

THE CHARLOTTE MESSENGER

VOL. III. NO. 7

CHARLOTTE, N. C. SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1886.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Single Copy 5 cents.

THE
Charlotte Messenger
IS PUBLISHED
Every Saturday,

AT
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
In the interests of the Colored People
of the Country.

Able and well-known writers will contribute to its columns from different parts of the country, and it will contain the latest General News of the day.

THE MESSENGER is a first-class newspaper and will not allow personal abuse in its columns. It is not sectarian or partisan, but independent—dealing fairly by all. It reserves the right to criticize the shortcomings of all public officials—commending the worthy, and recommending for election such ones as in its opinion are best suited to serve the interests of the people.

It is intended to supply the long felt need of a newspaper to advocate the rights and defend the interests of the Negro-American, especially in the Piedmont section of the Carolinas.

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

(Always in Advance.)

1 year	\$1 50
6 months	1 00
3 months	75
1 month	50
5 months	40

Address,

W. C. SMITH, Charlotte, N. C.

A great effort has at last been made to solve the enigma which for ages has remained a mystery to man. It is the great Sphinx, of Egypt, which is about to reveal its secrets and why it was erected. A company of explorers, under the direction of Maspero, have been excavating for some time back around the base of this colossal. These excavations have disclosed a temple which is said to be the oldest in the world. It has no resemblance to any of the other Egyptian temples. For a few months the marvelous Sphinx of Ghizeh will remain, perhaps for the first time since the days of Moses, free from the earth in which it was buried, and we shall perhaps discover the reason of its existence.

There are in the United States thirty-three counties whose agricultural products amount in value to over \$4,000,000. Of the thirty-three the State of New York furnishes fourteen, Pennsylvania seven, Illinois six, California and Massachusetts two each and Michigan and Connecticut one each. Of these rich counties, Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, leads all the rest, her agricultural products, according to the census of 1880, amounting to \$9,320,202. It is important to know what is raised in the rich counties. Lancaster raises vast amounts of tobacco—twice as much as any other county in the United States. The county also raises vast quantities of corn, oats, wheat, and about 40,000 cows make enormous quantities of milk, butter, and cheese.

The French census recently taken is proving most unsatisfactory. In Paris, in particular, people strongly objected to filling up the papers, especially in the aristocratic quarters, while the poorer classes did not understand how to reply to the questions, and students and practical jokers returned most absurd answers, and utilized the census papers as a field for drawing caricatures. Scarcely any returns could be obtained from the hotels, and in some quarters from seventy-nine to eighty per cent. of the inhabitants gave no replies whatever. One father of a family answered the queries by the suggestion: "Ask my mother-in-law," another wrote: "You are too curious." In stating the profession or occupation, a facetious Republican declared himself "Expeller of Princes," and his neighbor stated that he was "watching Jules Ferry to admire his nose," while a third remarked that he had been looking for work for fifteen years.

A permit was taken out in Washington recently to remodel and enlarge the house recently purchased by the President on the Woody Lane road. The plans as prepared by the architects provide for the addition to the present structure of a third story of a very ornamental and handsome design. The third story will be in the high pointed roof pierced with dormer windows, the eaves extending over some fourteen feet, thus forming the roof of the porch in the second story. There will be double porches twelve feet wide extending on the south and west and part of the east sides of the house. Upon the stone walls forming the present two stories of the house will be built this high, overreaching roof, with the exterior covered with shingles painted red. There will be a two-story back building erected for a kitchen and servants' quarters, and the interior will be remodeled and fitted up in a style to correspond to the pretty modern design of a cottage, which the exterior will then assume.

AT EVENTIDE.

At twilight hour, beneath a tree
I lie, and breathe the fragrant air.
All nature seems to smile on me:
My mind is free from earthly care.
Far in the West the waning light
Is struggling with the twilight's haze,
My soul drinks in with rapt delight,
The fairy scene that meets my gaze.
How silent is the summer air,
A solemn, stillness, silent, grand.
The zephyrs playing through my hair
Seem strangely like a fairy's wand.
The creatures all have sought their rest;
The songsters sang their last "good-night,"
The owl now leaves his gloomy nest,
And through the twilight wings his flight.
The marsh resounds with croaking frogs;
The crickets now take up the cry,
While o'er the surface of the bogs
The swallows skim, and wheel, and fly.
And soon the chorus swells complete,
And wondrous sounds. The day's last light
Departs, the deepening gloom to meet.
The veil of darkness falls. 'Tis night.
—S. S. Stinson, in Leisure Moments.

WROUGHT BY A DREAM.

Miss M. is a pretty heiress, whose name for obvious reasons we must suppress; Mr. R. is a young diplomatist who fancies he has every chance of becoming an ambassador before the last of his short-cropped locks has deserted him. Mr. R. had heard of Miss M. as being the owner of a wonderfully beautiful diamond necklace, and also as possessing more personal attractions than are supposed to belong to any but interesting papers. Miss M., on the other hand, had been informed that Mr. R. was a very decent sort of fellow, with the smallest amount possible of foreign officer swag. They met for the first time under Lady R.'s roof, and surveyed each other with mutual interest from opposite sides of an elaborately decorated dinner table. The necklace came up to Mr. R.'s expectations, but their own surpassed them. Not only was she pretty, but also vivacious and evidently amusing—not a painted, dressed up doll, like the woman beside him, got up for admiration and incapable of conversation. Not being accustomed to admire without some sort of return, he left the doll to the tender mercies of his left-hand neighbor, and devoted his attention to Miss M. They had grown quite friendly over five o'clock tea, and now exchanged telegraphic signs across the table about any small episodes that arose during the dinner. Mr. R. thought he was getting on, and became so engrossed that he neglected his favorite entree and had scarcely time to do justice to the saddle of mutton. But when the regulation ice cream had made its rounds he noticed a sudden change in the girl opposite to him. She turned as white as her own handkerchief, and leaned back in her chair, silent and abstracted, with wide open eyes and parted lips. For the rest of the time she scarcely talked at all, and seemed incapable of talking; but she shook her head when he made a sign that he was ready to assist her out of the room, and kept her seat till the ladies rose and filed slowly through the door. He would have given much to follow them at once, because his curiosity was vividly roused. He was sure there was some mystery behind the scenes, for she looked as if she had received a shock—seen a ghost, or discovered an unwished-for friend. As soon as he could get away he looked round the drawing room, and seeing Miss M. sitting apart from the other ladies, and turning over the leaves of a photograph book in evident preoccupation, he made his way to her, and standing before her, so as to shield her from observation, asked in a low voice if he could do anything for her.

She looked up in surprise. "Thanks, I don't want anything."
"But you are annoyed or ill—one or the other. I shall never forget your look at dinner."
"Did anyone notice it?" eagerly.
"Not a soul except myself. Of course, I don't wish to force your confidence, but if I can be of any service to you—"
"No one can do me any good," hurriedly. "Only I wish to heaven I had never come."
He looked at her with genuine compassion, for he saw that she was shivering from head to foot.
"Shall I fetch Lady R.—?"
"Not for the world! I would tell you, only you would think me too foolish," looking around to be sure that no one could overhear.
"I promise you I won't," earnestly, as he took a chair and sat down just in front of her, so that she should not have to raise her voice. "Pray, tell me."
"It was only a dream," with the ghost of a smile. "Last night I thought I was being murdered for the sake of this necklace," playing nervously with the diamonds round her white throat, "and I woke up struggling with a man—a man with a long chin and reddish hair. I felt I should know him anywhere, and I saw him to-day at dinner"—with a shudder—"handing the liqueurs."
"Why, that was Bird, the butler. You couldn't be afraid of him."
"I am," looking up at him with terror in her pretty eyes. "I am sure he will try and murder me to-night. I can't go to bed. I should never close my eyes," and she shivered again.
"You can go to bed and sleep in perfect confidence. I'll tell you what I'll do for you," and Mr. R. smiled, feeling that he was making a noble effort. "Our rooms lie on the same corridor. I have heaps of letters to write—worse luck—so that I must sit up. I'll keep my door ajar, which won't be noticed, as there is a light in the passage, and my ears are so sharp that I would defy any one to pass without my knowing it. Will that content you?"

"You are very kind; but he might wait till your letters are finished."
"That will make no difference. I promise to sit up until my hot water's brought. Will that satisfy you?"
"Oh, but that's too much."
"Not at all. If you tell me in the morning that you've had a good night," with a pleasant smile, "I shall feel amply rewarded; besides, I can do with less sleep than most people, and I'm sure to take it out before luncheon."
Miss M. expostulated, but he would not listen, being quite excited at the idea of rendering a service to such a pretty girl; and when the guests separated for the night and he whispered: "I haven't forgotten," she gave him so charming a look of gratitude that his heart fluttered like a schoolboy's.

Two o'clock, A. M., with a decaying fire and without the solace of a pipe. He had written two or three letters just to save his conscience, but the effort had been so great that he wouldn't have begun another to save his life. In order to reassure Miss M., who might be on the lookout, he left the smoking room on pretext of a headache, and established himself in his room about midnight. Smoking and sleeping were both out of the question, and two longer hours he had never spent in his whole existence. He heard doors opening and shutting down stairs, a suppressed laugh at the last good story told amidst tobacco smoke, the tread of several pairs of feet in different directions, and then silence. Miss M. being no longer there with her white face and her small figure all of a tremble to work upon his feelings, he began to feel his position eminently ridiculous. His excitement had cooled down, his compassion had waned like the moon; but, infinitely bored and intensely sleepy, he was bound by his promise to a girl. And all on account of a dream! He asked himself, with his fingers running through his usually neat hair and his mouth distended in an unconscious yawn, if anybody had ever heard of a young man being victimized by somebody else's dream. It was arrant nonsense, and he was a fool to give in to it. No, not quite that, with a throb of compunction, or the girl would have worried herself into fits; but he ought to have reasoned with her, or suggested that she might have a dog in her room. Lady B.'s Fidget would have been sure to bark if a mouse had squeaked, and would have howled the house down at sight of a burglar. A pity he hadn't thought of it; but supposing he had, Miss M.'s gratitude would have been given to Fidget and not to himself, and he rather wished to win it. Another yawn, till he thought he had cracked his jaws. The fire was dying out, he was afraid to stir it, but he thought might tickle it with a poker. He got up cautiously and was stretching out his hand for the poker, when he heard a sound in the passage. He began to think his nervous system was deranged, for he had never believed there was the smallest reason for his watching. But the sound was repeated, and sent an unmistakable thrill through his veins. He got to the door noiselessly, thanks to his slippers, and without opening it any further peered through the crack. He could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw Bird, the butler, carrying a pair of tiny high-heeled boots in his hand. Was there really something in the dream after all? He waited till the man actually stopped at Miss M.'s door and placed his hand on the handle.

Then with one stride he was by his side.
"What are you doing here?" he said, in a stern whisper, staring the butler straight in the face.
The man started, turned perfectly livid, and let the boots fall from his shaking fingers, but he made a great effort after composure, and tried to steady his voice as he said: "I had forgotten to send up these boots before, sir, and I was afraid the young lady might want them the first thing in the morning."
"If she did it wouldn't be your business to bring them. You must be mad or drunk, and I shall report you to your master to-morrow."
The man's under lip shook and his eyes shifted uneasily. "I meant no harm," he said, sullenly, as he stooped to pick up the boots.
But Mr. R. stopped him on a sudden impulse. "Leave them here and go off at once."
Bird seemed inclined to remonstrate, and even stretched out his hand again as if to take the boots, but Mr. R. signed to him to go, with a significant frown.
The butler slunk down the passage, giving a backward look before he turned the corner. Mr. R. watched him out of sight, then picked up the boots and carried them to the gaslight. Nothing in the first, a dainty, innocent covering for a pretty foot. But something hard rattled in one of them as they dropped on the floor, and he was not surprised to find in the second a long, pointed knife. As he drew it out and scratched his finger with the sharp edge, his blood turned cold as he thought of the girl's white throat and a crimson gash.
If it had not been for a dream that girl would have been brutally murdered in her bed.

Mr. R. thought it right to tell the circumstances of the case to Lord and Lady B. Miss M. agreed with him, but said she would go home before he spoke, to avoid a fuss. As soon as she had left the house the story was told, and Lady B. nearly went into hysterics. Lord B. said there was not sufficient evidence to support a charge of murder, but he declined to have his enterprising butler any longer in the house. He therefore dismissed him at once on another pretext, and Mr. George Bird is now on the lookout for another place, where he may cut a throat when he feels inclined, with no troublesome third party to interfere. A nice

thought for those who are about to engage a butler.

This story is true, only a few trifling details having been altered, and the proper names suppressed. Mr. Bird is the only person concerned in it who would be able to bring an action for libel against me, but for his own sake he is likely to keep quiet.—*London Life.*

The Yellowstone Geysers.

The geysers are the most remarkable manifestations of this region; but I shall not give much space to them, says a letter to the Boston Herald. Your readers all know what a geyser is. Its operation can easily be imagined, and the photographs, which are frequent, give an excellent idea of the appearance of these eruptions. I was prepared for them, and they created less of wonder and admiration in my mind than the coloring, the conformation, and the permanent agitation in the springs, to which I have given more attention in this letter. There is but one of the greater geysers that the visitor is sure of seeing in a limited sojourn—Old Faithful, which spouts every hour, and is hardly surpassed in effectiveness by any of the others. The others go at longer intervals—some of several days. One is pretty sure in two days' time to see a number of minor ones, as did we. We were fortunate enough to witness an eruption of the grand geyser also, which in its breadth and power is magnificent. The Castle we missed, much to our regret. If we had included that also, it would have left little to be desired. The landlord who lives in front of it told me: "There is just one word to describe it—it is awful. It makes a noise that appalls you, and it shakes the earth all about; we look for it with hope, but we are glad when it is over." The crater built up around these geysers are great curiosities in the form which the deposits have taken, and it is very interesting to visit them all. One of the chiefest, the Grand, covers no basin at all that would be observed; others, like the Castle and the Grotto, are large and peculiar. The whole area within view of the hotel at this upper basin is covered with springs and geysers from which the effect toward twilight is the best of all. I saw a curious combination of the practical on this majestic scene as I strolled through it alone. All at once I came upon a man and his family washing for the hotel in one of these springs. He removed the heavy soil from the garments, and then set them to boil in the spring. I took a handkerchief from my pocket and it was cleaned, ironed and back there in five minutes' time. This man told me a Chinaman had established himself at another spring some time since, but he put so much soap in the water that he created a small geyser, and John decamped hurriedly, thinking he was in the infernal regions. We tried the experiment later with a pound of soap, and it resulted in throwing up the water with great violence five or six feet.—*Correspondence Boston Herald.*

The Original Weather Prophet.

An almanac maker in London named Partridge, who flourished in Queen Anne's time, was the original weather prophet. Like our cherished Old Probabilities of the Signal Service, he foretold storms in March and December, showers in April and May, hot weather in August and frosts in December. Dean Swift became disgusted at Partridge's pretensions, and determined to put him down. Walking around London one day, he noticed over a smith's shop the sign, "Isaac Bickerstaff." It struck his fancy, and he stored it in his memory for future use. In January, 1708, Partridge came out with his almanac as usual. A few weeks afterward London was astonished by the publication of a small sheet which purported to contain the predictions of Isaac Bickerstaff, astrologer. It made a profound sensation, and the sale was great. Instead of the vague and definite hints at futurity which Partridge's almanacs contained, it foretold foreign and domestic events, with the greatest particularity, giving even the hour of the day when deaths of famous men, great victories and defeats should occur. But one statement created the most talk; for at 11 o'clock on the 29th of March it was predicted that Partridge, the almanac maker, would die. Partridge himself stoutly denied its truth, but it was of no use. On the 30th of March another pamphlet came out giving a circumstantial account of his death, after a sincere repentance of his sins and a confession of the worthlessness of his almanac. Everybody believed he was dead, and Partridge was never able to convince the public that he was still alive. It broke up his business, and in a few years he really did die. It is a pity that the Dean isn't still on earth to deal with Venner and Wiggins. A good dose of ridicule is probably the most effectual weapon which can be used against them, and the Dean was a master of the art.—*Ben: Perry Poore.*

A Monster Lobster.

Searching along the Winthrop shore a few days ago for whatever was to be found contraband in the lobster trade, Deputy Fish Commissioner F. R. Shattuck came upon what might be termed a stunner in the possession of Belcher Brothers, who had just brought in from their traps something wonderful in crustacean life. It proved to be an example of the size a lobster can attain if left unmolested a long time. Unlike the average large lobster, it was symmetrical, so much so as to cause remark in that regard. It weighed 11½ pounds; length over all, 29½ inches; length of large claw 11 inches; small claw, 10½ inches. The question of the age of this sample of what lobsters might attain is an interesting one. Commissioner Shattuck who is making the lobster a study, suggests that he may be twenty-five years old.—*Boston Transcript.*

The young man full of promise frequently turns out bad pay.—*Picayune.*

FOR VICTIMS OF ALCOHOL

THE METHODS USED IN A PRIVATE HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN.

Drunkenness Classified as a Disease—How Patients are Treated—A Striking Peculiarity.

"The patients here are all women," said the manager of a quiet, unobtrusive private hospital in the neighborhood of Central Park. From the outside of the building nothing could be seen to indicate the character of the occupants, and it could easily have been taken for the home of a business man of means. "What are the special features of the institution?" continued the manager. "There is only one disease treated here, and that is drunkenness. Drunkenness is a disease? Undoubtedly, the same as any other disordered condition of the body. Alcohol is a poison and people who take it habitually suffer from chronic poisoning just as the man does who works in a white lead factory for any length of time. The patients are all wealthy here, and, confidentially, this place is nothing more than a high-toned inebriate asylum. It would never do to call it so as it would ruin the business entirely. It is a peculiar thing about many of our patients that is, those who come willingly, that if there were anything said about this being a retreat for drunkards they would never come here. They are sensitive on this point, although they know what is the difficulty with them. The hospital is always full, and in fact, patients have to be turned away every day, and I understand that places similar to this have been started further downtown, to take care of the increase in the business. I can't say that drunkenness among wealthy women is on the increase, but there is no doubt that the number of people seeking treatment is larger than it was a year ago. Some of the cases are bad, and women who have formed the habit of taking morphine to quiet the nervous condition induced by alcohol are the worst. Some are brought here in the wildest paroxysms of delirium tremens, after the treatment of the family physician has ceased to be of benefit. "Are the patients cured? That is hard to tell. The object of the treatment is to break the habit. Patients have been sent home seemingly strong and all right, who after a time come back worse than ever. But little medicine is given in the plan of treatment, and no substitute for the alcohol. Medicine to take away the appetite for alcohol is nonsense, for by giving something for this purpose another habit will usually be formed equally as bad. Whatever tends to strengthen the body is used, and no patient is safe to discharge until the inflammation of the stomach caused by alcohol has been removed. Fresh air, baths, exercise, light food and agreeable mental occupation do the work if a cure is possible. There is a class of patients who do not want to stop drinking. They spend a few weeks with us, get patched up somewhat and go back to their excesses with the vigor of youthful indulgence. All the patients are benefited by treatment, unless there is too great an organic derangement of the kidneys and liver. I know of some absolute cures but they are but a comparatively small percentage of those treated. The trouble is that when they leave here, as soon as there is a reaction, however slight, from the cessation of tonic, they feel depressed and take a little stimulant to drive away the dullness and counteract the low vitality. When this is done once, it is only a question of time when stimulants are taken in large quantities for every little ailment. This sets up an inflammation which is the cause of the craving for alcohol, and the habit is formed. I have had patients under my charge whose relatives would willingly pay any amount of money to have the habit broken. It is not a question of money at all. Millions could not cure a person who did not have a stronger desire to stop drinking than to drink. This is the real secret of a radical cure.

"The patients cannot as a rule be trusted. The will lie about their condition, make themselves appear to be well and strong, only that the restraint they are under may be relaxed, so that they may have a chance to get something to drink. Even when they are brought here physical wrecks, trembling with shattered nerves, wild eyes and wandering minds, they will declare that they have not drunk in months, and claim that they are being persecuted by their families or friends. There are many sad cases where the habit of drinking has been formed innocently and perhaps under the advice of a physician. Then there will usually be an honest effort to break away from the grip that is tighter than a band of iron, and the mental torture induced by the effort to keep straight and the lack of confidence in the ability to do so is something horrible at times, and can only be appreciated by those who have seen cases frequently or undergone the agony themselves.

"There is one striking peculiarity about alcoholic patients. They will agree with every statement made concerning the injurious effects of alcohol, and will acknowledge that drunkenness is the worst habit that could be formed. They will deliver temperance lectures to each other by the hour, and weep freely as they recount their misery and sufferings. Give the most earnest protest among them a chance to get a bottle of whisky, and she will seize it eagerly. The thought of whisky starts the machinery of desire going so strongly that nothing can resist it, and usually, until a patient's stomach is healed, she will drink whisky, if she can get it, until inebriation is produced."—*New York Tribune.*

The Korean Government has issued an educational law which requires all children between eight and thirteen years of age to attend school.

In the Island of Java there are twenty water-press printing offices.

REQUIESCAT.

All night the land in darkness slept,
All night the sleepless sea
Along the beaches moaned and wept.
And called aloud on me.
Now all about the wakening land
The white foam lies upon the sand.
I saw across the glimmering dark
The white foam rise and fall;
I saw a drifting phantom bark,
I heard the sailors call:
Then sheer upon my straining sight
Fell down the curtain of the night.
What ship was on the midnight deep?
What voices on the air?
Did wandering spirits call and weep
In darkness and despair?
Did ever living seaman hail
The land with such a hopeless wail?
The flush of dawn is in the sky,
The dawn-breeze on the sea,
The lark is singing sweet and high,
A winged melody:
Here on the sand, among the foam,
The tired sailors have come home.
Their eyes that stare, so wide, so wide,
See not the blessed light;
For all the streams of death divide
The morning from the night:
Weary with tossing on her breast,
The sea at last has given her rest.
—D. J. Robertson

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Why is a bald-headed man like a hound? Because he makes a little hare go a great ways.

When the summer resorts fill up it becomes more difficult for the boarders to do so.—*Statesman.*

"I do my best to bring mankind higher," as the elevator boy said, "but some will keep going down."—*National Weekly.*

"Say, I've got the hiccoughs. Frighten me, won't you?" "Lend me a five!" "Thanks, it's all over now."—*Burlington Free Press.*

There are two things in this life that can be depended upon to stick. A porous plaster and a stylographic pen.—*New Haven News.*

"Where is the best place to get fat?" asked a thin housekeeper of a neighbor. "All over," was the unexpected reply.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

"Law Without Lawyers" is the title of a new book. That's nothing strange. Lemonade without lemons has been an old thing ever since picnics were invented.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Boy—"Father wants three pounds of steak, and I will bring the money around to-morrow." Butcher—"Wait until to-morrow comes, bub, and then you won't have to make two trips."—*Judge.*

Smith—"Have you forgotten that \$20 I loaned you, Brown?" Brown—"No, indeed. I've made a note of it." Smith—"Well, if you cannot give me the cash I'll take the note."—*Lowell Citizen.*

"Do you hire college dudes to wait on the table at this house?" asked an elderly gentleman as he stepped up to the desk of one of our summer hotels. "Well, yes, we do, but I'm afraid you're a little too aged to come under that head." The clerk saw that he had made a mistake when he glanced at the afternoon paper and saw that the Hon. Josiah Jumper and seven daughters were registered at the rival hotel.—*Tid-Bits.*

"Come live with me
Down by the sea,
Where the mermaids are combing their tresses,
Where the shining waves kiss
The shore—ah! what bliss,
And the sunlight the sea-beach caresses."
"I cannot, moon chery."
"Too strong is the air."
"Tis 'ard," once remarked Mr. Eccles.
"Now, dearest, you know
I gladly would go,
But I'm terribly frightened for freckles."
—*New York Journal*

The Goat.

The common or domestic goat was originally a native of the highlands of Asia. Naturalists generally regard it as having descended from an animal found in the Caucasus Mountains and the hill country of Persia, called in the Persian language, the paseng. Its legs are longer than those of the common goat, and its horns are very much larger. It is not always easy to distinguish between the species and varieties of goats. The common goat has existed as a domestic animal in Oriental countries from the very earliest times. From there it spread all over the world, manifesting a remarkable adaptability to climate and circumstances. In this diversity of surroundings, a great diversity of breeds has appeared, such as the Angora goat, the Syrian goat, the Cashmere goat, the Guinea goat of Africa, and many others. No quadruped, except the dog, has shown such susceptibility of variation. These differences show most markedly in the quality and quantity of the hair, and in the relative abundance of the two coats, the long, silky outer covering and the softer woolly hair beneath it. Goats are found wild in mountainous countries only; they are very sure-footed on narrow ledges or rocks, and show great strength and ability in leaping. They also prefer as food the leaves and branches of shrubs and the herbs found on mountains to the herbage of the richest lowland pastures. Among the Greeks and Romans the goat was sacrificed to Bacchus because of its tendency to injure grapevines by eating its young tendrils and leaves. The goat is not found wild in extreme Northern countries, but when under domestication thrives as well within a shed in the Northern districts of Scandinavia as in the hottest parts of Asia and Africa. All the species of the goat are natives of the Old World. The Rocky Mountain goat, so-called, of North America, really belongs to the antelope family.—*Inter-Ocean.*