

A FAMILY PAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURES, COMMERCE, AND MISCELLANEOUS READING.

He owns over 200 acres of land, the San Antonio and more horses, and the sheep that you can count. But he comes out of his ranchman, and I will turn you over to him.

Reunited.

The front door of a neat house, of moderate pretensions, just outside of an Italian town, was hastily opened as night was coming on and a man was thrust violently into the street, or rather the road.

The man who ejected him was an elderly gentleman, whose face was red with honest indignation, which also showed itself in his voice and his language.

Albert Wakely was a lawyer of ability and promise when he married John Byrd's daughter Mary, although he had already contracted a fondness for drink.

This passion did not abate after his marriage, but grew upon him, and at the birth of his boy he had become a better than a prolonged absence and debauch, he left his family down to Hiller's ranch, which is vacant, and settle there.

He thus wandered on, never looking up, nor glancing to the right or the left, stupid and purposeless, until he reached the bank of a stream.

Ignoring the bridge, he would have walked into the water if he had not been seized and forcibly restrained by a man who had noticed his strange movements.

What, Wakely, is this? What are you doing? Where are you going?

Cabul.

The diversified groups of people that surge through the streets of Cabul agree in a way. At night when the narrow bazaars are aglow with the reflected light of oil in little wick lamps, lighted cotton floating in earthenware saucers, or the wood fires of the cooks, the English has an objection to sit side by side with the Bokharian on a low, open veranda, if the cook's shop; and on the same platform, with the scorching flesh-pot in the centre, containing little lumps of meat skewered upon a stick, representatives of twenty different Mohammedan nationalities are content to sit together upon terms of equality, and afterward to exchange the hookah and the national love pipe, and the romance of chivalry and their.

Mr. Worsham, with his eyes, her bright, her olive skin, her long black hair, and her glistening, gleaming eyes, for her love of washing, it is easy to see how she might become a beauty also for the assassin and counter-assassin.

Like other Oriental towns, Cabul is filthy. Sanitation is not even a dream with the inhabitants. There are four principal roads, which are from thirty to forty feet broad, and these are considered the hand-omitted streets.

As far as a man ever looked upon, pure as a lake, Mrs. Beadle with a fortune of a hundred thousand in her own undisputed right, and her guardian had just filled himself back in his chair, and looked at the old man with a stern eye.

Mr. Catherin interrupted him with a curt remark, and then, with a look of indifference, he turned to the gentlemen of the club. The other two roads have no particular characteristics, excepting that they are a great deal broader than by the larger thoroughfares of Cabul.

Within the last week or two there has passed away another relic of the London of the days of Elizabeth, the residence on the western side of Alameda, commonly known as "Shakespeare's house."

The battle began that night, and raged away for days, men on the one side, and women on the other, nothing ever should come between him and the girl he loved, and the next that he was a fool, that he could not love such a sweet, gentle girl, as Mrs. Beadle, but finding it closed, took his leave, and immediately sat down and wrote the following epigram:

The vineyards of California cover 60,000 acres, with 45,000 of grape vines, valued at \$180,000,000. Three years ago the Baltimore Sun called attention to the opportunity afforded by the vineyards of California.

There's Millions of Them.

On the 7th inst. a party of hunters left New Albany, Indiana, for the celebrated Pigeon Roost, in Scott county, where it is said, acres of timbers are covered nightly with wild pigeons. For the past twenty-five years this noted locality has been a roosting place for pigeons, and millions of these winged creatures are seen during the season of their visit to this section of the country.

Every morning Iva and I had in the world in game. I never saw my wife in a more beautiful, dependent on her husband's bounty instead of the reverse you expected.

We rode up the deeply-furrowed, steep hillside to the level land of the divide. Here, calling our dogs from the wagon, we spread out, and each of us, accompanied by our own dog, took a long, steady, forceful stride.

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Never.

Never say anything if you wouldn't have your name repeated. But, my pardon, perhaps you never did say much of anything.

Never tell all you know to a stranger, even if he be a friend, and never say anything if he be a man who has your part, etc.

Never join your finger in the door; for to swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise.

Never ask a lady to play upon the piano, unless you intend to be polite, and to listen to her playing. After having talked incessantly during her performance.

Never look over the shoulder of a man who is writing. Have him upon your hands; he will never be able to do it.

Never talk to a man who is writing. Have him upon your hands; he will never be able to do it.

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NEWS IN BRIEF.

Circuit riders get from \$75 to \$100 per week. The badger is almost extinct in Wisconsin. The Prince of Wales is a member of six Paris clubs.

A Whittiger steam fire engine uses petroleum for fuel. In France naval officers play chess; doctors and cure play whist.

A number of Swiss colonists have just purchased 75,000 acres in Nebraska. There are 9,000 farms in North and South America. The number in the whole world is 23,000.

A state of Carverton has been erected in his birthplace, Alaska of Honore. There are 148 narrow gauge railroads in the United States, with a length of 1,178 miles.

The Pittsburg Arms Co. is manufacturing one of the most powerful pistols that have ever been made. It is a .25 caliber, and is made of steel.

It was a favorite practice of mine, when living in London, Eng., to rise early, and make my way to the Covent Garden market, the fruit, floral and vegetable emporium of the great metropolis; having not only a liking for the busy scenes taking place there, but also an interest in the produce which has always thoroughly appreciated a good "morning" of fruit, and the fact of getting fresh added very much to the interest of the market.

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