ARLINGTON.

A PEACEFUL SPOT WHERE RE-POSE OVER 16,000 SOLDIERS.

The Place Consecrated to the Past The Mansion of Robert E. Lee— An Estate Beloved of Nature - Faithful Old Slaves.

A delightful ride of three miles, through historic Georgetown, past old buildings which George Washington dined, under the shadow of the famous college over Aqueduct Bridge and the beautiful Potomac, past Fort Meyer, where the signal service prognosticators are trained with military precision and discipline, and we are at the gates of Arlington, says a correspondent. It is like entering a new world. Behind lie commerce, wealth, ambition, politics, the present, the future.

Once in Arlington you live in the past, and the past alone. The road winds among the oaks, elms, maples, magnolias, many kinds of evergreens, arbor vitæ and thousands of flowering shrubs. The air is laden with the perfume of flowers, the sward is green and restful, the shade cooling. But the marvelous beauties of nature, here spread with lavish hand, are as nothing compared to the real Arlington. These natural attractions are but the fair and graceful body. Arlington possesses a soul.

Under the sward repose the remains of 16,288 soldiers. Four thousand four hundred and forty-nine of these are unknown. Vast as are these figures, one can easily believe them true, for on either side the long, regularly formed rows of small, white headstones extend, perspectives of green between lines of white as far as vision can reach. The grounds are perfectly kept. There is no grave that has become sunken, and none is marked by an elevation of the ground. Smooth and even is the surface everywhere. Walk among these stones and in ten minutes one may see such typical American names as Sherman, Whittier, Spaulding, Jackson, Lee, Buchanan, Lawrence, Sheridan, Grant, Randolph, Allen.

One of the Jacksons bears the initials "U. S. G." and near by, oddly enough, is an "Andrew Grant." Not far away is "George Washington," and within a stone's throw two other Washingtons-"A." and "J." Plenty of good Irish names may be seen, too, and German as well, significant of the valiant part borne in the struggle by the sons of these countries. Silent witnesses of war's havoc are all these stones, but more especially the ones occasionally come upon marked "a leg," or "an arm." A few of these unidentified members were honored with separate burial, but in one great pit were thrown the bones of 2111 unknown soldiers, gathered after war from the fields of Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock. Over them is a cannon surmounted monument bearing the inscription:

"Their remains could not be identified, but their names and deaths are recorded in the archives of their country, and its grateful citizens honor them as of their noble army of martyrs. May they rest in peace."

Frequently one notes the name of a woman, and on inquiry is surprised to learn that the remains of several hundred women repose here in honor. But in this there is nothing inappropriate, and on the records all go down as "soldiers," for they were the wives of officers who fell in battle, or nurses in the field hospitals. Surely these women who kept the homes and comforted the wounded and dving may fittingly be included with those of whom the roadside tablet sings:

On fame's eternal camping ground Their silent tents are spread, And Glory guards with solemn round The bivouac of the dead.

Driving through the cemetery these with raised white sands of visitors have seen and admired origin of the lines. They were written of a monument to the dead of the Mexican war at Frankfort, Ky., many years ago. As one enters Arlington by the west gate nearly the whole of this beautiful poem is shown him, verse by verse, as he drives along.

By the roadside stand many pretty great portico of doric columns. Here Robert E. Lee was wed in 1831 to Mrs. Beard himself. Curtis, granddaughter of George Washington, and here he lived, when not away all the fortunes of war and tragedies of painted their old yellow color.

The servants' quarters, the detached kitchen and other outbuildings are preserved intact. In a part of the houses now lives the family of the officer in charge of the cemetery, and the hall and southern parlors are given up to the use of the public. A register is kept, in which 40,000 visitors record their names each year, and on the walls hang maps of the cemetery, the diagram showing every grave and the names of all the known dead.

A magnificent estate was this of General Lee. Step out on the portico and behold the panorama. In the foreground a sharp declivity; at its brow, but a few yards from the house, the grave and new monument of Sheridan. Then a fast sloping lawn, next a forest of magnolias, oaks, maples, all vine clad or surrounded by flowering shrubs; a winding driveway; the stone wall with its beautiful gates made of columns from the old War Office and the old Patent Office: just outside the Alexandria Georgetown turnpike on which Washington rode many and many a time en route to or from Mt. Vernon, and beyond this the Potomac with its moving ships and boats. Across the Potomac-all Washington. the distant hills green in the background the great Capitol, overshadowing every thing; the monument, nearer by, rising whiter and grander than from any other view; the red brick Pension Office, the Treasury, the White House barely discernible, the War, State and Navy building. Spanning the Potomac is Long Bridge, over which the armies passed, thousands of them, to return to this eternal camping ground.

Near the mansion is a pavilion modeled after the temple of Fame, and bearing on its frieze the names of Washington, Grant, Farragut and Lincoln, and on its columns Garfield, Thomas, Meade, McPherson, Sedgwick, Reynolds, Humphreys and Mansfield. Near by is the Monument to the Unknown, and just beyond it the beautiful amphitheatre, 160 feet in diameter, with chaste Corinthian rostrum and colonnade, wherein many thousands sat upon the green sward Decoration Day and joined the anniversary exercises. The greenhouses are fairly bursting with flowers to be used in the decoration of the graves, and the colored man, bent and old, whom we see ambling along, watering pot in hand, is Wesley Syfax, who once was Robert E. Lee' slave. Thirty years ago there were 200 slaves on the estate, and five of them still remain, so much attached to the place that they could not be driven away. They live in little cabins near by, and work, when they can, for the Government. A little way from the house to the south are the graves of George Washington Curtis and his wife. In a gloomy spot under the hill is the resting place of Mrs. Mary Randolph. It is the faithful old slave, Wesley Syfax, who early each Decoration Day morning strews these graves with sweet jessamines and forgetme-nots.

South American Railroading.

The Corrientes, Oran and Tartagal Railroad in Bolivia, South America, is being pushed on with much activity. Where the work is now in progress is through a thick forest, which extends from two kilometers from the starting point from Oran toward the Colorado River. The line stretches nineteen kilometers through what appears to be an immense tunnel of vegetation, so thick is the forest in that district with the exception of a small space which is situated at the entrance to the plains, and where work is being pushed on in order to arrive at the river Colorado, over which a bridge will be thrown. Engineers and workmen there suffer alike from the intense heat, from thirty-eight degrees to forty degrees centigrade in the shade are seen by the way. Hundreds of thou- (above 100 Fahrenheit), and the immense plague of venomous insects. Lathem-never did poet have a better set- borers are lacking, as very few men will ting for his verses-but few know the expose themselves to the labor and risk, and at this season of the year the Indians by Theodore O'Hara, a gifted Irish- cannot be relied upon, as they prefer to Kentuckian soldier and scholar, and read live in the middle of the forests where by him on the occasion of the unveiling they subsist by eating the algarrobas, and fully supplying themselves with liquor from the fruit which they call aloja .-San Francisco Chronicle.

A Blue-Beard's Tombstone.

In an old burying ground in a large Southern New Hampshire town there is monuments of officers and heroes. But an interesting group of seven tombof greater interests than any other object stones. Each of six of them marks a within the tract of 1130 acres is Arling- little strip of earth where rests the remains ton House, a massive structure with a of one of the wives of one man, and the seventh is the gravestone of the Blue-The epitaphs of the wives are short and simple enough, but the fifth bears, underneath the name and in his country's service, for thirty years. record of the woman's birth and death, The old house stands just as it stood these words: "The Peacemaker." One seventy-five years ago. Though stripped | can only speculate as to what the circumof its antique furniture and invaluable stances were under which she exercised relics of Washington its precious mem- her benevolent art; but no doubt she had ories still cling to it-memories which to be a peacemaker to enable her husband to get along in any sort of comfort with fate cannot take away from it. A year all his deceased wives' relations. But the or two ago its outer walls had become epitaph on the husband's tombstone is much faded, but have recently been a gem. It reads thus: "Rest, Weary Pilgrim."-Boston Transcript.

COSTLY WOODS.

WHERE THOSE SOLD IN NEW YORK COME FROM.

Some Cost More Per Pound Than the Most Expensive Meats—Rare Kinds That are Brought Many Thousand Miles.

"Yes, we have wood here that costs more than the choicest slices of meat. Over there is some French burl walnut worth at a low estimate thirty cents per pound. Although called French wood it never saw France. It comes from Persia and Circassia by way of Constantinople.'

The speaker was a fancy-wood importer on the East River, this city, and he pointed as he spoke to a dark, roughly-hewn block that stood with many other blocks in a row against the wall of his office.

Marseilles merchants, the dealer explained, were the original importers of burl walnut, and at one time enjoyed a monopoly of the business, but of late years the city of Marseilles has not been a walnut market of much account.

"Can the demands for fancy woods be satisfied by the productions of foreign countries," asked the reporter.

"No," rejoined the importer. "We have never been able to supply our trade with enough of the rare qualities of wood. That block," pointing to another sample in the row, "is snakewood, out of which cane and umbrella handles are made, cannot be obtained in sufficient quantities. London and Liverpool concerns control the snakewood market. It is found in South America. Look at that piece next to the snakewood. That's camphorwood. Wealthy people have trunks made of it on account of its moth-destroying properties. We import camphor-wood from Japan. Here's another expensive wood-sandalwood, indigenous to the Sandwich Islands. It is worth about \$300 per ton. Sandalwood causes that peculiarly fragrant smell in the fumes of incense. East Indians employ it extensively as a perfume. Here is a sample of boxwood. During the roller skating mania it sold for eight and ten cents a pound. To-day we can't sell it at almost any price. Boxwood comes from Africa and the West Indies. Step into the next room and I'll show you something worth looking at."

The reporter entered and viewed a plank of rosewood, the grain of which formed a figure representing the body of a shark, with the snout of a hog. plank was framed and polished. This plank is worthy of exhibition among the rarest curiosities known.

"Rosewood," continued the importer, 'is an expensive wood, its cost approaching \$300 per ton. Brazil supplies us with most of our rosewood. Woods of the quality which I have shown you are seldom used except as a veneer. appears to be a rosewood coffin generally is pine, covered with a thin sheet of rosewood. Pianos and expensive furniture are almost invariably veneered. That three feet cubic of mahogany over there might serve to veneer a dozen pianos. After steaming it for twenty-four hours it can be cut, or rather shaved, into sheets one-fiftieth of an inch thick and then pasted over fine piono cases."

"Why do they weigh fancy wood instead of measuring it?" inquired the reporter.

"They don't always weigh it," was the reply. "The very highest grades only are sold by weight-the common grades by the foot. In Europe the practice of weighing wood prevails more than in this country. Here is another curious feature. This is a small piece of mahogany. Its surface is smooth and free from blemishes -now look at the center," and the reporter's entertainer broke the piece in sections, disclosing an interior honey eombed with holes one-third of an inch in diameter made by a white seaworm. "This worm," continued the importer, "is a fell destroyer. When valuable rafts are being floated from the shore of the countries in which these woods grow, this little rascal enters the logs filling the hole after him so that the exterior presents a sound appearance. He destroys whole rafts in the manner in which this piece has been destroyed. It is on account of this worm that the bottoms of ships are covered with copper."

"Are these fancy woods becoming scarce?" was the last question to which the merchant replied.

"Yes. Each year they become scarcer and relatively dearer. In some countries the timber is cut away for miles from the coast. This necessitates the expenditure of more time and money to drag the umber to the sea-shore and consequently has a tendency to relatively increase the price, not to say anything about making the various woods scarcer. I almost forgot an American wood that ranks with any of them in price and quality. This is American figured walnut, which is preferred by many to the French burl wal-Soft mahogany grows in Mexico and the hard mahogany we generally import from Cuba."-New York News.

It is probable that the Indian is of the Mongolian race.

A Prison Keeper's Nerve.

A shipmaster of my acquaintance, who has been very successful as warden in more than one penal institution, told me that he once heard that a criminal fined under his control had said that he fined under his control had said that he would kill the warden on the first opportunity. Captain E. said nothing, but the next afternoon, when he had an hour's leisure, sent for the man. "Bill," let us call him, found the captain strapping his razor. "Oh, 'Bill,' is that you?" exclaimed the warden. "Well, never mind, the warden. claimed the warden. "Well, never mind, can you shave?" The man replied that he had often shaved his companions. "All right, suppose I see what kind of a barber you are?" With that he took a seat in his chair, handed the criminal the razor, and was shaved. "Bill" went faith fally through his duty, and when he had finished the captain said: "They told me that you were watching for a chance to kill me, so I thought I would give you as good a one as you could ask for; that was all." "Bill" slunk sheepishly way, and from thence the captain had no firme friend than the desperate criminal.—Bos ton Traveler.

Electricity Does Not Hurt.

The experience of an electric light employe in Virginia City, Nev., cannot fail to be interesting. Henry Faull received a shock from which he remained uncon-scious for fifteen minutes, during which time his heart showed no signs of pulsa-tion. The palm was burned where he had held the wire. The current passed down through the right side of his body, leaving no mark save where it left the foot, the toes of which were scorched black. Faull gives the following account of his sensations:

After grasping the wire he was mediately drawn upward with irresistible force and endeavored to shout for aid, but, although another workman was but three feet distant, his voice was not audible. Although suspended by his hands, with his toes resting on the boilerplate floor for scarcely a second, Faull says it appeared to him that he was in that position several minutes. He felt no pain whatever. This is the last he no pain whatever. This is the last he remembers until restored to consciousness.—Detroit Free Press.

An Old Showman's Sleeping Van.

Old Adam Forepaugh has been in th show business for forty years, and has never missed a season's personal attend-ance upon his circus. While on the road he has never been known to sleep in a hotel. The show carries with it a van that looks like one of the animal dens. that looks like one of the animal dens. It has an open top and sides, and is equipped with a cot bed and toilet necessaries. The old man sleeps in this every night. He is given to a habit of arising at all hours of the night, and making excursions through the tents. There is no telling at what hour the old man is likely to drop in, and the result is that eternal vigilance is the price result is that eternal vigilance is the price of continued employment with 4-Paw St. Louis Star-Sayings.

Of 5000 horses that started in trotting races last year, only forty of the list won

The Wisest Gift.

The Wisest Gift.

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The best dressed dame in town."

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Dr. Pierce's Pellets-gently laxative or ac ively cathartic according to dose. 25 cents. The Amazon River system contains 30,000 miles of navigable waterways.

And 100 men to call daily on any druggist for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discovered by Dr. Silas Lane while in the Rocky Mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constitution and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Everyone praises it. Lance-size package, to cents. At all druggists.

The famous leaning tower of Pisa has been put up for sale by lottery.

Is it probable that what a million women say after daily trial is a mistake? They say they know by test that Dobbins's Electric is most economical, purest and best. They have had 24 years to try it. You give it one trial.

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"Stick to your business," is very good advic, but still there are a great many people in the world who have no regular and profitable business to stick to; and there are others who arrival to them. Now, when such is manifestly unsatified to them. Now, when such is the case, you had better write to B. F. Johnson & give you a pointer. They have belied a great many men and women along the way to fortune, and now stand ready to assist you, too.

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Swift's Specific cured me of terrible Tetter, from which I had suffered for twenty long years. I have now been entirely well for five years, and no sign of any return of the disease. Rogers, Ark., May I. 1889. W. H. Wight.

One bottle of S. S. S. cured my son of boils and risings, which resulted from malarial poison, and affected him all the summer. He had treatment from five doctors, who failed to benefit him.

Cavanal, Indian Ter.

J. B. Wise.

I have taken Swift's Specific for secondary blood

poison, and derived great benefit. It acts much better than potash, or any other remedy that I have ever used. B. F. Wingpield, M. D., Richmond, Va.

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