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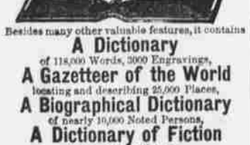

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All others special,
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July 16, 1887. 7tf

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Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home.
They will dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages or for Fastness of Color, or non-fading Qualities. They do not crock or smut; 40 colors. For sale by J. T. SHURTLEFF. 39y1

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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Owing to the warm weather the demand for Overcoats has not been so large as it would otherwise have been, and knowing that there is still a good many that have not yet bought their OVERCOATS, we have concluded to REDUCE THE PRICES, for we have on nand a large assortment of them: and if price is any object we are confident that we can suit almost everybody.

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NEW GOODS!
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CUSTOM WORK A SPECIALTY.

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LEAVE BENNINGTON VIA. BENNINGTON & RUTLAND RAILWAY.
Leave Bennington 7 45 a m, arrive Troy 9 20, a m, New York 2 12 p m, Hoosick Falls 9 30, North Adams 10 20, Greenfield 11 25 a m, Fitchburg 1 54, Boston 3 20 p m, Mechanicville 9 25, Saratoga, 10 05 a m.
Leave Bennington 12 45 p m. arrive Troy 2 20, New York 7 00, Hoosick Falls 2 30, North Adams 3 17, Greenfield 4 42, Fitchburg 8 30, Boston 10 00 p m, Mechanicville 2 40.
Leave Bennington 5 15 p m arrive Troy 6 55, p m, New York (via steamer) 6 00 a m, Hoosick Falls 6 14, No. Adams 7 00 p m, Boston 6 15 a m, Mechanicville 6 55, p m., Saratoga 7 25 p. m.
Leave Bennington 12 10 night, arrive Troy 1 45 New York 7 00 a m.
LEAVE VIA. LEBANON SPRINGS RAILROAD.
Leave Bennington 9 00 a. m. arrive No. Adams 10 20, Greenfield 11 55 a. m. Fitchburg 1 54 p. m. Boston 3 20 p. m.
Leave Bennington 3 15 p m. arrive Troy 6 55 Hoosick Falls 6 14, No. Adams 7 00 p. m.
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1 20 a m, from New York, Albany and Troy.
9 45 a m, from New York (via. steamer), Albany, Troy, Hoosick Falls, No. Adams, Saratoga and Mechanicville.
3 05 p m, from New York, Albany, Troy, Hoosick Falls, No. Adams and Boston.
6 38 p m, from New York, Albany, Troy, Hoosick Falls North Adams and Boston.
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11 10 a. m. from Boston, Greenfield and North Adams.
8 00 p. m. from Troy, No. Adams and Boston.
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Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities burst, ing through the skin in Pimples, Blotches and Sores. Rely on SULPHUR BITTERS, and health will follow.
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SULPHUR BITTERS will cure Liver Complaint. Don't be discouraged; it will cure you.
If you do not wish to suffer from rheumatism, use a bottle of SULPHUR BITTERS; it never fails to cure.
SULPHUR BITTERS will build you up and make you strong and healthy.
Don't be without a bottle. Try it; you will not regret it.
SULPHUR BITTERS will make your blood pure, rich and strong, and your flesh hard.
Ladies in delicate health, who are all run down, should use SULPHUR BITTERS.
Try SULPHUR BITTERS to-night, and you will sleep well and feel better for it.
Do you want the best Medical Work published? Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. OHDWAY & Co. Boston, Mass., and receive a copy free.

DON'T
think because you have used many different remedies and employed physicians of various schools to no benefit, that your condition is hopeless; neither think that you may never fall the victim of disease because you are now in the enjoyment of good health. Many whom we supposed to be in the height of their strength and vigor have been suddenly stricken with Apoplexy or Heart Disease that has ended their existence or left them in a crippled and useless condition.

DROP
your prejudice against advertised remedies and give ANTI-APOPLECTINE, the favorite prescription of English physicians, a trial. It is the only known Apoplexy Preventive, and is an unequalled cure for Paralysis, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Liver Complaint, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Dyspepsia, General Debility and all Diseases Arising from Impure Blood and Debilitated Nerves. Loss of Appetite, Sour Stomach and Flatulence cured with one bottle of ANTI-APOPLECTINE. Price, $1.00; six bottles $5.00. Sold by druggists. Send to DR. F. S. HUTCHINSON & CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt., for "Health Help" and testimonials from well people who were once no better than

DEAD.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM
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Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.
HAY-FEVER TRY the CURE.
A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50c. at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. 43.

Intelligent Readers will notice that
Tutt's Pills
are not "warranted to cure" all classes of diseases, but only such as result from a disordered liver, viz:
Vertigo, Headache, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Costiveness, Bilious Colic, Flatulence, etc.
For these they are not warranted infallible, but are as nearly so as it is possible to make a remedy. Price, 25cts.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

TRY IT AT ONCE IT WILL CURE YOU. Coughs, Colds and Consumption are the troubles you suffer from, which can be cured by the use of WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. IS IT PLEASANT TO TAKE? Yes, very pleasant. SEND FOR A PAMPHLET TO THE AGENT. SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, BOSTON, Proprs.

GIRLS WANTED.—The Colchester Rubber Company offer situations to females between 16 and 30 years, to make rubber shoes; will pay the board of beginners and furnish piece work as soon as instructed; in six weeks, diligent hands can earn more than their board and gradually increase until they can earn from $4 to $6 a week their board according to skilfulness. Boarding houses occupied by females, exclusively kept in the very best manner, competent housekeeper, pleasant locations; furniture, beds and carpets are entirely new. Applications to GEORGE WATKINSON, President, Colchester, Conn.

PAY THE PRINTER.

When the cold storm howls around the door
And you by the light of taper,
Sit closely by the evening fire,
Enjoying the last paper,
Just think of him whose work thus helps
To wear away the winter,
And put this query to yourself—
Have I paid the printer?

From east and west, from north and south,
From lands beyond the water,
He weekly brings you lots of news
From every nook and quarter;
No slave on earth toils more than he,
Through summer's heat and winter;
How can you for a moment, then,
Neglect to pay the printer?

Your other bills you promptly pay,
Wherever you do go, sir;
The butcher for his meat is paid,
For sundries is the grocer;
The tailor and the shoemaker,
The hatter and the vinter;
All get their pay—then why neglect
To settle with the printer?

YOUNG KRAMER.

The town of Roundtop is situated upon an eminence overlooking an arm of Lake Lovely, a famous resort for summer visitors, who find at Watermarge, opposite Roundtop, their principal attraction. Some locate at the "Top," as the town is familiarly called, lured by the specious claim of its people as to its "prospective scenery," but it is only suited to the tastes of quiet people, who make no pretensions to fashion, and therefore it is hardly known except as a factor in the scenery from the other side.

Nevertheless Roundtop is a place respectable as to years, and makes no mean display in the election returns, with an output on the lake, it communicates by small vessels with Watermarge and large towns below, and within a few years a branch road from the Watamuke Trunk Line skirts the base of the hill upon which it is situated, giving it a new commercial importance by adding to its facilities for transportation, its products being cottage bedsteads, wooden ware and clothespins, with the vegetable contributions from surrounding farms. The people repose in content on the bedstead trade, and with their small resources ask for nothing more; and if they did they would hardly with reason expect it. The "fact'ry" is their pride. It is run by an exclusively local corporation, and the stockholders' meetings are held with as much solemnity as though there were millions in it the small dividends pocketed with a satisfaction equal to that felt by those concerned in grander enterprises.

The question will be asked, who was "Young Kramer," and what had he to do with Roundtop? The two Selectmen of the town found a similar question hard to answer some twenty five years ago, when they received from what purported to be a town in Nevada a rough-looking letter, enclosed in an envelope postmarked Boston, of the following tenor;

"RUM GULCH, Nev., July 6, 18—.
To Deacon Turner and 'tother slackman of Round Top. Vt.:

I am a nativ of Round Top, and having made a little money I would like to do somthin for the place of my berth which I left a good while ago If this should be agreeable direct to me care of Rounce Brothers Boston as to how fur a few hundreds of dollars will go towards benefi in the good old town

Yours truely
YOUNG KRAMER."

This was a poser. Who could Young Kramer be, who had left a good while ago and still was young? The town was canvassed in every direction for information regarding any one residing thereabouts named Kramer, but inquiry was vain. The county registry of deeds was equally silent and never were a people so bothered, coming to the conclusion that they had been hoaxed and that there was no such person.

"Let us write to Rounce Brothers, Boston," said Deacon Turner to his associate, "and learn from them if there is any such folks?"

"We will," was the reply. "You do it," and it was done.

After a little while a letter came from "Rounce Brothers, Attorneys," their name printed on top of the sheet, stating that they were the attorneys of Mr. Young Kramer of Nevada, who had deposited in their hands a certain sum awaiting communication from the Selectmen of Roundtop as to its disposal.

A group stood about the post office when the letter was received, to whom the contents were read by Deacon Turner, and they were being freely discussed when an old man named Grout—transmuted to "Grouty" by common usage—who lived at the farther part of the town in a tumble down way, drove up to the office in a rickety old wagon with a wretched horse, and looked over a list hung outside the door for a letter to himself. He stopped a while to listen to the discussion, when one turned to him in a bantering way and said:

"Well, old Grouty, what do you know about 'Young Kramer?'"

"Who is he?" asked the old man.

"That's what we want to know. He's just ready to throw hull baskets full of money upon us if we'll only take it, and we don't know what to do about it."

"I should know mighty quick if he should offer it to me," the old man said with a sort of a growl.

"Did you ever hear the name of Kramer round here?" asked the questioner.

"Kramer—let me see. Why, yes; there was a man named Kramer—an old Hessian, who fit at Bennington and ran away from the British after the battle—who settled on that hill over yonder, and I've heern my father tell of him and his children; but they dwindled down to one, and he went away more'n forty year ago."

All gathered round the old man, who gave them what he knew, and to the question as to Roundtop being Kramer's birthplace, he said that miles of one district than formed a single town, and Kramer had, perhaps, formed a whim to consider himself a native of the town neighboring so near the place of his birth, feeling that there was no nearer town to adopt. In the absence of another Kramer, he thought it would be safe to accept this one, whose motive seemed so good that they would lose nothing by admitting his claim to nativity here.

All wondered why they had not consulted the old man before, but he was very disagreeable in temper and repelled visitors by his manner. He had, therefore, little to do with the people of Roundtop besides selling them eggs, an occasional pullet and small vegetables from the little place he cultivated—quite a hermit in winter, when he was seldom seen. He had disappeared mysteriously as he went, taking up life just as he left it—poor, lonely and surley, the dislike of every one. "Old Grouty" was a fitting name for such a churlish man. But there were those who penetrated to his hovel and spoke to him kindly and brought him necessaries, which they found lacking, and tempting little delicacies, which he had received with rough gratitude.

Having ascertained through Grout that there had been, at least, a Kramer, adopting his suggestions as to the identity of "Young Kramer" and his motive the Selectmen turned themselves to thinking as to what could be done with the money that might accrue to the town's advantage, such as painting the old church, which was owned by the town, repairing the school house, and reserving the balance of the amount specified—probably not very large—for the benefit of the few among the people who needed assistance.

With this arrangement completed, Deacon Turner was dispatched to Boston to receive the proffered donation, still half doubting the reality of the transaction, and found the firm of Rounce Brothers in a happy mood for executing the wish of their client, "Young Kramer."

"We wish to know" said the Deacon, cautiously, as if he were bestowing the favor rather than receiving it, "something about out benefactor. We find no trace of him at Roundtop."

"That is very strange," was the reply, "but you do not object to receiving so handsome a sum, do you, because you do not know the donor? You do not doubt the fact that he is a native of your town, sustained by such evidence as his generous gift?"

"No," said the deacon, "that is too well supported, as you say; but it is natural, and almost essential, that we should know something of the donor and identify him with his bounty."

"His name should be enough for the present," replied the lawyer, "and further development may reveal the rest. My advice is to take the money and leave the rest to time."

"Do you know him?" persisted the deacon.

"Candidly, we do not," responded the lawyer, "beyond the business he intrusts to us, and in that, barring his bad spelling, he is straight as a gun. If you have any reluctance about taking the money, perhaps Mr. Young Kramer could find some other town more ready to take his word regarding the matter of his nativity, should he so choose."

"Oh, no," said the deacon, "Roundtop will not reject the money, and money is always a guaranty of respectability. What am I to sign?"

"Here, sir," was the reply, put your name to this document, which is an acknowledgment, and here is the money, in bills for one thousand dollars, delivered by Rounce Brothers, attorneys for Young Kramer."

The deacon signed the paper mechanically, as if in doubt still, when remembering the axiom of Hoyle that he had read somewhere, "When in doubt, take the trick," he counted the money, by request of the attorney, astonished at the amount, and, depositing it safely in the breast pocket of his coat, he bade good morning to the agent and returned home to carry out the programme already agreed upon. The church was brightened by a new coat of paint, the school house underwent a complete renovation, and a generous sum was set apart for the use of the few that needed help, among whom was "Old Grouty," who was the first to make application.

The name of "Young Kramer" became more familiar to Roundtop after a year or two, and he appeared to possess an almost intuitive knowledge of the needs of the place, for there was a subsequent addition to the poor fund, and when the railroad was built and the station established where it is at present, it was "Young Kramer" who sent on funds for making an avenue between that and the town, to be skirted on either side with shade trees, which forms an elegant passage from the station to the summit.

But another wonder succeeded, when the breath of Roundtop was almost taken away by a proffer from "Young Kramer" to build a Town Hall for the place, with room for a public library and sunday other matters introduced for the benefit of the public, with specifications and plans; to include, as its single ornament, a bust, of the donor, which as was stated, he was ambitious to have placed in the building, not that his feature were familiar or particularly pleasant, but as the lineaments of a stranger, though a native, who was desirous of a kindly memory in the hearts of his townspeople, which might be enhanced by the effigy.

The condition was easy and the proposition was accepted with a profusion of thanks, the same proceeding as the one previous conducted between Deacon Turner and Rounce Brothers, inquiry being equally futile regarding the identity of "Young Kramer."

A site was procured—A gift of the town—and in due time a handsome hall not very costly building was completed, with a place assigned for the bust in the great hall, which was to remain uncovered until the dedication, when it was intimated that the donor would be present to take part in the ceremonies.

The day came round upon which the dedication was to take place, and Roundtop put on its best dress for the occasion. Business at the factory was suspended, merchants shut up their stores, the school house was closed, and there was every preparation for the biggest time ever known in those parts. It was midsummer, and provision had been made for a picnic under the trees, to which all were invited. Watermarge fitted out a barge, elegantly decorated, filled with boarders who came over to help celebrate the great event. Even the hand of decoration had exended its skill to Grout's humble cottage, the occupant presenting no obstacle, for it was the sweetest girl of the place who planned it, the one whom, of all others, had found a way to the old man's heart, and the only one in whom he reposed any confidence. She was the one who was to unveil the bust, and had her heart fully in the work intrusted to her.

"And will you be there?" she asked eagerly.

"Perhaps so," was his curt reply.

The committee to whom the management of the affair was intrusted had looked in vain for "Young Kramer," whose presence had been partially promised. Messengers sent to the hotel and the railway station—a carriage for every train—made futile errands, until a private vehicle, driving up the avenue, awakened vague expectation, but Deacon Turner recognized in the portly passenger of the carriage Mr. Rounce of Rounce Brothers. He greeted the deacon cordially, but could say nothing concerning Young Kramer, to the great disappointment of the company.

The ceremony of dedication proceeded with real town music, an invocation, and an address by Deacon Turner, who, in praise of the generous donor, expressed the regret of his auditors that their benefactor could not be present to witness the happiness he had caused by his munificence. A stranger to all, they were bound to him by ties of the deepest and most lasting gratitude, the speedy unveiling of whose face would come upon them like a benediction.

The bust, that had been securely held from scrutiny by a plenteous number of rope yarns above it, had been freed from its bonds and the unrestrained canvas alone kept it from observation, when the young lady in charge of the duty of unveiling mounted the steps prepared for the purpose, casting her eyes over the audience until they rested upon an old man who had just entered at the door, and, without more hesitation, she removed the canvas, revealing the marble lineaments of "Old Grouty."

There was a strong feeling of disappointment and bewilderment among the audience as the features of the old man became visible—a feeling almost akin to anger—and a deep silence ensued, which was broken by the voice of Mr. Rounce, who detailed the merits of the case, and the feeling changed almost to rapture as he read a brief note from the donor:

"*My Good Townspeople:*—Please pardon my deception, if you regard it so, to the good I wish you. As Silas Grout, the beggar, I could do nothing, my plans rejected as the whims of a madman, the end wished impossible. I had to adopt another course, and as 'Young Kramer,' with the help of Rounce Brothers, I carried out my purpose. The introduction of the bust was a temptation, resulting from a fond wish to make myself better known and better regarded by my neighbors, and impress the moral that a man should not always be judged by a forbiding outside. Please accept my gift, and may it prove all that I can make and wish. SILAS GROUT."

"And now, my friends," said Mr. Rounce, as he handed the note to the Chairman, "as you have found a benefactor where you least expected, allow me to congratulate you upon the acquisition, and permit me to add the wish that you and your generous townsman may enjoy together the feeling of mutual respect resulting from this happy occasion."

The donor had seated himself in the rear of the hall, but, despite the crowd, the young lady who unveiled the bust had found a place by his side, and, with a look of proud satisfaction, stood resting her hand upon his shoulder. In a moment he was the centre of all attraction, and the audience crowded around him to do him honor. The feeling of slight, contempt and indifference was changed instantaneously to profound respect, and a cheer arose, with a laughing cadence, for "Young Kramer."

It was too much for the old man, who retired leaning on the arm of his young attendant, leaving the people to marvel and rejoice at the new discovery. The mask of grontiness and poverty removed, Mr. Grout was from thence the most distinguished character in town, his hut soon changed to a beautiful cottage by the side of Lake Lovely, and he lived several years to enjoy the respect of the people of Rountop. The young girl had won his secret and closely kept it, remained his favorite to the end of his life and was made his heir when he died, deducting a fund for a library.

The secret of his wealth—not inordinate—was explained as the result of his years of absence in California and his success in gold digging, and having no heirs he pursued the eccentric course he had taken, Rounce Brothers, as he stated in his note, furthering his scheme, his demand for a share in the charitable bequest and his bad spelling in the original note to Deacon Turner being a cloak for the development of the character of "Young Kramer."

Upon a pleasant slope of widely extended lawn opposite Roundtop station is a modest, white shaft appearing amid a tasteful cluster of green shrubbery, which denotes the last resting place of Grout, the Benefactor, while the bust in the neat structure upon the hill remains to show coming generations the manner of man he was.—*B. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington) in Boston Journal.*

A GEORGIA STORY.

"There was a man in North Georgia," said a backwoodsman, "who had a corn crib on the bank of a creek and a lot of shingles piled up on the other side, where the woods came down to the stream. The man noticed that his corn pile was getting lower, although he had not begun to use out of that crib. It worried him a long time, for the crib door was locked and the logs of the crib were spiked down where they were notched together at the corners. Finally he concluded to watch until he found out how that corn was being spirited away. At last he saw a squirrel come out of the woods and carry a shingle down to the water's edge on the other side where he made a ferry boat out of it, and hoisted his tail for a sail. By heading a little down stream and flourishing his tail a certain way, he managed to guide the shingle across. When he had landed he went to the corner crib, took an ear of corn out between the logs and carried it down to the water's edge, where he put it on the shingle, hoisted his tail and guided his boat back to the other side. Having landed the shingle he dragged the ear of corn to a hollow tree where he got it inside. This squirrel was followed by others who went through the same manoeuvre, each landing an ear of corn at the foot of the same tree. Amazed at what he had seen, and hardly able to believe his eyes, the man went over to examine the tree. He had a heavy overcoat buttoned at the top with one heavy button. As he waded through the creek his coat absorbed water and got very heavy, and as he came out on the other side, the button flew off and struck a crouching rabbit behind the ear, killing it instantly. Just at that moment the man saw what made his overcoat so heavy. The big side pockets were full of fish. Picking up the rabbit, he concluded it was hardly fit to eat and threw it aside. There was a covey of partridges huddled with their heads together, as they some times do, and the rabbit's head struck in the centre and killed the whole covey. Having tied the birds together with a string, the man went to the tree and found his corn inside. He felled the tree, which proved to be a bee tree. Besides getting the corn back, the man got twelve barrels of honeycomb, the tree fell into the creek and the water ran sweet for twenty miles.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

SOUL COMMUNION IN BOSTON.

"Emerson, if I seem to divaricate from my accustomed coherentific expungancy in segregating and desynonymizing the postulates you have largelyquently elaborated this evening, let me implore you not to attribute it wholly to a psychologic pseudobiepsis on my part."

The young man looked at her in an erudite, theosophic way and smiled a pensive, thoughtful, Back Bay smile.

"I do not, Ticklewell," responded the fair young girl, warmly, as she leaned tenderly upon him and wiped her spectacles with a soft, caressing touch; "and yet you will pardon me if I suggest at times the berth cabin, which is devoted exclusively to the use of the crew, is made to resound with the clatter of the dishes and the hurry and bustle of a ship's mess.

A typical sailor does not spend much time at his meals. He swallows his food as quickly as possible, and then lights his pipe for a few moments of real enjoyment, demonstrating the fact that he is an American in the highest sense, capable of eating his dinner in as many minutes as he has fingers on his hand, leaving the matter of digestion to the laws of chance. The less time he takes for his meals, the longer he may devote himself to the solace of his pipe.

With his cup, pan and spoon, made of tin and sometimes the worse for usage, with a hammock and blanket for a bed, with a bag in which to keep his clothes and with a small box for his needles and thread, a sailor's outfit is complete. He is allowed to have nothing else. He mends his clothes, does his own sewing and becomes about as independent a man, in the minor affairs of life, as one is ever likely to meet.

The provisions which were put on board at the Navy Yard, in cans and boxes and packages of every description and in quantities to last three months, are prepared in the galley by the ship's cook, a most important personage. Not only is this functionary responsible for the condition of the food, which is served by the mess cook's to their mates, but he is regarded as the origin, by some occult gift, of all the yarns and rumors on ship board. It is supposed that a galley yarn can emanate from no source but the ship's cook. Whether or not this faculty bears any relation to the cooking of the food is not known, but one thing is notorious—the storage capacity of a sailor passes all comprehension.

His appetite is phenomenal. He can eat more in less time than any other man in existence. It is no exaggeration to say that he eats as much as three or four ordinary land men, without any inconvenience, and all that within ten hours, fasting the remaining fourteen hours. The ship's cook starts the galley fires at three o'clock in the morning and puts them out at seven in the evening, during which he meets the wants of about three hundred sailors with the equivalent of not less than nine hundred well-developed and vigorous appetites.

In the supplies of a man-of-war, next in importance to the guns for a show of defense, tobacco is considered the most essential. To meet these demands, large quantities of the weed in its most exquisite form, sweet and luscious plugs, are put on board before sailing, and served to the men according to established rules.

A true sailor is fond of his pipe, which is always in his mouth during smoking hours, a comforter in his trials and a solace at all times. On the war ships the privilege of smoking is limited to certain hours of the day, which do not need a gong or even a time-piece to announce their arrival. However tempted to enjoy a surreptitious smoke, as Jackey is sometimes prompted to do, he does not often take such a risk upon himself, for a violation of the smoking privileges deprives the jolly tar of his tobacco for several days, which is to him a most condign punishment.

To allay any desire to smoke out of hours Jack is given to chewing between times. Nearly all sailors are smokers and chewers of the weed, indulging in one or the other practice almost incessantly. The common salute among sailors on deck is the interrogation "Any terbacker on ye?" which is often heard, as well as that modest request 'Give us a chaw, will ye?' And to the generosity of Uncle Sam's minions, be it said, they always share their tobacco with their fellows.

Whatever be his virtues, Jack is fastidious about his tobacco, which is usually of good quality. He smokes the same kind that he chews, biting into it for a chew, and chipping it off with his knife when preparing for a smoke. He uses a clay pipe, that soon becomes short stemmed and as black as a hat. The smoking time on ships in the American Navy is a half hour when first called in the morning, coffee being served at the same time, an hour at breakfast, an hour at dinner, and during and after supper until nine o'clock.

At best a sailor's life is full of contrasts, and nowhere more so than on board a man-of-war. At one moment you will see him on deck with his companions, telling stories, singing and dancing to his heart's delight, the jollies man in all the world; and again you will see him tugging at the ropes, with the sea breaking over him, deprived of rest and food for watches together. Now you will see him sitting at mess or asleep in his hammock, the very embodiment of composure and comfort; and then with blackened hands and face standing by the guns, with the smell of powder about him.

Jackey, though not a dream, is a stubborn reality, and after all, in times of danger, is pretty apt to prove himself a hero, every inch of him. He has his failings, sometimes lamentable ones, but he stands the tests to which he is subject. And so to his credit let it be said, that the efficiency of our Navy does not alone abide in the officers, competent though they be, but as well in the men who set the sails, fire the engines and man the guns of our ships of war.

SALISBURY.

THE FESTIVAL OF FINDING THE TRUE CROSS.

Early in the autumn, all over Syria and the East, is celebrated the finding of the True Cross by the Empress Helena.

You know the legend—how leaving her palace in Constantinople the Empress set sail for the Holy Land. All along the coast huge watch fires were built and relays of watchers appointed. As soon as her search was rewarded the light on the nearest hilltop blazed forth with glad tidings, and as if lighted by the magic torch of a swiftflying angel one hill after the other caught up and carried forward the news from one end of Syria to the other, across Asia Minor, and the Bosporus until the answering shout of joy rang within the palace walls at Constantinople: "*Joy, Joy! The cross is found!*"

Now, hundreds of years later, when the telegraph wires spread the news of joy faster than the old system of watchfires, we here in the East yearly gather around a ruddy blaze to celebrate this search and hold a festival with songs.

Right below our Mt. Lebanon home in an open field was a long flat rock especially dedicated to use at this festival. All the children of the village for days beforehand would climb the high mountain slopes back of the village in every direction for *cellas* or the sun-dried crackling thorns. On our rock we would first build a high tower of sticks, mostly abstracted by stealth from the woodpiles at home. Around this, and overtopping it, the bundles of thorns were piled—a cord at last being wound spirally around to keep all in place. Just as soon as it was dark—and how eagerly we watched for the time to come—we would all gather around, forming a circle, and dance until our leader—chosen as having contributed most toward the bonfire—would set fire to the pile. Fanned by the evening breeze it would almost immediately shoot up into a huge pyramid of flame scattering sparks in all directions and given active employment to the old ones in preventing the venturesome little ones from making martyrs of themselves in their excitement. As the thorns burned up we replenished them from neighboring reserve piles.

When all but the largest logs at the centre and base had been consumed we would again form a circle and maddest