

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1886. and and transition of the state on the state of the state of the

CINNAMON ROSES.

ALL ALL

WHAT IN ...

The cottage house had been painted white, but the paint now was only a film in some places. One could see the gray wood through it. The establishnt had a generally declining look; the shingles were scaling from the roof, the fences were leaning. All the bit of newheis and smartness about it was the frent door. That was painted a bright

Cinnamon rose-bushes grew in the Cuntation rose-basiles grew in the square front yard. They were full of their little sweet ragged roses now. With their silent, lowly persistency they had overrue the whole yard. There was no stepping-room between them. They formed a green bank against the house walls; their brancites reached droopingly across the front walk, and pushed through the fence. Children on the skiewalk could pick the roses.

Four men coming up the street with a business air looked hesitatingly at this rose-crowded front yard when they neazed it.

"Thar ain't no use goin' in thar into that mess of prickly roses," said one-a large man with a happy smile and swagger.

"We are obliged by law to have the sale on the premises," remarked another, blandly and authoritatively. He was a light-whiskered young fellow, who woro better clothes than the others, and held a large roll of papers ostentationsly, "Oh dear!" they heard distinctly, in a

shill, weak; womanish voice, with an unnatural strain on it-"oh dear! oh dear me! dear me!" Then followed loud hysterical sobs: then the voice kept on: "Oh, father, what made you leave me?-what made you die an' leave me? I wa'n't fit to be left alone. Oh, father! oh, mother! oh, Luciny! I 'ain't got anybody-I 'ais't, not anybody. Oh dear! oh dear me! dear me!"

'I heard she took on awfully.'bout it,' said the nuctioncer. "Well, you might as well go on," said

the lawyer; "duty has to be performed, no matter how unpleasant." The auctioneer commenced his read-

ing of the statement of the conditions of the sale, then the bidding began. That was soon over, since there were only two bidders. The old man, who held the mortgage, which had been foreclosed, bid with nervous promptness the exact amount of his claim. Then a man at the cherry tree made a bid of a few dollars more, and he was pronounced the purchasor.

"Going, going-gone!" said the auctionneer, "to William Havers." William Haverslingered about his new estate until the others had departed, which they did as soon as the necessary arrangements had been completed. They wanted to be out of hearing of those sad cries and complaints. Havers strolled out to the road with them. When he saw them fairly started, he went swiftly back to the house, to the side door.

He knocked cantiously. Directly the

you mind anything she said." Contrary to Mrs. Wing's expectations Elsie Mills was not disposed to retract her words. The next day, when she was peccafully domiciled in her brother's ouse, and seemed a little calmer, her er cinnamon roses. sister-in-law opened on the subject. "What in creation made you talk so to William Havers last night?" said she. "Not one man in a hundred would have made you the offer that he did after he'd bought a place."

bought a place." Elsie fired up at once. "I guess I know why," said she. "Luciny gave him the mitten once-that's why. He's doin' her own hands. it to show out "

Why, Elsie Mills, are you in your right mind?" "Yes, I am. He acted awful cut up.

He never got over it. He always means maiden had left of her presence in the to pay us back. Now he's bought the world! Oh, those cinnamon roses! the place an' invited me to live on him, he'll feel better." one little legacy of grace which she had been able to bequeath to it!

"Well, I never!" Mrs. Wing repeated the conversation to her husband, and told him that she was really scared about Elsie: she did

not act with any reason. Silas Wing laughed. "Don't you worry, Maria," said he. "Elsie always had that notion. I never really believed that Luciny give Havers the mitten myself, but she did, an' she always went or the notion that he was dreadful upset over it. Elsie's queer. She's mighty meek an' vieldin' generally; she seems to be kinder goin' sideways at things fur the most part; but if she ever does gf' p'inted straight at anything, that ain? o turnin' her."

"Do you - remember anything about William Havers waitin' on Luciny?" "Yes. He was round some two years before she died. I didn't think much about it. Luciny was always havin' beaux. An' no wonder; thar wa'n't many girls like her. Lord! I kin see her now, jest how she used to look. Poor Elsie wa'n't much beside her, but I don't believe she ever give that a thought. She thought Luciny was beautiful, an' than

wa's't anything too good fur her. She'd slave herself 'most to death to save her. No; don't you worry, Maria. Elsie's always run on that notion." Silas Wing was Elsie Mills' halfbrother; the dead Lucina had been her

own sister. The house which had just been sold was her inheritance from her

father. Silas Wing was an easy, prosperous man, with a shrewd streak in his character. His sister's property was sadly deteriorated, and a poor investment. He had no idea of sinking money to secure it for her, but he was perfectly willing to provide for her, and gave her a most cordial invitation to his home.

right in the neighborhood! 1 ruther think some one must ha' took 'em." He gave her a front chamber in his large square white-house, and furn it with her own things, to make it seem like home. "Thar ain't any reason why Elsle shouldn't be as happy as a queen here as long as she lives," he told his wife. opened, and a woman appeared. She "Thar ain't many women fare any bet not the one in such bitter distress, for the vise was he to work hard if she was h some places, an' she ain't fit to. Now she'll jest hev to help you round a little, an' live jest as confortable as can be." Elsie's chamber commanded a good view of her old home, which was on the opposite side of the street, a little further down. She could see the yard full of cinnamon roses, and the blue front door, which stood out bravely. That blue door was due to her; she had painted it herself. Silas had some blue paint left after painting his farm wagon, and she had burged it. Then she had stood on a sping for breath. chair-a small, lean figure in clinging

brother's wife. "She'll be ashamed of berself to morrow. But she's comin' to live with Silas an' me. She's welcome to a home with us jest as long as she lives. She aren't fit to live slone any-way. We knew when her father died she'd run the place out in no time. Well, she's takin' on so, I shell have to go in. I don't like to leave her a minute. Don't von mind anything she said." cont, simple-hearted creature, clinging so anybody else, an' wanted to do some closely to old holy loves and loyaltics that she meditated what to her was a thing fur you."

Elsie was crying. "Tve got to get used to thinkin' of it," she sobbed. Elsie Mills and William Havers were desperate deed in defence of them, that fair dead Lucina became visible among married at the bride's brother's. When the bridal couple went to their own home they did not enter at the front door. Elsie for a minute; as she stood there, was all memory: the past seemed to come They passed around to the side one, be-cause the front yard was so full of cinback in pity for her agony of regret and overshine the present. The light of an old morning lay on those roses, and young Lucina stood among them, lovely and triumphaot. She had just set them in the earth with namon roses-Mary E. Wilkins, in Harper's Bazar.

* A Dining-Room on the Roof.

The roofs of New York are very interesting. Much that would never be sus-When Elsie moved again she was ready ected by a stranger in the streets goes for anything. Oh, those cinnamon roses! the only traces which that beautiful, beloved on upon these aerial platforms above the heads of the masses. From the Brook-lyn bridge I have seen that topmost stratum of the city fairly alive with people on a fine autumn evening. On one noof were to be seen some shop girls waltzing to the music of a concertina in When Elsie came out on the road again the hands of a young man seated on the she had something covered by her apron, lest the moon should make it glitter. raised wall-top between that house and the next. On another was a merry party She ran home faster than she had come, of children filling the upper air with the with no watchful pauses now. But she melody of their singing. Over yonder were two lovers, hand in hand, talking had to make another cautious journey to the Wing barn before she returned to earnestly; and so in one place after anher room. Finally she gamed it success-fully: no one had heard her. other were to be seen persons wiser than their fellows, seeking the quiet and com-The next morning some one knocked paratively pure air above the uproar and while the family were at the breakfast tagnant atmosphere of the lower stories and the streets. "The queerest thing," he said, when he

A year or two ago, being invited to returned. "Havers has lost his sickle, dine with some Cubans I had met in the one he brought over last night, an' their own land, I went to their address he wants to borrow mine, an' I can't find that high or low. I would ha' sworn it in the neighborhood of the Central park, and was shown up by the servantwas hangin' on the hook in the barn. where do you suppose? To the roof. He wants to get them cinnamon roses The Cubans understand the science of taking every advantage of the open air. "Well, I should think it was queer!" If they did not do so on their native isle said his wife. "I know I saw it out there they would all cook, like so many loaves yesterday. Are you sure its gone?" "Course I am. Don't you s'pose I've in a baker's oven. I found the roof where this family had gathered a place unique among the house-tops of New York. An Elsie said nothing. She bent her head iron framework enclosed the great sheet over her plate and tried to eat. They of tin, and from its posts was hung a Sh pretty awning of blue and white striped kept a sharp watch all day; she started canvas. In hanging baskets and in great every-time any one spoke: she kept close to the others: she dreaded to hear what pots were broad-leaved tropic plants, and wo or three birds in pretty cages swung might be said, but she dreaded more not among the flowers. A complete set of furniture, all of cane or wicker work, except the table, completed the appoint-"Has Mr. Havers found his sickle yet?" Mrs. Wing asked, when her husband came home at night. He had been over ments. There were rockers and easy chairs and settees of split cane in which to the village. "I see you ridin' home to loll and lounge and read and sew. There, in a delightful breeze that kept the ribbons of the ladies all a-fluttering, "No, he ain't. He's gone and bought new one. Says he's bound to hev them we ato a dinner that I would not have oses cut down to-morrow. 'Ain't seen exchanged for any that was served in any hot and stully dining-room in the "No; I've been out myself an' looked." city on that night .- Providence Journal. "Well, it beats everything-two sickles

Curlous Facts About the Male. It is said that a mule can not bray you tie a weight to his tail and hold it tnow all about you. I've known you to down. This was touchingly illustrated hey, things stole before, an' it always in the cavalry movements that preceded the second battle of Manassus, Gen. Stuart with a large force of cavalry manœuvring around the retreating army night; a little of the first impetus was of Pope, got caught between two columns of the Union troops, and was obliged to conceal himself in a dense wood between two parallel roads along which the enemy were retreating. He had to lie low all night until the columns passed her errand: but it must be done quickly. by. Messengers that the Union general sent to each other through the woods were captured and held with as little noise as possible. One great difficulty was to keep the mules in the ordnance and commissary wagons from braying and thus calling the attention of the foe. For this purpose Stuart ordered a man to be detained to stand by each mule and whack him with a stick as soon as he offered to bray; for a mule, like an orator, requires a certain preparation before beginning his neat and appropriate vocal exercises "Why, Elsie, what is it? Don't you be There is a preliminary protest made with the ears, and certain solemnities of the nostrils, an expression of sorrow overspreads the countenance, then the tail is lifted. A bray does not break forth from the mule. It begins way back in the abdominal viscera and comes gradually up. Now, as soon as the cavalry mules hed a sickle stole, an' I was kinder keepin' began to prepare for a bray, whack! a lookout. When I jumped out I didn't whack! would go the sticks, and the bray would be suppressed-and thus all night. It was said that this was needless severity, for it would have sufficed to tie a brickbat to the tail of each mule. Luciny's roses! I guess I don't know -Maj. Randolph in Baltimore American.

A FAMILY COLONY SYSTEM PLEASURES OF THE STEERAGE

Experiences of Two Young Men .on Ocean Steamer-Stealing Food.

"The rates for a first-class passage to Europe and back have fallen so low that I would forego the pleasure of crossing in the steerage again," said a friend to a

"Did you come as a ateerage passen-ger?" asked the reporter. "Yes, I was hard up last summer, and I had to either try the steerage or swim. My friend Jim H. was with me, and we

are not likely to forget our experience. "We boarded the ship at Havre with a fine crowd of Italians, French, Germans, Swiss, and representatives of every other nation under the sun. Our bedroom

size, containing some 200 bunks in double tiers, one above the other, and separted bunk from bunk by a fat. A is equally divided among all the children few hours after leaving port, when we of a deceased father. If a peasant has began to think of our supper and to four sons, for instance, all of whom wonder what the bill of fare might be, a have been laboring with him, he will bell was heard. We rushed down the generally leave, in addition to the capigangway in good spirits, but no signs of tal invested in the farm, a small amount the feast were visible. A bare pine table of ready money. By a mutual arrange-was in the center of our bunk room. ment the eldest brother takes the farm Twenty-four of us surrounded it. The in his name and becomes the head of The remaining 275 sat perchel upon the the family. He manages the business, bunks like hungry vultures. The steward now showed himself, with bell in hand. and invited us to be seated. We finally learned we would have to divide into the brothers and sisters take their meals squads according to the location of our bunks. To a squad were given two tickets-one for wine and coffee, the other for meat and soup—each ticket bearing the number of persons in the party. We were also allowed two pans, one deep and the other shaller, andwith these two of us were told to get from the kitchen rations for the squad. Jim and I failed to grab a tin cup, iron fork and spoon when we lind a chance,

and as these articles were scarce were compelled to eat with our pocket knives and from a saucepan in common with a fat German until we hooked these luxuries from our neighbors. "The delegates sent to the kitchen for

our first meal, after waiting for an hour were sent away rejoicing with a stew composed of odds and ends of meats and vegetables, immersed in a thick, brown, uninviting gravy. You can imagine that the menu was not very appetizing to a delicate stomach. I really envied to a delicate stomach. I really envisid the two comely girls at our table, for the cipal crops require constant watchfulenvied first mate took such a fancy to them that not only their lodging places but their food was very much improved. For the next few days we were too sick to use holding, another farm is taken, and the what we got. After that Jim and I lost considerable flesh, until a couple of English rascals taught us to help ourselves to the cook's or baker's supplies, when we formed quite a successful confed-eracy. A way of loading around the kitchen resulted in numerous gains of boiled potatoes. A large leg of anutton ate houses-The Saturday Review. was one day's booty; a couple of broiled lamb chops and mashed potatoes were

another's. Of course it was necessary to rabs. The nastry cook once lost three within half an hour. The last two days were good for this sport, as the pastry cook was then some distance from his room busy stirring ice cream. Just op-posite this pastry-room was the bread cook's room, at the window of which that official usually stood. In order to divert his attention from the real game, the rape of the cake opposite. Jim at one time pretended to grab some bread while another of our hand carried off the prime after food and only getting half enough then made us somewhat weak, and were glad to lie down upon any convenient spot regardless of the dirt of the deck.

Interesting Account of & Peculiar Eind of Communism in Tuscany. The peasants of Tuscany are better off

than those of any other part of Italy, and this is said to be due largely to what is known as the family colony system. This system is voluntary, has never been recognized by the state or by the law of the country, and has grown out of a general condition. In Tuscany, the land-owners provide the land, the peasant furnishes the labor, and the expenses and profits of farming are equally divided between the two, the agreement

being terminable on due notice by either party. These peculiar relations are gen-erally cordial and lasting, and it is said that there are instances in which the was below decks, fifty by twenty feet in same family have occupied a farm for

hundreds of years. Under both law and custom property and, in case any of the younger brothers wish to withdraw, pays his portion in ready money; the old home is kept up, erally speaking, such an association as this would be broken up by marriage, portions and exchange their ancestral home for those of their husbands.

When one of the sons wishes to marry he consults the head of the family, and largely influenced by his decisio In most cases assent is given, and the wife received into the association to share the labor and the profit. The dowry which she brings her husband remains their private property, but custom re-quires that it shall be reserved for the use of their children. When money is needed for any purpose, the claer brother is applied to, but he takes care that the sums thus supplied to the various members of the association shall be equal in amount. The children are brought up ness, children are of great service in the vineyards and olive gardens. When there are too many hands for the original older members go elsewhere and organize a new colony. The Tuscau peasants have grown so accustomed to this kind of life that they prefer the common home and table to the isolation of separ-

Some Old New York Families. make some very quick and stealthy posure which may make some wince, of disease in which morphinism, caffeism, but no true American will be ashamed of and vanillism are for large round cakes at three separate raids a humble origin. In fact there is but- The habit of ten drinking is one that machinist." The Brevoorts were market a round million, was a bouse carpenter. A. T. Stowart began by teaching a small school. The unillionaire Vermilyes were mel began as an errand boy in the same office in which he is now partner. William Libbey, formerly of A. T. Stewart & Co., and now a retired millionaire, was the son of a Newburg carpenter.

A Peculiar Portrait of Lint.

of his compositions with unusual

an eyo-witness, sang and wept alterna

the audience, with his back leaning

gainst the piano, his arms crossed

titude that Layraud, who chanced to

A Few Very Plain Thoughts.

Tone of Decorative Frage

The Louvre at Paris has lately receive

orty tons of decorative fragments fr he palaces of Ariaxerxes and Dat

contemporaneous art.-Ph

Some of our eastern literature make

reck .- Paris Letter.

O, height serene because I am not thereit Why flees thy becoming caim as I draw night To you remoter height, where earth and Comminghing bound and, make the see so fair. It breathes an inspiration and a praver In me, behobling it with wistful eyer Why am I buffied thus when'er I try

THE ENDLESS CUEST.

The distant mountain height to re

Ot take it fondly home to thee, dear heart, f ever has been so since time began, And ever will be; not alone thou art, Striving to do what never can be doney. For even the angels only know in part; Heaven were not heaven could its last

heights be won. -A. L. Cariton in Pioneer Press

TEA DRINKERS' DISEASES.

Maorders Well Known to the Doctor Predominance of Nervous Symptoms

It is not a little curious that the diseases arising from the wrong use of tea should be met with in greater frequency in countries foreign to its growth. It might have been supposed that where production went on, there would be found those evils that attend the consumption of tea in their greatest extent; but such does not appear to be the case. The discases due to tea are well known to doctors, 'But the public seem to be strangely indifferent to the teachings of their medical advisers in these matters, Recently, in France, M. Eloy has reminded medical men how vast is the number of diseases owing an allegiance to the dominion of Queen Tea. The list of headings in M. Eloy's paper is well calculated to arouse attention, and, we hope, to lead to some abatement of this widespread disorder widespread disorder. America and England are the two countries that are afflicted most with the malady arising from the excessive consumption of tes. Individuals may suffer in a variety of ways. It is customary to speak of acute, subacute and chronic "theism"-a form that has no connection with theological matters. It is possible to be a "theie"

by profession or a "theic" by passion. The predominance of nervous symp toms is a characteristic of theism; general excitation of the functions of the nervous system may be observed; or the weakness may be noted more especially in the brain 'as distinguished from the spinal cord. Perversion of the sense of hearing is not at all an uncommon symptom-patients hearing voices that have no real or objective existence. The irri-tability that overtakes women so frequently may sometimes beclearly traced to an excessive indulgence in afternoon tea. It is a mistake to suppose that it is the poor seamstress who is the chief sufferer from theism. No doubt the tannin which ten that has been standing long contains does a great amount of mischief, but the derangement that it causes hardly belongs to that class of diseases with The genealogical record of some of the which we are 'at present concerned, first families is threatened by an ex- Rather does theism belong to that genus

cries broke out louder and shriller. "They've come to order me out. Oh dear! oh dear! dear! dear! They've come to order me out-they hev, they hev!" Steps approached the door swiftly: it

ked pale and troubled, but she was the crice still sounded from the interior

of the house. "How do you do, Mr. Havers" said 21923 the woman, with grave formality

"Can I see her a minute?" he asked, hoarsely. "Elsie? I don't know. She's takin' on dreadfully. She ain't fit to see anybody. I'm afraid she wouldn't."

"If she'd only see me a minute. I've got something I want to say particu-"Well, I'll see."

She disappeared, and directly the voice, which had been a little more subdued, waxed louder.

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"No, I won't see him; I won't; affeighte b can't. I won't see anybody. I never want to see anybody again as long as I live. Oh deart deart" "It ain't any use," said the woman, 1000 .815

coming back. "She ain't fit to see anybody; she's most crazy. She don't know what she's sayin', anyhow." "Then you tell her-you go right in an'

tell her now-she kin stay here. It don't make any odds about my bayin' the place; I won't live here. She kin keep ight on stayin' here jest the same." A door opened suddenly, and another

woman appeared. She was a pitiful sight. She had a little slim bony figure which seemed to tremble in every joint.

Every line in her small face wavered and quivered; her blue eyes were watery and bloedshot; her skin all blotched and

stained with tears. She was so disfigured by grief that it was impossible to judge of her natural appearance. She would have been hideons had not her smallness and frailty in her distress made her pite

Now, however, something besides sorrow seemed to move her. She was all alive with a strange impotent wrath, which was directed against William Havers.

Havers. She clinched her red, bony hands; her your eyes flashed with indignation, though the force of it was lost through their tearful weakness.

"I guess I won't keep on stayin' here, is snapped, in her thin, hoarse voice "I guess I wont. You needn't offer me a home. I've got one pervided. I sin't quite destitute yet. You needn't think you're goin' to come roun' now an' sussoth matters over. I know why you've done it. You can't blind me. You've been watchin' all the time for a chance to pay us back."

"I don't know what she means," said Havers, helpless'y, to the other women. "Lor, she don't know herself. She's got kind of a notion that you're to blame for buyin' the place. She'll know better to-morrow.

"It's a good deal better for me to buy m," said Havers, with a troubled look. "I shell let her keep right on here. To tell the truth, I bought the

calico-and plastered the brilliant blue thickly over the front door, wielding the brush stiffly in her little knotty hand, stretching herself up on her slight, long

One svening Elsie, at her open chamber window, overheard a conversation between her brother and his wife. They were sitting on the doorstep.

"Havers came over to-night." said Si las. "I see him out at the gate as I come along. He's goin' to let his other house and live here, he says. I declare I'd rdly think he'd want to, this is so such further from town. But the other'll let better, I s'pose. Bockon that's the reason.

"Is he goin' to fix this one up?" asked

Mrs. Wing. "Yes; he's goin' to paint it up some, ap' hey the roof shingled. He was kinder laughin' about that blue door, but he didn't seem to think he'd hev it altered afterward. I told him how poor ie painted it herself."

"Lord! I shouldn't think hed'd want to keen that blue door."

"He seemed to think it wouldn't look bad if the house was painted new to go with it. He's goin' to cut down all them cinnamon roses in the front yard to-mor He's brought over his sickle to

nicht." That was all Elsie heard. She did not know how long they talked after that. He was going to cut down Lucina's cinamon roses.

She kept saying it over to herself, as if it were a task she had to learn, and she could not easily understand. "Lucina's cinnamon roses. He's goin' to cut down all Luciny's cinnamon roses to morrow." It was 12 o'clock that night when Elsie What?" crept down the stairs and out the from door. There was no sound in the house ex-cept her brother's heavy breathing. He and his wife had been asleep three hours. Elsie sidled out of the yard, keeping on the gram, then sped across the road and down it a little way to her old home

hero were only these t ro houses for a ng way: there was not a light visible in per. No one would be pas ing at this te of night; there was no danger of ing observed; moreover,

have been very easily. Great elms won hoth sides of the street, and y cast broad, flickering shalows, ic, keeping close with the shadows, as and.

"Land! Silas, nobody's took 'em. I turned out you was the thief. When you lose a thing, it's always stole." Elsie found it harder to start out towasted. Still, she did not hesitate. When the house was quiet she crept out again, and went over to the old place. She did not stop to 'reflect over the

table. Silas answered it.

did not notice how white she was.

anything of ourn yet, hev ye?"

cut."

got eyes?"

to hear.

with him."

roses to-night. She was braced up to do or she would give way. She went straight around the house to the woodshed, where she had found the sickle the night before. As she came close to the open arch which served as entrance there was a swift rush, and William Havers stood beside her holding her arm. "Oh!" she said, then began feebly

"Elsie Mills! what in the world are you doin' here?" She looked up in his fate, but did not speak.

afraid, you poor little thing. What was it you wanted? Tell me?" "Let me go!"

"Of course I will, but I think you'd better tell me what you wanted, an' let me get it. I'd be glad enough to. I didn't mean to scare you. I suspected I hed a sickle stole, an'I was kinder keepin' who 'twas." "I stole your sickle, an' I'll steal it

again if you offer to tech Luciny's roses." You-stole my sickle-I offer to tech vhat you mean, Elsie."

"I mean jest what I say. I'll steal your kle every time you offer to cut down Luciny's roses."

"You mean them roses out in the front vand

"Course I do. Didn't she set them

"Lord! I didn't know. I didn't kno thin' about it. I hadn't no notion your feelin' bad. If I had, I guess-Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you come right over! I'd hev mown off ny own fingers before I'd offered to tech m roses if I'd known."

"Do you s'pose I was goin' to here an' ask you not to, when I knew you was jest doin it for spite 'cause Luciny wouldn't hev you?" " 'Cause Luciny wouldn't hev me?"

"Yes, 'cause Luciny wouldn't hev

"I didn't never ask har to hev me, El-

"I didn't never ask her."

"I don't see what you mean by that. "Why, I mean I didn't." "What was you hangin' round her a ur, then? An' what made you act so swful cut un?"

"Didn't you never know 'twas you. Plaint

"Yes, you. I bought this place je a you account when I heard the more sount when I heard the mort-goin' to be foreclosed. I didn't realy s'pose you'd be will me, you treated me so inc lin' to marry ciny's day; but I didn't pay no attenForty Knots an Hour.

The idea that it is impossible to propel ships at the rate of forty knots an ho is being discussed in Europe. Professor Thurston, of London, has recently taken up the subject, and concludes that it is possible. The ship that he proposes is to be 800 feet long. 80 feet beam, and 25 feet draught, with a displacement of about 38,000 tons. He estimates the power required to propel her at 250,000 horses. He calculates that her machinery and boilers will weigh only sixty pounds per horse power, or 7,500 tons in all. She would burn about 175 tons of coul an hour, 3,200 tons a day, and 10,500 tons for a voyage from Liverpool to New York. The total weight of fuel and machinery would be about 18,000 tons, leaving 20,000 tons for the ship and cargo. For the hull he allows 12,000

tons, leaving 8,000 tons for crew, passengers and cargo .- Brooklyn Eagle,

No Argument for the Supe The superstitious will make a note of the unpleasant fact that one of the offi-cers on duty at Garfield's tomb committed suicide, and one of the soldiers went mad, and will in some way connect these occurrences with Guiteau's curse. The matter-of-fact people will emphasize the circumstances, that the suicide oc-curred hundreds of miles from Garfield's tomb, and that the unfortunate officer had been a sufferer from chi nic neuralgis, and that the mid soldier had mani-fested signs of insanity long before he went to Cleveland,-Buston Transcript.

"For six nights of our voyage I slept on deck, as I objected to a bed already filled with life.

"I must say a word about our compagnns de voyage. Werner, ruler of the so-called 'Werner gang,' was in charge of a party from the Romansch valleys of Switzerland. His subjects took his lordly manner very meekly. At meal time their ruler presided over the gang's Reader, it will not do to dispute the day meat and soup dish and dealt out the portions according to his own pleasure. ugh he was rough and could swear oundly at them, he was very just. He was a particular favorite with thi women, old and young. Good looks aided him here; a bright eye, a jolly augh curly brown hair, rosy cheeks and a powerful frame.

"Among the Eaglish gang were: Harry,' familiarily called the 'Bloody Joker,' a younger son of a lord, likely enough, but who had gone to the devil 'Pat,' a representative son of Ireland, and 'Greenhorn Jack,' a fellow of 25 years, trying his luck in a foreign land, who was the funniest looking fellow ever saw. His eyes were mere peep holes, his nose was tipped up so much that the bridge was lost sight of, his mouth constantly stretched with a grin, isplaying teeth of only half the ordin ary length. A brown, stubby chin beard did not increase his good looks. A hat of a style several years back was a target for the playful and rough wit of messmates. The poor fellow merely grinned at the rough jokes played on him. He was rather quiet, probably homesick, for he had little money and no friends."

An Artist's Awful Realism.

Concerning the awful realism of Titian's anatomical drawing and coloring this story is told: When he first painted his "John the Baptist" the Turkish anihamador urged him to go to Con stantinople to sell it. He followed that owed that advice. The sultan admired his work and declared the neck of the decapitated apostle was not correctly represe "Now," said the saltan, "I will you." Calling a slave the royal de drew his own blade and severed the sal's head from his body. Over his chastly remains the sultan justice of his criticism. Tit arguel the we profited by this hor d thereafter depicted vible experi nicted the dry and the cles and severed arteries with frightful tensity in the copies of My,-Chicago News

little room for boasting among the New York millionaires. Peter Gdaey began as a journey man planoforte maker, and as a journey man planoforte maker, and the founder of Cooper institute first ap-pears in the directory as "Peter Cooper, hol, a valuable stimulant; in its abuse there is also a certain analogy. There is gardeners. Alderman Carman; who left hardly a morbid symptom which may not be traceable to ten as its cause. This is a fact that general practitioners often use to their own satisfaction and to their the sons of a sexton of a downtown pattent's advantage, if it happen to be church. Cyrus W. Field first opened trade as a dealer in rags. Lawyer Hum to make some marifice in order to be rid of troubles.-Lancet.

Fascidating sights of Childhood

As we pass away from the period of childhood, most of its wonderful sights The first Astor that came to America lose their fascination. One of these is was a butcher and had a stall in Fly the elephant, leading the circus process market. Rufus Story, who is now the sion through the village mreet. I never millionaire veteran of Front street, becould see it enough, that huge, unearthly gan here as as hard-worked boy in a shape. I used to think it strange that cheap grocery. Jay Gould was in early people who were rich enough should not life a clerk in a country store, and felt have one always pacing about their own that he was doing remarkably well when | back yards.

back yards. Another of these spectacles of child-hood that keeps its charm from me is the locomotive at full speed, Momenhe peddled maps in Delaware county. of small things. Why, even the Spof-fords were shoemakers, the Stevenses kept tavern, and the Wolfes can be tum is but a word in a book, except when I stand as near as, I, dare to the clattering rails, and take the fearful joy traced back to a gin-mill. Let the genealogical fiend do his worst, he will still of seeing hearing, feeling, touching, su find that wealth, like charity, covers a to speak, with the trembling antence of multitude of sins.-New York cor. Cin-cinnati Enquirer. iron mass as it reaches me, and is gone. A different and calmer pleasure is to watch the train from a half mile's dis-There is only one portrait of Abbe Liest with which he is pleased, and it came to be made by accident. One eventance across the fields-how slick is its slipping along, "without haste, without as if independently of any prorest," ing, in Rome, Liszt was performing out pelling force; for it is the train that ap pears to run the driving-wheels, not the petuosity and power. The piano, says driving-wheels the train. It is not mo mentum now, but the iniretia of motion; not a missile or projectile, hurled from under his charmed hand. When he finished, the audience burst into a rap-turous shout of "Encore!" At this Liszt, behind or drawn from before, but a thing whose state of speed is as natural pale and looking inspired, brusquely leaped from his seat, turned around to and immutable as to other things the state of rest.-The Atlantic.

Diplomacy of Chinese State

his breast, and his head thrown slightly Prince Bismarck complained not long ago of the way our foreign office inur-dated him with dispatches, but even the writing powers of Downing street would not be a patch upon those of Chinese to terms. A unaterity redier of inacback, and gazed at them unmoved for moment with stern severity. It was while the master was in this superb atpresent, seized his pencil and caught the picture before him. When Liszt saw it statesmen. A masterly policy of inac tion is there studied to perfection, and i afterwards he was delighted and he reis rare that any case is settled until reams of paper have been covered in thrashing out every detail. A Chinase peated the pose, though he could not repeat the look in the artist's studio next thrashing out every detail. A Chinese dispatch must be written in a certain stereotyped form, and in acknowledging a dispatch you arust first begin by quot-ing in extense all the documents to which you are replying. This system of reproducing all the previous correson-dence proves very cumbersome as the case gradually develops. Like a lady's letter, however, the pith of a Chinese communication generally lies in the post-script, and a practiced hand will grasp the meaning at a glasse. The ricercy of a Chinese province persons some hum-dreds of these documents every day, and attaches a minite to each in a busing a like style, which is not excelled by our me sick. It is so overnice it is nasty. Do you know, the English have added sixty new skin diseases to the catalogue of cutaneous diseases through excessive bathing! That reminds one of the stufe-ment of the philosopher, that he bathed twice a year-if he needed it.-Down Platt in The Current. taches a minitor to not excelled to style, which is not excelled est organized departments at is increased. Contury,