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MONEY TO LOAN.

The water rushed, the water sighed,
A fisher sat thereby,
And watehnd his angle on the tide
With thoughtful, patient eye,
And as he site and as he waits
The flood's broad hosom parts,
And thence—her garb in damp hung pla.
The river spirit starts.

She sang to him, she spoke to him:
"What! wouldst thou so illude
With human skill and cunning grim
My harmless flany brood?
Ah! couldst thou see how well it is.
With them so cool below,
Down wouldst thou come to share their bliss
And joy's real meaning know.

"The sun and moon both end their race

The water rushed, the water sighed, The water rushed, the water sighed,
The waves his feet caressed—
He feels as though a new won bride
Lay on his longing breast.
She sang to him size spoke to him,
His form passed from the shore,
He sank beneath the river grim,
And came to life no more.

And came to life no more.

He never had a chance to tell
Of that eventful day;
Of all the mighty fish be caught,
Of those that got away.

But, if such were each fisher's fate,
How much of fancy's range
Mankind would lose in wondrous tales
Both picturesque and strange.

—From the German of Goetha.

### HER LAST CARPET.

The clothes line, stretched from the

The clothes line, stretched from the June apple tree to the mulberry tree, and on to the great oxheart cherry tree in Mrs. Gideon Huff's back yard, had for several days flaunted strips of bright green, orange yellow and dark crimson cotton, newly dyed.

On Monday there appeared several yards of pale blue, and on Tuesday a strip of bright red. When Mrs. Huff hung the last strip on the line, she stepped back with her bare, round, red arms akimbo, nodded her pink sunbonneted head to and fro in an approving manner, and said:

proving manner, and said:
"Well, I've had good luck with
ev'ry single piece. If I'd make the
aniline dye a leetle mite darker, it'd
mebbe looked better along with the

mebbe looked better along with the green an' yeller in the twisted stripe I callate on having, but it'll look mighty purty as 'tis. I must git my logwood an' copperas ready for the rest of my rags, an' git 'em all ready for the rag sewin' Friday, for they've got to go to the weaver a Sattaday."

Mrs. Huft's rag carpets had taken the first premium at the county fair every autumn for three years, and she was laying her plans again this year to capture the blue ribbon and the five dollar prize. She had a way of getting up "twisted stripes" and coloring and warping the chain that no one could imitate. Her neighbors often said that they would rather have one We keep constantly on hand a full stock of fresh, new goods and are very fine, and sometimes lay awake at

night planning something new in the way of "hit and miss fillin"." "She cuts up our duds fer carpet rags 'fore we've half wore 'em out." said Mr. Gideon Huff, a little irritably. "When a woman gits to makin' rag carpets a man's red flannins ain't safe minute unless he puts 'em in the bank in his own name, an' my blue overalls gin'rally go into a ball of carpet rags 'fore I've wore 'em a dozen

The carpet Mrs. Huff was now making was to eclipse all of her former efforts. She had actually dreamed of something new in twisted stripes, and had risen in the middle of the night to make fort and make the to make fast and safe the dream-sent idea by winding the colors in the right order around a strip of pasteboard. Then she went back to bed, saying to

"Now, if I could only dream of something new in fillin'!"

But such a dream did not come

although she was a great dreamer, and stoutly maintained that she often "dreamed out things," and that her dreams came true. Being thus a firm believer in dreams, she occasionally even invited dreams by overloading

believer in dreams, she occasionally even invited dreams by overloading her stomach at night.

"If I est an ordinary light supper," she said, "I don't dream much; but if I eat pickles and cheese and cake, and a lot of stuff of that kind, I dream a sight," which was no doubt true.

She "made a rag sewin'" that week to finish up her hit and-miss rags, but the rags for that wonderful stripe were all to be sewed with her own hands. Eight or ten of her neighbors came to the "rag sewin'." Each of them brought her needle and thimble, and sewed carpet rags and laughed and gossiped in the most agreeable way all the afternoon, and in the evening their husbands came to supper.

Not even to these ladies did Mrs. Huff disclose the pattern of her "dreamed out" stripe, although she informed them that they could confidently expect to see such a rag carpet as they'd never before seen, when the fair opened two weeks later.

Her household duties occupied her time more than usual at that season of the year, so that she could sew only at night, and each night she sat up until very late sewing on the green and crimson and yellow and blue and black and white rags for the stripe in her carpet.

It was after midnight on Friday

her carpet.

It was after midnight on Friday when the last ball was sewed and wound and weighed and ready to go to the weaver's on the morrow.

to the weaver's on the morrow.

"The stripe can't be improved on I jest know," said Mrs. Huff, as she put the rags away in stout grain bags, and tisd them up. "But I can't decide just how to have the colors in the chain warped, or whether to have the light and dark rags all mixed up or sep'rate in the hit an' miss part. I do wonder if I can't dream it out to night! I'm all tired out, and I dream best when I'm that way. Mebbe if I eat a big piece of gooseberry pie and a piece of choese fore I go to bed, I'll dream something uncommon.

am something uncommon.
I read the other day of a great poet

and, being very tired, soon dropped asleep.

She was sleeping heavily when her husband called her in the morning. Her first words when she arose were:

"Well, it didn't do any good. I didn't dream anything about that carpet, although I did dream of forty other things. I must hurry up my work, and have Gideon take me and the rags over to the Widow Watts', and see myself that she understands just how that carpet's got to be wore."

But when, two hours later, she went into her little sewing room to get her rags and chain, they were not to be found.

"Gideon," she called to her husband.

"Gideon," she called to her husband, who was putting the horses to the light wagon in the barnyard, "have you carried them rags out to the wagon?"

"No," called back Mr. Huff; "I ain't "No," called back Mr. Huff; "I ain't seen your old rags. I'll be glad when I have seen the last of 'em, and you've done a-settin' up o' nights a-puddlin' over 'em, and underminin' your constitution and your health."

"Well, they ain't here, "said Mrs. Huff, "and I left them here last night, all ready to be carried out. Hanner, 've you seen them rags?"

"No," replied Hannah, the hired girl, "I ain't seen a solitary thing of 'em."

"That's queer," said Mrs. Huff, irritably. 'They never tuk legs and walked off of their own accord. Sam, I don't s'pose you've seen anything of

my rags?".
Sam, the farm hand, happened to pass the open window at that moment.
"Your rags, Mis' Huff? What rags?"
"Why, my carpet rags."
"Didn't know you had any," replied Sam, briefly, as he went unconcernedly on his way.

Then began an active search for the rags. Mr. Huff was called in, and so singular was the disappearance of

rags. Mr. Huff was called in, and so singular was the disappearance of such bulky articles that he joined in the search with considerable interest.

"It's the queerest thing!" said Mrs. Huff, for the fifteenth time, as she looked into places in which the bags of rags could not possibly be. "It's my opinion," she said at last, "that somebody has stolen those rags. They must have done it! They never got away alone; any one with common sense knows that."

No trace of a thief could be found,

No trace of a thief could be found, but one could easily have come and gone without the family knowing it, as the doors and windows were seldom fastened. In fact, some of them had been left wide open the night before to admit the cool air at the close of a

After an hour of unavailing search Mrs. Huff dropped wearily into a chair and said, in a choking voice, "Well, they're gone, and gone for good, and so's my chance of getting the prize at the fair next week. Somenow that Calisty Horn will get the premium with her carpet." "Well, well, what if she does?" said

Mr. Huff, consolingly. "You've had it three years hand runnin', and you'd ought to give somebody else a chance

anyhow."
"They all have just as good a chance as I've had," replied Mrs. Huff. "And the premium ain't nothing at all compared to the loss of that carpet that I had callated sure on putting down in the settin' room this fall."

The rows were not found in the days

The rags were not found in the days that intervened before the fair, and Mrs. Calisty Horn's carpet did get the

first premium.
"And such a looking carpet as it was," said Mrs. Huff, somewhat spite-fully. "The rags was half an inch wide, and she'd got too much copperas

in her coloring, and the stripe was nothing to compare to what mine would have been." Her loss and defeat weighed heavily

on Mrs. Huff, and she lay awake a long time thinking the whole matter over after she had gone to bed, when

over after she had gone to bed, when she came home from the fair.

Sometime after midnight Mr. Huff awoke to find himself alone in bed, and as he opened his eyes he fancied he saw some one pass the door leading into the hall.

"Harriet," he cried, "is that you?"

"I wonder," he said, "if that woman has got up in the dead of night to begin on another carpet. She shan't do it! Harriet, what are you doing? You sick?"

gin on another carpet. She shant do
it! Harriet, what are you doing?
You akk?

Still Harriet did not answer. Mr.
Huff arose, wrapped a quilt around
him, lighted a candle and started out
to investigate. As he stepped into the
hall he heard a noise as of some one
moving around in an unused attic
room above him, a room that had not
been entered for weeks, and which was
now filled with all the odds and ends
of things that will collect in a house
as the years go on, and which a great
many people save, under the impression, usually a delusion, that they will
sometime "come handy."

Among the useless rubbish stowed
away in Farmer Huff's attic was the
frame of an old carpet loom on which
Mrs. Huff had woven many a carpet
in her younger days; but years had
passed since the loom had been in use.
The moonlight streaming in through
a window showed Mr. Huff that the
attic door was open, but there was no
other light in the room.

"Harriet Huff!" he called, "what in
creation air you doing up there at this
time o' night! Hunting some more
tormented old rags? Come right back
to bed! You'll get your death o' cold
roamin' round at night!"

She took no notice of his querulous
remarks, but he heard no more sounds
in the attic. But he was too much
troubled to let the matter rest as it
was, and accordingly mounted the
stairs and entered the stiic room.
There he saw something that caused
him to open both eyes and mouth with
amazement.

At the old loom sat Mrs. Huff in her

At the old loom sat Mrs. Huff in her right clothes. In one hand she held in old wooden shuttle, while with the other she fumbled around in a grain

out as plain as day, and got up in his nightgown and finished up. I'm sure if a person could dream out a fine poem, I'd ought to be able to dream out a common rag carpet pattern."

Thus reasoning to herself, Mrs. Huff ate her pie and cheese and went to bed, and, being very tired, soon dropped asleep.

bag full of carpet rag balls leaning against a post of the loom. Drawing forth a ball of the "hit an' miss" rags she slowly began winding it on the shuttle, which she then passed to and fro through an imaginary warp. The reed and batten bars were gone, but asleep.

Mrs. Huff went slowly through the motions of using them.

The amazed Mr. Huff at once noticed that her eyes were closed, and his belief that she had become a "stark, staring, crazy loonytic" changed into the more agreeable thought that she was simply sound asleep. His eyes rested on the missing carpet rags, and he mentally ejaculated:

"Brought 'em up here herself in her sleep two weeks ago, by Jinks! What's goin' to become of her if she goes to makin' carpets both when she's asleep and awake? Her intelleckshel reason will give way. That's what'll happen to her! No born woman could stand it, and it'll be mighty hard on all of us. She shan't make nary nother carpet! I'll buy body bristles for ev'ry room in the house first! Harriet Diany Huff, wake up and git to bed where you belong!" you b'long!"
Mrs. Huff did not waken, and Mr.

Huff hesitated before speaking again:
"They say," he said to himself,
"that it ain't safe to wake us sleepwalkers or somnambulances suddenly. Mebbe she'd have a fit if I woke her, though she don't come of a fitty fam'ly. I'll just see what she does."

A moment later Mrs. Huff slowly left the loom, and with eyes closed, shut the attic door behind her, walked down stires and returned quietly to

down stairs and returned quietly to

"It beats all," said Mr. Huff, as he quietly laid down beside her, "but she shan't meddle with carpet rags no more, she shan't!"

In the morning she said while dress-

ing, "I dreamed 'bout weaving me a carpet at my old loom last night. I've had sev'ral such dreams lately."

"Hev?" queried Mr. Huff, dryly.

"That reminds me that I want to show you something in the old loom room. Come right up!"
"Wait till after breakfast."

"No, I've got more time now."
"There you air, Harriet Huff," said
Mr. Huff, dramatically, as he threw
open the attic door and waved his
hands toward the bag of rags.
"Gideon Huff!" she said, as she sank

down on an old hair covered trunk,

down on an old hair covered trunk, with her hands upraised.

"I'd say 'Gideon Huff' if I was you," he replied; then he went on solemnly, occasionally shaking his finger toward her. "Harriet Diany Huff, I ain't got much to say to you, but what I do say is solemn and pertickler, and I mean it.

"You've made your last rag carpet! Your intelleckshel reason is givin' way under the strain of it, to say nothin' of our duds bein' cut up 'fore they're half wore out, and you in a stiddy pickle and stew over your colorin' and twisted stripes. You drug them rags up here in your sleep, and las' night I ketched you up here goin' through weavin' motions in your through weavin' motions in your sleep. Your medal brain powers is becoming exhausted over carpet rags,

and all, premiums or no premiums."

So Mrs. Huff, greatly shocked when teld of her performances, did give up all rag carpet making, although the beautiful twisted stripe of her visions and dreams became a reality as soon as the rags could be carried to the Widow Watts.

Dream provoking food at midnight

was also wisely given up in obedience to Mr. Huff's demand that his wife should do nothing to impair her "intelleckshel reason.'

This is a true story, and the reader can draw the moral from it.—J. L. Harbour in Youth's Companion.

A Believer in the Divining Rod. We have this week received a serious application from a man of mature years, and apparently sane on other points, for the address of a maker of points, for the address of a maker of divining rods, or of the possessor of one, or, failing these, for a description of the method of manufacture. He gravely informs us that his brother possesses one, but will not let him have the use of it, wishing for himself the job in prospect, namely, hunting for gold in Canada. We are also informed that if the body of mineral be large it will affect the rod from a great distance; that the operation is fatiguing, by reason of the sensation communicated to the arm when there is much mineral about; and finally, is much mineral about; and finally, that the rod will not work in every one's hands. The last proposition, be-ing the one solitary statement in which the innumerable authorities on the subject agree, may be safely believed to contain at least a partial truth.— Engineering and Mining Journal.

The correct sound of the vowel u is among the niceties of English pronun-ciation, but after all it is not half so important as politeness, a fact which a certain small boy seems to have for-

"Mr. Featherly," said Bobby, at the uner table, "how do you pronounce "Do, Bobby," replied Mr. Featherly, indulgently.

indulgently.

"How do you pronounce de-wi"

"Du-u-ew"—and Mr. Featherly put on a genteel air for the benefit of Bobby's older sister.

by's older sister.

"Well, then, how would you pronounce the second day of the week?"

"Tewsday, I think."

"You're wrong."

"Wrong? How would you pronounce it, Bobby?"

"Monday."—New York Times.

During the occupation of Paris by the allies, Wellington gave an order that no English officer should give a challenge to, or accept one from, a French officer. A French marshal, shortly after this order, shoved an English colonel from the pavement into the street. The Englishman knocked him down. When the marcehal made a formal complaint the duke sent a written reprimand to the colonel, and in it inclosed an invitation to dinner.—Saturday Review.

The Simple Ceremeny by Which a Zigeuner Couple Are Made Man and Wife.

One day a troupe of gypsies halted in front of the Bohemian Mill, a snug looking mill, situated in the Vienness suburb of Nuszdorf. An old man with a flowing white beard got down from one of the carts belonging to the company and inquired of the host whether a gypsy welding could take place there, adding that they would pay well. At the same time he exhibited a paper establishing his identity as Butura Simi, captain of a gypsy tribe mustering forty souls. The party were invited to take up their quarters in the garden attached to the premises. Presently the hostess ventured to inquire in which church the ceremony would take place. "Thy garden will be our church," replied one of the band, "and our captain is our priest." In a short time the gypsies got comfortably settled, and the men with little trouble erected seven tents, two of them being pitched a short distance from the five others.

In these two tents the bride and bridegroom resided prior to their wedding. The five others accommodated the remainder of the party, which consisted, in all, of twelve men, fifteen women and thirteen children. The first evening was spent in carousing at the inn. The next morning the men surrounded the bridegroom's tent and drank his health with brandy. The women assembled at the bride's quarters and ate sweetmeats with her. On a signal given by the captain the whole party withdrew to their tents.

At midday they turned out again in holiday attire for the marriage ceremony. Capt. Simf wore a dark green dolman thrown over his shoulders and a red waistcoat with large silver buttons. He advanced slowly toward the tents. Two young men fetched the bridey on, while the bride was assisted by two old women. Two fiddles

tents. Two young men fetched the bridegroom, while the bride was as-sisted by two old women. Two fiddles

sisted by two old women. Two fiddles and two bassoons struck up a Zigeuner melody, sung in chorus by all present. The bride and bridegroom were then led before the captain. Yemra, the bride, is a handsome girl of 17, with eyes and hair as black as jet. She wore a red gown with white trimming and patent leather laced boots. Katilu Gyefan, the bridegroom, is a wall built youth of one-and-twenty. Katilu Gyefan, the bridegroom, is a well built youth of one-and-twenty, with a pleasant face, a black mustache and bushy hair. A yellow scarf was handed by an old man to the captain, who bound it lightly round the wrists of the happy pair, saying, as he did so, "Man and wife must be bound to-

He then took an earthenware jar and poured the contents—a small quantity of wine—over their heads, reciting words to this effect: "Sometimes wine is sour; so is life. Sometimes wine is sweet; so is life. The existence of Zigeuners is a mixture of sour and sweet." He then tools off the yellow scarf and said: "Ye are now a

true Zigeuner couple."
This brought the ceremony to a close The young people were congratulated by their companions, and afterward they all adjourned to the public room the Bohemian Mill, where feasting and merrymaking occupied the rest of the day. The company left three days later, the newly married couple travel-ing in a commodious new cart, a wed-ding present from Capt. Simi.—Vienna Cor. London Telegraph.

Mediaval Bellef in Miracles. It is not easy for a modern Protest-ant, still less for any one who has the ant, still less for any one who has the least tincture of scientific culture, whether physical or historical, to picture to himself the state of mind of a man of the Ninth century, however cultivated, enlightened and sincere he may have been. His deepest convictions, his most cherished hopes, were bound up in the belief of the miraculous. Life was a constant battle between saints and demons for the possession of the souls of men. The most superstitious among our modern counsuperstitious among our modern countrymen turn to supernatural agencies only when natural causes seem in-sufficient; to Eginhard and his friends the supernatural was the rule, and the

sufficient; to Eginhard and his friends
the superior of natural causes was allowed only when there was nothing
to suggest others.

Moreover, it must be recollected
that the possession of miracle working relics was greatly coveted, not
only on high but on very low grounds.
To a man like Eginhard, the mere
satisfaction of a religious sentiment
was obviously a powerful attraction.
But, more than this, the possession of
such a treasure was an immense practical advantage. If the saints were
duly flattered and worshiped, there
was no telling what benefits might result from their interposition in your
behalf. For physical evils, access to
the shrine was like the grant of the
use of a universal pill and ointment
manufactory; and pilgrimages thereto might suffice to cleans the performers from any amount of sin.—
Professor T. H. Huxley in Popular
Science Monthly.

Unlacky to Kill a Robia.

There is a widely spread belief among schoolboys in many parts of the country that it is unlucky to kill a robin, and it is generally supposed that a broken limb would be the probable punishment for so doing. Even the nest of this bird is comparatively safe, though why it should be thus favored is not quite clear, unless, as has been suggested by some writers, it owes its popularity to the story of the "Babes in the Wood," which ballad perhaps may also have given rise to the popular notion that the robin will cover with leaves or moss any dead person whom it may chance to find. There certainly, however, seems to be so substantial reason why he should be more favored than the other members of the feathered tribe, for, after all, he is a very pugnacious and impodent little fellow; but perhaps these are the qualities which have brought him into notice and made him popular.—Chambers' Journal.

Fond Mamma-What are you draw

As for me, the more I feel the diffi-

As for me, the more I feel the difficulties of good writing, the more my boldness grows. It is this preserves me from the pedantry into which I should otherwise fall. I have plans for books the composition of which would occupy the rest of my life; and if there happen to me, sometimes, cruel moments, which well nigh make me weep with anger (so great do I feel my weakness to be), there are others also when I can scarce contain myself for joy; something from the depths within me, for which voluptuous is no work, overflows for me in sudden leaps. I feel transported, almost inebriate, with my own thoughts, as if there came to me, at some window within, a puff of warm perfumes. I shall never go very far and know how much I lack; but the task I undertake will surely be executed by another, I shall have put on the road some one better endowed, better born for the purpose, than myself. The determination to give to prose the rhymth of verse, leaving it still veritable prose; to write the story or the epic gets written (that is to say, without detriment to the natural truth of the subject), is perhaps impossible. I ask myself the question sometimes. Yet it is perhaps a considerable, an original thing to have tried. I shall have had my permanent value for my obstinacy. And who knows? One day I may find a good motif, an air entirely within the compass of my voice; and at any rate I shall have passed my life not ignobly, often with delight. Yet still it is saddening to think how many great men arrive easily at the desired effect by means beyond the limit of conscious art. What could be worse built than many things in Rabelais, Cervantes, Moliere, Hugo? But then, what sudden thrusts of power! What power in a single word!—Cor. Gustave Flaubert.

Those who are spending thier powers in providing entertainment for the young imagination, whether through any irresistible inclination to write, or through need of the money thus brought in, have a tremendous respon-sibility, which many of them do not seem in any way to recognize. If it is in the first case that they are prompted to write, they should be very prompted to write, they should be very sure that they have something to say worth saying, and in no wise detrimental to the young spirit in its formative process; and in the latter they should be doubly watchful of their pens, the temptation of profit and their own need coming in as powerful allies of possible evil, or blinding them to the presence of such evil.

Not only should that which they provide for the young be free from wrong, or the suggestions of it, or from anything that might, peradventure, develop into wrong, but it should be aggressively in the other direction, not only innocent but useful, sound

not only innocent but useful, sound and strong and true and healthy. By demanding the true we do not mean to exclude fancy and imagination, but that even with their employment the tone should ring true, and that all false sentiment should be frowned at as much as false fact, by which is in-tended statement of fact not true to nature. While the marketman and the provision dealer are feeding the body, the writer is doing much toward feeding the soul; and a good deal of the worthlessness of an impoverished spiritual nature, an imbecile, poorly stimulated, poorly equipped intellect, may be laid at the door of whomsoever it is who furnishes intellectual sabulum of poor quality.-Harper's

The phenomenon of air in water, and the fact that in compressing water the air is not forced out has long been an interesting subject of scientific study, the simple explanation being that water, as well as many other liquids, has the property of absorbing various gaseous substances without thereby increasing in volume, and far from reducing the capacity of the liquid to absorb a certain gas; the application of pressure increases it, the law being substantially that the amount of gas absorbed increases directly as the pressure increases, and contrawise. Thus, if water at ordinary atmospheric pressure will absorb one-fourth of its volume of air, at two atmospheres it will absorb another Air in Water.

one-fourth of its volume of air, at two atmospheres it will absorb another one-fourth, at three atmospheres still another fourth, and so on.

The capacity of water thus to hold large volumes of gaseous substances under pressure is well shown in the familiar example of carbonated waters. These are bottled under considerable pressure, the gas itself furnishing the pressure, in order that they shall become charged with a great quantity of the gas, which, being liberated as the pressure is removed by drawing the cork, gives rise to the well known effervescence. In absorbing or discharging the gas, however, there is no change in the volume of the liquid.— New York Telegram.

An experimental observation of thirty-eight boys of all classes of society and of average health, who have been using tobacco for periods ranging from two months to two years, has recently been recorded by Science. Twenty seven showed injury to the constitution and insufficient growth; thirty-two showed the existence of irregularities in the heart's action, disordered stomach, cough and a craving for alcohol; thirteen had intermittency of the pulse, and one had consumption. After they had abandoned the use of tobacco, within six months time one-half were free from all their former symptoms, and the remainder had recovered by the end of the year.—Boston Herald.

At the installation of the Marque Camden as chancellor of Cambridg the duke received the honorary d gree of D. C. L. Immediately afte gree of D. C. L. Immediately after ward at a garden party at Sidne Gretton, who approached the gate it after the luke, neard his grace git his name to the poeter as "Dr. W lington." —F. E. Gretton.

LAUGHING AND CRYING.

"I suppose the most prominen cause of laughter," says Dr. William A. Hammond, "is a sudden revolution of the emotions—that is, a change from one emotion to another especially when the changes are of a pleasant character. Thus, for instance, when we have the change for instance, and we come to something of a ridicu-lous character our tendency is to hugh, while if we had the ridiculous all through we probably would not laugh at all. Then we laugh at at-tempted wit rather than at true wit. True wit excites pleasure, but does not produce laughter, as does buffoonery. We laugh at the antics of aclown, but not at the sayings of Moliere."
"What is the immediate cause of laughter?"

"What is the immediate cause of laughter?"

"It is the reflex action excited by the causes I have mentioned acting through the brain and nervous system upon the respiratory muscles throwing them into spasmodic action. Laughter is a spasm of the respiratory muscles, accompanied by a relaxtion of the muscles of the face and sometimes by the shedding of tears."

"At what age do people laugh the most?"

"I think it is not often the case that adult men laugh. They smile, but laughing is in greater part confined to women and children. A mere child laughs readily, and an elderly person who has long passed the middle of life is very apt to laugh at alight causes. This, however, is dangerous for them to do, as they may bring ou apoplexy or drop dead from some heart disease if they indulge too immoderately. I have known several instances of death being brought ou in this way by old people. Them persons of enfeebled faculties will laugh at certain things which would not excite risibility with an adult of well ordered mind. A very curious circumstance connected with laughter is that, especially with children, and sometimes with women and frequently with old people, the visible expression of the emotion does not correspond with their real feeling. They laugh when surprised. I had a patient once who laughed whenever he saw a funeral. He meant to cry rather than to laugh. There was another who laughed immoderately whenever he read the obituary columns of a newspaper. He said he did so because he felt so sorry. He would laugh from five to ten minutes at a time before he could control himself."

"Yes; that is because they have not been so accustomed to control their "I think it is not often the case that

than the educated?"

"Yes; that is because they have not been so accustomed to control their emotions as are people of refined life. But the reasons for laughter are most intricate. I have a patient who laughs over a solemn French book he is reading. He laughs over it in a most excitable manner, and what he laughs at I cannot imagine."

at I cannot imagine."
."What are the facts in regard to

"What are the facts in regard to weeping?"

"Weeping, the shedding of toars, is rarely indulged in by adult men of good minds for causes of real sorrow. Old persons, women and children, weep; men of well ordered minds do not. Man does not weep as a rule under pain; he may groan, but he does not shed tears, though children and women will do so eften on slight occasions."

"What produces weeping?"

"Generally physical pain. Adultated on to usually express sympathy for real suffering with tears. It is a very curious thing that men will witness the real suffering of a poor woman having her leg amputated in a perfectly stoical manner. They go to the theatre, and seeing a girl taking the part of one in distress, shed tears during half of the play. I have looked upon many distressing scenes unmoved so far as weeping is concerned, but upon watching acted suffering I have had tears come into my eyes. A remarkable example of this principle is that of Nana Suhib, the Indian matineer. He could never read a pittful story without crying over it, yet he inflicted the most horrible tortures on the men and woman who fell into his hands, and seemed to enjoy their misery."

"At what age do people weep most "At what age do people weep most readily?"

The proclivity to shed tears is very well marked in old people, especially when they are suffering from some brain disease, such as apoplezy, or have suffered from it. They weep over trifles. I had under my care at eastime one of the most enument gentlemen of his time, who occupied a postnext to the highest under the government, who would cry because his confee was cold, and yet that man's mind in its best condition was one of the best this country ever produced. In have seen him cry for ten minutes on such occasions. He was suffering from brain disease. Some persons can't weep even when they want to, though the grief of those persons is very distressing, and is very apt to produce serious disturbance of the nervons system, and when tears do come it is a great relief for them."

"What effect do these emotions have on people?"

"I think that is ughter is better for markind than weeping. I think those anuscinents which tend to produce laughter tend, other things being equal, to prolong life, while those circumstances that tend to produce weeping and emotional distress tond to shorten life."

"What harm might excessive laughter with the serious of the countries of the co

"What harm might excessive lang-ter cause?"

"It might cause death."

"What would be the effect of to cessive weeping?"

"People are more apt to die fro-that than from laughter. Laught kills only as it interferes with the a-tion of the heart, or as it would strict the nusseless of respisation greatly that they prome upon the lar-muscless of the peck and cause ap-plear, whereas weeping produc-heart discuss quite after. It is, best to laugh than to weep that is certain —Washington Post.