Bo we'll seek the a-Afar to room. O yea-hot

D sleepy little voyager, Yan-hai Yon-hai The placeant breeze of throwsiness Bagfining is to blow; And now the isles of Midnod are All safely past; And now over Dramiland's harhor har We steer at last.

t) yeo-hol -- Portland Transcript.

ONLY A TRAMP.

The Southern Pacific express was puffing through the hot atmosphere of the Arizona desert, between Yuma and Benson. The heat was intense. Even the talkative San heat was intense. Even the talkative San Francisco drimmer had collapsed in a sweltering heap on the end sent. To the tired peasengers the hot hours seemed end leasty long. Suddenly the brakeman entered, bringing with him a cloud of black smoke and alkali dost. With one had he shut the door, while with the other he dragged a heap of rags into the car. "So you were smeakin' a ride, were you? Wall, you be a tongh nut, sure emangh. Got anything ter say for yerself?"

The figure within the latter's straightened Itself up, wheel the alkali dust from its eyes, essayed to speak, then pointed to the tee water tank and sank back to the floor axhausted.

exhausted.

"The poor critter's 'bout done up," said
the man from Texas: "where's my flask?"

"Where'd you get the poor cuss?" asked
the San Francisco drammer, wiping his
perspiring brow.

"Found him on the brake beam when we
stopped at the water tank," said the brake
man.

man.
"Great heavenst you don't mean to say
that man's been riding under this car,"
ejaculated the drummer. "Oh, Lord and
Pve been sitting here grumbling about the
heat and the mean decrees of fate. Poor

He's all right till we get to El Paso, now," remarked the conductor. "Gainst the law to put a man off at this part of the road. Put a peadler off once; found his pack and a fine skeleton a week later." The tramp at last regained his breath, and the tender hearted Toxan assisted him to a seat.

was a man of middle age, with a

to a seat.

He was a man of middle age, with a stubble beard and a great sear running diagonally seroes his forehead, from the scaip to the right cheek. His clothes or tatters, denoted him a tramp—a western tramp at that.

"Hongry" asked the Texan.

"Hed nothin' for thirty-six hours."

"Gentlemen," remarked the Texan, "a stranger's at yer door."

"Yer all white," said the tramp a half hour siter, as he publich a match out of his pocket and used it for a touthpick.

"Isentlemen, you'd hardly think I owned a name by my looks, would yer? but I do—and a go od one at that. George Calvert ex my this. Thirty years odd ago I used to say that handle came to me from Lord Baltimore, the Jamestown Poritan, but I never says it new."

"That's a perry tough wipe you've got that, partner," remarked the Texan, respectfully eying the soar across the tramp's forchead. "Be that an injun story that?"

"Naw."

And the tramp looked out of the window

And the tramp looked out of the window with a wistful expression on his scarred face before proceeding.
"That errage never come from an lojunst come from a Greaser, and his bones her been picked long ago by the cavotes out that."

"Taint often I tells my woes, 'cause no body believes my story. Would you like to know why I'm wearing rags and ridin on car trucks!"
"In the second of

"In the year '60 I was a young name studyin' law in Hoston, with ex good prospects aliend ex any man ever hed aforening. I hed just come in fer five thousand by the death of an uncle, the last of kin One evening, at a social hop, the Mary—don't matter about her other name—and—wall, twas a case of love from the word go. She was a root only the control of the control was a rich man's daughter, my wealth didn't go fer much 'gainst the governor's

but then I hed prospects.

"Things went on ex slick ex possible for a time, when my bealth failed, and the doctors ordered rest and change. The gold favor skruck me, and 4 made up my mind one day to dig for a fortune in Californey.

one day to dig. for a fortune in Californey, and get my least to the bargoin. Course Mary cried, and I give up the trip twice, but finally got started.

"Gentlemen, I loved that gal ef ever mor tal loved non critical green earth I used to lie under the great sky roof on the practic at night, wrapped in a blanket, starin' at the stars, building great big gold castles, and many's the time I turned my hoss' head round to go back to Mary. Ef I had gone back I'd never been here.

"Wall. I reached the diggings finally and located a claim et Gold Hill, and in six months laid away quite a pile. I wann't much on drink then, and I didn't hev the red mass I ha' now.

red nose I ha' now.

red nose I ha' now.

"One day a letter come tellin' me the governor hed dropped all he owned in the loss of three ships. This didn't bother me much. Bout three months skipped by, and another come which made me wild. The letter was all full of love and tear stains, and said that the man who had saved the governor from complete ruin wanted to marry her. She objected, o' course, and the old man coaxed and stormed, and the new lover waited, wist full like. ful like.
"I was for goin home, but Mary said no.

"I was for goin' home, but Mary said no-et'd spoil my chances.
"Wall, the end come at last. She mar-ried him. The news dated me et first, fer I couldn't get et through my head. Then I left the diggings for nowhere, and ended up—well, I finally jined a party of scouts, and wandered over the western country fightin' Injuns.
"Two years later I was one of a party of ten prespectin' in the Walhestch moun-

"Two years later I was one of a party of ten prespectin' in the Wahsatch mountains, in Utah. We had settled for campone svening in a natural cave not far from a precipice, from whar we could look in the valley, and over about two miles to the walley and over about two miles to the stage coach trail, windin' in an' out 'tween Notes and Quirius.

the mountains.

"I was standin' on a rock lookin' at the valley undermath, when I saw the stage-coach way up on the trail, roundin' the bluff. I called the topy sho come and see et, for et was somethin' to see in them days. We squinted through one glasses at the coach, and wared our hits, though we knew they couldn't see. Suddenly one of the boys said in an an excited way. Teys, they're goin' to be attacked; see thom forms dodgin' in an' out round that bluff." Sure enough, said the whole crowd, but how are wegoin' to warn them? We shood that healtain' until we saw the coach stop; then we all made a rush together for the trail.

"Took us over an hour to get that, and we found the women huddled against the

cliff, the driver and two men shot, and one can, the driver and two men shot, and one woman gone. They'd been attacked by Molva, a Mexican halfbreed, and his gang of cutthroats. The men, headed by the husband of the woman Molva had stolen, had followed the hand in pursuit. The husband of the woman, the women said, was about crazy wi grief, and sed he'd find her if he hed to blow the mountain sky high to do.

her if he hed to blow the mountain say high to do it.

"Captain Walson headed our party, and he knew every nook in the range.

"Till bet my boots,' said the captain, thet they've gone over to Boar's Head eanyon; ef we can't flind them thar we'll look in at the cave on the western slope.'

"We didn't see nothin' suspicious et the eanyon, and after a hard pull, reached the

look in at the cave on the western slope."

"We didn't see nothin' suspicious at the cayon, and, after a lead pull, reached the cayon, and, after a lead pull, reached the cayon and, after a lead pull, reached the cayon and, after a lead pull, reached the cayon and the little. The soldenity whispered a last, and we all laid low. Twas a starry night, and the cap'n had run nerves a hole in the turr where anote was comin' out in clouds. This was the chimney of the caye fifty frest below in the bluff.

"The women said that was fifty in the party; we 'lowed they were mistaken, After some parley the capt'n hit on a pian which might work. Thar were ten o' us, nine war to stay on the bluff while the chimney was being choked, while one, which war me, was to craw! down to the entrance to the cave, and when the crowd rushed out I was to skip in and grab the woman. The boys above would fire on the crowd and get this rattention to thet point.

"The plan worked. I was all safe behind a rock at the entrance when four or five of the gang come out will that had to thar epes, coughin'. The boys on top begun firin', and snow the whole crowd come out in a burry. Took me about two accounds to get inside the cave. The smoke near stiffed me, but I crawled to whar I could hear a woman coughin'. Didn't take me long to get ber out. The woman was hangin' on me, half dead, and I was tallin' up the side of the bluff, when all o' a sudden we run right agin the big Mexican. He granted aomethin' in Mexican, and felt fer us. He hand touched the woman. Theu we closed. I tried to hit him with the butt of my reof the billi, when all o's studen we run right agin the big Mexican. He granted somethin' in Mexican, and felt fer us. His hand touched the woman. Then we closed. I tried to hit him with the butt of my revolver, but a downward stroke of his arm knocked it flyin'. The I reached fer my bowie, and, while doing so, got this wipe norms the fam. I was about blinded, but I got in a linge on him which liked him. I lost my head then, and the boys found me lying right on the feroser. The woman was gone: no one had seen her. The boys found her to noxi day lyin's the foot o' the bill'—dead. She'd run off thar in the dark. I was lying in camp when the boys brought her in, an'! I must ha' been perty weak, for the minet I caught sight o' that face, all bruised and cut, I fainted dead away. It was Mary! I never told the boys. Her husband carried her away; but not 'fore I touched my sin stained lips to hers. He didn't suffer move n' I did, for land the high mine owner, they told me, and hed taken his wife with him on one of his business trips.

"All the money I hed hoarded up went file mist after that. Sometimes I've been on my feet since, but not for long at a time. Luck's agin ms. I like the life though. I've been in muny a scrape, in: allise come out o is. Prhaps I hevy's held enough trouble to please fate."

"Mind telling me the manne of the mine owner?" added the drummer.

"No; Situs late, m," answered the tramp, raising his boad from his hands.

"Of Boston?"

"Yes."

"Yes."
"One of the richest men in Boston; know
"One of the richest the drummer. "By him well," remarked the drummer. "By George! I'll write to him; he'll put you on your feet in good shape." The tramp caised himself proudly to his

full beight

full height.

"Partner, you may be a white man; so be
I, and I don't want no help from thet quarter, I'll starve fust."

"El Paso," called the brakeman.

"Whar ye be goin' to?" asked the Texan.

"I'm makin' for Orieans."

"Boys, chip in."—Louisville Courier
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Hungary's Coronation Mound.

It seems currous that an event which made so much noise all over Europe, no longer ago than the year 1855, as the dis-covery of the hiding place where Kossuch had concealed the crown of St. Stephen, should be so completely forgotten as your correspondent seems to think. I was witness many years latter, when in Hungary, of the vaneration with which the ancient regalia of their nation were still regarded regalia of their nation were still regarded by the people. It was quite the policy of the revolution to prevent the emperor of Ans-tria being crowned with so revered a crown, but since he has wore it their loyalty, so long withheld, has been faithfully keep by the vast majority. The regalia are now preserved under the most jealous guard in the burg of Buda.

The coremony that is performed on the

The ceremony that is performed on the Royal Hill is not exactly what the writer describes. The candidate for coronation does not have to "pull a sod," but he rides does not have to "pull a sod," but he rides to the top of the mound, wearing the re-gallin and with the sword of St. Stephen in his band takes the coronation onth, waving the sword at the same time toward the four points of the compass.

The actual mound has been at Pressburg for centuries. It is composed of earth brought from each of the fifty-two prov-

brought from each of the fifty-two prov-inces of Hungary, in quantities relative to the size of each, it is about fifteen feet high (speaking from memory), and is in-closed by a handsome stone balustrade. As it was decided to hold the ceronation of the present emperor at Buda-Peath, a pro-ducty similar mound was built up there, some of the earth from the original one at

A good portion of the cultivation of corn should be done before planting. It is a fatal mistake to put corn in the ground not well pulverized.

New York has entered upon a system of dock improvement.

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Self-praise is no recommendation, but there are times when one must permit a person to tell the truth about bimself, When what he says is supported by the testimony of others no reasonable man will doubt his word. Now, to say that Allicunk's Ponous Plasytass are the only genuine and reliable perous plasters made is not self-praise in the slightest degree. They have stood the test for over thirty years, and in proof of their merits it is only necessary to call attention to the sures they have effected and to the voluntary testimonials of those who have used thom.

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Mrs. R. A. Hamilton

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have confined with it for six months. I am
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ella." Mis. R. A. Hamilton, cer. Fressio and L Strouts

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disease.

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how an active business man was suddenly brought down. brought down.

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CINCIN., O.—" Recently while in the act of hting from my car. I stepped upon a stome th, turning suddenly under my foot, three othe ground, with a severely aprained anki-

THE MANAGER STOPS. flering exceedingly, I was helped into my, , and my man rubbed me most generously th armica and kindred remedies, but to no all.

A POINT TO STOP AT.

Reaching a station where St. Jacobs Oil could be procured, two bottless of it HAT'S THE were bought, and the application of it resulted at once in a relied from pair, which had well nigh become unbearable. I was out and about my work in three days. How Now. W. PER BOTTY.

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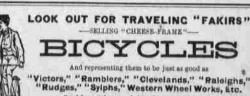
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