

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, EDITOR AND PROP.

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., Nov. 8, 1888.

It is estimated that one-half of all the drugs imported into the United States are consumed in the manufacture of patent medicines.

The census of 1880, preparations for which are already being made, promises to show in the United States a population of more than 70,000,000.

The tree from the milk of which the India rubber of commerce is made grows well in Southern California, and extensive preparations are being made for planting it.

A new device of the Patriotic League of France is to engrave on monuments the figures 1870-1871, the blank being the date of the War of Revenge, which is left to the imagination.

The reports of the Hydrographic Bureau at Washington declare that the sailing tonnage of the world is nearly double that of steam, and that this relative proportion is likely to be maintained.

According to the *Journal Gazette*, of the 241 clothing manufacturers in the City of New York 43 are Hebrew firms. The Hebrews are also largely engaged in cigarmaking, employing over eight thousand hands and producing over six hundred million cigars yearly.

The Austrian Consul at Yokohama, Japan, reports great difference in commercial morality between the merchants of China and Japan. The Japanese, he says, are neither enterprising nor upright, but the Chinamen are solid and trustworthy in every respect.

Statistics have just been published on accidents brought about by avalanches in the Tyrol of Switzerland. Last year fifty-three people were killed. The value of the cattle buried by avalanches is estimated at upward of \$8000, while the total amount of property destroyed figures at \$135,000.

Under the simplified drill of the German army the battalions will in future learn but three formations, the double column, the deep column (four companies following each other in company columns) and the broad column. The company column is the basis of all formations and movements in war.

A St. Louis doctor has removed the brains from a dozen different frogs and headed the wound and let them go. They went off as if nothing had happened out of the usual, and it was plain that they had lost nothing of value. A frog which depended on his brains instead of his legs would stand a mighty poor show in a puddle near a school house.

N. J. Colman, Commissioner of Agriculture, has charge of the arrangements for the display of American agricultural products at the Paris Exposition next spring. A large sum of money was appropriated by the general Government to defray the expenses of the entire display, and of the total amount \$30,000 was set apart for the agricultural interests.

It takes 1,000,000 barrels of flour yearly to supply bread for the people of Philadelphia. Besides paying nearly \$5,000,000 a year for this flour they also pay over \$10,000,000 annually for having it made into bread by the bakers. In other words, says the *Record* of that city, the staff of life is more than doubled in value because women at home cannot make light, wholesome loaves.

The *Detroit Free Press* says: "In ten years the ratio of marriage in the large cities of the North has decreased eight per cent. This startling fact has brought out many explanations, but the one generally accepted is that so many men are crowded out of work by the cheap labor of women that they cannot think of marriage. The ratio will continue to decrease until only the rich can afford marriage."

A Brooklyn man has originated an enterprise by which the community is to be supplied with trustworthy eggs. His plan, relates the *Chicago Herald*, is to inclose hens of ascertained diligence as egg producers in caged-up nests and leave them at the homes of customers, the latter to pay a rental of so much per hen, and take their chances of getting more or less than one egg from each fowl. It is stated that the company which has been organized for this purpose will not be responsible for the failure of any particular hen to perform her duty, but will spare no effort to employ reliable hens that will maintain a reasonable average. It is a great enterprise, and the public is certain to take to it kindly. The cackle of a hen in city homes, with its refreshing suggestions of country life and rural barnyards, and the warm, white egg fresh from the nest, will be attractive novelties.

Indifferent Tourist: "No; we're a President there."

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS.

I am so glad, so glad to know
That just beyond the mountains,
Lies the land of pure delight—
The land of crystal fountains—
The land of youth, of love sublime;
The land where friends ne'er sever,
But walk and talk, y s, on and on,
Forever and forever.

I know it's only just beyond
The rough and rugged hills,
Where we will meet those gone before—
Where there's no pain or ill;
And we will take them by the hand,
Forget death's chilling river,
And in the sunshine of his love
We'll live and live forever.

Beyond the mountain's snow-crest peaks,
Beyond the sunset's glory,
We'll find a land where all is love—
The land of ancient story;
The land of peace, of milk and wine,
Where is no tithal fever,
Where crystal streams we've seen in dreams
Flow on and on forever.

Beyond the mountain high and blue,
Beyond the stars above it,
Beyond the sun with dazzling glow,
Beyond all we can covet—
Is a sweet home for you and me
Beside the golden river,
Where friends will meet and loved ones greet,
And live and love forever.

It is not far beyond the hills,
Beyond the sunset's splendor,
To where we'll meet on Eden's shore
In sunshine calm and tender—
Where hearts will no more be bowed down,
Nor hands with cold will shiver,
But veppers whisper sweet and low,
Forever and forever.

In that fair land are many eyes
Awaiting for my coming,
And in the shade of sylvan boughs
A true love-song are humming,
I know they'll take me by the hand
To help me over the river,
Where I can view Elysian fields
Forever and forever.

I love to think of that bright land
Where angry storms ne'er gather;
Where wintry winds with chilling wail
Are not allowed to enter,
Where all is joy, as blithe as May,
And all is summer weather,
And sunlight pure will light our way,
Forever and forever.

—P. H. HARTER.

MR. WINTHROP'S COAT.

BY STEWART CHAPLIN.

Mr. Waldo Archer, the portrait painter, lived, about three years ago, in one of those pretty studio-buildings on Thirty-seventh street, in New York city. If you have ever been through the street you must remember the buildings—Philadelphia pressed brick, each story set back further than the one below, and with a sloping roof of ground glass rising back to the next story.

Mr. Archer was not as well known then as he is now. He had not as yet painted that portrait of Leonard P. Jenkins, Vice-President of the U. S. P. & W. Railroad, which made such a stir at the spring exhibition at the Academy in 1886. But he had already attained reasonable success, and had a pretty wife who was a painter, too—not of portraits, but of things—that dainty sort you have seen at the great china stores, wild roses with the morning dew on them, and blackberry vines in their autumn colors. You felt almost certain you could see them stir a little in some passing breeze, as you looked at them.

Mrs. Archer had herself done the housework in the little flat some time—she did not find it much of a burden. And now, their only servant was an old colored man who had brought them a letter from some dear friends of theirs in the South. He had come to New York to look up a child he had lost after the war, but had only found that the child was dead.

The Archers did not know what to do with the old man, at first. He had to come in in the afternoon to see if they had found him a place. Mr. Archer would be painting away at his easel on the blue coat perhaps of a General, or the ball dress of a lady of fashion, and his wife would be sitting in her low, rattan chair reading aloud to him from Robert Browning or Dr. Holmes, or some other of their favorite writers, when there would come a knock on the door, and in would walk Alexander Naswell St. Clair, bowing low and swinging back at arm's length his high, white leaver hat.

He was a tall, gaunt old man, solemn in appearance until he began to speak, when his face lighted up finely. Mrs. Archer always laid her book down at once and asked him to be seated, but he would only bow and smile, and remain standing, and say, bowing his head frequently while he spoke:

"Well, sir, any news for me to-day, sir?"
He always said "Sir," but he evidently asked the question of both.
There never was any news. Mr. Archer "loaned" him a little money now and then, "till he could find a place," and finally they took him themselves, in self-defense, Mrs. Archer said, and he soon became an established member of the family.

He could cook, and wash and iron, and sweep, and scrub, not only could, but did. He "tended" the door with much state and solemnity, made all the purchases at the grocer's and butcher's, and in fact, rendered life quite another thing for Mrs. Archer. She said that formerly, when she read to her husband from Whittier or Lowell, she was always seeing visions of boiling potatoes and baking bread floating between the lines. Now she turned all such visions over to Alexander.

One day a handsome carriage with a faint red monogram on the panel, stopped before Mr. Archer's building, and in a few moments a gentleman was ushered in by Alexander—Mr. Winthrop.

Mr. Archer knew the name. He had seen it in the papers often. And he knew where Mr. Winthrop lived, in a great, double, brown stone house, with glittering plate-glass windows, on Fifth avenue, a corner house with a square oriel window projecting diagonally from the corner on the second floor.

Mr. Winthrop had seen some of Mr. Archer's portraits at the Academy Ex-

hibition, and recently had been especially pleased with one he saw at a friend's house on Fifty-seventh street. He wanted to have Mr. Archer paint his portrait, and had come to arrange for the first sitting.

They agreed on Wednesday of the following week for the time, and at two o'clock on that day Mr. Winthrop's carriage brought him again.

He had Alexander go down to the carriage and bring up a package containing a Prince Albert coat he was to wear during the sittings. So he put it on, and after much discussion and many experiments as to his position, he was finally seated and Mr. Archer was at work.

Now the coat was a handsome one. Alexander had seen handsome clothes in his day, at the South, and he noticed this one as soon as it appeared on the scene. The material was a rich diagonal, and it was lined and faced with expensive silk, and fitted like a glove.

When Mr. Winthrop went away that day, he left the coat.

"I will leave it," he said. "I should be sure to forget to bring it every time." Alexander wrapped the coat up and put it away on a closet shelf.

After that Mr. Winthrop came nearly every Wednesday, for a good many weeks, and then the portrait was finished at last, and was sent away. It made a fine picture. Mr. Winthrop was a tall, well-built man, with a strong, vigorous face a little flushed, and a bushy head of hair just beginning to turn gray, and Mr. Archer had caught his best expression perfectly. Every one who saw it was delighted.

Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Archer had become very good friends, and Mrs. Archer had fallen into the way of sitting in the studio while the work was going on, with her painting or sewing. But Mr. Winthrop was a busy man, and after the picture was done it was a long time—nearly a year—before he came again.

One day the carriage brought him once more. The Archers were both at home. Mr. Archer was at work just then on a portrait of a pretty child with blue eyes and sunny hair, dressed in black velvet. They had a very pleasant half-hour together, and then Mr. Winthrop rose to go.

"Oh, by the way," he said, as he stood by the door, "it just occurs to me that I have a coat here. I forgot it when I went away. That was a favorite coat of mine. If you can lay your hand on it now, without trouble, I'll take it."

"Oh, surely," said Mr. Archer. "I'll let Alexander get it," said Mrs. Archer.

"Coat?" said Alexander, when he was summoned in. "Coat?"—I wish I could give you his voice, as well as his words,—the strong melancholy in its tones, and a faint, illusive accent,—too faint and too illusive to be represented at all in type.

"Don't you remember the Prince Albert coat I had here, Alexander?" asked Mr. Winthrop.

"Seems if I did, now," said Alexander, bowing his head, a little on one side, at short intervals, and looking steadily at his own boots. "Seems if I recall that coat, an' yet?"

"Oh, yes, Alexander," said Mr. Archer, "of course you remember that coat. Go and look for it. It must be here somewhere."

Alexander shuffled about the studio, looking not only in the closets, but in all sorts of impossible places, under chairs and behind boxes and pictures. Then he went shuffling through the other rooms, noisily opening drawers, inspecting shelves, looking into trunks.

Mr. Winthrop resumed his seat, meanwhile, and the talk ran on again. But Mrs. Archer exchanged looks with her husband.

Alexander returned after a short time. "I can't seem to find no coat about it," he said, bowing and bowing, and looking at the floor, and the ceiling, and the pictures, and everywhere but at Mr. Archer. "Sometime must have happened to that coat."

"I will look for it myself, Alexander," said Mrs. Archer, in a tone of displeasure, and so she departed and looked through the drawers and trunks and closets, but with no better results.

"Well, Mr. Winthrop," she said, as she came back, "there certainly is something mysterious about the disappearance of that coat. I cannot find it. But we will have a thorough search for it, and will send it to you."

So Mr. Winthrop went rolling away in his carriage.

"Alexander," said Mrs. Archer, when he was gone, "don't you remember that coat Mr. Winthrop left here?"

"Coat?" said Alexander, bending his head on one side and beginning to bow. "Why, yes, I do remember that coat perfectly."

"And did you really look for it just now as hard as you knew how?"

"Well," said Alexander, as if weighing his words very carefully, "well, now, not just as hard as I has sometimes done things; well, now."

"And did you really expect to find it where you looked?"

"Well, now," said the old man, "jus' where I look, why, no, I can't say I did expect to see it, 's' the case."

"Alexander," said Mrs. Archer, in a severe tone, "I believe you have never told me a falsehood. Do you know where that coat is?"

"Well, now," he said, "I suppose I do know where that coat is, well, yes."

"Why, I am shocked, Alexander," said Mrs. Archer. "Where is it? Who has it? Have you sold it?"

"No."

"Given it away?"

"No."

"O, Alexander, have you been wearing that beautiful coat?"

"Well, now, Mrs. Archer," said Alexander, looking her in the face now, and holding up two black hands with their white palms toward her, "if you will pause a moment, I wish to say a few words to save my character from sacrilege. I have not wore that coat."

"Who did?"

"Well, Mrs. Archer, Mr. Archer have that very coat on hisself, this very minute?"

Alexander's feelings here overcame him, and he turned and fled to the kitchen.

Mr. Archer tore off his coat and looked at the tailor's name.

"I never had him make me a coat," he said. "Why, this does look like the coat to be sure. But it looks like my coat, too, only a great deal better."

"O Waldo!" was all Mrs. Archer could say, as she sank into her low wicker chair.

"Don't you remember," he said, half laughing and half in consternation, "that I have said several times lately that I must be growing stout, my coat was getting so tight?"

Mrs. Archer nodded and laughed again.

From the kitchen came a faint sneaker. It was the first time they had ever known Alexander to give way to levity. "I shall sit right down and write to Mr. Winthrop," said Mr. Archer, finally. "I can't send him the coat now, but I'll tell him I'll paint him a picture to console him for his loss."

And he did.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Banana.

The banana or plantain was thought to be a native of Asia only, and carried into America by Europeans, until Humboldt expressed his doubts as to its being only of Asiatic origin. He quotes many old authors to prove that the plantain was cultivated in America before the time of Columbus. Brown, in the year of 1818 ("Plants of the Congo," page 51), says that there is no difference in the bananas of America and Asia that would prevent us from classing them as of the same species.

The Greeks, Romans and Arabians mention it as a wonderful fruit tree. Pliny says the Greeks of Alexander's army saw it growing in India. Sages sat in the shade, and from this the botanical name of Sapiantum, Musa from Arabic muz, Plinius says it was called thus for Antonius Musa, the freedman of Augustus. Candlish states that "the specific name Paradisaca comes from the ridiculous hypothesis which made the banana figure in the story of Eve and of Paradise. It is a curious fact that the Hebrews and the ancient Egyptians did not know the Indian plant."

There are as many varieties as of apples or oranges. The fruit is from the size of a finger to twenty-two inches long. The varieties planted here have been the Florida Hage, Narse or Orinaka, called by the Spaniards El Bobo, the fool. It is a splendid looking plant, but produces inferior fruit. The variety has been planted largely all over the State.

As it will stand anything, it is a great success and an ornament. Other varieties have been tried, but from causes have failed to succeed well. The Cavendish, a splendid variety, growing only six feet high, bears a larger number than most varieties and matures early, but it would not do. The Dacca was too tender. The Musa Rosacea, the banana which produces the manila hemp, does well, is a great ornament, but the fruit amounts to nothing. The only variety I have seen producing fruit in this State fit to eat is the Martinique, or Yellow Costa Rica. It is a beautiful plant, grows sixteen feet high, bears well, grows rapidly, stands the winters, the fruit is superior, 4 inches long by 1 1/2 inches in diameter, of a clear golden yellow, soft kidglove-like texture of rind, firm, soft, buttery, melting sweet pulp, aromatic and of a vinous flavor.—*Six Francis C. Ross.*

A Pickpocket Exposes Craft Secrets.

"A prison official" relates the following story to the *London Standard*: "When speaking one day to a convict—a professional pickpocket—to whom I was giving a word or two of friendly counsel, I referred to his *moodle vesetti*, and asked him why he could not turn over a new leaf. He was undergoing his third penal sentence for picking pockets, and became an honest man. 'I could not, sir,' he replied, 'I must pick pockets. I would take your watch to-morrow if I met you in the Strand, not,' he added, 'but what I'd give it back to you, for you've been very kind to me. Would you like to know how to prevent your watch being stolen?' he continued, 'just let me have it for a minute.' 'Curious to learn a useful hint, I was about to draw my watch from my pocket, when I found it was already in the expert's hand, without my experiencing the slightest touch. He then explained to me that the most approved method of detaching a watch from its owner was to hold the ring to which the chain was attached firmly between the finger and thumb, and then, with a sharp twist, snap the steel pivot connecting watch and ring, leaving the ring on the chain and the watch free in the thief's hand. 'A dead loss' (thiering) he added, with cool irony, 'to us of 6 shillings.' He then showed me that, if the ring and watch were connected with a swivel joint, the difficulty of watch stealing would be increased so much as to make it scarcely worth the risk."

Feendity of Fish.

It has been calculated that, as fish produce so many eggs, if but numbers of the latter and of the fish themselves were not continually destroyed and taken out of the sea, they would soon fill every available space in the seas. For instance, from 60,000,000 to 70,000,000 codfish are annually caught on the shores of Newfoundland. But even that quantity seems small when it is considered that each cod yields about 4,500,000 eggs every season, and that even 80,000,000 have been found in the roe of a single cod. Were the 80,000,000 of cod taken on the coast of Newfoundland left to breed, the 30,000,000 females producing 5,000,000 eggs every year, it would give a yearly addition of 150,000,000,000,000 young codfish. Other fish, though not equaling the cod, are wonderfully prolific. A herring weighing 6 oz. or 7 oz. is provided with about 30,000 eggs. After making all reasonable allowances for the destruction of eggs and the young it has been estimated that in three years a single pair of herrings would produce 154,000,000. Bullen calculated that, if a pair of herrings could be left to breed and multiply undisturbed for a period of twenty years, they would yield an amount of fish equal in bulk to the globe on which we live.

A Homeric Fragment.

The explorer of the Fayum, Mr. Petrie, has discovered a splendid fragment of the Second Book of the Iliad, written on papyrus in the finest Greek hand, before the rounded uncial or cursive scripts came into use. This precious document was found rolled up under the head of a mummy which was buried simply in the sand, without the protection of a tomb. It measures apparently from three and a half to four feet in length. The date of the manuscript is about the second or third century. It will be edited by Professor Sayce.

Camphene and sand will remove paint spots from glass.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Thames is pronounced Tams.
The ancient year began with March.
The Republic of Geneva was founded in 1812.

Eschylus introduced dramas and a stage, 486 B. C.

The Welsh are the descendants of the ancient Britons.

Cats seem to be the general favorite of the animal world in Italy.

There are about six thousand different descriptions of postage stamps in existence.

Epigrams derive their origin from the inscriptions placed by the ancients on tombs.

A descendant of the Indian Emperor, Chindupoo, is a civil engineer in Mexico.

Charles Dickens, a fourteen-year-old colored preacher, is astonishing the people in Georgia.

Lawyer Marbury recently made a speech thirty-five hours long in a Baltimore court room.

Mrs. Sarah Chaplin Rockwood, of Cortland, N. Y., is nearly one hundred and three, and enjoys good health.

Hieroglyphic picture writing used by the Egyptians chiefly, is said to have been invented by Athotes, 2112 B. C.

Although small of stature, Chief Justice Fuller's new gown of office took more silk than the dress of a society woman.

Heleen Mathers, the English authoress, wrote the novel which made her reputation in the hope of bringing back her lover, who had left her in a fit of anger.

A new dog is coming into fashion in London. It is the Tartar fox terrier. His coat is silky, smooth and red, with markings at head and tail. He is good tempered.

The tennis "arm" has been succeeded by the tennis "leg." It consists of a rupture of the membrane covering the muscular part of the calf in consequence of sudden starts.

The "cash" used as coin all over China are made from an alloy of copper and zinc, nearly the same as the well-known Mint metal. It takes about one thousand of them to make change for a dollar.

A citizen of Marietta, La., put some chestnuts on the roof to dry, and the rats gnawed holes through the roof to get the chestnuts, and when it rained the water came through those holes with a rush.

A Hartwell (Ga.) divine tells of an aching couple who were married on horseback while going full tilt, a Justice of the Peace galloping alongside of them, with an irate father in hot pursuit a short distance behind.

R. H. Stoddard, the poet, has a lock of hair believed to have been cut from the head of Milton. It is a light brown or golden and has been successively owned by Dr. Johnson, Leigh Hunt, George H. Baker and others.

The first iron made in New Jersey was at a place just south of Trenton, from the limonite or bog ore that abounds in that section, and the first forgemaster was Governor Lewis Morris, who came to Monmouth from Barbadoes before the year 1680.

In many towns in Germany and Switzerland are found hotels owned by freeholders, which are entirely under the management of the "Evangelical Union." In some of them there is evening prayer at half-past nine every evening, conducted by the house father.

A regulation has been adopted in the Michigan State Prison by which hereafter convicts may earn the right to wear plain gray suits instead of the prison stripes. Men who obey the prison rules for six months may discard the stripes, but if after that period they become unruly again they must once more don the objectionable clothing.

On the spot where Louis II. of Bavaria is supposed to have sat with his physician, Dr. Gudden, just before taking the fatal leap into the Starnberger Lake, a column is to be erected bearing a perpetual light. The bench on which the King reposed, which has disappeared in the shape of innumerable relics, is to be replaced by an oratory.

Mrs. Buckner, wife of the Governor of Kentucky, wears as ornaments a conch-shell earring and sleeve buttons which, in addition to their beauty, have the charm of a romantic history, having been purchased by her relative, General George Washington, from a shipwrecked and destitute sailor, and by him worn on the coat in which he was inaugurated.

A watchmaker gives out that the new rich are large and liberal buyers of battered and worn-out pocket timers, the which are furnished up and duly engraved with initials and crests and "sich," and then exhibited as heirlooms from some Roundhead or Cavalier or Mayflower pilgrim, who has been injected body, boots and breeches into the new owner's pedigree.

A Kentucky Terror.

"Do you remember Craig Tolliver," said a drummer to a *Chicago Mail* reporter, "who was shot about a year ago? I was down in that section of Kentucky just before he was killed, and was in Morehead on circus day. If you were never in a country town on circus day, let me tell you, you never want to be. Tolliver was known throughout Eastern Kentucky as the terror of Rowan County. He was as nervous as he was wicked, and with a little whisky aboard and a brace of good pistols, which were part of his being, he would face a band of Comanche Indians. The day I refer to Cooper & Bailey's Circus (I think that was the name) gave a performance in Morehead, the county seat of Rowan, and Tolliver came to town to see the show. He was loaded with tanglefoot whisky and the butts of two large navy revolvers protruded from his hip pockets. While watching the man in a ticket wagon selling tickets an idea struck him. He went around to the opposite side of the tent, cut a long slit in the canvas, pinned back the ends, and proceeded to admit the people at half rate, in opposition to the wagon at the main entrance. Those who had no money were passed in complimentary.

"The circus people came down upon him with a whoop, but he used forcible arguments, and handled his navies so gracefully that the show contingent accepted the situation and made the best of a bad state of affairs.

Illustrated History.



DESTRUCTION OF THE PARTHENON.
The great Greek temple known as the Parthenon, which Phidias built, with most of its art treasures in it, till September 28, 1687, when a explosion of a bomb in the building destroyed the interior was thrown down, front columns of the peristyle were but eight on the north and six on south were overthrown.



KING JAMES' EDICT AGAINST WITCHES.
It was on September 23, 1603, that King James issued his celebrated edict against witches, condemning to all those evil persons who had done with Satan or those possessed of natural powers. It was at this time a few years later that the demonology and witchcraft led away over the minds of the people, hilly intuition effected not only on people, but spread also to some minds. It was not eradicated years afterward.



THE FIRST STEAMBOAT TRIP.
On October 6, 1807, the *Clermont*, Robert Fulton's steamboat, made first trip from New York to Albany. Although Fulton was not the first to use steam for the navigation of a river it was owing to his demonstration its practicability that it came into use.

The first steamboat ever used in country was constructed by John Fitch and used for some years at Philadelphia prior to the building of Fulton's. The Clermont made regular trips to Hudson for some years, but a speed being about five miles per hour. Within a few years from the time Fulton made his first trip there scores of steamboats were built and steam navigation was looked upon as a settled fact.—*Chicago Times.*

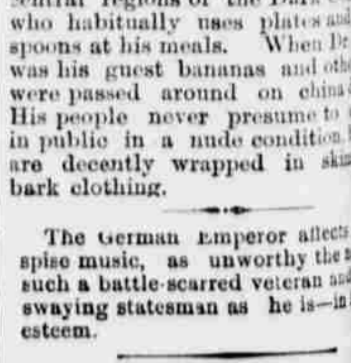
An African Gentleman.



HATFIELD was said to be of the tribe of the Black general in general is at least chief in Africa, worthy the title of gentleman.

if the testimony of Sir Samuel E. Pasha and Henry M. Stanley to be believed. His name is famous in Rider Haggard's recent novel, "She." He is described as a portly, well-dressed man of age, who is possessed of infinite never asks for presents, and is inquisitive about the private affairs of his guests. Since the Arabians trading in his country, and he is able to procure many articles of European manufacture. Dr. E. says that Antini is the only negro who has met to whom clothing and ever other civilized appliances found their way to his country, become indispensable. He dresses in English flannels and is scrupulously clean. He is the only native central regions of the Dark Continent who habitually uses plates and spoons at his meals. When he was his guest bananas and other were passed around on china. His people never presume to be in public in a nude condition, are decently wrapped in skin bark clothing.

A Hair Restorer.



The German Emperor affected epise music, as unworthy the such a battle-scarred veteran and swaying statesman as he is—esteem.