A PLEA FOR "CASTLES IN THE AIR."

Amid the myriad troubles that meetus day by

Who would not from the conflict a moment turn

And in a far off fulry land, where men no burden bear, Forget awhile our tears and toll in "Castles in

the air?

When many a bright hued prospect fades fast by yond our view, And hop, s which neared fruition prove shadowy and untrue:

May we not in that dreamland, beyond all clouds

and care, Behold our paradise restored in "Castles in the

Oh, there are lonely chambers in every home and And in life's song of sorrow each one must bear

a part. But hark! what mystic melodies soon hush the

voice of care, As parted hands are clasped once more in "Castles in the air."

Then never grow discouraged, though fortune fevers not.

And we pursue life's pilgrimage unnoticed or lot ot:

We have an hour of victory and lustrous laurels

wear-For all aro bings and conquerors in "Castles in -Jacob Gough.

A NEW AMERICAN INDUSTRY.

Making Wine from Oranges-Utilizing the Surplus in a Good Way.

The wonderful crop of oranges which has been produced in California has led to the manufacture of a new and non-alcoholic wine from that fruit. A gentleman who has traveled extensively in California, in conversation with a reporter thus described the process: "In San Gabriel, Los Angeles county, Cal., where the sweet navel or seedless orange grows to great perfection and in large quantitics, the Mexican residents made from it a wine, not unlike the May wine of the Germans. This wine, of course, had to be consumed at once or it would spoil. But the idea was suggested by this practice that good wine could be made from sweet oranges, and the question was how to make the wine so that it could become a marketable and profitable commodity. As soon as the souring was overcome, more money had to be invested. This was accomplished after considerable money had been lost. The sweetest oranges are selected, those of the navel or seedless kind; but not until they are fully ripe. Oranges when shipped to market for eating are generally packed green and ripen on the way. Not so with those used for wine. When gathered, a machine removes the peel, leaving only the juicy pulp. The pulp is placed in a large vat, with layers of the Angelica grape sugar. The pulp and sugar are allowed to remain together about three weeks, when, by the aid of a jack-screw press worked by machinery, the whole of the juice is squeezed out. This is run off into casks and purified every month for about two or three years. It is kept from souring by the addition of distilled glycerine preservatives, and at the end of that time is considered fit for general use. It is drawn off into casks of a commercial capacity and is ready for ship-

"As transportation, especially to a distance, would cause the wine to muddle, it is again refined at the end of the journey and the dregs precipitated before it is put into bottles, in which condition it is sold to the general public. The wine has already been exported to England and many parts of urope.

"Is not the wine fermented in some way." "Not at all. It is purely the juice of the orange, a simple fruit wine, and contains no alcoholic spirits whatever. People eat oranges after meals as a digestive; now they can partake of the pure juice alone for the same reason. I think it will soon outrival any of the mild drinks of the present day." "Then it is simply a still wine without any

intoxicating qualities!" "Yes, in its original form. But it can be made into a sparking wine by the introduc-tion of carbouic gas. By diluting the orange juice one-half, and adding the gas, a beverage equal to champagne can be produced, without any of its intoxicating or enervating effects. This has been done, and temperance drinkers have been delighted with it. As a summer drink it is far better, according to medical men, than line or lemon juice, as it does not leave such had results as sometimes follow the drinking of lemonade."-New York Mail and Express.

CAUSES OF COLDS.

AN OBSERVER CLAIMS THEY ARE PECULIAR TO CIVILIZED LIFE.

A Soldier's Experience in the Field-No Colds Caused by Exposure in Active Service-Dangers of Excessive Comfort. On the Plains.

Reading recently an article of Dr. Brown-Sequard on "Taking Cold," it occurred to me that colds are peculiar to civilized life, and to our comfortable, warm rooms. I have had colds perhaps as frequently as any one, but during one period of my life I was entirely free from them, with one exception. I served through the war in the Fifth Ohio

cavalry, beginning at Shiloh, and ending my service with the march to the sea. We were an active regiment, always at the front, and therefore remarkably unencumbered with tents or comforts. We were exposed to all weathers and all seasons. Many a time we were rained on for a week or more. the sun came out the next week or the week after, it dried us. Many a time, long after dark, after a march in rain and mud all day, we have been filed into miry woods, where we slept in the rain with the running water washing between us and our blankets. I have seen men wake in the morning with their hair frozen in the mud. But none of us caught cold. We swam the Tennessee river after midnight, when the mercury was at zero, and among floating ice, and came out with our clothes, to our armpits, frozen like sheet iron, and then marched till morning. In the cold winter of 1863-64, we were in the mountainous country of East Tennessee, where it is as cold as Ohio. We were there from November until March, without any tents or shelter of any kind, moving every day, and sleeping in a different place every night, with the temperature frequently below

I have, with my comrades, ridden upon the skirmish line when I could not lift a cartridge out of my box, nor even pick up a carbine cap. I have been on night pickets, mounted, when the pickets had to be relieved every fifteen minutes, because if left longer the men could not load and fire. But we never caught the slightest cold, nor did I ever in times of cold and exposure to wet see a soldier with a cold.

FROM EXCESSIVE COMFORT.

But I did catch one cold in the army, and I never had such a one before or since. It came from excessive comfort, or what seemed comfort to us. We were at Camp Davies, Miss., the southern outpost of the great fortress of Corinth. Having been there some months we began to build neat log cabins, with openings for doors and windows-no glass or doors, of course.

One of our mess being a young bricklayer we thought to surpass our neighbors in style and comfort, and we sent for brick, and he built us a large chimney and fireplace, and we built a good fire. That settled us. Four of us had to go to the hospital with tremendous colds on our chests and in our heads. We never had such heavy colds in our lives. This was about the middle of our three years of service, and before and after that I never saw an exposed soldier with a cold. (Of course a few days after our cabins were finished we got marching orders.) I believe all old sol-diers will bear me out that in active campaigns where there was great exposure to the weather, no one had a cold. And come to think of it, in my experience in Colorado and Utah in recent years, I never saw an Indian with a cold, though they stand more exposure than our cattle do. It is our hot rooms that give us our colds. If a person would camp out from fall till spring, exposed to the weather of a severe winter, he would never take either a cold, pleurisy or pneumonia, and would be absolutely free from them. But when you are in Rome you must do as the Romans do, and take warm rooms and colds.

-Andrew Van Bibber in Scientific American.

INNUMERABLE RUINED CITIES.

Valuable Relics Which Await the Coming

of Venturesome Explorers. The ignorance and indifference of Hispano Americans on the archaeology of this country surpasses belief, even taken into account the natural indolence of the southern races and the fact that during the last few hundred years their energies have been mainly expended in uprisings against an ever changing government. But since Stevens, M. Chazney, Dr. Le Plongeon and others have recently made important discoveries the Mexicans have awakened to a lazy consciousness of valuable possessions. With a dog in the manger spirit they have enacted rigorous laws against the exportation of relics, idols, etc., which would enrich the museums of the world, yet in which they themselves are not sufficiently interested to bring to light.

There are innumerable ruined cities buried deep in the wilderness of Mexico and Central America which still await in silence the coming of the explorer; there are hundreds of erted temples and crumbling pyramids which were built so far back in the twilight of time that no traditions remain of the builders. In Yucatan alone no less than sixtyseven prehistoric cities have been discovered. despite the fact that this wildest territory of Mexico presents almost insurmountable obstacles to the traveler in the way of warlike savages and trackless deserts, whose hot sands outrival Sahara. Even the all-conquering Spaniards never succeeded in making much pression upon the Mayas of Yucatan, and to this day there are aboriginal tribes in the interior still flourishing as before the conquest, but so powerful and bloodthirsty are they that no European who has ventured within their domain has returned to tell the story.

By the way, a modern Mexican historian has lately made a new attempt to prove that America was discovered in the Fifth contury a. d. by a party of Buddhists monks from Afghanistan, of whom one-Hwui Ehan by ame-returned to Asia after an absence of forty-one years. A short account of the land which he visited, supposed to be Mexico, was included in the official history of China. There is proof that Hwui Shan actually did visit some unknown eastern region; and it is also true that all the traditions of aucient Mexico contain an account of the arrival of some monks, who came from the westward in the days of the Toltecs-the people who preceded the Aztecs in this country .-- Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Hurry and Dispatch. "

Among the many causes of poor and in-efficient work is the habit of hurry which takes possession of some busy people. Having, or im agining they have, more to do in a given time than can be done properly, they grow confused, agitated and nervous; and under this pressure they proceed with the work in hand without requisite deliberation and care, perhaps omitting parts and producing at last an imperfect and inferior performance which can neither be permanent nor satisfactory. There is hardly any employment, from the simplest manual work to the most complex and difficult manual labor, that does not suffer from this cause. The dwelling house in process of building is to be finished at a certain time. With proper forethought and system it would have been done, but the time approaches and the work is still incomplete. The future occupants are impatient, the contractor is anxious, the workmen are driven, the work is hurried through and annoyance, discomfort, and sometimes danger ensue and repairs are soon found

The business man undertakes more than he can manage, the days are not long enough for his needs, he is agitated by the constant pressure, driven by conflicting claims, his business suffers for the want of a clear and cool head, his health suffers from continual and unrelaxed exertion, his family suffers from his deterioration, and general disaster The physician, with many other calls to make, hurries through the visit, neglecting some important symptom, and the

A PERSIAN AT HOME.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE SUB-JECTS OF THE SHAH.

Greeted by the Wives and Their Bables. The Evening Meal-Solace of the Pipe. Music on the Guitar-A Visitor Ar-

Rayza Mohammed is my servant. He is a good Mussulman, although not strictly ortho-lox, belonging to the sect of Dawoodces and believing that strong drink was given by Allah to cheer the heart of man. Being a jolly fellow and a good Moslem, he has three vives. It does not take much to support three wives in Persia, hardly more than to support one, that is among the poorer classes. The first wife he married when she was 11 and he 17. She was his cousin, fair Mayrich, and she lords it over the other two, being a relative. It's 6 o'clock, and I have dismissed Rayza for the night. As he enters the low door of his little house by the Dwazeh Kaswin. he greets his women folk with: "Peace by with ye," and they reply in chores: "With you also be peace and the goodness of Allah!" The babies, however, are not quite so formal. They clamber up on his knees as soon as he has squatted down before his meal, served on the floor and arranged around him in a number of small tin platters, each covered with a cone shaped dish.

rives.

THE EVENING MEAL.

Their respective mothers bear the little mischiefs away, though, and the papa gravely dips his fingers in a brass basin and goes through the form of the religious ablution Then he reaches out for the various dishes. In one there is the succulent rice made beautiful to look at by saffron and little shreds of mutton. In another there is roast lamb. In another there is sour soup, flavored with lime juice and containing bits of ment, He helps himself to all these good things in turn, his sleeves being tucked up to the elbow, using no knife, fork or spoon, but instead pieces of the flabby, flat bread which he tears off from a slice as hig as a sheet and lying at his right hand side. Dexterously he scoops up the gravy and the broth, and is soon ready for his dessert, which consists of cucumbers, peaches and "jelly from heaven," a species of pudding made of rice flour and pistaches. He then rises, goes in front of the house to the brink of the Kansut (canal of running water, conducted from the icy tops of mountains), and drinks from the hollow of his hand a good draught. Meanwhile the women and the children have simultaneously made a ravenous attack upon the remnants of the edibles, and when the master returns they have finished.

Rayza sits down on his rug spread out on the raised part of the room facing east. "Ghalyan biar," he says briefly. His favorite wife, Mayrich, brings it to him, first setting the charcoal and the moistened Shiraz "tam beki" in a glow by pulling at the black mouthpiece herself for a minute and blowing out the thick, powerful smoke through her nostrils. The pipe is in first class working order and the water makes its pleasant bub bling sound at regular intervals as he inhaler the smoke. "Khoub est," Rayza says, which expression of approval on his part make Mayrich, for the moment, the focus of his other wives' jealous eyes. The Persian is not talkative with his wives, although he is generally kind and indulgent to them. The religious law having ordered all these things, down to the minutest detail, there is much less jealousy and wrangling among the different wives and with their lord than one might suppose. But in this particular case there was perhaps just cause for jealousy, be cause it was really that evening Malek's turn to wait on the husband and to become his especial companion. She, however, is only a "temporary wife," and her rights are therefore not strictly respected.

THE GUITAR'S TINKLE.

Rayza contentedly and silently smokes on for another five minutes. The wome

THE GREAT SPHINX.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE WORK OF DISINTERMENT.

> The Sand Carried Away in Large Baskets-Astonishing Results from Apparently Inadequate Means-Various Exvations-Restorations of Roman Date.

The last occasion on which the Great Sphinx was cleared down to the level on which the paws rest was in honor of the opening of the Suez canal in 1869. The ever drifting sands had, however, reburied it almost to the throat when Professor Maspero, during his last year of office at Boulak, began again the work of disinterment. This work has now been going on, somewhat intermittently, for more than twelve months, and is at the present time in active progress under the direction of Pro fessor Maspero's successor, M. Grebaut, A transway has been laid down from the Sphynz to the edge of the Pyramid plateau, pe close under the west face of the granite building popularly, though incorrectly, called the temple of the Sphynx. Along this tramway light trucks convey the sand to the point at which their contents are discharged, the trucks being loaded by Arabs of both sexes and all ages, who carry the sand upon their heads in large flat baskets, ascending and descending all day long from the excavations below to the tramway above and vice versa. ASTONISHING RESULTS.

The means look curiously inadequate, but the results are astonishing. Already the entire fore part of the great stone monster is laid bare, and the huge chest, the paws, the space between the paws, the altar in front of them, and the platform upon which they rest, are once more open to the light of day. Nor is this all. Between the Sphinx and the edge of the Fyramid plateau a vast space has also been cleared, thus bringing to view a fine flight of steps some 40 feet in width. These steps, which are described by Pliny, were uncovered by Caviglia in 1817, but have been entirely lost to sight for nearly seventy years. A second flight of steps and the remains of two Roman buildings were also found by Caviglia, and will again be brought to light if M. Grebaut continues to work in this direc tion.

To the right of the Sphinx-that is to say. in the direction of the granite temple, to the southward, a further excavation is in progress, the result of which will probably confirm the surmises of those who believe the Sphinx to stand in the midst of a huge arti-ficial amphitheatre hewn out of the solid rock. This gigantic work would of course be contemporaneous with the Sphinx itself, which Mariette attributed to the mythic ages before the advent of Mena, the first king of the first dynasty, and which Liaspero con siders to be, if not actually prehistoric, at all

events the oldest monument in Egypt. From the level of the area below the great flight of steps (which lead down, and not up, to the Sphinx) one now measures the whole height of the huge human-headed monster, whose battered countenance stands out against the cloudiess sky 100 feet above.

BETWEEN THE PAWS.

The space between the paws is thirty-five feet long and ten feet wide. This space was anciently converted into a small sanctuary lined with votive tablets, only one of which-the famous stela of Thothmes IV-yet remains in situ. The stela records how the king, when upon one of his hunting expeditions, lay down to rest at midday in the shadow of the Sphinx. He there fell asleep, and dreamed a dream in which the venerable image conjured him to clear away the sand in which it was nearly buried. Then the prince awoke and "made silence in his heart," and vowed to do that which the god had commanded.

The paws of the sphinx, as they now appear, are a restoration of Roman date, being cased in comparatively small slabs, and to some extent hollow underneath. The breast of the arently in Roman times; and these slabs have again been repaired by cutting away the weathered surface and inserting a fresh facing. Like the legs of the Colossi of the Plain, and those of the great statue of Aboo Sin the paws of the sphinx are covered with the Greek scrawls of early travelers; but these grafii-ti are mostly of a late period and so slightly scratched that few are legible throughout. Such as they are, however, Professor Maspero has, it is understood, devoted himself to the ungrateful and difficult task of translating them. M. Grebaut's excavations are not limited to the contrance of the sphinx only. Various interesting tombs have lately been discovered in the vicinity of the great pyramid, and to the westward the face of the Libyan cliff has been reached where it forms the natural boundary of the Pyramid plateau. Some good early rockcut tombs, with built fore-courts, have been found in the face of this cliff, in two of which the walled up recesses or secret chambers, called "serdabs," which ing meanwhile retreated backward into a were constructed for the safe keeping of smaller room adjoining, Rayza invites his funerary portrait statues, are yet intact with their contents .-- London Times.

Great Reduction

YIX {

1859-1887.

PRICES!!

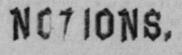
I am now Prepared to Give

BIG BARGAINS.

IN

DRY GOODS,

Dress Goods from 5c to \$2 per yard.



Hose from 3c to \$1 per p ar

The Villages of the West.

I had a talk recently with a Massachusetta man, who has been west on a prospecting tour. He said: "I have been astounded in going through the western country to note the remarkable stage of improvements which they have attained. If you get off the cars at any town of 3,000 or 5,000 inhabitants or larger, you will find yourself in the midst of a civilization that is equal to any of the great cities of the east. You find electric lights, perfect telephone and telegraph district messenger service, modern improvements in the senger service, modern improvements in the way of sanitary drainage, street cars, fine public buildings and perfect fire service, Looking the place over you will find build-ings of modern construction, finely equipped, possibly with elevators and with all the modern improvements. Such a town is as far abead of a New England place of the same size as anything you can imagine. It took me some time to realize the conditions and to figure out the causes from which they resulted. The real fact seems to be that these western people are getting the benefits of all the improvements and inventions and progress of the older civilization. The cars on the western railroads are more luxurious than those of the older lines in the east. Railroads are built on a scale of improvement much finer. It would do the people of the east great good if they could be transplanted out into the western country for a little while to see the differences I have noted."-New York Trib-

Useless Education.

A gentleman residing near Kingston asked his daughter to write a short business let-ter for him the other day. The result was not particularly encouraging to the man who flattered himself that his daughter was "top o' the heap" in the way of "eddication." Words were misspelled in the letter, grammatical errors were flagrant, punctuation was ignored, syntax was at sixes and sevens, and the whole production was more worthy of a child of 6 than a young lady who was nearly "through"

In rage and indignation the parent asked In rage and indignation the parent asked his daughter what she did in school. "Ob, we didn't bother with anything like that," was the reply; "we study the higher branches." "Well, for ——'s sake, begin over again," said the man, "and fly low. Here I'm giving you an education in the hopes that you will be able to write my letters and assist me in other ways and here you havged the first as other ways, and here you haven't the first requisite. It's downright discouraging, that's what it is," and the man heaved a sigh over his offspring's glaring deficiencies, in the seem-ingly obsolete but most important branch of a person's education. --Kingston (N. Y.) Free-

Helen of Troy was over 40 when she per etnated the most famous elopement on

Losing Parcels in the Lobby.

The frequency of persons losing parcels in the lobby here is greater than the public at large supposes. It is astonishing, too, the celerity with which articles are snatched up and made away with. Those who come here with intent to secure something stand around and watch for an opportunity, when the owner's back is turned for a moment. Of course if we notice any one loafing around the building we ask him to move on, but one man can't watch all who come in here. The other day a satchel was left on one of the heating coils at one of the windows, and noticing it, I picked it up and was about to lay it away for safe keeping until called for. Just as I was going off with it a lady rushed in at the door and said, "Excuse me, sir, that is my satchel." Of course 1 let her have it, and she and her gentleman friend, who stood at the door, walked away. Shortly after-ward two other ladies came in and asked me about the same satchel. I told them what I had done with it, and at once saw that I had been duped by a sharper. Fortunately it contained nothing of great value.-Postoffice Watchman in Globe Democrat.

Embalming in Ancient Egypt.

The surviving fragments of the early literature of Egypt are mainly of a religious character; their doctrine of the future state leavened their national life in almost every particular. To them the body was an integral part of the immertal humanity; therefore it had to be preserved from corruption that it might be a fit receptacle for the soul to dwell in through eternity. Although it was sacred, under the special protection of the god Thoth, though each part was under the guardianship of a special divinity, yet this sacredness did not preclude careful inspection and the processes necessary for preservation, for all parts had to be perpetuated. The organs removed from the bodies of persons of the bet-ter classes were not returned into the body. but were preserved in vases of alabaster or stone.-A. Macalister.

Causes of Baldness,

It is rare that a bald head is found among

men under 55 or 60 years who spend eight or ten hours a day at the artisan's bench. How much the strain of medern rapid life and much the strain of modern rapid file and business worry and hurry is responsible for this physical deterioration is a matter of dis-cussion. The opinion is general, however, that the cosmetics, hair restorers, tonics and shampooing fluids used by barbers tend to destroy the hair follicles and produce bald-ters. Man who share therealize ness. Men who shave themselves or visit the carber only once a week, and those who use nothing but water as a dressing for their hair as a rule have a luxurious growth.-New York Mail and Express.

The Fashionable Disease.

Rheumatism is the fashionable disease this winter. Pneumonia is left out in the cold, and diphtheria has its ugly nose put out of joint by the grinding, though less dangerous, torture of the "favorite" of the hour. If anybody has anything the matter with him now, it is rhoumatism; a dig here, a shooting pain there, mark the presence of the fiend, and lucky the victim of its incipient attacks if it doesn't twist him him into fiddle strings before he is cured .-- Chicago Herald.

patient dies; the lawyer hurries through his plea and loses his case; the preacher hurries through the preparation of his sermon and fails to make an impression; the artist burries on his picture to completion and his best conception is not there; the teacher hurries through a prescribed course of instruction and the class is left destitute of the more important elements of knowledge. It is not too much to say that a large proportion of the mhappiness, the ignorance, the loss of property, and even the loss of life that is endured in the world is to be directly traced to the hurry and drive which characterizes so much of the labor performed.-Public Opinion.

Life on the Texas Border.

None of the houses belonging to the Mexians are very extensive, though many of them are quite comfortable, while others are the veriest hovels. How they manage to live in some of them is a mystery. One old man lives in a cave near the creek. He is apparently very aged, and during his whole life had been a cowherd until age prevented his persuing that avocation any longer. The old man is blear-eyed and deaf, wears sandals in place of shoes and owns an immense straw hat, which he has apparently used for years. His hoarse voice frightens the children, and his poor, thin blanket affords but little protection from the biting north wind. Never having known anything better than his present condition, he takes it as a matter of ourse, and scorns the copper cents which are given to him in charity. If his countrymen cannot do better than that he prefers having othing. He ordinarily carries a bag over his shoulder, into which donations of every kind are poured without much reference to congruity. In his day he has been a great horseman, judging from his bow legs, on which, with the help of a cane, he totters along. Once I saw a little girl with him, and could not but reflect what a life of poverty was in store for her. This old man has seen many vicissitudes, stretching back to the time when comparatively little was known of the interior of Mexico.-Chibuahua (Mex.) Cor. Chicago Times.

A Rose Superstition.

It has been declared, on the usually compotent authority which originates superstitions of every sort, that it is highly unlucky for a rose, when worn on the person, to scatter its caves on the ground. I venture to quote an illustration of this from the "Life and Corre-spondence of M. G. Lewis." The huly to whom this portent happened was Miss Ray, who was mundered at the piazza entrance of the Covent Garden theatre by a man named Hackman. When the carriage was announced, and sho was adjusting her dress, Mrs. Lewis remarked on a beautiful rose which Miss Ray wore in her bosom. Just as the words were uttered the flower fell to the ground, and when Miss Ray stooped down to pick it up the leaves scattered themselves on the ground, the stalk only remaining in her hand The poor girl, evidently affected by this inci-dent, said, in a slightly faltering voice: "I trust I am not to consider this an ovil omen." But soon recovering her presence of mind, she expressed a hope that they would meet again after the performance, a hope which it was decreed should never be fulfilled.-All the Year Round.

"Young society Darwins" is the new same for the dudes.

cleared away the dishes and have smartened themselves up a bit. Maiek has put a yellow rose in her black tresses and kneels down at Rayza's feet, holding a Persian guitar between her fingers, on which she forthwith begins to tinkle. She is an expert. There is not much music in this instrument-fashfoned like two inverted hearts meeting at the points and covered with seven strings-to a western ear, but it delights Rayza, especially when the babies begin to crow in unison with its monotonous twang twang. At the moment there is a shrill cry: "Adam

mirarad" (a man is coming), and all three women at once throw their face veil over and turn their backs to the door, through which at that moment enters Ali Zadar, a friend to Rayza, employed as a scribe in the house of a noble. "Thou camest propitiously," says says Rayza, rises from his sitting posture and politely bows to his guest, inquiring at the same time with extreme minuteness after his health, progress and temper. All this being satisfactorily answered and the women havfriend to sit down alongside of him and yields his own ghalyan (water pipe) to his guest, ordering at the same time a new pipe. This and a bottle of arrack (strong, raw liquor made of sice) are brought by the veiled Malck, who in handing it to Rayza whispers something into his car, to which he mockingly replies; "Not before the moon rises." The The two friends smoke and drink now for some time, occasionally interrupting this with some quotation from the poets illustrative of the fact that happiness is fleeting and must be made the most of while it lasts. Thus an hour has passed .-- Cor. New York Graphic.

Soldiers Betting on Flies.

"Yes, we used to have a spasm of goodness in the army overy now and then," said an ckl soldier yesterday. "That is to say, the officers would get good and try to make the rest of us come up to their ideas. You see, when time hung heavy on our hands we would while away our leisure by an indulgence in the wicked game of clinck-a-luck, or in seven up, or by an occasional poker game. I remember when we were in Missinstppi"-----"What is chuck-a-luck?"

fellows mark off numbers-*1-2-8-4-5-6-

"put the money on the numbers and throw dice, and the fellow's numbers turned up take the pot? Well, as I was going on to say, the officers had a spasm and decided to break up gambling. They took up every card and dice It went through me like a knitting needle box in the camp. What did we do? Why, bless your sul, we went on gambling. A lot "Toll him,' he said to the s out the spread, and then all sit and wait. There were a million flies about camp, and in a minute you would see a fly light on a piece of bread and go for the syrup. Well, the owner of that piece of bread would take the pot. That and other devices for avading the orders of the officers convinced them that they could not head us of, and they gave us back our cards and dice, and we resumed business.—Atlanta Constitution.

So coany bleycles and tricycles are used in the streets of Paris that police regulations have become necessary.

Editor Grady at Home.

In May last a Memphis reporter, who was swinging around the southern circuit in search of a newspaper that could not exist without his services, chanced to visit Atlanta and called upon Mr. Grady.

"I entered a luxuriously appointed ante room and confronted a bandsome young man wearing a priceless diamond pin and a delicate bang.

"'Wait here until I seek the presence,' he said, solemnly, and disappeared through an inner door.

"By this time nerve was asscarce about my person as the price of board.

"Presently the handsome young man returned and said, 'He will see you. "I followed him and found myself in Mr.

Grady's audience chamber. It was furnished with Oriental splendor. There were four persons in the room-the governor of the state, a United States senator, a stanographer and the man I was seeking. The great journailst was sorted on a rich divan, dictating to the strangerpher, while the others hung breathiessiy upon his words. I took him to

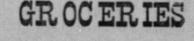
"Mercy alive! Didn't you ever see a lct of be about 40 years old. He is thick set and has the appearance of a man whose stomac never gets left, if he knows it. His head i round and covered with a short growth o black halt, his face sallow, smooth shaven and lighted by a pair of cold, piercing black eyes, List voice is well modulated, but penetrating.

" 'Toil him,' he said to the shorthand man, of fellows would each get a little piece of 'I have my eye upon you, and if Gordon does bread and smeer on a bit of syrup and lay not get a majority of the delegation from not get a majority of the delegation from your county- Well, sir,' suddenly discov-ering me, 'what do you want?" "'I thought Uncle Remus was here,' I stam-

mered out, Nothing else occurred to me. I

was paralyzed. "'You'll find him down at Miss Sally's,' re-plied Mr. Grady, and somehow in about a minute I found myself on the pavement out-side."-Memphis Avalanche.

Society is apply described in New York as "a vast aggregation of newcomers, some of whem will never have their names in the directory."



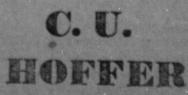
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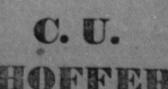
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