

HUNTING TRUFFLES.

In France They Train Dogs to Find the Prized Plants.

Truffles, like mushrooms, belong to the family of the fungi, but are a distinct and very peculiar genus. They are cryptogamic plants and subterranean, their position underneath the soil varying from two to three inches to two feet in depth.

They have no root, stem or leaf and vary in color from light brown to black. They are sometimes globular in form and vary in size from that of a pecan nut to that of a duck's egg. Their surface is watery and covered with a skin. Their exact method of growth is not precisely known. They are, of course, regarded as a great luxury by the epicure.

Truffles are mentioned by Juvenal, Pliny, Plutarch and Martial. The Athenian epicures were acquainted with them, and a story is told of a bon vivant who freed a whole family of slaves who had invented a delicious method of preparing them.

France has the credit of producing the finest truffles. Dogs are commonly bred to search for them.

The method of "breaking" these dogs is to give them for a time pieces of truffles every morning before they are allowed to partake of any other food. After a certain period, when their appetite for truffles increases, pieces are hidden in the ground, and they are made to find them. Thus they are gradually taught their business, though it often takes as long as eighteen months before a dog becomes skilled in the art.

In some parts of France—Poitou and Perigord, for instance—pigs are trained for truffle hunting, and by some they are deemed to be better fitted for this work than dogs.—Harper's Weekly.

SHE WAS LOYAL.

Likewise Honest Enough to Tell Lincoln the Truth.

During the war between the states Miss N., a high spirited Virginia young lady, whose father, a Confederate soldier, had been taken prisoner by the Union forces, was desirous of obtaining a pass which would enable her to visit him. Francis P. Blair agreed to obtain an audience with the president, but warned his young and rather impulsive friend to be prudent and not betray her sympathy for the south. They were ushered into the presence of Mr. Lincoln, and the object for which they had come was stated. The tall, grave man bent down to the little maiden and, looking searchingly into her face, said:

"You are loyal, of course?" Her bright eyes flashed. She hesitated a moment, and then, with a face eloquent with emotion and honest as his own, she replied:

"Yes, loyal to the heart's core—to Virginia!" Mr. Lincoln kept his intent gaze upon her for a moment longer and then went to his desk, wrote a line or two and handed her the paper. With a bow the interview terminated. When they had left the room Mr. Blair began to upbraid his young friend for her impetuosity.

"Now you have done it!" he said. "Didn't I warn you to be very careful? You have only yourself to blame."

Miss N. made no reply, but opened the paper. It contained these words: "Pass Miss N. She is an honest girl and can be trusted." A. LINCOLN.

What She Wanted. They had been married but two months, and they loved each other devotedly. He was in the back yard blacking his shoes. "Jack," she called at the top of her voice, "Jack, come here, quick!"

He knew at once that she was in imminent danger. He grasped a stick and rushed up two flights of stairs to the rescue. He entered the room breathlessly and found her looking out of the window.

"Look," said she—"that's the kind of gown I want you to get me."—Harper's Magazine.

The Eyes of the Japanese. A Japanese friend of mine once saw among my papers a picture of an English woman dressed in Japanese clothing.

"She is no Japanese," he said. "She is European."

"How do you know that?" I asked him. "Her costume is correct; her hair is straight; she has no ornaments."

"Yes," he replied, "but look at her eyes. Her eyes look out on the world as though she understood it. The Japanese woman never looks like that."—From "England Through Yellow Spectacles."

Light of the Firefly. Professor McIntosh says that a temperature approaching 2,000 degrees F. would be necessary to make a light equivalent to that emitted by an ordinary firefly. The enormous waste of energy in all industrial methods of producing light is a matter of common knowledge, and the example of the firefly remains unimitated by man.—Argonaut.

Tactful. "Johanna, please go to the pawnbroker's and pawn my gold watch. The poor man, I understand, is not getting much business, and I think we should help him along."—Fliegende Blätter.

Still Worse. "Mrs. Fastleg has given up cigarettes."

"Did the smoke make her ill?"

"No. The smoke made her dog ill."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mary's Skirt. Mary had a little skirt,

White was so tight it really hurt, She minced along the crowded street With two-inch heels, a vision sweet, Her movements were so very slow It almost seemed she didn't go, Her costume was exceeding warm, 'Twas but a matter of pure facts, She couldn't catch a trolley car, Could Mary, plump and chubby, She couldn't catch an omnibus, But still she caught a hubby.

KEPT TO THE POINT.

Interruptions Didn't Make Blaine Lose His Self Possession.

In his "Yesterday With the Fathers" Dr. William Wilberforce Newton tells an incident which, fortunately escaping tragedy, serves nevertheless to illustrate the imperturbable self possession of a famous statesman.

Upon one occasion the Hon. James G. Blaine addressed a large concourse of people. There was a great wooden platform, on which were the speakers and the officers and a famous German band. I had been invited to make the opening prayer. After this Mr. Blaine began his address with the following sentence:

"I am opposed to the election of Samuel J. Tilden."

Just then some one in the crowd called out, "Hurrah for James G. Blaine," and then a great ovation greeted the Republican leader. At its close Mr. Blaine began again by remarking:

"As I said a few moments ago, I am opposed to the election of Samuel J. Tilden."

Just then a terrible grinding, crushing, earthquake-like sensation was felt by all of us who were seated on the platform, and the entire staging went down with a rush. We were tumbled one over another, speakers, officers, German band and all, and for myself I felt as Korah, Dathan and Abiram probably felt when the earth opened and swallowed them up alive in the pit.

Mr. Blaine and I happened to be wound round together, legs and arms in inextricable confusion, and as we were trying to worm ourselves out of the melee he said to me:

"Mr. Newton, isn't there an article in the Apostolic Creed about the resurrection from the dead?"

"There is, Mr. Blaine," I replied, "and there is also an article about descending."

When the debris was removed and a place made for the speaker he began again by saying, for the third time:

"Notwithstanding these many interruptions, I am as opposed as ever to the election of Samuel J. Tilden."

GENIUS OF SCHUBERT.

Whatever the Great Composer Felt Flowed Forth in Music.

Whenever Schubert happened to turn over the leaves of a volume of poetry, verses that pleased him would become clothed in melody. They would sing themselves in his mind with superb accompaniment, noble in rhythm and rich in harmonies. If paper happened to be within reach the song would at once be written down.

One July evening in 1828, after a long walk, the composer strolled into a beer garden and found a friend sitting at a table with a volume of Shakespeare. Schubert picked up the book and read the song in "Cymbeline," "Hark, Hark, the Lark." The beautiful melody, with its accompaniment, as we now have it instantly flashed upon him, and he wrote it down on the spot upon staves hastily scrawled across the back of a bill of fare. In the course of the same evening he set to music the drinking song in "Antony and Cleopatra" and the verses "Who is Sylvia" in "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

And all this exqu Coastiness came from the son of a cook and poor mechanic, whose chief delight as a baby was to pick out melodies on a rusty old piano in his father's shop and whose acme of human bliss was reached when he was taken to a neighboring joiner's to try his infant hands on a fine new instrument. He was a charity pupil in the Imperial School of Music, but neither its orphan asylum atmosphere, nor the two meals a day nor the ice cold piano with the ice cold instruction dampened the little Franz's ardor. Whatever he felt flowed forth in music.—New York World.

Pockets Make the Man.

Mrs. John Lane, in a volume of essays called "Talk of the Town," takes an ingenious way to prove that mentally woman is superior to man:

Just consider: The most ordinary kind of man has at least a dozen pockets, while a woman of transcendent intellect generally has none, or, if she has one, it is where she can't get at it. Now, try to imagine a man doing his errands with a purse, handkerchief and shopping list in one hand, the tail of his skirt in the other, his umbrella under one arm, meanwhile making an effort to keep his head clear for business problems and at the same time keeping a wary eye out for motors. He couldn't do it! There really is no doubt that man owes his superiority to women entirely to his pockets.

Misleading.

A man once ran for office, and after a very close election the returns showed that he had been elected by a few votes. A friend with whom he had been discussing the matter asked: "What makes you think that all the ballots weren't counted?" "You see," replied the successful candidate, "I'm judging from the number of fellows who've come around asking for a job on the ground that they voted for me."—New York Times.

His Affliction.

A teacher had told a class of juvenile pupils that Milton, the poet, was blind. The next day she asked if any of them could remember what Milton's great affliction was. "Yes'm," replied one little fellow; "he was a poet."—Christian Register.

The minutes saved by hurry are as useless as the pennies saved by parsimony.—C. B. Newcomb.

Virginia Creeper Berry Poisonous.

A widespread peril that threatens the lives of children throughout America has, it is believed, just been discovered in Portland, Ore. The mysterious death of a baby led to the chemical examination of the berry of the Virginia creeper, and it has been found that there are few poisons more deadly.

Attracted by a brightly colored berry a small child put one in its mouth. The child died in two days. Its ailment baffled the physicians, as did a similar case when the two-year-old baby of George Henson, died, it is believed from the same cause.

The analysis of the stomach contents of the child was made, and by means of a high-power microscope a large number of small spicules, apparently of vegetable matter, were found. A simple drop of the juice of the Virginia creeper berry was found to contain millions of these tiny spines which are sharp at both ends and cause internal bleeding, even piercing the arteries and bringing about motor paralysis.

The boy's appetite is often the source of amazement. If you would have such an appetite take Chamberlain's Tablets. They not only create a healthy appetite, but strengthen the stomach and enable it to do its work naturally. For sale by All Dealers.

Everybody Loser

The coal miners' strike in Western Canada, which has just been settled after a duration of seven months, is estimated to have cost the laborers and mine owners together ten million dollars. This takes no account of the loss entailed upon the innocent third party, the public, which is always the heaviest sufferer in disturbances between Labor and Capital. For the good of all concerned, it is to be hoped that the time will eventually come when disputes between employers and employees will be adjusted before strikes or lockouts are called, instead of afterwards. Nobody is ever commensurably benefited by the contrary policy.—Virginia Pilot.

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The Penalty of One-Crop Farming.

What do you think? Wilmington receives cargoes of hay from Canada to be sold to North Carolina farmers. The records at the Custom House show the shipments, for the entries have to be made and the tariff duty paid before the merchandise is delivered to the purchasers. Thus, North Carolina farmers have raised cotton at about cost to pay for forage that they could produce at home. They pay the Canadian hay producers' price, the Canadian merchants' profit, the Wilmington freight, and the tariff tax added to the whole.—Wilmington Star.

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Sunset.

Those clouds are angel's robes—that fiery west Is paved with smiling faces. Charles Kingsley.

Notice to Cotton Growers

My Gin at Cheeks Crossing is now ready for work. Will gin Fridays and Saturdays of each week. Cotton may be brought in any day of week and stored in separate garners until gin day. Walter F. Crawford.

DR. E. P. NEWBORN
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Presence of Mind.

"Private" John Allen of Tupelo, Miss., tells this one on himself:

"Court had been in session in Tupelo and there were a lot of visiting lawyers. They were congenial souls and naturally a little game of poker started down at the hotel. I stayed out for several nights, but finally the breakfast table arguments got so pointed that I had to promise to be in that evening by 11 o'clock.

"When 11 o'clock came I cleaned up and could not leave a winner—that would have been snide—so I stayed to give the boys a chance to get their money back. Also, there was plenty of the sort of drinkables prohibited by law in Mississippi.

"Finally the game broke up, and I looked at the clock; it was 2.30. I started for home, making the best time I could, slipped off my shoes at the front steps, pulled off my clothes in the hall slipped into the bed room and began to slip into bed with the ease of experience.

"Mrs Allen has a blamed dog that on cold nights insists in jumping in the bed with us. So when I began to slide under the covers she stirred in her sleep and pushed me on the head. "Get down, Fido, get down!" she said.

"And, gentlemen, I just did have presence of mind enough to lick her hand, and she dozed off again!"—Cosmopolitan Magazine.

"It is a pleasure to tell you that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best cough medicine I have ever used," writes Mrs. Hugh Campbell, of Lavonia, Ga. "I have used it with all my children and the results have been highly satisfactory." For sale by All Dealers

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