VOL. I. NO. 18.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY. 6, 1888.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year.

HE STORY OF ALICE AYRES.

Te see how wretched are the parts Played by misleaders of the State, nd feel within our cebeing hearts The step of an advancing Pate es! England's sun may set, alas! Ier proud name, like a shadow pass Out of the thought and words of men.

Great deads can never be undone. Their splender yet must fill our sky Like more, enthating even the sun; But not to move them from their place; arough them new lands will learn and know Why God once shaped the English race

or chi dren's chil lren shall repeat How, with a half unconscious thrill, he noble pulse of duty beat. In simple hearts, an I armed the will, e who yet love d ar England well, Must rom and link our hearts with theirs, crehance still living on to tell Of those who died—like Alice Ayres.

ch deeds are England's soul, and we, Towing aside each idler rhyme, ould pour forth song to keep them free From the concealing dust of time. trides of style will this require ; Such stories should be plainly told : as nover lose their strength or fire, Though time! settings may grow old.

he heavens are clear and calm, when lo, A sudden v ice rings through the night; u mather, hursying to and fro, With university lies and faces white: Within crash down the burning stairs ; nd, like a picture in her frame, Stands at the window Alice Avres

"We have the means to break your fall." does not som to hear the crowd, sen firm, that evil hour to meet, She forces through the narrow pane off clothes and bedding on the street,

Whom, with a was hful hand and head, She drops in safety on the bed. Slowly she steps back, in that gloom Of strangling anothe to disappear, Thence draweing from her instant doom ve, save yourself," at length they cry, "Enough for others have you done,

But no! there is a third one yet, Death therefore weist be faced once more; For her till the whole work is o'er. Upon herself a look to east; But filled with that one thought sublime-God wills that it should be her last,

fith feet astray and reeling brain. hoked breath, dulled ears, and darkened eyes staggers onward, but in vain ; It is too late she falls and dies. And who was Alice Ayres?" you ask: A household drudge, who slaved all day, ose joyless years were one long task,

Could e'er a selfish thought instill, r quench a spirit born to dure, Or freeze that English heart and will, we are well told, it is true That England's worth may thence be shown hat men and women, not a few, Like Alice, should be better known. Enrich," some say, "this golden year (That no such legend we may lose)

ut neither hunger, toil nor care

So be it! if the people choose. int, cold and dead in all men's sight. A statue moulders and decays, Thile souliess hirelongs often blight Grand here names with formal praise, For that which ch sels cannot give : of sculptured on the minds of all, Such memories should not waste, but live.

A local hoast, a more street token; but, like the sir, diffused through space, So hing as English words are spoken; be drawn in with each new breath Where red and warm the old blood runs ed o'er the wille world conquering death.

At Flageolet,

TOMPKING FREES HER MIND CON-CERNING HER VACATION.



Cyrus to say I am particular, but it is nosuch thing. I have old, noticed that men always have some disagreeable things to say about their wives, and this is the staple charge against me, which he brings forward as an offset to resaible shorteomings of his own.

that I can see that it excuses lyrus for staying out till morning, or ng on in that scandalons way with Widow Yeaton, if I were particular. Inmuch as he ought in that case to be ore careful of my feelings, one would at there is never any use in arguing a man. Men never can comprend a woman's reasons, and they alv the refuge in a tangle of words that ney call logic, as if that meant any-

However, when Cyrus declared that I went to Flageolet for the summer I dd never find anything to suit me, o particular, I firmly determined t if I did find anything not to my e should be none the wiser; and have kept my resolve so steadfastly at the effort has nearly killed me. written to sister Emma and John's just what I thought of the place, one day, when Mrs. Maloon was than usual, I even relieved my ngs by writing a long letter to Cous Matilde, and I never did like Cousin ida. But to Cyrus I have used just phrase, and I have begun every letr I have sent to him with the very same

words: "The place and the people here are absolutely delightful." If that does not suit him it does not at least give him a chance to grin at me with his nasty, "I told you so."

But it is a lie all the same, and my conscience pricks me so much when I write it that one rainy day I counted up the letters I should have to write him before I go home and set the words down on that number of sheets, so that it does not have to be put down any more than the name of the hotel printed on the paper.

The truth is I hate Flageolet. I hate

the house and the people and the things we have to eat and the two stains on the ceiling of my room and the noise the cur-tain makes when it goes up and the wreck down on the shore and Miss Simpson's twitter and the twin Clark girl's pink gowns and most of all I hate-yes, with all malice and uncharitableness I

I don't object to some of the boarders at Flageolet if only they were in their own homes and I should never have to see them, but Mrs Maloon I should detest if she were in the moon, and if I woman in the world with a more even temper than I have. I know I shall have to let her know it in some way, and although I am too polite to show it in any way, I should never be happy again if I thought she did not strongly suspect how I feel.

II. Flageolet was recommended to me as a nice, quiet boarding-house which would only hold a score of people, and where one met only nice people; and the first woman I spoke to turned out to be the wife of a green-grocer! That would be nuts for Cyrus Tompkins if he only knew it, but he never will, thank heaven! They say a woman never can keep a secret, but I've time and time again proved to Cyrus that that was nonsense by telling him things he had never for an instant suspected, I'd kept



Mrs. Nutt isn't a bad-tooking woman. Mrs. Nutt isn't a bad-looking woman. She has a little east to her eyes and her complexion is a little sallow, I must own; but she has really elegant diamonds, and her dresses fit like a duck's foot in the mud. I thought at least that her husband must be a doctor or a lawyer. I quite took to her, and we sat on ole hour the very first day I was here and she never said a single word to put me on my guard. She never even alluded to her husband's business; and I might have bought cab bages of her husband any day, if I would bay anything that smells the house up so when they are cooking. I cannot conceive how anybody can be so deceitful. If Mrs. Maker hadn't told me that very evening, goodness only knows when I might have found out the disgraceful truth. For my part, I do not see why the wife of a green-grocer wants to go to the seashore in summer for any way. She must know she'll be mistaken for her betters; and very likely that's what she goes for!

I was cool enough next day, of course,

but I couldn't be downright rude to her, staying right there in the same house; and besides she had offered to teach me a new crochet stitch, and 1 did want to learn that before I gave her up entirely But it did go against my grain to be civil to her after the way she had deceived me. For my part I must say I

She came to me after breakfast and acted as if she had always known me, but I was on my guard. That sort of people always presume on any liberties you allow them. I let drop in my conversation that my husband was the pro-prietor of one of the best livery estab-lishments in Beston, and could see that she felt the difference in our social po-sition at once; and she has kept her place pretty well since, though she does twinkle her diamond carrings in a way that is perfectly maddening. hve another winter without diamonds, and I am a woman of my word. I said to Mrs. Maker, when Mrs. Nutt couldn't help overhearing me, that I didn't bring any of my best jewelry with me because I didn't think the seashore was the place for display. I flatter myself she felt that. But it is positively indecent for me to go on wearing trumpery old cameos and smethysts when every woman of our set doesn't even go down town in a horse-car without real dismonds in her ears. This summer I made them think I have them at home; but next summer I'll have them and wear them, or my name isn't Abigail Tomp-

Mrs. Maker isn't much better than Mrs. Nutt, though she gives herself great airs because she has a purple cashmere tea-gown trimmed with white lace and iridescent bead passementerie. I really believe that woman prays for foggy weather so that she can sit round all day in that purple tea-gown; and the way she wastes her time pulling out the lace and smoothing it down is really sin-I've made three complete tidies for the church fair next winter just while she's been dawdling in that tea-gown doing absolutely nothing. If I was taken up with my clothes, I'd at least try not to make it so evident to every body. If she had a better figure, she'd wear something else anyway, and as for her pretending that dress came from London, I don't believe a word of it. Thank Heaven, I haven't got to the place yet where I have to deceive people

about my clothes.

As for the young ladies of the house as they call themselves, if there is one of them who will ever see thirty again,

then I don't know. The twin Clark girls go about with their arms around each other's waist and pretend to be dreadfully affectionate, but I've heard them quarreling in their room, and the week that Mrs. Maloon's son was here they were ready to devour each other from sheer jealousy, the nasty minxes. As if he didn't know a lady when he

saw one.
"They are rum old gals," he said to me one day down on the beach, "but if one of 'em did catch a feller, my wouldn't the other make the fur fly!"

Mr. Maloon was a gentleman, every inch of him, and of course they couldn't impose on him. They were as jealous as death of me, just because he enjoyed my society, and said I was trying to flirt with him, when the only pleasure I've had this whole abominable summer was the little time I had a chance to talk with him. It is such a relief to talk to a real live man after you've been shut up for a month with a house full of women, and of course he wanted to chat with a woman who had ideas.

Then Miss Simpson set her cap for him, and she is the scrawniest old maid I ever set eyes on. I told Mrs. Maloon live to get away from the place without I ever set eyes on. I told Mrs. Maloon telling her so it will be nothing short of I pitied her because her lack was crooka miracle and a proof that there is not a ed and she had to have false teeth, and all the reward I got for being benevo-lent was that she told me I'd better take somebody who wasn't half a century younger the next time I wanted to have a flirtation. The nasty huzzy! But then, one never does get any reward for being kind to such creatures.

> Jim Maloon is one of the handsomest fellows I ever set my eyes on. I just wish Cyrus could have seen the attention he paid me, and then perhaps he might have got some idea what I sacrificed when I married him. It was really pitiful to see the flutter the Clarks and Miss Simpson were in just at the news that he was coming, and when they saw what a lovely man he was their silly heads were really turned till they didn't know which end they were on.

Mrs. Maloon is a widow, and she says her husband died of yellow fever at New Orleans; but if he did, Pd wager a pile that he went there to get out of the reach of her tongue. Of all the she-dragon termagants that ever drew the breath of life, she is the worst; and I'd like to see her old crooked nose put out of joint by a daughter-in-law as bad as herself. Indeed, I'd like to have Jim turn Mormon and marry twenty wives with the tempers of as many hyenas, and bring them all home to live with his mother. If I was her daughter-in-law she'd soon get over supposing she was going to run this universe.

Jim always called her the old woman to me. He was awfully funny in the way he'd go on about her. He'd pretend he was afraid of her, and make laugh so my sides would ache He used to tell me how she scolded him for taking me out rowing and going to walk on the beach in the evening, and at last if the old harridan didn't open on me herself. She came stalking along the piazza

one morning, just after breakfast, and I knew by her looks that she meant mis-I was scared, I admit, but I am not the woman to be put down by a doz-en Mrs. Maloons, and I kept my face as placid as ever.
"Good morning," said I.

"Good morning," said she, as grim as a tombstone. "I wanted to speak to "I'm flattered, I'm sure," said I,

smiling, as innocent as a baby.
"Humph!" says old Mother Maloon. "I want to know what you mean by your silly carryings on with my son."

"When I have been carrying on with your son or anybody else," I flung out, "it will be time enough for those who have the right to ask what I mean; but that won't be you.' "You're old enough to be his mother,"

said Mrs. Maloon.
"Then you're a good deal too old," I answered her back, with my blood get-

"He's a fool," his mother kept on, "but you needn't think he's such a fool that he cares for you any more than to amuse himself at the expense of your vanity. I sent for him because he was in mischief somewhere else. Now I've got to send him away because you don't know how to behave yourself," "You'd better put him in bibs and

lock him up in the nursery once for all," said I. "I don't wonder he seems young enough to you to let you do it."

She looked at me as if she'd like to eat me, and then she said with an ugly glitter in her hard old eyes:



How the old cat knew that my hair was not my own is beyond me. I'm sure the match is perfect, and I do manage to cover up the edge of my toopee so eleverly that only a witch could have found it out. And the worst of it was Jim himself came round the corner and heard what she said. I shall always believe she knew he was there and said it

on purpose for him to hear.
"James," old Mrs. Maloon said, with the air of a dragoon, "your friend, Mrs. Tompkins, is insulting your mother. Come and defend me."
"Your mother, Mr. Maloon," said I,

getting on to my feet, "seems to be pretty well able to defend herself. I wish you joy of so amiable a relative."

And I took myself into the house,

But the old woman did send him away, and there has been no living in the house since. I will not go home and give Cyrus a chance to say I didn't stay my vacation out, and I know Mrs.

Maloon would send for him to-mourow if I should go away, and so I'm bound to stay just to spite her. But I will say I hate this detestable hole, and I never want to set eyes on Flageolet again,—

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The sum of \$1,000,000 has been be-queathed by Mr. Richard Berrige for use in advancing economic and sanitary science in Great Britain.

Two well diggers in Washington township, Ia., found at a depth of four-teen feet white walnuts (hickory nuts) well preserved, and as they dug down collected about half a bushel. Then they came upon a log of wood and a pair of deer's horns, which were soft, but soon hardened. The well was dug in a timbered country, but there is not a hickory tree in the county.

An artificial pumice stone is now pre-pared by moulding and baking a mixture of white sand, feldspar and white fire clay. By varying the proportions and quality of the ingredients, any desired degree of fineness may be obtained. The product is thus adapted for use in all industries where natural pumice stone has been employed, and it has superse-ded the latter in parts of Germany and Austria. Austria.

In a paper on injurious insects, Pro fessor J. A. Lintner placed the total number of insect species in the world at 320,000. Of those found in the United States, 7,000 or 8,000 species are fruit pests, and at least 210 attack the apple. A borer which had hitherto troubled only peach and plum trees has begun to destroy the apple within the past two years. The succe-sful fruit-grower must be something of an entomologist.

Professor W. D. Rogers as equivalent to the work of one man one day, while three tons would represent his work for twenty years, counting 300 working days in a year. He has further e-timated that a four-foot seam would yield one ton of good coal to the square yard, and that one square mile in area would represent the labor of over 1,000,000 men for twenty

the Department of Agriculture, it appears that wool may be made perfectly without appearing to undergo any change, as far as is revealed by microscope. When treated in mass in a bath of sulphuric acid for several minutes, and afterward quickly washed in a weak water and dried, it feels rough to the fingers, owing to the separation of the scales, but they resume their natural position, and appear finer.

Concerning the original condition of the sun, a British scientist now suggests that its mass was formed by the collision of two cool bodies coming together with the velocity due to their mutual gravitation -this theorybeing supported by the physical law that two bodies at rest in space, if formed by the collision. The velocity which a body thus falling into the sun would acquire is stated as being more than thirty times that which our earth has in its orbital motion; the earth speeds along its orbit at a rate exceeding eighteen miles a second, but a body falling freely into the sun would have a velocity of 380 miles per second. It is calculated, therefore, that if two cool, solid globes, each of the same mean density as the earth, of half the sun's diameter and twice the sun' distance from the earth should collide. the collision would last for a few hours, in the course of which they would be trans-formed into a violently agitated incandescent fluid mass, with ages of heat ready made in it, and swelled out by this heat to possibly one and a half times, or two. or three, or four times the sun's present

Why Men Fail. Few men come up to their highest casure of success. Some fail through timidity or lack of nerve. They are unwilling to take the risks incident to life, and fail through fear in ventur-ing on ordinary duties. They lack Others fail through imprudence, lack of discretion, care or sound judg-ment. They over estimate the future, and build air castles and venture beyond their death and fail and fall. Others, again, fail through lack of application and perseverance. They begin with good resolves, but soon get tired of that, and want a change, thinking they can do much better at something else. Thus they fritter life away, and succeed at nothing. Others waste time and money, and fail for want of economy. Many fail through ruinous habits; tobacco, whisky, and beer spoil them for business, drive their best customers from them, and scatter their prospects of success. Some fail for want of brains, education, and fitness for their calling; they lack a knowledge of human nature and of the that a tuate men. They have not qualified themselves for their occu pation by practical education, -School Supplement.

How Remenvi Used to Travel

Remenyi, the violinist, whose death has been recently chronicled, was an amusing man, but something of a poseur at the same time. In traveling from place to place on his concert tours, while sitting in a car reading a newspaper he would hold a "dummy" violin tucked under his chin. As his eyes absorbed the news his agile fingers ran up and down the strings. The passengers would stare, but he appeared to be heedless of their curious gaze. He always said in reply to any questions on the subject that he was keeping his hand in practice: but the members of his company thought that he did it more as an advertisement than anything else, for everybody said: "Who is the jolly little fellow with the fiddle?" and there was always some one to reply, "Oh, that's Remenyi. - New York Criti.

Methodist Churches in the Cities. In New Yerk there is one Methodist ulation; in Chicago one to each 16 in St. Louis, one to each 25,000; in Cincisco, one to each 17,500; in Cleveland, one to each 13,888; in Pittsburg and Allegheny, one to each 7,575; in Milwaukee, one to each 16,500; in Detroit, one to each 8750; in Indianapolis, one to each 6,000, and in Columbus, one to each 6,366.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

SNATCHED BALD-HEADED.

PERSEVERANCE.

on a street car, "terbacker smokin makes me sick."

ma'am" replied the young man, lighting a fresh eigar, "but, Lord, you'll get used to it arter awhile."

A Creston lover who addressed a love

scented letter to the object of his af-fections, asking the young lady to be-come his partner through life, inscribed

on one corner of the envelope, "Scaled proposal." The result was he was awarded the contract.—Omaha Bee.

CAUGHT A PROFESSOR.

daughter's husband is an A. M., is he

not, Mrs. Hendricks."
Mrs. Hendricks (a trifle sourly)—Yes,

IN NO MOOD.

Waffle's?

Bobby-Ma, can I go over to Willia

Father-"You want the hand of my

Young Man-"At present, none; but

WANTED CORNED BEEF.

Householder (ordering)—Ten pounds

Caller (to Mrs. Hendricks)-Your

"Young man, said a cross old lady

"It used to make me sick, too,

THE HUMOR OF THE FUNNY WRITERS.

Footing the Bill-She Worried Him -Masonic Simplicity-A Hint to A Hint Inventors - A Strong Truth. Hint, Etc., Etc. PILLING THE BILL. Mother-"Why, Willie, you can't possibly eat another plate of pudding,

can you?"
Willie—"Oh, yes, ma, I can, more plate will just fill the bill."

The dynamic value of one pound of good steam coal has been estimated by

From the report of the microscopist of moth-proof by treating it with the sul-phuric acid of commerce. The wool may remain in the acid several hours solution, of soda, and finally in pure

daughter? Have you any means of exfree from the disturbing attraction of other bodies, would certainly collide with Young direct impact, and hence with no rotational momentum of the compound body formed by the collision. The velocity of a telescope—nota wife."—Paila. News.

son impress you with a sense of utter wretchedness?

A STRONG BINT. It was midnight in the fall and she and waited long for him to go, but he persisted in hanging on and talking about the poets. Finally he said, "Why

was the reply.

He probably took his leave after that. THE RAT.

haps the rats are only good for to tell when the ship is going to sink.

CORN IN EGYPT. Mr. Hayseed (to wife who has returned from church)-What was the sermon

Mrs. Hayseed-Suthin' about Joseph goin' doun to Egypt to buy corn.

Mr. Hayseed—Did the dominie say
what corn was worth down there?—

SHE CAUGHT HIM. He-What will you have, dear, candy or icecream? She—No, Edward, get me some pop-

-Do you like that stuff? She—Yes; I like everything that pops.—Harper's Bazar.

A BIG DIFFERENCE. St. Louis Dame—I hear that our old friend Augustus Smith is married. Chicago Dame—Yes; she married her father's confidential clerk.

"It must have been a quiet wed-

ding."
"Oh, no; it was a grand affair." "Why, there was only just a little piece about it in the Chicago papers."
"Well, the parents approved the match, you know."—Si, Paul Globe.

CHESTNET BOUGHS,

"If I were bald as you," said Gus Da Smith to one of the most prominent citi-"How bright the heavenly stars are to-night, Mr. Sampson!"

"Ah, yes, Miss Smith; but they are dim and lustreless compared with certain earthly ones," he said, looking into zen of Austin, "I would wear a wig."
"I don't see why you should ever
wear a wig if you were bald," was the quiet response. "An empty barn doesn't need any roof."—Texas Siftings.

"And the wind," she went on, "how soft and low, as it gently moves the chestnut trees."

HE WOULD DO HIS PART. George—"Blanche, I think I will get married."

Blanche—"Yes, George, and does your heart beat responsively to some "Well, no, not exactly, but I can almost support myself, and I think it's a pretty mean girl that won't help a little bit."—Texas Siftings.

BACK IN THE MARKET.

He (at a Chicago evening entertainment)-Do you know that very brilliant looking woman at the piano, Miss Breezy

Miss Breezy—Oh, yes, intimately. I will be glad to present you, Mr. Waldo. He—Thanks. Is she an unmaried Mrs. Hendricks (a trine sourcy)
he is about a two o'clock. A. M.—N. Y. lady?
Miss Breezy—Yes, she has been un-

married twice.

FOUND IT OUT. Bangs had his portrait painted two or

Mother-You must ask your father, three years ago, paying a goodly price for the work. The other day he met Bobby (hopelessly)—Well, ma, pa is putting up the parlor stove.—N. Y. the artist on the street, and asked him how he was getting along.

"Splendidly, responded the knight of the brash. "I'm overrun with orders.

Come in and see my work. It's better than anything I ever did before. I am just finding out that I didn't know how to paint at all when I did your por-

SHE MARRIED HIM. Said an aged matron to me once: When my cousin William came home from his three years' cruise his old blue cloth suit with brass buttons looked very old-fashioned, and I said, 'Cousin Wil-

AN ADMIRER.

"He frequently goes up there, doesn't

"So I've heard; but do you know that

Mrs. Van Slyeur faints,-Toxas Sift-

the beauty of the place is a young

A HINT TO INVENTORS.

A fair American came into a down-town drug-store lately and inquired for

"Haven't got it in stock, madam.

"But," persisted the fair customer, "I have friends who purchase it here habit-

ually."
"What kind did you say it was, mad

"Automatic, sir-automatic tooth-

Voice from the rear in stentorian ac

cents: "Try her on aromatic."

And she beat a retreat, with much

confusion and the desired species of

SHE SILENCED HIM.

The following conversation, heard by reporter on the street last night, is

"Are you still tugging away at those

"You know it disgusts me to see you walking through the streets making

"Why, do you know that I would just

as soon see you pulling on your—stock-ings in the streets as your gloves?"
"Most men would," was all she said,

and he had nothing else to say."-St.

cloves of yours?"

"Does it, dear?"

your toilet."

Joseph News.

a certain kind of tooth-powder.

of corned beef. Grocer—Yes, sir (pushing out cigars); ave one, sir?

Householder—Simply corned beef; no Householder—Simply corned beef; no answered, "I do not worry about my answered," I do not worry about my have one, sir!
Householder—Simply corned beef; no clothes, Cousin Mary; I have brought BROKEN UH. home four shot-bags full of gold pieces, and the girls will marry me anyway Wife-Why, James, where have you been? Your clothes are torn, your face now." And to my "Did any one marry him!" she replied, while a faint tinge

mantie.

widow?"

said the clerk.

powder.

scratched and your hair in confusion. mantled her aged cheeks, "Yes, I mar-What's the matter?
Husband—Oh, nothing. I just tried to pass a shop where a fall opening of ried him. Mrs. Kniekerboeker-Where is your bonnets was in progress. husband to-day, Mrs. Van Siyeurd Mrs. Van Siyeur—He went up the

SEEKING SAFETY.

Anarchist-Grechen, gif me a clean Wife-Vat! Haf you lost your senses, Adolph? "Very often. He is a great lover of nature. He goes to Nyack to admire the beauty of the place. It is so ro-

Anarchist-Nein; but since dot exe cution we Anarchists haf to go in disguise. - Teras Siftings.

THE WASTE.

"I see Edison claims that only about one-fourth of every ton of coal is utilized by the consumer."
"So! I didn't think the dealer measured it quite as short as all that. - Chicago Nems.

Old lady coming to York-Conductor, there ain't going to be a collision, I Conductor—I guess not.

REASON ENOUGH FOR ANXIETY.

Old Lady—I want you to be very keerful. I've got four dozens eggs in this basket.

THE ATTACK TO BE RENEWED. Young Man—I love your daughter sir, devotedly. May I hope for a bless, ing from you? Old Man—Haye you spoken to my

daughter upon the subject?
Young Man—Yes, and she refused.
Old Man—Well, doesn't that settle it?

dentrifice. Young Man-No, sir. You forget that I am a life insurance agent, and never take no for an answer .- N. Y.

Miss Sentymente-Ah, Mr. Donaught, does not the sadness of the waning sea-

Mr. Donaught—Yaas, it does. I nevah stir out now unless I have my umbrel-Miss S .-- Your umbwella?

Mr. D.-Yaas, to keep off the wain, you know .- Cleveland Sun .

does Tennyson speak of men as God's "Because they don't leave till spring,

This is an Indian boy's composition on a rat: A rat or rats are good for nothing. They are useless animals, because they will steal, eat, or spoil whatever comes in their way. They will also eat eggs and little chickens and ducks. They live in stables, pig pens, cellars, and in the ships. The rats are great travellers; they will go in ships across the Ocean. The sailors are sure to have their ship sink if the rats have left; per-

SALTED WITH DIAMONDS.

A SHARPER'S PRETENDED DIS-COVERY OF VALUABLE MINES.

Capitalists Blindfolded and Led Zigzag Through a Wild Region of Arizona-The Scheme Exposed

Among the countless schemes to which Among the countriess senemes to which the great banker, Ralston, who loved to be called the "Financial King of the Pacific Coast," devoted no small share of the California Bank, of which he was President, was the exploiting of mines in the Pyramid range of mountains, close to the border line which divides Arizona from New Mexico. This was early in the 70's, when speculation was rife and the discovery of bonanzas an everyday event. Among the employes of Ralston in the Pyramid mines was one George Arnold, a man of meagre educa-tion, but bright and ambitious. In his shanty on the wide mountain side and over his bacon and beans he was ever dreaming of some plan that would bring Dame Fortune at his waiting feet and shower upon him her princely favors. He saw men making fortunes by a single cast of the die and losing them by a single throw. While yet dreaming his dream of wealth there ame to him the bright-colored story of the great diamond discoveries of Cape Colony. His teeming brain at once devised a scheme which, in his way, equaled Low's South Sea Bubble. He had grown unscrupulous in his desire and had come to believe that, with him at least, the end justified the means. The soil around the Pyramid district

was rich in color and had character was rich in color and had character enough to inaugurate any mining scheme, however wild and impracticable. So with a comrade, Jim Haggerty, with whom he had long associated, Arnold made long tours over the surroundin country. After a few weeks of this kind of work he resigned his place in the mines with the given intention of secking the fairer fields of Mexico.

He next turned up in San Francisco in the fall of 1871. He immediately found Ralston and astonished even that bold operator by revealing that he had dis-covered in Arizona rich diamond fields quite as extensive as those of Cape Colony. From the gripsack he had brought with him he poured forth a wondrous display of rough diamonds which had been washed from the yielding soil of the new find. They were many

and apparently of value. Ralston, ever ready for a venture, especially one which promised such dazzling results, entered at once into a proposed exploration of the new diamond fields. He introduced Arnold to several leading capitalists who at once became enthusiastie over the new Golconda. With the rapid action peculiar to Californians, the clique who had been led into the secret immediately determined to visit the mines and if found to be all right to pur-chase Arnold's claims and titles for the modest but snug sum of \$1,000,000.

Arnold reluctantly accepted the offer.

In due course of time the party of cap-

italists interested left San Francisco for the promised land. At Camp Ralston, the headquarters of the Pyramid mining speculation, the eager capitalists were met by Arnold and Haggerty, the latter being introduced as a sort of side part-ner, like the silent mariner of the Admiral of H. M. S. Pinafore. miral of H. M. S. Pinafore. The two worthies were to conduct Ralston and his associates to the diamond fields. The party was led by a route as zigzag as a snake fence and as rough as a corduroy road. Part of the way was along the Glla river to where the Rio Prieto empties into it. At this point the eyes of the jaded capitalistic visitors were carefully blindfolded. istic visitors were carefully blindfolded and their animals were led by their guides for some distance further. When they were permitted to see daylight again they were in the midst of a clump of trees which stood on the river's bank. They were given shovels and picks and told to dig anywhere about the clump of trees. Each of the visitors did so and each in turn brought forth one or more of the precious stones they sought for. They were everywhere, and the million-

sire miners wiped the clinging soil from off their hands softly, as though it was a sacred deposit.

On their return to San Francisco the capitalists wished to form a company. In ten days it was accomplished. Arnold was paid his \$1,000,000 and made superintendent of the new mines. He at once made known the location of the diamond fields and they were visited by several stockholders in the company. Diamonds were found by each and all of them. and

all went merry as a marriage bell until Arnold skipped for the East. It was then thought best to call an expert, and Professor King, the well-known geologist, was selected. He first discovered that the ground around the clump of trees on the bank of the Rio Priete had been cleverly "salted" with refuse diamonds, such as may be cheaply bought in the marts at Amsterdam. was also found that the diamonds found by the capitalists had been "tried" at Amsterdam, and, as Professor King said While diamonds may exist in Arizona, it is hardly to be expected that nature will produce them partly cut or pol-

The members of the new diamond company were both thunderstruck and indignant, and steps were quickly taken to bring Arnold to justice. He was at his home in his native Kentucky, and the machinery of the law was brought to bear upon him there. He was arrested, but was never taken out of the blue gram country for punishment. In some man-ner he secured his release and entered upon a life of wild en joyment. His excesses were of short duration, and after five years of feasting and rioting with ill-gotten wealth his life went out.

flow much his side partner, Jim Hag-gerty, received for his share of the plun-der was never known, although it must have been a considerable amount. He was looked upon as a friend and tool. rather than a bad sinner, and was left unpunished. However, he died poor and miscrable.—Philadelphia Press.

A well has been discovered in Mobile, Ala, which sprouts forth sparkling water heavily charged with carbonic seid gas. When the water is sweetened with syrup it is said to make a delectable

beverage not unlike soda water.