Carlyle's Mean Tomb.

NO TEARS SHED BY HIS NEIGHBORS

COURSEPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. ECCLEFECHAN, SCOTLAND, August 15 .- Lying between Eskdale on the east and Nithsdale on the west is the sweet and pastoral Annandale, though not among the most noted yet one of the most lovely valleys of the Scottish border. To the leisurely and sentimental pilcrim tarrying among its pleasing scenes, it appeals with goodly fascination. It is but a tiny vale, 30 miles long, the river Annan, from which it takes its name, having its source in the Hartfell mountains, and winding with gentle flow through and between characteristic Scottish villages, its banks dotted with humble crofts, larger farmsteads, and all the lang syne features of countryside Scottish homes. Though the little valley is accorded no special fame among the Scottish people them-selves, and is sourcely ever visited by tourists, to me it seems that in a few particulars it possesses extraordinary interest. Within the distance of one day's tramp across five parishes through which winds the gentle Annan, can be seen one of the most ancient and certainly one of the most historic, castle ruins of Scotland, the first home in Scotland of Robert the Bruce, at Lochmaben; the birthplace, at Annan, of the greatest and most unfortunate of all Scottish preachers, Edward Irving; the wonderful phenomenn of the tides of Solway Firth, which are perhaps better observed from the great Annan viaduct connecting England with Scothan viaduct connecting England with Scot-land than at any other spot along the Sol-way shores; and the birthplace and burial place of the one philosopher, essayist and critic who has undoubtedly left a deeper impression upon intellectual minds in Great Britain and America than any other in-dividual who ever adorned and perplexed this country—crabbed, crafty, mighty and giorious old Thomas Carlyle.

CURIOUS LAKES AND PISHES.

At about the center of Annandale, in the parish of Lochmaben, are eight curious lit-tic lakes, shallow and with sedgy shores. In these are found the vendace fishes, from five to six inches in length, nowhere else discoverable in Great Britain, of a brilliant silvery appearance, and in anatomy and flavor much mbling those famous American ciscoes which, in June, attract such hosts of an glers to the shores of Lake Geneva, in Wisknown to the British gourmand, Their heads are extraordinarily marked, in puce-colored transparent substant figure of a heart, through which, when Along the haughs and moss-banks of the lochs the deadly adder lurks; and the peasantry will tell you that these dreadful reptiles are kept down by their implacable foes, the herons, which are certainly con-tinually seen dodging in and out among, and hovering over, the surrounding reeds

About a mile from the ancient burgh town of Lochmuben, on a tongue-shaped peninsula which extends into the lake called the loch, are found the ruins of the grandest fortress the border ever knew. Whether or not it was the original residence of the Bruces, granted by David I., in 1124,

olden thrift, and older border powess, with and then a quiet era of as profitable smuggling, whose headquarters were in the sheltering port. Here is the old Academy, now a stately residence, where Carlyle once was schooled, and where he was afterward its master in mathematics; and for Salem's memories of Mather they will recall for you the wonder nl career of that inspired and holy man, Edward Irving, whom, for living too closely to his divine Model, the stern old Presbytery degraded from holy orders; and then they will take you to the little house in Butt Street, Fish Cross, where he was scription, "At this house Edward Irving was born 4 August, 1792. He left neither an Enemy nor A Wrong Behind him," will remain through time a brightening epitome of endless fame, while those who broke his saintly life and heart will moulder in for-

EVERY HOUSE A CASTLE.

Leading from Annan to the Euglish side of the Solway is a vast railway visituet one and one-half miles in length. One cannot resist the temptation to cross this into rock-girt Cumberland; for at its southern approach is one of the oddest little villages along the whole English border. This is Bowness. It consists of one long compact ly-built street, perched up there above the wild Solway tides like an eagle's nest securely hung upon some orag edge, out-jutting above a sea-swept precipice. What brave old houses have these Bowaess folk; every one solid as a castle.

These people of the Cumberland borde are fishermen" and "tat smen." The latter term applies, in two northwest counties of England, Westmoreland and Cumberland, to those who farm their own land, if it doe not exceed a half-acre in area; and lands have descended for centuries in the same familie. Some are both "statesmen" and fishermen; and all are descended from a centuries old line of men who could equally well turn their hands to the plough, to smug-gling, to the temporary bloody trade of moss troopers, or to the nets. And it was not so very long ago that salmon were so plenticul in the Solway that servants engaging to masters on the English or Scottish side of the First stimulated that side of the Firth stipulated that "salmon or other fish should not be given them oftener than three days in the week." Strange quiet, God-fearing souls these Bowness folk, ith giant frames and wondrous height with wide, fair brows, great blue or hazel eyes and leonine heads of flaxen hair; and with dumb, sodden, speechless ways to the end, which brings them at last from behind the Roman Faltars of their sturdy home walls to the drear old church yard, dug out of the fosse where once the mighty Roman defences stood. Tarrying or going, one may well say of all Bowness tolk: Here are the quaint old homes with the quaint

old hearts.

Where life to all is measured in three parts;

A simple way: The birth, the toil, the rest!

WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN.

But a certain alertness of attention, an ur conscious habit and attitude of listening as it were, true of every man, woman and child on both sides of the Firth, discloses that the stide is coming up from the Irish Sea. These folk will tell you they can hear sea, These look will tell you taley can hear it 20 miles away. Long before this, if you are standing on the cliff edge, you will see the fishers, waist deep in water, hurrying on the tightening of their upright nets, which for ten miles below seem like tiny which for ten miles below seem like tiny fences of rush; and away seaward with your glass you can see them scurrying up from the ebis-lime and sands toward safety and the shore. Then to your unpracticed ears come the faint reverberations of a boarse roar; and soon, like a pillar of flame in the play of the sublight, the great mist banner of the advancing waters is flung from Scot-land to England, almost from Criffel to Sillert. Silloth, and moves toward you like a lurid cloud above a running battle.

In a few moments more the brilliane; of the phenomenon is greatest. Preceding the

THE HISTORIC RUINS

a walt of water five miles wide, glitters, fomms and hisses a bank of spume and spray, zoned, rimmed and interlaced with tiny rainbows. The roaring of the bellowing water-hosts becomes deafening. For an instant you are enveloped by the cloud. That passed, while you thrill with the mystery and awful grandeur of the spectacle, the great tide-head is abreast of you, a true tide-bore, such as breaks majestically into Minas and other estuaries of a the Bay of Fundy, cylindrical and straight as an arrow across the Firth, and from six to eight feet in height, which sweeps past with a bellow and and Diplomacy. height, which sweeps past with a bellow and shriek like that of an hundred thousand coast fog-horns howling in unison; while close in its wake is a hillocky, tempestaous mass of waves brilliantly gorgeous in fit-fully-swept prismatic colors—and the Soi-

AT CARLYLE'S BIETHPLACE.

Some English tramps were singing for their breakfasts before the doors of the grave Scottish viliagers at Ecclefechan when I tramped into the hamlet behind them. There were five of them, great, huiking fel-lows, and their hoarse and aggressive bel-lowing was the only sound indicative of human life in the village, even at that late hour of the morning. It was a double house of the dwarf variety, and the one at the north end, where the strong-lunged sorners sang, was the birthplace of Thomas Carlyle. The bellowing had brought mutchcapped guidwives to various windows and alley entrances, at safe distances. I loitered near enough to hear them discuss the matin song of the tramps as well as the house and its former occupants.

"They needs fash (trouble) theirsels tae sing there;" croaked one old dame with a gentle swaying of her head betokening a reminiscential vein of remark. "They mecht roar theirsels black i' the face, alore "they'll draw bluid frae that neep (turnip)!"
"Oh, aye," crooned a still older woman,
"it's weel kent nae puir body iver saw, syne or soon, the recht side o' the Carlyles' siller!"

How Carlyle's adorers would have grouned How Carlyle's adorers would have grouned to hear these old neighbors go ou! One hinted at their pride with, "They thocht theirsels nae sheep-shanks!" Another, of their thrift with, "They nee'r sell'd their heas on a rainy day." Another, of miserliness with, "They gae their banes to nae dogs." Another, of their austerity with, "They warns guid to neebor wi." And another bent old body summed up what any one will at once find to be the universal feeling in the testy little village, with the one will at once and to be the universal feeling in the testy little village, with the crisp epitome, "They were ill to thole!" That is, it was hard to get along with the Carlyles. It is historic that others besides these dim old souls, some who lived in the same houses with them, found it just that

RELICS OF CARLYLE.

The tramps got nothing for their offertory, and, after a few vicious kicks at the de departed; giving me oportunity to reach the house just as the huge form and red, veinous face of Mrs. John Gourley, caretaker, appeared at the door. Shaking a fine bludgeon after the vanishing vagrants she re-lieved her indignation with: "Hoots! It's a weary day for auld Scotland whan there's

to be interesting with Carlyle relies, includ-ing his famous coffee pot, in which he was wont to brew his own coffee and his equally famous tobacco cutter— handmaids of the Cheyne Row, Chelsea, inspiration and inseparable companions of his trascibility and dyspep-sia. Off this little chamber and sitting— Off this little chamber and sittingroom, in which set a quaint old fire-place, is a little, long, low bed-room over the arch-way; and in this Thomas Carlyle; was born. or an enlarged successor built in the thirteenth century, it covered 16 seres of ground, and is known to have been absolutely unprognable before the invention of gunpowder.

The prim and ancient town of Annan, at the side of the Solway where the Annan water flows into that estuary, is a burg of quaint, old granite Scotch folk, rich, contented, indolent. Great square bouses, great square doors, great square bouses, great square windows with great square isces in them, tell the story of olden thrift, and older border powess, with Altogether the place is uninviting, meager, bard, austere. The father who built it was his whole line.

OF UNPLEASANT MEMORY. There does not seem to be one soul in all the region where he was born and reared who recalls the family name with loving kindness and respect. To be known as a kindness and respect. To be known as a turn of the family name with loving kindness and respect. pilgrim to the Carlyle home and tomb is to be regarded with suspicion and sneers. The very gravestone is parsimonious and shabby; the enclosure unkempt; weeds and by; the enclosure unkempt; weeds and tomb is to be the some and tomb is to by; the enclosure unkempt; weeds and brambles crowd the spot closely; the lad that unlocks the gate snickers behind you; and as I stood for a little time leaning upon the iron railing in contemplation of the lonely, neglected grave of this rare old war-rior in the field of letters, wondering, after all, if any true greatness can ever exist so far above the heads and hearts of the lowly that they are not reached, aided and encom-passed by it; a bery of rosy-cheeked, roguish-eyed Scotch lassies passed; and re-garding me with hilarious scorn for overlooking the merits of Ecclerechan itself for dismal loitering where the hearts of none here turned, one fair maiden applied to a certain disciple of Carlyle such sturdy words of badinage as might well bewilder the bravest pilgrim to shrines in foreign

AT ECCLEFECHAN. Musing lone one summer morning In an ancient Scotch kirk-yard In an ancient Scotch kirk-yard
By the grave of rare old Carlyie,
Reverent bowed and deep in dreaming—
Suddenly there passed a maiden;
Passed, but paused. Then, smiling, quoth she
"There's no you but stanes an' brombles;
Muckle mair's in Ecclefechan!"

Then the roguish maiden vanished
From the place of stones and brambles,
And I left the dank old kirk-yard
With the lesson of her scorning:
Keep thy soul from out the shadows;
Turn thy life from graves to gladness!
This though but a hint in living.
This I learned at Ecclefechan.
EDGAR L. WAKEMAR.

A SERPENT STORY.

Overcome by a Rattlesonke's Smell-

Man's Close Call. KINGSTON, N. Y., August 22 .- W. E Hoolihan, of Rock Valley, recently heard a rattlesnake sounding its rattle in the brush by the roadside, and made search for it. On discovering it he struck it with his whip, but the blow did not seem to even stun the reptile. Maddened by the attack upon it the snake coiled itself and struck at Hoolihan several times in quick succession. At the same time it gave out that odor peculiar to the rattlesuake which affects some people strangely, and it made Hoolihan deadly sick.

Just at this moment his feet got tangled in the underbrush, and, sick and faint from the oder emitted by the snake, he fell backward. The snake was just ready to spring upon him when he found sufficient strength and presence of mind to hit it in the head with a large stone. This stunned it, and it was afterward killed. The snake was nearly 5 feet long and was 9 inches in circumfer-ence. The body yielded three ounces of oil.

APPETITE is generally restored to deli-cate children by the use—in tonic dose—of Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge; and not only an appetite, but strength and vigor as well. While essentially a strengthener, it is also an excellent, vermifuge; and if these pesis of childhood are present, there is no better, safer or cheaper remedy. Sold by all

Mattings, linoleums, oil cloths and car-pets made and laid on shortest possible no-tice. Muslins, sateens and silk draperies in stock and put up at short notice MWFSSu

and Diplomacy.

ODD MRS. PLETHORIC POCKETS ABROAD

COURSEPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. AIX-LES-BAINS, August 10 .- The word nospitality is a precious one in all religious and in all languages, to give food and wine and shelter, to bring one's friends around a well filled board. Where is the ancient chronicle that is not filled with praises of him or her who has this organizing power? or where is the poet, from Horace to Milton, who has not sung the record of Amphytrion? or the Cleopatra who, setting before the guest the welcome cooling fruit, or the inspiring draught, has, with it all, brought to the philosopher his answering thought, the weary rest, to the restless invigorating sympathy, to the curious the last gossip, to the wit the last bon mot, to those who live

in the realm of fancy the last story? Social leaders in all ages and countries, have studied not only the taste but the intellectual aptitudes and capabilities of those whom they sought to gather round their boards. The versatile Greek intellect in its the passions of our replete common nature, left us that Jupiter who gave supper parties to Venus, to which June was not bid-no Minerva either for the matter of that; doubtless those two, Dignity and Intellect com bined, gave in turn suppers to which Jupi-ter, in his graver hours was glad to be asked; but they did not "mix things." These petite suppers, enlivened by the inextin-guishable laughter of the gods, and waited upon by Gannemede and Hebe, had much to do with the politics of a Greek heaven. In like manner, the

GLOOMY NORTHERN HEROES of Valhalla invoked the terror and fascing tion of clanging steel and the nightly rustling of warriors, who sat down to meat all clad in armor, as they drank their mead from the skulls of their enemies. The splendid outward phenomena of nature are here omitted in their stories of banquets; the wind sighs through the forest, the ocean washes the feet of the host, the chasms o the earth seem to open to swallow up their kitchen maidens; and of cookery they evidently had only the most vague and awful conceptions. We see vanishing down their mighty throats great draughts of potent liq-uors; we see their huge hands tearing the half roasted kid; yet here also we have the low English beggars!" and then, in radiant expectancy of low English "saxpences," bade me enter.

There is but one room below stairs. In the upper story there is a room the same size as that on the first floor. This is retained as sort of show room, and is well enough filled to be interesting with Carlyle relies, including his famous coffe.

his day, imaged forth as Eve spread her table for the augel, and brought food from the preserves of Paradise (to lighten Adam's duties as a host) to a most unexpected, perhaps unwelcome guest.
We see also in this immortal picture that man has ever turned to woman as the or

ganizing power on these occasions, and, in-deed, history—sublime in its impartiality— has always painted man as throwing off all the trouble of giving a dinner party on the

many a conspiracy was hatched, no doubt, behind aspic of plovers eggs, or a vol-au-vent de volaille! How many a budding Ministry brought to full flower over a wellordered table cloth! How many a war cloud dispelled by the proper introduction answered "Give good dinners," which implies good wine and something beside, and would have carried out the advice into practice himself. Tallyrand kept the most renowned table of his day, quite as much for political as for hygienic reasons. At 80 years of age he spent an hour every morning with his chef discussing the dishes to be served at dinner. The Emperor, who was no epicure, nor even a connoisseur, was nevertheless pleased with Tallyrand's luxurious and refined hospitality in consequence of the impression it made ty, in consequence of the impression it made on those who were so fortunate as to partake of it. On the other hand, one hesitates to contemplate the indigestions and bad Eng-lish cookery which must have hatched an

Oliver Cromwell! or earlier still, what a decadence of Italian hospitality made the There is one chaos of good feeding and bad organization, beauty responsible for the ennui of society which should be preached about, and that is a dinner party "given to about, and that is a dinner party "given to pay off social debts," where no person has the least sympathy with the persons about him; think of the awful resting time between the courses. Could the modern hostess be permitted to send a check to each guest, and avoid asking him to be miserable for an evening, she would be a real benefactor of society, and save it from the reproach of insufficiency. She holds so divine an office, the hostess, that one wishes she would never descend from her throne, nor invite people simply to make them unhappy. invite people simply to make them unhappy.

AMERICANS FREE GIVERS. American hospitality has always been to the European observer, a splendid out-ward phenomenon. It has been so generous, so lavish, so disregardful of expenses, that it has been criticized as barbaric, as savage, as vulgar. Still nobody staid away from these dinners, which were compared to hecateombs of game, and where champagne was said to flow like Niagara in boundless and uncontrolable current. The guinea pears and ten shilling peaches which were pronounced at an English dinner as de-cidedly ostentatious, were left far in the background by some American entertainers, who would have served in artichokes, had

diamons been edible.

The profusion, the expense of a New York dinner, its roses at \$1 a leaf, its fruit from Algiers or San Francisco, its fish from a coast of 1,000 miles long, its game from the boundless area which Sam Slick described as reaching "from the State of Maine to the setting sun," its luxurious wines which really represented the vintages most prized by connoisseurs, these all had been so familiar to the hostesses from the Golden Slope in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Newport, that they felt absolutely the expense of a dinner in Paris or London to be nothing, and bought orchids for half the price which diamons been edible. and bought orchids for half the price which had been paid for roses at Klumder's, not reflecting that, to the sober better sense of a foreign hostess, such profusion and gild-ing of the passing hour seemed a senseless

ing of the passing hour seemed a senseless extravagance.

A Parisian hostess once rebuked an American hostess for her outlay in flowers, saying, "In one season what you waste in flowers would buy a precious picture or statue."

"Oh, where is the precious picture or statue? I will buy that, too," said Mrs. Plethoric Pockets, who only wished for an outlet for her overflowing wealth, as an apopiectic sighs for a blood-letting.

WE BEAT THE WORLD.

Still, whatever may have been said. WAINWRIGHT'S bee American luxury is splendid. There is judges of the beverage. WAINWRIGHT's beer is praised by all

by Rubens.

American hospitality ahines out all the richer that almost every host has conquered fortune for himself. It makes Amphitryon look bigger, taller, more superb, when we realize that he has conquered fate in Wall street, at the newspaper office, on the Cotton Exchange, in the courts, the camp, the grove. For work has given him her best prizes, her money bags and her laurel wreath

wreath.

Luxury like this is good for a land like ours. We have the most abundant market in the world. (Would that La Belle France did, however, send us more cooks!)

Luxury encourages a thousand industries. The reduced lady has perhaps embroidered the tablecloth and marked the napkins; the artistic girl has painted the dinner cards. The gardener is stimulated to produce better roses and to raise lilies of the valley in the winter. It sends comfort into a hundred homes, this crude, careless, overdone luxhomes, this crude, careless, overdone lux-ury of the ladies' lunches and the dinners of America. That is what I say to Europeans when they criticize the American tendency.

M. E. W. SHERWOOD. dency.

GIFT TO THE PRESIDENT.

Nondescript Brute From Morocco That

Never Renched the White House, A good story is told of the United States Government's experiment in importing a herd of camels from the Barbary coast in 1856, for the army on the plains. The camels, says a writer in the Kansas City Star, had all been loaded on board the storeship Supply, and, one day, while the superb mythology, which figures for us all ship was lying off the coast of Morocco, a native vessel rounded to and brought, as a present from the Emperor of the country to the President of the United States, a nondescript sort of an animal, said to be part dog, part byens, part wolf and a mixture, as it was alleged, of a dozen other ferocious beasts of the genus canus, whose habitat was the Mountains of the Moon, in Africa.

The awful looking brute was confined in a sort of crate, in which he was hoisted on board and put down in the hold. He was very tall, long, huge and powerfully built, and he had a mass of grey hair running from his head to the end of his body, which, when-ever he was angry, would stand up the whole length of his body as stiff as a hog's bristles. As he never was in a mild mood, his bair was always in a state of rigid erection. He had not been on board half an hour before he had destroyed his cage, and only after a great deal of trouble was he confined in another deal of trouble was he confined in another and stronger one. The way he was fed was by lowering buckets to him, as no one dared to approach the brute, and when they desired to clean out his pen the ship's hose was turned on and the place flooded. He was an unmitigated nuisance, and how to get rid of the mouster was a serious problem.

At last the Supply anchored off Constantinople, where dogs are the only city scavengers. These are wild and feroclous having, or rather acknowledging no master, and each particular pack has its own range or quarter of the city, which they never leave.

quarter of the city, which they never leave.
The moment a strange cur makes his appearance among them they kill him.
Lieutenant Porter had made many abortive attempts to give the animal away. The Consul suggested the idea of landing the ugly beast on Seraglio Point, where the largest of the packs of the wild and ownerless scavenger dogs of Constantinople roamed. So one Saturday afternoon they proceeded to land the royal cur, and after a great deal of trouble succeeded in getting a rope around him where he stood in his cage down in the hold; then they tied his legs together and put a canvas bood over his head. He was then hoisted. He made a break for the shore, the canvas hood slipping off imme-diately, as it had been so fixed that it would. hour the thing was kept up. Then the place assumed its normal quiet, and the Constantinople curs again resumed their siesta, while nothing was left of the Em-

THE NOON-DAY REST.

It Could be Made Sweeter and More Profitable by a Simple Method, Springfield Union.]

The business women and girls of Indianapolis are enjoying a unique and pleasant benefit called the "Noon Rest," established in a central portion of the city by the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union. The institution is a sort of woman's club, and the "plant" consists of a number of rooms open each week day from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., where all young women who work in stores and shops are invited to spend their noon hours. Tables are provided for lunches, and milk, tea, coffee and chocolate

are served for 3 cents per cup.

The new institution does not come under the head of "charity" in any sense, and the details of its management are the free offer-ing of those who are sensitive enough to realize the instinct of women for the grate!ul seclusion which exclusive surroundings can give. The idea is certainly an admirable one, and ought to be copied in other cities. And it would not be a bad idea if a similar nooning resort could be provided for men who are obliged to carry their dinners or

lunches with them.

A plain hall, neatly furnished, where women or men could sit to eat their lunches apart from the sights and smells of the shops, and spend a few moments in reading or con-versation, under orderly regulations, would be appreciated in any busy community.

SNAKE WITH TWO HEADS.

A Curious Reptile Killed In the Country Near Galena, Ill.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat. A double-headed serpent was killed near Galena, Ill., recently by Captain Leo Heit. He was fiercely attacked by the reptile, and would no doubt have been severely bitten had it not been for his prowess as a marksman and the rapidity with which he drew his revolver from his pistol pocket and fired a couple of balls in rapid succession into the body of his dangerous antagonist.

The snake had evidently crawled out of a hole in a decayed stump of a tree, and when first discovered was lying full length in the sun just in front of the aperture. Captain Helt first imagined there were two reptiles lying together, but on cautiously approaching the spot observed, to his amazement, that it was one saake only, but with two distinct and perfectly formed

The hideous reptile, which had evidently been in a stupor, suddenly became aroused, and was in the act of darting at the captain, when a couple doses of cold lead brought a

halt.

On examining the moccasin it was found that the two heads forked at right and left angles from the body, each head having between three and four inches of neck. The heads were perfectly formed and exactly like and when the content was account. alike, and when the serpent was arouse from his stupor both gave forth a horrible hissing sound which for an instant nearly paralyzed the captain.

NERVOUS debility, poor memory, diffi-dence, local weakness, pimples, cured by Dr. Miles' Nervine. Samples free at Jos. Fleming & Son's, Market st.

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nothing like it here in the Old World.
Given one splendid dinner and all society is emulous. Our silver and gold services,
Japanese, Chinese faience, our resticulated Worcester, Old Spote, Sevres and our own cut-glass makes a table look like a picture

THE STRANGE FOODS

Which Tickle the Palates of People the World Over. the World Over.

SEAWEED, LOCUSTS AND ELEPHANT

And Other Odd Articles of Diet Devoured With a Relish.

SOME CURIOUS ENGLISH DELICACIES

To the new number of the Scottish Review Mr. A. J. H. Crespi contributes an interesting article upon strange foods. "Seaweed," says Dr. Crespi, "is eaten on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland in vast quantities, and, though unpalatable and flavorless, is at times the chief food of some of the poorest. When dry it is richer than oatmeal or Indian corn in nitrogenous constituents, and takes rank among the most nutritious of vegetable foods. Laver is an exception to the low estimation in which seaweed is held, and is a favorite condiment. We have known it eaten in large quantities in North Devon, and with much relish. To prepare seaweed for the table it should be steeped in water to get rig of the sait with which it is impregnated, and a little carbonate of sods re moves the bitter taste, which to some palates is most disagreeable. It should then be stewed in milk or water till mucilaginous, and is best flavored with vinegar or pepper. Fungi are almost everywhere largely eaten, though in England less attention is paid to them than they deserve, and few kinds appear at table. A curious error is to suppose that fungi are eatable and toadstools poisonous; no such line of demarcation exists, nor, strictly speaking, has the name toadstool any precise meaning. Very many fungi are edible, and the common agaric usually eaten in England is not the most palatable and wholesome. Few foods are more savory, and none are greater favorites, than well-cooked fungi, and the souls of vegetarians yearn for them.

CANNIBALISM DYING OUT. The most repulsive food which human be ings could eat is man. Fortunately, cannibalism, although once very general, is now mainly confined to the most degraded tribes of the South Sea Islands, and to some dis-tricts of Australia and Central Africa. Lindsay, of Pitscottie, relates that a man, his wife and family were burned to death on the east coast of Scotland for eating children whom they had stolen; and during the French Revolution the heart of the unfor tunate Princess Lamballe was actually torn out of her body by one of the yelling savages near, taken to a restaurant and there cooked and eaten. Human flesh is said not to be and eaten. Human fiesh is said not to be unpalatable; and this is confirmed by the horrible narrative given by Lindsay; he mentions that as one of the girls was being taken to execution she exclaimed: "Wherefore chide ye with me, as if I had committed an unworthy act? Give me credence and trow me, if ye had experience of eating men and women's flesh ye would think it so delicious that ye would never forhear it again." licious that ye would never forbear it again."
The Tannese of our own day distribute
human flesh in little bits to their friends as delicious morsels, and say that the flesh of a black man is preferable to that of a white one, for the latter tastes salt; other cannibals hold the same.

LIONS AND ELEPHANTS.

The lion is eaten by some African races, although its flesh is in small favor with them, while the Zulus find carrion so much then hoisted. He made a break for the shore, the canvas hood slipping off immediately, as it had been so fixed that it would. Reaching the beach he rolled in the sand two or three times, then stood up and took an observation. The sleeping pack of native dogs were still curled up in their favorite spots perfectly oblivious of his presence. He saw them at once, and in an instant he was in their midst and the fight instant he was in their midst and the fight commenced. The pack flew at him, but he had killed a half dozen before they had gos the best of him. The air was black with dust and dogs, and for more than half an hour the thing was kept up. Then the is tender and palntable, but it becomes very coarse and unpleasant with advancing years. The Abyssini-ans find the rhinoceros much to their liking; so they do the elephant, which is also eaten in Sumatra. Dr. Livingstone speaks of elephant's foot as excellent, "We had the foot cooked for breakfast, and found it delicious. It is a whitish mass, slightly gelatinous and sweet, like marrow. A long march to prevent biliousness is a wise pre-caution after a feast on elephant's foot. Elephant's tongue and trunk are also good. and, after long simmering, much resembles the numps of a buffalo and the tongue of an ox; but all the other meat is tough, and, from its peculiar flavor, only to be eaten by a hungry man." The elephants eaten during the siege of Paris were said to be a great success, and the liver was pronounced finer than that of any geose or duck.

LOCUSTS AND WILD HONEY. The people of Zansibar should stand high for the comprehensive character of their cui sine. Among other delicacies are small monkey and fruit-eating bat. Locusts are relished by the Bedawin of Mesopotamia nd some other Eastern tribes; they are placed on strings and eaten on journeys with bitter and unleavened bread. The Hebrews, who were prohibited exting many kinds of food which our larger experience teaches us are palatable and wholesome, as well as some that we do not venture to touch, were permitted to have their fill of locusts. The ust is an article of diet to this day, but only of the very poor; it is thrown into boiling water, and eaten with salt. To live on locusts and wild honey conveys a more accurate picture of extreme poverty and fru-gality to a traveler in the East than to anyone else. Locusts, however, are not always They are said to have a strong vegetable taste; the flavor largely depending, as might be expected, on the plants on which they have been feeding. Dr. Livingston, who showed his common sense by not being tastidious, considered them palatable when

roasted. Some of the savage tribes of South America are accused of eating everything America are accused of eating everything that by any possibility will support human life. Humboldt saw 'children draw enor-mous centipedes from their holes and crunch them between their teeth, but insects and their larvæ are favorite foods in many parts of the world.

CATERPILLAR A DELICACY.

In the West Indies a large caterpillar found on the palm tree, is reckoned a great delicay—and why not, let us aks? To our civilized taste, however, carrion and bad eggs seem food which no human being could relish. Not so; the Chinese prefer stale to fresh eggs, and the Pariahs of Hindoostan fight greedily with the dogs and jackals for putrid carrion. They would relish the rousette, a kind of bat plentiful in Java, which the natives value; but, although its flesh is white, delicate and tender, it gen-erally smells strongly of musk. The Nagus

erally smells strongly of musk. The Nagus also eats raw meat.

Among the Greenlanders and the Esquimaux the seal is an important food, and, in spite of being coarse and oily, was formerly esten in England. The porpoise was also an English dish, and its liver is, when fried, still, we believe, relished by sailors. Arctic explorers have round the walrus very palatable, and it is largely consumed by the Esquimaux. The Japanese, New Zealanders and Western Australians consider the whale good eating; and the Esquimaux whale good eating; and the Esquimaux highly approve of blubber, and get through with enormous quantities. The crocodie is greedily devoured by the natives of certain districts of Africa. Its eggs in taste resemble hen's eggs, with perhaps a smack of

CURIOUS ENGLISH FOODS. To come to our country, where we do not eat sauerkraut and blubber, birds' nests and pupples, we shall, nevertheless, find some odd foods. The hedgehog, a favorite dish in Barbary, and not disapproved in Spain,

is eaten by Gipsies. Squirrels, too, are occasionally cooked in this country, and are most delicious and fully as palatable as jugged hare; at any rate we have ourselves stewed them, and we can testify that they are excellent. It is even said that frogs are often eaten in the north of England. In some parts of England snails are still eaten, not as ordinary articles of diet, but at stated feasts. We have in bygone days, when living on the borders of the nail-making districts of Staffordshire, seen men filting paper bags with snails to make soup, and we remembered being told that they were excellent eating. The English prejudice against snails is singular, since from time immemorial considerable quantities have been collected round London and on the Kent nastures for export to France. In the AN ANALOGY. Occasionally only, are things of real merit liscovered. When they are, thousands are benefited, and, notwithstanding mitators, the public is not slow in appreciating the good work of the originator, as was the experience of one of the workmen on that great and original invention. Rent nastures for export to France. In the latter country there is no squeamishness; most people there only regret that snalls are too expensive to be indulged in frequently.

ROTHSCHILD TOO SMOOTH.

In Covent Garden the common snail often appears for sale; the purchasers, however, are almost exclusively members of the French, Austrian and Italian colonies of

How He Bent a Committee of Commun That Wanted Him to Divide. Chicago News.1

During the Revolutionary period in Paris in 1848 a committee of seven Communists called at the Rothschild establishment and demanded to see the famous banker. Rothschild appeared, as suave as you please. "Pray be seated, gentlemen," said he; "now what can I do for you?"

"Rothschild," said the chairman of the committee, "our time has come at last. The people are triumphant-the Commune is on top." "Good for the people-vive la Commune!"

cried Rothschild, gleefully.

"The time has come," continued the chairman of the committee, "when each must share equally with his fellow citizen.

We have been delegated to call upon you we have been delegated to call upon you and inform you that you must share your enormous wealth with your countrymen."
"If it is so decreed," said Rothschild, urbanely, "I shall cheerfully comply. At how much is my fortune estimated?"
"At 200,000,000 francs," replied the

"At 200,000,000 francs," replied the leader, boidly.

"And at what is the population of France estimated?" asked Rothschild.

"We figure it 50,000,000," was the answer.

"Well, then," said Rothschild, "it would appear that I owe each of my countrymen about 4 francs. Now, here, gentlemen," he continued, putting his hand in his pocket and producing a lot of silver, "here are 28 francs for you. I have paid each of you, nave I not? Please give me your receipt therefor; and so, good day to you."

The committee retired, and the Commune never pestered the wary financier again. the front part of my head. My nostriis wer continually stopping up with the least cold, and mucus from my head would drop down into my throat, where it would assume a thick, tenacious consistency, which would be almost im possible to cough out. I at first attributed to soap getting into them, but when my hearing began to leave me, I

BOILING AN EGG.

An Expert Says It Must be Put in Cold Water to be First Class. Chicago Tribune. "Isn't it strange," said a short, foreign-

looking man the other day to some companions while lunching together at one of the restaurants, "that not one cook in 50, nor housekeeper either, knows how to boil an egg? And yet most people think they know this simple matter. They will tell you to drop it into boiling water and let it remain three minutes, and to be sure the water is boiling.
"Here is where the mistake is made. An

ezg so prepared is indigestible, and hardly fit for a well person, let alone one who is sick, to eat. The moment it is plunged into boiling water the white hardens and tough-ens. To boil an egg properly put it in a vessel, cover with cold water, place over the fire and the second the water begins to boil your egg is done. The white is as delicate our eight and as easily digested and nutrias a jelly and as easily digested and nutri-tious, as it should be. Try it."

The information is worthy of considera-tion, since the speaker has occupied the place of chef at several of the largest hotels

danta Constitution. 1

in the country.

Why Black Votes Increase So Fast, Under favorable conditions, the repro ductive capacity of the negro is marvelous not exceptionally vigorous, who claimed to be the father of 78 children. There are well-attested instances in which negroe have given birth to 30 children.

LATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

-First-class crop prospects are reported from -Thirty-five hundred men have joined the 8,000 striking Belgium miners. -It is reported that 150 lives were lost in the cyclone in Switzerland Wednesday.

—An American Consular Conference on the McKinley tariff bill has opened at Frankfort. Employers in Australia are binding them selves to support the shipowners in the strike -The barge builders of the Thames have won their strike for nine hours after 19 weeks -The Russian Government has ordered survey for a line of railway from Tiflis to Kan -Two men were blown to pieces by an explo-sion at the Government powder mill at Wal-tham, England.

-Portuguese Progressists are not satisfied ith the treaty with England relative to East frican territory.

—English newspapers are appealing for pub-ic contributions to relieve the famine-stricker districts of Ireland. —The Thames barge builders, after a strike lasting 19 weeks, have secured the concession of a working day of nine hours. —Colonel William Dudley's libel suit against the New York 2imes for publishing the "Blocks of Five" letter has been discontinued.

—The Georgia State Alliance indorsed the sub-Treasury scheme, Government ownership of transportation lines and adopted cottor bagging instead of jute. —Mayor Hart, of Boston, has issued a call for a memorial meeting for September 2. "To give expression to the loss sustained by all our peo-ple on the death of John Boyle O'Reilly."

—Judge Cullen, in the Supreme Court of Brooklyn, has handed down a decision granting the application of Receiver Gray to be allowed to come in as defendant in the Sugar Trust

Judge Rose, in an original package case at Jamestown, N. D., declined to issue a restraining order preventing John Bergren from self-ing liquor under the prehibitory law because the law was unconstitutional. As Bergren permitted liquor to be drank on his premises after being bought, he was amenable to State law and the desired order was given.

There are many white soaps, each*

represented to be "just as good as the Ivory." They are not, but like all counterfeits. they lack

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Allegheny.

Talking with Mr. George Kephart, an em

plove of the well known Westinghouse Air

brake Company, and who resides at No. 7

Grantham street, Allegheny, the writer put

the following question to him: I see you have been treating with Drs. Copeland & Blair for

"Satisfactory in every sense of the word,"

was the prompt reply.

"I had been bothered with catarrh and its attendant symptoms for about five years previous to the time I consulted them. So completely harassed was I with these pains and sensations

that I felt wholly unfit for either work or the

enjoyment of the pleasures of life like other

oung men of my age I saw about me.
"I would have a dull, heavy feeling through

"I would have queer noises in my ears, which

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some time. What has been your experi

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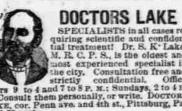
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but when my hearing began to leave me, I found it was something more serious. I had pains in my chest, which would shift from in front to around under the shoulder blades. I had a short, jerky, hacking cough, which seemed to me to come from the stomach, which was in bad condition.

"My appetite was poor, and when I did eat anything, I would feel unnaturally full across the stomach. My nights were restless and when the time came to get up in the morning I was always tired and felt disinclined to move. In fact, I had no ambition at all.

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