THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VCL. XII.

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1886.

THE CHILD SPY.

They called him Stenne, young Stenne. He was a real Par's boy, puny and pale, perhaps 10 and perhaps 15 years old, for with these imps you can little coffee and a drop of brandy. While home at last, and went to his room at once, thankful that his father had not come home yet; the crowns that seemed never tell. H's mother was dead, and his father, formerly a soldier in marines, to the sergeant from the door, said a few was the guardian of a square in the words to him and hurried off. Quartier du Temple. Everybody knew Father Stenne and loved him, babies, nurses, poor women and the old ladies with their campstools, in fact, the whole of that part of Paris which seeks a refuge from carriages in these flower plots surfrom carriages in these flower plots sur-rounded by sidewalks. Everybody knew what a pleasant, sympathetic smile the some of them polished up their bayonets. old fellow hid behind his bristling mustache, the terror of both dogs and loafers, children escaped. and they also knew but to call up that smile-they had but to ask:

"How is the little boy to-day?" How old Father Stenne loved that boy! He felt so happy when the little fellow came for him in the evening after school, and they walked down the alleys hand in hand, stopping before each bench to greet the regular visitors and answer their polite questions.

being cocked.

the Prussians.

himself on the ground.

Unfortunately the siege changed all this. Father Stenne's square was closed and petroleum was stored there; so the poor old man, ever on the watch, and not allowed to smoke, passed his life wandering alone among the deserted, overturned shrubberies. He could not see his son now until late at night, at home. and you should have heard him talk about the Prussians and seen his mustache bristle up fiercely! Young Stenne did not complain much of his new life.

You see a siege is lots of fun for the boys; school is closed, no more examinations now, every day is a holiday, and the streets are like a fair.

The child used to stay out until nightfall, running about everywhere. He followed the companies of his ward as they tramped off to duty on the ramparts, and always picked out those that had the best band. Young Stenne was well the boys passed. up on this subject, and he could tell you why the band of the Ninety-sixth was poor, and why that of the Fifty-fifth was so good. Then again he watched mobiles drill. Eesides these amusements, there were the waiting processions, which formed before the doors of the butchers and bakers, in the dark winter mornings, when the lights were all out, and he would stand up in file like the rest, with his basket under his arm and his feet in the slush and water; here he made acquaintances and talked politics, and, as he was the son of Mr. Stenne. everybody asked his opinion. But what was most fun was pitching penish manners seemed to amuse them that famous game nies, and of vastly. They laughingly repeated the "galoche," which the Breton militia had brought into fashion during the siege. light in wallowing in the mud which he When you could not find young Stenne brough them from Paris. Young Stenne would have liked to say either on the ramparts or at the baker's. he was pretty sure to be at the game of on the Square du Chateau "esloche," he was no fool either; but something emd'Ean. He could not play, of coursebarrassed him. A little to one side, and that cost too much; but he looked on, facing him, sat a Prussian older than the and opened the biggest, greediest eyes in rest, and more serious looking. He was the world.

There was one fellow in a blue smock whom he admired especially; he only bet

diers crouched around a dying fire, a bearing the word "spy" in the noise of real widow's fire, as they say, in the the wheels and in the rolling of the flame of which they were trying to thaw drums the boys were practising on along some biscuits on the point end of their the canal embankment. He reached

come home yet; the crowns that seemed they were drinking an officer called out so heavy to him he hid under his pillow. Father Stenne had never been so good or so jolly as that evening when he came home. The news from the provinces The sargeant returned in high gloe. "Boys!" he said, "grog all round to-

was good, and prospects looked more night; we have got the password of the cheerful. While he was eating supper Prussians, and this time I think we'll the old soldier kept looking up at his gun that hung from a nail in the wall, and said to his boy with a good-natured men began to dance and to sing, while laugh:

"Hey, little man, how you would go Taking advantage of this confusion, the for those Prussians if you were big enough.' Beyond the trench they struck the plain, About 8 o'clock they heard the guns

at the end of which loomed up a long booming. white wall, broken by loopholes. They "That is at Aubervilliers. They are made straight for the wall, stopping at fighting at the Bourget," said the old felevery step to look, as though they were low, who knew all the forts by heart. picking up potatoes. "Let us go home --don't let us go on," young Stenne kept Young Stenne grew very pale and went up to bed, saying he felt tired, but he saying. The other merely shrugged his

could not get to sleep, and the guns kept on booming, He faxcied that he could shoulders and kept on advancing. Suddenly they heard the clicking of a gun see the sharpshooters going out into the night, so as to surprise the Prussians, "L'e down!" cried "the elder, throwing and falling into an ambush themselves. He remembered the sergeant who had As he lay there he whistled-and ansmiled at him, and he fancied he saw other whistle answered over the snow, him stretched out in the snow, and a

They advanced, slowly creeping on all number of others with him. The price of all this blood was just there below his eray speaks of Beethoven's "Dream of fours. On a level with the ground, and just before the wall, a vellow mustache pillow-and he the son of Mr. Stenne, the son of a soldier! Ah! the tears were ip's adventures on his way through the choking him. In the next room he world says "always soothes me and appeared under a greasy cap. The big boy jumped into the ditch by the side of heard his father walking up and down, and then open the window. On the of Tennyson's in music," and he declares "That is my brother," he said, pointing square below they were beat to arms; a that "the music with its solemn charm to his companion. The boy Stenne was so small that the

Prussian began to laugh as he looked at start. It was really a serious battle; he him, and seized him in his arms to lift could not keep back his sobs. "What is the matter?" asked Father him up to the break in the wall, on the other side of which rose heavy earthern Stenne, as he opened the door. The child embankments, cut tree trunks and black could not stand it any longer; he jumped holes in the snow, in each of which you out of bed and threw himself at his father's feet, and as he did to the crowns it was made at many music shops, the just saw the same greasy cap, and the same yellow mustache that laughed as rolled out on the floor.

"What is that?" asked the old man, In one corner stood the gardener's trambling all over. "Have you stolen?" house, with tree trunks for casements. And without drawing breath young The lower floor was full of soldiers play-Stenne told how he had gone to the ing cards, while some were cooking a Prussians and what he had done there; stew over a large fire. It smelt so good as he talked his heart grew lighter; it of cabbage and lard; "what a difference was a relief to accuse himself. Father between that and the sharpshooters' Stenne listened and his brow kept growcamp? Up-stairs the officers were playing darker; when it was all told he laid ing the piano, and uncorking campagne. his face in his hands and wept. and gave a joyful cheer as the boys en-

"Father, father," the child began. tered. They gave their papers and the The old man thrust him aside without men began to give them wine and to make them talk, Most of the officers a word and picked up the money. "Is it all here?" he asked. looked like proud, fierce men, but the big Young Stenne nodded. The old fellow fellow's slang and his caddish, monkey-

then took down his gun and cartridgebox and put the money into his pocket. "Very well," he said, "I am going to give it back to them." And without anwords after him, taking a curious deother word, without turning round again, he went down and marched away into the night with the militia men who something, too, so as to show them that were just starting! He never was seen again .- Translated from the French of Daudat.

> A Nap in the Afternoon. In a very interesting colloquy the other Beethoven's most familiar sonatas -. Cor. London Telegraph.

reading, or pretending to read, for he never took his eyes off the boy, and there day with one of Brooklyn's oldest and London Standard, was something of tenderness and somemost prominent medical men he said, as thing of reproach in ais look, as though

HER ANSWER.

"I'm going to be married," he softly said. She boked up in swift surprise; The color from out of her bright face fied, The light grew dim in her eyes. "You're going to be married?" she echoed,

low. Her voice had a stendy tone. "I hope you'll be happy where'er you go." A cough aid a little moan.

"I know that your bride will be good and true, You never could love any other."

he steadily looke I in his eyes, dark blue; "I teguler you joy, my brotner."

I'm going to be married-that is, I hope To be, though I hardly know-Dear love, shall I longer pine and mope? I tremble for fear of 'no.'''

The color that out of her face had fled Came back with a deeper hue. Why, isn't it funny?" she shyly said; "That I'm to be married, 100?" -Roxbury Advocate,

his ears.

The Black Man's Own Country.

INVENTION OF BEETHOVEN.

What Thackeray Says in a Novel-Shrewd Proprietor of a Music Shop.

Sir George Grove explains how it has come about that a piece of music called "The Dream of St. Jerome," by L. V. Beethoven is now on sale. It was invented by Thackeray, who was not a musician. In his novel, "Philip," Thackment. They have been too much rele St. Jerome," which the narrator of Philcommunity,-Fortnightly Review, charms me, so that I fancy it is a poetu militia battalion was forming, ready to mikes us all very happy and kindis not wanted in the Cape colony. hearted, and enobles us somehow as the country of the black man-of that

listen." It was inevitable that readers of Thuckeray should desire to know the music; and a demand for the piece was made at a certain music shop. Probably proprietors of which regretted they they were not acquainted with the piece, and promised to make inquiries. But this was not the answer of the shrewd proprietor of one particular shop. He perceived that there was likely to be a mand for the music, and he determined that the mere fact of its not being in existence should in no way prevent him from supplying it. The omission of Beethoven to write such a piece

as that which Thackeray described him as having written was one which an enterprising publisher felt must be immediately repaired.

"Sir,' he said, addressing the customer, 'the piece is for the moment out of print, but we shall have copies in a few days, and one shall be sent you;' and mighty tracts of the green and beautiful then, turning to one of his myrmidons (who shall be nameless), he said, 'Now country stretching in mountains and val-----, you know your Beethoven; levs and plains to the equatorial latitudes look sharp and cook up something.' The myrmidon was worthy of his employer; the piece was concocted and engraved, and has been on sale ever since." Thackeray was thinking, it appears, of a song be universally declared to offer no op-which Moore "adapted" from one of portunities to those in need of bread.--

A BRAVE MECHANIC. Better Be Blind Than Deaf and Damy. Are not the blind proverbially cheer-

ful, and is not this a beneficent, useful, In The Nouvelle Reyne was a very powand compensating quality in them? As erful story of the Franco-Prussian war, from which we selected the finale for a rule, we carry our cross gayly, and it is a constant source of wonder to many translation. The narrative concerns the efforts of a Prussian artillery officer to that we can keep up our spirits in face of compel a French muchihist to repair a road-engine destined to draw a monster the calamity. Contrasted with the deaf our bearing is remarkable; they are prone to took gloomy and morose, while cannon to the slege of Paris. The German machinists and engineers have been killed; we are, I think, usually the reverse. the Frenchman refuses to do the work. The secret is that it is far more depress-Finally, by seizing and maltreating the wife and child of the mechanic, he is ing and miserable to live in silence than in darkness. As proof of this, watch a forced to obey. How he obeys the follow-ing recital will tell.) The place where the Prussians had left their locomotive was about half a league deaf person sitting apart with saddened

expression and suspicious glance quick traveling in all directions. The whole from the village, on the plateau. Of course, we were all anxions to see the aspect and demeanor of the man changes on the instant some one speaks to him in thing-Just as anybody is curious to see what comes from a distance. So I said, "Ma foi, let us all go look at it! The Prushis own tongue-on the fingers, that is to say. The silence in which he lives is dispelled; he has found an equivalent for stans are not going to eat us!" Six or seven of us started after Jacques, keeping step

Give, then, the blind man in his fingers behind the Prussian escort. We soon saw in the middle of the road a an equivalent for his eyes and the dark ness in which he lives is dispelled. His big black thing guarded by a small force of men who seemed to have been en-camped there all night. It was the mood, if happy, simply becomes happier, in that he has an occupation, the source daminable machine, sure enough a road-lecomotive, I believe they call it, and be-hind, it, upon two cars all bound with iron, of all happiness. The situation is not changed if the occupation be directing or listening instead of technical. No; I was a cannon and its carriage. Lord' sir, if you could have seen that cannon! A must repeat this is a misunderstanding of the powers of the blind which has monster cannon! God have mercy on us to think that people can invent such hitherto retarded their fullest developthings. Why, two men could easily have sat in the muzzle of it! God knows how gated to the ranks of the incompetent, many quintals it weighed! One shot from it would have made a hole in a house from too much set aside as a class by themselves, instead of being accepted as intelthe attic to the cellar! And when we heard that a gun of that calibre had a range of nearly seven miles, we thought to ligent, useful, working members of the

ourselves, sully enough, that the Parisans were not going to have a pleasant time of It is only too certain that the emigrant It. Only, you can understand, it was no easy job to move a mass like that! It It is would have taken more than thirty horses scorner of clothes, the noble savage. just to move it. Nothing but steam could White labor languishes: energy fails at move the thing; and there was the enthe moment prospects open. The Boer, the most adhesive of mortals, rests con-"Ah?" we thought to ourselves, "what a pity Jacques ever allowed himself to be tented with a squalid home and a proscaught! If he could only manage now to pect of untilled acres more extensive disarrange something, so that the mathan his eye can survey. The true colonial instinct is wanting-that inde-

binery wouldn't work?" Bit no-he went to work at once; and in the turn of a hand the locomotive was all scribable intellectual capacity of taking root where the foot falls. Ambition here right again; for Jacques was a tip-top ma-chinist, let me tell you! Then, while they seems to impel a man no further than a were getting up steam I heard him giving desire to obtain money enough to enable. him, whether he be an Englishman or a all sorts of explanations to the German commandant. The officer was a sly old German, to return home and stop there. dog, and he was afraid about moving the A posterity may arise that will be as gun down the slope of the hill. But the vine bush is, or the gum tree-a pure Jacques tried to reassure him; he said h growth of South African soil, but with would slacken off at the entrance of the antecedents with a beginning in white village; he would put on the brakes; he hands. But down to the present moment would lock the hind-wheels; if necessary he could reverse steam. "Don't be at all the symptoms are not those of a colonizsaid; "I'll answer for everyation such as created a great republic afraid," he thing. All those kind of engines know me across the western ocean, such as has when I put my hand on them. Only you builded an empire of cities and populous had better send some men there to shovel towns in the distant Pacific. I say it is away the snow upon the slope. It might a pity; for you cannot think of the cause us to slip."

You must know that it had snowed very heavily eight days ago. Since then the snow had been trampled down by the feet and of the dreadful poverty you see and of people passing by, but between the paying stones it had remained solid, and hear of and read about in Lordon and during the night there had been a hard frost, so that the road glittered like a lookthroughout Great Britain and Ireland without deep regret that the land should ing-glass. The commandant had noticed all this. "You are right," he sail to stead of artist." Whited about ten days, Jacques. And a few minutes afterward and never a rap at my door. Finally a man called-a big, strapping chap, with work clearing the highway with picks and shovels and brooms; and with spaties they

An Art-Student's Life in Paris.

ball. The houses trambled; the pavements shivered with bursts of fire; it was a cy-

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cione rushing down the street with thun-der and lightning. Jacques, still riding the engine, with his cripe on the threat of the Prussian, looked like a devil as he passed. We heard him once again shout "Viva la France," then-down below at the turn-across the hedge-the whold thing disappeared in the ravine, it was an awful crash! You can not imagine what it sounded like, unless you think of lightning suddenly demolishing this house we are talking in. And the next minute there was a dead silence. Nobody could speak. The women hid their faces in their aprons; all of us felt sick, as if our hearts

had been wrenched from their places, Would you believe it, sir, I can't think of the thing now without feeling my flesh creep. It was fifteen years ago; and it looks foolish to feel like that after fifteen years. But I can't help it. Well, to cut the story short, it took those

Prussians more than six weeks to fish ug their cannon out of the hollow. There, in the mud, lay the most awful mess of wisted iron, dislocated wheels, crumbledown earth, broken trees, splintered stones. When they did mamage to get the cannon out of the wreck, it was too late for the bombardment-the slege of Paris was over.

Brave Jacques Brulefert-that was just what he wanted. And to think that we couldn't even bury him-brave as he want He was so crushed out of all shape that all we could find of him a few days after, was n few shreds of bloody flesh; and even then we could not tell whether they belonged to the Freachman or the German. But we took them to the cemetery, almost without any ceremony-for the Prussians were still in the village, and all as mad as they could be after the catastrophe. Afterward we put a stone over his grave, with his name on it, and the words, "Mort pour la Patrie,"-and that was all. In thirty years more nobody will remember who he was. The wife is dead; the house was sold, and the son joined the army. He's sergeant now in some regiment of the line; and I tell you if we ever get a chance to go for the Denotes but the non-thet will cont Prussians, he's the one that will go in with a good will. But it's very seldoin he comes back to the vidage; and except him, and one or two old men like myself, Lobody thinks any more about Jacques Brulefert.

See here, sir, you are a smart man-you ought to write up his history. It is only the fair thing to give him credit. I just tell you, with all their battalions and their big guns, the Frussians would have had the devil to pay in 1870, if there were many of us Frenchmen like Jacques Brulefert.

"And now, sir," said the old man. "I've been gossiping long enough. Must go to work! Here's to your health"!

"I drink to France, Pere Sauvage; and to the memory of Jacques Brulefert. And I promise you that I will write this story."-George Ronard in New Orleans Times

An Artist Disgusted with Kausas City.

"Yes, I've been out west," said a natty, cigarette smoking. big-cravated young man, on an cast bound train, "out I don't like it. You see, I'm an artist--oll portraits are my specialty, though i do everything in my line. Well, two weeks ago I settled in Kansas City. Rented a studio, put up my sign, and walted for customers. Didu's want to put on too much style for a new place, so I had my sign read 'painter,' iu-stend of 'artist.' Waited about ten days, man called-a big, strapping chap, with moddy bods and an enormous slouch hat.

dollar chips, and when he ran you could hear the silver jingle in his pockets. One day as he was picking up a coin which had rolled away and stopped just at young Stenne's feet, the big fellow said to him in a low voice: "It makes you squint, does it? Well, if you want to know I'll tell you where you can get some."

When the game was over he led him to a corner of the square and proposed to him to go with him and sell newspapers to the Prussians; he got 30 francs a trip. Stenne refused at first and was highly indignant. For three days he would not go back to the game-what awful days those three were! He could not eat or sleep. At night he dreamed of piles of enloches at the foot of his bed, and of shining dollars, slipping along on their faces. The temptation was too strong. and on the fourth day he returned to the Chateau d'Ean, saw the big fellow, and allowed himself to be talked over.

One snowy morning they started out, each with a cloth bag slung across his shoulder, and with the newspapers hidden under his blouse. It was hardly light when they reached the Flanders gate. The big boy took him by the hand and led him up to the sentinel, a good humored, fat old fellow with a red nose, and said to him in a winning voice:

"Kind sir, do let us pass, please sir; mother's ill and father's dead, and my young brother and I want to get into the field and try to find some potatoes." He was actually crying. Stenner, sentinel looked at them a moment, then down the solitary, white road.

"Pass, then, quickly," he said. standing aside, and they found themselves on the road to Aubervilliers. How the big fellow laughed !

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Indistinctly, as in a dream, young tenne noticed the factories that now were used as barracks and garnished with wet rags, and the high chimneys that pierced the fog and threw up their empty, broken walls toward the clouds. Here and there a sentinel, hooded officers scanning the horizon through their ers, little tents soaked with thawing

grow before which the campfires were dying. The big fellow knew the roads well, and where to eut across the fielda to avoid the pickets; still, notwithstanding these precautions, they fell upon an outpost of sharpshooters, wrapped in short cloaks and huddled up in a ditch half full of water, that runs along the railroad track of Soissons. Here the big fellow repeated his tale in vain; they id not allow him to pass. While he od there complaining, an old sergeant out of the crossing-keeper's his hair was white, and with his ble one. wrakles he looked somewhat like Father

"Come, come, boys don't stand there low had left him as soon as they crying," he said to the children: "they'll had passed the gate, and then the crowns t you through after your potatoes; but | in his pocket began to grow heavier and as in here and get warm. That ster looks frozen."

youngster looks frozen. Alas! Young Stenne was trembling Alast Young Stenne was trembling seened changed; the people in the street and fear. Inside they found a few sol knew where he had been, and he kept

he was thinking of his own son, just about Stenne's age, and was saying to sward. "I had rather die than have my boy do

such a thing." And young Stenne felt as though a

himself:

hand was placed upon his heart and kept it from beating. To provent this feeling he brg in to dfink, until soon everything around him was turning round. He could hear indistinctly how his comrade was laughing at the national guard and at their awkward drill, much to the the m amusement of the listeners, or how he imitated a false alarm, the turning, out at night and the rush for ramparts. After awhile the big follow lowered his voice, and the faces of the officers grew more should be implicitly obeyed." serious as they drew nearer. The wretch was warning them against the attack of the sharpshooters. This time young position to sleep, doctor?" "Yery easily," he replied. "In the city Stenne could not stand it, and suddenly one's occupation keeps the brain in con-

sobered he cried out, "I won't have that now; none of that." are the thousand and one impres-But the big fellow only langhed and went on; before he was through all the officers had drawn around him. One of them pointing to the door said to the

DYS: "Get out of here!"

And they began to talk among themnally and inscinctively doing in cities. selves very quickly in German. The bigger boy statked out proud as a king. Here our liv s are antipodean to all this. acresslf to the task of retrieving and renoand rattling his money. Stenne passed, vating the hard worked brain, and hanging his head, and as he passe i the she does it by making us sleep."-Sara-Prussian whose gaze had embarrassed toga Correspondence Brooklyn Eagle. him so, he heard him say in a sad tone of voice: "A past tjop; a past tjop, this,"

and it brought the tears to his eyes. Once out in the plain, the boys began to run quickly towards home. Their bag was full of potatoes, which the Prussians had given them, and so they passed the sharpshooters' trench without

a hitch. Here they were gotting ready for the night attack. Troops kept coming in silently and forming, behind the walls. The old aergeant was there, looking happy and busily placing his men. He noticed the children as they passed, and smiled at them , kindly. How that smile hurt young Stenne! He was on the point of calling out to them:

ren:

"If you peach we shall be shot," and so fear kept him from saying anything. At Courneuve they entered an aban-doned house to divide up the money, and

truth obliges me to own that the division was a fair one, and that when young Stenne heard the crowns jinglung in his ockets, and thought of the many games of "galoche" he should be able to play, his crime no longer seemed such a horri-

An Italian scientist's Experiments. In the deep stillness if one listens to a faintly heard sound, like that of the ticking of a watch, it will be noticed that at irregular intervals the tones are wholly . inaudible, while at others times they are

distinctly recognized. Sig. Raggi, an Italian scientist, has ascertained by experiments on different persons that the ntervals of silence usually vary between seven and twenty two seconds; while the periods of sound-perception are between seven and eleven seconds in duratioy, with a maximum of fifteen. He also found that the variation was not due to extraneous sounds nor to the "Don't go there! We have betrayed blood circulation or respiration, and con-

cludes that it results from the inability But his companion had warned him: to keep the attention for long periods at a sufficient degree of tension for the perception of faint sounds, or possibly to a

riable physiological receptivity in the auditory nerves.-Chicago News. Freved by Mathemathical Demonstation There is, of course no use disputing the truth of a thing that can be proved by mathematical demonstration. For instance, this proposition advanced by a

professor of mathematics to his pupils: "It is evident that if it takes one brick-As soon as he was alone, however, he began to suffet misery; the big fellayer twelve days to erect a wall of given ensions, twelve bricklayers ought to do the work in one day, 288 in an hour, 17,280 in a minute, and 1,036,850 brickheavier, and the hand that was clutch-ing his heart tightened its grasp. Paris layers in a second."-New York Sun.

Genius, unrewarded by applause, final istrusts and then despises itself. A Paris parrot lived 123 years.

sat on the rear piazza of the Grand Stockings on the Jaeger Principle. In laying down the law Professor Union hotel, languidly gazing at the robin reducenst hopping about the Jaeger asserts that if you want to be upheld, even ever so slightly, and a stu-

healthy you must wear wool from the crown of your head to the sole of your | all drawings must be in charcoal-no "This pure, balmy air is a perfect brain rester. I can conceive of no greater boot. The wool after being shorn from crayons, pencils, or stumps are allowedbenefit to the tired business men of our the sheep is woven lengthwise of the large cities than to come here for a few fibers, which are laid side by side as in a very fine point like a pen. In making weeks. His whole method of life is com-their natural state. This is known as that a study from life one must use charcoal pletely changed. Brain and body are at stockinet process of weaving and assists paper, and your study must be finished pletely changed. Brain and body are at stockinet process of weaving and assists sty avorstrained nerves are relaxed and in the absorption of the substances the vital forces are renewed. 1 say to thrown off by the sureat clauds. When all my patients when they are going to it is at all practicable Professor Jaeger untains and lakes not to fight does not use any dyes, preferring as he against the tendency with which they will gays to keep the wool in its natural conbecome affected. Give way to it. If dition. Stockings on the Jaeger principle after a long, sieepful fight you feel are equipped with five toes, just like a drowsy, sleep op. Sleep in the afternoon, glove. That, it is claimed, prevents the It is a mandate of nature that formation of corns and allows the foot to throw off the effete substances. The "How do you explain this strong disleather shoes are lined with wool, and by supplying the heel with a vent communicating with the perforations under

the inside sole, a free current of air stant and tense action. Besides, there around the foot is kept up when walking. As examples of what can be made sions that act unconsciously on the of wool handkerchiefs are woven line minds. Noise, catching trains and boats. and white as the purest linen. The hats reading the bulletin boards and signs as aro lined with woolen hands, and even cuffs and collars are made of wool.

we pass through the streets, and the Professor Jaeger claims that-the odor countless other small things we are cterof camel's hair, which is so easily distinguishable, has a most beneficial use. The sign a boing removed, nature applies. He asserts that it produces sleep in persons suffering from insoinnin, and he advises them to sleep on pillows covered with camel's hair and stuffed with feathers .- New York Star.

Picture of Count you Maitke.

Speaking of great people, I)-diust not overlook the genius of was that verify-Mars-the Count you Moltke, the ble master of the "last argument," as Prince von Bismarck is master of the earlier dialects of international controversy. As I was walking one day in Bellevne avenne I saw standing upon the curbstone a thin little man, with an absont look wearing a tall black cap with the red stripe which all Gorman officers wear, and with a great military coat thrown over his shoulders, the alceves dangling by his sides. I suppose he was waiting for somebody. When he turned and looked you in the face you might see that his eyes were by no means dull, although he was over 80. His cleansnaven, wrinkled face and thin white hair were not handsome, but impressive, though his herd was small and his eyset too near together. The genius of war, this thin wrinkled symbol of force, left his curlistone and pacel slowly down the street, giving the military seinte now and then, to those whom he passed on his wag-Cor. Botton Commercial Bulletin.

The Uninchiness of Spilling Sait. The popular superstition concerning chiness of splitting salt probably the units originated in Leonarda da Vinci's nicture of "The Last Supper," where Judas is represented as overturning the salt. Some people always throw a pinch of the spilled asit over their right shoulder, hoping thereby to prevant misfortune .--Dichange.

A Detroit youth studying in Paris "The impressionist is not writes home:

dent cannot work as he likes. First of and the charcoal used here is hard, taking without resort to rubbing flat shadows. mandant! Ya, commandant!' on patches of light and shadow made saw him pull out his revolver and climb on the locomotive insides the pass and through any other minus than the point. Thus you see your study is drawing at the officer shouted from his horses every stage, and you can not resort to tricks or accident. In drawing a ment you make to get away, you will be head or the anatomy of 1172 "BIOTO" arm or leg one is taught by this means not only the use of a point, how to say! Jacques simply shrugged his but he is instructed most accurately in shoulders. . actual movements of the muscles, tenswered. But to make sure of things the dons and hones; thus fixing in the sta-German officer ranged his men in two dent's mind with more certainty and lines, one on either side of the engine; more lasting effect the values of art then he took the head of the column, lines and physiological construction. It shouted something in German, and gave is drawing in the true sense of the word, the command, 'Forward, march! engine whistled, panted, tugged with all without any nonsense whatever.

"Student life does not seem expensive. steam; the cannon quivered and moved On the contrary, it is proving quite reawith a transmitons' clattering of iron; and sonable. We get well-cooked dinners in the whole affair began to advance sh most quaint and artistic little restaubetween the two lines of soldiers slowly marching along the level road. rants for 2 francs. 40 cents of our money -and our studies cost us but \$5 a month vilinge to tell the people that the cursed with coffee included, served each mornmachine was coming, and all the folks-men, women and children-ranged them ing in our studios. Our school, our tuition, is \$12 a month, and so you see one selves along the condship to see it pass. In can live well hers."-Exchange. a little while somebody should, "ifere she comett-here she comest" And there it-

The Dog Did Not Count Seven.

It is one thing to think by resemblances and another thing to think by symbols. A story was recently published by M. Dubue of a pointer which had learned after a few years that its master went hunting every Sunday, while on the other days he went to business; and M, Dubne concluded that the animal had learned to count up to seven.

The conclusion is not legitimate; it may even be said to be wrong. The dog distinguished Sanday by some features that were peculiar to it-by the movements about the house, the behavior and Sunday dress of the servants, the dress of the muster, or any one or more of a number of things that make Sanday different from other days of the week; but we may say without contradiction that it not count seven. We, did selves, if we were restricted to a life absolutely uniform, would not be able to distinguish the seventh day without mnemotechnic aids, and as a rule we seldom recollect, the day or the date except by the assistance of intrinsic circumstances.-Popular Science Monthly.

Whole Disherics of the Pacific.

Whate fisheries are established all along the coast of Oregon and California. and numbers of whinles are taken in their migrations down the coast, while whales have been taken up north with harpoons in them belonging to San Diego and Monterey whaters.

madman: he roared all kinds of orders to his soldiers. I suppose he must have been saying: "Stop himt kill him?" shill stop bits, indeed! The men were all analyzed with astoaishment and formers in hy, you might as well have talked of stopping an express train going at full ateam? The ef-gine shot straight alread that is an arrive It is singular that the post morters of a character seldom reveals any shortcomings - Whitehall Times

spread clay over the slope, from the top the bottom. ducques was waiting there all the time.

"See here, you engineer-the first move

"Shot?"-that was all the brute knew

"I don't want to get away," he an-

We-the rest of us, -ran anend to the

way, sure enough, on top of the slope,

ing. (You can see the place from here, sir, if you lean a little this way.) It is just

ten steps from our house. You see where

the road ends, and the street pavement

put on the brakes." Well, sir, if I live 100 years, I'll never

forget what happened the next minute-no-and nobody who saw it could ever

had ordered his wife and son to leave the

he suddenly put on all steem-leaped at

the lieutenant-wrenched the revolver

from his hunds, and held him fast with an

iron grap, shouting with all the force of his great lungs, "vive in France!"-And

the engine leaped forward, and rnshed down the all, relounding over the paving stones; and down rushed the great can-non, thundering behind it, and the can-

un-carriage-with a noise like hell let

The German officer had only just time

Contra 1

to get out of the way. He screamed like a madman: he roared all kinds if orders to

to the big one.

"Take care!"

right against the sky-all black and sm

The locomotive was all right; he sat down on it, and succlud his pipe instanciessly as if he was at home. Still the German commander was not quite confident about thinga. When the time came to start 1 saw him call a lieutenant up, and say something in German. I heard every syl-lable-but I could not tell what it was. yer hand to?

and

The lieutenant kept answering 'Ya, comorder. "Wall, young man, I don't take stock

in particle if r. If promise me good, housed work I guess I'll get ye to come out in the country 'bont four raile and put two coats white on my hose barn?

"I started for Chicago the next day, and here I afn."-Chicago Herald "Train Talk.

White Slavery Among the Appenines.

The padrone business has been squelched on this side of the Atlantic, at least north of the Rio Grande, but in the Appenines the traffic in children continues to flour-ish. There are traveling agonts who de-liver their cargo of white slaves in Marrelifes or Amsterdam, where their accomplices ply a retail trade under the sign of an employment agency, and who will take a short time order is a batch of three or four down young countrymen of Dante. The Italian government tries to circumscribe the traffic by quite a number of by-laws, but among the personnis of the Appenines there seems to be no difficulty on that account. They part with a super-numerary child for a triffing advance payment and the promise of an equally modest percentage in the promise of all equally hol-est percentage in the prospective wages of the youngster. For a few aidiional sendi they are ready to reliaquish all rights, including the right of asking any questions whatever.-Dr. Feltz L.

Ten Gleis to One Fellow.

begins? That's where the descent begins, and there is a little slope before you come One of the features an the Grand opera bouse last night was a round man exort-ing ten girls. He had accepted a wager that he date there to invite all the girls in At that moment the German officer turned in his saddle, and should to question to go on the same night. The exnd all of them met him by appointmens "All right," said Jacques, "I'm going to at 7:45 o'clock at a drug store in the central part of the city. At the show he dis-tributed the girls evenly about him and endeavored to entertain them as impor-tially as possible. The most difficult part of arget it. Then I understood why Jacques the undertaking came when he took the girls home. The troupe marched cheer-fully through the streets, dropping its members here and there, and at a few minutes after midnight the young man's village, and go to their, uncle's. It would have made them crazy for life to have seen what I did. Lord: instead of putting on the brakes, task was completed .- Syracuse Standard.

Tennessee Qually for Lillneis,

Quail, once so plentiful in Illinois, have become very scarce, and Illinois farmers, who recognize their value as insect destroyers, nro making arrangements stock their farms with Tennessee blids,-Chicago Herald.

The Portraits Hurt His Feelings.

Henry Watterson is reported to have said that he could survive the oblitary notices published at the time of his li-ness, but the portraits hurt his feelings.-Exchange.

The larger animals are being rapidly exterminated in Algeria, and the lion of the desert is fast becoming a invite.

faith- hour for swell bran brast pas they to New York to LEBELOCA.

"Air yo a painter?" he incrited, looking me over. "'Yes sir.' I replied, modestly, thinking

him some big cattia king with a big stack of money and a big heart; 'is there anything I can do for you?'

"Air ye a first rate painter?" he in-quired, still looking at me curiously; "kin ye do a good job at 'most anything ye turn

"I will try to suit yon,' says I. "If you" will be so kind as to favor me with your