

The Agricultural Department estimates that 10,000,000 acres of forest are used yearly in this country for fuel and lumber. Fires, it is calculated, destroy about 10,000,000 acres more. The forest area of the country is less than 450,000,000 acres, but young forests grow up rapidly.

Even the most enlightened Mexican farmers still persist in using oxen of one color in the morning and oxen of another color in the afternoon. They don't know why they do this, but they know that it must be the right thing to do, because their forefathers did it. Farm laborers are paid eighteen cents a day, and are always paid on Sunday.

What is the shortest sentence on record was pronounced not long ago by an English justice. The convicted prisoner had married a second husband while her first was living, undivorced, but the circumstances were such that the judge said that he could not conscientiously sentence her to more than five-minutes' imprisonment; and that was the sentence.

The explorer, Henry M. Stanley, is said to have acquired by purchase of the native chiefs several of the most commanding sites and large tracts of the richest territory in Africa, which he intends to hold by title, trusting to time to make it remunerative. He took the precaution to have white witnesses to all his transactions, which were verified by written instruments. The consideration given was, of course, comparatively trifling.

The New York World's examination of the drugs sold in the metropolis reveals a rather startling state of affairs. Of the samples analyzed, bought impartially along the five avenues on the eastern and the western side of the city, it was found that nearly forty per cent. were below the legal standard of purity. The most important adulteration discovered was in the tinctures of nux vomica and opium, preparations for the ingredients of which the retail dealer is alone responsible.

Civilization may be defined in one aspect as the attempt of mankind to turn the curse of nature into a blessing and to overcome the seemingly inexorable law of the survival of the fittest. But nature itself helps in the work. A writer in the Ploughman holds that the briars, thorns, thistles and weeds are an actual blessing rather than a curse, because they exert a powerful influence in dissolving the nutrient contained in the rocks and soil and preparing it for plants of a higher and more useful nature.

The authorities of Castle Garden, New York, report the increased arrivals of immigrants as still continuing, making this year an exceptional one. There has been some falling off in the number of Scandinavian iron workers noticed. The increasing demand for farm labor in the West is the chief matter of interest in the labor department. Never before has this demand been so great, and never have such favorable offers been made to new comers willing to engage in this work.

The adulteration of milk in this country is usually either in the removal of cream or in the addition of water. A San Francisco chemist has communicated to the Agricultural Department the composition of a milk adulterant, which has been largely used in that city. The mixture consists of common salt, saltpetre, saleratus, a trace of caustic soda and a large quantity of sugar. The color is imparted by caramel. The purer the milk supply the larger will be the demand from consumers. The nearer the producers can come to the consumers with their pure, fresh milk product the larger and more satisfactory will be the trade.

A writer in the Fortnightly Review says: "The population of the Island Empire is now thirty-seven millions, and its annual public revenue approaches sixteen millions sterling. Its foreign trade (including exports and imports) amounts to twelve millions sterling. There are already three hundred and thirty miles of railway completed, and lines are being steadily pushed forward so as to open out the entire country. There is an effective army, with peace and war establishments of eighty-two thousand and one hundred and ten thousand men respectively, thoroughly trained and equipped in European style; and a navy of some twenty-five ships of all sizes, including seven ironclads. Both the army and navy are provided with artillery, rifles, etc., of approved modern types. There are complete systems of telegraphs, post-offices, police, savings-banks, jails, universities, schools and colleges, light-houses, meteorological observatories, etc., all on the best European or American models. And these immense innovations have been accomplished within the short space of fifteen years, and so economically that the whole national debt amounts to only about one year's revenue."

Rhinoceros hide is a new element in the art world, and Roland Ward, a well-known taxidermist, has discovered and developed hitherto unknown qualities and beauties in the tremendously thick skin of that dainty little creature. For the Maharajah of Kooch Behar, a noted Indian sportsman, Mr. Ward has prepared a variety of articles, ranging in size from tables down to candlesticks, all made of polished rhinoceros hide, which has the appearance and peculiar effect of the finest amber.

There are two ideas worth picking up: In Russia, where blinders were not used on horses, a shying horse is not known. In Turkey, where dogs are regarded as sacred, never to be whipped or misused, and where the animals fairly swarm in the streets of towns and cities, owned by no one, and obtaining their food by scavenger service which necessity imposes, the fearful disease of rabies is unknown among them. Every dog has his day without muzzling, and by no means a canine beauty or thoroughbred, and often dirty and repulsive, the animal is observant and harmless, and manifests intense affection in response to a little "patting" attention and kindly greeting.—The moral of all this is that good treatment toward dumb beasts as well as human beings, however lowly, brings out the better nature of life and makes it sunny and happy.

Naval men and marine architects in Washington are discussing the latest addition to the British navy. This is a magnificent twin-screw, armor-plated battleship, and she promises to be the most powerful ship of war afloat. She was named the Sans Pareil by Lady George Hamilton. The Sans Pareil, without her engines and fittings, is the heaviest vessel ever launched in England except the Great Eastern, her weight being more than 6000 tons. She is 340 feet in length, seventy feet in breadth, thirty-seven feet six in depth and of 10,470 tons displacement. Her engines will be 7500 horsepower natural draught and 12,000 horsepower forced draught. Her armament will consist of two 16-inch 111-ton guns, one 10-inch 29-ton gun, twelve 6-inch 5-ton guns, nine three-pounder quick-firing guns, twelve six-pounder quick-firing guns, two 1-inch Nordenfeldt guns, eight 14-inch Whitehead torpedo tubes and four 0.45-inch Nordenfeldt guns.

Shortly after Bayles W. Hanna's arrival as United States minister at Buenos Ayres the president was to be installed. The troops were drawn up in long columns, and the distinguished citizens and diplomats were at the Congress hall or palace to welcome the incoming chief magistrate. Just as the president was entering the palace to deliver his inaugural address an ex-officer of the army belonging to an opposing political party, and as the chief of a conspiracy, rushed upon the unsuspecting ruler-elect and gave him a terrific blow and cut on the head. Mr. Hanna was one of the first to reach the side of the president and rescue him from further violence and death at the hands of the desperate assassin. The president was bathed and in an hour or two read his address to the assembly with his head heavily bandaged. He has since had a splendid oil painting executed, depicting the tragic scene, and the Indiana statesman is in the foreground of the group gathered about him.

**Embalmed Peruvian Eyes.**  
C. T. Ward has lately returned from a several years' residence in Chili. Among the South American curiosities Mr. Ward brought back with him is one of the eyes of a Peruvian Inca, which was preserved with the embalmed body. These curious specimens of the preservative art are very rare, and are very valuable when they are found entire. The specimen in the possession of Mr. Ward has the shape of a piece of wax that has been cast in a thimble. It is translucent and of a bright golden color, looking something like colored glass. Few people who see it for the first time would be able to discover from its appearance its true character. But even to them it would be surrounded by some mystery which they would be anxious to have revealed. It is related that a Peruvian lady had a collection of thirty or more eyes of this kind, valued at \$30,000, which she had mounted and wore as ornaments at a ball in Paris. Efforts have been made to discover the secret of the art by which the eyes of the Peruvian monarchs were preserved, but up to this time no chemist has been able to make it his own. It is believed, however, that gold was one of the materials used, which would account, perhaps, for the color of the specimen.—San Francisco Call.

**His Last Resort.**  
"I am poor," he said to a Chicago girl; "and you are rich; but true love levels such distinctions, and—"  
She interrupted him with one of the most positive negatives, if such an expression can be allowed, ever uttered in the windy city.  
"This, then, is my last resort," he said desperately; and he displayed a silver-mounted revolver.  
"You ought to get \$5 or \$6 on it," replied the girl encouragingly.

**A Quiet Stream.**  
A quiet stream flowed through a level meadow—all day long its voice was heard in murmurous melody. That half a whisper seemed, and half a song—yet no one paused to hear its harmony. It marked the brightness of its sunny gleam.  
But where its course was prepared by the rugged stone it swelled and bubbled till with new born power it leaped the barrier, all its weakness gone—its spray ascending in a silvery shower, its onward way pursued with added force.  
Its beauty then the artist praised, the poet sang, until came many to admire the pretty scene, half marvelling at the strength of such a fall.  
A silver ribbon parting banks of green, swift as an arrow, deeper than their ken.  
—[Golden Argosy.]

**Jim Poulder's Mistake.**  
There were only two vacant seats in the car, and at Pankchap station two persons came in to fill them. One of these was an old man with iron-gray hair, partly covered by a slouched felt hat, and clad in a new suit of gray stuff that seemed to have been made for some one else. With him was a young and pretty girl. The observer would set down the two for a well-to-do farmer and his daughter. The man looked around. The two vacant seats were on opposite sides. In one sat a young, well-dressed, self-satisfied sprig, the pace at his side occupied by a hand-bag of crocodile leather and a spring overcoat. In the other was another young man, less stylishly dressed. The farmer looked around, and, motioning his daughter to the vacant seat, said: "There's a place for you, Lucy." Then, turning to the young man with the hat, he asked: "Seat engaged?"  
The young man looked up, curled his lip and said: "Man to fill it'll be here presently."  
"Ah," said the farmer, coolly removing the gripsack and overcoat, and placing them on the young man's lap; "then 'll occupy it until he comes." He seated himself accordingly, while the young man glared at him.  
The one on the other side looked amused; and then, rising, said: "You had better exchange seats with me, sir, so that the young lady and yourself will be together."  
"Thank you," was the farmer's reply; he exchange was made.  
The two young men were evidently acquainted; for the courteous one said to the other, in a low voice: "Jim Poulder, you made a mistake there."  
"I never make mistakes, Frank Bolling."  
The first speaker said nothing more, but, drawing a newspaper from his pocket, ran his eye over its columns.  
Poulder yawned a little, and at last said: "This is too dull for yours faithfully, James Poulder. I'll go into the smoking-car, and take a whiff."  
When he had gone, the old man canted over the arm of his seat toward Bolling.  
"Excuse me, sir, but didn't your friend say his name was James Poulder?"  
"That is his name, sir," replied the young man; "but he is not exactly a friend of mine though we live in the same place."  
"May I inquire where he is from?"  
"Yes, sir; Careysburg."  
"Son of Peter B. Poulder, the pork packer there, isn't he?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"His father should deal with him. It would be in his line."  
"Oh, papa," said a reproachful voice.  
"It is a fact, Lucy."  
The old man entered into conversation with the younger, and soon learned that Frank Bolling had been engaged for some time in the study of the law, but that his father having met with reverses, and having two younger daughters to educate, the young man set out to support himself, abandoning his law studies, and taking a situation as salesman at a country store in Griffon.  
"My place is within a mile of Griffon," said the old man. "I have a notion that I knew your father once. Wasn't he at Harvard, in his time?"  
"Yes, sir, and so was I."  
"I wonder if he remembers us old chum there—one George Carter."  
"Yes, sir; I've heard him speak of him often, though the two have drifted apart. Judge Carter, you mean. He lives at Griffon. Do you know him?"  
"After a fashion."  
"I am told," resumed the young man, "that he has left the bench, and, though quite wealthy, has gone back to the bar. I have a letter from him which my father, recalling youthful friendship, insisted on giving me; but I shall not present it."  
"Why not? He might be of service."  
"Scarcely, sir."  
"Your friend or your acquaintance, as you call him, goes to Griffon, too—does he?"  
"Yes, sir; but he goes there in a different capacity. I believe he represents his father in some transaction about property with Judge Carter, and is to remain there some days as a guest, until the affair is closed. Possibly, as his father wants him to marry, he may be on a tour of observation, and take in the Judge's daughter."  
"Do you think he is so irresistible a

to be able to pick, at his pleasure?" Inquired the girl, looking quizzically over her father's shoulder.  
"He can be very fascinating when he chooses," I am told," replied Bolling; "and, as he is handsome and his father worth millions, he is at least 'a good catch.'"  
"He puts up his fascination along with his courtesy, I suppose, and leaves both at home when he travels," said the girl.  
"Lucy!" cried her father, "some thoughts had better be left unspoken."  
At last, the elegant Jim Poulder came back from the smoking-car.  
"Sorry, Frank," he said, "to have left you so long. Been bored to death, haven't you?"  
"Oh, no! I have enjoyed a pleasant conversation with our genial neighbor over the way."  
"Genial? Well, of all queer chaps for picking up low acquaintance, you beat 'em."  
"Shh! They'll hear you."  
"Let 'em, who cares? Going to stop at the Junction?"  
"No; there is a one-horse sort of connecting train, and I push on to Griffon."  
"I shan't. I'll lie over a day."  
Poulder made his way, with his luggage, to the little hotel at the Junction, while the farmer and daughter, followed by Bolling, made theirs to the single car, with a superannuated engine, which stood waiting. There were no other passengers, and the three had the car to themselves.  
"Come over here, Mr. Bolling," said the old man, after a while, "I want to talk with you a bit. Turn down the seat. You said you had a letter for Judge Carter and didn't intend to deliver it?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Did it ever occur to you, young man, to obey a father's orders?"  
"I trust, sir, that I'm usually obedient. It was not a positive order."  
"I tell you that you should deliver that letter to its proper owner. I am Judge Carter, and this is my daughter, Lucy. Hand over the paper to the court."  
"I beg your pardon, sir; but I—"  
"You want identification. Here, conductor! Tell this young gentleman who I am."  
"Judge Carter," said the conductor, curious to know what it was all about.  
Bolling, not a little astonished, took the letter from his pocket-book.  
"If you'll permit me," said the judge, as he opened the letter, and glanced over the contents, "he wants me to look after you a little. Ah, how time flies! Lucy, this young fellow's father and I had good times in the old days. How long did you read law, Bolling?"  
"A little over two years, sir."  
"Whom did you read with?"  
"Spence and Sullivan."  
"Good men. Sullivan put you through the office business, I fancy; that's his way. Now, I've been putting you through an exhaustive examination, which is my way, and I think you'll do. Let old Bragg find another salesman. I want a clerk to manage my office, and boss around while I am off on circuit. What do you say to it?"  
"Say to it, sir? What can I say but yes, and thank you for the offer."  
"Very well, that's settled. Here we are, and there's our carriage. Give your checks to John there, and he'll bring your luggage to the house, along with ours. Show your gallantry, and hand Lucy into the carriage. Jump in. I'll drive."  
The next day James Poulder made his appearance at the Carters' in a state of elegance "never equalled and rarely excelled." He was ushered into the drawing-room and received by a young lady whose style suited even his fastidious taste, and whose features had a dim familiarity. When the judge came in the young man's recognition of the farmer in the cars was complete. He stammered out an apology, but the old man relieved him.  
"It could hardly have been expected that you should have known us," said the judge. "Let all that pass. You are quite welcome. As we have two hours before dinner, we'll go to the office and look over the papers together. Miss Carter will excuse you meanwhile."  
In the office Poulder found Frank Bolling, making out a declaration.  
"Why, Frank, I thought you were going into the grocery business."  
"I've changed my mind," replied Frank.  
James Poulder stayed his week out, and then took the cars back to Careysburg.  
Frank Bolling did not make the trip back until two years after, when he went to visit his father, who had got over his pecuniary troubles. Meanwhile he had been admitted to the bar, and Judge Carter had taken him into partnership. He had also gone into another partnership, just before he left. He was in high spirits on that trip. He was not alone. Miss Lucy Carter, that had been, Mrs. Francis Bolling then, was his traveling companion.—[Independent.]

A Minneapolis man has invented a dust collector. Jay Gould invented one years ago.

**PEARLS OF THOUGHT.**  
Evil often triumphs but never conquers.  
A sorrowing saint is better than a singing sinner.  
Speaking without thinking is shooting without aiming.  
A man without self-restraint is like a barrel without hoops and tumbles to pieces.  
Better to be despised for too anxious apprehensions, than ruined by too confident security.  
Whoever makes home seem to the young dearer and more happy is a public benefactor.  
He, who is most slow in making a promise, is the most faithful in the performance of it.  
The greatest event in a hen's life is made up of an egg and a cackle. But eagles never cackle.  
It is the easiest thing in the world to discover all the defects in a man when we do not like him.  
He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.  
Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.  
True love is better than glory; and a tranquil fireside, with the woman of your heart seated by it, the greatest good the gods can send.  
The essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.  
**A Fight in a Bear Pit.**  
By a fight which occurred recently among the bears in the pit at the Zoological Garden, one of the number, Bessie, a black cub presented to the garden by parties who had captured it in the mountains of Western Pennsylvania a year ago, was so badly injured that she died before her antagonist could be driven off. She had been recently placed in the pit, in which were two black bears, a Russian bear and a grizzly. How the fight began it is not known, but when Keeper Harrison was called to the scene Bessie was getting the worst of the fight. The keeper seized a heavy iron scraper and endeavored to beat off Bessie's assailants, when he was attacked by Danger, the grizzly, and would probably have been killed had it not been for the prompt arrival of Head Keeper Byrne and Keepers Ford, Shannon and Murphy, who, armed with stout clubs, entered the pit and beat the animals into submission. The fight of the bears and rescue of Harrison was witnessed by several visitors to the garden, who described the scene as thrilling. Harrison had his clothes torn into shreds and his flesh lacerated by the claws of the beasts.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]  
**Where Education Tells.**  
"People make a great mistake in desiring their boys to enter what are called the learned professions," said one man to another in the lobby of a theatre between the acts. "Now, my boy will graduate from the high school in a few weeks and I intend to apprentice him to an acquaintance of mine who owns a mill up town. Some of those loom bosses and foremen around factories make splendid wages, far more than the average professional man earns. People think that when a boy has been well schooled he should not be put in such a place as a mill, but I tell you its the place for education to tell, as the competition there is not so great in that respect."  
—[Philadelphia Call.]  
**The Difference.**  
"My darling you do not bestow upon me so much affection as you did before we were married," observed a little wife to a husband.  
"Don't I?" observed the monster.  
"No, Johnnie, you do not; you pay very little attention to me now," said she.  
"Well, my dear, I will be a little more considerate of your feelings in the future, but did you ever know a man to run after a horse-car after he had caught it?"  
—[Chicago National.]  
**An Engraver's Blunder.**  
A peculiar blunder occurred in the engraving of the plate from which the reverse side of the \$5 certificates were printed. It will be noted that on the back of the certificates are the fac similes of five silver dollars. The third one from the left corner of the certificate has "trust" spelled "trast." Where the word appears in other places on the certificate it is spelled properly.—[Argonaut.]  
**Easily Identified.**  
Omaha Man—You gave a tramp something to eat yesterday, didn't you?  
Young Wife—Yes, poor fellow.  
"Gave him some of your sponge cake, didn't you?"  
"Why, yes, so I did. Why?"  
"Nothing. The paper says the body of a man who had evidently died in great agony was found in the willows this morning."—[Omaha World.]

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**Plenty of Claimants.**  
When Lord Tom Brassey was in the Bahamas, in order to ascertain which way the Gulf Stream was built, he threw overboard a couple of hermetically sealed soda water bottles with a little flag and button on top. Each bottle contained an article that the finder would receive on forwarding it to Lord Tom; and in order to facilitate the task of identification Lady Brassey inserted a fac-simile etching of the two bottles in her new book. About a week after its publication the fun began. Soda water bottles came pouring in by rail, van and parcel post, until the back yard at Normanhurst became impassable and bottles were taken at a premium. The lot are now to be had cheap. Soda water manufacturers take notice.—[London Times.]  
Tennyson is reported in falling health, and discussion is already rife as to who will succeed him as Laureate.  
How much better is the love that is ready to die than the zeal that is ready to kill.