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TYPES IN TEHERAN.

Strange Scenes in the Streets of Persia's Capital.

A Picture Whose Like Cannot Be Found Elsewhere—Peddlers by the Score Importuning the Lazy Pedestrians—Dervishes of Many Kinds.

[Special Persian Letter.]

Emerging from the cool shadows and the bustling life of the great central bazar, street life in the Persian capital bursts upon you in all its novelty. The fierce rays of the sun blind your eyes for a moment and then, when you open them, the picture you see is like the ever-changing, many-hued figures

STREET VENDER OF FIGS.

in a kaleidoscope. It flits before your dazzled optics and the rich color effects fairly confuse one for a time. The ear, too, is assailed from all sides. The cries are shrill and long-drawn.

"Andjisha taza-ah!" (fresh figs) shrieks a muscular fellow, the fig vender, carrying on his head a huge dish full of this fruit, delicious when just ripe and plucked.

"Narendjha khooe-a-ah!" (cool oranges) screams another, with a similar load.

"Khiyarha raeddda-ah!" (ripe cucumbers) howls a third brawny vender.

The men selling ice, mulberries, candies, cakes, a sort of waffles, pipes, staffs, etc., all lift up their voices simultaneously, and thus they produce a babel of sounds, which is, to put it in a mild form, overpowering. And then they all join in the grand chorus: "Ah, ah! Kharid! Kharid!" (come, come; buy, buy) Their mules and donkeys jostle and crowd each other, and the venders themselves look so out of breath, so wild and savage and reckless as if they would gladly undertake to cut any infidel's throat for five cents or less. But try them; they're perfectly harmless. The candy peddler does probably the most flourishing trade among the whole brotherhood, for orientals have, each and every one, "a sweet tooth." He drives an ass—a diminutive brute—with the help of his sturdy cudgel, and he deals resounding whacks to the poor beast, which does not accelerate his pace, however. On the back of the ass is a sort of structure, and on that balances a long oval tray.

This tray bears all the sweets the Persians are so fond of. Above all, there is "yakhd dar behisht" (literally, sweetness from Heaven), a paste made of sugared rice flour and be strewn with pistaches. Then there is something which tastes very much like butterscotch, and a variety of other candies, nearly all of them tasting rather insipid to a western palate.

These peddlers and venders, in their blue, yellow, green, purple or scarlet kaftans, look picturesque, but the multitude who stream past them all this time look more so. The Persian

NEGRO DERVISH AND COMPANION.

grandee, who is just now riding home from an audience with the shah in the palace yonder, flies past your vision in a stately, slow array. He himself astride one of those immensely tall Turcoman horses, saddle, bridle and trappings ablaze with gold and precious stones, and his sharply contoured face, with the regular features, the swarthy skin and the eyes and hair of inky blackness, looks doubly impressive under his white turban. His retinue, to the number of four score and more, is also well mounted and richly clad. Horses and clothes, you know, are two articles on which the wealthy Persian spends incredible sums.

Here comes a band of closely-veiled women. They are astride of donkeys, man fashion with the stirrups high up, and servants urge the donkeys, which are of mouse-gray color and of the finest Bagdad breed, constantly into a comical trot, while the stately lord and master of this whole household follows in unbending dignity on a richly caparisoned steed. There are dervishes, mollahs, seyeds, officers, soldiers and beggars—beggars in droves, and they all just now make a rush for the high dignitary to enjoy his bounty

"Oh, Abdallah Massoud Naib!" their shrill voices ring out, "may the prophet and the blessed Ali scatter joy and prosperity on thy path! Forget not the needy! Their prayers will bring thee luck; and let the splendor of thy eyes glance favorably on us miserable dust!"

Thus the chorus whines, and the great man's steward scatters handful after handful of the small copper coins of the realm, known as shabees, among the scurvy crowd, and while they are scrambling for his bounty, falling over each other in the dust, the cavalcade makes off. Refuse a gift to a beggar and he hurls the most blood-curdling malediction at your head.

This little episode has been watched in serene beatitude by the shopkeepers and money-lenders whose stands and shops line one side of the street. The shops are all open, without even so much as a window obstructing the view, for in this glorious climate, where sunshine and balmy zephyrs rule almost uncontrolledly for eight months in the year, no such protection is needed. Well, the average size of these shops is about ten feet by eight, and within this narrow compass they manage to store their goods, do their work, their habitual non-left-repeated prayers open and above board, so to speak. We have here such tradesmen as pipe-makers and smokers (for the manufacture and sale of hookahs, chibouks and narghiles is a very lucrative business in Persia), workers in brass and copper, grocers, shoemakers, tailors, cooks and pastrymen—all sorts of people who have no right or no money to keep a regular place in the neighboring bazar.

It is curious to watch them at their work and note the primitive way of making their wares, and it is wonderful how cheap some of these goods are—well-made slippers for two kerans (thirty cents)—just the kind that would cost about two dollars and a half in America.

But we had better buy a bowl of sherbet and stroll on. Delicious stuff this sherbet, isn't it? The fruit flavor in it comes from Ispahan quinces. They do excel in sherbets in Persia, no doubt. We cross the street and find ourselves under the shade of a row of magnificent tjenaar trees lining the avenue. The latter leads in a line,

PERSIAN SOLDIERS.

straight as the path of an arrow, to a beautiful large gate, admitting us into Artillery square, the finest in all Persia, twice the size of Madison square in New York. To the left of the broad avenue runs the high wall surrounding the conglomeration of royal palaces and pavilions. Such a wide thoroughfare is a great marvel in the east. Its like is only to be found in that large square in Constantinople where the ruins of the Byzantine emperors' hippodrome and the mosque of Sultan greet the astonished eye.

WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

An Anecdote of Justice Fuller.

The chairman of the lecture committee in Oldtown, Me., told me that he once belonged to a debating club of which the chief justice, when a boy, was a member. One evening "Capital Punishment" was the subject debated. The deacon of the church and two clergymen were for hanging. Young Fuller was opposed.

Said the deacon, quoting from the Mosaic law: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man his blood shall be shed." Thinking this to be a bombshell to his opponents, he dwelt upon it until his time had expired, when the boy sprang to his feet and said:

"Supposing we take the law which the gentleman has quoted and see what the logical deduction would come to. For example, one man kills another; another man kills him, and so on until we come to the last man on earth. Who's going to kill him? He dare not commit suicide, for the same law forbids it. Now, deacon," continued the boy, "what are you going to do with the last man?" [Laughter.]

The boy's logic called out rounds of applause and vanquished the deacon, and we hope he will be our chief justice for a thousand years.—N. Y. Advertiser.

Public Punishment in Persia.

Among the Persians, the usual mode of punishment is the bastinado, from which men of the highest rank are not exempt. It is inflicted with very great severity, frequently so as to render the sufferer almost a cripple for life. The victim is thrown upon his face, each foot is passed through a loop of strong cord attached to a pole, which is raised horizontally by men, who, twisting it around, tighten the ropes and render the feet immovable. Two executioners then strike the soles alternately with switches of the pomegranate tree, well steeped in water to render them supple. A store of these switches is generally ready for use in the pond which adjoins the courtyards of the houses of the great. The punishment frequently lasts an hour, or until the unfortunate victim faints from pain.

THE FIGHTING SIXTH.

Work of the Gallant Corps on July 11, 1864.

Memories of the Days That Tried Men's Souls—How the National Capital Escaped from Falling Into the Hands of the Confederates.

[Special Washington Letter.]

Twenty-nine years ago Seventh street northwest in this city was a very unpretentious thoroughfare. The greater portion of the distance from the Potomac river to the northern boundary was unpaved and received no more attention than an ordinary country road. The houses on either side of the street were very few and far between. The soldiers marched in mud or dust and very frequently the heavy cannon wheels were hub deep in the mire, so that they could not be moved. Very little business was transacted upon the street, and the few houses were one or two-story tumble-down frame shanties. The only substantial structures in the entire distance of three miles were the post office and the interior department buildings, which were then, as they are today, specimens of architecture which would do credit to any capital city of any country on the face of the earth. The old soldiers of the fighting Sixth corps of the Army of the Potomac who marched up that street on the night of the 11th of July, 1864, could not now recognize the thoroughfare. To-day the cable cars go rushing along clanging their bells, and the street is lined with magnificent blocks of brick and stone business houses. The pavements are occupied by throngs of men and women passing to and fro, on business and pleasure bent.

Let us take a cable car and ride out to the boundary. It takes but a few minutes, and at the end of the cable line we find ourselves still apparently in the midst of a great city. In 1864 the "boundary" was so far away from the city proper that it was regarded as an imaginary line "away out in the country." In those days, on either side of Seventh street were corn-fields, orchards and pieces of heavily-timbered country.

Leaving the cable car at the boundary we can enter a palatial coach propelled by an overhead trolley wire carrying that marvelous and almost miraculous fluid, electricity. Entering this car we go over hills and far away out upon the heights north of the city, to a place which indicates the marvelous progress of the national capital more than anything else. Two miles from the boundary, upon the highest piece of ground in the District of Columbia, we find broad streets and avenues with asphalt paving and granolithic sidewalks which are not surpassed by any of the highways in the city proper. One hundred teams of horses and five hundred men are now engaged in marking off new streets and

If you did not know the spot, or if you were not reminded of the fact, it would be impossible to realize that upon this beautiful place was fought one of the decisive battles of the late civil war. Yet this locality was known during the war of the rebellion as Fort Stevens, one of the outposts of the defenses of the national capital. The earthworks of the fort extended for nearly a mile east and west upon the brow of this hill; and the siege and field guns were all in position to repel an assault from the north, although the garrison of the fort was very small.

At that time Grant and Lee were grappling before Richmond. The battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, Old Tavern, Bethesda Church, Cold Harbor and other historic engagements had been fought, and

GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY.

Grant was preparing, by a movement south on the Weldon railroad, to invest Petersburg. At this time Gen. Lee prepared one of his celebrated flank movements which had heretofore always been successful in driving the Army of the Potomac back to the defenses of Washington. Gen. Jubal A. Early with a corps of confederate soldiers had swung around to the rear of the Army of the Potomac and was threatening the national capital. Gen. Grant did not withdraw the Army of the Potomac to the defenses of Washington, but directed Gen. Wright to proceed to the defense of the national capital with the old fighting Sixth corps, and that order was immediately obeyed with creditable haste, zeal and discretion.

On the 9th day of July, 1864, Gen. Lew Wallace, with an inferior force, battled with Gen. Early at Monocacy, Md., and delayed the progress of the confederate leader toward Washington. But Wallace was ultimately brushed aside and Early came on with the avowed intention of capturing and despoiling the city. On the evening of the 11th of July the confederate army under Gen. Early appeared before Fort Stevens and camped there for the night. All of the convalescent soldiers in the hospitals of Washington and all of the clerks in the departments who were able to bear arms were mustered into the service and sent to the defense of Fort Stevens. The confederate general knew very well what a weak force he had to contend with, and it was his intention to sweep over Fort Stevens on the morning of the 12th of July, capture every one in the fort, and move on into the capital city with his victorious troops.

At midnight on the 11th of July the Sixth corps of the Army of the Potomac landed at the wharf on the Potomac and marched up along Seventh street road, over which the cable cars now go clanging, over the highway, beyond the boundary up to the heights where now the beautiful suburban village is located. Just before sunrise this splendid corps of veteran soldiers formed in line of battle behind the earthworks of Fort Stevens, and there the tired and weary soldiers fell down upon the ground into the sound slumber which it was so easy in those days for the veterans to take whenever they had a period of rest. For about two hours along these heights the soldiers slept, when they were aroused by the oncoming of the confederate veterans who anticipated an easy victory over the convalescent soldiers and department clerks who were known to be defending the fort the night before. As they came forward upon their charge with a hurrah and a yell, they were surprised, amazed and awe-stricken to see the bronzed faces, dusty blue clothes, and the corps badges of the fighting Sixth corps arise, like apparitions, before them in the defense of that fort. There was perceptible wavering throughout the entire confederate line. For a moment they halted. Then, knowing that they had met the same determined veterans before and that proper relief in superior numbers had come in time from the Army of the Potomac, they stood not upon the order of their going but went to the rear at once, and the national capital was saved.

The battle was brief, and, as battles went in those days, it was a bloodless one. True there were killed and wounded men on both sides, but the number was so few, in comparison with the battles through which both armies

GEN. LEW WALLACE.

had recently passed, that it might well be called a bloodless battle. One month before, fifteen thousand union soldiers had fallen inside of fifteen minutes before the earthworks of Cold Harbor. The casualties at Fort Stevens were not more than fifteen hundred on both sides. Although it may be called a mere skirmish, it was one of the most important engagements of the entire war, for the result was that the national capital was saved and Grant was enabled to continue his operations before Richmond.

By the battle of Monocacy, two days before Early appeared before Fort Stevens, it became known in Washington that a formidable force was approaching the city. A few prisoners captured revealed the fact that Gen. Early, one of Gen. Lee's ablest strategists, was in command of the raiders. The alarm was general throughout the city. Congress was in session; the supreme court was in session; the president and his cabinet were in the city. The success of Gen. Early meant the capture, not only of the national capital, but of every member of every branch of the government. President Lincoln drove out to Fort Stevens in a carriage, and he was there when the Twenty-fifth New York cavalry marched upon the field and took up their position between Fort Stevens and Fort De Russey. This regiment had just been mounted at City Point, and had traveled all night in order to reach Washington in time. They arrived eight hours before the infantry men of the Sixth corps reached the field. The soldiers recognized the president as they marched past him, and they went into the fight shouting: "Hurrah for Lincoln!" Very shortly afterward the secretary of war, Mr. Stanton, drove furiously out there and to put him in an ambulance and compel him to go. The president entered Stanton's carriage, quietly remarking: "I thought I was commander in chief." Stanton's reply has not been recorded. From the well-known character of the man, however, it is fair to presume that he informed the president that while he was secretary of war he intended to have his own way; and he did, not only upon that occasion, but upon all occasions. The presence of Mr. Lincoln and the cheers of the men constituted a stimulus to the zeal of the confederates to hasten their onslaught. They could have captured Washington that evening. It was too late on the twelfth.

SMITH D. FRY.

Darwinian Data.

A singular illustration of the extent to which the natural habits of animals become modified by exceptional surroundings is given by Mr. Tageteier, the well-known English naturalist. It appears that the rabbit in Australia has been forced by his environment to alter his European habits. The fore paws of some of the species have already become adapted for climbing trees in search of the food which they cannot find on the surface, and others have begun to litter on the bare ground. Another accomplishment cultivated of late years by the Antipodean rabbit is swimming. He swims very well and takes to water readily, either when pursued or during his migrations.

SAVED BY A MIRACLE.

A Strange Story from the Little Republic of Bolivia.

[illegible]

THE GLITTERING BAYONETS FLASHED UPWARD.

and even modes of thought of the people amongst whom he had made his home. After the war he adopted the profession of arms permanently and remained attached to the Bolivian army, to the organization of which he contributed not a little. With his military life and its more or less stormy vicissitudes, we have nothing to do until up to a few months ago when the incidents herein narrated occurred. It appears that with advancing life the dark horror-specter of the past faded somewhat and De Lacy's lonely heart grew fond. He conceived a sudden and overmastering passion for a lovely young belle of Cochabamba, at which town he happened to be then stationed. He loved as a man only can whose youth and prime have been clouded as had his, and despite the disparity between their ages the Spanish maiden's head would seem to have been completely turned by the attentions of the elderly but still handsome and vigorous Americano. At any rate, she listened to him and had consented to be his.

But feminine youth in its teens is fickle, and this is more particularly so of youth warmed by Spanish blood which even Andean snows cannot chill; and this poor De Lacy discovered when his chief, younger and handsomer than himself, and on the whole a more suitable match, won away the affections of his fiancee and caused that agreeable young person to openly flout her elderly admirer at a public entertainment. Now De Lacy himself was not without a strain of southern fire in his blood, and encountering his fortunate rival in the hallway, as he rushed from the festive hall to him mortifying scene, high words and hot were exchanged, the American as a parting shot giving the sneering Bolivian general the Spanish equivalent for "fly heaven, I shall do for you before you're much older, young fellow."

Talk was said furiously, and with such evident determination that Gen. Castro called the attention of those present to the threat. Next morning Cochabamba went wild with excitement, for at dawn the body of Gen. Castro was found, stark and dead, with a dagger through the heart, on a lonely bit of road bounded by some woods, railway between his quarters and the scene of the night's festivities. No one paused to question who might be the assassin. The picket sent to arrest De Lacy found him enjoying his morning bath. When taxed with the consummation of the crime he started, flushed hotly, then turned deadly pale and trembled violently. His protests of innocence that followed were hissed down; his comrades would not even listen to them, and at the drum head he was summarily sentenced to be shot

one surrounding Andes during the day, sending occasional peals of thunder reverberating through their yawning gorges. It was a dismal day; a day of doom truly. De Lacy appealed to the perfect for a fuller trial, asserting that he could prove an alibi; he also appealed to the United States consular agent to procure him a fair trial—but all efforts were unavailing. His guilt was too clear, and die he must! Only the priest with the consolations of the Mother church stood by him and treated his word, for they were old and faithful friends.

When the firing party filed across the open savannah land in the midst of which the culprit sat strapped to the death chair, an intensely black pall of clouds covered the sky and hung hellish-like over the earth. Through it bolgnes of lightning gilded like writhing snakes. The officer in command hurried the preparations in anticipation of the coming rainstorm. The eyes bandaged, the good old priest, the life friend the last long adieu, the signal behind the squad. "Ready! Present! Fire!"

"With my last dying breath I call on God and Heaven to witness to my innocence of blood!" cried De Lacy in a loud, firm voice.

At the same instant, in obedience to the command, half a dozen rifles with glittering bayonets fashed upward. A blinding flood of lurid lime light and a thunderous crash followed—and officer and men lay prostrate on the ground, struck down by the lightning's terrible bolt. The spectators fled shrieking from the spot, some beaten down by the mighty rush of water that followed the electrical charge. Only the priest remained. The soldiers were dead, every one of them, and there was no man in sight. Cutting the thongs that bound De Lacy to the bench and throwing off the eye bandages, "Come, my son," he said, "the storm has heard your prayer, and the right hand of Goshbas protected you. Now be gone, quick, and let no more your innocent blood be shed."

After this terrible incident the good old priest had no difficulty in securing for De Lacy the benefit of a postponement of the sentence and a new trial. The alibi was clearly proven, but for some inscrutable reason the accused was deprived of his liberty until such time as it could be clearly shown who had perpetrated the bloody deed. Such was some of the records of Spanish American "law." Fortunately for the American, however, the identity of the assassin was eventually discovered by the priest. And this was done, to satisfy a long standing but secret or at least forgotten vendetta, by one of the very party on whom the general had called to witness the threat of his subordinate officer—a man to whom not the remotest suspicion could have been attached. In the terror of a supposed deathbed, and instigated by the priest, he made the confession of his guilt, and it is gratifying to know that he recovered and lives to expiate the crime in a Bolivian dungeon; for capital punishment does not exist in

PRESENT DAY BOLIVIAN RAILROAD.

that republic outside of military circles.

Mr. De Lacy having resigned his commission and returned to his old occupation, is now engaged in developing a mine of alleged fabulous wealth—but which may only be made available when the foot of the Pan-American railway locomotive shall have awakened into active life the somnolent denizens of Andean Bolivia. But that, humanly speaking, he may not hope to see. T. P. PORTER.

One Hundred Years Ago.

The bridal costume one hundred years ago may have been "a thing of beauty," but it could not be a "joy forever." The lady's hair was combed upward and rolled over an immense cushion, plastered over with pomatum and then showered with white powder. It rose from the top of her head about a foot and a half and a white rosebud lay on its top, like a dove on a haystack. A large lace handkerchief was folded over her neck and bosom, fastened in front by a huge breastpin of gold, containing her great-grandfather's miniature. Her form was incased in a satin gown, the waist and sleeves of which were as tight as they possibly could be and the skirt full and distended over an ample hoop. The shoes were of white kid, with narrow, pointed toes and heels of two or three inches elevation.—Waverley.

TESTED RECIPES.

SUET PUDDING.—One cup of suet, chopped fine, one-half cup sugar, one half cup of molasses, one cup of raisins, three cups of flour, one teaspoon of soda, one-half teaspoon of salt; milk enough for a stiff batter. Steam one hour and a half.

SAUCE FOR THE PUDDING.—One-half pint of water heated to the boiling point. Thicken with flour to the consistency of a good gravy. Season with a good teaspoon of butter and any flavoring preferred, such as lemon, vanilla, nutmeg, etc.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—The old-fashioned cakes our grandmother made were the best. Following is the recipe: To one quart of warm water add a yeast cake and a good heaping teaspoon of salt. Stir in buckwheat flour until you have a stiff batter. Set at night and keep in a warm place. In the morning add a teaspoon of soda; bake quick and serve hot.

BUTTERMILK CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, two of chopped raisins, two of buttermilk, one-half cup of shortening, four cups of flour, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg; two teaspoonfuls of soda; about two tablespoonfuls of molasses, with a little less of sugar, gives the cake a better color and flavor. If frosted with cream and confectioner's sugar well beaten, with cocoanut added, you have a cake good enough for a king."

Circuit Court Directory.

TRIGG—First Monday in February—term three weeks; third Monday in May—term two weeks; first Monday in September—term three weeks.

CADIZ—Fourth Monday in February—term six weeks; first Monday in June—term two weeks; fourth Monday in September—term six weeks.

CANTON—Second Monday in April—term three weeks; first Monday in August—term two weeks; second Monday in November—term three weeks.

EDDYVILLE—First Monday in May—term two weeks; first Monday in August—term two weeks; first Monday in December—term two weeks.

MR. C. F. DAVIS, editor of the Homefield, Iowa, Pioneer, says: "I can recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to my sufferers with colds and croup. I have used it in my family for the past two years and have found it the best of any used for the purposes for which it is intended." 50 cent bottles for sale by R. C. Hardwick.

THE DAY'S FUN.

MANAGER—"Ah, madam! you sing from your heart." Prima Donna—"Yes. I've always been complimented on my chest tones."—Puck.

TOM—"What did that horse cost you?" Jim—"It cost me all the respect I ever entertained for the man I bought it from."—Tid-Bits.

HOBBLES is passionately fond of art." confessed the young man. "Yes," she replied, "and you look enough to stop to admire pictures."—Boston Courier.

TOMMY—"Papa, when people sell things by the pound, do they ever weigh the scales?" Papa—"Certainly not, my boy." Tommy—"Then how do they weigh fish?"—Harper's Young People.

NEWS had a serious eyes and was very near-sighted.

JEALOUSY had his digestion and was subject to epileptic fits.

MANY was rendered unhappy by her marriage with Phillis of Castile.

MR. ALBERT FAVORITE, of Arkansas City, Kan., wishes to give our readers the benefit of his experience with colds. He says: "I contracted a cold early last spring that settled on my lungs, and had hardly recovered from it when I caught another that hung on all summer and left me with a hacking cough which I thought I never would get rid of. I had used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy some fourteen years ago with much success, and concluded to try it again. When I had got for more than with one bottle my cough had left me, and I have not suffered with a cough or cold since. I have recommended it to others, and all speak well of it." 50 cent bottles for sale by R. C. Hardwick.

FARMING IN FOREIGN LANDS.

THE cotton crop of India for 1892 was from 17 to 18 per cent higher in the various provinces than that of the preceding year.

CITRON culture is rapidly increasing in Burmah, as is indicated by the amount of exports, which increased seven-fold in the last fiscal year over that of the preceding year.

THE large-white Yorkshire pig has become the favorite breed with Danish bacon factories, and large numbers of them are imported yearly from England for breeding purposes.

A MESS pork factory has been established at Canterbury, New Zealand. The company buys the green pork from the farmers and cures it by the dry salting process for shipment to London.

THE Babcock tester for determining the proportions of butter fats in milk is very popular in Victoria, Australia, and it has seemed likely to become general in the butter factories of that colony.

THE pastoral industry of Argentina shows very slow increase. In 1891 the number of cattle killed in the saladeros was 1,564,000. The number last year was 2,000,000, and the preceding year 1,952,000.

JOSEPH V. DORY, of Warsaw, Ill., was troubled with rheumatism and tried a number of different remedies, but says none of them seemed to do him any good; but finally he got hold of one that speedily cured him. He was much pleased with it, and felt sure that others similarly afflicted would like to know what the remedy was that cured him. He states for the benefit of the public that it is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm. For sale by R. C. Hardwick.

PETER THE GREAT was half crazy most of his life through drink and rage.

GEORGE IV. was greatly vexed for years by carbuncles on his face, caused by secret drinking.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS became bald in middle life, and was forced to hide the blemish with a wig.

EDWARD I. of England was annoyed by his great height. His subjects dubbed him Long Shanks.

CHARLES XII. of Sweden was ungovernably rash. He often regretted his impetuosity, but never reformed it.

HENRY VIII. was for years troubled with constantly recurring carbuncles. Their number and virulence finally killed him.

LOUIS XVIII. was very fat and much ashamed of his infirmity, as he knew it subjected him to constant ridicule in Paris.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT had a hereditary tendency to drunkenness that embittered his whole life. His father was very intemperate.

PEOPLE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SERVIA is a promising country for young men with political ambition. Mr. Vesnitch, a member of the new ministry, is hardly thirty years old.

CAPT. AND MRS. THOMAS CHAPO, now of the schooner Oriole from New Bedford, crossed the Atlantic together in 1877 in a little dory only nineteen feet long.

IT is said that at some day in the near future Edison proposes to visit North Carolina and begin active operations in developing methods for concentrating and reducing the supposed gold ores of that region.

PROF. I. C. RUSSELL, who made, in 1892, the nearly complete ascent of Mount St. Elias and the Malaspina glacier, perhaps the highest North American peak, lectured before the Appalachian Mountain club, in Boston, recently.

TURKS are women who will read with breathless interest that M. Paderewski, the night before a recent recital in London, practiced all night, or at least until 3:30 a. m. The morning after the recital he went to Cheltenham, where he played the same afternoon before a densely packed audience. He exhibited no fatigue.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing.