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If I should call you beautiful, my sweet,
When you look up at me with those proud ey
and part the resy petals of your mouth
To drop me honeyed greeting—were it wise?
Or would you turn a statue of surprise?

If when that dainty jeweled hand of yours To me for transient enstody is lent, I should rain kisses on it rapturously, Would your own pulses leap in happy vent? Or would you bid mo vanish and repent?

If when you sing, and send that liquid voice Pouring into my soul like maddening wins abould bend down and clasp you to my heart, Would those white arms in Joy about me twine Or would you slay me with a scorn divine?

Either the music of desire must fling
One passionate ringing cadence on your ear,
To find a deep sweet eath in your heart,
Or, like the stricken awan on woodland mere,
Lift its wild notes in pain of parting near,
—Ada Nichols Man in Lippincott's.

MISS CLEO'S NEGATIVE.

"Most through, Cleo?" "Yes, almost. In ten minutes I shall have finished." The young person addressed is sitting with her back to her sister, and all the face and half of her head is hidden by the hood of a retouching frame. She is leaning eagerly forward. Her eyes are riveted on the negative before her, and her deft, dainty fingers are making swift, magic strokes on the work under her hand. "In ten minutes more," the sweet, musical voice repeats, "and when I've done I shall place before your astonished gaze some-thing too utterly lovely, my Lady Jane."

Then Janet Heath lifts her head wearily from the cushions of her invalid couch, and sighs impatiently. Cleo's quick ear catches that sigh instantly,

"Are you in pain, Jame?"

"No; not particularly. Only think, I

dare not read aloud to you any more. I begin to think that comical genius. Sir Boyle Roche, was exceedingly correct when he said that the greatest of all calamities was generally followed by one much greater.' It seems so actually. Oh, dear, dear! Why doesn't some good on, dear, dear: why doesn t some good fortune befull us now, I wonder? Why don't some of our rich relatives hunt us up and insist on making us a present of a few hundreds? They could easily afford to do it; and only think what a real-sould be to us!"

godsend it would be to us!"
"Well, for your sake, Janie, I sincerely wish they would. Then you could have that operation performed on your eyes at once, and I should be able to get you all the nice, nourishing food that the doctor recommended, and that fine wine that he said you ought to-. Now, see this!" and she handed Miss Janet the

negative, "Yes," Miss Janet says, after regarding the negative critically, "you certainle have done splendid work upon it, and it is really an exceedingly nice face; but I have seen you retouching many and many a one that was far hand-

somer."
"Well, I will admit all that," the girl one has interested me greatly ever since I began working upon it. But, good gracious, this won't do! Only look at all the time I've been wasting! I must scramble into my things, and take this work to the gallery at once," she breaks

forth suddenly.

Then she flies to the closet, takes out a very old, quaint poke bonnet, ties it on, and, catching up the package of well

done work, hurries to the door. "Well. Janie, here I am at last!" Cleo exclaimed an hour later, flashing into the cool, dark room in a breathless sort of way, with her cheeks much deeper in color than when she left, and a pair of wild, addly excited eyes. Then, putting very stiff backed chair, and fans her hot

cheeks furiously. 'Well, Janie, do you know the most romantic incident has occurred this afternoon? Really, I do actually begin to think there must have been some one around practicing black art, whatever that may be. There, now, don't commence to lose your patience, and I'll begin and tell you the whole odd occurrence right from the start. I went to the gallery first, of course, and gave in my work and got my money, all of it—three big, round dollars, if you please. Then I went to the market to get something nice for you. From there I went over to Mr. Norton's drug store, and I told him I wanted a flask of his very best wine, and I wanted it just as cheen as he wine, and I wanted it just as cheap as he could let me have it, and do you know. now don't say a word. I know you are fixing to scold me for my 'shameful ex-travagance, but you needn't, for I haven't got any," she explains with a mysteri-ous little smile. "Let me see; where was I? Oh, yes; and do you know, that dear, kind man gave me a splendid flask, with his 'compliments to the invalid, and he hoped it would do her a world of good.' Yes; I know by that look that you are going to ask me where it is, and if you'll just give me time, I'll make a full confession. Don't run away with the idea that I drank it, though, because I didn't. As soon as I'd thanked him I rushed out, and lo and behold you, it had clouded up awfully, and was beginning to rain 'right smart,' as the countryman said. When I saw that, I really didn't know what to do. Of course, I wouldn't have an umbrelia. That wouldn't be my luck, you know, I had so many little packages that I couldn't hold up my clothes, and was in a dreadful dilemma. I finally decided, though, that the best thing would be to make a scamper for home as fast as my feet would carry me. So I took a fresh grip on all my bundles, and was just striding along with my most Elizabethan like strides, with my most Elizabethan like strides, when that most exasperating shoe of mine came untied—of course. I would have on those thin, low things. That was in the plot, you see. I was going wildly along, breaking my heart, thinking how muddy my skirts and the tassets were getting—you know these are my grand state occasion shoes," she remarks, looking despairingly at them—"when semebody came dashing frantically along, with an umbrella far over his head, and knocked slap up against me, and down went that precious flask and was shirered into sixteen million pieces!" she cries, jumping up and striking a tragic attitude.

"Why, what was the patter with the

"Is that so? Well, well! After that the Deluge! By the way, you were in one at the time. I am amazed. It was fate, my dear—it was written. Well, and—go on—what did he do, and what did you say?" Janie questions in a most fluttering state of interest.

"Say? If you'll believe me, I never mid envitting." I reverting "Say? If you'll believe me, I never said anything. I couldn't! and I shall be ashamed of myself forever and a day, and you'll blush for me, I know, when I tell you that I actually stood there and began to whimper. Yes, positively, I did, and I couldn't help it, either. And what did he do? Well, the first thing was that he stepped a little nearer, and held his nice big umbrella over me, then he lifted his hat in the most graceful manner imaginable, and he said: 'My dear young lady, I beg ten thousand pardons; and I am more than sorry to have been so awkward as to cause this accident. What

awkward as to cause this accident. What was in the flask? he asked, glaucing down. I told him, and then he fairly insisted on going and getting another one filled for me; but of course I could not permit that, so when he saw how much in earnest I was he did not urge me further, but said: 'Well, at least you'll let me relieve you of some of your packages, and allow me the pleasure of seeing you safely home, or some one else may go even further than I did and knock

all your packages out of your arms.' "Well, he was so very polite and charming about it all, and did look so handsome and distinguished all the time, and his beautiful even were so eloquent that naturally I gave my consent. And now who do you suppose he is, after all?" Cleo demands, pausing to take breath. "Here is his card," with a very elaborate flourish: "Mr. Julian Van Ness, at your

ladyship's service." "Why, why, Cleo, you don't really mean that he is the Julian Van Ness that used to live at uncle's, and that we romped and played together with?" quite breathless. "The same, madam," with overwhelm-

ing dignity.

"Why, Cleo." And after this ejaculation the young lady seems to subside into blank and profound amazement, and Cleo, quite elated with the effect she has produced, continues:

"Yes, it is the very same youth. Didn't I keep telling you how familiar his cyes seemed? Well, he still makes uncle's house his home, and he has gone into business for himself, and he has just returned from Europe—been there six months—and is immensely wealthy. How he ever kept from laughing in my face when I was so utterly crushed about that wine, I'm sure I can't think. That's

somebody at the door." .
She flies to open it, and comes face to face with a huge colored gentleman. "Yes, I am Miss Cleo Heath," she in-

forms him; then he puts a great bunch answers, receiving the negative back and gazing down at the face. Still, this ladies and vanishes as mysteriously as he

"Well, did you ever?" Janet crics, ex-"Wait until I read this note," Cleo

makes answer, "and we will probably be enlightened." "To Miss Cleo and her sister, with my ompliments, and a heartfelt wish that both the flowers and the wine may cheer your hearts and make you happy. Very sincerely, you old friend.

JULIAN VAN NESS. There now! Was ever anything more charmingly done? Didn't I tell you he was the nicest man I ever met?" looking with worshipful eyes at the flowers. Two days later there comes another exquisite bouquet and a note in which tickets are inclosed for a lecture.

"What are the tickets for, Cleo?" "They are for a lecture that is to be given this evening at Temple hall, and he hopes to see us there. How is it with you, Janie? Do you think you are able

"Far? Why, it's only a very little dis-tance. I went much further than that this morning. Come, let's get ready." Twenty minutes later they find them-selves very nicely seated in a brilliantly lighted hall. There is a splendid audi-

ence, and when the grave, dignified lecturer appears, he is greeted with a burst of applause. His subject is "Spiritual-ism and Thought Rending." A committee has been selected to see that there is no black art practiced, and

that there is no black art practiced, and to assist the lecturer. Cleo gives a little start of surprise, and the pink in her cheeks grows into a deeper, lovelier hue, when no makes the discovery that Mr. Julian Van Ness is on the stage. And not only that, but the clever lecturer has bidden him select some one whom he knows in the audience, and fix his mind and he (the thought reader) upon him, and he (the thought reader) will conduct the young man to that per-son. Julian meekly obeys this master

He leads poor Julian a merry dance for a time, but suddenly he starts off with fell purpose in his eyes, and in two seconds the young man is standing be-hind Cleo's chair and Cleo's face is like a rose. There are a great many wise and knowing smiles exchanged when it is discovered where that very distinguished looking gentleman's thoughts had wan-

dered.

That distinguished looking gentleman pays not the slightest heed, however. In fact, he is happily unconscious that there has been quite a commotion caused among his party when he is seen leaning over a charming young lady's chair.

He bends down and greets them both, and then tells them in a low tone of voice that he had simply been obliged to come there with some friends, but that he would not be forced to leave with them, so, if agreeable to the sisters, he would be most happy to see them home. It is totally unnecessary for me to chron-It is totally unnecessary for me to chron-icle their reply, as there was but one an-awer possible.

tele their reply, as there was but one answer possible.

On their way thitiser Julian amuses them immensely by relating how he bewildered the lecturer.

"You see, I had my mind fully fixed on Charlie Howard, but just at that critical moment I discovered Miss Cleo's face in the audience, and"—with hogish frankness—"for the life of me I couldn's get my thoughts back on Charlie again. Housilanting, inn't it, to layer so little mind

"Oh, he had them with him, my tear, and, now, who ") you suppose it was? Well, it was the original of that negative that I've been raving over all day;" and, having functioned this piece of news with telling force, Cleo folds her arms and looks across at Jenet.

"Is that so? Well, well! After that the Debugal By the way you were in "fairy mines" as they have aleastly the common of their "fairy mines" as they have aleastly the common of their "fairy mines" as they have aleastly the common of their "fairy mines" as they have aleastly the common of their "fairy mines" as they have aleastly the common of their "fairy mines" as they have aleastly the common of their "fairy mines" as they have aleastly the common of their them. mer days seemed to have fairly rushed away, so rapidly have they gone since they made the acquaintance of their "fairy prince," as they have playfully christened Julian. And well does he deserve his name, for never did a queen on her throne receive more devoted attention than did these two unfortunate orphan sisters. There has been absolutely nothing left undone that he could compass for their benefit, or amusement, or pleasure. Baskets of choicest fruits and most lovely flowers; tickets for splendid concerts; invitations to delight-

and most lovely flowers; tickets for splendid concerts; invitations to delightful yachting excursions, all found their way to the young ladies' humble abode; and I may add, likewise, the donor of these gifts also finds his way there with surprising frequency. His visits are the most delightful events in their hard working, dull lives, so no wonder they are halled with such manifestations of pleasure.

In fact, he is due in this coal state. In fact, he is due in this cool, moonlit room in a very few moments now. Cleo is to have a drive in the park this glorious summer night; and contrary to glorious summer night; and contrary to all the annals of female history, she is quite ready, and is leaning yonder against the wide open window awaiting his arrival. As she so stands, with the enchanting moonlight falling athwart her, she resembles nothing so much as

some snowy statue, for she is clad all in Her gown is of the thinnest, fleeciest material, and shows the rounded beauty of her arms and shoulders to perfection. The becoming hat she wears and her long silk mitts are white also. So charming is the picture that the blood red hollyhooks out in the moonlight bend forward only to look at her. And her eyes are fixed on them with a dreamy smile in their velvety depths, and are so lustrous that they resemble twin stars. The dimples in her cheeks have come forth, and are playing hide and seek in the light of those orbs. Suddenly she moves away from the window.

"He is here, Janie, so I'll just run out to him. Good-by for a little while. I'll not be gone more than an hour," she says gently, bending down and kissing her sister's cheek; then she steps lightly out, and is gone.

And Janie? Well, Janie sits where Cleo leaves her and looks out at the blood red hollyhocks, too, with a very happy and mysterious smile on her face. She nods her pretty, fair head at the flowers also, and whispers: "Yes, it is all arranged nicely, I'm

In less than an hour's time Julian and Cleo have returned. Janet is slightly astonished to see them back so soon. Julian strides into her presence, leading Cleo by the hand and wearing a very happy and triumphant look indeed.
"My Lady Jane, I wish to inform you

that I have done this young person the honor to propose for her hand, and she has condescended to accept me. I love her with all my heart, and"-

anet puts un one slim hand. "It is not necessary for you to men-tion the fact. I knew it a month ago." "You don't say so!" Julian exclaims, with great force and brilliancy. Then, having recovered a little from his astonishment, he begins again. "Well, Miss Minerva, what you don't know is that we are to be married in two months' I would not wait another day. And Janie gets up and embraces them both, and kisses Julian warmly on both smooth dark cheeks,—Frank Leslie's,

West Indies' Finest Mixed Dace A population fantastic, astonishing-a

opulation of the Arabian Nights, As the general tone of the town is yellow, so is the general tint of the people yellow, in the interblending of all the hues char-acterizing griffone, mulatresse, metisse, messive, chabine, capresse, quadroona general effect of rich brownish vellow. You are in a population of half breeds, the flaest mixed race of the Antilles.

Tall, supple, straight as palms, these colored women and men impress you powerfully by their dignity of carriage and easy elegance of motion. They walk without any swinging of the shoulders; the perfectly set torso seems to remain rigid; yet the step is a long, full stride, and the whole weight is poised springily on the very tip of the bare foot. All, or nearly all, are without shoes; the passing of all these hundreds of naked eet makes a great whispering sound

over the burning pavements.

But what produces the most novel impression on the stranger is the singularity pression on the stranger is the singularity and brilliancy of the women's costumes. They were developed at least a hundred years ago by a curious sumptuary law, regulating the dress of slaves and col-ored people of free condition, a flow which allowed considerable liberty as to aterial and tint, prescribing only form. But these fashions suggest the Orient; they offer beautiful audacities of color rasts; and the coiffure, above all, is so strikingly eastern that you cannot help wondering whether it was not first introduced into the colony by some Mohammedan negro slave.—Lafendio Hearn in Harper's Magazine.

Astonishing the Sloux Indians.

In time the Sioux began to consider Howland a great medicine raan. Much to their amusement he would draw pic-tures on their toepees and on the skins of animals. But when he would attempt to draw their own pictures they would none of it for a long time. "An Indian," said Howland, "thinks that you are taking his spirit when painting his picture,"

Howland also practiced legerdemain on
the Sioux, and he became a marvel and

a wonder among them. He fixed up a trick pistol, and by turning a spring could take out the bullet. He need to mark the bullet, and taking it out of the pistol by means of the secret spring, would let them shoot him, and it was incomparable with the could be the secret spring. would let them shoot him, and it was incomprehensible to them why they could
not kill him. A young Indian named
Lone Wolf hated Howland and wanted
to try the pistol on him. Jack marked
the bullet, and even while Lone Wolf
was watching slipped out the bullet.
"The Indian aimed at me to kill," srid
Howland, "and after the fissh of the
powder I held up the marked bullet between my fingers, and a more disgusted
Indian you never saw than Lone Wolf."
Denver Cor. Kanna City Journal. ZULUS AND THEIR COWS.

How the South African Milks-Cattle as

Participants in Dances. The Zulu is never silent when milking; not for one single instant does, he cease uttering the most peculiar sounds ever inflicted upon mortal ears—screams, yells, shouts, whistles and tender planissimo murmurs of admiration succeeding one another as the flow of milk increases or diminishes, this practice having the curious result of compelling any white farmer who buys Zulu cattle for his farm to have a native to milk them, as they will neither stand still nor give their milk freely without the usual lacteal concert, of which no European has ever been able to produce even a colorable imitation. Whistling is also a great item in driving cattle or calling them from a distance, and the noise a Zulu can make with his lips alone is incredible and half deafens any one who stands near him. Thus, when the oxen attached to a prairie The Zulu is never silent when milking; when the oxen attached to a prairie wagon are outspanned and have roamed away in search of water or fresher herbage a Zulu driver will stand on the wagon seat and give a whistle that will call them anywhere within a mile and bring them trooping to the camp, where a white man would have had to ride round and drive them in. Sometimes the natives use artificial appliances,

the natives use artificial appliances, which are not put into the mouth as ours are, but are held to the bottom lip as we hold a key when trying to clear it.

When a chief possesses many oxen he is frequently very fastidious about them, and gathers them together in herds nearly all of one color, red or black being the faverite hue. Cattle are trained to take part in the tribal dances and reviews.

These all have the skin cut, into stripe and These all have the skin cut into strips and are without horns. These dances are organized by placing the participants in sections, three men and two oxen, which then dance in companies, each with their attendant oxen in turn approaching the chief. This they do by themselves, and it is surprising to see the perfection of their training, as, notwithstanding the yells, shouts and frenzied gestures of the men, they never break ranks or run, and,

knowing their place, go right to it. The Zulus manage their herds with great skill, and the animals appear to perfectly understand the meaning of every separate whistle and call. This noisy system of driving cattle was a source of great difficulty to the English soldiers who were detailed to recover cattle stolen from a white settler's farm. Such of the cattle as had been Zulu bred would utterly demoralize the remainder of the herd, and the soldiers, not understanding and utterly incapable of pro-decing the necessary cries, would find the cattle quite unmanageable without them. The cow is the unit of the Zulu currency, eight cows making one woman, just as 100 cents make \$1, and most of the tribal wars that have devastated southern Africa have been caused by the desire of one chief to steal the cattle of

The great ambition of a Zulu is to own as many cows as possible and so become savage millionaire, enting beef and ing wives at eight to fourteen cows each, according to the fluctuations of the market, using the hides or the cattle to make all kinds of useful things, lubricating himself with fat to his heart's desire; and decorating his person with their flowing tails. The more cattle he has the greater man he is .- W. P. Pond in Drake's Magazine.

No Dreams in Perfect Sleep. The third theory is that in perfect eleep there is little or no dreaming. This is supported by various considerations. The natural presumption is that the object of sleep is to give rest, and that perfect sleep would innly the cosmion of brain action; and it is found that "the more continuous and uninterrupted is our dreaming, the less refreshing is our sleep." experiments of great interest appear to confirm this view. The effect stimuli, whether of sound, touch, smell, sight or hearing, in modifying the dreams without awaking the sleeper-or in awaking him-all point same direction; and though there is always some sense of time when awaking, which proves that the mind has to some extent been occupied, in the soundest sleep, it is so slight as to seem as if the person had just lain down, though many hours may have passed. Whereas, just in proportion as the dreams are remembered, or as the fact of dreams. are remembered, or as the fact of dreaming can be shown by any method, is the sense of time the longer. I do not speak of the heavy, dull sleep which, without apparent dreams, results from plethorn, or sometimes accompanies an overloaded stomach, or is the result of overexhaustion, or occasionally very sound sleep enjoyed by the working classes when in health, or by vigorous children.—Rev. J. M. Buckley in The

Century. A Primitive Bussian Bath. The Russian bath, as you are probably tware, is a vapor both and is intended more particularly to reach the mucous membranes of our bodies, that is as it is membranes of our bodies, that is as it is given in this country. The Russian bath proper is not the luxury that the Turks make of it. They are a necessity to the inhabitants of the country and are given in a rude wooden building, where the necessary vaper is secured by throwing water upon glowing hot rebbles. An atmosphere of 140 degs, can easily be got in this manner, and after perspiring freely for a time and whitpping themselves with small twigs the bathers will go out and plunge into the ice cold river or roll in the snow. In this country, howroll in the snow. In this country, how-ever, the Russian bath is a large room, kept filled with a continuous flow of steam and having within its confines a very cold plunge. As a rule, it is an adjunct to first class Turkish baths.—New York Mail and Express.

When Annie Louise Cary returned from her study abraed side came in concert company with Nilsson. Cary was only at the beginning of her earnings, comparatively, and land but a limited wardrobe. Nilsson always asked her what she was going to went, and then adapted her own dress to suit Miss Cary's, her own wardrobe being so full and varied. This was done in full hindness for Miss Cary, and was one of the ways in which she showed her natural delicity of spirit.—Boston Trainenipt.

A Gallop Over the Platas.

My husband's horse had aimost human ways of talking with him, as he leaned far out of the saddle and laid his face on the gallant animal's head, and there was a gleam in the eye, a proud little toss of the head, speaking back a whole world of affection. The general could ride hanging quite out of sight from the opposite side, one foot caught in the stirrup, his hand on the mane; and it made no difference to his beloved friend, he took any mode that his master choes to cling to him as a matter of course, and curveted and pranced in the loftiest, proudest way. His manner as plainly said as speech: "See what we two can do!!" I rarely knew him have a horse that did not soon become so pervaded with his spirit that they appeared to be absolutely one in feeling. I was obliged usually to submit to some bantering siur on my splendid Custis Lee. Perhaps a dash at first would carry the general and the dogs somewhat in advance.

My side had a trick of sektors if we

the dogs somewhat in advance.

My side had a trick of aching if we started off on a gallop, and I was obliged to keep a tight rein on Custis Lee at first, as he champed at the bit, tossed his impatient head and showed every sign of ignominious shame. The general, as usual, called out, "Come on, old lady! Chug up that old plug of yours; I've got one orderly; don't want another"—this riding at a considerable distance in the rear. After a spurt of tremendous speed back flew the master to me to excuse him; he was ready now to ride slowly till "that side of mine came round to time," which it quickly did, and then I revenged the insult on my swift Lee, and the maligner at last called out, "That's not so bad a mag after all." The horsesbounded off the springy turf as if they really lated the necessity of touching the sod at all. They were very well matched in speed, and as on we flew we were neck by neck, side by side, never chang-ing our places. Breathless at last, horses, dogs and ourselves made a halt. The orderly with his slow troop horse was a speck in the distance. Of course, I had gone to pieces little by little between the mad speed and rushing through the wind of the plains.—Tenting on the Plains, Mrs. Custer.

Snakes of the Dismal Swamp.

All the snakes of the Dismal awamp are shy and timid. Very rarely do they bite, and then only when driven by fear. The largest snake in the swamp is the king snake, which grows to be ten feet in length. The rattlesnake is fortunately rare in the swamp. It is mostly seen near the feeder, and is the diamond or water rattlesnake, the largest and most sulienly ferocious of its dread family. It has a brown back and a dirty yellowish belly. A "swamper" said he had seen

one this year that was eight feet long. The most dangerous snake in the swamp is one of the smallest, called the poplar snake. He is about twelve inches in length, green in color, like that of the tree in which he lives. We espopular tree in which he lives. We escaped him most fortunately, for before we heard of him we had deflowered many poplars of their beautiful blossoms. This snake is a direful pest; from his size and color he is not easily seen, and his region is good to rescaled the settle. his poison is said to resemble the rattle-

The water moccasin is a venomous snake, and it is surprising, considering his countless presence in the swamp, that so few people are bitten. This reptile lit-crally infests all quarters of the swamp. Other snakes, more or less numerous are the black snake (sometimes nine feet long), the horned snake and the jointed snake. Abeham and Jim said that they had often killed this latter questionable reptile, and that it had "broken into es about two and a half inches long."

-John Boyle O'Reilly in Boston Herald. "That baby has been here a dozen times already this month. There's more money in him than in John L. Sullivan,"

policeman in the Tombs police court this morning.
"The baby" in question was neatly dressed in white. It coold and spluttered in the arms of a female prisoner ar-raigned before the court to answer a charge of intoxication and disorderly conduct—evidently a victim of liquor and evil associates. She fondled the little baby with a mother's love and begged the judge to give her one more chance, "just for baby's sake." The scheme worked, and the prisoner was discharged. Once outside the court room she ceased fondling the infant, told it to "shut its mouth," and, flinging it into the arms of another besotted wretch worse than ber-self, hurried away. The scene was witself, hurried away. The scene was wit-nessed by a Telegram reporter, and led to inquiries regarding the remark of the policeman as to the number of times the taby had appeared in court. He said: "It's a regular business to let out ba-bies to female prisoners arraigned in the police bourts for intoxication and disor-

derly conduct. The old 'stagers' know that the judges have no sympathy for them, and all their excuses about seeing friends off to Ireland or attending christenings don't work, so some of the shrewd women have invented the scheme of coming to court with cute little babies tugging at their breasts while they beg for mercy on the plea that if separated from their effapring the babe will die for want of care. These demonstrations of love appear so genuine that he lets 'em go. The truth is, these babes are hired 'out by women living in the slums of the city."—New York Telegram.

Attendants of Arabian Ladies Attendants of Arabian Ladies.

Ladies of rank are accompanied, in paying visits, by a troop of armed slaves, who look more martial than they really are. These attendants are very expensive, as their weapons, with the exception of musket and revolver, are always very costly and richly inlaid with gold and silver. As the calls are generally made in the evening, lanterns of great laxury and many colors are used. A luxury and many colors are used. A lady of rank always has two or three such lasterns carried before her, and it requires very strong slaves for that. When a lady starts to pay a call the van-When a hely starts to pay a call the van-guard of the procession is headed by some ten or twenty armed fellows, two or three in a line, carrying lanterns; the mistress, with an Arab companion, fol-lows, and a number of well dressed slaves close the procession. The slaves turn all the people out of the way, and the latter take refuge in the by streets and the open decrease. "Memoirs of an Arabian Princess."

AVENUES OF WASHINGTON.

AVENUES OF WASHINGTON.

Tree Pinsting in the Capital fietheds and Grand Result.

The trees first planted were procured from the nurseries, but it was soon found that on account of the immense number required, and the difficulty of getting the kinds desired, it was necessary to raise the most of the trees; so that a nursery was begun, and the greater number of the trees now shading the streets of Washington were grown from seed sown since 1872. The grand results from the work of Messrs. Smith and Saunders are mostly due to the great care taken in every part of the work. The trees of all the kinds used were young, their height, according to kind, when plauted, ranging from eight to twelve feet, and having a diameter of about one and a half inches. The average distance apart is twenty-five feet, the height of stem allowed before branching, from six to eight feet.

In planting, the greatest care is exercised; when the soil is not naturally good, holes are dug two feet deep and nine feet in diameter, and filled in with good rich loam. The trees are lifted from the nursery with the greatest care, to preserve as far as possible the roots.

good rich loam. The trees are lifted from the nursery with the greatest care, to preserve as far as possible the roots, and in transit to prevent them from drying or freezing. In planting, the soil is packed closely around the roots, and one copious watering is given. A tree protector is at once placed around them, for the purpose of preventing them from being shaken by the winds or gnawed by horses, and perhaps what is most important of all, to shade the stems of the trees until their own foliage is sufficient to do so. For the last reason, the best and cheapest tree protector yet used is and cheapest tree protector yet used is one made of wooden strips placed three inches apart, and bound with non hoops; this gives the necessary shade to the stem, and at the same time allows free circulation of air. The best height for the tree box is it feet.

the tree box is six feet.

The shading referred to is all important. When the trees are growing in forests or in the nursery, they shade one another, and it must be evident, if set out without any protection from the blazing sun in the streets of a city, they must suffer. Many thousands of deciduous trees, both fruit and ornamental, perial approach the first the first and ornamental, perish annually the first year of planting through this cause. When taken from the closely planted nursery rows and exposed to the full sun and air, the change is too great, and unless the season is especially favorable, however carefully the planting may have been done, large losses must ensue unless the stems are shaded. Trees in orchards and other inclosures can be shaded by wrapping the stems up to the lower branches with straw or anything that branches with straw or anything that will shade the trunk from the sun; but for trees in streets or elsewhere, exposed to injury, the slatted box is the best method of shading. The grand success in planting the avenues in Washington is no doubt due largely to the persistent use of this precaution, for it is never omitted, and the results attest its value. All trees for two years after planting are cultivated, just as if they were a crop of corn or potatoes, by the soil being stirred by a pronged hoe for four or five

from the stem in all directions.

The planting of street trees has been largely experimental, and has resulte thus far in showing that the following are the best suited, and hence are used in the greatest numbers; 55 miles are planted with white maples, 16 miles with Carolina poplar, 10 miles with ash leaved maple, 6 miles with Norway maples—in all, 87 miles. The other species, numbering about 37 kinds aggregating 10. bering about 37 kinds, aggregating 10.-000 trees, fill the remaining 83 miles of streets, -Harper's Magazine

, The Various Shorthand Systems. There have been shorthand systems in different languages In the days of Cicero there was a sort of shorthand in use, and shorthand has been in use in England back to 1500. One of the most prominent systems in use there is the Guerney system, and the Guerneys are the great parliamentary reporters of England. There was for a long time an amanucusis under Murphy who wrote the Gurney system and who worked un-der the Gurneys. He told me one day that he did not like the Gurney systemas well as the methods used in this coun-try; that it is harder to learn, and that it takes longer to write it.

akes longer to write it.
One of the curious old time house re One of the curious old time house reporters was a man named Hineks, who
was an Englishman and who was a
graduate of Oxford. No one but himself could read his shorthand, but it was
perfectly legible to him. He had a good
memory, and he relied upon it largely in
writing out his notes. He represented
"the world" by a circle, "in the world"
by a dot inside of it, "out of the world"
by a dot outside of the circle, and
"through the world" was a circle with a
line drawn through it.—Frank G. Carine drawn through it.—Frank G. Car-penter in New York World.

On one occasion, having ridden a long On one occasion, having ridgen a long distance since the early morning. I halted with my companions at a small village, and dishes of newly made guttuck were placed before us—a preparation which, when fresh, is really delicated.

make me devour it, and I emptied my huge dish of congulated milk in a menner which charmed my host. Another was set before me, which I emptied with equal zest. I even surpassed my companions in voracity, and from time to time I observed my cray beyond extended. time I observed my gray bearded enter-fainer turn to the assemblage, and, with a look of genuine pleasure lighting his countenance, say, alluding to me: "Ho is a good man; he is an excellent man."

—Central Asia Letter.

Good Nature in Honduras.

The most notable characteristics of the Honduranians is unfailing good nature, particularly as displayed toward foreigners. The strangers who flock hither to unining or agricultural or atock growing interests are always well received. The natives seem to recognise the necessity of North American push and enterprise being infused into the country's affairs, if the country would advance. Without these it would certainly manife what it has been for centuries, a had a pleasant dreams, of savet, quality game thrumaning, of dancers moving all night long in the gay dance or moving all night long in the gay dance or moving all night long in the gay dance or moving all night long in the gay dance or moving all night long in the gay dance or moving all night long in the gay dance or moving all night long in the gay dance or moving all night long in the gay dance or moving all night long in the gay dance or moving all night long in the gay dance or moving all night long in the gay dance or moving all night long in the gay dance or moving all night long in the gay dance or moving all night long in the gay dance or moving all night long in the gay dance or moving all night long in the gay dance or moving all night long in the gay dance or moving all night long in the gay dance or moving all night long in the gay and the gay all night long in the gay all night long in the gay and the gay all night long in the gay Good Nature in Hondura