Your voice came faintly up across the clover; "To salt the cattle. Yes." Away I flew. Down the dark lane, 'neath the drooping larches,

You waiting for me just beyond the corn That opened in long lengths of gleaming

And led me out into the dewy morn. Then we sped on. Did our feet touch the

grasses? Or did we glide, as sometimes in dreams, Without a motion save the thought that Dasses.

And wills us onward over fields and streams! A brook's loud brawl called us from the valley, . Telling of pools where the minnows sleep; And fragrant spruce trees wooed us long to

With hoards of spicy gum packed close and

A ledge, high up, flashed a sign of treasure, That lured us upward from the ferny glen; We had not learned all pleasing things to

And mica was as rich as silver then.

We tried to find the thrush that sang below us. He led us through wild mazes in his flight: But, oh, what wonders did the woodland show

We went so deep the outer world was ban-

Then shut our eyes, and, twirling round and round.

Boon every trace of path and home had vanished. And we were lost in that enchanted ground. No hint from sun or pointing shadow heeding,

Which led us out to where the herd was feed-And brought to mind our task, neglected

We went the way we found our faces set;

When, at your call, they came with eager

You laughed aloud to see my look of fright; But helped me climb where, free from childish

I watched the horned mass of living crea-

And marveled at you, as with tranquil fea-You dropped the salt close by the tramping

The sun had slipped behind the mountain

Before we started on our homeward way, And western skies were bright with sunset Ah! Our short task had filled the summer

LAURA GARLAND CARD.

## VERY PRECIOUS

DID not give it to him! He stole it out of the mother's album. He did! he did! he did!" The speaker's voice rose with each repetition, and her cheeks got redder and redder. "I must know better than you, Rosie!"

"Oh of course, you do not call it giving, but I do. You were standing by, I suppose, when he took it? Your eyes becoming pout on? And now that Tom Crichton, with his ten thousand a year, falls in love with you and wants to marry you, you are afraid poor Cecil Hamilton will show him your photograph and talk about your silly letters and make mischief. You incorrigible little flirt! It would serve you right to be treated as you have treated others. How many men have you made fools of, I wonder?

The speaker spoke sarcastically; the hearer was beginning to cry. The girls



were sisters; both young, both pretty and charming, but Letty, the younger, was a lovely, brainless little flirt. The elder, Rosalind, had plenty of brains, but scarcely experience enough to enable her to use them judiciously. She was a beautiful creature to look at; dare for one she loved, and she dearly loved her bewitching little sister, and rejoiced with all her heart when the genial, good-looking young "Squire," Tom Crichton, who came into the neighborhood to take possession of an unexafter a week's acquaintance.

But Tom was a quick-tempered, jealous young fellow, and he had already spoken his mind to Miss Letty about her love of flirtation. She promised to amend her ways, but it was more than she could do to keep her promise when temptation came in alluring guise.

Mireford was a garrison town, and one of the gallant Dashshire Regiment, Geoffrey Hamilton by name, had quickly succumbed to the fascinations of the younger of the two daughters of the widowed Mrs. Maitland, who lived in a pretty cottage on the London road. about half a mile or so from Mireford. It was in vain that Rosalind warned the heedless young coquette that she was treating poor young Hamilton disgracefully. But in good truth the young man against her will."

was very well able to take care of himshe had just addressed the envelope when she heard steps on the stairs; in

but as soon as Crichton appeared upon the scene, he made up his mind to punish Miss Letty, if possible, for her tricks, by pretending to be broken-hearted and desperately jealous.

He was, however, sufficiently in love to be able to put a fair amount of serihe flatly refused to give up the photograph Letty had given him, and one or two absurd little notes she had written to him, and a glove he had purloined, the silly girl was thoroughly frightened, and firmly persuaded that "Tom" would hear all about it and break off his engagement. Had Rosalind but known how slightly Hamilton's heart was touched, she would have quickly laughed Letty out of her fright; but when the girl solemnly assured her that Geoff was so much in love, and so angry and jealous that she knew he meant to have his revenge, the sensible elder sister forgot that she was not living in a melodramatic age; and, moreover, she quite overlooked the fact that Hamilton, being a gentleman, it was not likely that he would act as if he were a cad.

So, on the whole, things were looking very serious when, for the fiftieth time at least, Rosalind tried to make her sister confess whether she had given Geoff the photograph, or whether he had taken it from Mrs. Maitland's album. She had her own opinion on the subject; so it was really waste of time to cross-question the naughty little girl, who was With shy, small creatures hurrying from anxious to keep the peace between the old love and the new.

"I think you are very unkind, Rosie, she said at last; "and if you do not believe me, how can I expect Tom to do

"I do not expect Tom to do it! You talk as if believing in you were a gymnastic feat. I know what I should do in Tom's place, if another man told me he had a photograph of the girl I meant to marry, and gloves and things-"

"He has only one glove and no things!" interrupted Letty, whimpering. "Don't exaggerate; and I gave Tom two photographs—one sitting and one standing—and he has heaps and heaps of letters!"

"I hope the spelling is all right." "I hope so. He is not much of a speller himself."

"He spelt 'adored' with two d's the I looked down calmly from a boulder's other day-'My addored one.' It looked "Mr. Hamilton is away just now, is he not?" Rosalind asked presently.

> "Yes. He went to his sister's wed-I wish it was to his own. "He does not live in barracks, I think?'

> "No; he has rooms in Diamond Crescent, No. 15, and Gerard Townsend lives with him.' "He is the woman-hating person who

> is reading for something and never goes out? . . And now I suppose you are going to write to your adored Tom? I am going out for a walk." "And wont you advise me how to get

> back my photograph? I wish I had not given it to him. "Oh, so you did give it!"

"I am afraid I did," sighed Letty. But he begged so hard, and said he had never cared enough for any girl to ask for her likeness before.' "Poor fellow! But he must give it

up. Now go and write your letter." and Rosalind ran out of the room. About an hour later a young lady with mackintosh on her arm knocked at the door of 15 Diamond Crescent. She had evidently been walking fast, for her

cheeks were glowing and her eyes were 'This is awful," she said to herself, as she heard steps approaching the door on the inside. A civil-looking woman opened it.

"Are—are the gentlemen at home?" were cast down, and you put your most the visitor asked. "I mean-is Mr. Townsend at home? I am his sister, and he expects me, I think.' "Oh, walk in, ma'am, if you please.

Mr. Townsend told me you were not coming until to-morrow; he is out just now, but your room is quite ready. Have you no luggage, ma'am?"

The visitor muttered something about the station as she went into the hall. "Please show me into the sitting-room," she said; "I can wait for my brother there. No, thank you; no tea. Is this this the room?" "Yes, ma'am. The gentlemen has

this between them. Mr. Hamilton is coming back unexpected this evening. He was telegraphed for, as there is some talk of the regiment leaving at once. "What is that noise?" the visitor

isked. "Rain, ma'am. It's a thunder shower, think. It always makes that noise on the roof of the verander. It's well you was under cover, ma'am.

Rosalind gave a sigh of relief as the door at last closed behind the landlady. "Now, if by a stroke of good fortune I can commit my felony and get away before-my brother comes in-what an extraordinary thing that he should be expecting his sister. I suppose" (glancing at a cabinet photograph on the chimneypiece) "that is the man himself. Why, he must be forty at least! Now, I wonder where Mr. Geoff keeps his treasures? In a drawer, of course; but which drawer? I do not half like rummaging among the poor man's possessions, but he brought it on himself."

There was nothing she would not do or | sealed. She pinched it. It evidently | fool of myself and robbed the man's contained a photograph, for she felt the cardboard, and there was something soft that might be a glove; and surely those were withered flowers that crackled as she pressed them? and the more lumpy enclosures must be letters. Should she pected inheritance, fell in love at first ) untie the ribbon and break the seal? sight with Letty, and proposed to her | But time was passing, and there was really no necessity. Then she turned the packet over and found an inscription that settled the question. In a man's writing were the words: "L's likeness

and letters. Very precious." "Poor Geoff! Poor dear fellow! How devotedly he loves her! I am so sorry for him. 'Very precious' he calls them," Rosalind murmured. "But precious or not, I must rob him of them. We cannot lose Tom. I wonder what Letty will say when she sees them? Now, I wish I were safely out of this. I must write the tiniest scrap of a note

and leave it for poor dear Geoff." She closed the drawer, put the packet in her pocket, and wrote hastily on a half sheet of paper, "L's sister has taken what you have no right to keep

another moment the door was opened

and a handsome young man came. "How awkward!" thought Rosalind. "But I must keep up the character of Townsend's sister. Who in the world

The newcomer stood still and stared ousness into his reproaches; and when at her. She was the prettiest girl he had seen for many a day. She made him a little bow. "I am Mr. Townsend's sister," she said, "and I expect him every moment; he does not expect me until to-morrow. Did not the landlady tell you I was here?"

"She-she-she did!" the young man "What a donkey he is!" thought

merciless Rosalind, quite at her ease, although she had just been robbing a drawer. "I wonder if you would mind A Story Told by the Inventor of th going to look for my brother?" she said aloud in the sweetest manner. "It would be so very kind. It is awkward to be here all alone with-people com-



indicate that he was one of the people. I have to go to the station for my luggage"-("What dreadful stories I am come back he will be here.

"Oh, you will come back, will you? But it's raining cats and dogs! you'll be students of the University drew nigh, drenched!"

"Oh, dear, no! I have a waterproof;" and Rosalind took up her cloak. The young men of the University were "Thank you," as the young man rushed | highly indignant at the detention, and me." she said turning to him with the shrine of Gambrinus, demanded immesweetest smile. There was the slightest | diate admission. This dialogue resultpossible hesitation before she said the ed: name; he noticed nothing but the Youthful Bostonian Sentry-No use; beauty of her eyes. "Thank you very you can't come in without the counter-She was gone before he recovered

himself, and when Geoff Hamilton came into the sitting-room at No. 15 a few B. S. as it glistened in the gaslightminutes later, he found his friend Townsend hanging out of the window. "Hello, Gee!" he said, "what's up?

You look dazed! Seen a ghost?" "No, but the prettiest girl in the world. She was here. She said she was my sister. She asked me to go and look for-myself, while she went to the station for her luggage.' "Then she'll be back."

"Not she! She turned the other way." "Then who in the world is she, and what brought her here?"

"I suspect you know all about that, you rascal! She's one of your army of martyrs, I take it."

but one of you will be stuck. "Rubbish! I am the martyr! What's this?" He had picked up Rosalind's note from the writing table. "'G. Hamilton, Esq.! Now for the heart of the mystery." He opened the note and | torpedo gun could accomplish against a read it. Then he threw himself into a fleet of ironclads. He thinks one of chair with a very red face. Then he them at least would be "stuck." laughed. Then I am afraid he swore.

Meanwhile Rosalind, with her heart thumping, half with fright and half with triumph, was speeding homeward. She flew into Letty's room, and found that young person on her bed, reading a novel.

"There!" Rosie cried, throwing down the packet, "never say again that I am not your best friend! There are your letters and your photograph, and all the keepsakes you gave that poor dear man from time to time; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself!'

"What!" cried unabashed Letty. "Did he give them up?" He is a darling!"

"No," answered Rosalind, calmly; "I stole them."

"Oh, you dear delightful darling! How sweet of you! Poor boy, how sorry he will be! But what fun! What is this written outside? 'L.'s likeness and letters. Very precious.' Poor dear Geoff, how fond he is of me?" And she gave a little sentimental sigh.

"Had you not better open the thing and see if you have them all right?" said practical Rosie. "Here, cut the

No sooner said than done. A cabinet photograph fell out, then a piece of deep crimson ribbon, a few faded flowers, and two or three notes.

"This is such a good likeness Tom had better have it," said Letty, as she took up the picture, which had fallen face downward on the bed. "Look, Rosie!" Rosie looked, and behold, it was a likeness of a tall, handsome girl, who bore not the slightest resemblance to winsome little Letty. Beneath was written in a firm and dashing woman's hand the one word "Louie."

The sisters looked at one another with blank faces. A glance at the notes re-She presently came upon a packet vealed the same dashing hand. "So warm-hearted and impulsive to a fault. heatly tied up with red ribbon and you are not the only one, and I made a drawer for nothing!" cried Rosalind. "O, if I had but known."

"Never mind, dear," said Letty; "I am sure I don't. But I wish I knew what he sees to admire in that black woman. Just pack her up and send her back to him.

A tap at the door interrupted them. It was a maid to announce that Mr. Townsend was in the drawing-room. He wanted to see Miss Maitland for a few minutes on business. He had a message and a little packet to deliver.
"Tell Mr. Townsend I am coming

directly," said Rosalind.
"Oh, Rosie! do you mind?" cried Letty as the maid went out. "He has sent my picture, I suppose, and he wants his black woman back. Tell him we think her frightful. Are you sure you do not mind seeing him?" "Not in the least," said Rosalind. "I

and he is plain and elderly. Give me those things, and trust to my ingenuxy to get myself out of the scrape. They cannot say much when they know it was another girl's photograph I carried off." And just as she was-in her muddy lit-

saw his likeness in their sitting-room,

tidy hair-she went downstairs; and it still is, and it ever will remain, a mystery what those two said to one another

when they stood face to face. But Geoff got back his precious packet and Lenty got her photograph; she gave it to Tom forthwith and he was de-

ighted. She is now Mrs. Crichton. Hamilton was finally captured by a pretty young widow. I do not know what became of "Louie," but Rosalind married Gerard Townsend, and he still thinks she is the prettiest woman in the world. -London World.

## ONE WOULD GET STRUCK.

Pneumatic Gun.

Among the many stories in Lieutenant Zalinski's repertory, which he is capable of firing at will at a defenceless company of friends, is one of the substance of which is as follows:

Some years ago the Lieutenant was on duty, by order of the War Department, as the military professor at the Boston Institute of Technology. On a certain occasion, at the head of his command composed of boys of from twelve to fifteen years, he visited Philadelphia to be present at an encampment of detachments from various institutions of learning in different parts of the country which maintained military departments. The Boston contingent was assigned to the grounds of the University of Pennsylavnia, and there the Lieutenant established his camp and posted his guards in strict accordance with the regulations. His "men", it is almost unnecessary to say, were thoroughly versed in guard duty, and their orders were imperative to permit neither ingress nor exit unless the countersign was given. telling!" she added to herself;) then At the main gate at the time of the midaloud, "and, perhaps, by the time I night relief was stationed a self-reliant son of the hub about thirteen years of age. In the course of half an hour three and when about to enter the grounds were halted in due form by the sentry. forward and put it round her shoulders. with an important bearing, born pos-"And you will go and find-Gerard for sibly of several hours, tarrying at the

Spokesman of the University Three, looking down on the bayonet of the Y. Yes-of course-but you must understand that we belong here and you can't stop

Y. B. S.—I know my orders. You can't come in. S. of the U. T .- Can't eh? Well, we'll show you that we can, and will. There are three of us, and you may as well understand us and let us pass without any foolishness.

there were of you? S. of the U. T.—Three. Y. B. S .- All right. (Getting ready for the lunge laid down in Upton's tactics.) Two of you may get through,

Y. B. S .- How many did you say

They did not go in. The Lieutenant applies this story as an illustration of what his pet pneumatic

## THE DRUG PRICER.

Gifted and Rare, but It Would Take Time for Him to Save a Million.

An advertisement in a commercial paper, called for a drug pricer, experienced in the wholesale and retail trade. A wholesale druggist, who was asked about the duties of a pricer, said:

"The pricer fixes the prices of the goods sold in each bill. The pricer in the drug business must have an intimate ecquaintanc with an exceedingly large line of goods, and must keep posted on the fluctuations in values of things for which, for instance, he may not have a call once a year. In the drag business we make five per cent. on some goods, and on some fifteen, and on some fifty. It costs, say, ten per cent. to run the business, and we must make up what we lose on the five per cent. goods out of the fifteen per cent. goods. Sometimes we can, on account of the fluctuations of costs, get greater profits than at others. The pricer is the most important employee of the house, for on his knowledge and skill the success of the house depends. He must have a wonderful memory for names and figures, and he must be able to forestall changes in the market. He is usually familiar with the processes of manufac-ture, and can tell you all about the gathering of opium in India and the curing of ginseng in the United States." "Then every wholesale druggist must

be a pricer, too?" "On the contrary; not one in a dozen knows anything about the prices of the goods he owns. The pricer does it all." What sort of pay does such a man

They are hard to find, and when a firm gets one it hangs on to him. A young man who was trained under me went to another firm and got \$2,500 a year. He has since been ra sed to \$3,000." "As salaries for scarce men go in New

York that does not seem to be extrava-

"Well, competent men are scarce

gant." "No? Well, it's good pay in the drug business-mighty good; and there are plenty of salesmen, who are the next thing to pricers in the matter of knowledge, who get only \$1,000 and

\$2,000."-N. Y. Sun.

So Wicked.—There is a citizen of San Bernardino, Cal., says the Courier | hereabout, where he gets food enough to esof that place, who years ago decided that kissing was wicked, because Christ was betrayed with a kiss. He has been married twenty years and is the father of eleven children, but has never kissed his wife nor one of his offspring.

DURING the past summer the night watchman and the clerk of a hotel at Sugar Hill, in the White Mountains, were both divinity students, and the scrub girl had been for five years teacher in a publice how and speaks French tle boots and with the wind blown, un- | and Latin.

## AT WHITE SULPHUR.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM FASHIONABLE RESORT.

The Spring-Pheasant Hunting-The Sulphurous Bath as It Is.



T 8 o'clock in the morning you are awakened by a knock at your door. Surmising a telegram you hastily arise, clothe yourself meagrely in your spectacles for the sake of appearances, and opening the door a few inches peer around

its edge. In front of you is a buxom yellow girl with a basket.

"Mornin', Sah," she says. "Do yer want yo washin' done?' Your extra collar is awaiting the laundry, but your visitor is more interesting than any lavatory problems. She is entirely unmoved by the peculiarity of the situation. She is plump, lazy, and has the complexion of a well cooked griddle cake. She would enter and gather your belongings with the happy carelessness of a tinted meadow. It is her custom. Not being used to it, however, you advise her to call later, and then as you dress ponder the bell-boy system as compared with that of the bell-boy without being able to

reach any proper conclusions. You dress to the musical accompaniment of a dozen negro boys in tatters who are shucking corn under a tree in the yard, They sing constantly, the favorite aris being a madrigal in honor of one "Dearest May," who is authentically reported to be as "lubly as de day." They have all grades of voices, from falsetto to bass, and sing in pleasant harmony. They could not work without singing. Out in Colorado when they desire to stay the morning



song of the melodious jackass they tie a rock to his tail. While thus adorned he is incapable of motion or emotion. The shutting of a darky's mouth would have precisely the same effect. He could not do a stroke of work. After they have expressed their laudatory opinion of "Dearest May" perhaps twelve or fifteen times, you experience a really earnest desire to see the experiment tried.

Upon going out you lock your door carefully, and then hang the key on a nail in its centre so that anybody else may unlock it. The hotel notifies you that it is not responsible for any of your valuables and instructs you to leave your key with the chambermaid. You accordngly hang it on the door as everybody else does. Colored servants are sometimes said to be generally prone to kleptomania. It does not seem to be so here. Nobody ever loses anything, and they could embezzle the whole hotel if they chose.

Your first object of interest is the Sulphur Spring. This is a circular pool of clear water with a greenish tint, surmounted by an Ionic pavilion with twelve columns painted red-gray and marbled. The ceiling is decorated with a pink Venus, who has a painful expression of countenance as she rides on a pink ocean in a wooden cradle without rockers. The only assignable cause for her agony is seemingly an overdose of dried apples followed by an incautious indulgence in cold water. She is certainly either very ill or badly out of drawing. A mulatto boy fishes up four glasses of water from the spring, and you are about to drink one when you stop and consider. The water has an individuality, so to speak; a bouquet that gives you the impression that death has hovered near and perhaps fallen in. Nevertheless, you drink it, and, then sit down with the other devotees of the brimstone cocktail to watch yourself get well. Old Burrill says the water is a great thing if you want "to git shet of malaria." It probably is. No malaria, not even the most vicious and depraved of its kind, could live in the same system with that sulphur water. It would cure the bite of a rattlesnate or the nerves of a prima donna.

Behind the spring, the Labor Problem of the South lies asleep in the sunshine on the grass. He is in several kinds of rags, but he is perfectly happy. He would be equally happy without any clothing at all. All he asks of life is to be allowed to wear rags, be idle, and have food enough of any kind to keep soul and body together. He will not work any oftener or any longer than he can help. He has no sense of moral obligation and will not pay his bills when he gets money. This, of course, refers to the lowest negro class, the great mass of former slaves and their progeny. He cannot read or write, and would be too lazy to do either if he knew how. Every Southerner here says that the South would be a magnificent country if it had a fair quality of labor, but that no enterprise can be relied on with negro labor to carry it out. A well-known Virginian states that he has a thousand acres of the best land in the State, which he has offered to both of his sons, but neither will take it, because with the kind of labor available it cannot be profitably conducted. There are but a few thousand more whites in the State of Virginia at the present time than negroes, and the latter are increasing the more rapidly. The Negro Problem is a sinister one to the Southerners, and there seems to be no solution for it. Perhaps it is a judgment.

A man comes up to you and in a timid, almost sneaking way offers you peaches for purchase. He is tall, gaunt, has watery blue eyes and a general look of utter shiftlessness and incapacity. He has an old, flaring black felt His clothing is but little better than the negroes. He has a few acres of ground, a few sticks of corn, and a shanty in some hollow



cape starvation, and breeds gaunt children to grow up and follow in his footsteps. He is "poor white trash." In general value he is close to the negro which has produced him. He unquestionably is trash. There never was a fitter name for a more melancholy article. The big oaks shade the sward; some young people are playing tennis, and their bright costumes make picturesque the morning scene. A beautiful Louisville girl in a red dress, a scarlet Scotch cap and expressive black eyes, makes a series of pictures in her unaffected, enthusiastic, and graceful play. Seated about, under the trees, the old people look on. All the remarks, whether they are "out," "deuce," "loveail," er any others, have an accent peculiarly is the first case of the kind which has and strongly Southern. It is strange that the most cultivated people of that section still are

so pronounced in what is distinctly a vernac lar. Cosmopolitan as many of them are in all else, they cling to their local method of speech as if they were proud of it, as perhaps they

You stroll away from the spring just as little coal-black darky almost tumbles in an the hideous thought enters that perhaps one had tumbled in before you drank, and that the perfume which puzzled you was bouquet de the iron spring further on, which tastes like gas-pipe broth, and you stroll up to the Casino or clubhouse. Here a game supper is served nightly from 11 to 2 o'clock, as you are notified by numerous placards all around the hotel. Outside of the sweet-breads, turkey, partridge and other delicacies they serve faro a la reine, roulette a la financiere, and a superior quality of chicken hazard. Gambling is positively prohibited about the hotel, scarcely in the interest of morality, but apparently to enable the sporting men to turn an honest or dishonest penny, whichever it be. They have not done very well this season. Here and there a young Southron has dropped \$250 or some similar sum, but as a rule they do not indulge to more than a small extent in banking games. Whist is the popular relaxation, with now and then a quiet game of "draw." The gamblers will never do much at the watering places until they get the landlords out of the way. The roulette ball hums for all comers, but its song is not apparently fascinating to the

Pheasant hunting is quite an industry here among the unsophisticated. The Pheasant, in West Virginia, is a fabulous bird, like the roc and the griffin and other juicy songsters perpetually out of season. Consequently, hough there is much pheasant hunting, there is no pheasant shooting. The hunters never kill anything but time. It is said that the pheasant will lie to a dog, but it is certain that the average countryman will lie to anybody who asks him for shooting. The countryman desires you to charter his team, a rattletrap vehicle tied to two small mules, that he may drive you out to unscalable hillsides and impenetrable woods, where he assures you that pheasants are like fleas on a dog's back. This is true. There may be a million, but not one can be seen. After you scale the hillsides and explore the woods and expend several hundred dollar's worth of energy without of sight of a feather, he notifies you that it is "prob'ly the wrong time o' day," and the bill is six dollars. There are old men about here to declare that they have seen pheasants in West Virginia during their time, but they are looked upon as romancers. H. G. O'Neil, a Louisville capitalist and a great hunter, brought in three one day and broke the record, but his champion setter, "Gladstone's Lad," shakes his head in a peculiar way when the matter is referred to, and could evidently shed much light on the mystery if he chose.

High times of the highest character sometimes prevail here during the season. There is an informal organization of eight or nine members who come here every year, known as the Irish Club. When any member fails to put in an appearance during any year his check for a hundred dollars is due, and this fund, tegether with the outlay of others, is used in entertaining. The name arises from the face that no Irish can join. It was at one of their entertainments last year that a young gentleman drank champage out of the slipper of a Baltimore lady, the occurrence of which was made much of by the newspapers and illustrated weeklies. This year an equally startling entertainment took place, and everybody tells you of it as if it were the occasion of chief interest. Three members of the club gave a champagne supper to three ladies, young ladies, whereat the rosy wing of friendship lost no feathers up to 3 o'clock a. m. It is asseverated that the entire par'y were remarkably clouded, and that instead of breaking up they took carriages at that hour, and only returned at six, one of the young ladies spending the day in most contrite tears. The use of champagne is much more general than in the North, and the young ladies do not seem to be aware that it biteth like a black bass and stingeth like a hornet, according to report. Excesses of the kind mentioned are not common, however, and consequently when they do

occur create enormous talk. The sulphur bath is a local luxury, and with clothespin on your nose is not bad. Having read the pleasing account in large print in the daily papers of a man who scratched for twenty-eight years and then unfortunately got



"OLD BURRILL."

time to spoil your breakfast appetite, you con-clude to bathe. Modern physiology is discovering so many kinds of microscopic nuisances concealed about one's anatomy that the idea of sulphur bath is rather att active. Having given yourself up bodily to old Burrill, a whitehaired, powerful old mulatto of twenty years' experience, he leads you to a bathroom and puts you in to boil. When you are somewhat soft he comes in and rubs you with a brown crash towel, the sensation being lazily and warmly pleasent. When you are quite done ne takes you out and polishes you off for the table, industriously chatting meanwhile about Berry Wall, Jay Gould, and others of his clients here and at Old Point Comfort in winter, summarizing each of his paragraphs with Vanity, nothin' but vanity." says that there has been very little bathing. comparatively speaking, this summer, all those who came for rest and treatment having. as a rule, been too busy in social gayeties, for ulphurous indulgencies of an aqueous kind. In fact, here as elsewhere, the springs, though they are the origin of the watering place, have almost fallen into disuse as compared with seasons of some years ago. You leave the bath entirely permeated with sulphur. If you rubbed against a post you would take fire. The Southern Young Man who is the con-

trolling force here is usually distinguishable primarily by his nose. It is always straight, aquiline, or Roman-never a snub. Good noses are a distinguishing race trait of the Sout .. Otherwise he does not appear to take pre-eminent rank, however, as he averages beow the medium height, and is lightly built as a rule. He is par excellence a society man and the most industrious of cavaliers. Some one entertainments, and germans and mule races he is equally enthusiastic in promoting. His preferred locality is the botel ballroom, however. This is a large hall in the front corner of the first floor, with a polished floor and a frescoed ceiling. The frescoes portray four ladies, evidently belonging to a preceeding era, for their single garment is prevented from falling entirely off of them by some secret of the modiste, either glue or carpet tacks, which has entirely escaped the modern dressmaker. The builder says they are Juno, Ceres, Pallas, and Vesta, and the bootblack says their names are Malaria, Insomnia, Pneumonia, and Diph-theria. The difference is somewhat wide, but as you pay your money you are permitted to take your choice.—New York Times.

IN A FIX.—The Probate Judge of Smith county, Kansas, is insane. He ought to be removed and another appointed. But the Governor finds himself in a dilemma. He cannot appoint a Probate Judge until a vacancy occurs, and no vacancy can be declared until the incumbent be adjudged insane. In order to effect this the lunatic must be tried by a jury and declared by the Probate Judge insane. No other person in the county has the power. This ever arisen in Kansas.