INJUNCTION:

Wall thy way greatly So do thou endure Thy small, thy narrow, dwarfed and cankers

That soothing patience shall be half the cure For dir that lesser souls seep sore with strife.

Be thou thyself. So strongly, grandly bear Thec. on what seems thy hard, mistaken road That thou shalt breatht beaven's clearest upper And so forget thy feet that meet the clod.

Wilt see thyself to god like stature grown? Feed full thy soul on strong numility Ther shall thou on thy sordid lot look down; Make thou thy life—not let thy life make thee
—Clars Marcelle Greene.

STORY OF A PRESENT.

June mornings in Antwerp three hun dree years ago were as bright as they are in our own land in those later times, and young men were much the same in 1560 as they are today The earliest worshiper in the cool, shadowy cathedral burried through his prayers. I fancy and made his way quickly out into the sunshine of the Grand place and through the narrow crooked old streets toward his lodging in

the Rue d'Ortevres He would be thought a singularly de vout young man nowadays to go to church at all in the early morning of his wedding day, but times have changed, and I dare say he was no better and no worse than lots of us who have not been reared under the eternal vigilance of careful priests or under the no less constant watch of stone saints and Madonnas look

ing down from every street corner shrine He was a strapping young fellow and a gallant figure for a bridegroom as he strode along toward the street of the gold smiths Now see the compelling power of a girl's eyes! They had drawn Quinten Massys fron his humble anvil at Louvain. up to magnificent, queenly Antwerp, where wealth and power and luxury were at their highest tide just then, to run his life race with other men, and not as a blacksmith but as an artist Frans Floris. the famous painter wrinkled his ragged old brows and hoisted his shoulders up to his ears at the idea of a son in law who swung a hammer instead of wielding a brush, and the young man determined to show himself capable of work as worthy to live through years to come as anything that even Floris could produce

So to Antwert be came and labored for his prize and now he had won her, and today be was to claim his wife His painting was praised by all the great artis tic city, and even the emperor himself had looked with approval at his work And the favor of Charles V was a splendid marriage portion with which to endow the girl who had created his ambition for

But-buman nature is a queer thing Quinten Massys had begun as a worker in metal, and his heart was in the cunning artifice of hammer and lorge And so be had made a wedding present for his bride with his own hands, and it was not the production of a painter, but of a smith

With the most loving care he had fash loned a tmy silver box, whose double cover showed the hand of a master Its outer case was elaborately beaten and chased with the device of the order that the emperor had bestowed upon him, and which he had taken for his family arms The inner clasp was a network of silver cobwebs, wrought in a design that he copied from a piece of tapestry from Bruges And in the tiny hollow be had placed a little ball of aromatic gum that an Arabian merchant had brought to Ant werp-the only city where such costly perfumes could be sold

No thought then of the dreadful days that were coming. No hint on that bright June morning of the gathering cloud of the Inquisition of the Spanish soldiery or of the fourteen months siege that should leave barely two thirds of Ant werp's citizens to open the gates at last to the Duke of Parma!

As the young artist and his wife came out of the cathedral that summer after noon into the cool shade of the gray tower, people said so radiant a bride had not trodden the stones of the Grand place since Charles was king

The solid old houses of Bleecker street sheltered no happier young people, in the year of grace 1840, than William Van Corlear and his wife Lucy Elisworth had led her lover the usual dance to which popular girls are apt to treat their ad mirers, but the Dutch incapacity to give way to discouragement conquered in the end, and St George's bells had rung in their married life with so merry a peal that its echoes had not ceased vibrating

through the five years that had passed

since the wedding day

The young busband was walking home from his business on the afternoon of his anniversary and trying to think of some pretty triffe to slip into his wife's hand as she met him at the door For, would you believe that this foolish young matron unless kept away by accident, was sure to be watching for her spouse and to be the first to greet his coming? But, then you must remember it was lifty years ago and at that time New Yorkers had not doffed all their provincial manners.

Van Corlear paused a few doors below Dey street, at Marquand's, entered and wandered from case to case His wife already had all the ornaments she cared to wear What was he to select? The salesman finally fished out a little antique pungent box, whose cover bore a strange coat of arms, nearly effaced by long years of use in many generations of soft hands whose dust would now scratch the smooth silver. Here was a dainty trifle.

"You will not find anything like it in New York, sir." said the salesman. "This was picked up at an auction of the bric-a brac collected from every corner of the world by a German prince who committed suicide last year at Monaco I think it is the most beautiful example of early Flem ish metal work that I ever saw, though it is but a trifle."

it was a quaint little box, indeed Hardly more than an inch long and half as wide, of silver, at the touch of a spring its cover flew up, showing a second hinged cover or clasp of intricate filigree work This, when closed, held in place a fluff of cotton, which was to be drenched in whatever sait or essence madame chose The conceit struck the young man favor ably, and he waited till it was marked, in tiny letters on the tiny case, just in the center of the worn old Flemish family shield.

W to L. 1835-1840.

Then he carried it home to his wife And at the gayest moment of the even ing, for the young couple indulged in a little spree in tonor of the day, Lucy found time to escape from the light hearted party of friends and go and spoon with her fool of a husband for two minso in the nursery and hold her

bos to his ridiculous nose. And with the sudden perception of one of those strangeshadows that sometimes tall - from beaver knows where-across our supplest

'Do you suppose I shall ever be so bungry dear, that I shan have to part with this?"

"Gra a n"" called the guard and the elevated train discharged its Grand street contingent among whom was a party of four persons two young men and two girls. in whose ever a ride in an east side train and a visit to the Bowery evidently constituted a kind of lark as jolly as it

was unusual The guris chattered like blackbirds as they ran down the steps and made their way through the cosmopolitan crewd that filled the dusty street. The young men piloted then carefully among the quick sands of sidewall musicians beggars and wandering emportums of collar buttons. shoe strings and polychromatic cravats directing then amused attention to the wondrous attractions of the museums as shows on the startling canvasses that adorned the fronts of the buildings in which the various fat girls tattooed Cir cassians and sixteer tood men were to be seen for that insignificant pinch of silver.

'Oh, it's the queerest place " cried the infant of the party whose blonde bang had wor her the irreverent title of 'Tow among her intimate friends. See that absurd little drum up there, beating away to draw attention to the only living bearded baby - poor thing I bope it gets enough to eat and Miss Tow heaved a sympathetic sign and apsed into stience for fifteen seconds

They were bound for a certain jewelry store where one could often find quaint old silver and antique bijouterie that had been rescued from the pawn shops or coexed from the cabinets of poor descend ants of wealthy families and the 'second band' trade of the dealer had grown until he found it an important part of his bust ness and hunted both this country and Europe over for oddities and relics with which to please the whims of his patrons. The young people were soon deep in the mysteries of Apostle spoons Naremberg tankards and rococc candiesticks and i the elder girl had not interposed Miss Tow would probably have run her poor papa in debt to a shocking extent "What is that Frank" asked this more

prudent damsel as she gave a last covet ous glance at an enamei brooch orna mented by a famous French miniature painter with the portrait of a court beauty. who lived in those

Teacup times of hood and hoop, Or while the patch was worn

"It's a blessed old maiachite spectacle case, and did you ever see such tremendous silver bowed goggles as the poor fellow that owned it had to wear?" answered the young man laughing "And here, Fanny see this it looks like a book of devotions " and be unfastened the tarn ished silver clasps that closed a book bound in faded verlow velvet and strength ened by broad silver bands and a beavy silver rim around the case, a relic of the days when books were books and not things to be turned out by tens of thousands, to be read once and then thrown

The two young men and the older girl stood examining the old missai, while Miss Tow vowed she had seen enough books during her last year at school to satisfy her for the rest of her days, and went prowling in the depths of a big tray full of antique braceiets archaic christen ing spoons and miscellaneous trumpery of the species so dear to the feminine beart

treasure bunter made them turn to see the latest discovery

"Oh I say " cried that volatile young lady "This is the dearest old pungent I ever saw and I am just going to carry it bome, because I need one and I shall never find anything again that I like half so well" and she held out a little box "I wonder where this came from." she rattled I'm sure it must be English or Dutch, for it's too quaint for any sort of

use-look!" The others gathered around and ad mired the toy turnished and dented, and with hinges that were almost past their days of service. But Fanny studied

closely for a moment 'Oh. dear stie said. "I think I was growing sentimental over that old book that was so dear to somebody and now this positively makes me want to cry Do you see this you little Vandal?" and she pointed to some letters worn into the absolute ghost of an inscription, but which could still be seen very faintly:

W to L. 1835- 1840.

"Come, Tow let's go Goodness! It's like robbing a churchyard!"-New York Evening Sun

The Food We Consume.

One of the instances that have come under my observation was that of a well to do professional man's family None of the members except the servants were engaged in at all active muscular work. The estimates were of food actually consumed, due allowance being made for waste, which, under a careful mistress, was unusually little. The protein exthe writer's for a laboring man at moderately hard muscular work. The energy. the amount of which was made very large by the fat of meat and butter and the sugar consumed exceeded the amount called for, either by Playfair for a 'bard worked laborer," or by Voit or the writer for a 'man at hard work," and was over 50 per cent larger than that of any of the few European dietaries of people of simiar occupation which I have found re-Yet this family regarded them selves as rather small enters and would really be so if the other American dietaries were to be taken for the standard.

I surmise that many a family would, if they were to compare their daily food con sumption with the figures given find similar excess of food and of putritive substance in a large number of dietaries that have come under my observation there has been, in nearly every case, an excessive quantity of fat, and in several, if half of the meats and sugar bad been left out, there would have remained considerably more of both nutrients and energy than either the standards above mentioned calls for This all means great waste of money and, as the bygienists

tell us, still greater injury to health.
It is often urged that appetite is the proper measure of ones wants As regards the kinds of food best for each of us, doubtless rational experience gives the most reliable information. A man ought to ent that which, in the long run, agrees with him But either the concurrent tes-timony of an immense amount of the most accurate experimenting and observation is radically wrong or a great many of us cat far too much. Appetite would be a better guide if it were not for the demands of the palate.—Professor Atwater in The Century

IN NORTHEAST GEORGIA.

GRAPHIC PIC 'URE OF AN ODD TYPE OF HUMANITY.

Furniture and Household Conveniences. Hospitality and Simplicity.

The house stands in a clearing of some ten or fifteen or twenty acres, comprising a narro" strip of bottom land on the banks of a little stream or branch, while the rest of the cultivated ground gently slopes upon the mountain side. The house is built of logs, the cracks either stopped with mortar made of clay or by split boards nailed over them. There are generally two rooms in the house, and the one I am about to describe had a rude porch in front, used as a storage place for agricultural implements, as also a saddle and bridle. A winding path of about fifty yards carries you to a cold spring, from which the family bring their water for domestic purisses.

You summon the lord of this manor at the gate by a mud "balloa." He is generally found in the nouse or around the premises attending to some minor duties. The stranger is kindly received and seldom refused shelter and entertainment. Shortly after I had dismounted and seen my horse attended to, two pate, sickly looking women came to the gate, each driving a little bull calf attached to a plow. They seemed thoroughly wearied out, and touched my sympathy They were dressed in cloth spun and woven by their own nands Their heads were protected by old fashioned sun bonnets, and their shoes badly worn. Pretty soon they were joined by a young mountaineer, apparently about 25 years old with an ax on his shoulder. He was six feet tall, a remarkably handsome man, and proved to be the husband of one of the women, while the older was his mother.

I was as kindly received and treated as bospitably as their means allowed. On entering the door of the house I found myself stunned for an instant by receiving a severe blow upon the forenead. I then discovered -what I afterward found to be a custom among mountaineers-that in cutting the door, at least one more log should have been taken out, and unless you humbly bowed your nead you are reminded of the incivility by a cump on the forehead.

There is a scarcity of chairs in most of all the mountain bouses, there generally being only enough for the adult members of the family The visitor, however, is given the most comfortable seat, while the family find accommodation on the beds and boxes in the room. The wealth of the mountaineer seems to rest in bed quilts, and you see these coverings piled up in the corner of the room as high as your head. When these people have superfluous money, instead of investing it in stocks or bonds, they go to the nearest store and purchase calico with which to make more quilts. When one of the girls marries, this ner principal dowry You find the room filled with bests, and they are stuck everywhere it is possible to place one. Their literature is of the crudest kind, consisting of several Grier's almanacs, dating back a number of years, and perhaps two or three odd volumes of old novels, or a well thumbed school book. The room is decidedly uncomfortable. There are numerous cracks in the floor and walls, through which the keen wind whistles.

The means are prepared in the other room at an open fireplace, where is also kept the toom and spinning wheel. You are given a seat at the table, but the chair you occupy is so low that your plate is about on a level with your chin, and eating is a decidedly disagreeable undertaking You are given a broken off, and a fork with a single prong. Your plate is the old style blue rimmed crockery with a dirty crack nearly through it. The tablecloth has been stained yellow with the numerous meals eaten upon it since the tast wash day and it is stiff enough to stand aione on its corners Fried bogs' meat, floating in grease, is invariably served, and this is passed to you in the skillet, from which you are expected to bein yourself. The piece of corn bread is also passed by hand, and as it is several inches thick and cooked very hard. it requires a pretty strong grip of the fingers to break it. If you are given coffee, it is nothing but weakened water If there is butter on the table, it is a white stuff.

When bedtime comes one of the beds in the room is pointed out as your place of repose. Perhaps there are several females in the room, and you of course wait for them to retire before disroting for the night. You will, however, find yourself disappointed. No more attention is paid to your presence by these women than were you a log of wood, and they will keep their seats by the fire, smoking and dipping snuff. When you have retired, they will go to sleep in another bed in the same room, and perhaps not removed two feet from the one you occupy Even when there are two rooms in a house all the beds will frequently be placed in one apartment, to be

occupied by the entire family and their guests. The next morning on asking your bill you will find the invariable charge to be-it matters not what was your fare or accommodations-twenty five cents for each meal, bed, and norse feed. As I stated, nowever, these people are pospitable and kind. Some of the pest soldiers in the Confederate army were selected from among these mountaineers, and if they were taught babits of industry and thrift and properly educated, would make a superior class of citizens. Of course, in this description i refer only to the rudest ciase of unabitants of our mountain counties -the typical moonshiner. -Cor. Athens (Ga.) Banner Watchman.

A Lawyer's Odd Whim.

Two gentlemen were conversing in the United States circuit court room, when one, potating to Lawyer Gifford, who is counsel in a patent suit involving \$4,000,000 or \$5,000,-000, said:

"How many rooms do you suppose there are in that man's bouse?" The other gentleman would be blessed if he

knew, and then asked how many. "One bundred and eleven," was the reply. Man No 2 smiled said that was one on him, and asked if the nouse was a botel.

"No. no" exciaimed man No. L "There's no note; about it. He lives in his own private dwelling on Jersey City heights. I don't know what they do with so many rooms suppose they entertain a great deal. This is the way they came about:

"Mr Gifford's father Livingston Gifford, the eminent patent lawyer, had a hobby for building a new room. Every time he won a case he built a new room. Thus the dwelling gradually grew from extensions to wings. until it reached its present hotel dimensions. Now the nouse is as larg as a New England village, and the stranger needs a pocket compass and calcium light to find this room."-New York leiegram.

New Way to Kill Wolves. Out in Douglas county Kansas, they have his upon a new way of destroying wolves. A large piece of teel is placed where the workes will easily find it, and in the fight reguiting for its possession experience ha shows that one or more of them are sure to be silled. Brooklyn Engla.

REDGES ABOUT BY A PROSCRIP-TIVE TABOO.

I am not aiming to convince mental babies, as indeed that would be fruitless without the necessary cultured intellect that makes logic applicable. Force, brilliancy and originality even are no weapons to attack a slave with. For many The Abode of a Blue Ridge Mountaineer centuries the medical art was heared about by a of Average Means and Thrift-Primitive proscriptive taboo which it, as yet, has not surrived. The brand for murdering truth is the penalty of imbeelility stamped upon the mental caliber of the average individual in relation to medicine and medicine men. The sun of the nineteenth century has not yet dawned upon his intellectual horizon. He, together with his ideal medicine man, still hibernates in the good old days of the dark ages, when it was bad form to be inquisitive. He still "believes" in bleeding, blistering, vomiting, purging and sweating. He loves copious doses of horse medicine. He de-lights in assafetida and calomel and carbolic acid. They are considered indispensable; no well-regulated family, with pigmy intellects and abdomidal development, considers itself safe without those family lares. These I do not wish to convert, they are the Rip Van Winkles that will continue to slumber through this and prob-ably through the next sentier. They have will continue to slumber through this and probably through the next century. They play no role in the world's history. They live; they die. No monument marks their forzotten sepuicher. Humanity was not enriched by their entrance; it has lost nothing by their exit. They are drift wood on the shores of time, and float with the ebb and tide of opinions they have inherited from their anthropomorphic ancestry. No, it is not to these I wish to address myself, but to the thinking ones, whom a thought does not throw into an epileptic paroxysm; who love knowledge for its own sake, who are willing to investigate the truth or faisity of any proposition, and, once convinced, will stand by it through all the grimaces of a chattering and delayed civilization. To these—not the chatterers, but the thinkers—I commend the Histogenetic System for investigation, and will elucidate with pleasure any question not sufficiently clear in book, which will be sent free to any address.

Dr. Jordan's office is at the residence of ex-Mayor Yesler, Third and James streets, Consultations and prescriptions absolute-

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DUNCH says

Ought to be done? — Ought stands for nothing.

The house ought to be cleaned. next house-cleaning and be convinced

"IGNORANCE of the law excuses no man," and ignorance is no excuse for a dirty house or greasy kitchen. Better clean them in the old way than not at all; but the modern and sensible way is to use SAPOLIO on paint, on floors, on windows, on pots and pans, and even on statuary. To be ignorant of the uses of SAPOLIO is to be behind the age.

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