ADVERTISEMENTS.

Never Put Off

Till to-morrow, to-day's duty. If you have a Cold, Cough, Bronchitis, or any form of Thront or Lung disease, do not neglect it. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, if promptly taken, will speedily relieve and cure all ailments of this character.

Two years ago I took a severe Cold-Two years ago I took a severe Cold, which, being neglected, was followed by a terrible Cough. I lost flesh rapidly, had night sweats, and was soon confined to my bed. A physician was called, but the medicine he prescribed afforded enly temporary relief. A friend advised the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I began taking this medicine, and before finishing the first bottle was able to sit up; four bottles effected a perfect cure.

— Geo. W. Dick, Newton, Mass.

In several cases of Bronchitis, caused

Geo. W. Dick, Newton, Mass.

In several cases of Bronchitis, caused by exposure to damp and cold weather, I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is an anodyne expectorant of great value and usefulness to patients of all ages. Its certainty of action, and its safety as a household remedy, are forcible arguments in its favor. No other cough preparation does its work sequickly and satisfactorily.—C. E. Hoyt, M. D., New Orleans, La.

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



AND CHILDREN TEETHING.
There are very few who do not know of this little bust growing alongside of our mountains and billes but very few realize the fact, that the little purple berry, which so many of as have eaten in most every shape, there is a settleple in it having a wonderful effect on be bowers. Dr. Bigger's Huckleberry furd at a the canar coursens assets that extensive the little one teething, and cures Tharrhose Dysoniesy was Crump Code.

When it is considered that at this season of the year sudden and desperous attacks of the bowes are so fragment, and we hear of so many deaths concerning before a physician can be called in, it is important that every household should provide the principles with some speedy relief, a dose of which will relieve the pain and mave much analots. Dr. Figger's Huckieverry Cordial is a simple some day which any child is pleased to take.

Price, So cents a bottle. Nanufactured by Walffer A. Taylor, Atlanta, Ga.

Taylor's Chernkoe Homedy of Sweet Games and Mullela will cure Cougha, Croup and Consumpres. Price Sees, and Us abits.

Real Estate Agency. AARKER & KERNODLE, Agents, GRAHAM, N. C.

and Mulicia will cure Coughs, Croup and Con-numprises. Price Mets, and H s norths,

A plantation one mile from Me bane, in Alamance county, containing joy for all. 168 acres 45 acres in original growth, 50 in 14 cs, 140 in cultivation. The place is well and I did not linger behind, till all the watered, a creek and two branches running other kirk folk had passed away out and watered, a creek and two branches running through it. A fine orchard, 3 good tobacco barns, 2 tenement bonses, good feed barns, an 8 room dwelling with basement and L, and good well of water, are on it. Convenient to churches, school, and a good new unit in 34 mile of the house. It is a desirable facin adapted to the growth of tob .ec.), grain and grasses. Place is seeded in whent and outs. Possession given at once. Price \$3.00. [jan18]

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PROFSSIONAL CARDS.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Greensborn, N. C.

WBI be at Greham on Mooday of each work to attend to professional business. [Sep 16] Our Johnnie coul play the fieldle so F. H. WHITAKER, Jr. ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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GRAHAM & GRAHAM.

ATTORNEYS ATLAW. Practice in the State and Federal Courts. A SERVANT LASSIE.

Only a simple servant lassie? Yes, but for 'a that there will be servant lassies in heaven just as well as braw folk. The poor were never despised by Him when He was on earth.

Heigho! Thavena written half a dozen lines o' my story yet, and I'm sadly conscious that I've made blunders already. I mean to write it a' in English, and if a bit Scotch wordie does tumble in noo and again I'm sure you'll forgie me. When I warm to my work I'll get better This is the way wi' a' Scotch folk; when no excited it's their own broad Doric they speak, but my conscience, if you once put up their birse it's us fine sounding English they'll speak as any southener that ever stepped in shoe

My name is Jeannie, Jeannie McLean, that's it a' thegither, or complete as I ought to say. From far, far north the Tweed I come, ay, and north the Dee as weil. As far west as the train can pene-trate among the Donside hills, on a bonnie braehead, among bonnie green knolls, among woods o' dark waving fir and spruce, lighted up here and there wi' the tender green of the feathery larch, and begirt wi' bands o' yellow broom and gowden furze, there stood my father's humble cot. And every night of my happy young life I used to be fulled to sleep by a sound like waves breaking on a shingly beach; for, if it wasn't the wind whispering and moaning through the trees, it was the incessant hurtle o' the Don rushing on over the pebbles and bowlders. So near were we to the river that dear Johnnie could throw a stone right over it. A strong, strong arm had Johnnie. Johnnie was my only brother,

and I never had a sister.

My mother died when Johnnie and I were so young that neither of us could remember her, and Grannie kept my father's house. Dear auld Grannie, with her clear caller, canty face, and her busy, happy ways, it is years ago since she has gone to her long hame in the auld kirkyard. She aye had a pleasant smile for Johnnie and me, and used to tell us old world stocies in the long forenights 'o

Imagine us, if you can, gathered round that Scottish country fireside, a great fire of peats and wood is blazing and crackling on the hearth—there is no other light. At one corner sits my father in an easy chair, his day's toil is past and his pipe is alight; at the other is auld Grannie, and click, click, click, click, go her knit-ting wires as she tells her tale. Johnnie and I complete the circle; our eyes are riveted on Grannie's face. The smoke goes curling up the wide chimney, the blaze sometimes following yards high, the wind without is roaring and whistling round the house, shaking doors and dindling windows; but it makes us feel all the snugger within. I just creep closer to Johnnie, lean my head on his

shoulder, and listen.

By and by Grannie stops speaking, and for a while the wind has it all its own way; then my father rises solemnly and puts his pipe away in the wa'-hole.
"Bairns, let us worship God," he

Grappie lights the black oil lamp, with its dried rush wicks, and father takes the Book. He reads a chapter, then, to the half mournfus notes of some such true as Martyrdom, we sing, perhaps, "The Lord's My Enepherd.

There was always plenty to do, and Johnnie and I were never sorry when Sablath came. Sabbath and a long walk to the wee bit kirk on the hill head, where in earnest and impressive voice our good minister would point the way to happier spheres; he never failed to breathe words of comfort for the weary, consolation for the bereaved, and hopes of future

Never a Sunday passed that Johnnie homewards, then we would go quietly round and visit mother's grave. was not all sentiment, both of us loved mother, though we hardly remembered seeing her. But her mortal remains were there in that auld kirkyard, and they would rise again, such was our simple faith; and we never looked upon mother as dead, but as a saint in distribution of great value and importance to you that will start you in the to you. That will start you in and in danger. She saw us each Sabboth, then, as we bent low and touched the grassy knoll and laid thereon our offerings of flowers. Humble enough these might be, but in spring there were the sweet scented yellow primrose and sprigs o' crimson may, in summer there were always rich buttercups and rich ox-eyed daisies, and a bundred wild flowers from hedgerow and copse; even winter brought its garlands of red rowans and its evergreens, so all the year round mother's grave never wanted beauty.

That old churchyard and the wee bit kirk. I have but to shut my eyes and they rise up before me. What though the kirk itself was steepleless the bell devoid of music, the grass long and green on the graves, and after rain looking as though it had been combed down; what though the tombstones were gray and lichen clad, and leant in everydirec tion except the right one-mother's grave

there!

ou English mails may laugh at me, but ald you little ken how dearly we Scotch mountaineers love our wild homes; besides, you know-I'm only a simple servant lassie,

sweetly. It was the merry airs auld G annie liked the best, but there was one thing that Johnnie used to play and sing that never failed to bring the tears to my eyes a least; though somehow it was a sweet kind of melancholy it inspired, and neither grief nor melancholy ever injures the heart if tears can flow.

Had I any other companions except Johnnier Yes, a neighbor lassie would sometimes drop in, and—well, why should I deny it, sometimes a neighbor laddie—why shouldn't a simple Scotch lassic like me have a bit sweethearth W! at for no?

What for no?

But it was only on Sunday evenings in the sweet summer time that Jamie and I used to take a lonely walk. And where did we walk, think you? Why, down the line. You see in the far north of dear auld Scotland trains don't run on the Sabbath day, and the line is the favor-on promenade. Green, feathery larch trees bounded the banks all along, and the banks themselves were printed with

could imagine-patches of erfinson clover, patches of white clover, beds of orange trafoils, beds of bluest speedwell, and tall rel ragged robins everywhere. Then there was the hum of the bees, as they

bummed from flower to flower, the sweet perfume of the clover and the wild, glad notes of the chaffle near his west in the lare tree. And—yes, and Jamie's voice, sweeter to me than all. Did I love Jamie? I dinna ken. Jamie never what you might call made love to me, but I dare say I did like him a wee bit. Bonnie black hair had Jamie, blue, blue een, rosy dimpled cheeks, a cockit bonnet wi' long strings, that fluttered o'er his back and shoulders, and such a winsome smile! No, he never made love like, but he would talk for an hour at a time about his horses and kye, and I used just to

look and laugh and listen. You may be think I'm dwelling too long on my younger days and our happy life at the little farm on the brachendbut the rest of my story is all so sad.

I'm sure enough that neither Johnnie nor I ever gave a thought for to-morrow. In this respect we fulfilled the Scriptures right enough. It never struck us that our present life would not last till we closed our eyes for aye and went to sleep in the mools.

But one wet, rough winter's evening, with the wind mouning in the chimney and the cold snow and sleet tearing over the hills and through the woods, father came home looking wan and queer. No, no, I cannot dwell on this. That night he took to his bed, and in spite of the doctor's attention, in spite of the kindness of an English lady who was dwelling at the big house, he slipt quietly away one night and joined our mother

What a change! The funeral past and a broken up home. Everything except the old eight-day clock, which Grannie wouldn't part with, sold by roup, Gran-nie herself dwelling in a little but by the hillside, and Johnnie a soldier in the gallant Forty-twa. And right handsome did be look in his Highland dress, with his brawny legs and his bonnet and

And I-a simple servant lassie. For the kind English lady had taken quite a fancy to me and I was bound for the south as her maid. As the train rolled away from the station, as I lost sight of the wootls, and hills and bonnie bracs. what could I do but lean back in a corner of the carriage and cry-lassie like. Poor

Jamie, tool Grief does not break young hearts, and in my new home at Southsca, everything was very new indeed, and my heart leapt up one day with a nameless joy when I heard that the Forty-second was coming

to Portsmouth."
My mistress was kindness itself, and consideration, too. She was a lady, though not rich, and I'm sure would have bitten her tongue at any time rather than say a single word to wound the feelings or hurt the heart of a simple servant lassic. Ah! would that all mistresses were the same! She never hindered me from going out, and, indeed, often suggested it. And so, many were the walks Johnnie and I had on the ramparts, and many a talk of the dear old times that even now seemed so far

And my mistress had always a kind word and a smile for me, and talked so naturally and so encouragingly that at any time I believe I would down my life to save hers. After a few months of Portsmouth life my mistress and I started to spend a few weeks in France. Johnnie saw us off, and I think I see the handsome, manly boy yet, with the sunny smile on his sunburnt face, in the dark tartan kilt and white spats, standing there on the station waving as good by with his bonnet and plumes.

We were two months away, but returned at last, and the very next morning I went to see for Johnnie.

I was rounding the corner of a street. when the slow, half muffled sound of drums fell on my car, and presently I could hear the music itself. dirge, a coronach, played by the pipers. It was no ordinary dead march. It was the grand old hymn, Johnnie's song and Ot come come with me

To every word there was a stroke of the drum and a step of the men. And

yender is the cofiin and the Lonnet and "Who is-d-d-dend?" I cried. clutching the arm of a soldier who stood

near me. He must have seen I was choking. He put one arm round my waist kindly

"Poor Jack McLean, my lass. Are you his sweetheart?" I remember nothing more for weeks, for all this time I lay raving with brain

A year had passed away and a change had come over my situation in life. For my dear, kind mistress was oblized to give up house and go abroad, and I was engaged as general servant to a lady in Portsmouth.

Now I was to know what indeed it meant to be a simple servant lassic under a thoughtless and unkind mistress. Per hops she did not really mean to be un kind, perhaps she could not help it. I be-lieve that, hard though her heart undoubtedly was, she would often have felt for pae could she but have known how her words used to burn into my feelings. I'm sure I tried to please her. I'm sure I did what I could and as well as I could, but my whole life soon became a burd-n

don't laugh, cry and prey. That helped me some-don't forget I'm but a simple Did my mistres scold? No, not down right. She nagged. Oh! that worrying, nerve breaking nagging, how much more mean it is than any scalding!

I used to go to my room and,

When mistress first resked my name and I teld her "Je mie," "I shall call you Ann," obe replied. "I call all my servants Ann."

I'm sure master felt sorry for me, but he dared say nothing. I believe he was as much afraid of her as I was, though a kindly hearted gentleman he was. He would come in to finner happy looking and singing, and at table begin to talk and laugh with his pretty pets of children. Then mistress would begin to mag at me as I kild the dinner. And poor ter's face would fall at once. There would be no more talking or laughing with the children after that. He would

wild flowers in the sweetest colors you | hurrically and silently swallow a few monthfule, then, making some excuse about work to finish, disappear. But the room never was dusted enough

please mistress, the fire never burned brightly enough, the things were never

properly put on the table. I used to dread so lying too late of a morning that my night's rest was all one painful, confused dream. I would start may be at 3 and look at the watch again and again at 4, and if I did this I dreaded to fall asleep again. I would lie and read for an hour or two, then go down to the cold kitchen among the beetles and struggle for another hour with wet sticks and damp coals before I got the fire to light.

Was it any wonder I got thin and worn and so nervous that my mistress' voice suddenly calling "Ann" felt like a red hot knife jerked into my heart?

I now come to the turning point of my somewhat sad history, which would never have been written had I not thought this simple narrative might move some mistresses to be a little more considerate of the feelings of their servants.

What was my fate to be. I often asked that question of myself, lassic like. Would Jamie be my fate? Though I know he liked me, in his letters be never breathed a word of love, but always told me about guld Grannie and the eight day clock and about his borses

I had only one friend now in the world. And he-I feel sure you will laugh-was the brewer's drayman. When he called for an empty cask or to deposit a full one in the cellar, he always had a gentle word and a smile for me. He was a jolly looking young man with a handsome face, a burly form, and an apron big enough for a bathing tent. And you'd only seen him pitch the great casks about-why John was strong

enough to lift a cow.

One day mistress had been more tankersome than ever, and my eyes were red with weeping. John noticed it, and talked ever so kindly, and I told him all, and from that day for months I took to telling John all, and he always had a word of comfort for me. Is it any won-der that my heart warmed to him?

I used to light him down to the dark cellar, and it was down there we used to hold our little confabs. But I'll never forget the morning John

asked me to become his wife.

The tallow candle barely dispelled the gloom of that damp, dark cellar, and the daylight streaming in above us from a grating, fought with the gloom and was

swallowed up.

"Which I've leved you for a long time," said John, "though I dursn't summon up courage to speak my mind. But I have the prettiest little cottage and garden in the houtskirts as over ye seed. And it only wants a mistress, Jeannie, Which it'll be your sweet self and nobbut

I was glad the cellar was so dark, so he couldn't see my face; but next moment I was pressed close to John's big apron, and it did smell of malt and hops

You it is a sweet, wee cottage, and bonnie do the roses look twining round the perch in summer, and John is the dearest and best of husbands. Yes, I'm happy, and I've almost forgotten that ever I was a simple servant lassis. Good by-there is John coming.-Gordon Stables in Home Chimes.

Experiments in Hypnotism

Speaking to a reporter on the subject of hypnotism Dr. William A. Hammond said: "I hypnotized one man, and I forced him to commit forgery. At my bidding he signed my name to a bank check. I told him to each it at the bank to chairt, and he did eo Now you have the money,' said I, and he rammed it in his pocket, looking all around meanwhile. covetly and suspiciously. Suddenly I cried 'Police!' The patient instantly darted under the table and tried to hide himself. He turned even paler, trembled, and evinced every sign of extreme trepi-

"He denied strenuously at first," con-Grued Dr. Hammond, "that he had been guilty of the crime I charged him with. I insisted that he had the money in his pocket. At last he confessed, drew it forth, and burst into expressions of sorrow for his faux pas. All this, as I told you, before the New York Neurological

society—a ecientific body.
"I experimented further with this subject, for he was a good one. Pinching the fiesh on the back of his hand into a little banch, and telling him that he would suffer nothing. I plunged the knife through the cone or culicle. Not a tremor or start showed that he had experienced pain; he did not indeed feel the blade. Nor was he sensitive to a red hot iron when I burned the back of his neck with it; but when I cried, 'Now I'll burn you,' and placed my finger on his flesh, he jumped and yelled and writhed as if he with that man. I gave him a solution of aloes, and he drank it for champagne. I gave him a bottle, told him it was a baby.

and he pursed it and coord over it. we had half a dozen such patients at my house for the amusement and in-struction of my friends. There is nothing new in the principle of suggestion; here's a book on the subject by Bernheim."

The Gypsy's Independence.

The gypey loves the croscent moon, the evening star, the clatter of the fern owl, the beetle's Lum. He was born on the earth in the tent, and he has lived like a species of human wild animal over since. CI his own free will he will have nothing to do with rites or litapies; he may per lings be married in a place of worship, to make it legal, that is all. At the end, were it not for the law, he would for choice be buried beneath the "fireplace" of their children's children. He will not dance to the pipe ecclesiastic, sound it who may-churchman, dissenter, priest, or laic. Like the trees, he is simply in different. All the great wave of teaching and text and tracts and missions, and the produce of the printing press, has made impression upon his race any more than upon the red deer that roam in the orest behind his camp. The negroes idelatry of the past, neither have they the exalted thought of the present.—Eichard Jefferics in Chambers' Journal.

Our action must clothe us with an im-tortality, loathsome or glorious. -- Colton.

INCIDENT OF THE WAR. A Flatboat Load of Contrabands Walt-

we returned down the Yazoo. at every possible point where he river could be reached there were throngs of negro families waiting to be taken away. Many of them shad flat leats in which they were already embarked, ready to fasten a line to the returning Federal boats and be towed down the river and

to freedom.

I remember one instance connected with this begins that was somewhat out of the usual course of events. At one point where the Silver Wave halted there was an immense encampment of negroes with their scanty furniture waiting for removal. Attached to the shore was a large flatboat, which hy just at the stern of the steamer. I happened to be lounging in that portion of the boat, and was attracted by the character of the contents of the flatboat. There were at least twenty colored people in it, of all ages and both sexes. In the stern sat a venerable African, who at once attracted my attention. He had a heavy beard and very thick hair, which, with his dense eyebrows, were as white as wool. There was something noble and impressive in his face and position, and interest if him was increased as I saw that he was sightless. He was grand as he sat there; grand in his years, which must have been close to a century; grand in the immobility of his countenance, the repose of his position, in his helpless blindness, and in a perceptible expression of patience and hope that characterized his features.

The other people in the boat were probably his descendants. There was a white headed woman who was his daughter. then a stalwart man and a woman who must have been his grandchildren, and then a host of children of all ages from 20 down to a little pickaniany lying on its back that sucked its thumb, kicked up its heels and gazed with its black, bendlike eyes into vacancy. They were all chattering, laughing, screaming in the exuberance of their delight. Freedom was before them and the world was ablaze with the glory of anticipation. Only the patriarch was silent; to him there perhaps mingled with the hope of the future a recollection of the old home and the old life. The deep grown roots of his existence could not be easily extracted from the soil of the south, and yet there was a glow on his face such as must have come over the faces of the wandering tribes as they stood on Nelo and their weary eyes took in the spreading fields and the fertile plains of the

promised land. A line was dropped from the deck of the steamer to the flatboat and made fast. The next moment the wheel began to revolve. It threw back waves which enveloped the flatboat, and then, as the speed increased, the flat bow of the latter was drawn under, and the entire boat with all its human freight, its infancy, its years, its hopes, disappeared under the greenish waters of the Yazoo. As far as I could see the locality I watched for some fign of the engulfed unfortu-nates, but not even a rag, a fragment of any kind, came to the surface. The cruel waters held them fast, and not even a ripple disturbed the placid surface above their place of disappearance.

Nothing that I saw during the war shocked me as did this occurrence. Rescue was impossible: the boat did not even stop. It steamed swiftly away, and I felt in my beart that another and bler Moses had died at the moment of anticipated deliverance.-"Poliuto" in Chi-

English Professional Entertainers It is stated on what seems good authority that the festivities of the present season will be fostered by a new kind of entertainer. From certain firms from whom polor wizards, drawing room Punch and Judys, etc., can be hired. it would seem that professional funny men, warranted to keep any moderately festive table in a roar, can be secured for so much a night. These "funny men" will mix with guests, and are guaranteed not only to be primed with all the newest funny stories and topical jokes, but also to be well up in impromptu efforts of an amusing kind. For instance there are no less than seventeen asserted tricles which can be performed by them while actually sitting at a table without any apparatus, and with the simple aid of an orange, a wine glass, a servictic, and a wainut shell. For a "funny man." ventriloqual ability the price per evening is five shillings more than for one who does not go beyond "imitations of contemporary actors," in a mimetic direct tion. In cases where it may be desired that this hired entertainer should pass na facetious relative of the host and hostess it is suggested that a "preliminary interview should be arranged between him and the heads of the family whose relative he is supposed to be," with a view, doubless, to the maintenance of his part

Frying as It Is Abneed.

later on.-London Figuro.

Frying, as the operation is usually done in this country, constitutes the basis of American simplicity in the culinary art, and all physicians are agreed that proba-bly no other single factor is so proming at in the production of our national disease yspensia, as this. I do not desire to be understood as condemning frying or any of the modifications of this process of cooking, when properly done. On the contrary, I think it is an excellent method of preparing meats, fish and many vege-tables for the table. But how rarely is the American frying pan anything else than a utensil for slowly stewing an article in grease. Saturated and permented with fat, the fried article of food becomes an indigestible mass, incapable of acting as an aliment.—George H. Rohe, M. D.

A Miracle of Skill.

Oswaldus Nothingerus is said to have nade 1,600 diwww of turned ivory, all perfect and complete in every part, yet so thin and slender that all of them were included at once in a cup turned out of a pepper corn of the common size. They were so small as to be almost invisible to

Whales Not Fishes.

Whales are not fishes. They have no scales: they have warm blood; they give milk to their young, and finally, they would be drowned if they were to remain longer than half an hour under water.

THE HOARDED WEALTH OF INDIA.

How the East Indian Turns Everything He Possesses Into Jowelry. Never during its existence has India been so rich in jewelry as now. The people are always adding to their stock. Savings from nearly all sources are dis-

posed of in this way, and these savings

are being constantly made-often at the expense of clothing, sometimes at the excense of greater necessaries of life. The making and the storing away of wealth in this form is the national pe-culiarity of this country. It is indulged in by all classes of natives. Jewelry is regarded as the most staple kind of wealth, and fortunes are never counted without estimating the value of the stock

of jewelry. It can always be pledged or disposed of. The market for its sale is never closed and never depressed. The most ignorant native who wishes to sell a piece of jewelry knows its market value quite wells. He can scarcely be cheated. Jewelry forms the greatest factor in matrimony. The most lowly bride has her stridhan, which is often equal in value to five years' income of the oridewoom. There is often a scarcity of clothing, sometimes a scarcity of cooking pots, generally not a particle of furniture,

but nearly always a stock of jewelry. The wife that has no jewelry possesses nothing else; she cannot be robbed. The family that does not possess jowelry is absolutely indigent. One of the greatest boasts of the sewelry owner is that his hoards cannot be taxed. A man may own jewelry valued at a lakh of rupees and pay no income tax. This is a source of great satisfaction. Jewelry yields no recurring income, but it is prized more than government paper. "If it never increases it never diminishes," is a national saying, common among men and women alike.

No native marriage, except among the most impoverished, takes place without a transfer of jewelry, and very frequently of new jewelry. So great in value is the new jewelry that is introduced into new families by marriage, that we dare not estimate it, the amount would be so fabulous. Truly the investment of wealth-in jewelry in India is the greatest and most remarkable institution in the country. Every other investment sinks into insignificance beside it.
Under no native prince or rajah of

former times has jewelry accumulated as it has accumulated under the British government in British India. For a century past the sacking of towns has been unknown; the plunder of individuals has

been greatly restrained, and wealth in the form of jewelry has accumulated.

One-half of the people of India are jewelry owners. It is only when the day of taking stock of the family jewelry comes round, such as the occasion of a wedding or a great gala day, that a stranger can form the slightest conception of the amount of wealth in the fam ily in the form of jewelry. Amazement at once strikes him as he for the first time is permitted to see the amount of accumulated wealth.

The inventory day is, par excellence, the women's day. Gathered round the iron safes, the cash boxes, the metallic boxes, the neatly carved wooden boxes, the delight of the women is observed in their eyes as each pair of golden bracelets studded with pearls; each pair of diamond, or emerald, or sapplire earrings, each nose ring with large pearla, massive gold chains and a large number of rings; expensively and even extravagantly gemmed, are handed round the family circle for admiration. And great is the family delight.—Advocate of

When a person is obliged to lie con-stantly in one position, as is the case with a broken leg, the pressure coming constantly on the same place, bedsores must be guarded against. The lower part of the back is most frequently at-tacked. The nurse should pass ber hand under it at least twice a day to see that the draw sheet is free from wrinkles and creases. Morning and night she must bathe it with a small sponge dipped in alcohol, or a solution of tannic acid, and when it is dry rub it with corn starch or buckwheat flour. It may seem im-possible to her to get her hand underneath, but most beds will yield a little to be bathed, she will obtain a little space to work in. If in spite of precautions the back becomes sore an air cushion with a hole in the middle must be used to prevent the sore from coming in contact with any surface, or it cannot heal .-Good Housekeeping.

Chinese Indifference. Chinese indifference is still worse than Chinese superstition, "The Chinese is born a man, live a dog, and dies an No assistance can be found in that country, where one has to rely on himself and believe no man. The of a sense of the common good, and of all self sacrifice, is so great that all the celebrated fall into decay, such as the temples and royal tombs, many of which are beautiful, -Lendon News.

Curious Ceal Formations Coal miners frequently find curious formations in a vein of coal. An Annot, Pa., miner took out a piece of sulphur a

few days ago which was a perfectly fermes are of corn, the kernels and rows being very distinct. It was under twenty feet of solid rock and in the middle of the coal vein.—Beston Budget.

Cocaine has a rival in an alkaloid obtained in Australia from the juice of Euphorbia Drummondii, which Dr. John Reid, its discoverer, calls Drumine. new local angesthetic acts almost entirely

by paralyzing, and does not excite. — M. T. Elmore, while boring a well near Remington, Ind., encountered a solid black walnut log at a depth of 140 feet. The wood was perfectly sound, and the question is. How did it get down to that remarkable depth?—Chicago Herald.

Locomotives now run in Jerusalem, and the shrill steam whistle is heard in the streets once trod by King David.

In North Carolina it is estimated that 40,000 persons follow the business of col-lecting herbs for the market.

HAVE YOU FORGOT!

Have you forgot that long gone summer day; The clear, blue sky with scarce a cloud o'es

The clear, blue sky with scarce a cloud o'er head; The merry children shouting at their play; The guarded old sah; the sweet, sweet words you said—

Have you forgot?

Have you forgot what bliss it was to love. To utter vows time never has undone? How all the day we hand in hand did rove And when 'twas ended wished it just begun-Have you forgot!

The rose and cleander were to bloom-You stooped and kissed me as you took your leave And I blushed rosy in the twilight gloom-

Have you forgot that glowing summer eve-

Have you forgot the bitter, bitter pain,
The duil despair, the heavy, aching heart
When we were parted not no meet again,
And worse than distance kept us far apart—
Have you forgot?

And now, when twilight trembles through the skies, I sit and muse on all the wordsyou said, The love that glowed within your grave, calm

eyes, And wonder can that strong deep love be dead And I forgot.

-Mary Saunders Lockwood.

The Game of "Kat-Kuuppellen Some of the amusements enjoyed by the scendants of the "water geuzen" rather barous, and chief among them stands the play of "Kat-kauppellen." It is to be met with in the hamlets around Amsterdam. Two poles about sixteen feet high are placed twenty feet apart; a new barrel has two holes bored into the heads, and a rope is put through the holes and attached to the top of the poles, allowing the barrel to swing about twelve feet from the ground. Before placing the barrel in this swinging position, a live cat is put into it. Now the amusement commences. 'Twenty or thirty sturdy boers pay the innkeeper—in front of whose hostelry the "kat-knuppellen" takes place—a certain entry fee, generally five Dutch cents. They take their position about fifty feet from the swing-ing barrel, armed with clubs shaped something like an American base ball icaplement; every man draws a number, and then proceeds according to numeration to sling his club at the barrel. The man who hits the barrel with such force as to break it and allow the imprisoned cat to

escape receives half the money paid by the participants, and the one who throws the club with a strength sufficient to the last piece of wood to fall from the rope is paid half of the remaining, money, the rest going to the tavern keeper. The terrified cries of the imprisoned cat before escape is possible can better 12 imagined than described, and provides unlimited enjoyment for the

hundreds of spectators. - Amsterdam Let-

Fenimore Cooper on French Faces. In 1827 Fenimore Cooper wrote, while visiting Paris, the following remarks on French physiognomy, and the article in which they appeared has just been ex-humed and printed in the Paris journalst "The French face rarely expresses innocence in its perfect purity. Even in child-hood there is a manueless something which down to inhabit the earth. In the young

indicates that its celestial soul has come girl of the Gauls you never perceive any-thing other than a modest, amiable, spiritual and an attractive woman. But sometimes you may see the angel revealed in the features of a young English maiden. I make no aliusion to education nor to religious sentiments, quite general enough, in their respective forms, es pecially among young people of good family, here as well as anywhere

physics, while in French it is incred-ulity."-New York Star.

The main difference on this point is that

in America it is religion which is meta-

The Dress of the Parents The invariable dress of every Parsee is a tall black cap, fully fifteen inches highmade of pasteboard and covered generally with waxed cloth; it narrows toward the top, which looks as if it were cut off, The long gray dress is clways exactly of the same make. Even the shirt must be of a certain cut, with nine seams, and folded on the breast. Over this is worn a girdle, without which no Parsee must ever appear in public, save during prayer, when it is removed. It is said that no pressure and by working in a roll of old agreement or contract is valid if either linen under the back above the place to party to the bargain was without the cirdle at the time. . It is solemnly assum when a boy attains his 9th year, up to which age children are allowed much freedom. Thenceforth, however, boy becomes a responsible being, and at the same age the damsel may commence the cares of housekeeping .- Macmilian's

Magazine.

There are few men who can repair a violin. It is a set of knack or that comes natural, like music, and takes long years of experience. The most that the shops. Americans make good violins. There are four bree establishments in this country turning out cash several I do not know what dozen a day. comes of all the violins that are made, but they seem to sell as well as foreign

Butter, except in Athens, is not known in Greece, but in spring the milk of sheep or goats is boiled, allowed to sour, then put into the skin of the goat pre-

instruments. - Globe-Democrat.

pared for the purpose. Two men take this, shake it back and forth, then pour the milk into a large wooden bowl. A thick white foam of tream is formed; this is sold as butter .- Chicago Times. - , Mr. Vallentine, of Wells, Fargo & Co., whose estimates of the annual output of precious metals have been regarded as very accurate, reports that the total product of gold in the United States dur-

compared with the year 1683. Origin of the Word "Pray."

ng 1886 was \$29,561,124, and of

\$52,136,851—an increase in gold of \$3, 167,668, and in silver of \$7,630,252,

At Butastis, called in Scripture Pibe-seth, now Basta, the chief of worship was Pasht, the goridess of fire, who is said to have transformed barself into a cut when the go'ls fied into Egypt. In her temple cats were kept as sacred ani-mals, and from her name, Pasht, our word "pussy" is supposed to have been derived.—Cosmopolitan.