MOORE

A HOUSE

Democracy Our Banne Truth Our Standard.

VOL. III.

CARTHAGE, MOORE COUNT, N. C. THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1884.

MY WIFE AND CHILD.

of the press, and during the civil war by some and while avoiding, yet glancing saucily attire; to quit the army if he liked afchance it got into the current of the Southern press, and was attributed to Stonewall Jack-

The tattoo beats; the lights are gone, The camp around in slumber lies; The niet: with solemn pace moves on; The shadows thicken o'er the skies; But sleep my weary eyes hath flown, And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, oh, dearest one! Whose love mine early life hath blest; Of thee and him-our baby son-

Who slumbers on thy gentle breast, God of the tender, frail and lone, Oh, guard that little sleeper's rest! And hover, gently hover near To her whose watchful eye is wet-The mother, wife-the doubly dear,

In who e young heart have freshly met Two streams of love, so deep and clear And cheer her drooping spirit yet! Now, as she kneels before thy throne, Oh, teach her, Ruler of the skies! That while by thy behest alone

Earth's mightiest powers fall or size; No tear is wept to thee unknown, Nor hair is lost, nor sparrouses hand That thou canstist and soothe its pain; nat only by thy stern command The battle's lost, the soldier slain; That from the distant sea or land

Thou bring'st the wanderer home again And when upon her pillow lone, Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed May happier visions beam upon The brightening currents of her breast; Nor frowning look, nor angry tone

Disturb the Sabbath of her rest! Whatever fate those forms may throw, Loved with a passion almost wild By day, by night-in joy or woe-By fears oppressed or hopes beguiled;

From every danger, every foe. Oh, God! protect my wife and child!

BY MEREST ACCIDENT.

"Mr. Witney!" replied the individual ad-

"I want you to cross to France this "Very well, sir," said Mr. Witney,

Or to-morrow moving will do. Here are your instructions. le ad these papers you can. I may who be house — you will see all abouter a these documents.

"Am I to purchase the premises, sir?" "No, no; they have come to me-to: the firm-in consequ e of an advance made by my old part who, you know, died the other day, Take possession: see what the place !'ye-whether it will do for a runs regulence. You the children to, can depend on you."

Mr. Witney and said he thought Mr. Barnston ight depend on him. He took the ds. made his arrangements at the off tidied and tied up his papers on h desk, and then strolled homeward at 3 clock to pack his portmanteau. was a man of about forty-good-nat red, trustful, and trustworthy--a man of whom little children always stop to inquire "the time," and were satisfied if he did not drag out his watch-a man who piloted old ladies, and blind men over dangerons London crossings-a man beloved by animals and children, and who cherished an affection for a cat, which followed him as faithfully as a dog in and about his house

Mr. Peter Witney strolled homeward, first to Ludgate Hill station to take a apartments he passed his quiet evenings. postoffice, when a young and decidedly pretty girl, a French girl, stopped him, and said, in broken English: "Sare, would you be so kind?

I can find the Lincoln's Inn Fields?" "Lincoln's Inn, mademoiselle; mais vacity. certainement; je-

"Ah! monsieur parle français," she exclaimed, interrupting him with a pleased expression.

Then Witney, who was a French direction. I wat through Lincoln's Inn, chatting, and destination was none other than Mr. Barnstone's office.

Having parted with his young companion at the office, he hurried away to tonished Frenchman. Ludgate again. He had learned from a nounced her arrival to the clerk in

"A very pretty girl indeed," murder. Malais is not so nice, but it may coln's Inn Fields. one day be changed. Ah, me!"

Thinking of Pulcherie, Peter Witney vent home, and packed "Pulcherie" in his portmanteau. But somehow that young person escaped, for she was with him all the evening in the train to New-

had to investigate and arrange for, were Pulcherie, monsieur: and I, like a fool, them, a type of truest mother-love. situated some little distance up the coast went away and left her. His attentions | Youth's Companion. at or near a village which boasted a small aroused the fears of my aunt and sister; river and a fishing population of am- I could not come. Then they found the phibious habits. The place shall not be wretch Desmoulins had a claim on them; more particularly described, but the he broke up their home. Oh, monsieur, river flowed through the valley of the I wish I had died!" Ange, and the stream and the increasing Peter Witney noticed that the young

village bear the same name. valley is pastoral-lacemakers, these are ceed to violence, so he said: the inhabitants, and they follow their "Never mind, I can explain all. M.

It was a holiday-a holy day, appar- middle aged bachelor lawyer. He had ently, for the inhabitants had just come already a romance; he would find Des-[This posm was written by Henry rootes Jackson, the recently appointed Minister to Mexico, during the Mexican campaigns, in which he took year. It then would be seen that the second of the church, and the girls were moulins and Pulcherie, and then—. So he persuaded the young soldier to return with him, and assume his civilian

scene with great delight. He determined to give himself a holirectly, and inquiries indirectly concern- avocat who had accompanied him, took ing the premises he had come to take his leave. over and have transferred. He learned closed by a wall and paling. It had a boy, been untenanted some time. The family had sold everything, and quitted the village some weeks before.

"They were poor?" said the English-The man addressed shrugged his houlders as he replied:
"Well, not entirely. The good man live and his wife had died.

"It's no us shoulders as he replied: and his wife had died. His syster and their daughter lived in the horay in the last harvest. The oung M. Desmoulins, "You, Witney, you? are you got se miller's son, had paid much atten-

Poor girl! "But he had no right to do so," said "The house was mortgaged to an Englishman - he is dead now. It

was handed over as security for advances to the young soldier's father." "That is as may be. The house is closed up, the affiches of the sale are on here she is. the doors. It is desolate-empty."

"Is it far from here?" "Well, no. A walk of perhaps half an hour or so will bring you there-among the trees yonder. You see those tall poplars, those to the eastward?" Peter Witney nodded assent.

"Up there you will find the place; it stands above the road on your right hand; a little path leads up to the house. You cannot mistake it." "Thank you, monsieur," replied Wit-

ney. "I think I will go and see it."
Peter Witney made his way toward the came to a gate and a path on the right, have been an angel to us, indeed as indicated. He entered and ascended the path, passing in the direction whence duty; in this instance a positive pleashe had come. But in a moment he re- ure. Have you-pardon me-all neces-

coiled in astonishment. Seated on a ruined portion of a wall was a young soldier, apparently on fur-lough. A small bundle lay beside him "How, monsieur! Is it possible in the rank grass; a short stick, was still hooked within it. The man's attitude exhibited the deepest dejection. His head rested, hatless, on his arm; his attitude, the limp and hanging eight arm, the bidden face, the whole poor fellow, told a sad tale of disappointment. He had returned full of life and ardor to the place, perhaps his home, and found it deserted-the torn bills of the sale still flapping idly in the autumn

wind which stirred his tangle locks. "Poor chap!" Peter Witney mentally remarked; "he has found his home deserted. Our house, by the way. Ah! I shall gain some information here.' The spectator after awhile advanced

and then paused. Again he advanced, and touched the young man, who arose with suddenness, angry at being disturbed.

He glanced at the Englishman, and turned round again without speaking. "My friend," said Mr. Witney kindly, "can I assist you? You are ill, sorrowful; I may help you. Do you know this place?"

Know the place, indeed! Was he not a native of it? Had he not lived there train to Brixton, where in bachelor until the conscription came, and when he was paid to take the place of another He was crossing Chancery lane, by the young man? The money was welcome. So much the stranger managed to gather from the half-indiguant remarks the kindly influence the Englishman look very kind-could you tell me where generally exercised. He sat up, and after a few m-nutes recovered his vi-He told how he had been

"You went as a substitute, then?" "Yes; my relatives were poor; the man had held out threats. I loved my sister-oh! where is she? Monsieur, we scholar, addressed her in her native were not always poor; we held up our

> "Pulcherie your sister! Not Pulcherie "The same, moustern. How could you know! You are English," said the se

"Yes; but I am also interested in this slip of paper she gave him that the fair house and in her. An English firm owns foreigner's name was Pulcherie Malais, this property; the rent has not been had her lovers, like other women. but he did not inquire her business in paid; the former owner, the Englishman, Lincoln's Inn Fields after he had an-, is dead; all is chaos; but your sister-'

"Yes, yes; tell me of her." "She is in London-was in London a few days ago."

mured this middle-aged bachelor; "a Then Peter Witney told the young chaeming face; and what a pretty name! man of his meeting with the young lady, Pulcherie; quite fitting too, for a won- and of his having escorted her to Lin-"Ah, yes! it is there her benefactor

used to live. She has, do doubt, gone entered the train; still thinking of her, to him. Our aunt knew him well. He was a lawver-un avocat!" "What! an English solicitor? What

was his name?" divlight, as bright and fresh a memory father he died, and my mother had all the great city. as ever! Oh, Peter, Peter! truly thou ready passed to heaven. My sister and my aunt remained. Young M. Desmoul- women erected this monument so that The premises which Peter Witney ins assisted us, for he pretended to love the homely figure should remain among

man felt very bitter against the young Fishermen, dealers in cattle-for the Desmoulins, and feared he would pro-

HUMOROUSETCHES

turesque groups; laughing, chattering, turn with him, and assume his civilian at the young men, who, standing or terward, but first to come to England seated, also in pairs or threes, would dis- and find Pulcherie and the kind aunt. cuss the weather and the fishing and the After much parley, this was agreed to. cattle, while always keeping the young Next day the lawyer called on M. ladies in sight. A happy, pleasant pic- Desmoulins; found him a bully and a ture, and Peter Witney looked on at the roue; quelled him by stern threats of exposure in the tribunal and in the village, where he was hated. Finally, he day, too. He could not do business amid succeeded in getting from him a quitsuch a scene. So he made friends di- tance of all claims, and, with the French

In fifteen hours he was in London that the house lay away from the village; The business had developed in a roit was a mere farmhouse, amid trees, en | mance and Peter Witney was as eager as

> "Then you do not think the place will suit me," said Mr. Barnstone, after talking the matter over. "It is dollar viet.

"You, Witney, you? are you going to be a Benedict, after all? Well, I am sur-the female teacher. tion to the young lady and had been reprised. My good sir, certainly. You pulsed by her. So, being the owner of are a faithful, good fellow. Take it as the property, he had taken his revenge a wedding present. It will cost me little, and managed to frighten them away. remember, and may do you good," he added, hastily. "No thanks, please."

> said a lad at this juncture. "Let her come up," said Mr. Barnstone. "My charming French client," he added; "you shall see her." She is connected with this very house- my tenant. Ah!

"Miss Mathis wants to see you, sir,"

As he finished speaking, Mademoiselle Pulcherie entered with a little woman, whom she called ma tante. She at once greeted Peter Witney, and in broken English and more voluble French, explained to Mr. Barnstone and her aunt alternately how she had become acquainted with the "monsieur."

Ingout he was once write the money on the doubtful List, and wich asked how he succeeded so well he riplied:

"After geting to the was once with the money on the doubtful List, and wich asked how he succeeded so well he riplied:

"After geting to the was once with the money on the doubtful List, and wich asked how he succeeded so well he riplied:

"After geting to the was once with the money on the doubtful List, and wich asked how he succeeded so well he riplied:

"After geting to the doubtful List, and wich asked how he succeeded so well he riplied:

"After geting to the was once with the money on the same for the doubtful List, and wich asked how he succeeded so well he riplied:

"After geting to the was once with the money on the doubtful List, and wich asked how he succeeded so well he riplied:

"After geting to the was once with the money on the doubtful List, and wich asked how he succeeded so well he riplied:

"After geting to the was once with the money on the doubtful List, and wich asked how he succeeded so well he riplied:

"After geting to the was once with a supplied to the doubtful List, and wich asked how he succeeded so well he riplied:

"After geting to the was once with a supplied to the doubtful List, and wich asked how he succeeded so well he riplied:

"After geting to the was once with a supplied to the doubtful List, and wich asked how he succeeded so well he riplied:

No one but a Bedouin would have thought of such a style of warfare. It is not, therefore, a question of courage is not, therefore, a question of course with the doubtful List, and wich asked how he succeeded so well he riplied:

The doubtful List, and wich asked how he succeeded so well he riplied:

The doubtful List, and wich asked how he succeeded so well he riplied:

The doubtful List, and wich asked how he succee

"Then you actually directed mademorselle here?" said Mr. Barnstone. "If you had known, you might have saved yourself the journey. Have you any news of threats of violence," and the collector with him in the fall. your nephew, madame? "Alas! no; he was in Africa, in the

poplars and passed them. He then 144th of the line. He will come home health. - Free Press. plunged into a more wooded country and and find it desolate-our home. We the road tended southeast. Then he must return, monsieur, to Dieppe. You "Not a bit, madame, only doing my

> saries for your journey?" "Madame need take no journey to see

"How, monsieur! Is it possible-he is-he is dead?" 'No, madame; alive, well; and in breathe through my nose,

London. He returned with me; I will bring you to him. I met him near the old home yonder." spectacles. "Run away, good people; I am busy.'

So they went and found Antoine, as had been promised, and after awhile the three returned to Dieppe. The following month, plain good Peter Witney again crossed the channel, and spent three weeks in France near his new friends. Lo and behold! the year after the old farm house was again inhabited; not by Antoine, who had gone away on promotion to a commission-an officer; not by the kind aunt, for she lay in the village churchyard; but by "M. and Madame Veetnee," as they were called, who had come for "their honeymoon."

So Peter Witney, the "old bachelor." met his fate-a charming wife and some fortune-in Pulcherie Malais-all, as some think, "by the merest accident," but you and I know better.

"Our Margaret."

In the city of New Orleans there are many monuments erected to the famous statesmen and soldiers of the South. But there is one which has a more pathetic and deeper significance than any of the soldier, who at length yielded to of these. It stands on Prytania street, in the midst of beds of flowers and surrounded by stately dwellings and groves of the orange and palmetto. It is the figure of a stout woman who is seated. holding a little child, on which she looks down, her homely face illumined with a noble benignity and tender love. "That is our Margaret," the stranger is told when he asks what it means. All

New Orleans knows "our Margaret." tongue, and walked with her a few direction. The policy of sold from a little shop; a thrifty, energetic, business woman, whose heart was full of love for children. Before the counter was always to be found some ragged urchin who would be sent away full hands and a happy face. -

As Margarer prospered, and the bake-shop enlarged into a cracker factory, suc-But she turned a deaf ear to them all. The only man she would have married was dead, and her heart was full of love only for children; for the orphans and the poor little outcasts more wretched than

All her money, all her thoughts, atcare as years passed, went to them. She founded, out of her scanty savings, a home for them which, as she grew richer, she enlarged and endowed with all she had.

So wise, so tender and benignant was she in her care of them, that this poor, illiterate woman, who was without "Bernardin-M. Jules Bernardin-he friends, and upon whose breast no child haven; she crossed the channel with was our friend. He helped us; he as- of her own had ever lain, became "our him in the "Normandy," and reached sisted my father-my poor father-and Margaret" to the people of New Orleans, Dieppe with him in the warm autumn lent him money on security. Then and a mother to all the poor bables of

When she died, other charitable

Lincoln and the Railway Pass. The Mechanical Engineer publishes the following letter written by Abraham Lincoln on the subject of renewing a

railway pass: Springfield, February 13, 1856-B. B. Blank, Esq.—Dear Sir: Says Tom to John: "Here's your old rotten wheelbarrow. I've

to hire an amanuensis or assistant prophet ! to help him out. During the holidays, when trade was brisk, the Mahdi had to sit up and prophesy till 10 or 11 o'clock

religion. He is a sort of Oriental gos-

bum, whose business is to go around

the country weeping over the sins of

By and by Mohammed Achmed got a

fall to rise up William Riley and gather

the clans of the Soudan together. He

went to them and told them in confidence

that he was the only genuine, all wool

prophet on the Nile, and if they wanted

ome fun, to get their double barrel shot

guns and join the gang. They did so.

None of them ever did anything at home

to obtain a livelihood, so they could go

away on the warpath all summer and

The Arabian style of warfare is pecu-

or everlasting justice, it is a question of

stand up in line of battle for an hour,

and down the line on a "heavy" horse

his ranks. He sails up toward the enemy,

amined on the following day, it is dis-

he has to gum Arabic, is not true.

To Carve Poultry.

bone. Take off the wishbone, separate

knife under the shoulder blade, and

turn it over. Cut through the cartilage

which divides the ribs; separate the

breast from the neck. Then turn the

back over, place the knife midway, and

with the fork lift up the tail end, separ-

ating the back from the body. Place

end to the other, freeing the sidebone.

As soon as the legs and wings are dis-

jointed, begin to serve, offering white

or dark meat, as each prefers. Do not remove the fork from the breast-

back. Use an extra fork in serving If

all the fowl be not required, carve only

Pigeon Catching in Samoa

BILL NYE.

They then proceeded to murder the

their business wouldn't suffer at all.

irs in America.

Holar by wn Petard. he entered the grats anything you at night. ilis real name is Mohammed Achmed, and he was the son of a petty sheik, "We," respond keeper, "it may whose name I have forgotten. This man be pretty good foring, but I've got powder I keep hould raise a rock,"
"What is it c." demanded the was an inferior person and a very ordinary sheik, I am told-just such a sheik as you could go in and find on the tencent counters of the Soudan anywhere.

Mohammed Achmed for a long time "Blasting powder, blastir powshowed one of the prevailing characteristics of a tramp, and so they began to And then a sort of fer-advertise; educate him as a fakir. A fakir is a lence crept over the gip that linged man who has permission to ramble about the raisin box a cracker bar through the country, chiseling people at of money and groceries in the name

NA LAION. A Galveston female speel teacher was on intimate terms with its male topol who are too busy to be hypocrites. of strolling into her sect of his cess and chatting with Smith.

affections William y teller endeavored to make the class compliand the omniabout a out they about height imwilling to wait till the Egyptians purity

presence of God. She eplained to them that God was everywhe "Now, my dear childen, suppose you all go out of the room except myself. and I stay in here. Am I alone?" asked

"No," exclaimed on of the girls, "Mr. Smith will be with you

He Boomed Too Hard. A Detroit firm employed a

lector a few days ago, and am other bills he was given one vach had long been classed under the heat of "doubt- king's English, who had come there to ful." He was informed that the chances conquer and acquire their sand pile. of his getting anything were extremely dubious, but was promise thalf of all he liar. It consists largely in drinking could collect. I two hours after start-alkali water on their part and in requiring out he was mak with the money on ing their enemies to do the same for

out, and both of us are \$1 ahead."

The next day the firm gaid \$75 to set- who can drink concentrated lye all sumtle a case of "extorting money by mer and take his alimentary canal home was kindly informed that he could have | In the battle, the Arab charge is pecua long vacation for the benefit of bis liar in the extreme. The Arab does not

Why She Wouldn't Have Him. "And so she wouldn't be "Indeed she wouldn't." "How'd that come?"

"Well, I sat down alor side of her Egyptian air, shoots some one and goes and took her by the hand as I heaved a away. When the battle ground is exsigh too deep to sound." 'How was that?" "It didn't make noise e ough. You see, I alwa's do my sighin' in ardly, an'

"Well, what then?" "I felt her hand flutter a mine, an' i Go. said Mr. Barnstone, wiping his Waterbury watch. I thought that meant 'say the word an' I'm yourn,' an'

so I said it, but I got left." "You don't tell me. How'd it hap "Well, she fired up like a hornet, an' said she wouldn't never marry no man the head at the left. Cut through the what popped the question as though he was referrin' to sp'ilt fish.'

"Well, that beats all. How in the world did you do it?" "Well, I sorter give her hand a little queeze, to show her I was cheerful, an' then I says, quite glib like, says I-Mir- the collar bone from the breast; w.p the andy, can you stomach me?"-Chicago

The Cincinnati Guzette a number of years ago published a good story on a distinguished lawyer named Benham, of that city. He was a fine orator, but the fork in the middle of the backbone, much given to a display of his vast clas, and cut close to the backbone, from one sical learning. In a murder trial he warned the jury to not allow public opinion, which was against his client, o influence the verdict. In concluding his appeal, he said: "Gentlemen of the ury, give up; drop all feeling in this bone till the breast is separated from the important matter, and be like the ancient Roman in his adherence to the truth, who in its defence eloquently declared: Amicus Cato, amicus Pluto, amicus licero, sid major veritas" (I am a friend to Cato, a friend of Pluto, a friend of Cicero, but a greater friend to truth). The papers the next morning reported the eloquent lawyer as having 'closed his great speech to the jury by finely saying: I may cuss Cato, I may cuss Pluto, I may uss Cicero, said Major Veritas.

This is something similar to a story that has been going the rounds of the was walking along the streets of St. Louis with a friend and was very pleas antly accosted by a gentleman whom the general did not quite remember. gentleman, seeing how it was, said in a Tow voice: "Don't you retrember me I make your shirts." "Oh, yes," replied the general, smiling, then turning to his friend, said: "Colonel ---, allow me to introduce my friend, Major Schurtz.

Bill Nye on El Mahdi.

This great heathen and full blown prophet was once a poor boy, without a dollar in his pocket. Years ago when little Mahdi used to snare suckers along petitors. Some of the pigeons were the White Nile, no one thought that to day he would be the champion heavy shows what can be done by a brave, season was a common pastime. courageous little boy even in a foreign

In apperance he is a brunette of about | The ceners of 1880 gives the number wears a white turban that looks some total persons over ten years old. Mahdi long to make his toilet.

of his stick. Every man flew his pigeon, and then the whole circle looked like a place where pigeons were flocking round food and water. The scene soon attracted some wild pigeon, and as it approached the spot, whoever was next to it raised his net and tried to entangle it. He who got the greatest number of pigeons was the hero of the day and honored by his

Census of Occupations.

the style of the successful meerchaum of persons engaged in gainful occupapipe. He does not dress as we do, but tions as 17,392,000 or 47.31 per cent. of like an Etruscan hen's nest. On chilly were engaged in the four chief lines of days he adds other articles of apparel to occupation as follows: Agriculture, this turban, though during the summer 7,670,000; professional and personal months that is sufficient for evening services, 4,074,000; trade and transpordress. In the morning he puts on his tation, 1,810,000: manufacturing, meturban, buckles a six-shooter around his chanical and mining industries, 3,837. waist and he is dressed. It doesn't take 000. In 1870 the number engaged in occupations was 12,505,000. Of those in Years ago he decided that he would 1880, 2,647,000 were women. The numretire to a lonely island in the Nile and ber of persons over ten years of age is put himself in training for a prophet, so 36,761,000, leaving 19,369,000 unache crawled into a cave and lived there counted for. The latter number is about on whatever he could get hold of. While equal to the number attending school or others were down at Khartoum, having physically incapable of labor." The cena good time at the skating rink, Mahdi sus shows an increase over 1870 of about the inhabitants, and they follow their peaceful occupations contentedly. It was a very fine morning when Mr. Witney reached the village; he had walked over from Dieppe the day after his arrival in that town, and found the people rival in that town, and found the people occupations contentedly. It was the partner in my patron's office. I have come to claim the property. I will manage M. Desmoulins. Leave him rival in that town, and found the people occupations over to me."

"Never mind, I can explain all. M. Bernardin is dead. Julius Bernardin it, case I shall want to borrow it this after it, case I shall want to borrow it this after on noon."

Acting on this as a precedent, I say: "Here's your 'old chalked hat.' I wish you would mend it, case I shall want to borrow it this after number engaged in occupations over would mend it, case I shall want to borrow it this after number engaged in occupations over did, and as he put a card in all the morn in population is accounted for its property. I would take it and send me a new one, case I shall want to use it the first of March.' I wish you would mend it, case I shall want to borrow it this after number engaged in occupations over would mend it, case I shall want to borrow it this after number engaged in occupations over did, and as he put a card in all the morn in population is accounted for its property. I would take it and send me a new one, case I shall want to borrow it this after and murder the king's English.

Some people began to hear of El Mah' di, and as he put a card in all the morn in property. I have come to claim the property. Acting on this as a precedent, I say:

"Here's your 'old chalked hat.' I wish you would mend it, case I shall want to borrow it this after and murder the king's English.

Some people began to hear of El Mah' di, and as he put a card in all the property in property. A Lincoln. number engaged in occupatiors. This held, and full dress prevails.

THE CONQUEROR OF BARRIOS.

Reminiscences of the Career of Zaldivar, President of Salvador.

Rafael Zaldivar, president of Salvador, with less resources than his opponent, the late Rufino Barrios, president of Guatemala, has been unexpectedly successful. As far back as fourteen years ago he was in Germany, where Duenas, who died in San Francisco last year, sent him on a special mission as charge d'affaires of the Salvadorian republic. From that time dates his first appearance in the political field, for he then gave up his profession, in which he held quite a high position, being at the head of the medical faculty, and devoted all his attention to politics. After the battle of Santa Ana, in which the government, represented by Duenas, was defeated by the Liberals, led by Gonzalez, who then became President, Zaldivar had a narrow escape from death. ew days he bad no

a very strong techniques against him. The first reports circumder after the above-mentioned battle had been so favorable to Duenas that Te Deum was sung cathedral to thank God for the victory obtained by the government, and firing was indulged in to such an extent as to kill a woman on the plaza (in celebrating national events, Central Americans invariably shoot

someone accidentally), Zaldivar, who attends always to pleasure before business, was celebrating the triumphs of his party, when suddenly the Liberals appeared in the capital. He ran out of his house, sure that if caught alive he would be shot immediate

y, and seeing the French flag waving on the top of a merchont's he knocked panting at the front door, and upon be ing let in, threw himself on the mercy of the Frenchman. Monsieur Bouineausuch was the name of the gentlemandid not hesitate in assuring him of his good will. After hiding him he answered personally to the calls of the soldiers who were yelling ferociously in front of the house, "Death to Zaldivar! (Que muera Zaldivar!) He told them that the ex-Minister had just run out by the side door, and must then be on his way to the volcano, advising them at the same time to follow him in that direction if they wanted to capture him. while the commanding officer gallops up The soldiers did not wait for any more explanations, but started in quest of the and the enemy pours a galling fire into man whom more than half of San Salvador would have been pleased to see shot. After they had gone kind hearted is, after all, largely a matter of chants.

Monsieur Bouineau sent a good horse of the district in the bright lexicon of the district waves his Oriental night shirt in the out of town with a servant who had an order to wait for his friend, and then, covered that eight nundred brave and having blackened Zaldivar's face, hands handsome English soldiers are killed and and feet, he dressed him like a moyo (servant) with cotton shirt and drawers barefooted, a big broad-brimmed has grass on his shoulders, he future president one old moth eaten Arab has stepped on his Gothic shirt tail and sprained his

El Mahdi is not to bad looking men at ceth, so that when he gives his orders crossed several main streets on his way to the suburb where the servant and the horse were waiting for him. Upon reaching them he quickly threw the yacate aside, jumped on the horse, and disap-Place the fowl on the platter with peared, leaving a message of eternal gratitude to his savior. In the meanskin round the leg joint. Then cut off while the soldiers had returned to Monsieur Bouineau's house with an order to the wings, and divide wings and legs at the joints. Carve the breast in thin search everywhere, but it was too late. slices parallel with the breastbone. Some The bird had flown. Zaidivar did not prefer to cut it at right angles with the

stop until he reached Costa Rica, where he was well received. He returned to Salvador only to fight for the presidential chair, which he has occupied for two terms. He was reelected, with some opposition, however, for a third term, about a year ago. Since he has become president of Salvador he has amassed several miliions. He is a married man and has one son and two grown-up daughters. He is greatly addicted to pleasure, and will at almost any time give up business in order to have a good time. If succes, however, is the best recommendation, he can be highly praised, for his career, though eventful has been remarkable and brilliant. - San Francisco Call.

Crescent City Cemeterles.

from the side, leaving the opposite side whole for another meal. - Godey's Maga-New Orleans' cemetery system is one prolific source of disease, even at its best, writes an Inter-Ocean correspondent. As is well known, there are many burial The ground being cleared, the chiefs societies in the city, which have vaults stationed themselves at distances all peculiarly fitted up for the reception of strike out in attempting to strike out .round a large circular space, cach conbodies. The swampy nature of the Hatchet. cealed under a low shed or covering of ground makes it impracticable to interbelow the surface, and so in the case of brushwood, having by his side a net attached to a long bamboo, and in his the poorer classes a large number of hand a stick with a tame pigeon on a immense depositories are needed. Some press concerning General Sherman. He crook at the end of it. This pigeon was of these have accommodations for as trained to fly round and round as di- high as 100 corpses, to my personal rected by its owner, with a string at its knowledge. When a vault becomes quite full of bodies, and the society foot thirty feet long, attached to the end lacks funds for purchasing ground and building again, it is custowary to remove the coffins, and hold a grand. open-air cremation. The evils of this operation are apparent, inasmuch as no furnaces are provided for carrying off the deadly fumes that must necessarily man sends 48,000 pounds of blood be generated.

friends with various kinds of food, with consequences from crowded interments stomach. - New York Graphic. are most appalling. More than once large vaults have been burst asunder by which he treated his less successful combaked, others were distributed about the action of gases arising from a large lives just on the outskirts of civilization, and trained for further use. Taming number of freshly entombed bodies. Of weight prophet of the known world. It and exercising them for the sporting course the wealthy endeavor to have their own private family tombs, or be- into the woods. - Burlington Free Press. long to influential burial societies that maintain some specially imposing vaults. The colored people have cheaper burial societies by themselves, and the various secret societies have their own cemeteries. This classification system brings about a multiplicity of cemeteries, as, for instance, the Free Masons' cemetery, the Odd Fellows' cemetery, the Firemens' cemetery, the Jewish cemeteries, known as Grtes of Prayer, etc. The payment of & fee, varying, from twentynve cents a month to several dollars, entitles the member to free burial at the hands of the society to which he be-

These burial societies, paradoxical as it may sound, are also instrumental in When autumn comes—thrice-fickle man!—he promoting social intercourse among the | Proclaims himself the slave of Fanny; members. The colored people give a big yearly entertainment in connection with one of their leading societies, in which the most elaborate festivities are

The number of plant specimens known but there many still unknown.

NO. 36.

THE HEART OF THE HOME. Be the home where it may, on the hill, in the valley.

Hemmed in by the walls of the populous Set fair where the corn lifts its plumes to the

rally, Or perched on the slope, where the torrent

rolls down. Still ever the heart of the home is the same.

Still ever the dearest of names is the

And ever the purest of fames is the fame, Of the home-queen, the mother, whose gentle command. Inchallenged, bears rule in our beautiful

Be the home what it may, whether lefty or

The mansion, the cottage, the plain little room,

Tis the outle from gloo home is the same, is the Which kindles

As we bow to the mother, whose gentle command Is the sceptre that sways in our beautiful

Oh sweet with the dawn-flush of morning

She cradles her first born in tender embrace; And sweeter, when age brings her glory and

She smiles with the glow of life's eve on her face, We are glad of her praise, we are sad at her blame.

Her name was the first for our child lips to And loyally, proudly all homage we claim For the home-queen, the mother, whose

gentle command Is potent and strong in our beautiful land. -Margaret E. Sangster.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS

Dogma-Parent of puppies. A grave responsibility-Tre sexton's. Goat's milk ought to make good but-

Liniments go up as roller skaters come The success of a church choir singer

messenger youth there is such word as snail, - New York Journal. All animals have their good points, but for abradance of the same non-

compare with the porcupine. mitt solle skaling may the spring, ove would think it would unpopular in the fall .- Siftings . The pars ns out West think

skating has a tendency to promote backsliding .- Louisville Courier Journal. Speaking of spreading one's self, the skating rink seems to be the place of all others to do it successfully .- Larick.

There's no trouble about twiscing the tail of a sleeping bulldog. The agreeable part comes when you'let go. Shakspeare wasn't a broker at all, but do you know of any man who has fur-Trished so many stock quotations? - Boston Times.

"Can a cat come down a tree head first?" asks a writer on natural history. It can if the tree is within range of a bootjack.

A scientist now declares that the tip of the nose is the home of the soul. It has certainly often shown where departed spirits have gone. - Boston Post.

A recent article is entitled "A Poet on an Editor." We cannot exactly understand this, but perhaps he grabbed him while his back was turned. - Boston Post. An exchange contains a long article which tells how to distinguish a perfect woman. The way to distinguish an imperfect woman is by talking to her brother. - Call.

When a baseball player strikes out in attempting not to strike out his feeling does not show up with half the intensity of those of the roller-skater who fails to A writer in Harper's Bazar says: "The ears should be so placed as not to be

higher than the eyebrows or lower than the tip of the nose." People who are dressing for a party should not forget this .- Call. A correspondent says that people in India are rarely bitten by snakes, as boots are worn to protect the feet. How different it is in this country where people

can't keep the snakes out of their boots. -Brooklyn Times. It is said that the heart of the average through the arteries every hour. When But in time of epidemics the question of burial is one of difficulty, and the blood, his eyes are larger than his

George Riddle, of Carroll County, Mo., has twenty-two daughters. He and whenever a dressmaker locates within twenty-five miles he moves further Mrs. Slapper, of Sumter, Ga., has the

white slippers she wore when she was married seventy years ago. The fact that she has preserved them all these years is proof that she never used them to Slapper children .- Norristown Herald. The principal instrument of music in China is the tom-tom. It produces better music than a piano, and is much

cheaper. Any one can readily make a tom-tom by tying two cats by the tails and hanging them across a clothes-line. -Newman Independent. In the spring a young man's fancy Lightly turns to thoughts of-Nancy;

Dear Rose becomes his heart's delight. "A scientist says that 'the way to sleep is to think of nothing," read Mrs. Smith in a newspaper. "If that be true, I should say that you would sleep all the time, my dear," said her husband. "No ing papers'of the Soudan, he at once had by the growth of the factory system .- to botanists has been placed at 100,000, doubt, Mr. Smith, for I think a great deal of you."-Newman Independent.

But soon, these three forgotten quite