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Democratic Principles.

"Assuring the equality of all men be sure the law, we hold that it is the duty of the government, in its dealing with the people to meet out equal and exact justice to all citizens of whatever nativity, race, color or persuasion—religion or political."—Plat form adopted a Chicago, July, 1884.

"In the administration of a government pledged to do equal and exact justice to all men, there should be no pretext for anxiety touching the protection of the freedmen in their rights or their security in the enjoyment of their privileges under the constitution and its amendments."

"All discussion as to their fitness for the place accorded them as American citizens is idle and unprofitable, except as it suggests a necessity for their improvement."

"The fact that they are citizens entitles them to all the rights due to the relation and charges them with all its duties, obligations and responsibilities."

—From Inaugural Address of President Cleveland.

KATIE.—"As the foundation of our Liberties is the equality of the rights of citizens, I submit that existing legal discriminations, on account of color, are not based on character or conduct, and have no relation to moral worth and fitness for civic usefulness, but are rather relics of prejudice which had its origin in slavery. I recommend their total repeal."—Annual Message of Governor Hoadly, 1885.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That section one hundred and act to protect all citizens in their civil and legal rights, be amended as follows:

Sec. 1. That all persons within the jurisdiction of said State shall be entitled to the full and equal enjoyment of the accommodations, advantages, facilities, privileges or immunities of eating-houses, barber-shops, public conveyances on land or water, theaters and all other places of public accommodation and amusement, subject only to the conditions and limitations established by law, and applicable alike to all citizens.

Sec. 2. That any person who shall violate any of the provisions of the foregoing section by denying to any citizen, except those persons apprehended by virtue of their acts, and color, and regardless of color or any previous condition of servitude, the full enjoyment of any of the accommodations, advantages, facilities, or privileges in said section, excepting in the case of a bona fide denial, shall, for every such offense, forfeit and pay a sum not to exceed one hundred dollars to the person aggrieved, thereto, to be recovered in any court of competent jurisdiction in this country, where such offense was committed, shall also, for every such offense, be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, shall be fined not to exceed one hundred dollars, or shall be imprisoned not more than thirty days, or both; and provide further, that if a judgment in favor of the party aggrieved, or punishment upon an indictment, shall be a bar to either prosecution respectively."

Sec. 3. That no citizen of the State of Ohio, possessing all other qualifications which are or may be prescribed by law, shall be disqualified to serve as grand or petit juror in any cause of said State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, unless any officer or other person charged with the duty in the selection or summoning of jurors, who shall exclude or fail to summon any citizen for the cause aforesaid, shall, on conviction thereof be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be fined not more than one hundred dollars, or imprisoned not more than thirty days, or both. —*Cited Bills Passed by the Democratic Legislature.*

John Venable Alias Hog-head John.

The Republicans, just now, are passing as a martyr, the notorious individual whose name heads this column. They are doing this because they know that the colored column of the party is wavering in its allegiance and that unless something is done and done speedily, they will desert and leave it to the sure defeat that will follow. Republican editors and stumpers are exhausting the language of invective in their abuse of Lieutenant Mullen, whose real and only offense was obedience to the orders of his superior officer. They abuse Mullen, but are careful to say it is not of him. His character and antecedents they know will bear inspection. The old Republican managers who harbor about the Lincoln Club know how often he has been there to sell the votes of his lodgers, and they know that the citizenship of all of them was of the most doubtful character.

John Venable himself testified that there were but three beds in his place, and one of these was occupied by himself and his wife, and yet twenty-six men were found there on the midnight preceding the October election.

Venable testified that these men had been lodging with him for four or five years, sleeping on planks, each man having a plank, and that at times he would have from sixty to one hundred men thus lodging.

Judge Sagede decided in a case preceding that of Mullen, that such barroom lodgers are not citizens, and directed the conviction for illegal voting, of a man who had voted upon such a foundation.

Venable is just at the Ohio end of the Covington bridge, and a convenient place for the assemblage of illegal voters who had come into the State from Kentucky. An empty room adjoining had been openly made on the streets of Cincinnati, that a strong of colored Kentuckians were to be brought to the city and voted.

Venable himself, gave the pointer upon which he was arrested. He offered to poll these votes for the Democrats, if they would pay him.

An active Democrat, whom Venable was importuning for an introduction to the Executive Committee, asked him: "How many men will you have?"

"About two hundred," said he.

"Are these men voters?"

"Pay me well and I'll make them voters."

Failing to get the desired introduction, he carried his wares to his usual market, the Lincoln Club. There he needed no introduction.

After the election he said, openly: "Them votes could have been polled for the Democratic party if they had given me any encouragement."

The following paragraphs from the *Times Star*, a radical Republican paper, will help to show the character of the man in its true light:

"HOGHEADS.—JOHN'S GUN—THE TARTAN.—TELEGRAM ON THE WARPATH.—LAST NIGHT."

The ubiquitous "hogheads." John Venable again came to the front last night in his old-time role as a shooter. This time his victim is Dominie alias "Chick" Podesta, aged twenty-two, who lives at Water and Walnut. The quarrel which led to the recent shooting was about a saloon near Hoghead's establishment, No. 15 Gilmore Landing.

Last night Podesta, accompanied by a man named McHugh, went into Venable's place and shot him in the saloon. A row occurred and Podesta and his companion ran into the street. Venable's wife handed him a large pistol and he followed. As soon as he reached the sidewalk he discharged the weapon, the charge buckshot, striking Podesta in the right hand and left shoulder.

Immediately after the shooting Lieutenant White and Sergeant Burke went to Venable's place for the purpose of arresting him, and he fled. He had to be tracked down and finally captured and held several of his men inside with shot-guns.

Finally Officer Corcoran, of the Merchant's Police, came and arrested the

rogue. The police force of Cincinnati

is not the first time this

arrogant soundrel has used the

same tactics and he should be seen down upon.

Someday he will kill somebody,

THE SURE WINNERS.

The County Democratic Ticket.

SENATORS.

J. C. HOPPLIE,
M. F. WILSON,
JOHN RRA:HEARS,
ROBERT KUEHNERT.

REPRESENTATIVES.

A. P. BUTTERFIELD,
C. A. ZIMMERMAN,
CHARLES HOWE,
C. CRANE,
T. A. GREVER,
W.M. BOEKER,
EDW. MURPHY,
JAMES MALONY,
STEPHEN SAND.

FOR JUDGE OF COMMON PLEAS.

A. B. HUSTON.

FOR COUNTY CLERK.

DANIEL J. DALTON.

FOR TREASURER.

FRANK RATTERMAN.

FOR RECORDER.

JOHN HAGGERTY.

FOR PROSECUTOR.

WM. H. PUGH.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

BARNEY KUHL.

We call attention to the Democratic County Ticket, which commands itself both by the men composing it and the manner of their nomination, to the decent citizens of Hamilton County of all races and all political affiliations.

The man who votes that ticket votes for economy and reform with a big E and a big R.

Lawyer Jackson was mistaken. Democrats did make a better ticket than the Republicans—immeasurably better.

Colored Office Beliefs.

Rev. Benjamin Arnett, who expects to represent Greene County in the Legislature next winter, plays the part of "end man" in the Republican minstrel show, being as he expresses it, "an old coon."

This "old coon" has been addressing a meeting of colored voters at Springfield and according to the *Telegram* he was wonderfully facetious.

Among other funny things, he spoke of the hundreds of colored men who have received office at the hands of the Republicans and contrasted those hundreds with the few score as yet appointed by the Democrats.

He forgot that those hundreds of colored office-holders are still retained in their positions through the mercy of President Cleveland, who, as he expresses it, "is the second best man in the Republican ministry."

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If he replies that they are held because the Civil Service law forbids their removal, let him remember that Senator Pendleton, the father of Civil Service, is a Democrat.

Let him reflect, too, that even since the colored people have been voting, now some fifteen years, they have been the vassals of the Republican party, and that a few petty offices out of more than a hundred thousand, is no great reward for this party loyalty.

Let him be assured that when the bars are down and colored men are found voting more freely with the Democrats than now, there will be no cause to complain of a lack of colored recognition with regard to colored Democrats.

The epithet is his own, and if he chooses to stigmatize his own declarations, we have no disposition to interfere.

Either Judge Foraker did or did not leave college on account of the entrance of a colored student, and that student Rev. R. G. Mortimer. Mr. Mortimer is the authority for both the statements, and we are left to look to the circumstances of the case to decide which the truth and which is the "lie."

We incline to give credence to the first statement, for the reason that Mr. Mortimer was then two years younger and comparatively unsophisticated in politics. Then two years ago, the Republican leaders of Ohio thought the colored voters of the State were as sincerely their's as the cattle upon a thousand hills are the Lord's. They paid no attention to the charge made by Mr. Mortimer. Now that they see the damage it has done to their candidate, they, and by methods, which politicians know so well how to use, have induced Mr. Mortimer to declare that a statement which he is a minister, made in a conference of ministers and under the eye of a reverend Bishop was a "lie."

We forbear further comment, but think the Conference Committee that inquires into the moral standing of ministers

passes, that could put a bill through

the legislature, might here find employment.

both houses in forty minutes by the clock, was not able to resurrect it from its parliamentary tomb.

But with the advent of the Democracy came hope. Men who had grown gray reviling the Democratic party thronged the halls of the Democratic Legislature asking the repeal of proscriptive laws, and especially of section 4008 of the school law. How reads the record of the two candidates on this question?

Judge Foraker's only record is that of an attorney opposing the admission of a colored girl to the schools of her native city.

To be sure they say this was done as an attorney, and is no indication of her real sentiments on the subject.

But suppose that some one had proposed to John Joliffe or to Salmon P. Chase to plead a slave-holder's case against a slave. Does any one doubt what the answer would have been? Would they not have drawn themselves up to the attitude of their great manhood and said: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

But Foraker took the price and for that price defended the wrong.

Contrast this with Governor Hoadly's mainly utterance on that point: "I submit that existing legal discriminations on account of color are not based on character or conduct, and have no relation to moral worth and fitness for civic usefulness, but are rather relics of prejudice which had its origin in slavery."

"I RECOMMEND THE TOTAL REPEAL."

Judge Foraker and the Colored Student.

In future times Rev. R. G. Mortimer can not slip himself on the breast and point with pride to his political record, at least not to that part in which he first appears as the *second best man*.

It is but little over a year since the Democrats joined the Republicans in making liable to fine and imprisonment

"every person who subjects or causes to be subjected any person, privileges or immunities secured or protected by the Constitution of the State or of the United States, on account of such person being an alien or by reason of his color or race."

The time is still shorter since a Democratic majority in the Legislature of New Jersey passed a bill of civil rights, "which as its own text says, 'applicable to citizens of every race and color.'

In Indiana, while these pages are being written, Democrats are endeavoring to pass a civil rights bill.

In May, last year, the Legislature at Albany passed a bill removing the last remaining civil disabilities from the colored people of the city of New York by a unanimous vote, three-fifths being present, and the Governor who signed the act, is now President of the United States.

From Georgia, where, we are told

the freedmen shall never enjoy the "policy indicated in the Civil Rights Bill," pass across its eastern boundary, and lo we are in a State under Southern rule, where the blacks

are in the majority, yet which is not afraid to leave on the printed page, from the days of reconstruction a "Civil Rights Bill, not nearly so comprehensive as this is true, but 'merely as stringent,' says its leading daily journal, as 'any that Congress ever placed upon the statute books, and attending whose enforcement there is no friction or unpleasantness.' This is South Carolina."

Word of Advice to Mr. Beaty.

Mr. Powhatan Beaty, the superintendant janitor of the Lincoln Club House, is poorly informed. Governor Hoadly will secure in Cincinnati more than the three hundred votes which Beaty allows him in the whole State.

Mr. Beaty's horizon is too narrow for him to be taken as authority in the matter of votes for either candidate.

Need not swoop so loudly, he will not be fired, even though Little Breeches Benny and the immaculate Harlan are beaten, as they surely will be.

Mr. Beaty is a Shakespearean reader and can appreciate the lines,

"Jockey of Norfolk not too bold, For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold."

For Dickon" read "Benny."

We further commend the following lines to Mr. Beaty, which contains a fine moral and are not bad as a declamation:

"Not this weak and unknown hand
Nor dead damnation round the land,
On each I judge too few."

He takes this as a declamation, he slighted empire break" and "unknowing hand" in the first line.

If he takes it to heart, as he should, he will be more moderate in his aspiration of the political motives of men, who, to say the least of it, are his equals, mentally and morally.

"The Silent South."

The talented Geo. W. Cable, who so nobly defended the civil rights of the colored people of the South, in his eloquent and humane article "The Freedman's Case in Equity," has another article in the September number of the *Century*, which, while not so fervent in tone, is more argumentative and entirely convincing. One paragraph reads thus:

"The reason why the negro vote is a divided vote in the North to-day, and in the South, shows more signs of dividing than ever before is, that the Republican party has grown fat and lazy concerning civil rights, while Democratic Legislatures and Governors, North, East and West, have been passing and signing civil rights bills, robbing out of the laws and of popular sentiment by fixed class and race, and throwing to the winds all 'legal discriminations on account of color, which are not based on character or conduct and have no relation to moral worth and fitness for civic usefulness, but are rather relics of prejudice which had its origin in slavery.'

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A LAUGHABLE STORY.

How a Gentleman Learned the Trivial Details of Another's Domestic Concerns.

A laughable story was yesterday told by an elderly gentleman living in the city. While out spending the evening he was introduced to a strange gentleman, and after a few preliminary remarks on both sides the strange gentleman enquired about the welfare of his son. The relation felt surprised that his new acquaintance should know he had a son, but answered rather briefly:

"He graduates at Harvard next spring. I believe," added the new acquaintance.

The gentleman thought he must have been talking to some of the other guests about his son, and they confined the conversation about him and the college.

There was a brief pause, and then the new acquaintance said: "I'm sorry I've not met your wife this evening, so that I could see your family complete."

The gentleman felt that the stranger was getting a little too anxious to make himself familiar, and so he slipped in a casual remark that he had been feeling out of sorts for a few days.

"Yes," said the new acquaintance, "that's the way with me when my wife goes away. Every thing round the house seems to go wrong without her."

At this time the gentleman was continuing the conversation only by saying "yes" and "no."

"Aren't you going to invite me round to see you when she comes home from Florida next week?" asked the new acquaintance. The gentleman looked at him in no good humor, but seeing a smile on his face which turned into outright laughter, he saw that something was up, and, laughing himself, said: "Look here, how the mischief did you come to know so much about my affairs?"

"You told me yourself," laughed the other. The master was soon explained. The gentlemen had been riding in an eighth street car the day before talking to a friend. The other, then a stranger, had been on the same car in a seat close to him, and overheard the conversation. When they were introduced a day later the stranger recognized him at once, and could not resist propounding the questions. They took a good laugh together.—*Philadelphia North American*.

KAISER WILHELM.

How the Aged Emperor Spends His Annual Vacations at Gastein.

A correspondent, writing from Gastein, says: This village is near Salzburg, a town in Austria famous for its old fortress-castle and a quiet cemetery on the mountain-side, in which are buried seven women, wives of a very wicked man who murdered them one after the other, by tickling their feet till they died. The Emperor William comes to Gastein once every year, usually about three weeks. His visit is always looked forward to with impatience, as the benevolence and kindness of the aged monarch are well-established facts.

The Emperor's daily life here is very simple. He is no longer strong enough to make long walks, and the roads to all the heights are exceedingly fatiguing; but he takes his daily constitutional along the Kaiser promenade regularly as far out as the Kotsch Thal, which is a little inn with a nice garden look out on the snowy mountains that divide Austria from Prussia. He takes his baths always at the Badenschloss, where he lives, and where every day seven gentlemen receive invitations to dinner.

The Emperor is kind and agreeable to everybody, and the Austrian ladies are particularly overjoyed at his friendly ways, as they are not accustomed to such condescensions in their court circles. But his Majesty has very few intimate friends. One of these is the Countess Lehendorf-Steinart, who lives with her daughters in the Villa Soltudo. The Countess and her husband try to invite around them all those elements of society at Gastein that are fit for his Imperial presence, and in return for their kindness he goes and takes tea at the villa three or four times every week. The young ladies also get up private theatricals to amuse the old gentleman. A little anti-room divided from the parlor by a wide glass door is fitted up as the stage, and the roles are played by officers of the Emperor's suite, and ladies from society hereabouts.—*Paris News*.

Over a year ago a sailor belonging to an English vessel at Port Royal, Jamaica, disappeared, and a few days afterward a shark was caught with his tobacco box in its stomach. It was sent to his wife as an incontrovertible witness of his horrible end, and she mourned over it until he dropped in to see her the other day. He had deserted, he explained, and lost his box overboard in getting past to go ashore.—*Rise*.

JERUSALEM.

The Decay Which Is Stamped Upon the Holy City.

Even the Consular reports are tinged with sadness when they come to speak of Jerusalem. Its glories forever gone; its splendors forever faded, the ancient city of Palestine sits dreamily amid her ruined hills, dead to the world and dying to herself. Misery now broods in her bowers, dim streets. Poverty hovers at midday among her people. Knavery and thievishness, "the plunders, are the accompaniments of the night, and the tropical moon whitens a city which might as well sit amidst the plashing waves of the Levant as on the sun-kissed hills of Palestine. Pawnbrokers conduct her trade. Idlers toy with the merchandise; they plan to pilfer. Sickness and distress are uppermost, and the deserted old buildings stand in solemn silence like ghosts. The south winds blow reverently over the departed grandeur of Jerusalem; and even the purple grapes beyond the city's walls grow purple with memories of a splendid past.

The American Consul at Jerusalem is evidently a hard, practical, often sternly partisan, but even he is reported to mingle expressions of sadness with the flow of disgust and denunciation. He endeavors to be cheerful by referring to the oranges of Jerusalem as the largest produced in the world. He struggled to encourage the idea that olives nowhere else grow so green or so inviting, and that commerce in connection with the fruits of Palestine is destined, in the limitlessness hereafter, to be worthy of international consideration. But here his cheerful ends. In the next paragraph he burrows deep in the dirt and laziness and criminality of the people who inhabit Jerusalem, paying his respects in a bold, unhesitating way to the imbecility of the Turkish postal authorities, who allow the mail to be strown about the post-office and permit mail-bags to the carriers goes on a spree with the shepherds. "Put a stop to it," is the cry of the San Francisco paper.

The herring fisheries on the coast of Ireland have been a failure this year, the fish having failed to appear in those waters which hitherto they have visited with great regularity.

—Giant trees that were one thousand years growing are wantonly burned along the Kern River in California, by sheepherders. "Put a stop to it," is the cry of the San Francisco paper.

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—It has just been discovered that Massachusetts has no State seal, and really never had one, than she never been able to produce, to authorize the use of, one.—*Boston Globe*

No mechanics are wanted in the famous old city of Palestine. No sounds of saw or hammer must wake the echoes in the holy places of that magnificent temple which was built without them. No business must be encouraged in the thoroughfares of Jerusalem. No commerce must develop within its sanctified walls. But instead, giant disease, incurable idleness, unnatural, many dogs and petty things. These are the woes of glory which angelic choristers sang, but which has been steadily fading through the ages until the last hope for its renewal was buried in the grave of Sir Moses Montefiore. The day seems to be at hand when the nations shall roll a stone against the gates of the holy city and inscribe thereon: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, but ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."—*St. Louis Republican*.

"She Was Dar."

Mrs. Yerger, of Austin, having been absent for several days, returned to her home. She was met at the gate by her colored servant, Matilda Snowball.

"Has anything happened while I was gone?" asked Mrs. Yerger.

"Lo! I should say sumfit happened. We came mighty nigh habbe the biggest kind ob a fire," replied Matilda, rolling her eyes around.

"Where?"

"In your bedroom. You other be mighty glad I was dar when de fire started. Eft hit warn't for mein' be da house would hab been burned down before we got out."

"So you put out the fire?"

"Yessum, I dropped da lamp, and hit catched de curtain, but as luck hab been, it was dar. Eft I hadn't been dar when I dropped the lamp, whope's dar's nol' tellin' what moat hab happened."—*Texas Siftings*.

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—The bolles of Saratoga have a substitute for kissing, and it consists in rubbing cheeks. The maidens meet. The nose of one is slid back about to the ear of the other, and the conjunctive cheeks, held hard, are slowly rubbed together until they part at the corners of the mouths.—*Troy Times*.

—"I wonder how that man can dance

on the tight-ropes with such facility?"

"Oh, easy enough. Like everything else, it has to be 'taut'."—*The Rambler*.

A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

The Efforts Making by Philologists to Institute a Common Medium for the Exchange of Ideas.

During the summer a congress of philologists made in Vienna to see what steps should be taken to institute a universal language common to all men. Doubtless this will come about in time, and naturally. The present English language is an amalgamation or fusion of some eleven or twelve distinct languages. The same fusion took place in France, Spain and Germany. All over Europe there are now international languages, that is, the German and French, for instance, are yearly assimilating English words, while we are incorporating German or French words in our ordinary speech. In Russia all words are being absorbed into English, and some English or Dutch. Peter the Great was instrumental in importing these words into the Russian language, as it was easier to do this than invent new words. The English language, however, is not yet fully established, and perhaps the work of fusion which is going on, and recommend words from several languages for general acceptance. Attempts to create a universal tongue are being made by the English, French, Germans, and others.

"Good gracious!" said the man, when he discovered the porcelain egg in her nest. "I shall be a bricklayer next."

If affected with Sore Eyes, drink 10cc. Dr. Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell. 10cc. A BROOKLYN lady now calls her pet cat "Sheothes" instead of Helen.—*Brooklyn Eagle*

"As good as represented," is what everybody says of Prince's Jade Grapes. At what age does a man get bald? That depends altogether on the nature of his wife.—*Kentucky State Journal*.

Explained.—Anger (young author) "They seem to be a conspiracy against us, aiming to bring us down." Gimbel.—"How so?" Anger. "They have all of them declined the same thing."—*Puck*.

—Giant trees that were one thousand years growing are wantonly burned along the Kern River in California, by sheepherders. "Put a stop to it," is the cry of the San Francisco paper.

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—It has just been discovered that Massachusetts has no State seal, and really never had one, than she never been able to produce, to authorize the use of, one.—*Boston Globe*

Horses trot best when the temperature is eighty degrees.—*N. Y. Herald*.

Delicate Diseases of either sex, however, indeed, speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured. Commissions, obstructions, unnatural discharges, exhausted vitality, premature decline, varicose veins, piles, fistulas, hydrocele, diseases of prostate, glands, kidneys and bladder, piles, fistulas, varicose veins, piles, fistulas, diseases of twelve experts specialists in constant attendance, constituting the most complete and scientific medical organization in America. Send history of case and address for illustrated pamphlet of particular information. Medical Association Building, Boston, N. Y.

It is reported that female dentists are gaining ground in Germany. They seem to be taking root in this country.—*Or City Director*.

When all so-called remedies fail, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

PORCELAIN finger rings are the latest fad. They are probably intended for China wear.

Lov's sacrifice-taking the small plain of ice-cream.—*Boston Post*.

TRAVELERS that beat their way—John Sullivan's two wrists.—*Chicago Tribune*.

POLICEMAN Addis, of Philadelphia, recently tried to arrest a rough who fired on him, but the ball was stopped by a bullet-proof vest. The man who shot the bullet that Policeman Addis has a noble wife, otherwise his husband would have been killed. Addis' wife is a widow of 42 years, and she has a son, 12, and a daughter, 10. The bullet-proof vest was made by a gunsmith.

The height of impudence—taking refuge from the rain in an umbrella stove.

A wise old dealer in furs uses the semi-profound expression, "Dog gone!"

A PRETENSING man has been fined fifty dollars for passing off as a doctor. He belonged to a neighbor.—*N. Y. Herald*.

A POLITE way of denouncing a defendant is to send him a bouquet of forget-me-nots.

A VASSAR graduate, being out in the country, went into the stable of a farmhouse, and found a number of horses crowded together, "What a sight!" she remarked. "Eh, mump, but we have to do that." "Why, we have to do that," she will give evidence millie's Texas Siftings.

It is hard to tell at what age man loses his sight in cataracts. Whitehall Times.

My son, if anybody smokes the filthy weed, don't chew.—*N. O. Picayune*.

The character of the Chinaman is apt to be wishy-washy.—*N. O. Picayune*.

PHANTOMS with the small boy is a master of fire-crackers, rockets, and so fourth.

Bar a bear is driven by the natives of equatorial Africa as a preventive of fever. If banana bear will throw a man as incurably as the banana skin, a man's health is safer with the fever.—*New Orleans*.

Drowsiness in the Day-time unless caused by lack of sleep or from over-eating, is a symptom of disease. If it is caused by lack of sleep, headache, loss of appetite, constipation, and sallow complexion, you may be sure the cause is nervous debility, loss of vital force, consequent derangement of the stomach and bowels. Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purges" contain a number of ingredients which cleanse and purify the blood and relieve the digestive organs.

These goodes must be very hard on the hair for you know, the good generally die young.—*Judge*.

Young Men Head This.

The Vonkamp Beer Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELL and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES to those who are seriously afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and kindred troubles. Also for rheumatic diseases, neuralgia, sciatica, etc. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred. Price \$10.00. Send for free pamphlet on this subject.

DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparilla Resolvent.

Build up the broken-down constitution, restore the body, restoring health and vigor. Sold by druggists.

Dr. Radway's Pills.

For DYSPEPSIA and for the cure of all the disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, constipation, piles, &c. Manufactured by DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren Street, N. Y.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but so that we may know the source of the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper, and do not fold it. If you have a photograph, please have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Please have your name and address on the back of the envelope, naming in which they are written.

TWILIGHT IN THE WOODS.

The hour for praise has come again
With birds and glad song birds tall and dim,
And all the forest is a hymn.

When Nature sings her vesper hymn,
With birds and insects and the breeze
To sing the glad summer time.
Now at the end of the day.

The doves fold their leaves to pray;

The bees that cheered her all day long

Fly home with an even song.

The cates are still singing now,

The stream with whispered chanting runs;

The lily bush and maple trees

Do the same, and the sun goes down.

With hawing vines for rosaries.

The flowers with mock petition rise

And to Heaven appealing eyes.

Sweet and drowsy comes the hours,

Tomorrow's sun will kiss away.

Thus the sad spirit worn with fears,

Whose darkness shrouds the doubtful way.

Surecous to weariness and pain,

To sleep where sun comes again.

Now it is over, and the trees once more

Responds a murmured litany.

Then silence—all the reverent hush

Is broken by the trill of the thrush,

By the song of the solemn woods.

Peace—sings the lofty bird, "Be still,

Learn loving and thy Master's will."

His voice is like the wind that blows,

Draped with large creases decently,

From which he cries his warning word:

"Behold, the Son of man cometh,

Follows, with tones of yearning love,

The benediction of the dove,

Art, and life, and death, and love,

And my homeward way I wound

As one who walks within the veil,

Or sees, bright-red, the Holy Grail,

And feels it twere an aureole.

—Dorothy Dendridge, in N. Y. *Independent*.

AN INVISIBLE POINTING.

Induction From a Telephone Line Turns Up a Big Crook.

“Paddy the Gentleman”—Strange Story from a Detective’s Life—Tracked from the Extreme North to the Tropics.

Ical South.

“Tis a bad looking scar, isn’t it? Yes, it was a close shave, but I pulled through all right, after a long siege. It has quite a history, too; do you want to hear it?”

These words were uttered by Billy Fox, an old time-worn veteran in the detective business, as he pushed aside his pipe and began to shake the company a hand, red and fat, that extended from the apple of the throat to the point under his ear. He was sitting in the office of the Superintendent of Police, awaiting orders in a mysterious robbery that had come to light that morning. His listeners were the writer, then a new reporter for an evening paper, and several old attachés of the office. Always willing to hear any thing that would give him an insight into the police business, the writer urged him to proceed at once, saying: “Why, certainly. I always wondered where you received that scar; was it during the war?”

“No,” replied the detective, “it has been but five years since ‘Paddy the Gentleman’ presented me with this little memento. Ah, he was a keen one,” and the old veteran shook his head reflectively.

“He was the smartest man in his business. But to resume, I caught Paddy in a big job—robbing a bank; only he got off, out of a dozen though, and he’s now doing time in the State Penitentiary of Louisiana. The manner in which I got a pointer as to the gentleman’s work will compel me to go back a number of years before the robbery. When I was first put on the detective force, I was filled with a burning desire to do something in that line that would startle the world. I wanted to be a Vidocq, a Jonathan Wilde or a Pinkerton. I had often read stories of telegraph operators listening to messages and thereby discovering thrilling information, by using which they made themselves heroes. I resolved to acquire the art, hoping that a time would come when I could have a chance to put it into practice. Accordingly I set to work, and for months I earnestly listened and pounced alternately on all incoming in the little station news which I had in the suburbs. The operator, Jack Hallows, was a friend of mine, and taught me all the little tricks in the business. After a month of practice I became an expert operator, and many a time I relieved Jack while he went out on a lark, for Jack was fond of pleasure. He’s dead now, poor fellow—died at his post—struck by lightning and killed instantly. I occasionally used the art after Jack died, but gradually fell away, and seldom thought of it. Then came the introduction of the telephone—you know what a fuss it created. Near me, within a few blocks, at least, lived old Dr. Schmidt, a learned professor in a German college before he came to this country. Well, the Doctor became interested with the new invention, and

nothing would do but he must rig up a line between our houses, “just for experiment, you know, Wilhelm.” Many a moment I spent talking to the Doctor over the house tops about every-day matters, and sometimes discussing an improvement which the worthy Doctor would add.

During all this I noticed a peculiar clicking sound in the telephone, which sometimes sounded high above the voice. To me it appeared as though the line was attached to a railroad telegraph wire, because by listening at times I could make out messages, such as “No. 10 on the 10th at 10:30” to Jones, sibling until further notice.

I was puzzled to know where the sounds came from, and once I almost scared myself to death by thinking it was Jack Hallows telegraphing from the other shore, and I went to the Professor and laid my thoughts before him, and in a small way added my fears of a spiritualistic agency. The doctor broke into a hearty laugh, which mystified me, until he explained the electric spark business.

By reason of induction, a principle of electricity in which the telephone itself is founded, the long wire becoming an enormous ear which collects all electric sounds along its route and delivers them to the listening tube. This induction is a serious drawback to the proper working of lines, especially on a wet day, when the sounds are multiplied and magnified and create a terrible noise.

The cause was now plain; over every roof was strung the wire leading from the station to the main office in the city. Often times on coming home in the evening I would take the telephone and listen to messages clicking away sorrow and gladness, disaster and success, victory and defeat, death and life. It told tales of fearful crime, of joyous weddings, of bloody battles, of quiet, peace and religion and brilliant statesmanship and States; while I, like a thief, sat silent and heard all. Many a message that I heard brought sorrow to rich as well as humble homes, and many a heart was made glad by the few words that went flashing over the wires. Yes, indeed, I—. But I am going astray. I want to tell you how I got the pointer on ‘Paddy the Gentleman.’

I had just received a note from the Chief, stating that a vacation of a month had been granted to me and I was at liberty from that day henceforth.

I was greatly worried over a band of burglars who had been working Eastern banks with great success and who had come West. The leader of the gang was no other than my friend, “the Gentleman,” who had been identified as one of the burglars by his description, but who had made good his escape, going, it is said, to New Orleans. I knew the bird well, knew his fondness for dress and his vanity in exhibiting himself in good feather. I kept a sharp eye on the depots, but Paddy didn’t come my way, and between you and me, I was thankful that he didn’t.

That evening I sat down at the telephone to read the evening paper.

The first item I read was:

“NEW ORLEANS, La.—The Hibernian Bank here was robbed to-day of \$30,000 in bonds by a gang of desperadoes, but held up the counter until the closing of the bank, and thus made away with the money. The police are investigating.”

I sat thinking who the sneak was, the bank suddenly gave a tinkle and a few sharp taps. I picked the tube up and heard very distinctly the call—

—N. O. In a moment N. Y. was repeated three times and conversation opened. From the initials I knew it was New Orleans calling New York, and that connection had been established.

The message came very clearly, and read as follows:

“TO LEOPOLD ROSENTHAL, care J. Mc. DONALD, Detective, New York. Come at once. We will stand by and help you. Have secured twenty men. Answer.”

“Peter Murdoch, Detective.”

Then it rattled off a series of market quotations and I hung up the tube. Sitting down I turned the message over and over in my mind, but could arrive at no conclusion. As I was about to retire, two hours afterward, I felt drawn toward that telephone. I went across the room and listened, when to my surprise I got the returning answer of Mr. Rosenthal, as follows:

“Peter Murdoch, care Poydras street, New Orleans. Will stand by and help you. Men. Congratulations.”

“Well, to-morrow we must secure an Havana steamer and go to that port, where we can cash the New York stuff and then to Europe, where the Hibernian bonds can be easily disposed of.”

I had heard enough. That night I went to the office of the Chief of Police and secured the services of two officers besides the detective who was assisting me. At seven o’clock the next morning the policemen, in citizens’ clothes, to then Chief Walling at the Mulberry

street office in New York the following brief message:

“Who is Leopold Rosenthal? Answer quick.”

“WILLIAM FOX.”

In those hours I never slept a wink. “I’m a crook,” said “Shoe” Jones, who has done time for pocketing stolen goods and burglary. “Keep being straight since he released me from Astoria last year. WALLACE.”

It had been shot I couldn’t have seen it more visibly. The whole scheme flashed through my mind like a stroke of lightning.

“Worked almost four hours,” meant the bonds stolen, but not disposed of. “Secured twenty men” means \$20,000. What did Peter Murdoch mean?

“P. M. P. M.” “Why, that’s Paddy Manly!” gasped Lyle. “I’ve got em! I’ve got ‘em!”

“I believe you have,” remarked the operator, looking up from his paper. “They’ve got ‘em bad.”

Without deigning an answer I hurried back to my house, packed my valise, hastily kissed my wife good-by, and returned to the station to take the 11:30 train South. I purchased a ticket to New Orleans from the ticket agent, and paced restlessly up and down the platform until the train came thundering along from the city. I boarded it, secured a sleeping-bunk and turned in at once.

“Will make a grand stroke this time,” thought I before going to sleep.

“Wasn’t old man (meaning our Chief) surprised when he read of Billy Fox taking up his residence in New Orleans?” I arrived safely in New Orleans and secured a room at Poydras and St. Charles streets, from the window of which I could see No. 207 Poydras street—Mr. Murdoch’s lodgings.

That night while on the Canal street promenade I met a city detective with whom I got acquainted up North and secured his assistance in the case. From him I learned that the bonds were \$1,000 per cent., and were registered. No time was to be lost.

“Paddy, the Gentleman” (for I was satisfied that Paddy was the man I wanted) would skip as soon as Rosenthal arrived. All that night I watched the Criminal Court of Correction. He went to Batou Rouge for fifteen years. A New York fly came for “Sheeny Mike,” and he went back to his little cell in Auburn to work out a ten-year “stretch.” I received the reward offered by the bank, and came home as soon as I grew strong. Many mysterious cases have been worked on in our line, and many a strange clew has been the result of detection of guilty people, but I never heard of a fellow getting a pointer from being lurking electrically.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

The old proverb of “False in one false in all,” reverted to me. If it wasn’t my man he was somebody else, and would bear watching. Learning the schedule of the arriving trains, I let my friend Patrick enjoy himself and waited for Thursday, as the trip from New York would take that long, and besides it was better to wait, as “Sheeny Mike” would probably bring more stolen goods with him.

The day was fast approaching, and preparations must be made to receive our distinguished visitor from New York, and I began on a vigorous plan of operations. Going over to No. 207 Poydras street I engaged a room from Mrs. Marie Leboeuf, whose fat lady was as kind, gladdening her French heart by paying for it two weeks in advance.

The room was on the second floor, just at the head of the stairs, while the gentleman occupied a front room on the same landing.

Necessarily he could not go in or out without attracting my attention. The eventful day arrived and was nearly over, when the evening Northern express brought a little man with such a large nose and mouth that he looked as though God had picked out a man’s nose and mouth to put them on a boy. He was met by my fellow-lodger with careful politeness and led toward a carriage, and going cut another door, I secured a fast team and was driven to my room as rapidly as possible. Scarcely had the hack turned round the corner before another vehicle drew up at the door and the occupants came up-stairs. The light being extinguished, I could see them go into the front room, the door of which was closed and locked. Drawing off my shoes I cautiously crept to the door and “key-holed” the panel.

“Has you got some safe and sound, Paddy?” I heard the visitor ask.

“Safe as death; how’s the others?” was Paddy’s answer.

“I had brought dem vid me for better security, my tear, dey are in this place.”

“Peter Murdoch, care Poydras street, New Orleans. Will stand by and help you. Men. Congratulations.”

“Well, to-morrow we must secure an Havana steamer and go to that port, where we can cash the New York stuff and then to Europe, where the Hibernian bonds can be easily disposed of.”

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“I believe you have,” remarked the operator, looking up from his paper. “They’ve got ‘em bad.”

“I have a note for him,” said I. “Which is the gentleman?”

“He don’t live here.”

“I don’t know him. I don’t know him, an’ he don’t live here.”

“Do you know a chap called ‘Paddy the Gentleman’? Or perhaps ‘Sheeny Mike’ is among your acquaintances?” quietly said I. Both of us stood stock still as though made of stone, while I seized my revolver and cried “Hands up, Paddy; I want you!”

“You take me, I know!” howled that individual, as he sprang forward cutting the carotid artery. After hearing the shot, my friend, the detective, had run in and found me lying across the floor, a scaly worm, enough to deprive me of consciousness. The crashing of glass I heard was caused by the “sheeny’s” leap to the sidewalk, where the police nabbed him. He came of ugly, only, a sprained wrist. The stolen bonds were found intact in Manly’s trunk.

In the little valve was nearly \$75,000 in different kinds of ~~stolen~~ securities. A week afterward Manly pleaded guilty in the Second Recorder’s Court, and was bound over to the Criminal Court of Correction. He went to Batou Rouge for fifteen years. A New York fly came for “Sheeny Mike,” and he went back to his little cell in Auburn to work out a ten-year “stretch.” I received the reward offered by the bank, and came home as soon as I grew strong. Many mysterious cases have been worked on in our line, and many a strange clew has been the result of detection of guilty people, but I never heard of a fellow getting a pointer from being lurking electrically.—*Cincinnati Mercury*.

—The maddest man of the season is said to be the Lewistown Fisherman, who caught the keel of a neighbouring boat, one day last week, and reeled in and spun out and played with the keel of the boat about two hours before he found out that he was trying to land a Cobassecontee skiff with a twelve-oar oar.

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—Mrs. Dusenberry—My wife often reminds me of a tea-kettle, too, Jenks. In what way? Mr. Dusenberry—In never know when she is going to boil over.

—Philadelphian Call.

—Far Miss Angelina’s Jokes: “Yes,” said Fondaerson, “Angelina is a nice girl, a mighty nice girl, but her education appears to have been neglected. I just got a letter from her and she addressed me as her ‘Suite Clarence.’ The girl evidently doesn’t know how to spell.” “I don’t see that as is any evidence,” replied Fogg. “‘Suite,’ you know, is synonymous with ‘flat.’”

—Boston Transcript.

TASMANIA.

Some Interesting Statistics of the Colony.

Some statistics of accumulation, just issued from the office of the Government statistician, show that the colony has made very substantial progress during the past ten years. The statistics prove that we are making very steady progress in the accumulation of wealth, although we are not advancing quite so rapidly as some of our neighbors. The population is estimated to have increased from 114,762 in 1880 to 130,541 at the end of 1884, since which time there has also been an increase. Taking the last decade, we find that there is a very satisfactory increase in genuine wealth, no matter how we test the figures. For example, in 1875 the deposits in the banks in the colony amounted to £27,588 and in 1884 the amount was £242,222, or an increase of £164,634.

If we take the savings bank, a test of the condition of the working classes, we find an equally satisfactory proof that people have been saving at a rate which, considering the difference in population, is not surpassed in any of the other colonies. In 1875 the number of accounts opened in the savings banks was 11,928, while in 1884 the number had increased to 19,061. The total amount of the deposits has grown from £289,222 in 1875 to £241,508 at the end of last year. Such an increase as this must be taken as evidence of the general progress of the colony, which is also shown by the fact that during the decade the valuation of property has increased from £904,347 to £887,916.

It is also very satisfactory to be able to state that the vital statistics for the past year demonstrate that the health of the people is in good condition. It was, and there are no signs of this climate, famous for its healthfulness, deteriorating in any way.—*Hobart Mercury*.

—Worcester, Mass., claims to possess the champion mean man in the person of a well-to-do resident who borrowed a pat of butter, and in due course returned another pat with a piece sliced off, explaining that in the interim butter had ripened.—*Boston Journal*.

—“Why don’t you challenge him, Colonel?” “Because dueling is agin the law in this State,” replied the Colonel; “but if I ever get a good chance I’ll assassinate him.”—*N. Y. Sun*.

FULL OF FUN.

—Yes, Henry, horse-shoes are generally made out of wrought-iron, but they are sometimes cast for all that.—*The Judge*.

—What is the best food for potato bugs? asked a rural subscriber. Up to the hour of going to press nothing has been found more satisfactory than potatos.—*N. Y. Independent*.

—“This,” remarked William the Goat, as he butted the schoolmaster through a thorn hedge into a ditch feet deep, “is what you might call capital punishment.”—*Chicago Times*.

—“I wish you would renew this note. My father will endorse for me,” said a Texas youth to Messrs. Schamburg. “Ven’ fan got no nor’ sense than to fader for such a son as you was, vot’ security ish dot for me? dot was vot’ dot your vader was a block of the young chip.”—*Texas Siftings*.

—“We recently saw an account of the different devices used by actors to keep smiling on the stage,” writes an editor. One never-falling device is for the actor to catch sight of the manager stepping out the back way with all the box-office receipts. That is what they call a keyhole remedy, we believe.—*Puck*.

—The maddest man of the season is said to be the Lewistown Fisherman, who caught the keel of a neighbouring boat, one day last week, and reeled in and spun out and played with the keel of the boat about two hours before he found out that he was trying to land a Cobassecontee skiff with a twelve-oar oar.—*Lewistown (Mc.) Journal*.

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—A man became bankrupt with liabilities of twenty thousand dollars, and in the settlement of the estate, which yielded seven-eighth part to the creditors, the costs of the administration amounted to less than three dollars. This happened away off in Smoland, Sweden.

—An autograph letter from Washington, addressed to the Earl of Buchan, intimating that the President was sending to him his portrait, was sold by Mr. Robertson, of New York, for \$150. It was included in the collection of the late Mr. F. Naylor, the sale of which realized about \$13,900.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

—The little girl who wanted “coopered teeth like Auntie’s” was interested to learn that a dozen sets of that sort of teeth are lost along the Atlantic seaboard every day. The bath-house keepers from Mount Desert to Virginia Beach say that it is a common thing for persons of both sexes to complain that the breakers knock out their “plates.” No doubt, the sharks fairly doze on such things.—*N. Y. Herald*.

—Next to the fall, one of the greatest attractions at Niagara is the new Maid of the Mist, which makes half-hourly trips up to and almost underneath the falls, and at times, is completely hidden from view by spray. The new Maid is a propeller, strong and staunch, and is handled with great skill. The trip is as novel as it is interesting, and the boat is making a great deal of money for its owner.—*N. Y. Mail*.

—D. E. A. Meredith calls attention to the fact that “the common jails of this country are to-day little in advance of the jails of fifty years ago.” He insists that the purpose is the re-education of the犯人 that the common jails are a school in which education in crime becomes compulsory. Indiscriminate intercourse he deems the great evil of our present jail system, and quotes numerous authorities to show that it is condemned everywhere by public opinion.

—Philadelphia Press.

A LAUGHABLE STORY.

How a Gentleman Learned the Trivial Details of Another's Domestic Concerns.
A laughable story was yesterday told by one who had just returned from the city. While out spending the evening he was introduced to a strange gentleman, and after a few complimentary remarks on both sides the strange gentleman inquired about the welfare of his son. The relator felt surprised that his new acquaintance should know he had a son, but answered rather briefly:

"He graduates at Harvard next spring, I believe," added the new acquaintance.

The gentleman thought he must have been talking to some of the other guests about his son, and they continued the conversation about him and the college.

There was a brief pause, and then the new acquaintance said: "I'm sorry I've not met your wife this evening, so that I could see your family complete."

The gentleman felt that the stranger was probably little anxious to make himself familiar, and he slipped in a casual remark that he had been feeling out of sorts for a few days.

"Yes," said the new acquaintance, "that's the way with me when my wife goes away. Every thing round the house seems to go wrong without her."

By this time the gentleman was continuing the conversation only by saying "yes" and "no."

"Aren't you going to invite me round to see you when she comes home from Florida next week?" asked the new acquaintance. The gentleman looked at him in good humor, but seeing a smile on his face which turned into outright laughter, he saw that something was up, and, laughing himself, said: "Look here, how the mischief did you come to know so much about my affairs?"

"You told me yourself," laughed the other. The master was soon explained. The gentleman had been staying in an Eighth street car the day before talking to a friend. The other, then a stranger, had been on the same car in a seat close to him, and overheard the conversation. When they were introduced a day later the stranger recognized him at once, and could not resist propounding the questions. They took a good laugh together.—Philadelphia North America.

KAISER WILHELM.

How the Aged Emperor Spends His Annual Vacation at Gastein.

A correspondent writing from Gastein, says: This village is near Salzburg, a town in Austria, famous for its old fortress-castles and a quaint cemetery on the mountain-side, in which are buried seven women, wives of a very wicked man who murdered them one after the other, by tickling their feet till they died. The Emperor William comes to Gastein once every year to stay, usually about three weeks. His visit is always looked forward to with much interest, as the benevolence and kindness of the aged monarch are well-established facts.

The Emperor's daily life here is very simple. He walks long enough to make long walks, and the roads to all the heights are exceedingly fatiguing; but he takes his daily constitutional along the Kaiser promenade regularly as far out as the Kotzschka, where there is a little inn with a nice garden overlooking the snowy mountains that divide Bavaria from Austria. He takes his baths always at the Badewhensch, where he lives, and where every day seven gentlemen receive invitations to dinner.

The Emperor is kind and agreeable to everybody, and the Austrian ladies are particularly overjoyed at his friendly ways, as they are not accustomed to such condescensions in their court circles. But his Majesty has very few intimate friends. One of these is the Countess Lehendorff-Stelnart, who lives with her daughters in the Villa Solitude. The Countess and her husband try to invite around them all those elements of society at Gastein that are fit for Imperial presence, and in regard to the kindred, he goes and takes tea at the villa several times every week. The young ladies also get up private tricominials to amuse the Emperor. A little anti-room suite from the parlor by a wide glass door is fitted up as the stage, and the roles are played by officers of the Emperor's suite, and ladies from society hereabouts.—Paris News.

—Over a year ago a sailor belonging to an English vessel at Port Royal, Jamaica, disappeared, and a few days afterward a shark was caught with his tobacco box in its stomach. It was sent to his wife as an inquest-witness witness of his horrible end, and she mourned over it until he dropped in to see her the other day. He had deserted, he explained, and lost his boat overboard in getting to go ashore.—Herald.

JERUSALEM.

The Day Which Is Stamped Upon the Holy City.

Even the Consular reports are tinged with awe when they come speak of Jerusalem. Its glories forever gone, its splendors forever faded, the ancient city of Palestine sits drearily amid its olive-crowned hills, dead to the world and dying to herself. Infinite sorrow broods in her narrow, dirty streets. Poverty hovers at midday among her people. Knavery and thievery, dogs and plunderers, are the accompaniments of the night, and the tropical moon whitens a city which might as well sit amid the plashing waves of the Levant as on the sun-kissed hills of Palestine. Pawnbrokers conduct her trade. Idlers play with the merchantmen they plow to pilfer. Sickness and distress are uppermost, and the deserted old buildings stand in solemn silence like ghosts. The south winds blow reverently over the departed grandeur of Jerusalem, and even the purple grapes beyond the city's gate grow purple with memories of a spiced past.

The American Consul at Jerusalem is evidently a hard, practical, offensive partisan, but even he, now and then, pauses in his report to mingle expressions of sadness with the flow of disgust and denunciation. He endeavors to be cheerful by referring to the oranges of Jerusalem as the largest produced in the world. He struggles to encourage the idea that olives nowhere else grow so green or so inviting, and thus commence in connection with the fruits of Palestine is destined, in the limites hereafter, to be worthy of international consideration. But here his cheerfulness ends. In the next paragraph he burrows deep in the dirt and laziness and criminality of the people who inhabit Jerusalem, paying his respects in a bold, devastating way to the imbeciles of the Turkish postal authorities, who allow mail to be stored about the post-office and are paid accordingly for days at the city's gate whilst the carrier goes on a spree with the mail-drivers. In a pathetic way he tells the story of a Massachusetts mechanic who went to Jerusalem in response to the advertisement of a charlatan, and who, starving and sick, dragged himself to the consulate and begged enough money to bury his dead children and carry his grief-stricken wife and himself back to their New England home.

No mechanics are wanted in the famous old city of Palestine. No sounds of saw or hammer must waken the echoes in the holy places that magnificient temple which was built without them. No business must be conducted in the thoroughfares of Jerusalem. No caravans will develop within its ancient walls, whilst the gaunt disease, incurable idleness, uncleanable filth, many dogs and prostitutes. These are the remnants of glory of which angelic choristers sang, but which has been steadily fading through the ages until the last hope for its renewal was buried in the grave of Sir Moses Montefiore.

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and lost his boat overboard in getting to go ashore.—Herald.

—She Was Dar.

Mrs. Yerger, of Austin, having been absent for several days, returned to her home. She was met at the gate by her colored servant, Matilda Snowball.

"Has anything happened while I was gone?" said Mrs. Yerger.

"De Lor," I should say sumfit hap-

ped. We came mighty nigh habbin' de biggest kind ob a firc," replied Matilda, rolling her eyes around.

—Where?

your bedroom. You order be mighty glad I was dar when de fire started. Ef I hev'n't for me bein' dar de hull house would hab burned down befor now."

"So you put out the fire?"

"Yes, mum, I drapp'd de lamp, and hit cosider de curtain, but as luck would hab it, I was dar. Ef I hadn't been dar when I drapp'd the lamp, whoopee! dar's no tellin' what mount hab happened!"—Texas Siftings.

The belles of Saratoga have a sub-

stitution for kissing, and it consists in rubbing cheeks. The maidens meet. The nose of one is sild back about to the ear of the other, and the conjunctive cheeks, held hard, are slowly rubbed together until they part at the corners of the mouths.—Troy Times.

—I wonder how that man can dance on the tight-ropes with such facility?"

"Oh, easy enough. Like everything else, it has to be 'taut'!—The Rambler.

A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

The Efforts Making by Philologists to Institute a Common Medium for the Exchange of Ideas.

During the summer a congress of philologists was held in Vienna to see what steps should be taken to institute a universal language common to all men. Doubtless this will come about in time, naturally. The present English language is an amalgamation or fusion of some eleven or twelve distinct languages. The same fusion took place in France, Spain, and Germany. All over Europe there is an interest in that, that is, the German and French, for instance, are yearly assimilating English words, while we are incorporating German or French words in our ordinary speech. In all worlds there are many words which are common to English or Dutch. Peter the Great was instrumental in importing these words into the Russian language, as it was easier to do this than invent new English words.

The International Congress of Philologists might perhaps facilitate the work of fusion which is going on, and recommend words from several languages for general acceptance. Attempt to create a universal tongue are being made.

"Good prudence" said he, when he discovered the porcelain egg in her nest, "I shall be a bricklayer next."

If affected with Rose Eyes, Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water, Druggists sell it.

A BROOKLYN lady now calls her pet cat "Sneaker" instead of Helen.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"AS GOOD AS REPRESENTED," is what everybody says of Frazer's Eye Cream.

At what age does a man go bald? That depends altogether on the nature of his wife.—Antucky State Journal.

Drowsiness in the Day-time unless caused by lack of sleep or from over-eating, is a symptom of disease. If caused by general debility, headache, loss of appetite, constipation, torpor, and sallow complexion, you may be sure it is due to the brain.

Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purification" is a safe remedy. They cool and soothe the blood and relieve the digestive organs.

Redness of the eyes must be removed on the hair, for you know, the good generally die young.—Judas.

For Men's Hair.

The Young Hair Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VIBRA HAIR and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES to any address. Day or night you may be afflicted with numerous difficulties, loss of weight and all kind of troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, &c. Complete physical recovery of all diseases. Price 25 cents. Write for illustrated pamphlet, free.

The inventor of a washing machine, if he doesn't or very high when the satisfaction of being won when he drops.

Frazer's Tonic Eye Drop cure, minute. Dr. G. Salmon's Soothing Soaps and beautifiers. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corn & Bunions.

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THE WORLD.

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No matter

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READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Colic, Indigestion, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Bowel Complaints, &c. A few drops in water will prevent attacks of pain.

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