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The Roanoke News.

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Knowledge in a Nut Shell.

A cubit is two feet.
A pace is three feet.
A fathom is six feet.
A span is 10 1/2 inches.
A palm is three inches.
A great cubit is 11 feet.
A league is three miles.
There are 2,750 languages.
Oats, 35 pounds per bushel.
Beans, 35 pounds per bushel.
A day's journey is 24 miles.
Barley, 48 pounds per bushel.
Two persons die every second.
Sound moves 743 miles per hour.
A square mile contains 640 acres.
A storm blows 36 miles per hour.
A tub of butter weighs 84 pounds.
Buckwheat, 52 pounds per bushel.
Coarse salt, 85 pounds per bushel.
A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds.
The average human life is 31 years.
An acre contains 4,840 square yards.
A bin of butter weighs 56 pounds.
A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.
A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.
Slow rivers flow five miles per hour.
Timothy seed, 45 pounds per bushel.
A hurricane moves 80 miles per hour.
A rifle ball moves 1,000 miles per hour.
A hand (herse measure) is four inches.
Electricity moves 228,000 miles per hour.
A rapid river flows seven miles per hour.
The first lucifer match was made in 1829.
Gold was first discovered in California in 1848.
The first horse railroad was built in 1826.
A mile is 5,280 feet, or 1,760 yards in length.
Corns, rye and flaxseed, 26 pounds per bushel.
The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.
A moderate wind blows seven miles per hour.
Wheat, beans and cloverseed, 60 pounds per bushel.
The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1825.
The first almanac was printed by George Von Parbach in 1640.
The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1853.
Until 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand spinning wheel.

Honor in the Family.

Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home life. An equably good and useful faculty is a sense of humor, or the capacity to have a little all-knowing with the humor of life. We fun along with the humor of life. We generally have a lively, witty companion, who sees the ridiculous points of things, and who can turn any annoyance into an occasion for laughter. It does a great deal better to laugh over some domestic mishaps than to cry or scold over them. Many homes and lives are dull because they are allowed to become too deeply impressed with a sense of the cares and responsibilities of life to recognize its bright and especially its mirthful side. Into such a household—gold, but dull—the advent of a witty, humorous friend like sunshine on a cloudy day. While it is oppressive to hear people constantly striving to say funny or witty things, it is comfortable—something that brightens a little fun—to make an effort to have some at home. It is well to turn off an impatient question, sometimes, and to regard it from a humorous point of view, instead of becoming irritated about it. "What is the reason I can never find a clean shirt?" exclaimed a good but rather impatient husband, after rummaging through the wrong drawer. His wife looked at him steadily for a moment, laid her hand on his forehead, then, with a comical look, she replied: "I never could guess your trouble. I must give it up!" Then he laughed, and they both laughed, and she went and got his shirt, and he felt ashamed of himself and kissed her, and then she felt happy, and so what might have been an occasion for hard words and unkind feelings became just the contrary, all through the little vein of humor that cropped out to the surface. Some children have a peculiar faculty for giving a humorous turn to things when they are reproved. It does just as well, oftentimes. Laughter is better than tears. Let us have a little merris at home.

The Leading Man Must be Paid.

[John Carboy in New York Dispatch.] This reminds me of an old story told of a long time ago Western manager. Hastings, who did his own leading business, and so matter whether business was good or bad, invariably deducted from the receipt his own salary. As an actor he charged himself with a leading man's salary, and never failed in getting it. One salary day there was a great row, there was no money for the "Fates."
"What has become of the money?" growled the heavy man, and the rest echoed the query.
"Good gracious, gentlemen, as a manager I haven't had a cent in these two weeks."
"But, d—n it, the treasurer says he paid the receipts to you!"
"Correct—yes—but that was my salary as the leading man. He must be paid. You know we couldn't get along without him, ladies and gentlemen!"
They had to swallow it. Nevertheless, while they admired his logic as a leading man, they damned his honesty as a manager.

Short Sharp and Decisive.

[The Platform of the Illinois Democrats.] Patriotic duty and interest demand peace and reconciliation through all the land. We pledge ourselves to the following principles:
1. No tariff for protection.
2. No third term.
3. Substantial reform of the civil service, so that Federal officers shall be the servants of the people and not of a party.
4. Equal rights to all the States, and no Federal interference with the constitutional functions of States.
5. A constitutional currency of gold and silver, and of paper convertible into coin.
6. No more land grants to monopolies.
7. The will of the people must be supreme, and the majorities must rule under the constitutional method. No more such frauds as that of 1876; no more right to seven.
8. Laws shall be enacted to protect laborers to the most prompt and certain collections of their wages.

OUR CANDIDATES.



Gen. Winfield S. Hancock—The Soldier Statesman. Hon. Wm. H. English—The Pride of the Hooper State.

Gen. Winfield S. Hancock—The Soldier Statesman. Hon. Wm. H. English—The Pride of the Hooper State.

Where the Joke Was.

[From the Detroit Free Press.] On a Michigan Central train the other day was a passenger who had just his right arm. Soon after the train pulled out of Detroit, he began talking with those around him in regard to the political candidates, claiming to have served under both. This led some one to ask him how and where he lost his arm, and he replied:

"It was down in the Wilderness. We were charging the enemy's line. A bullet struck my arm, crushed the bone, and I fell unconscious. When I was restored to consciousness, I was in the hands of the Confederates. Indeed, a soldier was going through my pockets. When he discovered that I was alive he was about to bayonet me, but a corporal sprang forward, knocked the wretch down and saved my life."

While he was telling this a man with his left arm gone had risen from his seat and came nearer, and as the other finished he bent forward and said:

"I am that very corporal! I remember the incident as if it happened only yesterday. I had you conveyed to an old log barn over on the right!"

"Yes, yes—let us shake hands, let us embrace! Thank Heaven that I have found you out. How came you here?"
"I have been to Detroit to be treated for cancer, but there is no longer any hope. I am going home to go to the poor house and there end my days. I haven't a shilling or a friend!"

"And I am going to the poor house as well," replied the other. "I have consumption, and as I am penniless I must go and die among paupers."

Then they embraced each other and seemed to weep. One passenger dished up half a dollar and passed his hat, and in five minutes a collection amounting to \$2.50 was divided between them. Everybody said it was a shame, and one old man seemed willing to adopt them both if they would go off to Dearborn, and it was a quarter of an hour after before a commercial drummer dared make the statement that both stages lived in Detroit, both lost their arms by accident, and that they had played the same game over and over on every railroad in the State.

A Lover Awkwardly Stuck.

We should never forget that evening we spent at Mrs. Magruder's, years ago. We admired Miss Magruder, and went around to see her.

It was summer-time and moonlight, and she sat upon the piazza. The carpenter had been there the day before giving up the rustic chairs on the porch, so we took a seat on the steps in front of Miss Magruder, where we could gaze into her eyes and drink her smiles. It seems probable that the carpenter must have upset his glue pot on the spot where we sat, for after enjoying Miss Magruder's remarks for a couple of hours, and drinking several of her smiles, we tried to rise for the purpose of going home, but found that we were immovably fixed to the step.

"Don't Miss Magruder said:
"I'm not in a hurry."
And we told her that we believed we would not.

The conversation had a sadder tone after that, and we sat here thinking whether it would be better to ask her to withdraw while we disrobed and went home in Highland costume or whether we would urge her to warm up the poker, or whether we should give one terrific wrench and then ramble down the yard backward.

About midnight Miss Magruder yawned and said she believed she would go to bed; then she suddenly asked her if she thought her father would have any objection to lend us his front steps for a few days, because we wanted to take them for a pattern.

We think Miss Magruder must have entertained doubts of our sanity, for she called in and called her father, and screamed. Mr. Magruder came down with a double-barreled gun.

Then we explained the situation in a whisper, and he procured a saw and cut the piece of step to which we were attached.

Then we went home, wearing the patch and before two o'clock crushed out our young love for Miss Magruder. We never called again, and she threw herself on a dry goods man.

Love's Echoes.

A pretty bird-store and shell store, hundreds of soft-tinted and fantastic shaped shells, and thousand hopping, chirping, happy birds, and there enters an adorable young couple from the island country, who are so absorbed in each other as to be oblivious to the gaze or comments of the world around them. She has upon her innocent head a daisy of a bonnet with daffodil trimmings, and he supports on his head no less an object than the identical Leghorn hat of his father, who is a justice of the peace, was married in. She looks at the birds because she is a woman, and he at the shells because he is a man; and by and by he carries a large convoluted shell to where she is, whispers in it, and says it with loving care against her pink ear, which was so pretty that it seemed a reflection of the shell itself. She listens, comprehends, blushes fainter than any tinted shell itself, and takes from its bed on the open shore, takes down the shell, replies to the whispered words, and holds it with both hands against the ear of her stalwart lover, and then they both smile and look, ineffable nothings, and turn their heads away. What were those whispered words that lingered, and will linger in their hearts as long as the maddie in the daisy rascal-shell? What were those words that started a song in their souls sweeter than that caroled by any of the song birds there when beautiful morning waded upon them in purple and gold, and reminded them of their singing with the rattle of the breeze? They were the old, old words that young lips will forever utter.—"I love you!"

A Motto for 1880.

I have no sort of sympathy with the Republican party because of that act, and because it justified and sustained it. After such an act I have no desire to sustain the Republican party in any way. I would not vote for a party that would carry through such a fraud. I think Mr. Hayes was elected by a fraud, and I do not mean to have it said that at the next election I had forgotten it. I do not say that Mr. Hayes committed the fraud, but it was committed by his party. I have no enmity to Mr. Hayes, but after the fraud by which he became President I could not vote for any person put up for President on the Republican side who did not disavow the fraud committed. I would not support any member of that party who had any sort of mixture with that fraud. I feel that the counting out is just as much a fraud now as at the time it was perpetrated.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

Honesty as a Policy.

Gilhooley strolled into his grocer's establishment yesterday just as that distinguished statesman was opening a keg of golden-tinted oleomargarine. That looks nice. It's genuine butter, I suppose; none of your bogus stuff! queried Spilkins. Now, this is a leading question. The grocer wanted the town in the world to sell some of that oleomargarine to Gilhooley, so he spoke up at once: "Of course it is butter. Just look at the beautiful golden hue only found in dairy butter. It makes one think of cows and butter, cups just to look at it—don't it, now?" But is it butter? "Is it butter? Why, of course it is. Some people are so suspicious they want believe butter is butter unless they take it out of the churn themselves. Man shiver! just smell it. Don't it make you think you're rolling in fresh-milked hay? You can just taste the butter, isn't it like that kind of jolly, but I am going to keep up with the process, anyhow. So you haven't got any oleomargarine! Sorry, but I thought you kept a first-class establishment, and he poked out like a beautiful dress. The grocer was silent for a moment, and then he spoke confidentially to himself: "Next time I'll tell the truth if it bust me a pen."

A Fighting Parson.

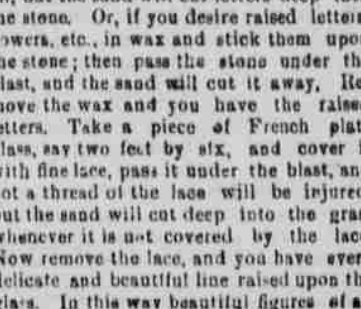
Some time since the relations between pastor and congregation in a certain colored church in Michigan became so inhospitable that it became necessary to bounce one party or the other. At a church meeting the preacher was called a liar, and in return he upset a deacon with a blow on the jaw. It was decided to submit the case to Brother Gardner in the following form:

"Blessed you was a preacher of de gospel, an' de leadin' elder of year church called you a liar! Would you whip him or forgib him?"
"If dey wants my opinion on dat case it can soon be giben," said the old man as he rose up. "I was a preacher of de gospel an' de leadin' elder, or any odder elder, called me a liar, an' he was in de church, I'd light down on him like an' elephant rolling ober a lamb! Yes, I would, an' den I'd ax him if he had any friends who I'd want to see me wid my coat off an' my muscle worked up. I doan' go a cent on de mas who gits such a libel of religion dat folks can make a foot-bail ob him.—Detroit Free Press.

The Sand Blast.

Among the wonderful and useful inventions of the times is the common sand blast. Suppose you should desire to letter a piece of marble for a gravestone; you cover the stone with a sheet of wax no thicker than a wafer, then cut in the wax, the same date etc., leaving the marble exposed. Now pass it under the blast, and the wax will not be injured at all, but the sand will cut letters deep into the stone. Or, if you desire raised letters, flowers, etc., in wax and stick them upon the stone; then pass the stone under the blast, and the sand will cut it away. Remove the wax and you have the raised letters. Take a piece of French plate glass, say two feet by six, and cover it with fine lace, pass it under the blast, and not a thread of the lace will be injured, but the sand will cut deep into the glass whenever it is not covered by the lace. Now remove the lace, and you have very delicate and beautiful line raised upon the glass. In this way beautiful figures of all kinds are cut in glass, and at a small expense. The workmen can hold their hands under the blast without harm, even when it is rapidly cutting away the hardest glass, iron or stone, but they must look out for finger nails, or they will be whittled off right hastily. If they put on steel thimbles to protect the nails, it will dole the goal, for the sand will soon whittle them away; but if they wrap a piece of soft cotton around them they are safe. You will at once see the philosophy of it. The sand whittles away and destroys any hard substance, even glass, but does not affect substances that are soft and yielding, like wax, cotton or fine laces, or even the human hand.—Scientific American.

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The Symptoms of Liver Complaint are a bitter or bad taste in the mouth; Pain in the back, Sides or Joints, often mistaken for Rheumatism; Sour Stomach; Loss of Appetite; Bowels alternately constive and loose; Headache; Loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done. Debility, Low spirits, a thick yellow appearance of the skin and eyes, a dry cough often taken for consumption.

Sometimes many of these symptoms attend the disease, at others very few; but the largest organ in the body, is generally the seat of the disease, and if not regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and death will ensue.

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