A Glimpse of Tunis.

In the foreground, at a distance of seven miles, was the city of Tunis, sit-nated at the head of the great salt lake which separates it from the sea. Its houses and long walls were dazzingly white in the hot sun-a characteristic which, taken in connection with its peeuliar shape, spreading out, as it does, between its two salt lakes, has given it the name of "Bornous of the prophet." On the right was Cape Carthage, and on the hills behind it were many beautiful residences and palaces, with their groves of oranges and palm trees. One of the most prominent objects was the chapel erected to the memory of St. Louis, who died here at the time of the last crusade. Near this spot were the mounds indicating the situation of Carthage. In front, on the low land which separates the lake from the bay, was the town of Goletta, with its antiquated fort, under the walls of which was the water palace of the Bey, with its white walls and green blinds, To the left were the barren hills called the Lead Mountains, while in the distance were the blue summits of the Laghouan range of mountains, indicating the position of Kairwan, the holy city of North Africa, where the beard of the prophet is preserved. In the bay, which can hardly be called a harbor, exposed as it is to all northeast storms, were a French gun-boat and several steamer and sailing vessels unloading into lighters. As no health officer answred our signal, we concluded to look for him. Accordingly the party was rowed ashore, passing up the nar-row passage which communicates with the salt lake. Here we saw the small vessels with latten sails, built probably upon the same pattern as the piratical eraft which ravaged the Mediterranean, and even captured ships in the English Channel. At the beginning of the presont century all the States of Europe paid tribute to the Bey of Tunis, the last payment having been made by Sweden in 1827. The items of one payment by the United States in 1790 are as follows: Fifty thousand collars cash; eight thousand dollars for secret service; twenty-eitgh cannons of caliber twelve, fourteen, eight; seven thousand cannon balls; three hundred quintals of gunpowder; four hundred quintals of cordage, and a quantity of jewels. At this time societies were formed for ransoming prisoners: the usual price pad was from one hundred to two hundred dollars, double the amount being paid for female prisoners. After landing we succeeded in finding the bealth officer, and after our papers had been examined we proceeded to look about the place. The town is small, flat, dusty, and uninteresting. It has one broad, principal street leading down to the railroad station, with numerous small, dirty lanes branching off from it. The streets were filled with Arabs, Moors, Jews, etc., of all shades of color. About the coffee houses were groups of French and Tunisian soldiers, while the background was tilled in with pigs, donkeys, dogs, and camels. Here we first saw the peculiar costume worn by the Jewish women, consisting of a pointed cap, a blouse reaching a little below the waist, and tight white trousers, with smail slippers protecting half the toot. The vomen were, as a rule, very fat, and the whole effect was quite striking .-Cor. Boston Transcript. Military Berlin. One certainly sees more soldiers in the streets of Berlin than in those of London and Paris, but one does not see many of them, and they form altogether but a small minority of the people one meets when walking about Berlin. And that is easy to explain; soldiers do not play at soldiering here as French schoolboys have done latterly. Fighting is considered by the Germans a business, or a trade, or an art—as you may like to call it—which is to be learned very seriously, and which keeps the young men, who are noens volens devoted toit, during almost the whole day in their quarters or on the parade ground. As to the officers, they are nearly as much taken up by their work as the most hard-working official, mercantile clerk, or artisan. The Lieutenant of the guards, who has nothing to do but to show his tine uniform in the streets, exists only in the imagination of people who have never seen him. That aristocratic young gentleman generally begins his work at six o'clock in the morning in summer and eight o'clock in winter and is tired out when at five or six o'clock in the evening he has at last got through it. It is not he, certainly, who crowds the streets of Berlin. He has other things to do than to walk about even when he happens to be on leave. There is, however, something military to be seen in the streets of Berlin at nearly every hour of the day, which may have struck the Parisian newspaper writer, though it does not belong exclusively to Berlin, but to all the larger German towns where soldiers are garrisoned. Every now and then, especially about noon, you will meet small detachments of soldiers-four, six, perhaps ten or twenty men -marching from the guard-house to relieve the sentries on duty at the palaces of members of the Imperial family, the residences of commanding officers and The gilt edge would come off the price certain public buildings such as the Ministry of War, the staff's office, the arsenal, etc. These soldiers, preceeded by a sergeant, walk in the middle of the street with long, regular, quiet steps, almost leisurly. Suddenly a sharp word of command is heard. An officer or an Imperial carriage is in sight. The men all at once seem to have been struck by a galvanic battery, and from that instant to move under some strange and irresistible influence. With a kind of spasmodic jerk straighten themselves up to their full height, their heads and shoulders are thrown back, their eyes are fixed on one and the same point -the passing officer; the rifle is held in a firm grasp by the powerful hand, and the feet violently thrown forward as by machinery, produce, as they tread the hard pavement at short, regular in-tervals a loud and yet muffied sound, familiar to the native of Berlin, and which causes him to look round toward those from whom it proceeds .- Blackwood's Magazine. -J. W. Lamotte and James M. Johnson are two printers who, the Savannah son are two printers who, the Savannan New: boasts, have served forty-eight and forty-nine years at the case, and Herald. are still hale and hearty.

The Swimmin' Place,

I mean "swimming place?" Not much I do not. I mean swimmin' place. I never heard it called anything else, and I've been right there at the place, and swum-no, not swam, we it which didn't swam in those days, swum-swum in it a thousand times, and you never saw the place I don't suppose.

There was one boy, come to think of it, who called it a swimming place. He came from Vermont; his unclo was a judge, or Governor, or shoemaker, or something of that kind. He said awf-tahnoon and grawss and he called a burr a buh. He came up to Charley Elting's with us one "awftahnoon" and Elting's said it was a charming swimming place, "What do you ask for that tweed

and asked Bud Peters if the "watah suit?" was wahm." Bud he told him how "VI warru it was, and then said it was

make the water cooler for all, and nicer for some purposes, right by the big flat rock. One was a living spring of clear, cold water that came gushing up out of the deep, cold, sunless caverns of the earth right there. The other was the rock was also the terminal point of a drain from the big ice-houses, and the water from the melted ice, whenever it melted, mingled its frostiness with the limpid currents of the spring, and thus developed a latent heat that couldn't have been much latenter in an iceberg. As I remarked, right here the boy who called it a swimming place jumped in.

Now, if a boy feels to say that he would like to holler, I am the one to get up every time and move the unanimous consent of the house that he may holler with a free course, and no restraint or embarrassment. So, when this boy, after jumping into about five feet of ice-water, gave one horrified gasp that was enough to curdle the ice, and then held his breath for a second, and stood with his two eyes standing out past his nose, and thrust his hands, with all fingers extended, high up in the air, I knew that he was seized with a strange, morbid desire to make a little noise, so I said to my comrades:

"Fellows, stand back and give him plenty of room. He's going to holler, off und peats aroundt, und I finally and he'll need all the air he can get. I fell off the chute into that spring once I leaf for der County House to-mormyself."

You see how a broad experience in this life enables us to put ourselves more thoroughly in our neighbor's place, and deepens and intensifies out sympathies.

The next moment my gloomy fore-bodings were realized. The nice boy "hollered." A wild, free howl, that distant hills beyond the startled lake. their savage glee, and shrieked in mocking echo of the nice boy's howl, and cast sand upon each other's redribbed backs to show their joy. And assure you dot it vin when that boy floundered and fluttered gain in der world." ashore, and stood there shivering and

"Peoples Haf Changed."

"Der clothing pecsness," he replied, as he wiped his face with a red bandana and sat down on a \$2 trunk at the door, "whas what you might call blayed oudt. It whas hard scratching to make a tol-

"But people wear clothes all the time."

"Oxactly, but peoples haf changed a good deal. Some folks whas all for

"Vhell, my first price on dot suit vhas \$14. After I talk for ten minutes I drop cooler and nicer in the shade, right to \$12. If der customer pegins to pull where the big flat rock was. And this out cotton fibers I make der price \$10,

"I suppose you make up on trunks and satchels?"

"Make oop! Vhy, man, it vhas dot part of der peesness vhat ruins me! Look here! Here vaas a trunk mit a patent lock and all conveniences dot 1 ask \$4 for. 5 If I doan' get so much 1 drop to \$3. If der shentieman savs he look aroundt a leedle, I tell him to take it along for \$2, but it vhas sooch a loss my children ery all night long."

"They must cost you nearly that." "Vhell. I haf an uncle who makes

der wood work, a brudder who puts on der lock, a sister who papers der inside, und my fadder screws on der hinges, und by sweeping oudt my own store I vhas able to puy dot trunk for sixty cents,"

without buying?"

calamity. If I can't sell him, my vhife comes in and tries it. If she can't sell him, her sister comes in und speaks like an angel. Sometimes a man vhas sharp as steel. He vhants an eighteen dollar suit for twelve dollars. He knows dot we had to sacrifice, pecause our stock whas too large, und he hangs close der bargain und assure him dot row.

"And you lose --- " "Vhell, dot suit cost the \$5.25 in Rochester!"

"I guess you'll pull through."

"I hope so. You see, I lif oop-stairs to save house rent. I keep no clerks to embezzle from me. I use some kero-"hollered." A wild, free howl, that sprend its sweeping pinions on the blast and went booming over the waste of waters like a thing of life, and wakened to thing und trunk peesness. I whas a thousand discordant echoes in the acquainted with Vanderbilt and Gould. I puys when it whas hard times. I dis-And the half-clad boys on the pebbly count my own paper. All dhis vhas shore danced like wild cannibals in werry favorable for my peesness, and it werry favorable for my peesness, and it vhas dose reasons dot makes me offer you a complete suit of dot French broadcloth for twenty-two dollars. I assure you dot it vhas der greatest bar-"And that suit cost you_"

"Seven dollar in Rochester, but if gasping in the life giving rays of the July sun, we lay down on the ground and held our aching sides with penitent ter and back, loss two days und vhas hands, and only asked the one poor boon that the ic-house might fall over on top of us right then and there. Only dose things."—Detroit Free Press.

Too Much Study.

PILES! PILES! SURE CURE FOUND AT LAST

NO ONE NEED SUFFER.

PILES

AU ONE NEED SUFFER. A more curs for Bind, Bloeding, Itching and Ulcer-ated Files has been discovered by Dr. William ian In-dian Exempty caused Dr. William's Indian Pile Out-ment. A single hor has cured the worst chrenic cases of 25 or 30 years standing. No one need suffer for min-these after applying this wonderful secthing medicine totions instruments and electuaries do more harm shan good. William's indian File Ointhorent absorbs the tu-more, alleys the intense itching (particularly at night after greating warm in bod), scient as a spoulites, gives in-stant relief, and is prepared only for Files, itching of the pirts the parts, and for mothing else. Read what the Hen, J. M. Cofinberry, of Cleveland, ways about Dr. William's Indian File Ointhorent 'I have underse of File Cures, and it affords me ploasure to so that I have never found anything which gave such summediate and permanent relief as Dr. William's In-dian Ointhort. 'Ver sale by all druggists and mailed ingoints and Francues.

The sale of intoxicating liquors is pro-hibited in ten counties in Mississippi.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD BEBTS.

Shakespeare tells how this can be accom-plished in one of his immortal plays; but where the big flat rock was. And this boy who called it a swimming place, he went down to the big rock—you re-member, right under the ice chute?— and jumped in. There were two things that com-bined, as Bud Peters had truly said, tc make der price \$10, at vhich I put my hand on my heart und assure him dot I lose oafer tree tol-lar." "But it he doesn't take it?" "But it he doesn't take it?" "Vhell, I go oudt und my vhife sells it to him for \$9 as a great favor. Der yhas no more brolit in tweed suits. I had "But it he doesn't take it?" "Vhell, I go oudt und my vhife sells it to him for \$9 as a great favor. Der vhas no more brofit in tweed suits. I haf eers, swellings and tumors are cured by its wonderful alterative action. By druggists.

One bushel of ashes represents about two and a half tons of dry wood.

CATARRH-A New Treatment whereby a permanent cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street west, Toronto, Can.



Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purrity, strength and wholesomeanss. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in compret-tion with the multitude of low test, short weight, alura or thosphale powders. Sold only in cana. Rorat. Barny Fowmer Co., 106 Wall street, N. Y.

THE FAMOUS



"Maryland, My Maryland." Lovely daugeters and noble men." "My farm lies in a rather low and miasmatic situation, and "My wife!" "Who!" "Was a very pretty blonde !" Twenty years ago, became "Sallow!" "Hollow-eyed!" "Withered and aged!" Before her time, from "Malarial vapors, though she made no particular complaint, not being of the grumpy kind, yet causing me great uneasiness. "A short time ago I purchased your remedy for one of the children, who had a

very severe attack of billousness, and it occurred to me that the remedy might help my wife, as I found that our little girl, upon recovery had "Lost!"

"Her sallowness, and looked as fresh as a new blown daisy. Well the story is soon told. My wife, to-day, has gained her oldtimed beauty with compound interest, and is now as handsome a matron (if I do say it myself) as can be found in this county, which is noted for pretty women. And I have only Hop Bitters to thank for it.

"The dear creature just looked over my shoulder, and says 'I can flatter equal to the days of our courtship,' and that reminds me there might be more pretty vives if my brother farmers would do as have done."

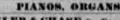
15 None genuine without a bunch of gr Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, sonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in the



Strongest, Purest, Best and Most Econom-

Never Varies in Quality.

BOTHIN MANUFACTURINC COMPANY, SAN PRANCISCO AND SACRAMENTS.





"Do you ever let a customer go out "Vhell, I doan' remember of sooch a

one boy, who had enjoyed himself more than the others, asked that some kind person would amputate his limbs, or, as he rudely expressed himself in song: "Saw my leg off." Then we rubbed the cold boy with dry sand until we gothim nice and warm and red and real tender, and he became a good boy and went with us often, and learned many things, and we eventually taught him to say "swimmin' hole." But to the end of his days his provincial accent clung to him, and he spelled rat, "ah a-t, r-r-r-rat," and called a war-horse a wah-hoss .- R. J. Burdatte. in Burlington Hawkeye.

The Road Question.

During one of the celebrated "mud blockades," some years ago, a man, in order to call a doctor, went six miles to town by means of a rail-fence. Not only in Illinois, but in many other Western States, the roads are practi-cally impassible for three months in nearly every year. The period of noncommunication has often extended to half a year The effect of stopping commerce in this way has been lamentable. There can be no settled or fair condition of things so long as transportation on the country roads is a question of chance. Not only the immediate inconvenience of mud embargoes, but the reacting effect of high rates and over-crowded routes during the 'season of good roads, should prompt the States to some definite plan of action. A practicable scheme would be to go to France and England and get the record of their road-building. The Legislature should build experi-mental roads at once. The cornering of a market would be a colossal undertaking with good highways leading from every granary in the Western States. of butter, and th. farmer would be none the poorer, were the products of dairy always within reach. The roads of France did not grow. They were bought and paid for. What we need to know is how many the people were able to build at first, and in what manner those first roads were apportioned. -Chicago Current.

-Another "fresh-air" story, this one from Litchffeld, Conn.: A woman had agreed to take a boy and his sister for their second visit to the place. The boy came alone, however, and, being asked about his sister, replied: "Mother wouldn't let her come to Litchfield this year. She says she got the malaria coming out with the fresh-air fellows last year." The children live on Eaxter street, New York.

-Wendell Phillips was once waiting for a train at Essex Junction, Vt., where passengers exercised at times great patience. He saw a graveyard away from the village, near the depot, and very full. He inquired the reason, and a Green Mountaineer calmly informed

Recently an English higher Court had before it on appeal a case of assault by a teacher on a pupil who had failed to learn certain lessons that would have had to be studied at home. Both courts decided that "home lessons set by teachers can not be inforced." The case has not infrequently come up for discussion in regard to our own publie schools, and, apart from the mani-fest impropriety of teachers throwing any portion of their work upon parents -and this is practically the result of home study-a more serious objection is in the increase of the hours of study thus occasioned. Children, as a rule, do all the work that is good for them in school hours, and it is neither good policy nor wise culture to force them during their hours of freedom, which should either be devoted to recreation, or to proper home duties. Two weeks ago a young girl living near Pittsburgh, Pa., committed suicide because of despondency brought on by over-study and a fear of being behind in her class. The responsibility of teachers rests quite as often in the necessity for re-pressing the ambition of their pupils as in stimulating it. Certainly, whether a child her an ant scholar or a dolt all child be an apt scholar or a dolt, all that is right and necessary in the way of education can be effected without either overtaxing or drawing upon time which should not be at the teacher's command .- Toledo Blade.

A Pinafore Punster Punished,

A young man appeared before a committee of the Board of Education yesterday afternoon and applied for a pro-motion from a high-school junior to a senior class. He explained with refreshing coolness that he was satisfied that he would have passed the exami-nation last term but for a most unfortunate episode. Director Cleveland told the youth to proceed, and he said: 'I was absent from the class-room a minute during the examination in geometry and some one placed a ben', pin in my chair in a position to do the most harm. There was only one pin, but I got it, and uttered an explanation at the same time. The teacher said he never saw such a thing done with a 'pin-a-tore,' at least not when he was a boy. I said "What, never?" and he sent me to the Principal for impudence, and the Principal suspended me, and I missed the examination. I thought I had as much right to dig up the joke as the teacher had

When the high-school boy ccased the committee viewed him sternly until Mr. Moulder motioned him to retire. A vote was instantly taken and the boy's request emphatically refused. - San Francisco Call.

-Statistics show that murderers sentenced to prison for life live to an age beyond the average of those who have