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AND CHILDREN TEETHING.

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TWO SINNERS.

There was a man, it was said one time, Who went astray in his youthful prime. Can the brain keep cool and the heart keep quiet. When the blood is a river that's running riot. And boys will be boys, the old folks say, And a man's the better who's had his day.

as sinner reformed, and the preacher told It is proligal son who came back to the ith a warmer welcome them ever before,

if the p industry were his to command

than effess woming gave his ner hand,

if a capable frowed their pathway with flowers

in , "ind bless lady and God bless groom?" was a malden went estray,

In direct of nor life's young day;
doors passing and hear, than houl,
there is, only where i and lave led;
we are located is a sharp rous public, a internal will by a fair glors side. · woman repented and turned from sin,

of or opened to lit her in: I show an opened to it her in:

						That the woman is scorned, while the man may										

A brave man wedded her, after all, Eat the world said, frowning, "We shall not call," —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

FLIRTATIONS.

"Do you intend to flirt with him?" This inquiry was from me. Corn was brushing out her carly mane before Mrs.

Ketcham's maho, any bureau.
"Do I intend to flirt with him?" she repeated, smiling at her reflected image. I knew that particular smile. I had seen it before. It drew up the left corner of the month a little. It brought out a certain expression in her eyes which was absolutely not to be mistaken.
"Oh, very well," I observed. "But do-

you think him worth while? He struck you to do. "Well, twell

"My dearest, every man is worth while -when there's no better. But he is not so very iil looking. Anyway, beauty counts for nothing in a man." "No. It's just as well, so far as Mr.

Whitney is concerned, that it does not." Cora had completed the brushing process, had plaited the hair into a chubby braid tied up at the end with a blue ribbon, and now turned herself about meditatively to look at me. Presently she remarked:

"You are a strange girl, Ellen."

"Oh, you miss things." She gave her front hair a dab with the brush. "Im-"Flirtations, do you mean?" She gave a

shruz. "Well, if you choose to put it in that way-you've no idea how stimulating it it. It brings out one's best resources. It netually improves one's looks. I know it improves mine. I never look so well as when I'm having a flirtation." She regarded herself placidly three-quarter face in the Ketcham looking glass. "Even with as unexhibarating a speci-

as Mr. Whitney?"
"Yes. If he is unexhibarating. Sometimes, those plain looking, quiet, insignideant men have a strange power of fas-cination. Oh, you needn't laugh."

"I wouldn't dream of such a thing. I an lost in admiration at your occult knowledge," I declared.

"You could have it, too, if you would take an interest in the subject-practice,

"Oh, no. I haven't the necessary qualifleations. I am not 21. and -alien! -Real Estate Agency. levely. I am 20 and usually considered cort of flirtation which is truly artistic.

"Oh, looks have not really very much to do with the matter," Cora was good enough to say. "Neither has age. It's all in knowing how to manage. Besides, For not 91. For nearly 94. But there's no use telling such things. You could pass for 23 if you chose—at least," with the manner of weighing the matter carefully, "I think you could."

"Oh, thank you," I yawned, "Suppose we put out the light now?" "Why, you're not sleepy, are you?" demanded Miss Weatherley in surprise. "It does seem strange. We've been discussing such engrossing subjects," I

replied. As I was falling asleep I heard a mufiled laugh. An astounding thought had struck my companion.
"Goodness! Ellen, what do you sup-

pose I would do if I had to stop in this stupid hole rix weeks without any amusement at all?" she demanded. "What do you expect to do? You-did

not know there was any Mr. Whitney, good looking or ill looking, exhilarating or unexhibitating, when you came."
"My dear, they are building a new read near the Ketcham homestead, are

they not? And when there are new roads building there are usually engineers to build them. There was sure to be someboly. " I exclaimed; and then there

w silence. was understood that Cora Weatherley had been sent to a quiet place in order to recruit from the effects of too much social dissipation. She had, as it is expressed, "run down." She herself, in speaking of her debilitated condition, asarred people that she had had complete nervous prostration. Those who could have seen her a week after her arrival at the Ketcham farm, playing tennis in the June sun all the morning, driving down in the neighborhood of the new road every afternoon and sitting out in the dampness every evening till old man Ketcham came thumping around from the back regions, "shutting up" as he went, might have been inclined either to doubt this assertion or attribute it to the air and milk and other salubrious proper-

ties of the Ketcham acres curative possi-bilities of a miraculous order. Whenever I looked up from my sketching Cora was either just coming in from somewhere or just going out. The spot of color her red tennis hat made against the environing greeness got to be a sort of perambulating objective point in the landscape. And it was usually not alond. On most occasions it was accompanied either by a white straw hat or some kind of soft cap with a visor, both of which picces of headgear covered the capital extremity of a slight, fair haired man of medium height. "This, then," I would my, returning to my water colors, "is the flirtation." We'l, if they both enjoyed it (and to see them laughing and talking and giancing at each other one could not doubt that the degree of pleasurable s'imulation they derived from the exercise was high), and if Mr. Whitney could spare that much good time from his work to down to such occumation, it could not doubt that the degree of pleas-trable s'imulation they derived from the exercise was high), and if Mr. Whitney could spare that much good time from his work to dovote to such occuration. it was possible that he might be one of the fascinating men who are just the more dangerous because at the first you would never suspect that they could make any sort of an impression whatever. I'm

concern of mine.

One day as I sat at my customary window (we had been Mrs. Ketcham's 'city boarders' for some three weeks) Corn came in, and tossing her racket against the first support she found for t. drew a chair near my table and tat

The silence that ensued caused me to look up in surprise. Miss Weatherley was staring out at the trees.
"Well?" I observed. "What has hap-pened? What is the matter?"

She premised the specific answer by saying that she did not feel well. You probably imbibed a little star-

light last night. When did Father Ketcham close up and send Mr. Whitney home?" "Oh, that's all right?" she exclaimed impatiently. "One can do those things

"Do you refer to the atmospheric freedom from dampness and umfaria or to the rural freedom from impro-

priety?" "Both," she replied promptly. "Oh, I did not know that, where a flirtation was concerned, you troubled yourself about the former consideration

"No, the excitement keeps one from taking cold," she said, with perfect gravity, still staring out of the window.

I burst out laughing.
"Now, please don't laugh," she said, relaxing the seriousness of her own face. 'I came to you because I have gotten into a tight corner, and because I want you to help me out."

"Oh, indeed! that is usually the time one seeks out one's friends, I believe." "You can be as sareastic as you choose, if you will only do what I want

"Well, what is it? Have you been going a little too far with Mr. Whitney? Do you want to draw yourself out of the

"That is it precisely!" she eriod with great amination. "You always see through things clearly when you take the Ellen! The fact is I am afraidthat—the fellow is getting a little too fond of me. Mind you, I have never en-

couraged Lim"-"Oh! You have never encouraged him?"

"Now, don't be dull!" she cried petulantly. "You understand what I mean perfectly well. I have never encouraged him to think I might-well, marry him; I have never gone so far as that. And I have never said a word-outright-to-make him think that I was really fend of him in any way. One can be just as circumspect as that, you know, and still fiirt like-like everything," she concluded. simply.

"Oh, can one? Don't say 'you know." There's no knowledge at all in my case. I have already confessed complete ignorance of the entire modus operandi of flir-

"Well, you know enough to see that there are some girls who flirt in the most horrid, vulgar way imaginable; correspending with a man, and languishing at him, and letting him squeeze their hand, and all that. And that there are others who flirt but who never, never permit anything of that kind! The whole-er"-

"Performance," I suggested. "Consists in shadings-in finesce in intangibilities."

"Intangibilities is excellent." "And I can assure you that that is the

The other is a base and a gross, counterfeit." What is the trouble with your truly

It's artistic work, then, may I inquire?' "It has been too artistic," she returned.
"It has gone too deep; at least, I repeat, I am alraid so. Now, you see. Ellen, I cannot have Mr. Whitney following me -coming to see me in town. He makes no secret of it that he has no fortune at all, and that being the case the people at home would absolutely not hear of his having any—well, intentions. Papa has cald a hundred times that he doesn't want a poor con-in-law; as for mamma, she teld me every day since I was out of shortefrocks not, as I valued my happiness, to marry a poor man, for it did not pay; which, by the way, I always thought rather hard on papa, for he's poor enough, heaven knows. Kate has threatened latterly to paint cards and things for some exchange, he has kept us so short in money for gloves and those necessaries. But to come back to what I was saving: It would not suit me at all to marry a poor man. Accordingly, I wish to begin to draw a line-to dig intrenchments. And here is where you can help me; by happening around, just in a casual way, you know, when he comes

"That is a very agreeable little plan you are laying out for me! One which I shall enjoy immensely, and Mr. Whitney,

Now, Ellen dear, you know would do that much for a friend. I'm sure I would do as much for you at any

"That, my dear Cora, is the safest offer you ever made in your life."
"But you will oblige me and a hang about a little, won't you, Ellen?

Oh, yes; though why I should I my-

self do not know." The little maneuver projected by Miss Weatherley was duly carried into some sort of effect. But, though scantily versed in the weather indications of these Acatimental latitudes, it occurred to me in the course of a few days that the young lady's unensiness might possibly have been just a little premature; in other words, that the interruptions she planned for me to execute were rather superfluous; that, as it were, a gap was being as quietly made on the other side. I wondered once er twice whether the fact would dawn upon Corn's consciousness as well. I suspected. decidedly, that that it had, when I found her growing slightly mony when alone with me, and slightly inclined to be a trifle more provocative, to press on the situation, though ever so delicately," in-stead of sliding from it, when Mr. Whitney made his new comewhat less frequent appearances. I was convinced finally when, one evening that she had rather expected him and he had not come, she suddenly remarked:

"I wonder why all the nicest men have to be ineligibles? Now, Stanbore Whitto be ineligibles? Now, Stanbope Whit-ney is just what I told you the first day

was probably all right, and assuredly no and sure but that, now that I have made up my mind to break off my flirtation with aim, I hke him rather better than I thought I did. If it's going to be hard on him, it's just possible that it may be a

little hard on me also." Corn delivered herself of this little harangue before the mahogany burenu and its mirror, where, indeed, she seem d usually to be standing when in the retirement of her own room.

What sort of answer she expected me to make I do not know, but what I did say, bluntly, was this:

"I wonder if you're blind, or if you think I am? It has struck me that Mr. Whitney is doing on his side just what you are doing on your -- withdrawing," I suppose these are brutal things to say to a girl. But Cora was of the sort who could stand them. Her lest quality was an elastic, fibrous, indestructible kind of courage and frankness. She never hesi-tated to apply the test of the latter to herself. She now turned round and looked at me with a placid contemplativeness.

"I have, noticed that," she said, calmly. "What do you suppose is the reason? I wonder it any one can have been caving anything?"

"What could they say?"
"One never knows," she returned, falling to fresh brashings of her hair with an absent hand.

I will admit that if Cora had cultivated but one art she had mastered that one in all its details, and attained not alone a wondrous scent for the possibilities of its successive stages, but, which appears to be rare enough to entitle it to special commendatory mention, an equally unfailing instinct with regard to the exact time when the game might be said to have passed out of her hands. She acted now with a promptness and finish which I could not but impartially admire. Instead of enervating herself in bafiled attempts to draw her recalcitrant admirer back within the circle of her fascination she announced to him, with a charmingly natural gayety, the next day, that she had suddenly decided

to go back to town. "I am very sorry to go, too," she said, pensively, "I have laid such a very delightful time, in spite of the dulines, thanks to you, Mr. Whitney."

She did the whole thing so well that in token of my approval I told her I would go back home with her.

We left, with flying colors, the following morning.
Mr. Whitney, lader with a basket of fruit, etc., came down to see us off. He stood on the platform till the train began to move, and to the last Cora plied himwith smiles. As he stepped back from our window with a parting salute and a lingering look toward Corp. two young men came running along the platform and

to be the last. They caught eight of him, shouted a "Hello! You here?" laughed, nodded; and then Etanhope Whitney passed out of our sight. The two young men found an empty seat immediately front of Cora and my-

boarded our gliding car, which appeared

"Wonder what Whitney is doing at this jumping off place?" cried one of them. "Oh, he's putting the new road shrough,

you know," said the other.
"That 20?" And they opened their newspapers. An hour later, as we were waiting, in

the purposeless fashion way trains affect | the children had struck the tater edge of in rural districts, at an uninteresting looking station, for apparently nothing in particular, it became evident that our ne bors had fallen to discussing the friend from whom Cora had just summarily "By Jove!" one of them was exclaim-

ing, wif the girl had been a cistor of mine I would have lad something to say about

that, I think!" that. I think!

"Old trick of Whitney's" returned the other, nonchalantly. "He's going for money, you know. I have known him to have half a dozen such affairs. If, in the middle of a flirtation, be finds out that a girl's financial prospects are slim, he has no scruple about drawing gracefully into the background-at once -not the least. He'll gain his point yet, you'll see. Whatever's the remon, the girls all take to him. He seems to have a certain way with him. There salways one or another on the tapis. The one-with the hatful of money will be forthcoming one of these days, too, I haven't a doubt.

I turned slowly, and I met Cora's eyes, She had heard, of course, as distinctly as myself. Suddenly she put her handker-chief up to her face and burst, behind its shelter, into an interminable peal of noiseless laughter. These, then, tle games at which two could play as well as one.-Evelyn Thorpe in New

House Furnishing in Mexico.

It is no exaggeration to say that, article for article, the furnishing of a house in Mexico costs three times as much as it does in the United States—a point which railway companies do not take into consideration when they pay not over high salaries in seiver to their employes here.

The highest priced food is canned goods. Mexico ought not to import these goods, especially fruits, as canning might a made to pay well here; but the does all the same. A can of green sweet corn from the States, infinitely superior to the dry native stuff, costs seventy-five cents silver; a small can of oyeters, thirty-two cents; a small can of Wilmington pre-pared lam \$5; a pound of American ham, lifty cents; bologua sausage, \$1 a pound, etc. Beer is about as cheap as cham-pagne, and to ask a friend to take a glass of beer is a very marked compli-The luxury of "a ham sandwich and a glass of beer" is about as high as one can go in the treating line, and the quantity of lam is not in proportion to powerful deal of bread. Outment costs thirty-seven cents a pound here.-Mexico Cor. Boston Herald.

Activity, out of door exercise and early rising, with moderation in diet, are the most important factors in longsvity. Few things tend to promote health and vigor more than activity-activity without excitement—an activity which does not wear the body out. The enable ought to burn briskly, and, as a general rule, at both ends, regarding the head or brain as one and the limbs or locomotory agents as the other; but it should not been too fast.--Or. Dritish Medical

TO LIVE WITHOUT EATING.

Fattening a Disemboweled Tortoise-The Sensation of Hunger- Oreat Eaters. Auto-suggestion, or belief that one is nourished when one is not, is a great thing, and accounts for many phenom-em otherwise inexplicable. Salillot relates an incident to prove its existence in the animal kingdom as well. "A tor-tuise weighing one kilogramme and a half had been captured and permitted during several weeks to wander around the garden, suisisting on files and other insects. When weighing two kilogrammes the creature was recaptured and eviscerated from behind, its head, members and shell being left intact. It was then restored to its liberty weighing ificen grammes less than at the time of its first capture, and although entirely hollow and open on its posterior aspect it rouned about as before, snapping up flies that after being swallowed readily escaped from behind. After two weeks the animal was taken and again weighed, when it was found to be five grammes heavier than at the period immediately after its evisceration. The creature was a croyant-tint is, believed that it was taking into its system an abundance of aliment; it was growing fat. What was this mysterious energy that worked an apparent impossibility, if not autosuggestion?" On the other hand, this sensation of

anger is, at least, in a certain measure, independent of the state of insuition. In other words, in cases of nervous diseases hunger may be felt acutely, with all its distressing effects, in a body sufficiently nourished. In support of this distinction, M. de Parville says: "We are acquainted with a lean lawyer and a fat engineer, both of them neurathenic. If the lawyer does not take a glass of Madeira and a sandwich at 5 o'clock he becomes livid and has an attack of vertigo. The engineer is tougher. For about a year he guarded himself pretty well against his diosyncrasy by smoking; but toward 7:30, when he came home and smelled the odor of the disease, if he was not served on the instant, he could not control himself and went into a veritable fury. He became positively and in spite of himself furiously ravenous. And yet, he was fat, and had no need to repair the losses of the organism that was already too well nourished."

So also numerous stories are found in all ancient medical dictionaries relative to those great extens whose insatiable stomachs engulabed enormous masses of olids and fiquids. Such was the case of Tararus, who went so far as to drink the blood of his patients and cat the flesh of endavers, and who was suspected of having devoured a 4-year-old child; yet be had a most sweet disposition when he wasn't hungry.—Henry Howard in The Cosmopolitan.

Saved by a Hair Rope.

Five minutes later, the tunnel men of the Excelsior mine, a mile below, taking their lunch on on the rude platform of debris before their tunnel, were suddenly driven to shelter in the tunnel from an apparent rain of atones, rocks and publics from the cliffs above. Looking up, they were startled at seeing four round objects revolving and bounding in the dust of the slide, which eventually resolved themselves into three boys and a rick For a moment the good men held their brenth in helpless ter or. Twice one of the bank and displaced stones that shot ling monthlies on "How I was falucated and was hanging over the chasm supported only by a clump of chimasal to which she chung.

"Hang on by your cyclids, sis don't stir for heaven's sike!" sl one of the men, as two others started on a hopeless ascent of the chiff above them. But a light, childish laugh from the clinging little figure above them seemed

to mock them. Then two small heads appeared at the edge of the slide; then a diminutive figure, whose feet were appercently held by some invisible companion, was shoved over the brink, and strotched its tiny arms toward the girl. But in vain, the distance was too great. Another laugh of intense youthful enjoyment followed the failure, and a new insecurity was added to the situation by the unsteady hands and shoulders of the relieving party, who were apparently shaking with laughter. Then the extended figure was seen to detach what looked like a small black rope from its arithmetic and Murray's grammar. shoulders and threw it to the girl. There was another little giggle. The faces of the men below paled in terror. Then Polly-for it was she-hanging to the education. We believe in colleges. They long pigtail of Wan Lee, was drawn with of laughter back in safety to the alide. Their childish treble of appreciation was answered by a ringing oncer

"Darned of I ever want to cut off a Chinaman's pigtail again, boys," said one of the tunnel men as he went back to dinner.—Bret Harte in vThe Queen of the Pirate Isla."

It may not be generally known that the little scapert town of Wismar, in the Ealtic, is virtually in the same position as Montague Tigg's shirt-namely, at the pawnbooker's. It was in 1993 that eden pawned the town to the Duchy of Mecklenburg for a round sum of money. It was then stipulated that the town should be restored to Sweden at the end of a century, provided the cam lent, together with interest, were paid back to

Mechenburg.
This sum is now said to amount to several hundred milion marks, and apperently there is little chance of Wismar being able to pay it at the date fixed. This singular fronty has lain dormant in the archives of the municipality ever since it was made up to the other day, when apropos of the concession of some land to the customs authorities, it was exhumed Chronicle. for legal purposes.-Pall Mall Gazette.

Borings in the Nile Delta.

The borings in the delta of the Nile, undertaken by the Royal society and in-trusted to a detachment of the Royal engineers by permission of the British accretary of state for war, have now reached a depth of nearly 200 feet without the solid bottom having been reached, a depth greater than was generally anticipated. A consignment of specimens has lately arrived in London and is now under examination. - New Orleans Tapes

THE RED MAN AND HIS WIFE. The Sad Lyed and Sorrowfal Indian

Woman Whose Toll Ceases Not. A truce then to the sentimental sufferings of the Indian. Let us have charity where charity is due, ay, sorely needed. Abate not your efforts, reader, in behalf of the red men. He has his wees, his true and particular bill of grievances. Dat forget not the distressing case of the Indian woman, the sad eyed and formwful, whose toil never ceases, whose bur-den is never laid down; but who journeys on, ever in the shadow, until the end comes and there is rest and peace in

death. And so the day drogs heavily on. A little visiting, a little racing, a little hunting and fishing, but poorly rewarded and alto other unsatisfactory when judged by the Indian's only standard, success. There will be some games of skill for the boys and young men, many games of chance for young and old of all sexes and conditions; for the Indian is a gambler, deep dyed and inveterate. As night approaches the fires are rebuilt or replenished, the pot goes on and the valley is filled with the bustle of preparation for the evening meal. In quality it is the same as that which ushered in the day; in quantity it after the war Sheridan had passed what is perhaps more; like it, it is quickly and silently dispatched. The men may now sleep; the sleep of careless satisty. The women, after a few more duties in preparation of the morrow, they too may al When the sun has gone and the twinkling stars have come sho seeks the hardest spot, wraps herzelf in the fewest and thinnest blankets and strives to forget in the heavy sleep of weariness and exhaustion the crushing labors of the day, the sorrowful prespect of the morrow.

It must be said for the red man that lee keeps good hours. Darkness usually finds him in bod, and daylight, the pangs of hunger and the swarms of buzzing, Liting had burglar alarms all over the house, flies may be counted upon to rouse him at the first blush of dawn. His toilei is soon performed. In summer it is limited to a stretch and a long drawn, chest satisfying yawn, ending in a querulous de-mand for breakfast. In winter it is somewhat more elaborate, but is even then comprised in a judicious selection of that I had gone, and turned of blankets and robes for the day's wear; in the hall. We were builty or choosing from those in which he has passed the night a greater or less quantity according to the inclemency of the weather. The Indian goes to hed as he dies, with his boots on. He washesnever. In all things save enting, horses and the labor of women he is regulerlously economical. He wastes nothing, A few sticks of wood, and they are always surprisingly small, suffice to keep his lodge tolerably warm in the severest weather. If the nights are cool, and they frequently are so, the lodge floor at night is a writing mass of Ladians, great and small, lying closely together for warmth. Night has few attractions for those who believe that it was made to sleep in. Their savage fancy, therefore, peoples it with harmful spirits, whose presence means no good, whose influence is always evil, boding death and misfortune. Nothing short of the direct necessity will induce them to move or travel at night, and no form of amu ement can be conceived of attractive enough to draw an Indian from the blankets which he seeks at close of day. -New York Graphic.

How Were Uneducated Man Educated? without regret, but I should hate 1,000 feet down into the dizzy depths of are all written by educated men. How the valley, and now one of them, the were the uneducated men educated? girl, had actually rolled out of the slide Among them were such men as flenry Wilson, Andrew Johnson, Abraham Lin coln, Edward Hitchcock and hundreds of others eminent in public life, whose names are almost bousehold words. How was Jay Goold educated. It would be a paying investment for some magazine to hire him to tell the story of his early mental training. We recently read that when Dr. Hitchcock was president of Amberst college he was asked from what institution he graduated. He replied, 'From my mother's dye tab.' who were children when President Hifehcock was a boy will remember that in many houses a wooden dye tub, holding eight or ten gallons, stood in almost every kitchen chimney corner, filled with dye, where the good housewives colored yara for the stockings and mittens of the family. It was a warm, cozy place, and was frequently occupied as a seat fof course it had a tightly fitting cover) by children when studying their Daboll's

> of education when we suppose that a residence in college halls is necessary to an stand as outposts against ignorance. Thousands of the best men and women have been educated by them; but an education outside has been accomplished with excellent success in a multitude of instances. We often hear of very racers-ful men in lusiness spoken of na "uncon-cated." Are they? One in mind-had a thorough knowledge of men. He could read them like a book. His judgment of stocks and investments was excellent. He had aggressiveness, cautien, and yet was almost lavish in his outlays. knew nothing of either Greek or Latin, but was well versel in the language ways of business. As a commander of men he was unexcelled; yet he was "uneda-cated." Was he? The most important definition just now needed for the new dictionary, toon to appear, is for this old-word, education.—School Journal.

We much mistake the object and scope

Japan's Hig Horse Pasture There is now little left of the glory of the great pasture, with its 100,000 head of horses, its excitement of the roundups, its al races and its improvised towns, with their theatren, jugglers and gayly dressed dancers. The glant embankments and corra's 'ere there, and they are all that remain of the imperial horse pasture of Shimora. —H. Latham in San Francisco

Society's Worst Sins.

Society's worst sins are the mising of a false erop of vanity, dissipation, excess, and then when it is roused by a cry from the heart or a chipwreck it blames not itself, but enother; idleness, jealousy, hatred revenge, all form together like tendstools in a garden; cultivation, in-tegrity, honor and loyalty form in the lim. John Sterwood in New York Workh

Chautauqua is an Indian word, and and to mean a long tied in the middle.

WHO KNOWS!

Who of us know
How our next neighbor fares?
How of the wees and many cares
That rise like mountains in their way?
And who of us can cay
We know of that large world we hover see,
The world of poverty?

Who of us know.

How much of pair a suding tace conceals,

How little of the smilght ever steals How little of the smallpht ever steals.
Late the lives of these who seem the happiest.
The one who makes us merry with his jest,
May he not carry in his heart so free
A wound he does not wish the world to seef

Who of us love,
And loving, cherish but the empty name,
And feed our bearts on namph; the flame
That burnes so brilliant and so bright;
That lights our path as do the stars at night,
Goes out as quick as beaten's lightning flashed,
And leaves us—ashed:

"George Wilmot Harris."

Gen. Phil Sheridan's Courtship. Not long since, at a dinner given in New York, Gen. Sheridan related an in-cident that befell him while calling or the young lady who is the present Mrs. Sheridan. During the war Gen. Sheridan was too knuch occupied defending his country to fall in love. When the

malady finally overtook him in Chicago is generally called the romantic stage and was settling down into a well seasoned old bachelorhood. Old bachelor make the most enthusiastic of lovers and the general admitted that he was n

exception to the rule. "It was a warm summer evening, Sheridan began, "and upon my arrival at the house the young lady and myself retired to the back parlor. The front parlor opened into the ball, and as the night was warm, you know, we did not think it necessary to light the gas in the back room. Now, this young lady's father had a great fear of burglars. If and had recently put a new nlarm on the front door. Neither the young lady nor myself knew anything about the alarm on the front door. After

time the old gentleman came down set his alarm on the door, and dim light in the front parle that I had gone, and turned co ing, you know, and somebow him. Finally when I got up young lady accompanied me h We were surprised to find the li out and in fumbling aroud for knob I set off the barglar alarm. nited to me that I never knew a burge phia, to work so well before. It some phing the explosion of a keg of dyn is far moment later the father of the appeared at the head of the stair woted night dress, helding a light in ope, and and a large pistol in the other. Antists and a large pistol in the other. Antists apparition the young lady deserthers 9 and field into the darkness. My Per 19, was positively dangerous. I sup vely debeen in dangerous places before a terpthinking of it, but I confess for is have ment I trembled all over with f ment I trembled all over with f. The scarcely mustered up voice enough tandy. Don't shoot; it's me.' Fortuent ented recognized my voice and let me o. about

"Now, you know, gentlemen," tinued, "if this young lady had a n the me there would have been no dang York, she didn't, you know, and my powas rather awkward before I was brints nized. One might the on the field of rs are The articles appearing in several lead- as a midnight marauder. I e song the story because it actually to have said, and to show the Przja times when we may all lose our cyawr, of -Chicago Herald.

Gen. Butler and Mrs. Man and I in It is very well remembered th ford was langed in New Orleans interest by Con Puther's orders for last clean of the flag on the United States uge and there is a sequel to that hist than The that has never been published Printing years after the war Gen. Butt member of congress and learn

Mrs. Mumford was in a small town with her children in an all White titute condition. A week aftenira York Mumford was appointed to a claiso the interior department. She ha, where the influence came from her in the position, and could position, It enabled her to live comfort it had educate her children. Tryman With the first change of administ and

she lost her place and was in grabout tress. Again the unknown of Nye, came to her and she was give with a place and her salary increased humor. or two afterward by accident s, of an out who had been her unknowstate of When she found that he was before a had always considered the whanded by derer of her husband she had som the struggle with herself, but at 1 dignity Gen. Butler to thank him. Isive utter-scene between them was: Brethren, scene between them was; and pathetic one.-Cincinion that had cial Gazette.

The Sugar Maple for Shald min-

In a talk to Massachusetts far id Mr. ple was the best tree to that about ornument or chade. He said: casion, hands one tree from the start h wit and well balanced in maturity: was a inge is deep and cooling in su gorgeous as the sunset clouds in gorgeous as the sunset clouds in levity and still their more mutilation an levity and still their than almost she old tree. As a way side tree in exportance from it has no superior. As a yes, chade for cattle it is one of the I will trees. It would give comfort of him to the and phase the eye by its come to thing Times. Chicago Times.

In Queen Victoria's Kite In the queen's kitchen there ill speed keeper to give orders to process unaged, and other dealers and four cleric him in his work, a chief cook, four plats cooks, two yeomen of the kitcheusoe assistant cooks, two roasting cooks of scourers, three kitchen maids, a second cooks of scourers, three kitchen maids, a second cooks of scourers.

scourers, three kitchen mans, keeper, two "green office" men, steam apparatus men, first and se yeomen of confectionery, an appren three female assistants, an errand a pastry cook, two female assistant baker and assistant and lince or room women.—George Heary Date flerald of Health.

It is said the most costly write in the world is a work 10 f-2 by by Meissander, illustrating a been dier on outpost duty. It is tale