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OLD-TIME CHINA.

THE CELESTIAL KINGDOM AS IT APPEARED IN THE FORTIES.

Scenes in the Harbor of Macao—The Exclusiveness of the Chinese—Scenery Along the Chu-Kiang River—Popular Awe Excited by the Spectacle of a Steamboat.

One who was fortunate enough to visit the Celestial empire before the tinge of Western civilization had made any impression upon its ancient regime has always something of intense interest to remember. It was Dr. Samuel Johnson who said that any man might be proud of an ancestor who had beheld the great wall of China. Even so may one be gratified through life who himself has set foot within the mighty empire which for ages had known no shadow of change, and who saw its people precisely the same as in the days of Confucius.

It was true that the first war with England had just been concluded, and humbled by the might of Great Britain the Chinese Emperor had been forced to submit to humiliating terms. The island of Hong Kong had been absolutely ceded as a British colony, and four other ports besides Canton had been forced open to trade with the "outside barbarians." But for all the rest, the vast territory of China, with its hundreds of millions of people, had not suffered the slightest change. Japan and Corea were still utterly inaccessible, and bade defiance to the Celestials as completely as to Europeans. There were then probably not ten Chinamen in the United States, and Washee Washee, promenading the streets of New York, would have had to seek in the police protection for his pigtail.

After a tedious voyage of 140 days we cast anchor in Macao roads. For 300 years had this little peninsula of Macao, three miles long by one and a-half broad, been the only foothold allowed to Europeans in all the vast Chinese empire, excepting the few hundred yards of space allotted to the "foreign factories" in Canton. Ceded nominalty to Portugal, but really always under "home rule," Macao was governed by a petty viceroy and marshaled by a company of soldiers, whose uniforms and bayonets were the special hatred of the Chinese rabble.

It was a picturesque, poetic, dreamy old settlement, environed with several hills, crowned by antique forts and convents, with several interesting churches built by the Jesuits 200 years before, and a long line of commodious houses stretching along the beach on which the sea waves broke with a gentle plash. This esplanade, or "Praya Grande," as it was termed, consisting of a wide and level granite walk, extended the whole length of Macao, and at sunset was the favorite resort of the Europeans, the unsoaped Chinese being excluded from its pleasures. Very romantic and mysterious looking were most of these old mansions lining the pier, which in the days of Macao's commercial prosperity had echoed with the glad sounds of many a gay revel, and now, if truth were told, were the scenes of quite too frequent interviews between the Portuguese women, descendants of the old families resident in the place for generations, and visiting strangers. However these stories might be true or exaggerated, certainly I never saw any locality so suggestive of romantic incidents in its aspects as old Macao, nor one where the tired and weary spirit, worn out with adverse fate, might more resignedly repair for rest from the world. Such must often 300 years before have been the feeling of the illustrious Camoens, the great poet of Portugal, who here wrote the larger part of his immortal epic, "The Lusiad," in a grotto looking out upon the inner harbor, which spot is still carefully preserved and entitled "Camoens' cave." It is impossible in visiting this scene to repress pity and indignation for the fate of the poet and hero, exiled from an ungrateful country to which he gave the proudest work of its literature in return at last for actual starvation. May not his happy spirit be sometimes now permitted to revisit the scene of his labors, with forgiveness for all his sufferings.

Such must be my brief sketch of old Macao, the favorite summering place of Europeans, when not a foreign woman was allowed to set foot in Canton, and when Hong Kong was only a lurking place for Chinese pirates. In those days not a single steamer navigated the waters of the Chu-Kiang river, between Macao and Canton, and there was not a single lighthouse on the whole coast of China. The very idea of a railroad, much less of the electric telegraph, had never dawned upon the Chinese mind. Communication between the ports was only to be had in the native craft. For distant routes the great lumbering junks, fashioned after Noah's ark, were employed by the native traveler, while smaller boats, with or without sails, served the purpose of short trips. We sailed in our own ship from Macao up the wide estuary of the lower Canton river, in charge of a Chinese pilot, at every mile becoming more interested in the wonderful scenery that opened before us, and in the evident busy life of a vast empire as shown in the innumerable crafts which flitted by in all directions.

At the entrance to the river proper is the "Bogue," or "Boca Tigres," the Tiger's mouth, so-called by the Portuguese, an immensely strong natural barrier of precipitous granite cliffs, which in the hands of any European power would be almost impregnable. They were heavily fortified, but then wholly in Chinese fashion, no bastions or flanking fires. In the long, low walls composing them I counted 156 cannon in a single row, but all the forts offered little resistance to the British men-of-war, and their garrisons fled precipitately up the steep rocks when the enemy's bombs fell among them. By one of the treaty stipulations all foreign vessels were obliged to stop off the Bogue, and send a boat ashore to report name and country. This formality complied with, the fat mandarin in charge graciously permitted the "outside barbarians" to proceed.

From this point, ascending the stream, most beautiful scenery opened before us; the great river, filled with countless sails; lovely meadows, and far beyond them other sail winding among the intricacies of canals and natural sluice ways emptying into the main stream; hills terraced and cultivated to the very top; teeming villages and embosomed in trees the lofty nine-storied pagodas, the most picturesque of all towers, many of them centuries old. There is such an air of historic mystery breathed from the ancient and sacred towers that I would defy any one of romantic disposition to look upon them unmoved. Perfectly original in their graceful architecture, they whisper of old-time China in the days of Marco Polo, when even Europe itself was unknown to the Celestial empire save in the presence of that solitary wanderer.

At Whampoa, a moderate-sized town, which itself possesses some of the most beautiful of these pagodas, all the foreign ships in those days anchored. It was fifteen miles from Canton, and the anchorage formed a sort of floating European capital where much hospitality and good-fellowship prevailed. Not a single steamer, as before said, was to be seen, excepting a little British gunboat sent up to Canton occasionally to bring down Sycee silver, part of the indemnity money paid to England by China as one of the privileges of the late war. This little paddler always made an immense commotion among the Chinese craft as it went hissing and sputtering to and fro, and was regarded with dread as a veritable "foreign devil." No such wonder as a steam engine, land or marine, then existed in all China.

Far more interesting in those days to me, however, were the grand old ships of the famous East India Company. That mighty corporation still existed in name, shorn of its vast privileges and powers by the British government, but noble relics of its sovereign sway were still left in these grand old two and three deckers, manned by hundreds of Lascars and looking loftily down upon the modern clippers like the ancient peers of the realm on newly-created nobles. One especially do I remember of these monarchs of the main, now as utterly swept out of existence as the line-of-battle ships of Nelson She was called the Earl of Balcawes, and was of such capacity that she could stow away 24,000 chests of tea in her hold, without putting a pound on her main deck. It was a noble sight to see her under sail, and the boat's crew of her captain's gig always excited my admiration. Beautifully dressed in their Hindoo costume with brilliant turbans and jackets, they pulled with a man-o'-war precision, and I thought the captain a favored mortal, while he hardly deigned to look at us, rowed as we were "mammy daddy" by four ugly tarred ragamuffins. OSMOND TIFFANY.

THE DRUMMER'S ADVICE.

Urging the Russian Diplomat to Change His Business at Once.

A good story is told by M. de Giers, the Russian minister of foreign affairs, of an adventure the diplomatist met with recently on his way from St. Petersburg to Moscow. The train was very crowded, so, by permission of the Russian chancellor, a traveler was admitted to his own private compartment. The stranger, a drummer from Chicago, expressed his thanks, and to his surprise found that his companion spoke English fluently. As M. de Giers tells the story, the conversation runs as follows: D.—What line are you in? G.—I am a minister. D.—What church? G.—I am orthodox. D.—By Jove, so am I. At least, my father and mother used to attend the orthodox church. I did when I was a young one. G.—I am a Greek orthodox. D.—Greek? I took you for a Russian. G.—I am a Russian. D.—That's beyond me. What's your salary? G.—Forty thousand rubles. D.—And expenses? G.—Yes. I have an official residence. D.—That's what we call a parsonage. G.—No. I am a minister of foreign affairs. D.—Nice office, I guess? G.—Yes. D.—I am in lamps. We make the best petroleum lamps in the world, and do a cracking business. My salary is $10,000 a year and all expenses. We are just about to buy a controlling interest in the Russian petroleum wells, and I am looking out for a good party to represent us. If you'd like a change, sir, I can promise you a bigger salary than you get now. All we ask is some first-class references. G.—Those I cannot give. Nobody likes my work except the Emperor. D.—Sorry to hear it; but let me give you my card. Any day that you feel you'd like to improve your condition let's know. G.—Thanks. Thanks. When the right time comes you shall hear from me. D.—That is confidential, of course. But I tell you, sir, if you will join us you'll make money. We've got a sure thing. And if I was in your place I'd quit the ministry and go into business.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"WE WERE KILLED."

An Amusing Incident of a Sham Fight of the French Army.

An old soldier may be depended upon to take good care of himself, and even in a sham fight he will not expose himself to unnecessary fatigue, if it be a hot day. This is illustrated by an incident which took place shortly after the grand review following the return of the French army from the Italian campaign. Marshal McMahon had ordered a sham fight, intending to reproduce the field of Magenta for the benefit of the new and untried soldiers. Here is what followed:

His very best officers led the various movements in person. The day proved to be exceedingly warm. The clouds which had at first obscured the sun were floated off by a puff which went with them, and the heat poured down oppressively.

In one of the attacking divisions were two grizzled, battle-scarred veterans—a sergeant and a cannonier—who had helped McMahon to win his laurels in the Crimea, and who had stood stoutly by him in Italy, brave as the bravest, and true as steel.

These two heroes took it into their heads, when a charge had been ordered, that they would rest, so they withdrew and threw themselves down in the shadow of the hedge where the watchful marshal espied them.

"Ha! What is this?" cried the duke, riding to the spot. What! my braves of Malakoff! do you shirk your duty? See how grandly your division is charging!"

"Pardon, marshal," said the old sergeant. "We were with Castellane's battery—*we were killed!*"

The marshal smiled and rode away, and presently sent a *vivandiere* to care for his dead children.

A BAD MOUTHFUL.

What an Oregon Shepherd Dog Got for Biting a Porcupine.

M. Marothers, who has just returned to this county from a trip through the Big Bend, previous to locating up there, reports that on last Sunday week, while in the vicinity of Emigrant Springs, traveling in company with his brother-in-law, they saw a small animal off on the side hill, and not recognizing the peculiar character of the beast, set a shepherd dog that was with them on it. The dog immediately pounced upon it, but no sooner had it done so than it pounced off again, rolled over the ground and clawed at its mouth with both fore feet, and carried on in a manner which indicated that it was suffering untold agony.

The men, of course, by this time knew that it was a porcupine and that the dog's mouth was full of the quills, which they would be compelled to get out if they saved the dog. They attempted to hold the poor brute while they extracted the quills, but it did not seem to understand what was wanted, and continued to tear around like a mad dog, and thinking of no other way to put him out of his misery, they took a rock and mashed his skull. The porcupine was soon dispatched, having lain upon the ground in a perfect ball while the dog was cavorting around.—*Goldendale (Ore.) Sentinel.*

The Day of One's Birth.

How to tell on what day of the week you were born: To the number representing your age at the next birthday add one-fourth for leap year; this amount divide by seven, and the remainder count back from the day of the week on which your birthday falls. For instance, on your next birthday you will be sixteen. Divide this by four and the quotient will be four; and this added to sixteen makes twenty. Divide twenty by seven, the number of days in the week; then you have two weeks and six days. Now if this year your birthday comes on Monday, count back six days and you will find you were born on Tuesday; if it comes on Wednesday, then you were born on Thursday.

Samuel D. Davis, the richest man in St. Louis, is worth $8,000,000—all inherited at the death of his father a few years ago. He is about fifty years old, and works at his dry goods house from eight to four o'clock daily

MOUNT RANIER.

THE AMERICAN PARALLEL TO THE FAMOUS SWISS PEAK.

A Crowd of Western Boys Attempt the Ascent of the Washington Territory Mountain—Some of the Hardships Which They Endured During the Climb.

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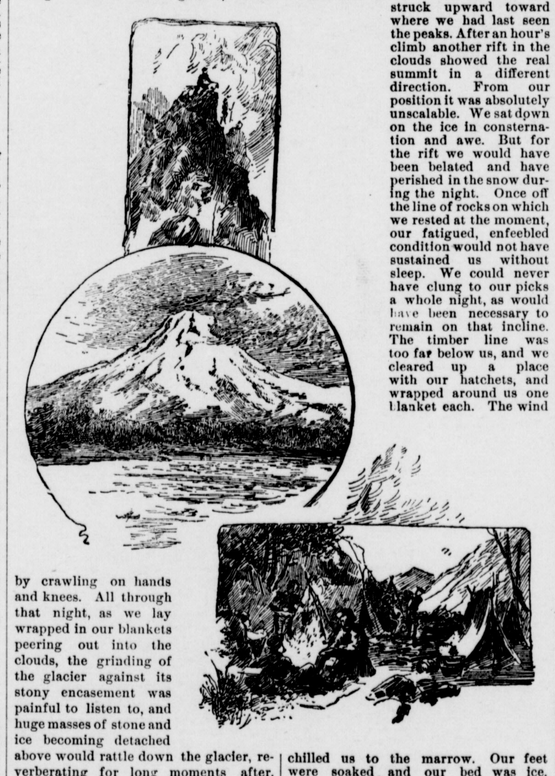
Mt. Ranier, a few miles southeast of Puget sound, in Washington Territory, is our only American parallel to Mt. Blanc, and here are to be found the only glaciers in the country, save a few insignificant exceptions in the Sierra Nevadas.

There are but three recorded ascents of Ranier, or Tacoma, as the Northern Pacific people have renamed it. One of these was made by Stevens in 1870; another in 1884 by Van Trump, and the third by Bayley the month preceding the attempt of which I write. The success of this Bayley ascent incited twelve Seattle young men, all amateur climbers, to the attempt given below from the diary and narrative of my friend, W. T. Sharp, of Seattle.

Twelve of us, said Mr. Sharp, left Seattle on the 4th of August equipped for the ascent with sufficient determination and provender. Three days' arduous climb brought us to 6,500 feet elevation, as high as we could possibly drive on pack-horses. Here we made our permanent camp and rested one night. Early next morning ten of us bound our packs on our backs and grasped our alpenstocks for the ascent. Our equipment—all to be carried upon our own backs, remember—was two blankets each, two days' food supply, a coil of rope, an alcohol lamp, barometer, compass and field-glass. Our boots were greased, our cheek-bones and eyelids blackened with charcoal, and we wore darkened glasses to lessen the sun's reflection from the snow. The clouds shifted as we climbed, sometimes showing us Ranier's dome, and then enveloping our path ahead with gloom. We proceeded northeast, alternately passing grass and snow. At one place we found grasshoppers as numerous as in Kansas. Carbon river glacier was first reached. It is a couple of miles wide at its base, and our ascent of it was in zigzag fashion. At times we leaped fissures three or four feet wide and a hundred deep. We feared slipping back on the ice at first, but our faith in our alpenstocks grew stronger with better acquaintance and we soon thought nothing of the feat. These crevices showed the glacier a hundred feet deep at places, and yet at other points we could distinctly hear the water roaring beneath. Fallen stones from the mountain had, by latent heat, I suppose, eaten holes in the ice, and in the hollows was sweet drinking water. Our first day's camp was made along the shore of this glacier, reached by crawling on hands and knees. All through that night, as we lay wrapped in our blankets peering out into the clouds, the grinding of the glacier against its stony encasement was painful to listen to, and huge masses of stone and ice becoming detached above would rattle down the glacier, reverberating for long moments after. Our attempts at yarns and jokes were failures. We were awed back into silence. We were too close to the sublimity for levity. The morning was welcome, and before far spent saw us at the head of the Carbon-river glacier. At 8,800 feet of elevation we reduced the weight of our packs by leaving a blanket apiece under a huge chunk of ice for anchorage. A short distance further two of our number deserted, returning to permanent camp. At 9,700 feet we reached a narrow ledge of volcanic rock overlooking miles below. We thought we could see Puget sound to the north. Though no smoke was within miles of our position, the deeper valleys were hidden with it.



Our next climb intimidated the bravest of us at first. The coil of rope was put to use here. Binding it around the waist of the leader and about the left arm of the rest, we moved upward. The course ran along a shelving bank of hard snow where a misstep would send the party thousands of feet below. At one point we straddled a fissure and scrambled along on all fours. It was a terrible strain to crawl on the ice thus, guarding not only our own safety, but momentarily expecting to be the anchorage of the entire party, should comrades slip.

Reaching a narrow bridge of ice covered with loose fragments, we stopped for consultation. The footing was so precarious that the slipping of a comrade would carry the whole party down; so we unbound, and let each man assume his risk alone. Our leader passed around and over a huge boulder, out of our sight, and we were horror stricken to hear the rattling of stones down the mountain. But he reappeared in a few moments, having regained his footing after a short slide. We cheered, carefully, again, that we might not disturb our own equilibrium, and crawled toward him. Our nerves were fast being unstrung. "If I once get out of this," said some one behind me, "I will go home and thank God." There were some silent amens, too.

We backed up to this boulder and rested. Our elevation was 10,000 feet. Ascent further by this way, we saw, was absolutely impossible; our risk along the ledge had been for naught. In the same careful manner we returned to the 8,800-feet elevation, and lunched, while considering future movements. Here two more left us. We now were six. The rest, however, agreed we could make the summit by night, and sleep in its warm crater.

Descending to 7,600 feet we ascended the White-river glacier for a distance. Coming shortly to a divide between this and a third glacier promising better passage, we crossed over, climbing some 300 feet of loose rock which slipped from our feet at every step and went rattling down on the ice below us. At 8,300 feet elevation we found on a ridge small beds of delicate dandelions, buttercups and daisies—when all other vegetation had been left 2,000 feet below.

Below us the mouth of our glacier was hidden in smoke, through which spectral forms of trees and a glimmer of the river could be seen. The gloom below made sunshine around all the more brilliant.

At 9,000 feet there was another mutiny, but it was conquered. Southward over a hard ledge of rocks we saw another glacier, promising still readier ascent, and crossed to it. We had scarce reached it before the clouds lowered about us, concealing the summit. It seemed but another hour's climb, and our enthusiasm arose. We lunched and struck upward toward where we had last seen the peaks. After an hour's climb another rift in the clouds showed the real summit in a different direction. From our position it was absolutely unscalable. We sat down on the ice in consternation and awe. But for the rift we would have been belated and have perished in the snow during the night. Once off the line of rocks on which we rested at the moment, our fatigued, enfeebled condition would not have sustained us without sleep. We could never have clung to our picks a whole night, as would have been necessary to remain on that incline. The timber line was too far below us, and we cleared up a place with our hatchets, and wrapped around us one blanket each. The wind chilled us to the marrow. Our feet were soaked and our bed was ice. One of the number had a dry pair of socks and took off his boots, which I secured as a pillow. Our best friend was a bottle of brandy. At four o'clock we started again. The boots had to be cut to be gotten on. Our thermometer we had broken, but I really believe it was zero. We swallowed a lunch, which our stomachs almost rejected, and tried to get our blood in circulation. The sun arose in splendor. The cloud display was indescribably grand. Never were we so isolated from all human evidences. The mountain seemed floating in clouds; its dome dipped into them out of our sight. At half-past five we were up 10,300 feet. Frequent stops were necessary. Another hour we were 10,600 feet high. The mountain, glistening like white marble in the sun, dazzled us in spite of blackened faces and smoked glasses. At 11,000 feet we felt in our lungs the rarity of the atmosphere, but there was no indication of blood rushing to the head. At each seventy-five feet of elevation we would drop panting on the ice for rest. We climbed steadily, at times straight upward, then passing horizontally along the same plane for many rods to avoid crevices. We were enveloped in almost twilight gloom toward noon, and the sun ceased burning our faces. Notwithstanding the cold, the unblackened portions of our faces had become noticeably browned. The wind increased in velocity, being at times so strong that we were compelled to lie prone during its most intense gusts. Complications thickened. At 13,000 feet elevation we ran into a bluff of ice and snow almost perpendicular. It nearly made our hearts quail. The timorous wanted to retreat, but the will of the majority prevailed. We bound ourselves together in the manner already described, and step by step for 500 feet cut our way in the ice with a hatchet. The leader cut until fatigued, then went to the rear; so the hatchet was going constantly. Before the settling of the fog, the rocks surrounding the crater could be seen. Our goal seemed at hand, and we plodded on in the dark. At the top of this incline our fatigue was almost overwhelming. Mutiny again arose, stronger than ever. We could not see twenty feet in any direction. If we pressed on, good luck might bring us to a warm bed in the crater before night. If we failed it would be impossible to get back. We were so chilled that our teeth were chattering. Our strength and provisions were gone. Miss the crater, and death was sure. The leader reported another cliff between us and the crater, as arduous as the one just climbed. That decided us. We must get to shelter below before dark. With one longing look we began descending. It was more rapid than we had anticipated. We slid distances on our feet, and again not on our feet, though with decided preference for the latter mode. After an hour's descent a broken cloud showed the crater and where we had stopped. It was almost at the top. It was aggravating, but too late to ascend again. We made careful memoranda for our next attempt, when we shall reach the top.

At seven o'clock a fire some distance below gladdened us. Our friends were there with food and comfort. We shouted weakly, then fired our revolvers in the air, receiving strong shouts and a volley in reply. By nine we had wrapped ourselves in double blankets after a warm meal, and heard of the preparations made to search for us next day. We were glad that our friends were ready for risks for our sake, though the crater would not tempt them several days before.

The next day we recuperated. Our blackened, chapped, cracked, browned faces and hands, and our tattered garments—our slides were not always as we would have ordered—gave us a sorry appearance. Our mouths and lips were raw from sucking snow, and we needed all the attention we got. One week after leaving Seattle we were back at our 6,500-feet-elevation camp amid the flowers. Two days more we enjoyed our meals at Seattle.

Bayley's account of his ascent, I believe, is the only literature on the subject. He says there are two craters at the top, gently inclining from each other, the western being the larger. He warmed himself at the jets of steam so earnestly craved by the Seattle party, and slept a night in the crater. E. C. SAVIDGE.

AN ARISTOCRATIC PAUPER.

He Could Speak Several Languages, But Could Not Earn His Own Living.

A man who for the past two years has been an inmate of the Elham (Kent) Workhouse, under the assumed name of "Wilton Loward," died suddenly from heart disease. He was evidently by birth and education a gentleman, and his conduct while in the workhouse had been most exemplary. He spoke Hindostanee, French and German with fluency, and was equally well acquainted with Greek and Latin. His own account of himself was that he was of good family, and that at one time he was in possession of a considerable fortune. For many years he served in India as an officer in the East India Company's service, and retired with a pension. Later on in life, having lost his fortune through injudicious investments in mines, he commuted his pension, and was equally unfortunate in speculating with the amount he received. At Constantinople he was seized with paralysis, which incapacitated him from work, and, coming home, he stopped at several watering-places, until he became destitute at Folkestone. He seems to have exhausted his friends, and he had no other resource but to obtain an order for the workhouse from the relieving officer. At that time he was elegantly dressed. His manners and bearing were always courteous and dignified. He refused money gifts when offered him, and had a great horror of dying a pauper. He carefully concealed his name, his reason being, he said, that he expected to come into a small estate, and he should not like it to be known that he had been an inmate of a workhouse. At his death his linen was found to be marked with an earl's coronet, and he has left a will, but no clue to his identity.—*St. James' (London) Gazette.*

A PLUCKY TYPE-WRITER.

The Girl Who Deserves Both Good Fortune and a Good Husband.

A daintily-clad little woman—she was one of the best operators as well as the prettiest—whom I had noticed several times in a down-town type-writing office, was missing from her desk the other day. The plump, prosperous-looking head of the establishment smoothed down some rebellious reddish-brown locks as she explained:

"I didn't expect to keep her long," she said. "She came to me a year ago to learn the business, and her mother—she wore diamonds—came with her, half apologizing for the daughter's whim. The two of them wore gowns that turned the heads of the whole office, and looked as if they had money enough and to spare. It turned out when I was in my new apprentice's confidence a little that she was engaged to a law student—an impecunious one—and they wanted to marry as soon as he was admitted to the bar. Papa had absolutely refused his consent, and mamma frowned on the whole thing. So what does my lady do but get permission, without assigning any reason for the freak, to learn type-writing—she is studying short-hand, too—having taken the idea into her head that if she and her law student chose to marry when the time came she could support the family until the appearance of some fees. They had the knot tied a couple of days ago, the household powers to the contrary notwithstanding, and are taking a week's holiday somewhere down on the shore. She told me she should be ready for work when she came back, and I think she will. She has been earning $7 a week, and is about expert enough to get $10 now. That will help them out for a while though I fancy her husband won't leave her here long."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The Difficulties of Stanley.

The well-known explorer Grenfell, who has just returned to Europe, says that the scarcity of food on the lower Congo, which so greatly embarrassed Stanley, and compelled his large force for some weeks to live almost solely upon hippopotamus meat, was not the result of a failure of crops. The Bateke, who inhabit both banks of the river for a long way, prefer to live by trading their ivory for goods, raising barely enough food for their own use. The great demand for food this year exhausted their meagre store. They have gone hungry themselves, and have been driven by short supplies to put more land into crops and to extend their fisheries. Mr. Grenfell believes the lesson will be salutary, and that the Bateke, seeing that they can make food-raising as profitable as the ivory trade, will begin cultivating the land upon a large scale. The principal white stations are now encouraging the natives near there to raise food to sell to the whites.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

He Took the Hint.

She—I saw a funny thing in the paper. It says that somewhere out West the weather is so hot that a farmer who went out into his corn-field found that all the corn had popped. It must be awfully nice to have such weather.

He—Why, what are you talking about? Think how you'd suffer.

She—Yes, I might suffer. But, then, perhaps other things besides the corn might pop.

He popped.—*Boston Transcript.*

British Tourists.

When an Englishman travels on the continent he relies entirely on his guide-book for information. He regards his Baideker as absolutely infallible. A couple of traveling Britons were observed to be studying, Baideker in hand, a landscape on the Rhine. One of them said, reading from the book: "A tall tower is to be seen on the right of the ruins of the old castle." "But, 'Arry, me boy, there's no tower there." "That's so, by Jove the landscape must be wrong."—*Texas Siftings.*

A FRIGHT AT A WEDDING.

She Meant to Throw Vitriol, But It Was Merely Scented Water.

A Paris wedding party recently had a terrible fright while reveling in a restaurant. The bride and bridegroom were, after a good dinner, waltzing and polkaing with their relatives and friends. Midnight was fast approaching, and the fun, as is usual at this sort of entertainment, was of a most lively, not to say boisterous kind, when suddenly a flower-girl made her appearance on the scene and offered bouquets for sale. The ladies and gentlemen of the company, taken with her winning ways, eagerly bought up her nosegays, and at last the girl walked up to the happy couple to present them, as every one imagined, with the prettiest bouquet of the lot. What was the consternation of the bystanders when the young woman, by a rapid movement, drew a phial from her basket and threw its contents into the faces of the newly-married pair. The roars of laughter gave place to shrill screams. The bridesmaids fainted, and their attendant swains, with horror and dismay depicted on their countenances, strove to bring them round. The bride and bridegroom, surrounded by their parents and the elders of the party, fancied that their last hour had come, and, believing that they were irretrievably disfigured, opened and shut their eyes to find out if they had been bereft of sight. A few of the hangers-on, rushing up to the flower-girl who had converted all their enjoyment and festivity into anguish and mourning, held her fast pending the arrival of the police. In a few moments the bride's father coming up took the girl into a corner and learned from her lips that she had been for three years the mistress of his new son-in-law, that their intimacy had been productive of the usual result, and, in short, that she had been basely deserted by her lover. Such was the story. In the meantime a doctor, who had been hastily summoned, pronounced that the "vitriol" was the most innocent of liquids. The flower girl, surprised and much put out, declared that she had bought it at a chemist's shop hard by. A policeman was immediately dispatched to the shop in question, but soon ascertained that the woman had merely been supplied with tinted water, as her manner was so strange that it had aroused suspicion.

CAUSED BY THINKING.

He Said What He Thought at the Cost of Some of His Hair.

"Your hair is much thinner than it was when I last met you," said a man, addressing an acquaintance.

"Yes, considerable of it came out."

"How do you account for it?"

"Thought."

"What! You don't mean to say that thinking caused it to come out?"

"Yes."

"That goes to prove that baldness is often caused by mental work. I have for some time been thinking of preparing an article on that subject, and I would like for you to give me your experience."

"Well, I can do so in a few words. Several weeks ago I was talking to a fellow named Jackson. We were engaged in a dispute concerning the settlement of a debt, and directly after thinking of something my hair began to fall out."

"I don't understand it."

"I do. I said what I thought and he reached after me.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A GREAT WONDER.

The Construction Daddy Placed Upon a Passage in Revelation.

There lived near Alexandria, in Virginia, an old colored man and woman, whom their acquaintances called Daddy and Mammy Williams. He had had educational advantages, and could read in a fashion peculiarly his own; but his wife, although lacking as regards erudition, possessed great force of character, which she often displayed in a manner that was very irritating to her husband. When she became particularly fractious Daddy would take the Bible and open to that chapter in Revelation beginning, "And there appeared a great wonder in Heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under feet," etc. With impressive solemnity he would read as follows: "An' dere 'peared a great wonder in Heben, a woman!" Slowly closing the book, he would gaze sternly at his now subdued wife, for the passage never failed to produce the desired effect.—*Harper's Magazine.*

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DR. WORTHINGTON'S CHOLERA AND DIARRHŒA MEDICINE is the formula and prescription of a distinguished physician, whose name it bears, and has been in use for over twenty-five years, the acknowledged specific for all those troubles of the stomach and bowels which result from change of climate, weather and diet, from the oppressive heat of summer and malarial poison. It has withstood the crucial test of experiment, and eminently deserves the award of a perfect medicine. Upon these established merits it has become a proprietary preparation, of which the undersigned are the sole proprietors; but unlike such generally it has long since been adopted into the practice of the leading physicians of the South. So popular did it become as a remedy for camp dysentery and diarrhœa, incident to gross food, long marches and damp beds in the Southern Army, that Surgeon General Moore, C. S. A., made the following requisition: "If Dr. Worthington can furnish large quantities of his medicine, we will place it in the army as a remedy for bowel affections." It was afterward prepared for this purpose by the barrelful and wrought marvelous cures; indeed, it was the never-failing specific which sustained the health and strength of the war-worn veterans. Not less effective where the latent germs of cholera develop into a striding plague, it is equally sure and curative in cases of Summer Complaint (taken in accordance with directions), and no mother need look with dread upon the ordinary bowel complaints of her infant while this great remedy can be had of every druggist. Its specific action is anodynous, but not narcotic, as affording even a chance of producing too radical a change or rapid reaction. On the contrary, its operation is gentle and its main virtue is a warmth-giving sustenance to the depleted functions, which it rebuilds and revives. To all derangement of the bowels there is a consequent derangement of the stomach, expressed in dyspepsia, indigestion and cramps, for which it is in like manner a sure cure. Eminent physicians make no hesitation in certifying to its curative elements and manifest no reluctance in saying that they use it with unvarying success in their general practice Distinguished people of other ranks testify to benefits they have derived from it, and upon such a basis it is fully worthy of the confidence of the public and of the profession. At the low price of 25 cents it is within the reach of all.

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