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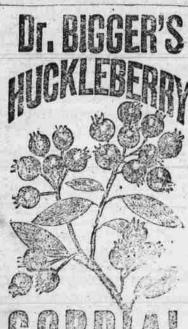
For years I suffered from Loss of Appetite and Indigestion, and failed to find relief, until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Three bottles of this medicine

Entirely Cured me, and my appetite and digestion are now perfect.—Fred G. Bower, 498 Seventh st., South Boston, Mass.

Seventh st., South Boston, Mass.

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A SACRIFICE.

The snows were drafting around the cabin, the winds echoing among the naked pines. Now and again a flerce gust whirled up a drift, and dashed it, in scattered flakes, against the unshuttered pane, Clouds, like tirds of evil omen, were scudding across the winter sky. Against the base of the mountain the lights of the little valley town flickered fitfully, intensifying the darkness of the intermediate mountain trail.

She was a glorious creature physically; wild and untained as the Sierra wastes that surrounded her. Darcy Breene's blue eyes caught a warm gleam as they dwelt on her, puring over book and slate in the light of a pine fire. Red Ranch Bob, glowering from the opposite corner, noted the glance, and clinched his teeth over a curso that was only half stifled. Darcy's eyes grew perceptibly warmer as the murmer reached him. It was in the nature of the young fellow to

grow deflant under fire. Sal closed her book with a sigh and rose slowly, her splendid figure, in its plain, dark habit, outlined clearly against the background of ruddy flame.

"I'm thinkin' ez how ye'll need suthin hot agin ye git down yonder," she said to Darey, and took down a brown bottle from the hanging cupboard, loosening the cork as she handed it to him.

He accepted the bottle from her hand, smiling into her glowing face as their fingers met, and replaced it upon the shelf from which she had taken it.
"None to-night, thank you." he said, meaningly. "My heart is too warm as

it is. Perhaps you know what hand has already kindled the flame." The next moment he had bidden her good night, and was struggling bravely

through the drifts without.

For some minutes after the door had closed upon him there was silence in the little cabin, broken only by the heavy breathing of old Com Enderly, enjoying his nightly drunken sleep in the adjoining room. Sal, standing dreamily with folded hands, and happy eyes fixed somewhat wistfully on the flames, sighed as a rough clasp upon her arm recalled her from her reverie. She shuddered involuntarily as she turned to confront Bill's resentful, surly face. It was such a contrast to that delicate face, pale and quiet, that had just turned from her to the stormy night without. "I want ter know." said Bill, huskily

-"I want ter know jest how long this yer's a-goin' ter last?" The girl shrugged her shoulders with

feigned indifference. This yer bliggard? Can't say, I'm sure. Praps ye might tell better-on

Red Ranch Elll's great fist came down Eke a hammer on the little table.
"Dern ye an' yer sass! I'll—I'll kill

She looked up at him unflinelingly, with scornful, rearless eyes. His face softened sublenty. rile me, "don't ye be hard on me-don't loyal Bill; of his love, honorable, manly,

Quit this yer thing now, whar it be. Kum ter th' ranch, ter th' ranch ez hez be'n waitin' fur ye sense th' night when ye gev me th' word ez I'd lived fur, fur three long year! Me nor th' ranch don't ax no larnin', Sal. We only wantsyersel'!"

Taylor's Cherottee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullels will core Coughs, Croup and Con-numpters. Price 25 cm. and \$1 a notile. The girl shrank from his touch, bracing herself against the chimney side. There was a conflict coming, and she was not sure just how fierce a one it might Real Estate Agency. be. The fire on the hearth was paling. The glow on her face paled with it, and

"Bill," she said, "I'm sorry cz how ve wants me: I'm sorry fur that thar word ez ye counts I gev ye, fur I can't held ter it, I can't. I'm a-goin' ter ax ye ter let me go-ye' don't want a gal ter th' man'h ez 'ud hate it more 'n more ev'ry day an' night. Don't hold me ter it,

Lill. far I can't marry ye-I can't!" Tears were in her voice, tears were very near her eyes, but the unwonted seftness of her face was not of long duration, for the man's arms were round her. crushing her in their grasp; his fierer

eyes burning her face. "I ax ye one question," he panted.
"Be ye th' gal cz I've loved an' wanted -th' gal ez is fit ter be an honest man's wife-or be ye Darcy Breene's leavin'sth' woman ez the schoolmaster hez

He read her answer in her steadfast,

unshamed eyes.
"So much th' wursen fur him," be muttered. "Ef W'd owed ye nught, I'd hev let him live to pay it. Now"-And before the girl realized that she was free he had flung her from him and

was plunging madly down the trail. She ran to the door, wringing her hands and sobbing despairingly, as she vainly called him-back.

"Bill, Bill, kum buck! I wuz only a-foolin' of ye! I'll marry ye, Bill-I'll marry ye!

wild words echood along the The mountain, and shuddered back to her. borne on the answering wind. For an insent she yielded to her despair, totte? ing weakly against the open door. The chill snows dashed in her face; an icicle, snapped from the rafters by the wind, fell upon her cheek, piereing sharply into the soft flesh. The pain revived her. Quich is thought, she run to the hearth, falling upon her knees as she threw aside the rude bearskin rug, and groped along until her hands jarred a loosened stone. To lift this, seize the ckl fashioned purse that lay teneath and hide it in her tosomwas the work of a moment. Then she caught up a shawl, wrapping it tightly about her head and shoulders and dashed boldly into the bitter storm. Not down the trail. . She knew a shorter way than that! Five rods ahead of the cabin began a sharp, natural descent, periloss in summer saushine, surely fatal now, Li the snow and darkness; a descent that cliff by cliff shelved down to the highway leading to the town. Lightly as a deer she sped through the snowdrifts, sinking upon hands and knees as she neared the cliff. Then she freed her arms from

the restraining shawl, and without a moment's hesitation began the terrible

descent. Again and again she lost her

descent. Again and again she lest her footing; again and again her numb fingers loosed their hold upon the ice-bound ledges. Once, hands and fest played her false together. She felt herself falling down, down, through the darkness, with dizzy speed, while the white rocks finished past her eyes, the loosened tender best into her foce. Half

tree, towering like some hoary giant in its robe of ice. One of its boughs caught ther gown, held her in mid air for one awful moment, then, erisp with frost, broke off sharply, ciaching down with her into a bank of snow. For a few minutes, that seemed as more hoard in the company of the staggered to the bed and fell across it, face downwards, scorching tears gatherminutes, that seemed as many hours to ing slowly in her wide open, unseeing her, she lay with closed eyes, sick, dizzy, blinded. Then, bruised and bleel-nor the quick footsteps that sounded in ing, she resumed her awful journey, reck-less of pain or peril in her desperation, heeding only that each new fall brought roughly.

her nearer to the man she loved. As she leaped from the last crag down to the snowy highway Darcy Breene's lantern was just shining around the last turning of the trail. She caught it from him and hurled it upwards, its telltale light vanishing within an extinguisher of snow. Then, as, speechless with astonishment, he stoad irresolutely, she seized his hand and dragged him hastily towards

"Th' night freight 'll be pessin' yer in five minutes," she masped, almost incoherently. "It allers slows just than, by th' junction. Fur God's sake, fur life's

sake, board it. It's yer only chance!" The schoolmaster drew himself up defantly. He was a slim, blonde fellow, with girlish eyes and coloring, but he had a manly spirit under his effectionate ex-terior. He understood at once that her jealous suitor had been working upon Sal's fears with some threat of violence to him. But if his heart beat more quickly at the thought, it was not from cowardice. He put his arm around the trem-bling girl and drew her to him. With a sore agony in her heart. stifled cry she broke away, urging him forward with all her remaining strength. quarter of a mile up the mountain she

had caught the gleam of a lastern.

Darcy's pantonymic answer was eloquent. He flung off his coat and began Then her woman's wit came to her aid.

"Darcy," she pleaded, "ye ain't around ter back out now—ye ain't—
ain't refusin' ter kum—wi' mo?"

"Early, her back out now—ye ain't—
ain't refusin' ter kum—wi' mo?"

"Early, drawn, glastly, horrorstricken, above her,
"Sall' he cried. "Oh, my God! my
God! Sal!"

The desmair in the face of Recommendation of the desmair in th

With her? The man started and caught up his coat hurriedly. These last two words opened a vista not unpleasing to him, in his passionate, selfish youth. He went if few steps forward and then healtared.

The little inherent good in his nature asserted itself in this hast moment. "Sal," he said, "do you know what you are asking? I—I have not done well

by you, but I never meant you-quite such wrong-as this A great sob welled up from the girl's heart and strangled her. She put her hands to her throat, wildly. Keener than the Litter blast, sorer by far then the wounds from the key ledge was the stab of those repeniant words. He had never meant to marry her, never-not even when his words were softest, his eyes and heart most warm! And this was the man for whom she had just dared death-the lover whom she would have saved at any "Eal, Sel." he cried pleadingly, "don't cost. The thought of Bill—poor, rough, st, which she had bartered-for this! A sudden bitter resentment took possession of her-to vanish as she looked up and met Darcy's soft blue eyes. Poor, godless, untaught Sal! What chance had she that love would not prove too strong

for her? "I love ye," she whispered. "We can't never - be free 'yer. Take me away, Darcy-don't leave me yer-ter Bill."

Leave her to Dil!! All the passion, the jeniousy, the dogged determination of barcy Breene's character, to carry hat any net who wer was read opposed, was quickened by the words. put on his cont, and turned toward junction, his hestation all but nomiat an end.

"I-I have so little money!" he cried,

"Yer's mine; take it, take it! Ye kin pay me back onny time."

She forced the purse upon him, and led him unresistingly toward the frosty tracks, glittering at the cross roads.

"But my room—my things—I cannot leave so!" He stopped, resolutely, as a, sudden remembrance swept over him. "There is a picture," he sold, a flush of honest shame mounting rodly to his brow as he spoke: "it is under my pillow. don't mind my other traps, but-I-must

-have-that! The whistle of the engine sounded in

the distance.
"Giv' me th' key! I'll git it fur ye!" the girl cried, recklessly. "Go on; Fill foller; and mechanically he went forward, the blinding enow veiling her from his sight.

She shrank back against the white rock and waited till the mort of the coming engine could be disanguished through the silence. Then she folded her showl about her, and sped towards the tracks, in Darcy's footprints. He looked at her inquiringly as she reached him, posting, just as the long train began to slow, and the engine pulled

post them. "I've got it! Git on-They're startin'!" she cried, as the last car, an emigrant conch. peared there.

He attempted to help her up, but she oushed him before her, and jumped after din. The wheels began to quicken. "Darcy," the sobbed, "like me!" There, on the icy platform, with the

wind sweeping around them, the enow whirling in their faces, he opened his arms and folded her in them, pressing a hot kiss on her passionate, death white The next moment he was flung back ward into the lighted car; the door closed

upon him. When he had leaped to his feet and remined the platform, he was alone, with the train racing along tracks at pitiless speed. And for believel, by the tracks on the snowy roadside, alone and defenseless in the bitter night, stood Sal Enderby, and her heart in her face as abo held out her arms in a muto farewell to the man her love had saved.

Ten minutes later she was in Darcy Breene's room, groping her way to the pillow under which rested the picture he had refused to leave. She drew it out, and felt around for a match, a mad jeal-ousy in possession of her. The portrait that he could not part from-of whom was it? A low fire was burning in the grate. She best down eagerly, holding the picture to the light of the flames. was a photograph of a girl—a fair, sweet, gentle looking girl; and on the margin was written in Darcy Browns's clear clair actors, "Grootheart." A faint separation sweet over the girl. The flames damied nor the quick footsteps that sounded in

"Kum out ver!" cried a voice, roughly. "I ain't a goin' ter git th' better o' ye unbeknownst. I'm willin' ter fight ye f'ar an' squar', an' let th' best man win.'

The words reached her, but she did not grasp their meaning. The long strain had brought its inevitable reaction, and she had succumbed at last. "Git up, thar, I say! No playin' asleep 'll feel me! Ye're a coward ter

try it! Show up, like a man, afore I-count five, or I'll shoot ye fur th' dog ye be! One!-two!-three!-four!-five! A sudden familiar sound recalled Sal Enderly to a dim sort of consciousness. It was a sound that she had learned to know well during her life in that lawless region-the elick of a revolver, cocked for action. Some faint, natural instinct of self preservation impels her to open her lips, but no word issues from them. Twice she essayed to speak, and both times vainly. Then she shut her lips again, resignedly. Sweetheart! Sweet-heart! That cruel word was the only one she had not forgotten. She was dead

There was a flash, a sudden, sharp re-port, a keen, stinging sensation in her left side, piercing through to the beautiful white breast! The next moment the "Bill's a-goin' ter kill yer," the cried. light of a lantern flashed full in her face, "He's got his shooter. Wot kin ye do and, lying back, faint unto death, with something warm and dark trickling through her gown and staining the white counterpane, she saw the face of Red Ranch Bill, drawn, ghastly, horror-

"It" all right, Bill-ye didn't mean it, she said, softly, "It don't—hurt half ez much—ez ef—'t h'd be'n—him!"

Her eyes closed, her lips paled. Bill sank on his knees, burying his face in her frosty, draggled skirt, Suddenly, with a last effort, she raised berself in the bed and held out the velvet framed pict-

"Keep it—till Darcy Preene—sends fur it," she gasped. "Don't take on, Bill. I'm—glad—ter die—fur—his—

sake!' Then her lips parted, her eyes glazed, her head fell forward, and the tragedy of Ranch Village was played to its end .-Minnie Gilmore in Frank Leslie's.

The Work of the Reporter. A very large proportion of the work of collecting and preparing news for a daily paper can not, from the nature of things, be performed by women. About half the ons condoved on a city daily cause are reporters. They are likely to be sent anywhere and everywhere by the city editor at any loar of the day or night. They are obliged to visit places where the foot of a modest woman should never tread. They are forced to familiarize themselves with crime and criminals. They must attend horse races, sparring matches, prize fights, "hanging political conventions and other disreputable gatherings. They must follow engines to fires, run after the police patrol occon, mincle with mols, witness dog bin and "chicken contentions," go in disguise into secret meetings of Annrehists and be in attendance at police court trials and coroner's inquests. Till women abandon their wonanhood they can not become efficient newspaper reporters.-Chicago Times.

Hoft Is It in Europe. Pending the discussion of the desirability of adding dynamite to red hot ctoves and oil lamps as a remedy against the sufferings and tortures of being first smashed and then clowly rousted in a burning car, it might be worth while to inquire why it is that the effete nations of the old world never are under the necessity of discussing means of speedy death as a relief from the torture of milway cannities. Is it not somewhat singular that among the played out denizers of Europe bridges don't drop when trains cress them; switches are not misplaced when a lightning express is due; the pas senger coaches never tumble down high embrokowats and then catch fire and rocet their mutilated contents? How do they do things over there? It is true that these people are effete, and worn out,, and park, while it appears that there is a point or two where they have the advantage of us.-Chicago Times.

The Fees Lecturers Receive.

Henry Ward Beecher has received more money for lectures than any other man on the platform record. He has been lecturing for forty years, his fees having incremed from \$50 to \$200, and the aggregate amount being estimated at \$250,000. Most of this money, however, has been lost. Greeley paid for Chappaqua by his lectures. Bayard Tayfor cleared in the same manner \$5,500 in one seesou. Tilton used to deliver fifty lectures in a session at \$75 to \$100. Josh Billings had all the engagements he wanted at \$100, and left an estate of \$75,000, all made after he had passed 40 Chapin made \$30,000 by his lectures and Emerson got rich in the same manner. Anna Dickinson was at one time worth \$15,000, all made by lectures, but it was lost through mismanagement. Mark Twein has made between \$25,000 and \$10,000 by his lectures.-New York Mail and Express.

A Walk Before Breakfast.

It is curious how ideas change with the times. Not so many years ago it was considered the most healthful thing in the world to take a walk before breakfast. "It is not only absurd, but dangerous, aid a well known physician, speaking on this subject a few days ago. "The early morning air is malarial and will cause entarth and lung troubles. If you can avoid it never leave your home until the san has warmed the atmosphere. Never mind about seeing the sun rise; it will time without your assistance—take cure of your health and let the sun take cure of least. — Philadelphia Call.

THE BRITISH TRAMP STEAMER. An Old Sea Captain Tells What He

Knows About the Craft. "The majority of 'tramps' are built on the share plan," said an old sea captain; to say that any individual or "that is firm able to get together a sufficient number of subscribers to the necessary capital in from £5 to £50 shares organizes a company, securing for the trouble the sole management of the vessel and handling all the earnings, charging a commission to the shareholders for managing the ship, and in many instances themselves not owning a single slare. They are satisfied with the commissions, which are first deducted from the gross freight earned. Whether the vessel makes money for the shareholders or not the agent is always secure, and takes care to

indennify himself in all cases.

A registry of these ressels is published mually, and a character assigned if-paid for which may or may not truly set forth vessel. That this certificate of good character is not always to be relied upon is not by any means the fault of the staff of surveyors, but can be traced to the rascality of builders who, having taken the contract perhaps ruinously low, are tempted to substitute unknown to the inspector an inferior quality of metal, light frames, insufficient or defective riveting, or poor workmanship throughout. Or, granted that the builder has faithfully performed his duty, and that the vessel has left the yard in a practically perfect condition, it is after she has passed into the control of the managing owner that

her unseaworthiness surely commences. "The ship, now ready for business, is chartered, for example, to load a cargo of coal, and without any previous knowledge (except the somewhat theoretical knowledge, perhaps, of the builder) as to how the vessel may perform, she is loaded as deeply as even the greed of the owners can exact and started on her voyage. Jack, who comes on board only after the ship is loaded, and sees the dangerous manner in which she is to be sent to sea, can but shake his head, for the vessel is only down to the Plimsoll mark, and the board of trade surveyors will not in that case stop the ship and compel her to be lightened

"The Plimsell mark is a mark which painted on the side of a vessel at her west point of sheer, and is supposed to denote the depth to which she may with safety be loaded. The distance between this mark and the dock line (measured on the side of the ship; is called the free-board, and by an act of paritament this freeboard, expressed in feet and laches, must be entered upon the articles of agreement between the owners and crew. a copy of which must be clways hung up in the forecastle. Now, there is no law that fixes the rule where this mark shall be, but it is left to the owner to put it where he chooses. He may, therefore, give the ship as little or as much freeboard as he ages fit. It is needless to eav

that the universal rule is as little as pos-"Well, Jack being on board, the ship proceeds on her voyage, overloaded and weather is encountered; the ship, being too deeply laden, cannot rise to the sea. but wallows along through it, to the peril of the deck fittings and the men oblige l to be on the dock. The machinery being new, there is not much danger of being disabled unless the gale increases to hurricane force, in which case, if the ship survives, she is sure to come out of the encounter minus some of her begts, houses, bridges, etc., and perhaps badly

strained in the hull. The vessel having arrived at her des tination is quickly discharged and loaded, the process being carried on night and day, and without any thought of repairing damages, except these absolutely necessary. Should any of the boats have been lost they will not be replaced until she arrives at a home port. Should may of her sails be blown away they will certainly not be replaced, but the yards will be sent ashore, and the vessel reduced to her fere and aft rig only, thus economizing in spars, rigging and sails, and de-priving the sailor of his last chance for life in case of a mishap to machinery during a heavy gale, or in the event of the ship's losing her propeller. As the tramp steamers are now being rapidly reduced in their sull power it is found possible to man them with two bands less in the erew, so that a vessel of 2,000 tors dend weight capacity frequently carries only six men before the must, and of these it is safe to say that only two of the number are fit to be trusted at the wheel or on

the lookout. "As long as vessel and outfit are comparatively new abe may live through many a storm, but when the outlit is worn out it is replaced, if at all, in the cheapest possible manner, and as regards repairs to buil, engines and boilers, they are only made when there is alsolutely no other way to get the vessel to sen, and what may then happen concerns the owner to a very slight degree."-New

The Hebrew Race.

America has the Lest, the strongest, the manliest, the handsomest specimens of the Hebrew race. As you go eastward in Europe you even to approach nearer and nearer to the Shakes, type. While the Jew in Austria-Hungary is through his financial power the companion of the high social class often of the nobility, and sometimes himself ennobled, as a person in the lower walks of life he preserves the hurald and submissive bearing which was until late years everywhere his most notable characteristic. The sufferance which was the budge of all his tribe in Shalesspenre's time continues to be his distinctive mark in the southeast of Europe. The signs of it have almost disappeared at Victim since his fellows have not only taken possession of the lanks Hungary, in the Danubian principalities, in Turkey and in Russia they are still lainly visible.-Buda-Pesth Cor. San Francisco Chronicle,

Milch Cows in the City. There are 2,400 places in Now York there cows are kept to be milked for the public benefit, and a benth officer reports that "there are not fifty places in the long list where a decent man can remain five minutes without being mad-sick."-Detroit Free Press.

THE BALLET GIRL'S SACHEL.

An Honest and Safe Escort-The Sachel's

Power of Guardianship. I am a night bird. Not that I sleep by day, but I take my most precious flights around when half the town has gone to bed. Thus my strolls usually tring me by the theatres when the curtain has fallen and the back door is slamming; when men with shaven faces do lge out and into the handlest salcons, and ladies with remarkable complexions take the arms of the dudes, who hang around the alley way or the curbstone, elegantly disdainful of the scoffs of the mob. And I always halt a little way beyond and watch the sachels take the ballet girls home.

No great Dane or fighting build og could be as honest and as safe an excert as this sachel. The toughest lounger at the stage door draws uside to give it passage. As it goes through the dark byways the -policemen nod to it and the the real character or condition of the vilest of the scum that floats upon the vessel. That this certificate of good char-night tide of the streets eddies aside and leaves its passage clear. It brings its charge into the street car, and the curly conductor becomes civil. It takes her through a mob of poor, foot weary wantons swarming at some dive door. and they drop their ribald voices, and here and there among them you may note a white, harsh face turned saide and a swelling in a throat. It is, in short, a badge of honesty and labor that has gained a recognition for itself, like the peliceman's badge or the fireman's uniform. As long as a ballet girl carries her own spehel she is safe. It is only when she gets a maid to handle it for her

that her peril has begun. It is a poor thing enough in itself. Even when it is brand new it exhales an odor of cheapness. A very little use makes and havor with its symmetry, and you often encounter it in a deplorable state of collapse. But it is never so rickety as to lose its power of guardianship. is stuffed with a pair of tights, a pair of slippers, a wig, perhaps, and certainly with some rouge and drop chalk and grease paint. What little costume goes with these essentials is left in the care of the wardrobe people at the theatre. Its contents and berself are the ballet girl's chief professional capital, and every time she closes it she wraps up in its stuffy depths a dream of the day when Patti or Bernhardt shall have a rival, and the honest old suchel give place to a jewel case and a Saratoga trunk to a villa at Havre or a castle in Wales.

And why not, indeed? Did not Bernhardt carry her sachel once, and Patti not own a sachel to carry? What hashappened once may happen again. What place in the world is there like the stage for ambitions, romances and dreams?-Alfred Trumble in New York News.

The Senses as Affected by Sex. such as lace making, embroidery, head stringing, etc., are therefore usually fellowed by women. As regards the sense of hearing, we are not aware of any experiments or observations on the relative perfection of the sense in the two sexes. and the same may be stated as regards the sense of sight, which appears to be equally acute in women and men. In tne extreme delicacy of taste it is probable the men excel. As regards the sense of smell, come exceedingly conclusive

American savants which appear to subvert our preconceived opinions. There's periments were performed with prussic neid and other strongly odorous stances on forty-four males and thirtyeight females, and it was found that in nearly all cases the sense of smell was about double as active in men as in women. The cause of the difference in this matter between men and women is quite unknown, as is the object of the distinction; but it has one practical bearing that may be beene in mind. The employment of strong and potent perfumes by women may depend on their less acute kense of smell, and they would do well to bear in mind the fact that odors and perfumes which may to quite pleasant to them may be almost overpowering and decidedly unpleasant to individuals of the other sex.-London

The Mahdi's Musicians.

The Maldi's musicians are the men of the moment in Paris. They are about fourteen in number, and, in their red turies, turbuss and blue pontations, with yellow stripes they were taken by many of the Parlians, who were enjoying their fundey stroll, for an Ethlepian con-tingent of the Salvarion Army. They mve come to Paris for the purpose of giving some performances in the Eden theatre with their national instruments The musicians belong to the Soudan and were carolled in the Egyptian army. After Tel-el-Hebir they revolted and joined the Prophet in the desert, but were enbequently pardoned,-London Telegraph

Chinnmen Who Can Row

Some months ago I commented on the fact that some of her majesty's ships on the China station were to a large extent manued by Chinamen. In a regetta which enine off at Hong Kenz just before Christians the Victor Emanuel entered on eight cored galley, manned entirely by Chinemen, who beat all the boats of the squadron in entited style over a case mile course. The Chinamen are enid to have rowed a longer and slower stroke than any of their competitors, and their boot has never been beaten yet. There must be some good stuff in the Celestials after all .- London Truth.

A new form of railway seat spring has been devised in England, and is highly spoken of. The entire seat is carried on a colled spring of peculiar form, and is free to move in all directions, so that every jerk and oscillation that the car can receive is perfectly taken up.-Chicago

The city analyst of Liverpool finds their pepper is largely adulterated with a worthless material resembling ground olive stones, which is imported from Hall for the express purposs. Arkanacs

IN SPRING

Ah! when the robins make melodious The twilight dusk; when sealy leaf buds swell, When mosses in the awamps grow living green; When downy catkins suit the willow well;

When golden warm the sunshine glows at noon;

When in the woods the Indian mishodeed Hangs its pink bells above the last year's leaves;

When blackbird concerts in the clm tree tops For stell the summer's carnival of song, We il smile and say, "Dear heart, the spring is

here; And after all, the winter was not long. So will it be when, life's long journey over, Its storms all braved, its thorny pathways trod; Some day of days, our eyes shall open On the fair city built and kept by God.

And gazing on its radiant spires and turrets, And listening to the burst of heavenly song
We'll smile and say: "Eternity is dawning,
And after all, dear heart, life was not long."

—Mary Carlisle:

THE CRAZE OF COASTING:

A Lightning Procession of Consting

Machines-Ridiculous Methods.
The other day Howard street hill was lined on either side with men and women roaring with laughter. Strangers who added to the throng and looked on some times joined in the merriment, but at other times held their breath at what they saw. The boys had poured water down the middle of the street and it had frozen into a narrow roadway of silvery ice. Along this slippery slanting path there shot a lightning like procession of coasting machines of sorts the most re-markable that were ever seen together. First there would come half a dozen fragile painted sleds, followed by an errand boy in a soap box mailed to a

sled, with brown paper fluttering out

from under him to show that he supposed to be delivering a parcel some-Next came eight little urchins on a piece of rough plank, flying as if they were falling from the clouds. Swiftly pursuing the plank came a boy on the lid of a trank, a girl on a square block of ice, a boy on a side of such a box as oranges come in, with another boy astrile of his back, all flying down at sixty miles an hour. Clese upon these came voung lady and a boy upon a tologican, more painted sleds, another errand boy on a soap box, and, strangest sled of all, a door mat, that had been been wet and frozen still, bearing a ragged girl, revolving around and around

after the manner of a pinwheel, and yet darting down hill like a flash. But there were many other strange sights to come. One was that of a boy flitting by with nothing beneath him, while close to his back came the square block of wood that had slipped from under him. Another boy slid along in-side a decrepit old basket, and one went by like a swallow on a little piece of wood under which he had screwed a pair If the senses are taken seriatim it will of skates to serve as sled runners. be evident that they are not parallel in was not so much coesting as a coasting men and women. The latter possess in a burlesque, so utterly reliculous were much greater degree the perfection of the serve of touch; those occupations that re- down the hill. The truth was that as quire extreme delicacy of manipulation, each boy happ hal along and caught threw himself upon it if he had a sled, or, if he had none, he got the first thing that came to his hand to sit upon. Night after might this crazy coasting goes on, and thus far there is no news of any one having been seriously hurt .- Albany Cor.

What Arabia is Like. Thanks to those instructive works called manuals of geography, and the valuable information of various worthy folks who have never seen not desert but Coney island, we all know profit we'll by this time what Arabia ought to be like. A dranry, unending level of burning sand, tastefully decorated with human skeletons and milestoned with solitary palm trees thirty becomes apart, each overhanging a "limpid well" (whatever that may be), while bands of dusky robbers mounted on horses possessing the singular property of always going al full galop and never needing to be fed, scurry over the pathless waste in a style of clothing repulsive to every right principled mind, living comfortably where there is nothing to ent, and amassing rich spoil where there is no

one to rob. But these well ascertained facts are rulely shaken when confronted with Arabia as it is, which does not agree by any means with Arabia as it ought to be. The untraveled traveler sees with amaze ment Ambian mountains geveral thousand feet in height, Ambian valleys as green and beautiful as the charming little glens that lark amid the black lava ridges of Leland, Arabian fortreges armed with European cannon, Arabian coffee plantations worthy of the choicest districts of Java and Erazil. Indeed, the whole northern slope of the Coffee mountains of Yemen is still as rich and productive, even after centuries of Turkish misrule, as in the far off days when Mocha was the chief outlet of couthern Ambin, little dreaming that it should one day be as magnificently useless as a London foot-men or the head steward of an ocean steamer.- David Ker in New York Mail

The Speering Spot.

As a Journal representative sat in the chair of a Maiden lane burber the other dny, the genial artist of the brush ob-served that the journalist succeed when his hair was combed. "Did I touch the sneering spot?" inquired the burber. He then proceeded to explain that the "sneezing spot" was a sensitive place to the left of the middle of the forehead. "Why," said be, "there are men who come in here who sneeze regularly every time I comb their hair or shave them just as soon as the comb passes over that spot. I had a man in here yesterday who sneezed three times just as hard as he could, all because I touched the 'sneezing spot.' It must be a very small nerve that tickles the nea-tril."—Albany Journal.

President Monroe, necording to a re-cently published letter of his grandson, was not overwhelmed with debt, finally dying in poverty, as generally believe He says that his distinguished arcess left large unincumbered real estate London county, Va., and personal pro-erty worth \$40,000, which public rece-show.—Chicago Tribune.

Sature is never in a linery care w