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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Legal notices at established rates, Marriages and death notices gratia.

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Look Up, Not Down.

animumical ous.

Life to some is full of sorrow— Half is real, half they borrow; Full of rocks and full of lodges, Corners sharp and cutting edges. Though the joy bells may be ringing, Not a song you'd hear them singing; Seeing never makes them wise, Looking out from downcast eyes.

All in vain the sun is shining, Waters sparkling, blossoms twining; They but see through these same sorrows, Sad to-days and worse to-morrows, See the clouds that must pass over; See the weeds among the clover— Everything and anything But the gold the sunbeams bring.

Draining from the bitter fountain, Lot you mole-hill seems a mountain; Drope of dew and drope of rain Swell into the mighty main. All in vain the blessings shower, And the mercies fall with power; Gathering chaff, ye tread the wheat, Rich and loyal, 'neath your feet.

Look up, as you love and labor, Not for one alone woe's vials, Every one has cares and trials. Joy and pain are linked together, Like the fair and cloudy weather: May we have -Oh let us pray-May we have -Oh let us pray.

Faith and patience for to-day.

-Advance.

Elsie's Three Offers.

The last touch was given to the dainty toilet, and escaping from the hands of mamma and maid little Elsie Baird went slowly down the polished stairs, buttoning the last glove as she went.

"Just a little while more and it will begin," she thought. "What fun it is to be grown up! I am glad now that mamma wouldn't let me go to the Rogerball in the spring. It's a great deal nicer to have my own the very first, and not-Oh!" with a sudden scream of delight, as the turn of the landing brought into view the hall below, lamp-hung and flower-festooned, with orange trees and white-budded laurestines veiling the corners; and screening the musicians stand a tall bank of fair and rose-red cam Bias, to which Coasin Robert and the gardener were at this moment putting the inst touches. All these wonders had been evoked since Elsie went upstair for her preparatory nap. No wondershe cried, "Oh!"

"It is fairy-land! It is too beautiful to be true!' she called down over the balustrade.

"Just so," responded her cousin from below-" quite too beautiful to be true," looking admiringly at the slender vision in fleecy white as it came sweeping down, and noting each point, the dimpled shoulders, the tender bloom. the fluffs of golden hair which played around that sweetest face, in which child and woman seemed to blend so wonderfully. "Well, Elsie, I call that well got up. What! three bouquets! How are you going to manage with them all,

"Do I look nice?" said Elsie, twisting her head round to survey her train -that long delightful incumbrance which to her imagination seemed the visible badge and diploma of young ladyhood. "I am glad you like my dress, Cousin Robert. And isn't it fun?-about the bouquets, I mean. They all came while I was asleep. This big one is from Harry Blount. Did you ever see such a monster? He must have cut every flower in his mother's greenhouse. And such a note as came with it! 'Dear Elsie, wear it for my sake.' Now, Consin Robert, imagine my wearing such a thing !"

"It is rather like a prize cabbage, remarked Robert, surveying the hage bouquet with a critical eye. "Well, who sent the others?"

"This one I am really proud of," said Elsie, dimpling with satisfaction. " Major Strange sent it, and it's exactly like the bouquets which all the other girls have, and makes me feel really and trnly grown up; only it is a pity that none of the flowers have any stems. And I hate those wires; they look so cruel." " And the third, which you are hold-

ing so tight?" Now that one really is remarkable,' said Elsie, blushing not a little. "Mamma would hardly believe it, See how exquisite it is! all white rosebuds, with just this little border of heliotrope to give a color. So appropriate-don't

"Highly appropriate to a child's funeral," remarked her cousin, grimly. "You needn't show the card; I know

"I don't believe you've guessed right at all," pronounced Elsie, waving the card triumphantly above her head-Did you ever? I know, of course, that it's all meant as politness to me and mamma, but it's great fun all the same. Bouquets, and engaged already for the german! What will come next? Cousin Robert, what if I should have an offer!" "Do you particularly want one to-

night, Midget ?" "Oh, no, not to night; but some day I think it would be nice to have one. Now what shall I do with my flowers?

I can't carry them all." "It's rather like coals to Newcastle to give you another when you can't dispose of those you have already," said Robert. "Still, here's a posy which I

had brought you myself."
"Charming!" cried Elsie, throwing her fragrant load on a table and seizing the dewy mass of scarlet bloom which he held out. "You always hit on just the nicest thing. These are the only ones that look at all well with my dress.

token of gratitude for the preference. It was finally settled that all the bouquets should lie together on a little table, and that Elsie should give each

an siring in turn during the evening. With an inaudible sigh Robert Baird watched his darling as guests arrived, and the music began to sound from behind the camellia screen. The noft round cheeks he loved grew rosier; the sweet, delighted eyes glowed with excitement; Elsie, his pet and treasure, was fairly launched on the fair but treacherous sea of society, and a sense of loss and deprivation seized his

The old homestead, of which he was joint owner, had never looked upon a the gardens beyond twinkled with Chinese lanterns, across the soft dusks and shadowy vistas forms in white flit- by a series of expectant partners. ted, gay laughs broke the dewy silences. Dear little Elsie had done the honors prettily by mamma's side; but now the tide of incoming guests slackens. Some hand, Elsie vanishes. And Robert, with a face which is a little sad and not a ittle savage, turns away, and spurs himself up to his hospitable duties.

"It is very good of you," said Mr. Forsythe, softly, as they gained the piszza, "to give the first dance-time to me. It is better than anything else could be to be here in this starry silence, under heaven's arch, and with you!"

Elsie was much awed and impressed. Was this the way in which clergymen talked to young ladies? How nice it was! She had been a little afraid that he would ask her about her soul, and Elsie did not know much about souls as

Still, she was a practical little damsel and having gazed upat "heaven's arch," and seen only the piazza roof, she venured to say: "Didn't you ever care about dancing, Mr. Forsythe?"

He looked down serenely at her from his height of six feet two, but did not eem offended with the question-only mintly-which Elsie noted with relief. "Not very much," he answered,

cently. "And my time is so full of ther and graver duties that it is small matter of regret to me that the church has set the seal of her disapproval on uch pleasures in the case of her ordained servants, whose life work is, or should be, solemn and engrossing." "Is there really a law against danc-

ing, then?" asked Elsie, timidly. "Not for such as you. To a fair young life like yours such amuse ments, when partaken of in moderation, are natural and harmless. And for myself there are many compensa tions-the privilege of ministering to the aged and sorrowful, of sharing their joys and consoling their griets. and, sweetest of all, the close relation which I bear to my flock."

Elsie murmured an assent. She felt a little as though she were in church. Still, it was undeniably gratifying.

"Yes," continued the low, fervent voice, "it is a world of contrasts! This evening I am here sharing in this scene of gayety amid all that makes life enjoyable. This afternoon I spent by the bedside of a dying woman, glad to fold her tired hands and rest after the burden of life, even though she left her children to struggle on alone. I hope I was able to support and strength-

"Oh," interrupted Elsie, "that must have been poor Mrs. McCraw! Is she really dying? Howsorry I am! Mamma is going to take one of the children to keep as our housemaid, and she hopes to get little Jenny into the Home. Oh, I am sorry Mrs. McCraw is dying on the very day of my partyl"

"Yes, dear Miss Baird, it is a world of contrasts, as I said. Death and life, sickness and health, poverty there, luxury here, and heaven over all."

"I am so sorry," cried Elsie, bewildered. "I can't help it. I am young and happy, or I was before you talked so," she added, with a little pout. "But I don't forget that there are sick and poor people, and mamma never does. She is as good as she can be to them; really she is, Mr. For-

"Indeed, dear child," in a tender tone, "I know it well. Your mother is one of my precious helpers and friends; and I would stake my life that you, in your maiden bloom and happinesswhich heaven forbid I should in any way seek to shadow-will also give yourself to every good and holy work I have watched you grow up under my eye a polished stone of the temple, and no fairer vision has ever been granted to cheer my lonely life. And Elsie,' he added, still more softly, "there is no hope so dear to me as this-forgive me that I speak of it; I cannot refrain; the wish is too near my heart-that in the future, which seems at this moment so near and so fair, you may forever lean as now on my arm. Suffer me to lead and support you. Come and of getting rid of his wretched exbrighten my home with your lovely presence, and be to me the best gift that God ever bestowed on man."

Elsie drew her hand away and stared at the young divine with frightened things took on a brighter aspect. It

"An offer !" she cried, breathlessly. Are you making me an offer?"
"What else, dear child?" he responded, with some heat. "And in return will you tell me-"

mentor. "You are right. It is to had also its advantages and indisputapealed. You permit, then, dearest, that I should make her the judge between us, and come at another time for my answer? You can whisper it in mother's ear, in the shelter of mother's arms, can you not, little startled bird? Shall it be so, then?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Elsie, frantic to escape. "Mamma will tell you all about it. Don't say any more to me."

Off she dashed out of the starlit, rose-scented evening, into the protection of the glare, the crowd, little recking of the long, black, tightly buttoned figure with clasped hands and eyes prettier scene. Outside, the moonlit raised to "heaven's arch" which she piazzas were sweet with honeysuckle, left behind. She was prettier than ever, with her flushed cheeks and shy, dazzled eyes, and was seized on at once

Dance succeeded dance. Young Harry Blount, sulking in a corner, and watching his rivals with a pair of glowing, jealous eyes, suddenly gave a great one offers his arm. She is going off to start. He saw Elsie lay down the white dance at last, thinks Robert. But no; bouquet which had affected him as bouquet which had affected him as the young rector is surely not a dancing scarlet affects a buil, take up his flowers man. On his arm, his flowers in her —yes, his!—and carrying them in her -yes, his !- and carrying them in her hand approach his lurking-place. She made a saucy little courtesy, and said: "Mr. Blount, I believe this is our dance.

" Elsie, what a fool I am!" cried the boy, ready to kiss her white-slippered feet in his revulsion of feeling. "Have I really been hanging about here like a tramp, and forgotten that?"

"You really have, Harry," replied the little belie of the evening. "You have neglected me shamefully, and I feel dreadfully about it. Now to atone, don't let us dance at all, but just sit down and rest." Then noticing a look of blank disappointment, she added quickly, "Or rather let us have a snort walk, and then go and hide somewhere and have some coffee-if mamma isn't looking, that is."

" So we will," said delighted Harry. "I know of a capital seat—on the south piazza.'

"Anywhere else!" cried Elsie. " hate that piazza. I never want to see it

"That's a good one, when you've been there half the evening with that parson! Did he bore you so dreadfully, poor little Elsie? I always knew he was a prig.'

"Mamma likes him," responded Elsie demurely. "And so do I-in the

The two children-for they were little more-enjoyed their walk, and then sought a refuge behind the curtains of the deep bay window in the hall. Elsie sank back on the cushioned seat with a sigh of fatigue, too weary for more than half attention to Harry's talk. He was paying her outrageous compliments, she vaguely thought, but she was used to Harry's nonsense, and sheidly picked his bouquet to pieces while meditating on her late extraordinary interview with Cyril Forsythe. Suddenly she came to herself; Harry had taken her hand. When? She didn't remember. Had she been half asleep? He was saying, in a strangely agitated voice: "I know they will al! say we are too young, but I think that's the best of it. It is lovely to begin young, to spend our whole lives together; and I am almost ready for college, and after that I shall step right into the business, and very soon there will be plenty for us

Elsie stared. "Why, Harry, I don't understand you. What are you confid ing to me? It sounds like a love affair. Who is the devoted damsel who is to wait till you get through college, and have something to live upon?"

" Elsie," cried the mortified Harry, you are perfectly unfeeling." "I'm not unfeeling a bit. But really and truly, who is it? You haven't told me her name."

"I thought you understood me,' said the boy, humbly and bitterly. "You looked so pleasant, and never said a word to stop me. Of course you know that I never cared a button for any girl in the world except you. I've been waiting ever so long for the right time to speak, and to-night you looked so stunning somehow, and so kind-Now, Elsie"-pathetically-" don't tease me any longer, but tell me that

you will." " Will what ?" "Wait for me, care about me, marry me some day," blurted out the luckless lover, appalled at her changed look.

" Harry Blount," said Elsie, awfully, rising in majesty to the full height of her five feet two, "I never was treated so in my life. You have all conspired to make me perfectly miserable at my first ball." Her bosom began to heave 'If you say another word of the kind I'll never speak to you again;" and with blazing eyes she swept away, leaving her boy-lover crushed in a heap behind the curtains, and wondering whether noose or poison were the speediest way

After this the evening was a weari iess, but supper came at last, and following supper the german. Here was impossible not to enjoy dancing with such a partner as Major Strange, hero of all the girls of the neighborhood, and when, at its close, Elsie, a bewitching paper cap on her pretty head, listle flags and ribbons fluttering See!" holding the flowers against her snowy bodice with great effect "Mayn't cried, in horror. "I don't know any thing about such things. I'm so little ing gay good-nights with the departing that the man so much the best."

Babin dear demarked, though like it. I know she never allows me to was not all a burden or balls a failure,

"Angelic diffidence," replied her tor- though it might have its frawbacks,

In the midst of her contentment, however she became aware of a f rm hovering outside the door, a face of mute, reproachful wretchedness, and sealed. her heart smote her. Slipping from mamma's side, she made her way to poor Harry, and put out her hand.

"Do forgive me, Harry," she whis-pered. "I was perfectly horrid, and an ashamed of myself; but you don't know how much I had to vex me this evening. Shake hands, and let us be friends again, just as we used."

Under the gentle pleading eyes Harry's rancor and misery melted in a moment, and "hope sprang eternal" in his breast, for "just as we used" meant a great deal more to him than to Elsie. He nearly crushed the small peace-making hand in his vigorous grasp, and Elsie went back smiling and relieved, only to meet another hand, a terribly expressive pressure, a pair of eyes bent upon her from an immense height, and to hear the fervent murmur, "To-morrow, early to-morrow, I shall see you. Till then good-by, and God bless you, Elsie, my best treasure!"

Elsie grew white as a ghost. Really? Was to-morrow really to bring this dreadful fate upon ber? Had she promised without knowing it? Could nothing save her?

"Elsie! Elsie!" cried somebody, and Elsie flew like the wind out of the room. She had no courage left to face eyes and questions. "Where on earth can the child be?" queried Mrs. Baird, perplexed and annoyed, as the last guest departed. "Robert, please see if you can find her, while I attend to having the house shut for the night."

Robert's eyes were keen. He had watched the fluttering exit, and went straight to the piazza. Nothing was visible at the first glance, but a little sob smote upon his ear, and making one stride to the darkest corner he lifted up a poor little white heap, and After the conclusion of the great saw Elsie's face wild and wet with European war he paid down a sum

"Elsie, darling child, what is the matter?"

"Oh, Robin, Robin dear! do take care of me," cried Elsie, hiding her face in his breast. "Don't let that hateful man come to-mcrrow and tell mamma that I like him. I never did:

"What man? Don't cry so, my pet. Nobody shall tease you so long as I am What man was it?"

"Oh, you know-the man who sent me that ridiculous bouquet." "Harry Blount?"

"No, no," cried Elsie, with a halfsysterical giggle. "He did it too. Bat soon made an end of him. It was the other horrid creature-Mr. Forsythe, von know. He declares he'll go to mamma to-morrow, and she'll be so displeased with me. He'll tell her I said I would marry him, and it's a story. I never did, and I hate him and his church and everything about it. Oh, what shall I do?"

"I'll settle that young man," replied her consin, cheerfully. "And I'll talk to mamma. So don't fret any more, little heart. So you had your wish tonight, Elsie-four bouquets and an

"Two," corrected Elsie, with a sob; "that ridiculous Harry.

Cousin Robert-laughed aloud. "Oh, don't!"—piteously. "It was all so horrid! But I am quite comfortable again, now that I have you to take care of me, Robin dear. There's nobody like you. If I had only had hold of this good old coat sleeve all the evening none of these unpleasant things would have happened. Oh, Robin, do devise some way so that I need never go out of your sight again. I hate being a young lady. Offers, indeed! As if any man in the world were worth your or mamma's little finger! Can't you arrange it so that I need never have another offer, Robin?"

Robert stooped suddenly and kissed the little upturned face. "There is this way, darling," he said; "I'll make you an offer myself, and if you say 'Yes,' no one else ever shall."

"Are you in earnest? Do you really mean that? Isn't it just because you feel sorry for me? For really and truly -though I never thought of it before -this is just the one thing in the world should like."

"Do you really mean that, my darling?" cried Robert, unable to believe in his good fortune. "Of course I do. There never could

be any one in the world for me to care for as I do for you. It is just perfect Mamma and you and I, on and on, as it has always been, only a thousand times better."

Five minutes later and Mrs. Baird appeared on the scene. "What is the matter?" she exclaimed, in a peremptory, agitated voice. "Elsie, how you look! Are you ill?"

"Sit down, Marian," said Robert, holding out a warm, brotherly hand, but by no means unloosing the little clasping arms of his newly won treasure. "I will tell you all about it. This poor little thing has had a horrid time. She never wants to go to another ball, nor to shurch either. She has had four bouquets and three offers; she has accepted them all, and now she doesn't know what to do. So the long and short of it is you will have to give her

Tableaut " But she is so young?" queried the anxious mamma, as, the first shock over, the pros and cons began to troop before her mind's eye, much to the advantage of the pros-" so very young,

"Oh, yes I have-terrible experiences this very evening," protested Elsie; "and I never expect to feel young

And with her mother's laugh the compact may be said to have been

Fortunes of the Barings.

The Barings have been among the most famous of English bankers. They are of German stock. There is a kind of ecclesiastical flavor about them. Their English founder was a Bremen pastor, who settled in this country. His grandson married the niece of an English archbishop. One of his descend-ant became bishop of Durham. The money was originally made in the rich, profitable clothing business in the west of England. Ashburton gave a title in the peerage to the chief of the house of Baring. It has been a rule in the house that when any one of them has got a title he goes out of the business. Sir Francis Baring, the first great banker, who, dying in 1810, left a fortune of \$2,000,000, had three sons-Thomas, Alexander and Henry. Thomas succeeding to the baronetcy, gave up the business. Henry had a rather romantic reputation as a lucky gambler, who was frequently able to break the bank of a gaming table. He was the amazement of beholders when he would sit down at a gaming table at the Palais Royal-before such tables were happily abolished-with piles of gold and note before him. The reputation of a successful gambler was hardly suited to the intense respectability of the firm, and Mr. Henry was induced to retire from the business. Alexander Baring, often known as "Alexander the Great," sustained and extended the fortune of the house. He went to America, and there, the richest banker in England, married the daughter of the richest citizen of the United States. One of his magnificent transactions possess a historical importance. of £1,000,000, by which France was freed from the occupation of Russian, Austrian and German armies. "There are six great powers in Europe,' said the Duc de Richelieu
—"England, France, Russia, Austria,
Prussia and Baring Brothers." In 1835 he was made Lord Ashburton. Two of his sons held the title, and each successively retired from the business. The head of the firm, Thomas Baring, became chancellor of the exchequer in

don Society. What a Volcano Can Do.

been governor-general of India .- Lon-

Cotopax, in 1833, threw its fiery rockets 3,000 feet above its crater, while in 1854, the blazing mass, struggling for an outlet, roared so that its awful voice was heard at a distance of more than 600 miles. In 1797 the crater of Tungurangua, one of the greatest peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud which dammed up the rivers, opened new lakes, and in valleys 1,000 feet wide made deposits 600 feet deep. The stream from Vesuvius, which, in 1337, passed through Torre del Greco, contained 32,000,000 cubic feet of solid matter, and in 1703, when Torre del Greco was destroyed a second time, the mass of lava amounted to 45,000,000 cubic feet. In 1760 Etna poured forth a flood which covered eighty four square miles of surface and measured nearly 1,000,000,000 cubic feet. On this occasion the sand and scoria formed the Monte Rosini, near Nicholosa, a cone two miles in circumference and 4,000 feet high. The stream thrown out by Etna in 1816 was in motion at the rate of a yard a day for nine months after the eruption; and it is on record that the lava of the same mountain, after a terrible eruption, was not thoroughly cool and consolidated for ten years after the event. In the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, the scoria and ashes vomited forth far exceeded the entire bulk of the mountain; while in 1600 Etna disgorged twenty times its own mass. Vesuvius has sent its as hes as far as Constantinople, Syria and Egypt; it hurled stones eight pounds in weight to Pompeii, a distance of six miles, while similar masses were tossed up 2,000 feet above the summit. Coto-paxi has projected a block of 100 cubic yards in volume a distance of nine miles; and Sumbawa, in 1815, during the most terrible eruption on record, sent its ashes as far as Java, a distance of 300

The Glossograph. The London journal, Iron, gives an account of another addition to the many scientific wonders of recent years. Herr A. Gentilli, of Vienna, has invented an instrument-named by him the glossograph-consisting of an ingenious combination of delicate levers and blades which, placed upon the of the speaker, are vibrated by the which transcribe the several signs produced by the action of tongue and lips and the breath from the nostrils upon a strip of paper moved by a mechanical arrangement. Similar to shorthand, a special system of writing, which may fitly be termed glossography, is produced, based upon the principle of syllable construction and combination

She told him that she could read his mind like an open book, and then softly added, "blank book."—Chicago Tri-

There are some souls who, plodding on their

Not Knowing.

Strive wearily to see the path they tread, And fear each step they take from day to day, Since they must blindly walk where they are

Among this weary throng I moved one day: The road seemed long and drear; I could not see ;

My foolish heart was sad because the way Was veiled in God's own blessed mystery.

There came unto my heart a message—lo! A "still small voice" within the voiceless

'Peace! Follow Me," not knowing where I an blameless Master surely leads aright.

Now fearless on I go, still toward the goal, Not knowing what awaits me, yet content, Since I know, past all doubting, that my soul Is going on the way the Master went.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

One touch of malaria makes us all

The paper-hanger's business is very stuck up.

Eternal vigilance is often the price

Crows never complain without caws. That's where they are sensible. Inquirer—Where is the best place to learn to sing? The desert.—Boston

"I occasionally drop into poetry," as the man said when he fell into the editorial waste basket. When a couple make up their minds

to get married, it may be called a tie vote. - Somerville Journal. The Cincinnati Saturday Night has discovered that prize-fighters are ad-

dicted to holding "Pound Socials." A goat within a courtyard chanced Just as from window fell

A legal tome, his goatship glanced, And gobbled it pell-mell. "That beast is like to Tennyson,"

Quoth wag of pithy pate.
"Why?" asked another: "'Cause," said he,
"It is the law 'e ate."

On a Mexican Farm. We are in the midst of a level valley, with gently sloping mountains on all the boundaries. The leading crops are maize, barley and maguey. The tlachi-

quero goes around every day, with his donkey carrying wine skins, collecting the sweet sap from the magney to make Lord Melbourne's ministry, and anthe pulque. He pours it into vats of skin in his department to ferment, other member, Lord Northbrook, has treats it in his own way for a fortnight or more, and then it is ready for sale. We see sometimes forty plowmen come in and unvoke their teams of an evening. The agricultural implements of the larger sort in use are American, but plows, spades, picks and the like are manufactured at Apulco, near by, more cheaply. There are interesting homemade wooden forks and shovels yet remaining. Among the rest the veritable Egyptian plow, of wood with

but an iron point, is much more in use than the modern sort. And for its purpose of turning shallow furrows and plowing between the rows of maize it appears, to tell the truth, not ill adapted. The ground is treated by irrigation, no less than eleven large dams, one of them creating a lake two miles long, being formed for this purpose. The portions of land used for cultivation are taken irregularly in various parts of the estate, according to their proximity to these. Each has its name, as Las Animas, San Antonio the Larger, San-

Antonio the Less. But it is a grazing country, and the chief industries are the raising of animals and the making of butter and cheese. The greater part of the cattle are hornless, which is effected by a simple process of searing the tender horn when sprouting, after which it does not increase. The idea is worth attention by American farmers and those who have to do with the transportation of cattle. The calf here remains with its mother under all circumstances. It is a quaint sight at milking-time to see it lassoed fast to its mother, whose hindlegs are also lassoed, waiting, by no means patiently, the conclusion of the ceremony. Each of the departments is under the command of its own chief,

is made of the whole. - Harper's Magazine A Hot Place to Live. Mr. John H. Wilson, who has been

and an accurate supervision and record

appointed United States consul at Bremen, is by this appointment simply transferred from Pansma to his old post where he was for three years-from 1873 to 1876. He went from there to Hamburg, where he remained for another three years, and from there to Panama. The consulship at Panama is the best in point of salagy by about \$1,000, but Mr. Wilson says he would tongue and lips and under the nostrila not live in Panama for \$20,000 a year. "It is down there under the tropical movements of the former and the sun," he said, "where there are graves breath flowing from the latter. The of five consuls, and nothing but disvibration is transmitted to pencils, comfort." His successor there is Mr. Scroggs, formerly minister to Colombia. As he was speaking of the graves of consuls, Mr. Pulvermacher, of Tennessee, consulat Maricaibo, Venezuela, came up and said : It At my post there are thirty-three graves of consuls, and there is, if one can judge of the heat, but a thin parcition between there and h-ades. Mr. Pulvermacher is soon to return to his red-hot post, where he is, apparently, the only consul who can keep out of a grave. He is not only United States consul, but fills the same office for England, France and Garmany, -- Washington Letter.