ADVERTISEMENTS.

Liver Complaint

Is more surely and speedily cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, than by any other remedy. **I was a great sufferer from liver troubles, and never found anything that gave me permanent relief until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, about two years ago. A few bottles of this medicine produced a radical cure. — Wm. E. Baker, 155 W. Brookline st., Boston, Mass.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla has cured me of as bad a case of Abscess of the Liver as any human being could be afflicted with and live. I was confined to the house for two years, and, for the hist three months of that time, was unable to leave my bed. Four physicians treated me without giving relief, and, in fact, nothing helped me, until I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using a quarter of a bottle of this medicine I began to feel better, and every additional dose seemed to bring new health and strength. I used three bottles, and am now able to attend to my business. I walk to town—one mile distant—and return, without difficulty. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has accomplished all this for me.—W. S. Miner, Carson City, Mich.

Aver's Sarsaparilla, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Aver & Co., Lowell, Mass. Bold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.



BOWEL THOUSLE

AND CHILDREN TEETHING. AND CHILDIPER TEETHING.

There are very few who do not know of this little bush growing alongside of cormountains and Little bush growing alongside of cormountains and Little bush borry, which is many or a laye estend in most every steps, there is a senselpt in it having a wooden'in effect, a he bowels. Dr. Higger's Hockleberry for a list the anear anorthans almosty that majors the little one teething, and cores Plarthea Dysanier's and Camp Colle.

When it is considered that at this season of the year andown and darpertus attacks of the bowels are as frequent, and we had of so many deaths occurring before a physician can be deaths occurring before a physician can be called in, it is important that every house hold should provide themselves with some speedy relief, a done of which will relieve the spain and save much anxiety. Hr. Riggers Huck trierry Cordiel is a simple rest. edy which will relieve the pain and save much anxiety. Hr. Riggers Huck trierry Cordiel is a simple rest. edy which have been continued to the Price of the Cordiel of the Cordiel of the Wallace and the Cordiel of th

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Two at leet's farm where they lived, and when Fan found Charley slackin' up. Fossession given at once. Price \$2.00. [jun 2] the Turned to, an' planted 'n hoed.

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FAN AND ANT.

'Member Charley Lott's wife? Sakes alive, course ye don't! It's Ligh twenty year sence he brought her Juan. Lord, how old Ant Lott stormed. I see that old woman now, rumain' round to the neigh-

She came through the paratur where I was hayin' with Cy Mullett, on her way over to Mil' Potter's. I hollered out "Ant!" Lord knows why we all called her ant; she was everything but an ant to folks-"I hear Charley's gone 'n got

"An' to Fan Low?" "Low everyh!" sex the eld woman. "Wal, Charley ain't so very high," I

answered rather spacefully, for he was the bullest critter I ever seed. "Ho's my youngest, the last o' my flock," grouned the old woman; "I'd a worked for him to the condo' my days; but now!" Khe shook her fist, an' what atween that the 'n her tears, I couldn't tell as she was most mad or crieved;

Twas mad, though But it didn't last long on Charley; it all get spited on poor Fan. Ant was a smart weman, an' jied nothin' better'n to read the papers 'n git inter a discussion. Couldn't she argse, though! The very parson couldn't prove he'd a soul, or there was eny heaven or hell, when Ant. Lott helt o' him. Yes, ye say true; he did ree'lize he was in a kind of hell, then; Lord, yest but he wasn't agoin to let on 'twas so! She was sot against the gov'ment. 'n society, 'n the church, 'n eddication, 'n f.c., 'bout ev'rything goin. Nothin' was right, 'n she could prove it rasn't. I never know her to 'low' there was but one thing right in the hull 'varsal world, 'n thet was God. She hedh't got so low down as to say eaything aginst Him. But of she'd ben parfic' herself, she couldn't have sot down harder on folk's failins. Ye can 'magine inter what kind o' a neest poor Fan come. Peor Fan! She'd ben a depo' gal, tendin' tablesthere, 'n her repertition warn't o' the

I allers pited them depo' gals. Ef eny 'em was smilin' 'n kinder decent to a feller, ten to one they was took advantage of. Plenty o' men mean enough to try hiss a girl out o' brass, 'cause she stan's in a public place. I never b'lieved no barm o' Fan. I seed her once slap a feller square in the face for an insultin' word. But folks would have it she warn't all right, fur she's given ter feelin' an' would git pooty highty-tighty now an' then. But lor! some gals heint no more harm 'n their hearts that way then a frisky young lamb. It's the same kind o' bubblin'

Fan hed nighty soft gray eyes, an' when ye looked inter 'em an saw fier red lips tremblin' 'z if they wanted ter larf right out, 'twas as freshing a sight as ye'd arsk to see. 'Twas a s'prize to ev'rybotly when she married Charley. He warn't known to 've been waitin' on her. Course his folks all thought shed's drawn the wool over his eyes. Ant was wust of all. But n body, not blind, could help seein' lee's dead in love with her. I never see sich a happy look as his'n weeks arter the marriage, Ant's railin's to the contra's notwithstandin'! She began on thet, with a never-to-be-letup in it. Fan-wal, it 'peared not to sig-nify much to Fan, so long as Charley looked happy. So the two was like a pair of kids a good while arter many a married couple, with semethin' better than a mother-in-law's railin's to begin

with, gits marster tired o' themselves. But 'twarn't in natur thet this would last. Charley was lazy as all time, as I Ant was right when the said thuse'd he two to a'post now 'steed a' one. 'Fan warn't to blame; I happened to know Charley promised all sorts o' fine things, 'specially one she was sot onthet he'd work hard 'n not let the old woman s'port 'em. He did work off an' on fur a while; but when laziness is 'ngrained in the bone, not even a woman's love, pooty drillin' as 'tis, is going

Twould a changed the mind of a man who didn't b'lieve in the hull possession of the devil to a' seen Ant then an' hear

her say, "sarves her right!" By and by, Fan was oblegged to give up farm-work; an' though all work was wearyin' to her, she did what she could. 'Twas huckleberry time, an' case in this would. Any one can do the work and live at home. Either sex, all ages, Some thing new, that just coins money for at workers. We will just coins money for at long as she could get to the parsters. I happened thet capmer not to be druw with work, an' many a time-did Lea out an' help that poor gal unbeknownst to enny-body, lettin' her rest what she would

under the shade o' the trees. It got round that Charley had gone back on his wife. So long as he was well an' lively he could stan' the pressure of his mother's tongue; but with her lookin' feebla an' kin' o' sorrowful at him, he begun to feel he'd made a fool o' hisself marryin'. Just as his mother had chaged at him from the fust. He got surly, 'n left off his soft ways to Fan. I suppose them soft ways daught her. Ever think that there's no critter to make a lary men for coft, cold of nothink his kindness for workin maraways? Yet he was allers hard on her.

I disn't durat to go over to see Fan, to be a fine of the talk. I feet myself gal's spirits riz, and she'd look feartier while they larsted. But the way he'd let her world How a man with a coul in his bosom could do that! Helse be Towed his mother's doctrine that we hada's couls. The baby come a leetle too soon, as was nateral, but di a't Ant's

posed our floor's Fan got well, she should have 'em, bag 'n baggage.
But the leatle thing didn't live more'n a mouth. How Fan took out as of she'd clien lost everything. Ant didn't J. D. KERNODLE Funder part, she thought the Almighty'd better business than tendin' to sich critters as Fun Low. She'd never 'low as Fan's

the o was then faster then evert

Wal, time went on, en' l'an draggod on a miser ble 'xistence. Charley e lits o' goodness grew skurser an' skurser. His sulkiness an' his lariness made a team, an 'twas said that many a time be hinted that he wished she'd clear out, though he didn't reely say it.

Borf every two years a leetle one was one, a weakly mits o' a gul Fan 'bout

work! She never said nothin', but we all knew she was sot on arnin' her livin' 'n Eille's. She went out washin' 'n the fields, she picked berries, an' I've met her many a time luggin' home dead

wood from Mullett's timber, fur he told her Charley might have all he could pick up there. Sich was the pity of folks fur her they allers was glad to do her a favor, 'Member once helpin' her hum with a sizable log, but I met Ant fore we got to the farm an' she give me a cut 'bout bangin' 'round arter married women. She said somethin' wass to Fan, 'a I hung back from doin' her favors arter

Charley never spoke me decent ag'in. Nothin' so mads a man as to do a kindness to the wife he hates. Hates? Wal, yes; he'd 'bout come to thet. She prob'ly didn't git a fair word from one year's end to another. But she bore up. Folks said 'twas 'cause she fergot herself workin', but I think 'twas 'cause she was doin' fur Edie'n' 'him. she was still thet set on him; an' he acterly used her money to dress a little sprucer than Ant's means allowed.

But a great blow came to poor Fan. Arter she lost her last baby she took sick. She didn't go to bed, as most ailin' women do, but tried to help a little here and there, though course it didn't 'mount to much. But it sorter sarved to ease her mind, Months went on an' she didn't

grow no better. I called in there one day on an arrant for neighbor Muilett. I own I did it more to git in an edgeways word o' comfort to Fan, if possible. Course I 'xpected nothin' but tants from them. Fan was layin' on the lounge an' Ant was butterin' 'bout some cookin' on the stove -porridge fur Fan, I guess, fur 'fore I could tell my arrant she blurted out somethin' 'bout 'hovin to slave fur low lived critters. Fan looked like death. " 'Spose ye mean Charley," sez I, "he is bout as low lived as any one I know, runnin' his wife, bedy n' soul."

I felt that nothin' could make things

wuss 'n they was, an' p'raps the truth might wake a spark o' human natur in 'em. I knew Charley was listenin' in the

"Lord!" cried the old woman, "air eny o' ye neighbors hankerin' arter the wife he's got, or, ruther, who got him? Ye're welcome to her, 'n the sooner ye pack her off the better!"

"Yes," drawled Charley from the nex' room, though he didn't durat to show his shame-faced count nance to me, "I've come to jest that conclusion myself." "What!" cried Ean, starting up an' turnin' red all over, "do ye say thet,

"I do!" She looked at me so beseechin' I axed:

"Can I help ye?".
"Let me hear him say it jest once agin' fust!" She couldn't have prayed him, on her knees, to onsay it, more surely than she did then, by the tremblin' didn't.

"I'll say it a dezen times of thet'll convince ye, "sez the brute. Fan riz up. "Where can I go?" sez she, sorter dazed like. "I know a place," sez I. "Eut I hev

to see the fam'bly fust. Get yer things together, 'n ye'll be called fur this arternoon. Cheer up; I promise you'n Effie'll be looked arter 'n a way to comfort." Ant give a scornful sniff, but I 'peared not to notice it. Fan went slowly on as

if to do my biddin.' I did my arrant 's though nothin' 'd hannened, then went away, honin' with all my might that Charley d relent, fur I seed that 'twould be nigh like death fur

Fan to part from him.

I draw over to an uncle o' mine in the next town, who was a widderer consid'rally wal-to-do in the world, an' who was looking fur a housekeeper. I stated the circumstances of the case to him. He greed to take Fan of she could do his ork, 'n I 'greed to pay fur her board 'n Effi's fur a fortnight, 'n a sarvant's wages inter the bargain, of he'd take Fan in an'stry an' see of she'd be fit to take holt at the eend o' that time. He 'greed, 'n promised to call hisself that arternoon

Wal, sir, he found her packed, bag 'n baggage. An' Ant said to 'em as they druv away, "I ain't a gret hand at quotin Scriptur', but there's one tex' to fit this She went out from amongst us 'cause she wasn's of us."

The a'fair was the talk o' the town for the nex' week. Ev'rybody prophesied Fan would die. I felt a continuous sinkin' o' my heart, fur I 'xpected each day to hear the wust. I felt ez I was sorter to blame for the sep'ration, an' yit it must a' come to that eventocally. But Fan didn't die. At the eend of a week sho hinder picked up an' begun to take a holt o' things. Before the fortnight was up she was able to git along without help. She 'myrove'l stiddily, an' in the cour o' a couple o' months was better'n she'd ben far a long ton. Uncle was kind as kind to ker, and the little one began to

'cause I fenred the talk. I fep' myself posted through uncle, an' never was a man gladder'n I to have helped a poor

unfortunate.
Charley never neared them premises, not even to see Eale. He inned bout as usual, an' Ant went round gloryin' in havin' got rid o' a great nu sence. Wal, a year passed, on' them I went to see Couldn't very wal belo it then, ye see; but I owned to myself she was panin' in accret for Charley. She looked heartier's I 'specied 'cot for the mountful look in her eyes. She thanked me for what I'd done in a way that night drawed the term, an' then, would be lieve it? she bust out soldin' 'n naked arter Charley, sayin' she'd heard be hein't ben wal of late.

I told her I bean't heefel so, but I'd find out The say the

find out. That very day I went over to Ant's, an' sure 'nough Charley did seem posty mis'able. Said 'twas nothin', quessed he'd kinder run down. I sent would to I'an, an' nothin' would suit her but to hear from him ev'ry day. I key' my rel' posted, but 'twarn't often I could send her a good work.

or, a weakly mits of a gul Fan bout looked as if 'twas consneaution. And was wild, 'n sent for all the doctors far Arter this one grow big cough a the su' near; scokled 'em, an' colad over

could leave it, how that woman did Charley. All to no good. He fan'ly tuk to his bed. Ant tussed over him night 'n day. She'd no time now fur argyments. You'd a thought there's nothin cleanin' paint, 'n doin' ov rything thet in the hull world but thet there sick man, she could hire out to do. She worked in She never looked at the papers. No sir-ce. She hadn't the 'sponsibility of railin' at the wrongs in the world now. Did ve ever notice them kind o' folks? Let a little adversity come, an' whoop! the world may go to deestruction fur all they mind. An' afore ye'd s'posed nothin'd straighten things 'cep' their

waggin' tongues. didn't get no better. One day Ant, in goin' down cellar for some-thin' fur him, fell on the stairs, and when she come to found herself on the bottom an' her leg broke.

'Twas hours 'fore any one come to the house an' both she- an' Charley was mighty sick arterwards.

i'olks proposed Fan should be sent for, but Ant wouldn't hear of it. One help arter 'nother was hired an' the Ant began to pick up a leetle. Charley was growin wass. The help all turned out miser'ble. At least Ant was forced to consent that Fan should be arsked to come. Prob'ly Charley'd been willin' long before et it hedn't been for his mother.

I hated druffly fur to have Fan go, but Lord! you should 'a seen the happinesso' thet woman when she was told as she was wanted. Her eves sparkled 'n she looked for all the world as she did 'fore she was married.

I dray her over. I knew I shouldn't nev seech a chance agin. She acterly hev seech a chance agia. larfed on the way, an' said she knew she could nuss Charley wal.

Ant met her, gruff as ever, but Charley cried like a baby, an' he said somethin low down to her, but I knew 'bout what it was, jedgin' by her looks.

Was I glad she come back, do ye ask?

Wal. sir, I orter hev, of I was enythin' of a man!

The way that woman nussed 'em! Night 'an day, day an' night, up stairs down stairs, trudgin' to town on back; she gradged enthin' other folks could do, an' nothin' seemed to tire her. But she couldn't nuss Charley wal; no, sir. 'N less than three months we looked ev'ry day to hear he's gone, But no-body could make Fan b'lieve the truth. An' when he did die, she jest went out of

her head fur awhile.

Ant got to as she could limp 'round, but, bein' old, she couldn't be 'xpected te 'cooperate like young folks. She never got the proper use of her leg agin. Course ie was feeble an' a sort o' burden; an' I think thet was what called Fan back to

She tult to waltin' on the old weman with double care, an' she seem to find more happiness 'a thet then 'n tendin' arter Edic. She acturly seemed to live 'n breathe in Ant, an' when she wasn't doin' fur her seemed kinder lost. Ant never got fully over her hate o' Fan till then; but, seein' what she was to the

poor woman, Ant quite broke down. . . I happen to drop in once an' see a sight as I shan't never forgit. The old woman of her voice. It made me shake from hed hed a sort o' faintin' fit, an Fan was head to fut. I pitied her so in my heart tryin' to bring her to. She thought she I hoped that Charley, mean as he treated was dead, an' the poor critter's tears kissin' an' huggin' hor an' cryin':

"Oh, don't die! don't die!" "I don't b'lieve she'd ever durst to kiss the old women afore. That seemed a pilgrimage, and passed out of sight measto revive Ant. She looked up, an' smilin' kind o' faintly, said: "Poor Fan! Do you reely sot by me

so? Poor gal!" Then Fan said, kinder timid like, as how she was glad she wain't goin' to leave her as Charley dil. Ant seemed to be thinkin'; then she drawed herself up straighter an' sez she-an' I knew how hard it come fur her to say it: "Fan, I've been orful mean on ve; but,

please the Lord, I is made up what I can afore I die.". Then she drew Fan's face down to hern 'n kissed it. Poor Fan! She larfed 'n cried both to once; an' I felt so mean, seein' her takin' on so. I slunk away.

The rex' day, as I hanten to know Ant called in a lawyer, an' the made her will. She owned her little place clear, and had a few hundred dollars 'n the bank. 'She willed all to her "dear an' honored darter Fan." Fan didn't know of it then; but she was satisfied with what the old woman had said. No two people over lived fur one another as them wo did. But Ant was failin', an' at the

end o' a year she died.

Fan bore up pooty well. Folks said
'twas 'cruse she felt she had done her dooty, but I know 'twas cause she had won that old weman's love. Tell ye what, sir, 'tislove that does the business. every time, 'n this world. Mighty wal as the will did fur her, it couldn't give the setimaction that did. Course the rest of Ant's flock-there was six or seven on 'em-fried to dispute the will, but 'twas

fixed up tight 'n couldn't be broke. like a gray-eyed woman fur stickin' to them she's fond of! Never married arter, do ye ask? Course not! Who do ye s'pose she'd a married?-A. M. Jannett in New York News,

The custom of throwing one or more old shoes after the bride and groom, elifier when they go to church to be married or when they start on their wedding journey, is so old that the suemory of man stretches not back to its beginning. Some think it represents an assault, and is a lingering trace of the custom among savage ratious of carrying away the bride by violence; others think that it is a relic of the amount law of exchange or purchase, and that it formally implied the surrender by the parents of all dominiou or authority over their daughter. It has a libeness to a Jewish custom mentioned read that when the brother of a dead man refused to marry his widow she asserted c." Also in Ruth, when the kins of Bonz gave up his claim to the inheri-tance of Ruth and to Ruth also he indided his assent by plucking off his shee and giving it to Boaz. It was also the custom of the middle ages to place the humband's shoe on the head of the nuptial couch, in token of his domination!— American Register.

Fleer Rounded Clouds.

It is suggested by Buchholtz, of Berlin, that the presence of fleecy rounded circus clouds denotes a highly electrical condition of the upper atmosphere, a moun-ful of cigar anoke being found to assume fite same aspect when near a charged shottophorus.—Arkanaw Traveler.

RELIGIOUS SCENES IN CHINA.

Picturesque Church Beggar-Carrying Out a Dreamful Vow. "Church begging" is very common in China. The temples advertise their wants by posting on walls in the neigh-

borhood square pieces of yellow paper, whereon is the exact Chinese equivalent of the scriptural, "Ask and thou shalt receive," together with the name and location of the temple where prayers are always answered. But there are also more personal forms

of begging. The writer has seen in Pe-king a priest whose checks had been pierced, and the teeth knocked out, so hat an iron rod, as large as one's middle finger, could be passed through, to project an inch or two beyond either cheek. An iron half circle was hinged to each

of the priest's head. Attached to the so long as to drag on the ground several feet behind him.

His business was to go from house to house, beating a small dram, asking help to repair a temple. Sympathy would be wasted on him. He was a "professional church debt lifter," who had monthly wages and a commission on his colons-and the rod and chain were his

end of this and passed around the back

stock in trade. There is another way, still more peculiar. A priest stands in a small box-like structure, placed in front of a temple, through the boards of which spikes have been driven, so that the imprisoned priest can move no part of his body, except his right arm, without being pricked by a spike. With his right hand he rings a bell to draw attention to his, piciable condition. Charitable persons give so much

for the privilege of drawing out a spike. The highest priced spikes are those which point at the vital parts of the body. The priest is supposed to stand in his kennel day and night until all the spikes have been bought and drawn, but

no one believes that he really does so. A single inchlent will show how much hard-nip and self inflicted suffering some of these heathen will undergo to fulfill a religious vow. One intolerably hot and dusty afternoon in 1871 the writer was resting at a wayside ten house and saw approaching a man and a woman. The man would first take one long step, then bring his other foot up and measure his whole length in the road.

Having knocked his head three times on the ground, he rose, took another step, and again prostrated himself. The woman was the man's wife, and was waiting upon him. In answer to ques-tions, he said that he had made a vow that if Buddha would restore to health his son, who was desperately sick, he would make a pilgrimage to Wu-tai-shan and home again, a step and a prostration

all the way.

Not more than three miles could be made in a day. He had traveled about 600 of the 2,000 miles of the double journey, and would be two years longer in completing his vow. As he was 78 years old, and almost worn out, it was easy to see that he would not live to fulfill it. A callous lump as large as an egg projected his head upon the dusty road. Yet this man was shocked and augry at a suggestion that he should abandon his uncless

uring the road with his infirm body .-Youth's Companion.

The Fountain in Parma. In the square close by is a statue to Parmeggianino, of recent workmanship, and a drinking fountain. There are but two or three shoots of water in Parma. but even that is more than one can find in most of these plain towns, and, capecially to the traveler who has just left Switzerland, the loss of running water is town so crowded, but from an unpretending iron pipe there gushes forth, pellucid, glittering and opulent, a stream of the purest and freshest water, which leaps in joyous and clastic curve into a basin with a gay flash by night and by day, and pours off with ungrudging profusion. But in these Lombard towns scarcely here and there can be found a lumbering pump, with long and massive handle, at which a few minutes' severa toil produces a mighty poor and niggardly dribble of water. Where foundation are they prattle with a fatigued and parsimonious note, and shelter their inadequacy under some statue in the modern taste.

not one whit better than in England. They delight to honor the martyrs and the heroes of United Italy. No town but has its Corso Vittorio Emmanuele and its Via, Cavour, with for the most part statues of the same. Here and there is a Via Marsimo d'Azeglio with no statue. These works of art are not better than are efficies of Mr. Cobden or Sir Robert Peel, and the crowning horror of all is a statue of Victor Emmanuel here in the Piazza di Corte. It would bring a blush to the check of a Yankoo stonemason. - Gentleman's Magazine.

A Night Signal Lantern. A successful test of the Oatman night

signal lantern was made in New York the navy. The common terch, lighted with lard oil or turpentine, has heretofore been used for carrying messages at night between far off stations, on board ship as well as on shore, but the system has proved untrustworthy. The Outman lantern is so arranged by a simple mechani-cal device that flashes of light can be shown as desired. These flashes correspond with the dash and the dot in the electric telegraph spitem, a long flash corresponding with the dash, and a short flash with the dot. The lantern is not more than eighteen inches high, and eight inches square. A small lamp with the flame in the focus of a perabolic reflector furnishes the light. Fans close before the flame, by means apwhich the flashes are regulated, according to the Morse system of telegraphy. The flame is rendered steady by means of a forced draught. The longest distance signaled has been between Fort Myer and Sugar Leaf mountain, Va., about thirty-five miles; signals have been exchanged be-tween the reservoir in Brooklyn and Sandy Hook, about twenty miles spart. -Boston Budget

Tanning Textile Fabrica.

A Belgian textile manufacturer has de vised a process for tanning textile falsics which renders them waterproof and proof against decay, without increasing their

A DOG'S SELF-SACRIFICE.

a Venturesome Lad Was Saved from the Jaws of a Shark. A southern paper prints the following moving story of sublime self-sacrifice by a dog-a fine large Newfoundland. A camping party on the coast of Georgia, near Savannah, had been amusing themselves by swimming in the bay, and a venturesome lad named Charlie Butler had swam much farther, and staid

longer than the rest. The writer, who was the owner of the dog, dressed him-

self, and was busy at the camp ground

preparing supper when he heard an

A sudden outcry told me something was going wrong on the shore. Grab-bing a rifle and hastening back, with Carlo at my heels, I beheld Butler some distance away, swimming with all his might, and only a few yards behind him the vertical fin of a huge shark. There seemed no possibility that the boy's lie could be saved; we were without beats, and fish and man were so nearly in line from us that I did not dare to fire. In a second Black Carlo, comprehending the situation, dashed through the surf. and started to swim toward Charlie with a speed I have never seen equaled by any land animal. The boy, having leisurely covered most of the distance between the reef and the chore when the man eater started after him, was comparatively fresh, and, when he saw the noble dog hastening to his help, made a firal des-

perate effort to escape. In another instant Carlo was close to him.

Just then, however, the shark, having come near enough, turned so that we could see his white belly glistening in the twilight, and was all ready for the spring that would surely have ended Charlie's life, when Carlo, leaping clean over Butler's form, appeared to go straight into the monster's mouth; and the latter, having got his supper, disappeared in deep water, while the lad in a few seconds was safe on the shore. That night our joy over our comrade's rescue was mingled with sorrow for the life so gallantly secrifised in his behalf, and to this day thememory of that thrilling scene fills me with sadness for the less of Black Carlo, my dog hero.-Exchange.

Scenery of the Danube. If any one has taken the river route to Buda-Pesth under the delusion that he is to see fine scenery he is quickly disabused. The finest scenery of the Danube is above Vienna, between the capital and Linz, and also farther up, as far as Passau. Along this part of its course there is a constant succession of villages with cas-tles, hills crowned with ruins, abbeys in picturesque localities and fundscapes of great beauty and variety. It is in this respect one of the most noted parts of Austria, which has a greater variety of

fandscape beauty than any other country of Europe.
Below Buda-Pesth the views are fine and bold. The shores are more abrupt and there are splendid reaches of the river, which receives large tributaries and becomes more majestic. For some distance below Vienna the levees are numerous the banks is low and the hills beyond them the gentlest undulations. The towns that are passed from time to time do little to enhance the interest as respects their ap-pearance, though all of them had their little affairs with the Turks 500 or 409 years ago. In fact, every square mile of ground along either bank, soon after leaving Vienna, is historic. - Buda-Posth Cor.

San Francisco Chronicle.

The Modern Medusa In one of the better class of tenement

great. No Swiss village is so mean, no care how hard; but it's awful to me to Press. see my little boy and the way he goes on. He's a cash boy at D—'s, and they don't pay by the week, they pay by checks, so every cash boy is on the keen jump after a call. They're so worried and anxious and afraid they won't get enough, and Johnny cries and says: 'Ch mamma, I do try, but there's one boy that always gets ahead of me.' I think it's an awful system oven if it does make

them smart.' An awful system, yet in its ranks march more and more thousands every year. It would seem as if every force in modern civilization bent toward (his one end of money getting, and the child of As a rule, the modern taste in Italy is days and the old man of years alike shared the passion and ran the same mad race. It is the passion itself that has outgrown all bounds and that faces us today-toe modern Medusa, on which he who looks has no more heart of flesh and blood but forever heart of stone, insensible to any serrow, unmoved by any cry of child or woman.—Helen Campbell in New York Tribune.

Every one knows that the sea has larger animals than can be found on land; but with the enormous sequoiss of California in mind, many may be surprised to learn of vegetable growths in the ecenn vastly exceeding in length, though not in bulk, these giants of the forest. Recently the hip Clever, commanded by Capt. John Stone, arrived at Montevideo with a pertion of a seaweed which had been picked up in the Atlantic near the equator. sailors perceived an object fleating on the surface some distance from the ship, and, manning a boat, they rowed to it, and agrerianced that it was an alga of enormons size. On measuring it, it was found to have a length upward of 1,500 feet. - Swies Cross.

Among the Fash lopables Mr. Swell (who has rented a fashlonable apartment house)-We needn't be Mrs. Swell-No, indeed; it is perfectly

lovely, and such a fast ionable locality!

Mr. Swell—That's the beauty of it. And now, my dear, if you will send Per-kins out for a loaf of brend and a half a pound of butter to will have something to eat. New York Sun.

Slamming No Longer Popular, Slumming has had its day in New York, and is now a toothless, gray headed and tottering craze, employed at very rare intervals for someboly who liked the fun and wants to repent it, or some lody who hain't the courage to try it before.—Cor. Kansas City Journal.

An excellent carbon for electrical pur-poses in new obtained from received.

f watched thee when the foe was at our side, Ready to strike at him—or thee or me Were safely hopeless—ready to divide Aught with one loved save love and liberty.

STANZAS.

watched thee in the breakers, when the rock Received our prow, when all was storm an fear,
And bade thee cling to me through every shock;
This arm would be thy bark, or breast thy bier.

I watched thee when the fever glazed thine eres. Yieldier my couch, and stretched me on the ground When overworn with watching, no'er to rise. From thence if thou an early grave hadst found, The carthquake came and rocked the quivering

wall,
And men and nature recled as if with wine.
Whom did I seek around the tottering hall?
For thee. Whose safety first provide for? Thine

And when convulsive throes denied my breath The f-intest eiterance to my fading thought,
To thee—to thee—c'en in the grasp of death
My spirit turned, oh! oftener than it ought, Thus much and more; and yet thou lov'st me not,

And never wilt! Love deglis not in our will.

Nor can I blame thee, though it be my lot

To strongly, wrongly, vainly love thee still.

SOME NEWSPAPER STATISTICS.

Curiosities That Are Well Worth a Paragraph-An Interesting List. There are now published in the United States 14,160 newspapers and perfodicals of all classes. The net gain of the year has been 666. The daily newspapers 1,216, a gain of 33. Canada has 679 periodicals. There are about 1,200 periodicals of all sorts, which, according to the estimates of the editor of The Directory, enjoy a circulation of more than 5,000 copies each. The increase in the weekly rural press, which comprises about two-thirds of the whole list, has been most marked in states like Kansas and Nebraska, where the gain has been respectively 24 and 18 per-cent. Kansas also shows the greatest gain in daily newspapers. The weekly press is gaining in Massachusetts, while the magazines and other monthly publications are losing ground there. The tendency of such publications toward New York city, as the literary center of the country, is shown by the establishment here of not less than twenty-three monthly periodicals

during the year.
Some of the curiosities of newspaper statistics are worth a paragraph. There are 700 religious and denominational newspapers published in the United. States, and nearly one-third of them are published in New York, Philadelphia. Boston and Chicago. New York is far alread in this respect, but Chicago leads Boston. Three newspapers are devoted to the silkworm, 6 to the honey bee and not less than 33 to poultry. The dentists have 18 journals, the phonographers 9 and the deaf, dumb and blind have 19. There are 3 publications exclusively devoted to philately and 1 to the terpsichorean art. The Pronibitionists have 129 organs to the liquor dealers' 8. The woman suffragists have 7, the candy-makers 3; gastronomy is represented by 3 newspapers, gas by 2. There are about 600 newspapers printed in German and 42 in French. The towns which have the most French periodicals are New York, New Orleans and Worcester, Mass. 4 apiece. There are more Swedish prints than French. Two daily newspapers are printed in the Bohemian tongue. The Polish, Finnish and Welsh press; for instance, The Dzienswiety and The Przjaciel Ludhi, of Chicago; The Y Wawr, of Utica, of N. Y., and The Yyhdyswalta in-Sanomat, of Ohio. There is 1 Gaelic publication, 1 Hebrew, 1 Chinese and 1 in

the Cherokee language.
All of these facts have a direct interest to the philosopher and the student of houses a woman, a polisher in a jewelry sociology. There is no better gauge and manufactory, said the other day:

"I'm willing to work hard, I den't Newspaper Directory.— The Printing

Lincoln and Senator Nye.

Senator Nye once went to the White House with a party of his New York friends who wished to have a clergyman appointed chaplain in the army. Mr. Lincoln told them that he had at one. time determined to make the appoi ment, but a strong protest against it had been received stating that the clerevman was not decorous in his deportment, and he had determined to bear more about him. "I will admit," said Senator Nye, "that our friend is endowed with a glorious fund of irrepressible good humor, but I have heard, Mr. President, of an old pioneer minister in your state of Illinois who was arraigned before a county conference to be reprimanded by the bishop for his sullies of wit from the pulpit. Before the Episcopal dignity could settle itself for an impressive utterance the old man burst out: Brethren, I never did believe in a religion that had no fun in it.' The bishop's gun was spiked, and the conference, anid roars of hughter, at once passed the old min-

ister's character.' "That is a good story, Nye," said Mr. Lincoln. "Let me tell you one about Peter Cartwright, who, on one occasion, was convulsing his conference with wit and humor. The presiding hishop was a man of earnest but ascetic piety. 'Brother Cartwright,' said he, 'do you think that Curtwright, said he, do you think that while you are indulging in this levily you are growing if grace? The old pioneer preacher, with a countenance beaming with fain, replied, 'Oh, yes, brother, in spots.' I guess, Nye, I will have your man appointed, but tell him to keep his stories until he can come to Washington and he may hear them fort." Washington and let me hear them first."

—Ben: Perley Poore.

Shooting from Horseback. Shooting from horsebeck at full speed is, to my mind, a sport to be encouraged, combining more excitement and pleasure than anything I have yet seen in this country. Shooting jackrabbits on foot is well enough, often giving plenty of amusement to the animals, and, again, being with the second control of the amusement to the animals and, again, being rather monotonous when they are plentiful; but to follow a rabbit at full speed across country, letting your home enter into the sport, and shooting or firing on the dead run, contains more of the elements of true sport than anyth I have found in southern California San Francisco Call.

Sawdust thrown on a circular saw table will render the hading of beavy plents quite easy. The grains act as small rollers and reduce friction.