OCEANS OF SWEETS.

WHERE TONS OF CANDIES ARE MADE DAILY FOR DAINTY PALATES.

Visit to a Factory Where Deft Fingers of Pretty Girls Pile Up Hills of Bon Bons and Mountains of Chocolate—Grinding the Cocoa Bean.

With fear and trembling, and a heart surcharged with anxiety lest somebody should see him, a reporter made his way into a candy factory the other day. He took a slim legged dude along with him to swear to an alibi in case of need.

A door opened and shut, and the visitors found themselves in a room which at first sight might have been taken for a machine shop. Ponderous wheels revolved noiselessly, and upon every side great engines stretched and drew back their long steel arms, engaged upon some unknown but titanic task. The odor of chocolate was well nigh overpowering. The reporter stepped forward to an enormous bowl of polished copper and gazed into its depths. A strange sight greeted his eyes. Within the interior of this great copper vessel revolved two large mill stones, while a steel rake like implement, constantly in motion, directed a river of rich brown chocolate so that it flowed steadily under the wheels. It was extraordinary how this mighty torrent twisted in and out—a great writhing boa constrictor struggling to escape.

"That is the grinder," remarked the superintendent. "That stuff in there is simply the crushed cocoa bean and sugar. It looks semi-liquid, of course, but that is because of the essential oil of the bean."

Near the grinder stood a machine something like a great coffee mill. The cocoa beans in their entirety were turned into a hopper at the top and issued in the form of a liquid into a large vat beneath.

Chocolate making is rather a complicated process. The beans are first placed in a separator, which dries and assorts them. Next they are roasted. Machine No. 3 cracks them, cleans them, throws out the shells and the germ, and preserves the kernel. After this the kernels are ground with sugar; the half made chocolate in heated in an oven, then passed through three finishing machines, and finally comes into the hands of pretty young girls, who wrap it in silver foil and box it.

In a small room well lighted and ventilated and scrupulously clean—as, indeed, was the entire factory—five men were at work. They looked like a band of Brazilian planters who had been lifted up bodily and set down in the middle of a Canadian snow storm. They were clothed from head to foot in spotless cotton—cotton coats, cotton aprons, cotton trousers, cotton blouses and cotton caps. A white powder drifting through the apartment had settled on their mustaches and faces, to say nothing of their clothing. This powder was corn starch. Over a huge copper caldron, heated beneath by a coil of sinuous steam pipes leaned one of these queer white figures. In his hand he held a gigantic spoon, and every now and then he stirred the contents of the great vessel vigorously.

The reporter peered over the brink and saw a mass of snow white substance about the consistency of buttermilk.

"Try some!" queried the superintendent, as he thrusts a ladle into the vat.

It was marshmallow, but such marshmallow! It took two ladlefuls to quiet the dude, and even then he looked longingly at the copper as the party turned away.

Through a narrow passageway past a curious machine which husked almonds and blanched them at the rate of 10,000 a minute, and through a swinging door into fairyland. At four long tables sat forty girls, and every one of the forty was young and pretty, and every one of them wore a natty little apron and a bewitching little white mull cap. It fairly took the dude's breath away. Each girl was armed with a plated spoon with a long handle, and in front of each stood a tiny gas stove surmounted by a tiny copper kettle. The kettles shone brightly and so did the faces of the girls as they glanced up from their work. Each little can was about half full of colored paste. One girl had green paste, colored with pistachio nuts; the next, paste of a violet hue; and besides, there were crushed strawberry paste, seal brown paste, sky blue paste, yellow paste, and paste of every other imaginable shade. The walls of this grotto of the sirens were literally composed of candy. Tier after tier of shelves were there, heaped as high as one could reach with tin slabs containing rows of particolored bonbons.

Another room, more pretty girls, more bonbons. Again another room containing three enormous vats, copper, as usual. Into each vat protruded an air pipe like the one seen in the marshmallow room. These cauldrons, however, were supported on an incline of forty-five degrees, and so arranged that they revolved at great speed. Within each, hopping about literally like peas on a griddle, were 125 pounds of sugared almonds. Think of it!

Next the cream room. Here stood huge vessels filled with paste of all flavors—raspberry, strawberry, chocolate, vanilla, pistachio, goodness knows what else. These pastes serve for the various sorts of fine confectionary. There were also buckets of "crystal," a compound of sugar used for glazing. In this room men were shoveling "cream," i.e., sugar, water and flavoring, with wooden trowels as recklessly as if it wasn't good to eat and as if young men were not alive to pay $1 a pound for it.

Another large room, and this time fifty girls, positively prettier, if that were possible, than the first two galaxies. Each girl was armed with a queer little two-pronged fork, and before each was a kettle of chocolate [illegible] plate full of creams of various [illegible] girls took the creams up on [illegible] soused them in the chocolate [illegible] them about in it, fished them out again, and placed them on long tin slabs to dry. There were many more interesting sights in the candy factory. In the packing department more girls, pretty of course, wrapped the bonbons in paper and the chocolates in foil, and stowed them away in neat boxes. Then there was a storekeeper's room, which smelled like a grocer's shop with all the red herrings and soap and other ill smelling things relegated to the front sidewalk. In capacious cellars beneath the building were stored away in bins 12,000 bottles of fruit extracts, and these only represented the supply for one year. Then, too, there were the engine room and the carpenter's shop, and the chocolate storing rooms, and large marble slabs for cooling taffy, and 101 useful and interesting appliances.—New York Star.

PAINTING TREASURY NOTES.

Why the United States Treasury Officials Object—A Late Decision.

The pastime of painting United States treasury notes has lately received a setback. A pointed hint has gone out from the treasury department that if persons of artistic taste want to test their skill in this line they must not exhibit their work in public. This is the meaning of a decision by Solicitor McCue, the full effect of which was not made plain in the brief abstract given out. The decision was based on a New York case, where a fac-simile of a $5 note painted on wood was exhibited in a well known saloon. A secret service agent suggested that the painting was too suggestive of counterfeiting to be kept open to the public gaze and should be removed. Chief Brooks took substantially the same view.

The owner of the picture and the artist who painted it made affidavits that no violation of the law was intended. The solicitor of the treasury accepted this as a statement of the facts, but declared he could not sanction any encroachment upon the statute made for the protection of United States securities. Sec. 5,430, among other things, provides that "every person who prints, photographs, or in any other manner makes or executes or causes to be printed, photographed, made or executed, or aids in printing, photographing, making or executing any engraving, photograph, print or impression in the likeness of any such obligation or security, or any part thereof, shall be punished." While under the circumstances the solicitor would not advise prosecution, he suggested quite plainly that the exercise [illegible]ent so capable of mischief should not be [illegible]aged. The artist and the owner [illegible]e panel painting of the greenback $500, but Chief Brooks estimated it $10 or $15. Some time ago a [illegible]similar painting by a Washington is put up as public auction, but [illegible]t the suggestion of the secret [illegible]. The late decision of the solicitor of the treasury is made for the benefit of people who think there is no harm in making public exhibitions of these artistic representations of the currency. Some very good counterfeit notes have been painted and passed for money by professionals.

This is the reason why the secret service thinks it necessary to check the efforts of amateurs, since their work might be too suggestive to those who have a talent in that direction and might by such an example be led into the unlawful exercise of their skill.—Chicago Tribune.

"Bucket Shop" Speculation.

The grain and stock "bucket shop" business is rapidly increasing in Chicago, and there are ten of these blackboard concerns in the city to-day to one three years ago. Every prominent hotel, almost, rents a first floor room for this purpose, and the vicinity of the Board of Trade is alive with them. "Just now," said an imported New York operator to me, "the speculators are testing a new scheme to get ahead of the proprietors of the bucket shops, which isn't so new, either, for it is one that these proprietors have long been playing on their patrons. It consists in 'straddling' the market when it gets excited—that is, both buying and selling a stock over night, and by losing one deal gaining enough on the other to more than make up.

"If the particular stock dealt in fluctuates wildly, success generally follows this scheme, but the way that one eastern proprietor, whom I know intimately, gets even with this and all other games played by his customers and grows rich out of them, is by himself creating wild fluctuations so suddenly as to wipe out the margins put up on one side of these deals, and through some freeze out clause in his rules preventing immediate closing of deals between rapid quotations the other side is left stranded, with no appreciable profit in it. Why," added my informer, "my friend is away stepping into the main market and arranging quotations by spending $100 or $200 in such a way as to knock into his hands thrice that amount of margin which he can see at a glance are backing some particular stock."—Chicago Journal.

Embarrassing Divination by Palmistry.

The present rage for palmistry recalls an incident which occurred half a dozen years since at Bar Harbor. There were staying at one of the hotels a pretty young widow from Baltimore who was versed in the secrets of chiromancy, and a young Kentuckian who was par excellence the lion of the season. The widow, for some reason or other, had taken a whimsical dislike to the popular southerner and hardly acknowledged an acquaintance with him; yet he one day ventured to ask her to read his hand, as she had already deciphered the palms of half the people in the house. The lady at first demurred, but at length thinking, as she afterward explained, that it was simpler to do as she was asked than to contest the point, she requested the gentleman to show her his hand. He did so, and with an involuntary start of surprise, and a frankness which was evidently genuine, she exclaimed,

"Why, it is the hand of a thief!"

As the interview took place upon the piazza in the presence of a group of boarders, the situation of the young man was a sufficiently awkward one, but he did not flinch. As the lady checked herself in evident confusion, he responded with the most perfect tact and self control:

"Ah! Thank you. That suggests to me a means of making my way in the world that had never occurred to me; and since the war we southerners have to be on the lookout for opportunities."

His ready wit saved the situation, and he was more popular than ever; but the interest of the tale is that two or three days after he was discovered stealing the diamonds of a wealthy dowager, and although the matter was hushed up as much as possible for the sake of the hotel and the people who had introduced the Kentuckian, it somehow leaked out that the rogue was an old offender and a thief long known to the police of New York and Philadelphia.—Boston Record.

Lincoln as a "Military Hero."

He never took his campaigning seriously. The politicians' habit of glorifying the petty incidents of a candidate's life always seemed absurd to him, and in his speech, made in 1848, ridiculing the effort on the part of Gen. Cass' friends to draw some political advantage from that gentleman's respectful but obscure services on the frontier in the war with Great Britain, he estopped any future eulogist from painting his own military achievements in too lively colors. "Do you know, Mr. Speaker," he said, "I am a military hero? In the days of the Black Hawk war I fought, bled and came away. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near it as Gen. Cass was to Hull's surrender, and like him, I saw the place very soon afterward. It is quite certain I did not break my sword, for I had none to break, but I bent my musket pretty badly on one occasion. If Gen. Cass went in advance of me picking whortleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges on the wild onions. If he saw any live fighting Indians it was more than I did, but I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitoes; and although I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry. Mr. Speaker, if ever I should conclude to doff whatever our Democratic friends may suppose there is of black cockade Federalism about me, and thereupon they shall take me up as their candidate for the presidency, I protest that they shall not make fun of me, as they have of Gen. Cass, by attempting to write me into a military hero."—Nicolay and Hay in The Century.

In a Paris Cemetery.

As I came away the crowd was increasing. At the gates was a bustling horde of flower venders, makers of funeral wreaths, howling cabmen, men who were trying to sell plans of the cemetery, with biographical sketches of the prominent people buried there. Seated on the ground was a little fellow in tears. He was manifestly no beggar and no trader. Several paused to inquire what the matter might be. He explained that his father had struck him and taken from him the pennies he had been saving to buy a bouquet to lay on his mother's grave. The father had gone to a wine shop with a couple of companions. The boy sobbed:

"She died a year ago, and she had explained to me how I was to bring violets to her grave on the year from her death."

Instinctively every man's hand sought his pocket; there was a voluntary tax levy, and a bouquet was purchased and given to the little fellow. He dried his tears, ran quickly to a poor, bare grave, but just as he was about to lay his flowers down he hesitated. "Tell me, please," he said to a woman who stood near, "do you think I shall be telling a lie? I am going to give a bouquet to mamma. I am going to tell her that I have bought it with my savings. There is no need that she should know that papa has taken them from me, you understand; it would make me feel so sorry," and thereupon, realizing that this was genuine, we all began to cry like women."—Paris Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Princes Who Come Cheap.

"Prince" Nicholas of Mingrelia [illegible] some consideration as the man who wooed the daughter of Count Adlerberg. But the Adlerbergs are a very "new" family, and the lady in question had few claims on admiration. Indeed, she had for years been a sort of "Katisha," from whom the objects of her fancy fled in consternation, and it was considered a "happy dispatch" when the young savage from the Caucasus agreed, in consideration of a round sum of ready cash, to make her his wife and not seek to be divorced form her for a year. The bargain was consummated, but the year had not long been elapsed when the couple separated forever. Now he has squandered all the marriage portion—more properly, bribe—and all the $750,000 for which he sold his alleged princeship, and is now heels over head in debt, so that he would naturally like to get a job in reigning over a country which he could squeeze for his own gain. "Princes" in Mingrelia, by the way, come very cheap. There are whole tribes composed of nothing but "princes" and "princess." A goodly proportion of them get a living by highway robbery, though some are sufficiently regal in taste to seek clerkships in mercantile offices.—Chicago Herald.

"Hol on dar," said a colored man hailing his acquaintance. "Does yer cross de street every time yer sees me to keep from payin' dat bill!" "No, I doesn't." "What den!" "Yer keep from bein' axed fur it."

THE WHITE HOUSE

AS IT APPEARS TO THE NAKED EYE OF THE PUBLIC.

The Asphalt Drive and the Sandstone Foot Walk—The Entrance and Vestibule—Furniture and Decorations—On the Second Floor—Cabinet Room.

The White House is truly beautiful, and it should be, for it has cost since the beginning nearly $2,000,000. Amid all its magnificence, however, there are many bits of the commonplace, and in that part of it which is daily viewed by the public eye, it is in places actually shabby. In this letter I want to describe the business part of the White House as it strikes the average caller. It is a great white building of two stories and a basement with a porte cochere in its front and an iron railing tipped with brass gilding at the side. It has a big lawn in front of it and there is a fountain spouting up a spray in the center of this. The front door is reached by a crescent of asphalt drives, in the top of which lies this porte cochere. This asphalt is cracked in places and it gives back all the rays of the sun during the heated summer months. Along its side runs a foot walk as wide as an ordinary pavement, and the material of this is plain sandstone in blocks about two feet square.

The landing under the porte cochere is of the same ordinary sandstone, and as you go up to it you can look over the iron railing and see the president's servant ironing his shirts and other unmentionable family garments in the laundry of the basement. Raising your eyes, you note that Holland shades of a cream color cover the windows of the east room, and walking up the sandstone steps you reach the front door, and here note that its step is also of sandstone, a part of which is painted brown. In front of this door lies a big straw colored mat of cocoa, laid there for you to wipe your feet upon before entering.

The front doors of the White House are of walnut. They are double doors, and into each is set an oval piece of plate glass with panels of mosaic glass about it. Through this oval glass the doorkeepers can see who wish to enter, and if they are objectionable, can refuse to open the door. In one of them on the inside a card hangs. This card is made of tin, and upon it in black letters are painted the words:

"Open 10 a. m., closed 2 p. m."

It was after 2 o'clock when I called and the house was closed to visitors. The doorbell of the White House is at the right of the entrance. It is of bronze and rather pretty. The door knob was especially designed for this door. It is as big around as a base ball, and has an American eagle cut into its brass face.

Entering the White House through these big front doors you first stand in a great vestibule or hall. This is a conglomeration of the grand and the cheap. The floor is of tiled mosaic, and probably cost several dollars a square foot. The wall before you was made by Tiffany. It shuts you off from the grand corridor where the guests promenade at the state receptions, and in which the portraits of all the presidents hang. It is a splendid piece of glass mosaic which shines like so many jewels in the evening. The chandelier in the center of this vestibule is a beauty and the walls and the ceilings are frescoed. Thus far the room is beautiful. But look around you. Two cheap rough cocoa door mats lie upon the mosaic floor. The woodwork of the vestibule has been grained to represent black walnut, and varnished, and this varnish is cracked like an old picture. Beside the door entering the hall, which leads to the second story, there is a walnut umbrella stand which would be dear at $5, and in the hall beyond at the foot of the stairs, lies a Smyrna rug which long ago saw its best days.

This hall, and indeed the stairs which lead to the president's offices as well, are carpeted with an old piece of brussels, which was good once, but which would not now bring fifty cents at auction. Against the wall sit a couple of $3 wicker chairs, and over the desk at the foot of the stairs hangs a calendar bearing at its top the advertisement of a railroad. This carpet has been patched to fit. It has been sewed and resewed, and at the edges of the breadths the nap is well worn away. A strip of the same carpet, with a six-inch border sewed to each side of it, covers the stairs and this stair carpet is fastened by silver headed nails at each step.

ON THE NEXT FLOOR.

Ascend the stairs. Each step is worn threadbare by the tread of thousands of office seekers, and at the top of the landing a white path of the well-worn brussels marks the road to the president's reception room. Stop here a moment and look before you. There is a window looking out upon Lafayette park. This is ornamented with a lambrequin of green silk which was fine once, but which is now faded, stained threadbare, and shabby. It looks as though it might have been bought at the auction of a second class boarding house. A Holland shade within it hides its shabbiness from the street.

Now walk along the path of the office seeker. Go through those wide doors of walnut which are fastened back at the bottom by five cent iron hooks and you stand in the presence of Col. Loeffler, the man who receives the cards of visitors and takes them in to the president. There are no seats here to speak of. Loeffler sits on a walnut swivel chair before a flat walnut desk, and the only furniture about him consists of two high-backed chairs, painted red, which look as though they were intended for a lawn or front porch.

Col. Lamont has a very fair room, and it is moderately furnished. There is a bookcase at one side, and at different parts of the room two revolving bookcases made of walnut which probably cost $16 apiece. There are china spittoons in this room and the furniture is upholstered in red leather. Lamont has a chair of state big enough for the fattest king that ever sat upon a throne. His desk is a big flat walnut one, and it is usually covered with papers, and the colonel is a very hard worked man.

The cabinet room and that of the president are, of course, better furnished than those I have so far described. President Cleveland works behind a desk which was a present from Queen Victoria, and around him hang beautiful pictures, and at his right hand blazes a bright fire. At his back are windows giving magnificent views of the Potomac and the Virginia hills, and in the shelves of the bookcases around the walls is the White House library.—Frank G. Carpenter in Cleveland Leader.

THE THAENS OF PERICLES.

Newsboys and Bootblacks in the Shadow of the Parthenon.

A tumultuous noise of bugles, braying donkeys, and barking dogs awoke me on the morning after my arrival from Corinth. The troops were already exercising on every vacant space in the city. As for the donkeys, no doubt they meant to applaud. This incessant braying of donkeys is a curious characteristic of modern Athens. If augury were not out of fashion, surely some thing might be deduced from this unintermittent, excruciating discord.

Without seeking guidance at the hotel, I plunged into the warm daylight of the streets, lesigning to find the Acropolis, or lose myself educationally, if that were possible. For a moment the glare of the white buildings and white pavements in this Stadion street was blinding. The sky was of the deepest blue; there was nothing more opaque than a few shreds of diaphanous cloud to temper the heat of the sun. There were tram cars in the street and hackney coaches and produce carts drawn by mules or asses. Both pavements were thronged with pedestrians, military and civilian, merchants, Albanians, countrymen, and foreigners. Newsboys rustled their sheets under the noses of the passersby: "Ultimatum from the powers! More British ships in Piræus!" eliciting shrugs of the shoulders from those who were content to hear the news philosophically, without paying for it, and coppers from others. At the corners sat elderly women, lean and yellow, with little tables of confectionery, pens, ink and paper; and a Greek boy, hurrying to school, would now and again pay his half penny and snatch a cube of "Turkish delight" from the crones. The cafes were opening, and the bakers sending their carts full of rolls here, there and everywhere. Hydrostatic vans did what they could to lay the rising Attic dust. A troop of ugly Nubian women, with muscular frames, stood in a recess chattering, with much glitter of white teeth; they had greens to sell, fresh picked from the banks of the Ilissus—all the necessaries for the salad so much beloved of a true Greek; and at intervals a smart youngster darted at the feet of the respectable wayfarer, and besought him to be allowed to clean his boots for five lepta, or less than a half penny.—Cor. Cornhill Magazine.

And He Went Away Sorrowful.

A curious story comes from the "city." Not many days since a man appeared at the Bank of England, perspiring under the weight of a heavy bag, which he threw upon the counter and asked to have changed for gold. The bag contained exactly £100 worth of fourpenny bits of the year 1838—all of the 6,000 as bright and unworn as when freshly issued from the mint. The owner explained that the coins were a legacy from his grandmother, who had just died, and who, having a passion for fourpenny pieces, had procured the bagful at the bank half a century ago and hoarded them carefully until the day of her death. The legatee took his £100 in gold and departed. Next morning he reappeared in a very excited state of mind, and asked for the fourpenny bits back; "for," said he, "I am told that the jewelers will give a shilling apiece for them." He was politely informed that his coins had been "distributed," and that it was impossible to return them now. Thereupon he went away sorrowful. And now everybody who has a friend in the bank is gleefully exhibiting brand new fourpenny bits, which he intends to have made up into breastpins and other trifles of personal adornment.—London Letter.

Jockey Archer's Judgment.

Mr. Easton once said to Archer: "Don't you come around Tattenham Corner sometimes with your heart in your mouth?"

"Oh, no," replied Archer; "there is a good deal of nonsense talked about that corner. I'll tell you where the great danger in racing comes. It is getting into a rush of horses and going down."

Archer then related some of his experience. He said that horses rarely dropped suddenly on the course, although it often looked to the public that they did so. When a horse going at a high rate of speed was about to fall he could feel it at once. The horse would usually begin to lean over a little, and go, perhaps, forty or fifty feet before he fell. A jockey with an experienced seat and eye could always tell when this was going to happen. For himself, he would take the horse by the head and pull him out of the ruck at once, if possible. The horse would then land on his side and Archer would get off safely. That was the reason he had met with so few accidents. In the last 1,200 or so of the nearly 3,000 races he had ridden in, this precautionary lookout had saved him from receiving a scratch even.—New York Sun.

Gen. Kilpatrick and the Sergeant.

Kilpatrick, when a lieutenant colonel of cavalry, met with a deserved rebuke for his profanity. Custer was with him when he rode up to a sergeant of the guard in his regiment, and swearing at him furiously ordered him to attend to a certain matter that had been neglected. The man folded his arms and stood at bay, looking Kilpatrick squarely in the eye. "Do you hear me, ——— you?" said the latter; "why don't you do as I tell you?" "When I receive a proper order I shall obey," said the soldier firmly; "the articles of war forbid you to address me in the language you have used." Custer "snickered right out in meeting," and said in a stage whisper: "By ——, he's got you, Kil." Col. Kilpatrick saw the point at once and in a very manly way changed his front and apologized. "Sergeant," said he, "you are right, and I apologize; I should not have addressed you as I did." Then he gave his orders, the man touched his cap respectfully, and turned away to fulfill the command, and Kilpatrick rose many degrees in the estimation of his soldiers.—Philadelphia Record.

Missionaries in Africa.

"At table," said Mr. Stanley, "the negroes have adopted spoons and knives. I introduced some cheap Birmingham knives made with one rivet. They wouldn't have them. They said the iron wasn't good enough. Now they use knives made with three rivets. I introduced one dollar knives, and I have sold at least 1,000 in one day." Mr. Stanley said that the missionaries in Africa were doing a great deal of good. The trouble with them began when they tried to do two things at once, explore and teach. A missionary who attempted to explore and get himself into trouble with the natives could never teach. "A city founded on violence cannot stand," was the Biblical quotation Mr. Stanley made in support of what he said. Mr. Stanley is known in Africa as Bula Matari, the rock breaker. The natives have heard of Stanley, but they believe he is a being of another kind. Stanley is considered a generous but dangerous fellow, while Bula Matari is looked upon as an immense power.—New York Times.

Market for American Prints.

The artistic value of etchings seems to have hit the American public as hard as it once did the European. A prominent print seller avers that the sale of European etchings is nearly dead. American prints are now at the top of the market. This is the case, he says, on account of the copyright law. In the absence of an international copyright the most costly foreign prints are copied here and the market flooded with them at half a dollar or $1 apiece, while the originals cost from $20 to $150. People object to paying high prices for a picture any one can buy a copy of for next to nothing, and so purchase the copyrighted native work by preference.

The publishers of books report much the same experience. Where, as at present, a dozen cheap editions of a foreign work can be given out, there is no money in any of them for the publisher. Annual books are consequently in demand.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

Wearing Out Stockings.

"Speaking of stockings," said an Albany dry goods merchant the other day, "I think Albany is the greatest stocking market, considering its size, that there is in the United States. It is a fact that walking up and down hill wears out the heels of the stockings quicker than anything else. I have known ladies to buy no less than two dozen pairs of stockings during a single year from my store, and as for their children, they seem to wear out a pair every week. Walking up and down hill, as any one will notice grinds holes in the heel of a stocking and thrusts the toes through the front. Somebody has invented a heel protector made of kid, so that the heel of the stocking will not wear through. A toe protector is now needed also."—Chicago Times.

Time for a Change.

"And you say you were not discharged from your last place!" said Mrs. Crimsonbeak, questioning a candidate for the office of cook.

"No, mum. I left, mum."

"How long were you in your last place?"

"Five years, mum."

"And why did you leave?"

"I was gettin' too fat, mum."

"Well?"

"Oh, sure, I couldn't wear the missus' dresses any more and I had to stay home from the balls. I thought, mum, it was time to make a change."—Yonkers Statesman.

Atlanta's Handsome Houses.

Atlanta is fast becoming a city of handsome houses. More elegant residences were erected in the city during the past year than at any time since the war, and large sums of money are spent in fitting them up. The interior of one house is now being decorated at a cost of $15,000, and another has just been finished that cost $16,000. An order for the decoration of one, for a single parlor, just given, foots up $3,500. There are many houses, the interiors of which have been decorated at a cost of more than $10,000. At least three private residences in the city cost over $80,000.—Chicago Times.

At the funeral of a wealthy New Yorker a reporter was elbowing his way with as little commotion as possible, among the well dressed mourners who packed the wide halls and spacious drawing rooms. Accosting a fine looking man, faultlessly dressed, who was standing near the door, the reporter inquired for the name to add to his well filled list. He was accosted [illegible] the gentleman replied: "I guess [illegible] want my name, young feller; I'm a common 'cop,' watching the [illegible] a-brass."—Boston Budget.

THIS IS ALL.

Just a saunter in the twilight,
Just a whisper in the hall,
Just a sail on sea or river,
Just a dance at rout or ball,
Just a glance that heart enthrall—
This is all—and this is all.

Just a few harsh words of doubting,
Just a silence proud and cold,
Just a spiteful breath of slander,
Just a wrong that is not told,
Just a word beyond recall—
This is all—and this is all.

Just a life robbed of its brightness,
Just a heart by sorrow filled,
Just a faith that trusts no longer,
Just a love by doubting chilled,
Just a few hot tears that fall—
This is all—ah! this is all.

—Rosie Churchill.

THE RIGHT ROAD.

"I have lost the road to happiness—
Does any one know it, pray?
I was dwelling there when the morn was fair,
But somehow I wandered away.

I saw rare treasures in scenes of pleasures,
And ran to pursue them, when lo!
I had lost the path to happiness
And knew not whither to go.

I have lost the way to happiness—
Oh, who will lead me back?"
Turn off from the highway of selfishness
To the right—up duty's track!

Keep straight along and you can't go wrong,
For as sure as you live, I say,
The fair, lost field of happiness
Can only be found that way.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A GREEK MAIDEN.

A vision and dream of life and bliss;
Sweet carved lips for a conqueror's kiss,
Lips with the red pomegranate heart,
That somewhat pouted a little apart;
Hair as a fleck
Of Hyblean honey across the white
Of brow and bosom; eyes at night,
Yea, dark moist eyes with a core of fire,
A wondrous glint from the soul's desire,
With a sting in their ray,
Beauty that roused and dazed with its sheen,
For never a fairer woman I ween,
In tent of pleasant, on dais of queen,
Was harbored or housed; or man had seen,
By night or by day.

—J. J. Britton in London Spectator.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Even the Sound Is of Consequence—Some Names Fatal to Success.

Life with a good number is a struggle at the best, and the success that attends us is influenced more than people sometimes think by the name we bear. Even the sound of a name is of consequence. "Harsh names," says Isaac Disraeli, "will have, in spite of all our philosophy, a painful and ludicrous effect on our ear and our association. It is vexatious that the softness of delicious vowel or the ruggedness of inexorable consonant should at all be connected with a man's happiness or even have an influence on his fortune."

Some names, indeed, are almost fatal to success; they simply suggest jokes and encourage familiarity. A man has no hesitation in proving "by thumps upon your back how he esteems your merit" if you are called Twigger, or Thpp, or Trundle, or Littleboy, but he would hardly venture on it were you a more aristocratic Montgomery, or a Gascoigne. For a man to inherit an absurd or insignificant name is to have a stone tied round his neck in childhood to keep all his life in the depths of obscurity. It would be difficult to find a famous character in literature, art or anything else with a surname at least approaching in character to say, Toothaches, or Bang, or Baby. Who could fancy a Squib or a Gabble visited at any time by the inspirations of genius? John Wilkes expressed this idea once in conversation with Dr. Johnson. They were speaking of Elkenah Settle, the last of the city poets. "There is something in names," said Wilkes, "which one cannot help feeling. Now Elkenah Settle sounds queer; who can expect much from that name? We should have no hesitation to give it for John Dryden in preference to Elkenah Settle from the names only, without knowing their different merits."

Considerations such as these, not to speak of testamentary injunctions and conditions attached to deeds of entail, have induced people from time to time to change their names. The world being as it is, and man's instinct leading him to fasten on and worry the ridiculous, it is often a sensible proceeding. Cuthbert is made to take the place of Cuddy; McAlpine of Halfpenny; Belcome of Bullock; De Winton of Wilkins, and Ephraim Bug is transformed into the aristocratic Howard.—Leisure Hour.

Failure of the Merv Railway.

The great railroad that was to form the main line of the Russian invasion of India is reported to be a gigantic failure, both in a military and financial point of view. This railroad that is to connect the Caspian with the Merv and thence proceeding through Bokhara to the confines of Aghanistan has thus far been constructed under military supervision, and it is said enormous sums have been ingulfed in the granting of fraudulent contracts both for material and construction. These facts are studiously ignored by the Russian press, but according to a letter written by Gen. Tchernieff to The Novoe Vreyma the new road of communication between Russia and her distant Asiatic possessions is a total failure. The railroad, it now appears, is built over a desert of shifting sand, the desert having in fact a movable and moving surface with which no engineering can contend. On the first section of the road the sand has been consolidated by watering it with a solution of clay, but this is impossible near Merv, where there is neither clay nor water to be found.

The only way of preserving the line would be to cover it with sheds like the snow sheds on the American Pacific railway, but this is impossible in a country where there is neither wood, stone, lime nor water. As a military line to assist in a Russian attack on India it would be useless, or it would take three years to convey over it a complete force of 200,000 men with their impedimenta, and as it runs along the frontier of Persia it would have to be guarded by so many men that the line itself would be well occupied in supplying water to the invading forces. The British are also finding almost insurmountable difficulties in endeavoring to connect Cabul with the Indian system of railroads, the projected line in many places being cut in the sheer incline of the precipices forming the passes, while the roadbeds in the valleys are liable to resistless inundations in the spring months. Taken altogether, the attack and defense of British India on the land side form the most costly military problems of the century.—San Francisco Chronicle.

One of the Cruel Events.

Thomas W. Knox, of the New York Herald, did not accompany the movements against Forts Henry and Donelson. He accompanied Gen. Curtis in his chase after Price from Springfield, Mo., into Arkansas, where in due season, after much marching, skirmishing, countermarching, maneuvering, advancing and retreating, there occurred the bloody, long contested and decisive battle of Pea Ridge. There were but two correspondents with the Federal army—Knox and Fayal, of The St. Louis Democrat. These two followed the Federal columns for several weeks; they underwent extraordinary hardships, they witnessed the final battle and then started for St. Louis, writing their letters as they traveled. They had to travel on horseback for a distance of nearly or quite 200 miles before reaching the railway at Rolla. The two correspondents, knowing that they were the only newspaper representatives in the field, were reasonably happy. Being from widely separated towns, there was no rivalry between them, and they strengthened each other's letters by a free interchange of facts, so that their accounts were probably as near perfect as a product of the kind could be.

Filled with satisfaction at the certainty of having the only accounts and of being the first to give the record of the march and battles to the public, they reached St. Louis, and found a New York Tribune that had arrived the same morning and which contained a full page account of the battle of Pea Ridge! Fancy the situation of these two men who had traveled hundreds of miles, had suffered all possible hardships, had witnessed the battle, and who knew that no other correspondent had been on the ground! It was the most cruel event of the war, so far as it related to the experiences of the correspondents.—"Polinto" in Chicago Times.

Complexions of Cincinnati Women.

Cincinnati women have perfect complexions. In accounting for the unusual fairness a clubman there said: "It may be that our proximity to Kentucky has something to do with the matter. You see, Covington is only across the river, and we are able to import handsome women without any trouble. But Ohio is not indebted to Kentucky alone for the beauty of her women. She is the oldest of what were once termed 'the new western states.' Some of the best and blnest of New England blood came here in early days. This has been improved from year to year until you see the result before you."

It is certainly wonderful how Cincinnati women can keep or preserve such clear and brilliant complexions in such a city. The rolling mills and factories so fill the air with black smoke that even the sun is obscured. The soot from the soft coal smoke finds its way into the houses through every open window and door. The waiter at your hotel covers up the mouth of your bottle in order to keep out this all pervading soot. Ladies when out upon the street, or even at home, are obliged to exercise great care to avoid touching their faces with their hands or handkerchiefs. The presence of a big black smooth on a woman's face is the commonest kind of sight, but is not conducive to personal beauty.—New York World.

A Clean Newspaper.

Occasionally, when we discover a journal that has too much self respect to cater to the vicious tastes of readers, we are almost sure to find another proof of the axiom that "the good die young." That a paper can be too clean I have no doubt now, though there was a time when I thought differently. In the innocence of youth I once edited a paper, the columns of which were never besmirched by an item that would displease the most prudish and fastidious taste. Even now, with more years of experience, I will not admit that it was a dry paper, for I know that it was extensively read, widely quoted and often praised. It had a good circulation among the best people, but to our requests for advertisements the local merchants said: "Your paper is too decent; it circulates only among the most intelligent people and they are not the ones we are fishing for. Don't be so high toned—make your paper to suit the masses, the riff-raff—everybody—and you'll make money."

I heeded not the merchant's advice, and that paper is now in heaven.—William Reginald Ream in The Journalist.

Effects of Mexican Pulque.

"What is it like?" said ex-Minister Nelson. "Why I cannot describe it to you better than to say that if you would boil a lot of rusty iron in milk and then add a little varnish you would have a faint imitation of it in taste; its color cannot be imitated. I could no more drink a glass of it than I could swallow a torchlight procession. Pulque is the exudation of the maguey plant. At the average age, ten years, the plant flowers and a tall stock grows up from the center. The peons can tell to a certainty when to cut into the bulb, or bowl rather, in the center of plant, leaving it opened in the shape of a basin a foot and a half deep and a foot in diameter. The exudation will fill this bowl three or four times a day. It takes about fifteen days for fermentation. The liquor possesses about the same amount of alcoholic spirits as lager beer. No one can drink strong liquors in the City of Mexico in sufficient quantity to get drunk. One can easily become crazed by whisky drinking. I remember when I went there I took a glass of brandy and water with Gen. Rosecrans, my predecessor, and the effect was to give me a severe local inflammation. There is no relief from the fever caused by the burning intoxicant. No one was ever known too experience a free perspiration in that city."—Chicago Tribune Interview.

A Liberal Corporation.

The great brewery of the Guinnesses has always been managed with marked liberality toward the employes, and now that it has been turned into a stock corporation, Sir Edward Cecil Guinness has celebrated the change by giving every worker a bonus of three months' salary. This bit of generosity cost him about $250,000.—Chicago Times.

A Sign of Convalescence.

A sign of convalescence from Anglomania appears in New York, where a "habit maker" announces that he is prepared to furnish "English clothes with an American tone."

Try walking with your hands behind you if you are becoming bent forward.

Rumor has it that small bonnets are to be even smaller.

Purify Your Blood.

If your tongue is coated,
If your skin is yellow and dry,
If you have boils,
If you have fever,
If you are thin or nervous,
If you are bilious,
If you are constipated,
If your bones ache,
If your head aches,
If you have no appetite,
If you have no ambition, one bottle of Beggs' Blood Purifier and Blood Maker will relieve any and all of the above complaints. Sold and warranted by Dr. A. Heintz.

Senator Sherman denies that his visit to Florida possessed any political significance.

Keeping the bowels open and regular is one of the greatest secrets of human health. People are seldom sick when their bowels are regular. They are seldom well when they are irregular. When a physic is necessary, St. Patrick's Pills will be found to be all that can be desired. They regulate the bowels and liver and cleanse the entire system. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

The Massachusetts house voted against woman suffrage.

A Great Surprise

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that each druggist is authorized to refund your money by the Proprietor of this wonderful remedy if it fails to cure you. Dr. A. Heintz has secured the Agency for it. Price 50c and $1. *Trial size free.*

An American hospital will be built at Teheran under the Presbyterian board of missions.

Do You Know

that Beggs' Cherry Cough Syrup will relieve that cough almost instantly and make expiration easy? Acts simultaneously on the bowels, kidney and liver, thereby relieving the lungs of the soreness and pain and also stopping that tickling sensation in the throat by removing the cause. One trial of it will convince any one that it has no equal on earth for coughs and colds. Dr. A. Heintz has secured the sale of it and will guarantee every bottle to give satisfaction. 3feb23

Who is dumb? He who does not know how to say kind things at the right time.

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., wholesale and retail druggists of Rome, Ga., says: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica salve for two years. Have never handled rem