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Oct 41y "SNAW."



Ay. twas thirty years ago.
All the garden was aglow;
Ruddy hollyhocks, red roses,
Marigold and salvis posies,
Stately sunfow'rs, bumble pansies.
"Heartsense true as little Nan's is,"
Quoth my lover, speaking low.
In the erchard thrilled a robin.
Ah me! how my heart was throbbin',
Those loop, heavy, was age.

## Lady Lindsay." AT THE CANPON'S MOUTH

They said it was a forced march. First, some soldiers on horseback went tearing by with a terrible clatter, leav-ing a cloud of dust behind them, then ing a cloud of dust behind them, then it was all quiet for an hour. I heard a tramping, and looking up to the crest of rising ground to the north, saw the road packed with soldiers on foot. They came quickly up, and I scarcely had time to see what they looked like before those in front had passed. They didn't march like soldiers I had seen in the city on a galaday, when I was a little girl; they hurried along, each man walking as he liked. I wondered how they could go so fast, they were loaded down so. They carried great heavy knapsacks and blankets, and tin pans and canteens, besides their muskets. They looked more as if they were going to set up housekeeping than to war.

While I was leaning on the window sill, looking out and watching them, I saw a young officer ride into the yard, just as if he belonged to the place—or, rather, as if the place belonged to him—and back toward the barn. Two soldiers rode behind him, and they got down off their horses and went into the barn. I thought at once they were after our horses. My pour was there and I made up my mind. it was all quiet for an hour. I heard

they were after our horses. My pony was there, and I made up my mind they shouldn't take him without walk

they shouldn't take him without walking over my dead body. I ran down stairs and out to the barn. If I had been making a forced march myself I couldn't have gone faster. Before I got there they had two horses out, and were harnessing them to the farm wagon. I marched up to the officer and asked him what he was doing.

He was a trifle startled at seeing a girl standing before him, looking as if she intended to make a resistance.

"We're 'pressing all the horses and wagons we find along the road," he said.

"What do you mean by 'pressing them?"
"We're 'pressing them into the

rice."
"What for?" "To carry the men's knapsacks.

"To carry the men's knapsacks.
They can march faster."

"Do you think it makes it any more respectable to call it 'pressing?"

The officer's face was flushed. I thought it was because he was ashamed of his work; but I soon noticed that he was in'a burning fever.

"You sha'n't take my pony, anyway," I cried, going to a man who was leading him out of the barn and seizing the latter.

"Never mind that horse," said the officer; it's only a pony. Take it back into the stable."

The man obeyed at once. They harnessed two horses to the wagon, and
led the team into the road. As the
soldiers marched past it they threw
their knapsacks on the wagon, and it
was soon loaded, and one of the ne-

groes drove it away.

Just then an officer came along with a number of other officers and a train of horsemen following him. I noticed that he had stars on his shoulders, and

wore a straight sword instead of a crooked one like the rest.

"Captain!" he said, looking at the officer who had taken our horses and wagon, "you'd better not try to go any further."

further."

"I can go on, general. It's only intermittent."

The general cut him short with, "Stop where you are." He speke so sharp that I thought he was going to bite the captain's head off. I wished the captain had the courage to answer him, but he hadn't. The general and those who were with him rode on, leaving the sick man sitting on his horse looking after them, to take care of himself as best he could. I noticed he wore the same ornament on his cap as those about the general—a wreath—and I concluded he was one of them. There was an interval in the passing regiments, and no one was near but the captain and me.

"What are you going to do?" I asked him.

I was sitting on the fence with my

ed him.

I was sitting on the fence with my feet dangling. It wasn't a very graceful position, but I was only a country girl then, and didn't know any better.

'I don't know," he said wearily; 'I suppose I must ride back to N.

There's a hospital there."

There's a hospital there."

If he hadn't been a Yankee and a sobber, or a 'presser, which is the same thing, I'd have asked-him to come into the house at once, he looked so sick. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself!"
I said, "to take horses that don't below to you?"

pleasant business," he said. "You'd better get that pony of yours out of the way; there'll be more troops along here by and by."

When he said this his voice sounded so pleasant, and he looked so sick, that I made up mind to ask him in. But I couldn't bring myself to speak theliy to him. I couldn't forget that he was a Yankee soldier.

"Come into the house." I mid you

"To keep for the safe return of those you've taken."

He looked at me sort o' dazed. He put his hand to his head, and didn't seem to know what to do. I led his horse up to the veranda. He distinguished and walked feebly up the steps and sat down on a bench, while I took his horse round to the barn.

Well, the captain was put to bed. He had typhoid fever, and a very had case it was. Occasionally when troops would come into the neighborhood, I would mount my pony and ride over to their camp and ask to have a surgeon come over and see him. Between the surgeons and my nursing we got him through the crisis. I nursed him for six weeks. Then he became convalescent, and it was very nice to "To keep for the safe return of those you've taken."

He looked at me sort o' dazed. He put his hand to his head, and didn't seem to know what to do. I led his horse up to the veranda. He dismounted and walked feebly up the steps and sat down on a bench, while I took his horse round to the barn.

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One day while I was sitting on the

kea.

One day while I was sitting on the veranda beside him sewing, he said:

"Miss Molly, are you still holding my horse as a hostage?"

"Yes. Ours haven't come back yet."

"Don't you think you could let me take him when I get well, if I should promise to go and find your horses, and have them returned?"

"I'll see about that when you get well."

"You haven't anything to leave."

"You haven't anything to leave. Besides, I've done very little I'm sure."

He thought a moment, and then he

He thought a moment, and then he said, somewhat sadly:

"Yes; there's one thing I can leave—only one. I'll leave that with you."

I couldn't think of anything he had except his revolver, and I was sure he wouldn't leave that. It wasn't appropriate. I waited for him to tell me, but he said nothing about it then.

At last he was well enough to go. At least he thought so; I didn't. He wis still as weak as a kitten, but I saw how anxious he was, and I didn't oppose him any longer. So one pleasant morning, when the air was soft and the roads were dry, I told one of the colored boys to bring the captain's horse round from the barn.

The captain stood on the veranda ready to mount, and ride away. His blanket and rubber poncho were strapped behind the saddle, just as he had left them, and his horse was so anxious to be off that the boy could hardly hold him. The captain took my hand in his to say good-by, and looked straight into my eyes. I lowered them to his spura.

"You'me a good girl" he said. "Til

ed them to his spura. "You're a good girl," he said "Th not forget your kindness."
"Oh, I would have done the same for any one."

"Any one"
"Any one"
"Any one."
Then I asked myself: What did I
want to say that for?
"I leave you the hostage I spoke
of," he said, "but it is a very poor return for so much kindness—a mere
bagatelle."

faculd have bitten my tongue off.

He was going to make a return—to pay for what I had done for him.

"You'll find it," he added, "if you have the shrewdness to guess where

it is."

With that he gave my hand a pressure and looked long and steadily into my eyes. Then he mounted his horse and rode away without once looking

my eyes. Then he mounted his horse and rode away without once looking back.

As soon as he had gone I commenced to think what he could mean about leaving a hostage. I was sure he wouldn't offer anything very valuable. He must know I wouldn't like that; but I thought he might leave some little trinket for me to remember him by. I ransacked the room he had occupied, looking into bureau drawers, into closets, any place the ingenuity of man could find to hide anything. I even looked behind the pictures hanging on the wall. Then I went all over the house from attic to cellar. Not a thing could I find.

Then I recalled his words, "If you are shrewd enough to guess where it is," and went all over my search again. At last I gave it up. "A pretty way to treat me," I grumbled, "after taking care of him so long!" I vowed that if ever I should see him again he should tell me whether he had really left anything, and what it was.

News came of terrible fighting at the front. Stragglers, broken down horses, mules, wagons, ambulances from which now and then a ghastly face would look out, kept going by day after day for several days. The yard, the barn, the kitchen, were full of men. The first day they drank up all the water in the well. Then regiments marched by almost as fast as when they were making their forced march to the south. They passed on by the house, but stopped on the crest of the hill up the road. There they began to dig with spades and shovels, and the next morning when I looked out there was a long line of forts, and the Yankee fing flying above them; and, great heavenst the black mouths of cannon frowning directly down at us.

While I was looking I heard something rattle far down the read. It

Then there was a scramble to snatch a few things. One took a lamp, another a pitcher, another a photograph album. It seemed as if everybody took the most useless thing to be found. All except me were hurrying down the walk to the gate; I stayed behind. The captain was trying to make me hurry. He was stamping up and down on the veranda and through the hall, almost crazy at my delay. "Come, be quick!" he said, as sharp as if he were the general himself. "Captain"— I said heaitating. "What is it?" he asked, impatiently. "The hostage."

"Captain"— I said hesitating.
"What is it?" he asked, impatiently.
"The hostage."
"What hostage?"
"That you left when you went away; I couldn't find it. Must we leave it?"
He looked at me a moment as if he thought I had lost my senses; then he burst into a laugh.

I never could stand to be laughed at, and just then it was particularly obnoxious. I made up my mind that he should tell me what I had hunted for, and tell me then and there.
"Never mind that," he said, seeing that I was irritated. "Save yourself and it will be in no especial danger."
"Til not leave it, whatever it is," I said, resolutely.
"Come, come! this will be a battle field in a few minutes."
"I won't stir a step till you tell me what I want to know."
"Nonsense!" he said, severely.
The more severe his tone, the more resolute I became. I stood stock still.
"For Heaven's sake!" he urged, becoming really frightened; "the gunners are standing with the lanyards in their hands ready to fire."
"Let them fire!" I folded my arms. A volley sounded a short distance down the line of forts to the west. The captain tried to seize my wrist.
"Do come," he pleaded.

The captain tried to seize my wrist.
"Do come," he pleaded.
"Tell me what was the hostage," I

said, stubbornly.
"Here?"
"Here." "No, no; this is not a fit place to tell you that. For the love of heaven do come away!"

I vowed I would conquer him or die on the field. "You shall either tell me or I will

He looked at the frowning forts anxiously, then back at me.

"You must know?"

"Well, then, Molly dear, I left you my heart." I stood as one who sees an engine

I stood as one who sees an engine coming straight down on him, and whose limbs are paralyzed from the suddenness of the discovery. Merciful heaven! what had I done? What stupidity! The blood rushed in a torrent to my cheeks; I covered my face with my hands.

"And now, sweetheart"—taking one of my hands from my burning cheek and leading me away—"if you're satisfied about the hostage, we won't stay here any longer."

As he spoke there was an explosion in the forts, and it seemed as if a dozen shrieking cats were whirling over our heads. I almost wished one of them would strike me dead. The captain led me like a child toward the forts through smoke and noise and confusion. I didn't think of the battle that was opening; I only thought how im-

sion. I didn't think of the battle that was opening; I only thought how immodest he must think me, and that he never would believe I could be so stupid as not to know what he meant by leaving a hostage.

I have had to suffer all my life for that one mistake. I never can have my way about anything, for when my husband finds all other expedients for governing to be failures, he invariably taunts me with having forced his secret at the cannon's mouth.—F.

A. Mitchel in Harper's Weekly.

After Sir W. Strickland's horse had been a short time at Newmarket, Frampton's groom, with the knowledge of his master, endeavored to induce the baronet's groom to have a private trial at the weights and distance of the match, and thus to make the race safe. Sir William's man had the bonesty to inform his master of the proposal, when he ordered him to accept it, but to be sure to deceive the other by putting seven pounds more weight in the stuffing of his own saddle. Frampton's groom had already done the same thing; and in the trial Merlin, Sir William's horse, beat his opponent about a length. "Now," said Frampton to his satellite, "my-fortune is made, and so is yours; if our horse can run so near Merlin with seven nouncle extra, what will he do in the After Sir W. Strickland's horse had

TECHNICAL SCHOOLS. is to Be Darlved by Their Es-

In Europe, at Lyons, Crefeld and Como, Zurich, Muhlheim, Paris, Ber-lin, Manchester, Bradford and other in, Manchester, Bradford and other cities, there are schools in which the principles of the textile industry are taught. The Silk association of New York has long advocated the school and expended much money to secure it. One of its members said:

it. One of its members said:

"The benefit which textile interests would derive from a trade school of their own in this country could hardly be estimated. The effect of its success could not, of course, be immediately felt, but the final result could hardly be doubted and can be foretold in one sentence: Absolute independence of all outside influences for these industries in their creative, industrial and commercial departments.

"While the United States is second to no other country as far as the com-

"While the United States is second to no other country as far as the common school and classical courses of study are concerned, in the matter of technical education we are sadly deficient even beside the smallest and most insignificant of European countries. A special school catering to the needs of the district in which it is situated is indeed an establishment which any town in Europe is proud to possess. In textile industries, particularly, the number of technical schools has been largely increased in Europe, with the result that the improvement in the process of manufacture has been steady, and there is now hardly any sind of textile manufacturing in Europe that does not possess an educational establishment in which the principles of the industries of the district are taught to the young men who have not yet entered practical life, as well as to their older brothers, who have already had the experience of the factory, but who wish to perfect themselves and are anxious to learn the scientific reasons why certain kinds of work should be done in a certain way.

selves and are anxious to learn the scientific reasons why certain kinds of work should be done in a certain way.

'In considering the foundation of technical schools in America the experience of other nations can be used to advantage, and much experimenting will thus be dispensed with. In order to profit by such experience, and to save the first steps in the dark, it is necessary that the various systems of technical education adopted in the different European countries be made the subject of careful study and comparative observation, the best points being taken from each and adapted to the condition required by the industries of the country.

condition required by the industries of the country.

"It would be useless at this stage to attempt to foreshadow the details re-garding the actual establishment of the first American technical school. If it were intended to establish a whole national system of technical education national system of technical education the general plan might be to have a number of lower schools in all cities of any importance, in which the prin-ciples of all the sciences could be taught; these schools to act as feeders or nuseries for a contral technical uni-versity. Private effort could hardly accomplish this. The establishment accomplish this. The establishment of such a complete educational system would tend to elevate the moral and

of such a complete educational system would tend to elevate the moral and and material standing of the country, and especially of the various industries; but the scope is so vast as to be hardly attainable without the aid of the national government.

"If we consider textile industries by themselves, we find that is regard to tuition that can be given which would be of value to the students in their future calling, there are three chief departments to be considered—the mechanical, the chemical and the artistic. Although these departments differ widely from each other, they are, nevertheless, so closely connected as to be indispensable to each other. A student who makes a specialty of one must, at the same time, know something of the other two, and it is therefore necessary that all three directions should be under the same roof if any completeness is to be the result.

"Thus a single school may be made to do for textiles all that circumstances now so urgently demand. We of the textile industries may not hope to build to completeness the grand fabric of technical education, but by co-operation we can rear and occupy one tower of this great stronghold of industrial freedom and progress."—New York Star.

As Old Time Austiqueer.

An Old Time Auctioneer.

As 0ld Time Anctioners.

John H. Draper is, by the way, one of the very few successors we have to the wity auctioneers of the generation gone before us. When he perches himself in his armchair, florid and handsome, and with his fine flexible voice commences to do business, you may be sure that the fun will soon begin. He has a word for every one voice commences to do business, you may be sure that the fun will soon begin. He has a word for every one, and a repartee for every occasion. A man who had eaten too much dinner groaned when a benutiful little Corot was knocked down for \$125. "There," said the auctioneer solemnly, "you hear Corot's ghost, don't you!" A drunken man, who had wandered in and fallen asicep in a remote chair, feil over on the floor just as a strong Michel went at \$95. "The price made him faint," was the auctioneer's comment. When a brilliant Vibert, a cardinal, all in red under a red umbrella, walking in a sunlit garden, was put up, and one of the audience went up to examine it on the casel, the auctioneer said: "You've often painted it that way yourself," A Mouticelli he described as a good "all the week picture." You could call it what you wanted, and turn it a new way every day out of the sevon, and give it a new title. Any one who knows Monticelli's absintheasue fantasies of color will appreciate the description. When a tentative laider offered a mise of \$1 on a Corot, and a good one, the auctioneer made it \$2.50. The bidder protested that he had only made the figure \$1. "All right," said the auctioneer, "Tm lending you a dollar and a half to preserve your self respect." When the sale ended the auctioneer gravely thanked his sudience, forgave them for their coldness on the ground that he did not blame them for being aby of picture sales nowadaya, and sent them of with the reledictory, "God help the old masters."—To Dev

City by the name of Stonewall Jackson, and when hitched up to his ear in the morning would not move until the bara gong sounded the hour of leaving, no matter how anxious the conductor or the driver might be to get a minute or two the start for some purpess of his own. Pat says that one morning the mule was brought up to be hitched to a strange car.

The instant Stonewall saw the car he backed stubbornly away, and no urging would induce him to get in his place. At last he was led around to the repair shops and shown his car, on which the painlers had begun work, and he at once seemed to realize the difficulty, for he went back and willingly took his place beside his mate and drew the strange car all day. The next morning, though, the same trouble ensued, and he had to be shown that his own car was not ready. Where Stonewall showed the greatest intelligence, Pat says, was stopping apparently without reason while on a trip. He did this one day when an extra conductor was in charge. The conductor came forward after a minute or two to see what the trouble was. The driver knew well, and told the extra that he had collected a fare and had not rung his bell punch. At this the conductor did ring, and old Stonewall Jackson shook his head as much as to say, "You can't fool me," and started off on a trip without a word from the driver.—Chicago Herald.

Poetry to Be Sass.

A reader of the lyric poetry of the Elizabethan age is struck with its adaptation to music, its limpidity and

adaptation to music, its impldity and directness of utterance.

"Each composition," says Mr. J. A. Symonds, in The Fortnightly Review, "is meant to be sung, and can be sung, because the poet's soul was singing when he made it."

The lyrics of the present age possess but little of this quality. Mr. Symonds once asked Jennie Lind why Shelley's lyrics were fill adapted to to music. She made him read aloud to her the "Song of Pan" and "To the Night." Then she pointed out that verse is full of complicated thoughts, and packed consonants. Not one melodic phrase could be found to express the poetic emotion.

"I can sing Milton's "Let the bright Seraphin to barding row, Their load, uplifted augul trumpsts blow!" said Jenny Lind, "and can sing Dryden, but I could not sing your Shelley, Wordsworth, Keats; no, and not much Tennyson either. Tennyson has sought out all the solid sharp words,

Tennyson either. Tennyson has sought out all the solid sharp words, and put them together; music cannot come between."

The lyrics of the present time, so Mr. Symonds sums up the facts, are not so singable as the Elizabethan lyrics because they are far more complete. rics because they are far more complex in their verbal structure, in their thoughts, images and emotions. Their words carry too many, too various, and too contemplative suggestions.—Youth's Companion.

Medifying the Prescription.

A friend of mine laid down the medical law the other day. He said the first thing a doctor fluds out when you send for him is your pet taste, habit, article of diet or beverage. Then he orders you to stop it. If you aren't a very big patient you have got to do it. But, said my friend, I know a man who was a little sick the other day and consulted his physician.

"Stop drinking whisky!" said the doctor.

"Is it as serious as that?" asked the man, in alarm.

"Is it as serious as that?" asked the man, in alarm.
"Yes, it is."
They had a bottle of wine, a fine cigar, and a long chat, and the doctor became very agreeable. When he got up to go the patient said:

"I wish there was something else than whisky I could stop. You see"—
"Weil, I don't know," said the doctor. "Lemme see. Do you cat butter?"

"Yes."
"Then stop butter and go on with the whisky. Good day!"—Ban Francisco Chronicle.

The Beautiful Bed Birds

I have never been able to find an instance in which red birds have been bred in captivity, and although so many thousands are kept as pets, all or nearly all must have been trapped. This year I thought my birds were going to make a record for themselves, but the usual failure ensued. The hen laid five eggs, but refused to sit. Then the male bird became ferocious and nearly killed his neglectful mate. They are now separate, but whenever he is let out of his cage he flies to that of the hen and tries to resume hostilities. Yet a canary bird can knock him out the first round every time, and takes immense delight in doing it whenever the opportunity arises.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

factured in the village, is folded across the bosom so that the waist of the loosely fitting dress is hidden. The villagers manufacture all the flannels and calcoes worn, and each has a wide reputation. A black cap of some thin material is worn rather far back on the head, being gathered into a little bag at the back, narrow black ribbons tying it under the chin. Knit stockings and broad slippers or coarse shoes are worn, wooden shoes being reserved for field work. Neither age nor condition in life brings any change in these garments.

No social intercourse is allowed between the young men and the maidens, and they see each other at intervals, and even then at a distance. The association of the sexes is forbidden. On Sunday afternoon the boys and girls are permitted to walk in the fields, in opposite directions, though sometimes they come together.

opposite directions, though sometimes they come together.

When a young man signifies his desire to marry a maiden he is put on probation for a year or more. Once a week he is allowed to see the object of his affection, and no encouragement is given his suit by any one. He is never allowed to see her alone, however. When the marriage finally takes place it is made the gloomiest of festal occasions.

elders meet at the home of the barrents and read hymns and le prayers. The chapter in Paul's cook to the Ephesians, wherein the apwith unflinching severity, desthe duties of husband and wiread, with somber comments, the lecture there is a dead cold so and every one is unade to feel a crable as possible. When once sied, however, there is no hope fecuple, as divorce is unknown. These communists are rich they go without amusement of sort; all musical instruments are

These communists are rich, yet they go without amusement of any sort; all musical instruments save the flute are fabooed and there are no brass band contests to disturb the sorenity of their even existence.

A small colony came to the United States from Germany in 1842, headed by Christian Mets, an inspired "instrument," and settled near Buffalo, N. Y., the name of Econerer being given to the colony. As the colony prospered beyond all expectation it was necessary to secure more land, and the present peaceful valley was selected. The old name was left behind and Amana was chosen as the title by which the colony should be hereafter known. Seven villages sprang up and are known as Amass, East, West, South, Middle and High Amana and Homestead Anything more peaceful than these little villages cannot be imagined.

The inhabitants are pictists, carather, inspirationists, but they do not look happy. They are puritanical to the last degree and the children are as sedate and staid at their leader, died twenty-two years ago, and Barbars, Heyneman, who was also an "instrument," led the people for fifteen years after, when she, too, died. Since then there has been no one prominent co-holy enough to succeed them and there is in consequence no leader. Good, pure and virtuous as Barbara was accepted by the suffered expulsion for it. As she was a power in the community, she flue ceeded in getting back, but she was never really and heartily forgiven fee having taken to herself a husband. There is a community of everything and no one ever poss lungry. In Amana, for lustuaced, where there are pever in the community of everything and no one ever poss lungry. In Amana, for lustuaced, where there are pever in the sundered expulsion for it. As she was a power in the community of everything and no one ever poss lungry. In Amana, for lustuaced, where there are perfected in the barden in the other are villages.—Philadelphia Times.

Research of some one, "His system of reading massite of the cid."