

THE ANSON TIMES.

R. H. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

We Proudly call ours a Government by the People.—Cleveland.

TERMS: \$2.00 Per Year.

VOL. II.

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1886.

NO. 49.

ANSON TIMES.

Terms—Cash in Advance.

One Year \$2.00
Six Months \$1.00
Three Months .50

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, first insertion \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion .50
Local advertisements, per line 10
Special rates given on application for long lines.
Advertisers are requested to bring in their advertisements on Monday evening of each week, to insure insertion in next issue.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WADESBORO, N. C.
Practice in the State and Federal Courts.

JAMES A. LOCKHART,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
WADESBORO, N. C.
Practice at all the Courts of the States.

LITTLE & PARSONS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WADESBORO, N. C.
Collections Promptly Attended to.

H. H. DePew,
DENTIST,
WADESBORO, N. C.
Office over G. W. Huntley's Store.
All Work Warranted.

DR. D. B. FRONTS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Offers his Professional Services to the citizens of Waadesboro and surrounding country. Office opposite Bank.

A. B. Huntley, M. D., J. T. Battle, M. D.
Physicians and Surgeons
Waadesboro, N. C.
Office next to Bank May 7 '11

I. H. HORTON,
JEWELER,
WADESBORO, N. C.
Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Brass and Muzzle Loading Shot Guns, Pistols, &c.

Anson Institute,
WADESBORO, N. C.
D. A. McGRIGOR, PRINCIPAL.
J. J. BERNETT, A. B. ASSISTANTS.
W. E. KIRK, A. B. ASSISTANTS.
The Training Term begins Monday, Jan. 11th, 1886.

Morven High School,
MORVEN, N. C.
JAMES W. KILGO, A. B., Principal.
The Fall Session begins on the 24th of August 1886, and runs through five months.

Tuition, PER MONTH.
Primary \$2.00
Elementary 2.50
Advanced 3.00
Board from \$3 to \$10 per month.
For further particulars address the Principal.

WM. A. MURR,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Stoves Tin-ware Sheet-Iron

HOLLOW WARE.
WADESBORO, N. C.

HOTELS.
When you go to Charlotte be sure to call on
S. M. TIMMONS,
FOR
Fine Mountain Whiskies
IN THE
Old Charlotte Hotel
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

YARBROUGH HOUSE,
RALEIGH, N. C.
PRICES REDUCED TO SUIT THE TIMES
CALL AND SEE US.

BEYOND.

With life's care and flapping sheet I float
And, hopeful, over the shining vista gleam,
As current-horse creeps slowly on my boat
Around the bend.

The water's surface will be smoother there,
The arching bow will frame wide views more
fair.
My white-bleached sail will bathe in purer
air.

Round the bend.
No rudder will I need my skill to guide,
No tempest or mysky will wildly ride,
No rival keel will graze my vessel's side,
Around the bend.

Down Time's broad stream I feel my life
hark swing—
The future will but care-free laughter bring,
And all my ways with songs of praise will
ring.

Round the bend.
My boat goes on with jarrings much the same,
Here beat the storms that up the river came,
The view is changed in naught except in
name.

Round the bend.
My life is still the same unrest for me,
My course is not more bright, nor quick, nor
free.
The joy I fondly hoped I cannot see,
Around the bend.

—Charles Moreau Harger, in the Current.

FAIR AND FICKLE.

"She is the most beautiful woman I
have ever seen."
"She is handsome, certainly."
"How oddly you say that, as though
you begrudged it to her!"
"So I do."

"Why, what has she done to you?"
shrinking with a pretty affection of
terror from her companion, who has
suddenly grown much too grave for a ball-
room, as she scowls at the graceful back
of the lady they are discussing. "Did
she break your heart, Captain Lawrence;
or has she poisoned your best friend?"
"That is just what she did. I do not
mean, of course, that she put poison
in meat or drink for him," correcting his
vehemence with a rather bitter smile, as
the laughter dies out in the pretty eyes
uplifted to his. "She did a thing much
more safe for herself, and quite as deadly
for him; she poisoned his heart and his
mind until—put it is a woman's privilege
to be fickle—'tis not, Miss Smart?—
and quite the man's fault if he takes her
fickleness too seriously."

"I shall not resent anything you may
say of woman apropos of Mrs. Hamilton's
the girl says, gently. "You have suffered
too much for your friend that you
have almost a right to be unjust to the
rest of us."

"Let me tell you about her, and you
will realize that to see her here to-night,
with everything that a vain woman can
desire, from a rich husband to a dress
from Worth, is enough to make me cyn-
ical even to you."

"Please tell me."
"I will go into the conservatory
then; it is quiet there, and I should be
sorry, if the band were to cease suddenly,
to be heard by half this crowd, bawling
poor Fairfax's story, as I should be
obliged to bawl it here."

"I must go back more years than I shall
presently care to remember, for the time
when I first knew Fairfax was when we
were at West Point together—and his
sworn chum Brooke in the class next to
mine. Fairfax was from my State, and
our people were all friends. He was
"the only son of his mother, and she was
a widow." A better son, a braver sol-
dier, a nobler fellow, than Jack Fairfax
never lived. Brooke I only knew slight-
ly, but he was handsome as a young
Apollo; all I ever heard of him was to
his credit, and Fairfax loved him as—
David loved Jonathan. I always use
old comparisons from preference, you
understand; they have all the force of
long habit as well as of innate appropriateness.

"I left the Point, of course, a year
before they did, and was ordered to one
of those places of exile to which our
government consigns her young officers, ap-
parently to give them the fullest oppor-
tunity of rousing out the education she
has just given them. The next year, by a
rare stroke of luck, Fairfax joined us
at Fort — I never knew so happy
and so hopeful a fellow. No duty was
too trivial to interest him, no succession
of monotonous days dull to him, for
everything, little or great, was a prepara-
tion for the life before him—the life
that was to be so long, so full of happi-
ness, of work, and of success. Good
heavens! when I think what that boy
was and hoped to be, and of how wretch-
edly it all ended, I wonder that civiliza-
tion is so much stronger than nature
within me; that, instead of humiliating
that woman before her courtiers with the
story of her treachery, I only abuse her
to you."

"The world was a very fair place to
Jack Fairfax just then, and men and
women nobly made in God's image, but
far above the ordinary level of humanity
he placed Fritz Brooke. He hoped to be
a good and successful man himself,
but he had not a doubt that Brooke
would excel him. You may laugh at
me, Lawrence," he used to say, rather
hurt at the amusement with which I re-
ceived some of these eulogies. "The
world will know that fellow some day
as I know him, and then even such a
doubting Thomas as you are will be con-
vinced." He used to bore me a little
with this perpetual panegyric. Not that
I had anything against Brooke, but that,
like the Athenians, I was tired of hear-
ing Aristides praised.

"A year passed; Fairfax got his first
leave, and went home for two months,
leaving such a blank behind him that we

rather wondered how we had endured
life before he joined. When he returned,
the rumor of his engagement to Miss
Chester preceded him, and I prepared
myself for a new course of raptures, with
the variety of having 'her' for a subject
instead of 'him.' To my surprise, he
talked very little about her. The sweetest
and truest of women loved him, and
was to be his wife next year, and though
absence from her was hard to bear, yet a
fellow so unutterably blest as he had no
right to complain. That was all he said.
But if he had been happy before, he was
as radiant as sunshine now. Bad tem-
per, discontent, gossip, could no more
exist in his presence than fever or mala-
ria in the sweet sunlight and fresh air of
the prairies. The only shadow on his
content was some slight anxiety about
Brooke, from whom he had only heard
indirectly for several months, as that
brilliant young officer had been sent on
some scientific expedition to China or
Japan.

"The following spring was that of the
French Exposition, and Miss Chester
went to Paris with her parents. It put
six months more absence between Fairfax
and his 'lady-love'; but he abused his
selfishness roundly for his disappointment.
The autumn came, they returned, and,
better still, Brooke crossed in the same
steamer with them, for he also had been
in Paris for several weeks on business of
the scientific expedition. Fairfax was
to see his two idols at once, and if ever
I see again a man as madly happy as he
the night his leave came, I shall believe
him what the Scotch call 'hey,' and expect
some calamity to overwhelm him. The
next morning he was officer of the day,
and I was not surprised at hearing nothing
of him but toward evening his orderly
brought me a note of two lines.

"My engagement is at an end. Will
you make this known, as I do not wish
to talk about it?"
"I did what he asked me, and, to the
credit of human nature, in that dull gar-
nison, where every new subject was a
boon, not a soul ever asked him a ques-
tion or uttered a word of sympathy. He
did not become cynical or have brain-
fever, as heroes do in novel's under such
circumstances. He looked rather badly,
and went about 'his duties more quietly';
that was all, except that Brooke, to my
surprise, became as much a taboosub-
ject as Miss Chester. I was rather curious
as to the cause of that silence, but de-
cided that such a death-blow as one be-
lieved received was quite naturally, if
unjustly, rather chilling to the other.
None of our officers knew Brooke, so I
did not discover the real state of affairs
for months.

"Fairfax gave up his leave, and the
winter crept by, its usual monotony
varied toward spring by rumors of Indian
outrages, which increased in horror and
extent, until in May, to our great plea-
sure, we received orders for a summer in
the field against them. It was the first
bit of active service that had come in
Fairfax's way, as well as mine, and it
roused him out of the quiet, retiring fel-
low he had become into something like
the enthusiast we all regretted. We were
to be largely reinforced before leaving
Fort — by some regiments from other
departments, and much interest was
of course felt as to the strangers, or old
acquaintances, who were to be such close
comrades through the chances of our
first Indian fights.

"I see we are to have Brooke with
us," I said, congratulatingly, to Fairfax
one night.

"So I hear, he replied, so briefly and
with such a change of color that for the
first time a suspicion of the truth flashed
upon me, and I began to divide my wish
against Miss Chester with Brooke, and
to be rather anxious as to what would hap-
pen when the two men met. The night
the reinforcements arrived the officers
dined with all of us at the post com-
mander's, and he, of course, introduced
each other, all who were strangers.
When, in talking Brooke about the room,
he came to where Fairfax and I were
standing, my friend said, quietly: 'I beg
your pardon, Colonel, but even to your
house; I cannot speak to Lieutenant
Brooke.'

"There was a moment's silence through
all the confusion of voices; everybody
seemed to have heard those words, and
to wait for the reply. Brooke, who had
grown very pale, answered, with consid-
erable dignity, 'Lieutenant Fairfax has
reasons for his words, which, though they
are unjust, I will not dispute at pre-
sent.'

"The next afternoon we left the fort,
and for some days the whole command
kept together; but toward the latter part
of the week the General decided to send
a scouting party across the river along
whose course we were marching. Two
officers were to go with this detachment,
and Fairfax and I esteemed ourselves
very lucky to be chosen. We were to
march after supper, but the stream being
swollen by recent rains, and rising
rapidly from hour to hour, as mountain
torrents do, the scouts and soldiers, who
were not so well mounted as Fairfax and
I, swam across at once, while we waited
for the arrival of our courier, who was
momentarily expected. He arrived while
we were at supper, and immediately
afterward we shook hands with our com-
rades, and rode down to the stream alone.
On its brink, to my surprise, Brooke was
waiting. He rode up to Fairfax and
held out his hand.

"'Fairfax,' he said, and his voice
shook like a girl's, 'you sent back my
letter last year unread, and you refused
to hear me last night, but for the sake
of old times you must hear me now. You
must—putting his hand on Fairfax's
bridle as he turned the horse's head away,
'You and I have been too much to each

other, Jack, to let even the woman we
both love stand between us now, when any
day may be our last!'
"It is not she who stands between
us," Fairfax said, bitterly, 'but your own
treachery.'

"An oath-traitor! Brooke cried, pas-
sionately. 'Before the God we may
either of us have to meet at any moment
I never knew your engagement to Rose
Chester until after our own engagement.'

"You lie! Fairfax replied, with the
deadly coldness of one who had wound
all the passion he could feel in. 'And you
are a coward, sir, to put the blame of
your own falsehood on the woman you
say you love.'

"What Miss Chester did was done at
first simply from a wish to be for some
time, afterward for love of me," Brooke
answered, haughtily. 'That I endure
such words as you have used must prove
to you the depth of my regret for the in-
jury I unknowingly did you.'

"He withdrew his hand from Fairfax's
bridle, and turned his horse's head
toward the camp, while, without a word,
we rode into the river. It had risen
greatly in the last-hour, and though nar-
row, the current was so swift and strong
that we had some trouble to get our
horses across. Just as we reached the
other side Brooke made us look around
Brooke had followed us, after all, if his
horse had managed somehow to throw
him in the water, and now, riderless, was
swimming toward us."

"My God! I heard Fairfax mutter
and the next instant he had dismounted,
and was pulling off his boots and coat.
"Let him alone!" I cried, eagerly, 'he
can take care of himself!'
"He cannot swim," he answered,
shortly, and sprang into the river.
"Five minutes after, while he was
swimming about where Brooke had gone
down, he uttered a cry of pain and sank.
Of course half a dozen of us were in the
water at once, but the current was
stronger than we, stout swimmers though
we were, and it was not until late that
night that the detachment sent back by
the General found the bodies, washed
ashore almost side by side at a bend in
the river's bank. There was a bruise on
Brooke's temple, where his horse had
kicked him as they struggled in the
water. He must have died instantly—
before Fairfax was out of his saddle.
There was nothing about Fairfax to show
that he had caused so good a swimmer to
sink so suddenly, but I—am you one of
those Christians, Miss Stuart, who
think that God forbids the joy of
heaven to those for whose patience the
misery of earth has been too great?"

"What do you mean?" Belle Stuart
asked, rather breathlessly.

"I mean, that though no one else has
ever suspected it, I have a conviction
that Fairfax could have saved himself if
he would, but that when he realized that
Brooke was dead, and had died in the
effort to win a word of kindness from
him, the moment's despair was too strong
for his endurance."

"Greater love hath no man than this,
that a man lay down his life for his
friend," murmurs Belle Stuart, presen-
tly, with a little sob. "He died with his
friend, because he could not die for him
—and those are God's words."

"A little letter she is waiting alone for
Captain Lawrence, who, not a little re-
morseful for having saddened her, has
gone to bring her a glass of water.
There are tears in her eyes still, half of
pity for the story she has just heard, half
of joy for the story which she knows she
will hear. There is a rustle of soft
papers, and from behind some tall
banes comes the beautiful woman who
had been Rose Chester. She comes close
to Miss Stuart, with a look in her lovely,
miserable eyes that the girl will never
forget.

"You wept just now for them," she
utters, passionately. "It was all my
fault, all of it; but, oh, pity me!
pity me!"

"Then in a moment she is gone, and
through the silence throbs and thrills a
"Waldteufel" waltz, with all its love and
longing and despair.—Nella MacKubin,
in Harper's Weekly.

Jirikisha Men.

A jirikisha man is a sort of man
horse, who put himself between the thills
of a two-wheeled vehicle in Japan, and
draws passengers long distances with re-
markable speed. A Japan correspondent
of the New York Tribune writes:

The jirikisha men of Japan are a pa-
thetic race. Their lives are limited to a
few years after they begin the business,
and get their ranks are kept full by new
recruits. Their queer little ways are a
constant source of amusement and sur-
prise to the new comer. When A—
had been here but a few weeks, she called
a jirikisha one morning, as she wanted
to go to the opposite side of the bluff,
more than half a mile off. Previously
she had made the same trip in a
brougham on fine mornings.

She was no sooner seated in the jiri-
kisha and well tucked up in her lap-
robe, than the little Jap was off like a
shot without asking or being told where
he should take her. A— said to her-
self:

"Well, now, this is queer! I wonder
if you know where I want to go? Very
well, you can go ahead, and I'll see; I
shall not volunteer any unasked-for in-
formation now."

The little man apparently needed none,
for he continued on a fast trot. A—
wonder increased momentarily, the fun
became exciting; she laughed quietly to
herself. At last he stopped, dropped
the thills, and relieved her of the lap-
robe with an air of absolute assurance
that she was where she had planned to
go—and she sat. Not a word had
passed between them.

LADIES' COLUMN.

Professional Nurses.

There is a fine, large, red brick build-
ing at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street
and opposite Bellevue Hospital which is
called the "Training School for Nurses."
The institution has been in existence sev-
eral years, and it does a vast amount of
good. It is under the charge of Mrs. S.
Perkins, an attaché of the Bellevue Hos-
pital.

Women who desire to become trained
or professional nurses must undergo in
this institution a thorough course of
training, which is confined to lectures
and to practical work. Considerable care
is taken in the selection of candidates for
admission. Some would require a year's
training, while others become proficient
in far less than half that time. A giddy,
frivolous or nervous woman is altogether
unfitted for the position, and no amount
of training would bring her up to the
required standard.

A large number of these trained nurses
readily find places in hospitals, private
and public asylums, nurseries and lying-
in institutions. Their position is of the
most trying character, and young women
who want to get an easy living ought
never to become nurses.

Nurses must be prepared to work day
or night, week day or Sunday. They
are oppressed with a constant sense of
responsibility, and there is hardly any
bright side to their life unless the knowl-
edge that they are doing good and re-
lieving suffering serves to gladden their
hearts. They are constant witnesses of
disease, agony and death.—New York
Journal.

About Stockings.

The first silk stocking made in Eng-
land was knitted by Queen Elizabeth's
silk-woman, Mistress Montague, who
presented her Majesty with a pair of
black silk ones, which she liked so well
that she kept the donor knitting silk
stockings as long as she lived. Before
the end of her reign stockings were made
of silk, jarsey, worsted, crevel, or the
finest yarn or thread that could be had,
and Stubbs remarks that the ladies were
"not ashamed to wear hose of all kinds
of changeable colors, as green, red, white,
russet, tawney, and also what not, cun-
ningly knit and curiously indented in
every point with quirks, clocks, open
seams, and everything else accordingly."

The fashion thus introduced by royalty
was soon adopted by the under ranks.
The first peer who indulged in silk stock-
ings was the Duke of Devonshire, who
presented her Majesty with a pair of
black silk ones, which she liked so well
that she kept the donor knitting silk
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seams, and everything else accordingly."

King James I. it is said, not only
wore silk stockings, but was so fond of
them that he lowered his kingly dignity
so far as to ask one of his courtiers to
lend him a pair.

That was really going a-begging with
a vengeance when we read in a let-
ter still extant of how the King asked
the loan of the "scarlet hose with the
gold clocks" on one occasion, when he
desired to give the French Ambassador
an "extraordinary idea of his magnifi-
cence."

It was a fancy with some lovers of the
olden time to have stockings made from
their ladies' hair, they desiring, I sup-
pose, to have their feet as well as their
hearts to be entangled in the meshes of
their mistresses' tresses.—Philadelphia
Press.

Fashion Notes.

Crepe fans powdered with spangles
are very effective in the evening.
Cashmere, camel's hair, serge and su-
rah are used for traveling costumes.

High linen collars and pique neckties
are worn with tailor-made costumes.
Silk gloves have chenille figures in
bright colors embroidered on the arm.

Tricotine silk is exceedingly effective
and comfortable for dresses and jersey
bodies.

Sash pins and slides are made an eighth
of a yard wide. They are dainty for
children.

Tucks, through which colored ribbons
are run terminating in loops, are a fa-
vorite trimming for mantles, thin aprons,
overdresses and even chemisettes.

The favorite shades for gloves for
evening wear are putty and tan colors.
For wear with tailor-made costumes
there are gloves of corresponding tint.

Traveling dresses for young persons
are made with postillon bodies, kil-
lined skirt, short apron, drapery in
front and long straight drapery at the
back.

Half-inch stripes of red, ecru and blue
are shown for skirts of tennis dresses,
of which the overdress and waist are of
plain blue, with collar and cuffs of the
stripe.

The very prettiest hats of the season
are now offered. The high crowns
turned up on one side and trimmed with
crepe lace, flowers and ribbons are very
attractive.

CASTLE GARDEN.

WHERE EMIGRANTS FROM THE OLD WORLD ARRIVE.

Scenes of Humorous and Pathetic
Character—How Emigrants
are Received—People in
Variegated Array.

A New York correspondent of the Al-
bany Journal says: The interior of Castle
Garden is like a scene from comic opera.
Everything is fore-gone. It is a great
semi-circular structure with as little use
of ornamentation as a Kansas barn.
The floor is divided into compartments
by low railings, and in each of these is
a bench, a few benches, and a
desk that looks like an auctioneer's
stand. From one compartment, or pen,
to another are passages ways just wide
enough to admit one person at a time.
When a fresh lot of emigrants arrives the
desks are moved up to the railings by
the most distinguished physicians
might do for a patient.

The time necessary to train a nurse for
her duties depends largely upon her in-
telligence. Some would require a year's
training, while others become proficient
in far less than half that time. A giddy,
frivolous or nervous woman is altogether
unfitted for the position, and no amount
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Traveling dresses for young persons
are made with postillon bodies, kil-
lined skirt, short apron, drapery in
front and long straight drapery at the
back.

Half-inch stripes of red, ecru and blue
are shown for skirts of tennis dresses,
of which the overdress and waist are of
plain blue, with collar and cuffs of the
stripe.

The very prettiest hats of the season
are now offered. The high crowns
turned up on one side and trimmed with
crepe lace, flowers and ribbons are very
attractive.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Cows may have scarlet fever. It at-
tacks cows with fresh calves before
others.

Coupling cars is a duty in which, ac-
cording to Prof. Arthur L. Hadley, there are
15,000 persons injured every year.

Of ancient Persian painting there are
now no remains or information. The
walls of the buildings were no doubt
plastered and colored.

The Wars of the Roses lasted thirty
years from the first battle of St. Albans
to the last one on Bosworth Field, and in
that time there were twelve battles fought.

Dr. J. S. H. Fogg, of Boston, has a
complete set of the autographs of the
signers of the Declaration of Independence,
having paid \$50 for one signature
cut from the fly-leaf of a book.

The ancient Britons, before the coming
of Julius Caesar, were very clever at bas-
ket work. They could even make boots
of wicker, covered with the skins of ani-
mals, and very good wooden boats also.

John Spaulding, of Louisville, Ky.,
owns a big mastiff. Not long since he
captured a d killed a cat, the mother of
three kittens, and then, as if conscious
of having done an evil deed, gathered
the little orphans to her side, and has
since tenderly cared for them and fed
them with the faithfulness of a mother.

Fairfax saw many strange sights during
his cent passage through the Kalahari
Desert in South