

The Russian Influenza.

In Russia, where there's dynamite in every breath they draw, Where everybody has a name that almost breaks your jaw, Where they double up the alphabet and rudely break it off, And half the names you chance to meet resemble Whoopinkoff, 'Tis there they recently arranged some influenza-fad That everybody's got to have, and got to have it bad, Already it has found its way to lands beyond the seas, Its in Chicago—there! Kerchow! I knew I'd have to sneeze.

A sneeze is such a stubborn thing—it's bound to have its way, The more you strive to hush it up the more it has to say, It likes to catch you unawares, at church, or some such place, And when you'd look your sweetest how it wrinkles up your face! And e'en the swain on bended knees all ready to propose, May quite forget his piece the while he wipes his sneezing nose, And do your best, 'tis all in vain to try to look at ease, When one is coming—there! Kerchow! Great heavens, what a sneeze!

And so this plague is coming, if 'tis not already here, And while there's naught about it that the people need to fear, It isn't kind in foreigners to on our people spring, Whose time is so much occupied, this hasty Russian thing, The people all oppose it, and there's scarcely any doubt That blow on blow they'll meet it till at last they wipe it out, It interferes with everything, and even lines like these, Are dull when interrupted—there! Kerchow Another sneeze.

THE DOSTERS:

A Romance of Georgian Life

CHAPTER I.

The Joyners, besides fifty negroes, owned a thousand acres of Ogechee bottom-land, extending southward to the Mays, who, with as many slaves, paid taxes on over thirteen hundred acres. The mansion of the former, square, two-storied, with attic, was situated a few rods from the public thoroughfare leading from Augusta to the Savannah, through Gateston, the county seat, to Milledgeville, then the capital of the state. In a similar house, with a somewhat more tasteful piazza, a mile below, a little removed from a neighborhood road extending down the river-bank to the Shoals, dwelt the Mays. Equidistant, near the Gateston road, were the Dosters, in their story-and-a-half house, who, with a dozen slaves and about three hundred acres of land, rolling and much thinner than their neighbors', were doing at least as well as could have been expected. The Joyners and Mays had been intimately friendly always, and no neighbor had ever believed himself so dull a prophet as not to have foreseen, long before William and Harriet May and Hiram and Ellen Joyner were old enough to be thinking about sweethearts, that those two families, like their fine plantations, were destined in time to be united, and by a double bond.

The heads of both these families had deceased. So had that of the Dosters, the last, besides his widow, leaving Thomas, lately grown to manhood, and two younger children. At the period in which occurred what this story is meant to tell, Hiram and William were about twenty-two, and Ellen and Harriet nineteen and eighteen.

But for the demise of Mr. Doster, Thomas would have had a better education. This event made necessary his leaving the state college at the end of the junior year, in order to conduct the family business. To the necessity that called him away he yielded with more reluctance because he was to leave behind a very dear cousin, with whom the expectation had been to study and enter into a partnership for the practice of law. Yet in this while he had learned quite as much of books as either of the young men his more favored neighbors, who after leaving the academy had been two years at the University of Virginia, where they had spent money to such figures that their mothers readily assented to their proposal to return home without academic degrees. For three years past they had been managing in some sort the goodly estates left by their fathers; but some said that but for their negro foreman the plantations would deteriorate faster. Much of their time had been spent in fox-hunting, bird-hunting, and other field-sports, in horseback journeyings to Milledgeville and Augusta, and in other ways which they regarded their fortunes amply enough to allow. Each, however, had reasonably good moral character, and was frank enough to admit to his mother sometimes that, compared with that of the Dosters, their place was not kept up sufficiently, and that, upon ground well known to be less productive, the Doster crops were better. Yet all along it had been hoped that after a while, particularly when they had married and settled down to steady business, Hiram and William would make good energetic, prosperous citizens like their fathers.

The Mays were tall, slender, and fair; the Joyners of middle height, dark hair and complexion; Ellen somewhat petite, her brother stout and strongly set. The girls were considered quite pretty after their separate styles, and their brothers would have been slow to believe that Tom Doster, midway between them as to figure and complexion, was considered by most people rather better looking than either. The education of the girls was excellent for those times. It was only about a year back when they had come out of the female academy at Gateston, wherein they had spent all their years since very young girlhood. This academy, founded and kept by Rev. Mr. Wyman, a Baptist clergyman, native of Vermont, had, and most deservedly, a very high reputation, that had extended throughout the state and into several adjoining. All branches taught in New England seminaries, including music, drawing, and painting, were in the course which both the girls had made, not only with satisfaction, but high honors. Ellen played on the piano uncommonly well, and Harriet, less skillful there, was a sweeter singer. The young men were quite proud of these accomplishments of their sisters, but for which it was thought that they might have exerted themselves more for their own development. As it was, they held to their fox-hunting and other amusements, each satisfied apparently with the thought that when the time should come for abstracting from the other's family he

would give in exchange a value regarded equal to that which he would receive.

Thomas Doster had made it appear very soon after leaving college that this movement meant business. The vigor and economy with which he had managed the farm were such that in three years enough had been laid up to purchase two hundred more acres and a family of negroes. For some considerable time people had been saying what a fine young man Tom Doster was. The Dosters, belonging to the same church, visited with the other two families, but not nearly so often as those with each other. The young men, particularly William May, who was of heartier temperament than Hiram, rather liked Tom, and in their own families might go so far as to admit that his example, if such a thing were necessary, might be worth imitating. If they felt like patronizing him, they could not do so to much extent, something in his manner, except when in presence of the girls, putting such department in restraint. Every week-day he was to be seen, in his plain, home-made, well-fitting clothes, where either the plough hands or the hoe hands were at work, and the passing by of old or young, male or female, seemed to affect in no wise the feeling of manhood as, thus hoarsely clad, he kept at his work. Right often, as the girls with their brothers, or one with him of the other, were riding past, he would take off his broad brimmed hat, return their salutation, and, if happening to be near the fence, come forward at notice of disposition to linger for a brief chat. On Sundays when there was meeting at Horeb, a mile or so inland from the Joyners', he put on his best, and looked the equal of anybody there. Occasionally, when one of the girls had ridden there on horseback, accompanied by her brother, he proposed to escort her home, and—but not often—accepted the invitation to dinner which it was customary in all country neighborhoods to extend on such occasions.

"Tom's a stirring fellow," said Will May to Harriet one day, when, after some conversation with him as he sat upon his fence, they were passing on.

"Yes," she answered; "I think Tom Doster is a very promising young man; handsome too, even in his homespun clothes. I suspect that he would have made a good lawyer."

"Best as it is; indeed lucky, in my opinion. There's no good in a fellow trying to rise too far above his raising. It's well for Tom Doster that he could not go to the bar. He's proud enough, hard as he has to work, and he cannot, if he ever tries, conceal his aspiring nature. I like Tom very well myself as a neighbor; but Hiram, especially of late, doesn't. Hiram says that Tom is as proud as if he owned both our plantations and his little patch of ground besides."

"I don't see why he might not feel as proud as other people, brother Will. He's young, handsome, intelligent, industrious, and of as good family as any, if they do have less property. I should not call pride the feeling that keeps him from looking up to those who are in more favored conditions. I should rather name it a sense of freedom, which every man who feels himself to be a gentleman is bound to have."

"Yes; and that's just the way, as Hiram says, that Ellen talks, and both of you are rather imprudent in the way you treat Tom Doster; and I tell you now, Harriet, that Hiram especially doesn't like him."

"Oh! He doesn't! nor do you, I see. Well, Ellen and I must amend our speech, and be more circumspect in our behavior, even if we cannot help our tastes and manners."

Then she looked back with mock regret toward Tom, who was working away as if he had forgotten having seen and talked with them.

"Come, Harriet, you needn't put on airs."

"Of course not, before my brother Will, and especially before Hiram, of whose displeasure he warns me. But," she added, to tease her brother, "they do say that Tom's cousin has grown to be handsomer even than him. I'll have to see for myself before I can believe it."

"Wasn't that a pretty come off? He and Tom were to be two great lawyers, you know; and their grand scheme has wound up by Tom being, as his father before him was, a common, hard-working farmer, and his cousin a Methodist preacher."

"It was rather strange. As for poor Tom, the disappointment was unavoidable, and, like a true man always will in such cases, he has borne it not only patiently, but cheerfully. His cousin Henry, I doubt not, is following what he believes to be the line of his duty, and if so, that shows him to be a true man also."

"Everybody to his notion. Let us get on." They urged their horses to a brisker pace, that soon brought them to the Joyners', where they tarried awhile before returning home.

Henry Doster was son of Tom's uncle, who dwelt several miles beyond Gateston, and whose estate was somewhat larger than that of his deceased brother. Everybody, his parents, even himself, had been expecting, ever since he first entered college, and until just before he was to leave, that he was to become a lawyer. But about a couple of months before graduation, at the head of his class, during a revival meeting of the Methodist church in Athens, the seat of the state university, he, who always had been piously inclined, became convinced that he had a call to the sacred ministry. His parents, not church members, but rather affiliating with the Baptists, felt a double disappointment. Yet they loved and respected him too well to complain. He was as gentle as he was handsome and gifted. While in college he had the good fortune to be popular both with faculty and students, because he deported himself just as he ought before all. Of olive complexion, brown eyes and hair, his face on occasion would light into redness as decided as ever painted the fairest cheek. When he was in animated declamation his form of five feet ten swayed with a grace more engaging because unstudied, even unconscious, and his voice, at all times sweet, rang sonorous and true as a clarion's. His college mates had prophesied for him an eminent career at the bar, and many felt regret more than surprise at the course which, suddenly, as it seemed, he had resolved to pursue. At Commencement he made his modest valedictory with much *clat*, smilingly bade adieu to all his associates and acquaintances; then returned to his home, and went to preparing himself for the solemn work that he was to undertake.

CHAPTER II.

The two leading religious denominations as now, were then nearly equally divided in

middle Georgia, the ascendancy held by the Methodists in the towns and villages being, balanced by that of the Baptists in the rural districts. Not very many of the clergy of either had received a college education, yet many of them were very efficient preachers, and some eloquent to a high degree. The Methodists were well pleased at the accession of a young man in whom was such goodly promise. Brief preliminaries were required for the pulpit, and only a few months after the time when Henry Doster had counted upon applying for admission to the bar he was preaching the gospel. So young, and modest as young, it was thought well that for the first year he should work under the guidance of one of the older and more pronounced preachers. Fortunate to both it seemed that the Rev. Allen Swinger, a native of the county, was holding his headquarters in Gateston, and to him, as assistant in his circuit, Henry was assigned. This gentleman, very tall and muscular, had been in his youth a noted fighter, having won his wife, so the tradition went, by his conquest of a formidable rival, and he had not left behind all of his native combativeness when he advanced upon a higher field. He was fogg of wielding what he styled his sledge-hammer, not only against sinners in general, but pronounced opponents of his own faith, of the entire certitude of which he never had felt a doubt since the day on which he embraced it first. Yet he was, or he meant to be, as pious as he was aggressive, and he cordially believed that his interest in the welfare of souls, outsiders and nominal insiders, was as good as the best. Many and many a time, with emphasis, would he talk about thus:

"If Allen Swinger know anything at all about hisself, his own self, and if he don't, the question arise who do, but if so be, I am not aginst none of their souls' salvations, if they would only git their consents to give up their mean ways, and then git right straight up and come aright straight along where everybody that ain't a sotnill a blinded with prejidge is obleeged to see, plain as open and shet, is the way they got to foller so they mayn't git conswined not only to fire but brimstone sprinkled on top of that, which every sence I ben converted myself, like a bran' snatched from the burnin', I ben astonished that anybody could ever be such a big fool as to think he could stand ary one, let alone both. Now as for Henry Dawster, if he wasn't quite so thin skinned, and if he could git his consents to pitch in four-an'-a-half (Mr. Swinger by this phrase meant fore and aft) against worldlings, and be more vigorous on them Babbissans, which if they ain't headed they goin' to take this whole country, same like the sand of Egypt, him and me together could git up rewilds a'most a constant. But I can't yit git him to make charges on 'em. That what I call comin' down on 'em, right and left. Yit he's a good religious boy, same as a good Meth'dis' woman that don't know how to be anything else, and I love him a'most a like he were my own child, and, in time, and spehual, when he git hisself a wife, I shall count on his spreadin' hisself accordin' to his talons, which, jost betwix me and you, to go no furder, he's got a plenty, more than any one man's sheer, when we have the expeunce to go along with 'em."

Unlike as were these two, a friendship amounting to affection united them. The absence of everything like envy in Mr. Swinger, instead of the bounding pride he felt in Henry's superior gifts, and his eagerness to help in such employment as he believed would develop and exhibit them to best advantage; on the other side, the young man's ready performance of every service assigned, his confidence in the single-minded integrity with which Mr. Swinger deported himself toward him, bound them, in not long time, closely and fondly. In spite of his general sternness of manner and speech, Mr. Swinger had much softness of spirit and considerable humor. The submission of a sinner or any other kind of enemy would melt his ire to tenderness instantly. He could tell a joke with excellent effect, and he would do so even when himself was the butt of his ridicule, and his delight at such rehearsal was equal to his hearers' in the laughter thus provoked. He believed, and he so assured the young preacher often, that he could never make important continued headway in his profession as long as he remained single. His talks upon the subject discovered some romance in his being.

(To be Continued.)

Young Lawyers Catching On.

A young lawyer who comes to a big city to make his fortune must first make himself known. Without acquaintances he might as well try to manage a comic opera company on a desert island as to get cases of a desirable kind. The piece of advice that is first given the young lawyer by the older heads when he comes to St. Louis is, "Make yourself known!" There are different ways of doing this. Some young fellows, if they have money, plunge into society the very first thing. That's a good thing in its way, but I do not believe that it pays in the long run. Others join secret orders, attend meetings regularly, and in a few weeks know several hundred people by sight and name. That is one of the best plans, and a very popular one.

If you are familiar with the secret organizations of the city, just think how many of their officers are lawyers. Another plan which is employed with good results by many is to take board in a down town hotel, and spend a great part of the time, out of office hours, in the rotunda, meeting strangers and talking. One keeps himself in touch with all the news this way, and makes valuable acquaintances. The young lawyer who is fortunate enough to get a desk in the office of some established attorney, whose friends and clients he meets, is in the best position of them all, and will probably begin making money sooner than any of them. If, with this advantage, he will also put into execution one of those other plans, he will go ahead rapidly.—*One of Them in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The description of a missing man which was sent to the Columbus (O.) police headquarters contained the statement that he was 65 years old and small for his age.

—The mouse in his hole is safe beyond a purr-venture.

—What is sweeter than to have a friend you can trust? asked Sawkins. "To have a friend who will trust you," replied Dawkins.

MONEY IN STAMPS.

Some Famous Collections Made by Enthusiastic Connoisseurs.

Six years ago a business man in this city, who had plenty of money, determined to collect a magnificent assortment of foreign postage stamps. For six years he has done little else than pursue this occupation. He became connected with all the leading dealers in the world, and left with them orders to secure rare varieties at any price. He has already expended \$25,000, and has now a collection of about 14,000 stamps. This may include all the "adhesives," as there are about 8,000 of them in existence. Occasionally you read, and so do I, of postage stamp collections containing millions of different stamps. Such things are myths, unless they consist of innumerable duplicates. Perhaps dealers and advanced collectors consider the collection of M. Ferrari, son of the Duchess of Galates, the finest collection of postage stamps in the world. It is said to outrank even the famous Rothschild collection. The Ferrari collection is worth \$250,000, and its happy owner employs a well-educated secretary who does nothing whatever but attend to it. This secretary classifies and pastes the stamps, and corresponds with all the leading dealers of the world, endeavoring to obtain what collectors call "unobtainables." The stamp dealers frequently obtain specimens of rare stamps in queer ways. Not long ago a bookkeeper employed by a Philadelphia merchant entered the office of the firm of which Mr. Hanes is a member, and throwing a stamp on the counter asked whether it was worth anything. This was one of the first stamps issued by the city of Baltimore many years ago, and the bookkeeper said he had found it on a letter of an old correspondent of the firm for which he worked. Apparently the man did not think the stamp would bring more than 50 cents or a dollar. You can judge of his amazement, therefore, when he was offered a sum very far beyond this, and which seemed to him fabulous. He parted with the stamp gladly, and hurried out of the office as if he were afraid the money would be asked back. Several days later this stamp was sold for \$260. One of the most famous collectors of the world is Mr. Taping, an English member of Parliament. He lives at Dulwich, not far from London. His collection, which is valued at \$200,000, is mounted on cardboard and includes a long list of what connoisseurs call the "unobtainables." Dozens and dozens of Mr. Taping's stamps are worth from \$100 to \$150 apiece. Several weeks ago a very small boy who has been selling stamps at intervals to a local dealer called upon him with a United States stamp—I think it was one of the old "80 cents"—and asked how much it was worth. This was a stamp which he had never received more than 5 or 6 cents apiece for his stamps before, and the dealer was afraid of frightening him at first by mentioning a high value, so he told the boy "It was a mighty good stamp." Then offering \$5 for it, he asked the lad whether he would sell it at that figure. The boy became excited, picked up the stamp, ran away and has never returned. He probably has an idea that it worth is a fabulous sum.—*Philadelphia News.*

Public Men in Washington Who Were Born Under the British Flag.

(Fred Perry Powers in Chicago America.)

There are four natives of England in Congress, and they are exactly divided between the two houses and the two parties. Senator Jones, of Nevada, Republican, and Senator Pasco, of Florida, Democrat; Representative Crisp, of Georgia, Democrat, and Representative Greenhalge, of Massachusetts, Republican, were born in England, but Mr. Crisp's parents were only visiting in Sheffield when he was born there; he does not tell us, however, whether they were Americans, or from some other town in England. They brought the young statesman here when he was under a year old. Senator Pasco was brought to Massachusetts when quite young, and was educated at Harvard. Senator Jones was brought to this country by his parents when he was less than a year old, and Mr. Greenhalge was brought here early in childhood. Scotland has furnished us more members of this Congress than any other foreign country. Senator Beck, of Kentucky, and Representatives Henderson and Kerr, of Iowa, and Farquhar and Laidlaw, of New York, were born in the land of Burns and oatmeal. Senator Beck and Mr. Farquhar received academic educations before coming to this country. Col. Henderson came to this country at the age of six, and Mr. Kerr came here one year later. Mr. Laidlaw was a dozen years old when his parents brought him to the United States. Ireland, fruitful mother of politicians, sends only four of her offspring to this Congress. Mr. McAdoo, of New Jersey, is one of the youngest members of the House. He is only thirty-six and is serving his fourth term in Congress. Messrs. Clancy, Wiley and Quinn are new members. Mr. Wiley was only four years old when his parents brought him, and Mr. Clancy was brought here in childhood, but Mr. Quinn was twenty-five or more when he came, and so far as the biographies in the Congressional Directory inform us he is the only man in this Congress who required naturalization. Mr. Clunie, of California, was born in Newfoundland of Massachusetts parents temporarily residing there. Mr. Grout, of Vermont, was born in the Province of Quebec, of parents temporarily residing there. Mr. Connell, of Nebraska, was born in Canada; Senator McMillan, of Michigan, in Ontario; Mr. Stephenson, of Wisconsin, in New Brunswick, and Mr. Caine, the Mormon delegate, was born in the Isle of Man and came to this country at the age of seventeen.

The Dust of Travel.

If you have been travelling any distance on the cars don't wash your face in cold water the moment you reach a washstand. If you want to remove all trace of dust and smoke rub your face well with vasoline or cold cream, and wipe it off on a dry towel. The towel after the wiping will show you where the dirt has gone. Then you may wash your face in hot water if you will. There is nothing like hot, really hot, water for the complexion. It keeps not only clean, but clear.—*Boston Traveler.*

—Sighs and tears will never pay arrears of duty.

THE HUMAN VOICE.

Some Incidents which Go to Show Its Wonderful Influence Over Man.

It is said by those who are competent to judge that an Englishman's voice indicates almost infallibly the social standing of its possessor. Shakespeare calls a "soft, gentle and low" voice an "excellent thing in woman," and another observer, with a happy knack at phrasing, says: "A woman should never raise her voice above the singing of a kettle"; while another exclaims, "Let no one say it is a master of indifference what song is sung by a child's cradle. It sounds through the whole life."

There was a great thrill in a story that went the rounds of the papers some years ago because of its truthfulness to nature. A brave New York fireman was climbing a ladder upon a blazing house, striving to reach a child who stood in the window of the fourth story. The smoke became so blinding and the heat so unendurable that the intrepid man wavered and paused.

A shudder ran through the crowd, till an inspired voice called out, "Cheer him!" Instantly the heavens were rent with a shout of passionate enthusiasm that bore the sinking fireman upward on its breath, and the fainting child was soon in its mother's arms.

We recall another instance: On the night of the ever to be deplored 15th of July, 1823, fire broke out in the venerated basilica of St. Paul, in Rome. The terrified and lamenting populace gathered from all quarters around the sacred edifice, which had been filled from very early times with the most venerated religious relics, as well as with the richest treasures of art.

Paralyzed with fear and grief, the people stood in helpless awe, when a clarion voice rang out, "Save the arch, the gift of the fifth to the nineteenth century!" The cry acted like an inspiration upon the crowd; every arm felt the thrill, and the arch was saved.

A still familiar instance of the power of the voice over a crowd is perhaps that which occurred at the raising of an obelisk in Rome, many years ago. For a long time no one could be found willing to attempt the work, but at length an architect, Domenico Fontana, devised machinery by which to accomplish it. The risk was great. If the enterprise should miscarry, and the obelisk, partly raised, should fall to the earth, it might cause the death of hundreds, beside the destruction of the monument.

A huge crowd assembled to watch the operation. To prevent confusion, an edict had been issued forbidding any one, on pain of death; to speak, or even make any noise. The signals to work and rest were to be given by the sound of trumpets.

The silence of death reigned over the vast concourse as the first signal sounded, and the machines began to work, and the levers to creak and bend under the great pressure. The obelisk rose steadily, surely. At first easily; then with greater and greater difficulty, until it was within a few lines of the perpendicular.

Men and beasts exerted themselves to the utmost, but the cables refused to work farther. It was a moment of despair. All seemed lost, when a brave sailor boy, perched aloft, risked his life and all by calling out in the dead silence, "Wet the ropes!"

The word was an inspiration. The architect and master workmen saw it at once. As if the voice of the sailor boy had electrified them, they wet the ropes, which contracted, and the obelisk was raised to the upright position it has held ever since. It is needless to add that the prayers of the people procured the pardon of the sailor.—*Youth's Companion.*

Stimulants Between Meals.

Although all persons who indulge in alcoholic stimulants well within the margin of actual drunkenness speak of themselves as moderate drinkers, there are two special classes of them which bear no resemblance to each other except in the solitary circumstance that they never, at any time, take sufficient to intoxicate themselves. The one class is that which only partakes of stimulants while eating; the other indulges in them between meal times. To the latter habit is applied, in this country, the title of nipping, while in the east it is spoken of as "pegging." And this is the most pernicious of all forms of drinking, from the fact that stimulants taken without at the same time partaking of food, though only imbibed in small quantities at a time, have most deleterious effects on the internal organs. A man who habitually indulges in a single glass of sherry in the forenoon, a brandy-and-soda in the afternoon, and a glass of whiskey-and-water in the course of the evening does far more injury to his constitution than one who partakes of a larger quantity of alcoholic stimulants at meal times.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Measurements of the Great Lakes.

The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 688 feet; elevation, 827 feet; area, 82,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 300 miles; its greatest breadth, 108 miles; mean depth, 630 feet; elevation, 506 feet; area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 300 miles; its greatest breadth, 60 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 274 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; its greatest breadth, 80 miles; mean depth, 84 feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth is 65 miles; its mean depth is 500 feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Both Suffered from Delay.

"My business is suffering from delayed mails," remarked Gazzam.

"Delayed mails are very annoying," assented his wife, severely. "I waited for one last night till about 1 o'clock."

Big Beat.

"Here's something interesting," said the exchange editor to the paragrapher serf. "They hung a newspaper man out West for something he wrote."

"Well," said the P. S., wearily, "he had the satisfaction of getting the noose exclusive."

—Buffalo Bill recently climbed Mount Vesuvius. He was pleased with the crater.