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Above, beyond a form of grace,
Or all the blandishments of art,
Or queenly beauty of her face,
I prize my little lady's heart;
It is a world, all stainless, pure,
With a classels of trath within,
And write sentines the door.
Where never yet has entered ain.

What if her cheeks are red with health Do not such shadows come and go? The soul's the source of all true wealth,

At least the angels tell me so!
And so I worship at a shrine,
Whose sacraments with love begin,
My taiy is but half divine,
And yet her beart's untouched by sin.

Henry E. Orr in the Wirginian

ROY'S BATTLE.

voice, "this is a red letter day."

The speaker was a huge fellow with a tangled mass of black hair on his head, a cigarette in his mouth and an insolent

wagger in his manner. Roy stopped and glanced around. Yes, there was another, and he looked like an American. He was long and lean and lank, but looked eager and intelligent. He was looking shyly and curiously into the studio of the "Beaux Arts." His gray tweed suit was worn and seedy in the extreme. There was a real hunger in his eye, and his hands seemed to trem-ble as he still kept them on the half open

The hall was a long one, and there seemed to be a perfect forest of easels, from each of which had sprung a wild looking figure, with unkempt looks and dancing black eyes and mocking grins.

"Walk in, gentiemen," cried one voice.
"You weren't expected this morning, or
we'd have had the studio painted." Roy had heard something of the reception given to a new student at the Beaux Arts, so he kept his temper and

owed.
Delighted to welcome a native of the land of the great Barnum," cried another, seizing Roy's hand and working it like a pump handle. "How many scalps have you on hand?"

"Two new fellows-a double treat, Here, monsieur, interrogate the gentle-men. But first let us give three cheers for the United States!"

These cheers are given with gusto, and

the supervisor approaches Roy.
"Thirty franca from you."
Roy reddens, and looks at his com-

panion. It is rather hard for two free born American citizens to be brow-beaten in this way. "What do they mean," asks the other.

"It's a tax on every newcomer."
"Must we pay it?" "Must we pay it?"

"I suppose so; it's a beastly shame."

"But—I cannot," faltered the other.

"I have only five francs in the world."

"Stop chattering, new fellows," cried the supervisor. "We're thirsty."

Roy felt a strange pity for the lank young man with the hungry eyes,

"Only five francs? Oh! I see; your continuous has not arrived."

remittance has not arrived. "I-never get remittances," faltered

"Why, how do you live?"
"I work my way."
"A thousand thunders," vociferated the supervisor. "In the name of George Washington, how long must we wait? "It's no use—I—must give it up for the present," said the young man, grow-ing paler, and casting a longing look at the forest of easels.

"Stop! I will pay for you," exclaimed Roy, with a sudden impulse of friendli-tess to the forlorn being. "You can give it back—when you're able."

He was unprepared for the tears that suddenly rushed into the cavernous hungry eyes of the other.
"Thanks: You have saved me; and

"Thanks. You have saved me; and if ever I forget it"

He held out one gaunt, bony hand, that still trembled in Roy's grasp.
"I believe the fellow is hungry," Roy decided, his heart melting at the thought. So, after the noisy crew had disposed of the feast and drank the health of the two and of all their conventions.

of the feast and drank the health of the two and of all their compatriots, he invited his new acquaintance to dinner, and they grew quite confidential over it.

"I haven't a relative in the world but a maiden aunt, who believes in my genius and sent me over here," satis Roy. "I had some opinion of myself at home. I thought I knew something of art matters. I am now certain I am a dunce. I've been here a year, working with a teacher. I've been getting rid of all the old methods, and haven't any new ones. That's my condition at present."

"I have not even an aunt—I am alone. "I have not even an aunt—I am alone. I depend upon myself, and have lived so far," said the other, who gave Roy a somewhat battered bit of pasteboard. "That is my name; and I have a den at that number. I intend to go in for all the prizes, and if pluck and work can do anything I shall win. You have done ma a service today"—

"Never mind that," interrupted Roy, looking at the card and reading thereon the name of "Nathan Lang," written in a bold free hand. "We must stand by one another against these Phillistines."

In this way a friendship began that lasted through the year. One lowering night toward the end of it Roy Mather was making his way somewhat gloomily

was making his way somewhat gloomily through that picture upe tangle of streets called the Latin Quartier. He had just received a letter from Aunt Roxie which he had stopped by a lighted window to

It ran as follows:

"Dear Roy—I've got to tell you some bad news. There sin't no emapin' of it, or puttin' of it off. But perhaps, by this time, you've a carvin' out your fortune, and gettin' able to do without help. I hope you'll keep to a straight and narrer path, and never deviate into painthy them there Wenuses and Dinahs which is a pervertin' public taste, and didn't ought to be allowed. The bad news is that I ventured all my little fortin' in an old well, which accordin' to our Decom Josiah Blater was a runnin' eighteen thousin' harrels a day. Well, it's run off all my money, at any rate. There's an old tayin' about truth bein' at the bottom old a well, but that wasn't the one I recten. Descen Stater Jows it was to be, an' it's no use a goin' egin the ordinances; but take't clear to me as Providence had amplaing to do with it, and I don't know ar' twill be to you, and so I dence had supplying to do with it, and I don't know as 'twill be to you, and so I told him. He spoke quite feelin' about you, an' said if the paintin' didn't turn put a good job, there was the place as

bookkeeper in his button factory as you unportant; to him it is worth nothing, could have at any time, and so farewell. At that moment a subtle voice seemed

Roy had crushed this letter in his hand, and walked on with the feeling that he had nothing more to hope or expect in this world. He had, in fact, been work. ing against hope for the last month, with a cold, despairing feeling settling down about his heart. He was one of the competitors for a prize, but each day he passed his brush over the day's work with an angry vehemence, obliterating his failures,
"I am a gigantic mistake," he said to

himself gloomily. "There's nothing left for me but to go back to the button facfor me but to go back to the button fac-tory. There's nothing in me. I can't get up the ghost of a conception for a picture. My figures look as if cut out of pasteboard, my skies are like Aunt Rox-anna's bluing, my rocks are pasty. Heigho! I could almost wish I'd lived in those wonderful days of magic and wizards. If any obliging gentleman in black should appear now and say, 'Roy Mather, you shall have your heart's de-

A flerce "sacre" came from the advancing foe, but the next moment it was changed to a greeting. A saflow faced, dark eyed gentleman in black stopped

suddenly, and then said:
"It is Monsieur Mather, eh? Ah! you come, I suppose, from your friend-ahl the poor young man-cut down like a

"What do you mean?" cried Roy, recnizing a fellow student.
"Is it that you ask me? Why, I thought it was with you, Damon, and what you call the other?"

"Nover mind! What is the matter with Lang?" "Oh! he is dying, that is all!" Roy turned away and walked rapidly.

He had been so occupied with his work, having a studio of his own now, that he had hardly thought of Lang for three weeks, and his conscience smote him.

But certainly Mather could not be so desperate, or his friend would have let

him know.

He made his way up the dim stairway, meeting no one. When he pushed open the door of Lang's room there was no light or any sound save a half smothered

moan from the bed. He found a match after awhile and lit a candle. Then he called his friend by

name, but there was no answer.

He took the light in his hand. A horrible fear was clutching at his heart as he walked toward the bed, for the moaning had ceased. And at the first glance it looked as if the shadow that hes in wait for all of us had indeed crossed that threshold, and laid a dim hand upon one

aching brow. Roy, "and no one beside him to hear his last words or to hold his hand in the supreme moment, Perhaps, though, there may be some faint pulse of life. If I had

some stimulants"——
He bathed the cold face with water first, and then looked about for some

thing stronger.

In doing this he saw an easel, and upon it stretched a finished picture, that even in that faint and dim light glowed with life and power. There was a tall headland, pine crowned, draped with dainty ferns. Above it the misty air seems like amber, the sky is of melting gold. Below, the sea, with its emerald light and foam crested waves and flame opals of light. And where the reeds seem to thrill with the wind stands one

like a lily queen, A miracle of snow and gold. It is Miranda on her island. She looks

at Roy with fearless, innocent but tender She lives! It would hardly seem a miracle if she stepped forth and touched his hand. Ah! this is genius! He recog-

nizes it with a groan. And the man whose cunning hand has done the work is lying there dead! It is sothing to him now, that he would have won the prize. What are earthly laurels to him, who sees the amaranth's deathless bloom? What are all the triumphs or the toil to one on whom a new day dawns in the land where there shall be

"I must take care of this picture," said Roy. "He would have given it to me, and it will not do to let it fall into the hands of"—

he hands of"——
He had rolled it up with this thought, and hearing the door open turned to face

"So, some one at last. And how is it that you make your way into my house, and ask no leave? The doctor it is who has forbidden?"

"The poor fellow is a friend of mine, and if you will get a little wine, I think he is in a faint."

"Wine? Ah! but hear! Does he not owe me fifty francs? And he was to pay with his grand prize, and he was to pay with his grand prize, and here he has escaped—died out of pure malice—to cheat me. But I will have all—all he has had the grace to leave. Typhus, too; that frightens my lodgers. Ali, I am a lone woman, and have no one to take my

lone woman, and have no one to take my part!"

"Typhus!" cried Roy, looking at the bed with a fear for himself selfishly springing up in his heart. "Here take this, and I will aend some wine for him."

He offered the woman money, and then stooped once more over his friend. There was no pulse.

"Thanks; monsiour is a gentleman," exclaimed the woman. "I will do all for this friend; but he will not drink the wine! Oh, no! the poor youth has ontered the habitations of the blest, and needs not the wine any more now. Monsieur must think of his safety; the fever is very hed,"

Roy did think of his own malety. He

Boy did think of his own miety. He could do no more, and why should be risk his life? He went down the stairway once more, and with the picture under his erm. Long had left enough in his room to pay funeral expenses, and that was all that remained to be done.

distre was no mistake about him. He and I conly have fallen on me. If I could only do I win this prize, the money would keep about the a year. And who knows what turn another year's work would do for me?

Ob, the mony of fare! To me it is all

"But his work lives after him. may still win the prize."

Roy felt as if the voice came from without, and turned and looked about him. He saw the rolled up picture lying on the table, and thought there could be the table.

no harm in taking one more look. He stretched it upon his easel, and gazed at with envy and delight.
"After all, it would harm no one," he

thought. "I would have done anything for him—living. I would not have de-serted him on a barren island or thrown him to wolves! I would not save myself in any way at his expense. But now, if I can save myself without injuring him, why not?"
And then commenced one of those un-seen battles on the battle ground of the human beart, where no

nor trumpet sounds tell of victory-no drum of defeat, but where the destiny of souls are ofttimes decided, and all is lost or won for time and eternity!

So three days passed, and one day, impelled by an irresistible force, Roy turned into the street where Lang had his humble room. But as he reached the corner he saw a coffin borne out, and turned shuddering away. It was all over, then. He could do his friend no harm, even if he won the prize through him!

Roy painted no more his ineffective pictures. Each day he gloated instead over the magical island, with its wind swept ferns, its lambent skies and luminous air. Each day he looked into the blue eyes of the island queen, and felt assured of his own triumph. It was a time of fever and unrest till the final day, when, mounted in a frame that had cost his very last franc, he sent the picture to the judges, and sat down to wait. He pawned his watch and lived upon the proceeds while he waited. He did not sleep well any more; his old buoyancy had deserted him.

had deserted him.

He took a step forward. There was time, and he would save himself yet. What matter if chaos came afterward? He would have done his duty. But how could be face those ranks of spectators and tell his crime? He faltered and fell back-it was too late. He heard a hum of voices. Some one was speaking, but he could not distinguish the words. He did not know till some one pushed him forward, and a voice said in his ear:

"Look alive, old fellow! It is your name they are calling. Your picture has taken the prize, and no wonder. How you have blossomed out. It's no

How you have blossomed out. It's no more your old style"—Roy felt himself pushed over toward the platform. Was there no help?

He made a strong effort to speak as he met the smiling faces on every hand.

"It is not mine," he managed to say.
"There is a mistake." A great burden seemed to roll away from him at these words. He could lift his head once more among his fellow men! He was no longer a perjured

A murmur rose on every side. What did it all mean? The professors stared at him and at one another. "What does it mean, then? Why are

you here? Let the painter of Miranda come forward and claim the prize," "You're fading away, my boy," one. of his fellow painters said, on meeting him the morning of the decision. "And what has become of your chum? He was always ethereal. Has he sailed

away like thistle down on a puff of wind? I thought he was painting for the

moment that he might think.

Roy shuddered. From what pale ranks of disembodied spirits would they call back the artist of the prize?

"I—I will explain," he began.

But the words were frozen on his lips, for before him, pale, gaunter than ever, hollow eyed, purple lipped, with slow and wavering steps, he saw his friend appear.

"I am here!" a hollow voice said near "I was ill, and my friend sent the

picture for ma,"

Roy heard no more. The excitement of the past six weeks had done their

of the past six weeks had done their work. At that voice from the dead, for so it seemed, he staggered and feli!

When he came back to his senses, Lang bent over him kindly.

"You're all right now, old fellow," he said. "I ought to have given you warning. I'm just able to be out."

"Don't take my hand. I am a swindler," cried Roy. "You don't know. I meant"—

"But you didn't. You were brave at the last, in the face of all! I say you are a trump. Come, never speak of it again. Let us take a studio togather, and I'll stand the expense out of the prize, till you do something really good. Work will do it, old fellow."

Roy did succeed at last. His battle had taught him something.—H. W. Pierson in Once a Week.

A Satisfactory Answer.

Mrs. Newma—Now tell me, Mrs. Barkins, do you believe in one cow's milk for the buby?

Mrs. Barkins—Waal, that depends on the child. Ef he's a good, strong, healthy baby, and wants it, I'd give him two cows' milk; but sakes alive, it 'pears as it any ord'nary baby oughtn't t' want more'n one cow could furnish.—Harper's Bazar.

School in China.

In China school begins at daylight and continues until it is too dark to read. This is a bit of information for those who wish to seek positions as tenchers in the Celestial empire, and may also account for the diagonal slope of the Chinese optic, which is probably thus bent out of shape by study in the pliant years of immunity.—Botton Budget.

RUSSIA AS A COMPETITOR.

Cotton Raising Segion.
Till recently Russia has constituted a little world of its own and its immense population has not disturbed the people living in other countries. In seeking to enlarge its borders it has had troubles with other nations, but otherwise it has with other nations, but otherwise it has not crossed their track. It has not been a competitor in the great commercial marks of the world. It has produced some superior leather and iron that have been used for certain purposes, but lately it has been held that articles equally good here. have been made in other countries. has exported considerable wheat, but there has been little fear that the amount would be increased. It has not seriously injured our market for grain and meat, while it has bought our cotton, tobacco and petroleum.

But within the past four years Russia has revolutionized the petroleum trade of the world. It has established lines for conveying oil from near the Caspian to vessels for carrying it in bulk not only to all the leading ports of western Europe, but to Africa, India and Australia. The Russians were the first to use crude petroleum for fuel on locomotive and stationary steam boilers, for making illuminating gas for burning brick and

earthenware.

Recent English papers state that arrangements have been made for bringing frozen beef, pork, mutton and poultry from Russia to British ports during the coming winter, and the belief is expressed that live animals and eggs will soon be brought at all seasons of the year. If desirable they can be brought most of the distance by rail or sent all the way by water from ports on the Baltic sea. It is now believed that immense quantities of grain raised in Siberia will be sent to England, France and Germany from the same ports. Siberia is the largest if not the best grain territory in the world. It is capable of supplying all western Europe with breadstuffs. The central and southern portions of it are well

adapted for raising wool. The building of the Transcaspian rail-road has opened up one of the finest cotton raising regions in the world. The soil is rich and the climate delightful. Labor there is cheaper than in Egypt or India. One-half the cotton used in Russian mills last year was produced in central Asia, and efforts will be made to produce the entire amount needed within he next four years. At the end of that time Russia expects to export raw cotton. The profits of raising it in a region where plowing may be done during most of the year and where no fertilizers are required are enormous. With cars and steamers run by petroleum cotton raised in central Asia may within five years be

laid down in Liverpool to compete with that produced in the United States.

The region traversed by this same sys-tem of railroads, is also said to be wonderfully adapted to the production of fine wool and tobacco. For centuries large flocks of sheep and goats have been kept there and have been the chief sources of wealth. With good facilities for transporting their fleeces it is likely that these flocks will be largely increased. Some state that the tobacco raised in central Asia is superior to that produced in Turkey, which is preferred for making eigarettes and smoking in pipes.-Chi-

One of Pompeil's Victims. A few days ofterwards I returned for "So he was," stammered Roy, with a guilty flush on his face, "but sickness and the hill now came into relations with "Your place, messieurs," cried a stern voice, and Roy felt relieved.

He was trembling, novertheless. He felt giddy, as one who stands on the verge of a precipice. He stood by a window and could catch a glimpse of a blue sky, and one fleecy, wind swept cloud. Could any one look down from those shining battlements? he wondered with a vague shiver. Could one know the griefs and joys, the temptations and triumphs of feet as they were when entembed in the and one fleecy, wind swept cloud. Could any one look down from those shining battlements! he wondered with a vague shiver. Could one know the griefs and joys, the temptations and triumphs of those left behind? His head seemed in a whirt, as if a hundred wheels were turning there. He longed to stop it all for a moment that he might think.

Boy shuddered. From what pale ranks of disembedied spirits would there call. bestowed upon it immortality. Today Pompeii lives, while thousands of cities which have been spared have perished and passed forever.—Florence Cor. Bos-ton Globe.

Count Kalaoky's One Flager Triets.

Count Kalaoky has been trying the one finger trick of his once too often, and has received a lesson which he will not forget in a hurry. The count has a very exaited notion of his own dignity, especially on official occasions, and has a habit of extending only one finger to diplomatists under the first rank. At Vienna a few days ago he mot a man, well known in London circles for the facility with which he has run through two fortunes, and is now axilently

facility with which he has run through two fortunes, and is now asciently angling for a third. The count had fracternized with this individual on the neutral ground of London drawing rooms and had frequently dined with him.

But in Viennese diplomatic circles the count did not sonsider it necessary to maintain the friendship, and on meeting his old chum coolly extended the stereotyped forefinger. The other gazed for a moment through the eyeglass which he always wears, at the rigid digit, and then as coolly advanced his own forefinger, and with it touched somewhat gingerly that of the count. The latter blushed foriously, and scanned the faces of those around to see if notice had been taken of the greeting. Of course there were smiles, which were checked as soon as possible; but the lesson was well merited, and should be taken to heart.—London Modern Society.

A Southere Terrapin Farm.

A Yankee has established a terrapin farm about sixty miles from Mobile. An inclosure of three acres in extent contains several ditches 100 feet in length and 10 feet in width, and these are fiiled and 10 feet in width, and these are filled with salt water by two canals. In these ditches about 30,000 turtles are domesticated. In winter they lie imbedded in the mitd, and are very convenient creatures to keep, seeing as this season they never cut any food. The turtles cost about \$1 per season to feed, and sell in New York for \$17 per dozen.—Washington Post.

San Pedro is a place of summering, a villegiatura for wealthy Guadalajara familes, who pass there the months of September and October. June 13 is observed as a great festival, for on that date, 1821, San Pedro seconded the cry of independence, raised by Iturbide in Yguala. It is a drowsy little town, with politery rotters everywhere. But let

Yguala. It is a drowsy little town, with pottery, pottery everywhers. But let not the stranger prepare himself for immense kilns nor extensive factories. In a 6x10 room with a mud floor and two or three reed mats, a table and two or three gaudy, highly colored pictures of saints for furniture, squat two or three Indians, yes, of the barefoot, white cotton drawered class of citizens. If they make curs flasks, etc., they may have a make cups, flasks, etc., they may have a little hand lathe and some molds; other-wise, the clay, a few wooden spatulas, a knife or two and their fingers are the knife or two and their lingers are the implements, while a little furnace may be found out in the garden, cowering away behind noble quince trees or overladen mangoes. Perhaps a dozen little clay pipkins on the pine table hold the pigments used for coloring the wares.

But the variety of vessels and toys is infinite, and, in the finer grades, the work is marvelous. Water sets, bottle, tray, cup and stopple, of exquisite finish; money banks in the form of ducks, pigs, fish, and myriad shapes of fruit and flowers, now conventionalized, now true to life; a thousand types of woodmen, beg-gars, gentlemen, soldiers, each with his own individual expression so faithfully copied that one seems to savor the less of the nevero and hear the mearthly howl of the blind fiddler, with his gleaming teeth and hollow mouth where the raised tongue fairly seems to wiggle. It is strange enough that many of the best varieties of this ware are never seen on sale elsewhere, not even in the City of Mexico. Strangely, too, these artisan artists are not elever at modeling women. Few of their types are feminine, nor are they successful at the portraiture of women in the busts which they model from life after five minutes study of a subject. subject. They charge dear for these busts, though; one hardly cares to pay \$10 or \$12 for a statuette of clay, which may go to pieces in a hard jar on the railway.—Y. H. Addis in San Francisco Chronicle.

Capt. Caster and the Chief. "It is a source of wonder to the whites," says Mr. McFadden, "that the bodies of Gen. Custer and his brother Tom were not mutilated in the massacre. It is well known that the treacherous chief Rain-in-the-Face had sworn that he would eat Tom Custer's heart. The way

he came to make that threat was this Rain-in-the-Face had committed some depredation in Nebraska for which he was wanted by the United States officers— horse stealing, I think it was. He took refuge at Standing Rock, and Gen. Custer sent a sergeant with a detail from Fort Lincoln to bring him in. The sergeant was compelled to return with-our his prisoner. The general then said to-his brother, Tous, go to Standing Rock and bring bacs Rain-in-the-Face or leave your own body there." The captain, who never refused to obey orders, started on his errand with a detail of cav-

airy.

"It so happened that the day no reached Standing Rock was the day on which rations were issued at the agency. There were fully 5,000 Indians at the place. Capt. Custer placed his detail so as to surround the trading post. He dismounted, and, with a revolver in one hand and a saired to the other. hand and a sword in the other, entered the building. When he got inside he asked, 'Where is Rain-in-the-Face?' crowded with friends of the chief. The captain then told the interpreter to point out Bain in the Face. This was done, and stepping up to him the intrepid cavalry officer placed the muzzle of his

revolver at the Indian's head and said: "Rain-in-the-Face, I want you. If you make an attempt to escape I'll shoot you. If your friends interfere I will blow your brains out. I have but one life to lose, and if they shoot me you will die also.

"Rafn-in-the-Paces said he would submit, but on going out at the door he said:
'It is your turn now, but some day I will eat your heart.'"—New York Mail and

The Earth's Cloud Belts. The researches of M. Teisserene de Bort show a marked tendency of the earth's cloudiness throughout the year to arrange itself in zones parallel to the to arrange itself in zones parallel to the equator. A belt of maximum cloudiness may be traced near the equator, two bands of light cloudiness extending from 15 to 55 degs, of initude north and south, and two zones of greater cloudiness between 45 and 60 degs, beyond which the sky seems to become clearer, toward the poles. These zones have a noticeable tendency to follow the sun in its change of declination, moving northward in spring and southward in fall. The zones of slear sky correspond with regions of high pressure. The distribution of cloudiness is a direct consequence of the course of the winds.—Arkansaw Traveler.

New York's Enermous Charities.

New York's charities are something enormous. That a million of dollars are given to the poor of this city every year could easily be shown, but that doesn't touch the question. This matter is something that affects our social structure from corner stone to cap sheaf. It is employment these people need. Self support is the first essential in the great problem of self respect. No man who lives on borrowed money, no man who is the recipient of continuous charity, can respect himself. The meanest and cheapest man who walks the streets has his moments of sober thought, and it is these moments of sober thought, and the city.—

Joe Howard in Chicago News. New York's Enormous Charities

An Interesping Origin

An Interesting Origin.

The ping dog as a pet had an interesting origin. He was first imported from China and Japan, and came into fashios in the reign of William III. It is stated that the king believed his life to have been saved by a dog of this breed awakening him to his danger when a murder-ous attack was about to he made on the prince.—Chicago Herald.

Birth's good; but breeding's better,-

THE ISLAND OF BIRDS

Pocullarities of a Little Isle of Whitel The Island of Birds-for such, it

The Island of Birds—for such, it has been conjectured, is the meaning of the word "Foula"—is not so frequently visited by the tourist as it deserves to be. Situated at a distance of lifteen miles from the nearest part of the mainland of Shethand, its cloudlike form, which seems to float on the horizon, is visible from every hill top of any importance in the archipelago.

The eye of the observer of the picturesque, as it glides along the distant prospect, is caught by the fine bold peaks of Foula, and returns again and again from its general survey to gaze fondly on that island as the finest feature of the scens. Nor is it only at a distance that it looks grand.

beaten by waves which have rolled with-out a check all the way from Greenland, are the loftiest in the British Isles. The highest hill is the Sneuk, which has an altitude of over thirteen hundred feet above the sea. Another peak, almost as high, confronts the ocean as a stupendous precipice from summit to base. These crags are the homes of innumeral

fowl, the norie or sea parrot and the kittiwake being most abundant. On the cast side the rocks are comparatively low, but not uninteresting. On

On the cast side the rocks are comparatively low, but not uninteresting. On the north there are some remarkable stacks, or isolated rocks, one of them being pierced by a lofty Gothic archway, and another surmounted by a ruin. The hollow center of the island affords peat, and the grassy slopes at the back of the cliffs afford good pasturage for cattle and sheep and a number of handsome ponies.

The population numbers 270, and, with the exception of three families, is engaged in crofting and fishing. The Fonlassi are masters of many trades. They make their own turning tathes and spinning wheels. Some can repair clocks and watches; all can make and cobble shoes. A few are weavers and tailors, as well as dyers. Every man is a mason. The women clip, and, I am afraid; sometimes roo or pluck the sheep. They spin the wool and knit excellent stockings and sailors frocks or jerseys. I believe if a Foulaman were to be placed naked on a desert coast with nothing in his possession but a clasp knife he would not only contrive to find food for his support, but in a short time would, by his usaided efforts, be provided with clothes, with a house having a clock on the walls and with a boat and fishing tackle.

When they go to sea they never use the language that is employed on shore, but a jargon sacred to the occasion. A woman they call "cloven foode" or "hemelte," a parson is an "upstander," and the church is a "bone house," and so on.

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To use a land word in a boat is certain to frighten away the fish. A copper coin is nailed on every keel to prevent the "brigdy" (which is the Danish name for the basking shark) from sucking the boat to the bottom. A worsted thread having nine knots on it is tied around a joint

nine knots on it is tied around a joint when it is sprained.

Sick cows are cured by drawing it tom cat by the ta'l over their backs. If a minister or a person with flat feet crosses the path of a man going out fishing no fish will be got. To accidentally wet the feet when stepping into the bost is a favorable sign. A cat should never be mentioned when a man is bating his line.

A rusty nail from a coffin will cure the toothache if used as a toothpick, and a sip of water from an old kneepan is a sovereign remedy for some disorders. To

nine pieces of peat into a kettle above the fire before proceeding to sea.

A hen should be set when the tide is A hen should be set when the tide is flowing, and an egg should be placed among the seed corn before it is sown. When a sheep is being slaughtered indoors no woman should pass between it and the fire. Stacks should be built and the ground dug according to the apparent course of the sun. Boats always take at turn sunward before going to sea.—London World.

The Barber Shops of Europe. The comparison between the barber abop of America and the barber shop of Europe is the comparison between a palace and a hovel. Luxury in a barber and a hovel. ace and a hovel. Luxury in a barber shop across the water, even in Paris, is an unknown quantity. The American barber aims to make his shop as attractive, his chairs as luxurious and comfortable as possible. In decorations and fitting up generally many shops in American are exceedingly artistic. In Europe things are different. An American visiting Paris or London, on placing himself in the hands of a native barber, will at once sigh for the land of his birth, and would even onjoy the gossip of his

self in the hands of a native barber, will at once sigh for the land of his birth, and would even onjoy the gossip of his American harber.

In the provincial towns and cities of Germany a barber is an institution. He is a dignitary to some extent. The head barber never shaves a man. He hirse assistants to do that. He must be a surgeon and a dentist. He pulls teeth, cups and leeches, cuts off a leg or arm if necessary, but he never draws a rator seroes a customer's face. The head barber's assistants start out with their shaving outfits early in the morning and do the shaving right at the homes of customers, who make a contract for a year to be shaved so many times a week for so much—generally about \$10 is the price. Customers must be at home when the barber calls or they will not be shaved until the next trip. There are very few shops and very popr ones in Germany. The European on visiting America is astounded at the luxury, the artistic arrangement and general elegance of the American burber shop.—George Werner in Globe-Democrat.