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 any-

thing that gave me permanent relief until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, about two years ago. A few bottles of this med-feine produced a radical cure. — Wm. E. Baker, 155 W. Brookline st., Boston, Mass. A Remarkable Cure.

A Remarkable Cure.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has cured me of as bad a case of Abacess of the Liver as any human being could be afflicted with and live. I was confined to the housefor two years, and, for the last 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 lown—one mile distant—and return, without difficulty. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has accomplished all this for me.—W. S. Miner, Carson City, Mich.

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

PROFSSIONAL CARDS.

JAS. E. BOYD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Greensboro, N. C.
Will be at Graham on Monday of each week
to attend to professional business. [Sep 16]

F. H. WHITAKER, JR. C. E. MCLEAN. WHITAKER & McLEAN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

GRAHAM, N. C. Practice in the State and Federal courts. Collections made in all parts of the State. Betures prompt. One of the firm can always be found in their office. One of the firm will be in Barling on every Wednesday to attend to professional business. May 19 tf

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GFA ** \$ 72, N. C.
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Real Estate Agency. PARKER & KERNODLE, Agents, GRAHAM, N. C.

A plantation one mile from Me-bane, in Alamance county, containing 263 acres—45 wers in original growth, 50 in plues, 100 in enhivation. The place is well watered, a creek and two branches running through it. A fine oreiser, 3 good foldoes barys, 3 tenement bones, good feed baras, an 3-room dwelling with basement and L. and grood well of water, are on it. Convenient to churches, school, and a good new mill in 14 mile of the house. It is a desirable farm adanted to the growth of lobacces, grain and adapted to the growth of tobacco, grain and grasses. Place is seeded in wheat and oats. Possession given at once, Price \$2000, [jan13]

Bradfield's

A specific for all diseases peculiar to women, such as painful, sup-pressed, or irregular menstruation, lencorrhoen or whites, etc.

Female

If taken during the CHANGE OF LIFE, great suffering and danger will be avoided.

Regulator

Send for the book, "Message to Women

A DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of John Sutton, dec'd, will present them duly authenticated on or before the 15th day of May, 1888, or this notice will be lead in bar of their recovery.

RILEY SUTTON, JULIAN P. SUTTON, Adm'rs.

The Progressive Farmer

HAS MOVED TO RALEIGH, And will be improved in many imporiant particulars. No change in its policy. No change in its policy. No change in its policy. No change in its editorial management. "The industrial and educational interests of our people paramount to all other considerations of State policy," shall be our watchword.

The humblest farmer in our state, if be be without our paper shall also be without excuse. We intend to make it one of the best and one of the choopest papers in the South.

The following liberal rates are offered:

TO CLUBS. 1 subscriber and under 5, 1 year, \$2.00 5 subscribers and under 16, 1 year, 1.67 16 subscribers and under 15, 1 year, 1.50 15 subscribers and under 20, 1 year, 1.25 20 subscribers or more, 1 year, 1.00

Every Farmers' Clab in the State should send us a good club at once. L. L. POLK, Editor. P. F. DUFFY, Ass't Editor. JMO. E. BAY, Bus, Man'gr.

ACCEPTANCE.

Boft la the breath of a maiden's yes,
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast,
And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes

CHOOSING A PASTOR.

The First church of Brandon was seeking a pastor, an occupation that had en-grossed their energies for some time past. For it was fully seven months since the council had assembled to formally dismiss Mr. Barnes and had declared the pulpit vacant.

Mr. Barnes had labored faithfully in their service five long years. During all this time he had preached good, if not brilliant, sermons; attended regularly at the prayer meeting, and made all the pastoral calls that one mortal man, withpastorni calls that one mortal man, with-out a horse and buggy, could reasonably be expected to make. And yet his con-gregation were not satisfied. Intima-tions finally reached the cars of the good man that his resignation would be re-signedly accepted. He sent it in, and the papers the next day announced the grief of the First church at the resignation of their beloved paster, Mr. Barnes, whose wife's health forced him to seek a more salubrious climafe.

Whereupon it devolved upon the orphaned congregation to choose for them-selves a pastor—a man after their own hearts-one who should possess all the virtues of their late paster, as well as

They proceeded to search for him in the truly orthodox way, namely, by en-tertaining candidates. Sabbath after Sabbath beheld a different divine in the pulpit. They came we know not whence and returned we know not whither. They embraced every known type of man, from the venerable D. D. of three score and ten to the immature theological student of 21 summers.

The dectrine preached to that people during the season of candidating was as variegated as the patchwork silk quilt which they presented to their late pastor's wife-on her birthday. It shaded all the way from Catholicism to Universalism, and branched out into every known "ism." There was the "old school" and the tracer school " old fashioned or her the "new school," old fashioned ortho-doxy and modern, free thought. There were sermons with strong leanings toward liberalism, and there were others fraught with Calvinism and oozing orthodoxy at every pere. And there were scientific philosophical ones. But in all this variety the people found not the man they sought. There was some insurmountable objection to every candidate. Rev. Abercombie gave them good ser-

mona, but the college students declared that his gestures were "execrable" and would demoralize their own "style," and they came en masse to the church meet-

Rev. J. Irwin Smith was youthful and handsome, and the young ladies slied tears of regret when the church decided not to call him. But Deacon Grimes said his sermons were mere "froth," and be hoped they wouldn't, in his day, get down to a man who parted his bair in the mid

threatened to convert the staid old church into a theatre, while good Mr. Elakesley, who despised show, was rejected because he didn't "draw." One candidate was too colemn, another too frivolous; one was too reserved, another too "common." And so the spring and summer came and faded away, and fall was fast emerging into winter and the parties of the growing weary of their search and longed for a settled pastor, but he still cluded them. As old Mr. Grove aptly summed up the situation; "We've had close to a hundred men here to preach for us and we've given 'em all a fair show, and there hain't been a perfect man among

At length, when expectation was well nigh exhausted, a cheering ray penetrated the gloom of their despondency, and in their mind's eye they could see as their own established pastor the brilliant young own established pastor the brilliant young preacher who was holding audiences spellbound in a western city. A delega-tion was dispatched to treat with him. He had graciously consented to consider the matter, and the whole situation was as encouraging as it well could be. He was to preach for them on trial the first Sunday in December, and on the Saturday evening previous Deacon Gilkey and his wife were returning from a day's shopping in Chicago. Just as the cars were starting Mr. Ames, another pillar in the church, hurried in, and seeing Mr. and Mrs. Gilkey, dropped into the seat behind them, the other half of which was occa-

pied by a strange gentleman in a fur trimmed overcoat and a sealskin cap.

"Getting chilly," remarked Mr. Ames to Mr. Gilkey, as an introduction to con-versation, meanwhile buttoning up his overcoat. The remark recalled the fact to Mr. Gilkey, and he buttoned up his

"Yes; looks a little like a storm. "Shouldn't wonder," said Mr. Ames. "They've had five inches of snow up

"Is that so? They have pretty tough winters up there." And Mr. Gilkey gave his coat collar another jerk. "Suppose you'll be out to church to-morrow?" said Mr. Ames.

morrow?" said Mr. Ames.

"Yes, I presume so," assented Mr. Gifkey, and Mrs. Gifkey said, "Yes, certainly," with a glance at a bandlox at
her feet, which suggested the idea that a
Chicago milliner had made "assurance
doubly sure" in her case. But it, of
course, suggested no such thought to Mr.
Ames, who observed:
"I guess teech, will turn out the

Ames, who observed:

"I guess people will turn out preity
generally to hear our new man."

"They ought to," said Mr. Gilkey, "for
he seems to be about our last chance, and

he seems to be about our last chance, and I say we'd better take him if he suits any kind of way."

"We might as well shut up the church if we don't get some one before long," said Mr. Ames glocarily. "There wasn't a batter's dozen out last Sunday, and the Halis and McAllisters have given up their pews. Hall says he won't pay pew rent for the sort of preaching we've fad lately,"

"it needn't make any difference to him what kind of preaching we have; he's never there," remarked Mrs. Gilkey,

"He won't take any stand at all," said Mr. Ames, "says it's none of his funeral who they get. He's put out because they wouldn't call that Mr. Otjin; but we "He preached good sermons," said Mr.

Gilkey, reflectively.
"He talked through his nose," said

Mrs. Gilkey, conclusively.
"Then the Whites," said Mr. Ames. They want that eastern man, with the long hair. He's a sort of a cousin to White's wife. The West End are all united on that man from Washington. And Dr. Glover's got a man down south that he's trying to run in this long time." Mr. Ames paused for breath, and Mrs. Gilkey took up the burden of

his complaint.
"Yes," she said, "and the Georges say they won't vote for anybody but that Mr. Paine, from Ohio. He stayed with them while he was here, and they say he is just as agreeable and entertaining as You'd never suspect he was a

At this stage Mr. Ames, happening to look up suddenly, surprised an amused smile on the face of the stranger who shared his scat.

"I beg your pardon," said that gentle-man, in answer to Mr. Ames' stare, "I could not help overhearing your conver-

"No harm done," returned Mr. Ames. affably. "We're pretty much interested in getting the right sort of a man for our church. We know what keeps the thing going, you see." He rattled, significantly, some coins in his pocket, and the

cantly, some coins in his pocket, and the stranger intimated that he saw.

"Isn't it the general opinion that we're paying too steep a price for our preaching?" inquired Mr. Gilkey.

"Altogether," said Mr. Ames, emphatically. "And I say we've just got to drop off \$500 on our next man. Why, when I was a low a minister didn't cost.

when I was a boy, a minister didn't get over \$400 of \$500 a year, and they managed to live on it somehow. They didn't throw their money around on all sorts of extravagances, I'll be bound."

"People say we have these things our-ives," began Mr. Gilkey, mildly. "I don't care if we do!" retorted Mr. Ames. "I earn my money, and I know vhere it comes from."

Mr. Ames lad, by this time, worked himself into quite a vehement state of mind. He ostensibly addressed Mr. Gilkey; but it is not atrange that the consciou ness that the stranger was an interested listener caused him to elaborate his argument with the distinctness and precision of one who feels that he is making a good point. He now glanced for approval of his sentiments from Mr. Gilkey to the stranger, and the latter seemed encourared to venture a remark.

What particular style of man do you desire for a pastor?" he inquired.
"We want a first class man," said Mr.
Ames, with the air of reciting a well
learned lesson. "Some one who can hold
his own with the other ministers in the place. Now, you see"-becoming confidential-"there's a certain set in church that are strong on doctrine, and snother class that don't care anything about it, and won't bear it preached! They mostly don't belong to the church, but they come regularly and rent our best pews, and we feel bound to consider their slings. But it takes a man with some

tact to get along with these things and not offend any one."
"Indeed it must," said the stranger. And Mrs. Gilkey said, in further illus-tration of the point: "Why, we can never ceep a man more than six months without one set or the other getting down on him. He's sure to be in hot water somewhere. Oh dear! why didn't pour estab

This last exclamation was not addressed to the stranger, but to Mr. Gildressed to the stranger, but to Mr. Gilkey. For in the excitement of the discussion the lady had loceened her hold
upon the bandbox, and a sudden jolt of
the cars had precipitated it into the aisle.
With the aid of a fellow passenger and a
cane Mr. Gilkey fished up the precious
parcel, and by the time this fent was acceptable the tenin was negline about. omplished the train was moving slowly

into the Brandon station.

Mr. Ames shook hands with the stranger at parting and said he was glad to have met him; after which ceremony the travelors repaired to their several destinations, Mrs. Gilkey with grave forebodings lest the fall should have re-sulted disastrously to the contents of the bandbox; Mr. Ames with a placid satis-faction with himself and the world at large, and the stranger—but as he is a stranger we cannot guess with any ac-curacy what his thoughts and feelings

The church was filled that Sabbath morning, and an agreeable flutter of ex-pectation pervaded the well dressed con-gregation. Their faces were that wide

awake, alert expression of persons who expect to be entertained.

Mr. Ames felt very tranquil in spirit as he leisurely ascended the church steps, just in time for the opening anthem. As he leaned back in his seat and glanced over the crowded house to himself that he, for one, was said to laimed that he, for one, was glad they were going to bave a steady pastor, and he was going to do his lest to encourage him. He'd get introduced after service, and invite him up to dimer to-morrow. He tadged his wife and confided to her this resolve, and she said 'twas 'just the thing.'

He craned his neck around to get a sicht of the new man, but the desk com-

He craned his neck around to get a sight of the new man, but the desk completely hid him from view as he sat in the large pulpit chair, resting his head on one shapely hand.

With the last notes of the anthem, Mrs. Gilkey sailed down the able in all the glory of her new bonnet, while her husband followed at a respectful distance behind the swaying plumes and spreading tarim. Mrs. Ames whispered to her husband that 'twould be just like the Gilkeys to try to get in ahead with the minister, that woman was 'so pushing." minister, that woman was "so pushin lie must remember and speak to minister right after church.

The choir sat down with a flutter The choir sat down with a furter and gingle. There was a brief pause. Then the preactier advanced to the desk and amounced the hymn. As the mellow tones of his voice floated out over their beads the waiting congregation smiled gracious approval. But what was it made Mr. Ames start so violently at the first works of the reader, stare hard at the desk and sink back into his sent with

preach to-morrow?" inquired Mr. Gil- the minister told the story. He was the stranger who had shared Mr. Ames' seat in the cars the night before!

The subsequent proceedings were traught with paluful interest for at least two of that andience. Mrs. Ames whis-pered to her husband that she noticed that Mrs. Dr. Holmes wore a new scal-skin, but he heeded her not, and when the congregation rose to sing he kept his seat, despite that Indy's reproving look. He stole a furtive glance at Mr. Gilkey to see how he bore it. That gentleman, to see how he bore it. That contenian, after some discussion with his wife, arose and held the book for her during the hymn, but he hung his head and looked crushed in spirit. Mrs. Gilkey, on the contrary, carried her head and the new bonnet with conscious dignity, and sang

To Mr. Ames' excited imagination that service was ten hours long, although the clock only indicated an hour and a half. Brandon had not heard such a sermon for many a day; but Mr. Amea, alas! couldn't have told a word there was in He counted the pipes in the organ, e crystals on the chandeliers, the panes glass in the windows, in his frantic attempts to make the time pass. But every time he returned from some ab-struse, numerical calculation only to hear the elequent tones of the preacher and behold the people hanging in rapt attention on every word.

Mr. Ames did not wait to be intro-

duced to the minister after the service. Far from it! He fished his hat out from under the seat with unwonted alacrity, and made for the door, looking neither to

the left nor right.
"That was a powerful sermon we've just heard, wasn't it, Brother Ames?" began Elder Stanclift, stepping softly out into the aisle. "Such depth and pro-fundity of thought, such"— But Mr. Ames stalked past him, with

averted gaze, and pretended not to bear. He jammed his hat down over his eyes and shot out of the door with more haste than dignity. On the corner he stepped and waited for his wife, who demanded, sternly, how he supposed that a man was going to come up to dinner if he wasn't invited? And he told her, candidly, he was sure he didn't know.

Monday night the church held a meeting, at which they unanimously voted to give Mr. Grant a call. But, what was their surprise, on tendering him the pastorate, to find it promptly and positively declined. He said he felt that the responsibilities of the charge would be too

great for his humble powers.

Vain were persuasion and argument.

He was firm, and some of the committee suggested, sadly, they were afraid he had

"heard something."
The fold is still without a shepherd. The weeds grow rank and tall in the parsonage yard, the house is empty—and so are the pews on Sunday mornings. And still the candidates come and go, and come and go, and, report says, the peo-ple are harder to suit than ever.—Lowell . Daily Courier.

Pistol Duel Across a Table

A few days after the battle of Waterloo a Mr. Trevor and a certain captain while at a dinner party quarreled about a lady. The captain being a splendid shot and Trever almost blind, the latter demanded that they should fire at each other across

Some one secretly suggested that the piatols should be loaded without ball, and this was done. The two adversaries, who believed their last hour was come, were as pale as death; but if they were a prey to deep emotion, not a muscle trembled. "Who will give us the sig-nal?" asked the captain. The person who undertack to give the signal said with a trembling voice, "Raise your pis-tols." The muzzles touched the breast of the combatants. "When I count three, fire. One-two-three!" They fired and recoiled from the shock. 'What's the meaning of this?" exclaimed the two combatants. "Who has dared to make fools of us? There are no balls in the pistols?" "Honor is satisfied," exclaimed the friends around them. Trevor ground his teeth. "The remedy is easy enough," said the captain, point-"Honor is satisfied," ing to some swords suspended from the wall. He took down two, measured them, and presented one to his adversary, who seized it engerly. "Now there shall be no trickery!" he exclaimed. "Stand off, sir." They stood face to face and the blades glistened. The contest was the captain. He expired without a groun. "Oh, my God!" exclaimed Trever.
"What have I done? Is all this a reality?" and in terrible despair he flung himself upon the corpse of his rivat, which he shook convulsively, as though to bring it to life again.—Dueling Days in the

He Revolutionized Science. Agassiz revolutionized American science by a five minutes' speech at a dis-tinguished literary and scientific club of Boston soon after he came to this country. There was a discussion of Dr. Hitchcock's then new book on "Bird Tracks," and the plates representing his geological discoveries were exhibited. The praises had been lavish, when a verne feature. young foreigner, a stranger to mest of them, arosa and said: "The defect in this book is that it is dees-creep-teere and not com-para-teere." With that sentence came the distinction in Ameriscience between scientific observa-and scientific intelligence, between the act of perceiving and describing and the art of comparing and combining.— Boston Journal of Education.

The Hot Milk Crate. The Hot Milk Crais.

The past winter has been remarkable for the hot milk craze, which started here five months ago and continued as long as the cold weather lasted. It was started by an invalid, who every day would come into my place and have a glass of milk heated, as it was more acothing than the ice cold milk usually served, and which in very cold weather proved very chilling to the stomach. served, and which in very cold weather proved very chilling to the stomseh. People are imitative in enting, and soon there were half a dezen customers who called for hot milk, and it was not long before several gallons were served that way. The sales of milk increased, showing that many who had stopped drinking cold milk had found hot milk please.

THE FEAST OF SAN JOSE.

Tiaxcala's Strange Customs-Her Poople's Tranquil, Easy Flowing Lives. On Saturday was the feast of San Jos (St. Joseph), and the parish church of Tlaxcala was adorned within and without in honor of that persounge. The very bells in the old stone tower were hung with red, white and green streamers and pendants of the same colors floated in the nave of the church. The people came from far and near, the poorest Indians from the distant hill tops and the officials of the state government, and all knelt before the altar. All were clean and neat. It was a joyous day,

Outside the church, and just inside the stone gates of the yard, was an Indian band, playing weird music, the music of three centuries ago. The players em-ployed a sort of rudo clarenet, and they also had a drum, made of a hollow log, about four feet high, with a sheepskin about four feet high, with a sheepskin drawn over the top. It gave forth, under the enthusiastic poundings of a bright young Indian boy, most melan-choly whoops, and, together with the shrill music of the clarionets, was utterly unlike anything I had ever heard. Bu even enthusiasm needs its dinner, and one lad succeeded another, and so the whooping of that mournful drum smote upon the still air of the quiet town all the lay. A boy with a drum to pound is an energetic chap; a boy with a yard to rake clear of the debris of a New England winter is a lazy chap who casts furtive glances at the street or his rubbit

pen.

I find the boys of Tlaxcala pretty much what other boys are. They are ready to work hard for pure fun, but hard work is not to their mind. A smiling, honest faced set of lads, their white teeth sparkling inside their red lips. They have lots of bottled up fun is they and for a madie, filed can be set of the control of the contro in them, and for a medio, 6 1-4 cents, will run their legs off on errands for you. Boys make the beds at the Hotel San Francisco, and are chamber boys, as is the custom here, where, even in the city of Mexico, women do not work in the Saturday was also market day, and

Saturday was also market day, and the strangest men and women came down from the surrounding limestone hills, bringing little pigs oddly harnessed so as to be driven along the roads, obstinate little quadrupeds who, once inside the town, squeal loudly and persistently go just where they think their drivers don't wish them to go. The Indian women from the hills were bright colored serages for outer petticoats, and at night serapes for outer petticoats, and at night they take these off for blankets. The men were, for the most part, of good stature, bronzed, black eyed, with that arrogant air the warlike Tlaxcalans have always had; these hill people don't forget that their ancestors whipped the Aztecs up in the valley of Mexico, and I fancy they would again willingly carry the stout cedar timbers across the hills to the lake of Texcoco to build brigantines, for another Cortex. place, riide pottery, many vegetables, in-cluding the fiery chile peppera, and scrapes and rebosos. Under the near by portales, or areades, some white men are selling little German mirrors, buttons laces and toys. But I like best to come back to the market place to look at these outlandish people from the mountain sides and the deep interior valleys, where they still worship, by stealth, their ancient divinities, and make outward profession of Christianity. Their language flows softly, and I wish that I know their traditions and habits of thought, for here is a race well worth the study of a competent ethnologist, who might preserve to the arrogant Tiaxcalans who fought with the Spanish conquerors,—Mexico Cor-Boston Herald,

Getting Rid of Rabbita. The very latest of the numerous schemes for getting rid of rabbits is the invention of Mr. Williams, an Englishman, now residing in Auckland, New Zealand, who has contrived a portable apparatus by means of which, in a single night, he guarantees that he will trap and carry off at least 90 per cent. of the rabbits upon a square unit of land. One of the great merits claimed for the plan is that it allows of the rabbits being used for food, with which end in view a light freezing apparatus, mounted on wheels, is provided, so that the bodies of the rabbits may be frozen and kept in that condition until they are delivered over to a shipping company for export to England. - Chicago Times.

American Horses in Mexico I hear a great deal of talk about heavy American horses not being adapted to the climate of Mexico, and I have been the climate of Mexico, and I have been told by local experts that a small, wiry animal—pony build—was the only kind that could be acclimatized. This is all nonsense. I have been buying horses in St. Louis for years, and frequently purchase in New York and Kentucky, wherever a fine couch horse can be found. They all so to the City of he found. They all go to the City of Mexico, where they thrive wonderfully, seeming to live longer and preserve ap-pearances after the time when, in this latitude, they grow woolly and scraggy
-Patrick Levy in Globe-Democrat.

Mamma (coaxingly)—Come, Bobby, take your medicine now, and then jump into bed; that's a good little boy! Bobby -- I do not want to take any medi-

dren)—Robert, if you don't take your medicine at once, you will be put to bed without taking it at all.—Harper's Bazar.

"Yes," he said. "I am a journalist and you, I suppose, are a commercial tourist?" "No. I'm a drummer." "Any difference?"
"Yes, about the same as that between a journalist and a newspaper man. The drummer wills car leads, commercial tourist broken packages. The drummer gets his salary raised."—New York Sun.

Rows North and South.

Some carefully conducted experiments made in Germany appear to prove conclusively that levels and other vegetables grown in rows running north and south certain more succharine matter than those mixed in rown running and and wat. Deren Berall.

A little book has been published re-cently which gives the public some in-sight into the functions and power of the prefect of Paris. No one is allowed to stick a note on door or window asking

prefect of Paris. No one is allowed to stick a note on door or window asking for an employear post a bill on a boarding unless it be stamped and taxed. Advertisers may adopt any color they please, except white, which signifies purity, and is exclusively reserved for official announcements. Special permission is required to give an assault at arms, but nothing is said about permission to fight a duel. If any one comes to Paris with the idea that he can start business right off as a rappicker, he is mistaken. He will be run in if found gathering rags without a license.

No reunion or meeting for political or religious objects can meet without the cansent of the prefect, and under whatever conditions he pleases. In order to hold a meeting on a non-political subject seven persons connected with it must make a declaration at the prefecture three clear days before the day of meet-

three clear days before the day of meeting. Special permission is required to give balls and concerts and to perform feats of agility in music balls. Owing to the exigencies of the octroi, cattle and live stock are only allowed to enter Paris at certain hours of the day and by certain routes. Merchants of brie a brac must be supplied with brass medals and licensed. Dogs are made the subject of to have a terror of the bull dog, for it is decreed that 'no dog of the race boule dogue or a crossed boule dogue must be allowed to go at large in the street, in warehouses, workshops or other public places. Inside houses these dogs must always be kept in string or muzzled." Commissionaires must make a declara-tion and get a medal and livret before

No organ grinder, street musician or itinerant merchant can exercise his profession without permission from the pre-fect. No permission is granted unless the applicant has resided at least a year within the jurisdiction of the prefect and is French. The street musicians, how-ever, sometimes play without permission. Should a concierge be in a particularly amiable turn he will allow an Italian to play within his gates, where he is as absolute as the prefect. The prefect sup-plies workmen with livrets, without which they are not worth anything. Porters at the public markets must have a certificate of good conduct from the police. Any one who saves a drowning person in the river, either by calling atperson in the river, either by calling attention to or rescuing him, gets twenty-five francs; whoever discovers a corpse, or part of a corpse, in the river, receives fitteen francs; for rescuing a horse six francs are allowed. Republican guards employed at theaters or balls are paid one franc per night; if on horseback one and a half francs. For a private soirce they get five francs.—Chicago Times.

The echidna is considered by naturalists one of the rarest and most peculiar creations of the animal kingdom. It is the first cousin of the duck billed cept a stuffed one at the Academy of Natural Sciences, is the only one in America, and was brought direct from

Australia, where it was captured.

It is about the size of an ordinary porcupins, which it greatly resembles, being covered with long quills, but it has a bill shaped nose nearly three inches long, from which protrudes a narrow bangue six inches in length. Its mouth is ax-ceedingly small, and it has no teeth. Its I ga are chart and powerful, and he feet are armed with thick claws that can burrow so rapidly that the animal can almost instantaneously disappear in the earth. Unlike ether burrowing animals, he burrows with all four feet at once, and instead of going in head first he gracefully sinks into the earth, with his

spine curved and bristling with a formad-able armor of quills.

On its right hind leg is a sharp spur, similar to a fighting cock's, three inches similar to a fighting cock's, three inches long. A little canel, connecting with a gland, runs through it and keeps it supplied with a poisonous liquid, which is said to produce metantaneous death. The most peculiar feature of this strange creature, however, is that it regularly lays eggs of a dark purple huo. When on its native heath its diet consists of ants and other insects, but yesterday it enjoyed a hearty meal of condensed milk and the white of an egg.—Philadelphia Times.

Measuring's Dead Buffalo. Up to the time I now speak of I had taken a hand in the skinring of fourteen buffalos out of our twenty, but in every instance we had been so hurried and pressed for time that I had actually not even one diportunity to make such sketches and measurements of a dead bull as I needed and desired. True, I had measured them all as fully as circumstances would permit, but what I wanted was a good long hour with a buffalo while he was still warm. Well, while was a good long near with a bundle while he was still warm. Well, while Jing was fetching the wagon, I had it at last. I made studies of the old bull to my heart's content. I sketched him again and again, and measured him until page after page of my well worn note book was covered with figures and diagrams. He was a monster, even under the tape line, and as banelsome as he was bg. After we skinned him I measured his careass over and over, so that in building a manikin to put his skin over when it came to the last act I could make it exact at every point. Such priviliges are of priceless value to the taxidermist who has the mounting of great beasts.—W. T. Hornaday in New York San.

"Menneed by the energy, and saved by Hebette, boulanger" (baker), is the inscription over one of the gates of the old city of Metz. The French inhabitants point with a smile to this tribute to the heroism of one boulanger and talk significantly of another. Before Buznine, Metz had never surrendered to an enemy since the Romans fortified it.—Frank Loslie's.

An inventor in Aubarn, Me., who says that he has worked 750 days of ten leans each in the last two years, and very few of them on Sundays, attributes his en-

STREET CAR HORSES

A Philosophical Driver Discourses Their Lives, Labors and Death.

Few people stop to think under he severe a strain the horses that draw or street cars labor. They are general driven at a brisk trot, and the frequent stops are too brief to afford them as rest. In fact, the oftener a horse with heavy load stops, simply to start again, the worse off he is.

"A good horse will last in this busines four or five years," said a Broadway or driver the other day. "Unusually good once may stand it longer, but they as much more apt to give out in a shorte time. Sometimes they go all to pieces it two or three months. That gray horse there has been working to the cars to over three years, and he seems just a good as ever. A match to him, bough at the same time, didn't last two months."

"How do they usually become as located to the care as he care and the same time, didn't last two controls of the care as he care and the same time, didn't last two controls."

"How do they usually be fected?" was asked.

fected?" was asked.

"Very often the fore feet give out. Sometimes the shoulders become diseased. Of course you know that a horse strikes his fore feet much harder than he does his hind ones. So when he is driven at a lively gait, with little time to rest, these hard stones wear the fore feet to the quick or cause a tenderness in the shoulders. If the shoulders go lame first we drive the horse a while at night, when the people can't see him limp. When he gets too bad he is sold. If his feet go, the company gets rid of him as soon as possible.

sible.

"A great many horses seriously injure themselves by slipping and falling in the winter. Sometimes these have to be killed. Colic takes off a great many. The deaths of a very large majority of street car horses inay be traced to the accidents and necessities of the service. They must be driven pretty fast or people wouldn't ride. So the weak ones soon fall victims, and the strongest are lucky if they live long enough to be sold to some farmer, and go to the country to end their days in comparative peace."

in comparative peace."
"Then that's where the broken down "Then that's where the brozen down horses go, is it?"

"Yes. Many horses that are useless on our paved streets do very well on a farm. Their sore fect and shoulders improve very much when they are driven over soft ground."

Hundreds of horses are sold to farmers are but the street or communication.

They are mursed and doctored up by their rural purchasers until they become very respectable looking animals again. Thus the farmers get much good work out of horses that couldn't earn their oats here, and they buy them cheap, too. I have heard that some of these country-mon make a business of buying up broken down street car horses, doctoring them, down street car horses, doctoring them, and reselling them to other companies at a high price. Of course it is only a short time before a doctored horse is again worthless here, and then the farmer comes around and buys him back at his own price. This is kept up as long as the poor beast can be made to put on a respectable appearance. "There 're some spectable appearance. "There 're some queer doings in this world of ours," said the driver, as he whipped up the poor besits so as to get to the city hall on schedule time.

Rivers Overcrowded With Salmen.

At Nuchuk any amount of sport is obtainable. To begin with, the rivers teem with salmon. These are of various kinds. The rivers close by Nuchuk contained the hogback, the dog and the silver varieties. There are three infles to traverse to reach the nearest river, and here I trusted myself to one of the far famed bidarkies. The first one was too small, but the next was large enough, and, with an Indian boy in the inatch behind to help are paddle, away we went across the bay. Alongside was inshed our salmon spear. The water was absolutely filled with fish. I disdained the hogback and would have nothing but the silver salmon. He was only to be found in the upper pools. The river shallowed and became a mere brookriver shallowed and became a m

river shallowed and became a mere brooklet.

The solmons' backs projected above the
surface, for the depth was four inches
exactly. Rows of fish were working their
way up stream out of the sea, and they
scuttled away as we advanced, wetting us
from head to foot, like miniature steamers
with their propellers half out of the water.
But the silver salmon we were in quest
of were taking their case in a dignified
manner at the bottom of a deep, placid
pool, overslandowed by trees, and it required all the length we could command
in the handle of our spear to reach them
at that depth. We stepped cautismely on
to a projecting rock and gradually inserted the point of the spear into the
water. The first two lunges were succesful, and each time a lordly fish was lifted
on to the bank, struggling furiously.
When at last we tired of the sport, ten
salmon were all that we dragged behind
us to the cance. There were plenty of sea When at last we tired of the sport, ten salmon were all that we dragged behind us to the cance. There were plenty of sestrout, too; the bottom of the pool appeared to be paved with something dark and cloudy that swayed to and fro with the current like masses of weed. But by degrees as we watched the weed masses, we perceived them to be sen trout, and by during the spear among them at random darting the spear among them at ran-we transfixed a three pounder, w looked inviting, with his bright red sp —Alaska Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democ

The Ape as a Useful Astensi.

Apes probably rank next to man a general intelligence, and, though the lack persoverance, there seems to be a reason for doulding that they might trained to do a variety of useful wor. This is the opinion of Mms. Clemen Boyer, the French translator of Darwi but she points out that the domesticate apes would require great quantities such food as fruit, bread and eggs, the the process of educating them would costly, and that for many generations a climate of Europe would be too sever for them. She suggests that the experiment should be tried first in tropic countries, where the apes might aid cultivating coffee, ecces and cotton. Arkaneaw Traveler.