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BERTHINE'S CAPTIVES.

Nothing was to be heard in the forest save the rustling of the snow falling upon the celars as it had been falling since midday, a fine, powdery snow that spread upon the branches a frozen moss, upon the firs a coating of silver and upon the rowls and pathways an immense carpet. soft and white, and which intensified the

stiffness of this sea of trees.

Before the door of a forester's but a young woman with her alcoves rolled up to the clows was cutting wood with an ax upon a stone. Tall, supple and strong, she was a true daughter of the forest and

the house: "We are alone this evening. Berthine; come in and make everything fast. There may be Prunians as well as welves in the forest to-night."

The wood chopper responded with a resounding stroke of the ax.
"I have nearly finished, mother," she

said; "baskles, there is no need of fear yet; it is still do light." Revertheless, the brought in her fagots and sticks of wood, and paling them up in the chimney corner went out again to close up the shed; then re-entering the room she pushed to the door and locked and bolted

Her mother, an old and wrinkled woman whom age had made timid and nervous, was scated by the fireside spin-

sponded; "I can defend myself from a wolf or a Prussian all the same," and she glanced significantly at a huge revolver suspended above the chimney

Berthine's husband -had been in the army ever since the beginning of the Prucsian invasion, and these two women had remained alone with only the old father, Nicholas Pichon, the gamekeeper, get down?" as he was called in the neighborhood, who had obstinately refused to leave his dwelling and seek protection in the city.

The city nearest the Pichon hut was the last had vanished from sight, Rethel, a quaint and ancient place perched upon a high rock. Filled with patriot as a wall and hard as steel, fastened it ism, the citizens had decided to resist invaders-to shut themselves up, and if necessary sustain a siege such as had taken place in the time of their forefathers—for twice already the inhabitants of Rethel, in the days of Henry IV and Louis XIV, had rendered themselves thus illustrious. Purchasing a supply of cannon and guns, equipping a militia, and forming themselves into battalions and companies, they exercised daily on the Place d'Armes. Bakers, greeers, butchers, notaries, lawyers, cabinet makers, librarians and even druggists maneuvered in turn at the regulation hour under the command of M. Lavigne, an ex-officer of dragoons, and to-day, thanks to his having married the daughter and heiress of the shop keeper, Raredan, the richest and most in-

though twice they had been seen in the forest, in the neighborhood of Pichon's of the officer, "or I'll preak it in!"
hut, who had run to warn the city. "Preak it in, my good man," Berthine

This house of Nicholas Pichon's served as a sort of advance post in the forest of Aveline; and twice a week the old man went into the city to rechase provisions and to carry to the citizens the latest nows

His errand to Rethel to-day was to announce that a small detachment of German infantry had halted near his house about 2 o'clock that morning. They did not remain long, nor did he know the di-rection they had taken, but all the same, as roon as they had gone again Pichon called his dogs and started for the city, instructing his wife and daughter to bolt barries le the house when night should fail, and on no account to open the door, no matter who might knock

Borthine was afraid of nothing, but the old woman trembled and constantly repented: "It will end badly—you will see —it will end badly, sure!" and to night she seemed more unquiet than usual. "Knowest thou at what hour thy fa-

ther will return?" she said to her daughter, presently, "Not before 11, certainly. When fa-

ther dines with the major commandant (the title Lavigne had conferred upon himself), he never returns till late;" and Berthine hung the pot over the fire and prepared to make the soup. All at once she ceased to stir it; she was listening to an indistinct noise that came down the

flue of the chimney.
"Some one is walking in the wood," she said; "seven or eight people at least."
The old woman, frightened to death, stopped her wheel and began to whim-

per. "Mon Dieu, Berthine!" she cried; "and thy father is from home!"

But Berthine did not reply, for at the moment there was a knock at the door, and a guttural voice demanded admit-

"Open or I'll preak to toor," the same voice shouted a little later. Slipping the revelver into her pocket, the young woman crossed the room and, placing her month to the keyhole, shouted in reture:
"And who are you?" "A totachment
from to udder side!" "Well, what do you want?" "Sometings to cut; I haf pen lost sincomorning in to woods; open or I'll preak to toor!"

Without wairing for him to put his threat into execution, she slipped the boths; the door swung heavily upon its hinges, and she saw in the pale, and light of the forest a group of soldiers ding upon the stop-the same, in fact, also had seen the evening before

This is no time of night to ask for food," she continued, in a resolute tone," besides, I am alone in the bouse, with only my mother."

"Dut is notting," replied the officer, who seemed to be a good sort of a fellow, "we shall do you no harm, but we nest haf sometings to ent; we fall mit bunger "Very well, then," she responded,

"enter, and I will see what I can do." The men appeared, as the officer had mid, to be wern out with hunger and JNO W. GRAHAM. JAS. A GRAHAM fatigues. They lead placed their game and caps in the country and now sat about the ble watching with the eager looks of the potential which the preparations for the potentials was carried and called out: "Father, is it —New York Sun.

the potential which Derthine was carried in making. The old mether, every more and then turning a frigit tenes glance upon the invading scallers, had resumed since my departure."

It is printed in Arabic.

her spinning, and nothing was heard in the room but the light whirring of the rolling wheel and the bubbling of the

water in the pot. They are voraciously, their months spread to their widest extent in an effort to swallow the more, and their round eyes opening and shutting with every move-ment of their jaws. The noise they made in swallowing sounded like the gurgling of a water pipe. As they were thirsty as well as hungry, Berthine at last descended to the cellar to draw them some cider. To reach it she was obliged to pass a low vaulted chamber or cave, used, so they said, during the revolution she was a true daughter of the forest and the child and wife of a forester. Sud-denly a voice came from the interior of leading from the floor of the kitchen,

closed by a heavy door. closed by a heavy door.

Borthine was gone a long time to draw the cider, and when she reappeared she was laughing—laughing softly to herself. Soon the soldiers had finished their supper and were nodding around the table. Every now and then a head would fall upon the boards with a resembling that sounding thud.

"You can stretch yourselves by the fire, if you like," said the forestiere, kindly. "Mother and I will climb to the upper floor,"

A moment later a key turned in the lock overhead-there was the sound of footsteps on the floor, and then-silence.

With their feet to the fire and their heads supported upon their knapspeles, the Prussians were soon snoring loudly. "When your father is from home, two women are not strong."

"But I am not afraid," the girl responded; "I can defend myself forms door of the stars leading to the upper floor was thrown open and Berthine ap-peared, bare footed, half clad and wild

"It is the French," she cried, "at least a hundred of them! For the love of God, go into the cellar and make no noise if you do, we are lost!"

"I vill, I vill," the officer stammered,

She lifted the trap in the floor, discloswith a monstrous bolt and began to laugh again, to laugh like a manine, as she softly danced above the heads of her prisoners abut up in their box of stone, and as they had promised to be silent as the tomb, knowing that they were per-fectly secure and well supplied with air through a vent in the wall guarded by a strong iron grating, she gave herself no further concern regarding them, but set about replenishing the fire and the pot of soup in readiness for her father's re-

It was not long, however, before she heard them tirring under her feet and the sound of talking. Berthine listened; it was clear that the Prussians were beginning to suspect the ruse and would soon demand release. She was not mistaken, And thus they patiently waited the up the winding stairs and began to beat upon the trap with his fists. "Open to toor; open it, I sav!" shouted the voice

> answered tauntingly, mimicking his broken accent; 'preak it in, by all menne!" But the effort was usoless; their fists, the butt ends of their muskets and all their kicks and poundings were powerless to release them that door was stout enough to have defied a catapult. Convinced of this at last, they again descended and once more all was silence, broken only by the ticking of the clock on the mantel shelf. As the hands pointed to the manight hour a depart beying was heard in the forest and the young woman arose and opened the door. The figures of a man and the two enormous dogs were approaching across the snow.

"Do not pass before the vent hole, father," said she, masoon as he was near enough to hear her; "there are Pruscians

"Prussians in the cellar!" Nicholas Pichon replied astounded. "Prasslans in the cellar! What are they doing in the cellar, child? Tell me, quick!

"They are the same you saw yester-ay," she responded. "They were in the forest and are in the cellar now because I put them there," and she protected the ground, though every now and ceeded to tell him how she had frightened then a stamping of feet and curses loud them by firing off the old revolver and then, through fear, caged them in the unused prison hole.

"As soon as you have eaten, father," she continued, "you must return and bring the major commandant and the troops; he will be very happy to receive

The old man acreed, and taking his sent at the table engarly consumed his soup while Berthine attended to the dogs, and twenty minutes from the time of their arrival they were on their way back to Rethel, the forestiers waiting alone.

The prisoners had once more commenced their uprour, cursing, shouting and beating their guns against the walls of the prison hole. At last they began to fire through the grating, doubtless hoping to attract the attention of some passing the neighborhood. Berthine paid no attention to the noise, bowever, save to cention her mother to remain in her clamber; but a wiched anger took session of her and she would cheerfully have nearliered them, if only to keep

Her father had now been gone an hour and a half. Surely be had reached the city and the troops were on the way. She pictured to herself the air of pride with which he related the affair to the commandant, all fire and excitement as he called for his award and uniform. She even fascied that she heard the drums as they rolled through the streets, calling the citizens to the cold and litter margh in the snow. Surely meether hear would see them here, the prisoners taken and the troops triumplantly returning to

But how long it accomed; how the hours dragged, and the hands of the clock fairly erawled around the dial! Nevertheless the magnest for their return come at last. Berthine got up from her cent and threw oven the door. Out upon the white carily crawling towards her. Else was

"No," she responded, "all is the

Pichon, placing a whistle to his lips, sent forth ifto the night a long, shrill blast, and soon, in the mist rising beneath the trees. Berthine saw the figures of a band of men, the advance guard of the

arriving troops.

"But don't pass before the vent hole!"

Pichon shouted, as the men appeared; and "Don't pass before the vent hele!" sclemnly repeated the schillers to those behind. Soon the whole troop was visible to the young woman, a hundred strong, each man carrying in his belt 200 cartridges, and led by Lavigne himself.

Placing his men in a line around the

house, with a liberal space before the hole leading to the cellar, the major com-mandant valiantly entered the house to inform himself as to the strength and attitude of the enemy, now so quiet that it second as if they had flown. Pounding heavily upon the door above the prisoners' heads he called aloud: "M. Onicer—M. Prussian Officer—I wish to appetite, which, to say the least, must speak to you." The German did not have been a very eccentric one. Thus, reply. "Tis funny," said Lavigne to himself, "very funny," pounding again fiint into small fragments. He had an and receiving no response. For twenty minutes more he continued to call upon them-to knock and pound and summon them to surrender, but without the slightest sign from the enemy of either consent

or hostility.

In the meantime the soldiers cooled their heels in the snow outside, faithfully guarding the vent hole, slapping their hands to keep them from freezing, and with a childish but constantly increasing desire to cross before it simply because

forbidden to do it.
Suddenly one of them, bolder than the rest, and who ran like a deer, made the attempt. It was successful; the impris-oned Prussians seemed as if dead. Emboldened by their comrade, another and another followed in his steps. It had become a game, or a race for life in which the devil could take the hindmost.

They had lighted a tremendous fire to keep themselves from freezing, and the ruddy glare of the flame fell full upon the laughing faces of those prankish guards as they voyaged rapidly from left to right and from right to left again. All at once some one called out: "Matheson. it is now your turn; come, harry, my

boy; hurry up!"
Now, I must tell you that Matheson was the baker of Rether, an enormously fat man, whose inflated stomach, big as an ordinary balloon, furnished uneuding merriment for his froliescime comrades. He hesitated and tried to draw out of the race, but they jecred and mocked him till he, too, started, breathless, and with little mineing steps that shook his paunch like jelly, across the intervening space.

The whole detachment laughed until

they cried, shonting and urging him on with a storm of bravas and encouraging

Half way across the open space a large red flame darted from the vent hole, a balls, then quietly fainted away, more are numerous, and men have been known from fright than pain of the wound, for to availow fire, swords, stiders, files. the ball had scarcely more than ploughed the flesh below the thigh bone. At the sound of the musket shot the major commandant rushed from the house.

"Tinsmiths!" he roared, "tinsmiths, come forward?" A man, followed by two others, stepped from the ranks and stood before the commandant. "Take the gutters from the house," said he, "and bring

them here." A few moments later twenty metres of water pipe lay at his feet. Then, with a thousand precautions, a hole was chopped in the corner of the trap door, the end of the pipe inserted and the other end fastened to the spout of the

The Prussians can stand a great deal." cried M. Laviene with a beaming smile, "but it remains to be seen if they can stand the drink we shall give them. Pump, my boys, pump with a will," and with a wild hurral the men obeyed. Soon a silvery stream of water flowed along the tubing and fell to the cellar below with the marmuring of a summer cascade. Hour after hour ran by, and still the water fell, and still the enemy

then a stamping of feet and curses loud and deep came from the depths below. About 8 o'clock in the morning a voice suddenly came from the cellar calling for the commandant. "I vish to speak mit him at vonce." "Do you surrender?" shouted Lavigne, bending to the floor. "If so, pass up your arms." A hand come out the hole and a musicot fell at his feet; another and another, until finally a voice cried: "We had so more, make hasts

and stop te pump; we trown mit vater." The commandant had the pump stopped, and the soldiers, crowding about the trap as the boits were withdrawn, watched the Germans ascend, six white heads with water scaled hair and a half

drowned stare in their pale blue eyes. As they feared to be surprised the Rethelites did not linger, but started for the city, one half of the column bearing between them the shivering prisoners, other half bearing Matheson extended upon a mattress supported by

For the bravery and gallantry with which M. Lavigne had captured "the advance guard of the Prusian army," as Rethel jupers quoted it, he was decerated with the cross of honor, while Matheson received a medal. For Berth-ine nothing could be done; she was only a worann and it was impossible to adorn her as a warrier.—Translated from the French of Guy de Maupassant for New York Mercury.

The Honey Bee's fling. Naturalist Clork, of Canada, says the bee's sting is by no means made for stinging only, but is med in doing the artistic work, capping the comb and in-fusing the formic acid, by means of which honey receives its keeping qualities. The sting is really a skillfully contrived little trowed, with which the bee finishes off and capathe cells when they are filled brimful of honey. This ex-plains why honey extracted before it is capped over does not keep well. acid has not been injected into it.

" CLUTTONS OF BYGONE DAYS.

Some Distinguished Cases of Tremendous Appetites-From the Records.

Elizabeth Charlotte, the Duchess of Orleans, writing under date of Dec. 5, 1718, says: "The late king, mensiour the dauphin, and the Due de Berri were enormous enters. I have often seen the king eat four plates of different kinds of soup, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a dish of salad, two thick chees of lunn, mutton flavored with garlie, a plateful of pastry and finish his repost with fruit and hard boiled eggs." There was a good old German from Wittenberg, where my Lord Hamlet attended the university, who had a fine faculty for storing away provender. His one is well attented For a wager he would eat a whole sheet or a whole pig or put out of sight a bushe of cherries, stones and all. He lived until he was about 80 years of ago, a great portion of the time supporting him-self by exhibiting the peculiarity of his especial preference for enterpillars, mice and blieds, and when these were not pro-curable he would content bimself with mineral substances. Once he put down his "maw and guif" a pen, the ink and the sand pounce and he would have gob-bled the inkstand, too, had he not been

Taylor, the water poet, tells of Nicholas Wood, of the county of Kent, in England, who was a tolerably good trencherman.
On one occasion he got away with a
whole sheep; at another time with several rabbits; at a third with three dozen pigeons-well grown pigeons, not squab again with eighteen yards of black paddings, and en other occasions 60 pounds of cherries and three peeks of dameons. Dr. Copland, in speaking of two children who had wonderful appetites, the youngest, 7 years old, being the worst, said:
"The quantity of food devoured by her was a tonishing. Eccrything that could be laid hold of, even in its raw state, was seized upon most greadily. Other articles, an uncooked rabbit, half, a pound of candles and some batter, were taken at one time. The mother stated that this little girl, who was apparently in good health otherwise, took more food, if she could possibly obtain it, than the rest of her family, consisting of six beside her-

A trifle over a hundred years ago a Lordon youth ate five pounds of shoulder of lamb and two quarts of green peas in fifty minutes; and a Polish soldier, who was presented at the court of Saxony, succeeded in one day in getting outside of twenty pounds of beef and half a roust calf, with the appropriate "flyings." When George III was king, a watchmaker's apprentice, 19 years of age, in three-quarters of an hour devoured a leg of pork weighing six pounds and a propertionate quantity of pease pudding, sharp detonation followed, and the big washing all down with a pint of brandy. Rether baker fell upon his nose, with a ball in his thigh. As no one rushed to Devenport, the actor; is known to have succor him he dragged himself on his caten a seven pound turkey at a single hands and knees until out of reach of the sitting. Instances of depraved appetite teads, serpents, cotton, hair, paper, wood, cinders, sand, earth, clay, chalk, flint, musket balls and earthen ware. One man could swallow biliard balls and gold

> In the New York medical journals for 1822 a record is mage of a man who could swallow clasp knives with impunity. One day be overdid the business by swallowing fourteen and it killed him, which well it might. In 1870, in England, two men of Wiltshire wagered with each other as to which could consume the sace of time. One of them blotted from istence six pounds and a half of rabbit. a loaf of bread and two pounds of cheese in a quarter of an hoor, and he was so pleased with the approbation he received from the bystanders that he finished off with a beef teals, a pint and a half of gin and a half pint of brandy .- Good House-

The Railway Postal Clerk. Now the train starts. The postal clerk has been pulling heavy pouches around or throwing letters into the boxes for half an bour, and if he is unused to the work his muscles begin to feel tired But he must not quit or take rest, even for a moment, because his labor has just begun. He must besee kinself up enter upon a desperate game of follow my lender—the lender being a man who has been in the service for years and has worked himself up from an apprentice to the high and mighty effice of chief clerk in charge of the car, whose power is to the time as absolute as timt of the czar of ell the Russiss. As the train dashes along all these clorks must continue their world now made 100 per cent, harder by the swaying of the car. They must brace themselves first one way and then another, always keeping up that ceaseless throw, throw, throw, not for bour or two, but for eight or ten hours, taking on additional pouches as the train flies through the country at a breakneck speed, and throwing of other pouches as the stations are passed, all the while in a state of uncertainty as to whether the pouch knocked out the small boy standing on the station platform, or finded in the middle of the cornfield near by.

The train does not stop at any but im porting fours, and the postal clerks must take chances on the pouch they throw off to the rural postmenter striking the ground anywhere within a quarter of a mile of him. By the time the clerk him got to the end of his run, the place being Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Graften, Cleveland, as the case may be, and having been kept in a violent motion, legs, arms and mind, all the time, it is only -on the terrace of the observatory at eable to suppose that he feels tired, Prague.-New York Sun. and he does. - Cincinnati Times-Star.

"It was so still in the ball," said Dobbins, speaking of the concert, "that you could have beard a pin drop." "Was there a large audiencer" asked Peterby. "The house was half full." "Is that all? Hum! you ought to hear the silence there when there is a full house. Oh, it's omething grand!"-Tid Bits.

To Drink or Not to Drink. "Yes," says Jenkins, til am one of those fetiows that can drink or let it alone. When I am where it is I can drink; when I am where it is not I can let it alone." THE LAWS OF HABIT.

The Daily Drill and Its Effects-Habit the Flywheel of Society, Dr. Carpenter, from whose "Mental

Physiology" we have quoted, has so prominently enforced the principle that our organs grow to the way in which they have been exercised, and dwelt upon its consequences, that his book almost de-serves to be called a work of edification on this account alone. We need make no apology, then, for tracing a few of these consequences ourselves:
"Habit a second nature! Habit is ten

times nature," the Duke of Wellington is said to have exclaimed; and the degree to which this is true no one can probably appreciate as well as one who in is a vet-eran sol lier himself. The daily drill and the years of discipline end by fashioning a man completely over again, as to most of the possibilities of his conduct. There is a story, which is credible enough, though it may not be true, of a practical joker, who, seeing a discharged veteran carrying home his dinner, suddenly called out, "Attention!" whereupon the man instantly brought his hands down, and loft his mutton and potatoes in the gutter.
The drill had been thorough, and its offects had become embodied in the man's nervous structure.

Riberless cavalry horses, at many a battle, have been seen to come-together and go through their customary evolutions at the sound of the bugle call. Most trained domestic animals, dogs and oxen and omnibus and car horses, seem to be machines almost pure and simple, undoubtingly, unlesstatingly doing from minute to minute the duties they have been taught, and giving no sign that the possibility of an alternative even suggesta itself to their mind. Men grown old in prison have asked to be readmitted after ng once set free. In a railroad necident to a traveling managerie in the United States some time in 1884, a tiger, whose cage had been broken open, is said to have emerged, but presently crept back again, as if too much bewildered by his new responsibilities, so that he was without difficulty secured. Habit is thus the enormous flywheel of

society, its most precious conservative agent. It alone is what keeps us all within the bounds of ordinance, and envious uprisings of the poor. It alone prevents the hardest and most repulsive the lake or near it. Not much gold has will a of life form before the lake or near it. walks of life from being deserted by those brought up to tread therein. It beeps the fisherman and the deck hand at sea through the winter; it holds the miner in his darkness, and malls the countryman to his log cabin and his lonely firm through all the months of enow; it protects us from invasion by the natives of the desert and the frozen zone. It doesns us all to fight out the battle of life upon the lines of our nurture or our early choice, and to make the best of a pursuit that disagrees, because there is no other for which we are fitted, and it is too late to begin again. It keeps different social strata from mixing. Already at the age of 25 you see the professional mannerism settling down on the dector, on the young minister, on the the character; the tricks of thought, the prejudices, the ways of the "shop" in a word, from which the man can by and by no more escape than his coat sleeve

lar Science Monthly. Forms of the Bank Bill. The American bank bill has followed the form of the American letter envelope. For paper money, if paper money must be used, it is the most convenient possible. Dut there is a prejudice against that form in Europe. The notes of the Bank of England and the Bank of France are scarcely less in size than an old fashioned blanket newspaper sheet. A draft given by an English or French bank is still larger. Your tailor in Paris gives you a receipt that, after several times ding, you manage to cram it into your ocketbook. A queer idea of business taches to these huge pieces of paper. They will tell you that small drafts, bank and receipts do not look lusiness. like-that is to say whether there is buciness or not, it is desirable to make a show of it.-San Francisco Chronicle.

most of us, by the age of 30, the char-

Cancer a Local Disease.

Cancer is essentially a local disease and can be cured by operation, in spite of rerrence. Operation, when it does not cure prolongs life and diminishes the total amount of suffering. Operations should be repeated as often as there is any chance of entirely removing recur-rent growths. The earlier and the more thoroughly the operation is performed the better. The disease, when it recurs, is generally of a milder type than that of the original growth, less painful and less Antisoptic surgery makes more redical operations possible, with better ultimate results than formerly obtained .- Dr. Shrady in Medical Record.

Photographing a Midnight Landscape. The fact has been satisfactorily established by various scientific researches, that many substances absorb luminous rays during the day, and at night emit these rays in such a manner as to impress photographic plates, although they may not be perceptible to the naked eye. Artists have not only succeeded in photographing the visible night phosphorescence of Mont Blane's smanlt, but have even secured an impression of a midnight landscape-invisible to the eye

The acquisition of learning without study is like the acquisition of wealth without labor. It is as necessary for the mechanic to study out his problem when it comes to him to be studied as it is for him to finish his task by his handlemft. -Scientific American.

Inquiries concerning how the masses live; concerning sanitary conditions and their relation to the virtue and vice of the

PERSONALITY.

Our personality inviolate,
So sacred, awful and mysterious,
Bound in the enigmatic house of fate—
Who is there shall unbar the door for us?
The mother holds her child class to her koee;
Alast for the deceptive dream of speech,
For in the soul's dim fastnesses doll cach
Form seed, one dayll ground as if n see From each one dwell apart as if a sea Ran leagues between them? Naked and alone We come into the world. Our sole appeal Is our great father Time, with lips of stone-God's one true propiet shall all things reveal. —Joseph Dana Miller in Boston Transcript.

WHO FIRST DISCOVERED GOLD?

A California Woman Gives the Credit to John Denton. The closing days of 1846 presented a far different scene to the eyes of Mrs. John M. Murphy, of San Jose, and sister of Mrs. Lewis than the closing days of 1836. Then she was at Donner lake with a party beamed in by snow and anxiously waiting for the relief which

did not come for weeks afterward.
"It is a curious fact," she began, "that the credit of the gold discovery was never given to the man to whom it rightfully belongs. It was discovered in the winter of '46 and '47 in a cabin in which we were at Donner lake, seated by a fire, each busy with his or her own thoughts. That awful time at Donner lake is as firmly imbedded in my memory as if hamintered there by hammers of iron. As I said, we were sented around the fire when John Denton, a gaussnith by trade, while knocking off chips of the rocks on which the wood was placed, saw something shining. He examined it and pro-nounced it gold. He then kneeked off more chips from the rocks, and hunted in the ashes for more of the shining parti-cles, until he had gathered a table-poon-ful. He wrapped the gold in a piece of buckskin and put it in his pocket. the first relief party came he went out with it, but died on the way, and the gold was buried with him. When I saw my father, Mr. Reed, I told him of the circumstance, and, says he, 'If John Den-ton says that that is gold, it is gold, for he knows.' My father intended to go back to Donner lake to search for the precious metal, but before he started was discovered at flatter's fort, ence he did not return to the lake. I think that if a thorough search is made

har prospect has been made for it.
"I have been told that the rocks which we used in the fireplace were washed down to the lake from a mountain, in which gold was, but this mountain was erobably many miles away from the

"When any one naks me about the discovery of gold, I say that John Denton was the first discoverer of gold in Cali-fornia."—Santa Cruz Sentinel.

Risks of the Hanch. There is one subject for the consideration of the many young men who wish to embark in the cattle business that if but too seldom presented to them, and young commercial traveler, on the young | which they never seem to think of themselves, and that is the value of their in-dividual time. If a man is the processor little lines of cleavage running through of a small capital-say \$5,000, he will figure on realizing a certain per cent. which in most cases, by the way, will prove fletitions. But he doesn't stop to reflect that, since all of his time must be given to make a success of the project, it can suddenly fall into a new set of folds. is only right that he should take into ac-On the whole, it is best he should not count the actual value of his services at escape. It is well for the world that in home. For example, \$5,000 at 20 per cent. is \$1,000. Now, it is an open ques acter has set like plaster, and will never tion if a salary just as large as this amount cannot be carned by the average soften again .- William James in Popuman who gives the same devotion to his work as that necessitated by successful stock raising. If so, the \$5,000 still remains to him to place in some perfectly safe investment at 0 per cont. yielding \$300 annually. Of course the ranch fever has somewhat abated, but I think the suggestion still holds good as one of vital importance to all who would . Go West."

-Globe-Democrat.

Wrinkles in the Face. While wrinides result from the natural working of the system, they may also be caused by a perverted condition of the system, as are plumples, blotches and boils. Now the human face—unlike that of brutes—was mend to be the "mirror of the mind," the visible expression of every passion, emotion and inmost feeling. Herein is its chief beauty. Hence its numerous muscles and nerves, wherely co wonderfully adjusted to this end. But muscles in constant or frequent exercise increase in volume, strength and readi-

Hence habits of thought and feeling become stamped on the face, and we rend so easily the chameter of the proud, the voin, the deceiffal and the sensual man, er of the kind, the calm, the energetic, the frank, the candid and the ladiest

But there is nothing like care and worriment to plow furnows in the fere-head, and these are badly marring the faces of our American women. We pass in the streets women of 35 whose foreheads are more wginkled than the brow should be at 79. Fome of these may not have more eares than others, but they unnecessarily yield to the tendency to express them in the face.—Youth's

The effect of heredity and environment an character and conduct should be carefully studied by those who aspire to the work of plainuthropists. It will be de-pressing at first; it will make humanity seem like clay in the lands of inexomble and remoraless forces; but it will save an immense waste of time and effort and means, and, by and by, the depression will change to hope, as it is seen that the same law that necessitates degenerations under certain conditions, under works regenerations.-Amory H. Brad-

ford in Andover Review. The Public Library.

Piction stalks about and talks to every one, pushing history and the Muses as at pleasure. Notice what the people at at pleasure. Notice what the people at Cheimati read at the public library: Theology, 117 volumes; philosophy and education, 267 volumes; biography, 563 volumes; history, 935 volumes; posities and commerce, 210 volumes; posities and commerce, 210 volumes; posities and commerce, 210 volumes; posities and 763; poetry and drama, 854; fiction, 13,000; polygraphy, 563.—Christian