State Library

THE CENTRAL TIMES.

E. F. YOUNG, Manager. "LIVE AND LET LIVE." G. K. GRANTHAM, Local Editor.

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The Central Times.

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—BY—
E. F. Young and G. K. Grantham.

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Official Directory.

COURT HOUSE. LILLINGTON, N. C.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Sheriff—COLIN McALTAN.
Clerk Superior Court—G. E. PRINCE.
Register of Deeds—H. T. SPEARS.
Treasurer—A. L. BYRD.
Commissioners: W. F. MARSH, Ed. SMITH, N. A. SMITH, W. F. SWANN, J. M. HODGES.

TOWN OFFICERS, DUNN, N. C.

Mayor—J. F. PHILLIPS.
Chief of Police—N. T. CREEL.
Town Clerk—M. L. WADE.
Commissioners: J. A. TAYLOR, M. F. GAINEY, J. H. BALLANCE, E. LEE, E. F. YOUNG.

ALLIANCE.

The County Alliance meets on the 2nd Friday in January, April, July and October at Lillington, N. C.
J. S. HOLT, Pres't. WM. SEXTON, Sec'y

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

DUNN CIRCUIT.

Methodist Episcopal—REV. J. D. PEGRAM, PASTOR. Charges—Dunn, 2nd Sunday night and 4th Sunday and night. Sunday School every Sunday at 3 o'clock. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night. Black's Chapel, 1st Sunday morning. Avera's School House, 2nd Sunday morning. Elevation, 3rd Sunday morning. Benson, 3rd Sunday afternoon.

Missionary Baptist Church, Carthage, N. C.—REV. W. F. WATSON, PASTOR.—Services 2nd Sunday morning and night. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9½ o'clock. Prayer meeting every Thursday night.

Presbyterian—REV. G. A. HOUGH, PASTOR. Services every 1st Sunday morning and night. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9½ o'clock.

Disciples—REV. J. R. TINGLE, PASTOR.—Services every 3rd Sunday morning and night. Sunday School 2:00 o'clock every Sunday. Prayer meeting every Thursday night.

Free Will Baptist—REV. R. A. JOHNSON, PASTOR. Services every 3rd Sunday. Sunday School every Sunday morning.

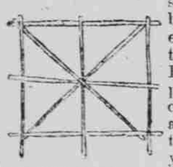
LODGE DIRECTORY.

LUCKNOW LODGE No. 115, I. O. O. F.—Regular meeting every Tuesday night. F. P. Jones, N. G., I. W. Taylor, V. G., G. K. Grantham, Secretary.

PALMYRA LODGE No. 147, A. F. and A. M. Regular meeting 3rd Saturday morning and Friday night before 1st Sunday. I. W. Taylor, W. M., F. P. Jones, S. W., J. L. Phillips, J. W., R. A. Johnson, Treasurer, S. W. Parker, Secretary; W. A. Johnson and Eldridge Lee, Stewards; R. J. Norris, Tyler.

Toothpick Fun

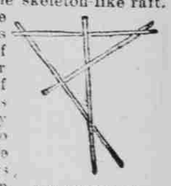
One of the most picturesque of the toothpick tricks is called "The Explosive Raft." It can be formed with eight picks in this manner: First, cross two picks, place another pick on top, and hold the three firmly with your thumb and finger; then insert another pick under the two at the top and over the one in the center, and do likewise with those at the bottom. Then the raft is half completed. Turn it around, place another pick across the center and wedge two more sticks under and over the ends of those at the sides.



THE EXPLOSIVE RAFT.

Then the work is finished and the little affair is ready to be blown up. Of course there is a great deal of tension on the picks, but this must be released with a lighted match. Apply the flame to one of the corners, and in a few moments you will witness two "explosions" that will rend the raft apart and hurl its timbers in the air. This will prove an unfailing source of amusement to the little ones, whose deft fingers will probably have no difficulty in making the skeleton-like raft.

Next comes "The Monogram." This trick consists of making the letter "X" and "V" out of four picks. This would be a very simple thing to do were it not for the fact that the letters must be interwoven in such a manner that they will not fall to pieces when they are lifted up. It is done in this fashion: Hold one pick in the left hand, place the end of another on it near the bottom, inclining it upward at an angle of about 30 degrees; at the same angle insert the third pick under the first near the top and wedge a fourth under and over the ends on the right and the deed is done. With a little patience and a steady hand it is easily performed.



THE MONOGRAM.

THE Colonial Government of Victoria (Australia) is offering a bonus to encourage the growth of tobacco. According to the regulations drawn up the sum of $250 will be paid for every 2,000 pounds of tobacco grown and manufactured in the colony. The maximum payment to any one manufacturer is not to exceed $2,500. This practically means a remission of the excise duty, which Mr. Ferguson, as the representative of a large tobacco-growing district, stated in the legislative assembly was one of the principal causes of the decline of the industry.

O DEAR TO-DAY.

You are mine, all mine, O, dear, to-day,
From the earliest gleam of your golden dawn,
'Till the twilight takes you forever away,
And the hours that you promised me now are gone.

Oh, what shall I do with you, dear, to-day—
Shall I hold you close, and never share
The bliss that comes with your sunny light
To my seeing eyes with the blind man there?

Oh, what shall I ask of you, dear, to day—
More blessings still for my goodly store—
The gift of a hundred happy thoughts,
Or the love and the trust of one heart more?

Oh, what shall I say to you, dear, to-day,
As you glide so swiftly and silently by—
That I'm glad, so glad, that you came to me,
And sorry, so sorry, to see you die?

Oh, what shall I be to you, dear, to-day,
When the cold, dark night shall bid you flee,
And the hours of another morning stand
Relentless and stern 'twixt you and me?

Oh, what shall I make of you, dear, to-day—
In the chain of my life another link,
That shall guide with other radiant ones
My path to the Beautiful River's brink?

—*Eva Best, in Detroit Free Press.*

UNCLE EBEN'S MINERALS.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Alix! Alix! where are you?"

Alexia Ames stood like some avenging Fate in the middle of the square room at Amescroft Farm. She had pulled up every tack in the well-worn ingrain carpet—the one "store carpet" that the humble establishment afforded—and had flung it bodily out of the window, where it had descended with crushing weight on the fiery-red blossoms of a monster "burning bush."

She had opened every casement wide, so that the yellow light of the glorious May morning streamed in, a flood of crystal glory.

She had tied her auburn hair up in an old towel, and stood on a wooden chair-seat, brushing cobwebs from the ceiling with an ancient broom, like the proverbial "old woman" of the nursery rhyme.

At the sound of her sister's voice she stopped abruptly.

"I'm here," said she.

"What are you doing, Alix?"

"I'm trying to civilize things a little."

"All alone by yourself, Alix?"

"There's no one to help me?"

"Can't you wait until Bridget Reirdon comes to-morrow?"

Alix shook her toweled head.

"This is one of the cases," said she, "where patience has ceased to be a virtue. No, I can't wait a day longer."

Ellen looked anxiously around the room.

"Why, what have you done with everything?" said she.

"Cleared them all out. If we are going to have summer boarders, we must get ready for them. Uncle Eben occupies our best bedroom, and is likely to for some time; consequently this must be fitted up for boarders."

Ellen sighed deeply.

"I wish we weren't so poor," said she. "I wish we could live without filling our house every summer with a crowd of noisy strangers."

"Why don't you wish for Aladdin's lamp, or the Kohinoor diamond while you are about it?" said Alix, scornfully.

"Alix, why have you grown so bitter of late?" pleaded the gentler of the sisters. "I don't hardly know you!"

"Am I bitter?" Alix stood still and hesitated for an instant or so. "Well, perhaps I am. But is it not enough to make any one bitter, this constant current of disappointment?"

"I don't know that we have any more to bear than others, Alix."

"You do, too!" cried Alix, springing down from her wooden chair, with burning cheeks and eyes alight. "You know you do, Ellen Ames! Here you are engaged to Henry Lucas and can't marry until he can give you a home; here are we weighed to the very earth with poverty and care, and this old uncle of ours, coming back from a lifetime of shiftlessness in New Mexico, to place an additional burden on our shoulders."

"He is old and poor, Alix."

"Very well, I'm young and poor. Where's the difference? Of the two, I maintain that he is the better off."

Ellen looked at her stormy-tempered sister with troubled eyes.

Evidently she thought it best not to continue the subject.

"What have you done with the little case of butterflies and birds' nests?" said she; "and the cabinet of minerals and the paper box of stones?"

"Tumbled them back of the gooseberry bushes," said Alix. "I can't have the room cluttered with all the trash he brought back in that wooden chest of his."

"Couldn't you have stored them away in the old chest itself?"

"Nonsense! Such stuff as that? And, besides, it would have been quite impossible, for I've had Billy chop the old ark up into kindling wood. He'll never know!"

"Oh, Alix!"

"I don't care!" flashed out Alix, with a reckless toss of her head. "It's too bad! Everything goes wrong with us, and mother is utterly overworked, and I'm clear discouraged, and—and—"

All of a sudden her factitious courage broke down. She sank in a little heap on the floor, her head on the wooden chair-seat, and her masses of auburn hair escaping wildly from the towel, while her whole frame shook with sobs and bright tears trickled down her cheeks.

At the same moment Mrs Ames's soft, tremulous voice was heard, calling:

"Ellen! Alexia! Where are you, girls? Your uncle is took dreadful bad! Run, one of you, for the doctor! And t'other one, come and help me lift him!"

Ellen flew to her mother's assistance and Alix mechanically tore the towel from her curls, exchanged it for a bonnet and hastened to summon Doctor Dodd, who lived at the other end of the village.

"Is it my fault?" she asked herself. "Was it because I repined? Oh, dear, oh dear, what a wicked girl I must be! But everything seemed so hard and cruel, and—and—I couldn't endure it."

Late in the afternoon she peeped into the sickroom, shy and shrinking, like a frightened child. "Is he worse?" she whispered.

Mrs. Ames came to the door, a slight, soft-eyed woman, like a human dove.

"You needn't speak so low, daughter," said she. "He can't hear you. He's quite unconscious."

"Why does he keep muttering so?"

"I think he's wandering in his mind—poor old Uncle Eben! Oh, dear—oh, dear! And I can remember him such a portly, handsome man," added the widow, wiping her eyes. "He was the youngest of all the brothers. Come in, Alix, and see him. He's spoken your name two or three times. Don't look so startled, dear. He seems quite happy and composed. He's talking all the while about those curiosities of his—the minerals, you know, and things."

Involuntarily Alix's eyes met the gently reproachful glance of her sister's. The sudden scarlet mounted to her cheek.

"Oh, Ellen, don't look at me so!" she exclaimed. "I brought them every one back—yes, I did—and I put them exactly where they were before. Do you think I could have come into this room if it hadn't been for that?"

And she went up and stood by the bedside, her eyes full of tender tears, her voice pitiful and low.

"Uncle Eben," said she, "do you know me?"

"It's Alix, ain't it?" crooned the old man, after a moment's silence. "Alexander's oldest girl. The prettiest one. Yes, it's Alix—and she's to have my curiosities—all of them, mind! Nell has got a lover, and that ought to be enough for any girl. But Alix is alone, and Alix shall have my curiosities."

"Thank you, Uncle Eben!" said Alix, as the invalid paused, expectant of answer.

And then he began to prate of South American forests and the ruined mission houses of New Mexico, and shortly after he died.

And when Alix finished cleaning the spare room, she left the poor little treasures in the drawer of an old-fashioned book-case there.

"I couldn't have the heart to throw them away a second time," said she, "after what he said to me. It was like a child giving one shining pebbles or wilted buttercups, with the idea that they were precious treasures. But I'm glad he said it. It seemed to soften my heart; and, oh, it was very hard and bitter just then! And I didn't know—how could I?—that I should miss him so much!"

It was late in the summer when one of the neighboring girls came in.

"Miss Alix," said she, "you told our Becky she could have a basket of gooseberries, didn't you—them purple, prickly berries, that grows down by the garden wall?"

"Of course I did," Alix answered, crisply. "I knew your grandma liked gooseberry jam."

"Well, look here," said Fanny Rice, opening her closed hand. "See what she picked up there."

"A little sparkling stone, isn't it?"

"It's an opal," said Fanny, in a mysterious whisper.

"A—what?"

"An opal."

"Nonsense, child! What are you talking about?" cried Alix, scornfully.

"But it is an opal. John Lytton, who works at Tiffany's, in New York, is down visiting his mother, and he says it's a real Oriental opal in the rough. Now the question is, John says, how did an opal ever get among your gooseberry bushes? Is there a jewel mine hidden down there?" she added, half jestingly.

Alix turned first red, then white. She knew well how it had come there.

"Ask John Lytton to come here and see me, Fanny," said she. "I have at least a dozen stones like that."

It was like the ending to a fairy story. Not jewels turning to ashes, apparently, but rough pebbles ranking, all of a sudden, as precious jewels.

Uncle Eben's minerals, disguised in the dimness of their conglomerate surroundings, were opals of rare fire and value.

Whether he had picked them up in New Mexico, among the ignorant traders there, or brought them direct from South America, no one ever knew. But opals they were.

"And to think," said Alex, with a a little catching to her breath, "how near I came to throwing all my inheritance away! Oh, what a wicked, evil-tempered young virago I was! And nothing but Ellen's sweet, gentle words saved me from the consequences of my own folly. And so Ellen shall have half of my inheritance."

And for some weeks the gooseberry bushes at the foot of the Ames garden formed a sort of Mecca for sightseers and curiosity-mongers.

"We ain't used to berry bushes as bear precious stones," chuckled old Gaffer Gerdis. "Not in this part of the world."—*Saturday Night.*

Weight on Various Planets.

On Jupiter, which is a much larger and heavier body than the earth, a man would weigh about 484 pounds whose weight on the earth would be 200 pounds. This man would weigh 218 pounds on Saturn. Coming to the smaller bodies we find that he would weigh less than on the earth. His 200 pounds would shrink to 174 on Venus, to ninety-two on Mercury, to sixty on Mars, and to thirty on the moon, while on the little asteroids, or telescopic planets revolving between Mars and Jupiter, his weight would be from two to four pounds only. The matter depends on the mass and attractive force of the planet.—*Chicago Times.*

WISE WORDS.

The more important an animal is to be the lower is its start. Man, the noblest, is born the lowest.

Without seeking, truth cannot be known at all; and seeking it can be discovered by the simplest.

Grief is not to be measured by the tears shed, nor does the loudest mourner deserve the largest bequest.

Every incomplete work is a monument to human folly. Whatever is worth beginning is worth ending.

She was regal, she was haughty, she was highborn and distinguished; and like the rest of us, she was clay.

In things pertaining to enthusiasm no man is sane who does not know how to be insane on proper occasions.

It is the crushed grape that gives out the blood red wine; it is the suffering soul that breathes the sweetest melodies.

Each man can learn something from his neighbor; at least he can learn this—to have patience with his neighbor, to live and let live.

Think you that judgement waits till the doors of the grave are opened? It waits at the doors of your houses, it waits at the corners of your streets.

'Tis nature has fashioned some for ambition and dominion, and it has formed others for obedience and submission. The leopard follows his nature as the lamb.

Good thoughts are blessed guests, and should be heartily welcomed, well fed and much sought after. Like rose leaves, they give out a sweet smell if laid up in the jar of memory.

Life is not made up of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness and small obligations given habitually are what preserve the heart and secure comfort.

To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpfull hope; causes a man to carry blessings of which he is himself as unconscious as a lamp is of its own shining.

Nothing can leasen the dignity and value of humanity so long as the religion of love, of unselfishness and devotion endures; and none can destroy the altars of this faith for us so long as we feel ourselves still capable of love.

Fine Points in Cannibalism.

It was formerly supposed that the relish with which certain savage tribes ate their enemies arose from the gratification of the passion of revenge. Within the last few years, however, it has been clearly shown that some of the barbarian man-eaters are really fond of human flesh for its own sake—that they enjoy it as a civilized epicure enjoys turtle soup or roasted ortolans. Your Fiji Islander thinks the greatest praise he can bestow upon any edible is to say that it is "as tender as a dead man." The Fijians have plenty of provisions, but they consider "long pig"—their pleasant name for human flesh—much finer than pork, beef or mutton.

The New Zealanders, on the other hand, do not consider man's flesh as a delicacy, but eat dead heroes and "wise men" (whether they have been friends or enemies makes no difference), with the idea that they imbibe the valor and intellectual qualities of the deceased during the process.

The "noble savage" of Terra del Fuego never eats any of his own people, except when other meat is remarkably scarce, although always ready to "take in" the shipwrecked stranger. In severe winters, if we are to believe the story of a British admiral (Fitzroy), the Terra-del-Fuegons, "when they can obtain no other food, take the oldest woman of their party, hold her head over a thick smoke, made by burning green wood, and, pinching her throat, choke her," after which she is served up to her friends. The barbarians, on being asked why they did not eat their dogs instead of their old ladies, naively answered that their dogs caught otters, but that their venerable grandmothers and aunts did not.

Probably the majority of even the lowest order of savages prefer fish and yams to human flesh, but it is nevertheless true that there are several tribes in Australasia, Africa and the South Sea islands that actually hanker after it. There is some consolation, however, in the assurance given us by travelers that most of these anthropophagi prefer colored persons to Caucasians as table luxuries. This fact is certainly encouraging to the missionary interest.—*New York Ledger.*

Ancient Inks.

The ink first used probably was some natural animal pigment, such as the black fluid obtained from various species of cuttlefish; but the limited supply of this material soon led to the use of a chemical mixture of water, gum and lamblack, and the characters were painted rather than written, by means of a broad-pointed reed.

As ink of this simple nature was easily removed from the surface of the parchment by the mere application of moisture, it was early found necessary to contrive some means of forming a more durable ink, and for this purpose the expedient was adopted of treating the mixture with some substance such as vinegar, of the nature of a mordant, which would penetrate the parchment written upon, and form an ink not liable to fade.

A chemical dye, consisting of an infusion of galls with sulphate of iron, was afterward used, as from its vitrious nature it hit into the medium employed; but a compound vegetable ink, containing a good deal of carbon pigment, was subsequently adopted, and was very generally employed down to the middle ages.

With ink of this sort the best and most aficient manuscripts which have been preserved to us were written, and the separate leaves, after being allowed to dry slowly, were bound together in volumes.

Pliny and Vitruvius, as well as other writers, give receipts for the manufacture of inks.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

A Serenade—Reflections on His Business Methods—A Cynical Suggestion—A Sad Case—Etc., Etc.

My love, awake!
On yon still lake,
Where shine the moonbeams clear,
There waits my boat—
There let us float—
None save ourselves is near.

To-night with me
Wouldst thou but flee
With naught our souls to clog!
But hark—"bow wow!"
I'll leave thee now—
I've waked that horrid dog.
—*New York Herald.*

REFLECTION ON HIS BUSINESS METHODS.

Lady—"You look like the same man that was here for cold victuals yesterday morning."

Tramp (deeply hurt)—"Madam, in the five years that I have been a traveling solicitor this is the first time that anybody has ever accused me of doubling on my route."

A SAD CASE.

Papa—"Well, has that young spendthrift beggar promised to cease his impertinent attentions to you?"

Penelope—"Yes, sir."

Papa—"Well, what are you crying about, then?"

Papa—"I'm afraid he'll keep his promise."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

WIZZLE'S GREAT HEAD.

"Our young friend, Wizzle, must be improving rapidly. He tells me has many compliments passed on his poetry nowadays."

"Yes, Wizzle has taught his parrot to cry 'how beautiful!' 'what feeling!' and so on, every time he reads one of his poems aloud."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

WHAT HE OUGHT TO GET.

Poet—"How much ought I to get for that poem?"

Editor—"Oh, I should think about ten"——

Poet (with a sickly smile)—"Yes; I know what you are going to say: 'Ten dollars or thirty days.'"

Editor—"No, sir; ten years."—*Judge.*

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

Tramp—"Can you give me work?"

Materfamilias—"Yes. I pay a dollar a day."

Tramp—"All right; hand it over."

Materfamilias—"Ah, I never pay in advance."

Tramp—"Great Scott, lady! and do you expect me to work for you in advance?"

A CIRCULATING RING.

Alice—"I met Minnie Renee to-day and she showed me the engagement ring that Horace Fledgely gave her."

Gwendolin—"Is it a pretty one?"

Alice—"You remember the one he gave you and me?"

Gwendolin—"Let me think. Oh, yes!"

Alice—"It's the same ring.—*Jewelers' Circular.*

OVERHEARD IN THE LUMBER YARD.

"Hullo!" said the Pine Log to the Hickory Log, "How've you been?"

"Pretty well, thanks. What has become of your brother?"

"Oh, he has gone into a large importing house in New York. Where is yours?"

"Doing picket duty on a back yard fence."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

RESPONSIVE CORDS.

Algenon Spoons (who has poetic aspirations)—"Alas! this sordid world! Shall I never know a sympathetic soul! Can I never touch a responsive chord!"

His Mother (distinctly practical)—"Well, there are about fourteen cords out in the woodshed that would probably respond if you should touch them right with an ax."—*Boston Courier.*

HE KNEW HER.

Wife—"I've just had a letter from mother."

Husband—"How is she?"

Wife—"She's miserable."

Husband—"I'm glad of it."

Wife—"Monster!"

Husband—"Not at all. I know your mother. She's never happy except when she's miserable."—*New York Press.*

A QUICK CHANGE IN VALUE.

"Ah, is this your house?" How much do you consider it worth?"

"That house, my friend, cost over $10,000."

"I see. I am the new Assessor for this ward, you know."

"Oh, ah—what did I say? I was thinking of the next house. This one of mine cost about $5000."—*Lowell Citizen.*

A CYNICAL SUGGESTION.

Yabsley—"Of course, you will admit that woman, as a rule, is far inferior to man in reasoning power, but she seems to have a sort of intuitive sixth sense—er—I don't know exactly what to call it—that, as I can testify from personal experience, man is lacking in."

Miss Laura—"Do you refer to common sense, Mr. Yabsley!"—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

FRIVOLOUS FIREMEN.

"These firemen must be a frivolous set," said Mr. Spillkins, who was reading a paper.

"Why so?"

"I read in the paper that after a fire was under control the firemen played all night on the ruins. Why didn't they go home and go to bed, like sensible men, instead of romping about like children?"—*Texas Siftings.*

A PAIR OF THROATS.

A journeyman shoemaker was seized with a violent fit of coughing at the dinner table.

"What is the matter with you?" said his master.

"I have got something down the wrong throat," was the reply.

"Look here," rejoined the gaffer, "I can't do with a fellow who has got a pair of throats, now that everything is so dear."—*Oberlausitzer Dorfzeitung.*

THE NEED OF PRECAUTION.

"It is our first dinner together, darling, and I have invited our old friend Dr. Safeleigh, to dine with us."

The young wife was quite satisfied. The doctor came on time, was excellent company, and the various dishes, all prepared by the bride, apparently appreciated.

It was not until the physician had gone that the wife suddenly grew thoughtful.

"Thomas," she suddenly broke out, "why above all your friends did you invite but one man and that man a doctor to dine with us to-day? Oh, Thomas, Thomas, to think that you were afraid to eat your first meal of my cooking without having a doctor at your very elbow."—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE ABUNDANCE OF THE HEART.

"Oh, Marie, Marie," pleaded the precise mother, "why do you use such slang?"

"Why, mamma," explained the girl, "I cant't help it. Everybody does and I am forced to do it in self-defence."

"But, my child, you shouldn't do wrong because everybody else does. You should obey a higher and nobler principle than that."

"Well, mamma, I hadn't thought of it just in that way before. I can see now that I have been led unwittingly into a fault which neither right nor reason can sanction."

The mother's eyes filled with tears.

"And you will never use slang again?" she said, bending forward and kissing the soft white forehead of her child.

"You bet your sweet life I won't!" exclaimed the impulsive girl, and was silent.—*Detroit Free Press.*

TESTING A TRUNK.

A slim-faced man with a graveyard cough was inspecting some trunks in front of a Grand street store yesterday, when the proprietor of the place appeared and asked:

"Looking for a trunk, sir?".

"Yes."

"Here's the best $4 trunk ever made, and I'm the only one that sells 'em at less than $5."

"No good," replied the pale-faced man with a sorrowful shake of his head. "One of those trunks wouldn't stand the journey from here to Poughkeepsie."

"What! I'll warrant 'em to go around the world! Take hold of one and bang it about and convince yourself."

"Do you give me leave to wrassle with one?"

"Of course I do. Take right hold."

The man with the graveyard cough drew in a full breath, called out: "Scheneck-ta-day," as if warning a car-load of passengers, and then reached for the trunk. Rip! went one of the handles—r-i-p! went the other, and as he stood it on end and upset it and flopped it back again one hinge busted loose and the cover split in two. With a twist of the wrist he gave it a slam-bang which completed the wreck, and, with a bow to the trunk-man, he joined the crowd and disappeared.

"Upon my soul!" gasped the proprietor as he viewed the ruins, "but I made a big mistake in him! He's a baggage-master instead of a dying traveller."—*New York World.*

HE HAD MARRIED ANOTHER GIRL.

"My dear, let me present to you Mr. Brown, one of my oldest and dearest friends."

It was just after the ceremony at the church and Mr. and Mrs. Jones were receiving the congratulations of their friends at the bride's home. Jones and Brown, young lawyers, occupied adjoining offices for several years. Jones used to write long letters and every now and then he would show the top line to Brown. It usually read: "My darling Carrie." Then Jones would break forth in one of those rhapsodies to which lovers are heir. Then Brown left the city for six months and returned the very day of the wedding.

Now, Brown was quite a distinguished man in a dress suit, and Jones made the presentation in a voice that attracted general attention.

"I'm happy to meet you, Mr. Brown," said the bride, sweetly. "My husband's friends will be my friends, I hope.

"Thank you, Mrs. Jones," responded Brown, gallantly, bending low over her hand. "Do you know, if I hadn't taken the privilege of an old friend I shouldn't have come to-night. I didn't get an invitation, and I only returned to town an hour or so before the ceremony. But I used to——"

"Didn't you get either the invitation or the letter I sent you?" broke in the happy bridegroom, nervously.

"Oh, don't apologize, old man," said Brown. "That's all right; I've been moving around so much that they didn't find me. Now, as I was going to say, Mrs. Jones, I felt as if you were an old friend too. I used to see—now don't shake your head at me, old man, and scowl, you know I did—I used to see, Mrs. Jones, your husband writing——"

"I say, Brown, won't you step into the dining room and take some refreshments?" interrupted the bridegroom, desperately.

"Presently, thank you—I used to see your husband writing long letters to——"

"My dear, here are Mr. and Mrs. Smith waiting to speak to you!"

——"to his 'darling Carrie,' and"——

"Sir!" said the bride. My name is Elizabeth."—*Chicago Tribune.*

It has been estimated that the Vermont maple sugar crop for the season is 17,000,000 pounds. About forty per cent. is syrup.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

England has an electrical launch.

Wool is made from wood tree fibre.

Vermont claims the first electric motor.

Detroit undertakers must wear rubber coats when they handle diphtheria corpses.

The manufacture of starch from arrow-root is a new and thriving industry in Florida.

At least one person in three between the ages of ten and forty years is subject to partial deafness.

The most elaborate dental apparatus known belongs to the sea-urchin, whose jaws are composed of forty pieces, moved by forty separate muscles.

Certain peculiarities in the spectrum of the sun are thought to indicate that much of its matter is still in elementary forms owing to its intense heat.

The steel works at Hoerde, Germany, have introduced a new process for desulphurizing pig iron, and it is said that many of the large works are applying for licenses to use the process.

A new mineral has been discovered to which the name Sanguinite has been given. It is bronze red in color by reflected light, and upon analysis is found to contain silver, arsenic and sulphur.

It has been discovered that platinum at a white heat will consume tobacco smoke and keep the atmosphere of a smoking-room perfectly clear. Lamps with a little ring of platinum over the flame are used for this purpose.

Some English manufacturers are bleaching paper, without impairing its strength, by an electrical process. A solution of magnesium chloride is used, which is decomposed by a powerful current, with the evolution of chlorine and oxygen.

Inquiry into the subject of explosions in mines being caused by dry coal dust has led to some very valuable experiments and plans for clearing the galleries of foul air. One of these consists in moving open water butts through the affected galleries. The coal smut collects in the water, and the air is thereby cleared before the danger limit is reached.

A new apparatus for water has appeared in the form of a still, which is described as consisting of "a series of large flat disks of metal, placed upright and kept in position by pipes running horizontally on the top and bottom. Water is boiled in a vessel and the steam is conducted from the same to the dish through a pipe. The steam radiating from the water is condensed in the disks by a current of air and the water is collected in the bottom pipe." The size of still designed for family use has eight disks and is said to distil a gallon of water in an hour.

Professor R. A. F. Penrose, Jr., of the Texas Geological Survey, says the finest of clays suitable for the manufacture of fire brick, earthenware, and even fine china ware, are to be found abundantly in East Texas. Two companies are now engaged making pottery at Athens in Henderson County. The articles manufactured are fine brick, tiles, sewer pipes, jugs, etc. The clay at this point is of a light gray color, becoming almost white when dry. Equally fine clays abound near Jefferson, in Marion County, and near Rusk, in Cherokee County. It is thought good openings are offered over there for manufacturing the finest of wares.

Snakes Attack a Span of Horses.

While Frank Oldham, a young farmer living southeast of Pendleton, Ind., was harrowing a piece of new ground he aroused from slumber two ugly and enormous black snakes, measuring about twelve feet, that immediately showed fight. They first made a rush at the young man and tried to coil themselves around his legs, but he escaped from their slimy embrace and made for the fence at a rapid rate, closely pursued by the serpent. When the snakes saw that Frank was out of their reach on the fence, they returned to the horses, which had been left standing, still attached to the harrow. Soon the horses were noticed to be rearing and kicking and performing acrobatic feats that would surpass Barnum's trained equines.

The man, mustering up his courage, armed himself with a fence rail and hastened to the relief of his team. He found one reptile coiled around the foreleg of one horse, and the other snake around one of the hind legs of the other horse. The serpents struck the defenceless animals repeatedly, while the air resounded with a peculiar hissing noise. After a struggle of about thirty minutes the farmer succeeded in beating off the reptiles and releasing the scared team. He then mounted the harrow and a chase commenced, the horses at full speed dragging the harrow and Frank with the snakes in close pursuit. The fleeing team raised a cloud of dust, and when it reached the opposite side of the field the snakes were lost to view. A party with guns and clubs was quickly organized to search for the snakes, but was unable to find them.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Weighing Machines.

Weighing machines and scales of some kind were in use 1800 B. C., for it is said that Abraham at that time "weighed out" 400 shekels of silver, current money, with the merchant to Ephron, the Hittite, as payment for a piece of land, including the cave and all the standing timber "in the field and in the fence." This is said to be the earliest transfer of land of which any record survives, and that the payment was made in the presence of witnesses. The original form of the weighing scale was probably a bar suspended from the middle, with a board or shell suspended from each end, one to contain the weight, the other to contain the matter to be weighed. The steelyard was probably so called from the material of which it was made, and from its former length. It is also known as the Roman balance, and is of great antiquity.—*St. Louis Republic.*