AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She," " Allan Quetermain." Etc., Etc., Etc.

"Be not afraid," Lansweled: "Ferchance thou didst see naught but what was in thy mind. All things are shadows. How canst thou then know their nature, or what is and what only seems to be! But how joes it! Remember thou, this sport is played to an

"It goes well," she said. "By to-morrow's dawn these tales will have gone round, and thou wilt be more feared than any man in Alexandria. Follow me, I pray

CHAPTER XL

OF THE WAYS OF CHARMION; AND OF THE CROWNING OF HARMACHIS AS THE KING OF LOVE

received the writing

of my appointment

as Astrologer and

Magician in-Chief to

the Queen, with the pay

office, which were not

(0) and perquisites of that



Meanwhile all things went well with us, her were so set upon affairs abroad that neither she nor they thought of revolt at feat of magic! Sav what is it, that thou Alexandria, which is to Egypt as another and, all things being foreign there. Day by day those who doubted were won over and sworn to the cause by that oath which out, Harmachis!" can not be broken, and our plans of action more firmly laid. And every other day I went forth from the palace to take counsel with my uncle Sepa, and there at his house | therein he is happy." met the nobles and the great priests who

were for the party of Khem.

should rise against them! And so Serapion

and never was I more astonished at the my heart. wealth and spiendor of her mind, that for and therefore was fain to make a friend of me, asking me many matters that seemed the Lady Charmion also I saw muchindeed, she was ever at my side, so that I scarce knew when she came and when she For with that soft step of hers would she draw nigh, and I would turn me to find her at hand and watching beneath the long lashes of her downcast eyes. There was no service that was too hard for her, and no task too long, for day and night she labored for me and for our cause. But when I thanked her for her loyalty and said it should be had in mind in that time which was at hand, she stamped her foot and pouted with her lips like an angry child. saying that, among all the things which I had learned, this had I not learned-that Love's ser-ice asked no payment and was its own guerdon. And I being innocent in such matters and foolish that I was, holding the ways of women as of small account. read her savings in the sense that her services to the cause of Khem, which she loved, brought with them their own reward. But when I praised so fine a spirit she burst into angry tears and left me wondering; for I knew naught of the trouble at her heart. I knew not then that, unsought, this woman had given me all her love and

that she was rent and torn by pangs of passion fixed like arrows in her breast. I did not know-how should I know it, who never looked upon her otherwise than as an instrument of our joint and holy cause! Her beauty never stirred me; nay, not even when she leaned over me and breathed upon my hair, I never thought of it otherwise than as a man thinks of the beauty of a statue. What had I to do with such delights? I who was sworn to Isis and dedicated to the cause of Egypt. O, ye Gods, bear me witness that I am innocent of this thing, which was the source of all my woe and the woe of Khem!

How strange is this love of woman, that it is so small in its beginning and in its end so great! See, at the first it is even as the little spring of water welling from a mountain's heart. And at the last what is it! It is a mighty river that floweth argosies of joy and makes wide lands to smile. Or, perchance it is a torrent to wash in a flood of ruin across the fields of Hope, bursting in the barriers of design, and bring to tumbled nothingness the tenement of man's purity and the temples of his faith. For when the Invisible conceived the order of the universe, hie set within its plan this seed of woman's love that by its most unequal growth is doomed to bring about equality of law. For now it lifts the low to heights untold, and now it brings the noble to the level of the dust. And thus, while woman, that great surprise of Nature, is. Good and Evil can never grow apart. For still she stands, and, blind with love, shoots the shuttle of our fate, and pours sweet water into the cup of bitterness, and poisons the wholesome breath of life with the doom of her desire. Turn this way and turn that, she is at hand to meet thee. Her weakness is thy strength, her might is thy undoing. Of her thou art, to her thou goest. Bhe is thy slave, yet holds thee entive; at her touch honor withers, locks open, and barriers fall. She is infinite as ocean, she is variable as heaven, and her name is the Unforeseen. Man strive not to escape from woman and the love of woman; for, fly where thou wilt, she is yet thy fate, and whate'er thou buildest thou buildest it

And thus it came to pass that I, Harmachis, who had put such matters far from me, was yet doomed to fall by the thing I held of ne account. For, see, this Charmion; she loves me-why, I knew not. Of her own thought she learned to love me, and of her love came what shall be told. But I, knowing naught, treated her even as a sister, walking as it were hand in hand with her toward our common end.

And so the time passed on till, at length,

all things were made ready. It was the night before the night when the blow should fall, and there were revelings in the palace. That very day had I seen Sepa, and with him the captains of a band of five hundred men, who should burst into the palace at midnight on the morrow, when I had slain Cleopatra the Queen, and put the Roman and the Gallic legionaries to the sword. That very day had I suborned the Captain Paulus, who, since I drew him through the gates, was my will's slave. Half by fear and half by promises of great reward I had prevailed upon him, for his was the watch, at the signal on the morrow night to unbar that small gate which faces to the east. All was made ready-the flower of Free-

dom that had been five and twenty years in growth was on the point of bloom. In every city, from Abu unto Athue, armed companies were gathered, and from their walls spies looked out, awaiting the coming of the messenger who should bring tidings that Cleopatra was no more, and that Harmachis, the Egyptian, had seized the throne. All was prepared, triumph bung to my hand as a cipe fruit to the hand of the plucker. Yet, as I sat at the royal feast my heart was heavy, and a shadow of coming wee lay cold within my mind. I sat there in a place of honor, nigh to the majesty of Cleopatra, and looked down the lines of guests, bright with gems and garlanded with flowers, marking those whom I had doomed to die. There before me lay Cleopatra's self, in all her beauty, which tower, whence I looked on | thrilled the beholder as he is thrilled by the the stars and drew their rushing of the midnight gale, or by the sight of stormy waters. I gazed on her as she touched her lips with wine and toyed with the chaplet of roses on her brow, bethinking me of the dagger beneath my robe that I had sworn to bury in her breast. Again, and yet again, I gazed and strove to hate her, strove to rejoice that she must die-and could not. There, too, behind her-watching me now, as ever, with her deep-fringed eyes-was the lovely Lady Charmion. Who, to look at her innocent face, would believe that she was the setter of that snare wherein should miserably perish the Queen who loved her! Who would dream that locked in her girlish breast was the secret of so much death? I gazed, and grew sick at heart because I must anoint my throne with blood, and by evil sweep away the evil of the land. At naught but some humble husbandman, who in its season sows and in its season garners the golden grain! Alas! the seed that I had been doomed to sow was the red who carry out the will of tyrants if the scale seed of Death, and now I must reap the fruit of the harvest!

"Why, Harmachis, what ails thee?" said Cleopatra, smiling her slow smile. "Has for the minds of Cicopatra and those about the golden ske n of stars got tangled, my astronomer! or dost thou plan some new home. But day by day our party gathered dost so poorly grace our feast. Nay, now, strength in the cities of Egypt, and even in | did I not know, having made inquiry thereon, that things so low as we poor women are far beneath thy gaze, why, I should swear that Eros had found thee

> "Nay, that I am spared, O Queen," I answered "The servant of the star marks not the smaller light of woman's eyes, and

Cleonatra leaned herself toward me, look ing on me long and steadily in such fashion Of Cleopatra, the Queen, I saw much, that despite my will the blood fluttered at

"Boast not, thou proud Egyptian," she richness and variety was as a woven cloth said in a low voice which none but I and of go d throwing back all lights from its | Charmion could hear, "lest perchance thou changing face. She feared me somewhat, dost tempt me to match my magic against thine. What woman can forgive that man should push us by as things of no account? to be beyond the province of my office. Of 'Tis an insult to our sex that Nature's self abhors," and she leaned back and laughed most musically. But glaucing up, I saw Charmion, her teeth upon her np and an angry frown upon her brow.

"Pardon, Royal Egypt," I answered, coldly, but with such wit as I could summon, "before the Queen of Heaven even stars grow pale!" This I said of the moon, which is the sign of the Holy Mother whom Cleopatra dared to rival, naming herself Isis come to earth.

"Happily said," she answered, clapping her whi e nands. "Why, here's an astronomer who hath wit and can shape a compliment. Nay, such a wonder must not pass unnoted, lest the Gods resent it. Charmion, take thou this chaplet from my hair and set it upon the learned brow of our Harmachis. King of Love he shall be crowned, whether he will it or will it not."

Charmion lifted the chaplet from Cleopatra's brows and bearing it to where I was, with a smile set it upon my head, yet warm and fragrant from the Queen's hair, but so roughly that she pained me somewhat. And this she did because she was

wroth, although she smiled with her lips and whispered: "An omen, Royal Harmachis" For though she was so much a woman, yet, when she was angered or suffered jealousy, Charmion had a childish

Having thus fixed the chaplet, she courtesied low before me, and with the softest tone of mockery named me, in the Greek tongue, "Harmachis, King of Love." Thereon Cleopatra laughed and pledged me as "King of love," and so did all the company, finding the jest a merry one. For in Alexandria they love not those who live straightly and turn aside from women.

But I sat there, a smile upon my lips and black anger in my heart. For, knowing who and what I was, it irked me to think myself a jest to the frivolous nobles and light beauties of Cleopatra's Court. But chiefly was I angered against Charmion, did not know that laughter and bitterness are often the valls of a sore heart wherewith it wraps its weakness from the world. "An omen," she said it was-that crown of flowers-and so it proved indeed. For I was fated to barter the double diadem of a sound." the Upper and the Lower Land for a wreath of passion's roses that fade even ere they fully bloom, and Pharach's ivory bed of state for the pillow of a faithless woman's her lips. "It is the Queen," she whispered,

"King of Love!" they crowned me in their mockery; aye, and King of Shame! And I, I may not be found thus alone with thee at with the perfumed roses on my brow-I, by this hour; it hath a strange look, and she

Egypt-bethought me of the imperishable halls of Abouthis and of that other crowning which on the morrow should be consum-

But stuf smiling. I pledged them back, and answered with a jest. For rising, I ments. bowed before Cleopatra and craved leave "Venus," I said, speaking of the planet that we know as Donaou in the morning and Bonou in the evening, "was in the ascendant. Therefore as newcrowned King of Love, I must now pass to do my homage to its Queen." For these bar-barians name Venus Queen of Love. And so amid their laughter I withdrew

me to my watch tower, and, dashing that shameful chaplet down amid the instru-



"AN OMEN, ROYAL HARMACHIS."

ments of my craft, made pretense to note; the rolling of the stars. There I waited, thinking on many things that were to be until such time as Charmion should come with the list of the doomed and the messages of my uncle Sepa, whom she had that even-

At length the door opened softly, and she came jeweled and clad in her white robes, even as she had left the feast.

CHAPTER XII.

OF THE COMING OF CLEOPATRA TO THE CHAM-BER OF HARMACHIS; OF THE THROWING PORTH OF THE KERCHIEF OF CHARMION; OF THE STARS, AND OF THE GIFT BY C EO PATRA OF HER PRIENDSHIP TO HER SERV-

LENGTH thou art come, Charmion," 1 said. "It is over by no means could 1 mood is strangely crossed to-night. I know not what I may portend. Strange whims and fancies blow across it like light and contrary airs upon a summer sea, and I can not read her purpose."

thou seen our uncle?" "Yea, Royal Harmachis."

"And hast thou the last lists!" "Yea, here they be," and she drew them from her bosom. "Here is the list of those who, after the Queen, must certainly be put to the sword. Among them thou wilt note is the name of that old Gaul, Brennus. 1 grieve for him, for we are friends; but it

must be. It is a heavy list." "'Tis so," I answered; "when men write out their count they torget no item, and our count is long. What must be, must be.

"Here is the list of those to be spared, as friendly or uncertain; and here that of the towns that certainly will rise so soon as the messenger reaches their gates with tidings of the death of Cleopatra.

"Good. And now"—and I paused—"and now as to the manner of Cleopatra's death How hast thou settled it? Must it be even by my hand?"

"Yea, my lord," she answered, and once again I caught that note of bitterness in her blow break the chains which gall the neck through dread of them. of Khem."

'Talk not thus, girl." I said, "well thou knowest that I rejoice not, being but driven this bloody work! Indeed, I marvel, however heavy be her crimes, that thou canst talk thus lightly of the death by treachery of one who loves thee!"

"Methinks my Lord is over-tender, forgetting the greatness of the moment and all that hangs upon this dagger stroke that shall cut the thread of Cleopatra's life. Listen, Harmarchis. Thou must do the deed, and thou alone: Myseif would I do it, had my arm the strength; but it has it not. By poison it can not be done, for every drop she drinks and every morsel that shall touch her lips is strictly tasted by three separate tasters, who can not be suborned. Nor may the eunuchs of the guard be trust ed. Two, indeed, are sworn to us; but the third can not be come at. He must be cut down afterward; and, indeed, when so many men must fall, what matters a cunuch more criess! Thus shall it be, then. Tomorrow night, when Bonou at three hours before midnight is in the right ascension. thou dost cast the final augury of the issue of the war. And then thou wilt, as is agreed, descend alone with me, having the signet to the outer chamber of the Queen's apartment. For the vessel bearing orders to the Legions sails from Alexandria at the following dawn; and alone with her, for she wills that the

hing be kept secret as the sea, thou will read the message of the stars. And as she pores over the papyrus, then must thou tab her in the back, so that she dies; and see thou that thy will and arm fail thee not! The deed being done - and indeed it will be easy-thou wilt take the signet and pass out to where the eunuch is-for the others will be wanting. If by any chance there be trouble with him-but there will be no trouble, for he dare not enter the private rooms, and the sounds of death can not reach so far-thou must cut him down. Then will I meet thee; and, passing on, we will come to Paulus, and it shall be my care to see that he is neither drunk nor backward, for I know how to hold him to the task. And he and those with him shall throw open the side gate, when Sepa and the five hundred chosen men who are in waiting shall pour in and throw themselves upon the sleeping legionaries, putting them to the sword. because she laughed the loudest, and then I | Why, the thing is easy, so thou rest true to thyself, and let no woman's fears creep into thy heart. What is this dagger's It is nothing, and yet upon it may thrust? hang the destinies of Egypt and the world. "Hush!" I said. "What is that! I hear

Charmion ran to the door, and gazing down the long, dark passage, listened In a moment she came back, her finger on nurriedly; "the Queen who mounts the stair alone. I heard her bid Iris leave her. descent and ordination the Pharach of may suspect somewhat. What wants she here! Where can I hide me!" I glanced around. At the further end of the chamber was a heavy curtain that hid a little place built in the thickness of the wall which I used for the storage of rolls and instru-

> "Haste thee-there!" I said, and she glided behind the curtain, which swung back and covered her. Then I thrust the fatal scroll of death into the bosom of my robe and bent me o'er the mystic chart. Presently I heard the sweep of woman's robes, and there came a low knock upon the

"Enter, whoever thou art!" I said. The latch lifted, and Cleopatra swept in, royally arrayed, her dark hair hanging about her and the sacred snake of royalty glistening on her brow.

"Of a truth, Harmachis," she said, with sigh, as she sank into a seat, "the path to Heaven is hard to climb! Ah! I am weary, for those stairs are many. But I was minded, my astronomer, to see thee in thy haunts."

"I am honored overmuch, O Queen!" I said, bowing low before her.

"Art thou now! And yet that dark face of thine hath a somewhat angry look. Thou art too young and handsome for this dry trade, Karmachis. Why, I vow, thou nast cast my wreath of roses down amidst thy rusty tools! Kings would have cherished that wreath along with their choicest diadems, O Harmachis! and thou dost throw it down as a thing of no account! Why, what a man thou art! But stay; what is this! A lady's kerchief, by Isis! Nay, now my Harmachis, how came this here! Are our poor kerchiefs also instruments of thy high art? Oh, fie, fie!have I caught thee, then! Art thou, indeed, a fox f"

"Nay, most Royal Cleopatra, nay!" I said, turning; for the kerchief which had failen from Charmion's neck had an awkward look. "I know not, indeed, how the frippery came here. Perchance some of the women who keep the chamber may have jet it fall,"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PITH AND POINT.

-A little learning is a dangerous thing; but the danger is not in the learning but the littleness.

-Whatever you or your friends do is never wholly wrong; whatever your enemy or his friends do is never wholly right.

-The man who doesn't know where highly esteemed in their neighborhood. his next dollar is to come from always sends it where his last went.-Philaphia Times.

to tarry around the fire on the inside .-Atchison Globe. -Praise never gives us much pleasure

unless it concurs with our own opinion, and extol us for those qualities in which we chiefly excel.-Hume.

-As I know more of mankind I ex-"Well, well; enough of Cleopatra. Hast pect less of them, and am readier to call a man good on easier terms than I | those who wished to see its treasures. was formerly,-Dr. Johnson.

-Common courtesy is quite distinct from a matter of common curtesy, but some people don't seem to know it .-Merchant Traveler.

-He who bears failure with patience is as much of a philosopher as he who succeeds; for to put up with the world needs as much wisdom as to control it.

-A slight divergence at the outstart carries the arrow far out of the way at the end, just as a false step in starting gives life a result that is disastrously wide of the mark. To begin well is to begin true, and with a sure aim.-United Presbyterian.

-Every one who suffers punishment, if the punishment has been rightly dealt him by another, must needs either himself be made better and thus benefit voice. "Doubtless my Lord will rejoice thereby, or else serve as an example to that his should be the hand to rid the land others, that they, seeing the sufferings of this false and wanton woman, and at one which he endures, may be made better

-The man whose conversation is habitually chaste and pure, from whose to the act by deep necessity and the press. lips "no corrupt communication" proure of my yows. Can she not, then, be ceeds, and whose words tend to "minispoisoned? Or can no one of the cunuchs be ter grace unto the hearers," knows how suborned to slay her? My soul turns from to talk and what to say. One is always in good company when in the company of such a man. His society is worth having, and contact with him will tend to make one better.

A WONDERFUL DOG.

How He Saved Four Boys from Almost Certain Death.

Nit is a big jet-black Newfoundland

dog who lives in the northern part of New York City, and is supposed to be jointly owned by Oscar and George Smith. One Saturday afternoon the Horn commences. In front of this palbrothers, with two other boys, tramped up to the Bronk river to a disused milldam, determined to have some fun, and of course Nit was along. Presently they found an old boat, twelve feet long, fastened by a rusty chain to a stake. They climbed in, and were amusing themselves by rocking it, when the chain broke and the boat drifted out from the shore. Hardly more than fifty yards down the river the water runs over the dam and falls twenty feet on the jagged rocks. There were no oars in the boat and nothing to use as a substitute. In the middle of the river the boat swung lazily around until the prow pointed toward the dam, and then it began to drift slowly down stream. Nit had stood on the shore with ears and tail erect, watching the boat drift away, and apparently considering it a good joke. But when the boat began to move toward the dam Nit became ill at ease, and ran barking and whining up and down the bank. The boys were thoroughly alarmed by this time, too. They cried out for help, and Nit, telling them by a sharp, short bark to wait for him, sprang into the water and beat his way toward the boat, now dangerously out under his red fez cap. He wears a near the dam. Nit swam right in front of the boat, and tried to stop it with his body, but the current swung the stern around. Finding that this wouldn't do, Nit swam around the boat twice, thinking very earnestly all the time. Having solved the difficulty, as he thought, he sprang up on the gunwale and seized it with his teeth. This lifted him so far out of the water that he couldn't swim. Then he let go his hold and went around the boat once more for another idea. He got it, and then the question arose how to convey it to the frightened youngsters. Nit swam close to the boat, and sticking his head over the gunwhale, looked imploringly into little Oscar's face, and whimpered. Oscar misunderstood, and thought Nit was tired and wanted to come in for a rest. He seized the leather strap and tried to lift him in. But Nit instantly dropped back into the water, and pointing his head toward the shore, began swimming for all he was worth. Gradually the downward course of the boat was stopped. It swung around in answer to Nit's powerful legs, and slowly drew near the shore. It grounded within a few feet of the dam, and the boys sprang out as happy a lot of yougsters as lived. They started homeward on a run, with Nit barking and frolicking around them.-Golden Days.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

-Disease has ravaged some of the grouse preserves in Scotland alarming extent. On one moor recently out of 260 birds killed all had to be buried.

-The government monopoly articles of Honduras are gunpowder, tobacco, cigars and liquor. It retains complete and absolute control of the liquor traffic.

-Although slavery does not exist, properly speaking, in China, in the eyes of the law the large boating-population and actors fill the position of slaves.

-There is in Windsor castle a gold punch-bowl and ladle for which George IV. paid 10,000 guineas, and the investment is wholly profitless because there is never a drop of punch brewed in it.

-When the construction of a railroad is undertaken in China the natives burn a temple, and then persuade the people that it is a manifestation of the wrath of the gods against the road. -London lawyers now employ short-

hand in their office work. The entries, drafts, affidavits and the multitude of other documents they are called upon to prepare are now taken down in shorthand at their dictation and are copied from that.

-In a village in the canton of Lucerne, Switzerland, there is a society of old maids. It numbers eighty, and, queer enough, it is under the patronage of the St. Catherine Matrimonial Agency. They perform acts of charity, and are

-There are now such a large number of foreign officers studying at Berlin that the German Government has estab--When you can induce a man to hold lished an international military academy your horse in the rain, how natural it is for their accommodation. There are a great many Turks and also several Chi-

nese officers. -An association in London, called the Sunday Society, occupies itself with arranging the opening of private collections to the public on the Sabbath. For two Sundays recently the Duke of Wellington has opened Apsley house to

-King Humbert, before leaving Naples, ordered that a bronze wreath should as soon as possible be deposited on Garibaldi's grave in place of the flowers he had put there. He said: "Our country and my house owe so much to Garibaldi that this island must bear from myself and my son a tribute of

everlasting gratitude." -Belgium is an uncomfortable country for embezzlers. A cashier employed by the city of Ghent, who embezzled 163,000 francs of the municipal cash, has just caught it very hot indeed. He has been sentenced to forty years' imprisonment and five years' police supervision to follow, has been fined 8,450 francs and ordered to restore the entire sum he has embezzled, and will, in addition, lose all his civil rights.

-The power of one of the greatest political figures of the day, perhaps of in his stockings, weighs 220 pounds, all time, is said to be on the wane. The Empress Dowager of China has been shorn of her prestige by the rebelious independence of the young Emperor. He refused to see the bride which she forced upon him, and has been issuing vigorous decrees on his own account. He has been censuring the old Ministers right and left, particularly Chang Chi How Two American Boys Made the Ac-

THE SULTAN'S POSITION.

Like That of Other Oriental Rulers It Is Decidedly Unsafe. His Majesty, the ruler, leads by no

means a happy life, notwithstanding his income of \$10,000,000 a year, and that he has his wives by the score. His prederessors lived in a great palace on the banks of the Golden Horn, or rather of the Bosphorus at the point where the ace stands the yacht of the Sultan, and there is usually a gunboat or two stationed near by to guard it. The last Sultan woke one morning to find the guns of these ships sighted on the palace, and a set of Turkish rebels demanded his surrender. The present Sultan has a palace away back on the hills. The grounds which surround it contain many acres, and there are watchtowers built here and there among them. In these guards are stationed, who keep the landscape ever before their eyes, and who would at the least hostile demonstration inform His Majesty. He has thousands of soldiers connected with his own body-guard, but he rusts very few, and like one of the former Sultans, he places implicit confidence only in his mother. He has had a number of revolutions during his reign, and if you look over the history of Turkey you will find that assassination is a very common fate for a Sultan. I saw the Turkish monarch several times while I was in Constantinople. He is a sallow, nervous little man, with a Roman nose, with a pair of bright, black eyes, which sparkle as they look suit of black clothes, much like those of a preacher, and his coat is buttoned high at the throat. He does not look like a healthy man, and there is more timidity than braggadocio about his bearing. It is said at Constantinople that he dares not move about unattended through the streets of the Turkish quarter, and his home is on the European side of the water. When he takes a ride through his capital the whole army at Constantinople turns out over the road in order that-his royal bones be not jolted, and he has a couple of the most noted of his Generals in the carriage with him. I am told that he is of his kingdom if it were not for the plots and plotters which continually surround him. His situation is practically the same as that of the other Asiatic monarchs of the courts which I visited. Not one of them felt secure and safe upon his throne, and all of the countries of Asia have their political factions and their political intrigues. - F. G. Carpenter, in National Tribune.

-The wife of a bald-headed man is that she is not an amiable woman.

WHERE MAN THRIVES.

A Maryland Town in Which Nearly All Are

"Back in Montgomery County, eleven miles from Laurel, on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, is the little village of Sandy Spring, a Quaker settlement, whose population is but seventy-five persons, yet which is noted for the length of time its inhabitants live and the stature they attain," said Robert H. Moran a day or two ago.

"Now, I am not what you would call a little or a young man. I am 77 years old, six feet tall, and weigh 200 pounds, yet I can not hold a candle to some of the chaps who live there. The old people there are dving off, though. Now, there was the Penn family. Mary lived to be 100 years old. Edward died at 104. Lizzie was 103 when she died, and Joseph was 101. Joshua lived to be 99 and 10 months. Mary No. 3 was 98, and another Mary was 89. William Thompson was one of the oldest men in town. He died at 113 years. The Bell boys were triplets. They were Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Every one of them was over 100 years old, and the smallest of them was 6 feet 4 inches high. Both the others were 6 feet 5. Then there were two men, one named Davis and the other Thatcher, both of whom were over 100. Isaac Moore lived to be 102. Mrs. Russell died at 104. Mrs. Kirk was 101. Billy Matthews and Will McCormick were each 101 when they died. Billy Simpson was 100, and Mahlon Chandico is now living at 100. Cornelius Sullivan was 94, William Brown was 92 when he left us, and Jimmy Whiteside is still living, hale and hearty, at 96. Now there is a raft of men over 80 years. Among those who are dead are William Thompson, Randall Thompson and Joe Thompson. Joshua Lewis. Ephraim Murphy, Henry Stabler and Edward Stabler. Caleb Stabler, Richard Tucker, Porry Lizear, and Jeff Higgins are still living. There is such a raft of boys over 80 that it isn't worth while to mention them.

"Now for the big fellows: Ed Penn was 6 feet 4, and Josh was 6 feet 2. Robert Sullivan was 6 feet 5. He had: two sons, Will and George, who were 6 feet 4 and 6 feet 3 respectively. Mahlon and Nelson were brothers, and each was 6 feet 4 inches high. There was Richard Sullivan, whom we used to call Long Dick. He was 6 feet 4. He had two sons. Ed and Perry, who are still living, both 6 feet 2. Dr. Artemas Riggs was a daisy. He was 6 feet 5 inches tall, weighing 260 pounds, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, and was one of the best men in the county. There were three men who were named William Brown, and we had to nickname them to distinguish them. There was Big Bill Brown, 6 feet 3. Long Bill Brown was 6 feet 5, and Little Bill Brown was 6 feet. 216. Isaac Moore was 6 feet 2, but his son Nathan went him one better and was 6 feet 3. Perry Lizear is still living. He is over 80 years old, is 6 feet is straight as an arrow, and one of the best men in the county. Itell you what, if you have any children and want them to live long and grow big, just send them to Sandy Springs."-Baltimore Sun.

A KINGLY EXAMPLE.

quaintance of Denmark's King.

An exchange relates a pleasing anecdote about two American boys traveling in Europe. They were skylarking in the streets of Copenhagen, and one boy tossed the other's hat into a tree. While the victim was trying to dislodge it, there came along an old gentleman, with umbrella under his arm and his head buried in his book.

"Please, sir." said the hatless boy. 'will you get my hat?" The old gentleman fished around with his umbrella for about five minutes, and failing to dislodge the hat, allowed the boy to mount his shoulders; and, with the umbrella, he finally captured the hat. As the boy dismounted and thanked the old gentleman, another gentleman came along, who saluted and called the one with the umbrella, "Your Majesty." The boys were astonished to find that they had in this unceremonious fashionmade the acquaintance of the King of Denmark, and they think the King deserves the kingdom. In fact he is a capital fellow. He loves to mingle with the people in their amusements, and there is no fol-de-rol of royalty about him.

Now this little incident teaches a lesson that perhaps some of the Trovers haven't learned: The King of Denmark is not the only "royal good fellow" among the foreign nobility; there are, in fact, a number of Dukes and Earls who have really a more democratic spirit than some of our untitled Americans. There are plenty of people in this country, who haven't the rag of a title, nor much else to distinguish them -except their manners, and the fact that their fathers have managed to scrape together a few dollars ahead of their neighbors-yet who imagine that they belong to "the aristocracy," and put on all the airs of a superior being. Yet we are willing to forgive them because they are Americans; but really it is easier to forgive any other kind of a snob than an American snob, one who has had all the advantages of being born in this country.

When we compare a fellow of this sort with a scion of some titled European to guard him. Yellow sand is sprinkled family, who is at the same time a gentleman-treating all whom he meets with courtesy and consideration, showing his good breeding alike to the "noble lord" who dines with him and really fond of his subjects, notwithstand- the servant who waits on the tableing the dangers of his situation, and when we make this comparison we see that he would do much for the bettering | that calling a man an aristocrat doesn't make him one.

The Trove boys and girls, in their anxiety to be strong Americans, must remember that a man may be rich or titled under some foreign social system. and still be a simple-minded, democratic gentleman-a citizen creditable to any country; and another may spend most of his time preaching about the "rights of the poor," yet not be half so much a friend to them as the first man, but a low-bred, contemptible fellow. Whatconstantly shadowed by the suggestion ever a man's surroundings, "a man's a man for a' that."-Treasure-Trove.