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SALISBURY, N. C.

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ne Year\$1 50	besides mutiny. That was the reason
ix Months	why Louis Napoleon's wars were fought.
reasonable.	The discussion over the last words of

"Entered in the Post-Office at Salisbury as second-class matter.

Toronto, Canada, has sixty-eight miles of street railways and the city receives \$18,000 a month, which is ten per cent. of the company's gross earnings. At certain hours of the morning and evening passengers can purchase eight tickets for twenty-five cents.

An elaborate stone roadway has been unearthed in Illinois, and it has been suggested that it may have been built by the Aztecs before they were driven out of that region by the Indians. As it is largely composed of cobblestones, observes the Philadelphia Record, those municipalities which favor that style of road construction to-day have at least antiquity to fall back upon as an excuse for continuing the present system.

The New York Post publishes a letter upon the recent rain-making experiments in Texas from a writer for "whose truthfulness and good character it vouches," which presents rather a ludicrous picture of these experiments. He says that the alleged rain producers "were the butt of every joker, that they were afraid to touch off their own bombs and other min-compelling inventions, and that they produced none of the results which have been sent over the country as having followed their explosions."

A company in St. Louis is raising mushrooms in an immense cellar, 12x90 feet, for the Western market. An in-

"Good roads are the best proof of an intelligent Government," opines the Providence (R. I.) Journal.

asked for boiling water.

with New York or Chicago.

Mexico are getting more and more into

the habit of traveling in the United

States rather than in Europe. Up to the

time of the completion of the Mexican

The streams flowing into Lake Cham-

plain on the Vermont side are to be

stocked with salmon. United States

Fish Commissioner McDonald intends to

place some 20,000 fish from one to two

years old in Otter, Lewis and Mallet

Creeks and Brown's and the Winooski

Rivers. In these secluded waters the

salmon will find protection from vora-

cious fish of the pike and pickerel va-

riety until large enough to seek the

The late Prince Wongsa, of Siam,

looked more like a monster than a man.

He was a mass of fat, having very little

resemblance to a human being. He

looked like an enormons toad, his over-

grown cheeks hanging in great rolls till

they were lost in the huge mountain of

blubber which hid his shoulders, and as

for his body, it measured three yards

round. He possessed a merry, false and

deeps of Lake Champlain.

And the hush of the country's stillness, The Boston Transcript avers that less Was falling on hill and vale. than twenty-five per cent. of the freight The tree, with its dark, green branches, Seemed to spread a sheltering wing. trade of the country is carried on by When we sat on the stoop in the evening vessels flying the "Stars and Stripes." To hear the brown thrush sing.

The honeysuckle wafted its fragrance England may yet have to go to war From its climb on the south porch door; suggests the Buffalo Express, in order to And the sweet, rich scent of the new-mown give her soldiers something to think of hav

Twilight's reflected glories

Came afar-from the high barn floor; The moon was new, and shining In its quaint, half-circle ring, When we sat on the stoop in the evening

WHEN WE SATON THE STOOP.

Made the twinkling star look pale;

The discussion over the last words of To hear the brown thrush sing. Mr. Parnell recalls to London Truth the The light and shadows tremblestory of the dying utterances of William The picture is fading-slow-Pitt. In his last moments Mr. Pitt said Vanishing quite-into dreamland-The mystical long ago, something unintelligible. Some one A wave of thy wand, good fairy, made it out to be "Save my country, For the days when love was king: heaven!" but the nurse said he simply And we sat on the stoop in the evening To hear the brown thrush sing! -Anna B. Lowell, in Boston Transcript. It is said that the wealthy people of

PRETTY GLADIS CURTIS.

BY MERAB MITCHELL. "I was thinking of a compliment pay you, so I have done it."

to

Central Railway Mexican travelers were "Really! Well, you are one of those much more familiar with London than friends who grow pleasanter and pleasanter till one_" "P. M. That means I am to go; it

wants just ten minutes to one." "As you like; but I did not say P. M." And Gladis Curtis gave he head a

proud little bend that said "Good-morning" as plain as could be to her companion, who stood leaning lazily against the railing of the piazza, watching her with his heart in his eyes, and a question on excuses for Miss Bacon's plain sensible the tip of his tongue. "May I come again at four?"

"If you like. I shall not be here. am going with Jack Hilton for a paddle in his new canoe; but Miss H. W. C. Bacon, of Commonwealth avenue, Boston, Massachusetts, will grace this corner

of the piazza at exactly a quarter past four. I heard her say so." And Gladis prepared to answer summons from her mother, who sat in the cool shade of the hotel parlor, where the matrons and chaperons were wont to spend the mornings in select little

circles, each with its own particular kind of fancy or charity work and topic of conversation. Beverly Post escorted Gladis to the

door, and there, with a smile and certain lift of the hat that showed him to be a done; in fact, she had hurried through

fad, and never sat in the "big bears' | tertainment; so that Gladis did not know chairs," as Beverly irreverently named of his going, and was not only przezled them; in fact, nothing so surely indi- but anxious at his non-appearance, for cated a stranger to Bar Harbor and its she knew now that she loved Beverly, ways as taking possession of one of these | and had made up her mind to be good chairs. to him in spite of everything; so, dressed

Gladis had been given every oppor- in her loveliest evening costume and tunity that good schools and a well-filled | wearing his flowers, she watched for him purse could provide. She was barely as she never had before, playing the role nineteen, a very handsome girl, with of bewitcher to perfection, and captibright winning ways that made her a vating every one with her bright smile favorite with every one. And although and witty sayings. not a student as Miss Bacon was, she The next day was one of Mount

was bright and quick, and really knew Desert's gloomiest days, and well suited and studied a great deal more than she Gladis's feelings. She pleaded headache, admitted; but the well-dressed comfortaand kept her room until sheer weariness ble out-of-door life of the place charmed of answering inquiries concerning her her, and she had given herself over to health and receiving flowers and bonbons walking, driving, tennis, dancing, camade her resolve to face her friends. noeing, as completely as it was possible, Wise grandmothers and matrons shook wondering at times if life could be any their heads when they saw her pale face happier. and tired look, declaring that such a

But one day a little cloud sailed in. and with it came, first, Beverly Post, and then Miss Bacon.

Now Gladis would not acknowledge that she was jealous, that was too mean a feeling, and yet she was, and she really had no cause for she had never seen and Gladis grow and ripen into love. She had unintentionally been a witness Beverly speaking to Miss Bacon; he had only spoken of her, and if she had divined there had been a misunderstandstopped to analyze her feelings-as no doubt quiet little Miss Bacon would have ing, but she had also seen the great love done in her place-Gladis would have in Beverly's eyes, and felt sure that he been surprised to find that it was not of would come back. Miss Bacon was one of those loyal girls who never made Miss Bacon personally she was jealous. gossip, especially of other people's sorbut of Miss Bacon's accomplishments. row, and therefore she kept her own For the little lady had been through colcounsel concerning the two, but watched lege, understood perfectly five languages, had been all over Europe, written a prize as faithfully as Gladis did the train and boat, feeling sure he would come. essay on the inheritance of property, and, it was whispered, was reading law. A One never knows how it all happens, woman can forgive another for being and yet it always will be so as long as the world lasts, and it is safe to say and good badly dressed, but it is hard to forgive to believe that every one has at least once superior knowledge; and so it was that in his or her life been willing to give up although Gladis could find all sorts of everything to some other will for love's

sweet sake. dressing, she could not excuse her for having read Blackstone.

She was fretted and unreasonable, just one week after Beverly had left her. and, like Beverly, felt her imperfections. and she longed so to see his bright hand-It had taken some time for her to acknowledge that she cared for Beverly. must come. and the fact had not really come to her until his unfortunate remark concerning the Boston girl's cleverness; that was watched for him, always standing a little behind those who were sure of arrivals, more than a week ago. At first it had the effect of making her a little thoughtbut this afternoon she had been so busy ful: then she had hunted up a package thinking, instead of watching, that she of books some one had sent her early in did not hear the bustle and confusion atthe season, and among which had been return of old ones. the book she had loaned to Beverly-Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men.

Yes, she had read it, but felt sure not her brother. as carefully as Miss Bacon would have with it so as to loan it to Beverly, with

JACK'S DUTIES.

LIFE OF A SAILOR ON UNCLE SAM'S CRUISERS.

The Routine Day Always Begins at 5 O'clock in the Morning and Lasts Until 9 O'clock in the Evening.

Naval life is like almost any other life in that it is a mixture of hard work and pleasure. It does not consist in merely steaming from harbor to harbor, and as soon as the anchor is dropped of dressing up and going ashore on pleasure Take the routine observed for bent. one day on board a cruiser and see

what Jack has in the way of duties and what pleasure he finds on shipboard. The day begins at 5 o'clock, when 'reveille" is sounded, and the boatsgay life was too much for a first season. wain's mate passes the word, "Up al Perhaps no one but little Miss Bacon hammocks." The bedding is lashed up guessed the true cause of Gladis's headand stowed in the netting, and early coffee ache. She had been from the first a is served. Those who have been great admirer of Miss Curtis, and had watch during the night can now go bewatched the friendship between Beverly low and sleep until 7 o'clock, wher every one must turn out. After coffee a short time is allowed for smoking. of their meeting the day before, and

At three bells-5:30-"turn to" announced in the same gruff voice the boatswain's mate, and the morning work begins. Water from the steam pumps is turned on and, armed with hickory broom and holy-stone, Jack bends his back and scrubs the deck until it it is as white as can be. Then with sand he tackles the ladders and gratings and removes from them every particle of dirt. No matter whether they were clean before, they must be scrubbed again. It is part of the routine.

After an hour of hard work the order is given to wash down and the decks are flooded with water from the pumps and every particle of sand washed off. Then with "squilgees" the decks are So thought and felt Gladis as she sat dried. During the morning the quarterall alone in a shady nook on the piazza. gunners are cleaning up their guns and washing off the paint work of the shields. Those working below are cleaning their some face that it seemed as though he stations. When this is all finished to

the satisfaction of the officers, the men can wash and clean up for breakfast. This meal usually comes at 7:30 seven bells) and is a light one. Jack then hurries to get a smoke before "turn to" is again called. At 8:15 "bright tending the coming of new guests, cr the work" is sounded and all brass work or unpainted steel must be polished until

But Miss Bacon was there, and a glad it shines like a mirror. Sick call is sounded at 8:30 and the surgeon and little cry escaped her as she saw Beverly his helpers are ready to serve out medi-Post hurry up the steps, and with him cine or to prescribe for those who are ill. "Why, Larry dear, this is a great pleas-Many clever dodges are worked on the

It was the first time she had not

It is needless to say that they were de-

"Do you know if Mrs. Curtis is still

loctors by some of the men in order

Back home once more. Lord, ain't I gladf The city allus makes me mad. With its unpityin' rush and roar, With luck aye beck'nin' us before, With hard times closin' up behind, Till one don't scarcely know his mind; 'Cept that he's weary, weak, and sick Of such an everlastin' kick.

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Back home, a sayin' to myself, "Old boy you're out of the race for help; Right here-by gosh -you'll just set down, And wait for fortune's smile or frown, Believin' happiness will come As quick to you, through patience dumb, As when you fret, both day and night For things you never get to, quite,"

Back home, where nothing seems to change, Cept when the cattle have the mange, Or when the weevil smuts the grain, Or the weather runs to rain: Yet even bad luck creeps easy here. Old friends remain, old faces cheer Betide what will, in this we're blest, We allus can sit down and rest.

Back home again to dream and play, You bet your life I'm goin' to stay! Like a tired child so glad to be Once more upon its mother's knee, I heave a sigh of huge content, And laugh o'er my follies spent, Knowin'-whate'er be sent by fate In the long run it pays to wait.

-Browne Perriman, in Yankee Blade

PITH AND POINT.

Piece and plenty-Half the pie. The lady of lions .- Mrs. Tufthunter. Dry reading-Reports of rain-making experiments.-Puck.

Always looking at the bright side-The tinsmith. - Life.

Disposed of at less than cost .- The wisdom of experience.

Love is blind; but matrimony is a reat oculist. - Texas Siftings.

"Laid up for a rainy day"-The man who has rheumatism. -Puck.

The man who grapples with a situation has a stronger grip than the man out of a job .- Puck.

A man never knows how large the world is until he tries to travel on his fame. - Atchison Globe.

Somehow the gir! who learns to ride a bievcle doesn't seem to get on well at first .- Detroit Free Press.

One of the most fascinating of occupations is watching other people work; but only a foreman can make it pay .- Puck.

There's a vast difference between wreckless railroading and reckless railroading, thanks to our handy language: -Albany Sun. "How is it you have remained a bachelor all your life, Mr. Tupton?" "Oh, I was born so," returned Tupton."-Harper's Bazar.

BACK HOME

quirer who ventured into the subterranean garden found an almost Egyptian darkness and a temperature of fitty to ffty-two degrees Fahrenheit. The company began operations in August last and has already sold 40,000 pounds of the succulent fungi. The season of field mushrooms lasts only six weeks, and the St. Louis growers propose to meet the demand for the remainder of the year.

Everybody knows that Queen Margherita, of Italy, is beautiful, says the Argonaut. But the beauty of the Queen is a public affair-a matter of State. When the doctors were consulted as to Her Majesty's surplus fat, they recommended Alpine climbing. At first the Queen would not hear to it. But it was represented to her that her beauty formed one of the strongholds of the royal family with the common people. So the Queen resigned herself to her fate, and devoted herself to Alpine climbing.

"It is a great mistake," says an architect in the New York Tribune, "to suppose that men are becoming smaller physically. When I was in Europe, in Munich, we gave a grand ball and the city authorities decided to let the artists have the use of the mediaval armor stored in the museum there. There were only two suits of armor which could be worn by us. These were the suits of giants of that time. The rest, which belonged to the ordinary-sized, strong mediæval soldiers, were too small for as. Would this not tend to show that we are larger than our ancestors were?"

" The achievements of T. P. O'Connor in producing within one week a compre hensive and well-written life of Parnel is, says Harper's Weekly, a noteworthy but by no means unexampled instance of fast literary work. Goldsmith wrote his classic "Vicar of Wakefield" under even greater pressure, for an officer of the law stood at his elbow to expedite matters. Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs" was the result of a month's work; and other authors, when the frenzy was on, have exhibited remarkable busts of speed in composition. Horace Greeley, for example, wrote his "Printer" within thirty minutes. It was composed to be read at a Press Club benefit, and Mr. Greelev rose from bed at midnight to write it, after the poet chosen for the occasion

boastful disposition, and his meanness in money matters gave him among Europeans the name of the Siamese Falstaff.

C. G. Leland told the recent Folk Lore Congress in London that he had interviewed at least a hundred old gypsy fortune-tellers, and had discovered that they knew nothing whatever about the art of palmistry. He said they learned by long experience to be shrewd judges of character, and that while pretending to look at hands they were in reality inspecting faces to find out the characteristics of people. Many a gypsy, he said, who has acquired fame as a fortune teller is merely a good reader of physiognomy.

Let nobody think lightly of the itinerant apostle of bargains known colloquially as the festive drummer, urges the New Orleans Picayune. There are 250,-000 of him, according to the latest reports, and during a twelve-month he maketh himself responsible for 300,000,-000 of the 400,000,000 tons annually shipped on American railroads. He also maketh away daily with \$1,750,000 of his employers' money, charging it to expenses; or, in the nine months of his yearly activity, nearly \$382,000,000. The drummer is emphatically a great institution, both as to deeds and power of telling them.

In these days of close figuring and small profits nothing, maintains the Boston Transcript, is despised by the man who seeks to acquire wealth. It appears that in Scotland there is a company which pays a certain amount yearly to a number of iron works for the privilege of collecting the smoke and gases from the blast furnaces. These are passed through several miles of wrought iron tubing, and as the gases cool there is deposited a considerable yield of oil. One plant is reported to yield 25,000 gallons of furnace oil per week. The sum paid for the privilege is such as to be prcfitable, it is said, to both parties. The oil thus obtained is distilled, and a considerable quantity of cresol, phenol and some other substances are procured from it, while the oil remaining is used as an enricher of gas for illuminating purposes.

In spite of the wonderful commercial and industrial progress of the United States, we are still to a large extent, says the Forum using the same soft, dusty, muddy country roads that served for our emote ancestors. No organization has done more to remedy this surprising state of things than the League of American Wheelmen; and it, Secretary, Mr. Isaac B. Potter, of New York, has a word to say in the Forum about the evil and its cure. He considers that the cost to the farmer, of carting his produce over the "roughened streak of soil" that serves us for a highway, is no small factor in the existing agricultural depression, and points out that the cost of maintaining proper public wagon roads, though great, is more than repaid to the community in the enhanced value of adjacent property alone. This position he supports by statistics. It is to be hoped, adds the magazine editor, that Mr. Potter and his co-workers will succeed in rousing our rural communities to the disgrace of the chair. of a condition of things which makes us the laughing-stock of European travelers in this country.

New Yorker, he left her without a word. for his heart was in a tumult. What had he said or not said, and

what could she mean by substituting Miss Bacon for her own dear self?

Now he came to think about it, Gladis had not been at all like herself. What was it? Was she tired or indifferent? Perhaps a little of both, and yet there had been times even that morning when he felt certain that she cared for him. What was it all about? And, loverlike, he began blaming himself in the most bewildering way for all sorts of imaginary faults-his dress, his walk, his inability to appreciate certain things or

people that she liked. She had given him a little book to read-somebudy's longings or conditions; he could not remember the name. That was a week ago, and she was probably waiting for his opinion; and he had not looked at it, but had talked of stocks, elections and a bicycle trip his club had taken. What did she know or care about such things? And

yet she had listened to him, and even pretended to be interested. He was one of New York's most promising young lawyers, and was taking a month's vacation before entering on

the great duties of life. A handsome man with dark eyes and hair, and a quick, responsive nature that was as honest and earnest in all its purposes as men of Beverly Post's birth. education, and training are sure to be: and although the fortunate possesser of an independent income, he had not only chosed a profession, but thoroughly fitted himself to meet its requirements. He was just twenty-six when be first met "pretty Gladis Curtis," as every one called her; "and that was only three

weeks ago" he was saying to himself as he ran up the steps of his hotel, "I will make a poor lawyer if I do not"-and here he hesitated, and blushing like a school-girl, "win this my first case." In the mean time Gladis was listening in an impatient sort of way to her mother's little lecture about always ap-

pearing with Mr. Post. "You know well enough my dear, that I have decided to take you abroad next season, and you do not know what chances there are in store for you. Mr. Post is very nice, but I have great hopes

for you. We have been invited to visit Lady Mildale, and Mrs. Whitney has been telling me about them, and how royally they entertain." "Well, mamma, I do not think you need worry about Mr. Post; he is

charmed with Miss Bacon, from Boston: he told me himself that he admired the pose of her head, and the intellectual curve of her lips, and that she had read Blackstone from begining to end. And I asked him who the author of Blackstone was, and he actually laughed at me, and said I had better ask Miss Bacon to lend me her copy. I was so provoked

an idea of letting him see that she could appreciate a good book.

here persuaded me to come now. Oh. He had taken it because she had asked him to read it, but had forgotten that excuse me, Harriet, this is my dear old classmate Beverly Post, and this is my he had it until that morning. Now he clever little sister, Beverly." would read it. But some way the story dragged, and he summed up his verdict lighted to know each other, but Beverly long before it was time to appear at the could scarcely wait before asking: club. Anyway, he would walk down to the hotel, and perhaps see Gladis, if only for a moment. He did not think here?' of the time, or of what Gladis had told him of Miss Bacon, but took his seat near the front entrance of the hotel office. and waited.

It was just ten minutes to four when Jack Hilton, a jolly captivating young man, drove up to the door in a hand. both of Gladis's hands, and saying. some cart, and, running up the steps and into the office, with a bright and cheery nod to Beverly, sent his card up to Miss out you." Curtis. Beverly knew) it was going to be

you, Beverly." trying moment, but, he determined not to run away; so he talkied to Jack, asking him all sorts of foolish questions. Both men watched the stairway.

"There she comes," came involun-Miss Gladis Curtis. The church was tarily from Jack's lips, in answer to profusely decorated with golden-rod, and Beverly's question if he knew Judge golden-rod only; even the bride's bou-Dawson, and Jack went forward to meet the belle of the season.

Gladis never looked lovelier, in a a dainty white serge 'costume, with tancolored cap, gloves and shoes. She was drawing on her gloves as she came toward them, and talking gayly to her mother. Perhaps she did not know that Miss Bacon was just behind her, in a plain Brown gown, her only bit of color being a soft pale blue "Liberty handkerchief" knotted loosely about her shoulders.

Beverly never attempted to put himself forward, but stood up, bowing as Gladis passed him. Always before she had stood a moment and chatted with him, making some future engagement; but this time she had shown him at her first glance that she was going straight on. And she never had been so bewitching and gay; and while paddling along

Jack was beginning to think that such a companion would be delightful through life, and was half inclined to tell her so, when Gladis asked:

"What time did you order the cart I am tired. I know I must return." "But you promised me the whole afternoon, and it wants a good half-hour to sunset. Do let us paddle around that yacht before going in."

"No. You will excuse me. I want to return." And Gladis sent the canoe forward with such strong, swift strokes standing on a double terrace, the first that there could be no mistaking her in- being of sandstone, about twenty feet tentions.

The trip home was rather a quiet one, end of this sandstone terrace there is a and it would have been hard for either miniature mosque, built of dark red man to have understood Gladis's stones, the doorways facing each other. thoughts. The second terrace is only fifteen feet

She knew in her heart that Beverly souare. On each corner of this 300that I assured him I could provide myself was not talking to Miss Bacon, and yet foot terrace pure white marble manarets, with reading. Oh dear! this dress she accused him of it, and so determined each 140 feet in height, have been never does go on as it ought to. There's to prove herself right by returning at erected, the "Taj," or tomb being in

to get on the sick list and be excused "Yes; I knew you would be glad. I was thinking of coming later on, but Bev from all work.

> By nine o'clock, when word is passed to clear up deck for quarters, the ship is clean and everything polished and in its place. The men have shifted into the regular uniform of the day. Morning quarters is the great event of the forenoon and every man not excused must be present with his division, looking neat and clean, with clothes brushed,

boots blacked and all arms and accoutre-"I know where Miss Curtis is. Shall take you to her?" asked Miss Bacon. ments in satisfactory condition. Each with a mischievous smile playing about division is inspected by its senior officer who then reports to the executive officer the sweet mouth that had been accused of having lips with an intellectual curve. on the quarter deck. The men are mus-Beverly answered with a happy little tered to see whether all are present, and if any absentees are reported they are nod, and the next moment was holding placed on the, "report" and will be obliged to explain to the satisfaction of "I could not stay away, Gladis, 1 could not; life is not worth living withthe commanding officer.

After quarters comes drill, one division "But-but- Oh, I am so glad to see at infantry tacties with belts and rifles, another at single sticks or cutlass deill and others as companies of artillery. The work continues for about an hour. By far the prettiest wedding of the then "retreat" is sounded and the men season was that of Mr. Beverly Post and are marched to their stations and dismissed.

"Mess gear" precedes the call for dinner by ten minutes, and the cooks on the berth deck lower their swinging tables, set the benches in position and put their dishes and victuals in readiness for the men who, at the first sound of the boatswain's whistle, come trooping down the ladders as hungry as only sailors can be after a morning of hard

who had loved his wife with affection work and drill. akin to idolatry, promised to rear to her More smoking follows the dinner, and memory a tomb which for magnificence until 1 o'clock beer is served out by the would out-do anything known in the master-at-arms. Bumboat women are history of the world. No sooner had also on board to sell their wares, which the remains of his loved partner been consist of pies, tobacco, thread, writing deposited in a temporary sarcophagus of paper and envelopes, combs and nearly white marble than Jehan set about everything else that a sailorman needs.

carrying out his purpose. He gathered At 1 o'clock smoking is stopped and the architects and builders of all known what work there is to be done begins. countries and conferred with them as to Afternoon duties are not usually very what would be the most costly and hard, there being little besides hauling extravagant design. The result of their up boats or overhauling the anchor deliberations is the famous Taj Mahal, chains or some such work, during which mausoleum which caused a whole there are many breathing spells. Someempire to pay tribute and employed

times there are drills in the afternoon or 20,000 workmen for seventeen years. boats are called away. Its beauty is such as to discourage an On Saturday and Sunday smoking is attempt at description. It stands on the allowed from dinner time until quarters banks of the Jumna River, one of the in the evening and again after that until largest feeders of the Ganges, in India. bedtime, and nothing but absolutely It is about a mile below the fort of Agra, necessary work is done. During Jack's and is approached through an avenue of leisure moments he manages to mend all lofty cypress trees, the tomb being at

his clothes. and he finds time for many the end, nearly the third of a mile from games of checkers or "doocey-acy." the gateway of the green avenue. The Supper is served at about 5:30, and tomb itself is of dazzling whiteness, after it, except during quarters, smoking is allowed. Quarters last only a few minutes, the men being mustered high and 1000 feet broad. At each and dismissed. Then all boats which have been in use during the day are hauled up and secured to their davits. On a flagship the evening is very pleasant, for the admiral's band, grouped

under portable electric lights on the quarter deck, furnish good music. The senior officers are at dinner and the weet strains float down to them throug Pat?" Patrick O'Gorman-"Not any, the open skylight. The men are the mum, thankee; no spalpeen that starts more enthusiastic admirers of the bandsout grane and turns red the minute he men's art, and ap and down the ganggets into hot wather for yours thruly."ways sailors dancing with one another enjoy it to the utmost. Those not danc-New York Herald. ing gather closely around the musicians and gravely criticise the different selecaccidentally shot in the lumber region yesterday." Mrs. Bunting-"It seems to tions. me that the Larkin boys are pretty well

Binnick-"Do you think it is possible that some men weep for joy at times?" Cynic-"Yes, when the joy is someone else's."-New York Herald.

Mrs. Wickwire-"Yet, when you fell in love with me Mr. Wickwire ... "I didn't fall in. I was dragged in."-Indianapolis Journal.

"Money is trouble," sighed old Banker. "No, it isn't either !" exclaimed young Banker: "You can easily borrow trouble."-Baltimore American.

He-"Why are railroads like snobs?" She-"Because they brag of their stock?" He-"No; because they advertise their connections."-Harvard Lampoon.

The moral quality of things is entirely a personal matter. He who laughs at the miseries of others is a brute; if he laughs at his own he's a hero. -Puck.

His head was full of emptiness. His neck was full of collars, The girls were full of praise, because His paw was full of dollars.

-Detroit Free Press. He (deeply in love but proud as Lucifer)-"Do you love me?" She-"No." He-"Well, I fancied you did, you know, and I wanted to tell you I'm already engaged."-Manhattan.

Watts-"Wickwire seems to have an ideal home." Potts-"Doesn't he, though? He stays down town until midnight bragging about it five or six days out of the week."-Indianapolis Journal.

"Yes," said the young doctor, proudly. "though I do have to stand like Patience on a monument waiting for customers, I always manage finally to stand the monument on the patients."-New York Sun.

"Now, cabby, do be careful how you drive; I am very nervous you know." "Don't you be afeard, sir. I'll be keerful. An' which 'orspital would you wish to be taken to in case of a haccident?" -Boston Globe

She-"I am so fond of antique furniture! Aren't you?" He-"Very! I have have a chair in my room that is so old I never sit in it, but always sit in another chair, so that I may admire it at its best."- Lowell Citizen.

"I understand, Mr. Amateur Pluvius, that your rainmaking exhibitions have failed." "A mistake, sir; they have simply, like many other exhibitions, been postponed on account of the weather."-Baltimore American.

"I cannot understand why you should claim that Madge Flyppe is such an artless creature. She strikes me as rather knowing." "That's just it. She is not knowing enough to conceal what she knows."-Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Dogood (to her stableman)-Wouldn't you like a little cold lobster.

Bunting-"One of Larkin's sons was

scattered. It was only last week that

one of them was badly hurt in the oil

regions."-Greenburg Sparks.

quet was of golden-rod, and was the only bouquet carried. -Harper's Bazar. Most Magnificent of Tombs. When the wife of the Emperor Shah ehan was on her death-bed, her husband, known throughout India as one

had shown himself unequal to the task.

The Indian exhibit in the World's Fair promises to be one of extraordinary interest. It may be said that the whole country is being laid under contribution. Among the agents charged with the work of collecting materials is a party of ethnologists who are now exploring Indiana and Kentucky. They have recently excavaced mounds on both sides of the Ohio River, and the discovery of many relics and curios has rewarded them. Among the things secured are hatchets, pipes, bears' claws, porcelain and pearl ornaments, tablets covered with hieroglyphics, and the skulls and frames of a race of giants. Arrow and spear heads of gray flint were also found in great abundance at Plow Handle Point on the Ohio, a place which is a perfect repository of Indian relics. It is said that some of the skulls unearthed had high and full frontal bones, indicating a superior order of intelligence in the men of whom they are the only remains.

the lunch bell, and I am not nearly once.

ready. Do go, mamma!" After her mother had gone Gladis had little cry. Then she rearranged the offending dress, and started down stairs. determined to be as unlike Miss Bacon

would not be a difficult task. Gladis was an only child. Her father appearing tired. There sat Miss Bacon, had died before she could remember surrounded by a lot of children, to whom him. Her mother, who was rich, and of an old New York family, was one of the sure-to-be-theres of Bar Harbor. She had spent the entire season there for many summers, and occupied the same

suite of rooms in the "House by the few sprays of golden rod. "I did behave shamefully," she Sea," as the hotel was known to the folks year after year, which fact she thought; "and I will tell him so tocould prove by the date on her veranda night." Then she pinned his flowers, chair; for all permanent guests provided the flowers he loved best-the goldenthemselves with their own veranda rod-in her belt and hair, and promised chairs, and asserted their ownership by herself a happy evening. But how little neat little cards bearing the owner's we know of the hidden powers that are name, and often a date, as in Mrs. Cur- constantly either working for or against tis's case, of old residenceship tied to us! Gladis was barely out of sight that the upper right-hand corner on the back afternoon when a telegram was put into Beverly's hand, and he, in the rush of

sudden departure, had only time to There was the judge's chair, the admiral's chair, the doctor's chair and leave the book and golden-rod while taking a polite farewell of Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. Lewis Longworth Curtis's chair. The young people did not affect this who was just starting for an evening en- has a tonnage of 1012.

the centre, every stone of the exterior

When they reached the hotel, the being of marble, fine in texture and piazzas were crowded, and life was at without a flaw. The Taj is what one full speed everywhere, so that she could could hardly call an octagonal structure. not help being influenced; and then, neither is it square, the corners being too, Beverly might be watching her truncated so as to give it the appearas it was possible to be, which, in truth, | from the club windows, and she certainance of being eight-sided, the whole ly was not going to let him see her even

> is not the massiveness of this structure which has made it famous in the annals she was reading "Alice in Wonderland," but Beverly was nowhere to be seen. After wandering about a bit she went to her room, and on her dressing table lay the book she had loaned Beverly, with a

the centre of the edifice, directly under that magnificent dome, are two sarcophagi containing the remains of the Emperor and his loved wife, and above them the inscription: "To the Memory of an Undying Love."-St. Louis Repubanchor watch for the night mustered. lic Then the bugles sound "Good night,"

the boatswain's whistle "pipe down, The largest private steamer afloat beand everything becomes quiet. Only longs to Count Stagadoff, a Russian those on duty for the night remain on wachtman. It is called the Zaira, and deck. The day is done. - New York Recorder.

Italian music is at a discount, but let "Maggie Murphy's Home" be rendered and cheers will be heard from forward, attesting the popularity of what the sailormen often call "American music,

At 9 o'clock tattoo is sounded and the

something what we know." The band Lightning Proof Ships. finishes its programme, responds to sev-A German commission reports that no eral encores, and finally turns off the case of damage by lightning to a ship lights, packs up the music stands and with wire rigging has been reported, exgoes below. Jack has an hour or two cept in a few instances where continuous yet in which to smoke, talk of days when he was in the merchant service or on some distant station, grumble a little at

connection had not been made with the hull. With iron or steel hulls and wire rope rigging, the whole ship forms an excellent conductor to lead the electric discarressafely to the ocean. This fact explains why it is that ships at sea suffer much less frequently from lightning now than in the days of wooden vessels .-

Trenton (N. J.) American.

One Birmingham (England) shop makes 10,000,000 pins daily.

of India, but its graceful airiness, which combines both solidity and beauty. In speaking of it Bishop Heber has truly said: "They built like Titans and finished like jewelers." The dome and sides of the tomb are inlaid with agate, sapphire, jasper and other precious stones, all wrought into flowers, wreaths and vines of exquisite loveliness. In

surmounted by a dome 200 feet high. It

liberty being stopped and find fault with the caterer of his mess.