THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1888.

PROFESIONAL CARDS

TAS. E. BOYD,

VCL. XIV.

MELLET ST

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

F. H. WHITAKER, JR. C E. MCLEAN. WHITAKER & MOLEAN, TANK S

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J. D. KERNODLE ATTORNEY AT LAW G B A HA M. N. 41. Practices to the State and Federal Cours will faithfully and promptly attend to all ou acts utroated to him

DR G. W. WHITSETT, Surgeon Dentist,

GREENSBORO, - - - N. C Will also visit Alamance. Calls in the country attended. Address me at dec 8 tf Greensboro. JACOBA. LONG.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, GR'AHAM, - - - N. C. May 17, '88.

TIS

Walter Ragland, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, GRAHAM, . , . N. C. June 28 '88.

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Ropairing of all kinds promptly done. Pat-congge solicited. Call on him one door wes of Hardon's Drag Store. maritf.

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2 The plantation on which Dr. Alex. Withon fived up to his death. It is in this county, 134 miles from Swepsowide and 6 miles from Mehane, is well watered, has good dwelling, orchard, and other im-provements. Is convenient to churches, schools and mult, well adapted to grain and grasses, in good neighborhood and healthy bention and king it quite a desirable farm. In addition to this is a small tract of mini-proved land -back making about 150 Jeres "second ind -back making about 150 Jeres

LITTLE WESLEY. Sence liftle Wesley went, the place seems all sc strange and still-Wy I miss his yell o' "Gran'pap!" as I'd miss the whipperwill! And to think I ust to scold him fer his everiastin When I on'y rickollect him as the best o' little wight a hundred times a day 'at he'd come 'trompu' in, And all the noise he ever made was twic't as loud sg'in' It 'u'd seem like some soft music played on some fine instrument, 'Longside o' this loud lonesomeness, sence little Wesley went Of course the clock don't tick no louder than it Vit now they 's time it 'pears like it 'u'd bu'st itself in two! And, let a rosster, suddent like, crow som'ers close't around, And seems 's ef, mighty bigh it, it 'u'd lift me off the ground! And same with all the cattle when they bawl mound the bars, In the red o' sirly mornin', or the dusk and dew and stars, When the neighbors' boys 'at passes never stop, tent jest go on, A-whistlin' i had o' to theirse'y'a-sence little Wesler's roue! And then, o' nights who mother's settin' up on-Common late, A fullo' poars or someple, and I set and nuncke and wait, Tel the super out through the winder don't look

mean?

in your

who were dependent upon her for sup-port. How would they live now?

Prime came in. Her mother's heart was

filled with pity at sight of the girl's pallid face, and taking her cold hand she said,

"Keep up good courage, child. I believe

words. One at least believed in her and

trusted her still. How the thought com-

touch me! Oo's a bad, wicked girl, for

A bard, rebellious feeling crept into

and the gentle woman, kissed her check

"Don't give up, Molly," she whis-

How merrily she had tripped along

this road a week ago, singing as she

went: but now she walked with lagging

steps, dreading to tell the filks at home

her trouble, yet longing for their sym-

pathy. The air was filled with the melody of the birds, and the sound of distant water at the mill, but Molly

heeded not the sweet sounds, nor saw the

blue hills penciled against the summer

Molly could not answer, but taking

her sister's hand in hers, she went into

the room where her mother sat. What

her, come what might.

and pressed something into her hand.

my daddy says so!"

tears.

the

syk.

fully.

money will be found. I am sure."

innocence, and some time the

As Molly turned from the window Mrs.

higger 'n a dime, And things keep gittin' stiller-stiller-stiller all the time-Pvo ketchest myso'f a wishin' like-as I clumb on the clover To wind the clock, as I hey done for more 'n fifty year'-A wilkin' 'nt the time hed come for us to go to taxl. With our last prayers, and our last tears, same fittle Wesley's dead!

fittle Weeley's dead! -James Whitcomb Effey in The Contact,

A YERY YOUNG THIEF.

Gloriously bright rose the sun one June morning years ago. Long, warm rays shone across the spotless floor and touched the rows of shining dishes on the dresses in Mrs. Prime's cozy kitchen. The little anail who stood at the open window was thinking of something far less pleasant han the penceful scene before her. Her theeks were pale and her oves swollen with weeping as she stood there looking tanguidly out. Only yesterday she had thought herself the happiest girl in the world, when out there under the lilacs she had promised to be Robin Moore's wife. Today she was the most miserable, for she was accused of a crime and was about to lose her only means of support. Yes, she, Molly Gowen, whose character had always been the best, was accused of theft by the employer whom she had served faithfully these four years. It came about in this wise: The day be-fore our story opens Capt. Prime brought

home thirty silver dollars and placed them away in the desk that stood in one corner of the keeping room. Before do-ing so, however, he showed them to his wife and Molly, and allowed little Hitty to play with them awhile. In the after noon he went to the neighboring village, leaving the desk unlocked, as he often did. It was sunset when he returned, and just as he entered the house he safe Molly come out of the keeping room. She started and turned pale at sight of her master, who asked her with a smile: "Did I frighten you, Moliy?"

Molly hughed nervously as she re plied: "Yes, sir: I did not hear you come in, and you startled me." The captain thought no more of the oc-

her face in her lap, burst into tears. Mrs. Gowen stroked her daughter's hair currence then, though it surprised him to see Miss Molly so nervous. Presently Mrs. Prime came in with Hitty in her silently and waited for her to grow calmer. At length she told her story, arms, "Oh, it was your voice that much to her mother's indignation. "Did they not know with better

earth were slipping from beneath her feet, and she would have fallen if he had who burst into tears and cried out ve-bemently: "I don't know anything about your money! What do you not caught her. She revived immedi-ately and cried out: "Thank God! Oh, thank God!" "Then her tender heart "Come, come!" said the captain, angrily, "this won't do, for you see you are found out. I wouldn't have believed went out toward the real culprit. "Are you quite sure this time, sir?" she asked, are found out. I wouldn't have balleved it of you! I would have trusted you anywhere! I suppose I ought to zend you to fail; hut I won's on your mother's account. If you will restore the money I'fl forgive you; but if you do not I shall send you here without your pay, and everybody shall know why, so that they may not get deceived in you as I have." Poor . Molly crept off to bed with a bursting heart and wept through the long

sumestly.

"Quite sure," he answered, "for she has confessed." "Oh, sir," said Molly, "don't be hard on her! Think of all she has suffered, for if I who am innocent, have suffered to kneely, what must the guilty one have endured?"

Capt. Prime was deeply touched by bursting heart and wept through the long hours of the night. Not only the thoughts of her disgrace, which was terthis appeal, though he answered lightly; "Oh, I shan't hurt her, though I don't think her crime has cost her much sorrow; but you haven't said you forgive me, Molly. "Do you?" "Freely!" she rible to the proud girl, kept her sleepless; but the thoughts of her mother and sister. she replied, "you are so good yourself that it

makes yon angry with wrong doers." The captain winced. "Say rather I was too uncharitable and harsh; but I have learned a lesson I shall not forget. Why don't you ask me who the thief is?" "I would like to know if you wish to tell me," she replied simply.

"Well, then, it was no other than Hitty. Yesterday I had occasion to go Tears sprang in Molly's eyes at the kind into the parlor, which, as you know, Mrs. Prime opens only on great days. Hitty was with me, and she ran up to the sofa and said, 'Don't touch my moneys, forted her. That night, when all her preparations were made for leaving, she took Hitty daddy! "Where are your moneys, daughter? I asked. 'In here,' said Illity, crawling under the sofa. I looked under, up to kiss her good-ly. The child was very dear to Molly, who took a great deal of care of her; but Hitty struggled angrily, crying out: "Go 'way! Oo s'an and there in the dark corner was my money in three neat piles. As nearly as I can find out, Hitty took the money from the drawer some time that afternoon and carried it into the parlor, where Molly's heart as she set the child down, and took up her bundle. She found Mrs. Prime waiting for her in the hall she played with it awhile and then hid it under the sofa and forgot all about it till she went into the room with me yester-So you see, my own daughter was day. the thief after all."

"I remember finding her in there, now," responded Molly, "though I had forgotten it before." "Well, Molly," said the captain, ris-

pered; "remember I tcust you," "God bless you for that!" said Molly fervently as she turned away to hide the falling "Mrs. Prime misses her swift handing. maiden. When will you come back?" When she had reached the highway, "Never!" said a new voice, and Robin, who had entered unobserved, came forshe opened her hand, and there hay two shining gold dollars, her month's wages, ward and stood beside the blushing girl. Somehow, the little gold pieces warmed "She is going to be married as soon as she gets her wedding tinery made." girl's heart and assured her again that the whole world was not against

"Oho!" laughed the captain, "that is the way the wind blows, is it? Well, well! I shall give you a wedding present when the time comes." And with these words and a bow to Mrs. Gowen, he left the house

Robin would take no denial this time, so Molly consented to be married on the first of the following December, and in spite of what he had said, she went back to her work the following day. Mrs. Prime and Hitty were overjoyed to see

her, and she was happy once more. When, in November, she finished work The great-rose bush beside her mother's door was flaming with red roses, and a and went home to get ready for the wedlight breeze scattered the petals all around ding, Mrs. Prime gave her a gold engle her as she went up the path. Little besides her wages, then calling her into Betty wont out to meet her, erying joythe keeping room showed her a beautiful fully, "Oh, Molly! have you come home to make a visit? How glad I am!"

silk dress lying on the table. "There, dear," said she, "is your wedding dress." Molly gazed at it for a moment in s admiration, then turning to speechl

a feeling of comfort and rest her mother's her mistress with swimming eyes she presence gave the poor girl; she had one friend at least who would love and trust cried out: "Oh, Mrs. Prime! how good you all

are to me! This is too lovely!" "Nothing is too good for you, Molly," Without a word she threw herself down at her mother's feet, and burying said Mrs. Frime, fondly.

The wedding day dawned bright and fair. Capt. and Mrs. Prime were present, and after the ceremony the captain put a slip of paper into Molly's hand, saying: "Here's your wedding present, BLONDE AND BRUNETTE.

Two Lending Types of Female Beautydiate Complexion A blonde should have a fair skin, blue ves and light hair. Her lashes may be dark, and so, of course, would be her cyclashes; but this seldom happens when the eyes are blue. A brunette should have a clear olive skin, dark eyes, black hair and brows and lashes. The general woman is a blonde-brune-tkat is, she has brown hair, which is neither very dark nor very light; she has blue eyes, a complexion that is not absolutely clear pink and white, and dark brows and lashes, usually not very heavy. The special woman has the skin of a bloude, light hair, verging on the yellow, dark eyes and brows and lashes. A typical American woman has a fair skin that lacks color, dark gray or deep brown eyes, either looking absolutely black, and hair that, while it is light, has not the

slightest tint of yellow in it. The blonde cendree has the same dull skin, dark eyes and hair that seems close akin to gray, and yet never becomes so. Somebody said that Mrs. Langary was a blonde cendree. Now, this is perfect nonsense. Her hair is a warm brown, her eyes a very deep hazel, and her skin absolutely blonde, the warm blood underneath showing through the white skin. She is the opposite—a blonde-brune. The blonde type predominates, but there is sufficient color in her hair and eyes to suggest the brunette. A perfect blonde is seldom a beautiful woman for many years. The pink and white skin becomes rather doughy with them; blue eyes will fade, and gray hairs, charming as they are among black, make yellow look very-passee. The blonde has not always much staying power; she is not always much staying power; she is apt to grow limp after a very little worry, and too often becomes fretful. Mankind ought to be thankful that there are so many bleached blondes, as they do not lose their energy as a natural born one would.

Some of the prettiest women in the world are the Irish girls, with their deep blue eyes, very black hair, and wonderfully clear skin. French women are seldom beautiful-they realize they are going to be old some day and they cultivate the art of dressing and of being chic in word and manner. A perfect brunctte is seldom seen in this country; the average one, as noted in the Russian baths, loses decidedly by contrast with the blonde-brune. Her skin looks sallow and she is much apter to turn to angles than to curves-a something not at all in the line of beauty.

If you want to keep your skin looking as if it were alive, take as much exercise as you can; drive, ride or walk, and don't be afraid occasionally to bathe your face in a strong mixture of gin and water. You will feel brighter and fresher, and

The Pope and His Guards.

Leo XIII talks willingly with the gen tlemen of his guard, because they are oung and living in the world and in high society they know everything that is going on. As the pope never goes outside the Vatican this furnishes him a means of knowing what passes in the city and what is done and said. He is dabbled again in such tabooed workman-He is ship.-New Mexico Cor. Globe-Demomuch interested in building and likes to crat. know how the public works that are now in course of erection go on and how the city of the popes is being transformed. Besides, Leo XIII likes the noble guard to be as active as possible. When the last batch of gentlemen were admitted to the guard-there were twelve of them-he

Mechanism of the Beart.

In the human subject the average ra-pidity of the cardiac pulsation of an adult male is about seventy bents per minute. These beats are more frequent as a rule in young children and in women, and there are variations within certain limits in particular persons owing to peculiari-ties of organization. It would not neces-sarily be an abnormal sign to find in some particular individuals the 'habitual frequency of the heart's action from sixty to sixty-five or from seventy-five to eighty per ulnute. As a rule, the heart's action is slower and more powerful in fully de-veloped and muscular organizations, and more rapid and feebler in those of slighter form.

In animals the range is from twenty-five to forty-five in the cold blooded, and fifty upward in the warm blooded, except in the case of a horse, which has a very slow heart beat, only forty strokes a minute. The pulsations of men and all animals differ with the sea level also. The work of a healthy human heart has been shown to be equal to the feat of raising five tons four hundredweight one foot per hour, or 125 tons in twenty-four hours, \

A curious calculation has been made by Dr. Richardson, giving the work of the heart in mileage. Presuming that the blood was thrown out of the heart at each pulsation in the proportion of sixtynine strokes per minute, and at the as-sumed force of nine feet, the mileage of the blood through the body might be taken as 207 yards per minute, seven miles per hour, 168 miles per day, 61,320 miles per year, or 5,150,880 miles in a lifetime, 84 years. The number of beats of the heart in the same long life would reach the grand total of 2,809,770,000.-Medical World.

Superstitions of the Navajoes.

The Navajoes, now the strongest and richest tribe of Indians in the country, are all enormously superstitious. Their oddest terror, perhaps, is that which they oberish for the photographic camera. Plant a tripod within a quarter of a mile of a Navajo hogan and the dusky inhab-itants will flee as from the plague. It is their solemn belief that a picture is actually subtracted from the entity of the sitter-that he is so much the less by the operation. How many pictures they think it would be necessary to take be-fore the person would be all gone, and his whole being diverted into the coun-

terfeit presentments, I have never been able to learn, but apparently they deem

the fatality as rapid as it is certain. The snake they hold in holly abhor-rence. Of the violence of their prejudice against it I had a striking proof some gears ago. Chit-chi, brother of old Manwhite, the boss silversmith of the tribe, is a very good friend of mine and has made me some remarkable specimens of native jeweiry. On one occasion I employed him to make me a bracelet in the form of a snake. He had it about half fin-ished when some of his fellows chanced to call at the hogan. To say that they were horrified when they saw what he was about is putting it very mildly. They fell upon the obnoxious figure and destroyed it, and then reported Chit-chi to the elders of the tribe, who promised him an artistic stoning to death if he ever

A "Special" Artist Under Fire.

In the Ashantee war of 1873, Mr. Prior's first field work, occurred one of those fortunate events which brave men ascribe to luck and fair men to pluck. The Forty-second regulars were attack-

THE WORDS WE USE.

Contradiction of a Popular Notion-Noted of a Clobo Observer:

NO 23.

At an educational meeting held in this noted professor, made the following state-ment: "The best educated person in this room will not use more than 600 or 700 words." He also assigned a smaller num-ber to persons of limited education, stat-ing that an ignorant man would not use more than 200 or 300 words. I had be-fore seen statements of similar import in public print, and to test their correctness I bagan an investigation of the *matter*. The subject was bronght anew to my mind by observing an article in The Chautauquan some months ago, in which

mind by observing an article in The Chautauquan some months ago, in which Professor Bancroft remarked: "It has been estimated that an English farm hand has a vocabulary limited to 300 words. An American workman who rends the newspapers may command from 700 to 1,000 words. Five thou-sand is a large number, even for an edu-cated render or speaker." This assertion cated reader or speaker." This assertion is much nearer the truth than that of the institute conductor mentioned. For the benefit of those who may be interested I offer the results of my study on the sub-ject. An intelligent person can make the same examination and will arrive af substantially the same results.

I took Webster's high school diction-ary, edition 1878, containing 434 pages of vocabulary, and examined each word in the book. I made a note of those in the book. I made a note of chose words which I supposed I had used at some time either in speaking or writing. I counted the primitive words and those derivatives whose meaning is most at variance with the primitive. Thus, I derivatives whose meaning is most at variance with the primitive. Thus, I count fright and fruit, but not frighten, frightful, frightfully nor fruitage, fruit-erer, fruitful, fruitfulness, fruition and fruit tree. I omitted most of the com-pound words, especially when the com-pound words, especially when the com-ponent parts directly indicated the meaning, as milk-pail, meeting-house, rag-man, but counted those whose significance was not directly indicated, as crowbar, quicksand, tinfoil. As the result of this ex-amination, I had 7,928 words, which, I

think, I myself have used. There were 419 in A, 528 in B, 766 in C, 455 in D, 235 in E, 369 in F, 279 in G, 286 in H, 339 in I, 81 in J, 49 in K, 290 in L. 476 in M, 144 in N, 217 in O, 715 in P. 55 in Q. 897 in R. 954 in S. 454 in T. 47 in U. 148 in V. 203 in W. 23 in X and Y and 10 in Z.

Had I counted the various derivatives in common use, it is probable the num-ber would be nearly double.

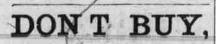
To make a further test of words at my command, I spent about two hours in writing from memory words in A. I was able to note down 587 words that I could use if occasion required. This is 25 per cent, more than I had counted from the dictionary. Should the same proportion hold good in all the letters, is would follow that I can recall from mem-ory 10,700 words, all of which are fa-

miliar. I made another count and came to the tion of at least 25,000 words in that book and would understand their signification in a printed article or spoken address.

The above estimates are based upon my own experience and knowledge because it was convertient to make the ex-periment with myself. Every well in-formed man will be as competent, or more so. Either professor mentioned will have a more extended vocabulary

than I have. I then took at random, in the same dictionary, a page in each letter, and counted the words in very common use. On twenty-four pages there were 254 such This would give 3,300 words i use by persons of the most ordinary in-telligence. None of these lists include any proper names. At the time of making this study, one of my children was 3 years and 2 months of age. I noted down (and still have the lists) 213 words used by her in one day. They were words that any infelligent child would use, chiefly names of household articles and common things, with the most ordinary verbs and participles. I did not hear all she said during file day, nor do I think she used all the words she knew. I estimated her vo-cabularly at 409 words, and she did not know enough to carry on any except childish conversation.

Here's a word of advice to the blondes:



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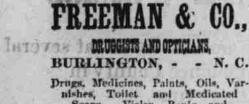
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and the second

woke me," she said to her husband. "I had one of my headaches this afternoon, and I think Hitty and I both have slept

nearly two house." In the evening, after her work was done, Molly came in, dressed for a walk, and asked permission to visit a friend who worked for a ne. hboring family, it was granned, and Mony samed out,

but had not gone far before she met Robin, and instead of visiting her friendthe strolled down by the river with him. Shortly after the captain came in and went to the desk for something. On opening the drawer, he found that money was not where he left it in the morning. He searched each drawer in

turn, then called his wife- "Hannah, have you moved my money?" "Why, no," responded Mrs. Prime, coming to the door and looking in. Again they searched the desk, but with the ame result.

"Call Molly," said the captain. "She has gone over to Mr. Ford's to see Ennice," responded his wife, "Has any one been here today?"

"No, I asked Molly that question when I woke up, and she said she had not seen any one this afternoon." "What was she doing in the keeping

room today when I came home?" "Mrs. Prime looked surprised. "I did not know she was in there," she replied. The captain then told his wife of

Molly's coufusion that afternoon. "But, Ezra," she replied, "yon surely don't suspect Molly? Why, I would as soon think of Hitty as of her." "What else can have become of the

money?" he queried. This was a problem that Mrs. Prime could not solve, so she remained silent. Just then Molly came in, looking flushed and tired from her rapid walk.

"Where have you been?" demanded the captain. Molly looked confused. She was not

used to being asked such a question, and the captain's manner was so stern it frightened her. She could not tell him about Robin, so she remained silent. The captain's brow grew stern. If Molly had answered him frankly he

would have believed her, but her silence trengthened his suspicions. "Have you been to see Eunice?" he

ontinued. Molly hung her bead and answered "No.

sintly. "What were you doing in the keeping "What were you doing in the steeping norm this afternoon?" There was such a lump in Molly's broat that she could not answer at first, in after a moment she said: "I went in "see if it needed dusting." "It took you some time to make the newer." said the captain sarcastically.

 "solid the captain sarcastically," It is of no use, Molly, you may as well "I ne at once where my money is!" Molly turned pale and looked helplessly thint. Even Mrs. Prime's faith began waver, and she said gently: "Tell him, our. He won't be hard on you."
"Lin was too much for the poor girl," - 1ir.

that?" she asked. "You who have worked for them so long and so well! Don't ho afraid, Molly! God is with the innocent and he will overrule this for your good,

child. 'Behind a frowning Providence, God hides a smiling face.' " "And, oh mother," continued Molly, "I was as happy hofore this happened.

for I had promised Robin Moore to marry him; but now I never can unless that money is found, for people shan't say Robin has married a thief."

The news of Molly's disgrace spread like wildfire. Those who envied her her pretty face and the marked preference which handsome Robin Moore showed for her, pretended to believe her guilty, and treated her with coldness when they met, but the majority of her neighbors were very indignant, and pronounced Capt. Prime a "purse proud old Pharisce." These sympathizing friends gave many proofs of their good will, and helped Molly in every way they could.

"One thing I am learning, mother," she said with a smile, " and that is to

know my friends." The next evening after Molly's dis-missal, Robin came to see her and was very bitter towards Capt. Prime, whom Molly defended stanchly. "Circum-stances were all against me," she said, "and it is no wonder he thought so. If ever the truth is known he will feel badly enough, for he is a just man." Robin urged a speedy marriage, but Molly would not hear of it. "No," she

replied, "I will never marry you till this is cleared," In vain he protested; she remained firm and he was forced to submit, vowing vengeance, however, when the truth would be known.

Drearily the weeks crept by, and still Molly was without work. Day after day she sought employment, but the scandal outran her and she was looked upon with suspicion. If any one did hire her for a

day, she had the mortification of know-ing she was watched. She kept all these ings from her mother's knowledge, things from her mother's knowledge; but they weighed on her proud spirit and she grew palo and thin. Their little heard of money was all gone, and the meal was getting low, so poor Molly's re-flections were gloonay enough as sho sat by the window one afternoon knittlng and watching the dusky road. Suddenly she drouged her work crying: "On

and watching the disky road. Saunenty she dropped her work, crying: "On, mother! Capt. Prime is coming up the lane. What if --oh, can it be he has found his moncy?" "Very likely he has," replied her mother calmity. The captain rode up to the door, and springing from his horse rapped loudly. "Please go to the door, mother," said Molly faintly; "I can't,"

Mrs. Gowen opened the door and Mrs. Gowen opened the door and greeted her visitor with quiet dignity. He asked for Molly and was invited in. Going straight to the trenhling girl, he took both her hands in his and began: "Molly, the real thief is found. Will you longive me for unjustly accusing you?" For a moment Molly feit as if the solid my dear." The paper proved to be a check for \$500, a great fortune for the simple girl.

Molly often visited her friends, the Primes, and in a few years a little girl named Hannah went with her. Hitty grew up to be a good woman, and al-ways loved Molly dearly .-- Dora Annis Chase in Donon Budgets

Vulgarity Is in the Air.

The whole relation of master and servant is today corrupt and vulgar. At home in England it is the master who is degraded; here in the states, by a triumph of inverted tact, the servant often so con trives that he degrades himself. Ho must be above his place; and it is the mark of a gentleman to be at home. He thinks perpetually of his own dignity; it is the proof of a gentleman to be jealous dignity of others. He is asha of the med of his trade, which is the essence of vul-garity. He is paid to do certain services, set he does them so gruffly that any man of spirit would resont them if they were gratitous favors; and this (if he will relect upon it tenderly) is so far from the genteel as to be not even coarsely

bonest. Yet we must not blame the man for these mistakes; the vulgarity is in the air. There is a tone in popular literature much to be deplored; deprecating service, like a disgrace; honoring those who are ashamed of it; honoring even (I speak not without book) such as prefer to live by the charity of poor neighbors instead of blacking the shoes of the rich. Blacking shoes is counted (in these works) a thing specially disgraceful. To the philosophic mind, it will seem a less exceptionable trade than to deal in stocks. and one in which it is more easy to be honest than to write books.-Robert Louis Stevenson in Scribner's Magazine.

Persian and Arab Itrass Work.

Connoisseurs in brass readily recog-nize the distinction between Persian work and Arab work. The best Persian is done at Bagshid, Teheran and Ispahan, and is mostly repouse. The worst is what is sold at Cairo, and is chiefly imported from Damascus. A certain amount of Persian work is done at Damascus itself by a colony of Persian artifices who have settled there. But all this inferior work is destined for the English, or at least for the European market.

There is one clear distinction between the two kinds, intelligible even to the least learned fancier. In Persian brass work you frequently find figures-whether of birds, or animals, or men-introduced into the patiers. In Arab work this scarcely ever occurs. The reason is that the Arals are much stricter Mohammedans, and literally interpret and obey the injunction of the koran, which forbids the reproduction of images of what is in the heavens above, or in the earth benesth, or in the waters under the earth .- London Globe,

not only to be true gentlemen, but also right in the thick of it, made a hasty to emulate the example of Count So-

derini, who has gained much honor by important literary and political works, All the great questions treated by Leo, tips of British muskets emerging here XIII, all the difficulties that have arisen between the Holy See and Italy or the other powers have furnished to Count-Soderini occasion for bringing out pamphlets or larger works, which have displayed lively intelligence and solid learning.—Bome Cor. Chicago Times.

Triumphs of Modern Chemistry.

English swindlers are treating yellow diamonds by some process by means of which they palm them off as pure white gems. This fraud may be ingenious, but the process by which artificial rubies were evolved two years ago by fusing alumi-nate of lead with silica and a little chromium added for coloring matter was something more; it was a triumph of modern chemistry. The Paris avadicate of diamonds and precious stones sat in solemn judgment upon the new product, decided that the stones must be sold as artificial and not as precious gens, and required Paris dealers to cancel the eales and return nearly \$200,000 received for artificial stones that had been sold as antural rubies.

Mr. Kunz says the color of these stones is good, though not so brilliant as that of very fine rubies. Since he read his paper on these manufactured gems before our Academy of Science, it is reported from Europe that by another chemical combination still, apparently perfect speciment of rubies have been artificially produced. Modern chemistry is working out the wonders the alchemists of old dreamed of achieving.—New York Sun.

Carefulness in Old Age.

A medical man compares an old man to an old wagon; with light loading and careful usage it will last for years, but one heavy load or sudden strain will break it or ruin it forever. Many people reach the age of 50, 60 or 70 measurably free from most of the pains and infirmi-ties of age, cheery in heart and sound in health, ripe in wisdom and experience, with sympathics mellowed by age, and with reasonable prospects and opportuni-ties for continued usefulness in the world for a considerable time. Let such persons be thankful, but let

them also be careful. An old constitution is like an old hone, broken with ense, mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to the gale, an old one snaps and fails before the blast. A single hard lift, an hour of heating work, an evening of exposure to rain or damp, a severe chill, exposure to rain or dginp, a severe chin, an excess of food, the unusual indulgence of an appetite or passion, a sudden fit of anger, an improper dose of medicine, any of these or similar things may cut off a valuable life in an hour and leave the fair hopse of usefulness and enjoyment but a shapeless wreck.-Sootlish American.

made them a little address, urged them | ing the Ashantees in the bush. Prior sketch, showing the gleam of bayonets through the rifls smoke, the flash of the

and there from the fiery vapor of the assailants firing in all sorts of attiunder, some running to the front, others lying under a protecting tree, others still Inseling by the horses from which they had just diamounted. These were the hazy outlines or bold dashes of an artist soldier under fire. There was no time fo make a picture before the mail left for the coast. So he forwarded the sketch, still reeking with rifle smoke, to the bome office, with a hasty note asking The Illustrated News to work it up into a finished cartoon. But the home office did nothing of the sort. Instead, they published the sketch just as it left his pencil. And it is conceded to this day to be one of the greatest triumphs of a special's work under difficulties, and one of the most thrilling battle pictures ever

seen .- John Paul Bocock in New York World. An Invention for the Hospital.

The recent introduction in some of the hospitals of a simple contrivance for the comfort and convenience of patients is noted. Two iron sockets are firmly attached to the sides of a bedstead by screws, and into these are fitted short poles, between the latter being suspended horizontal bar, also fitted into clamps and adjustable to any height above the patient lying on the bed. From this Lor hangs a pair of strong straps with grips add these may be moved from right to left at will. By grasping these straps the sick man is enabled to utilize the strength of his arms to lift himself up, to change his position, to turn over and to allow the Bedding to be changed. There are likewise a variety of attach-

ments to the mechanism which extend its usefulness in a number of ways, one of these being a sest for the leg, in which a broken himb can be placed while it is being dressed, it- being only necessary to unscrew the sockets attached to the bedstead and change their location to utilize this; another is a curtain rod, likely to be especially serviceable in hospital wards avoid a draft, to shut out the light or to attain a degree of privacy: another is a small table for medicines, etc.-New York Tribune.

Very Easily Understood.

Mrs. Penn-William, I read an advertisement in one of the jupers stating that for \$1 in stamps the advertiser would send by return mail a sure way to get rid of rats in the house. Mr. Penn-Well?

Mrs. Penn-I sent \$1 in stamps, Wilam, and received an answer. Mr. Pehn-What was it?

Mrs. Penn-William, the cheat told me p move-Philadelphia Call.

From all of the foregoing observations I drew the following conclu

Every well read man of fair ability will be able to define or understand 20,000 or 25,000 primitives and principal derivative words.

The same man in his conversation and writing will use not less than 6,000 or 7,000 words. If he be a literary man he will command 2,000 or 3,000 more.

Common people use from 2.000 to 4,000 words, according to their general intelligence and conversational power.

An "illiterate man" (one who cannot read) will use from 5,500 to 2,500 words. A person who has not at command all least 1,000 words is an ignoranus and will find difficulty in expressing his thoughts, if, indeed, he have any to express.-George Flaming in Literature.

A Pickpochet's Handy Tool.

Among the curiosities which Chief Speers keeps in his desk at the Central police station is a little pastelscard hox tilled with pieces of greenbacks. They were once parts of five, ten, twenty, fifty and one hundred dollar bills. At the time they were mutilated they were part of a roll of \$5,000 in the pistol pocket of a wealthy steekman. He was on a train coming into Kansus City, and when he got off at the Union depot the pieces in the little box at the Central station were all that was left of the \$5,000, A pickpocket had cut his pocket and in doing it had cut some of the bills, but he

oring it had cut some of the bins, but he got all the rest. When Chief Speers shows the scraps of greenbacks he also shows a sample of the instrument used by the pickpocket who secured the \$3,900 minus the bills which had been mutilated. It is a enricus little round steel affair, about six inches in length. The knife end of it is turned at length. The knife end of it is turned at right angles to the handle and is only about one-half an inch long. It is ham-mered as this as paper and abarpened un-til it cuts clath as noiselessly as it would butter. When a pickpocket houster to roll' be watches his opportunity and cuts the pocket. With an expert it is the work of a moment. The instruments, the police say, are unde exclusively for the profession, and use of the very basis quality of strek.—Kansas City Times.