having the character unworthy of serious consideration.

Several opposition organs predict the relief the Cabinet within three months, saying Crisdana and Ferry are plotting to oust De Freycinet and seize the reins of the government.

Comte de Haussonville, representing Comte de Paris, speaking at Toulouse, stated that Cardinal Lavigerie had moved in support of the Republic, saying that the clericals desirous of forming a Catholic Republican party were victims of an illusion. The watchword of the French Republic was now as always, "war against religion." It was not his place to say down the line of conduct for the clergy, but the policy of Cardinal Lavigerie was not the best way of defending the interests of the church.

The project had been started with the approval of several French ministers to hold a Russian exposition on the Champ de Mars. It is proposed to invite the Czar to the inauguration of the show.

Taken Care of by the Police.

NEW YORK, July 19.—Roland, the son of United States Senator Hill, and a Boston newspaper man, has been taken in charge by the police of this city, who fear that his mind is unbalanced, as he acted very queerly while visiting the Thirty-fifth street station house.

Another Defaulter.

PHILADELPHIA, July 19.—William Leatherbury, manager of the City Lumber company, has been missing for more than a week and is suspected to be a defaulter to the extent of $10,000. He left here Saturday night with a young woman with whom he has lately been keeping company, deserting his wife and five children.

Arrested on Suspicion.

HARTFORD, July 19.—A man answering the description of Frank Almy, the murderer of Miss Christie Warden at Hanover, N. H., was arrested here this afternoon. He will be taken to Hanover at once, volunteering to accompany the officers without a requisition, saying he desired to clear himself as soon as possible.

HANOVER, N. H., July 19.—The man arrested at Hartford, Vt., proves not to be Almy, the murderer of Miss Warden.

Another Collision.

BENO, Nev., July 19.—The eastbound passenger train collided with the passenger westbound last night at Pike's station, twenty miles east of Beno. Three engines and the mail car were wrecked, and a tramp, testing his way west, was killed. The air brakes of the eastbound train refused to work.

Floating in the River.

PHILADELPHIA, July 19.—The body of Mrs. Sarah Kramer, aged 35, of this city, was found floating in the Delaware river this morning. Attached to the waist of the dead woman, by means of a stout rope, was the body of her five months old son, Willie. She was sometimes subject to fits of despondency because the child was born disfigured, and it is supposed that while in that condition last night she took the deformed child in her arms and jumped into the river.

In the Care of a Humanitarian Society.

NEW YORK, July 19.—Wing Lee, the Chinese laundryman who eloped from Camden, N. J., with Lizzie Sparrow, aged 15, was arrested here Saturday night, being found occupying apartments in Pell street with the girl. Though living as man and wife, the couple have not been married.

The Chinaman was held for trial on a charge of abduction, and the girl placed in the care of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The police in arresting the couple were opposed by other Chinese residents of Pell street.

A Big Strike Possible.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., July 19.—A big strike among the anthracite miners is possible. The grievance is that the companies will not pay every two weeks as the law provides. The companies are preparing for trouble by bringing into this section large numbers of laborers, fresh from Europe.

Traitors in the French Army.

PARIS, July 18.—The police have searched the house of Director Lissot of the artillery department *forges et chaudières*, and found some smokeless powder, supposed to have been abstracted from the government factory. The discovery will lead to a prosecution.

Russian Jews.

NEW YORK, July 19.—Thirty immigrants, all Russian Jews, arrived at the Detention Bureau at the Barge office. It is probable that they will be sent back, as they are all paupers and have been assisted to this country.

Suit for 700,000 Acres of Land.

ST. LOUIS, July 19.—The attorney general of Texas is preparing to bring suit against the Texas and Pacific railway. Chauncey Depew, Francis, Blood Drake and William Sinton of New York for the recovery of 700,000 acres of land.

People's Party of the State of Washington.

NORTH YAKIMA, Wash., July 19.—A convention composed of delegates from the Farmers' Alliance, Knights of Labor, Good Templars and Trades Unions met last night and organized the People's party of the State of Washington. The platform declares in favor of the eight-hour system, sub-treasury scheme and the abolition of National banks.

Two Thousand Immigrants Landed.

NEW YORK, July 19.—Nearly 2000 steerage passengers landed at the Barge office today. The "Umbria" had on board a new draft for the steamer "Servia," which is at a dock in this city. The "Servia" will be ready to sail for Liverpool August 1st.

Prayed Back to Life.

LONDON, July 19.—Mr. Spurgeon, at 4 o'clock this afternoon, was reported to be slowly but surely improving.

A Fashionable Wedding Party.

LONDON, July 19.—The Prince and Princess of Wales, their daughter, Mrs. Arthur Wilson, and a host of fashionable people, were present today at the wedding of the Honorable Julia Stanley to Marquis D'Hautpoul.

In Favor of Imperial Federation.

MONTREAL, July 18.—It is rumored in political circles that in view of the movement in the courts, the circles favor imperial federation. Premier Mercier will make an open declaration in favor of independence.

CONFEDERATE TIMES.

Mason fell into the hands of the Federal under General Wilson in April, 1865. He appeared in way of Columbus, Ga., near Mason with siltings of an accomplice, but the Confederates who could get away were glad to shake hills.

The Federals could fill day, however, for profit or amusement, every day and dreary too. When daylight declined they hurled into camps. Occasionally they were fired on from the bushes—turkeshot were picked out of their soldiers once in a while, and more than once a dead Yankee was found in the road—and nobody the wiser.

When the news came to Georgia of President Lincoln's assassination, and started early in the forenoon, stayed out late at night and were, altogether, more violent and aggressive. The "rebs" then had more killing out to do.

Among those who fell to the swamps and cantonments were three young officers of my acquaintance (the trio is an even three story), but their names and rank are unnecessary to mention. I will designate them as Lieutenants A, B and C, because they were to other parents, and their soldiering occupations was soon done and over with after mysterious Wilson accepted Mason.

Contrabands came and tapped out, with tattoos food and lodging lessons, therefore, a matter of injury to the government, then undergoing throes of disorganization. In their enforced retirement they had many amusing experiences. Hard times and war times failed to quench their enjoyment of the comic side of life and of life. When they came in to our refugee house after dark for shelter it was as enjoyable for us to listen as for the narrators thereafter to experience. The night they were driven out down to Twiggs county, a score of miles from the city. Farmers and nearly frightened, they at last observed a light in the woods at some distance from the main road.

Every rule had fallen in the afternoon, and the night was foggy and starless. They scrambled through the bushes and fell over dilapidated fences until they found themselves near the house, but a gang of dogs on the inside of the inclosure made it prudent to follow, in which only the dogs opined. For some minutes it was doubtful whether the inmates of the house opened would prevail in the noise and turbulent that ensued. The officers began to think it would be best to scale the rail again. Soft and sweet dogs were to be preferred to bitter men—and the pack was apparently bent on baying hound.

Hungry men, however, are usually persistent. At last the door opened a trifle, leaving a crack, holding it high over his head, and peering into the gloom, called out: "What is it? What's you want?"

Lieutenant A—as we will call him—stepped forward and said: "We are travelers, are benighted, and would like supper and lodging. Can you allow us to come into your kitchen for the night—we are muddy and tired from walking in the rain and very hungry?"

Before the torch holder decided to reply a female voice in his rear spoke up: "No, no, we don't take in travelers. We don't's time to set hot plate cure meal, and more enough of that, God knows. Old Wheeler's variety claimed an out last minute—we're pretty nigh starved since he went along" conducting in a minor tone of voice to the torch holder, "Why don't you tell him to go to the Widder Jones', from the creek, may be she'll take you in?"

The man did as he was bidden—reminded Widow Jones' hospitality and stopped—waiting for further prompting.

"But sister," said Lieutenant B as we will call him, "we are very hungry and very tired. If your good lady will only be so kind as to allow us to sit by your kitchen fire we will cook a corn cake ourselves, not to give her any trouble. I promise you we will not annoy you. We must find shelter very soon as it threatens rain again. Do reconsider and take us in. Your good wife is too clever and good looking to forbid us a shelter I know"—

The woman here interrupted, addressing her husband, "Tell 'em, Jones, we don't want no starvy nor no comp'ny under. If Wheeler's course comp'ny had so he's as anything but sure meat, and but little of that, we might or spared some of it—but I want yer to shut that door and come in. How d'yer know but these folks is trying to gill in and feel out of the hands in that Wheeler's crowd into?"

This was too strong an insinuation for Lieutenant B. "Madam, I am proud to tell you I am a Confederate soldier. I hail in Texas. I have been on Georgia soil since the battle of Missionary Ridge trying to repel the Belgian Yankees and the scoundrels from the most terrible foe known to their history. When the Yankees conquer this country you will suffer, I fear. I am very sorry to see you insulted good hearted friends. Say, comrades, shall we go? I for one"—interrupted here by the old torch. "Why we had some gash-dirn fine you folks, but, as the old woman told you, we hain't a bite to spare, and nothin' smokin'. Jack and Buck, the two oldest sons, the concarrigh tuck, and they aren't anything to wash but me and our darter Sallie to here. Sorry to discharge you all, but it's jest like the old woman says—we hain't got a bite to give you."

Just then Lieutenant C, as we will call him, stepped out with a Yankee overcoat on his arm. They had found it in the road that morning, perhaps it had dropped from some trooper's cabin who had a load of plunder—pied wabb high before him. Before his comrades had a suspicion of the role he proposed to play he rushed up to the speaker, clapped his hand in a cordial, gushing manner, and exclaimed: "Howdye do, my good Union friend?"

"An' what are you?" inquired the old woman, who had also stepped outside that door by this time, the flickering candlelight playing on her coarse features, rough hair and unwashed squawk.

"Well, my good woman, what should I be but a Federal officer, with this overcoat? We have been feeling our way—haven't we, boys—to get into the lines ever since Wilson left Macon—the town is swarming with his soldiers—and we are on a hunt for stragglers and rebel victuals. Give me your hand, old lady! We are fast friends to the Yankees. I'm as much mistaken as the fellow that hooked his cousin's wife when he thought he was only warming his shins. Shake hands, my good woman. All of you give me your paws. Why, I thought to find Lieutenant Green down here in the dark corners of Twiggs! Bless goodness, we are back in Union lines at last! Come along, boys, we are welcome to this good woman's house. Twon't be long ere your boys and sons home. Glad that the rebels have left fighting for their very soul sucking dogs!"

Just then the woman raised a shrill: "Glory! glory! glory! hallelujah! I know'd yer would get home. I ben a-lookin' for yer. Sallie rode the creetur nearly to Gin'ville yesterday to hear sometin', but some dog gnawed the creetur's leg as he rode, and she turned back, but now don't yer care for some. Glory! glory!" clapping her hands and shouting in genuine camp meeting style.

All of a sudden she halted, turned herself sharply about, and ran toward the springhouse under the hill near the creek. Throwing all her strength into her voice she screamed

"Oh, dem! Oh, Buck! Come rushin dat sarcobage! Yer needn't bibbs worry nothin' no more. De Yankees hev come—here dey are. Come, boys, hurry! No more bibbs to do swamps, in de lots and under de beds."

Two sharpish broken men were soon de-

Eternal Vigilance

Is the price of good health. But with all the precautions we may take there are diseases always lurking about our systems, only waiting a favorable opportunity to attack those who are off their guard. The kidneys are those most subject to disease, and they are liable to be attacked at any time by some of the many kidney troubles, such as Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Stone in the Bladder, Gravel, Dropsy, Pain in the Back, Urinary Difficulties, Scanty Supply of Water, Frequent Urination, Albumen in the Urine, Pain in the Side, Nervous Prostration, Loss of Appetite, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Irritability, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Malaria, Female Complaints, Impure Blood, Pimples, Boils, Eruptions, Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Scald Head, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Blotches, Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, Tumors, Dropsy, Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Catarrh, Deafness, Blindness, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lame Back, Kidney Complaints, Urinary Troubles, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Female Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Irritability, Malaria, Biliousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Pain in the Side, Pain in the Back