Douglas Jerrold's Sayings:

Donglas Jerrold's Sayings:

My friend, the late Sam Phillips, one day met Douglas Jerrold, and told him he had seen, the day before, Payne Collier, looking wonderfully gay and well—quite an evergeeen. "Ah," said Jerrold, "he may be evergreen, but he's never read." On my repeating this to Hicks, he smiled and said, "Now that's what I call "ready wit.""

Jerrold was in France, and with a Frenchman who was enthusiastic on the subject of the Anglo French Alliance. He said that he was proud to see the English and French such good friends at last. Jerrold—Tut! the best thing I know between France and England is—the sea.

A very popular medical gentleman called on Jerrold one day. When the visitor was about to leave, Jerrold, looking from the library window, espied his friend's carriage. Jerrold—What, doctor! I see your livery is a measle turned up with scarlet fever.

The law's a pretty bird, and has charming wings. "Twould be quite a bird of paradise if it didn't carry such a terrible bill.

One of the "Hooks and Eyes" was synatisting on the feet that he had.

One of the "Hooks and Eyes" was expatiating on the fact that he had dined three times at the Duke of Devonshire's, and that on neither occasion had there been any fish at table. "I cannot account for it," he added. "I can," said Jerrold; "they ate it all up stairs."

A friend—let us say Barlow—was describing to Jerrold the story of his courtship and marriage—how his wife had been brought up in a convent, and was on the point of taking the veil, when his presence burst upon her enraptured sight. Jerrold listened to the end of the story, and by way of comment, said, "Ah, she evidently thought Barlow better than nun."

At a meeting of the literary gentless

At a meeting of the literary gentlemen a proposition for the establishment of a newspaper arose. The shares of the various persons who were to be interested were in ourse of arrangement, when an unlucky printer suggested an absent litterateur who was as remarkship for his improvidence as for his table for his improvidence as for his table. able for his imprudence as for his tal-ent. "What!" exclaimed Jerrold; "share and risk with him! Why, I wouldn't be partners with him in an acre of Paradise!"

Jerrold was seriously disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends. The friend heard that Jerrold had expressed his disappointment. Friend (to Jerrold)—I hear you said—was the worst book I ever wrote. Jerrold—No, I didn't. I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote. the worst book anybody ever wrote.

A gentleman who enjoyed the repu-tation of dining out continually and breaking bread with the refinement of a gourment, once joined a party, which included Jerrold, late in the evening. The diner-out threw himself into a chair and exclaimed, with disgust, "Tut! I had nothing but a mean mutton chop for dinner!" Jerrold—Ah, I see; you dined at home ed at home.

Jerrold and some friends were dining in a private room at a tavern. After dinner the landlord appeared, and, having informed the company that the house was partly under repair and that he was inconvenienced for want of room, requested that a stranger might be allowed to take a chop at a separate table in the apartment. The company assented, and the stranger, a person of commonplace appearance, was introduced. He ate his chop in silence; but having finished his repast he disposed himself for those forty winks which make the sweetest sleep of gourmets. But the stranger snored so loudly and inharmoniously that conversation was disturbed. Some gentlemen of the party now jarred glasses or shuffled upon the floor, determined to arouse the obnoxious sleeper. Presently the stranger started from his sleep and to his legs, and shouted to Jerrold, "I know you, Mr. Jerrold; but you shall not make a butt of me?" "Then don't bring your hog's head in here!" was the prompt reply. Jerrold and some friends were dining

He Forgave Him.

One of Mr. Lincoln's annoyances was the claims advanced for having first suggested his nomination as president. One of these claimants, who was the editor of a weekly paper published in a little village in Missouri, called at the white house, and was admitted to Mr. Lincoln's presence. He at once commenced stating to Mr. Lincoln that he was the man who first lincoln that lincoln t suggested his name for the presidency, and pulling from his pocket an old, worn, defaced copy of his paper, exhib-ited to the president an item on the

"Do you really think," said Mr. Lincoln, "that announcement was the occasion of my nomination?"
"Certainly," said the editor, "the suggestion was so opportune that it was at once taken up by other papers, and the result was your nomination and election."

and the result was your nomination and election."

"Ah, well," said Mr. Lincoln, with a sigh, and assuming a rather gloomy countenance, "I am glad to see you and to know this, but you will have to excuse me, I am just going to the war department to see Mr. Stanton."

"Well," said the editor, "I will walk over with you."

The president, with that apt good nature so characteristic of him, took up his hat and said: "Come along."

When they reached the door of the secretary's office Mr. Lincoln turned to his companion and said:

"I shall have to see Mr. Stanton alone, and you must excuse me," and taking him by the hand he continued, "good-by. I hope you will feel perfectly easy about having nominated me; don't be troubled about it; I forgive you."—Ben. Perly Poore, in Boston Budget.

Burdette, in a recent treatise on equestrianism, thus picturesquely describes the English style of riding, which is, of course, like everything English, the only correct thing in this country: "You will shorten the stirrups until the knees are on a level with your chin. Then as you ride you will rise to your feet and stand in the attitude of a man peering over a fence to look for his dog, and then suddenly fall in the saddle like a man who has stepped on a banana-peel. This is the English school. It is hard on the horse, but is considered very graceful. A man cannot wear false teeth, however, and ride in this manner."

The following plaint by an Italian artist aptly illustrates the difference in the national character of the three persons mentioned:

artist aptly illustrates the dinerence in the national character of the three persons mentioned:

I vork in my studio one day ven one gentleman vid the lunettes come in, make one, two, tree bow, very profund, and say, "Gutt Morgen, Meinheer?" I make one, two, tree profound bow, and say de same. Den de gentleman look at my picture very slow and deliberate; den he say, "Dat is goot; dat is beautiful; dat is very beautiful; dat is vondrous fine." Den he say at last, 'Meinheer, vil you permit me to bring my friend, de Baron Von A., to see your fine work?" I say, "Sare, you vil do me one favor." Den he make tree more bow more profound dan before, and he go vay. De next day he bring his friend de baron, and dey two make six bow, all very profound, and dey say dat all is very beautiful, and den de baron say, "Sare, vil you let me bring my friend de Count Von B. to see dese so fine, work?" and den dey make der bow once again and go vay, and I see dem no more. Dat vas one German gentleman.

Anoder day, one little gentleman comes in vid one skip, and say, "Bonjour, monsicur! charme de faire votre connaissance." He takes up his lorgnette, and he looks at my first picture, and he say, "Ah, very well. Sare, that is one very fine morsel." Den he pass quick to anoder and he say, "Sare, dis is truly admirable; after dis beautiful picture nature is vort nothing," and so in two minutes and a half

"Sare, dis is truly admirable; after dis-beautiful picture nature is vort noth-ing," and so in two minutes and a half he got through dem all. Den he twill his cane, and stick out his chain, and say, "Sare, I make you my compli-ment; you have one great talent for de landscape; I shall have the honor to recommend you to all my friends; au revoir, monsieur," but I see him never again. He was a French gentleman.

again. He was a French gentleman.

Anoder day, I hear one loud
tap vid one stick at my door. Ven I
say, "Come in," one gentleman valks
forward, and nods his head, but takes never off his hat. He say, "May I see your picture?" I bow, and say, "Vid pleasure, sare." He no answer, but look at me a long time and say not a yord. Den he look at anoder and say vord. Den he look at anoder and say notting. Den he go to anoder and look, and say, "Vot is de price of dis?" I say, "Forty louis, sare." He say notting, but go to the next and look for one long time; and at last he say, "Vat is de price of dis?" Den I say, "Sare, it is sixty louis." Den he say notting, but look anoder long time. Den he say, "Can you give me pen and ink?" and ven I give it he sit down and he say, "Vot is your name, sare?" Den I give him my card, and he write out the order on Torlonia for sixty louis; he give me de order vid his card, and he say, "Dat picture is mine; dat is my address; send it home; good morning." And so he make one more stiff nod and valk away. Dat vas one American gentleman.—London Standard.

Joaquin Miller on Mrs. Langtry. In a series of sketches from New York to the Boston Globe, Joaquin Miller speaks to and about Mrs. Langtry in the speaks to and about Mis. following generous manner:

If all God's world a garden were,
And women were but flowers;
If men were bees that busied there,
Through all the summer hours—
Oh! I would hum God's garden through
For honey till I came to you.

Then I should hive within your hair, Its sun and gold together; And I should bide in glory there, Through all the changeful weather. Oh! I should sip but one—this one Sweet flower underneath the sun.

I have seen it stated that it was I who first gave Mrs. Langtry the name of the "Jersey Lily," by inscribing the foregoing verses in the English edition of one of my books to her with this name.

A mistake. I had heard Lord Hough-

ton speak of her in most generous praise as "The Jersey Lily" long before he presented me to her, and her worth and beauty induced the writing of the

foregoing verses.

Treat her well. She is altogether worthy your best consideration and esteem; good, truthful, frank and sincere; pure as the snow and very brave. Treat her well. And to her I say: Remain so. Do not mistake America. She is sincerely without. sincerely virtuous. This warm, young country of ours has more praise for puand honest endeavor than for the glittering and ambitious filth that ever shone before the footlights under the name of genius.

As the stage is fast encroaching on

As the stage is fast encroaching on the lecture-room, aye, possibly on the pulpit, and is becoming the very center and source of combined instruction and delight, it must stand forth purified. Clean hands will' be always upheld on the American stage. Clean hands and honest effort. These matched with almost reflection, physically, are her best honest effort. These matched with almost perfection, physically, are her best recommendations. Quite enough. Give a year or two more of work and she will appear as well on the stage as off it. And this is very high praise. But let her forget to work; let her, in the whirl and froth that comes to the surface in all the cities and surrounds all new lights, forget her high place, our tribute to womanhood, then good-bye.

Wanted-Frivolous Young Men.

Wanted—Frivolous Young Men.

"It is no use," a young lady recently remarked, despairingly, "there are no frivolous men any more, and it is quite useless to try to have parties. Nobody comes but the solemnly dudish empty-brains that it gives one cold chills simply to look at, and if one of the fellows that is really interesting does stray into a ball or an assembly he has the air of having made a dreadful mistake and he gets aways as quickly as possible. Everybody is so dreadfully in earnest either for working or being a fop that there isn't a good comrade left." The lively young creature had more to say in much the same style and t the same general purpose, the burden of her complaint being that there were no society men who seemed, as she phrased it, worth while, and that the individuals who were really worth while—whatever that mysterious formula may mean—could not be dragged into those gay assemblies whither the belles of the town repair to criticise each other's dresses and to meet the opposite sex.—Boston Courier.

A correspondent suggests that the

A correspondent suggests that the name of Washington be changed to Whitewashington, on account of its facilities in that line.

A VALENTINE.

While looking over letters old and yellow,
I came across a gorgeous valentine,
Quite covered o'er with Cupids and with roses,
Sent to me years ago, when youth was mine.
Ah! well I mind the day that I roceived it—
It seems at least a century ago;
I opened it with trembling haste and breathlessWith sweet expectancy my cheeks did glow.

How bright and beautiful looked then the roses—
Through all the years they've kept their change less hue;
I read and read again the tender verses,
And treasured them as youth and love can do.
The Cupids now look very flat and stupid,
Up there on top, a golden bar astride;
The verses, too, now sound a trifle silly:
Youth's rosy spectacles I've laid aside.

But, as I sit and hold the gaudy trifle,
My lost youth rises up before my view—
The precious years when seasons were all Summer,
When ev'ry path lay 'neath skles bright and blue,
How gladly would I give the mite of wisdom
I since have gathered, to go back once more,
And feel again the thrill of expectation
As when the postman left this at my door.

This foolish little piece of silk and paper
Is fadeless, while my youth is deal and gone;
The hand that wrote the verses, cold and pulseless
And yet unchanged, unaltered is the song.
Why keep reminders of the bright days vanished?
So, valentine, I bid you now good-bye;
I watch the flame swell up and blight your roses.
And from my heart comes one long, wistful sigh.
—Faith Walton, in Chicago Tribuna.

Fooled by a Granger.

Representative John J. O'Neill, of Missouri, is a veritable son of the soil. Among his granger constituents he is a granger himself, and what he does not know about horses, cattle and patch know about horses, cattle and patch products is not worth knowing. His district lies in the upper part of St. Louis, but as it embraces the billy-goat and garden-truck suburbs of the metropolis of the Mississippi his constituency is somewhat rural. To this element Mr. O'Neill has long been a walking Mr. O'Neill has long been a walking encyclopedia of information concerning crops and live stock. During his last campaign, while he was canvassing, he met one of his farmer constituents driving a cow. He at once began to air his knowledge of bovine breeds with which, he said, he had been familiar since his earliest boyhood days, when his father used to send him out in the ghostly twilight to hunt for truant calves.

In the height of his enthusiasm he offered to buy the cow the farmer was driving. The farmer was not anxious to sell, but said he would take \$65 for her. "Drive her right up to my house,"

to sell, but said he would take \$65 for her. "Drive her right up to my house," said O'Neill, "and I'll be there to pay you the money." The farmer, however, suddenly regretted that he had consented to part with his favorite cow, and began to think of some way to get out of the trade. All at once a bright idea struck him. Said he, "Let me tell you, Mr. O'Neill, I want to be honest with you. The cow's gentle and a good milker, but there's one thing about her that I ought to tell you of. She has no upper teeth." "Of course that changes the trade," said O'Neill; "you wouldn't expect me to take a cow with such a deficit as that. But you bring me'a good milker with sound upper teeth good milker with sound upper teeth and I'll buy her." When the story got out there was great excitement in the cabbage end of his district and the farmers turned against him en masse. O'Neill learned, to his horror, that cows did not have any upper teeth. He tried to explain, but it was no use.

He tried to explain, but it was no use. The grangers swore they would not have a Congressman who was "blamed fool enough to believe that cows had upper teeth."

As a result O Neill was almost overthrown. He was only re-elected by the skin of his own upper teeth. Since the election he has bought a whole library on the anatomy of domestic animals, and is determined that no designing granger shall catch him napping next time.—Washington Republican.

The Pranks of Western Electioneering. The Pranks of Western Electioneering.
When Colonel Singleton was a candidate for Congress from one of the hill districts of Arkansas, he had a rich experience. He soon became the butt of his opponents' jokes, and as there were ten aspirants for the position his life was an exaggerated burden. Once when the candidates on horseback were going to meet an appointment of oratorical contest, Singleton fell behind, determing to no longer submit to their raillery. ing to no longer submit to their raillery.

The party passed out of sight, leaving the disconsolate candidate to his own reflections. A light rain had fallen, and when the party crossed a broad, shallow creek, one young fellow conceived the idea of a joke. "Suppose," said he, "that we take off our coats and wait untill Singleton comes in sight, when we will put them on, giving to him the impression that the creek is deep. We'll not say anything to him, and he will think that we want him to lunge into the water."

The idea was seted on Pretty soon The idea was acted on. Pretty soon

The idea was acted on. Pretty soon Singleton came along.
"That's all right," he yelled when he saw the men hurriedly putting on their coats. "I understand you. Want me to get wet, eh?"

He dismounted, and although the day was fearfully cold, he took off his clothes, recounted and carefully eniding the horse mounted and carefully guiding the horse he entered the stream. The water was not more that six inches deep, and when he perceived the cruel joke he stood up in the stirrups and began to swear, when his clothes fell into the water and

began to float away. In attempting to reach over and regain them he fell, and his horse staggering, stepped on him. His rage was terrific, and when he arrayed himself in his garments he borrowed a gun at a neighboring house and chased his opponents fifteen miles, totally forgetting his appointment to speak.—Little Rock Gazette.

The Waltz.

One of the best of the poetical diatribes directed against the waltz was from the pen of Sir W. Elford's friend, Sir H. Englefield.

"What! the girl I adore by another embraced? What! the balm of her breath shall another man taste?
What! pressed in the dance by another man's knee?

knee?
What: panting recline on another than me?
Sir, she's yours; you have pressed from the grape its fine blue;
From the rosebud you've shaken the tremulous dew:
What you've touched you may take. Pretty waitzer—adieu!"

It is estimated that every brick in a building at Winnipeg, now in progress, will cost 10 cents.

An enterprising editor writes on "How to treat woman." The only safe way for one's pocketbook is never 'show them a bill of fare. They have a fondness for large figures.

"It takes lots of chinaware for these swell receptions," said a china dealer to the Star reporter the other day, as the porter passed out with a basketful of plain white china.
"Yes I suppose your sail consider."

of plain white china.

"Yes, I suppose you sell considerable," said the scribe.

"Sell Well, yes, we sell some; but

—," then he stopped and smiled curiously. "Well, it isn't all sold that goes out. It comes back in most cases.

That is, what isn't broken comes back. That's why it's plain white. Haven't you noticed that all the china at these receptions is plain white? Well, that's the reason—it comes back." Then he put his mouth close to the scribe's ear and whispered.

put his mouth close to the scribe's ear and whispered.

—"What! For all these large receptions? Cabinet ministers too? You don't say that they—"

"Yes, all of them nearly hire their china for such occasions. You see at some receptions, such as those given by the cabinet officers, foreign ministers, supreme judges and the like, there are four or five hundred guests present. All have to be serve! Now, yoz don't expect them to keep a china store. No, no, they hire their service. That's going to—, but I guess not; I won't tell you where. If you go there you may eat out of that plate, and to-morrow night you may eat, from the same somewhere else. See!"

"Don't it get broken?"

"Yes, receptions break china very fort but we get raid for all that, and

"Don't it get broken?"

"Yes, receptions break china very fast, but we get paid for all that, and charge a percentage on its value for its use. There is hardly a reception given in Washington where there is not hired china on the table. It's cheaper to hire than to own. Some people put away their light fancy china on such occasions, because it is expensive to have broken and hard to replace. Others don't have it. What we hire is nice china, but, as I said, it is plain white. We seldom hire any other kind and when we do it is never the same and when we do it is never the same

set twice."
"Why is that?" asked the scribe, "Why is that?" asked the scribe, "don't they like the colored?"
"Well, no, they don't like it. I guess not. Now, you go to A's to-night; you see a set of china with peculiar Japanese figures on it. You go to B's next evening. More Japanese figures. Again, C's chocolate is served in Japanese. All the rage. Ah! Japanese figures are just the thing in china now. You mention it to Mrs. Beenthere. She draws you to one side; puts her figures to her lips in a sly fashion and whispers close into your ear: 'Hired.' Now, you see, that won't do. If they are all alike they must be white—plain white. Then, too, it is easier to replace when broken. Y4s, all the first-class stores have china hire."—
Washington Star.

This Maelstrom-This Wall Street. New York is an iron-fronted, and iron-hearted town. Typical of New York entirely is its screaming, screeching, swift and very crooked elevated railroad. Iron. All iron. Iron and

Of course if commerce and money or course if commerce and money getting—the saving of time for these two purposes—is the aim and end of life, this monstrosity ought to be called a success. For it certainly saves time and is a great rest to those who have prostrated themselves in arduous and all-day battle with the many devices and schemes and gambling games of Wall street.

But when we consider that these same men never, from one year's end to the other, grow so much as one grain of wheat or manufacture so much as one lucifer match, we doubt if they deserve

rest.

Let us stick a pin here and reflect a moment on this fact! This maelstrom—this Wall street—that draws to itself the brain of the land, that engages in cease-less battle the best forces of the republic, never gives back in return one biscuit to be eaten, one garment to be worn, or one line to be read. Nothing! For the thousands of lives spent there Wall street gives back to us annually many insane and utterly wrecked men. We have, as the two or three monstrosties: Goulds, Vanderbilts, etc. We have, set opposite these, many maniacs, many a ghastly corpse, pistol in hand, leaning against a wall in the dark; 10,000 ruined homes.

If so short a time has wrought all this,

If so short a time has wrought all this. of a century? Clearly something must be done. At this rate some coarse and cruel man will get hold of money enough to not only "damn the public," but the

republic.

It occurs to me that stock-gambling must be made odious; counted low and vulgar as cards; despised and left to the habitues of the prize-ring, the pool-den, and the fare table.

and the faro table.

Something certainly must be done.—
For I state it as a cold, frozen truththat
any judge of New York, high or low,
member of congress, and, indeed, every
dignitary as a rule, and even some of
the ministers, "dabble" in stocks. I
speak from authority, for I have just
been serving two years in Wall street
myself.—Joaquin Miller.

Popular Errors Corrected.

The Iron Age corrects some popular impressions respecting distances traversed by vessels at sea. The "knot" and the "mile" are terms often used interchangeable, but erroneously so. The fact is that a mile is less than 87 per cost of a knot. Three and one half miles changeable, but erroneously so. The fact is that a mile is less than 87 per cent of a knot. Three and one-half miles are equal, within a very small fraction, to three knots. The knot is 6,082.66 feet in length. The statute mile is 5,-280 feet. The result of this difference is that the speed in miles per hour is always considerably larger than when stated in knots, and if a person forgets this and states a speed as so many knots when it was really so many miles, he may be given figures verging on the incredible. When we hear parties say that such a vessel is capable of making twenty knots per hour, we usually take the statement with a very large grain of salt, for twenty knots is 23-04 miles per hour, a speed which very few vessels have made, and it is doubted by some who have the best opportunity for making actual measurements whether any vessel has ever made twenty-five miles in sixty minutes. It has been said that some of the English torpedo boats have made as high as twenty-four knots are overtwenty-seven and a half miles per hour, and twenty-five knots are upward of twenty-eight and three-quarter miles an hour, distances that are incredible.

MAIZALINE PILLS

FOR THE RELIEF OF Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Billiousness, Female Troubles, Scrofulous Diseases, etc., etc.

PRICE 25 CENTS A BOX,

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS GENERALLY.

THE WONDERFUL

· LINIMENT, MAIZALINE

A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR

All Acute Pains, Rheumatism, Bites and Stings, Colic, Cramps, Burns, Neuralgia, Swollen Joints, Headache, Toothache, Wounds and Bruises.

GOOD FOR MAN OR BEAST.

PRICE 25 CENTS A BOTTLE,

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUCCISTS AND DEALERS. These Invaluable Family Medicines Prepared Only by The Maizaline Remedies Co.,

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

War In Europe.

Rumors have for some time been rife that the relations of Russia to the Hapsburg empire have become strained almost to the point of complete rupture, but now we have a declaration from the most authentic source that a war between the others of the powers is inevitable. tween these two powers is inevitable. The budget of the Austrian Foreign Of-The budget of the Austrian Foreign Office was adopted on Thursday upon the express understanding that its large demands were based on the urgent necessity of preparing for a collision. The committee, in recommending the large appropriations asked for, avowed their conviction that a conflict with Russia could not be long deferred, and it was because a majority of the delegations because a majority of the delegations agreed with them that their report was adopted.

This public acknowledgment of the critical aspect of the political situation in Eastern Europe will be understood to mean that the statesmen who control the diplomatic and military affairs of the dual empire abandon the hope and doubt the expediency of deferring a catastrophe. When we look back, indeed, on the course of events in the Balkan peninsula since the Congress of Berlin, we can see that but for the circumspection and dexterity of the Austrian Cabi-net war must long ago have broken out between the two contestans for the Ottoman inheritance. From the moment that, through the acquisition of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, the Hapsburg monarchy was suffered to drive a wedge into the heart of the peninsula, her possibilitied interests became dispersionally litical interests became diametrically opposed to those of Russia, and it was clear war alone could adjust the rival claims to dominate between the Danube and the Ægean.

and the Ægean.

The history of the Southern Slav Principalities since the Berlin Congress is a tissue of intrigues more or less open and defiant on the part of the partisans of the two contestants for ascendancy. Thus far the sharp and rancorous struggle for influence seems to have resulted in a slight advantage for Russia, for the Prince of Bulgaria has proved himself a willing tool of the Czar, has overthrown the Bulgarian constitution by a coup d'etat, and has virtually placed the whole military and civil administration of his country in Russian hands. Montenegro also must be looked upon as a mere Russian outpost nands. Montenegro also must be look-ed upon as a mere Russian outpost planted on the flank of the territory to be fought for. In Servia, on the other hand, the political sympathies are more evenly divided, and the well-known inclination of the Prince for an alliance with Austria is probably not unconnected with recent attempts to get rid of him by assassination. In Roumelia, also, where the emissaries of the Moscow Slavophiles have been trying to play the same game which proved successful in same game which proved successful in Bulgaria, the Russians have been cir-cumvented by the joint influence of Austria and Turkey; but the audacious operations of the Muscovite agents in this quarter, coupled with the proof of their complicity in the Bosnian insur-rection, have convinced the Austrian Government that they have nothing to only by the postponement of an inexi-Government that they have nothing to gain by the postponement of an inevitable war. This has become the more palpable since the St. Petersburg Government has thrown off the mask, and, instead of pretending to discountenance the machinations of the Slavophile party, has detached army officers for the avowed object of placing them in posts of authority in the Bulgarian service. Moreover, while inflammable materials have been heaped up in the peninsula. have been heaped up in the peninsula, Russia has been quietly preparing to ar-rive betimes at the seat of the conflagration by massing large bodies of troops along her western frontier. Should the conviction expressed on Thursday by the joint delegations of the Austrian and Hungarian Parliaments be justified by the convert Parliaments. by the event, Russia would probably find herself without an ally, and Ger-many and Austria united might reason-ably expect to inflict such a blow on the Northern Empire as would relieve Europe for many years from the haunting specter of Muscovite ambition.—New York Sun.

Landlord—That porch is rotten and ought to come down. Tenant—Yes. Landlord—So ought that shed roof. It's a very little better. Tenant—Yes. And there's something else ought to come down. Landlord—Ah, indeed! What is it? Tenant—The rent, sir.—Harper's

Leland Stanford, Senator from California, has arranged to leave his for-tune of \$15,000,000 to the State of California. The State debt of California, \$3,000,000, is to be paid, and the large balance is to be used as a fund for a thorough system of popular education.

Just behold and read attentively.

Wilke's Irish Speciac' has cured Cancers, Ulcers, Catarrh, Tumors Rheumatusm, Neuraigia, in
all their forms, Consumotion, Scrotula, Old Sores,
Bronchitis, Tetter, Coughs, (all male and female
discases) all impurities of the blood, (for chied
discases at has and can cure, send for circulars,
This medicine is put up in different size bottles,
(Taken internally.) Fellow directions "Cure guaranteed" All we ask a fair trial, Address (inclosing stamp.) M. M. Wilkes & Co., Atlanta, Fulton
County io. Look Box 527.

STEEL PENS.

PATRUNIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

We are now offering to the public STEEL PENS of our own manufacture. Our PLOWBOY EAGLE

Is the best business pen in the market, 75 cents per gross, postpaid to any address on receipt of price. And for fine writing our PLOWBOY FAVORITE

Surpasses any pen yet made, \$1.00 per gross postpaid, on receipt of price. Samples on ap-plication. THE PLOWBOY CO.,

East Point, Ga. The Globe Cotton and Corn Planter

Fertilizer Distributor.



Highest award at International Cotton Exhibition, Atl-inta, Ga., the Arkanasa State F air the Kitional Cotton Planters' association, the Great Scuthern Exposition, Louisvilé, Ky., and the World's Exposition, New Orleans, La, and which has NEVER failed in any contest, has been still further improved, and is now fully adapted the any character of soil and the most unaktilled labor, two styles and sizes being now made.

It is the most durable Planter made, and will

Save its Cost Three Times Over ---IN A-SINGLE SEASON.

As it plants from eight to ten acres per day, with less than one and one-half bunhels of seed per acre, and opens, drops, distributes fertilizers and covers at one operation, saving TWO HANDS AND ONE TEAM.

The price has been educed to suit the times. Bend for circular giving full description and

Globe Planter M'fg Co., 226 Marietta Street, Atlanta. Ge

PUBLISHERS

And Parties about to begin the Publication of a

NEWSPAPER

Will find it to their interest

The Plowboy Co, Auxilliary Publisher, East Point, Ga.