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Oct 11y "SRAW."





ATTAR OF ROSES.

- A subtile odor from the east
  Is wafted along the room;
  A penetrating scont—a feast
  Of delicate, sweet perfume.
  My vagrant fancies wing such flights,
  Such wonderful scenes disclose—
  A page from out th' Arabian Nights
  On a whiff of attar of rose,

Thear the plash of fountains play Over teaspliated floors: And music steals from far away Through curtained and latticed doors. You couch's a divan soft, whereon You lie in voluntains year.

Sequins shine in your dusky hair and jewels swing at your ears, and glist'ning on your bosom bare. There are pearls that gleam like tears. I'm transformed to a swarthy Turk, My pipe a marglish grows—Strange what curious fancies lurk. In a whiff of attar of rose.

With a muffled, stealthy, catlike tread, With a muffled, stealthy, catifics tread,
A cunuch creeps through the gloom.
His bowstring does its work i and dead
You lie in your fresh young bloom.
I watch revengeful, cruel, dumb,
The horrid scene to its close—
Strange what hideous fancies come
With a whiff of attar of rose.
—Edith Sessions Tupper in Frank Leslie's.

## CASTING REFLECTIONS.

Yes, I'm as bright as ever, though I've had some hard rubs in my day— particularly from the hands of do-mestics. No wonder I am called cold and hard, but nevertheless I am the most sympathetic creature in the world. I smile with those that smile and weep with those that weep. At times it is difficult, for no matter how dull I may be feeling I am expected to reflect the look of the most casual passerby; howlook of the most casual passerby; how-ever, I always manage to present a smooth surface, and am acknowledged by all to be highly polished. And though I have met reverses, I have never yet had a fall. With ladies I am, tand always have been, a great favorite. They consult me on all oc-casions—it seems as if they could never tire of me—and I am not slighted by the men either, but some of them do dread to look at me in the face in the morning after a late sur-

face in the morning after a late supper at the club.

An artist strolling through "Le Temple" in Paris threw a glance my way; I reflected his look of appreciation, and he at once purchased mo. I served him faithfully, but never flattered, assisting him almost daily in criticising his sketches; in fact, I could reverse anything for him, except his luck. We had been together some time, when one day she came into our studio.

Now, I'm a keen observer when per at the club.

Property is a seen observer when people are in front of me, and am accustomed to study faces, but she rather puzzled me. She impressed me as an actress, but still her general appearance was almost too artistic for that. She was accompanied by a literary friend, who had persuaded her to pose as the heroine for a novel which the artist was to illustrate.

While all this was under discussion

While all this was under discussion her eye fell on me, and I realized Miss Swansdown was what would be called in simple parlance "a society beauty."

And the effect she was producing on Brown Lake made my heart ache for his peace of mind. Naturally, in looking around the studio she took me up, and I will acknowledge it was a mu-tual pleasure, and as she laid me down with evident regret on leaving I felt that I had been to her what she had been to the illustrator—a bright spot

in that day.

Well, they came more or less regu-Well, they came more or less regularly to the studio, and the posing began. It was a long MS., and some of the situations were rather pleasing. At times she had to stand as if in a conservatory with the hero of the novel whispering in her ear. Then she was placed at the piano as if he was turning the music. Again he was supposed to be holding her hand as she stood on the stairs. All these positions she took with grace and ease. It was then that I learned she was celebrated as an amateur actress, which ebrated as an amateur actress, which explained the impression she at first

made on me.

Brown Lake often found it necessary to pose with her in order that she might get the right action; then he'd leave her and rush at his pencil to make the sketch, but in some of the scenes he took much more time, it seemed to me, took much more time, it seemed to me, than was really required in posing her, particularly when the situation allowed him to assume a tender attitude. On some occasions he used his friend Roberts, who was a regular visitor, to assist in the grouping. During the "rest," she devoted herself with commendable zeal to playing the banjo and depleting the bonbon box. I learned she was deep in rehearsing one of Gilbert's comedies, "The Wedding March," in which Lake was persuaded to take a minor part; so besides the meeting at the studio they saw each other at the rehearsals.

Now, though I have seen a great

ent at a play—and so was delighted when taken the first night to the ——
Club theatre.

It was entirely a new world to me.
There was only one small looking glass in our dressing room, and it was flattering to me to be so much in domand; it was also a revelation to see with how much eagerness the ambitious amateur looked into my tell tale face. I had always been accustomed to this from the "gentler sex," but to be so sought after and consulted by the men was a new and amusing experience.

Afterward I was taken into the make up room, where two busy decorators were making the peachy checks, the jetty eyebrows, the cherry lips and the alabaster arms for the stage; and though there were two large mirrors in the room, they were so crowded about, that, when my presence became known, I was nearly crushed by the general eagerness to get one look into the characters.

the cast was not exaggerated.

In one corner was a little maiden in robin's egg blue satin, reading her lines and devouring caramels with equal earnestness, while near by a fat young dude made up as an old village innkeeper, with a lady on each hand, was struggling with a new step for the march. Near the stairs a young man in a magnificent scarlet uniform was rehearsing his part to a sweet little girl rehearsing his part to a sweet little girl robed in black velvet and yellow satin, while flitting from the dressing rooms to the stage was a constant stream of to the stage was a constant stream of excited, nervous, laughing amateurs, looking for a lost bouquet, a missing glove or a forgotten fan. A gorgeous, beflowered, antique gown, surmounted by an artistic black bonnet, partly concealed one of the graceful amateurs who was lamenting the non-arrival of her bouquet. Around her were grouped several sympathetic directoire costumed commanions, whose attention several sympathetic directoire cos-tumed companions, whose attention seemed about equally divided between looking into her eyes and into my face, for my popularity did not diminish.

I was bright enough to see all that was going on, and I observed Brown Lake sketching hiss Swansdown, who,

in a sleeveless costume of antique cut, looked, if possible, more charming than ever. Mr. Roberts, who had been so often in the studio, was also hoverso often in the studio, was also hovering around in evening dress, which was useful for contrast with the bright costumes. It seems to me he had improved his acquaintance with Miss Swansdown very rapidly since their first meeting in the studio. And I fancied Lake didn't welcome him with the old time cordiality.

Roberts had rather an important part to play in connection with Miss.

part to play in connection with Miss Swansdown, and naturally she would have considerable interest in him for

have considerable interest in him for the time being, at least.

While Lake was drawing Miss Swansdown, he was also carrying on a lively conversation with Miss Car-son, a charming, black eyed girl, dressed in the "village beauty" style, in which costume she was sufficiently attractive to fascinate any one—ex-cepting, perhaps, some of her own sex; for I'm sure I heard Miss Swansdown unfavorably criticise her becoming unfavorably criticise her becoming

attire.

Now, I make no pretense of great depth—I'll acknowledge I'm shallow; most of my observations are on the surface, but still I felt sure that it was jealousy—yes, jealousy and pique—that made Lake so attentive to the little black eyed "village beauty" whenever Roberts was near Miss

whenever Roberts was near Miss Swansdown.
Suddenly I heard the ring of a bell, followed by a commanding voice; then there was a grand rush—yes, every one, dudes, officers, Directoire costumed gentlemen and maidens fair, rushed for the stage stairs—I—I who had been so much sought after, so coveted, so fondled, was as suddenly dropped as if I had been a last year's fashion. However, I'm always treated this way—the moment there is an exdropped as if I had been a last year's fashion. However, I'm always treated this way—the moment there is an excitement I'm forgotten, but I was and write poetry, but he did nothing more than usually disappointed this time, as I had anticipated going into the rear of the stage where I could see the play. If Miss Swansdown had only seen me, I felt that I would not

have been thus neglected.

Brown Lake himself had never seen the whole play, though he had re-hearsed parts of it many times, For a few moments there was a

great hustling of feet over my head, and half snppressed, excited talking; then again the commanding voice, next the ring of a bell, the orchestra opened fire, the curtain rolled up and the play began

But my loneliness was not of long duration; down came Lake. I read his face at a glance—he was not yellow; he was white, but it was jeal-

Now, according to all the heroes in stories, he should have bit his lip till drops of gore ran down his "firm but delicate jaw;" he should have clenched his nails in his hands till nothing but his wrists were visible; he should have paced the room like a man that was very angry at something, and, above all, he should have talked aloud; then I should have learned the cause of

But he did nothing of the kind. He simply walked to the fire, bit a lead pencil into small pieces, then, his eyes falling on me, he snatched me up, feeling sure of meeting a friendly face. I noticed his hand trembled as, looking me straight in the eye, I heard him mutter, "Am I a fool?" The room filled again as the curtain dropped on the first act. the first act.
Miss Swansdown and Lake were

Miss Swansdown and Lake were soon deep in an animated conversation. I heard his jealousy was caused by the first scene in the play, when Roberts is supposed to meet Miss Swansdown in a garden—a garden made resplandent by the shopworn verdure of six potted plants, a canvas back stone wall and graceful card board vines. Here the noble knight in a modern dress suit kisses the hand of the lovely maiden, which part Miss Swansdown, in her artistic antique garb, filled with ease.

This was the scene which caused the scene that was now going on between Miss Swansdown and Mr. Lake. The former was opening her big brown eyes till the white showed above the pupil, a habit with her when she affected surprise or pretended indignation. He turned abruptly as Roberts joined them, and touching the messenger call gave an order for a bouquet. Then I felt easier. Again the commanding voice, the rush, the bell and the play continued. At the next intermission Lake took me to the gentlemen's dressing room, and was about placing me in his overcost pocket when a piece of paper on the floor attracted his eyes. Picking it up he stood motionless—speechless—holding me in one hand and the paper in the other.

were obliged to don the "Directoire" ossume.

As one after another of the girls looked into my face, I realized that the report in regard to the beauty in the cast was not exaggerated.

In one corner was a little maiden in robin's egg blue satin, reading her lines and devouring caramels with every larger by a fat school agreement (an excitement which only an amateur can feel when the stage is waiting). In his hand were several sheets of paper on which the handwriting was easily recognized at a glance. Lake collected himself and handed the missing page to the newcomer, which was received with a relieved look and hearty thanks as he hurried out.

with a relieved look and hearty thanks as he hurried out.

In the meantime the bouquet arrived by a pert little messenger boy, and you can imagine my feelings when Lake sent it round the front to be thrown, not to Miss Swansdown, but to Miss Carson.

At the next instant fortunately for

to Miss Carson.

At the next instant, fortunately for me, I was taken up behind the scenes, and found myself in great demand by those not on the stage. I was trying to keep my eye on Lake, who was devoting himself to any lady who came in his way, excepting the writer of the fatal letter. His avoidance of her it was evident she observed. I had known her tom long not to read the slight quiver of the corner of her mouth. She would never seek an explanation, but if something would

mouth. She would never seek an explanation, but if something would only happen to break the ice, I felt that everything could be explained.

When the last act was in progress, having nothing more to do on the stage, Lake stood around in an undecided manner for a time, then suddenly prepared to depart, placed me in his overcoat pocket and started. Then again he hesitated, and finally paced the dressing room nervously till the play ended. Then hurrying to the foot of the stage stairs he began a lively conversation with Miss Carson while the others were rushing back and forth. conversation with Miss Carson while the others were rushing back and forth. Miss Swansdown passed without his apparently observing her, but I, peer-ing from his pocket, detected her half glance at him, and I felt the quickened beating of his heart.

Days and weeks passed, but the stu-dio was not again brightened by the presence of Miss Swansdown, and the theatrical season being over I was not again taken out: consequently what

theatrical season being over I was not again taken out; consequently what was going on I had to learn by studying the face of Lake and listening to the conversation of callers. Even when he held long consultations with rae in regard to the arrangement of his front hair, I only knew that he was going to some reception, party or was going to some reception, party or

How I used to wish he would be like How I used to wish he would be like other heroes in novels or on the stage, and talk aloud when alone! Then I should have been thoroughly posted, instead of having to surmise and worry. How could I tell what he might be planning to do! Suppose he should lose heart on account of his love affair, and, like the impetuous hero in the novel, suddenly start for foreign lands?

hero in the novel, suddenly start for foreign lands?

Then what would become of me? I've always had a nameless dread of auctioneers. Think of me in a second hand store, in a dusty window mixed up with a lot of common cutlery, cheap jewelry and old furniture! The thought sends a cold chill down my back. No wonder I was anxious for his affairs to run smoothly.

and industrious than ever, but ugly he was, and how he used to kick the furniture around! Finally the June days came; he

packed his traps, entirely ignoring me, and was off for the summer vacation. How the dust gathered! How quiet it seemed! Even the janitor neglected us, and my vision became quite obscure. My neighbors, the brass sconces, the Chinese feather duster, the Spanish Inife, the bronze lizards and the rest of us became too dull to

shine in our own society.

Finally a brush with the janitor rubbed us up a bit, and the next day in stalked Brown Lake. In looking over his accumulated mail among the recent letters I noticed one from the secretary of the Amateur Dramatic club asking him to join in a repetition of the play given the preceding season. club asking him to join in a repetition of the play given the preceding season. Holding the letter in one hand, he took a lovely photograph of Miss Swansdown from a cabinet and looked at it in a discouraged sort of way; then he answered the letter, politely, but firmly declining to again participate, saying he had never yet seen the whole of the play, and he counted on the pleasure of being in the audience on this occasion.

A month later the night of the play came. Fortunately for me, one of the

came. Fortunately for me, one of the amateurs, seeing me in the studio and remembering how useful I had made myself, borrowed me for the evening,

remembering how useful I had made myself, borrowed me for the evening, much to my gratification. Brown Lake, on a front seat, was watching the play with rather languid interest till Roberts, coming upon the stage with Miss Swansdown, seized her hand and opened the love scene with the familiar words of the fatal letter:

"I love you. I love you with my whole heart."

Lake realized in an instant how he had misinterpreted it all—it was simply Roberts' part in the play which Miss Swansdown had copied off for him!

The moment the act ended Lake was behind the scenes. As Miss Swansdown came down the stairs he grasped her hand—both hands—and spoke to her, as he did so, in such a low voice that I could not hear what he said, but I could see through the open door of the dressing room where I was. She blushed and smilled. He cast a quick glance around to see that no one was looking, and then put his arms around har and kissed her. Then a noise of coming steps disturbed what I regarded as the prettiest group that I had ever seen. As she passed on down stairs he popped into the room. "She's mine?" he said, picking me up as he said so, but he did not mean me.—Will P. Heoper in Pittaburg Bulletin.

Dunth, the starlit city of amphib-

Duruth, the starlit city of amphibious commerce, in winter a smile on ice, and all the year round an agate among the rocks, possessed even now of the bones and sinews and arteries of a mighty city—the pride of the west and the apple of every cyc—shall assume all the charms of rarest beauty with the power and luxury that wealth can give She sits today at the feet of her own possibilities while the passing stars sing together of her coming glory.—Duluth (Minn.) Paragrapher.

THE CULTURE OF MURDER.

to De Dark Deeds.

No fact is more patent to science than the direct effect of influences exerted through the medium of the senses upon the brain—that particular part of the organism whose functioning we call "mind." Darwin, Ruskin and all the great students of development have labored to bring this fact within the cognizance of the general thinking public. That they have failed is only too painfully evidenced by the persistence and surprising ingenuity of the practice of cultivating homicidal propensities, and collaterally murder, by a refined use of the art of mural decoration.

While we empower the police to put down with a strong hand the exhibition in shop windows, and the censor of stage plays and spectacles to interdict the parade in theatres of pictures and scenes of an "immoral" character, because it is recognized that these have a tendency to corrupt the mind of youth—and age too—nothing whatever is done to restrain the daily increasing evil of pictorial placards displayed on every boarding, and of highly wrought scenes produced at nearly all the theatres, which not only direct the thoughts, but actively stir the passions of the people in such way as to familiarize the average mind with murder in all its forms, and to break down that protective sense of "horror" which nature has given us, with murder in all its forms, and to break down that protective sense of "horror" which nature has given us, with the express purpose, doubtless, of opposing an obstacle to the evil influ-ence of the exemplification of homi-cide. It cannot be disguised that even the most sensitive nature is to some extent brutalized by the display of these nictures.

these pictures. We are none of us as shocked at the We are none of us as shocked at the spectacle of a knife driven into the chest of a young woman, and do not recoil as violently from the idea of this form of murder, as before the display on all sides of an elaborate, nearly life size picture of the deed. nearly life size picture of the deed. Nor do two men grappling together and stabbing each other, or one man shooting another with a revolver, strike us as presenting spectacles of such hideous enormity as they would have done had we not been familiarized with these scenes by impressive placards staring us in the face at every turn. It does seem strange—passing turn. It does seem strange—passing strange—that this murder culture by the educationary use of the pictorial art has not been checked by public

authority.
We have no wish to make wild affirmations, but knowing what we do, as observers of development, we can have no hesitation in saying that the increasing frequency of horribly brutal outrages is by no means unaccounta-ble. The viciously inclined are, in a sense, always weak minded—that is to say, they are especially susceptible of influences moving them in the direction their passions incline them to take; and when the mind (or brain) tale; and when the mind (or brain) is impressed through the senses, and particularly the sense of sight, in such manner as to produce mental pictures, either in waking thought or dreams, of homicide, the impulsive organism is, as it were, prepared for the performance of the deeds which form the subjects of the consciousness. We are subjects of the consciousness. We are, of course, writing technically, but the facts are indisputable, and we trust they will be sufficiently plain. It is high time that this ingenious and persistent murder culture should cease.—

How to Master a Book. In reading a book so as to retain a knowledge of its contents, we should first reduce the memory problem to its lowest terms—we should minimize as much as possible the work to be done, by discarding all that is familiar, all that we already know. To this end we should make a careful abstract of what is new to us in each chanter as we proshould make a careful abstract of what is new to us in each chapter as we proceed, using as few words as possible, and those shosen from the text. Making a clear abstract of a book does more good than half a dozen ordinary perusals, as it quickens the intellectual energies by arousing and holding the attention. In reviewing the subject, refer to your abstract, not to the book. When you become expert in making abstracts, you may gradually dispense with written ones, as you find your memory growing stronger. As to the method of memorizing these abstracts, the best way to proceed is as follows: You first associate or connect the title of the book with the title of the first chapter; then the title connect the title of the book with the title of the first chapter; then the title of the chapters to each other; and then in each chapter the leading idea or proposition to the chapter; the second leading idea to the first; facts and illustrations to the principles to which they belong; and so on, to the end of the book. The number of ideas that should be selected from each chapter will depend on the nature of the subject, the degree of sequence or relationship between the parts, and the completeness with which it is desired to be remembered. When you have finished the whole book, and wish to test your knowledge of its contents, turn to the index and see whether you can give a clear account of all the subjects or facts referred to therein.—J. C. Moffett in The Writer.

He Got It Bad.

"Look here, old man," said a young lawyer to a more successful professional brother as he rushed into the latter's office one afternoon. "I want \$5, and I want it bad!" The money was forthcoming, and the unfortunate young limb of the law tucked the bill into his pocket and flew out of the door. The next morning he returned in a great state of excitement and exclaimed: "Say, that bill you gave me yesterday was a counterfeit, and it came near getting me into trouble." The friend awang around in his chair and answered: "Well, you said when you rushed in here that you wanted it bad, and I gave it to you that way."—Albany Journal.

"Miches take unto themselves wings and fly away," said the teacher. "What kind of riches is meant?" And the smart boy at the foot of the class said he "reckened they must be est-rioles."—American Poultry Yord.

The Dog Orphanage at Institutes.

I doubt if many Americans ever go to the dog orphanage at Battersea. We went there to buy a dog for a little black haired maiden who in lieu of her Buffalo cousins was promised a poodle as a winter playmate. The institution is endowed, and has a long list of subscribers, headed by her majesty the queen. To it are sent all the stray dogs and cats picked up by the London policement. Do not suppose, as I did, however, that it is a sort of canine home where orphan or friendless dogs are petted and coddled to a green old age. It is really a pound. For if the luckless dog is not claimed within a given period he is sold or killed. All the curs are packed into a car and go sliding off together into eternity. That is, they find themselves in an air tight chamber which this car exactly fits. As it is charged with noxious gas, the dog, in the euphuistic language of one of the keepers—whose face was scarcely above that of the brute creation around him—"goes to sleep," by which he meant to imply that the

one of the keepers—whose face was scarcely above that of the brute creation around him—"goes to sleep," by which he meant to imply that the death is instantaneous and painless.

The sounds that smote upon our ears as we entered the pound were like those of an orchestra tuning up behind the scenes. All the human instinct there is in the dog is developed when he is thrown on the charity of Battersea, for he stands on his hind legs behind his prison bars, wags his head, paws the air and asks your sympathy in the most melting tones. If you pet one dog in the kennel the whole pack are instantly upon you, brushing their noses against your glove, and if you throw in a morsel of food, they fight like tigers for it. When a kennel becomes too uproarious the keeper quiets it with one lash of the whip. The most touching sight of all is to see the poor little orphaned poodles or pugs—used to the softest cushions and daintiest food—shut up alone in the cold, comfortless pen of Battersea or with a half dozen companions, all equally homesick. Their dejected, limp and seemingly lifeless forms reminded me of nothing so much as myself the day I recrossed the British channel and sung my sorrows to the sea.—Cor. Buffalo Courier.

Nearly every one is familiar with the burying beetle, and many have, perhaps, watched its operations. Noticing that dead moles and other small animals laid on the loose ground soon disappeared, Professor Gleditsch concluded to investigate the cause. Accordingly, he placed a mole in the garden, and on the morning of the third day found it buried some three inches below the surface. Though wondering why this service was perinches below the surface. Though wondering why this service was performed for the dead mole, yet, as he saw only four beetles under the carcass, he reburied it and in six days found it overrun with maggots. It was not until then that the thought struck him that these maggots were the offspring of the beetles he had seen, and that they performed the burial rites in order to provide a place to deposit their eggs, where the newly hatched young might have food for their nourishment.

Continuing his observations, Mr.

Continuing his observations, Mr. Gleditsch placed four of these beetles under a glass case, with two dead frogs. One pair buried the first frog in twelve hours, and on the third day in twelve hours, and on the third day the second one was similarly disposed of. The professor then gave them a dead linnet, and a pair of the beetles set to work to bury it. They pushed out the dirt from beneath the body; then the male drove the female away and worked alone for about five hours, turning the linnet around in a more convenient position, and occasionally mounting the body to tread it down. After resting for an hour it proceeded as before, alternately excavating and pulling the bird from below, and then treading it down from above. It was buried by the end of the third day. In fifty days the four beetles had buried four frogs, three small birds, two fishes, one mole, two grasshoppers, the entrails of a fish and two morsels of the lungs of an ox.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

It is customary to say that wrinkles come from worrying, but the truth is most of them come from laughing. To know how to laugh is just as important as to know when to do it. If you laugh with the sides of your face the skin will work loose in time and wrinkles will form in exact accordance with what kind of laugh you have. The man who always wears a smirk will have a series of semi-circular wrinkles covering his cheeks.

When a gambler, who has been accustomed to suppressing his feelings, laughs, a deep line forms on each side of his nose and runs to the upper corner of his mouth. In time this line extends to his chin and assumes the shape of a half moon. A cadaverous person with a waxlike skin is very apt to have two broadly marked wrinkles, one running up from the jaw and the other under the eye. These meet at right angles at the cheekbone and look as though they formed a knot at the apex. The scholar's wrinkles form on his brow, while the scheming politician's come round his eyes, where they look for all the world like the spokes of a wheel.

How Wives Are Silled.

How Wives Are Killed.

Of course all good husbandmen have provided suitable conveniences to save their wives extra labor and "vexation of spirit," but perhaps this little item, from an Eastern paper, ought to be read as a sort of riot act to some of their neighbors: "See that skeleton of a woman tugging two pails of water up that hill to the house, while at a cost of \$50 an aqueduct would bring water into every building. That man (her husband) has \$5,000 at interest, and three wives of biessed memory in yonder yard. The fourth will soon be beside them, after which there will be an eager contest for the dead woman's harness."—Herald of Health.

METHODS OF HOUSE HEATING

Turnace—steam and Hot Water.

The open fireplace is, on several a counts, to be preferred to any oth means of heating an apartment, insures, when well constructed, it removal of those products of combition which tend to vitiate the atm phere, and at the same time causes a strong current of air to pass from the room through the chimney, by which alone tolerably effective ventilation is

room through the chimney, by which alone tolerably effective ventilation is produced.

But it has certain objectionable features which preclude its employment when a steady and uniform heat is required and when it is especially desirable to avoid irregular currents of air. It is therefore not adapted for use in large rooms, such as hospital wards, where many sick persons are present.

The warmth from a fireplace is not generally diffused throughout the room. The heat is almost entirely communicated by direct radiation, and consequently while that part of the body turned towards the fire is heated perhaps to excess, the portions not exposed to the rays of heat are not sufficiently warmed.

Stoves not only heat the atmosphere by radiation, but also by conduction and hence any organic matters which may be suspended in the air are volutilized on coming in contact with the heated metal. In an open fireplace a great portion of the heat, amounting generally to as much as 90 per cent, is drawn up the chimney, but that given off from a stove is retained in the room to a much greater extent. A serious objection to stoves is that as the air surrounding them becomes heated and specifically lighter it ascends to the ceiling, and therefore the lower strata of air contained in a room heated by a stove are never so hot as the upper.

Furnaces placed a distance from the

lower strata of air contained in a room heated by a stove are never so hot as the upper.

Furnaces placed a distance from the apartments to be heated, generally, under them, are medifications of the ordinry stove, differing only in the fact that air is brought to the stove heated by conduction and then allowed to ascend to the rooms through pipes or flues. If proper precautions are taken to insure a full supply of fresh air from the outside to prevent the mixture of the gases from the fuel with the hot air and to provide sufficient moisture, this method of warming is not very objectionable.

The chief disadvantage of steam as a heating agent consists in the fact that it is difficult to regulate the temperature. The pipes must be kept at 212 degs. Fahrenheif, or condensation of the vapor at once takes place and water is formed. In passing from a state of vapor to that of a liquid steam parts with its latent heat and becomes sensible, and thus the temperature of the pipes is raised. The latent heat of, steam being 1,000 degs., a great source of heat is thus at command; but if the pipes are allowed to cool again below, 213 degs. a fresh portion of steam is condensed, and so on till the whole of it has been converted into water and has parted with all its latent heat.

Hot water affords another excellent means for obtaining artificful warmth, and the principles upon which the process is conducted do not differ

and the principles upon which the and the principles upon which the process is conducted do not differ essentially from those which govern the last described. Pipes are arranged in connection with a boiler containing water. Heat being applied, those particles of the water nearest to the source of the heat first become warmed and at the same time specifically, lighter. If this water were allowed to escape there would be a constant nelighter. If this water were allowed to escape there would be a constant necessity for replenishing the boiler; but after it has lost a portion of its heat it is returned to the boiler and the process is repeated. The pipes may be arranged in coils, contained in boxed under the floor communicating with. the external atmosphere. A register, in the wall or floor allows the hot air to enter the chamber.—Dr. William A. Hammond in New York World.

Our scientists are sometimes up to tricks, but they have a purpose that makes the tricks sometimes far reaching in result. It is quite possible something may come of a dinner lately given by Dr. Rush Huidekoper, chief of the veterinary school of the University of Pennsylvania. The dinner was given to a number of his friends, at the Philadelphia club. The doctor has long owned a famous gray mare, named Pandora. At the dinner one of the principal dishes was on the card as "filet a la Pandora." It was cater and pronounced superb, leading to many inquiries. The doctor quietly waited till all had partaken and approved, when he congratulated himself that his favorite mare was as popular as ever with his friends; "for" he said, "you have just caten her." No revulsions of feelings or sentiment are reported; only the toast to the old mare was drunk in silence. There is no reason known or namable why horse flesh should be wasted any more than cow's flesh. In France the old prejudice is pretty well used up.—Globe-Democrat.

Another "Around the Werld" Bicyclist.

A bicyclist rival of Thomas Stevens is Mr. Hugh Callan, a Glasgow clergyman, who, after wheeling from Paris, entered Constantinople on Oct. I. His route lay over France, into Alsace by Belfort, along the Rhine from Basio to Constance, up the Arlberg Pass to Innsbruck, over the Brenner Pass, through Carinthia by Villach, and Carniola by Laibach, through Croatia by Agram and down by the Bave to Semlin and Belgrade. From Belgrade he rode down Servia to Nisch, over the mountains to Pirot, thence into Bulgaris, through the Dragoman Pass to Sophia, over Trajan's Pass to Philippopolis and by Adrianople and Silivria into Stamboul. In all about 1,830 miles. He caught the fover in Servia and lay ill of it a week in Sophia. His intention is to prolong his journey on through Asia Minor into Syria and Palestine as far as Jerusalem.—New York Sun.