Official Organ of Washington County.

FIRST OF ALL—THE NEWS.

Job Printing In Its Various Branches. 1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

The Boanoke Beacon,

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR TRUTH."

sistent petitioner.

number of years.

FOOTBALL AS PLAYED IN CHINA.

Fifty Giants on Each Side, and All Is Fair

but Pigtail Pulling.

with being quick to accept innova-

with 50 lusty Celestials on a side.

There is not a man among them,

however, who is not six feet in height,

and several of them are three inches

taller, while their average weight is

200 pounds. The men who form the

teams are inhabitants of northern

China, and are typical of the race of

giants produced in that part of the

of the gridiron of Yale and Princeton

would appear as a team of pigmies,

and the Chinese giants would give the

collegians a battle royal if they could

be induced to appear on an American

field. A club with a collective weight

of 2000 pounds could carry everything

of football, as in the American, is to

carry the wickerwork basket into the

opponents' end of the town, and this

is often done by stealth as well as by

brute force. There are no 20-minute

halves, but the game is continued un-

til one side accomplishes its purpose,

The 100 combatants are scattered

over the town, and are each provided

with whistles, which they blow in or-

with delight. Their yells of triumph,

speared." The charging is generally done with the head,

on the football field is for the preser-

vation of their pigtails, which are

cared for as though they were worth

all their strength to the play. Any

game where brute strength is required

On the day when a football match is

to take place the streets of the town

and it often lasts for days.

The main idea in the Chinese game

before it.

Lined up against them the knights

AN EXCELLENT! ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

Circulates extensively in the Counties of Washington, Martin, Tyrreli and Beaufort.

SINGLE COPY, 5 CENTS.

VOL. X.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1899.

NO. 33.

THE COLD SEEKERS.

The panting steamer slowly dreps Away from the crowded pier; The blackened decks recede from view And leave me musing here.

Away where the gold so warm and red. Lies hid in the dark earth's breast; Little they reck of danger and cold, Aglow with the golden quest.

The rosy youth with kindling eye, In his manhood's early dawn, The pale man with the student's stoop, The stalwart man of brawn.

All, each and all, with fevered gaze
Fixed on the fields of gold;
Ab, well-a-day! for a faith that's firm
And a heart that is brave and bold.

For those there be who will come again, All broken and worn and can, While others left in the Arctic snows Will slumber forever on.

> And some will empty-handed come, Who have missed the golden goal, And some with gold too dear, alas! The price of a sinless soul.

And those at home will sit at night-And the wind sweeps where it wills— With hearts away in a shambling shack

'Tis thus I muse on the lonely quay, Whence the hurrying crowd is gone-

While far away for the frozen north A flag of smoke trails on.

Her golden locks received a different treatment from Anna's dark ones, but too heavily, my Polly. in due time she, too, emerged from Milly's hands with a triumph of architecture nicely balanced ou her pretty

bed?" she suddenly asked, while craning her neck to view her newly acquired possession. "I feel as though this would all fall off if I don't keep

"You'll soon get used to that," replied Anna, with a confidence born of experience. "But, of course, as for going to bed, that is not to be thought

"Not go to bed! Who ever heard of such a thing?" she cried in wonder. we don't get any sleep?'

"Oh, that is another thing! We can sleep well enough sitting up and leanback in our chairs. Ladies of fashion often do that. I'll show you how my Aunt Bethia does.

Polly made no answer. Her neck was already aching from her continued efforts to balance her "tower" properly. For a few minutes she wished she had not come, but very soon her naturally sweet temper reasserted itself, and she made the best of an un-

"We might have waited until tomorrow afternoon," said Anna, "but there'll be so many things to do. We

"What think you, girls?" she inquired, with an anxious wrinkle in her white forehead. "Is it altogether seemly for us to ape the fashions of our country's enemies? How will our continental soldiers like to see us

"Have done with such foolish no-

Milly was o'der than the others. She lived in Boston. Her sharp, positive way and words had a great deal of weight with her companions. So some blue eyes were full of tears. The the come right in! Supper is all ready. Prissy dropped the matter and was thread, no longer truly held, broke You, too. Daniel. 'Tis moonlight soon engrossed in trying on her new blue satin slipper

Not so Polly.

she kept asking herself over and over again, until her heart grew so heavy that but for the shame of self-betrayal she would have torn the mass of rolls and ribbons from her head and braided her soft hair in its accustomed bands.

the girls sought comfortable chairs against whose high backs they could lean propped up with cushions and pillows. The candles were extin-guished. Wrapped in blankets they established themselves and for a time talked of the morrow's gaieties. But finally wearied nature claimed her due. The moon peeping in through the open window at the mild August

High in an elm tree opposite this same window sat a great white owl. For a long while he had been keenly observant of all that was going on within the chamber. What he thought of the proceedings can never be known, but true it is that he slowly descended from his perch and with noiseless movements stepped inside the window. Gravely scanning each bedecked top knot he selected Polly's as the most to his liking. With a fluttering whir of his big wings he made swift and sudden descent upon it, diving his strong claws sharply within it and, after careful balancing, settling down into a steady position.

And poor little Polly! Alas! her light slumber, already disturbed by uneasy thoughts of possible disloyalty to her lover, had a rude awakening. A confused sense came over her of being carried off by the top of her head; a stab, a pain; a startled consciousness of the near presence of some awful thing, some heavy weight. Then she gave piercing shrieks which brought the terrified girls to their feet,

the household to the room. Candles being hastily lighted revealed to the incredulous eyes of all the huge white owl sitting on Polly's head, blinking wisely and evidently in no mind to leave his dainty resting

Muscular hands carefully distodged him, Polly's golden hair was soon combed smoothly out and laid in a long, glistening braid over the pillow on the bed to which they carried her. For hours she suffered severely from the nervous shock, and it was several days before she was able to go to her

She did not feel entirely herself again until she had told the whole story to William Foskitt and had heard him say that he forgave her.

"I will say the words to please you, sweetheart, but I do not consider that you did grievous wrong," the stalwart | in America in 1710.

Polly took her place in the chintz- young continental replied to his in- DR, TALMAGE'S SERMON. "Twas only a

trifling matter. You charge yourself SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED "No, William," she made answer, DIVINE.

smiling up at him with happy eyes. Subject: "Parental Heedlessness" - The "'Tis the part of a woman to be true Vow of Jephthah Typical of Much That even in very little things. "-Waverley is Distressing in Modern Life-Children Sacrificed to Worldly Ambition.

Text: "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me ac-cording to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth."—Judges xi., 36.

Jephthan was a freebooter. Early turned Chinamen are generally not credited out from a home where he ought to have been cared for, he consorted with rough men and went forth to earn his living as best he could. In those times it was con-sidered right for a man to go out on inde-pendent military expeditions. Jephthah tions, so that when it is said that northern China boasts of several football teams a good deal of surprise will be evinced. Yet football is no new was a good man according to the light of his dark age, but through a wandering and game among the Celestials, at least predatory life he became reckless and pre-cipitate. The grace of God changes a among those who inhabit northern China, and has been in existence a man's heart, but never reverses his natural temperament. The Israelites wanted the Ammonites driven out of their country, so they sent a delegation to Jephthah, asking Of course, the game is not played exactly according to intercollegiate him to become commander in chief of all the forces. He might have said, "You rules, and a basket, or something "You which looks like one, replaces the modern football. The Chinamen, bedrove me out when you had no use for me, and now you are in trouble you want me back," but he did not say that. He takes command of the army, sends messengers to the Ammonites to tell them to vacate the country, and getting no favorable resides, have no goals, and the gridiron is replaced by the streets of the town in which the deadly combat is waged

sponse, marshals his troops for battle.

Before going out to the war Jephthah
makes a very solemn vow that if the Lord
will give him the victory then, on his return home, whatsoever first comes out of his doorway he will offer in sacrifice as a burnt offering. The battle opens. It was no skirmishing on the edges of dangers, no unlimbering of batteries two miles away, but the hurling of men on the points of swords and spears until the ground could no more drink the blood and the horses reared to leap over the pile of bodies of the siain. In those old times opposing forces would fight until their swords were broken and then each one would throttle his man until they both fell, teeth to teeth, grip to grip, death stare to death teeth, grip to grip, death stare to death stare, until the plain was one tumbled mass of corpses from which the last trace 'of manhood had been dashed out.

Jephthah wins the day. Twenty cities lay captured at his feet. Sound the victory all through the mountains of Gilead. Let the trumpeters call up the survivors. Home-ward to your wives and children. Homeward with your glittering treasures. Homeward to have the applause of an admiring nation, Build triumphal arches. Swing out flags all over Mizpah. your doors to receive the captured treasures. Through every hall spread the banquet. Pile up the viands. Fill high the tankards. The nation is redeemed, the in-vaders are routed and the national honor

Huzza for Jephthab, the conqueror! Jephthab, seated on a prancing steed, advances amid the acclaiming multitudes, but his eye is not on the excited populace. der to bring assistance. When a Remembering that he had made a solemn scrimmage occurs the Chinamen give vow that, returning from victorious battle, whatsoever first came out of the doorway vent to their feelings in the most whatsoever arst came out of the doorway of his home that should be sacrificed as a burnt offering, he has his anxious look upon the door. I wonder what spotless lamb, what brace of doves, will be thrown peculiar noises, frequently shricking

which resound through the air when upon the fires of the burnt offering!
Ob, horrors! Paleness of death blanches the ball is discovered, are likened, by his cheek. Despair seizes his heart. His daughter, his only child, rushes out the one who has heard them, to the "plaintive cry of a pig that has been doorway to throw herself in her father's shower upon him more kisses than there were wounds on his breast or dents on his shield. All the triumphal splendor vanishes. Holding back this child from his heaving breast and pushing the The only precaution taken by them locks back from the fair brow and looking into the eyes of inextinguishable affection, with choked utterance he says: "Would to God I lay stark on the bloody plain! My daughter, my only child, joy of my home, life of my life, thou art the sacrifice!" a thousand times their value. With this exception they throw caution to the winds and devote themselves with

The whole matter was explained to her. This was no whining, hollow hearted girl into whose eyes the father looked. All the glory of sword and shield vanished in the presence of the valor of that girl. There may have been a tremor of the lip, as a rose leaf trembles in the sough of the south wind; there may have been the starting of a tear like a raindrop shaken from the anther of a water Illy. But with a self sacrifice that man may not reach and only woman's beart can compass she surrenders herself to fire and to death. She cries out in the words of my text, "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do unto me whatsoever bath proceeded

from thy mouth. In the first place, I remark that much of the system of education in our day is a system of sacrifice. When children spend six or seven hours in school and then must spend two or three hours in preparation for school the next day, will you tell me how much time they will have for sunshine and fresh air and the obtaining of that exand tresh air and the obtaining of that exuberance which is necessary for the duties
of coming life? No one can feel more
thankful than I do for the advancement of
common school education. The printing
of books appropriate for schools, the multiplication of philosophical apparatus, the
catalylishment of normal schools which establishment of normal schools, which provide for our children teachers of largest caliber, are themes on which every philan-thropist ought to be congratulated. But this herding of great multitudes of chil-dren in ill ventilated schoolrooms and poorly equipped halls of instruction is making many of the piaces of knowledge in this country a huge holocaust. Polities in many of the cities gets into educational affairs and while the two political parties are scrabbling for the honors Jephthah's daughter perishes. It is so much so that there are many schools in the country to-day which are preparing tens of thousands of invalid men and women for the future; so that, in many places, by the time the child's education is finished the child is finished! In many places, in many cities of the country, there are large appropria-tions for everything else and cheerful appropriations, but as soon as the appropria-tion is to be made for the educational or moral interests of the city we are struck through with an economy that is well nigh the death of us.

You may flatter your pride by foreing your child to know more than any other children, but you are making a sacrifice of that child if by the additions to its intelligence you are making a subtraction from its future. The child will go away from such maltreatment with no exuber-ance to fight the battle of life. Such children may get along very well while you take cars of them, but, when you are old or dead, alas for them if through the wrong system of education which you adopted they have no swarthiness or force of character to take care of themselves! of character to take care of themselves. Be careful how you make the child's head ache or its heart flutter. I hear a great deal about black man's rights, and Chilannan's rights, and Indian's rights, and woman's rights. Would to God that somebody would rise to plead for children's rights! The Carthagenians used to sacrifige their children by putting them isto the arms of an idol which thrust forth its hand. The child was put into the arms of the idol, and no seemer touched the arms than it dropped into the fire. But it was My brethren, ye did it to Mo?"

the art of the mothers to keep the children smiling and laughing until the moment they died. There may be a fascination and a hilarity about the styles of education of which I am speaking, but it is only laughter at the moment of sacrifice. Would God there were only one Jephtholic daughter! than's daughter!
Again, there are many parents who are

sacrificing their children with wrong sys-tem of discipline-too great rigor or too great leniency. There are children in fami-lies who rule the household. The nigh chair in which the infant sits is the throne, and the rattle is the sceptre, and the other children make up the parliament where father and mother have no vote! Such children come up to be miscreants. There is no chance in this world for a child that has never learned to mind. Such people become the botheration of the church of God and the pest of the world. Children that do not learn to obey human authority are unwilling to learn to obey divine authority. Children will not respect parents whose authority they do not respect. Who are these young'men that swagger through the street with their thumbs in their vest talking about their father as "the old man," "the governor," "the squire." "the old chap," or their mother as "the old woman?" They are those who in youth, in childhood, never learned to respect authority. Eli, having heard that his sons had died in their wickedness, fell over backward and broke his neck and died. Well he might! What is life to a father whose ward and a route in a second and the whose sons are debauched? The dust of the valuey is pleasant to his taste, and the driving rains that drip through the roof of the sepuicher are sweeter than the wines of Helbon.

In our day most boys start out with no idea higher than the all encompassing dollar. They start in an age which boasts it can scratch the Lord's Prayer on a ten cent piece and the Ten Commandants on a ten cent piece. Children are taught to reduce morals and religion, time and eternity, to vulgar fractions. It seems to be their chief attainment that tencents make a dime and ten dimes make a dollar. How to get money is only equaled by the other art—how to keep it. Tell me, ye who khow, what chance there is for those who start out in life with such perverted sentiments! The money market resounds again and again with the downfall of such people. If I had a drop of blood on the tip of a pen, I would tell you by what awful tragedy many of the youth of this country are ruined. Further on, thousands and tens of thou-

sands of the daughters of America are sacrificed to worldliness. They are taught to be in sympathy with all the artificialties of society. They are inducted into all the of society. They are inducted into all the hollowness of what is called fashionable-life. They are taught to believe that history is dry, but that fifty cent stories of adventurous love are delicious. With capacity that might have rivaled a Florence Nightingale in heavenly ministries or made the father's house glad with filial and sisterly demeanor, their life is a waste, their beauty a curse, their eternity a demolition.

In the siege of Charleston, during our Civil War, a lieutenant of the army stood on the floor beside the daughter of the ex-Governor of the State of South Carolina. They were taking the vows of marriage. A bombshell struck the roof, dropped into the group, and nine were wounded and slain, among the wounded to death the bride. While the bridegroom knelt on the carpet trying to stanch the wounds the bride demanded that the ceremony be completed, that she might take the vows before her departure, and when the minister said: "Wilt thou be faithful unto death?" with her dying lips she said: "I will," and in two hours she had de-parted. That was the slaughter and the sacrifice of the body, but at thousands of marriage alfars there are daughters slain for time and slain for eternity, It is not a marriage. It is a massacre. Affianced to some one who is only waiting until his father dies so he can get the prop-erty; then a little while they swing around in the circles, brilliant circles; then the property is gone, and, having no power to earn a livelihood, the twain sink into some corner of society, the husband an idler and sot, the wife a drudge, a stave and a sacrifice. Ah, spare your denunciations from Jephthah's head and expend them all on this wholesale modern martyrdom!

I lift up my voice against the sacrifice of children. I look out of my window on a Sabbath, and I see a group of children un-washed, uncombed, un-Christianized. Who cares for them? Who prays for them? Who utters to them one kind word? When the city missionary, passing along the park in New York, saw a ragged lad and heard him swearing he said to him: "My son, stop swearing! You ought to go to the house of God to-day. You ought to be good. You ought to be a Christian." The good. You ought to be a Christian." The lad looked up in his face and said: "Ah! It is easy for you to talk, well clothed as you are and well fed. But we chape hain't got no chance." Who lifts them to the altar for baptism? Who goes forth to snutch them up from crime and death and woe? Who to-day will go forth and bring them into schools and churches? No, heap them up, great plies of rags and wretchedness and filth. Put underneath them the fires of sacrifice, stir up the blaze, put on more fagots, and, while we sit in the churches with folded arms and indifference, crime and disease and death will go on with the agonizing sacrifice. agonizing sacrifice.

During the early French revolution at During the early French revolution at Bourges there was a company of boys who used to train every day as young soldiers, and they carried a flag and they had en-the flag this inscription; "Tramble tyrants, tremble! We are growing up." Mightily suggestive! This generation is passing off, and a mightler generation is coming on. Will they be the foes of tyranny, the foes of sin and the foes of death, or will they be the foes of God? They are coming up! I congratulate all parents who are doing their best to keep their children away from the altar of sacrifice. Your away from the altar of sacrifice. Your prayers are going to be answered. Your children may wander away from God, but they will come back again. A voice comes from the throne to-day, encouraging you—'I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee.' And, though when you lay your head in death there may be some wanderer of the family far away from God and you may be twenty years in God, and you may be twenty years in heaven before salvation shall come to his heart, he will be brought into the king-dom, and before the throne of God you will rejoice that you were faithful. Come at last, though so long postponed his com-

ing. Come at last!

I congratulate all those who are toiling for the outcast and the wandering. Your work will soon be over, but the influence you are setting in motion will maver stop. you are setting in motion will flaver stop.
Long after you have been garnered for
the skies, your prayers, your teachings
and your Christian influence will go on
and help to people heaven with bright
inhabitants. Which would you rather,
see, which scene would you rather
mingle in in the last great day—
being able to say, "I added house to
house and land to land and manufactory to
manufactory. I owned haif the city, whatbouse end land to land and manufactory to manufactory, I owned haif the city, what-ever my eye saw I had, whatever I wanted I got," or on that day to have Christ look you full in the face and say, "I was hangry and ye fed Me; I was naked and ye clothed ble; I was sick and in prison ye visited Me; inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these We brethern, we did it to Mo?"

In the wild Alaskan hills.

-Carrie Shaw Rice, in Overland Monthly.

THE COMING OF THE WHITE OWL.

BY MARY SPRAGUE.

the room a slim, round figure stepped | glowing. gracefully to and fro. Without, watching the pretty scene with a smile of admiration, not unmixed with mischief, | thinks I'm big enough!" on his handsome, ruddy face, stood a tall young continental soldier, cocked

hat in hand, His horse was close beside him, nibgrew in abundance near the weatherbeaten house. Presently the crunching of his strong white teeth on the luscious mouthfuls caught the maiden's ear. Like a flash she turned and saw the silent onlooker.

"Well done, William Foskitt!" she cried, tartly. "Tis the act of a brave man, no doubt, to spy upon his neighbors! Is it from the redcoats you have learned such ways? Methinks they have apt pupils!"

A vivid flush mounted to the young man's forehead. After an instant's hesitation he vaulted over the window sill and approached the fair spinner, whose look of pretended indignation changed to one of great demureness and whose cheeks grew rosy red.

"We've scarcely seen the redcoats enough yet to learn anything from them, sweetheart, but the chance is near at hand. General Washington is determined to lie idle behind his trenches no longer. Within a few

"Oh, William!" Her voice was trembling now and as loving as he could wish. Her winthread, no longer truly held, broke You, too, Daniel. Tis moonlight with a snap.

"Nay, now, sweetheart," he said, caressing the sunny hair which lay against his shoulder, "calm these foolish fears. Likely enough we shall stay these next three months as the last. Let us not borrow trouble. See! I am come with a message to you from Anna Stedman. Here it is. Come out under the trees and read it. I know already something of its con-

tents, I doubt not." He drew a scrap of paper from his big-flapped pocket and led the way to a bench under an old elm in the door-

yard. "Dear Polly-My brother and some other young men who are at home from camp on two or three days' leave are going to give a ball here, at my father's tavern, next Thursday night. 'Twill be quite a grand affair.

"I wish you to come over Wednesday and spend the night. Bring your finest gown. I shall wear my pink gauze and the gold beads Aunt Mercy gave me.

"Milly Brewster and Priscilla Nickerson will be here. Milly left Boston just before the siege began, and she hair. She learned it from on English shoulders, Milly began operations. lady her aunt knows. Nothing like it Very deftly her slender fingers flew lady her aunt knows. Nothing like it has ever been seen in this neighborhood, 'Twill be most becoming to your pretty head.

"William Foskitt stopped here on an errand, and I make use of him to bring this to you. I have no fear that his coming will anger you.

"Your true friend, "ANNA STEDMAN."

The blue eyes and the gray ones met in a smile of perfect understand-

ing as the last words were reached. The next Wednesday afternoon Polly set forth on horseback for Stedman's tavern, accompanied by her younger brother, a lad of 15. Tied to their saddles were several large bundles containing her ball costume.

They met few travelers on the three miles of their ride until within a short distance of their destination, when half a dozen horsemen were seen ap-

proaching at a rapid pace. "Be not afraid, Polly," said Daniel, with an air of protection. "We will rein our horses to one side till they

"But who can they be, Dan?" whispered Polly.

"Very likely one of the expresses General Washington sends all through the colonies to carry and bring tidings. I have heard my father say they ride swiftly and in small companies.'

There was time for no further exchange of words. The galloping riders were close by. The lad took off his osp, and Polly, blushing, involuntarily as not, interrupted Milly, good naturedbywed in response as every man of the ly. "I love to see what new ways I company raised his cocked hat, and one | can discover."

The soft whir of a spinning wheel of them, the youngest and handsomest, came through an open window, min- spoke a word of respectful greeting, gling pleasantly with the singing of Daniel turned in his saddle to look birds and the hum of bees. Within after them. His hazel eyes were

"I wish I was a man!" he cried. "I'll be a soldier the minute father

"Tis a brave life indeed," answered his sister.

The silence seemed deeper than ever after the sound of quick hoof-beats bling, unrebuked, the clover which died away, but soon they began to ascend the long hill leading to Stedman's tavern. As they approached the great rambling gray house with its protecting row of elms three girls ran out to meet them, laughing and chiding Polly for her late coming.

"We thought some accident had befallen," said Anna, the tallest and most buxom of the group. She mounted the broad horse-block and assisted Polly in untying the parcels. "Here, girls, do you take these inside. Daniel, you can help. Timothy will see to the horses. What! You can't

stay, Daniel?"
"No, Anna. My father said he would need me in the field tomorrow." "Be sure you come tomorrow night with your brothers, then. 'Twill be a merrymaking long to be remembered. What do you think of this, Polly? Two officers from General Washington's own colony, who tately came on to join the continental army, are staying at Isaac Merrick's and have promised my brother to be here. They say that open war will soon begin, and we'd better make the most of this ball. There! the last knot is untied!

lighter an hour hence." So, well laden with Polly's finery, they disappeared within the hospitable

tavern. Two hours later, Daniel being well on his homeward way and the household tasks disposed of, the four maidens bade the family good night and repaired to the large double bedded chamber where they were to sleep.

Several candles were lighted and placed on the high, narrow mantelpiece, whence they threw fantastic shadows over the spindle-legged furniture and the opposite wall.

"Now, Milly," began Anna in her brisk fashion, "you do my hair, and let Polly and Priscilla see how we do ours. 'Tis all with rolls and cushions, which we made today, and with puffs and curls wonderful to behold. I've a full supply of powder, too."

So saying she brought forth from a cupboard a large paper bandbox piled with numerous articles ready for use, at which the girls looked with sparkling eyes. Anna soon had her beautiful dark hair unbound, and when she had seated herself in a low chair, with knows the latest styles of dressing an apron tied around her plump like white birds in and out among the long, shining tresses, smoothing, parting, weaving, rolling, carling, powdering, until a tall, elaborate structure, truly marvellous to the sight, arose in stately grace upon Anna's head. She sat quite patiently during the protracted ordeal, encouraged now and then by glimpses of her growing adornment in a bit of broken looking glass held before her eyes by one or

the other of the admiring girls. "I'm sure I can never do that in the world," sighed Polly, envious of Milly's skillful touch. "How did you

ever learn, Milly?" Milly's thin, dark face glowed with

satisfaction. "Oh, 'tis not so hard when once you have tried it!" she responded, assuming an air of indifference. "My Aunt Bethia has a dear friend in Mistress Alice Montford, wife to an English merchant. Her maid taught me how to do Aunt Bethia's hair. 'There! Is that not truly becoming to our Anna's face? Rise, fair maid, and view

thy charms!' Laughing, they led her to the long, narrow mirror hanging against the wall, in which, by dint of turning this way and that, she was able to see her mass of white puffs and curls.

said Milly. "Why, I thought-" began Polly. "Oh, I'd just as lieve do them all

"Now, Polly, it is your turn next,"

covered chair without further ado.

"How shall we ever be able to go to very straight and stiff."

of. Come, Prissy!"

Blank astonishment looked from Pollv's blue eyes.

"How will we look tomorrow night if

comfortable prospect.

can manage to sleep somehow."

By the time Priscilla's auburn hair was dressed she had tardy qualms of

tions, Priscilla Nickerson!"commanded Milly with more than her usual decision. "You will learn, some of these days, that men know nothing of fashion. If we only look to their pleasing that is all they care. And I'll warrant there'll be no finer appearing girls at the ball than we four. There's small connection, to my thinking, between the way we do our hair and this unchristian war. So put away your silly

fears, Prissy, and be sensible."

"What will William Foskitt think?"

At last each head was dressed. Then

midnight saw four sleeping beauties.

Inventor of the Lucifer March.

The first postoffice was opened in

are cleared and the non-participants sit at their windows to watch the game if it should come their way. A considerable quantity of opium is given the winning team.

they would excel in.

The Record for Staying Under Water, A week or so since the Daily Telegraph mentioned the great surprise Miss Elsie Wallenda recently created at the Alhambra, London, by staying under water in a glass tank 4 minutes 9 3-5 seconds, defeating the previous ladies' record, held by Miss Annie Johnson, who in 1889, at Blackpool, remained beneath the surface of the water 3 minutes 18 1-4 seconds. The other day Miss Wallenda made an attempt on the remarkable record held by James Finney of 4 minutes 29 1-4 seconds, accomplished by him at the Canterbury in 1886, and that put up by Beaumont, the English swimmer, in Melbourne, where he is said to have been immersed 4 minutes 35 1-2 seconds in 1893. So that there should be no mistake, Messrs. H. H. Griffin, the official timekeeper of the Northern Counties union; J. Campbel! Muir of the Bath club and W. Henry, the honorable secretary of the Life

tend and take the time. Miss Wallenda, after a series of tricks in the water, which made up her usual nightly performance, attempted the record and was eminently successful, for she remained underneath 4 minutes 45 1-2 seconds, which constitutes a world's record, lowering that of Finney's by 16 1-4 seconds and Beaumont's by 10 seconds. Miss Wallenda was rather exhausted at the finish, but she quickly recovered. -Sydney Daily Telegraph.

Saving society, were requested to at-

St. Lothaire, in the Jura mountains, has erected a monument to Charles Marc Sauria, the country doctor, who in 1831 invented the lucifer match, but was too poor to patent his invention. There are Austrian and Hungarian claimants to the priority of the

Paris in 1642, in England in 1581, and