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THE ENGINE.

Into the gloom of the deep, dark night,
With panting breath and a startled scream;
Swift as a bird in sudden flight
Darts this creature of steel and steam.
Awful dangers are lurking nigh,
Rocks and chasms are near the track,
But straight by the light of its great white
eye,
It speeds thro' the shadows, dense and
black.
Terrible thoughts and fierce desires
Trouble its mad heart many an hour,
Where burn and smoulder the hidden fires,
Coupled ever with might and power.
It hates, as the wild horse hates the rein,
The narrow track by vale and hill;
And shrieks with a cry of startled pain,
And longs to follow its own wild will.
Oh, what am I out an engine a-ho!
With muscle and flesh by the hand of God,
Speeding on thro' the dense, dark night,
Guided alone by the soul's white light?
Often and often my mad heart tries,
And hates its way with a bitter hate,
And longs to follow its own desires,
And leave the end in the hands of fate.
O, ponderous engine of steel and steam;
O, human engine of flesh and bone—
Follow the white light of a certain beam—
There lies safety, and there alone.
The narrow track of fear's truth,
Lit by the soul's great eye of light,
O, passionate heart of restless youth,
Alone will carry you thro' the night.

An Indian Romance.

In the old times when Cleveland was very young, the settlers along the lake shore had much more communication with the aborigines than whites. Long rows of canoes, instead of steamers were wont to lie along the shore where the Union Depot now stands and the railroad runs, and the traffic was in blankets, beads, venison and furs, instead of wheat, iron, coal and petroleum. There were winding paths instead of streets, and wigwags and log cabins were the business blocks and dwellings. Natural forests were the parks, and while there was no grand water works, the Cuyahoga was uncontaminated by vile sewage.

One bright afternoon in the autumn of A. D. 18—, there came into the village a neat-appearing squaw, apparently 25 years of age, with a lithe, half-breed face of 10, who either walked beside her or capered on before. The little settlement was unusually active upon that day, and the October sun-light rested upon a scene of surpassing beauty. The lake and the landscape were silver and gold, and the skies were blue and amber, and the Indians were gay in their holiday attire of feathers and bright blankets.

The face of the young Indian woman bore an expression of sad anxiety, that was quite in contrast with the brightness around her. She did not mingle with the crowds of Indians, but sat down near the entrance to the principal trading house, and while surveying the motley scene, talked kindly and soberly with a white man who spoke to her. There was something in the appearance and demeanor of the Indians which showed that they regarded this as an important day. Their gay attire, the almost complete absence of weapons among them, their comparative silence toward the whites, their freedom and sportiveness among themselves, all went to teach the experienced observer of Indian character that they were moved by some uncommon though undisclosed purpose.

After her arrival had ceased to attract attention the young squaw passed quietly into the store, the boy remaining outside playing with his red companions. As soon as she could do so unobserved, she strolled off as if inadvertently, to the rear of the store, where, in partial concealment she caught the trader's eye. He knew from her glance that her signal must be heeded. As he contrived to come close to her she communicated to him the plot of the Indians.

They will all pretend to go home to-night; but they will not go home. They will come back in the night. They want your goods. If you will give them up, they will not kill you, if you fight they will kill you. I shall be with you.

Having said this, she sauntered slowly out, with a face sadder than before, and resumed her former seat. Soon the boy came near her, and she whispered to him secretly. He went into the store, where a number of squaws were pretending to trade, and stood, as if by mere chance, where she who sent him stood. The trader, still busy, came close to him and whispered the names of certain white men of the village. The boy soon strolled out to his play again, but somehow sport seemed to take him near and into the shops of the men whom the trader had mentioned. He would give the chief trader's name secretly, with an intimation of danger and then go wandering on with his play. His momentous little task was soon accomplished, and the shouts of himself and his fellows were soon echoing again in front of the store of the chief trader.

The sunbeams were nearly as level as the lake, when the Indian woman, beckoning to her happy protegee, began to loiter toward the trail by which she came; one heart how light, and the other oh how heavy! Light kept the way until well out of sight, then let it and took a circuitous course, stopping finally at a wigwag upon the shore about one mile eastward from the village.

John Morton was the foremost trader in the village, intelligent, trustworthy, and a leader among his fellow settlers; so that when a warning of danger with the sanction of his name went round to a certain trusty few, there was a certainty of prompt and effectual response.

At sundown the Indians began to depart, and by dusk not one remained in the

village. As soon as darkness had settled, the few who had been warned assembled in Morton's store for consultation. It was not many minutes before a rap was heard which Morton readily recognized as that of the woman of whom we have spoken. By her devotion and fidelity she had saved him from many dangers and many losses. She was admitted and began at once to reveal the Indians' plans in detail. It was not their intention to make a general attack; their designs were only upon Morton's store. They expected to find him sleeping in the little apartment off the main room, terrified him into acquiescence, ransack the establishment and carry off such booty as suited their purpose. Should he resist, they would kill him. It was necessary to the accomplishment of their purpose.

Word was instantly sent to such others as could be trusted in an emergency, and within an hour some 25 men who knew the use of gunpowder were assembled at Morton's all fully armed, and with Morton's stock of ammunition to back them. They decided to take their stand outside the building, and post sentinels in every direction 40 rods away. The woman was to retire to a safe distance and remain secreted. Morton commanded.

All being in readiness, they had not long to wait. Within an hour a sentinel came in with the tidings that a party, some twenty or thirty as nearly as he could judge in the twilight, were approaching. By a preconcerted signal the other sentinels were called in, and the men deployed in such manner as to give an impression of the largest possible numbers when a simultaneous fire should be delivered.

It appears that the savages, thinking it an easy matter to rob a single man, had not come in force, but had detailed a few braves for the purpose. On their coming, with their stealthy tread, until their forms began to be dimly outlined. As they came within easy range, Morton estimated their number to be not more than twenty. When all was ripe, Morton gave the word to fire. As the twenty-five rifles, scattered in a long line, blazed out upon them, they seemed to think that an army of a thousand men had opened fire. With one united horrible yell they fled to the woods, and no trader of that village was ever thereafter molested by them. The men had purposely aimed high, as they desired rather to frighten than injure those with whom they were not at all anxious to inaugurate a bloody feud. As a consequence no blood was shed and no serious ill-feeling engendered.

The Indian woman, who had proven so faithful a friend, was provided with a home in the village. She was given a rudimentary English education, adopted the dress and civilization, and subsequently married Morton, who was in fact the father of the little fellow who had followed his mother to the village on that eventful day. Some of her descendants still reside in Cleveland; others are scattered elsewhere.

Saving a Train.

Not long ago an incident occurred on the Western railroad, Georgia, that will cause surprise wherever it is spoken of. The train was within about thirty miles of Montgomery, running at a rapid rate, all unconscious of danger. The engineer spied a white handkerchief on a pole, fluttering in the road some distance up the track. On getting nearer he discovered it was some one waving the train down. The shrill whistle was sounded, brakes put on, and the train brought to a standstill. The heads of passengers were popping out of the windows, inquiring what the trouble was, no station being near. The conductor came out, and seeing a tramp was the one who had caused the train to stop, inquired in probably a rather angry manner what was wanted. This man, who belonged to a class almost universally despised and subjected to cuffs and kicks, astonished the conductor by informing him that about eighteen inches of rail was broken out at a short distance further on. The broken piece was repaired, the train about to move off, when the conductor saw the tramp standing on the roadside, and asked:

"Where do you want to go to?"
The tramp replied, "To Pensacola."
"Then," said the conductor, "why don't you get on the train?"
"The reply was, "Because I have no money."

The conductor told him to get aboard, that he would take him to Montgomery. On arriving in the city the fact was reported to the general manager of the road, who asked the man which he would have, money or work. The man answered he would rather have employment. A position was at once given him. At last accounts he was at work and doing well.

A New Species of Monkey.

There are now in the Alexandria Palace, London, six live specimens of a monkey new to science, the *macacus gelunda* a native of the mountains of Abyssinia, where it lives at an elevation of from 7000 to 8500 feet above the sea-level. One of these monkeys is an adult male. It is hairy over the whole of the body, with the exception of a pink patch, free from hair on the chest, and a space around the throat of the same color. When the animals become angry or excited, these pink patches turn bright red. The nostrils are high up on the upper jaw, and the upper lip is so mobile that it is often turned up so as to show the whole of the upper teeth and gums. The tail is long and thick, and ends in a tuft resembling somewhat a lion's tail. The color of the hair is brown, except around the breast where it is gray. The bare part of the chest shows two male indications of teats. The female has not such long hair as the male, and on the bare spot in front are two well-developed teats. The young monkey takes one in each hand and sucks from both at once. While these animals have rejected all fruits, they have eaten Indian corn and grass, pulling it apart, and making it into little balls. In their habits these monkeys sleep in caves, and in London they sleep in a large box, the old male remaining on guard near the entrance.

Married Man's Indicator.

Miraculous inventions are the order of the day. Even Edison has been surpassed by a genius who has invented what is called a "Married Man's Indicator." It is a wonderfully sensitive arrangement of the ordinary thermometer, in convenient pocket size, and is graded to a scale of cabalistic marks, which show the exact state of the domestic atmosphere at any hour of the night. The hard-worked and belated husband arrives home, say about midnight. He takes out his "indicator," thrusts it in the keyhole, leaving it there a few seconds. Pulling it out quickly, he scans the dial by the moonlight's fitful gleaming. If it marks "S. A." (sound asleep) the poor husband pulls off his boots noiselessly; uses his night-key with bated breath; gives the door a quick shove to keep it from creaking, steals tremblingly to bed, and when his dear little wife wakes up about two seconds afterward and wants to know how long he has been home he is so sound asleep that Gabriel's trumpet couldn't wake him. If the "Indicator" scores "A. A. C. B. D. K. W. T." (awake, awful cross, but does not know what time it is), the husband puts a few more grains of coffee in his mouth; opens the door boldly; walks in with a slam-bang air; hits his foot intentionally against a chair; wants to know why the devil the chairs ain't kept out of the way; gets desperately mad on general principles; scares his wife clear out of her crossness and intended curtain lecture; refuses to let her get up and strike a match—never did like a light at night, anyhow; remarks grossly in response to a timid query that "it's about twenty-five minutes after ten," and then turns into bed with such an apparently awful state of mind that the wife of his bosom is afraid to speak to him—at which he is very sad, of course. There are numerous other marks on the Indicator, showing just where it will do to "play the Lodge lodge;" or the "sick friend;" or "been standing on the corner talking with so-and-so for more than an hour;" or "General or Honorable this or that from, you know where, was in town, and had to go away on the two o'clock train, and he insisted so strongly that the whole party stayed up to see him off, although it was a great bore, and we only did it through courtesy. But the most awful awful of all the cabalistic signs on the dial is the one at the top, about two marks above boiling point. When the weary husband comes home about 4 a. m., from the direction of the butcher-shop, with a roll of meat held high in the air, so that every one he passes can not fail to see it, and sticks the "Indicator" in the keyhole, he is almost too weak to draw it out. With hair on end he reads it by the faint light streaming in upon him over the Eastern hills, and sweat breaks out on his noble brow in drops as large as walnuts; he sees the bulb of the Indicator jammed smack up against "R. H. S. W. F. Y. J. L. D." (red-hot and still a heating and waiting for you just inside the door.) The inventor of the instrument says that when this terrible misfortune overtakes a man he feels that there is nothing left in this life worth living for, and appreciates the full force of those beautiful lines:

"This world is all a fleeting show
For man's delusion given."

He slings the meat out into the yard, and braces himself for the coming fray, but says nothing, for nothing can be said. He never so gifted a liar, his accomplishment is more than valueless. No lodge, no sick friend, no talking on the corner, no sitting up to see the General off, no swearing that he will never do it again—in fact, nothing will avail. It is an absolutely indefensible case. He is caught in *flagrante delicto*. Even the ghastly gaiety with which, two hours previous, he had said to the boys that he "guessed he'd see it out now—might all well be killed for a sheep as a lamb"—had all vanished. The Indicator having told him the exact situation of things he knows just what to do, and that is nothing, but get into bed at once and wrap the drapery of his couch about him, pull the pillow over his ears and wait for his wife's breath to give out. It's awful while it lasts, but it has its use in relieving the unfortunate husband's mind of part of its load. The Indicator is a great invention, and no family should be without one. For sale at all stores where they are kept.

Five Murders for \$100.

The inhabitants of the beautiful capital of Wurtemberg were thrilled with horror on New Year's eve by the fiendish deed of a monster who butchered the family of his brother, consisting of five persons—father, mother, and three small children. John Waibel, the murderer is a millwright, thirty-seven years of age. Like every able-bodied German he served his time in the army. His military record was of the very worst kind. He was reported for conduct unbecoming a soldier, for violating the rules, and neglect of duty about 200 times and was fined in each instance. In 1861 he served in the Third cavalry regiment, and during the campaign in 1866 he was transferred to the Chasseurs. At the expiration of his term of service he enlisted again in the Third cavalry regiment and took part in the war with France in 1870-1. He was a brave soldier, and for courage in battle was decorated with the iron cross. At the close of the war he was mustered out and returned to his place of nativity, Kupferzell, where he resumed his trade. Toward the end of December last he visited his married brother, who lived with his wife and four children in Weber street, Stuttgart. The brother was employed as carpenter; he was a hard working man and took good care of his family, and was well liked by his neighbors. He received his wayward brother, some years his junior, very kindly. Mrs. Waibel sacrificed her own comfort in many ways for her guest; she surrendered her bed-room, to her brother-in-law, while she was content to sleep on a lounge in the sitting-room, beside which she placed the cradle with her baby, three months old. John Waibel knew that his brother had 400 marks (about \$100) in his possession, and

urged him to give him the money. The latter refused to part with the hard earned savings which he had laid up for a rainy day. Determined to get the little treasure, John Waibel conceived the murder of his brother's family, and in the dead of night perpetrated it in cold blood. He provided himself with a hammer and an axe, and stealing upon the slumbering members of the family, strewed the floor with their crushed and mangled corpses. Then he burst open the bureau drawers and ransacked the place till he found the treasure, and fled. He had not been gone long when the neighbors discovered the wholesale murder and notified the police. The sight that met the gaze of the officers when they entered Waibel's dwelling, was a ghastly one. Mrs. Waibel had been slain on the lounge in the sitting-room; her head was beaten and cut into an unrecognizable pulp; mass. There were thirty-eight wounds on her skull, representing so many blows from the axe. The innocent babe had not been spared; it was dead in its cradle—its skull fractured by a blow of the hammer. On the threshold leading to the sleeping room lay the bent body of the husband, whose skull was split open by two tremendous blows of the axe. Bloody marks on the wall indicated the struggle between the murderer and his victim, and blood pools were everywhere. The corpse of a child three years of age was found, with the skull fractured, in the sleeping room; a third child, but six years old, was breathing yet, but its injuries were such that death ensued in the course of a few hours.

The oldest child, a girl of thirteen years, was left to tell in part the bloody tale. She had been wounded, but not fatally. She said that her uncle, was the murderer of the family. Police inspector Kern learned that at 9 o'clock in the morning a man answering the description of Waibel had bought a pair of stockings and suspenders in Bender's store, in Kenigsstrasse. An expression named Zahner told him that a man on leaving the store entered an eating house in Weinstrasse, where the fare did not suit him. He inquired of Zahner for a better place, where he could get all he ordered. Zahner recommended him to Bardill's restaurant in Tuebingenstrasse. Thither repaired Inspector Kern, accompanied by Zahner, and found a man enjoying a good breakfast. He was cleanly shaved and had a slight abrasion of the skin on the right cheek. He looked just like the man the Inspector was after. On being questioned he gave the name of Kurz, and pretended to be a business man from Hall. The inspector said: "that is not so; your name is Waibel, not Kurz, and you are wanted for a five-fold murder. You are my prisoner." Waibel threatened and bullied; but the inspector put the handcuffs on him and paid no attention to his protest. He was dressed in a suit belonging to his murdered brother, and his undergarments and his naked feet were spotted with blood. He was taken in a coach to the house in which the butchery occurred, after he had been dressed in the striped garb of a prisoner. An excited crowd filled the street. As the murderer appeared they became furious, and threats of lynching were made. They rushed to the vehicle and tried to drag him out, but a strong guard of police protected him from personal violence. When he alighted from the coach he laughed sneeringly at the spectators. Even the coolest among them could no longer control themselves; the outburst of indignation was terrific. The crowd shouted, "No mercy to the brute!" "Kill him!" "Tear him to pieces!" When the prisoner viewed the dead bodies in the presence of police and court officials he expressed no regret, but looked with repulsive smile at the bodies of the three infants and denied his guilt. Then he turned on his heel, snapped his fingers and said with a sneer, "Pshaw, I've seen such sights often before." When he was placed in the coach again he grinned once more at the infuriated crowd. It was with the greatest difficulty that the police succeeded in taking their prisoner safely to jail, where he is now awaiting trial.

A Specimen Corn-Cracker.

Genial Major Neely of Houston & Co., the contractors, tells a good story of the innate voracity of certain of the inhabitants of the Tennessee hills on the line of the Cincinnati Central railroad.

The Major was engaged in tunneling a mountain right on the bank of the Cumberland river, said river now being spanned at that point by a fine bridge, though then there was no sign of the structure.

One morning a corn-cracker rowed across the river, and upon approaching the major, the following colloquy ensued:

Native—Mornin'
Major Neely—Good morning.
N.—You seem to be scatterin' dirt and gravel around here pretty peert.

M. N.—Well, yes. We are getting through the hill quite lively.

N.—Who's payin' for all this fuss?
M. N.—The city of Cincinnati.

N.—Wall, it must cost a heap of money. What's it fer, any how?

The Major thought he would enlighten the native, so he told him that he was engaged in building a tunnel, and he further explained that it was cheaper to bore a hole through the mountain for the cars to run through than to level it or make a "cut" down the grade. The native took it all in, and then queried:

"So the steam kyars is going to come right through this tunnel away north?"

"Yes, that's just it," responded the Major.

"Well, Major, that's askin' too much for a man to believe," replied the corn-cracker. "I don't swallow it no how you can fix it, that every time that 'ere iron hoss of yours jumps across the river, he's going to strike this little hole right square and fair. No, sir, I can't swallow that."

The Major didn't try to make him. —A moderate wind blows seven miles per hour.

How England Takes Her Census.

In Great Britain a census has been taken every ten years since 1801, and the system is now one of the most perfect in existence. Until near the close of the last century, there was no real method, and all previous estimations of the population of the United Kingdom were mere guesswork. It seems the more strange that such should have been the fact, considering that, in the American colonies, enumerations of the population had often been made by order of the home government. In 1790, a beginning was made in Scotland by Sir John Sinclair, who, through his personal efforts in enlisting the co-operation of all the clergymen of the established church, collected returns which were of great value, although necessarily incomplete. After seven years he completed his compilations, and published the results in twenty-one volumes, probably the greatest statistical work ever undertaken and carried through by one private enterprise. Under the system adopted in 1851, the census in Great Britain is now taken in one day, the 31st of March. In 1851, 30,610 enumerators were appointed in England and Wales by the 2,190 district registers in those countries, each enumerator having a distinctly defined district assigned to him. In Scotland the thirty-two sheriffs appointed the temporary registers—generally parish schoolmasters—and 8,180 enumerators. For the smaller islands, the government appointed 257 enumerators, and in Ireland the census was taken by the constabulary. Some days before the census, day printed schedules were delivered at every house or tenement; in Wales these were printed in Welsh for the benefit of the lower classes. These schedules contained questions about the name, relation to the head of the family, condition, age, sex, occupation, and birthplace of every person in Great Britain, and also to the number of deaf, dumb and blind. Measures were taken to secure accurately the names of night laborers, persons out of the country, travelers, seamen, soldiers, etc. These schedules were all filled up in the night of March 30-31 and were taken up at an early hour on March 31, the collector filling up the parts that had been left blank through their negligence or inability. All unoccupied houses and buildings in course of construction were also noted. The floating population—persons who spent the nights in boats and barges, in barns, sheds, etc., were required to be estimated as nearly as possible. The enumerators were allowed one week to make their returns in, all transcribed, and the summaries and estimates completed to detailed instructions. The district registers had to complete their revision of the returns of their subordinates in a fortnight, paying particular attention to nine specially defined points. These revised returns were again revised by the superintendent registers, and then transmitted to the census office. The census was the most successful, in quickness and accuracy, accomplished in any country up to that time, and the same system has been pursued, with little variation, ever since. The digestion of the census reports by the central authorities is conducted most thoroughly and the compilations are of the greatest value to statisticians and economists. The British system has served as a model for many other countries, where the census is now taken in one day by means of printed schedules.

How to Make a Microphone.

Go to a toyshop, and buy a child's toy tambourine. Take a thin piece of white pine wood, say two inches by one and a half inch. With a pair of scissors cut a piece of thin sheet copper about half inch broad, two inches long. Keep one end broad, cut the other by taking off the corners to a blunt point, drill a hole toward the broad end, large enough to take a small brass screw; at the other end another hole but only large enough to receive the end of a small copper wire. Place this piece of copper thus shaped in a hand vice, and turn up to a right angle the pointed end to the height of half an inch. Now take another piece of copper plate the same breadth, a little short of an inch in length, turn one end up in the same way. Bore a hole in this to take a brass screw, get a piece of carbon, file it to one inch long, half inch broad, two-eighths deep; drill hole through it for screw. Now place this piece of carbon across the larger piece of copper plate, and crew it firmly on to the board, passing, of course, through the plate. Take the other piece of copper and screw it to the board at the other end. Two very small blocks of wood may now be cut, into which fix binding screws. With coaguiline fix these one at each edge of the tambourine, and then by the same process fix the board in the center, with its two ends towards the binding screws. When thoroughly firm bring a thin copper wire twisted into a helix through the hole in the upright and twisted firm to that hole. Bring the other end round the screw of the binding screw and screw it well down upon it. You have thus connection with the carbon plate. Take a small file and cut a nick in the center of the upright at the other end of the board, just deep enough to carry a piece of stout brass wire. Connect the copper in the same way as the other to the binding screw, in a line with it, the distance between the two copper plates on the board being about half an inch. You have now to cut a piece of stout brass wire, which, falling into the nick, shall by another nick in itself so balance, that one end, filed to a knife edge, shall just touch the end of the carbon. This is a long story to tell of what, when seen, is very simple. As to the effect, when seen, I have purchased some microphones from well known makers, and found them very good, for a large field, for fly walking, etc., the tambourine I find far the best. If the tambourine was supported on four pieces of oak I think it would improve it.

—The factories in Atlanta, Ga., employ 1,500 girls.

Spools.

Drummondville is situated on the St. Francis river, and the Northern Division of the Southeastern railway, Canada, passing through the Severn river, the prevailing wood which grew in the vicinity was white birch, which does not, we believe, make first-class fire-wood, but which appears to be the best for the manufacture of spools. This probably was the reason why Drummondville was selected as the place in which to locate these factories, and the farmers in the vicinity can always find a ready market for this kind of wood at about \$2.50 to \$3.00 per cord. The wood, after being delivered to the factories, is first sawed into pieces about four feet long and from an inch to an inch and a half square, according to the size of the spool it is destined to make. These pieces are put into a dry-house and thoroughly dried, from whence they are taken into the factory and given to the "roughers," who, in an incredibly short space of time bore a hole in the center a couple of inches deep, turn about the same space round, and then cut off the length required for a spool. The machines used for this purpose are revolving planers, in the center of which is a revolving gimlet or bit, and immediately to the right a small circular saw with a gauge set to the proper size for the spools. The "roughers" received a cent and a half per gross for their work, and experienced men can turn out from 100 to 130 gross per day. The round blocks pass from them to the "finishers," who place them in machines which give them the shape of spools and make them quite smooth. It is quite interesting here to notice the men at work. A man stands with his left hand upon a small lever, and with the right he places the blocks, one at a time, in the lathe, then draws the lever toward him for an instant, and the work is done; the lever is pushed back and the spool drops down into a box below, while the right hand is ready with another block. These blocks are handled at the rate of twenty-five or thirty per minute. The "finishers" also receive one cent and a half per gross, and they can each turn out from 100 to 130 gross per day. The spools are thrown loosely into a large cylinder, which revolves slowly so that the spools are polished by the constant rubbing upon each other for some time. On being taken out of the cylinder they are placed in a hopper with an opening at the bottom, through which they pass down a slide for inspection. Here the inspector sits and watches closely to see that no imperfect spools are allowed to pass, and a very small knot or scratch is sufficient to condemn them. The spools then pass into the hands of the packers, who handle them very lively. They are packed in large boxes made the proper size, so that the layers of spools exactly fill the box and no additional packing is needed. These boys receive a quarter of a cent per gross for packing, and a smart boy who is accustomed to the work can pack about 200 gross per day. One proprietor ships over two million spools per month to England, and another firm, ships over one million spools to Glasgow, Scotland.

A Drunken Elephant.

I saw little Betsy as drunk as a fiddler one time, and she was a funny sight. We were showing late in the fall in Indiana, in very severe weather. Some monkeys and birds and snakes had frozen, and Betsy showed that she was suffering greatly from the cold. Long John went to Manager Older and said to him:

"You'd better get some whiskey for Betsy, or she'll freeze."

"How much?"

"Her ears are just beginning to freeze; get three buckets."

Well they knew that was two for Betsy and one for Long John; but when it came to elephants he was boss, and the whiskey was got, as he ordered. Only you should have seen the tavern keepers' eyes stand out when they ordered three buckets of whiskey for two drinks. Betsy drank all they gave her, and got staving drunk. She'd stagger and roll over, and picked herself up, and pick Long John up, and "lose him on her back and sort of laugh, and it was a nip and tuck between them which was the drunker. Elephants are very fond of whiskey, or any sort of liquor, especially if it has lots of red pepper in it; and they are not only fond of getting drunk themselves, but they are very considerate of drunken men. I never yet knew of an elephant hurting a drunken man. That Long John, when he was staggering drunk, would go right up to Sultan or Canada, when nobody else dared to go near them, and would fool around them, and swing on their tusks, and toss their trunks about and go to sleep right down by their feet, and they would not only not do him any harm, but wouldn't let anybody else go near him until he chose to wake up. And any real drunken man can do pretty much as he pleases with an elephant.

Blind Tom at Home.

Blind Tom when at home in Georgia, lives in a building about two hundred yards from the house, and there remains alone with his piano, playing all day and night like some one possessed with madness. Bad weather has an effect upon his music. In cloudy, rainy seasons he plays sombre music in minor chords; and when the sun shines and the birds sing, he indulges in waltzes and light music. Sometimes he will hammer away for hours producing the most horrible discord imaginable. Suddenly a change comes over him and he indulges in magnificent bursts of harmony, taken from the best productions of the masters. Since his childhood he has been an idiot and he played nearly as well at the age of seven as he does now; but now his repertoire is much larger and he can play anything he has ever heard. He now plays about seven thousand pieces and picks up new ones everywhere. It is a curious fact that he will not play Sunday school music if he can help it, having a great dislike for it.