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All the freshest county news in this paper. Read it.

TO PHYLLIS, IN A GINGHAM DRESS.

Silks and satins, velvet laces
Well accord with pretty faces;
But tho' only art bestows
Deck thy beauty, I confess
Virtues all thy form embraces,
Phyllis, in thy gingham dress.

Oh, my Phyllis! grieve the roses
Lest the setting seek and spurned
Perfume breathe to lovers the fairest
Flowers—fair but spiritless.
To Cythera's shrine compelled,
Phyllis, in thy gingham dress—

Not to eye alone appealing,
Charming sense while yet concealing,
Boneless feet of fragrance, stealing
From the emerald wilderness
This is why Love touches, kneeling,
To his kin thy gingham dress.

—New York Sun.

GHOSTS AND SELTZER.

M. Majesty, manufacturer of seltzer water in the Marais, had been to a little supper given by some of his friends of the Place Royale, and was on his way home shivering in the cold air. St. Paul's clock struck 2. "How late it is," muttered the good man, and he quickened his step, but the sidewalk was slippery, the streets dark, and, besides, in that ancient quarter of Paris, which dates from the time when carriages were rare, there are numerous turns, angles, and hitching posts before the doors for the accommodation of horsemen. All these impede fast walking, particularly when one's legs are a trifle heavy and one's sight confused by the toasts of a little supper.

At last M. Majesty reached his destination. He paused before a large ornamental gate, upon which glistened in the moonlight a newly gilded shield containing a restored ancient coat-of-arms, which he had adopted as his trademark, "Hotel Ci-Devant de Nesmond. Majesty Jeune, Fabricant D'Eau de Seltz." On all the siphons of the establishment, on all the note blanks and on letter heads the venerable arms of the Nesmonds thus spread out and shone.

Within the gate was the court yard—an immense court yard, airy and light—which, when thrown open during the day, flooded the whole street with brilliancy. At the extremity of the court yard stood a vast building of great antiquity, with embellished and ornamented black walls, with balconies of rounded iron and stone balconies with pilasters, with very lofty and tremendous windows, surmounted by pediments and capitals, which rose in the topmost stories like so many little roofs in the roof, and lastly, upon the summit of all, amid the slates, with the round and coquettish dormer windows of the mansards enfranced with garlands like mirrors. Added to this were immense stone steps, eaten and turned green by the rain, a meager vine clinging to the walls as black and twisted as the rope which hung from the pulley away up toward the garret, and a pronounced air of age and sadness. Such was the former hotel of Nesmond.

In broad day the aspect of the mansion was altogether different. The words "counting house," "warerooms," "entrance to the workshops," shone out everywhere in gold letters upon the old walls, filling them with life—rejuvenating them. The trucks from the railroads shook the portals, and the clerks came to the steps with their pens behind their ears to receive the merchandise. The court yard was encumbered with boxes, with baskets, with straw and with bagging. In short, the place had all the look of a manufactory. But at night, in the deep silence, beneath the winter moon, which, amid the disorder of complicated roofs, cast and intermingled shadows, the ancient residence of the Nesmonds resumed its lordly appearance. The balconies were covered with lace, the court of honor grew larger and the irregularly lighted old stairway became full of cathedral like recesses, with empty niches and dimsteps which resembled altars.

The night of which we are speaking, especially M. Majesty, thought his establishment had a singularly grand aspect. As he passed through the deserted court yard the sound of his footsteps made a deep impression on him. The stairway seemed immense and terribly difficult to ascend. It was the effect of his little supper, doubtless. Arrived at the first landing he stopped to take breath and approached a window. So much for living in an historical mansion! M. Majesty was not a poet, oh, no; but, nevertheless, as he gazed out at the beautiful aristocratic court yard, over which the moon spread a sheet of blue light, and at the noble old edifice, which had just the air of sleeping, with its roofs stretching away beneath their covering of snow, he began thinking of the other world.

"What if the Nesmonds should return!" murmured he.

At that moment the bell rang violently. The gate was thrown open so quickly, so suddenly, that the lamp was extinguished, and for several minutes, in the shadow of the gateway, there was a confused sound of whispering and of vestments rubbing against each other. People disputed, and hastened to enter. There were valets, plenty of valets; coaches with glass windows reflecting the moonbeams, and sedan chairs balanced between two torches, which flared in the draught at the gate. In no time the court yard was jammed. But at the foot of the steps the confusion ceased. People descended from the vehicles, saluted each other, and went in chatting as if they knew the house. Upon the steps silks rustled and swords clattered. Nothing but white headdresses, heavily loaded with powder; nothing but small, shrill voices, some without melody, and light footsteps. All the people seemed to be old, very old.

There were dull eyes, dim jewels and ancient brocaded silks shot with changing hues, which the light of the torches caused to shine with a soft luster, and above all floated a tiny cloud of powder, which mounted from the curled headdresses at each courtly bow, a trifle pompous because of the swords and great panniers. Soon the whole house had the air of being haunted. The torches shone from window to window, mounting and descending the winding stairways until even the dormer windows of the mansards had their sparks of fete and life. The entire Hotel of Nesmond was illuminated as if the setting sun had flooded it with its brilliancy.

"Great Jove! they'll burn the house down!" cried M. Majesty. And, recovering from his stupor, he strove to shake the heaviness out of his legs and descended quickly to the court yard, where the servants had just kindled a roaring fire. M. Majesty approached and remonstrated with them. The servants made no reply, and continued to talk in low tones among themselves without the least vapor escaping from their lips in the icy gloom of the night. M. Majesty was uneasy, but one thing reassured him, and that was that this great fire which flamed so high and so steadily was a most singular fire—a flame devoid of heat which sparkled but did not burn. His fears, having been tranquilized, the good man descended the steps and entered his warerooms.

These warerooms, which were on the ground floor, must formerly have been magnificent reception rooms. Particles of tarnished gold yet glittered at all the angles. Mythological paintings adorned the ceiling, surrounded the mirrors and floated over the doors in vague colors, somewhat soiled, like souvenirs of departed years. Unfortunately there were neither curtains nor furniture. Nothing but baskets, great boxes filled with siphons, with pewter heads, and the dried branches of an old lilac bush which still hung in inky blackness behind the windows. M. Majesty on entering found his warerooms full of light and company. He bowed politely, but nobody paid the least attention to him. The women, in their satin cloaks, on the arms of their cavaliers, continued their ceremonial affectations. They promenaded, chatted and separated. Truly, all the old marquises seemed to be perfectly at home. A little figure passed, all in a trouble, in front of a painted wall. "That's me exactly! Look at my portrait!" and she gazed smilingly upon a Diana on a panel, slender and pink, with a crescent on her forehead.

"Nesmond, do come here and look at your arms!" And everybody laughed as they saw the arms of the Nesmonds stamped upon some bagging with the name of Majesty underneath.

"Ah! ha! Majesty! They still have majesties then in France!" And there were endless gayeties, little fife like bursts of laughter, uplifted fingers and affected speeches.

Suddenly some one cried out: "Here's champagne! Here's champagne!"

"No, it isn't!"

"Yes, it is—it's champagne! Come, countess, let's have a bumper."

It was M. Majesty's seltzer water they had mistaken for champagne. They found it a trifle flat, but they drank it all the same, and as these poor ghosts were not strong in the head little by little the weak seltzer water animated them, excited them and put them in a frame of mind for dancing.

Minuets were organized. Four good violins that Nesmond had brought in his train began one of Rameau's airs, simple and melancholy in its vivacity. It was a sight to see all these old women turn and salute their partners gravely, keeping time with the music. Their attire seemed to grow young again, and so did the gold embroidered waistcoats, the brocaded coats and the shoes with diamond buckles. The panels themselves appeared to revive on hearing the ancient melodies. The old mirror, inclosed in the wall for 200 years, recognized them also, and scratched as it was and blackened at the corners lighted up softly and sent back to the dancers their images somewhat dimly, as if melted by regret by all these elegancies. M. Majesty felt himself out of place. He got behind a box and looked on.

Little by little, however, the day broke. Through the glass doors of the warerooms the good man saw the court yard grow lighter, then the tops of the windows, then all one side of the salon. As the brightness increased the figures faded and were confounded together. Soon M. Majesty saw only two violinists lingering in a corner and evaporating as the light touched them. In the court yard he could still see, but very vaguely, the shape of a sedan chair, a powdered head adorned with emeralds, and the last sparks of a torch thrown by the servants upon the flagstones, which mingled with the light of the wheel lanterns of a truck at that instant coming through the open gate with a tremendous clatter.—Alphonse Daudet in Chicago Mail.

The Latitude of a Place.

That the latitude of a place is not constant has long been suspected, but it was only at the end of 1889 that systematic observations, carried out at some of the observatories of Central Europe, clearly established the fact by eliminating all chances of error in instruments and observers. Professor Helmert reported in No. 2,983 of the Astronomische Nachrichten that the latitudes of Berlin and Potsdam, which had shown no perceptible variation during the first six months of 1889, in the third quarter of that year increased at first and then diminished, the movement continuing till January, 1890.

In Berlin and Potsdam this decrease amounted to from five to six inches, and this variation was confirmed by observations at Prague and Strasburg, the results at the first three observatories agreeing to within one-tenth of a second. According to The Scottish Geographical Magazine the subject is to be discussed at the meeting of the commission for international geodesy, to be held in Freiburg, when, it is to be hoped, arrangements will be made for a strict examination of this phenomenon.

Bill Moore, a farmer of Atchison, Kan., wanted to dig a well, so he plowed a lot of land and planted it in oats. Every day he watched the oats, observing the spots that showed the greatest moisture. Finally he selected a spot and sank a well. At twenty-four feet he had a fine stream of water. It is said to be the best well in the county.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ANOTHER POCAHONTAS.

AN ALASKAN VERSION OF THE JOHN SMITH ROMANCE.

Ah Wing, a Chinese Cook, Is Cast Away, Rescued by Indians, and Is Being Fattened for the Pot, When an Indian Maiden Saves His Life.

Pocahontas has been outdone by an Alaskan maiden. John Smith was only in danger of having his brains spattered over the surrounding real estate when Pocahontas rescued him with her love. The John Smith of Alaska was not only in danger of being killed, but of being eaten, when the woman in whose eyes he found favor saved him.

The Alaskan John Smith was not a titled explorer when he fell into the hands of the savages, nor was his name John Smith. He was only a common, yellow skinned sea cook. His name is Ah Wing, and there is nothing attractive about him. He is about as homely a mixture of Chinaman and Malay pirate as could be found in a day's walk. His Pocahontas answers to the name of Julie just now, but nobody knows what her Indian name was. She is a long way of being Pocahontas' equal in beauty, and the Siwash features of generations were consolidated when her face was made. Still the romance is there.

Ah Wing and Julie, now Mrs. Ah Wing, arrived here on a codfish schooner several months since, but have not gone into society yet. They reside on Ross alley, in Chinatown, and submitted to an interview. They only submitted to it, they did not take part in it, and when it came to securing the story of their love the reporter was obliged to obtain his information from a third party, to whom Wing had confided it in explanation of his off color bride.

SAVED BY JULIE.

Ah Wing some nine years ago was a cook in the employ of the navy department, and was shipped north on the Jamestown. While on the Sitka station Wing's time expired or he deserted—just which is not quite plain—and shipped aboard a whaler. The whaler was wrecked and Wing was cast upon an inhospitable ice floe. Julie was the daughter of a chief of a tribe of Indians, and while hunting with her father discovered Ah Wing, who was as near dead from starvation, cold and exposure as it was possible for him to be and retain life. For days and days Julie nursed him, and he finally recovered to find himself the object of a great deal of attention on the part of the Indians. They could speak no Chinese or English, and Wing had no comprehension of their dialect. He was at a loss to understand the solicitude with which they fed him, and the interest they took in watching the accumulation of fat on his ribs. At last the horrid truth dawned upon him—at least so he says. They were going to barbecue and eat him.

He attempted to escape, but was captured and returned to the village and put under guard. The fatal day arrived. Wing was informed by pantomime that an incision would be made in his neck and his life fluid allowed to escape into a soapstone basin. He gave all up for lost, when he was inspired by the sight of Julie in tears. He made love to her. She comprehended and went to ask papa. The old chief was fond of his daughter and could refuse her nothing. He issued an edict against baking Wing. The remainder of the village protested, and the chief was obliged to state why he desired the stranger's life preserved. The objectors gave in, and Wing and Julie were married in Indian style.

Wing lived with the tribe for some time, but never became very popular. He was not much of a hunter, and preferred to lie around the house, sewing with the women, to chasing polar bears, walruses, seals and the like.

Finally he had a chance to escape. A boat's crew came in from a schooner to trade for skins. Their cook was dead, and Wing begged them to take him away with them. Wing's father-in-law gave him leave of absence for three months and sent Julie along with him to insure his return.

MIXING THREE LANGUAGES.

They sailed away, and after much marine wandering and transferring from one vessel to another, arrived in San Francisco. Wing had a taste for the needle and secured a job at tailoring. The faithful Julie proved an adept and shares Wing's labors. They still find some difficulty in conversing. Wing knows a few words of English and a few of Indian. Julie knows a few of English and a few of Chinese.

When their discussion becomes animated they resort to all three languages at once, and the talk is very exciting. There is a little Wing now, and he is learning all three languages.

Their home is on the top floor of a Ross alley tenement, where Julie is rapidly being converted into a Chinawoman by her fellow lodgers. She is quiet at all times, and is presumably mourning for the freedom of her native snow fields. She does not go out, because the noise and the bustle of the streets frightens her. Wing's leave of absence has long since expired, but in the confines of civilization he has become the master, and has no intention of returning to the land of his wife's people.

The story has been pretty well authenticated, with the exception of the intention of the Indians to eat Wing after killing him. His own countrymen do not believe this part of his story, but Wing adheres to it stoutly, and the strongest tie between him and his wife is his gratitude to her for saving him from such a fate.

Voyagers to the far north state that they have heard of cannibalism among the Indians, but it has always been attributed to isolated instances of starvation's necessity, and not habit.—San Francisco Examiner.

Judge J. P. Smith, of Fort Worth, Tex., whose wealth is now estimated at $1,000,000, once walked from Kentucky to Texas because he did not have money enough to pay his passage.

About Sneezing.

"Bless you!" some one says on hearing a companion sneeze. "Bless you!" was just the exclamation made for the same reason in other tongues by several nations hundreds of years ago. More than one ancient Greek writer speaks of this custom, but cannot say certainly whence it came. The man who sneezed when offering sacrifice was thought fortunate and sure to obtain his object. We all know how sneezing may be caused. But it is curious to notice that some people sneeze on coming into the sunshine. It is well to remember that repeated or violent sneezing has its dangers. So the [illegible]

Houdin's Domestic Contrivances.

Houdin acquired a comfortable competence by the exercise of his art, and he built a handsome villa at St. Gervais, near Blois. When he had retired from business he amused himself by introducing various curious inventions into his place and the grounds attached to it. The garden gate was situated some 400 yards from the house. A visitor had only to raise a diminutive brass knocker and let it fall upon the forehead of a fantastic face—making but a faint sound—when a large bell was set in motion in the villa.

At the same time the gate swung open automatically, the plate bearing the name "Robert Houdin" disappeared, and another took its place on which was engraved the word "Entrez." When the postman delivered the letters he had brought he was instructed to drop them through a slit in the gate into the receptacle provided for this purpose. The box, directly this was done, started of its own accord on its journey to the front door of the house by means of a miniature elevated railway.

Houdin invented, too, an ingenious contrivance by which, while lying in bed, he could feed his horse in a stable fifty yards from the villa, for on touching a small button there was put in motion an apparatus that caused the exact portion of oats required for the animal's meal to fall into the manger from the granary above. By another curious piece of mechanism a little bench that stood beside a ravine in a remote part of the grounds was so constructed that immediately any person sat down upon it the machine automatically traversed a narrow bridge that spanned the gorge, and having deposited the occupant on the other side the bench returned to its original position.—Chambers' Journal.

Sweet Vengeance.

A good joke is told upon two St. Cloud gentlemen, both of whom are well known young men. One of them is a married man. The other day two young ladies from, well, it might have been Minneapolis, arrived on a visit to his wife. Soon after their arrival the two gentlemen conceived a diabolical idea. A mouse was captured and tied between the bed clothes in the apartment occupied by the visitors shortly before they retired. The reporter's informant refrained from giving the tragic details of the finding of the imprisoned animal, and it must suffice to say that it was a-w-f-u-l! There was no peaceful slumber for the visitors that night, and until dawn was spent by the young ladies in deliberating upon how to avenge the above practical joke. They succeeded most admirably.

Last night the two gentlemen, who occupied the same room, retired as usual. Occasionally they would remember something about the mouse and then a roar of laughter would be heard. But suddenly everything grew still. Then there were some remarks that sounded like "cuss words," and suddenly a prolonged snuffing noise, and then the anxious listeners knew that all was over, or rather under the bed. It is explained that when the two young men proceeded to don what is commonly designated as a "night dress" no ingress or egress could be discovered. They were sealed—hermetically sealed. The crash was caused by the fragile form of a man falling to the floor through a sheet, which was mistakingly taken for a mattress. The gentleman slept upon the floor.—St. Cloud Times.

Wealth in the Watermelon.

Every season develops more and more fully the prevailing necessity for the discovery of some practical and profitable use to which the surplus melon crop may be put. Every melon left in the field at the end of the season, except for seed, represents a waste. A means by which this waste, which annually assumes enormous proportions, could be averted would no doubt be hailed with pleasure by every melon grower in the country; therefore the announcement from the Southland to the effect that such means has been discovered, if authenticated, is an important one.

The new discovery, which consists of converting the melon bulb into sirup, it is alleged, will establish in the south an industry scarcely of second importance to that of producing oil from cotton seed, and the product is vouched for as being the very best ever yet made. If the report proves true, and there seems to be little or no reason for discrediting it, Mississippi and Scott counties may, with a little energy, convert that which is now absolutely valueless into profit running into the thousands.—Charleston Democrat.

Calculation on a Potato.

Did you ever calculate the value of a single potato on the basis that that single tuber was the only one left in the world? That one would, of course, contain within itself the possibility of restocking the world with a valuable article of food. If one potato would produce when planted but ten potatoes in ten years the total product of that one potato would be 10,000,000,000, which would stock the whole world with seed. If the world were reduced to one single potato it would be better that London or Chicago be blotted from the earth than for that one tuber to be lost.—St. Louis Republic.

An Old Cemetery Found.

A cemetery of the Merovingian period has been discovered by workmen in a railway cutting near Argenteuil, France. Two hundred and twenty tombs were brought to light. The primitive mode of coffining the dead in plaster of paris was resorted to by the people who buried in this cemetery. The plaster envelopes have resisted well the action of time, it is reported, as all the skeletons were preserved.—Paris Letter.

The use of a ring at a wedding ceremony has been a custom for many years, and in many countries besides our own. In Russia two rings are used, which are changed about, each wearing both rings in turn, and finally each keeping one.

A Gangle Negro's Shoes.

The largest pair of shoes ever seen in Dawson were received the other day by Mr. L. C. Durham for a negro by the name of Alex White. The shoes were numbered fifteen and weighed four pounds and five ounces. White can never find any shoes in stock that will fit him, and always has to put in a special order for them.—Macon Telegraph.

The longest American railroad tunnel is the Hoosac tunnel on the Fitchburg railroad, four and three-quarter miles. The St. Gothard tunnel in Europe is nine miles long.

With the 19th century dawned the era of wonders. It has also proven an era of surprises—for notwithstanding its giant strides toward knowledge, we are told that there are still in some places a few citizens who have not heard of Salvation Oil.
By one time, for prevention is better than cure. All coughs and colds, throat and lung affections, are cured by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Only 25 cents.

A man without faults has not one friend.

Forced to Leave Home.

Over 50 people were forced to leave their homes yesterday to call for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine. If your blood is bad, your liver and kidneys out of order, if you are constipated and have headache and an unsightly complexion, don't fail to call on any druggist to-day for a free sample of this grand remedy. The ladies praise it. Everyone likes it. Large sized package 50 cents.

The man who dyes his whiskers never fools but one person.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of cough, croup, and Bronchitis, while it's wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since it's first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. If your lungs are sore, chest or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold at Blery's or Thomas' drug stores.

If you want to find out how much clear dog there is in a man, find out how he treats his wife.

Shaken Out of Gear.

By malarial disease, the human machinery cannot half perform its office. Digestion, secretion, evacuation are disordered, the blood becomes watery, the nerves feeble, the countenance ghastly, sleep disturbed and appetite capricious. Terrible is this disease, felt in consequences. There is, however, a known antidote to the miasmatic poison, and a certain safeguard against it. In malarious regions of our South and West, in South America, Guatemala and on the Isthmus of Panama, as well as in transmarine countries where the scourge exists, this admirable preventive and remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, has, during the last thirty-five years, been constantly widening the area of its usefulness, and demonstrating its sovereign value. Liver complaint, dyspepsia, constipation, kidney trouble, rheumatism and debility are all remedied by it. 180.

England acquired Ireland and Wales by conquest; Scotland by union.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The BEST Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by REIER druggist.

The first Jewish synagogue ever built in London, England, was built by Portugese Jews in 1656.

A Sensible Man

Would use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and all Throat and Lung Troubles than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a Sample Bottle Free to convince you of the merit of this great remedy. Large Bottles 50c and $1.

The leftiest type of beauty is less real than it is suggestive.

THE BEST medical writers claim that the successful remedy for nasal catarrh must be non-irritating, easy of application, and one that will reach all the remote nares and ulcerated surfaces. The history of the efforts to treat catarrh during the past dozen years goes to show that only one remedy has met these conditions, and that is Ely's Cream Balm. This pleasant remedy has mastered catarrh as nothing else has ever done, and both physicians and patients freely concede this fact. The more distressing symptoms yield to it.

Dead beats, like the silvery moon, come periodically to their last quarter.

Popularity is as brief as a falling star.

A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of throat, lungs or chest, such as consumption, inflammation of lungs, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at Reier's Drug Store.

A list of Bible facts asserts that the name of God does not occur in the book of Esther.

A Yankee Sheriff Frightened.

A well known sheriff, who lives in Maine, had been given up to die with what his physicians called Consumption, a friend advised the sheriff to try Pan-Tina Cough Consumption Cure; recovery soon followed, much to the surprise of the doctor, who now prescribes it for Coughs, Cold and Consumption. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free at Thoma's Drug Store.

A Boston, Mass., dentist declares that women wear more false teeth than men.

How It Was.

At the battle of Gettysburg I was shot through the left leg and was sent to the hospital. The army surgeons relieved me but pronounced my case incurable. It discharged pieces of bone, and for years I have suffered with a running sore. I tried everything which my limited means would allow, and experienced no relief until I t