THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

and the se

VCL. XII.

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1886.

A MOUNTAIN ROMANCE.

They were summering in the Sants Cruz mountains, the most delightful place in the most delightful state in the Union. The days were long, but full of the interest that extended rambles and sylvan discoveries confer. A fine stream, in which one could wade or stream, in which one could wade or gan in the stiff manner some people bathe to heart's content, kept up its adopt when acknowledging an introducceaseless conversation, like the hum of near and far voices. How beautiful in he concluded with regained ease. "And the early morning was the light falling on the ranks of giant redwoods; and surely there never was a bluer, purer sky than that bent above it all! Amy Desart, book in hand, sauntered down a leafy path, on which faint rays of light from the far sky sifted down through the redwoods odorous branches, glinted on their scarred trunks, and fell easily bite me and I not pay much atlike silver arrows into the rich shade of

the forest. The book she carrie i was a plexity." pretext. The day was for dreaming, and that printed page could charm the eye, hen there were a thousand distractions mpting the curiosity and challenging s admiration of a healthy nature? If sumbling bee, a vagrant bird, a clump yellow violets, or a broad "golden k" were enough to speak to a portio I, or charm an artist's eye, who could of watching the graader beauties of dwood forest, . or weary of the sudglimpses through opened boughs of sublime blue mountains? So a book

quite a useless thing to Miss Amy rt, but at the same time her tual companion. e was aroused from her lazy dream-

y a loud halloo. Indeed, she was immediately aroused, for the hal-; had been going on for quite a table length of time before her y consciousness stirred to the cf-something unusual; for hallood from her summery stupor, she an informal lunch at Hepsidam?" d with growing interest.

eard no responsive halloo from of the redwoods is Hepsidam?" ser part of the forest, that the is from some one lost in the wil-

lesperate and far away shout came | here we are." ear, she answered with a musical He stepped out on the path and stood a of the sound.

to

ch th

re

kı

pr of

dt

hands, she cried, "Lost?" answer came quite distinctly, evi-

lost all her languor. Here was ing of lively interest to occupy "Who are you?" she called. Westwood," came the answer. Francisco," he continued.

de wth and trackless wayof the woods, 12 called a conversation-as she only cordially. ed occasionally to show him that s coming. She had no fear of ost herself, for she had, time and ² roamed in the deepest and wildest of the forest, which was full of urks for her. ; hunting-and-lost-my-way," came and detachedly to her ears. stopped and said to herself : "I've

"Ab, but every one isn't a dryad." "No. I'm especially engaged for the summer in that capacity," she said, airily acknowleding his meaning. "When I'm at home," she continued, thinking previous confidence called for a like return, "I'm Miss Amy Desart, of-well everything in general. We're nomads." "I'm most happy, Miss Desart," he be tion, "to find in you an angel unawares, -and," he went on mischievously, "I think I was bitten by a rattlesnake some

time this morning." She turned in alarm and met his eyes, in which he could not repress a twinkle. "Why, you said you hadn't seen any." "I didn't see one, but I'm sure I must have heard a good many, and one could tention to it, you know, in my per-

She regarded him carefully, felt that he was a gentle-and saw besides the sure man. mischief in his eyes a great exhaustion, that brought out the silver flask without further misgiving. "I came off at 4 this morning, without

any breakfast," and one could see his weariness was real. "You know," stided, excusing himself, "I expected to be back at the hotel by 6 with a deer for breakfast." "You are staying at F---?" she asked.

---- was a village on the line of the railway, about a mile distant. "I have been there for the last week,

but intend to return to the city to-morrow. I suppose you can show me the way to F-"Oh, yes. I am so glad it was full,"

she said irrelevantly, as he returned her the empty flask. "You must have been very faint. We are nearly to the nath: we for owls, was by no means and Miss Desart's compliments, and will in in those silent depths. Once Mr. John Westwood deign to partake of

"Mr. John Westwood accepts with calls continued at intervals, paus-emingly in expectation or hope e reply. Miss Desart concluded, where and what in the name

"Hepsidam-as the name signifies-is 'a place in the wilderness,' rented during his will-'o-the-wisp friends, however, he As soon as hor half somnolent the summer months to campers for a was disappointed. No sign of life was ind formed this conclusion, her small stipend. We have been down about the place, and he avoided it in his ook up the idea, and when an- every summer for three years. But

m her vigorous young lungs, at beside her. How fragrant and cool the be time going in the evident di- woods were. The broad, leafy path made one sigh with pity for those who lost than hunting the wary deer. So was heard, for a responsive call were bound to tread the stifling streets in slightly louder tones, so she of the city. They soon reached the cotthat, whoever it was, he was ap-tage, which was not far from where ng her voice. Making a trumpet they struck the path. It was an idyllic the day. repast that awaited them. Mrs. Desart was as lovely and cordial as her daugh-

trumpeted in the same manner, ter, and Mr. Desart was full of bonhommie and unconcealed delight, at meeting any one so recently from the city. "I wish I had had the good luck to lose myself in this vicinity a week ago," said Westwood, regretfully, as he was

taking his departure, considerably later sitatingly she plunged into the un-sth and trackless way of the woods, "Well, you can find your way here

le the voice, which kept up a easily now, and we shall be glad to see one-sided conversation-if that you at any time," said paterfamilias, favorable alike for angling and for read-

loved. But since they had discovered

the redwoods of California, she was in-

spired by their grandeur to quite a

strong patriotism, for, though cosmo-politan bred, she was California born.

could hardly conquer his desire to visit his new friends. But he

week, Mr. Desart received a telegram

gencies, were on their eastward way.

cisco directory. His intentions were good, but when they had left New York

of his many pockets.

The next Sunday, John Westwood

always with the same result, till he her up on a measy log, and then deftly and as gently as possible cut out the barb. Of course it was painful, but two lost in the redwoods, but had fallen asleep on an enchanted hill-side (as Grimm's people do) and dreamed the

whole thing. It was late in September of the following year before John Westwood feltable to take his annual vacation from business cares. But the days grew so warm that he determined to break away from the hot pavements and ceaseless noise of the city, for a week in the mountains. But where? There were mountains north of him, mountains east of him, mountains south of him. He had only to choose. The mountains to the north were the Marin county branch of the Coast range, of which Tamalpais is the most prominent feature. But Tamalpais is visible from the city, so they wouldn't do. The same fault attached to the mountains to the east, that rise from the arid San Joaquin plains. Mount Diablo was their great feature, and his infernal majesty was plainly visible from the city To the south were the Santa Cruz mountains, in whose depths his short-lived romance of a year ago was enacted. It is

not strange that ignoring the charms of Mendocino redwoods, which necessitated he a day or two of steamboat travel, and steeling his heart against Donner lake and the snowy Sigmas (which were rather far off into the bargain), he decided to seek the bracing mountain air in the Santa Cruz range. F--- was

only a few hours distant from the city, and yet the place was a wild, untrodden wilderness-a wilderness possessing the great advantage of accessibility. One had only to strike out from the station at F--- in any direction to lose himself -as he had once proved-in a virgin and primeval forest.

He had no hope of meeting his quondam acquaintances again. If they had been down at all, he felt sure they had flown before that. He assured himself that he would not have wished to meet them, for they had treated him shabbily. It was a most contradictory impulse, then, that drew him the very first day of his arrival past the redwood cabin. If he had hoped for any sign of about the place, and he avoided it in his future rambles.

The large streams that flowed through the forest were famous for trout, and to trout-fishing he devoted himself, as offering fewer opportunities for getting with rod and line, a plentiful supply of light literature, and a sporteman's lunch basket well filled, he would start out for

He was impartial in his choice of streams, and often angled in the one that flowed near Hepsidam. He choose that one to-day, and made his way up the stream for a long distance by leaping from stone to stone, or by walking the mighty length of the redwood trees that lay, as they had fallen, in and across the stream in every direction, and by wading with his water-defying boots in the beautiful smooth stretches of water.

At last he reached a place he judged

or three little gasps were all the sign she gave, and they cut him to the heart. He tore up his handkerchief for a strip to wrap around the little bleeding toe.

"And now," he said, as gayly as he felt to be consistent with a bad conscience, "fishermen always carry their catch home, I belive, and you can not walk." She yielded to this arrangement, saying, "It isn't far-I had just started out to wade up stream for ferns." So Paul and Virginia wise, carefully

over the stones and up the road he bore his sweet burden, to the door of Hepsidam, where many explanations were the order of the day. Mr. Desart gave him the long deferred

letter, and they all forgave him for capturing Amy so cruelly. But at his wedding, some months later, he confided to his friends at large that it was the finest catch he had ever made; and none who saw his lovely bride questioned the statement. And Amy declares no one can ever say that she "angled for a husband."-K. L. Carnarthen in Overland Monthly

Trouble on the Pacific Slope.

The topography of no other part of the world is so adapted to develop dangerous floods and subsequent periods of water famine as that of Califorma, where the natural conditions are destroyed, and the sheep industry of the state is actively engaged and has been actively engaged for many years in de-stroying the balance of power held by the forests upon the water supply. Count-less herds of sheep, cattle and goats are driven every summer up from the parched valleys into the moist'mountain meadows and woods. They have de-

voured every blade of grass and stamped out and gnawed away every bush and young tree along the whole length of the Sierras. The reproductive power of the forest is thus seriously impaired, if not utterly ruined.

Nor is this the worst feature of the situation. Overpasturage of the woods has destroyed the grasses and the shrubs, and now for the purpose of increasing or renewing the supply the shepherds are setting fire to the forests, which by shading the ground check the growth of herbage. A hundred forest fires may now be seen upon any summer day from any of the high California mountains slowly eating away, what was once the noblest development of all forest growths. The animals are grazing, moreover, and the fires are burning upon the public domain of the United States: and the government is indifferent to this destruction of property or unable to prevent it.-New York San.

Agassiz and the Student. The writer well remembers his introduction to the late Agassiz and how he learned his method of investigation. Having undertaken the study

natural history, I went to the professor and asked him where to begin. "Ah," said he, "so you want to begin, do you? All right, here is a bluefish; now take it, dissect it carefully, note all you see, and come back to-morrow at the same time and report." Of I started with my fish. ing. It was a redwood trunk, soft with Yery carefully I went about my disse tion. In an hour or two I fancied I knew all about that fish, but as I was not to report until the next day I kept at pebit, every hour finding something new I went to the professor at the appointed baited his hook, flung his line out into time, feeling proud and confident that my natural discernment, for such I at hand (which may be a scientific way was pleased to form it, had anabled me to master the subject, and that I should well acquit myself in my report. The professor listened to all I had to say, and in his quiet way remarked: "So, so, very good, but not all." To make a long story short, I kept at that fish for a month, always the same answer, "very good, but not all. How I hated that fish at the end of the first week. How it did smell! I did not want to touch it, and flew into a rage at least a dozen times, and yet each day I found some thing new, and so on until the end of the month, and what there was then about that fish that I did not know was not worth knowing .- Electrical Review,

* School Treats in France. This is the season of "school treats, Gen. William H. Jackson, of Tennes. the glorious time of year when the chilsee, recently visited his old-time comrade dren of the very poor are for once in a and friend, Gen. W. W. Averill, of way lifted out of the depths of that poverty in which so many thousands of cavalry fame, and the two were recount ing reminiscences of adventures on the them are steeped and taught to believe frontier. Thirty years ago they were young lieutenants in a regiment of that for them, as well as for the "young mounted riflemen, then serving in New gentlemen" and "young ladies" of the 'colleges" and "high schools" and "fash-Mexico.

Averill's regiment was resisting a pre-datory band of Kiowas. Lieut. Jackson was in the combat as Averill's guest. ionable seminaries" the sun shines, the birds carol joyously, the long grass in meadows hymns a soft anthem as the light breezes sweep over it, and the waves dance and gleam as if they, too, Averill was a good shot, but was using a small Colt's revolver, and a Kiowa chief with whom he became engaged did not pay much attention to it, although twice wounded by it, once in Whe side and again in the thigh. In were making holiday. The "school treat" has always been an "institution" with us; in France, however, they have only just made the discovery that in this matter of school festivals the example cocking the pistol for the third time the set by "perfidious Albion" might well be imitated by "la gr-r-r-ande nation;" and spring of the lock broke, and, as they were at close quarters. Averill rushed upon the Indian and tried to brain him they have imitated us, we are glad to with the weapon. The chief seized the

say, accordingly. The first to participate in the count lieutenant, and a wrestling match enless pleasures of the French school treat were 400 children who receive their edusued without any hippodroming. They became locked together. The Indian, cation under the auspices of the Chemwith his left arm around Averill, held the lieutenant's right wrist with vise-like ins de Fer de l'Onest. They were taken, of course, by train to the forest of St grip of his left hand, preventing the use Germain, about as grand a playground of the pistol, while in turn the right hand of the savage, with a knife in its grasp, was held off by Averill's left clutching his wrist. Round and round they plunged and twisted and strained as could be found on either side of the channel; a number of friends sent a quantity of good things; the glades of the old forest rang with the unaccustomed music of children's voices; and, as a in the life and death struggle, the knife chronicler of the fete puts it, the specrapidly approaching neargr and nearer to Averill's throat, when Jackson, who had been looking for his friend, found him in this deadly embrace. As he rode up Averill was wondering if that Indian tacle of the youngsters at the station of St. Lazare, after their "outing," "did one good to see." Now that the "school treat" has once taken root in France, it will, we hope, develop in the provinces as well as in the capital.-Cor. Pall Mall would ever tire out or pause for breath; but he was as strong and active as a "young buffalo," which was his name. Then he heard Jackson's voice sing out: Gazette.

Ugly Residences in the Suburbs.

In some of the suburban towns surrounding Chicago there are entire streets closely built up with houses on both sides, which are as much like one another as twins. In shape, size and general contour they are similar, and, although the builder has put in some mifeature of variation, perhaps to as-sist the occupant to distinguish his home from the rest, the effect is painfully stiff, conventional and monotonous. The lots are all of exactly the same size, as if the man who wanted a few feet more or less of ground had no right to have his wish gratified, and the houses are built on the same "deadline" of elevation above the street, and precisely the same number of feet and inches from the sidewalk. All that is wanting to make the scene as conventional as a

Chinese picture on a tea-box, is that every owner should set out the same number, size and kind of trees in front, and precisely the same shrubbery in his yard as those of his neighbors. Fortunately the inhabitants are not so bereft of all sense of the picturesque as is the town builder, and a touch of variety is given in climbing vines, blooming flow-ers and variously arranged shrubbery.

It would cost no more, or at most only a trifle more, to introduce a pleasing vamust be kept fresh and sweet, or no one will touch it. The freezing-room also riety in the architecture of the houses so that each should be as distinct and different from its neighbor as the people and elsewhere. Game laws in different are unlike who live in them. Chicago is

A Duel with an Indian

She stood in a garden by the sea. And watched the white guils floker by. There were tail, white lilles at her knee. And a duli, rel sunset in the sky, And the gulls sail by on the wind, Leaving the shore behind. One by one they follow the sun On the wings of the sail sea wind.

TRANSITORY.

NO. 38.

She leaned on the terrace wall and sighed.

"Love stays a little while at best. Leaves like the surely ebbing tide. Files like the wild birds to the wast," And the gulls sail by on the wind, Leaving the shore behind. One by one they follow the sun On the wings of the sais sea wind.

Pale grows the sunset sky and gray, Chill sweeps the wind across the Gone is the glory of the day; Sad is the story of the sea. And the guils sail by on the wind, Leaving the shore behind. loa; One by one they follow the sun On the wings of the salt set wind. -London Society

NORWAY AND ITS PEOPLE.

Entainment for the Traveler - Sector Traits of the Norwegians.

As every farmer is compelled by law o entertain the traveler and furnish a fresh steed to continue the journey, there is no occasion to hurry forward to a hotel. It is also delightful to be absolved from the fear that darkness will over-take you. This feeling of security, however, must be acquired by experience. On one of my first trips I found myself ten miles from my destination at 8 p.m., and as darkness is always a "lee shore" to a traveler, the whip was vigorously plied for some time before I realized the true state of affairs. Then the pony grazed, while I promised myself never to say anything about it. The Norweig-But the Indian heard the voice also, and took good care to keep Averill's body ians are characterized by honesty, in-dustry, cheerfulness and sobriety, which is more than can be truthfully said of between him and the proposed shooter. Finally, Jackson rode close up to the pair, and placing the muzzle of his pismany European nations. You must tol directly against the Indian's right watch them or they will be guilty of arm, fired, breaking the bent arm both under-charging. Quite different from the gallant Neapolitan who demanded a dollar for ferrying me to a Capri steamer, and finally agreed to perform the service above and below the elbow. The Indian coolly dropped to a sitting position and exclaimed in Mexican-Spanish: "Shoot, for 6 cents. A cowardly Mexican, who had been

The stranger in Norway is welcomed with genuine hospitality, and, on ac-count of the people having so many relatives in the land of plenty, Amer-icans are favored guests. So interested

are these people in our country that 4,000 recently gathered upon the dock at Christiana to bid farewell to a party of One of the happiest men in the heat of emigrants. They go mostly to Minne-sota, Montana and Dakota, which are more like "home" to people of the north-land. Most of the Norwegians speak summer is the game dealer. It is true his trade is low when the thermometer is high, but the close proximity of the cold room, which is usually just under his shop floor, keeps him delightfully cool. It is not sufficient to keep game one or more foreign languages. All the officials and agents understand our tongue. On two Norske steamers I beon ice; they must be positively frozen, gan with the captain, and even though my boots were "chalked" in the engine and a large freezing mixture of ice and salt is hence necessary. In Europe game isn't considered worth cooking until it is high and almost rotten, but here it room, I failed to find one of the crew who could not converse in English. Many of the common people are well versed in English literature. In several serves an excellent purpose in enabling us to keep game until it is in season here Howells and James, and works of the standard authors in abundance. Milton

I to loave him to his fam The of desecrating this sacred place v shot-gun !"

ever, she proceeded to the rescue. nining to give Mr. John Westwood tic piece of her mind, when once shyly by Amy. They stood and watched d discovered him. (It is safe to him till he reached a bend in the road, re, in parenthesis, that she forgot where he turned and waved his handkerd discovered him. (It is safe to

him.) She picked and crashed her tered in response, then the bend in the brough the bushes for a mile, it d to her, but distances are decepvhen you have to work your way. last, he, waiting, gave a halloo 1 sounded absurdly loud, when on the heels of it the bushes, parted, , radiant wood-nymph, to be sure, becoming costume of buff lawn, soft, loose draperiés of which she caught up to protect them from the gestion that they had suffered ennui beibles, revealing thereby the stiff emfore his appearance, still they began to lered ruffles of an immaculate skirt, look forward to the possible Sunday faultless feet shod in neat French when he would come again. They

king boots. But her cheeks were might have had visitors in abundance. her eyes were dazzling, and a of course. But, though not by any ud of shining hair rested lightly on white forehead. Her wide hat, shed far back on her head by some key branch, served as a frame to a betching face. She beheld a tall young man in

is brown eyes were a shade softer than sual, from their weariness, perhaps. His face was clearly cut, and a dark His face was clearly cut, and a dark moustache adorned his firm lip.

For more than a moment they gazed into each other's eyes, then laughed and bowed. After thanking her en-thusiastically, he said: "I had no idea of compelling a young to my rescue. I thought it was a boy who answered me, and fully expected to see a 'barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan,' instead of ---- " he hesitated.

"You will see no barefoot boys around here," she said, hastily. "There is too great a fear of rattlesnakes." "I have not seen any."

"Maybe not, for they are not fearfully prevalent, or I should not be here. But nce in a while you come across an ugly fellow. I always go armed myself," she said saucily, producing a tiny, silver-mounted flask from the depths of a capacious pocket. It was but a glimpse of the flask he

caught, for she plunged it back impa-tiently, as if she resented the impulse of arity.

"If you will follow me-," she said "With all my heart. I love the words

but began to feel I should never get out of this.' I have been wandering about, seeking = path which I could follow anywhere for six mortal ho 175. "It's easy enough when you know the

"Thank you for your kindness, but my mossy growths, hid among mighty boulders; and from this shelter his vacation ends to-morrow," he sighed. They all joined him on his walk hotelward, to make sure of his taking the

'ine could play on a 'smooth peb-bly pool that promised lots of trout. right turns and angles which were to Here he ensconsed himself comfortably, take him to F----, and it seemed to him that Amy was even more beautiful in the stream, propped the pole up near the tender twilight than before. They parted from him as warmly as from an old friend, with cordial hand shakes all ty fish, but was quite in the way of lazy young man), stretched himself at around, and Mr. Desart told him to run full length on his broad divan, chose the down any Sunday when he wanted a most conversational novel his pocket breath of the redwoods-an invitation bore, and was soon deep in its pages. cordially seconded by Mrs. Desart, and Behind him rose an absolutely perper licular cliff, many feet in hight, dotted from top to bottom with waving "five finger" ferns. They were of such dense ael intention long before she came chief, at which three handkerchiefs flutand large growth that no portion of the rocky wall was visible, and down road hid him from sight. They turned through the tops of the redwoods hun--back on the path with rather a lonesome treds of feet above, and over the living feeling, for this bright young fellow zreen curtain, the sun sent his flickerwhom they had not known a dozen hours ng rays. The trout were wary, and gave him plenty of time to get inter-sted in his book, which, being a lively before, had proved such a jolly comrade for the few hours of their acquaintance, that they honestly regretted his departure. summer novel, caused him soon to for-And though they would have disclaimed indignantly, and with truth, any sug-

get the shyness of the denizens of the tream. So in turning a page it acted juite like a shock to his nervous system then he saw his pole bend, and sudienly show symptoms of falling headlong into the stream. He caught it with the mental ejaculation, "It must be a big one to pull like that!" and means selfish people, they were still not gregarious to any extent. straightway his book was forgotten. He lifted the pole and carefully began to draw in the line, at the same time ad-Their unsocial instincts were probably due to their fondness for traveling, and vancing to the edge of his nook to see the case with which they had always been able to gratify that fondness. Amy, his game.

An exclamation of pain greeted his effort to tauten his line, and there on a rock in the brook he beheld his catch. He gazed in consternation at the sight of a girl seated on the rock, and bending over a rosy bare foot, which bore in th pink ball of a tiny toe a cruel black fishhook. His effort to draw in the line must have caused her acute pain, and alled forth the moan which smote on his ears. Her head was bent, and her hands were busy trying to draw out the agly bars. "This must be another 'Lorelei,' " he

visit his new - friends. But he felt that it would be better taste to let one Sunday elapse between his hought, "and these woods are surely visits. He was not very much expected, haunted. I'll be carried off by a pixie to be sure, as they did not look for him aext," before two or three weeks. But in that

He hardly knew how to offer his services-as he was evidently unobserved, that demanded his immediate presence it was awkward to break the silence. in New York. And in a few days this family, always prepared for such emer-thould help this damsel in distress. He was just essaying "Allow me," when she Mr. Desart, as politeness demanded, wrote a note of explanation and apology to Mr. Westwood, whose address he in-tended to transcribe from the San Franbefore her. "You I" she cried faintly, and let her

and were far out on the Atlantic, he dis-covered the still unaddryssed note in one whereat the former became as wet as the latter. "You !" he cried in rapture; for it was

It is unnecessary to dwell on the dis-appointment and surprise of Mr. West-wood, when in high spirits he set out on the ! no strange pixie . nor Lorelei, but his dryad of a year ago. "Can you ever forgive me?" he asked in deep contri-tion. "Let me take out that wretched the woodland path, only to find a de-serted house at the end of it. He re- tion. pented the visit at odd intervals during hook."

the offered no resistance as he lifter

How to Skeletonize Leaves

The usual method is to soak the leaver for a long time in rain water until they are quite decayed, but those who have had considerable experience in the work recommend a quicker method, the immersion of the leaves in a boiling alkaline solution, the time of immersion to be regulated by the character of the various leaves and the nature of the epidermis to be removed. When it is seen that the green part of the leaf is dissolving put the leaf on a flat white earthen plate and cover it with clear water. Then, being gently squeezed with the fingers, the membranes will begin to open and the green substance will come out at the edges. The mem-branes must be carefully taken off with the finger, and great caution must be used in separating them near the middle rib. The skeletons must then be thoroughly bleached by exposing them to the fumes of chlorino gas. If to this vapor be added that of peroxide of hydrogen the fibres of the leaves are strengthened, so that they can be readily arranged-after being dried by pressure between folds of tissue paper--in bou quets.-Boston Transcript.

Mesmerie Trance for Alcoholism.

A suggestion is made by The Journal of Inebriety which is sufficient to open up a new field of reform work. Hypnotism, or a form of measureric trance into which individuals of a peculiar tem-perament can be thrown by a person of more positive mental qualities, is pro-posed as a method of treatment for the alcohol habit. The theorist claims that the patient can be hypnotized and while that condition made to realize the horrors and perils of inebriety. A shock to the brain centers is thereby imparted which is said to effect a permahent change in the patient's character.-Chicago News.

The silver ore found at Abingdon, Mass., assays 11 per cent. silver.

Society does not want noble souls -

of architects who have imagination states vary very much, and we are able and taste, and it is not their fault that the present condition exists. It is the fault of the village builders .-- Chicago Journal.

A Princess With a Heart.

The engagement of Prince Alexander, of Bulgaria, and Princess Victoria, eldest unmarried daughter of the crown prince, is broken. It was really an affair of the heart. The Bulgarian ruler is a wonderfully handsome man, though his features betray the peasant blood which flows in his veins. Tall, dark eyed and well proportioned, it is but natural that he should move a maiden's heart. The princess admired him and confided in her mother, who favored her inclination. The emperor and crown prince, obdurate from the first, opposed her wish. The heroic conduct of the Battenberger, his bravery and skill amid the roar of battle served only to fan the flame of the princess' love; and no heart beat more rapidly at news of his victory than that of the royal girl of the palace of Berlin. Friends pleaded for her, he queen of Roumania interceded in her behalf, but all in vain. Her heart was sacrificed. her wish unfulfilled. It is even whispered that the prince will be stricken from the ranks of the German army, where he now holds the position of major general, if he does not give her up .- Berlin Cor. New York Tribune.

Blowing Up & Shark.

The following curious story, contained in a letter from a young sailor who formerly lived in Ashford, has been received there: "We were lying off Natal the other day when a most exciting occurrence happened. We saw two or three monster sharks playing round the ship for some time-the largest of them measuring about fourteen feet long-so we baited a line with a small piece of pork and dropped it out to him. He caimly swallowed the bait, hook and all, and cut the line with his teeth, taking no further notice of it. We then had no further house of it. We bed had recourse to strategy. The breast of a buck, which had been hanging up some time and was rather high, was weighted in order to sink it, and a hand charge of guncotton inserted therein, the whole connected by wire with a boat's battery. No sooner had the venison reached the water than the shark made straight for it; but, just as he opened his mouth to swallow the bait, the charge was exploded, his jaws being completely shattered. The monster turned on its back and sank in the bay."-London Globe.

Between Wit and Beauty.

At a public dinner a distinguished statesman was placed between Madamo do Starl and Midame Recamier. "How ucky I am," said he; "here am I seated between wit and beauty." "And withont possessing either the one or the sther," observed Madame de Stael.

Advice to Correspondents.

If our correspondents will kindly write an only one side of the paper we should be better pleased. Then we can use the otherside to write paragraphs on.

to sell game freely at the seaside when we daren't show it in St. Louis. Birds can be kept frozen eight and nine months without having the flavor affected in the faintest degree, and this is very convenient .- St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Steady, Averill, I'm going to shoot!"

hiding near by brought a heavy revolver to Averill and begged him to kill the

Indian; but Averill replied: "No, he is a brave man, and I would sooner kill

The Game Dealer in Summer.

curse you!"

you."-New York Sun.

Rotation of Forests.

Rotation "of forest growth has long

been a theme of speculation-for example, how the oak takes the place of the pine after the latter is cleared off. In a paper contributed to The American Nat-uralist Mr. John T. Campbell gives some notes of his own observation on the agency of birds and animals in this result. Of these he gives the palm to the crow. "I have seen crows," he says, "gather by the hundreds and have a regular pow-wow or mass convention. As they start to fly away many, if not all, will drop something. I ha these to be acorns, walnuts, hickory-nuts, buckeyes, sycamore-balls, sticks, egg-shells, pebbles, etc. As a crow leaves an oak he will pluck an acron, which he may carry five miles, and light on a beach tree, where something else will attract his attention, when he will drop the acorn, and may be pluck a pod of beech nut, and fly away somewhere else.

-Chicago News. The Jews' Quarter in Home. The Jews' quarter in Rome will in a week or two's time by a thing of the

past. From the sanitary point of view the demolition of the Ghetto is no doubt highly desirable; but the traveler seldom troubles himself about the health of the people whose streets he visits, and he will regret that he will see no more those picturesque ruins creeping up beside the ancient monuments, leaning against the gate of Octavius, swarming with an active and industrious folk who lived, so to speak, on their doorsteps.

The Jews had made, themselves there a sort of second fatherland; their habits, their traditions, had followed them there, and they were a little town to themselves. The present government dispossesses them, and gives them wide streets, and Israel is again dispersed.— Pall Mall Gazette.

Nellis Grant Sartoris' Life.

The country will be glad to learn that The country will be giad to learn that the extravagant stories of the alleged domestic unhappiness of Mrs. Sartoris, the daughter of Gen. Grant, and her cruel treatment by her husband and his family, are altogether without founda-tion. It is stated on the authority of the Grant family, that her life abroad is a characterize the table is hered in a cheerful one, and that she is happy in it, cheerful one, and that she is happy in h, and that instead of being poor as has been alleged, the senior Sartoris is wealthy, and is besides thoroughly fond of his American daughter. --Frank Leslie's.

The Dying Jack-Habbits. An examination of the carcasses of the inck-rabbits which are dying by thousands in the eastern part of Nevada shows that the animals are filled with tape-worms. -Western Letter.

and Shakespeare have furnished text books for the public schools, which fact, by the way, gives a comical poetic tinge to conversation.

The long winter impels these peo study, and as their own literature is yet in its infancy, recourse has naturally been main to that of other mations. Education is compulsory. Great interest is manifested in higher culture. When recently in Christiana, 500 applications were made for the entrance examination at the university, whose professors will, compare favorably with any in the importance and extent of their original work, especially in the natural sciences work, especially in the natural sciences. The Norwegians are essentially a relig-ious people. Reformed Lutheranism is the established church. Their govern-ment is that of a limited monarchy. King Oscar has not the power of abso-lute veto. The lower house of parlia-ment is elected by the people to serve three years, and these delegates choose one-third of their number to compose the upper house.-Cor. San Franci Chronicle

"Readers" for the Magazines

Readers for magazines and story papers have an endless task. The "reader" em-ployed upon a leading American magazine, peruses on an average fifteen original contributions a day, and on the average rejects twelve of them. In twelve months a single New York pub-lishing house received the manuscripts of a thousand novels. The late Henry J. Raymond was perhaps one of the best "readers" this country has ever produced.

All the large publishing houses employ a "reader"-a man or woman who pe-ruses all manuscripts offered and either ruses all manuscripts offered and either accepts or rejects them. From the de-cision of this literary monster there is no appeal. Ambitious authors complain that it is unjust to be compelled to sub-mit to the decision of one person. It is the writer's desire to make an appeal to the writer's desire to make an appeal to the public and not to one man. That can not be made without the types, and the barren honors of the types can be had only by the judgment and decision of the "reader," who in most cases is ac-curate and impartial.—Will M. Clemens in Detroit Free Press.

The Cornfields of the Country

Figures, which proverbially can not e, show that the cornfields of the United States cover a territory as large as England, Scotland and Belgium united, while the grain fields surpass Spain in territorial extent. The acreage of our farm lands under cultivation is equal in extent to all of the Unit Kingdom of Great Britain and Irelan France, Belgium, Portugal, Germa and Austro-Hungary.-New York Su

Sleves of the Olden Th

Heres of the Olden Time. The Romans sifted their flour the two kinds of sieves, called respect excussoria and pollonaris, the latts which gave the finest flour, terms len. Sieves of horschair were first by the Gaula, those of lines by the Sarph -Boston Budget.