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Everything cheap in proportion. An

SELECTIONS IN VERSE.

OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel, and mart, and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate;
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe,
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore;
I answer not, and I return no more!

—*Jno. J. Ingalls.*

WHAT IS THE USE.

What use of impetuous haste?
Let us pause, let us take our time,
Save the vital forces that we waste
Until day has reached its golden prime.

What use of marching with set out breath
Up life's steep age, its furrows, its white hair?
Why, why, i we hurry so to welcome death,
Or go half way, with hands stretched out, to care?

There's no use. Dear heart, if we but wait
All things will find us. Let us pause, I say.
We can not go beyond the silent gate
That closes a short day's journey down the way.

So let us take our time in youth's fair bowers.
The summer season is so brief at best;
Let us look on the stars, and pluck the flowers,
And when our feet grow weary, let us rest.

Let us take time for love and its delights:
It is the one sweet thing that pays for all
The bitterness of life, for sorrow's blight,
For life's despair and death's funereal pall.

—*Ella Wheeler.*

I REMEMBER.

(Dedicated to my old Kentucky home.)

I remember my home at the foot of the hill,
And the creek, with its musical flow,
That turned the wheel of the grumbling old mill,
Where I roamed in the sweet long ago.

I remember the school at the end of the lane,
And classmates, so busy at play;
When I smiled at my sweetheart in sunshine and rain,
That beautiful dream—Clara Clay.

I remember the woods where we wandered for nuts,
When the autumn frost scattered its store,
And the old "darky" people lived in the huts,
With a shackle-down, creaking old door.

I remember the dance and the gay husking bee
In the month of December, so zero,
And the wild, romping, running, with glorious glee
When some youth found a prize, the red ear.

I remember the church, with its old oaken pews,
And the preacher, with looks so benign—
All the belles and the beaux that walked two by twos,
In their sunday clothes, neat, trim and fine.

Yet the gravestones that shine on the hill over there
Has long since entombed my sweet friend;
But I hear in the midnight of sorrow and care
Her love-tones that never shall end.

—*John A. Joyce.*

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

James Whitcomb Riley to Young Writers.

Any bit of advice from a successful writer must be of value to other writers, and the opinion of James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, must be of infinite value to young writers, whom he is ever ready and willing to advise. The writer recently had a charming interview with Mr. Riley on poetry and literature in general, and on his advice to young writers in particular. He was found at his home, 26 Lockerbie street, Indianapolis, Ind., one afternoon. He lives in a beautiful residence, a very large two-story brick house with a flight of broad stone steps leading to the elevated yard, which, with its terraces and vases of flowers, lies level with the top of the pretty iron fence which guards it. All his readers know the place, for "Loskerie Street" is one of his most familiar poems:

Such a dear little street it is nestled away.
From the noise of the city and heat of the day.

The street is short, being only the length of a half square, but as the poet tells us:

There is such a relief from the clamor and din
Of the heart of the town to be loitering in,
Through the dim, narrow walks—

Answering the writer's ring "Lizbeth Ann" bade her be seated in the spacious hall leading from the front door through the centre of the house, while she took the visitor's card to Mr. Riley.

In a very few minutes he came down stairs attired in a rich brown suit of clothes. He led the way to a small, delightful parlor on the left of the hall, elegantly furnished and redolent with the heavy fragrance from a bowl of magificent cut roses. Mr. Riley is so perfectly natural himself that one can be nothing if not the same when with him. He is always kind and thoughtful, and never withholds his advice.

Leaning back in his easy chair, and smiling in his peculiarly winning way, with his feet resting on the hassock, his elbows on the arms of the chair, he said:

"True poetry has ever the charm of pathos; it coaxes the tears to our eyes whenever we read it. Yet this old world, with all its sorrows, all its heartaches, all its black days, wants all the happiness, all the joy we can give it. Make the world forget the care, the worry, the poverty, by a ringing laugh. Go among the people, see what they need, what they want, and minister to them. It makes no difference what we consider good and excellent, we can't write for the world. At the same time we can not afford to lose sight of our ideal. This is the keynote to my success. I went among the people, I learned their wants, their sufferings, their joys, and I put them into rhyme. I found out into their pockets and bought a book; if not, they got up and left.

RILEY'S ADVICE TO WRITERS.

"My advice to young writers is don't take up literature as your sole profession, if you have to earn your own living. Go on with an every-day practical work. I don't like the hard business world myself, but I had to learn its lessons. To make literature a satisfactory success one must give up many things. There is much hard work, much uncertainty, much sacrifice, and many misgivings. Another thing—each one should be his own critic. Lay your article down before you after having written it and look at it from every side. Hold it up in every possible light, and with your pencil strike out everything that you think the publishers or public might not approve. Tear it to pieces and rewrite it, if need be. Then maybe after a while some magazine will accept it, and—you can get a new suit of clothes. I remember I used to think if only a magazine would accept one of my poems my success would be assured. But do not deceive yourself that way. One could not possibly get more than two poems in a year, since they only issue one number each month. So the young writer should not try to live from his literary proceeds alone.

"Then there are a great many words that must not be used." Half laughing he said: "Now, I'll venture to say that there never was a woman who wrote poetry that she did not get the words 'streamlet' or 'brooklet,' or 'winsome,' or 'lightsome,' or some such expression in her lines. Those words are obsolete, meaningless. Again it used to be that every poet had a 'monarch oak;' there are none any more. Now nine times out of ten an editor reading a manuscript and coming to the words 'winsome' or 'brooklet' will stop right there. He will read no more. Those expressions are too weak, too effeminate, too hackneyed. One must use new words; the best way is to study the magazines of to-day, their language, and see the kind of articles the editors accept.

LONGFELLOW AS THE POET'S GUIDE.

"Once more a young poet should take Longfellow for his literary bible. Never has another's verse been written so beautifully, so musically, with so much ease.—Read his 'Resignation,' 'The Rainy Day,' and by all means 'The Day is Done.' That poem is perfect music. And then in the voice that has thrilled thousands he recited the matchless lines:

The day is done and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.
I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul can not resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resemble sorrow only
As a mist resembles rain.

He recited the entire poem, and at the utterance of each word new beauties of thought were brought to light that had hitherto been hidden. "Read all Longfellow has written," he continued. "All except 'Evangeline;' don't read that. It isn't Longfellow; it is too tragical.

"About issuing a book I would say, don't be in a hurry so do so. As soon as you have done that, everything you write afterward will have to be better than what you have written before. A second work will call forth much criticism. It makes no difference how many nights at the mid hour you walked the floor, with blood tingling and rushing in hot surging swells through your veins, though the weather was in deep winter, restless with your own thoughts, feverish with their excitement, sleepless with their activity—the world knows nothing of this, and will judge only by what it sees.

"Where I used to write a poem—sometimes two and three a day, I have now limited myself to writing eight lines and sometimes not that much. In short, work patiently and with much perseverance. Do not expect too much. And by all means have some other practical work in life that will bring you in touch with the world.—*Zella Bordman in Washington Post.*

New Era in Science.

At the opening of the International Congress of Applied Chemistry at Paris recently M. Berthelot made an address in which he insisted upon the intimate connection nowadays between theory and practice in chemical science. There is, he holds, a vast difference between the modern era of applied science during the last three-quarters of a century and the whole development of the race in the last 6,000 years. A new man is being created, with new relations to mother earth, and the entire social organization is being transformed. Science intervenes as a new factor, opening lines of progress not known to preceding centuries.

The domain of chemical industries is constantly being enlarged by the incessant development of the methods of chemical synthesis. There is much new work in the creative synthesis, for example, of fatty substances and sugar. Agricultural industry has been greatly modified by the discovery of the true theory of fattening substances and manures. Chemistry has been and large political events have been evolved from the cheapened production of beet sugar. The practical results of the study of microbes have been very great in the making of wine, beer, alcohol and cheese and in the preparation of fresh fruits, meats, &c., for transportation. Medical theory and practice have been profoundly affected by discoveries in the border land of chemistry and biology. The arts of war are also affected by the production of new explosives and in various other ways.

Great advances have been made by recent chemistry in mining. Iron, silver, gold, and other metals are cheapened by new processes. The old metals are better understood, and aluminium, nickel, and tungsten have been brought into common use. The metallurgy of iron, bronze, and steel has been wholly changed in our time. The era of artificial food has not yet arrived, but it is coming. The time may not be far distant, perhaps, when the well-informed citizen, armed with a hod of coal and a few chemicals, will prepare his food indoors without recourse to the products of the farm. Agriculture, which is becoming so unprofitable, may then be abandoned by its votaries. It has been humorously suggested that we shall then be dependent for our living upon the miner or lumberman, whose products will form the basis of all food preparations. In some respects we shall be better off and in other respects more unfortunate than now. We shall live in healthy mountain regions, discarding the fertile but low-lying and miasmatic plains, but we shall be at the mercy of a new class of food-producers who will have every facility for combining to raise prices without recourse to alterations in the unit of value.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Indian Sign Language.

In describing an object the Indian has the wonderful faculty of picking out its most distinguished characteristic at once. I have repeatedly seen Indians come into a military post to see officers.—Without knowing the particular officer's name, and without being able to pronounce it intelligibly if it were known, I have never seen an instance where, by a few signs, the Indian has not been at once directed to the person whom he wished to see.

A stout officer will be described beyond the possibility of any doubt when the Indian half-circles his extended hands over the region of his stomach. If the officer wears glasses, the Indian will look through the two circles made by his thumbs and first fingers; if the officer is bald, the Indian will raise his own long tresses in one hand and draw the forefinger of his other hand across the top his head, as though he were going through the pleasant operation of lifting a scalp.

An officer who varied the monotony of frontier life by very steady and hard drinking I once saw an Indian describe by pointing to the head and then waving his hand in small circles. There was no mistaking that sign—the Indian wanted the officer whose brain was in a whirl. And although utterly devoid of a sense of humor, an Indian is always laughingly good natured in thus pointing out any one's distinguishing characteristic or eccentricity.

The expression of words by means of the sign language may be divided into the following classes: Imitating actions or attributes; pointing to objects; representing shapes, sizes, uses, or habits; simulating emotions; employing metaphors consistent with Indian conception, and making empirical signs, although if the development of signs of this last class could be traced back I am sure they would resolve themselves into some one of the other classes.—*Chautauquan.*

A Plea for Labor.

Work is one of the best educators of practical character. It evokes and disciplines obedience, self-control, attention, application, and perseverance; giving a man deftness and skill in his special calling, and aptitude and dexterity in dealing with the affairs of ordinary life.

Work is the law of our being—the living principle that carries men and nations onward. The greater number of men have to work with their hands, as a matter of necessity, in order to live; but all must work in one way or another, if they would enjoy life as it ought to be enjoyed.

Labor may be a burden and a chastisement, but it is also an honor and a glory. Without it nothing can be accomplished. All that is great in man comes through work, and civilization is its product. Were labor abolished, the race of Adam were at once stricken by moral death.

It is idleness that is the curse of man—not labor. Idleness eats the heart out of men as of nations, and consumes them as rust does iron. When Alexander conquered the Persians, and had an opportunity of observing their manners, he remarked that they did not seem conscious that there could be anything more servile than a life of pleasure, or more princely than a life toil.

In most quarries there is a fault

The Planet Jupiter.

The giant of the solar system is the colossal Jupiter. The theory that Jupiter is a minor sun with four little worlds revolving around it, as the moon does round this earth, has many believers.

There is no grander spectacle presented to mankind than the great dome of the sky filled with glittering stars, some shining with remarkable brilliancy, others that are far off in the immensity of space, giving but a faint light, as if trying to make their presence known. There is a sentiment of the softest nature stealing upon the mind and heart when viewing this greatest panorama of God's handiwork.

The seasons of Jupiter are vastly different to those of earth. The poles enjoy a day of six years, and a night of equal duration. Summer reigns the whole year round in the zones nearest the equator, while the temperate regions delight in a perpetual spring. But very little is known as to the actual climate or meteorological conditions of the various seasons. To be exact, the length of a Jupitarian year is eleven years, ten months, fourteen days, and eighteen hours. But the day is a very short one, for this giant of planets whirls round on his own axis in a little less than ten hours, so that the day of Jupiter is less than half the day of this world.

In dimensions Jupiter is a wonder. His diameter is 89,000 miles, and is larger than all the other planets of the solar system put together.

This planet, as has been stated, is accompanied by four large moons. They are: First, Io, 2,352 miles in diameter and at a distance of 267,380 miles from Jupiter; second, Europa, 425,156 miles away and 52,000 miles in diameter; third, Ganymede, 678,393 miles off and 3,436 miles in diameter; fourth, Callisto 2,929 miles in diameter and 1,192,832 miles from the Jovan planet. Sometimes these four moons illuminate the nights of Jupiter at the same time, but there is always a moon shining in the night sky of the planet. The earth shines forth on a clear night to the inhabitants of Jupiter as a star of the second magnitude.

Compared with such a planet, this small world is but an insignificant part of this system. To hold the opinion that this small planet in reference to all others is the only one that possesses life seems a rather narrow idea, when the greatness and grandeur of such an orb as Jupiter is taken into consideration.—*New York Despatch.*

"When Hearts are Trumps."

A volume of poems by Tom Hall has appeared with the attractive title "When Hearts Are Trumps." Of course, they are society verses, some of them are very dainty of their kind, as readers of *Life and Vogue*, where many of them have appeared, will remember. They are naturally echoes of Dobson and George A. Baker and Samuel Minturn Peck, to say nothing of older society bards; but after all, this is pretty good company to be in, and much of Mr. Hall's work is fairly original. His full name is Thomas Winthorp Hall, and he is a resident of Norwalk, Ohio. Here is one of his lighter pieces:

A BACHELOR'S VIEWS.

A pipe, a book,
A cozy nook,
A fire—at least its embers;
A dog, a glass—
'Tis thus we pass
Such hours as one remembers.

Who'd wish to wed?
Poor Cupid's dead
These thousand years, I wager.
The modern maid
Is but a jade,
Not worth the time to engage her.

In silken gown
To "take" the town
Her first and last ambition.
What good is she
To you or me
Who have but a "position?"

So let us drink
To her—but think
Of him who has to keep her;
And sans a wife
Let's spend our life
In bachelordom—it's cheaper.

And here is something in a more serious strain:

THE SHROUD.

The snow came softly silently down
Into the streets of the dark old town;
And he: by the wind it was swept and piled,
On the sleeping form of a beggar child.

It kissed her cheek and it filled her hair
With crystals that looked like diamonds there;
And she dreamed that she was a fair young bride
In a pure white dress by her husband's side.

A blush crept over her pale young face,
And her thin lips smiled with a ghastly grace;
But the old storm king made his boast aloud
That his work that night was covering a shroud.

And here is something which combines both humor and pathos:

WHY HE ASKED FOR A VACATION.

"Tom Jack—It's delightfully gay here—
Odd Paris we need never try to flee—
And manager says we're going to stay here,
And pops—well, pops sips his wine
And says nothing. You know him of old, dear.
He's only too happy to rest—
After making there millions in gold, dear,
He's plugged out, it must be confessed—
And I'm to need an old horse
Three weeks from to-day in great style—
He's as homely and peaceful as old Chinese,
And they say that he past his prime while;
And I've promised to call you horsefly.
Small chance, though, we every shall meet—
So let's turn our old love into laughter,
And face the thing through. Shall we cover?

P. S.—Do you give me up, Jack, in this room,
Just because we may always be poor?
There's still enough time, dear, or to go
To brave—you will scream, I am sure.
Put your trunk on the cardboard Connecticut,
And don't give me up, Jack, for—well
There are things in this world that are harder
Than poverty. Come to me! NELL."

Grey received only $200 for his poems, and not a cent for his im-

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POSTMASTERS will render a service to the publisher and to the cause of good journalism by calling the attention of any paper to any case of its subscriber who may be in arrears for subscription, and will receive the thanks of the publisher for such a service.

Advertisements must be in by Thursday morning to insure insertion in the issue of the week.

FRIDAY MORNING, AUG. 16, 1895.

Owing to the illness of his son, little Norman, Mr. Moran has been unable to give any attention to his paper this week, or to mail it. The little boy has been and is still critically ill with brain fever.

The editor of THE JOURNAL, now by the bedside of a sick little boy, wishes to express his regret at the defeat of Congressman Meredith for a renomination. No man ever served his constituency more faithfully. We trust that his successor will give as very much the support given him. THE JOURNAL will support him from now until his election with earnestness and energy as much as ever this career in Congress.

RIXEY THE MAN.

Hon. Jno. F. Rixey Named by the Convention.

After a stormy session of two days and nights the district Congressional convention nominated Hon. Jno. F. Rixey on the 50th ballot for a seat in Congress for this District.

A personal friend of Mr. Rixey has kindly furnished us the following interesting sketch of the nominee.

John F. Rixey was born in Culpeper County, Va., Aug. 1, 1854. His parents were of the good old English stock who love the land as their best heritage. The father, P. W. Rixey, though blind for many years, was an ardent farmer, from whom his son inherited a warm love for agricultural pursuits. He was educated at the academy of his native county, graduated his four sons and one daughter.

John F. Rixey received his education at Bethel Academy and at the University of Virginia. From this latter institution of learning he graduated, receiving his B. L. in July, 1875, and began the practice of law in the following September, and he now enjoys one of the largest practices in Fredericksburg. He married in 1881 the eldest daughter of the late Hon. R. C. Barbour and niece of the late Senator Barbour. Mr. Rixey is now living on a handsome estate near Brandy Va., and farms that estate with much care, having in his possession and under his personal supervision about three hundred acres of land. In 1879 Mr. Rixey was elected Commonwealth's Attorney of Culpeper, which office he filled with conspicuous ability for twelve years. An extensive practice indeed him to decline a re-election to that office. Since which time he has held no office nor has he sought one. Contrary to his own wishes, but urged by friends, he was a candidate for the State Senate in 1884 subject to the nominating Convention. It was at this convention, in which he went having the majority of that body, that he so promptly and nobly signed his own rights rather than cause a split in the democratic ranks, though urged to a different course by many of the best democrats in the district. It is largely due to Mr. Rixey's magnanimous conduct in this "Orange Convention" which gives him to-day so strong and enthusiastic a following in Orange County.

He has never since that day sought office though always active in every canvass when democracy was to be vindicated. He has in every such canvass given liberally of his time, strength and means to the democratic cause.

Mr. Rixey is an ardent believer in the future of Virginia and proves it by investing his means entirely in Virginia lands, in the development and cultivation of which he devotes his entire time not occupied by his profession. His interest are those of the farmer, and when the brighter days come for the Old Dominion he will not be backward in her some to receive recognition at her hands for labor done and stamina expended in her darker hours of adversity.

Mr. Rixey is of distinguished appearance and of simple, direct address with a magnetic personality which easily captures all who come in contact with him. He has marked power as a speaker and as a debater drives home the arguments with unusual force and energy. He is a fearless and uncompromising democrat, a gentleman among men by every the force of his character, the ability, the honesty, the integrity, the manliness, the honesty, the sympathetic nature, the kindness of heart, the generosity, the courtesy, the sociability, the hospitality, the patriotism, the love of home and one sacred brotherhood.

Plumsoded Opinion From London.

The London *Financial News* says: "There is a plain moral to be drawn from the result that if the United States would recover its position as a leading power in the world, it must be content to silver the money of the largest population, and to let back and the commercial of the market of both countries. The result is a common lesson.

"If gold and silver could be stronger than any band of free trade. There is no doubt that if the people of the United States were to adopt a silver basis, the rest of the United World would be forced to do a certain extent through having to pay back obligations made when the last the loan of exchange under the gold standard would be a debt of a character as compared to the profit to be derived from the trade with the United America and Asia, is by nothing of foreign. The actual loss to the United States have not long ago owed the opportunity. It has been a point of Silver, which, as to everything, long ago, the Democratic party, which was the party of the people, and which was the party of the people, and which was the party of the people, and

The best o' all the country
Is way down south!
The sweetest rose
The country knows,
The bluest violet 'at grows.
The spriest wind 'at ever blows,
Is 'way down South!

The best o' all the country
Is 'way down south!
The greenest hills,
The fastest rills,
The finest fiddle a fiddler fills,
The mockin birds, the whippoorwills,
Is 'way down south!

The best o all the country
Is 'way down south!
The bluest skies,
The brightest eyes,
The love that takes you by surprise,
That binds yer heart with tender ties,
Is 'way down south!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

HOPPER AND BEE.

A grasshopper met a bumble bee,
In a field of sweet red clover:
"Oh why this flurry and haste?" cried he.
"I've brought my fiddle along with me:
Let's dance till the summer's over!"

"I'm gathering stores for the winter time,"
The bee cried over his shoulder:
"I like your fiddling, it is sublime:
But, living here in this changeble clime,
I must think of days that are colder."

The grasshopper laughed in a mocking way,
As gaily as he flourished his fiddle;
A troop of butterflies, merry and gay,
Danced in the ring through the livelong day,
While the grasshopper stood in the middle.

The bumble bee too, was fond of a dance,
And the day was hot for working;
But he never gave them a second glance,
And hastened away (if near them by chance),
For he knew the danger of shirking!

He gathered his stores through the sunny hours,
And felt that his pleasures were coming;
He felt that soon there would be no flowers;
He knew that in winter the cold sky lowers;
And he kept up a cheerful humming.

The cold winds came and the days grew dark,
And frozen were flower and berry:
The fiddler and dancers lay stiff and stark,
In lonely graves, with never a mark:
But the wise little bee made merry.

LIFE IN HAVANA

Letter From Consul-General Lee.

[From Fredericksburg Star.]

In a private letter to a friend in this section, published by permission in the *Star*, Consul-General Lee gives the following interesting description of life in Cuba.

Our officers are delightfully located, at the corner of Cuba and Obra Pia (Pious Work), the latter is a good name for as street, and as my Spanish servant, who waits on me and attends to my room, is named Jesus (pronounced Haysue), I think I am doing well, from a religious standpoint.

"We are located in a new marble and iron building, which has just been erected by an English syndicate. It is three stories high, and a story here means nearly too in our country. It is, therefore, higher than the houses around, and as the doctors told me I must sleep high, as it was more secure against malaria fevers, &c., I have located all the consulate offices on the third floor, as well as my own bed rooms, and as we have a nice elevator running up and down, we do not have to climb the marble steps. The life here is very different from what I have been accustomed to. I rise at 7 a. m., coffee and toast are brought to my room at 8 a. m., I go to my office at 9, and then to breakfast at a restaurant close by at 11:30 a. m., and to dine at 7 p. m.

"Nearly everybody smokes cigars or cigarettes; no pipes are ever seen, and no one chews. Have never seen a drunken man. Nothing much is ever taken in the drinkable line except wines, generally the red wines of France and Spain.

"Havana is a city of about 300,000 people. The streets within the old walls are very narrow, and so are the sidewalks. The suburban places have wide streets, very prettily laid off: and Redado and Cerro and other suburbs have beautiful houses and grounds, plenty of flowers fountains, &c. It is said the narrow streets are cooler, because they draw drafts of air and are in the shade from the proximity of the houses to each other on the opposite side. The houses in the old city are right on the streets or sidewalks, have huge openings the size of barn doors, with iron bars in them like jail windows, no glass panes. These barred iron windows keep the houses cool night and day and at the same time keep out burglars. In two are three story houses these big windows have double doors with seats cross-wise that open or shut on all upper floors. The entrance door below is double too and of iron grating, then you go up large marble steps and on the first landing there is the iron railing again extended across it with iron door. You go up stairs shut and lock your iron door on the head of the steps and you are safe enough. One door has been locked down stairs, the iron grating's let in the houses that nearly always blows here, and so you are cool at night. There are no back yards but the flat top roofs are used instead. The clothes lines in many instances are there; chicken coops, &c., also flower gardens. The roof is a nice place to sit at night. Generally there are court yards, that is, the house has four sides built around a little square paved ground. The court yard has no other roof but the sky, and the houses are white buff or light blue, stone or brick covered with an outer mortar which in turn is painted into one of the prevailing colors. Marble floor for cleanliness and coolness.

"If you walk up the street in the evening you see every one looking through the bars as if they were in jail. There are no chimneys to the houses as fires are never used except for cooking. Kitchens have thick brick top tables, on the top surface there are a number of holes, in these holes charcoal is placed, and the food is cooked over the glowing coals very quickly. Eggs here are better and more richly flavored than with us, and the fish and mutton are very good. The street cars have three horses and many of the omnibuses. The door of the latter is behind, but the driver has a piece of looking glass by him and sees everybody that gets in or out. He has also a horn attached to a bag of wind, he squeezes the bag and that blows his horn, so he keeps his breath to yell at his Spanish horses.

"All churches and cathedrals here are Catholic. There are many saints days and holidays, on these occasions men climb up in the steeples and belfrys and beat with little iron rods the bells and make a most infernal noise. Day before yesterday from a church a square away there emerged and marched around the square a large procession of priests, &c. In the midst of the celebrators was carried on the shoulders of men a large modern painted image of the Virgin Mary with the infant of Jesus in her arms.

"Sunday is not observed except as a festival. Stores are open, workmen work, flags are flying in every direction, bands playing on the public squares, cafes filled with soldiers and citizens drinking red wine and smoking; so are museums—what we call dime museums—with music in front to attract people, as in the side shows of a circus.

"Last Sunday night I was on the public square in front of one the large hotels here. It was packed with people, carriages driving around, a large, fine Spanish band playing and all that. One horse victorias are flying around in all directions or standing on the streets waiting for customers. They take people all over the town for 20 cents or two person for 25 cents for three. They have a small seat that lets down in front of the main seat. Every thing is pretty high in price here, in consequence of the war. The way we do is that we take American money, buy for a five dollar note or a five dollar gold piece a lot of five dollar Spanish gold pieces. They will give us their five dollar gold pieces for ours and twenty cents besides, as theirs is worth only, compared to ours, $4.80. Having received their five dollar Spanish gold piece and twenty cents besides for our five dollar note or gold piece, we next take it and get six dollors in silver for it, and then we buy everything we want and pay for it in silver. For intance, yesterday I bought a bottle of Eno's fruit salts, it was worth a dollar I gave the man a five dollar Spanish gold piece, he gave me the bottle of salts and five dollars in silver besides, so I got my bottle and still have my five dollars.

Gold and Silver.

Oregon has produced $21,990,696 of gold and $94,500 silver.

Greece has $500,000 of gold in circulation to $3,000,000 of silver.

Colorado has produced $65,246,222 of gold and $24,800,914 of silver.

Wyoming has produced $648,335 of gold and $13,000 of silver.

Nevada has produced $93,678,267 of gold and $104,191,259 of silver.

South Dakota has produced $50,923,-327 of gold and $1,051,624 of silver.

Italy has $96,000,000 of gold coin in circulation and $16,500,000 of silver.

The amount of gold produced by the world's mines since 1492 is $8,397,305,000. in silver.

China is a silver country. The circulating medium comprises $725,000,000.

The Turks manage to get along with $50,000,000 of gold and $44,000,000 silver.

Canada has a circulating medium of $14,000,000 in gold and $5,000,000 in silver.

The gold circulation in Belgium amounts to $54,000,000, the silver to $34,900,000.

In Spain the people have in circulation $40,000,000 of gold and $155,000,000 of silver.

In the year 1894 France consumed in the arts $9,570,240 of gold and $5,454,-750 of silver.

In 1894 the world's production of gold amounted to $179,965,600 of silver $215,404,600.

In Cuba and Hayti there are in circulation $21,000,000 of gold and $4,400,-000 of silver.

The Russian jewelers and gold platers used in 1893 $3,542,963 of gold and $8,117,000 of silver.

During the years between 1881 and 1890 the production of silver in America was $1,298,820,000.

Since the discovery of America the mines of the New World have produced $9,908,547,000 of silver.

Mexico is a silver country, there being only $5,000,000 of gold in circulation to $50,000,000 of silver.

Idaho ranks fifth in the production of precious metals, $35,301,639 of gold and $1,960,283 of silver.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Thousands Wedded At Once.

The largest and most remarkable wedding since the world began took place at Susa, says the Chicago *Chronicle*. When the great Alexander had conquered Persia, wishing to unite victors and vanquished by the strongest possible ties, he decreed a wedding festival. Alexander himself was to marry Statira, the daughter of Darious; 100 of his chief officers were to be united to ladies from the noblest Persian and Medean families, and 10,000 of his Greek soldiers were to marry 10,000 Asiatic women—20,202 people married at once. It is difficult to see how they managed to get up a feast for so many, but they did, and for a vast multitude of guests besides. They had the most splendid arrangements.

On a plain near the city a vast pavilion was erected on pillars sixty feet high. It was hung and spread with the richest tissues, while the gold and precious stones which ornamented it would have made your eyes blink. Tables were spread outside for the multitude, a separate seat was assigned each pair and all were arranged in semi-circles on either hand of the royal throne. Each bridegroom had received a golden vessel for his libation, and when the last of these had been announced by an usher to the multitude without, the brides entered the banquet hall and took their places. Of course, it must not be supposed that each bridegroom stood up separately and vowed, "with this ring I now thee wed," and so on. No, the ceremony was very simple. The King gave his hand to Statira and kissed her as his wife and the other bridegrooms followed his example.

A Revolution in Iron.

The possibility of a revolution in the iron industry is suggested in a recent report of the Secretary of the Franklin Institute, in which attention is called to a new iron product just placed on the market by a Chicago firm, and which is termed "ductile cast iron." Quoting the Iron Age, the report says: That experiments of this company, which have extended over the past year and a half, have been so satisfactory that they have decided to abandon their former business of making iron castings, and have fitted up their foundry to make ductile iron casting exclusively. They are prepared to make castings of this character ranging from 10 pounds to 10,000 pounds in weight, which are not only solid, homogeneous and free from blow holes, but which also may be drawn under the hammer or perfectly welded, and will work well under the planer or other tools.

"He has had no 10[illegible]-education," said the older Bruton, "who has not been taught to deny."

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5-25.

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We want all the wheat we can get and will guarantee to the farmer
The Highest Baltimore Prices,
and often more. We also buy corn, oats, and Rye.
Farmers look to your interest and bring your grain to us.
10-27-1.

"Cheerful" Prospects.

A nervous young minister in visiting a neighboring town, had an unpleasant dream, says an exchange. The good old lady, at whose home he stopped, on showing him his bed-room gave him the following information: "It ain't everybody I'd put in this room. This room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on. "My first husband died in this bed, with his head on these very pillers, and poor Mr. Jenks died settin' in that corner."—(pointing to the darkest corner of the room)— "Some times when I come into the room in the dark I think I see him settin' there still. My own dear old father died layin' right on that lounge right under the winder. Poor pa! He was a sperituralist, and he allus said he would appear in this room after he died, and some times I'm foolish enough to look for him! If you should see anything of him to-night you'd better not tell me. It would be a sign to me that there is something in sperituralism, and I'd hate to think that.

My son by my first man fell dead with heart disease right where you stand! He was a doctor, and there are two skeletons in that closet right back of you belonging to him, and half a dozen skulls in that lower bureau drawer! If you can't sleep or get up early and want something to amuse you until breakfast is ready just open that cupboard there an' you'll find a lot of bones of dead men! My son (the doctor) was proud of 'em and might an pleasant dreams to you!"

Wrong Half on Top.

A preacher with views on the temperance question, was walking soberly along a dusty road, says the Boston *Budget*. A farmer with an empty wagon, save that it contained a gallon jug, overtook him and asked him if he did not wish to ride. The preacher, assenting, climbed into the wagon, and as they jogged along toward the next village, the two fell into conversation.

Now, the preacher had his suspicions concerning the jug, and led the talk around to the subject of temperance, expounding his views at length with appropriate emphasis. Much to his surprise, his companion quite agreed with him. Nevertheless the preacher still continued to suspect the jug.

'My friend,' he said, presently, 'would you mind telling me what you have in that jug there?'

'Liquor,' said the farmer.

'I feared so,' continued the preacher. 'Now, my dear friend, you have agreed with all I have said on this great question of temperance.'

'Yes.'

'Can you not give me a proof that you mean what you say, and pour out that accursed liquor?'

'No.'

'But I can't understand—'

'Well,' said the farmer, 'ye see I'd do it for ye, only half the liquor in that jug belongs to my brother.'

'Then empty your half, my friend.'

'But I can't do that nuther. Ye see, his half's on top.'

Could Do Without Him.

Mr. L., a good natured German, was the prosperous proprietor of a considerable clothing business in a country town. He had in his employ one, John S., whom he had advanced from cash boy to head clerk, and who had for many years been an attache of the store. Since his promotion, John had several times asked for a raise in his salary, and each time his request had been granted. One morning John again appeared at the old merchant's desk with another request for an increase of $10 per month.

"Vy, Shon," said Mr. L., "I dink I bays you pooty vell already; vat for I bays you any more?"

"Well," replied John, confidently, "I am your principal help here; I have worked you up a large trade; I know every detail of the business; and, indeed, I think you could not get along without me."

"Ish dot so?" exclaimed the German. "Mein Gott! Shon, vot vood I do suppose you vas to die?"

"Well," hesitated John, "I suppose you would have to get along without me then."

The old man took several whiffs from his big pipe and said nothing. At last he gravely remarked:

"Vell, Shon, I guess you better consider yourself dead.—*Clarke Courier.*

Slips of the Types

Some time ago an Eastern paper printed this apology: "In our last issue a biography of Newton was said to have contained this 'Yes, the immoral Newton lived just like other men.' It should have read 'the immortal Newton.'"

A popular and prominent man in England once was called upon to address an assemblage, which greeted him enthusiastically and with cheers. The newspaper which reported the meeting said innocently: "The vast concourse rent the air with their shouts."

The Rev. Todd was given some relics to present to a museum. In his speech he alluded to the "lives of the saints." When the remarks were published they came out "lies of the saints," and this so enraged the giver of the relics that he demanded their return.

A New York editor once wrote an obituary on a man of some prominence and among other things said: "He began life as a legal practitioner, but was diverted from it by a love of bitters." He did not look at the proof and next morning on picking up the paper was confronted with the statement: "He began life as a legal politician, but was diverted from it by a love of bitters."

Why He Wanted.

A minister's seven year old son, who young as he is, seems to have commanded a energy of purpose. One day, after service was over and the family had returned from meeting, he said: "Papa do you ever look at me while you are preaching?" The father, thinking that he was a little hurt by supposed neglect, said: "Certainly my son; I often look at you and think of you when I am preaching." "But to-day you did not notice me at all." "Yes I did son, several times," said the father. "Well, papa, did you see me wink at you two or three times?" "No, my son. What did you wink at me for when I was preaching?" "I winked at you, papa, to get you to stop: you were spinning it too long."

The Dude's Hands.

"Yes, my hands are soft," said a dudish and conceited young fellow the other night in a small company, as he admiringly looked at those useless appendages that had never done a day's work. "Do you know how I do it?" he exclaimed proudly. "I wear gloves on my hands every night to sleep in."

"Do you sleep with your hat on also?" asked a pert young woman.

And the young fellow retired to the negative and looked wonderingly because the company smiled.

He Couldn't Hitch.

Mike Brannigan who fought in the late civil war and lost both his legs in the service, earns his living by selling newspapers on the corner of one of the principal thoroughfares in New York. He was seated on the head of a barrel alongside of his stand the other morning when a customer of his said: "Well, Mike how is business after the blizzard?" "Well, begorra, sir, I can't hitch."

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LABORATORY OF STATE ASSAYER AND CHEMIST, RICHMOND, VA., May 2, 1895.
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Lowest Rates.
C. W. RISDON,
GAINESVILLE, VA.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.
(PIEDMONT AIR LINE.)
FIRST DIVISION.

This Condensed Schedule is published as information only and is subject to change without notice to the public.

SCHEDULE EFFECTIVE JULY 5, 1896.

MAIN LINE.

SOUTHBOUND.	No. 9. Daily.	No. 35. Daily.	No. 37. Daily.	No. 15. Daily.	No. 13. Ex. Sun.
Lv. Washington	8 00am	11 15am	10 43pm	4 51pm	4 01pm
Alexandria	8 25am	11 38am	11 06pm	5 15pm	4 25pm
Manassas	9 22am	12 21pm		6 09pm	5 18pm
Calverton	9 53am	12 40pm		6 38pm	
Culpeper	10 37am	f 1 11pm		7 26pm	
Orange	11 13am	1 44pm		8 00pm	
Charlottesville	12 15pm	2 24pm	1 50am	8 55pm	
Charlottesville	12 25pm	2 27pm	1 55am		
Montreal	1 23pm	3 12pm			No. 17. Ex. Sun.
Amherst	1 53pm				
Lynchburg	2 22pm	4 00pm	3 40am		
Franklin Junction	3 45pm	5 05pm		7 25am	
Chatham	4 05pm			7 50am	
Neapolis	4 40pm			8 30am	
Ar. Danville	4 45pm	5 50pm	5 40am		

"f" Flag stop.

NORTHBOUND.	No. 10. Daily.	No. 36 Daily.	No. 38. Daily.	No. 18. Ex. Sun.	No. 14. Ex. Sun.
Lv. Danville	6 00am	1 40pm	12 10pm		
Neapolis	6 05am				
Chatham	6 35am	f 2 13pm		3 35pm	
Franklin Junction	6 55am	f 2 29pm		4 30pm	
Lynchburg		3 35pm		5 05pm	
Lynchburg	8 05am	3 50pm	1 58am		
Amherst	8 35am	f 4 20pm			
Montreal	9 08am	f 4 49pm		No. 16. Daily.	
Charlottesville	10 01am	5 45pm	3 35am		
Charlottesville	10 10am	5 50pm	3 30am		
Orange	11 00am	6 39pm		4 45am	
Culpeper	11 40am	7 15pm		5 35am	
Calverton	12 28pm	7 57pm		6 05am	
Manassas	1 02pm	f 8 25pm		6 48am	
Alexandria	1 53pm	9 10pm	6 15am	7 30am	9 45am
Ar. Washington	2 30pm	9 40pm	6 48am	8 00am	10 00am

"f" Flag stop.

WASHINGTON, ALEXANDRIA, AND STRASBURG.

No. 13. Except Sunday.	No. 67. Except Sunday.			No. 14. Except Sunday.	No. 68. Except Sunday.
4 01pm	8 00am	Lv.	Washington Ar.	10 00am	9 40pm
4 25pm	8 25am		Alexandria	9 37am	9 18pm
5 15pm	9 35am		Manassas	8 45am	4 00pm
6 07pm	12 10pm		Plains	7 56am	1 30pm
7 15pm	3 45pm		Front Royal	6 52am	10 00am
7 20pm	4 30pm		Riverton	6 38am	9 30am
7 50pm	5 30pm	Ar.	Strasburg Lv.	6 15am	9 00am

CALVERTON AND WARRENTON.

No. 9. Daily.	No. 15. Daily.	No. 35. Daily.	No. 11 Daily.		No. 12. Daily.	No. 10. Daily.	No. 16 Daily.	No. 36. Daily.
9 55am	6 40pm	12 45pm	6 55am	Lv. Calverton Ar.	9 40am	12 30pm	6 45am	6 25pm
10 30am	7 15pm	1 20pm	7 30am	Ar. Warrenton Lv.	9 05am	11 45am	6 10am	5 50pm
No. 16.		No. 10.		EASTERN TIME.		No. 9.		No. 15.
4.45pm		12.10pm		Lv. Richmond Ar.		10.40am		9.07pm
		12.30pm		Fair Oaks "		f 10.16am		
		3.20pm		Meadow "		10.07am		
		12.44pm		Ruperta "		f10.00am		
		3.49pm		Quinton "		9.24am		
5.32pm		4.01pm		Tunstalls "		9.42am		10.30pm
		4.12pm		White House "		9.31am		
5.36pm		4.18pm		Lester Manor "		9.25am		
		4.31pm		Sweet Hall "		9.10am		10.14pm
		4.46pm		Romancoke "		10.00am		
6.00pm		5.00pm		West Point "		9.30am		7.50pm
				Ar. Lv.				

No. 9.—Daily, except Sunday and Monday. No. 15.—Daily.
Nos. 16 and 10.—Daily, except Sunday.

SCHEDULE OF YORK RIVER LINE.

Steamer "Baltimore" or Steamer "Danville" leaves West Point 6.00 P. M. and arrives at Baltimore 8.00 A. M., daily except Sunday; leaves Baltimore (Pier 19, Light St.) 5.00 P. M., daily except Sunday, and arrives at West Point the following morning in time to connect with trains Nos. 15 and 9, as above.

THROUGH SCHEDULES.

No. 11 Daily.	No. Daily.	No. 35 & 15 Daily.		No. 36 & 16 Daily.	No. 38. Daily.	No. 12 Daily.
	10 45pm	12 15am	Lv. Washington Ar.	9 40pm	6 00am	
	11 40pm	1 15am	" Alexandria "	8 40pm	4 50am	
	1 55am	2 27pm	" Charlottesville "	6 45pm	9 35am	
	3 40am	4 00pm	" Lynchburg "	3 30pm	7 30am	
6 40am	5 30am	6 00pm	" Danville "	1 30pm	5 30am	
8 15am	7 40am	7 40pm	Ar. Greensboro Lv.	12 00pm	10 40pm	11 35pm
9 30am	9 20am	9 00pm	" Winston-Salem "	10 30am	6 20pm	9 20pm
11 45am	11 45am	7 30am	" Raleigh "	8 30am	4 12pm	4 12pm
10 15am	3 12am	9 12pm	" Salisbury "	10 30am	9 30pm	9 10pm
2 05pm		12 55am	" Asheville "	1 00am		1 40pm
4 04pm		1 55am	" Hot Springs "	11 50pm		11 55pm
7 40pm		4 50am	" Knoxville "	9 00pm		8 15am
11 20pm		9 20am	" Chattanooga " (Central Time.)	5 30pm		4 30am
12 00m'n	9 20am	10 40pm	" Charlotte "	3 50am	3 30pm	6 40pm
	12 50pm	1 47am	" Columbia " (Standard St. Station.)	5 00am	5 20pm	
	4 12pm	5 00am	" Augusta "	10 30pm	2 30pm	
	4 35pm	5 25am	" Savannah "	11 25pm	12 20pm	
	9 00pm	9 00am	" Jacksonville "	6 30pm	8 00am	
			" St. Augustine " (Central Time.)			
9 30pm			" Atlanta " (Central Time.)	11 15pm	12 00m'n	7 20am
	3 10pm	3 30am	" Birmingham " (Central Time.)	4 30pm	5 55am	
	10 10pm	12 00pm	" Memphis " (Central Time.)	5 30am	9 00pm	
	7 00am	8 30pm	Ar. New Orleans Lv. (Central Time.)	7 10am	7 10pm	

TRAINS ON WASHINGTON AND OHIO DIVISION.

Leave Washington 9.01 a. m. daily, and 4.45 p. m. daily except Sunday, and 6.25 p. m. Sundays only for Round Hill, 4.32 p. m. daily except Sunday, for Leesburg, and 6.25 p. m. daily for Herndon. Returning arrive at Washington 8.30 a. m. and 2 p. m. daily from Round Hill, 7.40 a. m. daily except Sunday from Herndon, 9.34 a. m. daily except Sunday, from Leesburg.

SLEEPING CAR SERVICE.

New 37 and 38, Washington and Southwestern Limited. Solid Vestibuled Train between New York and Atlanta. Composed of Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars, Washington and Atlanta. Through Sleeping Cars between New York and New Orleans, New York and Augusta, Southern Dining Car between Washington and Monroe, New York, Atlanta and Birmingham, New York and Augusta, and Richmond and Augusta. Nos. 33 and 36, Pullman Sleeping Cars between New York, Atlanta, Montgomery, and New Orleans, New York and Jacksonville, and Charleston and Augusta.

Through tickets on sale at principal stations to all points. For rates or information apply to any agent of the company.

W. H. GREEN, General Superintendent. J. H. CULP, Traffic Manager. W. A. TURK, General Passenger Agent.