that the fact asked by his wife to return in an hour. Mrs. Siebert's manner was so curious that it had been applied was only apparent upon close scrutiny. He ventured to ask the artist if he did much busithat the husband complied with her request. But when he reached his home he found the door locked. He inquired "I paint about two men every among his neighbors, but received no day," the artist, who was a youth of very few words, said. "There's always tidings of her. Then he broke in the door, and in the front room discovered two or three lights a night around here, Mrs. Siebert lying on the lounge dead. and I can fix a man up even his wife with the revolver on the floor beside won't know he's been hurt. You see a her. She had shot herself in the left black eye is always worse the second breast, and the bullet piercing the heart and third days, and I have to paint it at first so that the discoloration spreads The deceased was 47 years old and underreath. Yes, it requires skill to

the mother of four children. She was paint a man's eye, brought to this city from Hamburg, And the young man with the painted eye passed out into the street and was ra-Germany, nineteen years ago by her present husband and was married imluted by the young lady in the reception mediately upon her arrival here. She room with the remark: "Now you look always lived happily with her husband like a white man again. Next time you and family, and there was no known git into a fight you know where to motive for suicide beyond certain hailu-

Along the South American Coast.

for a long distance. The valleys form | the field. among crevices, gorges and abysses created by the melting snows high up in the Cordilleras. These in time unite and make a larger stream and gorge, which, as it courses toward the sea widens out for miles and miles, making rich alluvial lands where its irrigating waters are trailed, but as the stream "By putting your head in a bag of flour; then you can see by the mark you comes to the ocean it meets a wall of way, but in which it usually sinks out of sight. The explanation seemed to satisfy the

poor woman and she went to sleep. But in the morning her mind appeared flighty again, and the husband felt The coast is ever green, save in exceptional spots, but it presents almost a dead unformity of sand or bare, mewhen he went out that something tallic-looking mountains jutting down into the sea. On the faces and clefts might happen. The pistol used by the unfortunate woman belonged to her of these mountains sea-birds and seals oldest son and was kept locked up in a box. How she secured the weapon is are often seen and the former in places create the valuable guano deposits. From the upper d.ck., or "lookout on the bridge," one can, with a field-glass, now and then catch a glimpse of one of Dr. Koch, of Berlin, by experiments upon animals, seems to show that tuthese fertile valleys and always beholds bercles upon the lungs are formed by parasites within the body. It would a scene of great beauty. The fields land in 36,000 years, follow that the scourge may be communicated by inoculation and inhalation, large and imposing, surrounded with buildings enough for a small village.

These princely estates and lovely environs seem to extend beyond the reach of the magnifying glass.

These princely estates and lovely environs seem to extend beyond the reach of the magnifying glass. and if so its ravages may be prevented or mellorated. Consumption causes one seventh of the deaths of the human If science has found its cause it

SHE SAW NAPOLEON.

Southern Lady Whose Father was One of Boyaparte's Generals.

Madame Cecella Craemer, nee Davide who died suddenly near Mobile, at the residence of her brother, Maj. Paul Ravesies, aged 83 years, leaves behind the granddaughter of the Marquis de Sevre, who was killed at the head of his command in trying to suppress the insurrection of the Island of St. Domingo during the French impire. La Marquise de Sevre escaped with her daughter Adele, then a young girl, on an American man-of war, to Philadelphia, where Adele married Gea. Davide who had accompanied Jerone Bonaparte to this country on a mission to the Federal government. Gen. Davide took his bride back to France, where he introduced her to Josephine's court. Of this union were born two daugh-

Photograph Gallery, Black Eyes at Tours in 1804, and christened in the Painted." indicating a surprising versa- great cathedral of that city. Her godtility on the part of the artist. Up these mother was the Countess de Vaubear Leon

Gen. Davide served in the Italian campaign under Napoleon. When the first Consul became Emperor, he was made General. He was a tavorite taily unneccessary for the young man of the mighty Corsican, who, during with the black eye to announce what he the Egyptain campaign, presented to had come for. The eye saved him the bim a magnificent sword. He was detrouble, and the young woman in charge of the gallery said: "Gen'l'man the Legion of Honor, and was a high the Legion of Honor, and was a high Mason of the Agetd'Or of France, After his death, which occurred in embarrassed young man cheered up a 1816, at Bordeaux, M'lle Davide returned to Philadelphia with her mother and sister. In the course of time, Miss Davide also married a wealthy Amencan and came South. She resided at various times in Alabama and also in Mississippi and Louisiana.

The following interesting article relating to the deceased is from a New Orleans paper, the name of which has

not been preserved. A few days ago the writer had the pleasure of visiting Mme. Craemer on Jackson street, in New Orleans. Though 82 years of age she looks scarcely 60, and retains the traces of that beauty which attracted the admiration of all who beheld her youth. She preserves the graceful courtesy and refinement of manner which come of good breeding, and when speaking of reminiscences of her eventful past, her conversation is vivacious and exceeding'y entertaining. When asked to describe some of the scenes she had witnessed, the lady

said: "Yes, I saw Napoleon once. I went with my father, Gen. Davide, to the Tuileries, and he pointed out to me the Emperor walking in the garden. I was quite a child then. My father told me to look at the great man, and to cry 'Vive' Empereur! When I did so he slapped me and said :

"I am not mad with you, but I wish this to make an impression on you.' "On another occasion when I was going to Versailles, I saw Louis XVIII. I was in a nunnery at Versailles, and afterwards went to live at Bordeaux. There I saw the daughter of Marie Antomette, the Duchess of Angouleme, who had just returned to France. All I can remember of this scene is that there was a great crowd and that the horses were taken from the carriage which was pulled by men. The reins were ribbons, which were held by young ladies who were covered with fleuras

de lys. "Gen Davide was a commandant of the city of Bordeaux for some time, and died there in 1816. His widow and daughters then returned to Phila-

"One day, when I was a girl of 15, a beautiful young lady came in a carri ge to visit my grandmother, Madame de Breuill, who recognized the visitor, whom she had not seen for years. It was Madame Jerome Bonaparte. The marquise said : "I hear that you are married to an Italian Prince.'

"No,' she said haughtily, 'I am Madame Bonaparte. The woman married to my husband is not his wife. I am.' "I saw Joseph Bonaparte many times; he often came to visit the marquise. I have often heard my grandmother say he was one of the most unassuming men she ever met, and Jerome was just like a boy. It was difficult for him to

become dignified, when occasion de-Pointing to an ancient-looking painting which hung on the wall, she continued:

'That picture represents Gen. Davide after the battle of Leipzic. He had saved the castle of the Prince, who as a token of gratitude, caused this painting to be executed by his own portrait

painter." The picture is a fine work of art. In the foreground is a figure of a tall, handsome man in a mintary uniform, with one arm resting on the back of his charger. Close at hand are seen the The coast line south of Callao does high walls of the castle, and in the disnot differ very much from that north tance bodies of troops marching across

Buffers.

The Danubian countries-Servia, Bulgaria, Roumelia and the rest-are supposed to be necessary padding be-tween Russia and England's chronic ally, Turkey. This supposition has sand, through which it rarely cuts its given rise to a new name in English politics. Those who believe that England should maintain the neutral zone along the Russian frontier are called "Buffers," because the zone is supposed to act like the buffers of a railway train. Those who don't think the zone worth maintaining are called "Anti Buffers."

Somebody has estimated that the quantity of sediment carried down by Chinese rivers indicates that if the deposits continues at the present rate the Yellow sea will be converted into dry

Hailstones are small in Germany; a writer there finds that hail is not so