

Take it in Time.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a highly concentrated and powerful medicine. It is an anodyne pectorant, and, if promptly taken, in cases of Coughs, Throat or Lung troubles, soothes and heals the irritated tissues, and quickly allays all tendency to Consumption.

Six years ago, I contracted a severe Cough, which settled on my Lungs, and soon developed all the alarming symptoms of Consumption. I had a Cough, Night Sweats, Bleeding Lungs, Pain in my Chest and Sides, and was so completely prostrated, as to be confined to my bed most of the time. After trying various prescriptions, without benefit, my physician finally determined to give me Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took it, and the effect was magical. I seemed to rally from the first dose of this medicine, and, after using only three bottles, am now as well and sound as ever.—Roxbury, Mass., Springfield, Ill.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family, for Colds and Coughs, with infallible success, and should not care to be without it during the winter months.—Russell Bodine, Hughesville, Lycoming Co., Pa.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

TOBACCO SEED.

The best varieties for every type of Tobacco. Get the BEST and FINEST tobacco, which is raised and always pure. Price 25 cents per lb. or \$2.50 per cwt. For a descriptive list of TOBACCO SEED and the best and most profitable SEED CORN, write to R. L. RAGLAND, Hyattsville, Md.

Jan. 13/87.

FINE FRUITS!

One of the finest collections of the finest apples and peaches in the South, I have selected some of the choicest and most valuable varieties also have some of the finest varieties of peaches and strawberries.

I will sell apples and peaches at 60 cents per bushel, and strawberries at 10 cents per bushel.

G. K. FAUST,
GRAHAM, N. C.

Jan. 20/87.

Real Estate Agency.

PARKER & KERNOLLE, Agents,
GRAHAM, N. C.

A plantation one mile from Mebane, in Alamance county, containing 238 acres—45 acres in original growth, 50 in pine, 100 in cultivation. The place is well watered, and has a fine orchard, 3 good tobacco barns, 3 tenant houses, good feed barn, a 2-room dwelling with basement and 1,000 good well of water. There are 200 acres of churches, school, and a good new mill in 3/4 mile of the house. It is a desirable farm adapted to the growth of tobacco, grain and grapes. Price is \$20,000. Possession given at once. Price \$20,000. (Jan 13)

SUBSCRIPTION COURT.

James R. Newlin, adm'r., d. b. n. with will annexed of John Newlin, dec'd, and as trustee for Thomas Newlin,

VS.
James Newlin, Oliver Newlin, William Newlin, Jonathan Newlin, Thomas Newlin, Susan Coffin, and Mary Betty Hill, and wife Nancy, Gully Duke, James McPherson, Thomas N. McPherson and Addison McPherson.

This is a special proceeding, brought for the final settlement of the estate of John Newlin, dec'd, in which the summons has been duly served upon all the parties defendant, and the plaintiff has filed his final account and complaint. The first day of March, 1887, at 10 o'clock a. m., at my office in the court house in Graham, in said county, I will proceed to audit the final account of the plaintiff, to receive the same, to ascertain the balance in his hands for distribution, to determine the rights of the legatees, and order the payment of the balance on hand for distribution to the legatees entitled thereto and upon its payment to discharge the plaintiff from liability because of his administration.

The defendants may attend at said time and place, and be heard with respect to their interests then and there to be adjudged and determined.

January 4, 1887. A. TATE, C. S. C.

THE STAR

A Newspaper supporting the Principles of a Democratic Administration.

Published in the City of New York.

WILLIAM DORSHEIMER, EDITOR.

Daily, Weekly, and Sunday Editions.

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An Eight-page Newspaper, Issued every Wednesday.

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Address, THE STAR,
Broadway and Park Place, New York.

CHINESE PIRATES.

In 1875, owing to the wreck of a Boston brig in the China sea, I was left in Hong Kong in pretty bad shape. After I had carried a flag of distress, as you might say, for two weeks, an Englishman offered to let me work my passage to Liverpool, but as I was about to accept it I was across a countryman who had a berth for me. One of the largest trading houses in Canton at that time was composed of three Americans, and they owned two small steamers and three or four sail craft. These vessels were employed in collecting goods from the various islands to the southeast, and some of the voyagers extended up the Yellow sea as far as Teng-chow. Just at that time the firm had come into possession of a new steamer, and she was about to make her first voyage. There had been trouble with piratical craft, and the steamer had been fitted out to take care of herself. She carried two six pounders, twenty American cavalry carbines, a score of revolvers, and was fitted to throw hot water overboarders. Her complement of men was fifteen, of whom the cook, steward, and three firemen were natives. All others were Americans and Englishmen. The supercargo was an American, who could talk the Chinese language as well as the best of 'em, and the captain and some of the others could "speak" more or less.

Our first voyage was to be up the Yellow sea, and we carried a load of American and English goods. The cargo well deserved the name of "miscellaneous." There were muskets, fish spears, sole leather, tinware, looking glasses, calicoes, buttons, shawls, cigars, fish nets, groceries, axes and almost everything else you can think of, and the supercargo also carried money to purchase what we could not traffic for. We were to pick up in exchange whatever foreign markets called for in Canton, which included tea, rice, several species of nuts, dye stuffs, roots, barks, skins, etc.

I was in luck to secure the place of mate, for Capt. Tabur was a splendid fellow and the crew was one which could be depended on. We had three or four men who understood the handling of the six pounders, which had been sent over from the United States, and with the supply of small arms at hand we felt ourselves a match for anything except a regular gunboat. We got away in good shape, ran up between the coast and the island of Formosa, and then steered to the northeast to fetch the Loo-Kioo islands, which are seven or eight in number and deal in ginseng, sarsaparilla and other medicinal roots. We stopped a day at Ke-Lung, which is at the northern end of Formosa, and almost opposite Foochow, on the mainland, and while here it was noticed that the natives were of our crew were very thick with a lot of suspicious characters who were hanging about us the greater part of the day. The supercargo overheard them discussing our voyage and making many inquiries, and when he spoke of the matter to the steward that piggled gentleman explained that all our natives were related to the strangers who had been hanging about, and of course the latter took an interest in them.

I didn't know Chinese characters, as well as some of the others, and was therefore somewhat surprised to hear the captain and supercargo discussing the matter with the natives, and that they had left Ke-Lung by fifty miles. The fireman had given the engineer trouble, and the steward had a certain sort of impudence in his obedience to commands. I did not know until now that a gang of twenty or more of the fellows at Ke-Lung had attempted to induce the captain to give them passage to the island of Teasusan, which we meant to visit. They had offered big passage money and were willing to put up with any accommodations, but he had refused them, and firmly declined to have one of them aboard. The steward and fireman were soundly berated by the captain and threatened with flogging if any more trouble occurred, and the matter was dropped. At the close of the second day we dropped anchor off a small island to the southwest of Teasusan called Kung-Wah. There was no harbor, but the depth of the water enabled us to get within a cable's length of the beach in a comparatively sheltered spot.

Capt. Tabur had traded at this island a few days, and he knew that the natives were all right as long as they were kept in awe by a superior force. There was a trader on the island who had a large stock of roots, and after a palaver lasting two days and nights the supercargo finally made a bargain with him. It was observed by the captain that some change had come over the natives, for on his previous trip they had been eager to close a bargain at any figure named. The natives in our crew had been permitted to go ashore, and a dozen or more of the leading men of the island had come aboard and inspected the crew. One night we agreed upon a trade, and the next day we were to begin landing and receiving goods. There was a big crowd of natives on shore opposite the steamer, and they had canoes, catamarans and dhows enough to have embarked 500 people. Just before night closed in we sighted a large junk coming down from the direction of Formosa, but gave her no particular attention. At about 9 o'clock she came joggling along at a tramp's gait, and dropped her mud boat within 200 feet of us. I gave her a looking over with the night glass, and only five or six men could be made out on her deck. It was natural to conclude that she was a trader.

Being in port, with fair weather for the night, the crew might expect that only an anchor watch would be maintained. The men must therefore have been somewhat surprised when Capt. Tabur invited our five natives to go ashore, and I spent the night with their friends, and announced to the rest of us that we should stand watch and watch. The cook was the only native who did not go. He declared that he had examined ashore, and would kill him, and he was therefore allowed to occupy his accustomed quarters. There were ten of us besides him, and soon after the junk anchored the guns were cast loose and loaded with grape, the fireman brought up and made ready, and the engineer was instructed to keep steam enough to permit us to move. The cable was arranged for slipping, and then five men turned in at standing, and the other five of us stood watch. Before this occurred the captain said to me: "Mr. Graham, this may be going to a

good deal of trouble for nothing, but the man who deals with these natives has got to be prepared for any emergency. If they trouble us it will not be until after midnight. I will therefore head the second watch. Keep your eye on that junk, and permit no boat to come aboard under any circumstances."

I distributed my men over the vessel to the best advantage and reserved to myself the right to act as a free lance. That is, I went from one part of the vessel to another, and kept one eye on the junk and the other on the beach. All was very quiet up to 11:30 o'clock, when I made two discoveries in quick succession. The cook had prepared a large dish of coffee for our use during the night. We had a large urn on a stand in one corner of the dining room, and a lamp underneath kept the coffee hot. The same thing is in general use in American hotels and restaurants. I was on the point of entering the cabin to secure a drink of the beverage when, as I passed an open window, I heard the cover of the urn rattle, and then caught the footstep of someone in retreat. It could be none other than the native cook, I argued, but I did not go to his quarters to verify or disprove my suspicions. I entered the cabin, turned up the light and carefully examined the urn. The rascal had certainly "dosed" it. There was a grayish powder on the cover and on the edge of the urn, and in his haste he had spilled some on the floor. A look inside showed numerous bubbles on the surface of the liquid, but these bubbles disappeared when I passed over them. I arranged the can so that no one could secure a drink and then started to notify the captain. As I passed along the deck I looked for the junk, and in an instant saw that she had decreased the distance between us. The tide was setting in, and she was either dragging her anchor or had purposely misled it and allowed herself to drift. The captain was up as soon as I touched his arm, and when I reported my suspicions of the cook and the junk he replied:

"Call the men up, but make no noise. That junk has got fifty men in her hold, and the natives on shore are in with a plot to capture us. Take a pair of handcuffs and have the cook secured in his berth."

After I had called the men I went to make a prisoner of the cook, but he was nowhere to be found. His object in remaining aboard up to that hour was to drag our coffee and note what preparations we were making. When he got ready to go he probably swam to the shore with his news, but he could have reported a little more on the fact that he had drugged our coffee, which all who were awake at midnight would probably make use of. When the men had received our orders we paid our attention to the junk, and one of the guns was quietly rolled across the deck and trained upon her. When the night glass was directed to the shore we could make out that many of the natives were moving about and evidently getting ready for some expedition. There was no question now but what we were to be attacked. We had a good pressure of steam, plenty of hot water, and the hose was attached, and a man assigned to take charge of it.

It was an hour and a half after midnight before there was any decided movement on the part of the enemy. The captain of the junk could not have had a night glass, and perhaps he reasoned that we were as badly off. He kept paying out his cable foot by foot until he was so close on us that I could have tossed a biscuit about him. Owing to the set of the tide or to some cross current he dropped down to us stern first, while we lay broadside to the beach. The stern of the junk was pointed amidships of the steamer, and our guns would rake his whole deck at every discharge. At 1 o'clock two men left her in a small boat and went ashore, and then forty or fifty armed men came out of the hold and took their stations on deck. A few had muskets, but most of them carried knives or a sort of hand grenade, which has been termed a "stink pot." These bombs are filled with a villainous compound which is let loose as they are broken, and the fumes are more to be dreaded than a bullet. Their plan, as we solved it, was for an attack on both sides of us at once. A boat would come on us from the shore and the junk would drift down on us at the same time. We had the cable ready to slip, sent the engineer to his post and then waited.

At about 1:30, while the tide had yet half an hour to run, we saw the shore boats make ready. At least 200 natives were ready to come off. They knew that the cook had drugged or poisoned our coffee, and therefore sent a boat in advance of the fleet to see in what shape we were. The boat came up very softly and landed twice around us before the captain hailed and let them know we were ready to receive them. Some sort of signal was given from the boat, and the light opened at once. Just the moment we saw the people on the junk getting ready to drift her down upon us we gave them the grape from the six-pounder. They were not a pistol shot away, with most of the men crowded aft, and I verily believe that one discharge killed or wounded twenty men. I was at that gun with two others, and a man armed with a cut-throat razor. We fired six or seven shots, and while we were reloading, and three or four musket shots were fired at us. Our second shot drove all who were left alive below hatches, and believing that the carbineer could keep them there, we ran the gun to the starboard side to beat off the boats.

It was high time. While the first discharge of the gun had done for a score of them they were a reckless and desperate lot and would not retreat. They were provided with bombs, spears, blow guns and muskets, and the man who was to sprinkle them with hot water had been shot dead at their first fire. As soon as we got our gun over, some one picked up the rattle of the hose pipe and turned it loose on every boat within reach. But for the hot water the fellows might have carried us by boarding, for 200 to 100 is big odds. Such screaming and shouting and clanking as they indulged in when the boiling hot water splashed over their half-naked bodies was unparagoned of itself, and all the time we kept playing on them with the guns and the carbines. The fight continued, and as soon as they began to draw off I ran my gun to the port side, loaded with shell, and sent the missile right through the junk's stern. Half a

dozen fellows rushed out of the hold and jumped overboard, and I gave her two more. When the third was fired there was an explosion, probably of a barrel of powder, which lifted her deck thirty feet and split her wide open. She sank right there before our eyes, and the wails of the wounded wretches who floated about for a minute or two were dreadful to hear.

Capt. Tabur felt that such treachery as the natives showed deserved the severest punishment, and we turned both guns loose on the village and fired forty or fifty shells. When daylight came not a human being was in sight. Portions of the junk had been driven on the beach, and the natives had fled and left everything behind them. The sharks were probably attracted to the spot by the sounds of firing, and they certainly had a rich feast. I never saw them so thick before nor since, and as they fished up the bodies from the bottom around us three or four would seize and tug at single oysters, and I heard the cover of the urn rattle, and then caught the footstep of someone in retreat. It could be none other than the native cook, I argued, but I did not go to his quarters to verify or disprove my suspicions. I entered the cabin, turned up the light and carefully examined the urn. The rascal had certainly "dosed" it. There was a grayish powder on the cover and on the edge of the urn, and in his haste he had spilled some on the floor. A look inside showed numerous bubbles on the surface of the liquid, but these bubbles disappeared when I passed over them. I arranged the can so that no one could secure a drink and then started to notify the captain. As I passed along the deck I looked for the junk, and in an instant saw that she had decreased the distance between us. The tide was setting in, and she was either dragging her anchor or had purposely misled it and allowed herself to drift. The captain was up as soon as I touched his arm, and when I reported my suspicions of the cook and the junk he replied:

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CORRESPONDENTS AT DONELSON.

What One of the Journalistic Profession Saw After the Surrender of the Fort.

About a mile from the landing I met a person dilapidated, demoralized, who, bent with fatigue, was limping and hobbling painfully in the direction of the boats. I recognized him as Andro Matton, a correspondent of his own paper in Chicago. He was worn out with hours of tramping over the battle ground, and withal in a state of starvation. I did not mind my rations with him, and he ate like a ravenous wolf. I have always felt that my opportune meeting with him at that moment saved him from death through starvation, and thus preserved to the journalistic profession one of its most accomplished members.

Knox was not at Donelson, being then on his third march from St. Louis to Springfield, this time under the lead of Gen. Curtis. Richardson made a narrow escape from missing the battle. At Fort Henry I had managed to get my letter off on the first dispatch boat which left, but I missed the boat, and there was no other to leave in ten hours. He was equal to the emergency. He went down the river on the first steamer, took the train for New York, writing on the cars as he went. Although ten hours behind at the start he made up the difference, so that our letters appeared on the same morning in New York, and by coming instantly back he was in time for the Donelson contest.

Sunday morning, after the surrender, while going through the works, a man passed me on a lively trot who carried paper and pencil, and who halted a moment here and there to jot down a sentence. A glimpse of a jaundiced face and a solemn countenance revealed the identity of Collins, the Boston correspondent, who was doing the fortifications on the run. As far as I could see him he kept the pace, up hill and down, over bread-crusts, parapets, rifle pits, rocks, fallen trees and all other obstacles. He ran with his head down, like an animal which trails by scent. In his report, as well as all communications that he had developed in getting it up it must have been thrilling beyond estimate.

Henry Lovie, the artist for Frank Leslie, was not on the ground. I met him a couple of days after at Cairo and furnished him material with which "our own correspondent on the spot" made a spirited drawing of the battlefield. Knowing personally many of the officers who were engaged in the charge against the Confederate right, I gave him such details of their appearance as were likely to be of use to him, and in this way he gained a vast notoriety for the fidelity of his pictures, thereby, in the estimate of the soldiers who followed Smith in his gallant attack, proved himself to have done the work under the very fire of the enemy—"Polito" in Chicago Times.

A Paragraph About Great Possibilities.

It seems that there is no end to the possibilities of instantaneous photography. The artists in this line have already photographed trains going a mile a minute, horses trotting a 3:28 gait, baseballs in mid air, and other flying things. Why should they not give us photographs of birds in flight, thereby aiding aerial operations on the flying mechanism of the air's inhabitants? Perhaps they will also show us negatives of bullets and cannon balls in flight, and to return to baseball, diagrams of some of these curves would be worth looking at. This reminds me that Douglas, the photographic supply man on Walsh avenue, has constructed an electric lamp, having its own reservoir of electricity, by which instantaneous photographs of all sorts of things and places may be taken after night. It is an idea that detectives and the police would find such an instrument of service in preserving a likeness of the scenes of night crimes and such things, and has asked Police Photographer Evans and Detective Shea to give the apparatus a trial. Orr, the country genius, has made several very good street scenes by moonlight. The time of exposure was twenty minutes.—Chicago Herald.

The Proper Way to Read.

A gentleman who is proprietor of one of the largest and best popular hotels in one of our large cities made me a busy man. I know such a one who is one of the best and most satisfactory talkers that I met. I said to him one day, "Do let me ask you how it is that you find time to be informed on all the news of the day and can talk intelligently on new books, politics, etc.?" He said: "When I was a poor boy, working hard all day, a kind old gentleman used to lend me his New York daily after he had read it. One night this occurred to me, 'What can I remember of what I have read for the past three weeks?' What has been going on in England, Germany, in France? What new books have been published? What progress has been made, and in what direction? So putting aside my precious papers, I went all around the circle—politics, arts, news, literature, etc.—till I felt I was certain of some things. I have kept up that habit ever since. What I read I make mine, and if I can read a book I read a good review of it and feel that I have perhaps the best of it."—Kate Sanborn in Atlanta Constitution.

Poisoned by His Business.

The man who earns \$20,000 the hardest of any man I know is a celebrated taster down town. To-day you see him and he looks like any other man, but if you meet him in a month hence he will strike you as extraordinary. His hat will then appear to be four sizes too small and to be perched on his head like a marking pot on a barrel. This is said to be because he has been poisoned by his business, and the lower part of his face and head has swollen out of all proportion to his crown and his hat. He only washes his tongue with the tea and then spits it out, but in the course of doing this a thousand times a day for several weeks the strong drug does its work and then he has to lie off for a few weeks and shrink his head ready to begin again.—Providence Journal.

Getting Some Satisfaction.

"What's the matter, Bobby?" inquired his mother, as the boy flopped into the nursery.

"I've sent me out of the nursery because I made too much noise."

"I hope you didn't say anything to your papa?"

"No," replied Bobby, who knows better than to be rude to the old man, "but I slammed the door."—New York Sun.

Softly Alit.

"Aw, jargon me, Edith, I've thumped a cold in my head, and when I've a cold, I'm always stupid, don't you see?"

"Poor Arthur, how sad you seem always to find this affliction!"

"INSTANTANEOUS" PLATES.

Some of the Difficulties Which are Yet to Be Overcome—Experiments.

At a meeting of the Photographic Society of Philadelphia the question was asked: "What can be considered as the 'instantaneousness' of gelatine plates and the well-ascertained shortest exposure attained?" Mr. David Pepper, Jr., stated that the picture of a ball falling from a screen had been taken with one of Mr. Muybridge's fastest shutters in the 1-1000 of a second. Mr. David Cooper, who was present as a visitor, referred to a picture made by Mr. W. T. Gregg of a projectile being fired from a dynamite gun. The shell was shown a short distance in front of the muzzle of the gun, and was blurred about one-half its length. The velocity of the projectile was stated to be 1,200 feet per second, and it was claimed to be a cushion of compressed air. This cushion had the appearance of a comet and was supposed to be the cause of the difficulty or impossibility of hitting with a pistol bullet a suspended eggshell or handkerchief.

Capt. MacNutt of the British army stated that he had been trying for two years to devise a means to accomplish this. The difficulty seemed to be in securing sufficient rapidity of exposure at the same time having a reasonable size of picture. The projectile, moving at from 1,200 to 1,600 feet per second, would require a faster shutter than he had yet seen. The high velocities of projectiles at the muzzle has led to the suggestion that they might be gotten at a point, say 500 yards off, where the velocity is considerably reduced, but this has placed other difficulties in the way, chief among which is exposing while the projectiles are in the field of view. Mr. Bartlett expressed his doubts whether the most sensitive film is capable of recording the presence of the cushion of air preceding the projectile, inasmuch as the atmosphere, even under the greatest pressure, would be invisible. He thought he might as well expect the photographic image of the temporary vacuum which follows the ball.—Boston Transcript.

When Ingersoll Was Sick.

Col. Ingersoll told a story about a time when he was sick with fever many years ago, about the only sickness he ever knew. "Climbing over a post outside of his window were grape vines full of grapes just ripening. In his fever he craved acids and cooling drinks, and these grapes made him wild with desire to reach them, but he was sternly forbidden to think of them or of sea water, and he was closely watched to see that he did not reach the forbidden fruit. One night when he pretended to be asleep and was thought too weak to move, the nurse slipped out, perhaps to get a drink or a smoke. Ingersoll crawled feebly from the bed, crawled out of the window upon the roof of the porch and ate grapes till he forced the nurse would return.

"Then," said he, "I filled my shirt full of grapes and crawled back to bed and lay and ate them in the dark. Then," said he, "I went to bed, bidding the good good-by, and willing to do so after the exquisite enjoyment of that feast."

In the morning the doctor came in, and, after examination, pronounced him much improved, and evidently felt elated in his success in treating the case. Ingersoll asked him what would be the consequence if he ate a lot of those grapes, and he was assured that he would not live an hour. After the grape episode his improvement was so rapid that it amazed the physician, and when he told that physician about the grapes the latter was probably more amazed than ever. Said the colonel: "These physicians run by old rules. If a man dares to do otherwise he is denounced as a quack and professionally ostracized. The only wisdom we get in the world which is correct comes from the natural laws and instinct and is the result of love.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Literally Wiped Out of Existence.

George Doran was blown to pieces by a nitro-glycerine explosion at Red Rock a few years ago. He was a man that weighed 200 pounds. All that the most thorough search ever recovered of that 200 pounds of flesh and bone was a part of one of the poor man's feet—less than one pound. Charles Berryhill, a well known oil man, was blown up by nitro-glycerine one winter in Allegheny county. The ground was covered with newly fallen snow. On either side was a high and abrupt hill only a few rods apart. Berryhill was a very tall man, and his weight was 150 pounds. The remains of the poor fellow were searched for carefully, but less than fifteen pounds of them could be found. The most curious part of the case, and one showing how completely annihilation accompanies an explosion of nitro-glycerine, was this: The greatest force of the explosion is able, however infinitesimal the atoms to which Berryhill's body might have been reduced by this explosion, in falling back upon that spotless snow some trace of them must have been seen, but the snow remained as spotless as before. Besides human bodies, the iron frames of wagons, and even the ponderous nitro-glycerine safes, have been removed from human vision by an explosion as effectually as if they had never been formed, and the mystery of their utter annihilation cannot be explained.—New York Times.

Raising Potatoes by Electricity.

An interesting experiment, showing the influence of electricity on the growth of roots, has been made in Germany. Plates of copper were thrust upright into the earth, and connected by wires with similarly placed zinc plates about 100 feet distant, an electric battery being thus formed with the earth between the two and zinc in the circuit. Both potatoes and beets planted between such plates give an increased yield—beets 13 per cent., potatoes 25 per cent., as compared with other parts of the same field.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

A Ventilating Window Pane.

A German engineer, named Henckels, has invented a ventilating window pane which admits fresh air while preventing draught. Each square meter of glass contains 3,000 holes, which are of a conical shape, widening toward the inside. The new device has already been adopted by many of the German hospitals.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Ah, pretty buttons on the oak!
That autumn wraps around her,
Ere winter with his icy chill
In crystal chains has bound her.

How bright you make the dark-brown turf,
Now faded grown, and older,
By touching it with colors rare
Of crimson, white and golden.

When winter comes, and cutting frosts
Have clipped you from her dress,
The memory of white and gold
Will still remain to bless us.

—Washington Critic.

HEIRS OF THE INCAS.

A Fine Race of People Who Are Much Abused—In Southern Bolivia.

The Quichos Indians are the direct descendants of the Incas of Peru, so well described in Prescott's history. They are a fine race of men and it is a great pity that little or nothing is done for their education. On the contrary they are much abused, although of late years the government of Bolivia has taken measures forbidding their maltreatment. Before reaching that country I was told the only way in which to get along with these Indians was to treat them like dogs. However, I treated them kindly and justly, and from experience, I declare this to be the best mode of getting along. They are a good race, but without courage. This attribute to the state of servitude they have been held under, and the utter ignorance they are kept in, giving them