CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no moaning of the ben-

When I put out to sea. But such a tide as moving seems asleep Too full for sound and foam, When that which drew from out the bound less deep

Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark!

And may there be no sadness of farewell.

For the' from out our bourne of time and The flood may bear me far, I hope to see my Pilot face to face, When I have crost the bar.

GETTING STARTED.

The letters "P. L. M." are a magic combination. They are a sort of alphabetic "open sesame." P. L. M. is the enchanted gateway through which every one must pass to escape from the damp, shivery gloom of an English winter to the paradise of eternal sunshine. The old, the worn and the weary go through this portal to have a refreshing dip in the fountain of youth; the sick go to get well and the hopeless to die. The letters on the northern side of this gateway might stand for piercing livid misery or pouring liquid mud, or potatoes, liver and mutton or pitiless lurid murder; and on the south for peaceful, lifegiving mildness, or palms, lilies and mandarins or ports and lakes and mountains; but in plain literal meaning they stand for the railway called the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean, running from the capital of France to the great southern sea and along the Mediterranean coast to the Italian frontier.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, especially if that little happens to be wrong. I always had the idea that P. L. M. station was that terminus south of the Luxembourg palace. I don't know how this notion fixed itself on me; anyhow, when the cab driver instead of crossing the Seine took the rough stony street on the north side of it, I thought he had mistaken my instructions and tried to tell him where to go. This attempt to give a Paris cabman information about his own city evidently amused him very much, and he proceeded to argue the point with me—he talking French while she would—most decidedly." I confined myself to English—but strong, forcible English.

I think a woman takes a deplorable delight in finding her husband in the wrong. Anyhow, this remark was made.

"There is just one chance in a million that you are mistaken and that the man knows where he is going."

"Knows? He doesn't know anything." and to show that I was in the right I was indiscreet enough to pull out a map of Paris. I tried to fold it up again as quickly as possible, but was not soon enough.

Exactly. The man was right after all. It's miles away and on this side of

"Go on," I shouted to the driver, "what are you stopping for? Drive on and hurry up.'

Now, this idiotic cochier seemed to think every time I tried to get him to move on that I wanted to reopen the argument about the position of the P. L. M. station. He would pull up his horse and turn half round in his seat towards me and vehemently expound his side of the controversy. I realized that if this sort of thing was kept on we would miss the train, and I was just debating whether it would be better to murder the man outright and take the reins myself, or merely stun him and try to get to the station before he revived, when there came along a pedestrian who looked as if he were an Englishman.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but do you speak English?"

"I have been accustomed to speak it." he answered, coming to a standstill, "from my youth up. What can I do for you?"
"Nothing, unless you can also speak

French." "Ah, there you touch my weak point: still I know enough of the language to

get cheated." Well, I wish you would ask the driver what he is arguing with me aboutpolitics or religion?"

There was an animated confab between the two for a minute, then the stranger turned to me.

"The driver says that you seem a little wabbly in your mind as to what particular station you want to go to. He says he doesn't mind driving to any one station, but he declines to experiment with all the termini in Paris unless you hire

him by the hour.' "Will you kindly tell him that I want the P. L. M. station and that I want it bad. Ask him to hurry and hint at ex-

tra compensation." When this was done the stranger was

good enough to give me some hints that might prove useful. "If he doesn't move fast enough don't

say 'go it' or 'hurry up:' he'll think you want to enter into conversation with him. Shout 'Pressay,' and if that doesn't do, punch him with your cane. They understand that in every language. Don't hit him with the cane. He will take that as a challenge and hit back with the whip, but punch him gently and yell 'Pressay.' Good-by. Oh. don't mention it. No trouble at all."

"Now, you villain," I cried, "Pressay

or perish. He gave that peculiar "Youep" which French drivers so frequently address to their horses, hit the animal an under cut with the whip, then worked off a fusilade of sharp whip cracks that sounded like a succession of pistol shots and the horse broke into a dejected gallop, which finally worried us to the foot of the stone hill that leads to the station. The big clock showed that it was still five miuntes to train time. This, on most lines in France or Italy, would be equivalent to missing the train, but the P. L. M. quople run a modern railway, and so, with the aid of a good angel, who, inhis cap, we got the came. The treken,

now stamped by the railway authorities,

and then the trunks were "registered." The system is not quite so good as the package and the word "Lyons" was was one penny.

There was one compartment that was empty as far as people were concerned. manteaus that reserved the choice seats.

"No use going in there," I said. "I happen to know," replied our conductor, "that all that impedimenta rep-

I may remark that nowhere does the ly as when people are traveling. I, who feather and all had just been hoping for a whole compartment for my party, was highly indignant to find that two other unknown persons had been actuated by the same selfish desire. The rugs, valises and handbags were bundled into this compartment, my folks got in after them and stayed on the platform to head off, if it was possible, anybody else.

Two men, who were on the platform smoking, looked at this invasion with undisguised anguish. They consulted together for a moment, and then one of them approached me.

"Do you speak English?" he asked. This was flattering. There was evidently nothing in my appearance to denote that I could speak anything else, and so I admitted that I generally could make myself understood in that language.

"Is that your party in that compartment?" was the next question.

"Well. I pay for them." "Ah! Well, you see, my friend and myself have our things in there-andyou see-we were wondering-you know -if the lady would object to our smok-

Speaking off-hand I should imagine "Ah, then you are not a smoker your-

"It is a vile habit-if you will excuse me for saying so.'

Yes, I suppose it is-still if you will allow me to make the remark, I would like to say that when a man who doesn't smoke condemns the habit he simply does not know what he's talking about." "Possibly that is so."

His friend, who seemed to think that he was not taking a sufficiently diplomatic tone, at this point hauled him off and they consulted together again for a moment. The hand of the clock was within a minute and a half of starting time. They evidently felt that whatever was to be done had to be done quickly. The speaker approached again. "I suppose you wouldn't mind our oking if you were alone in the car-

"Oh, I could stand it all right, I ex-

"Do you think the lady and children would object to going into the ladies' compartment?"

"You may ask her if you like. I haven't the courage to make such a request myself. The ladies' compartment is pretty crowded."

The man apparently thought it best not to make the request, and withdrew again for comfort and consultation with his friend.

"What does that man want?" asked the lady in question as I approached the compartment door.

"He wanted to know if you would object to going into the ladies' compartment with the children."

"The idea! So that they could have the compartment to themselves! Well, for downright selfishness that"-"Oh, not so selfish as that. They

want to smoke-that's all." "Then why didn't you tell them to go into the smoking compartment-I suppose there is one." "I never thought of that. That's a

good idea." I approached the two, who were still debating the matter.

"It has been suggested to me that if a move has to be made"-"Oh, I assure you," interrupted the

previous speaker, gratefully, "that it is very comfortable in the ladies' compartment, and we will move the luggage with pleasure."

"I was about to say that if a move is made, why don't you gentlemen move to this season. the smoking compartment?" The blank look that came into the two

faces was a sight to see. "There are only two places in the smoking compartment, and"-

"Well, there are only two of you." "And they are all smoking vile French "Is it worse than English tobacco?"

"Worse? Well I should say so." "Then Lord pity the French." "En voiture, messieurs, sivooplay," shouted the guards, as they began to slam

the doors shut. I turned and got into our compartment. The two men looked at the clock, then, rushing for the compartment, picked up their belongings and made a break for the smoking carriage. We had the compartment all to ourselves until we got to Lyons that even-

ing. Only once were we in any danger of intruders, but it was so late then that I suppose they thought it was not worth while. At one of the stops the man who did most of the talking to me in the morning happened to come past our open door. He seemed paralyzed as he saw me sitting there pulling away at a corncob pipe. When he caught his breath he said:

"English or French tobacco you're emoking?

American. Don't you like it?" stend of having where the tree words "I like American tobacco a good deal "Thomas Cook & see a good deal better than I like American check." I rather think he had me there. -Luke which had been to as in London, were Charp in Detroit Free Press.

Romance of a Diamond

A very curious case has been exercising the authorities at the Cape. In ac-American plan of checking, but it is in- cordance with the law which regards as finitely better than the English way of stolen every diamond which a man sells trusting to luck and personal supervis- or has in his possession, unless its origin ion. A ticket with the number of the and pedigree are registered at the detective department, a man brought up for pasted on the trunk, a similar ticket was registration the other day a large diagiven to me. The cost of the service mond, worth some thousands of pounds, which had, he alleged, been given to "I'm afraid," said Cook's man, after he him long ago by his sweetheart. His had seen to all these preliminaries, "that story was that a certain lady, still I will not be able to get you a compart- living, and now the wife of another ment to yourselves. The trains are man, had found the stone and sent it to rather crowded at this season of the him some fifteen or twenty years ago. inclosed along with a feather in a letter. begging him to accept it as a keepsake.

The faithful lover had kept it all this but in each corner were rugs and port- time, he said, but now, being hard up, wished to sell it. He demanded, accordingly, that the detective department should supply him with a permit. The detective communicated with the lady. resents two men who have taken this She, however, being a married woman, method of frightening people away. This seemed in no way anxious to have a foolis your best place. You will have two ish romance of her callow youth revived, seats by the window when they pick up and professed to have no memory of any such transaction. Thereupon the mother of the claimant rummaged about and disselfishness of mankind come out so strong- covered the original autograph letter.

There it lies at the detective office-a faded relic of a sentiment of long ago. It is a composition pervaded by as little wisdom as is usual in such things; but accident has attached to it a value more substantial than any, perhaps, which the recipient put upon it "when we two parted in silence and tears." The latest news is that the authorities believe the story, that the genuineness of the whole affair is in fair way to be established, and that the happy owner will soon be enriched by the proceeds of the diamond which has had sostrange a history. - Cape Colony Letter

Glass Railroads.

Attention has been called to one of the greatest novelties in the construction of street railroads. Glass sleepers, introduced by Mr. Lindsay Buckill and Mr. W. Siemen, of Dresden, have been tried with such satisfaction that it is now proposed to make broad, longitudinal sleepers of glass, having a groove in the upper surface, and so combining in themselves the functions of both sleepers and rails. This would do away with the necessity for separate iron rails, with their fastenings and other complications. In a paper by Dr. Schott it is shown that by properly tempering glass with oil this very brittle substance "can be made, mass for mass, stronger than steel, and practically unbreakable." This being the fact, may we not soon expect to see railroads using large quantities of this plentiful substance for rails and for other purposes for which iron is now used?-St. Louis Re-

Where New York Churches Are Building. The geographical situation of the churches on which these sums were expended is worth noting. Of the \$1,124,-000 credited to the Roman Catholic church all but \$230,000 was expended above Eighty-ninth street. Of the \$1,-485,000 spent by the Protestant Episcopal church all but \$50,000 was spent or is to be spent above Seventieth street. Three hundred and seventy thousand dollars of the Presbyterian \$480,000 has been spent north of Seventy-second street. All but \$40,000 of the \$275,000 of the Methodists' money north of Seventy-fifth street, and a similar trend and proportion with all the denominations. -New York Press.

Byron's Boatman.

The Greek boatman, Chazes by name, who used to serve Lord Byron has just died at Missolonghi, and been honored with a state funeral by command of the king, the public buildings at Athens being draped in mourning for this brave survivor of the Greek war of independence. It is sixty-six years since Chazes rowed the poet through the storm that caused his fatal illness, but to him Byron remained forever young and forever glorious, as man, as poet and as the would be deliverer of Greece from the yoke of the Turks.—Harper's Bazar.

Improvement in Electric Lights.

In the new hotel at Tampa, Fla., the electric lights in the sleeping apartments will be so arranged that they may be made to burn with any degree of brilliancy by turning on or off in the same way as a gas jet or kerosene lamp is regulated to give more or less light. This is the very last invention in electric lighting and will overcome the greatest objection to electric lights in bedrooms, which by all former appliances give their full capacity when used-Tampa Journal.

His Expectation.

Friend-I understand you are going to preside at the desk of a summer hotel

Hotel Clerk-I am. F .- Do you anticipate making a good thing out of it? H. C .- Yes, I expect to own the house

dinary good luck.—Boston Courier. How He Came by Them. Friend-You have a lot of agricultural implements. Where did you get them?

Kansas Man-They fell to me. "Ah, a relative of yours died and left them to you, eh?"

"No, no; a cyclone did the work."-Detroit Free Press.

Lightning Tore Out His Eyes.

A Lafayette special to The Indianapo-

An English syndicate, with Lord Brassey and Lord Richard Grosvenor at its head, is about to turn Brussels into a seaport by building a canal and three immense basins. The canal will be large enough to admit ships of 1,000 tons.

There is fashion in canes as well as everything else. Big canes and crooked handles have gone out, and the present fancy is for canes tolerably slender and with a knob or other finish at the top.

A Little American Gentleman

The passengers on a Pennsylvania anthat of Mrs. Burnett's far famed little dispersed without noticing him. lord. He was a sturdy built little fellow. and dressed in his peajacket, with Knickerbockers and military cap, looked the picture of a little gentleman. Occupying the seat next to him was a fair little maiden, perhaps 3 years old, who wished very much to see the book which the boy held in his hand. In the most gentle and courteous way he showed her the pictures, explaining, in childish fashion, their meaning.

Not content with this, he began to tease his mamma to let him give the book to his admiring pupil. The mother seemed pleased, but said: "Why, I book so you could have it to read on the cars going home?"

"So I did; but can't the little girl have handed his beloved book to the shy maiden at his side. Great was his surprise and disappointment to have it refused in the most decided manner, and as he took the rejected book and walked off the boat he looked the picture of despair. He did not forget, however, to turn round at the last moment and touch his hat to his little friend, who, as she held fast to her mother's hand, said: "Dood-by, little boy."-New York Trib-

Who Wrote Shakespeare? Those interested in the now almost obsolete discussion Donnelly vs. Shakespeare may find a few crumbs of comfort

Hamlet overheard Julius Cæsar tell King Lear on the Twelfth Night after the Tempest that Anthony and Cleopatra had told Coriolanus that Two Gentlemen of Verona were the authors of Shakespeare's plays. Lear said: You may take it As You Like It, but I don't believe it, for I heard Romeo and Juliet say Love's Labor was Lost when Trolius and Cressida stole the Comedy of Errors and sold it to the Merchant of Venice for a cup of

sack and a dish of caraways. Timon of Athens and Cymbeline were parties to the theft, and, after drinking Measure for Measure with the Merry Wives of Windsor, told King John all about it. Richard III, a competent critic, said Bacon could not write even A Winter's Tale, and Henry VIII said: That settles it, so why make so Much Ado -Chicago Times. About Nothing? Othello was busy discussing a point of honor with Henry IV. V and VI, and as Richard II was absent Taming the Shrew, I could get no further evidence as to who really did write Well.-St. Louis Republic.

Earns Her Good Complexion. A young school teacher of Chicago, who is the admired of all admirers for her absolutely faultless complexion, performs a most energetic scouring each evening. When she returns from school, to use her own words, she "looks like a chimney sweep." So she washes her face in lukewarm water, in which some ammonia has been poured. A second water is clear, and a third rubbing is o glowing like damask roses. So she mission. soothes them by a little rice powder and goes down to dinner conscious of looking her loveliest. She uses no soap, because she thinks it makes her "shiny."-

A New England Maid.

Chicago Times.

A writer in The Christian Union sketches with a sympathetic pen a typical New England old maid, grim and heart; a hard shell saint, he felicitously calls her. "Not long ago," he says, "after the death of a proud aristocrat of the town whom she had nursed faithfully, she said: 'He allers used to think falo, N. Y., writes: the Lord's overcoat wouldn't make him a jacket. Guess now he knows better.' first saw 'Memento Mori' cut on the family stone of a local citizen, and exclaimed: 'I knowed all Jem Smith's darters, but blessed if I ever knowed before one of them had married any Mr. Mori.'

An Orthodox Vane.

A good story is told of the great Unitarian clergyman, Dr. Channing, of Boston. The doctor, in his latter days, was rather frail in body and very antagonistic to going out in an east wind. At one period when the weather had been exceptionally good for three weeks a friend called to see why he had not been out on these fine days. "Why," exclaimed the good man, "the weather vane on Park Street church has been pointing an east wind for nearly a month." When the friend explained that the indicator was rusty and the wind had really been from before the season closes if I have my ornorthwest, the reverend gentleman's ire was unbounded to think he had been wrongly directed by an orthodox vane -Chicago Herald.

The Tabardist.

"My cousin is in business in New York on Broadway. He has to work rather hard, but he gets a good deal of fresh air." "What is his business?" "He is a tabardist." "Oh, I see." That dialogue would describe euphemistically the occupation of walking up and down carrylis Journal of April 10 says: "During ing an advertising board on the breast last night's storm lightning struck John and another on the back. "Tabardist' Eberly, of Pine Village, Warren county, sounds artistic, as if one wore the tab tearing out both his eyes from their ard garment, of which the literature of sockets. He is still alive." the sign bearer a "sandwich man." but give him the high sounding title which I saw noted recently.—Christian Union.

The hungry guest at the nearest table was beginning to lose patience. "How long have you been here?" he asked a waiter who was passing, busy

over nothing. "About three years." "Oh, then you were here before I came."—Philadelphia Times. Inviting an Invitation

You've tried Dr. Pierce's

Favorite Prescription have

you and you're disappointed.

The results are not immedi-

the cream doesn't rise in an

hour? If there's no water in

it the cream is sure to rise.

If there's a possible cure, Dr.

Pierce's Favorite Prescription

is sure to effect it, if given a

You get your one dollar it

We wish we could give you

the makers' confidence. They

show it by giving the money

back again, in all cases not

benefited, and it'd surprise you

needed to keep up the refund.

healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh

Remedy. Cures the worst

cases permanently. No ex-

perimenting. It's "Old Re-

liable." Twenty-five years of

"This is a terrible weight of gilt," moaned the little picture with the big frame.

SPREADING FOR LEAGUES AROUND

The marshy, overflowed lands, sunken lots and

The marshy, overflowed lands, sunken lots and half-submerged river banks, which give them birth, the seeds of malaria impregnate the air, and are inhaled at every breath by thousands unprovided with any adequate safeguard against the baneful influence. Yet such exist-potent alike to remedy or to prevent, pure in its constituents, and the professionally recognized substitute for the hateful drug, quinine. Its name is Host-tter's Stomach Bitters, a family specific and safeguard, foremost not only as an antidote to malaria, but also as a means of permanently removing dyspepsia and relieving constipation, liver complaint, rheumatism, kidney and bladder allments and nervousness. Among invigorants it takes the first place, and is also a superbappetizer. Use it systematically.

Never believe the man who says he had for gotten all about that little loan you returned.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" have a direct influence on the influence parts, giv-

ing relief in coughs, colds and the various throat troubles to which singers and pub-lic speakers are liable. Sold only in boxes.

Frequently money makes the mare go—a trifle slower than the opposition hoss. Nothing else more conspicuously shows the power of money.

A. Bellanger, Propr., Stove Foun-

Ed. Bergeron, General Dealer,

best possible results for Dyspepsia."

General Smith, Sydney, Australia,

writes: "August Flower has effected

a complete cure in my case. It act-

Geo. Gates, Corinth, Miss., writes:

ed like a miracle."

C. A. Barrington, Engineer and

dry, Montagny, Quebec, writes: "I

success. Of druggists.

Mild, gentle, soothing and

costs back again if it don't

benefit or cure you.

fair trial.

And did you expect the dis-

A minister had traveled some distance nex boat enjoyed a pretty little scene the to preach, and at the conclusion of the other day, in which the gallantry of a morning service waited for some one to small boy of 6 or 7 would compare with invite him to dine; but the congregation invite him to dine; but the congregation

When the house was nearly empty the minister stepped up to a gentleman and said, "Brother, will you go home to dinner with me today?"

"Where do you live?"

ease of years to disappear in a week? Put a pinch of time "About eighteen miles from here, sir?" "No, but you must dine with me," an- in every dose. You would swered the brother, with a flushed face, not call the milk poor because which invitation the clergyman gravely accepted .- Youth's Companion.

Missed a Good Thing.

Those old time chaps who tortured people by fire, boiling oil, thumb screws, the rack and other pleasant methods thought you wanted me to buy this didn't know anything about sawdust. A man buried under six feet of it can live for about twenty minutes, and he suffers fully as much as if a ton of brick was She finally gave her consent. His piled above him. A Wisconsin man who face lighted up, and the little gallant was saved after fiteen minutes says he would rather be burned at the stake .--Detroit Free Press. On the Wolf's Head.

State Treasurer Bobleter has issued orders for wolf scalps sent in from Kittson county to the extent of \$2,000. This represents the scalps of 400 wolves which have been killed since last November at

\$5 a scalp. The aggregate scalp orders to know how few dollars are on hand, paid and unpaid, amount to \$7,150. When the spring crop of young wolves is in the appropriation of \$15,000 for wolf bounties for 1890 will be exhausted. Wolves pay better than wheat in Kittson county.-St. Louis Globe-

The Crowd and Cotton.

A western baseball club has a pitcher named Cotton, and the crowd seems to regard the name in the nature of a soft thing. When Mr. Cotton is pitching the crowd yell: "See 'em battin' Cotton," and when he is at the bat they yell: "Look at Cotton battin'." It is not much wonder that he thinks of applying to the legislature to change his name.-New York World.

Bot Weather in Australia.

"Sun sickness" is the term applied to the condition of the people of Melbourne, who recently passed through a torrid season. So abnormal was the heat that natives of Madras and negroes from Sierra Leone suffered more than they had ever suffered in their native climes.

Long Lived Canadians.

The longevity of native Canadians is seen in the remarkable fact that the Rev. W. J. Armitage officiated at the funerals Shakespeare, but All's Well That Ends of three in February and March, whose combined ages reached 260, made up as fellows: 84, 86, 90,-St. Catharines Star.

> The costliest horse barn in the world belongs to D. E. Crouse and is located at Syracuse, N. Y. It has now cost the owner, a millionaire horseman, something like \$700,000. Incidental expenses will make the stable cost little short of a round million.

"August Flower" British House of Commons, has an with a sponge liberally soaked with bay nounced that the government had come For Dyspepsia. rum, which certainly clears up any speck to the decision that no woman representof dust which might remain. By this ative of labor or other organizations time the young lady's fair cheeks are could be placed upon the Labor Com-Prince Napoleon has formally made his younger brother, Prince Louis, his

Smith, the government leader in the

have used August Flower for Dyspepsia. It gave me great relief. I recommend it to all Dyspeptics as a political heir, placing him under the very good remedy." friendly tutelage of Prince Roland Bonaparte, who unites much practical wisdom of the scientific attainments of the re-Lauzon, Levis, Quebec, writes: cluse of Westbourne park. have used August Flower with the

Emperor William has stated to Chancellor von Caprivi that Social Democracy would now have full play within the limits of legality, but that if it sought to brusque of manner, but having a warm overstep those bounds it would meet with the most decided suppression.

> CHILLS AND PEVER CURED. G. W. Messenger, 216 Seneca street, Buf-

"I was a great sufferer for many years "I consider your August Flower the w th chills and fever, and tried remedies best remedy in the world for Dys-Nor could Charity itself forbear a smile of all kinds, but found no relief until a pepsia. I was almost dead with when one day in the burying ground she friend of mine told me to buy a box of that disease, but used several bottles BRANDRETH'S PILLS and take them as diof August Flower, and now conrec ed. I used two boxes, and believe that I am cured, as I have not been troubled with them for the past year. I cheerfully recommend them to all who suffer." sider myself a well man. I sincerely recommend this medicine to suffering humanity the world over."

The man who continually denies that he has any special virtues has at least the virtue of truth.



HAMBURG BREAST TEA FOR COUGHS AND COLDS Relief of Consumptive Patients. THE GENUINE IS NEVER SOLD BY WEIGHT.

At Druggists and Dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 packages \$1.00) in stamps.



G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A. FEI GRANVILLE COUNTY NO LEAF MARBURG BRDS

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