THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

J. D. KERNODLE.
ATTORNEY AT LAW
GRAHAM, N. C.
Practices in the State and Federal Cours will faithfully and promptly attend to all bu ssesntrusted to him

DR. G. W. WHITSETT,
Surgeon Dentist,
GREENSBORO, - - - N. C.
Will also visit Alamance. Calls in the country attended. Address me at Greensboro. dec 8 tf

JACOB A. LONG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
GRAHAM, - - - N. C
May 17, '88.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Yours truly,
Oct 4 1y "SHAW."

CONSUMPTIVE

HINDERCORNS.

MASTER AND REAPERS.

The master called to his reapers:
"Make scythe and sickle keen,
And bring me the grain from the uplands,
And the grass from the meadows green;
And from off of the mist clad marshes,
Where the salt waves fret and foam,
Ye shall gather the rustling sedges
To furnish the harvest home."

Then the laborers cried: "O master,
We will bring thee the golden grain
That waves on the windy hillside,
And the tender grass from the plain;
But that which springs on the marshes
Is dry and harsh and thin,
Unlike the sweet field grasses,
So we will not gather it in."

But the master said: "O foolish!
For many a weary day,
Through storm and drought ye have labored
For the grain and the fragrant hay.
The generous earth is fruitful,
And breezes of summer blow,
Where these, in the sun and the dews of heaven,
Have ripened soft and slow.

"But out on the wide bleak marsh land
Hath never a plow been set,
And with rapine and rage of hungry waves
The shivering soil is wet.
There flower the pale green sedges,
And the tides that ebb and flow,
And the biting breath of the sea wind,
Are the only care they know.

"They have drunken of bitter waters,
Their food hath been sharp sea sand,
And yet they have yielded a harvest
Unto the master's hand.
So shall ye all, O reapers,
Honor them now the more,
And garner in gladness, with songs of praise,
The grass from the desolate shore."
—Zoe Dana Underhill in Harper's Magazine.

TALE OF A PROOF READER

I have reached the mature age of twenty-six years without achieving any other distinction in life than a place as proof reader in a publishing house. That may seem a small honor to the uninitiated, but my work is intellectual and very comprehensive. That I am capable of doing it argues for me a wide range of information, a mind finely critical. If I were not mentally superior to the masses could I derive a comfortable income from running down their mistakes? Would not my own ignorance be apparent on many a printed page if I did not with steady hand seize and thurst out of sight the ignorance and carelessness of those who write? I am closeted all day with Webster and Worcester; I am familiar with all books of reference. I read and write German and French, I can trace every English word to its root, and translate Latin and Greek. I am not an egotist when I tell you these things, for I must take my place among the workingwomen of Chicago as one who is paid far less than the successful dressmaker, milliner or cook. Indeed, I have often envied my sisters who achieve success in either of these lines. The artist in dressmaking commands her price; the milliner's taste and style render her independent; the accomplished cook whose faultless dinners lead her on to fortune—all these create something that can be appreciated, admired and weakly imitated. My work is sadly negative. My sins are those of omission, not of commission. Who ever hears of the errors I eradicate, the thought I spend upon the printed page? For the work I do I win the cordial hatred of those who work about me—the printer, the foreman, even the inky boy who brings work to my hands. These all hate me for the things I do, while I am in constant terror from things I do not do. What proof reader has not stood aghast at some glaring error which he did not run to earth on the first proof, but overtook by chance on a revise? What if his tired eyes had missed it then? It would have wrought ruin to an entire volume—and to him.

How I secured my position I need not relate. It was after long and hard fight for it, which I began at nineteen years. Till then I had been a ward of charity, wearing in my baby days the blue check apron of the Foundlings' home. I was educated at the expense of the church, and when first I tried my small strength against the world it was as copyholder in a great publishing house in Chicago. I am able now to earn $15 per week—after seven years. I am little of a pessimist and my life has not been given over to melancholy, but to work. I give ten hours of each day to my tasks. That absorbs my energy, breaks my spirit and will and leaves me tired and depressed. I have been employed on Monroe street, in a house that is old and well known. Its air is full of foul odors, it is dark and without ventilation. I climb five flights of stairs to my work in the morning, taking my way through rooms full of human beings struggling for daily bread against greater odds than I, and who even envy me. All day I hear the throbbing and beating of the great presses, the click of the type in the printers' fingers. I see their faces about me, anxious and poverty tried, and I have seen them so for five years, and sometimes hope dies within me.

Touch a book with reverent fingers, ye who are ignorant of its mechanism. Over its pages flows the life blood of many an humble toiler. Mayhap its fair, white leaves have been dampened with women's tears, for so many working women are heartsick and discouraged.

Five years of this life will render the hopeful woman strong minded and cynical. She will need the unlovely strength she develops in a city that harbors and gives subsistence to 40,000 bachelors. Forty thousand strong men, who smoke and eat, sleep and pursue their solitary lives, spending yearly means enough to keep up homes. And where every morning 40,000 women tramp hurriedly through our streets, a terrible army, each with her face set toward some store, office or workshop. These women do not seek health nor strength nor womanliness—they must lose these better elements. They will not win wages enough to keep them through chance sickness nor certain old age—not one in a thousand does that. They will not be made better, mentally or morally, by ceaseless toil. They will only clothe and feed themselves, that they may come on the morrow and again, till their faces are pinched and bloodless and the grace of youth has left them; till they are not fit for wives and mothers, for they are old and sad, and each of the 40,000 bachelors wants a wife whose temper is sunny and sweet and who does not know the world so well as these working women of Chicago.

There was a time in my life when I tried the nunlike life of a Young Woman's home, a home reared and upheld by good women for those who, like me, are homeless, and lo! no soul could have been more desolate than mine within its walls. I ate and drank and slept and went my daily round, made more wretched at the sight of my struggling sisters who were not so well equipped for the battle of life as I, and then I fled from the "home" into the Chicago boarding house. I found one on Michigan avenue, kept by Mrs. McGillicuddy. My home life was at least independent. Mrs. McGillicuddy's heart was honest and kind, her little parlors were tidy, her table bore wholesome fare. There was only her daughter Josie, who owned the piano, and Jack, the McGillicuddy son and heir, who troubled or annoyed me, and from the son and daughter and piano I could always retreat to my room. It was new to me to take a holiday, but one morning I slept till long after the whistles had ceased to blow. I could not have reached my proof room even at 8, so I wandered out lazily into the June sun, over the city and toward the North side. I reached the bridge at State street and stepped upon it just as it swung to give passage to a panting little steamer. There was only one person on the bridge, a gentleman. He stood quite near me as we swung slowly out over the river. He might have been thirty-five or so. He was broad shouldered and jolly looking, and a little sunbrowned. He looked at me earnestly, and I noticed that he had keen, honest, hazel eyes. But, to my amazement, he pronounced my name and held out his hand. "I am Wallace Adams," he explained; "you were a schoolmate of my sister Ida, at Westfield. I met you there. I was sure I could not be mistaken."

"That was ten years ago," I stammered, feeling my years suddenly rising up before me.

"You are not much changed, Miss Hunter—you are very pale and thin, but I have always remembered you,"

The bridge swung slowly round, releasing us, but my new found friend did not leave me. We walked slowly home, talking of those we had known, of Ida Adams, who was dead, of each other, and Mr. Adams told me he had just come from Oregon. "For the convention—perhaps I shall stay awhile after it." He left me with permission to call that evening, and that began a new life for me. He called, and we talked awhile, and then, to my surprise, Wallace Adams asked me to marry him.

Women who sit in high places in society will shudder at my boldness and want of delicacy, at Mr. Adams' vulgarity, at the disregard of all orthodox rules of courtship. But I looked back upon five lost and unhappy years, forward to a lifetime of blind groping after money that somehow slipped away from the hands that won it from the world so hardly. And there was hope and cheer for me in looking into the man's hazel eyes. I had neither father, mother nor friends, and, though I had never known it, a home would be so dear to me. I hesitated and half promised.

But I did not lose caution. I asked for time, a little longer acquaintance, a little longer at my post. I was like a slave that has grown to love the clanking of his chains. "If, in a few weeks more, I can feel that I am doing right I will be your wife."

That was our betrothal, for the half promise was accepted. Mr. Adams took my hands in his and looked at me with pity in his hazel eyes, "God grant you may, Dora, and good night!"

I went back to my work, but my heart was not in it. I saw Mr. Adams twice each week, and a new world opened before me. I had wanted to love him at first, but soon my life grew into a prayer that he should really care for me. I saw every day some evidence of his kindness, his wise friendship, but I trembled at the thought that it might only be friendship, for life held so much more.

It was at this time the McGillicuddys began to develop a warm interest in me. Jack came to the 6 o'clock dinner one night with some exciting information. I was invited to take dinner at the McGillicuddy's special table, and there he divulged it.

"I was to the races, Miss Hunter," he says, "and that Adams man bought a pair of California horses."

I made no reply. Jack had forgotten how many people are wearing the name of Adams. His news was nothing to me.

"He paid $40,000 for 'em," went on Jack. "Your Adams, Miss Hunter. Don't you catch on?"

"He must be rich, Miss Dora," chimed in the mother. "I want you to give Josie an introduction."

"You must take me out riding," lisped Josie, with her blonde head on one side.

I looked down at my plate in amazement. Either Wallace Adams was better situated than I had known or he had gone wildly to speculating in race horses. I remembered Ida Adams at Westfield, a ward like myself. Her father had been a clergyman. "Not able to take care of a wife, Dora," he had told me, "and to have a comfortable home." I had thought him able to make his way with other men; to give me a nest home with a few comforts in it—a piano, books and one or two good pictures.

"Didn't you know it?" broke out my landlady, glibly. "Where did you get acquainted with him?"

I escaped from the McGillicuddys and away to my room. I had promised anew to be his wife, or now I might be supposed to want his money.

"Is this true?" I asked him when he came again, and I told him about the California horses.

"Now, Dora," said the manly voice, "I must refuse to answer you. To be rich in the world's way would require a good deal more money than I can command. I will be very poor if my wife don't love me. Are you going to reduce me to beggary?"

For the first time in my life I put my arms about his neck and kissed him. Something awakened me to his true worth. What had he seen in me to put so much in my hands? I had not beauty nor good looks, even, I who was only one of the 40,000 who live and work in Chicago.

I never introduced Josie McGillicuddy and Mr. Adams. That young woman took to dressing after me, and gained a sudden impetus in music. She played "Flowers of St. Petersburg" waltz till the bounces deserted the parlor for a walk. She switched them gently in on "Monastery Bells" or "Silvery Waves," or worse, she sang with Jack till bedtime.

But to all these things I gave no heed. I was for the first time in love, and the world was not the same. I allowed Mr. Adams to hasten our wedding day, and I gave up my position. I was very happy, and only one thing marred my sunshine. Wallace would be absent a week at St. Louis. It was a long week, but nearly ended. Jack McGillicuddy had been my shadow all through it, which I allowed, since Jack was only 21 and not in love with me. Oddly enough, I had not received a letter from St. Louis. To-morrow he would be here, and I should know why. Jack proposed a ramble down town. "You've been too close, Miss Hunter," said he. "Let's go and call on one of Josie's friends."

I went out into the July night with them and we had ice cream. Then we went to a hotel on Monroe street, where Josie's friend was stopping. Who does not know the Egyptian parlor with its hangings? I stood behind a curtain talking and laughing with Jack and Josie, when I saw coming down to one of the ground parlors Wallace Adams, with a lady on his arm. I looked until I felt myself growing rigid. She was dark and very beautiful and they were talking in low tones. They approached some one near us. Jack McGillicuddy followed the direction of my eyes, then darted away to learn more.

"He introduced her as Mrs. Adams," he announced, coming back soon. "Let's get home." I did not faint or cry out. I believed it, and realized how cruelly I had been deceived. The thought of the California horses floated into my mind. "He lives for pleasure," I said to myself. "He thought me so poor and mean that he could buy my silence when he had duped me."

Then, through the midnight watches I thought wildly and madly. How should I endure my life hereafter? How take up the duties I hated so when I had known a little time of happiness? The discipline of five years gave me strength. Work! It would be welcome now—if only I could forget the past, the present. Thousands live and strive where there is no object in life. I thought of death, of suicide. They were not for me, though I would have been so glad to die. I laughed aloud as I thought, "The water in the Chicago river is so dirty, and in the lake they would never find me." I would live, but I would go away where no one knew me and begin life anew. Perhaps in time I would forget it, but now, God pity me!

I packed my things together with trembling fingers and feverish haste, though it was hours till morning. I did not shed a tear, even over my pretty wedding dress and bonnet, which mocked me now like silent witnesses of my humiliation. I sent a little note to Mr. Adams:

I return your ring and your presents. I know how base you have been and I hope we will never meet again. DORA HUNTER.

In the morning I went away, leaving no address. I could not face the McGillicuddy curiosity, and I had but a little money. My work I had given up and must seek it again. I must have change or I felt that I should go mad.

I went to a boarding house on the West side. After a day or two I found work in a dressmaker's establishment. I was mentally unfit for a position as proof reader. I succeeded after a few days, and, ah me, how faithful I was. I no longer dreaded work, but feared a cessation of it, when I should have time to think and remember I cared for nothing and trusted no living being. My life was over and done.

It was here one day that a woman floated into my presence to have her draperies fastened. It was the same I had seen on his arm that fatal night, but now I could look at her calmly. Was I growing stronger? I even addressed her. "You are Mrs. Adams," I said, while I did my lowly work. "Yes," she smiled, "Mrs. Wallace Adams." Some old author has said there is a peace that comes, not of hopes realized, but of hopes relinquished; a peace that is not born at the tranquil fireside, but is the peace of solitude. It was this I hoped for now. After weeks I had ceased to feel—I wanted to read proof once more. I would look for my work where no one would know me. For awhile I sought in vain, but I was not discouraged, and in a week I found it. The past was dead and I was alone. I went down to the bridge again, and again the bridge bell rang out sharply. I hurried on, just in time to swing out over the river. Now I knew I had ceased to care, but looking out over the water I did not head approaching footsteps.

"Dora, Dora," some one cried. "Will you speak to me?" For at the sound of his voice I had stretched out my arms to the muddy Chicago river; I who was so strong minded and did not care.

"We've looked in all the printing offices in Chicago," said Jack McGillicuddy, when they had brought me out of a little faint. "That was Adams' cousin's wife, Miss Hunter."

"Dora," says the manly voice once more, "has it been so hard in your life that you couldn't believe me and trust me again?"

I had passed almost into the darkness of belief that love and truth are not on the earth; that nothing remains but treachery and the wrangling of human passions; but in the light of my husband's home I shall find my faith restored, and remembering those days, I can only say, "God help the women who work."—Dora Hunter in Chicago Herald.

Common Sense Versus Theory.

Forestry orators and theorists must admit after this season of unprecedented rain that the rainfall is governed by causes beyond the range and influence of forest trees and wood lots. Common sense indicates that the spongy mass of moss and fallen leaves in every forest must assist in holding moisture back, and equalizing its flow; but common folk will still fancy that the existence of large bodies of water and the evaporating power of the sun's rays have more to do with creating rainfall than the planting of forest trees or the preservation of overripe specimens of pine, spruce or hemlock, which have stopped growing and which stand in the way of the development of the younger and more vigorous forest trees.—Boston Budget.

SIGHTS SEEN IN STOCKHOLM.

Group of the Girdle Duelists—Beggars' Clubs—Other Curiosities.

Many bronze statues to Sweden's kings stand in the various squares and parks, and there is one bronze group that holds the attention longer than any of these. It is placed in the grounds of the National museum, and is the masterpiece of the Swedish sculptor Moleri, the group of the Girdle Duelists. According to the barbarous old custom in Scandinavia, when a quarrel arose between two men, they were bound together by a girdle, provided with knives, and allowed to fight out the duel until one or both had fallen. This group is worthy of the antique for the splendid physique of the actors and fearful interest of the strife. Each has seized with his left hand the right hand of his foe, which grasps the murderous short knife, and both wrestle for life with terrible energy. It is said that these combats were so universally fatal that women carried winding sheets with them to the banquets, where their husbands might be slain.

Four bas reliefs on the pedestal with Runic inscriptions show such a scene—two men drinking together, while the lovely wife of one of them stands by. The jealous anger roused by some undue attention on the part of the guest, the wife on her knees endeavoring to prevent the quarrel, and lastly the poor thing weeping alone by the gravestone of her husband. A memorial such as this of ancient customs has always an interest independent of its artistic value; and this interest attaches to a great many objects in the collection of the Northern Museum, an institution devoted to the preservation of Scandinavian relics and curiosities. You see here a forest of the tall pikes and battle axes so formidable of old—cruel, murderous looking instruments ten feet long, their blades and heads rusted as if with the blood of enemies; ancient swords and helmets, together with innumerable articles of more peaceful household use; rude looms that might have woven the garments of the Vikings, and the odd hand mangles used for smoothing linen—heavy pieces of wood, polished on the under side, and elaborately carved above, with handles usually representing horses. It seems impossible that such fiat irons should have been very efficacious, but here they are by the hundred.

Odder still are the kubbestols—chairs made of the trunks of trees—or kubbes (whence our "stubs," I suppose), the edges of the seats ornamented with, of all things in the world, human teeth, driven into the solid wood. These are not relics of battle, as one might suppose, but the teeth lost by the family of the owner of the chair, preserved in this manner as a charm against future toothache. Little white milk teeth make an agreeable variety with huge molars that evidently ached enough before they came to this end. Here, too, is another relic of ancient manners—beggars' clubs. These formidable weapons were given to beggars to enable them to obtain relief at the next house they came to. What a comfortable thing it would be if one of us could get rid of an importunate tramp by giving him a club to compel our next neighbor to entertain him! Yonder is a bundle of Runic staves—canes or long pieces of wood carved with runes, or sentences in Runic characters, usually quoted from one of the sages. Whether these were considered as charms, or only, like the Jewish phylacteries, used to keep in mind some sacred text, we could not learn.

One room is fitted up in compartments, each representing a kitchen or a living room of some primitive dwelling in Finland, or Iceland perhaps; with life size figures in appropriate costumes, surrounded with the very furniture and pottery brought from such houses, all in some interesting position. A man receiving an official message brought by an envoy in one of the old "bud stikker," or message sticks, which he in his turn is bound to carry for a certain distance, and if no one is at hand to take it, to stick it in the earth until some one comes along, as if our mail bags should be laid on a rock at a certain place and left for the next passer to take charge of! Another group shows a girl receiving presents when the bans of her marriage are proclaimed; a third, a Lapland family mourning over a dead child. All the figures are very lifelike. But time would fail me to speak of the various museums and their treasures.—Stockholm Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Smuggling Precious Stones.

One of the favorite places wherein to hide precious stones are in the small telescopes used in connection with the master's sextant. The glasses are unscrewed, stones packed securely in the cylinders and everything replaced. But few customs officials would venture to trouble a valuable scientific instrument.

Another method is to have a malacca stick bored out, through the wonderfully skilled hands of a Chinese mechanic. The space is then filled in with precious stones packed in cotton, the joint replaced and detection is almost impossible. I will show you a boot heel made of iron, to which is attached an iron clamp. The leather heel is removed, then the iron one, filled with diamonds, is secured to the clamp. It is an old trick, but might have passed muster, except that the smuggler's courage failed and his nervousness betrayed him. The government was richer by $9,000 duties in gold coin. —New York Star.

Sewing a Cut Finger.

Many persons are familiar with the common remedy for a cut, of sewing it up. I have seen persons suffer great inconveniences from a comparatively small wound at the end of a finger and thumb, because they did not know how to apply the remedy. Wait till the bleeding has ceased, and then with a fine cambric needle with a silk thread not more than an inch or two long, or three inches at most, take up a small stitch in the skin and not into the flesh, draw only toward the cut, right and left, which tends to draw the parts together, and never draw from the cut, which only opens it. The relief thus afforded is understood only by those who have tried it. A hired man had cut the end of his thumb, while engaged in mechanical work, and it annoyed him excessively. I drew the parts together with a fine thread and needle; he was astonished at the relief, and had no further trouble with it.—Herald of Health.

The Waste Paper Nuisance.

One of the gross disfigurements of our streets is the waste paper that litters the sidewalks and the roadways—newspapers, circulars, scraps of every kind, all of them filthy, blown here and there by every breeze, an offense to the eye, and often the means, no doubt, of carrying the seeds of disease. Is there no way of stopping this? Dirty streets are bad enough, but when there is added to the ordinary dirt, to which we have been accustomed from time immemorial, this muck of dirty paper, the combination is utterly vile. It ought to be possible for a people to devise some means to keep the streets of its cities clear of filthy paper. Scavengers might be appointed whose sole duty it should be to remove papers, just as there are men on one or two streets who keep on the tracks of the horses.

One way of diminishing the evil would be for merchants to give up the practice of distributing circulars, which are now universally regarded in the light of a nuisance, and advertise in the newspapers. The average man feels that he has a grudge against the dealer who forces a circular upon him. Their day is past. This condition of thing excites the surprise of foreigners who come here. It may be more of an æsthetic than a sanitary consideration, but it has its importance from both points of view.—New York Tribune.

The Old General's Tale.

There is an old general in this town, married to a young and handsome wife, who delights in entertaining an after dinner company with stories of his prowess, sagacity and foresight during the war whenever the opportunity presents itself. To listen to him, one would imagine that the ultimate success of the Union arms was all due to him, and that the share Grant or Sherman or Sheridan had in the matter was a comparatively small one. One of his stories always begins:

"When I was down in the Wilderness with Grant in '64"——

That's usually the signal for half the company to leave the room, but it doesn't interrupt the old general in the least. He would go on talking and finishing his story, were no one present and only the four walls there to listen to his wonderful tale.

"Mamma," said the little 7-year-old daughter of the general the other day after having listened on the stairs to the old story which her father had just concluded in the dining room to a company of guests, "Mamma, wasn't there anybody to help papa put down the rebellion? There must have been some awfully mean men in those days."—Washington Cor. to New York Tribune.

A Club of Bald Heads.

I am told that a society is about to be started in Paris for the purpose of instituting a crusade against barbers' drugs, hair restorers and such like nostrums. The association is to be called "Le Genou" (or "The Knee," which is the French slang expression for "as bare as the back of one's hand"). None but members "thin on the top" will be admitted, and the presidency will no doubt be offered to M. Theodore de Banville, the poet, who, you are aware, is as bald as a coot. The object in view is to trace the loss of hair to its true causes. The secrets of nature will be investigated. The physiological action of remedies will be learned. Of course, the promoters do not for a moment entertain the idea that they will ever make hair grow on a bald pate any more than the best physicians can raise the dead. The day is still far distant when flies will be constrained to seek other skating rinks than the hairless human skull. But the science of "keeping your hair on" has a great future before it.—Emile Nouveau in Philadelphia Times.

Lord Wolseley on Gen. Lee.

And lastly, let me glance at Gen. Lee. Lee's strategy when he fought in defense of the southern capital, and threatened and finally struck at that of the United States, marks him as one of the greatest captains of this or of any other age. No man has ever fought an up hill and a losing game with greater firmness, or ever displayed a higher order of true military genius than he did when in command of the Confederate army. The knowledge of his profession displayed by Gen. McClellan was considerable, and his strategic conceptions were admirable, but he lacked one attribute as a general, without which no man can ever succeed in war—he was never able to estimate with any accuracy the numbers opposed to him. It was the presence in Lee of that intuitive genius which McClellan lacked, which again and again gave him victory, even when he was altogether outmatched in numbers.—Lord Wolseley in Fortnightly Review.

An Old Marriage Custom.

A curious old marriage custom, which is still widely prevalent in Brittany, was recently interpreted in a novel and amusing manner. According to this custom the bridegroom, immediately after the priest has wedded the couple, strikes his wife in the face, saying, "This is how you will fare if you make me angry," and then, kissing her, he says, "And this is how you will fare if you treat me well." A short time ago a young Breton married a German girl, and after the ceremony was over began at once to practice the first part of the time honored custom. The bride, who was ignorant of the "inner meaning" of what she considered an insult, turned round on her lord and master and returned the stroke, saying, in broad Suabian dialect, "Look here, I do not approve of such behavior," after which the husband is said to have performed the second part of the ceremony with more than usual affection.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Virtue of Disagreement.

In the honest disagreement of "doctors" lies the best hope of the progress of knowledge. For while there is no virtue in disagreeing merely for the sake of disagreeing, there is a virtue in every honest disagreement—to him who is able to get the virtue out of it. And the man who is able to perceive the virtue that lies not alone in one side or in the other, but in the disagreement between the two sides, is the man who is already further advanced than either side, whichever may be right and whichever wrong.—Philadelphia Sunday School Times.

SAMPLE BURIAL HORRORS

Exhumations Prove That Many Persons Are Put in Ground Alive.

One of the gravediggers who excavated a cemetery in Minneapolis the other day told a reporter of that city that in nineteen coffins the remains were found turned on their sides, and in one case lying face downward; the latter was that of a full grown woman, with long jet black, beautiful tresses scattered over the shoulders and tangled about the neck, indicating that, after being consigned to her last resting place, the latent spark of life quickened, and, conscious of the awful hopelessness of her situation, and with the strength of desperation she began the frightful struggle, vainly turning and twisting within the narrow walls of her prison, until exhaustion finally overcame her and brought relief.

When the ancient cemetery east of Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, was dug up and the remains taken away to allow of the extension of Raymond street, the writer saw numerous indications of premature interments. The most hideous and blood curdling of these was that of a body found in the old Presbyterian public receiving vault. It had been placed there about four years previously, and the lid or top had been strained so that some of the screws were torn half out; the end and lower part of the top had been wrenched outward, and the right foot and part of the leg had been forced through, and was so found, protruding. Upon further examination, the entire body was found twisted, the skull turned under and the fingers of one hand were thrust through and wedged in under the lid—evidently in the last straining, hopeless effort for liberty. In scores of graves the coffins were found to contain bodies that were turned and twisted more or less to one side—positive proof of having been buried alive.

It is a well authenticated fact that the mother of the poet Scott, while lying in a trance and declared by the physicians to be dead, was laid away in the family tomb in the great vaults under the parish church. At night the ghoulish sexton stealthily entered the tomb, opened the casket, and proceeded to rob the elegant and wealthy lady of the jewels which were on her person, according to the then prevalent custom. Finding some finger rings too tightly fixed the unconscionable thief took his pocket knife and slashed the flesh from the fingers. The sudden shock and flow of blood caused a reaction of the vital forces and the renerved madame opened her eyes, uttered an exclamation of amazement and attempted to rise up. The guilty and horror stricken rascal's hair rose straight upon his head, and, with the yell of a desperate madman, he rushed forth, thus raising the alarm which brought help and rescue to her. She lived many years subsequently, none the worse for her awful adventure, which occurred five years previous to the birth of Sir Walter.

The mother of Gen. Israel Putnam, of revolutionary renown, was placed in her coffin and the funeral services commenced, when she revived, and six years afterward gave birth to the child Israel.

Long years ago three medical students, who had paid an extra sum of money to a professional "resurrectionist" for the purpose of procuring an extraordinarily desirable subject, entered the college dissecting room one night to view their purchase, which had just been received. Lifting the cloth cover, they were more than pleased to discover the remarkably fresh, fine, desirable young corpse of a young and lovely maiden lady. It was the form of a Juno and the features of a Hebe. Round, plump, splendidly developed, perfectly symmetrical, with a wealth of dark chestnut tresses, and chestnut colored eyes, pink, creamy tinted complexion, brilliant, ivory white teeth, thin, delicate ears, mouth and nose, eyebrows and eyelashes beautifully long and shapely.

One of the two fingered about the body apparently as one held under the spell of a strange, undefined fascination. The girl had been ill, and was supposed to have died of some heart disease, and had lain in her family vault about twenty hours. The young student, filled with admiration, gently lifted the magnificently molded arm. It was not chillingly cold, although cool. The muscles were not hard and fixed severely as in rigor mortis. He raised the eyelids and saw none of the glassy and ghastly peculiarities. He was aroused, and laid his ear down over the region of the heart. Then he was puzzled and started, and applied the stethoscope.

Then he repressed his growing excitement and summoned assistance. Evidences of latent life in the body were discovered beyond doubt. Vigorous efforts were then made for resuscitation, and successfully, too. Then the hapless girl, while yet unconscious, was wrapped in blankets and tenderly removed to the residence of one of the professors near by. Her relatives were sent for, and in time she regained perfect health, and subsequently wedded the student, who afterward became president of Philadelphia Medical college. She is now a widow and resides with the youngest of four stalwart sons.—Chicago Herald.

Deceived by Our Memory.

"If my memory serves me" is a favorite formula with many persons, and there are few who have not, at one time or another, been the victims of a treacherous memory. One would think that having been deceived many times we would at last learn to mistrust this faculty somewhat, or, at all events, be cautious in accepting its revelations without question. But right here there comes in another puzzle. No matter how grossly memory deceived us yesterday, or last week, today we are not deceived. Our recollection of the thing that happened is so and so; it cannot be otherwise, for we saw it or heard it. We remember it perfectly, and contradiction is useless. We know it. And yet we were quite as positive before, and turned out to be deceived. Thus memory is the most plausible of sirens, and no matter how much or how often she has lied to us on former occasions she makes us believe her now.—Chicago Herald.

A city in Japan will open a bric-a-brac show under the rule, "No article admitted that is not more than 1,000 years old." No exhibition of that sort could be held in the United States with American bric-a-brac.