

# THE WILSON ADVANCE.

By The Advance Publishing Company—

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

—Joseph Daniels, Manager

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1881.

VOL. 11.—NO. 28.

## THE WILSON ADVANCE.

WILSON, Friday, August 5, 1881.

### POETRY.

#### THE SAME OLD STORY.

She sits within an easy chair,  
An open letter spread before her,  
So bright and dainty, round and fair,  
No wonder all the lads adore her.  
Beside her smoothly rounded cheek  
The roses lose their tinted glory,  
And gazing in his eyes so sweet,  
The poet tells her sweetest story.

And as she reads her lovely month  
Pours in a manner so beguiling,  
You'd think her prettier, perhaps,  
Than when her face is glad and smiling.

"Such impudence!" she says; "indeed,  
This man requires severe schooling,  
Expecting thus to have his way,  
My better judgement overruling."

"To steal a kiss, and then declare  
He only longs to steal another;  
Who would have thought he'd be so bold?

I'm half inclined to tell his mother,  
'But if I will forgive,' he says,  
He will at once make reparation.  
And gladly what he took in haste  
Return with more deliberation.

"It was my beauty tempted him."  
Ah, that's the way they always flatter.

And think a few beguiling words  
Will rectify the gravest matter.  
He'll find I'm not a silly girl,  
To be cajoled—but here she pauses,  
And soon her quickly changing mood  
The soft relenting look indorses.

And then (the little fraud!) she throws  
Her glances upward, greatly sighing  
And with a pretty suppleness,  
Her dimples mischievous belying,  
She lays her hands upon her breast,  
And says demurely and benignly:  
'To err is human—to forgive?'  
Ah then it is we act divinely."

A moral did you ask of me,  
Before my story here is ended?  
This! 'Tis so easy to forgive,  
When we are only half offended.

## Squire Bolton's Daughter.

BY CARL BRACKETT.

I had been at the Hall in my position as secretary and business manager to its owner, Squire Bolton, about a year when his only child and heiress came home from boarding-school. It was madness, and I knew it, from the first moment I beheld her I fell deeply, hopelessly in love with beautiful Gertrude Bolton. It was not alone that her complexion was dazzling fair, or that her eyes were darkly, brightly blue as sapphires, but it was the ever-changing expressions of her winsome face that her chief charm lay. But I was so foolishly blind as not to realize that it was of small use for me, a poor secretary, to aspire to the hand of one so far above me in wealth and position as the heiress of Bolton Hall. So I hid my feelings deep down in my heart and laid a firm seal upon my lips.

It was surprising what a changed place the Hall was, now that the young mistress had the helm. Even my kind old friend seemed to have taken a new lease of youth as he entered with interest into all the gayeties which his daughter planned.

To see Gertrude was to be fascinated (as I had found it to be my cost), and before long she was acknowledged to be queen of every gathering—the center around which all the lesser stars revolved.

Old Squire Bolton had been my dead father's friend, and he had always seemed warmly attached to me, making me his constant companion. So it was that hardly a day passed without my being thrown into his daughter's society, and before long we became very good friends.

It never seemed to enter the Squire's mind that there could be no danger of my losing my heart to his daughter, so he could not know what a sharp twinge his words caused me, when one day he told me confidentially his plans for Gertrude.

The next estate to Bolton, a large and valuable property, belonged to a young nobleman, who had gone abroad soon after succeeding his inheritance. His return home was expected before very long.

"You see, Ralph," said the Squire, "what a good thing it would be. There could be no finer property in England than the estates of Bolton and Aubrey joined together. I knew and liked Lord Aubrey's father, and his son resembles him, I am told. It has long been the desire of my heart that Gertrude should marry Lord Aubrey. I should like to see her, until

ing that such a happy brilliant future was to be hers."

What did it matter to me? Who was I, that I should dare to love one so far above me?

But all that night the squire's words rung in my ears, bringing to the fresh pain.

Soon after we were all invited to a garden party, and as the squire was a little indisposed, upon me devolved the delightful task of escorting his daughter.

As we entered the grounds, which presented a brilliant appearance, the varied tints of flowers vying with the equally varied colors of the ladies' costumes, the giver of the entertainment, one of Gertrude's young friends came toward us leaning upon the arm of a distinguished-looking gentleman. It was Lord Aubrey, and my heart sank to zero as I saw the look of surprised admiration which filled his eyes as they rested upon my companion.

But in spite of myself I could not help acknowledging that the old squire could not have picked out a more suitable match for his daughter, as far as appearances went.

As the afternoon progressed, I overheard many a smiling comment upon Lord Aubrey's attentions to Miss Bolton.

After that Lord Aubrey was a frequent visitor at the Hall, and it was no surprise to her friends when it was known that Gertrude and he were engaged. But I was puzzled. Gertrude did not seem like a maiden in love. Her fair, proud face never lost its calm or flushed with pleasure at Lord Aubrey's coming, and to me, knowing her enthusiastic temperament, her manner seemed very strange. But the squire was well pleased, and I had no right to interfere or speak what was my mind.

One afternoon Gertrude had been out for a walk, and as she was returning home I had overtaken her. As we were leisurely strolling homeward together, a short, dark-visaged man reigned his horse by my side and asked me to tell him the way to Bolton Hall.

"What a sinister face!" Gertrude exclaimed. "I wonder what he can want at the Hall."

We soon learned who he was, and what was his errand. On our arrival, the old butler, who had grown gray in his master's service, met us with a pale agitated face.

"Why, Henry, what is the matter?" asked Gertrude.

But Henry was evidently unable to speak, and fearing something had happened to the Squire, we both hurried to the library.

The squire was seated at his table, while beside him, with an evil smile upon his face, was the stranger whom we had recently met.

Gertrude flew to her father's side.

"Dear papa, what has happened? Why do you look so strangely?"

The old gentleman drew her to him. "I have something to tell you which will surprise you very much," he began, in trembling tones. "No—stay, Ralph, it is no secret," he continued, as I turned to leave the room.

Then the old squire told us in a few words that he was no longer the owner of the Hall, which he had so long loved and looked upon as own, for the son (of whose existence no one had hitherto known) of his eldest brother, who had died many years ago in India, had returned and claimed his rights, bringing proofs concerning which there could be no dispute.

While he spoke, varied emotions passed rapidly over Gertrude's expressive face. When he had finished she wound her young arms around his neck.

"And is that all, dear papa?"

"All? Gertrude, you do not understand."

"Oh yes I do," she interrupted; you mean that we are no longer rich—that I am not the heiress of the Hall. But papa, what matters anything like that? We have each other left."

As the noble girl spoke thus I could hardly refrain from springing to her side and then there disclosing the adoring love which I had hidden so long; but I restrained myself. Though she was no longer rich, and no one could impute mercenary motives to me, the insuperable barrier between us lay at another.

It was true beyond all doubt, and the new-comer had no difficulty in proving himself the rightful owner of the estate.

His character coincided with his sullen sinister face, and as soon as they could make their arrangements, the old squire and his noble daughter bade a sad farewell to the home which they loved so well. Of course my services as secretary were no longer needed, but my old friend implored me not to desert him in such piteous tones that I consented not to seek immediately for another position, but to remain with him as long as I could.

he had become more accustomed to the new state of affairs. The day after we were settled in our new home, the squire looked up, as we sat at dinner, with the remark:

"Gertrude, when did you last see Arthur? I don't suppose he knows anything of what has happened as yet. 'Oh, my darling,' he continued, earnestly, 'the knowledge that your future is secure has greatly softened the bitter pain it has caused me to be obliged to leave the home in which I have lived so long, and in which I hoped to end my days.'"

A faint flush rose to Gertrude's forehead.

"He does know, papa, for I wrote to him."

"That was right," her father replied, "he'll doubtless be here to-day or tomorrow."

But the old gentleman was wrong. Lord Aubrey did not come; and one afternoon, as Gertrude and I were walking in the garden, talking sadly about the changes the last month had brought, a servant came down the path with a letter, which he handed to Gertrude.

She broke the seal, and perused the contents; then into her face stole a look of disgust, which suddenly gave place to an expression of relief, as she exclaimed:

"It is as I thought. Real that, Ralph," she said, handing it to me, "and see what selfishness human nature is capable of."

It was from Lord Aubrey, the suitor, who, when she had been rich, had wooed her so assiduously. Now, in a few coldly polite lines, he wrote that as matters were, it would be impossible for him to carry out their engagement, as he was not wealthy, as people supposed, but that his estate was heavily mortgaged, and he could not afford to marry any but a rich wife.

As I read, the indignation which filled my heart burst from my lips.

Gertrude laid her little hand upon my arm.

"Do not sorrow for me, Ralph," she said; "it was only because I saw that my dear father's heart was set so fervently upon my becoming Lord Aubrey's wife that I consented to betroth myself to him. I have seen for some time what a selfish nature his elegant exterior hides, and I knew when he heard of my changed fortunes how it would end. I am glad of my release."

To this moment I cannot tell how I yielded to the impulse, or how I allowed myself to disclose the secret I had guarded so successfully; but then and there I poured forth the story of my faithful love, and though surprised and startled, Gertrude was not offended.

I will not stop to relate how at length I succeeded in winning Gertrude's heart. It was a rapturous, never-to-be-forgotten moment when the beautiful head of my darling nestled itself close to my breast, as in low, soft tones she whispered the assurance that made me the happiest man in existence.

Thus did kind fortune reward my patient waiting by bestowing upon me the rich boon of the affection of her whom I had loved when rich and an heiress, but who was even dearer to me in her altered circumstances.

#### Picking up Fortunes.

Three men in a single day, up on the ledge near Downieville, Colorado, pounded out twenty-nine pounds of gold.

L. W. Smith, of the Eureka Silver Cliff, Col., recently cut the apex of an unworked vein of chlorite ore which yields ninety-two ounces of silver per ton at the surface.

Frank Winkler, of Canton, O., a coal miner, has fallen heir to one-seventh of \$55,000,000, property accumulated by his brother in South African diamond fields.

A wonderful discovery was made recently by John Rober and Eli Worthington, at Downieville, Col. They uncovered a 31 foot vein of rich mineral, six feet from the surface, which contains by assay forty-five ounces of silver and sixty per cent. of lead. The region was wild with excitement over the discovery.

Three brothers named Berceyessa took in one week, from a recent purchase in Sinaloa \$30,000 worth of silver. This vein was discovered by a vaquero who was riding over the mountains in search of stray cattle. His attention was attracted by a large boulder which appeared unusually rich in metal. Upon examination it proved to contain several thousand dollars worth of silver. It was taken to the mint in Hermosillo and sold for upward of \$1,000.

#### In Bed With a Rattlesnake.

Burlington, Iowa, July 20.—Mrs. Howard, now visiting at 426 South Oak street, was awakened last night by a strange sensation about her ankles, as if something was twisting around and binding them. Making a sudden spring from the bed and crying for help, she discovered that she had thrown a large rattlesnake on the floor. It was killed with much difficulty, and measured, when stretched out at full length, 31 feet.

#### The New Comet.

The new comet can now be seen with the naked eye in the northeastern sky about 3:30 in the morning. It rises earlier every night, and soon will be visible in the evening sky and circumpolar like the late comet. Its tail is about one degree long. The comet is coming directly towards the earth, on its way to perihelion passage, which will be made about August 18. It will then be twenty-five times brighter than when first seen, brighter than the comet now fast vanishing, was in its brightest hours. It is after all, said to be a new comet, and not a re-appearance of the one of 1827.

#### The World Coming to an End.

An old person in England who believes the world is coming to an end has taken precaution which is somewhat out of the line of those ordinarily taken by people who make provision against this catastrophe. He has prepared a balloon and stocked it with canned goods and drinkables, enough for a voyage of three years. In this, he expects to rise when he sees the general conflagration. He will take with him his man-servant, who is fifty years old and enjoying good health. part of the furnishing the balloon is a liberal stock of brandy, gin, and other stimulating fluids, calculated to "keep the old man's spirits up as the ball on ascend." His idea is to float in the air, while the world burns and all the dwellers thereon are destroyed. Although he is eighty years old, and sufficiently matured to know better than he does, it does not occur to him that the flames which are to destroy the world might possible singe his balloon, and precipitate his descent into an exceedingly hot place. He thinks he can remain in the upper strata of the air currents until the world shall somehow or other be reconstructed. Then he will descend and live in peace for the remainder of his days. It is said to think that this octogenarian may be disappointed and still sadder to think of the shape of his disappointment may take. When he hears something that seems to him to be Gabriel's trumpet, he will cut the ropes and let his balloon fly. As he reaches the cooler and more rarified atmosphere he will draw on his stores of brandy and gin and "take something" to keep himself warm. Then he will bid his man-servant "take something." They will both engage in this exercise until they roll in each other's arms dead drunk. They will miss the spectacle of a burning world and will tumble out of the balloon, reaching the surface of the earth in a total smash. This will put an end to their theories, while the balloon goes soaring on its lofty way with its stock of provisions.

This octogenarian's plan is not very much worse than that of a Canadian who has dug an immense cave and stored it with provisions. He thinks there will be a pretty hot time when the world catches fire, but that the worst of it will be over in a few days. He expects like the venerable balloonist, again to inhabit the earth's surface. There is a nice swamp in his cave, which will keep it damp in spite of the outer heat, and he thinks the worst thing that can happen to him will be an attack of rheumatism.

#### Fighting an Army of Snakes.

ELLENVILLE, N. Y., July 22.—On Saturday morning last as Jacob Uhl, a farmer of Prospect Hill, with his seventeen years old boy was loading his wagon with logs from a pile he had cut about a mile from his house, he heard an ominous hiss and rattle and a monster rattlesnake thrust his head out from between the logs and Mr. Uhl says that he then saw what seemed to him hundreds of the reptiles in the wood-pile. He gave a leap from the pile, and telling his frightened boy to drive the oxen out to the road and wait for him, he grasped a stick and began fighting the snakes, which seemed to come from every crack in the pile of logs and from the rocky ledge. For three hours he fought in the broiling sun. By that time the snakes were pretty well thinned out, and those that were left crawled slowly back to their den under the logs. When Mr. Uhl recovered from his exhausted condition caused by his hard fight he surveyed the field before him. There were, according to his story, 23 rattlesnakes, 13 black snakes, four pitons, several adders and other snakes, making fifty-four in all. One of the rattlers had nineteen rattles and another had the incredible number of thirty. The others ranged from six to twelve or thirteen rattles apiece. Mr. Uhl says that he found the fangs of several snakes in the top of his boots, which were of cowhide. The only bite he received was from a big black snake on the left arm. The arm is swollen and somewhat painful, but the wound is not dangerous. Several years ago two hunters killed one hundred and seven snakes of different varieties in the same spot.

#### A Very Strange Occurrence.

A few days ago a boy about six years of age, son of Mr. Henry Barnes, living on Broad Ridge, was sent on an errand to a neighbor's house. He stayed so long that search was instituted, when he was found hanging to the limb of a large pine. When asked to descend he declared that he could not, a man who climbed the tree for him found great difficulty in breaking his hold. He could not account for being in the tree; the only solution he could give, was that something cold seized him around the waist, and the next thing he knew was that he was up in the tree. Persons who examined the place say that the boy's tracks could not be found nearer than twenty feet of the tree, while the last tracks seemed to have been made by skipping or bounding. The boy has been to town and been examined, but the above was all that could be decided. Was it an eagle or a bear, or what was it?

#### A Postal Convenience.

Postmaster General James has hit upon a plan for facilitating the transmission through the mail at a cheap rate small sums of money. The new device is an improvement upon the system of postal orders recently adopted by English postal authorities. The improvement consists of three columns of figures, one to represent dollars, the second tens, and the third units. Two denominations of these orders are issued—one for all sums within \$2.50, and the other sums within \$5. The \$5 card has four figures and a cipher in the dollar column, and all the numerals in each of the other columns. The postmaster selling the order will designate the amount to be drawn by punching figures in the respective column. The orders will be payable to bearer, and the post-office will not be responsible for their safe delivery any more than for fractional currency, for which they are intended as a substitute. Both sets of orders are intended to be printed on bank note paper, to be finely engraved, and other precautions taken against counterfeiting. It is expected that the department will be able to sell them at from 2 to 3 cents for a \$2.50 order and from 4 to 5 cents for a \$5 order. The postmaster will enter the amount in writing on a stub, which will be the only check the department will need, and contain only the amount of the order, the date of issue and the name of the office upon which the order is drawn. This will do away with a great deal of clerical labor, since the names of the remitter and payee will not be entered at all in the records as is done in money order transactions, nor will any advice be issued. In order to prevent the use of postal orders as currency, they are to be redeemable only for three months after date of issue.

#### An Elaborate Chinese Funeral.

One of the most elaborate Chinese funerals that New York has seen, occurred Sunday. It was that of Con Luito, who kept a laundry at No. 271 First avenue, and who died last Thursday of paralysis of the heart. He is said to have been the first member of the Chinese Lodge of Free Masons to die in this city. The funeral started from No. Eighteen Mott street and attracted a crowd of several thousand persons. First in the procession came a stage containing a Chinese band; next came the hearse; and following it were forty carriages, and several hundred chinamen. On the way to Evergreen Cemetery mock money was scattered in the street to attract the attention of the devil, it being calculated that he will stop to pick up the money and be delayed, so that the burial can take place without interference from him. At the cemetery the body was quickly buried; the band with gongs, horns and cymbals played a martial air to cheer the soul of Con Luito, and then three candles were thrown on a burning pile of joss sticks. This was the end of the ceremony and with obeisances to the grave the Chinamen went away.

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#### A Little Love Story.

About two weeks ago a young woman who had always moved in the best circles of Richmond, Va., society chanced to read in the *Hartford Courant* an advertisement in which a widower in Ohio wished to secure the services of a governess to take charge of his little girl. Being dependent upon her mother, a widow in moderate circumstances, the young woman who is a very pretty blonde, determined to make application for the position with the hope of assisting her mother. Accordingly she visited her pastor, a well known clergyman of Richmond, and also a distinguished jurist, and obtained from them letters of recommendation, which she forwarded to the widower with her application. The high character of the gentlemen, as well as the cordial manner in which they expressed their endorsement of the young ladies' capabilities and beauties of character, had such weight with the widower that he went to Richmond, satisfied he would find the lady he desired. He called upon her, had several satisfactory interviews—indeed they were satisfactory to such a degree that the gentleman's departure for the north in the early part of last week the aforementioned clergyman was astonished to receive a note from him announcing that he would not take the lady recommended for governess, but desired to secure his services in making her his wife. Last Wednesday afternoon the parties to the novel courtship were married. The groom is about fifty-five years of age, a gentleman of means and fine appearance. As a wedding gift he settled upon his newly made bride the sum of \$30,000.

Since the above was in type the following unhappy sequel to the romantic marriage has been received:

#### The End of The Romantic Marriage.

It was a horrible swindle and gross deception, resulting in blasting the life of the unhappy lady. It seems that, armed with letters of recommendation from many prominent and well known persons, just before his marriage, the groom—Marvin—got a draft for \$500 cashed at a Richmond bank, and took his bride off northward. The *Dispatch* says that several days passed after the marriage and departure, and no intelligence came from the bride party to their friends in Richmond, but the return to the bank here of the \$500 draft with advice, from Chicago, that it was a palpable forgery, and the horrible conclusion was forced upon the lady's friends that their loved one had been the victim of a vile imposition. The gentlemen purporting to introduce Marvin were immediately telegraphed to, and while the names many were found to be fictitious, the response came from others that the letters were wretched forgeries.

The first intelligence from the unfortunate girl, was a telegram from Albion, N. Y., in which she inquired if the fatal accident to her mother in Salem, Va., reported in a northern paper, was true. So it would seem that Marvin had carried her to that place, where he hoped to practice his forgery upon wealthy friends of his victim, and that, in order to get rid of her, the demon had manufactured and had published the story of the accident to her mother, thinking she would immediately return home, and make his desertion of her more easy.

The first intelligence of their whereabouts since their departure was gleaned from the telegram of inquiry about the accident; and the bank of officers, who had already set detectives to work upon the case, telegraphed to Albion, to have Marvin arrested. The answer came back that there were two of them, and desiring to know which one was wanted. Reports have come from time to time that the officers were on the track of the scoundrel, but it is now thought that he has made good his escape to Canada. The unfortunate lady was found in Albion by her friends, and a letter received from her states that she is returning home with them. Her anguish is deep and heart-rending and in order to avoid all publicity she will consent only to travel at night. She is expected to reach this city this evening.

It may be asked was this sudden and fatal alliance the result of affection or an insane desire for wealth, and it is only just to this unfortunate lady, who has the deep sympathy of this community, to state emphatically that it was for neither. She heroically sacrificed herself solely with the hope of bringing relief to her widowed mother, whose mind was becoming seriously affected by the sting of poverty and a trifling burden of obligation which preyed upon her.

Shortly after the marriage a northern paper contained an account of an escaped lunatic there, whose mania was the employment of governesses. It was Marvin be the lunatic, it adds another remarkable chapter of this startling episode to real life.

#### A HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

GUNPOWDER PLAYS DESTRUCTION WITH A HOUSEHOLD IN CATAWBA COUNTY—TWO KILLED AND TWO SERIOUSLY INJURED.

[Newton McCarty.]

Last Saturday evening, near sunset, Mr. Adolphus Sigman, who lives four miles east of Newton, while in handling some blasting powder and fuse in his house, met with a terrible accident.

Mr. Sigman had been working above Asheville, on the Western North Carolina Railroad, and came home Saturday morning to visit his wife and children, bringing with him a quantity of blasting powder. Late Saturday evening he was preparing to show his two children, both girls, aged 2 and 4 years, how powder would burn. He had about two pounds of powder lying on the floor near himself and the children. He called for some fire, which his wife carried to him on a shovel. By some means a portion of the fire fell from the shovel producing a terrible explosion and burning in a most horrible manner the two children, mother and father.

Most of the skin was burned off the children. Mrs. Sigman's hands, face and one foot were badly burned, and Mr. Sigman's arm considerably injured and his pants partly blown from his person. The bedding and clothing in the room caught fire, and the blast passed through the loft, striking fire to other clothing and enveloping the whole building in flames. Had it not been for the timely assistance of a colored family living near (Joe Wilson), the house would have been consumed.

Medical aid was called, but it was soon found that the fire had done its work for the unsuspecting little ones, and at 4 o'clock Sunday morning—nine hours after the accident—the youngest child died, and in two more hours the oldest expired.

Mrs. Sigman is in a critical condition, but her eyes are entertained for her recovery. In addition to the burn which she received, in her great excitement to save her children, she stepped on a nail, which penetrated her foot, thus adding to her already intense suffering.

#### A Virginia Snake Bents a Locomotive.

As the Shenandoah Valley fast express entered the mile cut, immediately north of Mechanicsville, on Tuesday last, the engineer was horror-stricken to see what he supposed to be the end of a rail just ahead of his rushing locomotive sliding rapidly away from him. His first thought was a broken rail caught by the pilot, and he expected an instantaneous shock. Wounded and dazed, he stepped out of the locomotive and a second glance revealed a five foot black snake of the species known as "runner" sliding rapidly away from him on top of the rail. It is the excitement of the moment that hand sought the throttle, he threw it wide open, and the train bounded forward under the impulse, but the snake maintained its lead although the train was running at fully fifty miles per hour, and when the end of the cut was reached and opportunity afforded to escape, it left the rail, ran out into open space, coiled up, threw up its head in an attitude of defiance, and died right there. An examination proved that the intense heat of the rail had burned it to death.

#### Mixed Babies.

Two babies were born in the same house at Oakland, Tenn. The mother were sisters, closely resembling each other, and the infants were both girls. In the excitement of the occasion the little ones got mixed, and this happened before they had been dressed, or in any other way marked for identification. There seems to be no way out of the uncertainty, for three months have passed without developing any resemblance to the father in either case; and if the children grow up as they seem likely to, with the physical characteristics of their mothers, nobody will ever know their exact parentage. The present agreement is to decide the question by lot.

"Martha, I—I do you—must have—are you aware the good book says—er, says that it is not good for man and woman should be alone?" "Then hadn't you better run home to your mother?" Martha coolly suggested.

"I'm afraid, ma," said a devoted son, "that you are my mother." "Why my son?" asked the pleased mamma. "Because you never can be my mother-in-law," was the filial reply.