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Truth and Love.

There are but two things true, dear,
Since time began to run
His wondrous race right through, dear,
The world and round the sun:
And these two things so sweet, dear,
I'll sing while I'm above
The grass beneath my feet, dear:
Truth and Love.

There are but two things sweet, dear,
Forever and a day—
For man is incomplete, dear,
And all things pass away;
But these two things I sing, dear:
Are ever as our youth;
They to the old world cling, dear:
Love and Truth.

They flourish even now, dear,
In spite of lies and death.
I see truth on your brow, dear,
And love is in my breast;
And love will be with truth, dear,
And truth will be with love,
Till we renew our youth, dear,
Up above.
—John Ernest McCann.

"Hold Number Twelve.

BY LUKE SHARP.

"Oh, you heard about that, did you? Who told you?"

"Charley Branson," the conductor. He said he was running the train at the time."

"So he was. What did he say about it?"

"He said it was the most daring thing he ever knew a fellow do. You see, we was all in his room talking about railroad escapades and that sort of thing, and then he told how you saved the train."

"Yes, so," replied the telegrapher, without seeming to be very well pleased that his heroism had been the subject of conversation. "Now, honor bright, didn't he tell anything by the way of explanation to the story?"

"No. What explanation could there be? You did save the train didn't you?"

"Oh, I saved the train all right enough. Charley is a good sort on fellow, I tell you. Yes; he was conductor on No. 12 at that time, still he might have added something to the story of heroism that would have been true enough, yet it shows what a good hearted fellow he is not to have told it."

"Why, were you to blame any about the dispatch? I understood him to say that it was no fault on your part."

"No, it was the train dispatcher's fault. He should have let me know sooner. I don't brag much about that episode, but I'd tell you the whole story."

The operator paused a moment, and seemed to look back on that most exciting period of his life. The telegraph machine chattered away on the table, but the messages were for some other place.

"You see," he began, "No. 12 was due here at 1:45 a. m. She stopped here for water, and for orders. She was the fastest train on the line at that time, and Branson; did the ticket scaling on board. That night it was raining cats and dogs, when Charley came in with his lantern hung on his arm, and stood at the desk till P. te backed the engine from the water tank. Then he said, 'Nothing for me, eh?' and I said there was nothing, and he says, 'Well; so long, then,' and out he went. At that moment there was a call for me at the instrument, and I answered it. I only waited to hear three words of that message, but I tell you those three words just made my hair stand on end. They were:

"Hold No. 12. . . ."

"I gave one glance out the window and saw the last Pullman sleeper slowly passing. The remainder of that instant was taken up in springing clear over that counter and bolting out on the platform. Luckily we had a long platform at that station and I guess I made the quickest time up that set of planks that was ever made along that road. You see on a day train it would not be so bad, for the conductor always swings himself on the last coach, but on the night trains, especially at that hour, everybody in the sleepers are sleepers themselves, and so he gets on the last regular car, which is about the middle of the train. No. 12 generally had three sleepers. She had four on that night."

"Well, I swang on the platform of the last sleeper just as it was passing the end of the station, and I was never so thankful for anything in my life for the train was beginning to go pretty fast, and it was that or nothing."

"I knew that even then there was not a second to be lost, and I must confess that I was pretty badly rattled. Although I had only heard the first three words of the dispatch I knew that somewhere on the line, near or close, there was another train coming, that expected to pass No. 12 on our siding."

"I tried the door of the sleeper and was horrified to find it locked. I kicked and I cut at the door, but the porter was at the other end of the car, probably polishing up someone's boots or very likely asleep. Then I tried to break the glass of the window so that I could put in my arm and push back the door catch, but you know how thick the plate glass is in a car door, and I had nothing but my elbow to break it with. Every moment I lost was putting me in

a frenzy. I gave one despairing kick at the door hoping to break it in, but it was no good.

"The next instant I resolved to get at P. te, the engineer, by climbing over the top of the train. How I ever got up there I don't know. I don't believe I could do it now on a standing car to save my life and by this time the train was rattling along at forty miles an hour, swinging around those curves in a way that took my breath away."

"The top was slippery with the wet and there was nothing to hold on to. I started to run along the top with the blinding smoke and sparks in my eyes and remembered, when I sprawled full length on the roof, that there were iron pipes to lot out the stove smoke."

I went the rest of the way on my hands and knees. The ends of the car roofs, as you know, come close together and there was no difficulty about getting over the junction, yet, I tell you that was a terrible crawl. It was as dark as black cats and the smoke was blinding, besides the sudden jerks around the curves and me on those slippery roofs with nothing to hold on to, and all this at over forty miles an hour, was no joke."

"At last I came to the end of the baggage car and tried to yell to P. te, whom I saw there holding on the lever, but my voice seemed gone. The fireman, I forget his name, was shoveling in coal. I gath'ed myself up and made one grand leap down on the tender, landing on my hands and knees among the coal. I crawled over into the cab and said in a voice so hoarse that it sounded strange to myself:

"Back her, P. te, for God's sake; there's another train ahead!"

"Then I keeled right over where I stood and fainted dead away. The strain had been too much for me."

"I can just remember Pete's scared face as he saw a coal-begrimed tramp, dripping and without a hat, apparently jump down on him from out the clouds, but he didn't hesitate a moment. Just as I went off I heard the scream of the air brakes, and noticed that Pete flung her clean over."

"Pete wasn't a man to ask any questions. He always did his business first and left the talking until afterwards."

"Pete and the conductor helped me into my room after they had sidetracked the train. While he waited there I told them all about it. Then Charley looked at P. te and Pete looked at Charley. That look had a peculiar meaning."

"What's the matter? I said, 'Don't you believe there's a train ahead?'"

"I guess so," answered Charley. "But why didn't you pull the bell rope from the end platform?"

"Yes," put in Pete, "or kick the underpinning from the semaphore cogs and show the red light ahead of me. That would have stopped the train."

"Well, I felt pretty cheap for either of those plans would have worked all right if I had had my wits about me."

"Before I could say a word, although I don't know that I had anything much to say, the special came past with a rush and a roar that shook the depot and Charley said as he picked up his lantern, 'Well, never mind, old fellow. It was the bravest thing I ever knew of and anyhow you saved the train.'"

"So you see, as I told you, if Charley did not tell that part of it, he is a pretty good sort of a fellow, don't you think so?"—[Detroit Free Press.

The Bill Was Too Large.

He stepped into a restaurant for dinner and a waiter served him the printed bill of fare. The eyes of the novice opened wide as he added the figures at the right of the page indicating prices; then springing to his feet he indignantly cried: "What! all this to pay and I ain't eat a mouthful yet?" The outcome we are not told, but on a subsequent visit the gentleman carried a pair of victuals with him from home.—[Lewiston Journal.

Quite a Deep Interest.

A young lady on Houston street had several callers the same evening. One remained rather late, and at length, edging his chair toward her, asked, "Miss —, I am sure you have an interest in my welfare." She was yawning behind her hand, and got the word tied in a knot on her tongue as she graciously replied, "Why, Mr. —, you know I take a great interest in your farewell."—[Chattanooga Times.

'It's a Poor Bile,' Etc.

A Dexter five-year-old was put to bed the other night a little earlier than herself thought desirable. Soon after she called for some bread and milk, and got it. After eating a few spoonfuls, she looked up to her father with a most unconcerned air and remarked: "Papa, I believe I've heard you say it wasn't a good plan to retire immediately after eating. I guess I'll get up."—[Dexter (Me.) Gazette.

True.

She—John, what is a coastwise steamer?
He—One that knows how to keep off the rocks, darling.—[Puck.

PICKPOCKETS.

The Methods Pursued By These Lightfingered Individuals.

An Inmate of a Prison Cell Loosens His Tongue.

A San Francisco Post reporter has been interviewing an imprisoned pickpocket. "What is your legitimate line of work, as you call it?" asked the reporter. The prisoner replied:

"Taking care of purses and such things for people who don't know how to take care of them themselves. If a man studies his business he need never get caught picking pockets. It is simple and nice light work for gentlemen who don't care about doing hard work. You probably don't know it, but the professional dipper studies his work just the same as a lawyer studies law. Take the Eastern safe crackers, Randall, Thomas and Heinz, who were out here a couple of years ago. Why, they've got their business down to a science. They know just where to look for the combination in a safe, and with one lora they break the tumbler and look into pieces. It is part of their business to know these things, and they never have to pry the door off with a crowbar. That's not safe cracking, and fellows who do bungling work ought to go to prison."

"People think that a pickpocket rushes up to a man, dives his hand into his pocket and grabs the purse. That's not so. To do neat work, a pickpocket must have good 'stalls' to do the 'crush,' and he must be able to tell what kind of a man he has selected to rob. The 'stalls' are helpers, and do the rough work while the pickpocket is getting the purse. When you work in a crowd there is not one chance in a thousand that you will get caught if the 'stalls' understand their business. Now, when I worked the theaters or the ferry landing I always had two good helpers. We would go to the theater and wait until the end of the first act. Of course, we never noticed each other, and when the other gentlemen would go out to get clothes we would go to. The 'stalls' then commenced their work, and I would stand back and study. They would size up men who looked as if they had more money than they needed, and would brush up close to them. While they were working in and out around the bar I would be studying."

"The nervous man who is always on guard against being robbed was the one I wanted. Now, the cautious fellow who feels for his purses soon as he had been crowded, shows two things. First, that he has got something worth stealing and then that he will go to pieces and lose his head when jumbled in a crowd. When I selected my man I would give the 'stalls' the sign and we would go back to the show. When he was leaving the theatre the 'stalls' would manage to get around him, one ahead, and one behind. I would walk by his side and I knew just what pocket his purse was in for I noticed that when he felt for it at the bar. Then when he got into the 'stalls' would commence the crush, that is, squeeze him between them. The man ahead would 'accidentally' push him back, while the one behind would 'crush' him ahead. As soon as he felt the crush he would get nervous and excited, raise his hands up to make his way through the crowd and wriggle from one side to the other. The 'stalls' would only squeeze him harder and then I would slip my hand into his pocket and get the purse. A cough would be a signal to the 'stalls' that I was through, and then they would stop squeezing him."

"As soon as we released him from the crush it was funny to see how he would wiggle to get out of the crowd, and when he got there he found that his purse was gone. Of course, you can work the way in any crowd, but you must always take a nervous man. Take one of these cool fellows who doesn't think of getting robbed, and who doesn't mind the crush, and 90 times out of 100 he will catch you."

"But how is it that you manage to rob ladies, when often times their pockets are covered by their skirts?" asked the reporter.

"Just the same as a man," answered the prisoner. "The 'stalls' give them the 'crush,' and the one behind cuts the dress at the same time. Why, it is ten times easier to rob a woman than a man, for they are all fidgety. When they get into a crowd, and are jammed, all they think of is their dress. They are afraid that it is going to be torn and dragged out of shape, and they get so angry and excited that you could put your hand into the pocket 50 times without being detected."

A Big Ferry Boat.

A massive ferry boat, built expressly with a view to its ability to crush heavy ice in the Straits of Mackinac, is being constructed at Detroit for the Mackinac Transportation Company. It will ply between Mackinac and Point St. Ignace. The boat will be 235 feet long, 53 feet in breadth and will have compound engines of 9,000 horse-power.

Pearl Oysters.

The business of getting the pearls out of oysters is a tolerably disagreeable one. The oysters are thrown into large vessels and left to die, when the shells open of their own accord. The shells are then removed, but the oysters themselves are left in buckets till they become decomposed, when they are well stirred. The pearls sink to the bottom, and the remainder is poured off. It may be readily inferred that the odor in the camp of the pearl seekers is more powerful than pleasant.

The pearl had its origin in the efforts of the oyster to protect itself from the irritation caused by the presence of some foreign body between the shell and its mantle, as the soft skin of the oyster is technically termed. To mitigate the suffering caused by this vexatious intruder, the oyster deposits thereon a coating of the same material as that of which the shell is composed, and when once this process has begun it continues, till in time the pearl grows large enough to kill the oyster.

Linnæus, the "father of naturalists," received the honor of knighthood for demonstrating the possibility of artificially inducing the formation of pearls in the pearl-bearing mussel. But, as has been the case with other European inventions of which we have thought a good deal, it has since turned out that John Chinaman has been doing this thing for a couple of thousand years or so. The Chinese method is to take the mussel from the river, carefully force the shells a little way apart, and insert between the mantle of the oyster and one of the shells a few little pellets of clay, tiny pearls or foreign bodies of some kind. When this has been done, the oyster is turned over, and the poor fellow is obliged to submit to a similar uncomfortable process on his other side. He is then put back into a pond, where he is kept well and fat by a diet more nourishing than rice. After a few months, or sometimes a year or two, he is again taken from his bed, his pearls are taken out and he is eaten.—[Boston Herald.

Nature's Oil Press.

According to Professor L. Lesky, the buried bed of vegetation which has become what is now known and used as the Pittsburgh coal bed, twelve feet thick, must have originally been as many as 150 feet in depth, it having been compressed to its present size, as the coal bed, by the action of heat and the pressure of the strata, or layers of sand which were deposited upon it at different times after it was covered with water. As this coal bed is far above the oil sand, it is thought that the bed of vegetation which it now represents furnished the oil and gas now being found, but that they have been formed from other beds, buried below the oil sands, and which may have been of even greater depth or thickness than this one; pressed down by the tremendous weight of the hundreds and thousands of feet of sand, gravel, etc., which now form the rock strata above them, and heated from below by the internal heat of the earth to a very high degree these beds of vegetation changed as a result of such forces, to be changed in part into oil and gas, which would escape upward to where it is now found, the parts not so changed remaining and being changed into beds of coal. It is supposed that in this way the gas has been produced, and, possibly, is still being produced, from beds of vegetation buried below the oil sands, and that it has found its way in company with oil perhaps, up to the porous sand rocks or oil sands.

The Tables Turned.

Old Jacob Barker, one of the early lights of Wall street, once took offense at some action of his bank. A few days after he presented \$40,000 in bills—a much larger amount than the same figures represent nowadays—and demanded specie for them. The bank officials were equal to the emergency, but thought to revenge themselves for the scar. Barker had given them; so they rolled out 40 kegs of \$1000 each the teller explained; that the kegs were filled with 5 and 10 cent pieces. Barker saw the point, and justified his reputation for sharpness. He ordered the whole 40 kegs to be unhealed on the spot, took a careless handful of coin from each keg, then calmly said that he desired to have the remainder placed to his credit. The bank had to lose his valuable custom or take this money, so it chose the latter; but the tedious count of the forty kegs' contents consumed many a profitless hour.

Thickness of Clouds.

Capt. H. Toyabec, of the London Meteorological Society, has arrived at the conclusion that clouds of less than 2000 feet in thickness are seldom accompanied by rain; and if they are it is very gentle, consisting of minute drops. With a thickness of between 2,000 and 4,000 feet the size of the drops is moderate. With increasing thickness comes increasing size of the drops, and at the same time their temperature becomes lower, until, when the thickness is greater than 6,000 feet, hail is produced.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Life is a short day, but it is a working day.

Though many guests be absent, it is the cheerful man we miss.

Give because you love to give—as the flower pours forth its perfume.

A child who sees deceit around it will rarely make an honorable man.

Where there is room in the heart there is always room in the house.

Fame comes only when deserved, and then it is inevitable as destiny.

Good intentions will not help a man on his way if he takes the wrong road.

All the events of our life are materials out of which we may make what we will.

Grand temples are made of small stones, and great lives are made up of small events.

Modesty and the dew love the shade. Each shines in the open day only to be exhiled to heaven.

Talents are best matured in solitude; character is best formed in the stormy dailies of the world.

Even reckoning makes lasting friends, and the way to make reckonings even is to make them often.

Costly followers are not to be liked; let a while a man makes his train longer, he makes his wings shorter.

A diamond with a flaw is better than a pearl without. But the flaw adds nothing to the value of the diamond.

The use we make of our fortune determines its sufficiency. A little is enough if used wisely, too much if expended foolishly.

Though reading and conversation may furnish us with many ideas of men and things, yet it is our own meditation must form our judgment.

Belief is an edifice never completed, because we do not comprehend its plan, and every day some workman brings a new stone from the quarry.

With books, as with companions, it is of more consequence to know which to avoid than which to choose; for good books are as scarce as good companions.

It is beneath the dignity of a soul that has but a grain of sense, to make chance, and winds, and waves, the arbitrary disposers of his happiness.

Grief or misfortune seems to be indispensable to the development of intelligence, energy and virtue. The proofs to which the people are submitted, as well as individuals, are necessary to draw them from their lethargy and disclose their character.

The three lessons that all are the better for knowing: That cheerfulness can change misfortune into love and friends; that, in ordering one's self right, one helps others to do the same; and that the power of final beauty in the humblest things makes home happy and life lovely.

Variations of Ships' Compasses.

"The variations of the needle," says Sir Thomas Browne, "may proceed from mixtures of the earth, by subterranean fires, fumes, mineral spirits or otherwise, which, altering the constitution of the magnetical parts in process of time, doth vary the variation of the place." Had the nobly eloquent explorer of "vulgar errors" lived in these days, he would have aided others to his list of the causes of the deflections of the needle; and not the least strange item in the catalogue would be the wearing of electric belts by rheumatic or debilitated sailors.

"One of our crew here," writes the master of a steamer at Smyrna, "has a magnetic belt. I got it from him one day last voyage and taking it on the bridge I found that all three compasses were very much affected by it; in fact," said the captain, "the best compass of the three went reeling round and round."

The moral he desires to print is that as—so at least he says—these belts are much worn by seafaring men, and firemen in particular, masters should be careful to find out what magnets their crew or passengers may happen to have with them "either in the shape of belts or in any form," for as he justly asserts, errors in the compass lead the seamen at times into terrible accidents.—[London Telegraph.

A Revolutionary Hero.

One of the heroes of the Revolution whose deeds are not recorded in history was William Goff of Gray, Me. When news came of the battle of Lexington he was chopping wood, with his gun conveniently near him, ready for any stray game that might appear. He at once dropped his axe, picked up a minute ball, and hurried to a neighbor's and borrowed some bullet molds, run what lead he had into bullets, and walked to Cambridge, getting there just in season for the battle of Bunker Hill. When asked after the battle in what company he was enrolled he promptly replied, "William Goff's." He continued to serve his country until 1777, when he fell at the battle of Germantown.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A recent trial in Japan between German and English rails resulted in a British victory.

It takes 14,800,000 gallons of oil a year to keep the railways of Great Britain going, and the cost is nearly \$2,000,000.

A Texas paper says that camels, both wild and tame, are to be found in that state. They are the offspring of a number imported from Arabia in 1832.

The art of paper-making has reached a point where a growing tree may be cut down, made into paper, and turned out as a newspaper, all within thirty-six hours.

Professor Mees has shown by means of an air gun that to drive straws through pine boards, as is often done by tornadoes, a velocity of 120 to 175 miles an hour is required.

A farmer recently drove into Atchison, Kan., on a loaded hay rick made partly of iron. One of the wheels rubbed against the ironwork, setting fire to the hay and burning it up.

In English collieries, roborite has proven equal or superior to gunpowder in blasting effects, while absolutely free from the flame that renders gunpowder so dangerous in the presence of explosive gases.

Recent experiments have demonstrated that an incandescent electric light of 100-candle power, sunk twenty feet in the ocean, will illuminate the surface sufficiently to distinguish objects within a radius of 250 feet.

Coal-tar put up in tiny tablets or in fluid form is slowly coming into use in England for sweetening tea and coffee. It is less bulky than sugar and is said to be entirely harmless to diabetic and other invalids to whom sugar is strictly forbidden.

Electric-light people are indignant at the remark of Professor Wiesner of Vienna that that light damages books by discoloring the paper, and is not fit to use in libraries. They say that sunlight does the same thing, and that it is only the arc light that discolors paper, any way. The incandescent light, they claim, is perfectly harmless to books.

Many artesian wells spout water under a heavy pressure, just as many gas wells do. The gas pressure is of several hundred pounds to the square inch. This water-power is used in many places in France by means of turbine wheels, and it is probable that even the gas pressure might in some cases also be utilized. In very deep artesian wells the heat of the water is also utilized.

An English writer urges the importance of thoroughly airing rooms and flushing all waste pipes on the return of a family after a considerable absence from home. The shut-up house is often filled with noisome gas, through the evaporation of the water which keeps the sewer traps operative, and this is not necessarily revealed by an odor. Many cases of sore throat have been traced to a neglect of the precautions mentioned.

The government experiments this year in making sugar from sorghum are said to have been very successful. On fair soil the yield of cane was an average of twelve tons. The average yield of sugar per acre was about 1500 pounds, and of syrup 180 gallons. It is claimed that at this rate, even at the present low price of sugar, the business of making sugar from sorghum would be very profitable.

At the time of the death of Herr Krupp he had in hand for some time a gun for the Italian Government which has just been finished. The gun, which weighs 118 tons, is 45 feet long, and its calibre nearly 10 inches. It is rifled, and throws a steel projectile, weighing nearly a ton, with a charge of 6 cwt. of powder. The shot can penetrate a steel armor plate 33 inches thick at the mouth of the gun, or 29 inches at a distance of a mile. It is not believed that any armored ship in the world can endure the fire from such a gun.

A novelty of the Upper Thames is a launch which owes its motive power to the explosive vapor of some hydro-carbon such as petroleum. The vessel is of American origin, and is the first to use a petroleum engine in Great Britain. The boat is started by the act of lighting a lamp, and the lamp must be extinguished to stop the engine. The fuel costs much less than would the coal necessary for the same amount of work. The omission of a boiler saves much space, while neither fireman nor working engineer is required.

Saved By His Wife.

The explorer Holub, who started for Central Africa with his bride on his wedding day, two years ago, has returned to Vienna. He is reported as saying that "he would have been killed a dozen times in the region north of the Zambesi for his wife. The natives had never before seen a person who wore skirts or long hair, and they regarded Mrs. Holub as a supernatural being, who had the white man under her special protection. One tribe desired her for their queen, and begged hard that she would remain with them."

A Natural Selection.

A tall, thin man, while in a strange town, needed medical advice. He applied not to the landlord of the hotel, nor to the local druggist, but went straight to the postmaster. "Tell me," he said, "which of the doctors of the city takes the largest number of journal?" The postmaster told him, and the gentleman replied: "A man who takes the journals of his profession is well read, and up with the times, and that is the doctor I want to treat me and my family."—[Philadelphia Call.

Perpetual Ye. B.

The said there is a fount in Flower Land—
De Leon found it—where Old Age away
Throws weary mind and heart, and froth
as day
Springs from the dark and joins Aurora's
band:
This tale, transformed by some skilled trou-
per's wand
From the old myth in a Greek poet's lay,
Rests on no truth. Change bodies as Tams
may
Souls do not change, though heavy be his
hand.
Who of us needs this fount? What soul is
old?
Our mere needs' age, and still we grow
more young.
For in our winter we talk most of Spring;
And as we near, slow-trotting, God's safe
fold,
Youth's loved ones gather nearer; though
among
The seeming dead, youth's songs more clear
they sang.
—Maurice Egan in Century.

HUMOROUS.

A soar's spot—The eagle's nest.

The divers' business is going down.

A watch that won't run doesn't need any chain.

What kind of men ought to shrink well—Contractors.

If the gallows is the instrument of death, what is the accellerator?

When the baker makes his morning rounds the roll call is in order.

"He gave me some pointers," said the tramp of the farm; "he jibbed me with a pitchfork."

On seeing a house being whitewashed, a small boy of 3 wanted to know if it was going to be shaved.

Tom: "I think real estate men are awfully selfish." Harry: who is one of them? "Why?" "Because they are always wanting the earth."

He (at a very late hour, with deep enderiness)—How can I leave this? She—Really, Mr. Stayer, I can't tell you. I wish to heaven I could.

Caller (to little Bobby)—"Dobby, what makes your eyes so bright?" Dobby (after a little thought)—"I do it's tause I ain't had 'em very long."

"Papa," asked little Bobby McSwilgen, "what is a rail road proof?" "A railroad pool, Johnny," replied McSwilgen, "is where they water the stock."

"Give your lungs exercise." The father who walks the floor at night to quiet a vociferous youngster thinks the advice superfluous.

A Blind Watchmaker's Skill.

Many years ago there lived in the town of Holfbeach, England, a blind watchmaker named William Rippi, whose delicacy of touch and marvelous skill in repairing watches were famous throughout all the neighboring country. He was not born blind, either, so that his singular faculty cannot be explained as congenital. After learning his trade in regular fashion he commenced business at Holfbeach, but three or four years afterward he caught a severe cold in his eyes, which resulted in amaurosis, and although under treatment of the leading oculists of the day, he became totally and hopelessly blind at 23 years of age. Instead of being crushed by his misfortune, he, by great and untiring energy and perseverance, became one of the cleverest of blind men. His ability to clean and repair clocks, watches, musical instruments, and every article connected with the business was marvelous.

He was able to work as well as before his affliction. He could do any repairs required, even turning in valves, &c. The only aid he required in taking to pieces and putting together a watch was in unjamming and pinning the hair-spring, which was impossible for a blind man to do, which was done by his wife, whom he taught to work at the business after his loss of sight. He generally had 100 watches in the shop for repairs, some of them being brought from a distance of 100 to 200 miles. Every watch he knew by the touch, and every customer by his voice. Having been a first-class crocheter previously, even after his loss of sight he played two six-wicket matches, both of which he won. He could play cards, dominoes, bagatelle, was a good musician, and leader of the Holfbeach Brass Band. He was an intelligent man, nearly six feet high, and many who saw and conversed with him were unaware that he was blind. He died early in consequence of the severe treatment for his eyes, but his prosperous business he left at Holfbeach was carried on successfully by his wife and daughter until about five years ago.—[Jeweler's Review.