

THE CENTRAL TIMES.

E. F. YOUNG, Manager.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

C. K. GRANTHAM, Local Editor.

VOLUME I.

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The cultivation of oysters promises to be as great an industry as that of canning tomatoes.

Two hundred thousand dollars a year are spent by the London (England) School Board in enforcing the attendance of children. They are advised, by the Boston Transcript, to try the French plan of getting children to school by good lunches.

"If you are going to kill a man," says an English surgeon of renown, "and want to do it quickly and without suffering, hang him. If the hangman knows his business, the victim does not feel as much pain as if shot through the heart or brain. It's all over in the tenth of a second."

The discovery of the full text of Aristotle's "Treatise on the Constitution of Athens" among a lot of Egyptian papyrus recently received by the British Museum of London, hazards the San Francisco Chronicle, will be of great interest to all classical scholars. Perhaps the next lucky find will be the lost books of Livy.

Great anxiety is felt in Switzerland concerning the decadence of the watch making industry, which, next to the textile industry, is the mainstay of the inhabitants of the country. The profits are dwindling down, as the United States and England are every year becoming more powerful rivals in this field. The demand, too, for Swiss watches is falling off considerably in certain countries, notably in this country and in France.

The machinery now in use by the life saving service is about as perfect," asserts the Mail and Express, "as anything well can be. The crews of the various stations often perform the seemingly impossible in their brave and well directed efforts. Without their assistance and the means they have at their command hundreds of lives would have been lost on our coast during the latter part of December. In view of the heroism shown and the severe physical labor required of them, our life savers are not sufficiently paid. These men daily literally take their lives in their hands, and we do not sufficiently esteem their services."

Pennsylvania is taking an important step in the direction of better roads; a step that, in the opinion of the New York Tribune, every State should take. Railroad traveling has become so general and so perfect that the common highways of the land are largely overlooked. Yet on them is the vast bulk of traveling and transporting done, after all, and upon their condition depend to an incalculable extent the comfort and convenience and prosperity of the vast bulk of the people. The improvement of county roads is a topic that should stand well toward the head of the list in every legislative assembly, until we have brought ourselves at least to an equality with the Romans of two thousand years ago.

If the discoveries made by the State Dairy Commissioner of New Jersey afford an example of the deleterious mixtures we eat and drink in New York, there is well-founded reason for alarm, confesses the New York News. According to his report, 2186 samples of food, drugs and dairy products were examined during the year 1890, and of that number 468 samples were found to be adulterated. Out of 196 samples of cream of tartar, sixty were within the requirements of the law. More than a third of the lard was impure. Forty out of fifty bags of coffee were bogus. Frauds were found in canned French peas, jellies, honey and olive oil. In ten lots of mustard, not one was pure; pepper was an impurity, and of 110 samples of drugs, such as used in every family, forty-four samples were adulterated. Figures like the foregoing possess a lively interest in that on this side of the Hudson, the public would like to know the fact, and the remedy promptly applied.

LIFE.

One's life is like a narrow raft floating upon the hungry sea; Heron is but a little space, And all men, eager for a place, Do thrust each other in the sea; And each man, eager for a place, Does thrust his brother in the sea. And so our life is with fears, And so the sea is salt with tears, Ah, well is this, thou art asleep! Ah, well is this, thou art asleep!

Our life is like a curious play, Where each man hideth from himself, Yet he is open as the day. One mask does to the other say, When he would deeper hide himself. "Let us be open as the day." That he may better hide himself, And so the world goes round and round, Until our life with rest is crowned. Ah, well is this, thou art asleep! Ah, well is this, thou art asleep!

—The Path.

THE ROOM-MATES.

BY JOHN B. RAYMOND.

Henry Hadley and John Ashton had roomed together for six months, but had never exchanged a word. There was no quarrel between them; they were not deaf mutes; they were normal, every-day young men and one, at least, longed ardently to hear the other's voice.

It came about in this way: Hadley was a reporter on the *News-Herald*, where he had filled a certain round of dry-as-dust assignments for years and was not much liked by his associates. He had a tendency to drug; he wore faint "mutton-chop" side-whiskers and turned up the bottoms of his trousers when it rained. But he was really a capital fellow, and in spite of his prosaic exterior he had a little romance of his own. He was engaged to be married, and Alice Tyler was a girl of whom any one might well be proud. She was the niece of a friend of Hadley's, and when he proposed to her, after a long, despairing courtship, he was astounded to find himself accepted. It seemed incredible that such a perfect creature could ever be his own, but after he had somewhat recovered from his transports his practical nature asserted itself, and he began to retrench his expenses in preparation for the event. Thus it was that he eventually answered an advertisement for a room-mate.

It so happened that the other occupant of the room was also a reporter, although a very different stamp of man. John Ashton was a meteoric genius. He was a waif from distant Bohemia. His forte was the strange, the odd, and the grotesque, and his startling and unlooked-for strokes had gone far toward making the *Chronicle* famous. In his field he was invaluable, and he had long since killed his chance for promotion by using it too much.

The *News-Herald*, as everybody knows, is published in the afternoon, while the *Chronicle* is a morning daily, and Hadley, who had made his arrangements through the landlady, was disappointed, when he awoke early on the first day in his new quarters, to find that his roommate, who had let himself in sometime during the night, was then asleep in the little alcove opposite his own. He had promised himself much pleasure from the society of a man whose work he so much admired, but the pale, handsome face and slight form, relaxed in the languor of deep sleep, prompted him to dress as quietly as possible and slip out without awakening the other.

It turned out, to Hadley's infinite chagrin, and probably to Ashton's secret amusement, that this was no mere accident. The former went to work early in the morning and his duties ended when the big presses threw out the first copy of the last edition, at about dusk. Ashton, on the other hand, roused a little after noon, lounged about until dark and left his desk any time between one and three o'clock at night. Consequently, when he reached the room he invariably found Hadley asleep, and when he awoke he was the only occupant. And vice versa. Several things conspired to maintain this fantastic relationship. Their offices were remote from one another. Their work was essentially different. It did not make common resorts or mutual friends. So it easily chanced that by day they never met.

Such was the curious train of events which had carried them through one summer and into an autumn that brought to Hadley many a miserable heartache. A shadow had somehow fallen across the honest fellow's love affair. It was hardly to be defined in terms; that was the worst of it—it was so intangible; so difficult to say just what was wrong. There was a change in Alice. She was silent; she was distraught; her tears came and went like April rain. Yet she protested that nothing was amiss, and met his well-meant questioning with an impatience that surprised and frightened him; for he did not know very much of women, and her asseverations sounded to his ears like confessions in disguise. Above all, he felt a cumbersome uselessness to cope with the situation. It was like a plow-boy essaying to probe a sensitive wound, and at length he feared to speak lest he should precipitate some unknown crisis.

Thus it was, when at dusk one autumn day he walked from the office to Alice's home to pay one of his customary visits. It was an indolent evening, suave with the spell of Indian summer, and through the dreamy haze that wrapped the city even the hum of traffic sounded faint and harmonious; like a choir of giant insects at the approach of night. He fell into a vague reverie as he walked on, and when he stopped mechanically before the house he did not ring at once, but sat down upon a little bench just within the gate and masked by lilac-bushes.

The narcotic calm of the scene and hour had lulled him into serenity, and night fell unmarked, until, at length, a familiar voice broke in upon his meditations. He recognized it on the instant as Alice's, but it was mingled with deeper tones that were unfamiliar to him. Although no words had yet detached themselves from the tangle of sound, it

seemed to him that one voice was urging and one remonstrating. Presently they came nearer and stopped by the gate.

"Oh, I cannot! I cannot! some one cried. It was Alice's voice, and although there was not a jot of the spy in Hadley's nature, something in the intonation held him spell-bound.

"But why not?" said the other voice, a melodious baritone—low, persuasive, thrilling. "But why not? It was a conditional promise; the conditions have changed and that is—"

"No; it is not that," broke in the girl. She was speaking quietly, but a pathetic little quaver ran through her words. "Oh, can't you understand! He is honest and true, and I could not break his heart!"

A moisture sprang on Hadley's forehead and very slowly he opened and closed his hands. There was pause, and then the pleasant baritone again:

"Are there no rivers in Damascus? What of my heart, Alice?" Hadley heard no more. Something seemed to suffocate him. His breath went no further than his throat, and the dusky web of lilac-branches danced in black and shapeless phantasmas before his eyes. He was dimly conscious of a patter of feet, a wave of perfume, and a gust of yellow light as the hall door clasped open and shut, and then he knew he was alone again.

Alone! A hideous sense of loss, and bitter, hopeless desolation, such as he had never felt and never dreamed of, overwhelmed him. He did not think; he did not dare to think. He staggered to his feet, opened the gate and passed out. To run away, to elude this thing as if it was some sentient, palpable pursuer, was the first impulse that possessed him, and he hurried on, blindly, stumblingly, he knew not where. How far he walked that he had no means of knowing, but when he stopped it was on a thronging thoroughfare, before the window a great emporium, aquiver with electric lights. He drew a long breath and pulled himself together. An illuminated dial that punctured the gloom of the upper air marked after midnight, and a faintness began to assail him, a deadly reaction that turned his knees to water. The careless, alien crowd jarred on him, the barbaric splendor of the windows smote upon his brain; he wanted to be alone, and presently he saw the open doorway of a cafe and entered.

A few people sat at tables here and there, and on one hand were the curtained doorways of a row of little rooms or stalls. He walked instinctively toward one of these and drew the drapery aside. A man within, who was musing, apparently, over a bottle and a half-eaten meal, turned at the sound, and the room-mates looked one another in the face.

Ashton was the first to recover himself, and sprang up with outstretched hand.

"Why, my dear fellow!" he exclaimed, "Am I indebted to insomnia for this pleasure?"

Hadley took his hand absently, but did not at once reply. What was there about that voice, with its plausible, vibrating timbre, that thrilled him so?

"I have been a little troubled," he said, hesitatingly, "and tried to—walk it off."

"Ha! And came in here, I dare say, to drown it in drink, as the proverb goes. My word for it, trouble is the thickest of all sorrows in drink once, and when I was under the table there was the sorrow, sober as a judge. But I'll tell you something, Hadley, it won't stand feeding. The proper thing to do when you're in is mutton chops and fried potatoes. Suppose we put it to the touch. Waiter!"

"Hold!" said Hadley, who burned to stop this badinage. "I am not hungry—not in the least. Let me sit down a moment and think."

He sank into a vacant chair and gazed at the other with a sudden, haggard intensity. A thought had just occurred to his distracted mind. Why was not this man, so bright, so versatile, so self-contained, so in rapport with the great world and its usages—why was not he the very man of all men to give him counsel in this predicament?

"Ashton," he said, "I am in distress. Will you give me your advice?"

Ashton smiled gently.

"You have come to a good shop for advice," he said. "My whole life is more or less a warning. However, if I can be of any service to you, blaze away. Out with it, my boy!"

But Hadley did not find the story so easy to tell.

"I am engaged to be married," he said, at length.

"Ho! ho!" cried Ashton. "If I force a stern protest with a prodigal against literary characters." Then something in the other's face checked him, and he dropped his tone of levity. "Forgive me," he said, gently. "What is this trouble of yours? You need not mention the lady's name, of course. Make it a hypothetical case."

"Oh, no!" said Hadley. "I can confide in you. She is the best girl in the world. Her name is Alice Tyler."

Ashton was leaning over the table toying with a glass, but at the words he rose involuntarily and fixed his eyes upon the other with strange and challenging regard. Hadley paused for a moment with a dim and troubled conscience that he had touched some hidden spring; but only for a moment, and then, slowly and incoherently, he told his story. Ashton sank back as he proceeded and heard him in silence to the end.

"Do you know this man?" he asked, when it was done.

"No," replied Hadley, gloomily. "What does it matter to her?"

Ashton did not reply; he seemed lost in thought.

"Hadley," he demanded, suddenly, "do you really intend to marry this girl? But pshaw!" he continued, "you are too honest to be a trifer. And this fellow—why, a thousand to one he is amusing himself looking for a new sensation, and has no more use for a wife than he would have for a bishopric. You must have saved some money, have you not?"

"Yes," said Hadley, rather surprised; "I have a few thousand dollars in bank."

"Well," sighed Ashton, "this is a world of fact, but we can't all grasp it. Some men are made for homes and some are not. I might have ten times your income, and the last chapter would find me a vagabond. I tell you, Hadley, you have no real rival. This is a shadow that has already passed, and shadows leave no trace."

"What shall I do?" he asked.

"Do! Why, do nothing. For heaven's sake don't distress the girl with questions. I tell you this belongs to the past. Forget it. Bury it. Act as if nothing had happened, and all will come right in the end. If I were you I would make it convenient to be away for a few days. She will miss you, depend upon it, and you can begin where you left off. Can't you arrange to go away?"

"I think so," said Hadley. "When had I best go?"

"Go to-morrow. You will come back a new man and find her eager to welcome you."

Hadley reflected a moment.

"I will take your advice," he said.

When he returned home, at the close of the week, from a brief visit to a neighboring city, he mounted the stairs with an eager step, but paused, perplexed, in the open door. The room was dismantled of much of its furniture, and looked bare and unfamiliar. He entered, almost timidly, and read this legend, chalked upon the looking-glass:

KEEP WHAT TRAPS OF MINE YOU FIND. HAVE Migrated. GONE WEST. GOOD-BYE. GOOD LUCK TO YOU. J. A.

"It was an extraordinary thing," he used to say in after times, when he and Alice were happily mated. "Here was a brilliant, successful man, with the world before him, one might say, who pulls up stakes all of a sudden, goes out West, goes to the dogs, and inside a year winds up in a dance-hall fight with a bullet through his head. No, I can't say why he did it; he never mentioned it to me, although we roomed together over six months."—*Frank Leslie's*.

Frozen 600 Feet Deep.

For many years scientists have been perplexed over the phenomenon of a certain well at Yakutsk, Siberia. As long ago as 1828 a Russian merchant began to sink this noted well, and after working on it three years gave it up as a bad job, having at that time sunk it to a depth of thirty feet without getting through the frozen-ground. He communicated these facts to the Russian Academy of Science, who sent men to take charge of the digging operation at the wonderful well. These scientific gentlemen toiled away at their work for several years, but at last abandoned it when a depth of 382 feet had been reached with the earth still frozen as hard as a rock. In 1844 the accident had the temperature of the soil at the sides of the well taken at various depths. From the data thus obtained they came to the startling conclusion that the ground was frozen to a depth exceeding 600 feet. Although it is known to meteorologists that the pole of the lowest known temperature is in that region of Siberia, it is conceded that not even that rigorous climate could force frost to such a great depth below the surface. After figuring on the subject for over a quarter of a century geologists have at last come to the conclusion that the great frozen valley of the Lena River was deposited, frozen just as it is found to-day, during the great grinding up era of the glacial epoch.—*Chicago Herald*.

Marvelous Piece of Mechanism.

Another marvelous piece of mechanism has recently been exhibited in Paris. It is an eight-day clock, which chimes the quarters, plays sixteen tunes, playing three tunes every hour, or at any interval required, by simply touching a spring. The hands go as follows: One once a minute, one once an hour, one once a week, one once a month and one once a year. It shows the moon's age, rising and setting of the sun, the time of high and low tide, besides showing half ebb and half flow. A curious device represents the water, showing ships at high-water tide as if they were in motion; and, as it recedes, leaves them high and dry on the sands. The clock shows the hour of the day, the day of the week, the day of the month and the month of the year. The mechanism is so arranged as to make its own provisions for long and short months. It also shows the signs of the zodiac and difference between sun and railroad time for every day in the year.—*Boston Transcript*.

Uniting Aluminum With Glass.

Bradford McGreggor, the mechanical expert of Cincinnati, Ohio, has succeeded after numerous experiments in uniting aluminum with glass, and he claims to be the first who has done so. A large piece of aluminum with a glass tube in the centre was turned in his lathe and it was impossible to detect the slightest flaw or joint where they came together. In fact, it appears as one solid mass. Heretofore, no metal could be made to unite with glass in which the contraction and expansion were the same, and it is claimed this will create a revolution in the way of reducing the cost of incandescent lights as it will take the place of platinum, which costs \$320 a pound, while the new discovery will not cost \$10.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

The Wonderful "Changeable Flower."

During the summer of 1890 the botanists made a wonderful discovery in Tehuantepec, Mexico, having established the fact beyond a doubt that the native "hinta" has a flower that changes its color three or more times each day when the weather is favorable. In the morning it is white; at noon it has changed to a deep red; at night it is blue. It is even claimed that some individual trees of this species have a flower that changes to many intermediate hues during the night. There are only two hours out of the twenty-four, from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M., that this rarity gives out a perfume.—*St. Louis Republic*.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Mistake—An Example Not Followed—New and True—Example Carried Out, Etc., Etc.

A barber, a bald man, and a thirdly a fool, Together a journey had made, But fatigue overtook them just at the end, So they all laid down inside the shade.

The barber, by lot, was compelled to stand guard, And he, while the others slept sound, Shaved the head of the fool so cleanly, in deed, That he was a hair curler found.

On waking the fool put his hand to his head, Nor did he the barber's joke see: "You rascal," said he, "you've awaked my head, The bald-headed man and not me."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

EASILY CARRIED OUT.

She (piqued)—"I don't know exactly what to make of you, Mr. Blair."

He (eager to suggest)—"Er—why not try a husband?"—*American Grocer*.

A DUBIOUS COMPLIMENT.

She—"I'm so glad you have come!"

He—"Are you really?"

She—"Yes; for if you had not, there would have been thirteen at the table."—*Epoch*.

A DEFINITION OF SELF-DENIAL.

Teacher—"Will some one explain what is meant by self-denial?"

Small Boy—"Please, mum, it's givin' the whole of your angle to your little sister."—*Yankee Blade*.

THEN HE WENT AWAY.

Mr. Stayne Stigh (at 11:59 P. M.)—"Well, I really must go, Miss de Muir, I suppose I've staid too late!"

Miss de Muir (after)—"Oh, better late than never!"—*Puck*.

SANGUINARY CUTS.

"My barber told me your funny story this morning," said Smithers.

"I judge from the condition of your face it was illustrated with cuts," put in Wiggles.—*Chicago News*.

NO ONE ELSE WILL INVEST.

"Jabson has got tired of attending to his business all alone, so he is going to incorporate himself."

"Well, he'll have to take all the stock himself."—*New York Sun*.

AN EXAMPLE NOT FOLLOWED.

He (looking at the clock)—"Ah! time flies!"

She (sighing)—"Yes, and how few emulate the excellent example which time sets."—*New York Herald*.

NEW AND TRUE.

Teacher—"Willie, spell felt."

Willie—"F-e-l-t."

Teacher—"Right. Jimmie, what is felt?"

Jimmie—"Alieckin'."—*Epoch*.

NEVER EXAGGERATE.

Florence—"The idea of saying you were only twenty-three!"

Bessie—"You forgot mamma told us that it is always better to understate than to exaggerate, my dear."—*American Grocer*.

PAYMENT DEFERRED.

Mr. Myser—"The doctor cannot get here for two hours."

"Good," returned Mrs. Myser. "Six per cent. on \$5 for two hours is not much of a saving, but every little helps."—*New York Sun*.

USES OF ADVERTISING.

Wool—"That young Russian, Dr. Stepinoutoffewski, makes very perceptible use of his outlandish name."

Van Pelt—"What does he do with it?"

Wool—"Uses it for bandages!"

TAKES TWO TO MAKE A BARGAIN.

Mrs. Wedgewood—"I know my cross at times, John, but if I had my life to live over again I would marry you just the same."

Mr. Wedgewood—"I have my doubts about it, my dear."—*Chicago News*.

A YOUTHFUL CYNIC.

Tommy (after watching the bride and groom come down the aisle)—"I'm never going to get married."

Mother—"Why not, dear?"

Tommy—"Just look at those two. She's crying, and he looks sorry already."

A FALLING OFF IN SURROUNDINGS.

"Smithers is awfully unlucky. He built himself a chateau in Switzerland—a beautiful location—but all of a sudden the neighborhood rained down."

"Unhealthy!"

"Not exactly. Avalanche."—*New York Sun*.

VERY MIND.

Mrs. Dorcas—"I think we should help the poor people in the neighborhood. Now, if I send food, what will you send?"

Mrs. Flighty—"Me! Oh, I will send an old receipt book, so they can cook the food properly!"

SHOWED HER GOOD SENSE.

Johnson—"When I do marry I intend to marry a sensible girl if I can find one."

Tomson—"Now, there's Miss Sharpe; she fitted me!"

Johnson—"Just the girl I want. Won't you introduce me?"—*Chicago News*.

A STRATEGIST.

Wife (reproachfully)—"Why, John, I thought you disliked a piano so that you never would have bought one. You know how the next-door neighbor has tortured us with that hateful thing."

John (sympathizingly)—"Be calm, my

PROOF AND PUNISHMENT ONE.

Primus—"Howard says the phenologist he consulted was a fraud."

Secundus—"How so?"

Primus—"He told Howard his bump of memory was abnormally large, and yet Howard says he came off and forgot to pay the man his fee."—*The Continent*.

A CAUTIOUS MAN.

"I never do anything with my eyes shut," said Mr. Topnoody, with an air of great self-confidence.

"Nothing at all?" asked his wife, mildly.

"Absolutely nothing, madam."

"No?" she queried. "That's funny. How do you sleep?" and Topnoody went into a comatose condition.—*Washington Star*.

THE CANNIBAL'S PUN.

"I think," said the cannibal jester to the three figures who had assisted him in consuming a tourist. "I think you should put the deceased down on our minute book as 'Ruling Passion.' He was so strong in death, you know."

"Strong in death?" enquiringly remarked King Po Fum, picking his teeth with a splinter of bone.

"Yes," returned the jester, complacently, patting his paunch. "Hasn't it taken four of us to hold him?"—*Boston Courier*.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

A stranger once walked into a Massachusetts court and spent some time watching the proceedings. By and by a man was brought up for contempt of court and fined; whereupon the stranger rose and said:

"How much was the fine?"

"Five dollars," replied the clerk.

"Well," said the stranger, laying down the money, "if that's all, I'd like to jine in. I've had a few hours' experience of this court, and no one can feel a greater contempt for it than I do, and I am willing to pay for it."—*The Green Bag*.

A WITNESS WHO WOULDN'T BE BULLIED.

"I was trying a case before Judge Hoffman," said General Barnes, "in which the witnesses were all country people. The testimony of one of them was very damaging to my client, and I sought to trip him up and lay ground for the purpose of impeaching him. He stood me off, however, and then I sought to show he was a man of bad character. I bullied him a bit, and asked:

"Do you know any respectable or reputable people in San Francisco?"

"I think not," he said.

"What? Don't you know one respectable and reputable man?" and I gazed at him after the fashion of Joe Reading.

"I don't know a reputable or respectable man in the entire city," said the witness. "In fact, General Barnes, you are the only man whose acquaintance I have."

"I excused the witness," the General is reported to say.—*The Waco*.

Frost Kills Fishes.

One of the incidents of a hard and long continued frost if the suffocation of fish and eels in small ponds where no thoughtful person has broken holes in the ice to permit the aeration of the water which is necessary for the continuance of fish life. When ponds are thus hermetically sealed eels appear to suffer more than any other fish. On a hole broken they come to the surface in a half dying condition and are easily caught. At Digits, near Worcester, a number of eels have been caught in this way, the instrument of capture being a pair of blacksmith's tongs.

In the pond at Dulwich an enormous eel has been killed. The water was entirely covered with ice, and a hole being made, a great eel came to the surface. It appeared to be in a comatose condition and was taken out without much difficulty. It measured thirteen feet nine inches in length, was twelve inches round the thickest part and weighed nine pounds. But, though eels, along with other fish, suffer from insufficient aeration of the water in small covered ponds there is no doubt that they are peculiarly susceptible to cold as well.

There are several instances of conger eels being washed ashore in great numbers during the continuance of severe frosts. Their skin blades being tightly distended. In 1841 great quantities of eels were killed in the River Lagan by the frost and floated down to the quays at Belfast. There are, however, instances of eels which had been literally frozen and quite brittle reviving after an hour or so spent in a tub of water placed in a warm room.—*London Graphic*.

A Man of Manua.

The sudden appearance upon the ground of a considerable supply of an edible substance astonished certain people of Asiatic Turkey one day last August. It came during a heavy fall of rain between Merdin and Diarbekir, and covered a circular area some six or eight miles in circumference. Some of it was gathered up and made into bread, which was of good taste and very digestible. Specimens of the substance have since been submitted to botanists, who find that it is in form of small grains, yellow outside and white and mealy inside, and that it is a lichen known to occur in some of the arid regions of Western Asia. It is supposed that the grains were drawn up in a water spout and transported by the wind at a considerable height in the atmosphere. A French traveler has reported that a similar fall of this lichen occurred in many parts of Persia in 1828, when it covered the ground to the depth of nearly an inch, and was eaten by animals and collected by the inhabitants. Many other falls are said to have been mentioned.—*Trenton (N. J.) American*.

A MONSTER BATTLE SHIP.

HOW OUR NAVY WILL BE REPRESENTED AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

A Big Structure to be Made in Imitation of One of the New Coast Line Vessels.

One of the striking features of "The World's Columbian Exposition" will be the naval exhibit, a part of which will be the structure itself, which to all outward appearance will represent the new coast line battle ships now being constructed at Philadelphia and San Francisco, after the design of the bureau of construction.

The battle ship of 1893 will be erected on piling on the lake front in the northeast corner of Jackson Park, Chicago, and being surrounded by water will have the appearance of being moored to a wharf. It is to have all the fittings that belong to the actual ship, such as guns, torpedoes, torpedoes, torpedoes, and booms, with boats, anchors, chain cables, davits, awnings, deck fittings, etc., together with all appliances for working the same. Officers, seamen, mechanics and marines will be detailed by the Navy Department during the exposition and the discipline and mode of life on our naval vessels will be completely shown.

The dimensions will be those of the actual battle ship: Length, 348 feet, and width amidships, sixty-nine feet three inches, tapering to a point at the bow and stern. From the water line to the top of the main deck, twelve feet on top and in the central position of which is a superstructure eight feet high, with a hammock berthing resting on the same seven feet high, and above these will be the bridge, chart house and the boats.

The structure will, as stated before, rest on piles as a foundation. The berth deck, or main exhibit floor, will be composed of brick plates laid upon the foundation on top of which there is to be a substantial layer of brick concrete. The sides of the hull are to be made of brick, stepped to give contour, over which there will be a filling of gravel concrete thickly coated with cement. The ends, or stem and stern, are to be "shaped" with iron plates. On the inside of the walls and over the concrete on the berth deck there will be a coating of cement, thus making the exhibition hall fire proof and free from moisture.

The main and superstructure decks will have a crown of six inches in sixty-nine feet. The deck plank will be yellow pine six inches wide and two inches thick, the seams of which will be calked. The main deck beams will be steel, and the iron tube pillars to be used to further support the beams. Gutters shaped with galvanized iron are carried around the boundary of the decks, from which numerous conductors carry the water that may fall on the deck down to cuppers close to the water line.

The turrets and redoubts for the eight-inch and twelve-inch guns are to be made up of cement on their mechanical fastenings to a wood framing and are to have all the ingenious appliances for operating them.

A thirteen-inch gun is forty-four feet long and weighs, with its carriage (technically termed its "mount"), 115 tons. The transportation and placing of so much weight upon a structure such as is described being impracticable, the difficulty of showing what the real battle ship carries has been overcome by building the gun of cement over a wooden tube to be filled and fitted with breech plug complete, the finish of the cement to be such as to give it the appearance of an actual gun. The eight-inch guns are to be made up in the same manner as the thirteen-inch guns, with two exceptions, which will be bona fide steel guns, six-pounders, one-pounders, galleys and torpedo guns, with all their mechanism, are to be furnished by the Government direct from the naval gun factories. The exterior of the entire structure will be painted in accordance with the navy regulations so as to give it the exact appearance of a vessel of war. It is thought that the resemblance will be so close as to pass undetected except by a skilled expert.

The entrance to the vessel will be from the pier at the foot of Fifty-ninth street. The entrance will be through a hatch, thence down companion or hatchways to the berth deck, where a spacious room, the whole length and width of the vessel, is to be filled with the naval exhibits. The entrance at the pier will have a register turnstile to record the number of visits. The exit will be from another point of the structure. The superstructure will show the cabins, state rooms, mess rooms, galley and fittings, mess tables for crew, lockers, etc.; also the method in which officers and enlisted men live according to the rules of the navy. It will present, it is said, a convincing proof of the statement that the sailors of the United States navy are the best paid, the best fed and the best treated men of any navy in the world.

On the superstructure deck and bridge will be shown the manner in which the rapid-fire guns, search lights, boats, etc., are handled. On the berth deck will be shown the various fittings pertaining to the hull, machinery, ordnance, etc., in short, the thousand and one things that go to make up the outfit of a ship of war. Each bureau will have an officer and other representatives in control of its special exhibit, and the hydrographic office, intelligence office and Naval Academy will be also represented. The traditional costumes of the sailors of the navy from 1773 to 1848 will be shown by janitors dressed in those costumes. These men will be specially engaged for this purpose, and about six in number will have charge of the rooms containing revolutionary and other relics of the old navy. On the starboard side of the ship will be shown the torpedo protection net, stretched the entire length of the vessel. Steam launches and cutters will ride at the booms and all the outward appearance of a real ship of war be imitated.—*Washington Star*.

Maine's hay crop of the past season was estimated at 1,600,000 tons.