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of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and Bowels, the value of Ayer's Cathartic Pills cannot be overestimated. This remedy is also unrivaled in curing Rheumatic and Neuralgic affections.

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WANTED!

Everybody in North Carolina who are not already subscribers to send their address on postal card, for sample woman by dying of consumption. Want and exposure had brought the disease, and had nurtured it so assiduously that opy of the weekly News and Observer and special offer during December.

death seemed but to try with its victim. The room was small and destinate of furniture; nothing save the low iron bedstead, upon which reposed the cunciated ring December.

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money at work for us than at any thing che in the world. (apital not occided; you are started free. Both sexes, all ages, Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Castly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to sand a your address and find out; if you are wise you will do se at once. If. HALLET & CO., Portland Maine, dee 21 Ty

OPIUM at Willand B. A. S. Ta store of the Control o

A STORY OF CHARITY.

he sat flinching, half fainting in the bit-ing atmosphere. Yet but half the story was told by his fattered garments. The pinched and sunken features, the wistful look of those blue eyes and the weary, drooping attitude of that emaciated figure needed no spoken language to explain that hanger as well as cold had here an unfortunate victim. The lad could not have been much over 10 years of age; his face was fair and clean, its expression denoting a manly disposition. For more than an hour he sat there in front of the store from which he had been so mercilessly driven forth, addressing every male pedestrian with the short, basiness-like interrogation; "Black yer boots? Only three coats." He received no responses, not even so much as a brief negative. Some men who strode by in warm "arctics" looked down carelessly upon the shivering little fellow and smiled at the absurdity of stopping in the streets to have their boots blacked on such a day. Others wondered why the lazy little urchin did not occupy his time in the more sensible vocation of selling newspapers, and the proprietor of the store, happening to look out of his window at the hurrying throng, caught sight of the ragged bootblack and wondered why the police did not take care of such a vagabond. At last there came along one young man more observing than the rest. He saw that the poor Loy was suffering from celd and hunger and his heart was

touched. Stopping he said: "Well, little chap, isn't this pretty cold work for you?" "Kind'r, sir," answered the boy, as with an effort he dropped on his knees and pushed forward his box. "Have

your boots blacked?"

"No, I guess not," laughingly replied
the young man. "It is a little too cold
to stand out here." "Black 'em quick, sir!" said the urchin.

looking appealingly up into the eyes of his long-waited-for customer.
"What is your name?" asked the gentleman, paying no attention to the box, which had been pushed close to his feet. "Den, sir." \(\infty

"How long have you been sitting here,

"Bout an hour." "Why don't you peddle newspapers? No man wants to get his boots blacked in the streets such weather as this." "Please, sir, I hain't got no money to

buy papers," replied the little fellow.

"Oh, that is the trouble, is it? What would you do with 10 cents if I should give it to you?" pleasantly inquired the young man. As he said this he drew off one of his gloves, unbuttoned his coat, and took out a well filled pecketbook. "I would get something to ent,"

answered Dan cagerly. "Are you very hungry?" "Yes, sir, but I don't want nothing for

myself. My mother is sick, and there

ain't nothin' in the house for her." "That is too had," murmured the gentlemm sympathetically, as he fum-bled in his pockets for some change there were only bills in his wallet. From one pocket to another went his hands-Dan's eyes following each motion with a hungry expectancy—until the last pocket had been searched, and no coins could be found, "Well, now, I am sorry, my little man"—and a tone of real regret gave emphasis to the words— "but I have nothing less than a \$5 bill."

Little Dan's eyes became misty, and there was a suspicious quiver about his lips. But he was not chicken hearted and was no beggar. The tears that started were forced back, and the rebellious sob was choked down. With a determined toss of the head he stood creet and returned a simple "thank you, sir," to the young man's parting words, "Am sorry, Dan, but I may see you to-

For a few moments longer little Dan lingered in the street, vainly appealing to the passers by for employment. But he received nothing but rebuffs and har h words. Two ladies, attracted by his odd appearance, paused to ask him why to a second appearance, paused to ask and why he did not go home. "I want to earn some money first," he replied; "my mother is sick," The ladies exchanged significant glances. "Too hed," said to the other as they walked away, "that children so young should be taught the tricks of professional beggars." Soon a policeman touched the half frozen boy on the shoulder and bade him "move on," and in obedience to the stern mondato little Dan picked up his box and

"Starvation Hospitalt" the place was usually called. It was one of those dilapidatal and neglected frame tenements which swarra with human beings very much as a wherf hole swarms with rats. The building had been creeted many years before and used as a planing mill, but when trade and business enterprise departed from the neighborhood the old structure was hastily aftered into a cheep lodging house. After awhile the place was neglected by its owner and permitted to go to decay, and each year it sunk lower in the grade of human habitations. None but the most destitute could be in-

wearlly trudged away

duced to live there, and yet its barren, ill-kept rooms were always full.

In one of the upper rooms, lighted only by a small and broken window, and approached by a series of rickety stairways and dark, vermin infested certifors, a form of the dying women was there to relive the barrenness of the sportment.

A best and broken candlestick stood A bent and crosses caracters stood empty upon the broad wooden mantel-piece. The brick fireplace underneath contained a bed of ashes—nothing more. Through the broken window the wintry blasts came at w.l., and found a passive.

on the straw covered cot.

The sound of similing feetsteps in the corrider areased the woman from her lethargic state, and caused her to turn her head engerly toward the door as if expecting some pleasant arrival. The tron latch was lifted and the door awang open, admitting the small ferure of little Dan. He advanced into the room softly, placed his look on the thou at the head of the lead, and, kneeling down upon it,

unresisting subject for their cruel sport

the invalid, saying in a low voice: "How do you feel, mother?" The dying woman, whose eyes were fastened intently on the Truly a pitiful object was little Dan as face of her son, murmured, as with a feeble motion she stroked his curly hair:

Poor little Dan, you have been unsuccessful." "Yes, bad luck to-day, mother," answered the lad, endeavering to speak cheerfully, but unable to suppress the

sob that struggled up from the tender heart, touched to the quick at sight of his mother's patient suffering; little Dan's lips quivered painfully for an instant, and then he gave expression to his sorrow and suffering by a flood of tears. "Oh, mother," he cried, "we are starv-

The only response that came from the lips of the agonized mother-herself nearly beyond the reach of the tortures of hunger—was, "My poor child! my poor child," and encircling his neck with one arm, she drew him close to her and sought to cover him with a corner of the well wern blanket, which constituted her sole protection from the blasts of cold air that came through the almost glassloss window such.

"No, mother! no!" exclaimed the little fellow, resolutely starting up from his kneeling posture and carefully replacing the blanket over his mother, "you musn't do that. I am not very cold, and, be-sides, I can build a fire," saying which he drew from his pocket a match and bit of crumpled paper, which he held triumphantly before his mother's eyes. Then preceded to demolish his unprofitable blacking box by kicking in the sides and pulling the pieces apart with his hands, Soon he had quite a pile of splinters, and building them carefully over his hit of paper on the dead ashes in the fireplace he set fire to them, and a crackling, cheerful blaze was the result. "Look, mother, isn't that glorious?" he cried, turning eagerly to receive his mother's approbation, forgetful for the moment of all his troubles in the glowing heat.

A sad, tender smile rested on the mother's face, and she was about to reply, when the door was pushed open and a woman's voice exclaimed: "Mercy on us, what a place!" Two richly dressed ladies then crossed the threshold. It required but a glance to essure them that they stood in the presence of sickness and destitution. They were members of the Percival Square Church Relief society. and a sense of duty had impelled them to visit the old tenement building. Little Dan advanced toward them, and with instinctive politeness motioned for them to draw nearer to the fire. "We ain't got no chairs," he said, "but we are so glad that you have come." Mrs. Zeal-ous and Miss Prim exchanged deprecatory glances, and the elder lady, turning to Dan's mother, inquired feelingly;

you in great need of anything?"
"We have nothing, madam, but what
you see here," was the answer. "Neither my son nor myself has tasted any food since yesterday morning." "And my mother," interposed Dan, "is very, very sick."

"This is suffering indeed!" said Mrs. Zealous to her companion. "We must she had put upon her, do something to relieve these people."

Mrs. Quicktemper "I do not want for myself," dying woman, "I shall soon be beyond the need of earthly care, but my poor boy! please take care of him, ladies; please keep him from want."

"We most assuredly will, my good woman, and we will help you also," responded Miss Prim, with some warmth. Mrs. Zealous, we must bring this case to the attention of the society without

"Yez, it shall receive attention the very first thing to-morrow, and I am ex-ceedingly sorry that I have no change with me, for I suppose you are hungry, my little man," continued Mrs. Zealous placing her hand on Dan's head.

"Yes'm, purty hungry," answered the boy, with a look full of disappointment

"Well, keep up your courage." cheerily responded Miss Prim, after she had searched her portmonaic in vain for some money, "we will come to-morrow and bring you something."

Little Dan made no reply. Long suffering had made him patient and brave. As the two missionaries of organized charity descended the rickety stairs to the street he silently crept to his mother's cct, and, kneeling on the floor, wearily laid his head beside hers on the pillowless

III.

"The meeting will please come to cr-der," called the dignified matron who officiated as president of the regular

weekly meeting of the Percival Square Church Relicf society. "At our last meeting, ladies." spoke the president, "a resolution was adopted providing for a systematic plan of chartable work. The city was divided into districts, and each member of this society was assigned one district, with the understanding that she should confine herself to that particularly defined is ki of labor. We are now assembled for the purpose of Estening to your several reports, and to act upon whatever recommendations may be made concerning the appropriation and expenditure of money. first thing in order is the reception of reports from those ladies to whom districts

After a brief pause Mrs. Precise took floor and read from her gold bound tablets some memoranda concerning half a dezen poor families that she had vis-ited. She asked for an order on the society's treasurer for \$20, to be expended in the purchase of food and clothing. The appropriation was unbes-

Mrs. Goodleart, a gentle faced lady, next narrated a touching incident of poverty and distress that had come under her observation the day before. She had thought best to relieve the sufferers without drawing on the funds of the society. Mrs. Closefist asked for \$2 to buy a pair of shoes for her washerweman's little girl. The ladies exchanged signifi-

east glances, but no one voted against

the appropriation. Mrs. Quicktemper regretted that imperative social engagements had pre-vented her from giving any attention to her district, but the next week she hoped be able to devote almost entirely to the good work.
"Mrs. President," said Mrs. Zenlous,

"Miss Prim and myself took the liberty restruky of enercisching upon Mrs. Quicktemper's territory, and we found one of the most deplorable instances of

I have tried alkalies, soda, ammonia,

leated over and kissed the wan check of | human suffering that can be imagined," and the lady proceeded to describe in minutest detail the visit of Miss Prim and herself to the home of little Dan. "Did you not do anything for them?"

anxiously inquired Mrs. Goodheart, after the recital was finished. "Ahem-well-no. Nothing more than to try and cheer them up. You see, I

had no change with me, and then I thought it would be better to bring the case before the society, particularly as it was not in my district," explained Mrs.

said Mrs. Goodheart, in a tone of gentle reproof.
"Yes, they were very destitute," an-

swered Mrs. Zealous, shortly.
"I would like to inquire, Mrs. President," said Mrs. Quicktemper, with some show of feeling, "if it was not explicitly given out at the last meeting that each lady must cenfine her work to her own district?'

"It was," politely replied the presiding officer. "And yet Mrs. Zenlous and Miss Prim deliberately intruded upon my district," said Mrs. Quicktemper, glaring angrily

nt the offending ladies.
"We had canvassed our own districts most thoroughly," exclaimed Mrs. Zealous and Miss Prim in unison, "and we"---"Very thoroughly, no doubt," inter-

rupted Mrs. Quicktemper, coldly. "I doa't understand what you mean, answered Mrs. Zealous, with spirit. "Den't you, indeed? Well, I hope you will understand me when I say that I am capable of attending to my own dis-

"You have not, it appears, troubled yourself about your district up to the present time, my dear Mrs. Quicktem-

"You force me to remark, my dear Mrs. Zealous, that what I do, or what I do not do, is no concern of yours."
"Perhaps not," indignantly replied

Mrs. Zealous, "but when I see people "Well, you didn't help them any; did vou?"

"No; I"-"Then, what are you talking about?"
"Mrs. Quicktemper, I had always thought you to be a lady."

"I have always known you to be a very officious person, Mrs. Zealous." "Mrs. Quicktemper, you are a very imertinent woman.

"Mrs. Zealous, you are a meddlesome old thing. I can't bear you."
I do not wish to have any further talk with you," said Mrs. Zealous, striv-

ing to keep calm.
"Nor I with you, madam," saying which Mrs. Quicktemper, with flushed face and snapping eyes, changed her seat and turned her back upon the unfortunate subject of her ire.

"Ladies! ladies! pray cease this angry altercation," appealed the president. "You forget that our work is of a Christian character."

Mrs. Zealous apologized for her heated language, but said that she could never forgive Mrs. Quicktemper for the insult

Mrs. Quicktemper tartly replied that she desired no forgiveness, and it being apparent to the members of the society that the two ladies could not be reconciled, a motion to adjourn was put and carried. Action in the case of little Dan and his mother was deferred until the

next meeting.

It was snowing, and the blustering winds had piled the white drifts high in the streets. The warmly clad ladies as they were driven rapidly to their homes in their robe filled conveyances forgotall sive one—the picture that Mra Zoals ous had so faithfully painted of poor Dan and his dying mother in their attic room. That ene was---.

IV.

"Put down that basket, John, and kindle a fire." Mrs. Quicktemper spoke in a voice low and tremulous with feeling, and as she glanced about the cold and darkened room she shuddered at the thought that human beings should be obliged to dwell in such a place.

John, the coachman, used as he was to seenes of privation and suffering, muttered, "By jiminy, this place ain't fit for a dog to live in!" And a dee, accord-ing to John's reasoning, could live al-

most anywhere. The appearance of the room has not changed since the visit of Mrs. Zealous and Miss Prim the day before, save that the tempestuous winds had driven the gnow in through the broken window and covered the rough board floor with a cold white mantle. The little iron cot in the corner was partly concealed by the fast falling shadows of the approaching night. Even there, too, the snow had found its way and nestled in queer little drifts about the outstretched human form on the cot. At the head of the bed knelt little Dan, his face pillowed upon his mother's bosom and his thick brown curls radiant with glistening snowflakes. No sound was heard, not even the breathing of the two unconccious figures in the corner. The wind outside had died away, and the enow fell lightly and si-

lently into the street below. "Harry, John, and get up a good blaze!" spoke Mrs. Quicktemper. And John with his foot cleared away the snow from the fireplace, and on the ashes of poor Dan's box soon had a bright, rouring fire. The sparks danced merrily about, and formed a striking contrast to the shifting snowflakes outside. The glimmering light chased the dark shedows away, and revealed distinctly every object in the apartment. Mrs. Quicktemper stepped forward with outstretched hand to awaken the sleeping objects of her bountiful but tardy charity. A gesture from John, whose quick eye had instantly in the light read the fate of mother and child, caused her to pause, and with blanched cheek and tearful eyes she heard:

'Too late, mum-they be dead."-New York Times. Remedy for Bee Stings.

Dr. G. O. Fraser, of Randolph, O., rat "Seeing different remedies recom-miled for bee stings, I wish to say that I have tried alkalies, soda, animonia, liquor pottassa, honey, rub with an onion, bruised tobacco, etc., and with thirty years' experience can say that a small amount of oil of cinnamon, applied with a small straw, end of knitting needle, or small splinter, is worth more than all the rest. Use only a little, for it will blister.

—American Medical Journal.

Can the Magnet Cure the Dumb? Dr. Charcot of the Salpetriere hospital has been continuing with considerable success his experiments on hysteric and

hypnotic patients. Having satisfied himself as to he possibility of transferring paralysis, nervous contractions and cataleptic systems from one patient to another, he next set to work, in conjunction with his able assistant, Dr. Babinski, to apply the test to hysteric dumbness.

It is a well known fact in medicine that people afflicted with hysteric epilepsy suddenly become tongue tied and remain so for many years. A female patient afflicted in this manner, but who was otherwise of robust constitution, was placed back to back with a woman who had been a long time cataleptic. By means of the magnet the dumbness was transferred from one patient to the other with the same regularity that

marked the experiments in paralysis By continuing the experiments Dr. Charcot hopes to be able to completely restore speech to the tongue tied patient. The same experiment was repeated with male patients and with the same promising results. It would, of course, be premature to call Dr. Charcot's wonderful studies pre-eminently successful in their immediate results as exemplified by the strange experiments which have been made at the Salpetriere, but no one can doubt that, like Claude Bernard's in another field, they open up a vast vista in pathological and physiological science.— London Telegram.

Explorer Starley's Habits.

"What was the nature of the fare you vere able to procure on your way through the country?"
"Goat meat, Indian corn cake, bananas

and milk." "Did you drink any brandy?"

"The whole time, three and a half years, I may have taken ten tablespoon-"What kind of food did you use?" "Mutton, beef, goat meat, game, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, bananas, pea-

nuts, tea, coffee and milk." "Was your appetite always good?" "Yes, save when in fever. I was nine months in the wildest parts of Africa without a symptom of disease. This good

fortune I attribute to the increase of knowledge concerning health habits, the judicious exercise." "Did you sleep well?"
"Until toward the end. The great sense of responsibility disquieted my mind, and I lost sixty-three pounds in weight. When I started I weighed 180 pounds, when I returned I was only 117. The pervous activity was such that I

hope of wooing it by fatigue. -Herald of

could not sleep-no, not even after I had paced for hours outside the camp, in the

Necessity of Right Breathing. Breathing through the open mouth is practised for the most part only by 'civilized' men. The aborigines of our country, and savage tribes elsewhere, always keep the mouth tightly closed and

breathe through the nostrils. for the primitive method of breathing is the best one on every principle of hygiene. There is danger of severe injury to the bronchial tubes and to the delicate vessels of the lungs, in passing from the warm air of a house to an atmosphere in the neighborhood of zero, if the air is taken directly into the lungs. passing it through the nostrils the chill is removed, and the shock from the

sudden change escaped. If the modern germ theory of the rigin of infectious distance intrue, breathing through the nostrils is one of nature's sefeguards. The hairs, which line the entrance to the nostrils, may arrest the germs floating in the air and prevent their passage to the lungs, and conse-quent absorption by the blood. Parents ought to teach their children early to breathe only through the nostrils .-Youth's Companion.

Fire Department Horses. The life of a horse in the fire department may last as long as if he were employed at any other kind of work. most trying period or time is the first year. More department horses die during their first year than in any other. The excitement kills them. They cannot get accustomed to the hurry and hubbub. the flames, the smoke and the general uproor with which they are surrounded. and they die, as men often die, from fright or worry, superinduced by excitement. Some horses, though, last for years. The work is not much; they have as a rule only short runs, and the periods of rest are longer than in the case of horses employed for ordinary draft purposes. If it were not for the excitement there would be no reason why they shouldn't last longer in the fire department than elsewhere,-Assistant Fire Chief in Globe-Democrat.

The oldest tree on record in Europe is asserted to be the express of Somma, in Lombardy, Italy. This tree is believed to have been in existence at the time of Julius Casar, forty-two years before Christ, and is therefore 1,911 years old. It is 100 feet in beight and 20 feet in circumference at one foot from the ground. Napoleon, when laying down his plan for the great road over the Simplon, diverged from a straight line to avoid injuring this tree. Superior antiquity is claimed for the immense tree in Calaveras county, Cal. This is sup-posed, from the number of concentric circles in the trunk, to be 2,565 years old. - Chicago Tribune.

The natives of Hindostan have long

had an instrument called the "ravanas tron," at first constructed in a rude mannor out of a hollow piece of sycamore wood, but afterwards developed into a practicable violin. The rudest of these has two or three strings, and it is played with a bow. This was undoubtedly the origin of the violin. Its invention is attributed by Hindoo tradition to King Ravana, who reigned in Ceylon. - Chicago

The Bible in Khyme.

A Madrid scholar, Senor Camila, who has been for many years at work on a rhymed version of the Bible, has just completed his task. The work contains

A VERY REMARKABLE FIGHT.

Four Elephants Against One Man-A "While traveling through the country with Barnum in 1881," said a veteran showman, "I witnessed one of the most

remarkable fights on record. Four ele-In July or August, 1881, our show struck the pleasant little city of Ottawa, Ills. You are, doubtless, aware that elephants are extremely fond of bathing. For some little time before coming to Ottawa they had been deprived of that pleasure. No sooner were they unloaded from the train, however, than their sharp little eyes caught sight of the river and the news was trumpeted about in elephant language from one to the other. They were very restive all day and betrayed great anxiety to bathe, and as soon as the afternoon performance was over the under keepers marched them to the river bank. I assure you many seconds did not clapse before the whole herd, twenty-three in number, were splashing and dashing in the water like a lot of school boys. Such a strange sight naturally attracted the attention of the townspeople and the farmers who, with their families, had driven in to see the show, and I doubt very much whether the river at Ottawa ever presented such an animated appearance as on that day,

"After a while the keepers shouted 'Mile up,' which in elephant phrascology means fall in. Nineteen immediately swam to shore, but no amount of shouting could induce the other four to return. Men were sent with rocks to the bridge and the entire circus force swarmed along both river banks trying with stones to turn the huge beasts in the direction of the canvas, but all in vain. As a last resource the chief trainer, George Arting-stall, was sent for. The poor fellow had been sick in bed for over a week with malaria, but on learning of the difficulty immediately dressed himself and came to the bank. Calling each elephant by name he ordered them to 'Mile up.' For a moment it looked as though his command would be obeyed, for the elephants, recognizing his voice, halted and seemed to waver in their course. Albert, the oldestand biggest, however, settled the matter by uttering a loud snort of defiance, and led by him they once more knowledge concerning health habits, the indulgence in simple food, the bath and that he could do nothing on shore, Mr. Artingstall made for the dressing room tent, from which he soon emerged dressed in tumbler's tights, and, placing the elephant prod or fork between his teeth, boldly swam out to the elephants.

"Used as we were to strange sights we yet almost held our breath at this daring act. When within a few yards of them Artingstall again shouted 'mile up,' but without effect. Then, seeming to lose his temper, he sprang upon the back of the nearest one and commenced using his fork for all he was worth. Pretty soon a cry of rage came from the animal, upon which the trainer jumped from that one to another, repeating the fork performance until, after at least ten minutes of fierce fighting and jumping, the elephants creed peccavi and swam tremblingly to the shore. Once there the but Artingdale, who had displayed such intrepidity and courage, sank into a dead faint the moment he touched the shore. Well, I can't exactly say, but certainly the menagerie tent smelt of burnt ele plant for at least two weeks after-

wards."-Chicago Tribune.

The Aristocracy of Vienna. No aristocracy of the world is so exclusive as that of Vienna. It seems to have inherited the appalling loneliness and isolation of the Hapshurgs. The English nobility admit ordinary mortals to their presence if their character or intellectual ability entitles them to a certain distinction. It is so also in Ger-many and elsewhere, where a titled aristocracy exists. It is not so in Vienna. Here nothing but the bluest of blue blood entitles him in whose veins that precious fluid flows to mingle with the real haut

Official position amounts to nothing. A foreign embaseador may be the most eminent of savants, skilled in literature, rich, socially accomplished, but he is destined, though he passes many years at Vienna, never to see the interior of a salon of an Austrian nobleman, unless with a ticket of entrauce when the family are from home. In the eyes of this class, to be a republican, a simple citizen of the United States, representing the government at Washington at the Austrian court, is to be an humble personage indeed. But what would become of the greater part of these exclusives without this adventitious distinction of birth? They would be the merest nobodies. As an aggrieved person remarked to me:
"It is all they have."—Vienna Cor. San
Francisco Chronicle.

"Off Paintings" by the Wholesale A Broadway auction firm which sup-plies half the fakirs and peddlers of the country with goods offers oil paintings in gilt frames at \$13.75 per dozen. The manufacture of these cheap paintings has crown to enormous dimensions during the past ten years in this city, and there them out by the wholesale. A man on the cast side of town conducts a little business of his own, and can produce seventy-two complete paintings in a week. He was found in the loft of a tobacco factory, engaged on an enormous subdivided into a number of squares, each representing a painting. He used a series stencil plates to give the pictures the outlines, and then rapidly dashed on some finishing touches here and there with a brush and some bright paint. When the pictures are finished they are cut out and mounted, and find a ready sale among that class of salesmen who frequent fairs and travel from town to town with their wares .- New York Jour-

Mr. W. D. Howells, in commenting on Dickens' Christmas stories, says that in this later day their "pathos appears false and strained; the humor largely horse play; the character theatrical; the jovi-ality pumped; the psychology common-place; the sociology alone funny."

Twenty-four hours after the Oregon "chinook," the warm wind, reached Fort Keegh, M. T., the morcury had risen to depa.

LOVE'S PREFERENCE.

Love likes not laughter all the day.

Nor would one like the year all May;

For pensive looks oft Love doth crave,

And likes his mistress sometimes grave;

And though it dim a lovely eye,

He chides her not if she do cry.

Love likes to soothe a trembling make

Until her sobs and tears are staid:

For then he thinks sho's not all art,

But hidden keeps a gentle heart.

—Francis Storne Palmer.

Electric Headlights Not Safe. "It is my candid opinion," said an en-gineer on the St. Paul road, "that elec-tric headlights on locomotives are not feasible. The Pyle invention, which is looked upon with more favor than all others, is this: The arc is maintained at the same point, or the focus, by making the same point, or the locus, the lower electrode a stationary copper the lower electrode positive electrode rod, while the upper positive electrode consists of the usual carbon, and is regulated by suitable mechanism. It is claimed for the invention that the arc is not only kept at a constant focus by rea-son of the stationary and non-consuming negative pole, but by means of a steadying and guiding arm, embracing the electrode near the arc, all lateral play of vibration is prevented and the arc is maintained laterally in a fixed position.

We have been experimenting with a view to adapting the electric light to locomotive headlights. It has already caused us one smashup, the presence of the dynamo machine on the footboard of the engine, having had the effect of demoralizing the timepieces of both engineer and engine. The locomotives themselves became magnetized and contrary. Another thing against the adoption of the electric light on trains is that it will make engineers nervous. You never heard of lightning striking a train of cars running at full speed. No amount of argument could convince an engineer that an elec-tric light in front of his engine would prove anything but a menace to his train in a thunderstorm. Most locomotive engineers are superstitious, and they look with suspicion upon any kind of tinkering with the present mechanism of the iron horse."—Chicago Herald.

It is a frequent fashion to proclaim the general worthlessness of American women from the animal standpoint. They lack the breadth of back and the massiveness of limb observed in lands where wives plow with the ox and daughters delve in the mines. The American woman looks after her household, rears her children, after her household, rears her children, makes happy a husband for whom she is much too good, and in her old age takes joy in manly sons and womanly daughters. It is slander to call her incompetent, or say that she falls short in the measure of duty, when compared to the women of other lands, whose strengthelps had been been some seen she larks.

she has, but whose grossness she lacks.

Just now the fashion in talk has changed. It is the man who is the weakling, and who is hurrying the nation to extinction. There is a craze for big bi-ceps and abnormal calves. In all of which there is considerable nonsense and some wisdom. Statistics show that in America length of life is increasing. Men ble as a hundred years ago. Some strip-lings may go out of life in a cloud of cigarette smoke, but they are not drag-ging the nation toward extinction, and the dead, in spite of the croakers who seem to think this continent is developing into a graveyard.—Omaha Herald

Russian Scientific Discoverers. For four or five years past Russian scientific men have been stationed at or near the mouth of the Lena, carrying on first the work of one of the circumpolar stations and then engaging in the ex-ploration of the delta and of a part of the large region eastward. They have made a number of interesting discover-ies, and scientific zeal has been richly rewarded even in this apparently desolate country. In the region where the pole of greatest cold is situated, these explor-

numerous paleontological specimens and a large number of insects and other in-vertebrata. Among the mountains that divide the Lena from the Yana basins Baron von Toll obtained six specimens of mountain sheep. He has made a special study of the fauna of the sea coost, and the latest news from him was that he was going with a party of natives to find a mammoth which a recent land slide had revealed. An important feature of the vealed. An important feature of the work of this party has been the complete exploration of the large Yana river from its headwaters to the sea, including two of its affluents.—New York Sun.

New York's Mail Statistics

The statistics of the New York postoffice for the last year present some large figures. More than 60,000,000 letters were distributed through boxes, and more than 120,000,000 were delivered by carriers. In addition to these, nearly 50,-000,000 postal cards were boxed and de-

livered. More than 166,000,000 postage stamps, nearly 26,000,000 stamped envelopes and nearly 42,000,000 postal cards were sold during the year. The total weight of mails handled in the postoffice last year was over 193 tons, or 48 per cent. more than five years ago.—New York World.

Popular Names is Lendon.

The new edition of the London postoffice directory consists of 2,672 pages,
plus 322 pages of advertisements, and
contains 244,000 names. On each page
there are 10,000 letters, the number of
letters in the "Commercial" alone making a total of 7,080,000, and the weight
of the type used for the volume is about
twenty-five tons. Here is a small but interesting table which shows the difficulties of arrangement. In the new directory, there are 2,125 Smiths, 7,104
Joneses, 708 Browns and 467 Robinsons.

—Pall Mail Gazette.

It is not long ago that a party of Arctic seamen discovered an elephant imbedded in an icoberg, and cooked some of his flesh, although, according to science, the carcase must have been there for some thousands of years.—Brooklyn Eagle.

To evangeline 1,028,000,000 ha d Mohammedians, who are increase natural birth at 1,000,000 a year, we only about 6,000 missioneries.