THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XII. GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1886. NO. 40.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

"So sorry, my dear," said bustling little Mrs. Dorman, when she had enumerated her guests to her friend, Miss Styles, who had just arrived. So sorry about Alec Thornton; know you didn't like him—bad taste, by the way—but I make my parties as I do my cake, just by a receipt, and that says, Don't mind conflicting tempers."

Miss Styles put out a detaining hand as her friend was about to leave her.

"Catherine, I have not seen Alec Thornton for ten years," Miss Styles began slowly, "and you must hear how I saw him last. We were engaged for one happy month in Florence. I believe I really loved him and thought that he loved me. He did not need my money, and it had not then become the fashion," she said a little bitterly, "to admire me. A little misunderstanding, growing out of my possessing a photograph of an Englishman whom Alec disliked very much, ended like most lovers' quarrels. After a few days coldness we were reconciled and exchanged pledges—blue violets for him, for me white ones. I keep mine as a commentary on human nature's fidelity. We had made friends one morning. That afternoon, when going to drive with mamma, wishing to give still greater proof of my submission I left on the gallery table, where he could, if coming in my absence, be sure to see them, a genuine woman's note of submission, the photograph over which we had quarrelled, I gave that he might destroy it if he liked, and to my sacrificial pile I added another testimonial to my fidelity, a trio of blue violets taken from my belt. Since that morning I have never seen Alec Thornton; he left Florence the next day."

"Giving no reason?"

"None, save a few words written on the back of my note. The significance of my action, he said, was unmistakable, he bowed to my decision, and since he could not so suddenly face the inevitable with fortitude, he must bid me an indefinite farewell."

Little Mrs. Dorman was quite breathless with interest and astonishment.

"And you have never had any further solution?"

"None; to this day I have not solved his cowardice. He might have braved the honest confession that he no longer loved me, and I should have survived it," she said, in a bitterly sarcastic tone. "I have forgiven him," she added, waving a hand as if dismissing the subject, "but my memory doesn't lose its teeth with years, as Mr. Lowell says his does, and I much prefer not meeting Alec Thornton."

The explanation which Miss Styles had just given to her friend had not been vouchsafed to the Anglo-Florentine world, two years ago, when it became known there that Dr. Thornton had suddenly left town, and the news gradually spread abroad that his engagement with his beautiful cousin was at an end.

To be sure, the young woman declared with charming naivete that she had been jilted, but none thought she meant to be believed, and though she lost her roses, she was gayer and more charming than ever, having during the following season a pair of counts at her feet.

Mary Styles now no longer posed for the blushing maiden. She was beginning, so jealous mammas declared, "to change her pink roses for saffron ones, and would soon hang to the charmed and charming circle by the eye-lids, since her handsome blue eyes were the only feature time was leaving her unimpaired."

The women voted her horribly passee, the men—loved her still, called her a miracle of loveliness, but so cold! To-night she had arrived at 7 o'clock for a fortnight's stay with her dear old friend and schoolmate, Mrs. Dorman.

There were several guests already assembled around the table when Miss Styles entered the breakfast-room next morning and was assigned a place between Mrs. Dorman's 16-year-old daughter and an old friend, Mr. Triplett. A few introductions to those immediately about her followed.

"Miss Styles," Grace Dorman began, after a short space given to greetings and weather, "I was taking the views of the company when you came in regarding their trimmings. Mr. Triplett objects to blue thistle for his plate decoration. If you know him, as I see you do, you will testify he could not be more appropriately trimmed."

Miss Styles' handsome eyes, which matched her dress in color, were raised to her neighbor's face as she said, smiling:

"I must consult a floral album before venturing to commit myself, and shall hope to find a compliment in my own surroundings," she said, taking up two of the morning glories scattered about her plate. "How beautiful and how pitiful that a thing so lovely should be so short-lived. 'The good die first—'" she quoted.

"'But they whose hearts are only as summer's dust, burn to the socket.'" Miss Dorman continued. "I prefer a sprinkle of dust, and will flicker a while in my candlestick, thank you. So, on reflection, though I was inclined to feel jealous at first, you are welcome to the fragile compliment your vis-a-vis has paid your appearance this morning."

Miss Styles raised her eyes and met those of a gentleman who was just taking a place opposite to her, Dr. Alec Thornton.

"I am flattered to have—remained among Dr. Thornton's memories," Miss Styles said, bowing in acknowledgment of that gentleman's greeting.

"Never having seen you," Miss Dorman went on, "I had to call on another genius who had, though after all he would only be general, and selected what would suit any belle, wasn't that it, Doctor?—'fair and fickle' he says they are," she added, much surprised at the expression she saw on Dr. Thornton's face and not in the least understanding it.

Miss Styles turned to the gentleman at her side, and took up the flowers again.

"At least we're charming while we last, and if too much sunshine is fatal, the weakness is human; where is the man who can endure unlimited prosperity?"

"Give the figure a sentimental turn," the gentleman suggested, "and for prosperity read affection, the morning glory illustration is not happy."

"I shall certainly claim thick clouds and rainy weather at once, and my 'glory' will thrive the better. The closer analysis develops new charms," the young lady continued, "and I feel myself indebted to Dr. Thornton for the compliment he has paid my womanly nature."

That gentleman bowed again as he said, "They are beautiful certainly, but unenduring, despite your ingenious argument."

"Fragile is a better word," and the young lady pinned a few blue-bells at her throat.

"Violets would suit you perfectly, Miss Styles," Grace Dorman said suddenly; "just match your eyes. Dr. Thornton, why didn't you tell me violets," she said reproachfully.

"I dislike them," the gentleman said shortly, as for an instant his eyes met those of Mary Styles.

"And with us they are favorite flowers." The young lady lifted a locket which hung on her chain as she spoke and, touching a spring, disclosed four little pale faces in the glass case.

"You should wear violet roses," Miss Dorman said, taking the locket; "these are white."

"Yes, and old. A charm against fever," she said, laughing gently, "not worn for their beauty now." As she spoke the glass case dropped from its place, and the four little heads fell on the cloth, crumbling to powder.

"No matter, I assure you," Miss Styles hastened to reply to Miss Dorman's exclamation. "I no longer need them. I hope Dr. Thornton," she added innocently, "the faint odor does not inconvenience you. I assure you they are very old—and—dead."

She blew the dust from her as she spoke.

"A physician should learn to keep his nerves well in hand," that gentleman said gravely. "I have been the indirect cause of the accident, it is just that I should suffer thereby. May I pass your chocolate?"

The fortnight was over, and the soft moonlight was flooding everything on the lawn with its radiance, as Miss Styles, the evening before her departure from Seven Oaks, ran lightly down the gravel path to a summer house, in search of a shawl left there at afternoon tea. The wrap had been secured, and she paused a moment on the broad stone step, to note the effect of the moonlight on the silvery thread which wound at the foot of the garden, when a voice at her elbow made her start. She recognized it at once. The gentleman threw aside a cigar, as he said:

"I almost feel your coming here as an inspiration. I was thinking of you." He was standing by her now, and looking directly down upon her. "I have something to tell you, Mary; will you hear it?"

She stood with her face averted, her gaze still fixed upon the river.

"No, there could be nothing you could have to say to me that I would wish to hear," she said coldly.

"But there are duties one can not ignore on a question of what is agreeable," the gentleman went on, "and I ask you to hear me simply as a matter of duty."

"Duty is an odd word from you to me." Miss Styles turned, and met the full gaze of a handsome pair of grey eyes.

"Yes, an unrecognized quantity between woman and man," the gentleman said, "yet a woman at least owes a hearing to the man who loves her. Whatever weight the words might carry," the young man went on, "and whether ill or well you chosen I must speak. I tell you against reason, against my best judgment, in defiance of pride, I tell you that I love you unreasonably, blindly, with an intensity that conquers pride and defies my judgment, with a love which, after ten years' waiting of silence and separation and ever-present sense of hopelessness, is still unconquered and enduring. I claim by these feelings, which you alone have brought to life, the right to plead their cause. I claim this right, Mary," he added, with infinite tenderness in the tone, "and to be allowed one more effort to win your love."

"Those are strange words from you to me, Alec Thornton. Are we acting a farce?"

"Is it then incredible that I still love you? It is strange that my love has not died, yet I must confess its vitality. In the first hour of our meeting at Seven Oaks I knew that my heart had never dethroned its queen, that however cruel, she must always reign."

He paused an instant, as Miss Styles said, sneeringly, "We grow quite dramatic, how fortunately facts are. Your vivid imagination has woven fancy colors about a few days in your life and mine ten years ago."

"No, I remember with painful accuracy," the young man replied slowly, as with folded arms he stood facing her. "But what is pride when one loves, one's very life is involved."

Miss Styles measured her full height, as she said scornfully:

"Your renunciation has cost me nothing, as you see."

"My renunciation?" The tone was one of great astonishment.

"The reflection is not flattering," Miss Styles continued. "Yet I am able to endure it with composure, though not apt to forget that my release from engagement was gratuitous."

"Gratuitous? your release gratuitous?" the young man replied. "Unless you have lost your candor, you must own that I never released you."

"This borders on insult, Alec Thornton," Miss Styles said quickly, and looking steadily into the eyes that were fastened with equal earnestness on her own. "Fortunately I have your letter."

"And I, equally unfortunately, have not yours, but I have what will, and did tell its own story—my rejected pledge, the little violets."

"Your rejected pledge?" Miss Styles asked curiously.

"Yes, my rejected, returned pledge," he repeated. "Possibly circumstances which have been burned into my memory have escaped yours. I went to your house one evening, ten years ago, a happy lover, believing implicitly in the woman who had that morning, with words she knew well how to choose, dispelled my doubts and, I think, pardonable jealousy. I found, when the servant answered me, you had placed a full explanation of your absence, the photograph of my hated rival, and my poor violets! There was no need for more—these told their own story. You could not face me with the truth, the English captain had stolen your love from me, or I had never possessed it, and you chose this method of breaking the news. I tried to return your flowers, but could not. The little ones folded in my hasty farewell, scribbled on a stray sheet I found on the table, were taken from a vase on the gallery. Yours lie where your own fingers placed them that morning. From that wretched hour of awakening I vowed to forget you, but I have not, alas, I can not. Once more, Mary, I ask you, may I try again to win your love?"

There was a momentary silence, during which Miss Styles seemed oddly moved. At length she said in a low voice and looking quite away from her companion:

"Do you mean that you did not read the note?"

"Can you mean that you wrote me one?" he asked eagerly.

"And the flowers you left were not those I had given you?" Her tone was beginning to tremble perceptibly.

For answer he touched the spring of his watch and showed, lying upon a bit of white velvet inside the extra case, four little purple violets. "You laid them there," he said in a low, forcibly calm tone.

Mary Styles dropped her face in her hands, as she said in broken tones, "Oh, Alec, what have you thought of me?"

"Consider rather what you may be giving me reason to think of you," the young man answered, touching caressingly her soft hair; then after a moment, "Will you tell me if there was a letter and what it said?"

"There was one in the same sheet with yours, if you had but turned it over."

"And it said—"

"Some very foolish words, I fear," Miss Styles replied slowly, and, lifting her eyes for the first time to her companion's face, "but none of dismissal."

"But the flowers," and his strong, brown fingers possessed themselves of a strangely unresisting, slim, white hand.

"Were taken from my belt a few moments before. Your flowers I kept until—until a fortnight ago," she said, smiling up at him. "Do you not remember them?"

"And I may replace them with the old significance?"

"However could I imagine you had not read my letter," Miss Styles said after a while, still feeling something very unreal in her attitude toward her old lover.

"And how could you ever believe that having done so I could leave Florence?"

So Alec Thornton and Mary Styles turned another leaf of life's book—may it prove a fair, unwritten sheet.

Forced to Find Nature's Secret.

The most important secrets of nature are often hidden away in most unexpected places. Many valuable substances have been discovered in the refuse of manufactories; it was a happy thought of Glauber to examine what everybody threw away. There is perhaps no nation the future happiness and prosperity of which depends more on science than our own. Our population is over 35,000,000, and is rapidly increasing. Even at present it is far larger than our acreage can support. Few people whose business does not lie in the study of statistics realize that we have to pay foreign countries no less than 140,000,000 pounds sterling a year for food. This, of course, we purchase mainly by manufactured articles. We hear now a great deal about depression of trade, and foreign, especially American, competition, which, let me observe, will be much keener a few years hence, when she has paid off her debt, and consequently has reduced her taxation.

But let us look forward 100 years—no long time in the history of a nation. Our coal supplies will then be nearly exhausted. The population of Great Britain doubles at the present rate of increase in about 50 years, so that we should then, if the present rate continues, require to import over 400,000,000 pounds sterling a year in food. How, then, is this to be paid for? We have before us, as usual, three courses. The natural rate of increase may be stopped, which means suffering and outrage, or the population may increase, only to vegetate in misery and destitution; or lastly, by the development of scientific training and appliances, they may probably be maintained in happiness and comfort. We have, in fact, to make our choice between science and suffering.—Sir John Lubbock, in Contemporary Review.

Chinese Workmen in Canton.

The most skillful artist or artisan never gets over 50 cents a day, and the average pay for skilled labor is $8 a month, $3 of which must go for food. The shop-workmen of every description eat at their work-tables, and at night sleep on their benches or tables, which-ever afford the best accommodation. Often as many as a dozen or sixteen men thus occupy a twelve-by-sixteen shop by day and night, like so many machines.—W. T. Hornaday in The Cosmopolitan.

Too Much Education.

Germany has carried the technical training of artisans to such an extent that there are 40 per cent. more technically trained students in the country for every one that can find satisfactory employment.—Chicago Tribune.

SPURGEON IN THE PULPIT.

Listening to the Noted Baptist Preacher—The Opening Service.

Very fortunately Spurgeon was at home on this our last possible Sabbath in London, and no time was lost in deciding to hear this great Baptist preacher and divine. The day was delightfully cool, and at an early hour we were on top of a 'bus and headed for the "tabernacle." The service was announced for 11 a. m., and at 10:30 we stood in front of the great plain structure that stands in a rather poor part of the east side of the city. People were gathering hurriedly, though not in great numbers as yet, and we were directed to enter through a gateway leading along by the side of the church. On the inside of the gate we were handed what we supposed were tickets of admission, but on examination proved to be little envelopes in which the visitor is requested to place what he chooses to give and drop the amount in a box by the way, as he passes into the church. This we did, and once on the inside we found a long row of earlier comers than ourselves seated in chairs by the wall. We were told to "move on and take our places," and these we found by the side or rather back of the high platform and and pulpit; but the kind usher said: "Wait here and I will do the best for you I can," and as he hurried from point to point directing others where to go, in passing us would say, "Be patient, and I will see what I can do." We heard him ask one after another of the "pew-holders" if they had any room, and as room was found some one was quickly shown to it, so that just before the minister took his place upon the stand we were all provided with good seats just in front, the only inconvenience being that we had to look up at an angle of about 60 degrees to see his face.

All this impressed me the more from the fact that I have so long been accustomed to seeing audiences assemble, and seeing persons waiting for seats, and I recall the saying of Mr. Beecoer, that he thought that a good usher at the door could do about as much good as the preacher in the pulpit; and surely this one usher at Mr. Spurgeon's church had said his prayers that morning, and no one could have done more or better than did he. I should like to some time give him a seat at our table in Chicago, and a good bed at night.

Mr. Spurgeon, in appearance, is a low, heavy-set, typical Englishman; younger in looks than I had expected to see, showing but few gray hairs, but inclining to an excessive corpulency. We were told that his health is not firm; but in voice and movements he showed no sign of weakness. He impresses one as being a man of deep, honest convictions and purpose in his life work, and he is wholly free from mannerisms and affectations. When the great audence was seated he arose and offered a short but impressive prayer; after this he announced a hymn, which was led in the singing by a plain man with a strong, clear voice, the audience seemingly all joining. There was no instrumental music, and the song service, if not of a high order artistically, was certainly not wanting in volume and earnestness; I liked it; and wished something like it might be in every church in America. After the hymn—the stanzas of which the preacher read before they were sung—came the reading of the 110th Psalm and the seventh chapter of Hebrews, with lengthy comments, and then a second hymn after the manner of the first; and this was followed by the longer prayer. One could readily understand that the preacher prayed not alone Sunday and and in the pulpit, so full was the prayer of personal experience, and of deep, heartfelt communion with God, and realizations of the needs and sufferings of mankind.

The opening service, including a third hymn, lasted most three-quarters of an hour, and then came the sermon from Heb. vii, 23-25. It was upon the intercession of Christ, and throughout was natural and easy in delivery, plain in language and simple in method. The great preacher is not what one would call a great thinker; his mind works by accretion, or gathering, rather than by evolution, or unfolding and growth in the development of a theme. But he is earnest and honest, and evidently believes what he says; nor does he make any apology for saying it.—Dr. H. W. Thomas in Chicago Tribune.

The Truest Unselfishness.

It takes a very generous person indeed to be faithful to a self-arranged plan of generosity. It is often true that people hate their proteges when those they have helped have grown beyond the need of their aid. The reason of this is not always black ingratitude on the part of the recipient of favor; it is just as often due to the restless vanity and insatiate selfishness of the one who had set up for a patron saint, and who, failing to find a constant prostration of spirit in the aided one, turns upon this one with cursing instead of blessing.

The truest unselfishness is that which does not consider duty in the relations of life as an abstract good. Duty is a fine watchword, when it implies privilege. Too many people make it a miserable slavery, by bringing no freedom, no pleasure into its performance. There is no such thing as duty in gratitude. A grateful heart offers its own reward without any forcing. But a giver who demands incense-burning is certain not to get it. A morbid desire for perpetual adoration can not, in the nature of things, be gratified.

Railway Signal Tubes.

A railway company now uses signal wires running in tubes filled with petroleum oil. Some of the wires are 1,100 feet long, and are easily operated. The pipes are laid on stakes driven into the ground eight feet apart, and three-fourth inch in diameter inside, whilst the wire is three-sixteenths inch in diameter. The pipes run parallel to the railroad, and follow the curves as well as the straight parts of the line.—Boston Budget.

MRS. PARTINGTON AND IKE.

A Visit to B. P. Shillaber—Chat with the Blue-Eyed Old Gentleman.

I made a pilgrimage to the lonely Boston suburb of Newton Center not long ago with an old and intimate friend of the humorist. Of course I have known all of my life of the existence of Mr. B. P. Shillaber, but I confess that I looked in spite of myself to see a little wizened old lady, with bright, black, beady eyes, very thin hands, and gray corkscrew ringlets. It seemed as though she ought to come hopping into the room in an elusive, bird-like way and begin saying funny things at once. The door was opened for us by a hearty, happy looking young girl of the high school age who said, "Grandpa expected you out on an earlier train; he has been waiting for you for an hour, and will come right down." She took us into the parlor, and went out to speak to her grandfather and presently we heard his slow step on the stair marked with pauses and accented by his staff, for he is lame from rheumatism, then Mr. Shillaber came in. He shook his old friend, Professor ——, warmly by the hand, and greeted me very cordially. He is a big, jovial-looking man with sunshiny blue eyes, a ready smile and strong features. One feels at once in the presence of a hopeful, happy nature. It is more than a whimsical and amusing nature; it is one of the kind which endures trouble graciously and is well enough poised to be always certain of the silver lining to every dark cloud. It is easy to see in his graveness that he has sorrowed, and indeed I am told that the loss of the companion of his life was no common one to him; but he is a serene soul still, and, for the time at least, it seems as though there is no philosophy like that of laughter and the laughter-maker. His daughter came in and with her daughter found our quintette of people in the parlor for a half hour. Directly I had shaken hands with Mr. Shillaber, I asked:

"Mrs. Partington, where is Ike?"

"He is here," he returned, tapping his coat-front, and speaking in a confidential way. "Ike is always with me; he never leaves me. Or you might say, if you like, there is Ike," nodding to his granddaughter.

"O, grandpa," she cried, "I hope I am not so bad as Ike."

"Ike isn't bad, not at all bad," said Mrs. Partington, shaking her head, "Ike is very good. We went driving yesterday." Then he told of a visit to the home of the owner of The Boston Herald with whom he once worked in a printing office. "It was about 150 years ago," he said, "I don't remember exactly how long it was. Maybe it was a little longer than that, but we will call it 150 years."

Mr. Shillaber, by the way, is 72 years old, and except for the rheumatism, which keeps him lame, is not at all an unhealthy man, and perhaps good for a large share of the number of years of his reminiscence. He talked with his old friend of their own early service in a Boston printing house soon after they came from Maine, and I heard how the young Shillaber took the name of Mrs. Partington from the old play where that estimable person tried to sweep back the waters of the ocean, how he wrote his witticisms for a Boston paper till he found that the editor was making money and name out of his property, then how with two or three friends, he started the journal known as The Carpet Bag, on the strength of the Partington name. This paper established Mrs. Partington's reputation, though it was not a financial success. Since that time her sayings have always found a quick market, and Mr. Shillaber has written much besides all of the time. Of late, however, he has written very little. He says he is "growing passy," and his pronunciation, uttered with a twinkle in his blue eye, is worth recommending to French-attempting people who run to the other extreme, and call passe "passay."

The home of Mr. Shillaber is across Boston from Newton, in the suburb of Chelsea. Like another sage of Chelsea, he has clung to his home there long after it was an unfashionable quarter, but his need of attention has now compelled him to go to the pleasant home of his children at Newton.—Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

Dangers of Going Security.

I affirm that the system of indorsing is all wrong, and should be utterly abolished. I believe that it has been the financial ruin of more men than perhaps all the other causes. I think that our young men especially, should study the matter carefully in all its bearings, and adopt some settled policy to govern their conduct, so as to be ready to answer the man who asks them to sign his note. What responsibility does one assume when he indorses a note? Simply this: He is held for the payment of the amount in full, principal and interest, if the maker of the note, through misfortune, mismanagement or rascality fails to pay it. Notice, the indorser assumes all the responsibility, with no voice in the management of the business, and no share in the profits of the transaction, if it prove profitable; but with a certainty of loss if for any of the reasons stated the principal fails to pay the note.—Judge Waldo F. Brown in Boston Traveler.

Must Be Very Unpleasant.

Snobley—Aw—aw—it must be very unpleasant for you Americans to be governed by people—aw—whom you wouldn't ask to dinner.

American belle—Well, not more so, perhaps, than for you in England to be governed by people who wouldn't ask you to dinner.—Punch.

Ministers' Leap Year.

The year in which August has five Sundays is called ministers' leap year, for, in effect, a week is added to the usual vacation season. The present is the third of successive years in which the pastors' holiday has thus been prolonged.—Philadelphia Call.

Virginia raises 1,500,000 bushels of peanuts a year.

ALL ABOUT GLASS CUTTING.

Its Hard Work—Very Expensive for Poor People—Strong and Careful Workmen.

"There are six processes for cutting glass," said the manager. "The first is termed roughing. An iron wheel, on which sand mixed with water drips continually, digs out the pattern. As there are only a few lines traced on the glass whereby to go, this is a very difficult task. All glass cutting is done by crossing certain straight lines at certain points. If, in glass cutting, the wheel moves slightly from the line the whole piece of glass is ruined. The workmen are therefore compelled to keep their eyes on their work all the time. The glass itself is made in Baccarat, Germany. It is the finest glass made. It is termed metallic because a large part of it is silver. It is bought by the pound and is very expensive in the bulk. It is, therefore, no easy task to hold it free, as these workmen do for hours at a time.

"The second process is called smoothing. The wheel used for this is made of Scotch Craigeth stone. Water runs freely on it as it revolves. It smooths out all the rough edges on the lines which have been dug out in the first process.

"After this comes the different modes of polishing. A wooden wheel and powdered pumice stone are used first. These take out the wrinkles on the surface of the glass. Then follows a brush and putty powder. Lastly, a buff wheel, made of nearly fifty pieces of canton flanel and rouge. The pieces of flannel are loose, but the machinery causes them to revolve so rapidly, about 3,000 revolutions to the minute, that the wheel seems as hard as a board. This last process not only polishes, but imparts a beautiful gloss to the surface of the glass. Then it is finished and ready for our counters down stairs.

"There have been very few changes in the art of glass cutting for centuries. Except that we now use steam instead of foot-power, we have no advantage over the cutters of 200 years ago. There are only two manufacturers of the rough metal in this country, and their glass is of inferior quality. Workmen have to serve a long apprenticeship before they master the trade. An expert workman receives high pay. It is very close, confining work and makes them all look pale. A great many Swiss and Bohemians are employed. The cutting of lapidary stoppers is the most difficult work. It requires the greatest exactness because there are so many diamond shaped figures in a small space. Very few can do this work well. There is one old man in this country who is looked up to by all the other workmen. They say he carries a charm. He is the most expert cutter of lapidary stoppers in the country. Not only does he cut them all perfectly, but he gives them a finer polish than anybody else can. He is closely watched by his fellow workmen, who say they have observed him take something from his pocket and rub the stopper with it. He has been offered large sums for his secret, but has always refused to sell it.

"Colored cut glass is very expensive. The color is put on in the same way as silver plate, and then part of it is cut away. It leaves the blended effect of color and no color. Many customers bring us original designs which they wish made. Many of them are very odd, and some are impossible to make."—New York Mail and Express.

Grace Darling's Only Sister.

Grace Darling's only sister died recently in her little home under the shadow of Bamborough castle, within sound of the wild waves that beat against Holy island and the rock that wrecked the Forfarshire. The simple and pious old lady to the last, like the heroine herself could not understand why so much had been said about the plain act of duty which made the family name immortal. She has been laid in the seaside churchyard, close to the sister who died so young forty years ago, and whose marble effigy lies in the sea wind and sun, with her oar upon the folded arm. A gray stone wall divides the thin grass of the holy ground from the bleached and pallid growth of the sand dunes. For the dark and strong basalt of this Northumbrian coast, into which is built the tremendous pile of the castle, is everywhere heaped with the sands of many storms. If ever there was a "wide-watered shore," straight out of Milton's visionary mind, it is this.—New York Home Journal.

Heat Holidays for Schools.

The Basle government has just issued a new regulation for the Hitzferien in the Basle schools. When the temperature rises to 20 degrees (Reamur) in the shade at 10 o'clock in the morning, holiday is to be proclaimed to the scholars until the afternoon. Two such holidays were proclaimed during the heat of the summer, to the no small delight of the boys and girls, whose jubilant greeting of the announcement could be heard from the open windows of the Gymnasium.—Foreign Letter.

New Idea in Railroading.

A car called the "spotter" now goes over the Central road at given periods. It is provided with a tank of colored fluid, and when the wheels roll over a rough place in the track the fluid is spilled on the spot. It is so arranged that the track superintendent can, while seated on the inside of the car, view the track and thus detect any flaws that may exist.—Mohawk Valley Democrat.

Buttoning the Collar.

A clerk in a men's furnishing store says that the man who buttons the left side of his collar first makes a mistake, for he uses his right hand for that and then uses his left for the more difficult task of buttoning the other side. He should reverse the process.—New York Sun.

For Infants and Old People.

Women's milk is sold on the streets in some Chinese cities for the sustenance of infants and old people, it being believed peculiarly nourishing to aged persons.—Chicago Herald.

WHENCE?

Fall, flower and book! the tale is true!
What spirit calls my name?
A world away, across the blue,
The young moon lights her silver flame.
I look into the west and wait;
The wind is west, the day is late,
The silver moon is low,
And low beside the orchard gate
The fallen bloom drifts white as snow.

The light breeze falls, the voice has passed;
One dim and trembling star
Looks out of heaven serene and vast.
—O earth so near! O heaven so far!
Whose voice was this so strangely heard?
With wondering awe my soul is stirred.
—Art thou of earth, or winged and free,
O soul, who sent this spirit word
Across the twilight world to me?

—Anna Boynton.

WESTERN AND EASTERN SCHOOLS.

Those in the West in Advance of the East—An Observer's Comments.

Among those who linger at the springs I met E. F. Bates, who has been engaged for a number of years in teaching in the western states. I asked Mr. Bates about the relative educational facilities in the east and west, and he said: "I must say that my observation is in favor of the western schools. The fact is that in the progressive western states they have taken advantage of all the experiences of all the other states in the Union and are profiting by this experience. They build their schoolhouses on modern plans; they arrange their courses of study with reference to modern plans; they require of their teachers a standard of excellence and capacity for imparting knowledge which are in accordance with modern ideas. The ordinary country schools are much advanced over the country schools of New England.

"The teachers, as a rule, are a brighter class of young women. You see in New England, the women school teachers are sort of settled down in the idea that they are going to teach for a lifetime and they become dull under that impression. But young women who teach school out west expect that after two or three sessions they will get married, and they are looking forward to something beside the routine of school life to keep them brighter, and, whatever others may think, it makes them work more effectively in my judgment. The country schools generally run from nine to ten months in the year, while in most parts of New England there are only two sessions, the winter and the summer schools, lasting each about three months. They have no summer schools out west, but hold to the idea that the heated term is no time for mental exertion."

In speaking of the difference between the people as he had observed them in the east and in the west, Mr. Bates said: "Young men of New England who went into the western states to seek their fortunes took with them the very life blood of the east. The younger generation in the west which has sprung up from this stock under the invigorating influences of the new climate and soil is a strong and vigorous element than which there is nothing more powerful in this country. The growth of western influence in the politics and the practical statesmanship of the country may be traced directly to this new element in civilization."—Saratoga Springs Cor. New York Tribune.

The "Butter Bird" of Caripe.

What is the butter bird? Humboldt in his travels in South America records a visit to Caripe, where is the cavern of the guacharo bird. The name which the cavern bears signifies the "mine of fat," because from the young of the birds which inhabit it an immense quantity of fat is annually obtained. These birds are about the size of our common fowl, with wings which expand to three feet and a half. All day long they dwell in the cavern, and, like our owls, only come forth at night. They subsist entirely on fruits, and have very powerful beaks, which are necessary to crack the rough nuts and reeds which form part of their food.

Midsummer is the harvest time for the fat. The Indians enter the cavern armed with long poles; the nests are attached to holes in the roof about sixty feet above their heads; they break these with the poles, and the young birds fall down and are instantly killed. Underneath their bodies is a layer of fat, which is cut off, and is the object sought. At the mouth of the cavern huts are erected of palm leaves, and there, in pots of clay, the natives melt the fat which has been collected. This is known as the butter of the guacharo; it is so pure that it may be kept for upwards of a year without becoming rancid. At the convent of Caripe no other oil is ever used in the kitchen of the monks.—Chicago Tribune.

Depredations of Wild Elephants.

From lower India comes news of particularly mischievous nocturnal depredations of wild elephants. Coffee plantations, ricefields, etc., suffer very severely. The destruction of the huge brutes is the result of pure wantonness. Docile and submissive in service, forgetful of his vast physical superiority, and even affectionate to those whom he knows, while all goes well the elephant is a magnificent ally; but at the same time, when the smooth course of peace is interrupted by outbreaks of temper or the spleen of recent capture, there is not a more "dangerous wild fowl" on the face of the earth. Only a little time ago dreadful stories came home of a rogue elephant who had killed his keeper and half depopulated a wide track of country, dragging luckless men and women from their huts and pounding them to death in the village street—taking, in fact, a perfect delight in bloodshed, and coming back again and again to gaze on bodies of his victims, but such cases are, fortunately rare.—Chicago Herald.

Horses in the Great Cities.

The Scientific American claims the horse population of New York city is between 60,000 and 75,000, and that of London 200,000, of which 80,000 are used in public carriages, an equal number in omnibusses, and 10,000 in street cars.