Folks were happy as days were long.
In the all Arealian times.
When life element only a dance and a song in the avested of all west climes.
Our world grows bigger, and, stage by stage.
As the pittless years have rolled.
We've quite inspecten the foliain Age.
And come to the Age of Golds.

Time wont by in a sheepish way
Upon Thessaly's plains of yors.
In the Nineteenth century, tambs at play
Mean matton, and softling more.
Our swains at present are farton sage
To live as one lived of oid,
With a took in the Age of their.

From Corydon's rood the mountains ro-Heard news of his latest flame.

And Tityrus made the woods resound
With schoes of Daphine's name.

They kindly left us a lasting gauge
Of their musical art, we're lold.
And the Pandean pipe of the feeling a

Brugs mirth to the Age of Gold.

Dwellers in fints and in marble halls,
From shejheritess up to queen.
Cared little for bonnets and less for shawls
And nothing for critoline.
But now simplicity's not the rage,
And it's funny to think how cold
The dress they were in the Golden Age
Would seem in the Age of Gold.

Micetric telegraphs, printing, gas. Tobacco, balloons and steam Tobacca, bidleons and steam Are little events that inverseme to pass Since the days of the old regime: And, spin of Lempriere's disability page. I'd give, though it might seem bold. A hundred years of the Goldon Age For a year of the Age of Gold.—Henry 8, Leigh-

#### A BAG OF COFFEE.

"Talk about feeling blue," said the colonei one day, when the blue pencil brigade rested at poon from their labors of editing postmasters' "accounts current." "about the bluest time I ever saw. and most of you are aware I ain't no spring chicken, was when I surrendered with Johnston in No'th Ca'lina and started for home.

"Tell us about it. colonelf" said the

"Well, you see it was this way. Durin the wah I'd left the old woman on the plantation down in South Ca'lina, but when the surrender come I hadn't heard a word from home for more than six months, an I didn't have the least idea whether there was a soul left alive on the place, nor whether Sherman's army had left anything of the old place more

than just the naked dirt.

"Well, I started off for home, or to-wards where I thought home ought'r be, with my parole in my pocket, and riding the poorest, orneriest mule it was ever my misfortune to become acquainted with; and I do assure you, gentlemen, I have had a large, variegated and picturesque experience in that particular

line.
"We moseyed along, the mule and I and one or two of the other boys, until we got down to Charlotte, and there the officer in command pressed me into service to help him parole a big lot of the

"It took us a couple of weeks to get through the job, and when I was getting ready to start the colonel in command

ready of many said:

"I can't pay you anything for your services, but I think if you were to take that beast down to the corral and swap that beast down in would be a him off for a better one it would be a good thing for you; and I gnow the gov-ernment will be able to stand it.

"Well, you fellows here who know my liberal disposition will probably in-agine I wan't slow to take a hint like that—I turned in my crow bait and took the best in the lot, and I flatter myself I

know a good mule when I see one.

"Purty good animal you got there, said the officer when I rode up to his quarters, "ther's some coffee down in the commissary, and that mule looks

strong enough to carry a bag of it.

"Well, sir, haif an hour later I left town on the best mule I ever straddled, carrying a bag of coffee worth \$100 in gold, and altogether feeling like the richest man in the late Confederacy.

"I traveled by myself on the first day out—just me, and the mule and the bag of coffee

'I got along all right until along toward dark, when I began to look out for a place to put up for the night. It was the diamalest prospect you ever saw —the poorest pine barrens—it made you hungry to ju the country: and the houses were mighty

wide apart.
"At last I saw a light, and rode up to a cabin by the side of the road, and found an old woman sitting in the door smoking a pipe. I boned her to let me stay all night. She fetched her old pipe a few more whiffs, and finally said:

"'You'll hatter gwy on to the next e, stranger

'How far is it?

"Puff, puff, "Bout four or five miles-

"But, my good woman, I am tired and my mule is tired—let me stay, if I have to sleep on the floor. "Puff, puff. 'Hain't got no grub. "'I do not care for myself, if you can

only give my mule something.'
"Puff, puff, 'Haint got nothing for the critter.

"Well, we will both do without if we can only stay—I do not want to lie down by the road and maybe wake up

down by the road and maybe water up mardered by some guerrilla.

"She finally consented to this—moved out of the door and took up her station by the fireplace, where she continued her labors with the pipe, as if that were the chief end and aim of existence.

"I took off the saddle, tied the mule

to the door jamb, spread my blanket just inside the door and lay down, with my precious bag of coffee for a pillow.

"There didn't seem to be another soul-on the place, but I asked no questions for conscience's sake. I just laid there a-wishing for a bite to eat, and a-watch-ing that old woman hunkered over the

fireplace smoking like a tar kiln.

"Well, I kept on a laying there trying to forset how mortal hungry I was and mebbe catch forty winks of sleep, but the mule outside was as hungry as I was, and every now and then he'd fetch a low kind of a whickerin' be-haw, and then he'd let in to knaw on the door jamb.

I got tired of his capers after awhile. and finally said

"'I know you are hungry, old man, and if I thought you'd eat it I'd give you ne of this coffee.

"Well, sir, I happened to have my eyes turned toward the fireplace when I said this, and I'm a sinner if I didn't actually see that old woman prick up her ears

like she'd heard something drop.
"She straightened up, looked at me a moment, and said:

"'Did you'ns say c-o-f-f-e-e?"
"'I did, madam

"G-i-n-n-y-w-i-n-e c-o-f-f-e-e?"
"Genuine coffee, madam.
"'A-gwyin to give it to the m-e-w-e-i?"

"The mule is tired and hungry madam, and so am I.
"Stranger, I hain't seed no g-i-n-y w-i-n-e coffee for nigh onto three years an hit would seem sorter on ligua somehow, to feed hit to a mewel.

"I supposed she'd actually told me the truth about having nothing to eat, but I

mid at a venture:
" 'Madam, I've got 180 pounds of coffee right here under my head, and if you'll get something for ms and my mule to eat you shall have some of it.

Well, sir, it acted like magic. She went to the bed in the corner, turned back the cover, turned down the mattress, and I'll agree to never put good victuals in my chops again if she didn't have a regular commissary in there. All the under part of the bed was planked up solid, and was just filled with ham and side bacon and meal and corn. She even fetched out a little poke filled with flour. In five minutes my mule had a good feed of corn, and in half an hour I sat down to the best dish of fried ham

that ever went down my throat.
"While she was cooking supper poured her out about a quart and a half of the green coffee, and you ought'r seen that poor old soul. She was just tickled to death. She whiried in and parched a skillet full of it, pounded it up in a rag on the hearth, and when I went off to sleep with a full stemach, she was a sit-ting there bunkered up over the fireplace, with an old rusty pot steaming full, and drinking like she'd never get enough. You better believe the pipe was laid on the shelf, and about every fifteen minutes she'd say to berself:

"Hit's the fost ginnywine coffee I've

ed for three years.
"Well. sir. I won't undertake to say that she sat there all night and poured hot coffee down her throat, because I slept like a top and don't know what she did do-but I'll agree to never tell the truth again if she wasn't sitting there the next morning hunkered up over the ashes and a-drinking away, and the first thing I heard was:

"Ginnywine c-o-f-f-e-e.
"She stopped drinking long enough to "She stopped drinking long enough to cook me some breakfast, and then I gave her another quart of the green berries and rode away. The last I saw of her she was making a fresh potful, and the last words I heard were:

"Goodby, stranger. Thank the Lord fur ye comin. Hit's the fust ginnywine coffee I've seed in three years."—Milton T. Adkins in Yankee Blade.

### Odd Definitions.

What would have happened if Henry IV of France had not been murdered? saked a teacher of a sharp looking boy The prompt reply was, "He would probably have died a natural death." In a Sunday school the question. "What did the israelites do when they came out of the Bed sea?" drew forth the answer. "They dried themselves."

Stability was recently defined as "the cleaning up of a stable." "What comes "What comes cleaning up of a stable." "What comes next to man in the scale of being?" in-quired an examiner. "His shirt," was the reply. Asked to give the distinction. if any, between a fort and a fortress, a boy nicely defined them, "A fort is a place to put men in, and a fortress is a place to put women in."

A teacher asked a very juvenile class which of them had ever A sharp urchin at once said he had seen lots of them. "Where?" asked the teachlots of them. "Wherer samed the teach-er, surprised at his proficiency. "In the cheese." Being asked what conscience was, a boy replied, "An inward moni-tor." Asked what a monitor meant, the ready answer was, "An ironclad vessel." -London Tit-Bits

### Wound by the Sun.

A clock is to be seen at Brussels which comes as near to being a perpetual motion machine as is likely ever to be invented; for the sun does the winding. A shaft exposed to the solar rays causes an up draft of air, which sets a fan in motion. The fan acts upon a mechanism which raises the weight of the clock until it reaches the top, and then puts a brake on the fan till the weight has gone down a little, when the weight has gone down a little, when the fan is again liberated, and proceeds to act as before

act as perore.

As long as the sun shines frequently enough, and the machinery does not wear out, the clock will keep going.

Mms. Geoffrin's Husba

Mme. Geoffrin married, at the age of fourteen, M. Geoffrin, a wealthy glass manufacturer and heutenant colonel of the National Guard. His duty as hus-band seems to have been to provide the funds for her social campaigns and to watch over the details of the menage. It is related of him that some person gave is related of initial that some persons and the him a history to read, and when he asked for the successive volumes, regularly pulmed off upon him the first, as if it were new. At last he was heard to say that he thought the author "repeated

himself a little."

A book printed in double columns he read straight across the page, remarking that "it seemed to be very good, but was rather abstract." One day a visitor in rather abstract. One day a viaitor in-quired after the silent, white haired old gentleman who was in the habit of sit-ting at the head of the table. "Oh, he was my husband," replied Mme. Geoff-rin, "before he died."—San Francisco Argonant.

Scalleps in Maine.

A big scallep from Mount Desert has a diameter of nine inches, and the edible portion will weigh ten cances. How long the scallep takes to grow before reaching maturity does not seem to be known, but it is believed to be of age at known, but it is believed to be of say its fifteenth year. The mollusk, with other pectens, is not chained like the oyster to the rock. It enjoys locomotion.

New York Times.

Where One's Smellers Are Useful. Among some of the Malay tribes any

Among some of the mainty tribes any man who may suddenly meet a relative or intimate friend greets him by snuff-ing all around him, very much as a big house dog might do with a strange visitor.-David Ker in New York Epoch.

#### THE BEST OF REASONS.

The reason why Alloove's Posous Plasrens are popular is that they may be relied

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2. Chest troubles, such as pleurisy, pneu

2. Chest troubles, such as pieurisy, pneumonia, consumption.

3. Indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, kidney compiaint.

The success, however, will depend upon the genuineness of the plaster used. The popularity of Allcock's Posous Plastens has been so great that multitudes of imitations have sprung up on every hand. The only sure cure is to get the genuine Allcock's Posous Platens.

Brandstri's Plats improve the digestion.

"Oh, dear!" grouned a bank manager one morning as he fore yesterday's leaf off the al-manue in his private office, "another coupon off my life gone!"

### My Health is Solid



formerly in a wrethed condition, with Gravel and I add speak to a could not a thing that we ould ake you my characteristic and the condition tent thing that we ould ake you my characteristic and found. I begin to take Hoode Sammiprilla and found in did me good. 801 kept on this law them four them but in any law the contribution and I am perfectly the and I am perfectly sites and I am perfectly sites and I am perfectly sites. (Chicago, III.

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## DROP

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Emma-What's that noise? It sounds as if they were pounding beelsteak. Jane-Yos puessed right, but we always epeak of the per-formance here as tembering a banquist.

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