

LIBERTY AND ADAM.

Mark Twain Thought the Latter More Deserving of a Monument. In December, 1883, Mark Twain, with other famous men, was asked to contribute an autograph letter to an album that was to be raffled for at the Bartholdi Pedestal Fund Art Loan exhibition. Here is Twain's letter:

"You know my weakness for Adam, and you know how I have struggled to get him a monument and failed. Now, it seems to me, here is my chance. What do we care for a statue of Liberty when we've got the thing itself in its wildest sublimity? What you want of a monument is to keep you in mind of something you haven't got—something you've lost. Very well. We haven't lost Liberty; we've lost Adam.

"Another thing, what has Liberty done for us? Nothing in particular that I know of. What have we done for her? Everything. We've given her a home and a good home too. And if she knows anything she knows it's the first time she ever struck that novelty. She knows that when we took her in she had been a mere tramp for 6,000 years, Biblical measure. Yes, and we not only ended her troubles and made things soft for her permanent, but we made her respectable, and that she hadn't ever been before. And now, after we've poured out these Atlantic of benefits upon this aged outcast, lo and behold you, we are asked to come forward and set up a monument to her! Go to! Let her set up a monument to us if she wants to do the clean thing.

"But suppose your statue represented her old, bent, clothed in rags, downcast, shamed, with the insults and humiliation of 6,000 years, imploring a crust and an hour's rest for God's sake, at our back door? Come, now you're shouting! That's the aspect of her which we need to be reminded of, lest we forget it, not this proposed one, where she's hearty and well fed and holds up her head and flourishes her hospitable schooner of flame and appears to be inviting all the rest of the tramps to come over. Oh, go to—this is the very insolence of prosperity.

"But, on the other hand, look at Adam. What have we done for Adam? Nothing. What has Adam done for us? Everything. He gave us life, he gave us death, he gave us heaven, he gave us hell. These are inestimable privileges, and, remember, not one of them should we have had without Adam. Well, then, he ought to have a monument, for evolution is steadily sure, abolishing him, and we must get up a monument, and be quick about it, or our children's children will grow up ignorant that there ever was an Adam.

"With trifling alterations, this present statue will answer very well for Adam. You can turn that blanket into an ulster without any trouble; part the hair on one side or conceal the sex of his head with a fire helmet, and at once he's a man. Put a harp and a halo and a palm branch in the left hand to symbolize a part of what Adam did for us, and leave the fire basket just where it is to symbolize the rest. My friend, the father of life and death and taxes has been neglected long enough. Shall this infamy be allowed to go on or shall it stop right here?

"It is but a question of finance? Behold the inclosed (paid bank) checks. Use them as freely as they are freely contributed. Heaven knows I would there were a ton of them. I would send them all to you, for my heart is in this sublime work.—S. L. C.—William S. Walsh in Literary Era.

The Blue Danube.

Among the most important rivers in Europe is the Danube; in fact, it is the second river. It has a length of 1,700 miles; it and its tributaries drain a valley having an area of over 300,000 square miles. Many nations live along its banks and those of the rivers which flow into it, and nearly 30 dialects are spoken from its source to its mouth. It rises in the Black forest to the north of Switzerland and almost in sight of the French frontier. Through Bavaria and Austria is its course, through Hungary, past Servia and Bulgaria, Romania and Roumelia, while tributaries flow in from Bosnia and Macedonia on the south and Poland on the north, so that practically the valley of the Danube comprises the most important portion of eastern Europe.

It runs through the battleground of civilization and savagery. Here the Romans contended with the Scythians and the Huns; here the Greek empire strove to maintain its supremacy over the hordes or savage tribes which came down from the steppes of Russia; here, after the empire of the east faded away, Charlemagne contended with savage tribes of semi-Asiatics; here all Europe fought the Turks for generation after generation, until by a great battle fought under the walls of Vienna the flood of the Mohammedan invasion was rolled back toward Asia.

Fooling the Spirits.

The custom of boys wearing earrings in China is thus popularly explained by the Chinese: The boy is the greatest blessing that heaven can send. The spirits like boy babies. It is natural that they should; everybody likes them. Very often, if the boy babies are not watched closely, the spirits who are constantly around, grab up the unwatched boy babe and carry him off to their home. Girl babies are not such blessings, and the spirits care nothing for them. The earring is a feminine ornament, and the spirits know that; so the Chinese mothers have the ears of their boy babies pierced and put in huge earrings. When the spirits are around looking for boys, they will see the earrings and be fooled into thinking the boys are girls and will pass on and not trouble them.

Freckles.

Is a freckled face indicative of consumption? It has been suspected, remarks a medical journal, that a remarkable proneness to freckle is often coincident with tendency to scrofula or tuberculosis. It is most certain that such proneness is associated with the temperament of the individual, as shown by color of eyes and hair. Freckles are, as a rule, conspicuous only in the clear skins of children and young persons. In adults they either are not often present or are comparatively inconspicuous. An observation of some interest has, however, recently been made that they are liable to return in senile periods and to assume infective characters.—New York Press.

While They Have Youth.

Miss Gotham, I understand, young May Breezy of your city is to be married this month. Do you girls in Chicago usually marry so early? Miss Jackson Parke—Oh, yes! The earlier the better, you know.—Philadelphia North American.

WHEN I WAS A CHILD.

When I was a child, the moon to me Through the nursery curtains seemed to be A thing of marvel and witchery. The slim white crescent floating high In the faded green of the western sky Was a fairy boat and the evening star A light on the land where the fairies are.

When I was a woman, the moon to me (Thou'st life was a pledge of what life might be) Was a thing of promise and prophecy. When from my window I saw it set, In the twilight my lashes with tears were wet, Yet my heart sang ever because I knew That from your window you watched it too.

And now, oh, my love, the moon to me, Who think of what was and was not to be, Is a thing of heartbreak and memory. When I see its crescent white and slim, The empty present of life grows dim, And its pale young gold is the hoop of truth That, stronger than death is, binds us both. —A. E. F. in Atlantic Monthly.

GREAT WEATHER SHARPS.

Ballroom of the Gulf of Mexico of Olden Times Were Experts.

"The greatest weather sharps in the world," said a citizen who takes an interest in meteorology, especially of the goose bone brand, "were the old time sea captains in the gulf and coast trade. Squall smelling was a necessary part of their business, for as you probably know, the biggest dirty weather factory in the universe is the Caribbean sea. There are no such things as times and seasons down there, and what's coming next is a matter of pure chance. It may be a dead calm and it may be a rip-roaring hurricane, so the men who cruised in those waters before we had any signal service to help them out had to keep continually on the alert, and it's no wonder that some of them acquired a skill that seemed next door to supernatural.

"It became a sort of instinct, a second nature, with them, and they couldn't tell how they did it themselves. They would predict changes before they were even hinted at in the glass; they would anticipate the very caprice of the wind, and many a time they saved their ships and their skins by quick, sharp orders which for the moment appeared to be nothing short of preposterous. Of course it was all a matter of minute observation, a good deal of which was no doubt unconscious. They had learned by long experience to read meaning in the different forms of clouds and the way the cloud strata lay in the upper air; the water was an open book to them, and they would detect a hundred and one small atmospheric phenomena invisible to an ordinary observer.

"I was on the ship of one of these famous old weather prophets years ago on a voyage to Havana. We were just entering the harbor, when the captain, who had been moody and distraught for several hours, suddenly called the mate and ordered him to get anchored as quickly as possible and make everything fast for a hurricane. The mate made a mild protest. 'The glass is pretty steady, sir,' he said. 'Never mind,' said the captain, 'it's a-coming, all the same!'

"The crew lost no time in carrying out the order, and while they were at work making things trim the barometer began falling like a man tumbling down an elevator shaft. He had barely time to get in shape for trouble when a typical tropical storm came swooping out of the east and played havoc with the unprepared shipping. Several good sized craft were knocked to pieces, but we escaped with no damage whatever. I tried to get the captain to tell me how he knew the gale was coming, but his answers were vague. That he 'felt it in his bones' was the nearest he came to a definite statement. This old tribe of prophets seems to have died out," added the meteorological enthusiast, "and the modern sea captain doesn't make any pretensions in that line. Storm smelling has become a lost art."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Two Ton Clock.

The largest suspended clock in the world is in the Liverpool street station of the Great Eastern railway. It hangs from the roof of that station, and is valued at £1,000 and is worked by electricity. It took 12 months to build, and a staff of skilled workmen were employed in its erection. The style is Gothic. The clock weighs two tons. The case measures 21 feet from the pinnacle to the base, but, including the hangings by which it is suspended, the measurement is 75 feet. The case itself is ten feet square and is capable of seating a dining company of eight persons inside it, or is large enough to hold 20 persons standing. The dials are six feet in diameter, or 18 feet in circumference. The hands are made of aluminium for easier electrical working, while the dials are backed with opal for better illumination. There are inside the clock 48 10 candle power lamps, the light being switched on from the platform when required.—London Answers.

How to Signal to Mars.

Take a flag about the size of Europe and mount it upon a staff the length of the circumference of the earth. Then generate sufficient electric fluid to illuminate the material, which should be of a conductive character. Having done this, apply the fluid to the material with the assistance of all the electric waves of the solar system. Next change the laws of nature in so much as they prevent the operation of waving so gigantic a flag as the signal. Select a day when the conditions are favorable and put the apparatus in operation. Then, if the Martians are on the alert, they may possibly observe the signal and reply to it, say, in a couple of centuries. If you do not obtain a manifestation, conclude that the inhabitants of Mars are looking another way.—London Punch.

National Bathing Day.

Mexico has a national bathing day. It comes once a year, on June 14. On that day every Mexican from the president down to the humblest servant or laborer is expected to give himself or herself a good wash. Some of the Mexicans, probably fearing the pneumonia, rarely permit water to touch their bodies, but on the national bathing day the most of them like to get in the swim.

Refuted.

"Miss Bliggins laughed at me when I proposed to her," said Willie Washington. "And yet," commented Miss Cayenne, "people say that women have no true sense of humor."—Exchange.

When the sun is pouring down its rays upon the ocean at noonday, none of them penetrates to a depth of over 200 feet. The art of manicule had its origin in the contents of France many centuries ago.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN THE OLD NORTH STATE

Gloating Items That Show the Trend of Industrial and Social Progress.

EVENTS OF INTEREST IN THE LAND OF THE SKY

Gleanings From the Columns of the Local Papers in Various Towns of State.

Mr. C. B. Jordan, who is interested in the electric car line to be built between Salisbury and Spencer, received a letter last night from Mr. James H. Cutler, general manager of the General Electric company of Boston, that he would be here by Monday to look over the field. Mr. Cutler is a man of means and is deeply interested in the proposed car line. The line is an absolute certainty.—Salisbury Sun.

One of the most remarkable accidents that ever occurred in the history of railroading, took place about a mile north of this city a few mornings ago. Northbound vestibule, train No. 38, Atlantic Coast line, pulled out of the city here about 2 o'clock on regular schedule time, and had almost reached the Cape Fear river bridge, when suddenly and without the slightest warning, both driving wheels of the enormous engine broke off and rolled down each side of the embankment. The two steel rods also dropped. Engineer Donlon took in the situation at once, strange as it was, and brought the train to a standstill so quickly that no other part of the train was wrecked, and the passengers hardly knew there had been a wreck. It was two hours before the wrecked engine, which remained on the track, was gotten off and another substituted, and the train proceeded.—Fayetteville Observer.

The New York News Bureau of the 16th, instant, says: "Among the companies mentioned as liable to be taken over by the Amalgamated company is the Union Copper company of North Carolina. The stock of this company was placed on the 'curb' some time ago and the shares were advanced from \$1 a share to \$30 a share. The price then receded to \$2 a share. Within the last few weeks it has recovered to about \$7 a share. It is understood that Standard oil people have been more or less interested in the property ever since it became known as a copper proposition. The property itself has been regarded as a valuable one by experts in copper mining affairs, but it has never yet appeared as a producer in merchantable quantities. The company has recently completed its concentrating works and is now building a smelter which, it is said, will be completed and in operation within the next month. There are also rumors in the street that the Tennessee Copper company will be invited to enter any general combination that might be made."

A gentleman gives us another example of effects of the teachings of Joe Lynch and his so-called sanctificationists. He says that for ten days, week before last, they had been holding a union meeting at the residence of John Smith, Beaver Dam. While the meeting was in progress Smith came to town to meet a Mrs. Knox, a female preacher, and carried her out to the meeting. Monday last, before day, after taking all the money he had accumulated Smith accompanied by Mrs. Knox, came to town and purchased tickets for both for the South, saying before he took the train he had been lying in adultery all his life, and the Lord had directed him to take Mrs. Knox for his spiritual wife. Reports say they have gone to join Joe Lynch and Marshall Woolard somewhere in Florida. Smith left a wife sick in bed and two sons and a daughter. Mrs. Knox is married and her husband is a resident of Campbell's Creek, this county. From what we can learn the going away of Smith is the beginning of a general exodus of the sanctificationists. We are told that a J. W. Herring, of South Creek, a neighbor of Mrs. Knox, is selling out with the intention of joining Joe Lynch. Joy go with all such.—Washington Messenger.

A LIFE AND DEATH FIGHT.

Mr. W. A. Hines of Manchester, Ia., writing of his almost miraculous escape from death, says: "Exposure from measles induced serious lung trouble, which ended in consumption, I had frequent hemorrhages and coughed night and day. All my doctors said I must soon die. Then I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which completely cured me. I would not be without it even if it cost \$5.00 a bottle. Hundreds have used it on my recommendation and all say it never fails to cure Throat, Chest and Lung troubles." Regular size 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at all drug stores.

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