

Jacksonville Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLII.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1883.

WHOLE NO. 2394.

THE REPUBLICAN.

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AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

"O, give me a message of quiet,"

"For the turbulent trouble within me

Is more than my heart can bear.

And the storms that do not cease,

And the whirl of the world is on me—

Thou only canst give me peace."

I opened the old, old Bible

And looked at a page of Psalms,

Till the wint'ry sea of my trouble

Was smoothed by its summer calm.

For the words that have helped me many,

And the pages have seemed more dear—

Seemed new in their power to comfort,

And they brought me my word of cheer.

Like music of solemn singing

These words came down to me;

"The Lord is slow to anger,

And of mercy great is He;

Each generation praiseth

His work of long renown;

The Lord upbraideth all that fall,

And raiseth the lowed down."

That gave me the strength I wanted!

I knew the Lord was nigh;

All that was making me sorry

Would be better by and by.

I had but to wait in patience,

And keep at my Father's will,

And nothing would really hurt me,

Whatever might betide.

THE CURFEW HEROINE.

It lacked quite half an hour of curfew

When the old bell-ringer came from

under the wattle roof of his cottage

stoop, and stood with uncovered head in

the clear, sweet-scented air. He had

grown blind and deaf in the service, but

his arm was as muscular as ever, and he

had listened that day marked no faltering

before the heavy sealed doors of the

cathedral bell. Old Jasper had lived

through many changes. He had told

his notes of mourning for good Queen

Bees, and with tears scarcely dry he had

run the glad tidings of the coronation

of James. Charles I. had been crowned,

reigned and expiated his weakness be-

fore all England in Jasper's time; and

now he, who under army held all the

commonwealth in the hollow of his

hand, ruled as more than monarch, and

still the old man, with the habit of a

long life upon him, rang his matins and

sorrow.

Jasper stood alone now, lifting his

dimmed eyes up to the softly dappled

sky.

The walls of his memory seemed so

written over—so crossed and recrossed

by the annals of the years he had gone

through. He seemed to see the little room

for anything in the present. Little recked

he that Cromwell's spearsmen were

camped on the moor beyond the village—

that Cromwell himself rode with his

guardsmen a league away; he only knew

that the bell had been rung in the tower

when William the Conqueror made cur-

few a law, had been spared by Puritan

and Roundhead, and that his arm for

sixty years had never failed him at even-

ing.

He was moving with slow step toward

the gate, when a woman came hurrying

in from the street and stood beside him,

a lovely woman, but with face so

bleached that it seemed carved in the

whitest of marble, with all of its round-

ness and dimples. Her great solemn

eyes were raised to the aged face in pit-

iful appeal, and the lips were forming

words that he could not understand.

"Speak up, lass; I am deaf and cannot

hear your chatter."

The voice raised, and the hands clasped

and unclasped, and rung themselves to-

gether, palm and palm.

"For heaven's sake, Jasper do not ring

the curfew to-night."

"What, no ring curfew! Ye must be

deaf, lassie."

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"Jasper, for sweet heaven's sake, for

my sake, for one night in all your life

long, forget to ring the bell. Fail this

once, and my lover shall live, whom

Cromwell's shall die at curfew toll.

Do you hear my lover, Richard Temple?

See, Jasper, here is money to make your

old age happy. I sold my jewels that

the Lady Maud gave me, and the gold

shall all be yours for one curfew."

"Would ye bribe me, Lily De Vere?"

Ye're a chattering, ye've me the blood

of the Plantagenets in ye've veins as ye've

mother had. What, corrupt the bell-

ringer under her majesty, good Queen

Bees! Not for all the gold that Lady

Maud could bring me! Babes have been

born and strong men have died before

now at the ringing of my bell. Awa!

awa!"

And out on the village green, with the

solemn shadows of the ilexes lengthen-

ing over it, a strong man awaited the

curfew to toll the bell. He stood,

handsome and brave and tall—taller by

an inch than the tallest pikeman who

guarded him.

What had he done that he should die?

Little it mattered in those days, when

the sword that the great Cromwell wield-

ed was so prone to fall, and he or others

had done. He had been scribe to the

Camps of Snow.

The uses of snow for heating purposes,

or, more accurately, for keeping out the

cold, cannot be appreciated at their true

value except among the arctic and semi-

arctic wilds, where it would be impossible

to sustain life during at least half the year

were it not for the snow. The Esquimaux

has often been illustrated and de-

scribed, but there are old or structures

made of snow which, though less preten-

tious, are as much value to the moose,

caribou, deer and fox hunter as the hut

to the Esquimaux.

The three orders of architecture in snow

are the simple burrow, the V camp, and

the snow hut. Of these the burrow needs

the smallest amount of training in order

to construct it. The V camp, on the other

hand, is a thing which, while it is

1. The first group of people who are not allowed to enter the country are those who are not citizens of the United States and who are not permanent residents of the United States. This group includes all foreign-born individuals who are not citizens or permanent residents of the United States.

HEALTH IS WEALTH

ment in this journal (naming paper)

blerts Current-Court

Jacksonville Republican

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NOW.

Rise! for the day is passing, And you lie dreaming on! The others have buckled their armor, And forth to the fight have gone; A path in the ranks awaits you, And back and has some part to play; The past and the future are nothing, In the face of the stern To-day.

Rise from your dreams of the Future— Of gaining some hard-fought field; Of storming some airy fortress, Or battling some giant yield; Your future has needs of glory, Of honor (God grant it may) But your arm will never be stronger Or the need so great as To-day.

Rise! if the past betrays you, Her sunshine and storms forget; No chains so unworthy to hold you As those of a vain regret; Set or bright, she is useless ever; Case her phantom arms away, Nor look back, save to learn the lesson Of a nobler life to-day.

Rise! for the day is passing; The sound that you scarcely hear Is the enemy marching to battle: Arise! for the foe is here! Stay not to sharpen your weapons, Or the hour will strike at last, When from dreams of a coming battle, You may wake to find it past.

A BOY'S BLUNDER.

Dick and I are going down to the May festivities, Miss Chelmsford; do you care to come?

Agatha Chelmsford, a large, fair, handsome woman, looked up from her cool corner in the morning-room. "The May festivities here?" with a faint elevation of pale, arched brows.

"Yes, did you not know?" "Why, no, I was going to see the May queen, May pole, and all."

"And you—your care for this sort of thing, Mr. Carrington?" "Fardon me, but I should judge the persons getting it up were—well, not exactly in our set."

"No," Wilbur Carrington said coldly. "If you mean on visiting terms here, most of them are not. But—"

"But you just ought to see the May Queen, Miss Agatha," young Dick Carrington broke in enthusiastically. "She's worth going purposely to see."

"Indeed! Who is your rustic beauty, Dick?" "In the first place, a lady," Dick said stonily.

"But they're not well off, you know, and she has a little brother, a cripple, so she is obliged to teach in the village school. Do come."

"Dick," Wilbur Carrington said sharply, "don't urge Miss Chelmsford. I presume she would not care about it."

"Oh, but I do," with a sudden dropping of her languid tone.

"May, I detain you just a few moments while I dress."

And, flinging aside the scrap of needle-work with which she had been trifling, she left the room.

Agatha Chelmsford was visiting Wilbur Carrington's mother, down in their pretty village.

The Carringtons were the great people of the place.

And rumor told a strange little romance of this village—passion, honors, and graves, reserved Wilbur Carrington.

It is said that years ago, when the wealth and luxury he held to day were unknown to him, before the world discovered the force, the brilliancy, the genius of his pen, that he had been willing to lay his life at Agatha Chelmsford's feet; that lightly she had pushed aside the boyish passion and gone on to higher conquests.

Now that he had turned, and it was with a resolute determination to undo the past that she had come down to the handsome country seat this bright spring weather.

To-day she passed on to the morning-room, her full, womanly figure looking its best in her handsome costume of dark blue velvet and brocade.

"Ready, Mr. Carrington?" with a bright smile.

"Yes, I hope you will enjoy it, Miss Chelmsford," he said, as he handed her into the carriage.

"I am sure I shall."

The carriage soon stooped at a beautiful grove, and through the trees they caught sight of the bright dresses, and heard merry laughter.

tender, earnest; long black lashes, and braided bronze-brown hair.

"Heghina, greetings," Wilbur Carrington cried, and held out his hand.

"We come too late for your majesty's coronation. Allow me, Miss Chelmsford—Miss Stuart."

The ladies bowed, the former a trifle abstractedly.

She was thinking with a curious pang, how well Wilbur Carrington's words suited the girl before her—a womanly woman.

"This is Miss Chelmsford's first visit to Silver Leafwood, is it not?" she heard the happy girlish voice say.

"Would you like to come and see its pleasant places? It has some."

She hesitated a moment.

"Thank—yes," she said. "I would like to go."

"Mayn't I go with you, Annie?" cried Dick impudently.

But she shook her flower-crowned head laughingly.

"No, you mayn't. Run away and talk to Hattie Green. She's pining for a sight of you. There's a good boy."

Miss Chelmsford turned to Wilbur Carrington.

"Would it be too much trouble to ask you to get my shawl from the carriage? Thanks! Will you wait here while I?"

He started as she spoke.

He had been looking at Annie Stuart, at the girlish figure in that soft white dress, through which arms and bosom faintly showed, at the firmly-sweet eyes, at the great clusters of May flowers glowing palely pink at throat and waist.

Miss Chelmsford noticed his glance, and felt a sudden sharp contrast between herself and Annie Stuart.

The girl looked almost childish in her pure fresh dress, and simply braided brown hair.

She felt old and cumbersome now, in her cut velvet and diamonds.

With the quick perception of a woman of the world, she saw even more than Annie Stuart had seen.

She would play her cards accordingly.

"You have known Wilbur a long time? questioningly, as they turned away.

A puzzled pained look came into the girl's eyes.

"No, not a very long time."

"Long enough to appreciate him however."

"My little brother was injured by a fall some time ago, and since the accident we have been anxious to value Mr. Carrington's kindness and friendship."

"Dear Wilbur!"

"There was an unaccounted tenderness in Miss Chelmsford's voice that made her companion—whiten to the eyes."

flung his hat into the air, with an Indian war-whoop.

"Don't I tell you, Miss Agatha, Annie was a daisy!"

"Slang's exposable—all things are exposable to-day."

Little did the boy know how his blunder had saved the happiness of those he loved.

"Your majesty!" cried Dick the irrepressible, "I particularly request permission to inaugurate my relationship with a May-day kiss."

"In fact, I insist on enforcing my brotherly privilege."

"Mayn't she, Wilbur?" And Wilbur nodded and laughed, and Annie blushed.

But Dick got it.

Forrest's Craft Tunes.

About twenty-five years ago, Edwin Forrest, the actor, did a very kind act.

To-day, the daughter of a friend relates it here.

One afternoon, as Edwin Forrest and my father and mother sat chatting together, Madame M., who had but a short time before buried her husband, a celebrated magician, entered the room.

The necessary introduction having been performed, the conversation soon drifted around to Madame M.'s own affairs; whereupon my father remarked:

"I have been thinking that Madame M. might follow her husband's footsteps. She has been his confederate for years, and she is quite capable of doing so."

"Hum! not a bad idea, George," answered Forrest, then, turning to Madame M., he observed: "Why don't you adopt the plan, Madame?"

Madame M.—hesitated a moment, colored slightly, and then replied frankly:

"I would be glad to do so, but unfortunately, all of Mr. M.'s apparatus is held for debt, and I have not the money to redeem it."

"How much would it take?" came the question, in Forrest's rather abrupt way.

"About a thousand dollars," replied Madame M., looking rather surprised at the interrogation.

"Hum! a thousand dollars. I'll let you have it."

The offer was so wholly unexpected, and being rolled out in Forrest's gruff tones, that Madame M., whose nerves were very much unstrung from all that she had at that time gone through, burst into tears, and hurried out of the room.

"Go after her, George," cried Forrest to my father. "I was too rough with the little woman. Tell her it's all right. I will give you the check for the money to-morrow."

The following day, true to his word, Edwin Forrest handed my father a check for a thousand dollars.

Madame M.—redeemed her husband's paraphernalia, and, as a magician, earned a very good living for herself and two children. I know not if Madame M. still lives, but probably her children do; if so, doubtless they have heard the story of this kindly act done to their mother.

and the name of Edwin Forrest must have a warm place in their hearts.

Cardinal Donnet.

Cardinal Donnet, who has recently expired in France at the age of 87, was an excellent man, who won his way to the heights he attained by activity, good works, a tolerant spirit, and a natural eloquence.

There was a smaller, plainer ring on her hand, that he had given her as a school-boy gift fifteen years before.

A Funeral in a Mining-Camp.

The more picturesque portion of the population of the camp was ready to say "Poor fellow," in the general consciousness that the compassionate epithet might equally apply to any of them.

Of such trail day were they themselves fashioned.

A delay, inexplicable to Conrath's friends, in the reply to their telegram to his father, roused a good deal of feeling among them.

It was hastily assumed that Conrath's family had "gone back" on him. The facts of the case were, that when the telegram reached New York, his father was on shipboard between that city and Havana, where his wife had been ordered by her physician to spend the winter.

The silence was certainly far from paternal. The camp was sensitive on the point of its relations with the east, especially in the event of death.

Whatever their indifference or fatalism to their eastern ties during life, the men of Conrath's rank on the frontier confidentially expected those ties to contract in the extreme moment, and restore them to their early associations.

Without waiting for the silence of Conrath's father to be explained, the Shoshone partisans rose in wrathful clamor against the indifference of the camp.

"If they can't bury him decently, damn him, we'll bury him ourselves!" The case of the living sister could wait on that of the dead brother.

It was on this honorable errand Gashwiler had come, when he encountered Hilgard in the first strong agony of his bereavement.

Gashwiler did not see Miss Conrath, but he had a long and exciting argument with Molly, who protested that her mistress should not be disturbed on this or other business.

She had met Cecil in the passage, after her parting from Hilgard, and with a sure instinct, the girl had known that the hour of her young mistress's extremity was come.

She had indignantly repudiated, in her mistress's name, the offered honors to the dead.

"Wouldn't you leave her even the body? Sure, never shall sit behind that bureau—traill through the streets along with the lot of you, an' your music an' your millinery!"

She said that she would not be "buried" after him. The least you can do is to leave him to her word."

But Molly could not prevail alone against the resolute sympathy of Conrath's constituency. All she could do was to soften the proposition by a little meretricious deception, and present it as a decent, kindly offer to give the chief of the Shoshone appropriate burial at the hands of his fellow-miners.

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Conrath's body was borne out of the house and conveyed to the camp, where it lay in state in the unfinished hall of the new Masonic Temple, to be gazed upon by the multitude.

It was subsequently enshrined in a plumed hearse, drawn by eight horses, led on by one hundred dollars a ton.

It was preceded by the regiment of militia, keeping step through the miry snow of the street, with guns reversed, to the measures of the Dead March.

The band which furnished the music was attached to one of the principal variety theatres, and, in the intervals of its regular performance, was often required to assist at funerals, where the camp publicly honored some favored actor in its social dramas, on his exit from the stage.

The Masonic society marched behind the hearse in full regalia, followed by the fire companies and the populace.

The latter had turned out promiscuously, on foot, or mounted on "livery horses" of uncertain gait and temper, and might be relied on to appear at any point in the procession, according to its caprice.

Joining the ranks of the Masons, the militia, or the firemen, and keeping up a current flow of conversation on topics more or less relevant to the occasion.

The cortege moved on slowly along the principal streets of the town and out through its straggling suburbs to the cemetery.

The cemetery was a grim, untended spot, an acre of the primitive fir-forest, young westward toward the valley, and exposed to the winds that blew across from the snow-covered peaks.

The fire and the axe had passed over the forest, and the nakedness of the land was left as the inheritance of that peaceful community which had pitched its low tents on the bleak slope.

A few stumps and stark, blackened pine-trunks, a few young, slight trees, the sole monuments of the forest, supplemented the scant memorials raised to the human dead.

Ungraved boards marked alike the graves of those who awaited at the hands of distant friends removal to a more permanent resting-place, the graves of the poor and the unknown, and the graves of those whose place of rest was of less importance to the general public than its finality.

lines were kept inviolate. A brief stillness fell upon the multitude, diverse and disunited as the stones of a river-bed, except in the wave of sentiment which had brought them there; and then the words were spoken, of a common humility and a common hope.

The militia company, drawn up by the side of the grave, fired a volley over it.

The second volley scattered badly, and the crowd, recovering from its momentary reflectiveness, echoed the failure with jeers of derision.

The mounted mourners had become exalted, during the ceremonies, to a pitch of solemn enthusiasm which could only vent itself in the racing of their horses back to the camp; and the militia company reported at the captain's headquarters before midnight, and drank to Conrath's repose, in a keg of whisky opened for the purpose.

Care of Children's Teeth.

A mother of several children lately told us some of her experience. A few years ago she thought that her oldest boy's teeth in the front of the lower jaw were decaying badly.

This was a disappointment to the mother, who had fed her children carefully on nourishing and wholesome food, as a general rule keeping both pickles and confectionery from them.

Studying the matter over, she jumped to the conclusion that what she had read concerning the mischief-making properties of the tomato must be true, especially as her husband, who was very free in the use of tomatoes in their season, had a peculiar trouble with his teeth.

She had observed that the children (especially the boys) teeth grew white and clean when there was a plenty of ripe tomatoes, and she thought the acid of the vegetable probably went too far and acted upon the enamel of the teeth.

But when the boy, then fourteen years old, went to the dentist to have his teeth filled, lo! there was nothing to be done. "Your boy has a splendid set of teeth," the dentist told his mother.

"There is not a cavity in them. Unusually good teeth for a boy of his age."

And the dentist had no doubt that the teeth were better than they would have been if the owner of them had munched candy and pickles as children usually do.

"They must be cleaned, and that without delay," he said. So the tartar which had gathered and crusted gradually at the crown of the teeth was removed by the dentist, and with it all appearances of decayed teeth.

Now the boy has nothing to do but to keep his teeth in order to avoid dentistry bills in the future.

The younger children are warned to avoid the older brother's trouble by the daily use of tooth brushes. From their father's case they learn to avoid the opposite extreme. His teeth are hopelessly discolored, and a few are habitually loose, but the useful tomato is no longer suspected as the cause.

He had an opportunity to read some in a work on dentistry, and came to the conclusion that hard "scouring" of his teeth with gritty substances, when he was a young man, had worn away the hard enamel of his teeth so that the strong coffee he drank (during his soldier life especially) penetrated and permanently colored his teeth.

I dislike to hear of scouring the teeth. When they have been neglected, this may be necessary to get them once clean.

The dentist has peculiar tools for removing tartar crust, but the yellow deposit on children's teeth can be cleaned away as the dentist does it, by any one. Take finely powdered pumice stone and a little clean soft pine stick to rub them.

Dip the pine stick into water and then in powdered pumice and rub the teeth gently. Afterward wash them with soap and water, using a tooth brush.

It is well to use a little fine clean soap occasionally for cleaning the teeth, but plenty of pure water will usually suffice for cleansing the teeth of persons of good dietetic habits.

To make good teeth in the first place, beginning when we are, and allowing for "ancestry," the mother should eat plain and nutritious food, a varied diet well supplied with bone material, as the grains are, when it is not boiled or sifted out, and lean meat. For young children milk should be freely used, and Graham oatmeal also.

White Men And Indian Brides.

Among the Northwestern tribes of Indians innocence is as marked among the girls as their color. Educated in the faith that she was ordained to work, she trains horses to hard labor, and at sixteen years of age is sturdy and strong, brave against fatigue, and a perfect housewife.

She may not possess New England notions of cleanliness, but she takes not a little pride in personal appearance, and in arrangements of her lodge. She displays some crude ideas of taste and a certain amount of neatness.

If she marries a white man she makes him a good wife as long as she lives with him. Her home is her sole comfort and his comfort her sole ambition.

She thinks of him and for him, and makes it her study to please him and make him respect and love her.

She recognizes in him one of a superior race, and by her dignity and devotion endears herself to him and struggles to make him happy.

At the agencies of the upper frontier thousands of men are employed, and it is not an exaggeration to say that the majority of them have Indian wives and live happily.

A Ghastly Dance.

Recently the Persian residents of Constantinople celebrated their annual expository festival in commemoration of the death of the great Imams Hassan and Hussein, the sons of the Prophet Ali.

It was about the most extraordinary spectacle that human eye could behold.

In the immense circular court of the Valide caravansary at Stamboul a dozen altars, unadorned with blazing lights had been erected. Chairs placed all around this enclosure had been reserved for the Persian Ambassador and various Persian, Turkish and European dignitaries.

The solemnity began at sunset with an allegorical procession. A child five or six years old led the van on horseback; he was entirely clad in black and upheld a bronze cyp in his right hand. Then came some twenty young boys on foot. They were also clad in black and also carried bronze cyp.

They walked two by two. Then came two horses led by the bride—and bearing a trophy composed of antique weapons, together with two scimitars disposed in the form of a crescent; while the other was covered with a white cloth all bespattered with blood.

The procession moved to the sound of a sobbing music, uttered by fifes, clarionets, tambourines and cymbals; and was marshalled by the bearers of sacred standards.

After it had made two turns of enclosure, another procession of some thirty Believers, all clad in white and brandishing naked scimitars and cutlasses, joined it.

Finally a third procession from a neighboring caravansary entered to take its place at the head of the first two. First of these came a number of persons naked to the waist, all whipping themselves with scourges formed of small iron chains; next appeared, carried by four Persians, a small tabernacle covered with woven stuff of gaudy colors, in which a small child was borne; and lastly about a hundred persons all striking their naked breasts with their clenched fists.

All these people circled about the court, all the while invoking the names of Hassan and Hussein; but at once the scene changed from a merely curious into a most terrible spectacle. Excited by the lights, the funeral music, the improvisations or lamentations—which were recited in a lugubrious tone by certain inspired brethren, and which form a portion of the richest Persian literature—all the penitents began to redouble their blows. Then a few men began to strike themselves upon the head and shoulders with the edge of their steel weapons; the chain-scourges tore the naked shoulders of others; and blood flowing on all sides commenced to dye the white robes crimson. Soon the excitement reached its climax: the moving circle changed to a furious whirlwind.

Then the scimitars rose and fell with frightful rapidity, each time gashing a skull or a shoulder; the iron disciplines fell with a dead and sickening sound upon torn flesh; several penitents rolled dying upon the ground. They were carried out of the circle; and the whirl continues its savage way. Illuminated by the wind-shaken altar lights, and ruddy glare of the many blazing fagots placed around the enclosure—the scene was hideously impressive. It might have been taken for an orgie of furious demons, red with blood, yelling, leaping, rising, and still turning, turning, turning in the ghastly dance had seen enough; and I fled, sick at heart with horror and disgust.

The Evil of Hot Bread

There is no law in this country to prevent the consumption of hot bread but the law of common sense, and unfortunately that is a dead letter as a governing principle in the lives of a great many people.

This hot bread in nine cases out of ten will produce dyspepsia is no newly discovered fact, and especially is this terrible result sure to follow persistent indulgence on the part of those whose pursuits are quiet, indoors and sedentary.

And yet the reformers, or those who call themselves such—the men and women who work themselves into a white heat over the sale of a glass of cider—will go on year after year, not only making no outcry against this pernicious indulgence, but actually filling themselves up day by day with the hot and poisonous food of the oven.

This servant of the housewife can be made as terrible a stomach-destroyer as the distiller, and the sworn foe of the latter are liable to be its best patrons.

Dyspepsia paints the nose and sours the temper as surely as dram drinking, and many suffers from the former, though by their own wilful acts, in-veigh the most loudly against the latter.

A well-defined case of jim-jams is the climax to a course of intemperance, and warns the victim that his alternative is death or immediate reformation.

But the dyspepsia that hot bread, rancid-pie and kindred abominations cause, has no sudden warnings. The man who uses that goes on making himself and those around him wretched, and refuses to acknowledge that he is a sinner above those whose lighter faults he frequently condemns fiercely.

DEATH OF GOV. STEPHENS.

Work of the Legislature:

Distress in Ireland.

Failed to be Confirmed

How Many Apples Did Adam and Eve Eat?

Another Leper in America.

e advertisement of Southern
es Saw Works, Chattanooga.
, found in another column.

Official:
ELLIS PAELAN, Sec'y of State.

ASAL INJECTOR free with each bot.
Chilbol's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50cts.

PROHIBITION NOTICE.
Probate Court, Calhoun county, Ala.,
March 3rd, 1883.

persons to sell vinous, spirituous or
all liquors, or any thing prohibited by
act, and it will be unlawful after

Wedge of Protein.

MARIA E. WILLIAMS.
S3-4t Administratrix.

1.41 per hide—~~18~~ cents per pound.

cents per bushel— $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents per pound.

rd G. Windham, Elijah Hurst and
as Sparks, all of Muniston, Ala.
THOMAS J. SCOTT Register.

SAW MILL FOR SALE.
We are undersigned offers for sale one
Saw Mill, with engine and fix-
tures, on Cent. one-Dry and one Sicar.
again will be given.
Apply to
J. O. CAMP,
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Register.

25 CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good.
Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION.

DR. R. L. NEALE'S *for all Brain and Nerve*
DISEASES. ONLY SURE CURE FOR NERVE AFFEC-
TIONS, FITS, EPILEPSY, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken
as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise &
2 trial bottle free to Fit Cases, they paying express
charges on box, when received. Send names, P.O. and
express address of afflicted to DR. R. L. NEALE, 331 Arch
St., Philadelphia, Pa. See *Veraput*. Beware of Frauds.

25 CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good.
Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION.

HEALTH IS WEAR

HEALTH IS WEALTH

Health of Body is Wealth of

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resol

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong & clear skin. If you would have your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair, use

Radway's Sarsapar
Resolvent.

must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Remedy

Not only is a compensating remedy, but the harmonious action of each of the elements establishes throughout the entire system a harmony and supplies the blood with a pure and healthy current. This Sars., after a few days of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear, beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black skin eruptions are removed; sores and ulcers cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, the throat, and all other diseases arising from uncurred diseases or mercury, or use of corrosive sublimate, may rely upon the Sarsaparillian as continued assistance to make its impression on the system.

It contains no harm, contains more of the active ingredients than any other medicine. Taken in teaspoonful doses, while other five or six times as much.

One Dollar a Bottle

R. R.

Radway's Ready Relief

Family Use in the World

In from one to twenty minutes never
relieve Pain with one thorough app
in many cases violent or excruciating
the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, the
Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with
may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
afford instant ease.

**INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER,
INFLAMMATION OF THE PROSTATE,
CONGESTION OF THE
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
PALPITATION OF THE HEART,
HYSTERIC, CRUP, DIPHTHERIA,
CATARRH, INFLUENZA,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
STOMACHIC, COLIC, RHEUMATISM,
COLD CHILLS, ACUTE CHILLS,
CHILDBLAINS AND PROSTRATION,
BRUISES, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA,**

COUGHS, COLDS, SPRAINS,
PAINS IN THE CHEST
or LIMBS are instantly relieved.

MALARIA
IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS
FEVER AND AGUE.

FEVER AND AGUE cured for 50 cts.
not a remedial agent in this world that
Fever and Ague, and other Malarious,
Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers
by RADWAY'S READY RELIEF so quickly as RAD-
WAY'S READY RELIEF.

It will in a few moments, when taken if
according to the directions, cure Cramps,
Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache,

Wine in the Bowels, Diarrhoea, Dysentery,
Travelers should always carry a bottle
WAYS READY RELIEF with them.
drops in water will prevent sickness or
of water. It is better than French
or Bitters as a stimulant.
Miners and Lumbermen should
be provided with it.

RADWAY

Regulating Pill

Perfect, Purgative, Soothing.
Acts without Pain. Always
Reliable and Natural

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and then.

LOWRY'S PILLS for the cure of all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Female Complaints, Nervous Diseases, Dropsy, Headache, Constipation, Posture, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Irritation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, and free from mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the Liver, Gall Bladder, and Inward Piles. Flatulency, Colic, and

Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in
the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Flutt
the Heart, Choking or Suffering Sensatio
in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision,
Webs before the Sight, Fever and dull Pa
Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellow
the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side,
Limbs, and Sudden Faintness of Heat, Bur
the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will c
system from all the above-named disorder

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO.,
Warren, Cor. Church St., New York.
Information worth thousands will
be to you.

To the Public.

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that
the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
Oriental Cream, or Magical Beauty

A black and white illustration of a woman with voluminous, curly hair. She is looking into a hand mirror held in her right hand. The style is reminiscent of early 20th-century magazine advertisements.



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is pr
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no co
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name

gentler." "As you ladies will use them, I recommend
"Gouraud's Cream" as the least harmful of all the
preparations." One bottle will last six months
every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes uncom-
puls hair without injury to the skin.

Mrs. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole Prop., 48 Bond St.
For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods
throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe. A
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\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5
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"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLII.

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THE SIGNS OF THE SEASON.

What does it mean when the bluebird dies over the hill, singing sweet and clearly? When the violet peeps from the blades of grass? These are the signs that the Spring is here.

What does it mean when the berries are ripe? When the buttercups and honey-suckle bloom? When the catkins stand under the slaty trees? These are the signs that Summer has come.

What does it mean when the crickets chirp? When the south-land wild geese steer? When the apples are falling and nuts are brown? These are the signs that Autumn is here.

What does it mean when the days are short? When the leaves are gone and the brooks are dumb? When the fields are white with the drifting snow? These are the signs that Winter has come.

The old stars set and the new ones rise, And skies that were stormy grow bright and clear. And so the beautiful, wonderful signs Go round and round with the changing year.

GERARD LANGTON'S SECRET.

It was in a luxuriously furnished room where a glowing grate threw genial light and warmth upon the occupants, that Gerald Langton, lawyer and millionaire, listened with bated breath and pallid cheeks to a low and melodious voice that told the story of a life. The speaker, a beautiful woman of about thirty, yet ten years younger than Mr. Langton, reclined in a low cushioned chair, her dress, her attitude, both speaking of the ease wealth gives, but her face was full of the deepest anguish, as her lips recounted this story.

"You love me," she said, gently, yet sadly, "and I love you as I never loved anyone before, although I am a widow. That you know, but you do not know my husband's name. By my uncle's last request I dropped it and took his, with the property he left me. Do not look at me tenderly, Gerald, do not shake my voice or my heart, for when you know whom I am, you will not repeat the offer you have made me, and which, Heaven is my witness, I tried to accept."

"Let your conscience be at rest then," said her listener, in a grave yet tender voice; "you have never given me one hope, Maude. By what instinct I knew that you loved me I can never tell, something in your eyes—some tone of your voice betrayed you. If you say, something in your eyes, I will believe you, but you have been no coquette to torment me with false hopes. But, Maude, tell me again, whatever stands between us, you love me?"

"I love you," she said, gravely, "and it is because I love you that I will not let you link your honorable name with that of the wretch who was my husband. I was very young—no more than sixteen—when he came to make a visit to some friends living at Grassbank. Uncle Richard had a country seat near the village. I first met Alexander at a picnic, where he was the very life of the party, everybody's cavalier, courteous to all, full of wit and animation and service for all. I believe every girl in the grounds thought she had captured him, his attentions were so well divided, and yet so impressive to each one. He claimed to be no more than a salesman in a large wholesale house with a good salary, but he had the manners of a gentleman, a good education, and the most perfect beauty of face and form that I ever saw in a man. It was not long before it was evident that he wished to win my love, and he had an easy task. Such love as a child of sixteen can give, I gave him. He was the impersonation of every hero of poetry and fiction with whom my limited reading had made me familiar. School-girl like, I had made an ideal hero, and fitted this, my first admirer, with all his imaginary perfections."

From the first, Uncle Richard disliked him, pronouncing him false and shallow, and assuring me that my personal attractions had not won his heart; but that the fact of my being an heiress to a large property had gained me the attentions in which I so firmly believed."

"It is a painful story to me now, Gerald. Let it suffice that I lived in a world of delicious dreams while Alexander remained at Grassbank. When he left, he carried my promise to be his wife at Christmas."

"I think if my money had depended upon Uncle Richard that my marriage might have been prevented by his disavowal to disinherit me, but both from my father and my mother I had inherited money that made me independent, in a pecuniary sense, of his control or consent."

"Most grudgingly, however, my uncle did consent, after searching inquiry about Alexander, resulting in no worse report than that the employer thought him fast, idle, and just the man to be a fortune-hunter. Even then, my dear uncle would have protected my fortune by settling it strictly upon myself; but, with the reckless generosity of extreme youth, I refused to have this done. Never, I was firmly convinced, would my adored Alexander wrong me in any way."

"For a year after the splendid wedding that made me Alexander's wife I was very happy. I was too ignorant of the value of money to understand that we were living far beyond our income, and enjoyed to the utmost the luxuries surrounding me. The contrast to the school routine from which I had just been released."

have known that a large proportion of it was lost at the gaming-tables. "Long before this I had lost all love for my husband. Respect had died out when I knew the dissipated life he was leading, and, foolish as I was, I could not continue to love a man whom I despised. I refused the errand, and brought down a torrent of such gross abuse that I really expected Alexander would end by striking me."

"Day after day the request was renewed, but I would not yield. Upon my marriage Uncle Richard had sold his city residence and taken up a permanent abode at Grassbank, where knowing my husband to be an unwelcome guest, I never visited him. I wrote occasionally, but the love of years, like that of father and child, had been so sadly strained by my persistence in marrying Alexander, that even our correspondence was languid and commonplace."

"I would not, therefore, write to him to ask a favor that I knew would not be necessary without criminal recklessness of expenditure, and each refusal made my husband more furious. Then came an overwhelming blow. Alexander forged a check, and drew two thousand pounds of Uncle Richard's money from the bank. I do not think my uncle would ever have presented him had he guessed who was the forger; but he handed the whole matter over to the law as soon as it was discovered that the check was forged. It was traced, to Alexander, and at the same time it was found that he had robbed his own money from the bank. He had no money, and he was an employer. He had no money, and he was an employer. He had no money, and he was an employer."

"Then your husband 'is in prison'?" asked Gerald in a hard, strained voice. "No, no; he is dead! He died within the first year. Uncle Richard saw the death in the paper and sent the money for his burial. No; I am free; but none the less I am the widow of a convicted felon."

"But none the less," quoted Gerald, "the woman I love and honor above all others, and hope still to make my wife."

It took, however, more than one interview, full of lover's pleading, to win Maude from her resolution. She so honored her lover, was so proud of his good name and the position he had attained by his talents, that her sensitive nature shrank from even the shadow of his misery falling upon his life. But the victory was won at last, and the lawyer walked home one evening full of a proud, glad joy, for Maude had promised to be his wife.

"If you are willing to take Alexander's name, I will not oppose you longer, for I love you with all my heart."

He had no thought but of that glad triumph when he turned up the gas in his office. He was in the habit of making a last visit there before going up to his bed-room, in case notes or messages had been left for him. One day there on this evening, a shabby-looking envelope, but directed in a bold, handsome hand that he recognized at once.

He tore it open. After a few words of introduction the note ran: "You did the best you could for me on my trial, but the facts were too strong for you. I have now a last favor to ask of you. I die, you know, at noon to-morrow. You, as my lawyer, can see me at any time. Will you come as soon as you receive this, and win the gratitude of the man you know as 'James Fox'?"

"The man I know as James Fox," muttered the lawyer; "the smooth, plausible scoundrel who actually made me believe him innocent of the hideous murder for which he was convicted. I can find extenuation for some murders, but this cold-blooded assassination of an old man for money only was revolting. How he deceived me, though for a time! And how he exulted over his success in doing so when, he says, facts were too strong! Shall I go to him? I suppose I must. It is still early."

It was not yet midnight when Gerald Langton was ushered into the cell of the man who in a few short hours was to meet the extreme penalty of the law for the worst crime.

Yet there was nothing revolting in the appearance of the criminal. His dress was neat, his hair carefully arranged, his mustache faultless, his hands white and refined looking. He rose from his seat upon the bed as his lawyer entered his cell.

"I knew you would come," he said, courteously, "though you were offended at my wait of frankness. Well, that is all over! You will not refuse the last request of a dying man, Mr. Langton?"

"I saw an easier plan by committing the crime for which I die to-morrow. But I want to see my wife. I wronged her—I robbed her—but Heaven is my witness I loved her. When I was put in prison she dropped my name, and took her own again. So it is not for Mrs. Alexander Hull you must go, but for Mrs. Maude Temple."

Was the room reeling—the ceiling falling—the wall closing around him? Gerald Langton felt as if they were, as his name fell on his ears. Maude, his Maude—the wife of this cool villain who talked of his hideous crimes as if they were ordinary events? Well, he knew that to carry this man's message was to separate himself from Maude for ever. Never would she let him marry the widow of a murderer! Very rapidly all the terrible facts pressed on his mind, and he said, "If you love her, why add a new misery to her life. She may have lived down the old pain you caused her; why, for a selfish gratification will you make her whole life a misery?"

"She is my wife! I would bid her farewell."

"Is not your wife? Your own creature has released her from any allegiance to you!"

"You know her?"

"Yes! I know what she has suffered, and I beg of you to let her still believe you died years ago."

"She is happy?"

"I do not know. Such wounds as hers never heal entirely, but it is cruelty to tear them open when they are quiet."

"Has she married?"

"No! She is still your widow!"

"It is hard to deny myself one more sight of her face, and the hope I had that she would see me before I died."

"There was a long silence in the cell. Every throb of Gerald Langton's heart was a pain to him, but Alexander Hull sat in moody silence, evidently reluctant to give up his wish."

"At last he spoke. 'You have been very good to me. Tell me, now, if you have any personal reason for your request. Perhaps you love her?'"

Heroes of the Coast.

The surfmen at Smith's Island, on the Northampton shore of Virginia, rescued the crew of the Albatross, of Augusta, Me., on the night of the 7th of January. On the following day Mr. Cobb's wreckers went on board in spite of the protestation of Keeper Hitchens, of the Life Service.

That night the storm was terrific. The surfmen succeeded in reaching a point opposite the wreck, on which were the sailors and wreckers, at 2 A. M. of the 8th. Only the masts appeared above the surface, while the hull was completely submerged. Several Coast signals were burned to cheer the men on the wreck and to enable the surfmen to determine more accurately the position of the vessel. It was determined to make an attempt to rescue them with the boat, but after several unsuccessful attempts it was decided to wait until the morning.

Seeing then that the only hope of saving the imperiled men lay in reaching them with the surfmen, the life-guard went out with the surfmen, and the boat was launched to launch, set out through the storm and the sea, which was running half-mast high to the rescue of the nine men (five of the schooner's and four of the Cobb Wrecking Company), who had been left on the stranded wreck and who could now be seenashed to the rigging.

Keeper Hitchens and his men, though they had been out on the beach all night in the terrible storm without fire or food, drenched to the skin from their first effort to board the vessel, and keeping their feet from freezing, only by wringing the salt water of the sea, yet rushed with alacrity to their duty. The boat was launched and started on its perilous journey, but the current was so strong that the men were cut to leeward and the boat forced ashore. Launching the boat again they got far enough to reach the wreck, but the sea was running so high that it was snatched from the hands of the men who held it, and again they were driven ashore. Another powerful effort was made to reach the wreck, and this time they succeeded.

One of the men on the wreck, Edward Hunter, of Maine, the steward of the schooner, who refused to go up in the rigging, had been washed overboard and lost about daybreak. The remaining eight men were carried ashore—four at a time—dreadfully benumbed by their long exposure to the cold, but without serious injury. The Cobb Wrecking crew, who had been from the effects of exposure just about the time he reached the shore.

Killing Deer with Axes. A correspondent gives an account of deer in the forests of Maine and the laws of that State to protect them. A number of years since a law was passed forbidding the killing of moose, deer or caribou between the first of February and first of October, and forbidding the hunting of them with dogs at any season, under a penalty of \$50 for each offence. But this did not protect the game. In the deep snows of January hunters from distant States, as well as those in Maine, killed thousands of the animals in the deep snows, in many cases using only axes for killing them as they drove them into the deep snow-beds, the hunters going on the backs of the deer, and using axes to cut through the snow. In 1873 the legislature forbade the hunting or killing of the animals in January, as well as in all the following months to October. After this the deer increased rapidly, and at times they even mingled with the herds of farmers. The lumbermen could kill enough for their own use without resorting to a distance from their cabin doors. In a few years these laws were disregarded, and hunters came into the forests in the winter and slaughtered thousands and sent their carcasses to the Boston and other distant markets. In 1876 the legislature made a law imposing a fine of \$100 for each carcass of a deer sent out of the State. This law served a good purpose in protecting the game, though it may be questioned whether it was not a stretch of legislative power in interdicting commerce between the States. However, in 1878 influences were brought to bear upon the legislature to repeal the law forbidding the exportation of carcasses and hides, and since then the deer, caribou and moose have been growing scarce, and the subject of making more stringent laws to protect them is discussed. As the work of destruction is now going on, not only the larger wild game, but the smaller deer and caribou are disappearing in a comparatively brief period.

Collecting the Damages. "I am a quiet, unostentatious man, and never hate nobody," said the intruder, maintaining the palms of his hands and looking at the driver group of the are-helve, "but if you don't come down with \$17 to soothe my lacerated feelings there will be trouble here in Austin." "Was the boy bitten so very badly by my dog?" asked the terrified owner of the animal, who is one of the most timid men in Austin. "He was bitten just \$17 worth," replied the intruder, "and the weapon around his head." "Here is your money," replied the owner of the dog. The intruder put the money in his pocket, and was about to leave, when the proprietor of the dog remarked: "I hope your son was not bitten badly." "Why, he ain't my son," the intruder replied. "Where do you come from and how did you come to demand the money of me?" "He is the son of a friend of mine who owed me \$17, and he didn't have any money. The only available assets he had were those dog bites on his son's body, and he turned them over to me for collection, and I have collected them." "Well, I declare!" and "And stranger," continued the man with the axe-handle, "if you or any of your family ever get bitten by a dog, and you want the damages collected promptly from the owner of the dog, let me know, and I will do it for 25 per cent, net and furnish my own axe-handle."

Rome's Ruins.

Works of excavation in Rome are generally discontinued during the summer and autumn months. The laborers go off to the corn and wine harvests, where they get better pay, but this year the excavations on the Forum, and along the side of the Palatine facing the Temple of Romulus and the Basilica of Constantine, have been continued with unrelenting activity. The extent of ground broken is something unusual, and evidently Signor Baccelli is determined to do his utmost to insure, as far as possible, the completion of his grand scheme of archeological exploration by cutting out all the work he can. It comprises the restoring to light all that remains of the buildings and constructions which surrounded and adorned the Roman Forum; the clearing of the entire area by removing everything of whatever nature, superimposed upon it in modern times; the junction of the excavations on the Forum with those on the Palatine, by the completion of both; the isolation from—or rather within—the modern city of the greater part of the fourth, eighth and tenth of the Augustan regions of ancient Rome, which adjoined each other, and their dedication to the memories connected with them.

Extensive excavations have restored much to light and have taught us much, but the desolation remained almost as great as before. These excavations never assumed any other aspect than that of a number of great holes, notwithstanding that some of them afforded considerable space to walk about in. There was—as with the Forum—first, the hole between the massive wall of the Tabularium, with the rear of the modern municipal buildings standing upon it on the one side and the roadway passing from the Via Bonella to the Via della Consolazione in front of the Arch of Septimius Severus on the other, in which the completely visible remains of the Temple of Saturn, Vespasian, and Concord, the Rostra and the Arch of Septimius Severus excavated in the time of Pius VII. Then on the further side of that roadway there was, until twelve years ago, the small, narrow hole dug at the expense of the Duchesse de Leventina in December, 1816. This, between 1870 and 1875, was enlarged as far as the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, and in 1878—a second roadway being left at that point—an older hole was dug beyond, extending as far as the Arch of Titus, and again the works were suspended.

But a new impetus was given in February last to the excavation of the Forum. A seat in the Italian Cabinet, and that seat the head of the Department of Public Instruction, was for the first time held by a Roman, Signor Baccelli. The Roman archeologists were anxious to ascertain the site of the Forum, and the hole between the massive wall of the Tabularium, with the rear of the modern municipal buildings standing upon it on the one side and the roadway passing from the Via Bonella to the Via della Consolazione in front of the Arch of Septimius Severus on the other, in which the completely visible remains of the Temple of Saturn, Vespasian, and Concord, the Rostra and the Arch of Septimius Severus excavated in the time of Pius VII. Then on the further side of that roadway there was, until twelve years ago, the small, narrow hole dug at the expense of the Duchesse de Leventina in December, 1816. This, between 1870 and 1875, was enlarged as far as the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, and in 1878—a second roadway being left at that point—an older hole was dug beyond, extending as far as the Arch of Titus, and again the works were suspended.

It is very rare to see a well-grown geranium in window culture. Even if the plant bloom fairly, they are often drawn up, mis-shapen things, not pleasing to look upon. In the majority of cases, plants that have been set out in the garden for the summer are allowed to "go as you please." The roots finding an abundance of rich soil, the tops grow off at a furious rate. At the approach of cool weather the plants are taken up, if they stand; if any cutting is done, it is at the roots, to bring them within the limits of the pot, and the plants are placed in the window. As a consequence of such treatment, the majority of the leaves fade and fall, and show a lot of long, lanky stems, with a small tuft of leaves at the top. This condition of the plants is due either to a lack of knowledge or to timidity. Amateur cultivators, as a general thing, seem to fear to use the knife; could the plant suffer pain, they would not be more reluctant to cut. The proper method is, to prepare the plants for taking in long before the time for lifting them; but it is too late to advise that, as it is to suggest pruning them at the time of taking them up. Even at this late day it is better to cut back the geraniums to a good shape than to let them remain as they are. Of course each plant will have its own needs in this respect, and only general advice can be given. Cut back the long stems in such a manner that the plant will form a low, rounded head, and remove altogether such branches as will make the head too much crowded.

Remarkable Hands at Poker. Four members of a well-known club in New York sat down to a game of poker. There was a dollar limit, and there was no desire on the part of any of the players to win much money. After one deal three of them drew one card each, except the dealer, who passed out. The man on the left of the age bet one dollar, the second man raised him one dollar, and the age raised the pot another dollar. This was followed by raises to the limit all around a second time, when the man who made the first bet said: "Gentlemen, I ought to raise the bet, but this is a sociable game, and I'll not crowd you. I will simply call."

Without waiting for the others to bet he laid face upward on the table the deuce, tray, four and five of spades. The fifth card he placed back upmost.

The second man said, "I feel the same about this matter, I will simply call." He then showed the deuce, tray, four and five of diamonds, hiding the fifth card.

"I also call," said the age, and he displayed the deuce, tray, four and five of clubs. The fifth card of each was then shown, and it was seen that each had a straight flush of the same value. The pot was divided.

It was a square game, and the hands were not fixed.

The Quincy Market Cold Storage Company, of Boston, are said to have the largest refrigerating building in the world. It is of stone and brick, 180 by 80 feet in size, and 70 feet in height. The capacity is 800,000 cubic feet, the cost \$200,000, and the ice chamber holds 600,000 tons of ice. It will be used for storing dressed beef and mutton. The Chicago refrigerating cars unloaded at the door.

Though not much of a conversationalist, a mute might get along very nicely in a spoke factory.

scribed with such graphic power by Suetonius, and especially by Josephus, but these are so far only detached facts, with no connecting links visible, and may well be likened to a few lines of a palimpsest deciphered here and there, while all the rest lies hidden beneath the work of later hands. It is not so long ago that the lines which Suetonius mentioned the colossal equestrian statue of Domitian on the Forum and the edifices around it were spoken of as a "stumbling block rather than an auxiliary to antiquities. Now we can stand upon the wreck of the pedestal of that colossal and look upon the remains of the edifices situated exactly as Suetonius describes them."

The excavations in progress will soon reveal the spot behind the Temple of Castor where he reminded his contemporaries they might ungrudgingly lose their money. In like manner, when they are completed, we shall be able to tread, step by step, the route of the "Triumphal Arch" (Trajan's Forum) and the edifices around it, and recognize the buildings and sites he tells us that he passed; and that other followed when he suddenly left Galba sacrificing in the Temple of Apollo and hurried through the Palace of Mithridates to the Velabrum, and thence to the Golden Milestone, near the Temple of Saturn, and all the other localities, both within the palace and on the Forum, Tacitus and Suetonius mention with such topographical exactness in their records of the tragical death of Galba; that along which Cicero hastened after his warning, from his house on the corner of the Palatine, and convoked the Senate to meet him in the Temple of Jupiter Statues the same spot where Romulus centuries before had rallied his Romans, and close to where their Sabine wives rushed from the Palatine down among the combatants. The clearing away of all the accumulations and rubbish lying upon it, like the latter writing on a palimpsest, will enable us to put those bits together, to localize with exactness the scenes historians and other writers have described, and make it possible to study the events of Roman history as it has never been studied before, on the very spots and within the remains of the very walls where they were enacted.

Geraniums in the Window. It is very rare to see a well-grown geranium in window culture. Even if the plant bloom fairly, they are often drawn up, mis-shapen things, not pleasing to look upon. In the majority of cases, plants that have been set out in the garden for the summer are allowed to "go as you please." The roots finding an abundance of rich soil, the tops grow off at a furious rate. At the approach of cool weather the plants are taken up, if they stand; if any cutting is done, it is at the roots, to bring them within the limits of the pot, and the plants are placed in the window. As a consequence of such treatment, the majority of the leaves fade and fall, and show a lot of long, lanky stems, with a small tuft of leaves at the top. This condition of the plants is due either to a lack of knowledge or to timidity. Amateur cultivators, as a general thing, seem to fear to use the knife; could the plant suffer pain, they would not be more reluctant to cut. The proper method is, to prepare the plants for taking in long before the time for lifting them; but it is too late to advise that, as it is to suggest pruning them at the time of taking them up. Even at this late day it is better to cut back the geraniums to a good shape than to let them remain as they are. Of course each plant will have its own needs in this respect, and only general advice can be given. Cut back the long stems in such a manner that the plant will form a low, rounded head, and remove altogether such branches as will make the head too much crowded.

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