PROFSSIONAL CARDS.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Greensboro, N. C.
Will be at Graham ou Monday of each weel
attend to professional business. [sep 16]

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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The service fee is small, you can raise an improve de if at same cost as a serub; at two years old you can sell the grade belier at \$25 to \$40; at same ago the scrub will sell for \$8 to \$45. Which will pay you for your

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### Onward, is the Word!

The PROGRESSIVE FARMER extery in

I dronned there stood at Heaven's high sate on

day,
A maid, and in her fragile hand there lay
One withered rose, with all its grace of red
Wild belief youe.
Seeing her, Peter said:
"How said these points that your pale hands hald!
Away with it, that workless flower and old!"

"Alisi" it is the very rose," cried she,
"I gave my lover long ago; and be
Lak! it with tears in my doad class, that I
Might take it for remembrance to the sky!
Oh, let me keep it till he comes here, loo;
Tint he may see I am forever true!"

I waked; my dream had fleet. • • • Good friends, who knows. If kind St. Peter let her keep that rose? —W. C. Sheppard, in American Magazine.

#### CONQUERING A QUAKER.

"I would offer to help you, Edith, only I don't know what you mean to take," said Helena Marvin, looking into the room where her sister was pacing.
"Take?" said Edith, hardly pausing to

answer as she moved about the open trunks from closet and bureau, "why, I'm going to take everything." "Don't you mean to make any conces

Not a concession."

"You think it will be better to defy "Defy them! no, indeed! What a hor-

"Then what do you mean to do?" "I mean to please them."
"But how can you possibly please them if you wear silk dresses and curl

"I don't know; perhaps I sha'n't; but I'm going to try. And I know I never should please anybody if I left my hair straight;" and the pretty Cambridge belle thought to herself that it would be a pity, indeed, if she, who had always pleased everybody without trying, could not please Robert's relatives if she did

try.
But this visit to Robert's relatives was naturally contemplated with even more than the usual trembling excitement of the young fiance. For Robert's father and mother and sisters were all Quakers, with traditions and beliefs and customs according to which they ought to con-template with horror and distress this union of their only son and brother with a worldling. And such a worldling! Such a fascinating combination of laugh-ing eyes and merry lips and curling hair and tinkling bangles and rustling long silk skirts and coquettish bonnets and bewildering laces and ribbons and little slippers. Oh, dear! oh, dear! how they would hate her. And Edith did not want them to hate her. She had not the slightest desire to defy or to horrify them. She was very anxious, indeed, to please them. But combined with this anxious desire to please was a quite unconscious,

though equally firm, determination not to win their affection by concessions. Not so much as the bow of a slipper Not so much as the bow of a slipper would she offer up on the shrine of devotion to Robert's relations, Worldly she was; worldly she would be sure to remain; and it was best that they should understand from the first that she was thoroughly addicted to silk, satin and lace whenever she could get it. But she had a foint hove that once But she had a faint hope that, once brought in contact with her worldliness, they would find it pleasanter than they thought. Why not? She had conquered Robert; why should she not conquer them? Robert had not fallen in love

with her in spite of her aim and graces; he had fallen in love with the airs and graces themselves. He had often told her so. He had repeatedly pointed out tention, and had assured her that it was a certain bit of levels lace about her throat that had completed his subjugation. And that dear little curl was not only a curl, but was a boughten curl, held in its place by hairpins, and as fletitiously wordly as a curl could possibly be. True, Robert was not exactly a

Quakers. He had not definitely reunced the world, although there clung to him, from the force of heredity and traising and circumstances, a cer-tain grave demeanor and atmos-phere of earnestness. He did not dance; he did not even want to dance; dance: he did not even want to dance; but he did not exactly disapprove of other people dancing if anybody did choose to indulge in so foolish a caprice; and on the evening when he had been lured by a friend to one of the Cambridge "as-semblics," and had met there his immediate, unquestionable, irresistible, worldly little fate, he had even felt suddenly a sort of impotent rage with himself at not being able to dance. True, he didn't to dance any more than he ever did; but then, she wanted to dance, and did; but then, she wanted to dance, and how could be ever please her if he couldn't do exactly the things she did? Still, he had pleased her, and with very little effort; for the quiet, earnest youth was tall and very handsome, and would graduate with honors; in consideration of which attractions his earnestness might easily be forgiven, even, indeed, if the earnestness itself had not a certain charm of its own, as at least a novelty. So, if Rob-ert had pleased her, and she had pleased Robert, unlike each other, as they were, and sverybody acknowledged that it was a perfect love match on both sides, why

nuch as a slipper bow would she sacri-fice from her pleasant worldliness to secure that much to be desired result.

As it chanced, a test of her resolution in this respect was offered immediately.

Mrs. Marvin and Edith had hardly been shown to their chamber, after their arrival at the Longworth home, before

Baith opened ber traveling bag and ex-claimed in discary:

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! Mamma, my slate pencil is all broken into bits, and my crimps are all out of curl. Whatever shall I do? Oh, I know! Esther said she would be in the next room if I wanted nything."
In another minute she was topping at

what a fright I am without my crimps. Robert never saw me with my hair straight, and I know he would hate to have his mother see me unless I was looking my very, very best. Of course, you know, I have another bang in my trunk," Edith made this frank confession with a wild instinct that it would be best for Robert's relatives to know the worst at once, so that any possible concessions to be made afterward, though she would not yet acknowledge the pos-sibility of concession, would strike them in the light of unexpected improvement. "but my trunk hasn't come; so if you could lend me a pencil!"
"I—I am afraid I have no slate pencil,"

faltered Esther.

"Well, a pipe would do; haven't you a pipe handle? Just a common white pipe, such as the children have for soap bubbles, you know."

"If thee will wait a moment I will see," said the discreet Esther.

Edith in the meantime made her way back to her own room and waited in suspense, while Esther went slowly downstairs, questioning her conscience, and yet very loath to disappoint the little witch who was depending upon her. She had made up her mind to be very tolerant of the worldliness of Robert's flance, but to be suddenly called upon to aid and abot her in it, was almost more than could be her in it, was almost more than could be reasonably expected of her, even by Robert. And yet it would be so unfortunate to begin the visit with a family jar! She had a terrible consciousness that there was a pipe in the house—Richard, her little nephew, had had it for scap belbles only the week before—and to tell a lie, even a white lie, and permit herself to be unable to find it, was something more terrible to Esther's conscience than even conniving at a curl. As it hapned, however, the really could not find Here was certainly sufficient excuse for going back empty handed; and yet, and yet-when she came to the foot of the stairs, Esther, instend of going up,

turned aside into the kitchen. "Bridget, could thee spare a moment to go across to the corner grocery and get me a pipe—a common white clay "A pipe, is it?" said the wondering

Bridget. "Yes, Bridget; a pipe; a pipe for—for blowing soap bubbles," stammered Es-ther. "Thee knows, Bridget—a pipe such as Richard had for his play."

"Yes, I know," said Bridget, wiping her hands on her apron, and then remov-ing the apron. "And is it soap bubbles they do be wantin' to blow already? Faith, I'll send 'em up a plate full for

"Edith has won her first battle," wrote Mrs. Marvin to her husband that evening, hand without a wound or a scar on either side. I only wish you had been an instantaneous picture of the two girls when Edith opened the door and Esther

handed her the pipe." As Edith had confidently expected, it was the first of a long series of victories over Robert's relations, which she gained, not by trampling down their prejudices under the high heels of her French alippers, but by quietly teaching them to like her just as she was. She had an infinite amount of the gracious tact which comes with a certain kind of aristocratic, high bred worldliness, and she was at heart a most winningly affectionate and true hearted girl. Had she been merely a worldling, the French slippers would not have fought for her or conedged ruler of the entire household.

It was even decided in family conclave that it would do to give her what, in the worldly world, would be known as a "reception." They had no idea of doing this in looking forward to her visit. It was felt that it would be concession enough for them to consent to receive as a visitor into the bosom of their own family the young woman who had disap-pointed their fondest hopes for the security of Robert's future. To have their friends to meet her, to see her in the full blaze of her effrontery of long silk gown and perhaps even of diamonds, would be to advertise their shame, the disgrace of the entire family, in a way not to be contemplated for a moment. They would endure, but they would not publish to the world the fact of what they were called upon to endure.

And yet—and yet—at the end of a fortnight preparations were on hand for all their friends to come and see this wonderful Edith, with full knowledge on the part of the family that Edith would undoubtedly surpass all her previous efforts on this occasion in the art of decoration. Edith, however, had her own plans. On the evening before the solemn entertainment, she slipped up stairs, took off all her bangs, brushed her hair down perfectly smooth and straight over her little ears, twisting it very plainly be-hind, and then drew from her trunk a little gown of pale gray cashmere, reaching barely to her ankles, and without a ruffle or a fold, except the fewest possible plaits at the waist, and absolutely guilt-less of ornamentation of any kind. A tiny scarf of white illusion was crossed over her breast, and her contemplated toilet was complete. Nagartheless, she surveyed herself in the glass with evident dissatisfaction.

"Dear me, mamma, it isn't half so bad as I thought it would be. I meant to look like a fright, and after all it's rather effective. If I were dressed for private theatricals I should think myself immense. Oh, dear! suppose they should like me best this way after all!"

It was a sorrowful blow to her hopes on this trump card to find herself still exceedingly pretty. She was perfectly conscious of 6 certain piquant charm in her novel appearance that might undo her after all. Still she would run the Esther's door.

"I am so sorry to trouble you, but my slate pencil is all broken to bits in my beg. Could you let me have one of first vision of her loveliness at the Harvard assemblies, it was supplied when he saw her the weak after in some private saw her the weak after in some private. pages, 47 minms, weekly. Send

Wilderment.

Yes, for my crimps, you know, they are his world, and it was with face and according to the more natural self in a very different limits, N c.

Raisign, N c.

"Dut could thee not comb them out? I ner new toilet that she quietly entered the farlor again after her escapade upout."

ILLUSIONS AND DELUSIONS. the farlor again after her escapade upout."

Epidemic Effects of a Disordered International Control of the parton and said demurely to Robert's problem.

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1888.

"Ruchel, would thee like me to wear this gown to-morrow evening for thy There was a subdued whistle of delight from the reconstructed Robert in the corner. Dut Robert's mother gave no

aign.

'Thee must wear just what thee pleases, Edith. If it pleases thee better to wear thy gown of red silk".

And the wise Edith understood human and the wise Edith understood human and the besure that

nature well enough to be sure that 'Rachal' would not be altogether disap-"Rachal" would not be altogether disappointed if her pretty future daughter-in-law should reconsider her toilet and re-pear in the dainty gowns she had been exhibiting for the past fortnight.

"And what does Samuel think?" Edith asked, passing on to stand before Rob-ert's father.

"Samuel thinks," enid the old gentle-man, slyly, "that thee had better ask Eobert."

"On, no, Papa Samuel; that would not be any test at all; thee knows perfectly well that Robert likes me in anything,"

well that kobert likes me in anything,"
said Robert's flance, demurely.

"And so do I like thee in anything,"
said Papa Samuel, with unexpected gallantry. "But I think I like thee best,
Edith, in red. Thee knows we Quakers
like to follow the way that is most simple
and natural, and I think red is the most
vetural for thee. I think thee must have natural for thee. I think thee must have been born in that red siik of thine. Thee is very sweet to me, my child, in this Quaker gray; but we Quakers, thee knows, do not approve of theatricals, and I think to-night thee is trying to play a part. Thee acts it very prettily, Edith, but I advise thee to go back to nature

and thy red gowns."
So the battle was won, and the result proved that Edith was quite able to conquer, not only Robert's relations, but Robert's relations' friends. When, a year later, she came back to them again as a bride, there was but one thing left for her to conquer. Robert had prepared her for a possible visit from elderly friends who might think it their duty to remonstrate with her, or with him, on this very worldly marriage, and it was, in truth, hardly a mouth before he ran up stairs one afternoon as she was dressing with the announcement that the probable counselors were taking off their overceats in the hall.

She hesitated a moment; but her hesitation rose merely from a moment's con-sideration of whether she had any other gown in her wardrobe that would emphasize more distinctly her intention to a there to her own traditions. She de-cided that the long trailing skirt of pale green cashmere, with its border of pale plush and its assh of watered silk, was sufficiently worldly when one took into consideration the jewel that sparkled in the laces at her throat, the dainty lace edged handkerchief and the perfectly grouned little curls over her white forehead. She paused only to slip on one more bangle over her round wrist, and then, kissing her husband, floated down

Robert never knew exactly what she said or did to the old gentlemen in the parlor. Ifo hung over the banisters, and caught the echoes of her silvery little laughs, and saw the maid carry tea into the parlor, and at the end of an hour descended the stairs himse; f, as the old gen-tlemen emerged from the doorway, de-termined to stand by Edith to the last, if she happened to have had a hard time. He knew that some remeastrance would be quietly dealt out to himself, even during the brief vestibule episode of farethe particular little curl over her adorable forehead that had first won his ata really sweet hearted creature remains men with their overcoats, the one who sweet even on high heels; and before a was evidently epokesman for the party week was over Edith was the acknowl- grasped his hand and said heartily: Friend Robert, thee has married well!

Still another year later, and there lay on Edith's arm a little Edith, with lovely eyes and very remarkable, highly em-

broidered clothes.
"Do you think, Eather," said the young mother anxiously, "that she is going to have curty hair?" "Yes," said Esther, with a smile that was grimly pleasant and yet pleasantly grim. I think she will have curly hair. I know thee would find a way to curl it, though it be as straight as—as a pipe stem," and Au and Aunt Esther bent over to

"And you're glad it curls, Esther, you know you are," insisted the baby's

"Yes, Edith, I am glad it curls. For since thee would be sure to curl it somehow, it is best that Dame Nature have none of thy tricks and graces, but will bring up the child to please herself." —Alice Wellington Rollins, in Pittsburg

Among the wealthy men residing in this city is one whose liberality has made him the prey of the impecunious on more than one occasion. About a year ago he Ohio, saying: "Won't you please send me your photograph! I have heard of you so often that I am very desirous of knowing you better." The gentleman, thinking that the applicant was getting up some sort of a gallery, sent the photograph. A few mouths later he received a letter, saying: "The photograph was received; am deeply obliged. I would like to have weathing.

like to have something more to remember you by. Couldn't you send me a watch and chain?"

This letter naturally met with no response. A short time ago a third letter was cent, which said modestly: "I suppose you have forzotten me by this time. se you have forgotten me by this tin I wrote you some time since, asking you to send me a watch and chain, I wish to remind you that I am still interested in your cureer. Won't you please send me a watch? I've got a chain."-Washing-

Practical American Father — Now, count, before we can go any further in this matter, so far as my daughter is concerned, I should like you to establish our identity. Count-Mon Dieu! I vill show you my patent of nobility.

P. A. F.—That is all very well; I own several patents myself; but how do I know yours is not an infringement.—Harper's Bozar. There are forty-five female lawyers in

Epidemic illusions and delusions have been very prevalent at times. This term means that many people or the entire populace hear, see or feel the same purely imaginary sensations. Thus, it is related by Pausanias, in his "Atties," that 400 years after the battle of Marathon the neighing of horses and the shock of armies could be heard every night on this historic field. All who listened for these sounds could not hear them, but those who crossed the plain without premeditation were sure to hear them. Josephua the learned and trustworthy Jewish historian, relates the appearance of chariots containing armed men that traversed the clouds and spread round the cities, as if to inclose them. He gives eon very prevalent at times. This term the cities, as if to inclose them. He gives this on the testimony of eyewitnesses then living. History abounds in similar tales. Even our grandfathers could re-late some of these signs and portents which were to be seen in the sky during the long years of the American Revolution. Some of these were, no doubt, epidemic delusions; others were simply exhibitions of the aurora borealis, which

habitants of the country. Sir Walter Scott makes the following very sensible remarks on such apparitions:

"A powerful belief has frequently performed on the battle plain what has been seen in darkness and solitude. Those who were upon the borders of the spirit world, or were engaged in sending their fellows into those regions of darkness, believed they saw the apparitions of those whom their religion associated with such scenes. It is not surprising that in the midst of a doubtful battle, of violence, of

was then but little known to the few in-

nois and confusion inseparable from such a situation, the warriors should think they beheld gods and saints." It is every way probable that the fear of what might be about to happen had much to do with the appearances of the gods of mythology in earlier times and the holy saints in later years, when our ancestors met to try their fortunes in lattle. Religious enthusiam is, of course, to be recognized as the molding power which gave the idea shape, but fear undoubtedly disordered the senses and bullication to the senses and the senses and the senses are the senses and the senses are the senses and the senses are the sense are the s until such bullicinations became possible.

The crusades were specially remarkable for this kind of phenomena. In the thickest of the fight, at the battle of Antioch, the crusaders saw St. George, St. Demetrius and St. Theodosius come to

Epidemic cholera is undoubtedly an infectious disease, caused by the growth and development of enormons numbers of microscopic organisms, which, as they grow, produce a deadly poison, which does its fatal work through the nervous system. It is, of course, out of the question for fright to produce the special microbe of Asiatic cholera, but it is a matter of common observation in every epidemic of this disease that those most frightened at the prospect of taking it were most sure to become its victims. As Lain observes, fear upsets the diges-tion, and it is well known that the cholera microbe can do no damage while the digestion is in good condition. The rela-tion between fear and cholera is, then, a close one and of easy explanation. We know too little about the habits of the parasites which produce smallpox, yellow fever and many infectious diseases to judge how it may happen that fear adds greatly to the danger of taking them, yet it is well known that such terror often plays an important part in producing an attack. The process is es-sentially a physical one, in which bodily functions are first disordered through the feelings, giving ready entrance, microscopic foes of our race. Globe-

Unconscious Placiarism.

I have always thought myself honest, even from a literary point of view, 'yet my conscience has never troubled ma when I have helpsu myself to the ideas suggested by others that have suited my son's plan of "taking my own wherever I find it." It is generally acknowledged, I think, that by constant reading the mind becomes impregnated with the thoughts and ideas of others, and by long storage in the brain these thoughts and become as your own. At some period, long after you have forgotten their source, they occur to you naturally as your own, and you use them as original. It is needless to picture your dismay, however, when one of these literary buzzards, very much like the other scavenger of that name, scenting his prey from after pounces upon and his prey from afar, pounces upon and dangles you up before the world as a dedangles you up before the world as a detected thief. What are you to do? The wording is of necessity somewhat similar, and there is the parallel column. The proof seems undeniable, and if you attempt an explanation you are probably laughed at by an unthinking public.—Fred Ford in The Writer.

A scientific gentleman not very long ago declared it impossible that the tallest sea wave could exceed six feet, because, he added, the most furious tempest has not a penetrating power beyond that depth. It is to be supposed that he was never off Cape Horn, and that he based his theories on the disturbance during a breezy hour of the surfaces of the Round pond and the Regent's canal. coresby pronounced the seas of the Atlantic during heavy weather to run to a height of from forty to forty-five feet. This may well be regarded as a great sea, but it would be interesting to know the elevation of the waves of the south Pacific in high latitudes during a hurricane, since it is certain that for magni-tude and velocity the was of the north Atlantic are not comparable with the stupendous folds which are set running by the storm along the vast stretch of waters which 'giralles the southern hemisphere.—London Telegraph.

Some experiments have been recently made in St. Petersburg, with the idea of alaughtering cattle by electricity, the results of which have been highly satisfactory—death being in all cases instantaneous.—Chicago News.

People don't really kiss the pope's too. The pope's foot is encased in a silk steek-ing, which is sgain encased in a dainty slipper embroidered with a cross, which the pilgrim toucles with his lips. The fiftieth anniversary of the Carnival

club of Mainz was recently celebrated at the large hall of the court house. The assembled guests counted nearly 3,000, among them the governor of the fortress, Von Winterfeld; the director of the province, Kuechler, and the mayor, Dr. Occheror. The celling was supported province, Kuechler, and the mayor, Dr. Oechsner. The ceiling was supported by fourteen Atlases twenty-three feet high and clad in clowns' dress. The garlands stretching from head to head of these figures were held up by immense wasps, flies, etc., with most gorgeous wings. The rostrum was adorned with every imaginary emblem of foolery. The band wore dresses of feathers representing all kinds of birds, the conductor being a gigantic encadoo. The goddess of foolery, just emerging from an immense egg, was suspended from the center of the ceiling, and her double appeared as leader of the escort of King Carnival. Presents were carried by Father Rhine, the genii of music and song, Moguntia, etc. From some funny devices, at the bidding of the goddess, the heads of the eleven city councilors were brought forth. eleven city councilors were brought forth. Funny orations, representations and songs alternated with orchestral music and dances, and the jolly company did not separate till morning.—Foreign Letter.

Dr. Feltz, in L'Art Medical, relates Dr. Feltz, in L'Art Medical, relates the following as a possible explanation of the occurrence of left handedness: In a family composed of five persons, the father and mother were right handed, as was also the eldest son, who had been cared for in his infancy by a nurse. The second child had been nursed by the mother, and was left handed. The third child also nursed by his posther was an experience. the cocurrence of left handedness: In a family composed of five persons, the father and mother were right handed, as was also the eldest son, who had been cared for in his infancy by a nurse. The second child had been nursed by the mother, and was left handed. The third child, also nursed by his mother, was at the age of 1 year, evidently left handed, never grasping any object with his right hand. Dr. Feltz noticed that the mother with the girdle entirely. The great mass the age of 1 year, evidently left handed, never grasping any object with his right hand. Dr. Feltz noticed that the mother hand. Dr. Feitz noticed that the mother carried the child on her left arm, and, upon being questioned, said it had always been her custom to carry her children on this arm. The doctor advised her to hold the child on her right arm.

She did so; the child soon began to use his right hand in seizing objects, and is now, at the age of 10 years normal.

is now, at the age of 10 years, normal as regards the preference of the right over the left hand. The doctor explained that when the nurse carries the child on the left arm, the left arm of the infant is the one which is free, and which consequently he learns to use, to the neglect of the right. -- Science.

A Pleasing Novelty in Dinners. After the soup had been served, and just prior to serving the next course, the host gave his signal and rose from his seat, as did every other gentleman at the table, all the ladies remaining seated. Each gentleman then moved to the next gentleman's seat to his right. When this was first done, the ladies, not being let into the secret, were very much surprised at the unusual conduct of the gentlemen, and could not at once comprehend the meaning of it; but when they gathered its full intent, and the charm there was in it, it was decidedly gratifying to note the merriment and interest with which they received the innovation. Just prior to the commencement of the next course the host gave his signal again, and each centleman again moved one centleman's gentleman again moved one gentleman's seat to his right, and so on. The entire setting of the courses was so harmoniously arranged that at the close of the dinner each gentleman had visited, for a short space, every lady at the table, and had at last returned to her whom he had escorted in to dinner.—Atlanta Constitu-

Jesse Grant's Speech.

Gen. Grant was traveling by railroad, and whenever the train stopped a crowd of people surrounded it, anxious to see and hear, as a woman put it, "the man that lets the women do all the talking." During one of these halts the general's youngest son, Jesse, then a boy of 7 years, came out on the platform.

A special a special" shouled the crowd; but the father remained silent.

"Papa, why don't you speak to them!"
asked the boy. Then, as his father remained mute, Jesso cried out, "I can
make a speech, if papa can't!"

"A speech from Jesse!" shouted the crowd. There was a hush, as the little fellow began reciting: The boy stood on the burning deck.

-Youth's Companion.

The Desert of Sabara bas already been largely reclaimed by French enterprise. No nation has ever shown a tithe of the enterprise, skill and persistence of the French in the way of what may be termed "world improvement." They attacked the enormous sand dunes of their own coast, and fixed them by judi-cious plantings of forests, turning mil-lions of acres of waste into fertility. We also owe the joining of the Atlantic and Indian oceans to a Frenchman. But so quietly have they worked in the Saharas that the world was not prepared to bear the progress made. Forty-three cases have been created, having 13,600 inhabitants, 129,000 forest trees and 100,000 fruit trees. This is a grand showing.— Globe-Democrat.

In many parts of the Balkan peninsula, and especially in Servia and Bulgaria, the old pagan custom of dancing for rain still prevails. During times of great drought the peasant girls assemble in public places and deck themselves with flowers and the branches of trees. One girl, holding abranch in her hand, represents Dodol, the Slav god of the air, to whom the others sing a song appealing for rain for the thirsty land, while one of the bystanders throws water from a pitcher upon the feet of the dancers. dancing divinities with a small present, confident that their lively appeal for rain ought to be at least as effective as sailors' whistling for wind.—Frank Leslie's.

In simple assault and battery cases the plaintiff must prove injury by showing blood, otherwise he will be "spanked" for making trivial complaints. For mischief tanking or black until the offender's results. in "spanied" so hard that he cannot use it for some time. Women are the principal recipients of this punishment.—Wong Chin Foo in New York World.

It is seven hour and a quarter now from London to Paris.

AN EX-MAYOR IN CIAM.

What Carter Harrison Saw in That Par Polgamy is universal, and one sees at the theatre a man in the dress circle of men, while the wife or wives and slaves (female) are in the women's circle. All classes chew the betel nut, and at the theatre each family has the betel pot and spittoon. The latter is carried by a slave, who hands it to the ladies when they wish to spit. The betel nut is astringent and somewhat intoxicant. It is chewed in connection with a pasto made of lime, tobacco and pepper leaf. It not only blackens the teeth, but cracks the lips and so in jures the gums that the teeth are caused to protrude and look snaggy.

teeth are caused to protrude and look snaggy.

The king, princes and common people are alike slaves to the nasty habit, and half of the women have their mouths injured, if not absolutely distorted by it. Otherwise the women are decidedly comely, having fine forms and good gaits. Women and men dress so nearly alike that I could hardly distinguish one from the other for several days, for all wear short hair.

The dress is a cloth called "pancong" about two feet wide, wrapped around the waist, with one corner drawn between the legs and caught in a girdle at the waist. This makes a sort of flowing trousers, falling to the knees. A gentleman wears a coat (sacque) closely but-

with the girdle entirely. The great ma of people, even in the city, go barelegge and barefooted. This is universal in the

The women appeared to be industrious, and perform much more than half the work. The men are lazy, and, with the exception of fishing, appear to be willing to leave the women to carn the bread. All are inveterate gamblers, and one rarely sees a gambling house, of which there are a great many, otherwise than full. They are entirely open to the street, canal or river, and at night are distinguished by their many lights.

I was told the king would gladly lessen the number of these cambling places but

I was told the king would gladly lessen the number of these gambling places, but could not dispense with the revenue they bring in. The inveterate habit of gambling is the cause of a large part of the people's slavery. They sell their children and themselves to get funds for its gratification. The wily Chinese monopolize the gambling houses, as, indeed, they do nearly all the avenues of weath and nearly all kinds of business which require industry and skill. Bankok has over \$0,000 of these people, many of whom have acquired large fortunes and hold prominent positions. They are the business men and the cooks for the Europeans who live here, and to my surprise the who live here, and to my surprise the watters in the prince's dining rooms wore pigtails.—Ex-Mayor Carter Harrison in Chicago Mail.

Woolen Stocking Savings Banks.

When M. de Lesseps was asked by Emperor William where he expected to find the immense capital required for the Panama canal, he replied: "In the woolen stockings of France"—the stockings in which the pensants, workmen and small tradesmen store their savings, a few save Saturday. The shrewed few sons every Saturday. The shrowd old Frenchman knew what he said to be true. He found the capital where he expected to find it without resort to the great financiers and bankers of Europe. It is to be feared that these woolen stocklings will long be worn out and thrown aside before the little savings of the French peasantry will find their way back to them. But the lesson remains, and there is no people on the face of the earth that needs it so much as the American can people. We are a nation of spend-thrifts. Once New Englanders had a reputation for economy and thrift, but it is said they are losing it. Prodignlity and extravagance are the rule. There is lit-tle capital in the woolen stockings of this country.-Chicago Times.

Cotta, the old publiffier at Stuttgart, Wurtemberg, has made a statement of the amounts his firm paid to Goethe and his heirs from the year 1797 to 1865, or in seventy years. The poet himself re-ceived not more than \$100,000; the heirs, £115,000, or altogether. £216.000 for all the works of the greatest German poet until twenty-three years ago, when the cotta-Goethe monopoly came to an end and Goethe became the property of the German people.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

As an antidote for a consumptive ten-dency it is claimed that cream acts like a charm, and serves all the purposes in-tended to be served by cod liver 60, with much greater certainty and effect. Besides, persons consumptively inclined, those with feeble digestion, aged people and those inclined to chilliness and cold extremities, are especially benefited by a liberal use of ewest cream.—Oil City

Post Wear in Provincial Europe Foot Wear in Provincial Larope.
In European countries woolen shoes are in general use among the peasantry. They are clumsy, but comfortable and cheap. The Malay women generally go barefooted, but they are very skillful in embroidering slippers in gold tinsel, which, like these of the Turka, are worn just over the toes by ladies of the higher clusses.—Philadelphia Times.

Sir Robert Eall, the Irish astronomer royal, has made scientific calculations, showing to his own satisfaction, at least, that the moon was far below the horizon on the night that Sir John Moore was buried and, therefore, Wolfe's famous poem is wrong in the stanta that has moonbeams in it.—Chicago Herald.

Meine claims to have sixteen men and women who have lived more than 100 years, and no east of inhabitants who are over 00.

There is a floorishing grove of 52,000 commut trees at Cape fielde, the south-transact point of Photela,