THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XV

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1889

"No, never." "No, never." "Cribbage, backgammon?" "Tve no one to play with. That is one thing in my going away," and she swallowed a sigh--"my evenings will

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Greensboro, N. C. Will be at Graham on Monday of each wee attend to professional business. [Sep 16]

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DR. G. W. WHITSETT,

· Surgeon Dentist, N.C GREENSBORO, - - -Will also visit Alamauce. Calls in the country attended. Address me at resultation. dec 8 tf

JACOB A. LONG, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

N. C

GRAHAM, May 17. '88.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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DOWN AROUND THE RIVER. mo, And guesto' where say twelve o'clock, a faller'd likely find me. Idees all so jumt led up, you kin hardly tell 'em !-Tired, you know, but lovin' it, and smilin' just te think 'as ing sweeter tiredness you'd fairly wan fred o' fishin'-tired o' fun-line ou

stacker-All you want in all the world's a little more to

Ditch is, Vadin' up and down the aidge like they'd rolls

their britches! Old turkle on the root kindo sorto drap water like he don't know how it he shades, and all so mixed, don't

which you'd orter Say, th' worter in the shadder-

ody hollerin'-'way around the bend Fork-where yer eye kin jes' ket opper Port endin' Of the shiney wedge o' wake at e-makin'

con, bread and 'dock green Corp

Trast the rocks and mussel shells, a-lim a-grinning, With yer dinner fer ye, and a blessin' from the

giver, time and June time, down around the

OLD MR. BINNEY.

All their Friends had said, when Mrs. Binney died: "Now what a good thing it would be if old Mr. Binney would marry Miss Bright!" Miss Bright had not been without her troubles, and very hard ones they had been, too, but she bore them with a brave heart, and carried a smiling face, and had a thankful spirit within her striving dwars to remomber her her, striving always to remember her blessings, and how much they out-numbered any evils she was called

numbered any evils she was called upon to bear. Indeed, to listen to Miss Bright's showing, you would have counted her as one of the luckiest persons ever born. She had had the kindest of friends, the most confortable of situa-tions, and the girls she had taught were endowed with an amiability of disposition which made it a positive pleasure to be with them. The only accusation she could bring against them was that they were all in such a terrible hurry to grow up and get married, and then Miss Bright's occu-pation was gone, and she had to step out into the world and find a fresh field for her labors.

"I think if you take my advice you will never wear any other." "Really," and she laughed softly; "but it is for high days and holidays, you know!" and she tiptood to look in the chimney glass, saying that it cer-tainly was a very preity cap, and then she sai down to pour out the tea. "The best tea things!" she said, admir-ingly; "I am so fond of pretty china!" And then, searching in the sugar basin, she added: "I have not forgotten that you like two lumps of sugar, you see." Mr. Binney smiled complarently; a feeting of well being and comfort took possession of him. Of a certainty it was very pleasant to have a congenial comebody to bear one company—one who could talk well, listen well, and hold her tongue well, if necessary. Experience had assured him of that. Miss Bright possessed each of these good qualities. When she had stayed there, when Mrs. Binney was first ill, their orenings had passed very pleas-antly, and recalling the things they had done, he asked: "Do you often play.chees now?" "No, never." Miss Bright, but he had lost his taste for matrimony. He remembered that he had speat forty excellent years with a wife, and, notwithstanding that he "I think if you take my advice you

a wife, and, notwithstanding that he was now a widower, he could not con-scientiously say that he felt his state to be so unhappy. Susan, the cook, respectable and staid, would, he felt sure, manage his household properly, and if it proved that she should give way to extrava-gance, as people seemed to say slic would. Mr. Binney fancied that he could better put up with that evil than with too much of the economy from which he had suffered already. So all the hopes that, on the death of Mrs. Binney, Joe and Sally and the Brendons had cherished for Miss Bright, were ruthlessly dashed to the ground "Evidently Aunt Binney was not to have a successor.

Bright, were ruthlessly dashed to the ground" Evidently Aunt Binney was not to have a successor. "If we could but have got her there as housekeeper," said two of those arch conspirators, "the rest would have been casy." But though they returned to the at-tack several times, no good came of it. Mr. Binney shared in their regret at the loss of Miss Bright's pupils, wondered, as they did, what would become of her, and, his visitors gone, to make his sympathy apparent, he sat down and wrote a kind little note, with a check for \$50 folded within it. "He's an old stupid!" said Sally; "and now she is going away alto-gether, ever so far"-for Miss Bright had had another piece of news to tell. An old pupil of early days had been recently left a widow; her health was as delicate as her heart was kind, and when she made the proposition that Miss Bright should come and spend the rest of her days with her, it was not entirely of her own comfort that she had been thinking. Miss Bright had readily accepted her offer, and she had written to tell Sally that the next week she should come up and see them. 'She could only stay a few

week she should come up and see them. 'She could only stay a few hours with them when she came. The

farewell visit was to be paid later. "But I think," sho said, as she was going, "that I will call on my way home, and say good-by to Mr. Binney, in case I might not have another op-ortunity." All their friends had said, when Mrs. portunity." "Do," said Sally; and away she

Bright.

went. Mr. Binney was at home. He had not been quite well lately; nothing more than a cold, but it had kept him a personer. Today he might have gone out, but he had not felt inclined to, and he gallantly said he was glad to be in, as he should have been sorry indeed to have missed seeing Miss Bright.

"And so you are really going to leave us?" he said, and almost regret-fully, too. "Well, you will be very much missed. I don't know what the Brendons will do." ""They will do."

"They will not miss me more than I shall them," and the brave little woman made an effort that her voice should not sound shaky; "but you know, Mr. Binney, I am not growing younger am I?"

younger, am If" "No," he said, "that is true. I was saying the very same to myself of my-self only to day." "Yes, only with men it does not seem to matter, but with women the

walked on allently until the Conway road was reached. "Now, then," said Miss Bright, "here we say farewell," and she held out her hand, but Mr. Binney did not take it; he was engaged in hailing a carriage he saw; then he drew out his purse, and Miss Bright knew that he intended acting with the man for the fare. She shook her head at him re-provingely. seem to matter, but with women the thought always comes with a little shudder than when we get old and want a little quiet and rest, and a comfortable arm chair by the fire, there is a doubt whether we shall be able to get them." Mr. Binney did not answer, and fear-ing she was saying too much about her ing she was saying too much about her At the railway station they had but a very short time of waiting. Miss Bright stood near the carriage which she had chosen; nothing remained but

A DOUBTING THOMAS. The Way a Western Man Sat Do

The Way a Western Max Sat Down on a Whating Captain. We had been in New Bedford ten or twelve days, and had selected our par-ticular sea captain and listened to half a dozen of his yarns without betraying the slightest evidence of doubt of any statement, when a stranger from the far west arrived and rather forced his presence upon our coterie. We were but the back veranda of the hotel, five or six of us and the old whaler, and the latter had just started in on a story, when the westerner came out of the smoking room and drew up a chair.

the smoking room and drew up a chair.
"Now, go ahead, captain." he brusquely observed, as he lighted a fresh eight.
"Well, gonts." began the captain, after an uncasy look around, "I was going to tell you about a whale as"-"What species of whale?" interrupted the stranger. "There are several species, you know, and you had better designate."
"A right whale, sir."
"Oh! That's all right; go ahead."
"We were lying to and drifting while trying out a fish captured the day before, and the wind was from"-"Was this on Lake Erie or the Atlantic ocean?" put in the stranger.
"On the Atlantic, of course."
"Then I am with you. I didn't know but you were whaling on the lakes. Better locate the spot a little closer, however." be less lonely." "Ah, yes; I find the time very long after dinner. I don't like to go to bed before half past 10, although I often feel inclined to."

mirt with her and you won't miss your wife very much." The small boy was emphatic. "Say," he said to the speaker, "if you see my father gettin' stuck on anybody while mamma's away you go right in and cut him out."—San Francisco Chronicle.

lakes. Better locate the spot a little eloser, however." "It was off the coast of Brazil," re-plied the captain in an indignant voice. "That will do, but is a long coast. Go ahead, and never mind which way the wind blew." "We were drifting, as I said," con-tinued the captain, as he swallowed a lump in his throat, "when the man at the masthead called"......"

Bave is the Paring. The loss of the war ships at Samoa was a terrible blow to the navy. Three gallant men-of-war sunk in a night, and the navy already short of good ships! The situation aroused the pa-triotism of the whole country at opce, and the misfortune was bewailed throughout the land. The secretary of the navy has, since the disaster, been in receipt of numerous letters of condolance, encouragement and sug-gestion, referring to ways and means for retrieving the losses. But none exhibit more touching carnestness of patriotism than the following, sent by a little maiden of Reading. Pa., where war ships are myths. It was written eatly and was straight to the point, of the potatoes, and I thought if they of the potatoes, and I thought if they of the been where the others got of a monly eleven, but I can take thinner parings. My mother does not mov I am writing thes. "Let him go on !" called two or three voices. "Oh, certainly, but he must be sure of his facts. Go on, captain, you had a man at the masthead, where he didn't belong at the time, but perhaps you managed things that way. He suddenly sighted a whale, didn't he?" The captain would have retired, but we looked at him so appealingly that he decided to make one more effort. "The lookout hailed' the deck and said that a large whale was bearing

"The lookout name was bearing said that a large whale was bearing down on our starboard broadside," he that first two or three swallows. "I said, after two or three swallows.

"Say, captain," softly inquired the stranger, "was the lookout a man of veracity" "Of course he was!" "All right, then; but I have known lookouts who would lie like a trotting horse about whales. Go on. You were going to say that you leaged overboard. What happened then?" "Gentlemen, I can't stand this," pro-tested the captain, as he rose up. "What's the matter?" asked the stranger.

"And romember that so long as I have a house there will be room for you in it." "That is very kind of you, Mr. Binney," she said, softly. "I am sure I do not know why people are so good

to me Mr. Binney apparently was no bet-ter able to inform her, and they walked on silently until the Conway

me in."

The Thing That's Chesp. This is most assuredly the age when a children have to look after the

This is most assuredly the age when the children have to look after the morals of the parents. I suppose since "Little Lord Fauntleroy" we will have the kids talking to their fathers and their grandfathers and giving them the best of advice. Well, they need it; it doesn't matter who gives it to them. It does not require any special faculty or education to give advice. Anybody can give it, everybody gives it; but nobody can take it, nobody takes it. If people took advice what a bore the world would be. Now if you have a sore eye and somebody tells you to rub it with a gold ring, and you rub it and it cures it, what becomes of the fellow who is waiting to advise you to rub it with borax, or use cold water band-ages, or apply some patent aslvet. Of course they will all tell you to try those various remedics even after it is cured, and I know one fellow who wanted to go over to the drug store and buy a box of salve for me a week after the eye was well. But this was a moral point that was raised. He was going away with his mother, and his father was saying 'Good-by'' at the station. He was looking appro-priately blue and his male friends were rallying him. "That's all right. You'll see some pretty woman to-morrow and begin to flirt with her and you won't miss your wife very much." "The small boy was emphatic.

Save in the Paring.

NO. 20

A WOMAN WITH GRIT.

Talk about women going ou homestead act at Oklahoma hespian on the Rialto, with a

Holding Her Cabin Against F

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In the interest of the inte

twice a day, the prairie grass for over three miles being neck high and the primeval snake acting as her only es

"Meanwhile, Flo-that's the hound-held the fort at the cab

"Meanwhile, Flo-that's the blood-hound-held the fort at the cabin, and the cabin never got far away while Flo was in command. One evening about dust, Miss Stetson heard one of Flo's peculiar and ominous growls. The dog never growled unless there was business on hand. So her mistress re-sponded and found three villainous looking Sioux Indians at the rear of the cabin. They were the worse for fire water and asked for food as a bluff. This was her first introduction to the coper colored gentry. "As she started for some meat and a revolver the Indians drew their knives and entered. The odds were heavy and their purpose was clear. As the leader advanced with knife raised, she let him have it in the heart and he dropped. Flo got her cue and fas-tened on number two's throat with deadly grip. Number three took to the woods. She buried the redskins next day and kept on with her school. Flo saved her life several times after that-once when a tramp pulled ar razor in return for a breakfast, taking Miss Stetson entirely off her guard. He managed to make a nasty cut in her arm before Flo got her lines, but when hhe did jt was all over for the tramp in one act. She had a man all ready for the undertaker before she left his throat. "A third time Miss Stetson had left be a dreaded of the selies on the left know I am writing this." The secretary's private secretary, Mr. Raymond, called his attention to this letter, and he directed that it be sent to the bureau of provisions and clothing. A reply was sent to the lit-tle girl, thanking her for her sugges-tion. The letter was filed in the ar-chives of the department, bearing on its back these words, stamped in red ink: "Referred to the Bureau of Pro-visions and Clothing."—Washington Btar. <text><text><text>

"And the days draw in so quickly now there is no afternoon—it is all evening, which reminds me that it is getting time for me to go, for it takes me quite an hour to got to the station." me quite an hour to get to the station." "Not in a carriage?" "No, but I'm going to walk; it is quite fine and dry, and if I feel tired at the Conway road I shall wait at the corner for the omnibus passing." Miss Bright began to put on her bon-net. Mr. Binney walked to the win-dow; for a minute he looked out, then he rang the hell.

"Excuse me, captain," interrupted the stranger, "but if all hands were trying out why did you have a lookout at the masthead?" "Ist him go on !" called two or three wiese dow; for a minute he looked out, then he rang the bell. "I shall go with you as far as the Conway road." "O, Mr. Binney! No, pray don't think of such a thing; it might give you a cold, and there isn't the slight-est occasion—I am so accustomed to go about alone." But Mr. Binney remained firm; his hat and coat were brought to him; and away the two set off together. They chatted pleasantly as they walked along. "I shall hope to come and see them all sometimes," Miss Bright said. "I know as long as the Brendons have a home they will take me in."

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of watch, clock, or p thread at my Lensel cave-by as you can have it done or is cent through the mult are prompte attention. Loss truty. "SULAW;" Oct 41

And the state of the state

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R TOBIC II

CORNS.

her to do! When Mrs. Binney died, which hap-proad quite suddenly about a year bo-fors, there had been some talk as to Mas Bright going to Mr. Binney's as housekeeper; but this proposition had been made without the knowledge or consent of the principal person con-percent, who, as soon as the hint was diver. Resultered it

field for her labors. As years rolled on, each one adding to the score of Miss Bright's age, these hunting grounds of instruction be-

ing she was saying too much about her own feelings, she altered her tone, which had been a little sad, and went

on in her usual cheerful way: "But then I ought to feel so thank-ful that this opening has been made for me. I told them that I knew some-

for me. I told them that I knew some-thing would come; it has always dono so; I have always been so hucky." "It's your happy disposition makes you say so, my dear Miss Bright; a cheerful spirit shortens the longest day. I wish I could follow your ex-ample. I often feel condemned at my want of contentment—of gratitade, I ought to suy." But that Miss Bright would not al-low. She reminded Mr. Binney of the many kind actions he had done, and in her own quiet way thanked him

to the score of Miss Bright's age, these hunting grounds of instruction be-came more and more narrowed. Chil-dren of 6 began now where girls of 18 used to leave off, and history and geography, to say nothing of the parts of speech and grammar, were all so altered, that poor little Miss Bright had to acknowledge that at times she really did feel quite confused. "Very soon I shan't be left with anything to teach," she used to say, pathetically; and then Mr. Binney's nephew, Joe, er some other good fellow who heard her, would declare she should set up a school for wives, for there never ware such wives as the girls whom Miss Bright had brought up. She had taught Joe's wife, Sally, and her sis-ter, and though since then she had had other situations, at holiday time, or whenever she was seeking employ-ment, she always returned to the house of Dr. Brondon, their father. When Mr. Binney dropped in, as he frequently did, to inquire after his old friends, the Brendons, he from time to time found Miss Bright there; and happening in on the occasion of one of her visits there, to bring the news that Mrs. Binney was ill, with no one whose business it seemed to be to look after her, nothing was more natural than that Miss Bright should volunin her own quiet way thanked him for the thoughtful present he had sent to her.

to her. "No,no, no; now you must not speak of that," Mr. Binney hastily interrupt-ed her; and to give a turn to the con-versation, he said she "must have some tea," and, ringing to order it, he hoped she could stay. Well, yes, she thought she could spare time for that—indeed, to be plain, she was not in such a very great hurry. The fact hall been that Joshad had nu unexpected holiday, and she saw that, only for her being there, he had come home to go out some-where with Sally. "So I hope that little fib I told you will be forgiven me, for when I said that I was wanted at home, although it was quite true, perhaps I used not

after her, nothing was more natural than that Miss Bright should volun-teer; and a great comfort they found her. So sprightly yet unobtrusive was the cheery little woman that Mrs. Bin-ney herself was influenced in her fa-vor, until, with an eye to their mutual comfort. Mr. Binney proposed that Miss Bright should stay with them altogether.

Miss Bright should stay with them altogether. "Why noit" he said. "We could well afford to pay her a salary." But this word salary, acting like magic on Mrs. Binney, seenisel to bring her to her senses immediately. She would be very glad to have Miss Bright as a visitor as long as she liked to stay, but as to living with them altogether—no, she would not give her consent to that; she had always ob-jected to having in her house a third party. It was then that Miss Bright's triends pulled very long faces indeed. What would she dot they asked her. "Oh, comething is sure to turn up," the would say hopefully. "Whenever I have come to my last cho an open-ing has always been made for me; and I am not going to desnair now." And she said this all the more em-phatically, because, in spite of her confidence, she could not help feeling that a voice, which she could not still, hept repeating. "What will you do when you grow older! Teaching will get harder than ever." That was true enough, but what else was there for her to do! it was quite true, perhaps I need not but for that have left quite so early. But it was so nice of Joe to come home. I do love to see husbands and

But it was so nice of Joe to come home. I do love to see husbands and wives companions to each other. "Ah, indeed, yes; that is the object of marimony too often, I fear, lost sight of in our day by the young and the old, too." But Miss Bridget did not agree. "No, she knew so many united couples. There were the Brondons now"- But at this moment the ten was brought in, and Miss Bright asked should she pour it out. Her offer was accepted. "Only," said Mr. Binney, "you must take off your clock, or you won't feel the good of it when you go; and your bonnet, too --wouldn't you be more comfortable without that?" Miss Bright said "No," she would not take her bonnet off. "Haven't a cap with you. I sup-pose?" said the old gentleman, siviy. "Yes, indeed I have-a present from Sally-and a very becoming one, too." "Put it on, then, and let me pass my opinion."

opinion." Miss Bright Instanced to oney, and when she came for his inspection the mile on her face and the fort pink in her check made her look ten years oll," sho mid, "now what do you

to say good-by and enter. "And you will let us hear how you get on?" for she had not said she was coming up again. "O I shall often write to the Bren

"O I shall often write to the Bren-dons and Sally. You will hear of me through them." "And I hope very much that you will be comfortable and happy." Miss Bright tried to smile, but her eyes filled rapidly, and to hido the tears she half turned away. "I wish you were not obliged to go away. Couldn't anything be man-aged for you?" Bho shook her head sadly. "No," she said; "I tried everything I could" -and here a sob would come-"but nobody seemed to want me." "I-I want you!" Mr. Binney was stammering out his words excitedly. "Miss Bright, can you-will you stay for me? Could you consent to become Mrs. Binney!"

Mrs. Binney!" "Mrs. Binney! - F" - everything seemed to swim around her-"but, Mr. Binney, such an idea never once oc-curred to me."

"I am very sure of that, my dear," he said, carnestly, "and it has taken some time to come to me, or I should have made the offer long ago; however, better late than nover—that is, if you will accept me."
"O but I think it is so good of you —and you feel sure that I can make you happy? What will the Brendons and Sally say?"
"Bay that Lam more lucky than I deserve to be for not asking you before. Now I understand why I wouldn't consent to your being my housekeeper; I was wanting you for my wife, you know."

Miss Bright held up her hands in dismay. "O my I" she cried, "there's the train off-gone, I declare?" "What of that, if it is? Another will soon follow, and while we are waiting for it we can arrange our plans and fix the day." "And if any one wishes to know how it all ended I can antisfy their curiosity by telling them that a more happy, cheery couple never were seen than the present Mr. and Mrs. Binney.-Boston True Flag.

Wested Basm to Eally. An oid reteran relates a peculiar litary dialogue he listened to in the arse of one of the battles of the re-lice. I forget which. The soldier is going of the field too hastily, and a provest guard cried, "Halt," an't? "Wounded?, "No." "Sek?" o." "What's the matter?" "I am

"What's the mattery asked the stranger. "You seem to doubt my word, sir." "Lands alive! but how did you get that idea! Op the contrary, I have the most entire faith in what you say. By the way, captain, what year, month and day of the week was this? What was the hame of your ship? Are any of the crew willing to go before a mag-istrate and make affaduvit? I should

istrate and make affaduvit? I should also like"— But the captain had turned his back and walked away, and our pleasant old liar never returned to us. He had been smothered by the stranger, and we had to hunt up and listen to the yarns of a mate, who couldn't tell a yarn without his face giving him away every time he pulled a leg of truth out of joint.—New York Sun.

Night Air Better Than Foul Air.

Night Air Better Than Foul Air. An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul air from within. Most peo-ple prefer the latter, an unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the diseases we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window most nights in the year can never hurt any one. In great cities night air is often the best and purest to be had in twenty-four hours. I could better un-derstand shutting the windows in town during the day than during the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make night the best time for airing the pa-tient. One of our highest medical au-thorities on consumption and elimate has told me that the air of London is never so good as after 10 o'clock at night. Always air your room, then, from the oetside air, if pussible. Win-dows are made to open, doors are made to shut, a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without, every par-mage from within. --Sanitary World.

It Will Not Cener Again. There is a certain young lady in American, Ga, who will users on much supper if a young man eats with ther on an invitation to do so; but when she retires for the night will have a biscuit or piece of orne and munch it after lyingdown. One night is week she had a visitor and dida's munch it after lyingdown. One night is week she had a visitor and dida's put week she had a visitor and dida's put on one knew. She awakaned her on an anarcied sister, the latter her house arcenning at a heart break is being murdered. In rushed a big pother and a married sister, the latter her holds of the sovering, when her holds of the sovering, when her holds are three rates and put join pieces of the rates. The prother is and pulled of the sovering, when down fell pieces of the rates manupering pot her. She was frightened nearly prother and a married are rent to be to pot the sover the source of the rates. The prother is possed two as the rates manupering pot her. She was frightened hearthy to convention and gave rent to be

into convulsions and gave vent to terror is the car spliting screams, says she is always going to est suppor at the table hereafter, if the are a dozen young men there.-C.

She flampled It.

She sampled It. One very warm night last summer I happened to be standing in the back yard of a representative rookery in Clabber alley near an old chicken coop. The moon was shining upon the coop, and as I stood in the shadow of the house I noticed the head of a gray and grizzled rat thrust from a neighboring rathole, and concluded to watch the movaments of the veteran. After a careful survey of the surround-ings, the old rodent made a cautious exit from the home retreat and moved cautiously to a pan of water standing ings, the old rodent made a cautious sxit from the home retreat and moved cautiously to a pan of water standing mear. Presently five half grown young ones rushed out and raced to see which was the first to the water. The old rodent seemed much alarmed, and, with a shound, leaped to the edge of the pan, raised herself on her haungles and bit and scratched at her offspring whenever they attempted to reach the pan. Presently I learned the reason of the mother rat's actions. After she had succeeded in chasing the young ones back into their hold, abe wet her whiskers in the water. looked rather supliciously about, and sipped the water very cautiously, as if to learn whether or not it contained poisonous or deleterious matter. Then, after a satisfied glaine all round she gave a squeak, and the five young rats came running out and all drank their fill. The noise of the sergeant's club at the corner of the house frightened them off and I had to go.—St. Louis Globle Democrat.

Royal Deadheads

2-19et 24%

W. Latter and Palm Leaf Bats.

Paim Leaf Bais. Palm leaf hats are made from palm leaves, mostly shipped from Cuba to this country in bunches of twenty-five each. As delivered the leaves are from four to five feet long. They are taken to the blenching house, and, after a process of brimstone bleaching, the leaves are split into strips or a kind of atraw; after the straw is ready to be straw; after the straw is ready to be worked into hats, all the work is deno-by hand. It is light work, and a sim-ble fingered girl of 10 or 12 can cart as thuch in a day as an adult worsan. New York Store

Consenantine Au Dr. Squire, plepsici ondon Hospital fo

It Will Not Occur Again.