

CASTLES.
The tottering walls, the crumbling arch,
The columns, the works of art,
Are mingled with briars and weeds and
grime—
A fitting counterpart,
In telling the tales of the long ago,
Of the castles where lord and liege
The legends died, but that fell before
Old Time's relentless siege.
But the cornerstones were deeply laid,
Below the rage of the storm,
And mark the spot that will tell the tale
To the ages yet unborn.
But nothing remains of the loves and hopes
Of the princely dwellers there,
No pillars are left, no fragments are found,
Of their castles in the air.
Yet the castles of Love, and the temples of
Hope,
And Ambition's gorgeous goal,
Have aisles as broad and domes as high
As the concept of the Soul.
Delusions may come and illusions may go,
The mirage may bring despair,
Yet cheer to the soul, and joy to the heart,
Are castles in the air.
They take us away from the plod and the
grind,
Away from life's wearisome road,
And promise that somehow, in days to
come,
We shall bear us a lighter load,
Hope's anchor is fastened within the veil
Of the faith abiding there;
We smile at our cares and banish grief
From our castles in the air.
Our castles may vanish, but never decay,
Like the towers of the stone,
With moss-covered ruins—the jester of the
winds,
And the sport of the ivy green.
But grander and higher we build anew
So high that we seem to be where
The songs of the angels fill the dome
Of our castles in the air.
—Will Cumback, in Indianapolis Journal.

**REFORMATION
OF SHEPHERD.**
By R. CLYDE FORD.

REDGE No. 4 was stationed one summer on the range between Bay Mills and Point aux Pins. The quarter-boat for the hands, "Sibeery," the night men called it from the time it had been so christened by Joe Shepherd in a fit of melancholy and despair, was anchored in a little sandy cove on the Canadian side of the river near the Point. The gouge in the shore line here was due wholly to the removal of sand by a "sand-sucker," a contrivance fitted up by the Canadians to get sand for their new locks at the Soo. However much the night men said they disliked the constant wheezing and puffing of the sucker, and the uncouth machine itself, which they claimed had set fire to their last year's quarter-boat and compelled them to crawl out of a sound sleep in the middle of the forenoon, leaving watches and clothes behind, still, in reality, they did not object very much to the sucker after all. It was their only relaxation, their only excitement in the lonesome hours of their quarter-boat life.

"Mighty hot Sibeery, ain't it, boys?" Joe would remark, when about 10 o'clock the men came down from their hot rooms to sit in disconsolate groups in the shade of the house on broken anchor chains and dredge machinery. "Might just about as well be a Canuck and run a sand-sucker," he would grumble on, peering through clouds of smoke from his corn-cob pipe out into the clear water, where, forty or fifty feet away, the long pipe of the sucker was feeling about on the bottom and pulling a steady stream of sand and water up into the big scow which served as a sort of stomach for it. And then some late comer would appear with suspenders dragging, and after contemplating the progress of the pumping, would call out to the imperious sand-sucker men, "That's right, fellers, dig away, you need sand, you fellers!" And, in spite of Joe's expostulating snort that the night crew needed sand, too, this continued to be the regular daily joke which the forsaken party on Sibeery hurled at her majesty's subjects on the sucker.

It was a strange sort of regimen which prevailed on the dredge. When there were times to be filled anybody who offered himself was accepted. No questions were asked. It was, however, expected that no one would get drunk while on duty. What one did when off duty was of no consequence. The great chattering of Duluth and Buffalo was strictly international, and anybody could help dig it, be he Jew or Gentile, white or black. Personal history counted for nothing, for pedigree and past life were never made subjects of study on the river. The river is one place in this democratic land, at any rate, where, as the poet says, "There ain't no ancient history to bother you nor me."

The make-up of the night crew was remarkable, and it had some striking characters in it. But the most remarkable man of all who sat down to midnight dinner on No. 4 was Joe Shepherd. He was tall and slim, almost lathy indeed, and not very old. He stooped slightly with the languorous stoop of a scholar, but was not one. His face, turned a dusky brown by the wind and weather of the channel, was marked by a nose, large and plump, and burned a still fiercer red than the rest of his face. Joe's nose was a flaming promontory in a parched Sahara. Surmounting his face by a soft wool hat, and imagine him dressed in fairly good clothes, and you have Joe Shepherd, the person. But it would take long acquaintance to know Joe Shepherd, the man, the real personality, which was at once the life and soul—what little there was—of the night crew.

Joe was the boss at night, the "runner" in the vernacular of the dredge. He presided over the machinery in the engine room and regulated the great crane and dipper. In the ghostly

electric light he presented a strange appearance, as seen from a tug or passing barge, his tall, gaunt figure bending over the lever, which he pushed forward or backward at a motion from the cranesman till the crane groaned or creaked. Occasionally his hand would reach up to the whistle signal, and a hoarse, bellowing blast would warn some passing steamer where it was to go. Sometimes, too, he would sing at his work, for he had a good voice. His favorite song was a kind of river lyric:

"An' the waters sweep on
As we dig away
At the bottom of the river bed;
An' the boats creep on
As we loist away—
That's how we earn 'r bread.
"Rattle an' creak o' the crane,
An' up with 'e anchor post;
On with the work again,
'Tis a dreary life at most,
'Tis a dreary life at most.
An' the days sweep on
As we work away
Wherever falls the lead;
An' our lives creep on
Till our hearts 'g' way—
That's how we earn 'r bread.
"Rattle an' creak o' the crane,
An' up with 'e anchor post;
On with the work again,
'Tis a dreary life at most,
'Tis a dreary life at most."

If the night crew had stopped to think they could have seen that Joe was their superior in everything but morals. Morally dredge men are pretty much alike. He swore like the rest, he talked illiterately like the rest, but now and then there would flash into his conversation an expression beautifully turned, some illusion foreign to his surroundings, indicating a life and history not quite covered up by the ooze of the river. But whatever he might have been, it was evident that he had shaped himself so long to his environment that the adaptation had become real life with him.

Joe's besetting sin was drink. In this he did not differ any from the rest, but one noticed it more in him because the gentleman was not quite rubbed out of him. Whenever the tug went to the Soo in the day time, Joe went along if he could get passage from Sibeery, and he always came back with gourd-like nose colored a more pronounced red. Joe had a wife, too, who lived in a little house in the Soo, but she did not see much of him. He went to town over Sunday, but he spent most of Saturday night with the boys vivants of Water street, and he did not rest Sundays. Of course he ought not to have been able to find liquor on a Sunday, but whoever knows the river and the river world, will see nothing remarkable in this.

The men said Joe's wife took his dissipation very much to heart for she was young and an utter stranger in the town. And of course a wife who looks forward through a long week of loneliness to seeing her husband Saturday night, is wretched and cries from disappointment if he does not come home till Sunday afternoon, and drunk at that. Women are so peculiar about such things.

The Fourth of July came that year in the middle of the week, and at four o'clock in the morning of the eventful day Joe blew a long blast of the whistle, and the dredge stopped work. As soon as the men could wash up the tug took them down to Sibeery, where a few hoarse shrieks brought out the "exiles" who could sleep nights "as white order," said Joe. Everybody put on his best clothes and took all the money he had. The term "best clothes" among dredge men does not mean much, a \$10 suit at most, a white shirt with a few laundered stains on the bosom, a collar laundered once or twice in the course of the summer, and a necktie of glaring colors—such it is to be well dressed on the river. By six o'clock the tug was puffing away toward the Soo with almost the whole population of No. 4 aboard of her.

There is no need to particularize specially as to the adventures of the day. Everybody celebrated with a will; celebrated as only river men whose minds are filled with the significance of the day can celebrate. The night fireman of the dredge was drunk by ten o'clock. Bill Sykes, the day cranesman, was in the lock-up by noon. Reddy, fireman of the tug, took part in three fights in the course of the day and was worsted in all of them. But Joe Shepherd was unusually methodical and moderate in his jollification. He drank copiously at his own and other people's expense; but he combined exercise and pleasure so carefully that he was "still on the range" at noon. But his nose showed certain telltale signs. Joe's nose was like the water gauge of a boiler. One could tell about how he was filling up by it. At four o'clock the day runner went to the tug and blew a few short whistles, the rallying whistle for the men. And soon they came—those that were coming at all—but with steps very measured and slow. Now and then some of them would be moved to tears from patriotic fervor and stop to embrace one another and thank heaven they were citizens of our great republic—all of this within a step of the canal.

Last of all came Joe, somewhat perturbed in manner, but still enduring. He was singing with all his might the refrain of his favorite song, with some variations:
"Rattle n' creak o' the crane,
An' up with 'e anchor post;
On with the work again,
'Tis a blamed hard life at most—
'Tis a blamed hard life at most."
He had just started on this for the third or fourth time when a little woman turned the corner and came up by the side of him. The song died on his lips. "'Tis a blamed hard life," was the end of it.
"Joe," said the woman, "you haven't been home this week now and—"
"Mrs. Shepherd," interrupted Joe oratorically, "this is the day we celebrate. The nation's wel-

fare is—"
Here he stumbled and did not finish his sentence.
"But Joe, you didn't come home last Sunday, either, and I got so lonesome all alone," and the woman began to cry. By this time the two were up near the tug.
"Oh, come, now, Mrs. Shepherd, Julia dear, guess you'd better go back, you'll be hinderin' proper navigation on the canal here."
"I don't care, I won't go back, not now at any way. If you're goin' off I'm goin' to see you a minute," and she fastened resolutely to Joe's arm with one hand, and wiped her eyes with the other. Joe was embarrassed and conscience-smitten. And it was an ordeal to appear like this before the men, some of whom did not even know he was married. While the provisions were being put aboard and the last stragglers collected, Joe sat near by on a stick of timber, with his wife holding to his arm. When all was ready the captain yelled "all aboard," and blew the whistle. Joe rose to go.
"Give me a kiss, Joe, please," said his wife, and he hesitatingly and awkwardly kissed her. Then he stepped on the tug and the woman was alone by the canal.

Joe was sobering up fast, but he talked with nobody and during the run back to the dredge stood by himself on the bow and let the cool breeze clear the cobwebs from his brain. That night the dredge started up again with Joe running. For several hours he scarcely spoke, but toward midnight he turned to the inspector, who stood near. "Mr. Hunter, a man who gets drunk is a fool, ain't he?" he asked, half in question, half in meditation. "Yes," answered the inspector tersely. "Then I'll quit it," said Joe, and he kept his word.

A Mercurial Monarch.
To those who are accustomed to look upon Oriental potentates and dignitaries as the impersonification of repose and decorous gravity, most of them being so impassive that it is perfectly impossible to interpret their feelings, the King of Siam is a perfect revelation, says a correspondent. He is literally bubbling over with enthusiasm, excitement, curiosity and delight and impresses everybody that has met him since his arrival in Europe as being the jolliest little fellow imaginable. He is always smiling when he is not laughing outright, never bows without a smile of such broadness that it is almost a full-fledged grin, and dashes off his hat with such a grand and vehement gesture that he almost knocks over the people nearest him. He can do nothing calmly, and managed, by his antics, to keep the somber and unhappy looking King Humbert in altogether abnormally good spirits throughout his entire stay at Rome. He made a perfect show of himself at the capital. He ran from statue to statue, looking at them all round, in front, at the back and even underneath. When he saw the capitol Venus his enthusiasm knew no bounds, and he actually jumped, shouted and slapped his thighs with admiration. In fact, he is so lively that the stately biased officials of the various courts of Europe, where he is visiting, are in a great state of perturbation. He has already been nicknamed "King Quicksilver," owing to the rapidity with which he does everything, even his speaking of the English language.

Desperate Ride of a Wheelman.
Only desperate necessity could urge a wheelman to take such chances as were faced one day recently by Joseph E. Everett of Brick Church, N. J. Mr. Everett is a lawyer, and having a most important engagement in a neighboring town, determined to take the morning train to the place in question. He miscalculated the time, and did not discover his error until warned by the train whistle. He is elderly, but is an expert wheelman, and, jumping into the saddle, he dashed off to the depot. Just as the train started persons on the platform saw him riding with head down and feet moving like piston rods down Harrison street to the railroad. At the crossing the cyclist turned on to the gravel track between the rails and scorching down the road after the fast-receding train. As the last car passed Evergreen place, moving at a speed which would have caused an experienced train jumper to hesitate, the cyclist rode abreast of the rear platform. Still pedaling with one foot and grasping the bar with one hand, the scorcher reached over and clutched the railing on the platform. With a quick movement he swung himself clear of the saddle, drawing his wheel after him by twining his other foot around the frame, and landed safely on the steps of the car. The feat was witnessed by at least twenty persons, and all agreed that it had beat the record for any trick riding any of them had ever seen.—Washington Star.

Wooing and Wedding in Alaska.
Wooing and wedding in Alaska among the natives are interesting and peculiar rites. When a young man is of a suitable age to marry, his mother, his aunt or his sister looks up a wife for him. He seldom marries a woman younger than himself; she is much older, and sometimes is double his age, and even more. She is selected from a family whose position equals his, or is even higher. When a suitable woman is found the young man is asked how many blankets and animal skins he is willing to pay for her. When that important question is settled, a feast is arranged in the home of the bride and the friends of both families are invited. When the company is assembled the woman's people extol the greatness of their family. The young man's marriage gifts are spread out where they will make a fine show, and then his family sound their praises. The ceremony lasts from one to two days, and finally the young man takes his wife to his own abode.

Paralytic to Correct Onion Breath.
If a sprig of parsley is dipped in vinegar and eaten after an onion, no unpleasant odor from the breath can be detected.—Home Doctor.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.
Care of Old Churns.
We would advise buying a new churn rather than trying to sweeten the old one after five years use. After so long a time exposure to sudden changes of temperature, as from cold water to scalding hot, the churn is sure to have cracks in it which will harbor impurities that it is hard to find germicides to remove. A very small particle of cream lodged in the crevices of an old churn very quickly swarms with bacteria. In caring for churns it is far too common to use scalding water first. This sets the albumen in milk, which is deposited in a thin film which scalding water will not remove. The true way is to thoroughly wash out the inside of the churn so as to remove every particle of milk which by churning has been made into an emulsion, and is finely divided as the butter fats are separated from it. Then use water moderately warm at first, and increasing in heat until the hand cannot comfortably be borne in it. This will be a temperature of 160 to 165 degrees, and will clear out all traces of bacteria, so long as the inside is free from crevices. When a churn begins to show crevices it is time to throw it aside and get a new one.

What to Eat on Hot Days.
"During the hot months," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer in the Ladies' Home Journal, "the diet should consist largely of dainty, cold, lean meat, green, succulent vegetables, and fruits. It is a popular fallacy that the free use of sub-acid fruits during hot weather causes disturbances of the bowels. No diet is more healthful than ripe fruit provided it is properly masticated and swallowed before or after bread and butter, but never with it.
"The lighter wheat preparations, such as farina, wheatlet and gluten, should be substituted for the heating oatmeal for breakfast. Cook enough one morning to last two, as they are just as palatable cold as they are hot. While fried food may seem a little out of place in warm weather there are certain light dishes that may be utilized for breakfast. Cornmeal or hominy croquettes, or even rice croquettes, may be made the day before and simply fried at serving time. Squash and cucumbers may be dipped and fried. In the chafing-dish one may have chipped beef, cream or fricassee barbecued beef, cold mutton warmed in a little tomato sauce, and dishes of eggs, such as omelets, scrambled eggs, creamed eggs or poached eggs.
"Fruit should be served in a flat dish with, if the weather is particularly hot, a little chopped ice sprinkled over it. Fruit that is very acid should not be served too cold. Powdered sugar and cream should accompany the fruit course. In the place of chops or steaks we may have egg plant, broiled or fried tomatoes, planned tomatoes, a dainty omelet with peas, omelet with asparagus tips, or with parsley following the fruit. Corn oysters and corn fritters may also take the place of meat. Coffee, tea, chocolate and milk are, of course, in summer, as in winter the breakfast beverages."

To Handle Lettuce.
Lettuce Salad—Lettuce forms a good crisp salad that is easily obtained at all times, and it should be found upon the table once or twice a week from early spring until frost; and there are numerous methods of preparing it in appetizing manner. If the lettuce seems withered soak it in cold water an hour before using, or half its flavor will be lost, and an otherwise tempting dish will be spoiled. Many prefer to eat it only with a little salt, as one would a radish, and for this the tender bleached inner leaves of the head should be used. Chopped coarsely and covered with a dressing of sugar and cream it is delicious; sprinkle a little sugar over the top to give a tempting look and in dishing be sure to give each one a good supply of the cream.
Hot Lettuce Salad—If lettuce becomes too wilted to make a tempting dish when served cold, pick the leaves over carefully, wash and place in a vegetable dish and cut across a few times. Fry a small piece of ham until well browned, cut in very small pieces, then pour into the frying-pan with the ham, half a cupful of good vinegar, half a cupful of water and a pinch of salt. Let it boil up and pour quickly over the lettuce. Cover closely and serve hot.
Lettuce With Cold Dressings—Two ways of preparing the lettuce with cold dressings are as follows: Take the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, two tablespoons each of sweet cream and sugar, a teaspoonful each of salt and prepared mustard and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Rub together and let the dressing stand for five ten minutes, add half a cupful of vinegar and pour it over the lettuce. Garnish with thin slices of pickled beet or hard-boiled egg.
Wash the lettuce, chop and place in the salad bowl. Slice three or four hard-boiled eggs over the top. Take one cupful of vinegar, (either sweet or sour), three tablespoons of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper; mix thoroughly and pour over. Fine shredded cabbage is excellent with this same dressing.
Lettuce and Lemon—Wash the lettuce and chop rather fine. Slice a lemon very thin after peeling, removing all the seeds. Mix the sliced lemon thoroughly through the salad, with two sliced hard-boiled eggs; sprinkle a handful of sugar over the top and serve very cold.—St. Louis Star.

Miss Grabs Declares her girl friends can't deny that her attachment to that gentleman with a title was a case of love at first sight.
"That's very true," replied Miss Cayenne. "She saw him first."—Washington Star.

Corpses on a Ship.
When dead bodies are entered as cargo on a ship, they are recorded on the invoices as "statuary" or "natural history specimens," to allay the superstitious fears of the crew.

Camphor is now exclusively a product of Japan, since the annexation of Formosa to that country. The camphor tree thrives only in particular localities, where the average yearly temperature is above 15 degrees C. It is found in Shikoku, Kinshu and a portion of Izu and Kil provinces. A camphor tree grows at the rate of about one and a half inches a year and attains a great size, forty feet in circumference not being unusual. The quantity of camphor produced by a tree increases as the tree grows older, and as much as eight pounds of camphor has been obtained at one time from trees between 50 and 150 years old.
Crude camphor is made by steaming the thin chips of the wood in a wooden ask set over an iron pot, the camphor in a gaseous state being conveyed through a bamboo pipe to a set of two rectangular wooden receptacles placed one within the other. In these the steam is condensed and the camphor solidified. The chips are steamed for twenty-four hours and then replaced by fresh chips, this process continuing for from ten to fifteen days. When the receptacles become thoroughly cooled the solid camphor deposited in the lower compartments of the upper receptacle is scraped off and put into a dripping tub, where it is left for three days to separate water and oils from the crude camphor. According to information gathered by the National Association of American Manufacturers, the cultivation of camphor trees is considered very profitable in Japan.—New York Times.

Twenty-five years ago scientists predicted that abundant coal fields would be found on both sides of the British channel, and the predictions have been fulfilled. Besides the great Kentish fields discovered several years ago and yielding bountifully ever since immense tracts of coal have been recently found between Calais and Cape Griznez. The French discoveries were the result of those in England, geologists being sure that the same belt of coal extended under the water from one country to the other. This last discovery is of the greatest importance to industrial France.
Every one believes he does not "get the credit" he deserves.
New Rails for the B. & O.
The new 85-pound steel rails that the receivers of the B. & O. purchased several months ago, at an exceedingly low figure, are now being delivered at the rate of 5,000 tons a month. As fast as it comes it is being laid, and if the weather continues good at least 20,000 tons of it will be in the track by Christmas. Nearly a million cross ties have been bought in the last year and placed in the track ready for the new rail. Ballast trains have been kept busy up and down the line, and the work has progressed with such rapidity that when the new rail is down the tracks will be practically new from Wheeling to Baltimore. There are lots of good rail in the old tracks, not heavy enough for the new motive power, which will be taken up and laid on divisions where traffic is not so great as it is on the main line. About ten thousand tons of new steel will be laid on the lines west of the Ohio river this fall, if weather permits.

There is a Class of People who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called Grain-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. It is the most delicate stomachic restorative without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. Children may drink it with great benefit. It costs 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for Grain-O.
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SCARLET CLOVER**
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We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—JESSE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

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Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

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Cheering Indication.
The fact that \$14,225, the largest amount ever paid at one time into the "conscience fund" of the United States Government, has been received within the last year, is a cheering indication that some men are growing better instead of worse.
No Inducement.
Castleton—How few girls go in bathing here this season!
Dillback—Yes. The grand stand back of the bathing beach has been washed away.—Judge.

The B. & O. officials are very much pleased with certain statistics that have recently been prepared of the performance of freight trains on the Second division, which handles all the east and west-bound traffic between Baltimore and Cumberland. Before the new freight engines were purchased, and the improvements made in the track in the way of straightening curves and reducing grades, the average number of cars to the train was 28½. Now, with more powerful and modern motive power and a better track, the average is 40 cars per train, an increase of 41 per cent. The average east-bound movement per day for the first ten days of August was 1,123 loaded cars. On the Third division, Cumberland to Grafton, where there are grades of 125 feet to the mile, the engines used haul 1½ loads to the train. Now the average is 25½ loads per train, an increase of 31 per cent. It would certainly appear that the money spent in improvements on the B. & O. is being amply justified and that the cost of operation is being very materially reduced.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.
As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces, such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists; price, 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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SAPOLIO

Gladstone's Denial.
There was a report not long ago that Mr. Gladstone was learning to ride the bicycle, and its contradiction is the signal for Mr. James Fyfe to drop into poetry:
Mr. Gladstone denies he has taken to biking;
Nor are we surprised it was not his liking.
Though from office and power he be a receder,
He will ne'er be a Wheeler who has been a Leader.

MRS. ELLA M'GARVY,
Writing to Mrs. Pinkham.

She says—I have been using your Vegetable Compound and find that it does all that it is recommended to do. I have been a sufferer for the last four years with womb trouble, weak back and excretions. I was hardly able to do my household duties, and while about my work was so nervous that I was miserable. I had also given up in despair, when I was persuaded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and to-day, I am feeling like a new woman.—Mrs. ELLA M'GARVY, Neebe Road Station, Cincinnati, O.

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