THE CENTRAL TIMES.

E. F. YOUNG, Manager.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

G. K. GRANTHAM, Local Editor.

VOLUME I.

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COUNTY OFFICERS. S. Berner Chee P. M. E. PRINCE.

Position of Part H. T. SPEARS. (W. F. MARSH, Ed. SMITH N. A SMITH, W. F. SWANN, J. M. HODGIS,

TOWN OFFICERS, DUNN, N. C. Magor J. F. PREELITS.

Chiff of Palice N. T. Chi-Kla Thomas Week -M. L. WARE. (J. A. TAYLOR, M. F. GAINEY Countries J. H. BALLANCE, E. LER, (E.F. YOUNG.

ALLIANCE.

The County Alliance meets on the 2nd Fre Liv in Jamury, April July and October as fallington, N. C. J. S. Holl, Pres't. Ww. SEXTON, Sec'y. either hand.

> CHURCH DIRECTORY. DUNN CIRCUIT.

Methodist Episcopul -- REV. J. D. PEQUAM, Paston, Charges—Dunn, 2nd Sunday night and 4th Sunday and night, Sunday School every Sunday at 3 o'clors. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night. Black's Chapel, 1st anday morning. Avera's School House, 2nd Sunday morning. Elevation, 3rd Sunday in ming. Benson, 3rd Sunday afternoon.

Missionery Reptiet Church, Punn, N. C.

Saulay School svery Sunday morning and night never looked worldly.

Insciples Rev. J. R. TINGLE, PASTOR Services every 3rd Sunday morning and night. Sunday School 2:30 o'clock every Sunday. Prayer meeting every Taursday night. Free Will Reprist REV. R. A. JOHNSON. Passon Services every 3rd Sunday. Sunday School every Sun lay marning,

LODGE DIRECTORY.

11 CKNOW TODGE NO. 115, L. O. O. F .-Exter we meeting every Tuesday night. 1. W. bore.' exter, N. G.; G. K. Grantham, V. G.; K. F. A

PARTERA LODGE No. 137, A. F. and A. M. Regular meeting, 3rd Saturday morning and riday night before 1st Sunday. 1 Inche, W. M., F. P. Jones, S. W., J. L. Phillips, J. W. R. A. Johnson, Tressarer, S. W. Parker, a e netary; W. A. Johnson and I tilige Lee, Stewart v. R. J. Norris, Tyler.

Many English manufacturers are said to actually regard an English degree in the light of a disqualification, so that most of the posts of "word chemists" are held by non-graduates. Apparently, says the New York Time, they prefer to train their own men-that is, to give them such an education in researches as themselves have to solve-or to take them from the laboratories of general analysts, where new problems present themselves from time to time.

As India is a strong competitor with the United States in the production of wheat, the New York Times maintains that any trustworthy statistics in regard to its agriculture are interesting. A re-Teat census, carefully taken, shows the population of that heterogenous country to be 286,000,000 persons, while the total area of the country is less than 900,000 square miles. Comparing these figures with those relating to the United States, we 65,000,000 of population on area of 3,600,000 square miles, or less than one-fourth of the population on sixteen as compared with populous India. In the Province of Bengal there are 9,000,000 more people than in the United States upon one twenty-third of our area. The number per square mile breast. is 474 persons, but taking the cultivated land only there are 715 to each square mile. In the United States we have but one inhabitant to thirty-six acres, and to about five of cultivated land. Bengal is aimost wholly agricultural, and yet supports this vast population. Another agricultural province, the most productive in wheat in all the Indian Empire, has 442 persons to the square mile, which, as compared with Germany, is equivalent to more than twice the number of people on less than half the area, or a ratio of more than four to one. The increase of the Indian population is about eleven per cent, in ten years, and at present the increase is larger in the towns and cities, where manufactures centres, than in the agricultural districts. | entand the house.

IN THE CLOVER,

Butterfly, Flutter by, Over the clover, Under the sky.

Eail and falter and fail, And cling to the fragrant spray: Shift and shirk, No weather for work

Falls on a summer day. Bumblebee. Tumble free Into the bloom of the tulip tree; Cease your bustle and boom,

Swing on a stamen and sing, Or clutch a flagon frail and fine. And drowsily drink the wine, And rest your rumbling wing. Meadowlark,

Glow like a spark That will set the fields afire; Tenderly whistle On top of a thistle "turiles" to your mate up higher In a dusky locust tree.

There! There! Away goes care, And a dream comes over me, A boy tired out with play, On a summer holiday,

In the grass so cool and deep While the butterfly goes fluttering over, Between blue sky and purple clover, And the bumblebee bumbles And whirls and tumbles,

Where the meadowlark's nest And her golden breast Have clover All over For cover.

Maurice Thompson, in St. Nicholas.

A SUMMER IDYL.

BY AGNES GIFFORD. her up in her own phaeton. "Is any one here?" asked Mrs. New-

combe as they rolled along the hard "I mean any one nice," specified ing with smiling attention. Mrs. Newcombe with her soft little

"Warfield is here-Edgar Warfield," said Gwendoline, flecking a fly off Jer-

ry's shinning coat with her whip. "Ah! That is pleasant for you." with a note of petulance in her voice. | mality. "I don't think so. It's a bore."

Miss Ventnor's dark, handsome face The Services 2nd and 4th Sun ay morn her mother. She had not taken after Gwendoline's voice is full of feeling, too. and independent. And I think that in the state of the feeling is not this case the fearlessness will not be coning and night. Sunday echol every Sunday her father, who was a blonde. But her But it is like herself. The feeling is not this case the fearlessness will not be confather's youngest sister, the little widow, | flaunted on the surface." was very like him. Mrs. Newcombe had For byterma -1, EV. G. A. HOGGH, PASTO; a charming fairness and liquid eyes. She

inquired.

movement with her whip. "Oh, I suppose so. He's rich, if incumberance. No mother or sisters." be a recommendation. A fellow's fam-

As the gentleman who was driving it came abreast of the phaeton he raised line. But, of course, she must be.

"That's Edgar Warfield," said Gwendoline a moment later. "He is good looking. You are hard

to please, Gwen." Oh, I don't know. I might like him well enough as a friend if he would stop annoying me."

"Annoying you?" "Oh, hanging around."

her sister-in-law to her room.

Phabe. It will be a boon to Gwendo. Gwendoline, even with her father's hanging wall and blasted out a huge hears on particular problems which they line to have you. I wish you would talk vaunted understanding of her play, made piece of rock, which he found to be alsensibly to her, by the way. She is trifling a number of blunders in her character- most a solid block of metal, and part of with an excellent chance of settling in istically reckless fashion and talked a an immense vein which had been paral-

> "Do you mean Mr. Warfield?" asked close traveling hat and long gauze veil exposure to the sun and air. before the toilet table. "Gwendoline has been telling me about him." "What did she say?"

"She said he bored her."

"Nonsense! He's only too fond of and he's been desperately blue since the very well, Phaebe. Gray is so becoming a showing.

sister to his daughter.

hand through her aunt's arm. "There! I knew he would appear be-

murmured, impatiently. "Who?

"Edgar Warfield."

civil to the poor fellow, at least." her niece's clasp. And after the formali- | kindly, so dear and sweet a little woman | published in the Official Monitor which ty of introduction had been followed by should have had to bear anything sad in reminds Russian subjects of the facts in a few words between herself and the her life. are being established in the railroad young man she wandered away with one The next day Gwendoline had a letter exercise themselves in assisting the Govof her sweet, indulgent smiles and re- from a friend bidding her come to make ernment to solve the mystery .- Pica-

"She's a dear little thing-my aunt," said Miss Gwendoline abruptly, following the little gray figure with her brilliant eyes. "Don't you think she's pret-

"I don't know. You can't expect one to know," said Mr. Warfield with inten-

"I wish," Miss Ventnor explained, knitting her fine brows, "that you would not say such ridiculous things!' "Do you call them ridiculous?" asked the young man with a shade of pallor on soon to draw to a close.

his cheek. "Yes," curtly. end of his stick.

Her father's voice was calling her from Aren't they coming up now?"

ing," he threatened jocosely. combe sat. "I'm too much relieved to heads straightened suddenly. be freed from our visitor for a while." "Ah, my dear, you're a cruel girl. You're breaking that poor fellow's heart,"

murmured that little widow. "Not at all likely," responded Miss Ventnor preluding brilliantly. Mrs. Newcombe had retreated to the embrasure of a window. Mr. Ventnor row," and Mrs. Newcombe passed her

had ensconced himself in an arm-chair, soft hand about her niece's arm. and Mrs. Ventnor sat, murmuring in undertones to one or two neighborly neighbors of her own age. Mrs. Newcombe made a little kindly sign to Edgar Warfield, who stood vaguely near her, and | tle aunt, Mr. Warfield?" said Miss Venthe dropped, with instant gratitude, into nor to the young man within a few days. | Carpenter and joiner." a chair by the window. There was in "I begin to think she was the sole at-Gwendoline met her aunt, Mrs. New- this pretty woman's soft eyes a look of traction for you in our house. You have combe, at the little station and drove understanding the situation and an inti- deserted us since she left." mation of friendliness toward him which moved the young man deeply. Gwendoline sang song after song, in

me as does Gwendoline's," she said, in a little pause, turning to Edgar Warfield. He felt his heart warming to Miss Ventnor's young aunt. "Miss Ventnor's voice is wonderfully

"Pleasant!" cried the younger lady, brilliant," he said, with a lover's for-

alone. That is a secondary matter, in such a predicament before? But you

wound was being touched by the gentlest, | was given me-pressed upon me-weeks "Isn't he thought a good parti?" she His heart beat quickly. What a charm- tion. He begged that whenever I could Gwendoline made another brusque Gwendoline's had, too. And how the day I tried his ring on my finger (ia that's what you mean. And he has no smile the fascinating demureness of a not know his address just now. Perhaps Miss Ventnor laughed. "That ought to gray dress with the line of dazzling neck package, then? Yours,

When the singing was over Mr. Ventnor proposed cards. Mrs. Ventnor rapidly assorted couples, but Gwendo-

headed her off. derstands my play."

Mrs. Ventuor was on the piazza of the charming glance and smile the grateful ore in sight whereby the debt might be cottage as they drove up. She followed voung man again read a full appreciation paid. As a last resort, with a forlorn "I'm awfully glad you have come, tion to befriend him, to help him on. Simeon Wenben drilled a hole in the good deal in brusque, crisp phrases, throwing down her cards with her large, last effort marked a sudden change that Mrs. Newcombe, removing her dainty shapely hand, undisguisedly brown by seldom falls to the lot of man. It was

her. He's a very affectionate fellow, conscientious young man, was vaguely mine is the best paying property in Nedeath of his mother, to whom he was the charming Gwendoline should be so radan. devoted. He looks for sympathy from carelessly indifferent to a good game of Gwendoline, and he does not get it. whist, and the latter that he, with his Silly girl that she is! You're looking partner's help, should be making so good

had lingered, Gwendoline passed her with. Perhaps if Gwendoline could be encounter. - Detroit Free Press. softened a little-just a little-by the contagion of her young aunt's delightful fore the day was over," Miss Ventnor manner, it might be an added attraction

her a visit of some weeks.

"And she is going, my dear?" cried poor Mrs. Ventnor, in dismay, to Phœbe Newcombe. "Nothing I can say will keep her."

"Dear Gwen, what of Mr. Warfield?" asked the little widow of her niece. "I imagine Mr. Warfield is able to In Hard Luck-A Strange Question take care of himself, is he not?" ex-

claimed the young lady. She left on the morrow and she was gone three weeks. On her return she learned that her young aunt's visit was

"Mr. Warfield has been here a great deal," the girl's mother told her, "and if The young man looked down and he has not decided long ago to discontraced a pattern on the gravel with the | tinue his attentions to you you may thank Phæbe for it. I think she tried to make "You are awfully hard on a fellow," him see that you would listen to reason he said in a moment without looking up. some day. He was here again this morn-"Well, there is one thing," cried the ing. We did not expect you, quite on young lady, "you can stand it. All men | this train, you know, so they started for a little walk-Phobe and Mr. Warfie'd,

the house. Mr. Ventnor wanted some Mrs. Ventnor was near sighted, but music. Gwendoline must sing for him. her daughter was not. The latter glanced "Come, Miss, I'll tolerate no shirk- out of the window and saw, very slowly moving up the path, her aunt, with her "I'm not likely to shirk," announced | pretty head drooped, and Edgar Warthe young lady below her breath as she field, with his head drooped, too. As bent over the piano near which Mrs. New- they came in view of the house both

"Is it they?" repeated Mrs. Ventnor. But Gwendoline had, apparently, not heard either question,

"And so you are going away-to leave us?" inquired the young lady of her aunt later in the day. "Yes, unfortunately, dearest-to-mor-

Gwendoline disengaged herself. "We shall miss you."

"How shall we get on without my lit-

"Why, not at all, not at all! I-I aswhite road between low green fields on her full, rich voice, and Mrs. Newcombe sure you. I have had certain things on sat gently agitating her fan and listen- my mind of late. In fact, I think of going up to town to-morrow." His eager-

"I know no one's voice that charms ness stumbled and grew lame. "Do vou?" Two weeks later. "MY DEAR AUNT PHEBE-When Mr. Warfield left for town he said, upon me questioniong him, that he thought he might see you. What I am going to ask you-to tell you-to do is very, very deli-"Yes, but it is not the brilliancy cate. I wonder if ever a girl was placed

strued as boldness. It used to be ad-Edgar Warfield felt as though his mired. Briefly, the accompanying ring six children, my pet!"-Humoristische most healing of sympathetic fingers. ago by a person whom I need not mening, speaking voice this young aunt of think well of what he urged upon me quaintly delicately pretty she was. Her jest) I would send that ring to him. Nothcolor had the charming daintiness, her ing more. He will understand. I do young Quakeress. Or was it the soft, you do. Will you re-address the little

showing above draperies of foamy lace, "My DEAR GWENDOLINE-I am afraid ily is dreadfully tiresome-an awful that made her look so? Miss Ventnor there has been some great mistake. That called her "Auut Phæbe." The funny, is, I fear-I don't know how to say it-A dog-cart, with a powerful horse old-tashioned name suited this exquisite but, perhaps he -I mean Edgar-forgot harnessed to it, appeared ahead of them. little person, somehow. In this light about the ring. The truth is dearest she scarcely looked older than Gwendo- Gwendoline, we are engaged!"-New York Mercury.

> What One Blast Did. The papers have lately mentioned how line, with a rapid counter-manœuvre, many prominent mines of the country were discovered by chance. There is a "I can only play with papa," she as- scrap to be added in the history of the serted with decision. "No one else un. Cortez mines. Simeon Wenban had run the Garrison tunnel at great expense and "Then will Mr. Warfield play with was left a poor man, owing his creditors me?" said Mrs. Newcomb. And in her \$150,000. There was not a pound of of the bearings of his case and an inten. hope, after the mine had been closed. leled hundreds of feet. This fortunate Wenban, the poor man, the laborer, be-But Mrs. Newcomb's little white paw, fore that blast was fired; it was Simeon which crept out, with a glisten of rings | Wenban, the millionaire, but a second upon it, as gently as a kitten's, only thereafter. The first month's run of his played its cards to make tricks, and Ed- little mill gave him \$30,000, and ever gar Warfield, who was a methodical and since he has grown more wealthy. The grieved and gratified; the former that | vada at the present time .- Central Ne-

"There's Many a Slip 'Twixt the Cup and the Lip.'

Anczeus, King of the Leleges in Sato you. Now, Gwendoline can't wear On his way home that evening he said mos (an island in the Grecian Archipelgray at all. Vivid, rich colors suit her to himself that he hoped Gwendoline's ago), planted a vineyard; and so heavily style. Well, I will leave you to dress. aunt would remain with her some little did he oppress his slaves, that one of We dine at 6:30. Probably Mr. War- time. She might have an influence. He them, it is said, prophesied to him that field will drop in this evening. I asked had fallen in love with Mr. Ventnor's he would never live to taste the wine four times the area—a ratio of one to him. At dinner Mrs. Newcombe was in beautiful daughter because of that Digray again, the most delicate, pearly ana-like independence which seemed to sent for his slave and said: "What do gray, against which her throat and face ask nothing of man, that brilliant, vir- you think of your prophecy now?" The looked fair as a sea shell. Gwendoline, gininal unconsciousness, that air of never slave made answer: "There's many a who was dressed in transparent black. having bowed her stately young head to slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." The had a bunch of red geraniums at her sacrifice or to sentiment, which sat upon words were scarcely uttered when Anher with so bright a radiance. But now | cæus was informed that a wild boar had "You make a pretty contrast," smiled he asked himself, with a sigh, whether broken into his vineyard, and was laying Mr. Ventnor, glancing from his young the more conventional feminine charms it waste. Ancaus, setting down the cup and virtues did not make a girl more untasted, hastened to attack and drive When they rose from table, where they convenient and comfortable to get on out the boar; but he was killed in the

> The Lost Gold Train. In 1890 Captain Alexandre M. Ozersky, to the proud young beauty. How very in command of a military guard, left womanly Mrs. Newcomb's manner was. Irkoutsk, Siberia, with a train heavily And she looked so girlish, too. He re- laden with gold ore from the Siberian And Mrs. Newcombe saw the young membered now that he had heard the mines, to convey it to Russia. Since then man's slight, well-built figure, in its Ventnors say that she had married very absolutely nothing has been heard of ofquiet mourning clothes, approach by the young, and that her husband had been ficer, men or train. They seem to have carriage-way that spanned the lawn. "You can't run away now, Gwen," died, leaving her very little property, crust of the earth had opened, drew them she said softly. "It isn't decent. Be and she had never loved him. It was in and closed above them. Still, as hard, Edgar Warfield's manly and chiv- couriers leave St. Petersburg they invari-She disengaged herself gently from alrous heart felt, with a glow, that so ably carry with them copies of a ukase this strange case, and calls upon them to

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

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

-Struck by a Sharper-False Pretenses, Etc., Etc.

He wants to propose To a girl he knows, A beautiful little thing, But he can't be rash For his store of cash Wouldn't buy an engagement ring.

-New York Herald.

STRUCK BY A SHARPER. Meat Ax-"Can I get a quarter from you this morning?" Steer-"Well, you've struck me pretty early; but I'll let you have one as soon as I'm dressed."-Puck.

ONE DOSE FOR THEM ALL. "There goes a doctor," said a cynic, "who believes that foreign travel is the very best thing for his patients.' "Does he send them all abroad?" "None of them. He goes every year

A PARENTHETICAL UNDERSTANDING. Miss Vernon-"Mr. Crook is a fine horseman. Doesn't he look as if he was born in the saddle?" Jack Belvidere-"Yes; particularly

when you see him walking on the street."-Puck. HE FILLED THE BILL.

A young man led his blushing bride to the house of Rev. Dr. Carpenter. "We want to be married," he said. "Are you Dr. Carpenter?" "Yes," replied the minister, "both

THE SHORN LAME. Nauticus-"What do you know about

A color came into the young man's the perils of the great deep?" Landsman-"What do I know? If you knew how many times I'd been let in on the ground floor of investment schemes you wouldn't ask."-Boston Transcript.

A STRANGE QUESTION. Mrs. Wickes (writing)-"Any message

to Mother, Jack?" Jack Wickes-"Yes, dear; you might as well send her my regards." Mrs. Wickes (sweetly)-"Shall I mention how you regard her, dear?"-Puck.

FALSE PRETENSES. Bride (just after the wedding)-"Alfred, you promised to give me a grand surprise after we were married; say, Bridegroom (a widower)-I've got

HE MIGHT EASILY HAVE MISSED. -She-"Did you hear about young Brandon Bucksaw.

Tompkyns? He-"No. What?" She-"Took up a pistol and blew out his brains last night! He-"Must have been a mighty good

shot."-Life. THE FAULT OF HIS NURSE. Pipkin-"How in the world did you ever come to be such a kicker?" Potts-"I nursed it from the bottle as

Pipkin-"How could that be?" ing cow."-New York Sun.

NICE EXAMPLE TO SET.

"You young scoundrel," said the father, seizing his disobedient son by the neck, "I'll show you how you ought to treat your mother!" And he gave him several bangs on the ears, and then shook him till his hair be-

INDUSTRIES THAT PROSPER. "Yes, we've struck it rich," said a capitalist to a friend.

gan to fall out .- Philadelphia Times.

'Doing what?" inquired the friend: "Manufacturing old family clocks with ancient dial plates. The market was nearly out of heirlooms, and we took advantage of the demand."-Detroit Free

THE RANGE.

Mrs. Dimling-"I wish you would tell me the difference between a fiddler, a violinist and a virtuoso.

Dimling-"I will. A fidd!er plays for nothing, a violinist gets five dollars for an evening's work, and a virtuoso receives fifty dollars for one piece."-

NO FUN FOR BOBBY.

go over and play with the little Brewster days ago. The new occupants are bees, Bobby-"No: I don't." Mamma-"Why, Bobby, he's a nice

time I hit him he yells."-- Judge. IT WAS TRUE.

discussing the spring lamb. "They've one thing in their favor, answered the boarder. "What's that?" snapped the landlady.

"They are not as old as the lamb,"

was the cruel answer. - Detroit Free Press.

landlady as she overheard the new boarder

"The same old jokes," snarled the

IMMORTALIZED HIMSELF. "Why do you say that Dasher deserves

well of his country? He never accomplished anything to ameliorate the condition of his race or to make the world a better place to live in." "My stars, man! What are you talking about? Don't you know that Dasher invented a college yell?"-Boston Tran-

HIS CHOICE. Proud Father (showing off his boy before company)-"My son, which would

you rather be, Shakespeare or Edi-

rather be Edison.' "Yes? Why?" "Cause he ain't dead."-Munsey's

ONLY A CIPHER. Two representative Detroiters were discussing the standing of a certain wellknown Michigan politician.

"He cuts no figure in politics," said "Yes, he does," insisted the other. "I'd like to know what it is." "He cuts a figure 9's tail off, that's what." - Detroit Free Press.

PLATO'S INEXCUSABLE IGNORANCE. "Are you talking about Plato," de-

manded the exchange editor. "Yes, I'm talking about Plato," responded the real estate editor, sharply. What do you know about him?" "I know he wasn't as smart as some

change editor. "He never knew he was born in the year 429 B. C."-Mercury. THE POOR POET. A couple from the humbler walks of life came before a justice of the peace to

be married, when, the ceremony being over, the bride began to weep copiously. "What's the matter?" asked the new husband. "I never told you that I don't know

how to cook," sobbed the bride. to cook, I'm a poet."-Texas Siftings. A WOMAN'S HEART.

Myers-"Do you think Angie loves Tomson-"Well, I'll tell you how you can find out. You go across the room and begin to flirt with Miss Purplebloom. If Angie gets mad and locks daggers at first exhibition of this description was you, you might as well hang up your held at Amsterdam in 1861, and for sevfiddle-it's all on the surface; but if she | eral years this was reputed to have been appears as calm as a June morning and smites like an angel, her heart is yours. Try it and I'll watch."-Life.

THE STUATION UNFOLDED ITSELF. "Philander," said a pretty girl to her bashful beau, "I wish you'd tie this ribbon at my throat; I can't see how to do it without a glass.' "Of course, I'd only be too glad to,"

he said, and at once grappled the After an unsuccessful effort of five minutes, during which time he got as red as a brick house, and perspired like a pitcher of ice-water on a July window

sill, he stammered: "I-I don't think I can tie a respectable knot, Miss Mary." "Suppose, Philander," she whispered

with a pretty little blush, "suppose you call in a preacher to assist." Like the unveiling of a beautiful mystery, the situation unfolded itself to Philander, and he feels better now .-

Our Phosphate Deposits.

The phosphate deposits of this country in addition to their immense commercial value, form a wonderfully rich field for the investigations of the scientist. Their formation undoubtedly extended through many ages. Fossils from the age of reptiles to the age of man are found imbeded within them, and the history of the intervening periods are written in the strata as in a book. The great bulk of these deposits were formed of Potts-"The milk came from a kick- the excrement of prehistoric animals, and large quantities of the remains of the animals themselves are constantly brought up by the miners. The greater number of these animals belong to species now extinct. Remains of land animals of every kind, from the great mastodon to the diminutive bones of prehistoric man, are found in abundance. Among the most remarkable of the evidences of the size of the prehistoric animals which these deposits afford are the remains of sharks, which appear to have been particularly numerous. These are not the ordinary sharks of to-day, but fishes of enormous length. A thirtyfoot shark of the present time has a tooth half an inch long, but in these deposits thousands upon thousands of sharks' teeth are found which are over six inches in length, and with a width of body in proportion .- Chicago News.

A Queer Beehive. Mr. Espey, who lives near Sebastopol, has a swarm of bees in his house. There is one chimney on the house that has never been used, and a year or so ago a pair of yellow hammers picked out a brick and built their nest in the flue. One of Mr. Espey's boys subsequently covered the top of the chimney to keep out the rain. The birds did not come back this season, and the warm and Mamma-"Bobby, don't you want to cosy little nest was tenantless until a few who came along in a big swarm and, spying the hole in the brick work, they immediately took possession, constructing their combs in the bottom of the Bobby-"Yes; he's too nice. Every flue, where they can be plainly seen through the stove-pipe hole. In order that the operations of the honey-gatherers might be watched without danger of being stung the boys have placed a glass over the pipe hole .- Santa Rosa (Cal.) Democrat.

When Your Shoes Are Wet.

Girls and ladies, and for that matter their husbands and brothers, are all liable to get their feet very wet at the sea or on the mountains. Then they come home, throw off their boots, forget them, and when next they are wanted they are hard and dry, or mouldy, and only fit to be thrown away. Even if they are remembered, very few know what to do with them. Stand them up, put them in shape, and then fill them with oats, such as they feed to horses. This will, in a few hours, draw all the moisture out of the leather, keeping the boots in shape meanwhile, and leaving it soft and pliable. The oats can be used again and again. This is a relic of the days when no railroads existed, and traveling was done under difficulties, and in weather the present generation has no conception of .- St. Louis Republic.

Little Son (after meditation)-"I'd WONDERS OF THE DEEP. A GREAT FISHERIES EXHIBIT AT

> Outlines the Magnificent Show to be Expected-A Brief History of Fish-

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

ery Expositions. One of the most interesting exhibits at the World's Columbian Exposition will be that of Fish and Fisheries. Captain J. W. Collins, of the Fish and Fish-

eries Department of the Exposition, says: Everything that science has rescued from the depths of ocean, sea, lake or river, will be displayed at the forthcoming fisheries exhibit-inhabitants of deep sea grottos, the coral animalbuilder of islands and continents-sea anemones that blossom miles below the surface of the ozean, monstrous devil fish, sharks and other terrors of the deep will be seen, beside the speckled beauties people think he was," grumbled the ex- of stream or lake, pletian catfish, perch and sucker, suggestive of the boyish angler and the shallow stream. From ocean depths will be brought specimens of subaqueous life so marvelously delicate, and so richly beautiful that the microscope will only reveal, in part, their wondrous beauty and film-like tracery. The methods, too, by which the mysteries of the deep are penetrated, the paraphernalia of the United States Fish Commission, the inventions by which the finny tribe is cultured, the "Don't fret. I'll not have anything wonderful progress male in the art of fish farming, in addition to the implements of commercial fishing and the latest tackle for angling-all of these will

be displayed to their fullest extent. The idea of a fishery exhibition seems to have originated with the Dutch, and to them belongs the honor of having inaugurated displays of this kind. The the best display of its kind, though, in the meantime, there had been several similar ones elsewhere. Much care was exercised in drawing up the programme, which, all things considered, was a comprehensive one, and the display so far as it went was a thoroughly practical presentation of the fisheries, and the several arts connected therewith. The second fisheries exposition was opened at Bergen, Norway, on the 1st of August, 1865. In arranging their programme the Norwegians copied closely after the Dutch; all kinds of fishing apparatus for the capture of aquatic animals, from the whale to the shrimp, being included, besides models of fish-curing establishments, and various forms of sea products. In the following year (1866), a third fishery exposition was opened at Archachon, France, and it seems that the French were determined to leave no stone unturned to render fishing popular in their country, for a little later, in the summer of that year, there was also a similar exhibition at Boulogue, the latter place, however, being far less favorably situated than Archachon.

The success of the expositions at Archachon and Boulogne seems to have incited other countries to follow the example of the French, for in 1867 there was a display of fish and fisheries at the Hague, while the exhibitions held at the same time at Aarhuus, in Denmark, and at Vienna, though to a certain extent general agricultural shows, nevertheless, were chiefly remarkable for the presentation of material illustrative of the fisheries and the industries connected therewith. Comparatively little was shown, however, beside specimen of fish, and the Danish affair was not, strictly speaking, a success. Sweden, was the next to follow, a display of this kind being opened at Gothenburg in 1867, In 1868 France again took the lead,

the Havre Exposition being inaugurated

in June of that year under favorable

auspices. Strange to say, so far as is

known, pickled mackerel were shown

for the first time on this occasion, and were looked upon as a novelty. For the next four years things were at rest, but in 1871 the Italians entered the field, a fishery exhibition being held at Naples that year. This was, however, comparatively unimportant, and after its close little was done by the promoters of fishery displays until 1878, when the piscicultural exhibition was held at the West. minster Aquarium, London; but, owing to the haste with which the affair was gotten up, the result was unsatisfactory. During the same year (1878) the Germans begun to talk of holding an international fisheries exhibition at Berlin, and invitations were sent out to all countries to participate. After two years of preparation the exhibition was opened on the 26th of April, 1880, by the Crown Prince of Germany. Among those who gave prizes were the Emperor, Empress, the Crown Prince, the King of Saxony, and several of the archdukes of the empire. It is now a matter of history that the display made by the United States on this occasion far exceeded that of any other nation in comprehensiveness and in the variety of the objects shown. The first prize of the Emperor was awarded to America for the completeness of its display, while a large number of medals, etc., were received by private American exhibitors. Curiously enough, the English, from

being, apparently, the least interested, become the most zealous advocates of fishery displays, and April 18, 1881, the Prince of Wales opened a national exhibition of this kind at Norwich. This proved so successful that it was followed the next year by the International Fishery Exposition at Edinburgh. The Great International Fisheries Ex-

position was held at London, in 1888.

It was perhaps one of the most important events in the history of the fisheries of the world, and did more to advance these interests than had been done in many years previously. But on no previous occasion has there

been such a beautiful and fitting setting for a fishery exposition as that which has been designed for the Exposition at Chicago, in 1893, where it is hoped there will be gathered such a display as has never been seen in America, and one that will eclipse all preceding fishery expositions -