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In the Interests of the Colored People
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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.

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The spot where the first blood of the American Revolution was shed has been appropriately marked by the Aldermen of Boston at the request of the Bostonian Society. This blood spilling occurred on March 5, 1770, and is known in history as the Boston Massacre.

According to some recently published statistics, there have been fought in France since 1870 no fewer than 847 duels, besides many between officers and between private soldiers, which are scarcely ever mentioned in the papers. Out of these 847 duels only nine resulted in one of the parties being disabled. In 98 per cent. of the cases the combatants left the field unscathed, though rehabilitated.

Some idea of the immense resources of this country may be gained from the fact that since 1855 the government has paid in pensions, in round numbers, \$825,000,000, and of this enormous sum all except \$25,000,000 was paid since the civil war. In 1867 the interest on the national debt was \$144,000,000, and in those thirty one years \$1,815,000,000 have been paid to the holders of Government bonds.

It is proposed in India to petition the State to turn over the three or four hundred criminals annually condemned to death to an authorized medical commission for the purpose of experimentation, primarily with the view to determine the transmissibility of cholera from one man to another. As the subjects of the experiments, if they escape the disease, are to receive a full pardon, it is supposed they will willingly submit themselves to the proposed tests.

The Hindoo widows have ghastly sufferings of it, but the acutest part of their sufferings comes from the fact that for two days of every month, all during the period of their widowhood, they are obliged to abstain from all food and drink, even to water. The aged mother, hardly able to tot across the floors, must pay the penalty as well as the young widow of twelve. Weeping sisters and daughters stand about and wring their hands, but no one dares help the sufferer. Reformers in India are doing everything in their power to induce the government to abolish enforced widowhood, so that none may be compelled to endure the suffering that widows are now forced to undergo. The government is averse to interfering, it being maintained that the desired reform must come from the Hindoos themselves.

It takes the American girl to dispel the glamour which surrounds royalty. The Mobile Register publishes an interesting letter from Miss Mary Fearn, the daughter of the United States Minister to Greece, to a friend in Mobile, in which she describes a ball held at her father's house in Athens and attended by the Greek King. It was the second time the King had ever been at a private house in the evening, and the minister's family rather dreaded the stiffness and formality which they feared would mark the occasion; "but," Miss Fearn goes on, "fortunately for us, the King, who is naturally a charming person, happened to be in a particularly good humor on this occasion. He circulated around the room in the most informal manner; so much so, that at one time I quite forgot his presence, and in the midst of a wild gallop with one of my middies I bumped right into him in the most disrespectful manner as he was crossing the room. However, he only smiled and said: 'Go on! that's the way to enjoy it!'"

GOMING.
"The sweetest song that ere was sung
Awaits another sweeter yet—
The inspiration of some tongue
To Heaven's higher music set."

The loftiest thought that thrills the brain
Or pulses through a soul of fire
Awaits the birth-pangs yet again
Of something grander still, and higher.

The noblest deed which e'er was wrought
Awaits another nobler still—
The surging of a vaster thought,
The impulse of a mightier will.

The golden age forever lies
Not in the past, but reaching on—
Where bend the future's bright'ning skies
Life's grandest triumphs shall be won.
—George W. Crowell, in *Clipper*.

THE REPORTER.

BY ELANOR CORBET.

Ten o'clock on a Tuesday morning, and one of the busiest days in the week, in the office of the *Weekly Record*—a journal dealing largely with society's doings and sayings, as well as with all the literary, musical and dramatic happenings of the day. The editor and his assistants were up to their ears in work, but the chief had just arrived, and with a pleasant word of greeting had passed on to his private sanctum. An elegant and distinguished man, this Ernest Warren, the proprietor, general director and mainspring of the flourish weekly which his father had left to him as a part of his inheritance; and, moreover, had supplemented it by a very pretty fortune, which at once lifted this dear, only son from the ranks of struggling journalists, and made of him, had he so chosen, a gentleman of elegant leisure. But this was contrary to all Ernest's inclinations. At no time was he disposed to a life of mere idle luxury; and though he had the entrée into the best society of the city, and was by no means averse to enjoying the same, he had never, in the five years since his father's death, neglected the interests of the *Record*, nor withdrawn himself from the general supervision of all its details. See him now, as he stands at his desk, running over the morning's correspondence. A man not much under forty; tall and strongly built, with steady gray eyes, dark hair and mustache, and a general air of vigor and determination about him which at once inspires confidence in the beholder, and makes women and children feel that in him would be found a very serviceable protector, should occasion arise.

On this busy morning the letters did not seem to require much consideration, and when the last one had been assigned to the waste-basket, Mr. Warren stepped to the door of the outer office, and inquired:
"Hainly, has Miss Ogden been in this morning?"
"Not yet, sir."
"Very well. Ask her to speak with me as soon as she comes."
Ten minutes later, and a brisk, business-like young woman presented herself at his door.
"Ah, Miss Ogden, good-morning. I was just inquiring for you. I presume you have your day's programme pretty well laid out; but I want you to take in some evening work. Mrs. Rossiter gives a reception to-night, and requests that a representative of the *Record* be present, if possible, a lady, in order that the costumes may be correctly described. For, as she politely remarks: 'Men generally make such a botch of such matters unless they have some woman to coach them.' Now, can you be there in the ladies' dressing-room, say about ten o'clock, and remain as long as there are any arrivals to take notes of?"
Miss Ogden hesitated. This was something she hadn't bargained for. To sit up till all hours of the night reading and criticising new books; to run around to the shops for fashion items and novelties; to assist at all the "opening days," attend matinees, and even to interview an actress occasionally—why, all these came into the day's work. But this that Mr. Warren was proposing would be a new departure to her, and rather galling to that pride of which, although a sensible young woman, she had a fair amount. And so the prompt and cheerful acquiescence which was her usual answer to her employer halted on her lips.

"Well," said he, kindly. "Do you mind it so very much? Why, then, I must send one of the boys, I suppose."
Now there were several reasons why Sara Ogden felt very kindly toward Ernest Warren, and was more than willing to study his wishes. In the first place, he pleased her fancy, with his handsome face and manly bearing, and his unvarying deference and cordiality; secondly, he seemed to give her credit for possessing as good reasoning powers and clear judgment as though she were a man; and many a time, in that snug little office, they had held long and interesting discussions on the topics of the day, which had sent her home to her lonely room with a pleasant sense of mental cheer and refreshment; and lastly, he had won her gratitude by desiring Editor Haney to give her a trial when she presented herself as an applicant for work some months before this busy morning. It was an innovation—this employing of a woman for regular daily work, and without the chief's good word she knew she never could have got a foothold in the office of the *Record*, nor a chance to show what she was capable of. Thinking of all this, and meeting the look of appeal in those grave, handsome eyes, she could not answer him with a refusal. A word or two signified her acquiescence in the proposed arrangements, and won for her a beaming smile and a hearty "Thank you very much, Miss Ogden. I am sure we shall now get a reliable account of the different toilets."

"She doesn't like it, that's plain," mused Warren. "But she'll do it. A plucky determined girl, that is—and a pretty one. She ought to be going as invited guest, and not merely as newspaper reporter. She could hold her own with most of the society belles in face, figure and manners; and as for brains, why, she's way ahead there. I know I'd rather be up in the dressing-room talking to her to-night than down in the ballroom waltzing with the prettiest 'bud' of the season."

Punctually at ten o'clock that evening Sara entered the dressing-room at Mrs. Rossiter's. As she ascended the stairs, she had glimpses of the drawing-room, and the picture gallery, which to-night was devoted to the dancers. Both were brilliant with lights, and fragrant with flowers, but as yet were unattended. A brief interview was accorded her, as representative of the *Record*, by the hostess and her daughter, who were desirous of seeing their own elaborate Parisian costumes fully described; and then she was permitted to ensconce herself in a snug corner at the side of the large mirror, where she could pass in review each toilet, while the fair wearer thereof took a last fond glance at her own charms before submitting them to general criticism.

Sara had made no attempt at evening dress; but she could not help being a very pleasant object as she sat there in her well-made, dark blue camel's-hair and velvet Sunday gown, lighted up by a bunch of carnations; her dark, glossy hair piled up in a soft, wavy mass, and her flushed cheeks giving new brilliancy to the clear, wide-awake eyes, which looked as though no details could escape their notice.
Presently the room began to fill up, and the great mirror reflected oneerading vision after another; and Sara's hands and eyes were so busy taking notes that she lost all self-consciousness, and was oblivious of the curious glances now and then cast in her direction. One group gave place to another, and there was no time to study faces; the general effect and material of a costume was all that she could grasp—the wearer was but an animated lay-figure to the busy reporter in the corner.
But after a while there was a lull in the arrivals, and the latest comers, a group of pretty, stylish girls, who seemed to be all on intimate terms, lingered and chatted together, and seemed to be in no haste to descend. Sara had given to each her line of description, and was leaning back with folded arms for a moment's rest, when she was startled by the vision of a satin slipper raised to the level of her knee, while quick, imperious voice exclaimed:
"There, just botton that strap, will you?"
Pushing back her chair, Sara arose and looked the young lady full in the eye for a moment; then, turning to the maid, she said: "Marie, your services are required here," and herself crossed the room to a seat by the window.

There was a brief silence, and then the same imperious voice reached her ears:
"Well, did one ever see such airs? Who is she, and what's she here for?"
The French maid probably made answer here, for the next moment the voice went on: "Oh, newspaper reporter, is it? If that's all, she needn't have felt aggrieved at being taken for a maid. I'm sure," and a scornful laugh rounded the sentence. A few titters followed from other members of the group, and Sara's eyes flashed with indignation, while her cheeks outthrew her carnations.
Then a clear young voice spoke up: "For shame, girls! she looks like a lady, and you can't suppose she likes being here. Don't make her position any harder by snubbing her."
Sara looked gratefully at the speaker, and saw that she was the youngest and prettiest of the group—a lovely blonde, whose charming attire had already won her admiration, though the sweet face above it had not been noticed before. Evidently, too, she was of social importance, for her companions seemed to be impressed by her words, and the greatest offender had the grace to look ashamed of herself, while the others broke into chorus: "You're right, Jessie!" and under cover of these exclamations they floated off, and Sara was at liberty to go back to her corner and wait for the next arrivals. They weren't long in coming, and again it happened to be a group of acquaintances, full of chatter and laughter. Their words passed unheeded until the sound of a certain well-known name drew Sara's attention.

"Yes," said one lady. "I saw them as I came up-stairs—Jessie and Mr. Warren." "Oh! I heard he was to be here with his fiancée." And a third speaker chimed in with: "Well, you'll see she's the loveliest girl in the room—a perfect blonde—and with the sweetest expression, and so amiable, I hear."
There was more gossip, and other names were mentioned, but the girl in the corner gave no heed to it. So her employer was a guest in this house, and that charming girl who had just tried to befriend herself was his fiancée. Well, she was lovely and amiable, no doubt; and if she seemed rather young for the grave and dignified chief, why, men liked those bright young girls, who hadn't a care in life except to make the most of their prettiness. And, any way, it was no concern of hers.

The hour was growing late now, there were no fresh arrivals, and Miss Ogden was just about seeking her wraps, to go home, when the same pretty girl, with two or three others, entered the room to brighten up their plumage before taking flight to some other reception; and, rather than draw attention to herself, Sara drew back into her corner and watched with some amusement the flustering and prinking in front of the long mirror, until a suddenly remembered bit of gossip drew all the pretty heads into a bunch, and distracted their attention momentarily from their own attractions.

The one called Jessie with her back to the mirror, facing the others, the train of her lace-trimmed robe sweeping out behind her close up to the glass, when suddenly—no one knew how it happened—there was a horrified scream from one of her gay companions, a quick drawing away from her, and she was left alone, a stony figure, with pale, set face, whose horror-stricken eyes glared over her shoulder at the little creeping flames springing up among her laces, starting from the wax candle which had toppled over from the mirror-bracket. Before the terrified girl could find her voice, Sara had sprung forward and seized a fur-lined cloak, which she wrapped tightly about the burning lace, and then Jessie was conscious of a resolute voice bidding her: "Quick, now! Lie down flat on the floor! Don't struggle, child!" and the next moment she was nearly buried beneath a heavy Turkish rug. A few moments later and the danger was all over; her costly laces were crumbling rags, and the rich satin was scorched and blackened: a Worth masterpiece was utterly ruined, but the delicate white body it inclosed had not felt even a breath of flame. The kindly, careless words uttered an hour before had borne precious fruit for her: but before she could recover from her fright enough to speak her thanks, Sara had quietly got herself out of the excited group and was speeding home to her boarding-place. But she had not been quick enough to avoid Mr. Warren's entrance, or to escape his agitated words: "Jessie, my darling, are you hurt?" and all night her dreams were haunted by a tall, manly figure, with a beautiful golden-haired girl in his arms.

Next morning, just as she had summoned up energy enough to think of getting off to the office, she was told that some one wished to see her in the parlor; and, going down, she was confronted by Mr. Warren, who caught both her hands in an earnest clasp, as he said:
"Miss Ogden, how can I ever thank you for last night's work? And why did you run away before we could speak to you? Jessie would have come with me this morning, but she is not fit to be out. She sends you this note and some roses," pointing to a basket on the table. "And my mother begs that you will let me bring you back to lunch. She is longing to make your acquaintance, but she cannot leave Jessie. 'Will you come?'"
"But—you overwhelm me. I don't want to go and be thanked. Any one else would have done as much as I did."
"Did any one else do as much? No. You mustn't be ungracious, and refuse our acknowledgments. But for you, she might be lying dead now—my dear little sister!"
"Your sister, Mr. Warren? Why, I thought you—"
A confused pause here.

"Certainly my sister. At last, I always called her so, though her mother was my father's second wife. Why, who did you suppose she was, Sara?"
"Oh, I heard some gossip there last night about you being present with your fiancée, and so—"
"Woman-like, you jumped to a conclusion. I have no fiancée; but lately I have begun to hope that I may find one some day—that is, since I have been learning what a sweet, brave spirit looks out from these clear eyes. But now that you've turned out a real heroine, I'm afraid I'm too commonplace and uninteresting a mortal to mate with you. What do you think, dear? Could you ever care for me?"

Miss Ogden evidently felt very little doubt on that subject, and must have signified as much, for that very afternoon she was being petted and made much of by her lover's family. And the next time she stood in the dressing-room of Mrs. Rossiter's elegant mansion—the once insignificant news-gatherer and reporter of fashionable toilets was quite unrecognizable under the bridal satin and pearls of Mrs. Ernest Warren. And some one else chronicled her costumes for the readers of the *Record*.—*Frank Leslie*.

Three Queer Terms Made Plain.
The metaphor "Deaf as an adder" has a Biblical origin. In the Psalms we find these words: "The deaf adder stoppeth her ears and will not hearken to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely." These words, however, do not explain why the adder should be spoken of as deaf, but the solution of that problem is found in an old tradition. In Eastern countries if a viper enters the house a snake charmer is sent for, who enters the serpent into a bag. But according to an old superstition the asp stops his ears when the charmer utters his incantation by applying one ear to the ground and twisting its tail into the other.

"Go to my uncle's" had its origin in a pun on the Latin word *uncus*, meaning a hook. At the present time English pawnbrokers have spouts down through which goods are shot when redeemed. Before these came into use, however, pawnbrokers employed a hook to lift redeemed articles from their storage places. Impetuous Oxford students came to speak of pledging their valuables as sending them "to the uncus," and this in time became corrupted into *uncle*, and hence our present application of the term.

The term "mare's nest" frequently puzzled me after I came to know that mares did not do their breeding in that way. It is applied, as you know, to one's making what is supposed to be a great discovery, but which turns out to be all moonshine. An old-time writer gives this explanation of its origin: "What we call a nightmare was by our forefathers supposed to be the Saxon demon *mara* or *mare*, a kind of vampire sitting on the sleeper's chest. These vampires were said to be the guardians of hid treasures, over which they brooded as hens over their eggs, and the place where they sat was termed their nest. When any one supposes he has made a great discovery we ask him if he has discovered a *mare's nest*, or the place where the vampire guards over hypothetical treasures."—*Philadelphia News*.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

How to Keep Flowers.

As a general thing, flowers will droop and fade in a day and night; yet there are kinds, like the camellias and eupatoriums, which can be kept longer if the water is changed morning and night, and a few drops of camphor spirits added to it. But if the faded flowers are put into a dish of scalding hot water deep enough to cover one-third of their stems, by the time the water has cooled the flowers will have become fresh and erect. Then cut off the ends of stems, and put them into cool water with a small bit of saltpetre in it. Flowers will keep longer in dishes of wet sand than in vases of water.

What a Good Dinner Really Is.

What we mean by a good square meal is not simply roast beef and potatoes, with a piece of indigestible pie and a cup of ordinary coffee, but a table covered with snow white linen, the china and glassware shining like so many miniature mirrors, with bouquets of fresh blooming flowers in season, and napkins soft and fresh from the laundry, not stiff as pasteboard, so that they will slide from your knee. These preparations cost but a trifle, and they are the invariable precursor of a good appetite. No dish should be served undecorated; the fish and meat should be surrounded with small pieces of either parsley or beets, carrots or turnips cut by molds into various knickknack devices, not so much for eating as for ornamentation, and also as an appetizer. For puddings, melons, etc., pulverized sugar should always be at hand. Cleanliness of the table should be co-incident with cleanliness of the body.—*Health and Home*.

Hints and Recipes.

Discolored tea and coffee pots may be cleaned by filling them with water in which two or three tablespoonfuls of wood ashes have been placed and letting it boil up, then wash thoroughly with hot soap-suds, and rinse.

This horseradish sauce is excellent with boiled beef: Take as much grated horseradish as is required and mix it with sufficient stock which has been cooked with a little vinegar, salt, sugar, butter and fine breadcrumbs. This sauce should be quite thick.

Try this recipe for "raised cake." Two cups of sugar mixed with one cup of butter, half a cup of raisins, seeded and chopped; half a cup of citron cut in small strips; two eggs and one cup and a half of bread dough. Mix all thoroughly together and let it rise in the pans before baking.

A good way to use cold meat is to cut it in slices and let it stand over night covered with vinegar. When required for use dip the slices in beaten egg, seasoned with salt and nutmeg; strew them with fine breadcrumbs and fry lightly in butter, taking care that they do not become dry. Serve as soon as done.

Linon which has been laid by unused for a long time is liable to acquire a yellowish tint. Washing in a weak solution of chloride of lime will speedily restore the original white color. After the soaking in this chloride preparation, the articles ought to be rinsed—first in a solution of antichlore (hypo-sulphite of sodium) and then again in pure water.

For damp closets and cupboards which generate mildew, a trayful of quicklime will be found to absorb moisture and render the air pure, but of course it is necessary to renew the lime from time to time as it becomes fully slaked. This last remedy will be found useful in safes and strong rooms, the damp air of which acts frequently most injuriously on the deeds and documents which they contain.

Often there is a superabundance of gravy from roast beef for which the housekeeper has no especial use. This may form the basis for a variety of soups. One kind, prepared by this German recipe, is good: Mince an onion fine and brown it in butter; add two tablespoonfuls of flour and let it cook until a delicate brown. Mix this with as much boiling water as will be required for soup and a celery root cut in small pieces; when this is soft add the gravy, with seasoning to taste. Little dumplings are a savory addition. Beat two eggs to a froth; mix with them enough flour to make a soft dough, thinning with a little milk and seasoning with salt and grated nutmeg. When the dough is thoroughly mixed, drop a teaspoonful of it in the soup and see if it remains firm; should it fall to pieces the dough is too soft and needs a little more flour. If it cooks properly drop all the dough in the soup by the teaspoonful and boil gently for fifteen minutes.

Celluloid in Naval Architecture.

It may be interesting to note, apropos of the completion of the first of our new steel cruisers, that the French Navy Department has been experimenting at Dunkirk with an invention which, if its practicability is demonstrated, will render all existing navies quite useless. This invention is nothing less than a hull for a man of war, capable of carrying heavy guns and being, in fact, a complete fortification, which will not sink and cannot be sunk. It is made of celluloid, and is said not only to float under all circumstances, but to be practically proof against artillery, since the heaviest shot merely imbed themselves in it with a dull thud and do not penetrate. The problem of naval warfare, with such unsinkable fortifications in conflict, would be either to see which party could put the other hors du combat with boarding parties, armed with pistol and cutlasses a la Trafalgar, or else to determine which could load the other's celluloid with enough heavy shot to sink the structure. The naval officers who made the experiments are reported by the French papers to be quite taken with the invention.

A German entomologist declares that spiders destroy more insect enemies of trees than do all the insect-eating birds.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night! I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good-night unto the fragile hand,
All queenly with its weight of rings,
Good-night to fond uplifted eyes,
Good-night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good-night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there!
The snowy hand detains me—then
I'll have to say good-night again.

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my adieu. Till then, good-night.
You wish the time were now! And I
You do not blush to wish it so!
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own so much a year ago.
What! both these snowy hands! Ah!
Then,
I'll have to say good-night again.
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Forced politeness—Bowing to circumstances.

The old chaps who wore armor were the first mail carriers.

Physic beats the faith cure, because it has the inside track.—*Pittsburg*.

A cry for quarter—that raised by the sleeping-car porter.—*Peoria Call*.

A recent comic song is entitled Soap. It comes in bars.—*Binghamton Republican*.

"Some men are born great." Yes, but gracious! how some of them do shrink.—*New Haven News*.

A restaurant keeper can make both ends meet by serving calf's head and oxtail soup.—*Drake's Magazine*.

Said Tom, when kicked, and valor seemed to lack,
"A man can't help what's done behind his back."
—*Tid-Bits*.

An Indian idol has been discovered in the West. It is a petrified whisky bottle with the cork out.—*Burlington Free Press*.

When Brown gets his salary he puts what he owes his land-lady to one side. He has christened it his board pile.—*Merchant-Traveler*.

It is said that every dog must have his day; but this cannot be so, for everyone knows there are more than 365 dogs in the world.—*Tid-Bits*.

A young lady in Illinois is named Shorthose, but recently she got awfully mad because a man called her Socks for short.—*St. Paul Herald*.

Young Corydon is bound to marry.
For sage advice he will not tarry.
The step he takes he'll soon be ruing,
For billing always follows wooing.
—*Rambler*.

A New Yorker shot his wife, but the bullet hit nothing but her store hair. She had so much of it on that he couldn't tell which was switch.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

A Pittsburger has taken out a patent for a machine to crimp flour bags. That's all right. Why shouldn't the flour bag wear crimps so long as the flour barrel has hoops?—*Statesman*.

"Ugh! it's cold this morning," said Sniggs to Higgs. "I saw ice on my sidewalk, as I came down-town." "Indeed," said Higgs, "was it paid for?"
Tableau.—*St. Paul Herald*.

What It Costs to Run a Locomotive.

Many people wonder at the animal endurance of the equine. Few understand or are aware of the mighty performance of the great railway horse of to-day. Take one passenger engine on the Illinois Central Railroad—No. 116—the engineer of which is Hugh Bailey, who for twenty-nine years has been holding the reins of an iron steed on that road. In August last Bailey, with his iron horse, traveled 4,731 miles. During this time it required twenty-seven pounds of waste to rub down and thirty-one gallons of oil to lubricate the engine. To keep it hot three cords of wood and 120 tons of coal were used. Mr. Bailey and his fireman in the month earned \$228.10. The oil and waste cost \$9.91; the wood and coal, \$170.16. As a horse has to be doctored once in awhile, so does an engine have to be repaired. In this month No. 116 received repairs to the extent of \$80.67. Thus it is seen that it cost the company \$492.86 for the performance of this horse in one month. The report of the expenses of the month's work has many other interesting features. It shows that a pint of oil lasted while the engine ran a fraction over nineteen miles. In little over thirty-six miles a cord of wood or a ton of coal was used. It is accurately figured that for each mile run the oil and waste cost a fraction over 2 mills; the coal and wood, 34 mills; the wages of the two men in charge, about 44; for repairing nearly 2 mills.

"Was this faithful horse ridden under the saddle or driven in harness?" some may ask. Well, he must have been hitched, judging from the amount of hauling he did. The report shows that, on an average, within a fraction of six cars were hauled to the mile. In one year, ending December, 1885, this grand old charger, guided by skilful hands, had hauled a train of six passenger coaches in point of distance nearly twice around the earth. He used 304 pounds of waste, 355 gallons of oil, 35 cords of wood and 1,596 tons of coal. The repairs cost \$389, and the wages of the engineer and fireman were \$2,338.77. So that it cost the company \$4,717.51 to make the double trip with the engine alone.—*Chicago News*.

Glendower Evans Brown, of Campobello, New Brunswick, has not only a fine name but a fine lot of living ancestors. His father's father and mother and grandfather and grandmother are alive, and so are his mother's father and mother and grandmother and her father and mother.