A REMARKABLE CAREER.

HOW A SLAVE ACQUIRED HIS FREEDOM AND HIS WEALTH.

A Georgia Negro Bought Himself, Became Wealthy and Then Failed—He Was a Useful Citizen and Had the Friendship of All—A Tale of Slavery Times.

Here is the story of the life of Solomon Humphries, a most remarkable negro, who lived in Macon during the pioneer days of the town, and who was in his day not only the wealthiest negro in the south, but commanded the respect and esteem of all the white people.

Sol belonged to a rich planter, one of the old time sort, who lived in Jones county, which adjoins this. Being allowed more privileges than the other hands, and having more intelligence than the average negro, Sol managed to make an odd "thrip," and every one was laid up for the purpose of purchasing his freedom.

This was done in 1825, two years after Macon was made a town, and, with a nest egg of money given to him by his kind master, he came to Macon and opened a little store on the east side of the river, that being really the town in those days. Although he could neither read nor write he was a natural mathematician, working his sums mentally. His politeness, neatness and good business habits soon began to have good effect, and he became one of the largest merchants in the country.

"SOL" IN BUSINESS.

In those days there were no steamboats here, and freight was brought up the river on flat towboats from Darien, then an important seaport. These boats were manned by negroes, six on a side, who handled the oars with singular skill. When they neared the bend in the river near Macon these dozen hands would strike up with a song, and on a still clear night the musical strains from these loud lunged singers came floating over the water as sweetest music. They would remain here a few days to unload the goods for the merchants, and then return to Darien with some four to five hundred bags of cotton on each boat. The bulk of the goods and cotton belonged to Solomon Humphries.

After a few years of successful business Sol began to take life easy. He purchased a place of ten acres near town and erected thereon a fine home. The gentlemen who went by on their hunting trips never failed to stop and get some of Sol's buttermilk. His house was always open to his white friends, and frequently he gave dinners that were really royal feasts. At these dinners Sol was never known to sit at the table. The guests were seated and it was Sol's pleasure to wait on the table. The dignitaries of the state broke bread with him, and one who was the most frequent visitor and enjoyed Sol's hospitality the most was the late Governor Charles J. McDonald, between whom and Sol a great friendship existed. According to the laws of Georgia at that time a free negro was compelled to have a trustee, and McDonald, who was then the first solicitor general of this circuit, afterward judge and then governor, held the position of trustee for Sol.

On one occasion, when Sol was on his way north to purchase goods, he was arrested in Charleston as a fugitive, and was lodged in jail, in spite of his entreaties, to wait until his trustee could be communicated with. That was before the days of telegraphy, and mails were slower than now. There was Sol, whose credit was good in New York for $50,000 and in Macon for as much more, penned up in the jail at Charleston as a runaway negro. Governor McDonald lost no time in forwarding the proper certificates and the message that if it was necessary he would go on to Charleston and certify to his being free in person. He was then released and proceeded on his way to New York, being careful not to come back by way of Charleston.

BECOMES VERY RICH AND BUYS A WIFE.

Sol's trade grew larger and larger. In 1833, when steamboats began to run on the Ocmulgee river, the consignments to him were larger than those of any other merchant. In 1838 he married. His wife's name was "Patsey," and she was also purchased by him. She was a member of the Presbyterian church in Macon, and worshiped with the whites. So great was the respect in which she was held by the pastor and members that she was admitted to the communion table, and though she was a negro, living in the south where slavery was rampant, she was shown every respect and kindness by her white friends. But with all this there never was a time when "Patsey" or Sol attempted to overstep the bounds. Sol became a member of the church, and every Sunday morning the pair could be seen in their pew in the little church, presenting rather a strange picture to the northerner who came south.

Several citizens of Macon, both of wealth and enterprise, attained their early business education as clerks from Sol Humphries. One of them became the merchant prince of the state, one became president of a bank, afterward president of a railroad, and now lives in New York, an old citizen and wealthy; and still another is a prominent merchant of Savannah. These gentlemen went to work for him when they were boys. As they grew up they went in business on their own accounts.

In 1853 Sol's luck began to change. His wife died, parties for whom he had indorsed failed, and soon his wealth melted away. In 1856 he died, and though he was then only in moderate circumstances, no funeral of those times was so largely attended. All citizens of every class turned out to pay the last tribute to his memory, and a most impressive sermon was delivered by the pastor of the Presbyterian church.

Such is the story of a free negro in times when the south knew nothing but slavery.—Macon (Ga.) Cor. New York Herald.

CAPTURE OF A DEVIL FISH.

The Parasites Who Travel with the Monster—A Troublesome Fellow.

We are indebted to the Rev. W. C. Bourchier, R. N., chaplain to H. M. S. Comus, in the West Indies, for the sketch of this incident, accompanied by the following account of it.

"As her majesty's ship lay at anchor in English harbor, Antigua, the little barrel like buoy that marks the place of the anchor, to which it is fastened by a four inch rope, was observed to plunge about and splash, diving under the water and disappearing. Reports of this unusually behavior of our buoy were conveyed to the officers, who treated them with the cautious suspicion that such an unlikely story seemed to deserve. By 1 o'clock in the afternoon, when the buoy had danced for an hour and a half and seemed to require some looking after, a boat was dispatched to its assistance. The cause of the disturbance was then manifest. A huge devil fish had got foul of the buoy rope, and there he was, struggling away, about six feet below the surface of the water, with two good turns of the rope around one of his mouth fins, as I may call them for want of a better name.

"He was secured with a sharp hook by a gallant midshipman and was then harpooned; the rope in which he was entangled was cut, and he was slowly towed alongside and was hoisted on board.

"When he was laid on the deck we had an ample opportunity of admiring his vast proportions. He was not 'a thing of beauty,' but an awe inspiring monster of the deep. There lay the great fish, like a giant black hat, with his huge wings extended on the deck, measuring across, from tip to tip, 16 feet 4 inches. The other dimensions were: Breadth of mouth (horizontally), 2 feet; length from head to end of tail, 12 feet 6 inches; length of tail alone, 5 feet. But it was a puzzle at first to find out where his mouth was placed.

"'I have it, sir,' cried a blue jacket in great glee; 'and, what is more, he has a fish in it—his dinner is there!' As he spoke he opened a pair of great black lips, rather to one side of the fish, I thought, and below these lips was a white cavity, large enough to contain one's head. And there was a fish, sure enough, inside it, but this little fish was alive; he bounced out, a fish the size of a small herring, and skipped furiously about the deck between our feet. There were more wonders presently, when another blue jacket found another mouth, with another fish in it, alive and well, and this fish, too, came out and skipped on deck between our legs. Then it dawned upon us that these small fishes could never have been eaten by the big devil fish; and further examination showed that each of them had a flat plate on the back of its head; it looked as if they had held on to something by this sucker, and it proved that so they do. We put them in a bucket of water, and they hung on to the sides of it with the back of their heads so vigorously that the hardest pull could not shift their position, much less dislodge them; though when the bucket was emptied, they came off its side at a touch. The small fishes had clung to the devil fish as his parasites; not feeding on him, for they left no mark behind, but using him for their traveling habitation. The cavities in which they lodged were his nostrils. Meanwhile, we discovered the real mouth of the devil fish, three feet across, lying between these cavities. This enormous mouth is quite toothless; the devil fish sucks down his food as one would an oyster. What is his food I cannot tell, for after I had finished sketching him, and before I had well begun dissecting him, orders were given to heave him overboard, as he was making the deck filthy with the streams of blood that continued to flow from his dead body.

"Stories have been told of the devil fish taking a luckless swimmer between his great fins, folding him in a deadly embrace and sinking with him to the depths below; and this may be true enough, but the Manta Diabolus, or Manta Birostris, as he is scientifically called, is said to feed only on sea weed. At the same time he is troublesome and even dangerous, fond of meddling with the mooring of fishermen's boats, as he did with our moorings, and setting them adrift, and when pursued—a favorite pastime when they were more plentiful at Port Royal—turning upon the boats, and, if not quickly dispatched, capsizing them. I have often seen these fish leap out of the water—an amazing sight—on the coast of Venezuela, where they are common and grow to the size of twenty feet broad."—Illustrated London News.

A Puzzled Porker.

Out on a Yolo county ranch a few years ago a small band of hogs were confined in a lot fenced in with logs. In one part of the fence there was a hollow log, shaped something like a joint of stovepipe, one opening being inside the lot and the other outside. One day an intelligent porker discovered this fact and thereafter went out and returned at his own pleasure. The owner of the ranch happened to witness the mode of egress of the hog one day and decided to put up a job on him. By slewing the log around a little he so contrived as to place both openings of the log inside the lot. In a few moments the hog ran up to his usual exit and passed through the log. Imagine his surprise when he walked out the other end of the log and found himself still inside the lot. He looked about in a puzzled way, scratched his ear and tried again. Same result. "Well, I'll be danged," grunted the hog. Again he ran into the log and ran out again with the same result. He became wild with rage and dashed through the log so often and so fast that the smoke began to issue from the cracks. Then he gave it up as a bad job, and, so the owner of the hog says, never went near the fence until the day of his death.—Woodland (Cal.) Mail.

Poor Illustrations.

I don't claim for myself any ability as an artist, but I am familiar with history, and with the characters so prominent and picturesque during the chivalrous or knightly age of French and English history; and I charge it is a foul imposition on the rising generation for a school board to accept an edition of history or other book of instruction in which the illustrations are not as authentic and as scrupulously correct as the writings themselves. I have seen a school history with a picture representing Sir Walter Raleigh—"a paragon of proudest men"—attending court attired in a costume belonging to a period 500 years before his time. I refer to this by way of illustrating my meaning; but this grotesqueness is not confined to history. It is to be found in every school book, from the primer up, and I know that the evil thus founded in beginning an education can never be obliterated by after learning.—C. E. T. in Globe-Democrat.

Too Much Dandelion.

California has a new grievance—the dandelion. Some years ago it is said that a citizen imported from the east the seed of the old fashioned dandelion. He wanted something to remind him of his early home. Like the man who imported the sparrow, he did worse than he knew. The sparrow is everywhere, so is the dandelion. The seed drifts in the wind like that of the thistle, the down is built into the nests of birds, and every seed which gets a lodgement on a lawn or grass plot will, in due time, produce a million more. Now the solitary dandelion is very attractive in bloom, and hardly less so when after the blossom the gauze globe appears, and a few days afterward goes sailing off before the wind like a small balloon. But the citizen who is forced to dig up his lawn because a million dandelion roots have strangled the grass will utter no benediction over this rich golden blossom.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Optimism and Pessimism.

Pretty Daughter—Papa, dear, what is optimism?

Father—The art that enables a father to smile over his daughter's dressmaker's bills.

P. D.—And pessimism?

Father—The ability on the part of a woman to look supremely miserable in a becoming bonnet.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath a place of profit and honor. A plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.—Franklin.

Celery is said to have been introduced from France into England in 1704. From England it later found its way to America.

DRESSING THE WINDOWS.

ELABORATE DISPLAYS FOR CATCHING THE PUBLIC EYE.

How the Custom First Came About—Men Who Make a Business of It—The Way Some of Them Do It—Women to Attract Men as Well as Women.

Window dressing is something of a fine art nowadays. The times show it to be so. He who has the most attractive window is making the most sales. Each merchant attempts to outdistance the other, and in the great retail emporiums the position of window dresser is among the best in the house. For the expert in this sort of work is rarely to be met with. He must be an artist, a mechanic, and well versed in colors and stuffs.

Art window dressing in this country never had a beginning. It is simply a growth, the outcome of a struggle for novelty and to excel one's neighbor and competitor. A few years ago there were in New York city but three or four large dry goods houses. These had the name, the fame and the trade. Then there were hundreds of small stores and shops. For the advancement of any one of these the public eye must be attracted to it. And it was very largely window display that accomplished this, that built up rivals to the old establishments, who had attempted little of that sort of thing. At first in these small shops it was some clever and artistically inclined man from behind the counter who spent a part of his time in arranging the window.

As the business grew the window became the more important, and in the newer and larger stores of the new concerns entering with success into competition with the old establishments, windows were built specifically for show purposes, and window dressing became a department of itself. Window dressers began to be sent for from London and Paris, but the most of them commenced behind the counter, and in all their window work have kept pace in their ideas with the growing demands of their concerns. Some say that there are only a dozen first class window dressers both in New York and Brooklyn; others claim that there are not half that number. Just what constitutes good window dressing it is difficult to find out, unless it is simply the power of attracting the public eye. Professional jealousy seems to be largely in existence about another man's possession of that power.

"I can't explain how I dress a window," said one of the best of the craft the other day; "my experience tells me how to display goods and get certain effects, and that is all there is of it. There are no rules about it, although a a window dresser told me once you could learn it all out of a book. But you can't. It is a matter of long experience. By study and practice you gain ideas to be followed out. Of course, you must know how to put colors and stuffs together. All the really good men at it have been in the business fifteen or twenty years, abroad and here; a man must have it in him at the start, and then he must begin as a boy. He should have been behind the counter, and know just how to handle and display goods. But there's no rule about it. Every man in the business goes to work differently."

In most of the large stores the window dresser is autocrat in his department, and has his own private room for the keeping of his framework and materials. In Brooklyn this is especially the case. There the stores are newer, the windows larger, and the display in general more elaborate. In the window dresser's room of a store which displays picture designs as well as goods, there is much to be seen. A carpenter's bench—for he is his own carpenter—framework of wood, pasteboard and brass everywhere, standards for the draping of dress goods, drawers and cabinets full of stuffs, men's clothing and wax heads. In the making up of "dummies" used only the heads are bought, and a stock of those are accumulated.

The bodies unclothed are curious affairs—a wooden frame 2x1½ feet square and a couple of inches thick, slightly stuffed and covered with white cloth, with two sticks to serve as lower limbs and entirely without upper ones; a short piece of wood upon which the waxen head and neck is placed. Upon this framework is the figure, by a judicious stuffing, built. "We fit the man to the clothes," remarked a dresser of it, "not the clothes to the man." In making up a woman's figure no actually made dresses are used. A consultation with the head of the dressmaking department determines just what patterns shall be shown. Dress lengths of these are cut out and draped upon the forms. Thus even the goods worn by the lay figures may be sold directly from the window, and it often happens that a buyer will want just exactly what she had seen there.

There are two schools of window dressing. One believes its object merely the displaying of the goods themselves, the other the attracting of attention to the concern. The latter class are those who make use of picture designs and wax figures. "A dainty display of goods," they say, "a clever blending of colors, will quickly catch a woman's eye. But the average man will never give it a moment's look. Now our windows are to attract everybody. Put in it a group, a figure, an odd design, and the men will take immediate notice of it. The goods will be displayed all the same. Now, a man going home from his business catches a glimpse of our store front. As he sits down to the tea table he says to his wife, 'Have you seen that new group in ——'s window? It is so and so.'

There are no doubt a good many married women about the city who haven't seen that window. Some of these, we calculate, will come to the store the next morning. Had there been merely an arrangement of silks or ribbons, the man would hardly have given it a glance and never a second thought.

"It is not good," say the experts, "to ticket—that is, price mark—goods in the window. It is too common, they say. The arrangement there is calculated to be so very attractive that should anything strike the fancy of the passing woman, she is bound to come in and ask the salesman, "How much is that a yard?"—New York Mail and Express.

WHAT TO DO IN EMERGENCIES.

In Case of Accident It Is Well to Know What Is Here Said.

What to do in cases of emergency is an important subject, and information on it should be either committed to memory or else so placed as to be easily available in time of need.

Burns of the eye by calcium or lime are not very common, yet it is useful to know how to treat them. In the event of lime getting into the eye or around the front of the eyelids it is well to remember, until the arrival of medical attendance, that in no case must water be used. Washing with vinegar will neutralize the caustic properties of the lime, and any fractional bits may afterwards be removed by the use of a feather or camel's hair brush lightly applied, or if neither is at hand, by linen folded to a point. Acute inflammation of the eye must be looked for after such an accident. Even with immediate medical aid the eye may be much damaged, but without it the organ may be sacrificed.

I would like to call attention to a remedy which possesses such wonderful therapeutic powers in the cure of almost all known wounds that it deserves a place in every household. It is called iodoform and comes in the form of a powder. It has no equal in the cure of chronic sores or ulcers, as well as cuts and wounds of all kinds. Its value as a remedy has been somewhat impeded by its odor, which is the only objectionable feature about it, but for the sake of a speedy cure this can be tolerated. It is used in all hospitals throughout the world and recommended by the medical profession in every land. It is an ingredient of all ulcer ointments nowadays. It is best used in conjunction with some vehicle, such as vaseline in the proportion of one drachm of iodoform to one and a half ounces of vaseline. It is well to have it carefully and prominently marked "Poison, for external use only." Use it by spreading upon lint and bandage it to the wound twice a day. When removing and before applying a fresh bandage, wash the wound thoroughly with warm water and soap.

As we are often placed in positions requiring assistance and, perhaps, thrown upon our own resources, the following may be impressed upon the memory to advantage:

If scalded, plunge the part in water. This relieves pain instantly and gives time for thought and composure.

An insect in the ear may be drowned out with tepid water or killed by a few drops of sweet oil.

If anything hard gets into the ear, double a stout horse hair, place the head on one side and drop the loop into the ear, move it about until it catches the object and then draw it out.

In cases of poisonous bite suck the wound instantly, unless the mouth is sore.

If the throat burns after swallowing a poison drink sweet oil. If you are falling asleep from a poison drink half a glass of water into which has been stirred a teaspoonful each of salt and common table mustard, and, after vomiting, drink the strongest coffee and keep in motion until perfectly awake. After any poison swallow one or two raw eggs.

If smoke is suffocating you fall on the floor and crawl out on your hands and knees.

In cases of insensibility, in which there is loud snoring, the person is seized with apoplexy. Raise the head, remove pressure from the neck. If the face is pale and the breathing very low, it is a case of fainting. Place the body perfectly level and lower the head. The patient will promptly revive. Nothing else is necessary.

Always remember that if you have health don't meddle with it, avoid doctoring and drugs until a real necessity for their use arises.—Cos. New York News.

The English Dwelling.

The characteristic English dwelling is described as a two story brick house, walled in, and with the best part of the house at the back; there are the drawing and dining rooms, while the kitchen and pantries are in front. In suburban and country houses the rooms are large and are arranged around a hall; but the windows and doors are small. The outside of the house is almost uniformly without architectural decorations, and the dullness of the climate is seen in the somberness of the furniture and the adornments of the house.

The interior is dull and uncheery. There is little "sweetness and light" in the colors, forms and expressions, except in the dwellings of more recent building and furnishing. Up to within a few years the inside finish was all of dark wood and the furniture was mahogany, of very heavy and mainly constructions.

But if you can dissociate the idea of comfort from that of art, the English home has a very marked spirit of comfort. The sofa is easy and big and the chairs were made to use. The walls are papered, never painted, the papers being dark and of large pattern. The dining room is the living room of the middle class families. Such of the family as remain at home sit in that room during the forenoon and until after the noon meal.

Were the color of the English house less somber and the furniture less cumbrous; were the rooms more open and less separated from each other, it would be the center of the most perfect external comfort known to the domestic life of this world. As it is, the English house is the home of sweet love, of thoughtful civility and of unforgetting and undying loyalty.—Good Housekeeping.

A Double Dinner in Russia.

The Russian eats on an average once every two hours. The climate and custom require such frequent meals, the digestion of which is aided by frequent draughts of vodki and tea. Vodki is the Russian whisky, made from potatoes and rye. It is fiery and colorless, and is generally flavored with some extract like vanilla or orange. It is drank from small cups that hold perhaps half a gill. Vodki and tea are the inseparable accompaniments of friendly as well as of business intercourse in the country of the czar. Drunken men are rare. Russia and Sweden are the only countries in which the double dinner is the rule. When you go to the house of a Russian, be he a friend or a stranger, you are at once invited to a side table, where salted meats, pickled eel, salted cucumbers, and many other spicy and appetizing viands are urged upon you with an impressiveness that knows no refusal. This repast is washed down with frequent cups of vodki. That over, and when the visitor feels as if he had eaten enough for twenty-four hours, the host says, "And now to dinner." At the dinner table the meal is served in courses, with wines grown in the Crimea and in Bessarabia, where excellent clarets and Burgundies are made and sold for from a shilling to half a crown the bottle.—Boston Budget.

A Very Smart Dog.

"Now, my dog Laddie has got more sense than most men," said a veteran breeder of sheep dogs. "I never had to train him anything. He just took it up natural. One day when he was a pup I called him down to the pasture to help drive up the cows. In less than a week he could fetch 'em to the house by himself. It got so pretty soon that whenever the cows heard me call Laddie they'd start for home full tilt, without waiting for the dog to come.

"Laddie can manage anything on the farm but Molly, my bay mare. He can't drive Molly. When he catches her by the tail she just stands and kicks at him till he lets go. They are always quarreling. She's afraid to wallow when he's around, because he creeps up and bites her on the back. One day she caught him asleep on the front porch. I happened to be sitting out there smoking, where I could see the whole show. She walked up sorter on her tiptoes, as quietly as I could have done it, and got even by taking a handful of hair and a piece of skin out of his side with her teeth. Laddie was the most astonished dog I ever saw. He didn't bark and he didn't whine. He just got up as quick as he could and sneaked under the house. He's meditating some revenge yet. For downright hard sense, give me a collie every time."—New York Tribune.

Very tall to very bow legged man—Great Scott! Did you learn to walk too young, or what?

Bow Legged Man—Stranger, I warped my legs stooping down to avoid long legged loons who ask questions.—Judge.

AT CASTLE GARDEN.

SCENES ABOUT THE GREATEST DOORWAY IN THE WORLD.

The Portal Through Which Millions Enter the United States—How the New Comers Look and Act—It Was Here That Jenny Lind Sang Years Ago.

The old Castle Garden building is not a pretty one. It is simply an old fashioned round stone fort, from which the implements of war have been missing some forty years, and in their place are a few railings dividing the floor into large cribs or pens into which the emigrants are herded almost like cattle. But it is an amazingly interesting building. In itself it carries the mind back to the revolutionary period, when the city was in its babyhood—a little village clustering around the Battery. Then one recollects that after this it was a fashionable gathering place, a sort of opera house, the one in which Jenny Lind sang when she was here. After that the interest in the old building ceased to be local, and has become almost universal rather than national, for winding through its single great apartment from the boats on the river side to the gates that face the park has passed a flood of men and women from every civilized land, numbering 8,000,000 souls, and building up our population by a method unprecedented in the world's history.

SCANNING A SHIP'S LOAD.

Two ship loads of greenhorns were filing into the old fort as I stood looking on into the first pens from boats that had brought them from ships lying out in the harbor. Down the bay the health officers had assured themselves that there were no contagious diseases aboard, but at the water gate of the Castle were other doctors who narrowly scanned every emigrant as he or she landed, and who every now and then touched one on the shoulder and bade him stand aside. It was their business to discover any such severe sufferers from illness as might seem to be unable to make their own way in this country, all cripples and whatever young girls might happen along who appeared to be on the verge of motherhood without the accompaniment of husbands. These amount to very many every year. All such were afterward closely questioned, and unless there was somebody to guarantee that they should not become a charge upon the public they were sent back to Europe by the steamer lines that brought them, at no charge to them or the authorities, because it is the duty of the steamship people to scrutinize all who apply for passage on the other side and to refuse to bring emigrants of this sort.

These people were all waiting their turn to give their name, age, birthplace and destination for the clerks to put on record in the big books of the garden. While they waited they smoked their pipes, nursed their babies, bought unpalatable looking repasts at provision counters, washed and tidied themselves, sprawled out on the benches and slept, and so were obliged to spend the greater part of the day until the boats from the railroad depots should come up in the afternoon to take them up town or over to Jersey, and thence into the rapacious maw of the great west. Some of them had their money changed by brokers appointed for the purpose, who doubtless make a great deal of profit, but are under bonds to charge no more than Wall street rates of commission, and to change the single silver piece of the poorest Italian woman at the same rate as the $1,000 of one of the well to do.

PROTECTED FROM SHARPERS.

The only money the emigrants can part with in the garden now must go for provisions or railroad tickets or to the very enterprising barber who has a shop there and seems in much demand. His signs are peculiar. They are in German, and they announce "Razoring, fifteen cents; head washing, twenty cents." The signs of the provision dealers show that loaves of rye bread fetch fifteen cents, or other bread ten cents; that cheese goes for twenty cents a pound, and that the other articles in strong demand are ham, pumpernickel, lager beer and pie, all of which are sold at rates proportionate to the prices given above.

Doubtless there is a good deal of swindling and extortion practiced among the landlords who keep the emigrants' boarding house in the streets all around Castle Garden, but it is the emigrant's fault if he suffers very badly, for a great many of these places are licensed, are reasonably well conducted, and are responsible for the manner in which they treat their guests.

But this is a very wicked city, and down about the Battery is a very wicked part of it, so that, even if an emigrant manages to get into a good house where he is not charged more than twice as much as he ought to be, he cannot safely venture a half a block away from his lodgings without being approached by some of the boldest and most plausible and most ingenious rascals in town, who make it a business to live upon these people. The best plan, after all, is for the emigrant not to leave Castle Garden at all, but follow the routine course of the majority of his fellow passengers, and start away by railroad, with his tickets looked after and his baggage carried free, on the afternoon of the day he lands.—Julian Ralph in Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Snake's Battle with a Cat.

It is not often that a newspaper man comes across two true snake stories in one day, but a reporter heard yesterday of two which are well authenticated. Mr. Cyrenius Hall, the artist, has a summer home at Isle of Hope. Three weeks ago Mrs. Hall, to encourage her hens to lay, bought a half dozen china nest eggs and placed them in their nests. On looking for them a few days after they were not to be found, nor were there any sugar bowls or tea sets about to show that the china eggs had hatched. The disappearance of the eggs was a mystery, until one day last week a chicken snake was killed on Mr. Hall's farm, and two china eggs were found inside of it. His snakeship had been doubtless suffering from dyspepsia for several weeks.

Mr. Hall's snake experience did not end with the eggs, however. That gentleman has a large cat, which is said to be one of the best and bravest of the feline species. A few nights ago the cat was locked in the store room. During the night a terrific noise was heard emanating from the room, and it was supposed that a strange cat had gotten in and the house cat was trying to put it out. Mr. Hall went to the place and let the cat (or, as he supposed, two cats) out. In the morning a large, headless, black snake was found in the store room. It had evidently attached the cat, and, true to its constrictor instincts, tried to crush it, but the cat gnawed the snake's head off and escaped.—Savannah News.

Two Beautiful Dwarfs.

Sussex county, Del., is proud in the possession of the Misses Marine, two remarkable little dwarfs, who were born and reared in that county. The oldest, Miss Lizzie, lacks three inches of being three feet tall, has a head in proportion to the rest of her body; is very intelligent, conversing fluently with all with whom she comes in contact, despite the fact that she weighed but forty-five pounds and must stand on a chair in order to put her head on a level with the shoulder of an ordinary person. But stand on a chair or anything else she cannot, neither can her sister, for the reason that neither are provided with those very necessary adjuncts to standing—bones. A sort of cartilage answers in place of the bones, enabling the little mites to move hands or feet with perfect ease. Both use the fingers quite nimbly, doing all sorts of needle work, such as embroidery, etc., although the fingers may be bent in any direction desired without the least manifestation of pain, being almost as pliable as so many little ropes.—J. W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

The First Law of Nature.

"I have a new story, told by the late Col. Geo Fabe, which has never been in print," said the visitor, "and which never failed to set the table in a roar when"—The editor opened a drawer and drew from thence a large saw handled pistol carrying a ball that would weigh about three to the pound. "Do you want it printed?" he asked sternly, "or are you going to tell it?" The visitor turned pale; "I thought you might like to print it," he said feebly. "Shake!" said the editor, joyously, as he replaced the artillery, "write it out and take it to the foreman; we'll be very glad to print it. Got any more?"—Bob Burdette.

A Man of Much Importance.

Nathaniel Parker, of East Burke, Vt., runs the mill lumber to Folsom's Crossing, runs the mail from Lyndonville to East Burke, runs the livery, runs the hotel, runs the Good Templars' lodge, runs the singing school, runs the choir, runs the Sunday school as superintendent, and holds himself in readiness to run any other department of village industry which is not running lively already.—Boston Herald.

Wounds Not Worth to Know.

It was at Tonquin. The young Count de T——, who was serving as a private in a light infantry regiment, had his skull fractured by a bullet during an engagement with the Black Flags. He was taken up for dead, and removed to the ambulance.

"He won't recover," said the surgeon major; "one can see the brain." At this word the patient suddenly opened both his eyes.

"You can see my brain?" he asked. "I beseech you, major, write at once to apprise my father of the fact; he made me join the army because he pretended I had no brains."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at David Dowty's drug store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size $1. Every bottle warranted.

Frugality is found on the principle that all riches have limits.

A Happy Woman.

"The happiest women like the happiest nations have no history," says that wonderful writer, George Eliot, but no woman can be happy who is suffering from the irregularities and "weaknesses" so common to her sex. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will sooth nervous troubles and restore health and vigor once more. The roses will bloom again on those faded cheeks. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of prolapsus, weak back, "female weaknesses," ante-version, retro-version, "bearing down" sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration, inflammation, pain and tenderness, and kindred ailments.

Rare as true love is, true friendship is still rarer.

Epoch.

The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory of the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to the use of the great alterative and tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of kidneys liver or stomach of long or short standing you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c and $1 a bottle at David Dowty's drug store.

Purchase not friends by gifts; when thou ceasest to give, such will cease to love.

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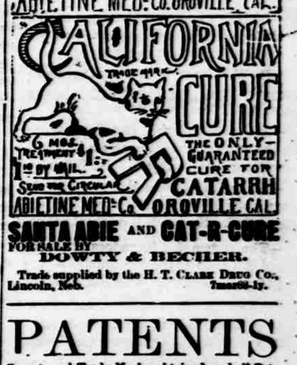

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