

# THE CHARLOTTE MESSENGER.

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**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 men 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.

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

President Chauncey M. Depew is testing the various methods for heating and lighting the cars of the New York Central Railroad's lines without danger from fire in the event of accidents. Experiments are being made with electric lighting machines, stored-up gas and hot-water apparatus, and doubtless some efficient, practical system will grow out of the ingenuity expended on these essays. A train has already been successfully run from Boston to the Grand Central Depot, in New York, thoroughly heated for 240 miles by the Martin steam-heating apparatus and lighted by electricity.

The California Legislature has appropriated \$15,000 for the improvement of the Yosemite Valley. New trails will be opened, and the mountain streams will be stocked with fish, that tourists may have the pleasure of fishing with the hope of catching something. The mountain trout can only be caught by an Indian. It is his secret.

A citizen of New Orleans recently found a rat's nest in which were eight sleek little rats. Nest and all were placed in a pail of water, which was carried fifty feet from the original locality of the nest. Pretty soon the mother rat came back, saw that her home had been broken up, and in an instant had discovered the pail, into which she plunged to rescue her already drowned little ones.

In speaking of the "anesthetic bullet," which is said to have been invented recently by a German, and which will render wounded men unconscious for twelve hours, the *Portland Press* says that "but one thing is lacking to complete the usefulness of this original principle in the art of war. The rifles from which these bullets are to be fired should be furnished with needle-pointed bayonets through which hypodermic injections of morphia may be administered to the soldiers of the enemy who may fall in the way of a German bayonet charge."

A Rocheport (Mo.) lady has in her henery quite a curiosity in the shape of a young chick which was hatched from what is known as a double egg. It has four perfectly formed legs and feet and two heads pointing opposite to each other, but only one body. In eating only one bill pecks the food at one time, and one head seems almost lifeless when the other chirps. In running around the hen-house, however, the two heads do not always agree, one head and pair of legs trying to go to the right, the other heading for the left.

Formosa is one of the dark spots of the earth. We know next to nothing about it and what we do know is unfavorable. Popular fancy peoples it with a barbarous race of a most degraded and dangerous type. Piracy and cannibalism are alluded to as among the more sportive diversions of the natives. But the march of the ages is affecting this singular, out-of-the-way region as well as other places. The island is tributary to China, and of late years it has been in charge of Lin Min Chuan, a very energetic governor. Memorializing the throne under date of July 20th last, he stated that he had been able that year to bring into subjection over 400 villages, that 70,000 people have embraced civilization, and that over 20,000 acres of land earlier brought under cultivation, but since abandoned, have been reclaimed. He is providing the island with an elaborate system of coast defence, and proposes to introduce railroads and telegraph lines. The foreign commerce of the island is rapidly increasing.

#### A FRIEND'S HAND IN MINE, LADS.

Sometimes 'tis May, lads,  
She sky soft and bright;  
We sing on our way, lads,  
With brave hearts and light  
But May cannot last, lads;  
With great clouds rolled,  
The skies are o'ercast, lads,  
The world turns cold.  
A friend's hand in mine, lads,  
A kind hand and true,  
In rough ways and dark days—  
It helps a man through.

We've small gifts to give, lads,  
A poor purse to show,  
But what man can live, lads,  
With naught to bestow?  
A word of brave cheer, lads,  
A warm grasp and strong,  
Bents all your gear, lads,  
To help hearts along.

A friend's hand in mine, lads,  
A kind hand and true,  
In rough ways and dark days—  
It helps a man through.

Do what you can, lads,  
And do it with might;  
God isn't man, lads,  
To judge by the sight.  
Pence pounds outweigh, lads,  
When wills are right good.  
And, oh! to hear Him say, lads,  
"He's done what he could."  
A friend's hand in mine, lads,  
A kind hand and true,  
In rough ways and dark days—  
It helps a man through.  
—Frederic Langbridge.

#### THE BOX IN THE CORNER.

It is some years since I was station-master, baggage-agent, telegraph-operator and ticket-seller at a little village near some valuable oil wells. The station-house was quite a distance from the unpretentious thoroughfare that had grown up in a day, and my duties were so arduous that I had scarcely leisure for a weekly fitting to a certain mansion on the hill where dwelt Ellen Morris, my promised wife. In fact, it was with the hope of lessening the distance between us that I had undertaken these quadruple duties.

The day had been gloomy, and toward the afternoon ominous rolls of thunder protended a storm.  
Colonel Holloway, the well-known reasurer of the oil company, had been in the village several days. About one o'clock he came hurriedly into the office with a package, which he laid upon my desk, saying:

"Take care of that, Bowen, till tomorrow. I'm going up the road."  
The commission was not an unusual one, and my safe was one of Marvin's best. I counted the money, which footed up into the thousands, placed it in the official envelope, affixed the seals, and deposited it in the safe. As I turned away from the lock, a voice at the door said:

"Say, mister, can you tell me the way to the post-office?"  
A sort of shock went through me at the unexpected presence that seemed to have dropped down from nowhere, and I replied, irritably:

"You could not miss it if you tried. Keep straight ahead."  
Soon large drops of rain came down then faster and more furiously, until he air was one vast sheet of water, and little rivers leaped madly along the gutters and culverts. Forked lightning sept pace with the pealing thunder, and heaven's own artillery seemed let loose. Anything more dismal or dreary could not well be imagined, and gradually the oneliness grew oppressive. Every stranger had fled to shelter, and the usual dlers had deserted the platform. But I resolutely set to work at the dry statistics of the station-books, with an occasional all to the wires, which were ticking like mad, so fierce was the electric current.

It was near five o'clock when a long freight train came lumbering by, switched off a car or two, then dragged its slow length onward. This created a brief diversion, then once more I was deserted.  
The next passenger train was not due till ten o'clock. I lit the lamps and resigned myself with questionable patience to the intervening hours. An agreeable interruption came in the form of my upper, which was brought in a water-proof basket by a sort of jack-at-all-trades whom we called Jake. Shaking himself like a wet dog, he "lowed here wa'n't much more water left up yonder nohow."

"I hope not, indeed," I said, glad of the sound of a human voice. "Jake!" I called, as he left the office. "Come pack as soon as you can—I may want you."  
I had a vague idea of dispatching some sort of report to Ellen that I had not been entirely washed away, and obtaining similar comfort as to her own fate. I little thought I should really need him.

I think I am not by nature more timid than other men, but as the dismal evening closed in I took from my desk two revolvers kept ready for possible emergencies, and laid one upon the desk where I was making freight entries, and the other on the table where the electric battery stood. At intervals a fresh package for the night express was brought by some dripping carrier, who deposited it, got his receipt, hung about for a few moments, then hastened away to more comfortable quarters.

Still the rain poured in torrents. It must have been nearly nine o'clock when a wagon, hurriedly driven, suddenly stopped at the platform. In a moment the door was flung open, and I saw a small ambulant well known about the village. Two men sprang out, and, with the aid of the driver and his assistant, proceeded to lift out a box which from its

dimensions could contain only one kind of freight, to wit, the remains of a human being.

Carefully placing this box in a remote corner of the room, near other boxes awaiting transportation, the driver and his man returned to their wagon, while the two strangers approached the desk to enter their ghastly freight. They wore slouched hats and were very wet. They produced a death certificate of one John Slate, who had died at a farmhouse several miles away, of a non-contagious complaint, and was to be shipped to friends down the road. This was all. There was nothing singular about it, and yet, when the door closed upon the strangers and I was again alone, or worse than alone, a feeling of awe came over me. Clearly the storm had somewhat unstrung me.

Only one hour till the train was due, after which I could turn in for the night.

A louder peal of thunder shook the house, and fiercer flashed the lightning. Minute after minute went by, and each seemed an age. The roar and din of the elements only deepened the gloom inside, where the uncertain kerosene darkened the shadows.

Suddenly, to my overstrained nerves, the ceaseless clicking of the wires seemed to say: "Watch the box! Watch the box! Watch the box!" As a particular strain of melody will at times repeat itself in the mind, and obstinately keep time to every movement, till one is well nigh distracted, so this refrain began to enchain every sense: "Watch the box! Watch the box! Watch the box!" Till now my depressed spirits were due only to the solitude and the storm. No suspicion of evil or danger had tormented me.

Peering more closely into the dingy corner I saw only the ordinary pine box, with what seemed to be a square paper, or placard, on the side facing me. Probably the address, bunglingly adjusted on the side instead of the top, or else a stain of mud from the late rough ride. At all events, I was not curious enough to approach more nearly the ghostly visitant.

Then minutes had crept by, when a muffled noise in the dark corner distinctly sounded above the pelting rain drops, while, as if to mock at my quickened fears, the wires continued their monotonous warning: "Watch the box! Watch the box! Watch the box!" I did watch the box, and as by inspiration I grasped the situation. There was indeed a man in the box, but not a dead one. A living man, who had boldly lent himself to a plot to rob or murder me, perhaps both.

I remembered the stranger who had surprised me while at the safe, several hours before. He had doubtless followed Colonel Holloway and witnessed the money transaction. Quick and fast flew my thoughts in the startled endeavor to grasp some plan of action. Single-handed I was no match for any man, having recently recovered from an attack of malarial fever. This one in the box (if indeed there were one) must mean to secure his prize before the train was due, and escape the consequences. He must have accomplices, and these were doubtless on watch, waiting either to give or receive a signal. At least it was not probable that he would undertake the job alone, and the fact that he had confederates had already appeared.

Perhaps the sight of my pistols had delayed the attack. Perhaps some part of their plan had miscarried and caused delay. At all events I must be cool. I fancied I saw his eyes through the dark patch on the box. I was almost sure he was slowly lifting the lid. There was no help near, and much might be done in the time still to elapse before the train was due.

Quietly walking to the battery, I feigned to take a message. In reality I sent one to the conductor of the on-coming express, as the only device whereby I could secure assistance, and this would doubtless be too late. Yet it was all that I could do just now.

With every sense on the alert, I arose to retrieve my keys if possible, when the door burst open, and Frank Morris, my future brother-in-law, rushed in, followed by a huge dog that was Ellen's special pet and attendant.

"Confound you!" said Frank, spluttering about, and shaking himself as vigorously as the dog. "I'll be blown if ever I go on such another fool's errand as this."  
"Why, you are pretty well 'blowed now,' I said, with a poor attempt to be funny, but immensely relieved. "I never was so glad to see anybody in my life!" and I meant it.

"There it is," he said; "make much of it," as he cleverly flipped a little white missile over to me. "Such billing and cooing I never want to see again. Regular spoons, by Jove! Can't go to sleep till she knows you haven't been melted, or washed away, or something. And Cato must come along to see that her precious brother doesn't get lost. Ugh! Lie down, over there, old fellow!" Then to me he said: "Here, help me out of this wet thing."

But I was engrossed, just then, and ridding himself of the offending garment, the broad-shouldered young athlete strode about in mock impotence.

"Heavens! what a night!" he exclaimed. "What time does your train pass? Ten? Just three minutes. I guess I'll stay; but we'll have that young damsel floating down here if she doesn't hear pretty soon. Hello, Cato! What's the matter?" as the dog gave a low growl. "What's that in the corner, Bowen?"

The dog continued to growl and look suspiciously about as the young fellow rattled on.

"That," I said, "is a dead man."  
"Humph!" he laughed. "Jolly good company for such a night. I say, Bowen, you've got a nice toy there," and he took up the pistol that lay on the table. Meanwhile I had scrawled on a piece of paper, which I quietly placed near the pistol:

"The man in the box is a burglar. Be ready for an attack."  
"Oh! that's the game!" he said, aloud, and instantly strode across the room, as Cato sprang up and barked furiously at the box. Simultaneously the top of the box flew up, and uttering a shrill whistle the man sprang to a sitting posture, while through the wide flung door the other two ruffians appeared with pistols cocked. At once there began a deadly struggle. The dog had leaped upon the box and knocked the "dead" man's pistol out of his hand, as Frank shouted, "Tsho, Cato!" unwilling that the dog should tear him to pieces, but wishing to keep him at bay.

"Your keys!" yelled the other men; "or by heavens you'll drop!" Instantly closing in, man to man, the fierce struggle went on amid shouts, curses and pistol shots.

"Call off your cursed dog!" screamed the "dead" man continually. The encounter, which had occupied scarcely a minute, was at its deadliest, both Frank and I endeavoring to disarm rather than kill, when the whistle of the train sounded, and in another moment the conductor and his men were among us.

"Seize that scoundrel!" shouted Frank, breathlessly, indicating the man in the box. "Here, Cato!" and the obedient animal unwillingly retired, but continued his savage growls.

At this juncture my man fell heavily to the floor, wounded in the leg, and uttering groans and imprecations. It was quick work to secure the men, and Jake, who opportunely reappeared, was sent to summon the village police. Some of the passengers, impatient at the delay, had got wind of the adventure, and now crowded into the station in no little excitement. The box was found to have a false side piece, next the wall, which was easily pushed down by the man inside, for greater comfort in his cramped position; and there were beside a number of air-holes. It was the moving of this side-panel that caused the muffled noise I had heard.

I was questioned in all possible ways, and the curiosity of the passengers was fully gratified amid the clamor of the prisoners who continually swore at each other.

"What did you wait so long for?" said one of them glaring at the "dead" man.

"What was your hurry?" retorted the other, sarcastically.

It was plain from the quarrel which ensued that the sight of my pistols, and my evident uneasiness, together with the effect of the fearful storm, had unsettled the fellow's plan and robbed him of his presence of mind. While puzzling as to the safest course, the sudden entrance of Frank and the dog had precipitated the catastrophe.

The men were conducted to the County Jail, and I was the hero of the hour, although I could not claim much credit for personal valor in the matter.

Was it fate or Providence that befriended me? But for my presentiment, or whatever it was, I should have urged Frank's immediate return to my anxious betrothed. But for her loving anxiety he never would have come down on such a night. But for the dog one of us must have been killed. And first of all, but for the instinctive sense of danger the telegraph wires would never have spoken a warning to my excited fancy; and this manifest feeling of apprehension, though I strove hard to conceal it, held the man in the box at bay.

The practical result of the episode was a more commodious station-house, and more men on duty. My salary was raised; and eventually I gave up the situation because my wife could never feel satisfied to have me perform night work after the fearful experience I have related.

As to Frank, he is not backward with explosive English whenever the subject is mentioned, and no amount of persuasion could ever reconcile Cato to the old station-house.—*Frank Leslie's*

#### Powder Magazines.

A New York *Sun* article describing the powder magazines in the New Jersey mountains owned by the United States, says: The magazines are placed so far apart that should one of them explode the others would be in no danger. In handling the powder more care is taken than is customary or economical in a powder mill. When a car load of the sensitive stuff is backed up to the door of the magazine, a heavy canvas covering is thrown over the stone platform in front of the door. The men who are to store the powder then put on rubber shoes, and each barrel is carefully carried to its place in a wheelbarrow. The barrels are never rolled or allowed to come in contact with stone or iron, although there are no nails used in their construction, and scarcely any possibility of a spark being struck. In the magazine the barrels are arranged in rows, two abreast and four or five barrels high. Each tier rests on light skids of pine wood, and between the rows are wide aisles which are kept scrupulously swept. When the temperature is lower outdoors than in the magazine, the doors are thrown open and the ventilators loosened for a couple of hours during the middle of the day. At such times a watchman with a big revolver in his belt prowls incessantly around the building. At other times he and his comrades similarly armed are intrusted with the policing of the grounds.

#### The Curious Kermes Oak.

The Botanical Gardens, London, have succeeded in cultivating the curious Kermes oak which, when punctured by one of the coccus insects, produces the ancient, blood red dye supposed to have been used by Moses to tint the hangings of the tabernacle. The Kermes oak is a dwarf, bushy shrub, somewhat resembling a holly, and grows profusely in Spain.—*Philadelphia Call*.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A map showing the distribution of fog on the various parts of the earth has just been published by Admiral T. de Bort. The observations upon which it is based were made at 1,000 land and 112,000 marine stations.

A French traveler recently discovered some bee-hives in a gigantic eucalyptus tree in Australia. The honey was strongly scented with the perfume of the flowers of the tree; and Prof. Thomas Karaman, who has examined it, believes it to have medicinal properties.

A German inquirer has, it is stated, taken four heads of hair of equal weight, and then proceeded to count the individual hairs. One (red) was found to contain 90,000 hairs; another (black), 108,000; a third (brown) had 109,000, and the fourth (blonde) 140,000.

A committee on lighting the Paris Exhibition of 1889 has reported favorably on a plan for the use of every known means of illumination. The total amount of light to be furnished is estimated at 2,850,000 standard candles, said to be upward of five times the intensity produced by the whole of the gas lamps of Paris.

The most healthful temperature for the human body to live in, says a writer in the *Scientific American*, is about seventy degrees Fahrenheit. The more rooms that are kept heated in a house, the less draughts will be found. Especially heat the halls; it will not take much more coal, and will avoid forcing your heaters or stoves, and enable you to keep easy fires.

A new industry in the South has developed another use for pine needles beside that of spreading an aromatic odor through the embroidered covering of a fine pillow. One product of the pine needles is a remarkably strong oil that possesses many medicinal virtues. Another is pine wool, which is bleached, dyed and woven. The wool is a fleecy brown mass, possessing a pleasant odor, which given its value as a moth destroyer when used as a carpet lining. A strong, cheap matting is made from the wool, useful for halls, stairways and offices.

The *Engineering News*, in the course of a long article on the substitution of steam heat for stove heat in railway cars, shows that no more than from 24 to 34 per cent. of the locomotive's supply of steam is required for heating the average train. It adds that this quantity can be obtained without reducing the load, increasing the heating surface, decreasing the speed or decreasing the loss by radiation. It is only necessary to push the fire a little when the locomotive is on a level or down a grade, and to use steam that can be spared while the train is resting at stations.

N. S. Shaler, in a lengthy article in *Scribner's* on "The Stability of the Earth," sums up his considerations as follows: "The continent of North America north of Mexico seems, from historic as well as natural evidence, to be in the main free from any considerable danger of earthquakes, which are necessarily destructive to architecture. Nevertheless, a large part of its surface appears to be liable to shocks which, though slight, may be very destructive to life and property, if we persist in our present flimsy methods of architectural construction. Good fortune has given us a tolerably safe abiding place for our race in this country. We can almost everywhere safely put our trust in it, provided we are willing to take some care as to methods of constructing buildings."

#### Cosmopolitan San Francisco.

San Francisco has many admirers and but few haters, writes Edward Roberts in the *New York Post*. In some respects it is the most interesting city in America to visit, whatever it may be to live in. The interesting features are varied and many, and all visitors are impressed with the unlikeness of the place to any other American city. Every nationality seems to be represented: China in one quarter, Italy in another, Germany here, France there. You can dine in the restaurant of any country as inclination prompts, served by an almond-eyed Celestial or by a courteous Frenchman; and if tired of wandering in quarters that apparently are not in America at all, you have but to turn the corner and walk a block to find everything as American as heart could wish. I think, and indeed know, that I should never enjoy living in San Francisco, and I am equally sure that my visits to it will never be otherwise than agreeable. The city, like Paris, for instance, has a liveliness and buoyancy that quickens one's sense of enjoyment; and then, too, the climate is invigorating, and one sees more flowers sold on the street corners than he has been accustomed to in our staid old Eastern cities, that would be shocked, I fear, if they had to countenance all the gayeties of San Francisco. It is far from being an eminently proper place, this city of which I write. Many of its people go to church, but as many more do not, and the places of amusement have the most liberal patronage. There are vast numbers of underground concert and beer saloons, where the air is hot and foul, and from which one hears boisterous music and shouts of noisy applause. Such places are called "dives," and their presence gives to San Francisco many of the characteristics of mining towns in Colorado. The theatres of the city, as a rule, dingy in appearance and unattractive, the only exceptions being the Baldwin and the Alcazar, two playhouses where one feels at home and is able to enjoy much comfort. But the plays presented at all the theatres are equal to those given in the East.

#### Making a Balking Horse Go.

"I always lose my patience when I see a man beat a balking horse," said a driver the other day. "The horse has a little sense and the man not quite as much. There are a dozen ways to make a balking horse pull without beating him; such as putting a handful of dirt in his mouth, tying a handkerchief around his front leg, etc. Anything will do that attracts a horse's attention, for it seems he hasn't the faculty of fixing it upon more than one thing at a time."—*Philadelphia Call*.

#### Largest Piece of Cork in the World.

Leaning against the wall, inclosed in a wooden frame, in a Murray street store, stands a slab of cork 8 feet long by 7 feet wide, and from 1 1/2 to 2 inches in thickness. Over the slab of cork hangs these words:

#### WINGS FOR HOME.

My heart hath taken wings for home;  
Away! away! it cannot stay.  
My heart hath taken wings for home,  
Nor all that's best of Greece or Rome  
Can stop its way.  
My heart hath taken wings for home,  
Away!  
My heart hath taken wings for home,  
Oh, swallow, swallow, lead the way!  
Oh, little bird, fly north with me,  
I have a home beside the sea  
Where thou canst sing and play—  
My heart hath taken wings for home,  
Away!  
My heart hath taken wings for home,  
But thou, Oh little bird, wilt stay;  
Thou hast thy little ones with thee here,  
Thy mate floats with thee through the clear  
Italian depths of day;  
My heart hath taken wings for home,  
Away!  
My heart hath taken wings for home,  
Away! away! it cannot stay.  
One spring from Brunelleschi's dome,  
To Venice by the Adrian foam,  
Then westward by my way,  
My heart hath taken wings for home,  
Away!  
—Dennis F. McCarthy

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

One acre enough—Especially if it be a tender corn.—*Siftings*.

A hostler may be a notorious rascal, and yet be truthfully called a stable man. *Boston Budget*.

Doctors who can speak only one language seem to understand a great many different tongues.—*Statesman*.

An exchange says that when one is caught in a burning hotel he should keep cool. It is a great truth.—*Judge*.

"Say, do you think it's true that red-headed girls are quick-tempered?" "Um—ah—suppose you ask one of them about it?"—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

Pretty School Teacher—"Thomas, state some of the beauties of education." Thomas (oldest boy in school)—School-ma'am.—*New York Sun*.

"Do you rectify mistakes here?" asked a gentleman as he stepped into a drug store. "Yes, sir, we do, if the patient is still alive," replied the urbane clerk.

An agricultural exchange informs us at what "time in the moon to plant corn." In this section farmers prefer to plant their corn in the earth.—*Philadelphia Call*.

"Another terrible washout," remarked Semaphore. "Where?" asked the superintendent. "Down at the Chinese laundry." And the superintendent said he did hate a fool.—*Burdette*.

The biggest woman in the world is in a Philadelphia dime museum. She weighs 747 pounds. This lady had a husband once, but she sat on him and the neighbors were obliged to bury him between two sheets of paper.—*Burlington Free Press*.

A Chicago man swallowed a \$1,000 United States bond to save it from a burglar, and the comptroller has refused to issue a duplicate to him. We don't see why the comptroller could be expected to do otherwise. The Chicago man is in \$1,000.—*Boston Post*.

A Washington paper says the President has not altered any in his manner since his marriage; that when he is introduced to any one he simply shakes hands, bows, smiles, speaks a few words, and passes on. There was a rumor going round that he twisted his friend's arm, threw a back somerset, and yelled defiantly.—*Life*.

#### Earthquakes at Sea.

Somebody who has been investigating the subject says that the chief effect of an earthquake on the ocean is the rising of a great sea wave, sometimes very large, as, for example, sixty feet high at Lisbon in 1761, also eighty feet at Caloa in 1724, and 200 feet at Lupatka in 1787. These waves are often more destructive on land than the actual shocks—the influx usually preceded by an overflow, which, in fact, acts as a warning. One of the most remarkable effects is the distance to which these waves are propagated as "great waves," for example, right across the Pacific. Thus most large earthquakes on the east or west coast of the Pacific produce waves which are recorded on the opposite coast about twenty-four hours after. It is asserted that, as to prediction of earthquakes nothing certain is yet known, but in many cases there are noticeable changes in springs and wells preceding the event. One useful warning, however, is remarked as obviously possible—namely: the report of an actual earthquake on the one side of the Pacific could be at once telegraphed to the other side, thus giving twenty-four hours' notice of the probable advent of a great sea wave.

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THIS IS THE LARGEST PIECE OF CORK IN THE WORLD.  
The Cork came from Portugal.—*New York Sun*.