CABMEN OF OLD ATHENS.

THEY DIFFER FROM THEIR TRIBE IN OUR YOUNG AMERICA.

Be Captured by One of Them and You Must Ride in His Hack—The Drivers Will Not Serve You—Amusing Experience of Tourists—Horse Cars in Athens.

We were loafing at the Piræus. Joe, as our guy was moved up to the steps of the landing place we saw a nearly looking little fellow running with all his weight to get at the top of the steps. If the time we should agree there. It was a cabman. He of all the cabmen had been the first to reach state of us, and as there were a dozen other cabmen on the spot, this was quite a triumph on his part. We unanimously consented to let him handle themselves with a sulky for enough he was nobodyishness, being altogether a most disreputable looking little rapscallion, he had shown the possession of qualities and we had most of us cash.

But when, following him through a unhelpsome crowd, we arrived at his vehicle, we were discouraged, for the vehicle itself was a dilapidated, remarkable, one-horse thing, and the horse, scarcely larger than goats, were so long, hungry and miserable looking that it seemed cruelty to attempt to consent to an arrangement that involved their dragging a could drag full grown persons in addition to the little driver. Wherefore decided, pondingly, that as there was no contract made, we should not get into that vehicle, but would procure another to suit ourselves. We decided this under our own heads, but in doing so we reckoned without the brain of cabmen.

A Discouraging Adieu.

Having secured a good cab, with a decent pair of horses, and engaged a lacquey of the driver, without regard to the shrill and contrasting clamor of our little rapscallion, we found that his disposition had been aroused to the point of for the driver of the vehicle chosen would not accept us as his passengers because we "belonged" to the other man. He had engaged us, but acquired a right of property in us which all cabmen were bound to respect, and every cabman to whom we successively addressed ourselves refused us in the same way. We were helpless, and the driver of the Piræus were our and individuals in their determination that we should make our entry into Greece by ride the worst pair of horses ever seen, or otherwise to afoot. At the fourth had stood together half as well in their dealings with the Turks and other foes as they did on this occasion against three peaceful wayfarers, the famous dream that Greece might still be free might have become a startling and magnificent reality.

But we had read long before this in a book by one Plato, called the "Republic," that Athens and several other Greeks had saw day walked down from Athens to the Piræus, and in fact that they had three talked among themselves the whole contents of that interesting book, and we are reasonably sure that as to the walks and talks of Socrates we are equal to the walks, at least, and so we would walk, either with Socrates or with the redoubtable Irishman who, when he got wet, "took to his clothes." We walked, therefore, with the Irishman, alternative objurgation on our tongues.

And as we walked along the awfully dirty street, with the ships on one side and the wretched little shops and vile smelling restaurants on the other—wretched shops and vile smelling restaurants having over their doors gaudily painted signs in Greek, which, though bad, was good enough to help us one's mind the ancient glories—as we did all this, scowly pacing on the way a monument with the head of Themistocles on a Doric column, one little magnanimity of a driver followed us like a restless hawk fly, tearing along at full speed and falling in front of us and declaiming concerning that we were his and that we were cheating him by refusing to ride. With what immense energy he would dash ahead, halt in front of us, get down and open the door of his cab and appeal to us to enter. But he appealed to deaf hearers with silent rage. We were within a few miles of the spot where Demosthenes said savage things at the roaring sea with pebble stones in his mouth, and if this fellow could have said all those things, even if he had practiced with pebbles in his mouth, he could not have convinced us.

The Trolley Horse Car.

Suddenly there came an unbidden for solution to this mystery little dream. There appeared upon the scene, here at the very end of the long walls, that awfully modern contrivance, a horse car. Now, as a horse car is presumable the property of a corporation, and as the distinction of a corporation is that it has no soul, one perceived that here we might be free from the immediate consequences of the horrible, and we entered the horse car, which, by the way, was certainly the element vehicle in all that part of Greece.

As soon as we entered the horse car we were struck all our trouble, but we were forced to reflect that we were are following the great example of Socrates and to consider that if Socrates had been able to return to Athens in a horse car this fact would have set at rest all that trouble mentioned under the trees, and the world might have been whipped its first great idea of an Utopian state.

But it is evident that modern institutions are having fair play in Athens. The horses and the horse car are doing what they were for civilization there, and other fine things will follow. Most people are not enough to appreciate into as we would have to do, but the very reason of the Parthenon is worth all the rest of Greece as it is, and it becomes a matter to know that before long greatly will proved that the so-called modern trolley car will become as all lost relic from ancient times, and be replaced upon the back of a mule or wrapped from the back the Athens where she as I performed my first horse car ride. Joe—Athens Cor. New York Ledger.

Hers Graffiti's Luck.

Miss Graffiti, the poet from Georgia, is the girl who neither phrases. When Hudson had shot to her which work upon Hudson, which she found in a to wire home to Hudson, she offered him a sum of money to take it. The money would worth at the interesting moment and Hudson set down a correct account of the work and relevant phrases. The friend patiently said, then, in a quiet tone of voice said, "How much more do you want, M. Hudson?"

An Old Time Lark.

Big Snake Stories Frightened Sweden Away from Delaware.

No wonder the honored Swedes showed a marked reluctance about coming to America two centuries and a half ago, as we are told they did. It was only natural that they should when what little they did learn of this new hinterland was furnished them by the Hon. John Campanius Holmes who had used being an alias to his name proper, denoting the place of his ancestry, Stockholm, who was one of the most ingenious and picturesque liars that ever traveled, a man of tools than Munchausen or Gulliver in commercial and highly imaginative lying. Campanius came over in 1642.

He was the second preacher ever ordained on the shores of the Delaware on the site of Wilmington, and the first who lived long any considerable length of time. He and Rev. Lars Lock followed shortly after the country. For instance, what would the gentle and timid Swede, if he well acclimated, and mature of fact country, think of this in the snake line?

"There is here also a large and terrible serpent," says he, putting in the rare work of detailed description, "which has a head like the head of a dog, and one bite off a man's leg so clean as if it were hewn down with an ax. There are many joints in their tails, which make a noise like rattlesnake rattles, and when they see a man they wind themselves in a circle and shake their heads, which can be heard at the distance of 100 paces. Thus snakes are three yards long and thick as the thickest part of a man's thigh."

Pretty good work that, to make a nine foot long duplicate serpent, capable of biting off a man's leg out of a plain rattlesnake. But here's this for a credit "At Sipkin's Point" (Bombay Hook, Delaware shore), says the prevaricator, "when the south wind blows a great many sea spiders are driven on shore which are not able to return into the water. They are as large as carriages, and, like them, have noses over them of a kind of palisade horn. They have many feet, and their tails are half as tall as a man, and like a sharp edged saw, with which the herdsmen may be scared down." Whether the scared "sea spiders" were sometimes to examine their tails on the fence rows or not, he left to the imagination. Perhaps Campanius simply meant to infer that they would scare a man within the sound of saw. The sea spider was simply the king crab.—Philadelphia Press.

Hayden's Stories.

A newspaper writer who has been doing Hot one dwells of some length on his stories. He reports that the walks "are usually about one foot wide. Yet balance yourself on the curbstone," he adds, "and walk along as though walking on a pole fence. Almost every second person you meet is a colored woman with a big laundry basket on her head. At first it is a little awkward, but before you have been there long you get so that you can pass the laundry women without knocking the basket off their head, and, if you stay three long enough, you could get a job in most any circus as rope walker. On the principal streets the sidewalks are a little better, but 2 1-2 feet is considered a very wide sidewalk."

Want of Money.

One of the greatest miseries is a want of money. It is wretched to have to contract a jacket and oft repeated demand, and to beseech the means to satisfy it, to deserve the confidence that has been placed in you, to forfeit your credit, to be placed at the power of another, to be indebted to his bounty, to stand convicted of having played the knave or the fool, and to have no way left to escape contempt but by incurring pity. The suddenly inspiring a creditor, on forming a corner of the street, whom you have been trying to avoid for months and had persuaded you were several hundred miles off, shatters the nerves.—New York Ledger.

Alcohol Injects.

On inquiry the clerk conditions of life in South Africa have a smoked sifting. Imitation coloring is more common here than elsewhere. One little insect is so like the white pebbles near which it is always found, and lies so motionless among them, that one dropped it cannot be found again; another large, square insect, with hardly any power of flight, protects itself by closely lying motionless on red stones, which it so exactly resembles in color, having a red center that any, which, by the way, was certainly the element vehicle in all that part of Greece.

How Tom Jones Supped a Snake at Texas.

A gentleman who was down in the Indian Territory a few weeks ago told the following story: "I became acquainted with a deputy United States marshal, one Tom Jones, who lived in Indian territory under the Texas and Lampasas. He has killed several men, but always in fair and open fight or in the line of duty. He is recognized as a great man in a region where personal bravery is common.

"Not long ago Jones set out to capture a fellow wanted for a violation of the law. He hired a pair of horses and a man to drive them. Night set in and they were in a wild part of the country, with which the driver was unacquainted. While they were driving along a lonely piece of road the horses took fright and commenced running at full speed. It was pitch dark. The driver lost all control of the brakes and the prospect ahead was a bottomless gulch.

"Suddenly two shots rang out on the air, and almost simultaneously both horses dropped dead in their traces.

"It was a thing few men would have thought of, but with one of Jones' type the mind acts quickly in time of peril, and action follows closely on thought. He saw the only way to stop that team and save his life, perhaps, was to use his Winchester. He aroused the incident to me, and seemed to think it was a very commonplace affair."

Corn and Potatoes.

In testing varieties of corn and potatoes at the Missouri experiment station, to a comparative test of varieties of corn, Pringle's Progress gave the largest yield in both 1890 and 1891. There was a marked difference in the yield and time of ripening of the same varieties of corn and potatoes and a slight difference in the yield of wheat, oats and grass of from different methods. It appears that corn and potatoes respond more readily to changed conditions, and under seems to make arrangements to mature more rapidly than does wheat. Thus there was a difference of 26 per cent. in the yield of two plots of Pringle's Progress corn, the seed of both grown at Columbia, but bought of different southern. In this case the difference is that the difference is due to previous treatment of the seed, rather than to the climate or latitude, and that some of the seed a further growing capacity, one that that of the soil upon which the crop was grown, and that such a marked difference is possible under any conditions of soil or treatment.

But the most striking difference that and growth is observable in the potato. The Pringle's Progress potato of the Columbia variety Hancock Jones growing seed gave a yield of 44 per cent. more than the Hancock Jones, raised on the same soil, and more than twenty from Vermont grown seed, 32.5 bushels per acre, and more than twenty from Illinois, 19.8 bushels per acre. The plots were each four and one-tenth of an acre in each locality. Seeds of Hancock potatoes from seed grown in Minnesota and Nebraska, yielded respectively at the rate of 41.9 and 34 bushels per acre. The results show the danger of an indiscriminate change of seed and also show the influence the vigor of seed may exert on the crops.

A New Way Allows Wrinkled.

On a cross street running south from the Rose Hill road, a short distance beyond W. S. Lodge house, is a house which is not a Wuppuk necessarily, but of kinds, nevertheless, it is a house. Some business seems to have allowed to set here. The proprietor is a stout, solid looking man, probably about forty years of age, who lives alone. The house is a neat structure, quite handsomely painted, and everything around it is good order, but it has a lonely, deserted look about.

It is not known what this company's product amount accumulated in, but it is certainly a deep sunken cow, and it is reported that the property has been added to a man on the road, who that he never appears to work on the place, and is said to have done it in to contest in the state. The neighbors talk advance of the place to day go by and whisper with hoarse breath, "That is the house to which a female has been seen in the dead of night." It is said that notwithstanding the will it will not be long after the present owner has vacated the premises till women folks are rolling the most times.—Portland Oregonian.

People Who Make Wills.

An English lawyer says: "The moment a man has twenty pounds clear in the bank he will begin speculating upon testamentary disposition. I have seen known a small farmer whose savings, after the realization of his property and the payment of his just debts, could not have exceeded a few pound more, spend three or four pounds a year over a course of thirty years in having fresh wills drawn up. As a matter of fact, when he died at last a will was in force identically the same as the first one I had drawn up for him thirty years before. If he had saved the money he spent with me and had put it out at compound interest, he would have had a very snug sum—well enough to enable his figure to add to his estate."

An Improvement for the Clerk.

An early clerk outfit is one of the recent electrical novelties. It has a decided advantage over the old alarm clock, which would frighten the life out of the sleeper, for it does not matter how the clerk goes to take another nap. The electrical outfit does not scold nor shriek. It keeps up its nerve grating jangle for two hours, unless turned off. The early riser is bound to get out of bed and out of the room. And then, of course, the purpose is accomplished, the early riser having arisen, and duly "missed the alarm, remains up for the remainder of the day.—New York Journal.

Affected the Milk.

"That cow is awfully cross. Don't go near her."

"I had some of her milk this morning."

"How do you know it was hers?"

"It was sour."—New York Press.

"German Syrup"

For Coughs & Colds.

John P. Jones, Eldon, Text writes: I have used German Syrup for the past 3 years, for Sore Throat, Cough, Colds, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best.

B. W. Bobbitt, Carnesville, Tenn., writes: I have used your German Syrup in my family and find it the best medicine I ever used for coughs and colds. I recommend it to everyone for these troubles.

R. Schmalhausen, Druggist, of Charleston, Ill., writes: After trying scores of prescriptions and remedies I had on my files and shelves, without relief for a very severe cold, which had settled on my lungs, I tried your German Syrup. It gave me immediate relief and a permanent cure.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

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Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream

Is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is used, but is a cream which will prevent the ravages of time, if it cannot stay them altogether. It removes and prevents tan, freckles, sunburn, redness, roughness, coarseness, pimples and blotches, and imparts a soft, smooth, velvety appearance to the skin. It is also a most delicious and perfect emollient, and for chapped hands, lips, and all other purposes for which a cream is used it is unsurpassed. It is not a paint, powder or cosmetic, but a cream, and leaves no trace of its presence except the beauty it imparts to the skin. Sent by mail for the price, $1.00, in one or two cents in stamps.

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