

THE STANFORD.

ANTHONY & CROSS, Editors and Publishers.

TERMS: \$1.25 Per Year In Advance.

VOLUME I.

CONCORD, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1888.

NUMBER 5.

Home is Home.
The snowflakes press upon the pane,
Where once was heard the pattering rain,
And all the twigs are clothed in white,
Like babes of Nature for the night.
But what care I for winter storms,
And frosty cold in countless forms?
For home is home, no matter where,
If love and hope are centered there.
The chilling winds of winter blow
Where fern and daisy used to grow
The crimson flush of sunset dies,
And Nature in her cavern lies.
The winds may blow and snowflakes fall,
While clouds and darkness cover all;
But flowers will bud, and birds will sing,
When winter yields the launching spring.
—K. Bolton in Good Housekeeping.

THE YOUNGEST SISTER.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"I don't know how it is," groaned Kate Blessington, "but in our family things always happen cross-grained."
"What's the matter now?" said Georgia, the eldest sister, who, with a blue apron of checked domestic gingham tied around her waist, and her luxuriant flaxen hair confined in a red bandanna pocket-handkerchief, was cooking tomatoes for ketchup.
"Why, here have the Morefields come to spend the day, and mamma has just taken to her sofa with an attack of neuralgia, and there's nobody on earth to go to the train to meet the city boarder. You couldn't go, George, I suppose?"—with a faint gleam of hope.
Georgia glanced up at the clock, and shook her head.
"Couldn't possibly," said she. "There isn't time to get ready. Why don't you send Peter?"
"Peter, indeed! He's cleaning the eastern out. Such a figure as he is!"
"Then I'm sure," observed Georgia, "I don't see what you are going to do."
"Couldn't I go, Kate?" pleaded a small, sweet voice.
And the second Miss Blessington became conscious of some one pulling gently at her sleeve. She turned sharply around. A tall, rosy girl stood there—a girl just arrived at the age where "brook and river meet," half child, half woman, but infinitely pretty in both her personalities. Sunburned, dark-eyed, clad in an outgrown calico frock, and with her hair braided into one long, gold-gleaming queue behind, she stood there, with an imp'oring face.
"A good idea!" said Georgia, tasting of the bubbling scruit mass in the kettle, and adding a trifle more red pepper.
"Let Chrissy go!"
"But Chrissy can't drive."
"Oh, yes, I can!" urged Christine, the youngest and least presentable of all the Blessingtons. "I drove old Jenks up from the farm yesterday with a load of pumpkins. I've often driven him when you didn't know it, George."
"Oh, your horrid tom-boy!" said Georgia, half-laughing.
But Kate gave little Chrissy a sound box on the ear. Her black eyes flashed wrathfully.
"Christine," said she, "I'm ashamed of you! You're a disgrace to the family. Don't howl now!" (as Christine rubbing her empuered ear, broke into an indignant wail). "The Morefields will hear you. Go quick—get on your hat; and mind you don't show yourself at the tea-table. Your new frock isn't finished, and your old one isn't half decent; and besides, you'll be needed in the kitchen to wash dishes."
The tears dried on Chrissy's eyelashes at the prospect of driving old Jenks to the depot all by herself.
She made haste to pull a white worsted polo cap over her rebellious hair, and to scramble into the rather dilapidated buggy that was waiting at the door.
"Get up, Jenks!" she cried, brandishing the whip with gleeful countenance.
"Pete, I'm going to drive to the depot!"
"All right, miss," said Peter, who, fresh from the depths of the newly-emptied cistern, was holding old Jenks, as if there was any danger of that ancient steed running away. "Drive keerful past Bowery Lane—he a'ays wants to turn in there—and mind you keep a tight grip o' the reins, if you meet a load o' barrels or one o' them janglin' tin-peddler's wagons."
Away clattered the venerable buggy, old Jenks falling into a stiff trot like an automaton horse, and Chrissy fairly radiant with delight.
"But Kate oughtn't to have boxed my ears," she pondered, as the first clation subsided. "There was nothing wrong in driving the load of pumpkins home. I came by the back road, and nobody saw me. I don't love Kate—nor Georgia neither. They're always laughing at me and making fun of me, just because I grow so fast. They won't let me come into the room when they've got company, because I'm only a child; and they scold me for running races with the dog, because I'm a woman. I wonder if they call that consistency! Never mind, I'll pay 'em off yet, see if I don't."
By dint of extraordinary efforts on the part of Old Jenks, and a liberal application of the whip on that of his mistress, they contrived to reach one side of the

depot building just as the train steamed away from the other.
Christine looked up and down the platform. Most of the passengers had already started forth in different directions, but one man stood there, glancing up and down the road, with a valise in his hand, a folded newspaper protruding from his coat-pocket.
Chrissy hesitated what to do; then she rose to the emergency.
"Hallo!" she cried, in a sweet, high-pitched soprano voice. "Are you the gentleman from the city—the new boarder?"
He advanced, with a rather puzzled countenance.
"Yes," said he. "I—"
"I've come to drive you to the cottage," said Christine Blessington. "Jump in, please! Where's your trunk? There's room for it behind."
"My trunk is to be sent by express. But—"
"Oh, very well!" said Chrissy. "Be quick, please—the horse won't stand!"
The stranger cast an amused glance toward old Jenks, who certainly looked as little like a runaway steed as could be imagined as he stood there, meekly balanced on three legs, with his head hanging down.
"And who are you?" said he, pleasantly. "One of the family?"
"Oh, I'm Chrissy—the youngest girl, you know!" explained she.
"The youngest, eh? Are there many of you?"
Chrissy eyed him with a sidelong glance.
"He's curious about us," thought she. "Well, that's natural." And she answered, complacently:
"Well, there's Georgia—she's twenty-two. And she's engaged to an officer in the army, although she thinks I don't know it. And Kate is twenty, and she's going to set her cap for the new principal of the school. At least she says so. She's tired of making over old gowns, and dyeing old ribbon, and keeping genteel boarders. I don't envy the principal of the school," Chrissy added, giving old Jenks an admonitory touch with the whip, as he showed an undue inclination to sidle toward the entrance of Bowery Lane. "Kate has got an awful temper. She flew into a passion and boxed by cars just before I started."
"Boxed your ears?" repeated the stranger, repressing a strong inclination to laugh. "Why, how old are you?"
"I'm sixteen and a half," said Chrissy, almost winking at she had not told the incident, as the crimson flush rose up to the very roots of her hair. "And she oughtn't to treat me like a child! I wish she would get married and go away. I should be a deal happier without her. Oh, old Jenks is a load of barrels! Old Jenks is awfully afraid of a load of barrels. He always shies when he sees one."
"Let me take the reins," suggested her passenger.
And presently, under his charge, old Jenks, who, to do him justice, had evinced no particular emotion of any sort, was engineered safely past the fearful object.
And then Chrissy pointed out the various localities to him, told him about the ghost that was said to walk in old Squire Hart's deserted house, showed him the place where a fox was shot in the spring, and confided to him where to go if he wanted to find the finest nutting copses of the vicinity.
And while she was engaging on these subjects, old Jenks stopped sleepily at the front gate of the pretty Blessington cottage.
All the Morefield heads were at the window—Mrs. Morefield, Jeannette Morefield, Susanna Morefield, and the married Miss Morefield, whose present name was Mrs. Josiah Stubbs.
"Bless me!" said Mrs. Stubbs, in a stage whisper, "what a very genteel young man."
"It's the city boarder," explained Mrs. Blessington, between the twinges of her neuralgia. "Doctor Buffer recommended him here for pure country air. He's just up from malarial fever, and needs change, and Doctor Buffer—dear, good man—knew how we were situated, and that we had a nice front room to spare."
"Humph!" commented Mrs. Morefield. "He doesn't look much like a sick man."
While Kate ran out to open the door, all smiles and freshly-tied pink ribbons.
"Is it Mr. Dorrance?" she said. "I am Miss Blessington"—with her most engaging air of welcome. "Please walk in. I hope you haven't been very much tired by the journey?"
"It's Kate," whispered Chrissy, suddenly overcome by pangs of compunction. "Don't let her know I told you about her temper."
"I am afraid there is some mistake," said the gentleman, pausing in the very act of taking his valise out of the wagon. "My name is not Dorrance. And I was going to Mr. Falkner's place, where I have engaged board for the winter. I am John Wilder, the principal of the Graded School."
Chrissy dropped the reins, jumped out of the wagon and ran to hide herself in the hay mows of the barn.
The Morefields stared harder than

ever. Kate Blessington looked infinitely puzzled.
"Dear me!" said she; "it's one of Christine's blunders. We were very foolish to have trusted her. Do come in, Mr. Wilder—with a still more winsome smile—"and rest yourself, and have some tea. We are all anxious to become acquainted with our new principal. Petel Petel don't unharness the horse! Go right back to the depot. Mr. Dorrance must be waiting there yet!"
But Mr. Wilder, with a curious expression of the mouth and eyes, declined Miss Blessington's invitation.
He would go immediately to Mr. Falkner's, he said, if they would be good enough to tell him in what direction it was.
And so he bowed himself away.
An hour or so afterward, the depot wagon from Smileybridge, the next station above, brought Mr. Dorrance, a withered little old man, who wore a wig and walked with a gold-headed cane.
"There wasn't anyone at the lower depot to meet me," said he. "And I was told I could get a hack at Smileybridge, two miles further on; and I'm no walker, so I just stepped back into the train; so here I am! And I'd like my tea at six o'clock, if you please, and rye bread and baked apples with it. For I haven't got back my digestion yet, and the doctor is very particular about my diet."
Chrissy Blessington was very silent and dispirited when she made her appearance in the Graded Class of the Graded School at the opening of the fall term, and she scarcely ventured to look at Mr. Wilder, as he entered her name at the head of the list.
At recess she lingered a little, as if there was something on her mind.
"Well?" said the principal, kindly.
"I'm so sorry that I said those foolish things!" burst out Chrissy, with tears sparkling in her eyes. "That day, you know, that I took you for the city boarder, and drove you to our house—please, please forget them! Kate and George are always telling me that I shall get into mischief with my tongue—and now I know that they are right!"
And poor Chrissy broke into a sob, in spite of all her self-control.
"My child, do not fret yourself," said Mr. Wilder. "I will remember nothing that you would have me forget!"
At the end of the year, when the snows lay white on the hillsides, Mr. Dorrance was still boarding at the Blessington cottage, and tormenting everybody on the subject of his "diet."
Georgia was getting ready for her marriage to the army officer, Kate was lamenting her solitary blessedness, and Chrissy—little Chrissy, who was not yet seventeen—was actually engaged to Mr. Wilder, the new principal of the Graded School.
"Though, of course," said Mrs. Blessington, "she can't be married for a year yet. Why, she is nothing but a child!"
"But I don't mind waiting a little while," said Chrissy, to her fiancée.
"For the family all treat me with respect now. Kate don't care to box my ears any more."
"I should think not," said Mr. Wilder.—[Saturday Night.]

MAIL ODDITIES.
Queer Things That Are Seen at the New York Postoffice.
A Museum Filled With Articles Confiscated By Uncle Sam.
On the third floor and west side of the postoffice building, overlooking the court, and shut out from the noise of the street, says a writer in the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, is a large room, which in character partakes about equally of junk-shop, storehouse and museum. Over the door is a sign bearing in plain black letters, "Inquiry Office." Mr. Perry Jones is the presiding spirit.
On entering the office through a private door one is confronted with the workshop and museum proper. A talk with Mr. Jones brings out some interesting information. It becomes apparent at once that the inquiry office is a place for a person with weak nerves. A package without an address is received. It is opened. A cotton ball is exposed to view, which is fobbed layer on layer in the most careful way. In the centre, between two layers saturated with alcohol, is found a hideous scorpion from the West Indies. Live horned toads have been received here, as also have snakes in heavy glass jars, filled with alcohol. Live turtles complete the list of nerve-shattering things which the employees have to dispose of. Dynamite, carefully packed in cotton, powder in flasks, gun implements of all kinds, and fishing outfits are received daily. Peaceful things are, of course, plentiful. Samples of every known fabric to delight the eyes of the professional shopper—cosmetics, bustles, velvets, silks and woolsens, worsted flowers, oil paintings, plans of houses, specimens of ore and electric apparatus. Sdily crushed, but pretty for all that, a bit of adwelsies, direct from its native Alp, awaits an owner; crushed, too, a no longer beautiful, a lady's bonnet, for which no doubt the owner fondled and fretted, but it was the bonnet that never came.
After the Orzogo's mail was recovered the supply of shamrock and green ribbon in the inquiry office would have supplied every son of Erin in America with emblems of the Emerald Isle. Fruits are often received but thrown away at the slightest appearance of decay. Skins of animals for the taxidermist and bird's wings for the milliners also find their way into the office, together with jewelry, oftentimes of great value, and notes and coin. Shoes, clothing and hardware are not wanting. A specimen card of insects, containing all species native to a certain part of Africa and addressed to a scientist of prominence, has just now been forwarded to the owner. A prize pumpkin and a complete set of dental instruments were repaying side by side among a heap of papers when the reporter called, and on a shelf directly back of the table, alphabetically arranged, were newspapers from all parts of the world.
In the book department, books, principally foreign, in elegant bindings, with dust for company, and manuscripts and even corrected proofs—ready for the printer—form an interesting part of the collection. Novels in paper cover are everywhere.
Mr. Jones says that the system used in disposing of the accumulated matter was copied by every large city in the union and inquiries regarding the work of the department are frequent. Since its establishment, seven years ago, it has grown to be a necessary part of the gigantic postal system in operation in this city. To this office all parcels not addressed, or from which part of the address had been obliterated, are sent. To this office are sent also all improperly packed parcels, and those which the postal officers have reason to believe contain contraband articles. The business of the employees in the office is to put the addresses where they belong, repack the parcels when necessary, confiscate the things which have no place in the mails, and otherwise remedy the mistake caused by the carelessness or ignorance of the senders. When a parcel is improperly packed or something is wrong with the address, if the person for whom it is probably intended can be found, a circular is sent to him with the request for the name and description of the article. If the answer is satisfactory the parcel is forwarded. In some cases the person addressed does not know the contents of the package. In that case the name of the sender is procured from the person addressed, and the parcel reaches its destination. Two men are constantly employed assorting the mutilated addresses and one kept busy recording articles which are awaiting claimants. Besides these there are several clerks who do nothing but fill out the notification blanks and repack articles for shipment.
Articles of an indestructible character are kept three months and are then sent to Washington. Fruits, vegetables or skins are disposed of at short notice.

An Aged Sea Anemone.
For many years an object of curiosity in the Botanical Gardens at Edinburgh has been the sea anemone, which on account of its age has received the nickname of "Granny." This venerable specimen of the curious class of creatures which belong to the very borderland that separates the animal from the vegetable world has just passed away at the age of about sixty. It was found in 1828 by Sir John Dalzell, the well-known antiquary, among the rocks not very far from the promontory known as St. Abbs Head, upon the coast of Berwick, and was described in one of those two sumptuous quartos devoted to him to "Rare and Remarkable Animals of Scotland." It was on the death of Sir John in 1854 that this remarkable specimen of the actinozoa passed into the possession of Prof. Flemming, and hence found a permanent home in the beautiful gardens in which it has just ended its honored career. "Granny" can hardly be reproached with gluttony since its food was simply half a mussel dropped regularly once a fortnight into the membranous oesophageal tube which does duty for a mouth. Whether it possessed anything which could be said to approach to the nature of breathing apparatus is, we believe, a point on which the learned are not quite decided; but it is certain that "Granny" appeared to thrive on her fortnightly half-mussel with its accompanying draught of fresh water. "Granny's" album, in which visitors have long been accustomed to enter their names, is stated to be enriched with more than 1,000 autographs of distinguished travellers and scientific persons. It appeared to be in excellent health up to a few weeks ago, when it was attacked with the parasite disease which finally proved fatal.—[Christian at Work.]

On Consumption.
Dr. Brown-Squard, of Paris, in treating before the Academy of Sciences the causes of phthisis, takes many of his examples from England. He shows that wherever population is dense, and sleeping-rooms are ill-aired or over-crowded, consumption prevails. Dr. Bailey reported that in Millbank prison there were out of 100 deaths, 45 from this disease. According to the illustrious doctor, a room in which a consumptive person sleeps is reeking with contagious germs, if the air he exhales is not carried off. But how to get rid of it in ill-built houses or very cold weather, when it is as dangerous to open windows as to keep them shut? To meet this difficulty Dr. Brown-Squard showed the academy an apparatus of his invention. A reversed funnel, the shape of a lamp shade, is placed at the end of a tube, so arranged in its curves and angles that when it is placed beside a bed the reversed funnel will be above the sleeper, and draw up the air he breathes. The other end runs into the chimney of the room. If there is none, it is taken through a heating apparatus to an air-hole.

Precious Boxes.
Perhaps the chief thing during the Civil war which afforded equal pleasure to the soldier and his friends at home was the sending and the reception of boxes of good things. When these home-boxes arrived at camp, the men receiving them were like schoolboys, elated over their good fortune and ready to share their delicacies with the less favored who had not been remembered.
The author of "Hard Tack and Coffee," in describing the contents of such boxes, gives a list of articles ordered by him at some period in the service:
"Round-headed nails (for boot heels), hatchet, padding, turkey, pickles, onions, pepper, paper, envelopes, stockings, potatoes, chocolate, condensed milk, sugar, broms, butter sauce, boot preservative."
Of course, this catalogue was supplemented by the loving friends at home, by a dozen necessaries and delicacies.—[Youth's Companion.]

A City Beneath the Tide.
A city at the bottom of the sea was seen toward the end of October near Treptow, in Prussia, when a powerful south wind blew the waters of the Baltic away from the shore, uncovering a portion of ground usually hidden from sight by the waves. It was the ruins of the city of Regamuede, once a flourishing commercial station, which was swallowed by the sea some five centuries ago. The unusual spectacle was not enjoyed but for a few hours. When the storm slackened and the waves returned the storm slackened and the waves returned to cover up the place which had once been the residence and field of labor of busy men.—[North German Gazette.]

Why Corn Pops.
The peculiarity of pop-corn is that it contains more oil than other varieties of maize. When gradually exposed to heat over a brisk fire, the oil in the grain becomes converted into gas, which expanding tears open the starch cells of the corn. The heat at the same time cooks the starch and enlarges its particles, so that the popped grain is snow white and many times larger than before it was heated.—[Lester-Ocean.]

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.
Dr. Schenker, of Berlin has inoculated dogs with the newly discovered bacillus of cancer. So far no cancer symptoms have been developed.
The Marquis of Ailsa (who takes a keen interest in fish culture) has not been successful in his attempts to cultivate the American brook trout in Scotland.
Professors Trowbridge and Hutchins of Harvard College report that their extensive and careful researches tend to disprove the view that oxygen exists in any part of the sun.
An examination made along the San Francisco water front to ascertain how active the teredo had been developed the fact that in most cases the insects worked downward. In one wharf pile examined it was found that nine teredos had bored downward where two had worked upward.
The rocky island of St. Kilda, off the western coast of Scotland, has no regular means of communication with the mainland. Correspondence is attached to a rudely-rigged plank and trusted to the fortune of the wind and waves. A recently-found bottle contained information of impending famine which was threatened by reason of an unexpected increase in the population.
Ants not only recognize one another after separation for more than a year, but there are evidences of strong affection between them. After keeping one nest of ants for seven years, Sir John Lubbock had still two survivors, and this pair finally died within a week of each other after living together two years longer. The shock produced by the loss of her companion was the only apparent cause of the death of the last member of this remarkable colony.
An English educational writer states that the existence of what he terms "sound blindness" was suggested to him by the difficulties some persons experience in learning to spell and to pronounce foreign languages. The phenomenon is evidently inability to distinguish particular shades of sound, and is analogous to color-blindness. Among illustrations given is that of a boy who, though not deaf, could hear no difference between "very," "perry," and "polly."
A Mexican paper gives an account of a new species of silk, the cultivation of which has been undertaken in the state of Yucatan. It is the produce of the wild silk-worm, which is closely allied to the domestic silk-worm. The silk on the cocoons is elastic and of excellent quality, though rather uncertain in color, varying from white to pale brown, but one difficulty is that it is covered with a gum which it is very difficult to dissolve. The government of the state of Yucatan is making experiments with a view of utilizing this wild silk.
The rapid increase in the use of electricity as a motive power gives special interest to the discovery that palladium, a metal of the platinum group, but of far lower density than the latter, may be substituted for steel in the manufacture of watches. Palladium is absolutely non-polarizable, and it is unaffected to any noticeable extent by the presence of a magnetic field. Besides this it has the incidental advantage of being rust-proof. The discovery is due to Mr. C. A. Paillard of Geneva, Switzerland, and watches are now being constructed with this metal.

The Parisian Shops.
Business people in Paris have long since formed a color speech by which certain trades are easily recognized. First of all, the color shops are distinguished by being painted outside in squares and stripes of the brilliant colors. Viennese leather, bronze and trinket shops have begun to use the Austrian colors, yellow and black; then the Spanish-wine shops use yellow and red; the Italian green, white and red. The business places where furniture carts for removal are kept are painted yellow, as well as the wagons—why, not even the proprietors know. Pastry shops are light brown outside, and within white and gold, so that one is reminded of the pastry itself.
Milk shops are white and blue, both inside and out. The washerwomen now begin to paint the outside of their ironing shops a bright blue, while the carts that take the linen to the wash-houses in the country are bright green. Wine houses are all painted brown, or a dull red, which is exactly the color of the vin ordinaire mixed with cranberry juice and logwood. Still darker is the color of the charcoal shops, which the dust soon renders completely black. Bakers are fond of light brown and white, with much gilding and large mirrors.—[Court Journal.]

An Astonished Young Man.
A young man who looked as if he might have come straight from East St. Louis, stood in front of a barbershop on Dearborn street yesterday morning and slowly spelled out the words of a sign: "Boots blacked inside."
"Gosh!" he exclaimed, "what's the use of blackin' boots on the inside?"—[Chicago Tribune.]

The Ministry of Song.
Not the child's song with careless laughter rising
From rosy lips in childhood's sunny days
Not that sweet strain which youth delight
In singing,
Are life's best melody and truest praise.
Gladness are these, and beautiful; their cadence
Flows down long years; Life's morning song seems best;
Although maturity, with sighs, confesses
Her children's songs bring pity and unrest.
Who soothes the ear of grief with hint of pleasure?
Who comforts age with hope of things to be?
Why have youth's song and life's mature measures
No common key note in life's harmony?
None know—and yet, from out our care and clamor
We hear the wondrous music silence holds
In piteous need, one human lamination
Most beautiful strain of sympathy enfolds
Joy's happy lay and grief's heart-broken wailing
No concord know, till some poor, stricken heart,
With faith sublime, turn from its own reining
To comfort with a song some life apart.
As even song of birds seems holier, sweeter
Than any note the noon-day's riot knew;
So that faint voice from desolation rising
May solace and uplift the wild world
through.
—[Edith K. Perry.]

HUMOROUS.
Current literature—receipts for publishers.
Many an old book has to be bound over to keep the piece.
The man who marries for beauty takes his wife at her face value.
New Haven News: A cork's crew usually means a fishing vessel's outfit.
Opportunities are like vacant lots. They must be improved to be profitable.
Professional whistlers have to whistle for their pay but they generally get it.
It must be a very good brass band that can play all the airs a drum major puts on.
A man may be opposed to capital punishment and yet in favor of hanging up his grocer.
The man who sets out to study a woman's disposition can generally learn a great deal, but the price of tuition is apt to be high.
The man who has a long ulster never dreads the winter, nay, he rather welcomes it for he is then enabled to conceal the bags in the knees of his trousers.
Women have much more adaptability than men. The girl with the tiniest rosebud mouth can hold from four to six six-inch clothespins between her jaws on washday.
The minister was dining with the family, and he said to Bobby, with an amused smile: "I'm afraid, Bobby, that you haven't the patience of J. B." "No, sir," responded Bobby, who was hungry, "but Job wasn't always helped last."
The Tartars and Their Horses.
The Tartars have a way of living with their animals which is truly astonishing—they talk to them, and when they wish to encourage them, they whistle to them as if they were birds. If they do not travel well, they address to them gentle reproaches; and when special effort is needed on their part, they say "Come, my doves—you know you must go up there; courage, my pets; come, go on!" And when the difficulty is accomplished, they get down from their box and praise and caress them, allowing them to rest and breathe—putting them between their eyes, rubbing their noses, stroking the hair on their foreheads between their ears—indeed caressing them in every way, and treating them like much-loved pets.
The Warmest Soles.
I know that it is contrary to preconceived notions, says Joel Swope in the Globe-Democrat, but it is the fact all the same, that the feet can be kept warmer in cold weather by wearing a shoe with a light sole than with a thick one. With the light sole the foot has a chance to work, thereby keeping up a circulation. This applies, of course, only to dry weather. When it is wet and rubbers are necessary, it is best to wear a single-soled shoe inside. In the summer the thick sole should be used, for it keeps the heat of the pavement from striking through.
Mexican Humor.
At a party some people were speaking of a lady who had died at the ripe age of 88 years.
Among the persons present was one whose intellect was rather limited.
"That is nothing," he said, with a self-satisfied air; "if my grandfather had lived, he would now be 118 years old."
Niece Enough.
"Oh!" exclaimed a young lady ecstatically, "wouldn't it be lovely to eat those flowers?"
"No, dear," responded another, "they look nice enough without being painted."—[Pittsburg Dispatch.]