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Oct 117 "SILAW."



KEEPING THE HEART YOUNG.

KEEPING THE HEART YOUNG.

Old People Who Are Young in Their Ways, and Those Who Are Not.

Dickens says: "If all had hearts like those which beat so lightly in the bosom of the young and beautiful, what a heaven this earth would be! If, while our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their youth and freshness, of what avail would be our sorrows and sufferings? But the faint image of Eden, which is stamped upon them in childhood, chafes and rubs in our rough struggle with the world, and soon wears away; too often to leave nothing but a mournful blank remaining."

How true and beautiful this sentiment is; but is it always the contact with the rough side of the world that leaves the heart hard and blank? Is it not too often the indulgence or bitter feelings of envy and discontent that sours and turns to worm wood and gall many of the sweets of life? Because we do not prosper as well as our neighbor, we fret and imagine our lot harder than any one else, and look upon it as "luck," and are therefore bitter in feeling against those who are more fortunate than ourselves. It is the yielding to evil passions and tempers that makes the heart grow old; the inclination to look on the dark and gloomy side of everything, or to use a familiar adage, "crossing the bridge before we get to it." This seems to be the nature of some people, and consequently they grow old before their time, and the heart is scared and land and nothing truly but a "mournful blank remains."

Why not keep the heart young? Why not have the earth a heaven, and keep childhood's faith and happiness in our hearts, even though the bodies will grow, old and withered? It is a fact worth record that when

and keep childhood's faith and happiness in our hearts, even though the bodies will grow, old and withered? It is a fact worth record that when you meet a genial, happy old person you find they have a youthful heart—a heart of love and good will; a heart that sympathizes and enters into the pleasures, and every day enjoyments. pleasures and every day enjoyments of the young and are willing to make any sacrifices that the young people may enjoy life; such old people always have pleasant faces, placid expressions, and a light in the eye that reflects the emotions of the heart. One is involuntarily drawn to such people. But there is another class of One is involuntarily drawn to such people. But there is another class of old people (alas, too numerous), whose faces are as sour and crabbed as possible; they never see any good in any one; the young never do right, everything has degenerated since their young days, and the whole world moves different; is it any wonder that the hearts of such people are as withered and bitter as their faces indicate?

The face is the true index of the heart, a mirror in which its emotions are truly pictured; the face may grow

are truly pictured; the face may grow old, and time may leave its impress in heavy lines and wrinkles, but from beneath them all there beams a light that is a reflection from a heart kept young and fresh, while the body has grown old beneath the weight of years—a heart that has cherished none but love, peace and contentment, and has gathered only the sunshine of life, keeping "the faint image of Eden, which was stamped upon it in child-hood," even down unto old age.—At-

lauta Constitution. The World's Greatest Lumber Region. A lumber pile made of boards, each A lumber pile made of boards, each 100 feet long and 6 feet in width, would be an unprecedented sight in the east, but a gentleman recently returned from a visit to the coast of the North Pacific ocean says that piles of timber such as that are common at the mills on Puget sound. "Boards 103 feet long and 6 feet wide, without a knot in them," he says, "are common cuts from the gigantic fir frees of the Puget sound forests. These trees grow to the enormous height of 250 feet, and the forests are so vast that although the saw mills These trees grow to the enormous height of 250 feet, and the forests are so vast that although the saw mills have been ripping 500,000,000 feet of lumber out of them every year for ten years, the spaces made by these tremendous inroads seem no more than garden patches. Puget sound has 1,800 miles of shore line, and all along this line and extending thence on both sides miles and miles further than the eye can see, is one vast and almost unbroken forest of these enormous trees. There is nothing like it anywhere on the Pacific coast. An official estimate places the amount of standing timber in that area at 500,000,000,000 feet, or a thousand years' supply, even at the commons rate the timber is now being felled and sawed. The timber belt covers 30,000,000 acres of Washington Territory, an area equal to the states of Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Hampshire. The markets for the Puget sound lumber are entirely foreign, being South America, Australia, Central America and the Pacific ocean islands."—Philadelphia Press.

Bonnets for Men.

ONE OPIUM EATER CURED.

A confirmed opinm snoker was re-cently naked whether he ever knew a person who had been cured of the habit. But it Took a Term in Sing

"Only once," he replied, " and then it wasn't a voluntary cure by any means. He was a man about 85 years old, who had been a slave to the habit for fifteen years. He was so given up to it that his business went to smash, to it that his business went to smash, and he used to resort to all manner of things in order to get money to purchase a 'shell.' He used to crave eight shells or \$2 worth of optum a day, and I have frequently met him in a joint that was run by two tough Chinamen in Marion street, offering to Chinamen in Mariou street, obering to roll for smokers in order to share their opium. One day he had been without a smoke for about seven hours, and he became so despecte that he tried to rob the till in a let tried to rob the till in a grocery store. He was detected and arrested. He got word down to the joint telling of his misfortune, and begging for God's sake that some-body would send him some opium. I bought some dry opium pills and got them in to him after a deal of trouble. The next day I called on him and a more miserable wretch I never saw. He was suffering the tortures of hell. He was doubled up with cramps in his stometh, and the inventible sin he stomach, and the inevitable pain be-tween the shoulders, which feels as though somebody was driving spikes into your flesh, was racking him. These tortures were joined to severe pains in all the joints, as though the limbs were decaying and would soon drop off. He had been without opining so long that he was fairl famishing. and the small quantity of the drug I had been able to send was disposed of

in short order.
"There isn't a taste of it left, he "There isn't a taste of it left,' he yelled to me as I entered his cell in the Tembs. Then he rolled his tongue around as though scarching for any small particles that might be hidden away in a tooth. I gave him the pills I had brought. He seized them like a starving man would seize a crust of bread. He placed two of them in his mouth and rolled them around until they had dissolved, and then washed them down with a mouthful of water. In a few minutes he was lying on his cot as placid and happy as a healthy baby. I kept him supplied with opium until he was tried and sentenced. I managed to slip a few of them into his hand as he was on his way to Sing Sing. I heard no more of him and forgot all about him until one day, on Broadway, several years later, a stalwart, rosy cheeked fellow slapped me on the shoulder and heartily shock me by the hand. I was nearly surprised into a fit when he explained that he was the opium flend of a few years ago. He said that when he got to Sing Sing the habit was on him very strong. The pills I had given him had crumbled to dust in his pocket, and had become several up with a lot of other staff that forgot all about him until one day, on in his pocket, and had become so mixed up with a lot of other stuff that he could not use them. He was in a raging torment that night and cried for the drug. The keepers found him, and the prison physician, who was called, fortunately diagnosed the case correctly. It wasn't much credit to him, however, for every feature of the man's face and every motion of his body almost proclaimed him an opium fieud. He was removed to the hospital, and the physician was kind enough to body almost proclaimed him an opium fieud. He was removed to the hospital, and the physician was kind enough to get interested in the case. He braced him up with hypodermic injections of morphine every time the craving came on, and by a liberal use of this drug finally were away the desire for the other. Of course this treatment created the morphine habit, but this was more readily cured, and my friend soon lost all desire for drugs of any kind, and is a prosperous, happy man today. If he had not been arrested he would certainly have gone the way of all the flends, and have ended his life himself, or died miserably in some hole. He tried to reason the case with me in hopes that I would surrender the drug and endure the agonies that I was no longer a slave to it. I have heard all of those arguments a thousand times, and frequently I have lein in a joint with another smoker, and we have both sworn off, and the very next day we would both be in the same place again. I am getting worse every year. The habit is growing more expensive, and the longer I am at it the less disposed do I feel for work of any kind. My memory is failing me now, and I am already pretty well along on the downward road. I'll go a little further down, and then good-by to everything."—New York Bun.

A Baby Bore with Toeth.

George Baker, a restaurant keeper, living at 168 Park avenue and doing business at 38 Mailison street, is the proud possessor of a baby girl who was born with a set of teeth. When little Julia Orine Baker arrived in town a day or two ages. Bonset for Men.

The bonnet, once upon a time, was an article of male as well as female boad dress. Fine old English gentlemen down to the early part of the Sixteenth century wore bonnets of eloth, silk or velvet, more or less ornamented, according to the rank or the taste of the wearer. These coverings, however, were superseded by the hat in all the lengths and breadth of the kingdom, save in Scotland, where it still retains its ancient name.

The good old "braid bonnet" was broad, round and flat. It overshadowed the face and peek; it could be bounded in front, behind or sideways, as a protection against the "cold blast" or any "airt" the wind might choose to blow. It was made of thick milled weeken stuffs without ream or liming; it could be folded up, ast upon or put in the pocket; it was water proof and kept warm when it was wet; when dry it was as good as ever; and it was so cacessingly durable that a good dark blue bonnet with a red tuff like a charry on the top, and worth exame two shillings sterling, would, with reasonable care, last a man a lifetime. Rural proprietors of a small sort, such an ourselved of stranger and as a content of other and the mouth and make a production and worth according to the flore of the first that the little stranger would do seasething of the, kind to sort of keep up the record, but also did none of these. She can be also be fasted in the table, and perform over so many clover acce, and her foul datas do hone of these. She can bite, though, and that too, you have the first and the foul and the folded up, ast upon or put in the pocket; it was water broof and kept warm when it was wet; when dry it was as good are ever; and it was so cacessingly durable that a good and hard, as her father can to sirty, she having got his little first in the mouth and make any or the foul provided that the first and the folded in the mouth and make any or the foul provided the first and the folded in the mouth and make any or two ago, very red, very held my large from the laster arrived in town

A KICKING BOY'S AID TO SCIENCE.

He Holps Dr. Sayre to Discover a Care

Re Helps Dr. Sayre to Discover a Care for Locomater Ataxis.

As announced in The Herald's cable dispatches, a cure for the dread disease innown as locomotor ataxis has been recently put to practice in Europe. It is alleged that Dr. Molschuthowsky, of Odessa, is the discoverer of the new treatment, which aims at curing the curvature of the spinal column by suspending the patient.

Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, of this city, is accredited with having invented the apparatus in use which was described in The Herald, whereby the patient is lifted from his feet with the object of clongating the vertebral column.

I called on several eminent surgeons yesterday, with a view to obtaining their versions of the new cure of locomotor ataxia, and failed to find one who could disclose the secret. They all acknowledged they efficacy of the treatment pursued by Charcot, admitting that it is due to the process of suspension by Dr. Sayre's instrument. Various theories were offered in explanation of the results attained, the most plausible one being that a straightening of the spine removes the clamp like pressure upon the nerves and thus permits them to open communication with the legs and produce their action.

One surgeon maintained that a curve is not effected, but that a temporary relief is given, the same as is secured in cases of neuralgia by

curve is not effected, but that a temporary relief is given, the same as is secured in cases of neuralgia by stretching the nerves.

Dr. Sayre was in bed when I called on him, having been a sufferer from rheumatism for many years, and more acutely so in the last three years. His handsome, benevolent face lit up with satisfaction when I related the purpose of my visit. "I discovered accidentally, several years ago," said Dr. Sayre, "that the straightening of the spine produced a salutary effect upon the locomotor ataxia, which means an inability to use the legs. A boy was ability to use the legs. A boy was brought to use the legs. A boy was brought to me suffering from a curvature of the spine. His parents were poor and lived at Chatham Corners. They supposed I could cure him in one trip. As the little fellow was in one trip. As the little fellow was in great suffering I determined not to let him return home without relief, my intention being to give him a plaster jacket, with instructions to return when he bad grown a few months

"As I lifted the little fellow, holding him with my hands beneath his arms, I noticed that he began to kick. "That's funny,' I remarked. 'How the devil could he do that?'

"In a few minutes the jacket was cast and I laid the boy on a lounge in my office so that the plaster could set hard. I went out for a few minutes and on returning found that the lad had left the couch and gone to the wirdow, to my further surprise. On giving this peculiar case deep study I came to the conclusion that by holding the boy up and thus straightening the spine the hitherto impeded circu-lation of the blood had been started and given his legs free action. And that seems to be the case in all in-

Hero Dr. Sayre bent his thumb to illustrate the effect of a spinal curva-ture. He said that by suspension the spine is straightened and that the nerves are relieved of the pressure due to the curve, as, for instance, when the thumb is bent at the joint,—New York Usrald

The Genesis of Grace.

"Notice anything peculiar in the posture of the girls on the stage?" said a physician to a reporter one evening at the "Crystal Slipper," pointing to the line of pretty girls in pink tights standing beside the throne of the prince.

standing beside the throne of the prince.

"No," was the reply, "nothing, unless it is they're uncommonly pretty."

"Well," said the doctor, "if you will observe how they stand you will notice that their pose is unconscious, but that every girl of them save one has her right hand behind her back, and the exception is a girl wearing a directoire dress."

"Well?" was saked.

"The arm behind the waist means that every one of these girls are laced.

"The arm behind the walst means that every one of these girls are laced too tight. They're so constricted that they cannot let their arms hang by their side, and so unconsciously they put one behind their back. The girl with the directoire dress isn't laced tightly, and you will notice that her arms fall naturally by her side.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A West Veginia Wonder.

Of all the specimens of liliputian humanity that have ever found a welcome in this world of comparative glants, the little daughter of John E. Miller, of Hampshire county, W. Va., is the mest wonderful. She is 23 years of age, cannot walk or talk and is but twenty six inches tall. Always lying in a little cradle, she is enabled to keep a hearp lookout on what is going on; no one has ever yet been sharp enough to call for an article in the house that the little one could not point out. Her memory is most remarkable. A new song or poem is again repeated in her presence is never forgetten. If the same song or poem is again repeated or sung with the variation of but a single word the little prodigy will show her disapproval by yalling lustily and frowning a frown that cannot be mistaken. How such a remarkable memory can find rusting place in a head no larger than a tacup has long been the wonder of physicians and asvants who have journeyed from far and near to test the remarkable gifts of the little wonder.—J. W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

The Bet Cores.

A sentippental story of his greatgreat-grandmother is told by a correexpendent of The Elisworth American.
This leady and her husband settled in
the midst of the eastern Maine wilderness in the last century. "I have
citen," mays the correspondent, "heard
my grandmother say that her grandmother, on settling in her rade, wilderness home, seeing a red cloper in blossom, so phorned for something pretty

THE MAN WHO FASCINATES.

The Qualities He Must Possess to Win and Heep a Schalble Woman.
He is not necessarily a handsome

man. Many faccinating men are also most ugly. Wealth, social position, rank are all fascinating in and of themselves, but to a true woman they do not make the man himself more attractive. To fescinate women a man must depend entirely upon his own re-

Sources.

What are they?

First, he must be a man of some brains. The empty headed young "chappies" never fuscinate. They may amuse, serve as a bit of entertainment for an idle hour or so, but beyond that they have no special value. They are to be put in the same category with matince tickets and bonbons—useful while they last, which isn't

He must be a man of spirit. A wo-He must be a man of spirit. A wo-man soon has nothing but good na-tured contempt for a fetch-and-carry. The man who will permit himself to be made a makeshift, who is content-to be smiled on one moment, frowned on the next, who will patiently stand and hold my lady's fan while she waltzes with another—can never fas-cinate a woman. In these days of pro-gression, advancement, equal rights, it is rather dariff to say a women needs a master. Yet in one sense she does, Not a petty tyrant, jealous, suspicious, Not a petty tyrant, jealous, suspicious, unreasonable, but a man of spirit, of strong will tendered by justice and kindliness; a man who will not permit a woman to sunb him more than once; a man who will demand and receive respect and a little soupcon of fear

respect and a little soupeon of fear from women.

Well thus, given a man of brains and spirit, what next?

The man who has no sentiment need not expect to fascinate. By sentiment one understands something far re-moved from sentimentalism. Senti-ment is divino; sentimentalism, ab-surd. He who can draw the line between the two is a wise man. All. between the two is a wise man. All-women love sentiment. If they do not possess it themselves they love a tinge of it in a man. Sympathy comes hand in hand with sentiment.

The man who understands a woman's looks, who does not need to have the whole story blarted out, who can read between the lines, who can give gentle, tendersympathy and appreciation, will find that he has taken a long stride toward possessing the gift of

fascination.

A slight dash of cynicism often works worders. Not pessimism. What woman loves gloom and despondency? The cynicism that rightly exerted will discover to a woman much of the folies of life; that, knowing danger thoroughly, would brush it from her path, is very effective.

A chatterer never fascinates. The at random, in mentally maudlin fash-ion, is but a bore. The man who can say much in little, who speak volumes with eyes rather than lips, who can express everything in a look or a ges--ho is successful with women.

ture—he is successful with women.

He should have the artistic temperament. Phlegmatic, cold blooded men fascinate sometimes, 'tis true, but it is the fascination of the serpent. A man should be warm of nature and of heart, affectionate, not ashamed to show his love in every act. On the other hand, he is careful to restrain his ardent devotion—to remember the threness and delicacy of a women's fineness and delicacy of a woman's

The passion that waxes too bold and undisguised becomes odious and re-

The man who wishes to fascinate should make a careful study and thorough analysis of that mysterious and complex thing—a woman's nature. He should remember that it is of finer filter than his; that it is sensitive and easily hurt; that it is proud, and will hide its injuries; that it is forgiving, and will generously pardon; that it is often wayward and needs kind reproof; that it is contradictory, and must be humored; that it demands much and must be satisfied.

Edith Sessions Tupper in Once a Week.

Watterson a Planist.

A bright Southerner at the Hoffman house the other night gave me this curio: "It is not generally known," said be, "that Henry Watterson, the brilliant editor of The Courier-Journal. said ha, "that Henry Watterson, the brilliant editor of The Courier-Journal, writer of Democratic platforms and lather of the 'Star Eyed Goldess,' is an accomplished pianist. Any one who has spent an evening with him in his Louisville home has been, however, rarely entertained by his performances. When Thackeray visited this country Watterson was presented to him and they saw much of each other. Two such congenial minds found, naturally, a great deal to talk about. Literature and the aria, you may be sure, were the chief topics of conversation. One evening the subject of music was touched upon, and during a discussion of the relative beauties of certain masterpieces, Watterson, who was man an open piano, in the enthusiasm of the moment struck with deft hand the keys of the instrument and brought forth tones of marvelous harmony. When about to turn away from the piano and resume the conversation, Thackerny, who loved music as he loved nature, whose child he was, begred Watterson to continue; so the genial Henry played on with the skill of a magician the whole night through, with Thackerny there by his side curaptured.—

New York Graphic.

"I remember the time when we used

to pet from 75,000 to 100,000 buffalo I isles in St. Paul, "said a hide desier.

"We used to get them for \$4 or \$5 each. Now the whole business has been elemed out. The last hards were absorbed by white men, chiefly in 186 of Buffato fors are so high now that people don't buy many. I had two or three hides had year, but if was very hard to self them. Boveral submitted have come into the market. ides in St. Paul," said a hide dealer.

From an article by George Kennan in the April Century we quote the fol-lowing: "We heard many funny sto-ries from the political exiles in Siberia with regard to the ignorance shown and the mistakes made by the rural police in dealing with supposed revolutionists. Four or five years ago, just after the assassination of the genderune officer Sudeikin (Soo-day-i-kin) by the terrorist Degalef (Deegy-yeff), photographs of Degalef were sent to every police office in the empire. On the back was printed an offer of 10,000 rubles' reward for the capture of the assassin, and on the face were printed zix photographs of Degalef, showing how he looked in a cap and without a cap; with a full beard and without full beard, and with a ufustache and without a munitache. A hard drinking and ignorant police officer in a village of western Siberia, into whose hunds a copy of this card foll, arcested four unitacky, wayfarers who happened to with regard to the ignorance shown milucky wayfarers who happened to of Degulef, and committed them to

jail; then he went about the village and to the dram shop in a half tipsy condition, beasting that he had captired four of those accursed Degaies, and was going to hold them until he could find the other two, so that he could turn the six together over to the higher authorities. He had no doubt that he would be the could transit out to the higher authorities. higher authorities. He had no doubt that he would get not only the 10,000 rubles roward, but a cross of honor.

"Another police officer, equally ignorant, arrested a scientific man, a member of the Impurial Geographical society, who had gone into the country to pursue his favorite study of ornithology. The unfortunate naturalist was accustomed to note down every day the names of the birds of which he had secured specimens, and the sa-

day the names of the birds of which he had secured specimens, and the sagacious police officer, in looking over his prisoner's diary, found on almost every page such entries as June 13—Killed a line crown suipe this afternoon; or June 17—Shot a silvia hortensis today. Regarding these entries as unmistakable records in cipher of nihilistic murders, the officer sent the captured ornithologist under strong guard to the chief of police of the district, with the note book as documentary proof that the prisoner was one of

ary proof that the prisoner was one of the most desperate and bloodthirsty of the terrorist assessins; the entry with remail to 'crown snipe' he said was phintly a reference to the most angust family of the Gozzudar."

It happened in a Dearborn street tonsorial palace. A young man was in one of the chairs, having his hair cut. It was Saturday, and well he knew that he had no business having his hair cut on such a busy day, but there he was. While the finishing touches were being put on a fat man came in, peeled off his coat and asked for a fan. The fat man was nervous. He was waiting for the barber who was cutting the young man's hair. He made ready to take the chair when the

was cutting the young man's hair. He made ready to take the chair when the young man plumped his head down and ordered one plain shave. This made the nervous fat man hotter than ever. After the shave be made another start for the chair, when the young man straightened up and called for two pin curls for his mustache. The nervous fat man fairly oczed suppressed profanity, and fanned himself the harder. Finally the young man vacated the chair, and the nervous fat man glared at him as he took his place. This was so uncalled for that the young man wanted to get even in some way for the implied insult, so he said to the barber: "Your next door neighbor says he wouldn't be shaved in here." "And why not?" asked the barber, as he poised his keen edged razor above the face of the nervous fat man, who was fully lathered by this time. "Well, he says your shop is so narrow that when he is getting shaved he is in mortal terror that some one will jostle you and make you cut his throat." It was a mean revenge. All of the color forsook the nervous fat man's face, and to him his shave instead two good hours. He land never thought of the danger of having his threat cut in a narrow barber shop.— Chicago Herald.

"An ingenious machine was exhibited to Posimaster General Dickinson shortly before he retired from office, ed to Postmaster General Dickinson shortly before he retired from office, and if it should strike his successor as favorably as it did him may be in general uso before long," remarked an official of the fieltimore postoffice. "It is an adaptation of the put-a-nickel-intice-slot machine to the sale of postage stamps. A sheet of stamps is cut into slips the width of two stamps, and there slips are wound around a cylinder inside the machine. A nickel is placed in the slot, which drops down, starts an electric current, which causes the stamp cylinder to revolve, the slip of stamps pides along and passes under a row of needles, which drops down and cuts off two stamps.

"The owner of the nickel waits a few seconds after his money disappears and then shoves down a metallic button, and two stamps make their appearance at an aperiure in the lower part of the machine. It is proposed by the inventors to place these machines in stores and prominent places about a city. If the department approves the plan they will adopt the machine so that two pennies or a ten cent piece can be used with the result that one two cent stamp or five stamps can be obtained. In case a spurious coin is used a magnet in the interior detects the fraud and throws it to one side."—

Insidence Gebaked.

At a table in a restaurant a diner mid to another on the opposite side of the table. "I beg pardon, sir, but will you kindly years not he said cellar?"
"flumph!" said the other insolently. "To you take me for the waiter?"
The first diner made no reply, but calculy called, "Waiter?"
The waiter came up, bowing, and accel him what he desired.

A CROWN OF MOTHER'S TEAR

All gature still and hushed, Two little stars came peopleg out, Locked down on the carth and b

It was a mother kneeling
By the side of her dying child,
Whose little quivering lips now won
A peacutal, beavenly smills.

They were brighter for than the miser's gol Or the treasured diamond's biass, And they sparkled like the bright subbeam 'Mid the fairest armoner days. One little charub took them all And hurried back to heaven, And were them into a beautiful crossu To the dying child to be given.

The other angel caught the bake.
In tender grass of love,
And bore itm over the dark wild river.
To that glorious home above.

When they renched the "beautiful city of gold,"
With no more doubts or fears.
They placed a crown on his shimmering curls—
The crown of mother's tears.
—Little Lelia Wilson in Atlanta Constitution.

Buffalo Bill is as handsome and statuesque as ever, and since his great financial success and experience abroad has taken on a quiet dignite which becomes him greatly. His favorite reminiscence is touching the days when he first became an actor with Texas Jack in Ned Buntline's

play

Knowing how proud Bustline was
of his drama, Bill arranged with the
stage manager one night to reverse
the order of the nets, and proceeded
to play the fourthact first, the third
act second, the second act third and
the first act last. Buntline had busithe first act last. Bunfline had business in the front of the house looking after the admissions, so he didn't come on till the second act, when he acted a small part, was promptly killed off and allowed to go out to the front again and count up. He came back to the stage to dress outhe right the change was made, and was horrified to find them playing the fourth act. He was dezed for a minute, but he knew he was same and sober, and presently demanded an explanation.

"We've shifted," said Bill. 'It got monotonous playing it the other way all the time."

"But you'll ruin everything," declared Buntline, in a frenzy.

"Nousense," seid Bill, "they'll never know the difference."

And the public never did.—Chicago Mail.

The well known experiment for showing total reflection of light in a jet of water or in a glass red has been made use of here by Dr. Roth and Professor Reass in devising a new method of illuminating from outside some cavities of the body, such as the larynx and nose. The instrument used for this purpose is a well polished (not blackened) glass red, to one end of which a small electric incandescent glow lamp, like those used for electric breastpins, is attached. The light of the lamp is reflected equally through the whole glass red to its other end, which is placed on the skin of the threat in the case of a laryngoscopical examination being required. Than the interior of the larynx becomes illuminated sufficiently for laryngoscopy. If this luminous glass red is applied to the sclerotic, the interior of the eyeball can be examined in the same way as by using an ophthalmoscope, the structure of the posterior parts of the ritreous body being very well seen and studied. As the glass red remains cold, it can be employed in operative surpery to light the natural and artificial cavities.—The Lancet.

Insects in the Ears.

It is popularly supposed that for an insect of any kind to find its way into the car means death if not instantly removed, and physiciana are aroused at all hours by applicants who beg them to come quickly, "a bug has gotten in somebody's ear." Unless it is an insect with very keen nipport there is no possible danger, although often ampleasantness, if the bug has capacity to bite sharply. Of course there is fear of its working its way to the brain, but as a rule this belief causes a great deal of nervousness, which has a bad ciffeet on the subject. Of course the ear should be examined as soon as possible, and the insect removed, but the popular idea that death will result is quite wrong.—Se Louis Globe Democrat.

A French physician annound distressing or excessive pulpits the heart can always be arrested bending double, the head do the hands hanging, so as to presuperary congestion of the portion of the body. In nearly instance of nervous or anomic tation, the heart immediately pass natural function. If the incuts of respiration are arresting this action, the effect is stipepid.—Herald of Health.