THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VCL XV

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1889.

NO: 42:

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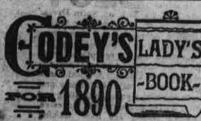
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Land Sale!

THOSE DREADFUL GIRLS.

The park surrounding Charlton manor house was looking its best one lovely morning in October, as Hope Charlton took her way down the avenue of beeches, and watched the rabbits as they scudded merrily amongst the dried fern stalks and the long grass, and saw the squirrels racing up and down the tall stems of the firs in the background. She felt she was bound on a strange errand; she was not used to the pang which seized her when she came in sight of the gray pile of "home," for she might call it by that name no longer.

Her father had suffered like many of his friends during years of agricultural depression, but had bravely faced his troubles, and having let his house to some Americans who were anxious to spend a winter in a good sporting district, had betaken himself to Jamaica to see if anything could be done with an estate he possessed there; while his wife and children took up their abode for the time in the Dower house, an old red brick building, whose garden walls joined the park on the side where the village street came up to the lodge gates. Hope and her mother, who was an invalid, had been with Mr. Charlton to Meadhampton, and Hope had seen the last of the steamer which had conveyed him away, and was now bent on carrying out his final instructions, and seeing that the housekeeper made everything look its best for the recepseeing that the housekeeper made everything look its best for the recep-tion of Mrs. Caleb Gerrans and her daughters Pauline and Clarissa. She daughters rauline and Clarissa. She made a pretty picture in the autumn sunshine as she walked briskly on, her gray cap and ulster suiting well her slim figure and her blue eyes and bright hair.

The next morning was one of those

hopelessly wet days which make one feel as if the world could never be dry again, and Hope was hearing her little sister's lessons, when she was inter-rupted by a ring at the door bell and the almost immediate entrance of two
tall girls, who each seized one of her
hands, and exclaimed, in a rapid duet:
"Well, now, you are real good! we
are ever so much obliged to you. Did

you pick all those nosegays, and fix up our bedrooms? They are just lovely! It is wet enough to drown a beaver, but we put on thick shoes and wrappers, and came right along.

Hope felt somewhat bewildered with Hope felt somewhat bewildered with the highly pitched voices and the twang, as well as by the extreme beauty of her visitors; but when they were seated in the faded arm chairs by the library fire, and she had time to disentangle Pauline from Clarissa, she enjoyed the long chat which ensued. The entrance of her mother caused a diversion, and when the frail looking lady took her place on the sofa Clarissa exclaimed:

"Oh, my! are you sick, ma'am? I am real sorry."

"Mother is not strong," exclaimed Hope; and the young ladies did not stay long, fearing they should weary her.

her.

"My dear, what dreadful girls!"
said Mrs. Chariton, settling herself
among her cushions, as the door closed
on the visitors.

Hope laughed. "They were very
kind, mother, and they like the dear
old house, and never said one word of

old house, and never said one word of pity to us for having to leave it. I feared they would. They find it difficult to get Mrs. Potter to understand what they would like in some things, and I am going up this afternoon to talk to her. They really live in a place they say is 'out west,' but are come just now from New York, and their brother will join them soon, they hope."

"Their brother!" said Mrs. Charlton. "I thought Mr. Gerrans was the father of the family."

"No; their father died ten years ago," replied Hope.

"I shall never endure them or their brother!" said Mrs. Charlton, "and they ought to have waited till we called on them; it was taking a liberty to rush in like that."

Hope was delighted with the visit to the manor in the afternoon, and found Mrs. Caleb Gerrans charming. She was small and dark, with bright eyes and a sallow face, and exquisitely dressed. She greeted Hope cordially, and bade her come "right close" to the fire, while she seated herself in a luxurious chair, and holding a tiny handkerchief in one hand, shaded her face from the flames with a feather fan held in the other, and recounted her difficulties with Mrs. Potter. Potter.
"She never heard of waffles!" she

"She never heard of waffles!" she said, plaintively.

"And had no notion what hominy was!" said Pauline.

"She thought only children liked molasses!" put in Clarissa.

Hope laughed merrily, and a bright hour followed, during which she became accustomed to the quaint phrases of her friends, and was delighted with their pleasure at the prospect of life in their pleasure at the prospect of life in England, and never tired of answering their innumerable questions. Her visit made a subject for conversation all the evening with her mother, and she felt that a new interest had en-

she felt that a new interest had entered her life.

The three girls very epeedily became friends, and Pauline and Clarissa were also soon popular in the neighborhood. Their piquant faces, beautiful dresses and sociable manners stood them in good stead, and they rode well, walked a great deal, and went in and out of the cottages, and talked to old and young as if they had been amongst them for years. They invariably called Mrs. Charlton "Ma'am," and astonished the youthful vicar of the parish by addressing him as "Sir," while they told Dollie Charlton she was "real smart," and said Millie was the "cunningest little darling" they ever saw.

man as far as manners and appearance go," said Mrs. Charlton, by way of bestowing the highest praise in her power on her new acquaintance.

"Does he mean to stay long!" inquired Hope.

"I do not know," was the reply, "but I imagine he does, for he is planning all sorts of improvements; he is going to drain the meadow by the alders, and put up new gates in all the Home farm inclosures, and"—

"But, mother," interrupted Hope, "those things are not a tenant's business, I am sure. Why should he do it!"

"He says he cannot help feeling interested in the place, his mother and sisters have been so happy here; he thanked me warmly for all the kindness shown them. He seems to have thought of all the things your father has so much wished to do."
"When did he arrive?" asked Hope, in a tone of vexation. "He seems to have become very quickly acquainted with the state of dilapidation we are in!"

have become very quickly acquainted with the state of dilapidation we are in!"

"Do not speak like that, my love; it sounds as if you were not pleased. Mr. Gerrans arrived yesterday, and has been about with Hopkins this morning. He brought an invitation from his mother for you to dine there to-night. I promised you should go; they will send the carriage for you."

Hope was not in a happy frame of mind. She had heard (such news travels fast) that "Wilmington P. Gerrans," as his visiting cards labeled him, was fabulously rich, and she resented bitterly that he, a stranger and an American, should come with his dollars to patch up the rents in the family drapery. She was warm hearted and generous, but she felt surprised and almost jealous at the ease with which Pauline, Clarissa and their mother had taken a place in the society of the neighborhood, and she fancied that their brother might sapplant her father. She would have liked to refuse the invitation for the evening, but she reflected that she must meet her father's tenant some time; so she suffered herself to be dressed by her mother's maid, and she was amused to find the old servant had chosen, for her, her freshest toilet of soft silk and creamy lace, and had arranged lovely sprays of roses for her hair and dress.

"Why, how grand you have made me, Parkes!" she said; "and where did you get these flowers? Is it to be a dinner party?"

"I don't know, miss," was the reply; "but they do have a deal of company; the flowers came this afternoon from the manor."

Hope was vexed. She had often

Hope was vexed. She had often wished for some of the treasures of the greenhouses, but the girls did not care for flowers, and it had never occurred to them to send her any, and directly their brother arrived came these roses! She thought Mr. Gerrans was officious. Her resentful feelings did not last long, however, for no sooner did the butler at the manor usher her into the long, low, oak paneled drawing room, than they perforce changed into amusement.

Standing in front of the fireplace was a tall, broad shouldered man, in evening dress, looking as well in that

ing dress, looking as well in that costume as an English gentleman does. His dainty little mother, a heap of soft with laughter in a large easy chair; Pauline and Clarissa were sitting on a broad, low couch, and talking English. Their voices, accent, the very pose of their heads, were altered, and they rose and greeted her with the same stiffness and want of animation that most of her friends would have shown.

"Let me present my brother to you," said Pauline, softly.
"Ah, you have spoiled it now!" laughed Mr. Gerrans. "An English girl would have said 'introduce,' not 'present,' would she not, Miss Charlton!"

present, would she not, also Charlton?"

"If think so," said Hope.

"We have been showing Wilmington how easy it is to speak as you do," said Clarissa, "and we shall surprise our friends at home."

"How will they like it?" asked Hope.

"Not at all," was the reply; "you do not know what the sound is in a New York drawing room when a good many girls are there for tea; they screech and screech, like rusty car wheels; and when I wade in with my English they will pretend they cannot hear. Wilmington don't like me to say 'wade in," she added, relapsing into her natural tones.

Hope spent a merry evening, and

say 'wade in,' she added, relapsing into her natural tones.

Hope spent a merry evening, and was amused to remember, as she took the flowers from her hair, that she had entirely forgotten Mr. Gerran's wealth as well as his impertinence.

Christmas passed pleasantly. Mrs. Charlton was cheered and interested by the visits of her tenant, for in the course of his extensive travels he had visited Jamaica, and spoke hopefully of the condition of the country, telling her it was extremely probable her husband would find his excursion thither profitable. Millie and Dollie, with their brothers Jack and Tomfrom Winchester—spent delightful holidays; the weather was frosty, and the lake at the manor presented an unbroken sufface of smoothest ice, whereon the skaters of the neighborhood delighted to congregate, and where the Americans were pre-eminent for their grace and skill; while their mother was never weary of sending out strange hot drinks and delicate cakes for the refreahment of her guests, nor of entertaining large parties for luncheon or tea within doors. Hope entered with a light heart into all the festivities, and enjoyed above all a party on the manor, where the kindness of Pauline and Clarissa prevented her from feeling she was mersely a guest in her old home.

The next few weeks, however,

home.

The next few weeks, however, brought a change. Hope became gloomy, irritable, and unlike herself. She did not venture to search for the real reason, but blamed every cause except the true one. In reality the angry feeling she had experienced when Mr. Gerrans first came had grown into almost a passion of feal-ousy. It seemed that wherever she went she heard nothing but praises of the newcomers. At dinner parties the conversation was sure to turn on the

hospitalities of the manor, the good-ness of the imported "chof," or the ex-cellence of the host's teste. At "at homes" she heard of the toilets of the homes" she heard of the toilets of the girls, and the jewels of their mother; in the cottages the people who had known her from her cradle thought to please her by cataloguing the good deeds and kindly words of the dwellers at the manor; even at home she could not escape, for her mother and alaters were incessantly praising the Gerrans family, and Tom and Jack added their voices to the chorus. Her Gerrans family, and Tom and Jack added their voices to the chorus. Her father's letters had been her chief consolation; but even these had now lost their savor, for he too began to speak with warm commendation of "Wilmington P.," as Hope scornfully called him to herself. She tried, by every means in her power, to keep the family at a distance, and refused so many of their invitations, and spoiled so many of their plans by her petulance, that the girls were fairly puzzled, and nearly quarreled on the subject with their brother, who refused to believe that Hope was unamiable, and took her part warmly in every discussion. Hope was returning one bitter day in March from an errand at the far end of the village, when she was over-

end of the village, when she was over-taken by Mr. Gerrans, who greeted her with his usual friendliness, and her with his usual friendliness, and insisted on taking charge of a parcel of books she was carrying. He looked very handsome, and his broad shoul-ders seemed to keep the terrible wind from her, though she would not feel cordial, and it was with a bad grace

cordial, and it was with a bad grace she asked him to come indoors when they reached the Dower house. Hope found that her mother was asleep, and the little girls were at the vicarage, so she had to entertain her visitor alone. He unrolled a sheet of plans to show her, explaining it was a design for a new lodge, and asking her to submit

new lodge, and asking her to submit it for her mother's approbation. Hope was annoyed. She said bitter-ly, "This is an addition to the obligations we already owe you, I suppose!
I begin to feel the burden too heavy!"
"Miss Charlton! what can you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Gerrans. "Ob-

ligations! I know of none. ""We have no money for these ex-tensive improvements," said Hope, fiercely. "It must be you who sup-plies it!"

"That is quite true," replied he, quietly. "I chance to have funds unemployed, and am wery glad to receive for a part of them the excellent interest your father is willing to give me."

"I did not know"— began Hope, bluebing."

blushing.

"Of course not. Ladies are not interested in business matters, and I should not have introduced so dry a subject," he said, smiling. "And now I will say good-by. I am leaving tomorrow for America."

"Geing away!" exclaimed Hope, "Going away?" exclaimed Hope,

Yes; at all events for a time; but I hope to return to see your father be-fore we quit his house altogether,"

fore we quit his house altogether," was the answer.

"I trust you have liked being here," stammered Hope, while a rush of feeling for which she could not account seemed to stifle her utterance.

"I like England very much, Miss Charlton, and I used to wish to live in

this country, but of late I have been disappointed in it, and the wish has left me now." pointed!" said Hope.

"Disappointed!" said Hope. "In what way?"

"I had heard so much of you and your mother from my people," he said, speaking now very rapidly, and looking down upon Hope's flushed face, "that I felt I should come amongst friends when I arrived. I thought I had for a while, but you have taught me that your friendship was too much to ask, and now—I do not care for it; for I have learned to love you, your surroundings, everything here," he continued, passionately, "while you have taken pains to teach me I may not even claim the title of friend!"

claim the title of friend?"

He paused, and Hope saw his face all lined and changed with the passion of his words. She seemed to see her foolish conduct in its true light, and to be aware how ungenerous and unkind she must have appeared. Another feeling she was forced to acknowledge also—she was extremely sorry that Mr. Gerrans was going away, for in her heart of hearts she laim the title of friend !" away, for in her heart of hearts she could not but own that he had all the could not but own that he had all the qualities she most admired, and his kindly presence had helped to cheer her mother and her little sisters through the winter. This was all at an end, and with a strange pang and a revulsion of feeling she could not control, she raised her soft eyes, now full of tears, to him and said, tremblingly:

blingly:
"Is it true! Must you go?"
He looked searchingly at her, then his face changed. "Hope, my darling!" he said, "I think you do not hate me, after all!"
When Mr. Charles

When Mrs. Charlion awoke from her nap and came down stairs for tea she found, to her great surprise, that her daughter's views about Wilming-ton Gerrans had undergone a change, and that her old home would have to surrender her to the keeping of its

sometime tenant.
"I do declare!" said Pauline.
"I am consternated!" exclaimed

Clarissa.
"I shall be ever so pleased, my son, if she is real nice to you," said his mother, when the news of the engagement was conveyed to the ladies at

ment was conveyed to the ladies at the manor.

Beighter days dawned soon for the Chariton family, and when Hope took her way to the Fort at Meadhampton to look for the return of the steamer she had watched out of sight with such a sad heart months before, she carried with her the assurance that her father would be able to arrange for himself any improvements he wished to make on his estate, for his land in Jamaics would prove a valuable supplement to that at home. Mrs. Charlton never wished that her sonin-law owned a different nationality, and even became quite fond of the young ladies she had once called "those dreadful girls."—True Flag.

When Mary Ann Dollinger got the skule down thar on lajum Bay I was glad, for I like ter see a gal makin' her hon-

dew ter fly;
But I paid no sorter attention for all the talk coboil
She come in her reg'ler heardin' recound for visit,
with us a spell.
My Jake an' her had been crouses ever since they

ful way.

He p'sumed he was behindhand with the doin's at lajun Bay.

I remember come he was askin' for some o' my lajun buns.

An' she said he should allius may "them air," etid o' "them is" the ones.

Wal, Mary Ann kep' at him stiddy, "mornin' an' evenin' long,

Tell he dassent open his mouth for fear o' talkin' wrong.

sh'd say."— Our Jake be put his foot daown in a plum decided

way, wimmen folks is a-goin' ter be rearrangin' me; Hereafter I say 'creps,' 'them is,' 'I callr'iste,' an Ef folks don't like my talk they needn't hark ter

what I say,
But I aln't a goin' ter take no sass from folks
from Injun Bay;
I sak ye froe an' daal, 'Bo ye goin' ter marry -Florenco E. Pratt in New York Tribune.

THE LARGEST HOUSE.

It is Situated in a Subarb of Vienna, and Is Occupied by 2,112 Persons.

Could you, if requested, give the size and location of the largest building in the world? If, trying to answer such a question, would you designate the St. Peter's cathedral, the City hall at Philadelphia, the St. Paul's cathedral or the Westminster abbey as being worthy of such a high sounding title? Not one person in 100 would go outside the above list to find an answer for the question. Yet it would be necessary to do so before a correct answer could be given. There are many large buildings both in the United States and in Europe; many hundred roomed structures of stone and iron, glass and brick.

Every American, European and Oriental country has its scores of public and private manslons, yet Vienna.

Oriental country has its scores of public and private mansions, yet Vienna, Austria, has the giant of them all. The "Freihaus" (free house), situated in Wieden, a suburb of the city just mentioned, is the most spacious building on the globe. Within its walls a whole city of human beings live and work, sleep and eat. It contains in all between 1,200 and 1,500 rooms, divided into upwards of 400 dwelling apartments of from four to six rooms each.

each.

This immense house has thirteen courtyards—five open and eight covered—and a large garden within its walls. A visitor to the building relates that he once spent two hours in looking for a man known to reside in the house. Scarcely a trade, handi-

looking for a man known to reside in the house. Scarcely a trade, handiwork or profession can be named which is not represented in this enormous building. Gold and silver workers, makers of fancy articles, lodging house keepers, bookbinders, agents, turners, hatters, officers, locksmiths, joiners, tutors, scientific men, government clerks, three bakers, eighteen tailors, twenty-nine shoemakers and many other tradesmen live in it.

The house has thirty-one staircases, and fronts on three streets and one square. In one day the postman's delivery has amounted to as many as 1,000 pieces to this single but titanic house. To address a letter to the house and to the person it is intended for does not assure the sender that the person to whom it is addressed will ever receive it. In order to "make assurance doubly sure," all letters addressed to the "Freihaus" must be provided with both the given and the surname of the person for whom intended, the number of the court, the number of the staircase and the number of the apartment; otherwise it is as apt to go astray as though addressed to a city unprovided with directions as to street and number. At the present time 2, 112 persons live in this immense building and pay an annual rental of over 100, 000 florins.—St. Louis Republic.

Col. Hadley was telling a fish story in the presence of some friends and his little boy Sammy.

"Yes." continued Hadley, "it took me half a day to land that catfish. I caught him in the Colorado river in the spring of the year before the war. He weighed, after he had been cleaned, just 135 pounds."

"You can prove it by me. pe. Don't

just 135 pounds."

"You can prove it by me, pa. Don't you remember, pa, how I slung him on a stick and carried him home?" remarked little Sammy.

"Oh, you little liar! I am ashamed of you," exclaimed Col. Hadley.

As Sammy is only 6 years old, his testimony as to what happened before the war is almost as reliable as the time a seven dollar watch keeps.—Texas Siftings.

Country Editor—I would like very much to see some of your long tailed Clothing Dealer-Something fash

Clothing Dealer—Something fashionable, I suppose?

Editor—I don't care a cent about
that. My wife has put a dark blue
skylight in my light dove colored
Bunday pants, and I want a coat long
enough to conceal the evidences of
my being an editor and having to feed
myself to a cane bottomed chair seven
days in the week.—Texas Biftings.

Number of People Since Adam.

Bumber of People Stace Adam.

Did you ever make a calculation of the number of people that have inhabited this globe since the beginning of time? No doubt you will say that such calculations involve a loss of time, and are, after all, barren of results, but as we are engaged in giving curtous readings and odd calculations let us take a few minutes time and approximate, with a certain degree of accuracy, at least, the number of souls that have been ushered into and out of this sinful world since the time when it was not good for Adam to be alone. At the present time it is believed that there are 1,400,000,000 human beings on our globe; but the us suppose there has been but an average of 900,000,000 living at one time since the creation.

of 900,000,000 living at one time since the creation.

To give room for any possible doubt as to the average length of life, we will put it down at fifty years. (It may have been longer than that during Bible times; it has been much shorter, however, since.) With the average length of life, reckoned as above, we have had two generations of 900,000,000 each every century for the past \$000 years. Taking this for granted, we have had about \$66,627,843,287,075,266 inhabitants on this globe since the beginning of time.

Admitting that there is a great deal of guess work about this calculation, and that it has been hastily and perhaps inaccurately done, it will be perceived, nevertheless, that our earth is a vast cemetery. On each rood of it 1,288 human beings have found a burial place. A rood being scarcely sufficient for ten graves, each grave must contain the remains of 129 persons. The whole surface of the globe, if all peoples bury within the earth as we do, has been dug over 120 times

sons. The whole surface of the globe, if all peoples bury within the earth as we do, has been dug over 120 times in order to get room for burial places.

—St. Louis Republic.

How the Tiger Kills and Euts.

The tiger generally seizes his prey at night; he watches the cattle, or whatever it may be, until he croeps within reach, and then, with a rush or bound, he grips it by the throat, drags or strikes it to the ground, twistdrags or strikes it to the ground, twist-ing it so as sometimes to dislocate or break its neck; the fangs are driven in so as to hold the struggling creature until dead, when it is dragged off to the jungle, to be eaten at leisure. His lair is near, and from this he proceeds as appetite prompts him, to "kill," until it is eaten, and even the bones gnawed, by which time, owing to the heat of the weather, it is far advanced heat of the weather, it is far advanced in decomposition. The place is revealed by the vultures, kites, crows, and by adjutants soaring over it or settling on the branches round about it, and by prowling jackals. The vultures sit with a gorged or sleepy aspect on the trees or on the ground near the "kill," they endeavor to make a meal when the tiger has left it for a time, and even try to snatch a morsel while he is feeding, a temerity for which they often pay with their lives.—Montreal Star.

It is said that a grain of musk is ca-pable of perfuming for several years a chamber twelve feet square without sustaining any sensible diminution of its volume or its weight. But such a chamber contains 2,985,984 cubic inches, and each cubic inch contains 1,000 cubic tenths of inches, making in all nearly three billions of cubic tenths of an inch. Now it is probable, indeed almost certain, that each such cubic tenth of an inch of the air of the cubic tenth of an inch of the air of the room contains one or more of the particles of the musk, and that this air has been changed many thousands of times. Imagination recoils before a computation of the number of the particles thus diffused and expended. Yet have they altogether no appreciable weight and magnitude.—Montreal Star.

Assessed Brick Making.

The great perfection to which the ancients carried the art of brick making is probably due to the abundance of labor, plenty of time to devote to each stage of the work, their great patience and painstaking and the natural drying and preserving climate of the east. The dry, warm atmosphere of Egypt, Assyria and Babylon, which countries were the numeries of the ceramic arts, have kept in a good state of preservation for more than \$,000 years the sun dried bricks so common in those countries. Many well preserved adobes are also found in towns and walls of ancient India.—New York Telegram.

"Why do you suppose they call it angel cake?" said the young woman who made it.
"Because it is divine," said the young man who wished the maid to love him.

"Because it flies," said another young man who had similar aspira-

"Because it makes angels of those who cat it," said the third, who didn't care much whether she loved him or And she—she burst into tears, and the next Sunday told the cruel one she would if pa would consent.—Harper's

There was in the ancient Hungarian crown a fine large sapphire, surrounded with four oblong green gems, the nature of which has not yet been made known. These mysterious green stones, rendered still more interesting by the disappearance of the crown, are perhaps of modern introduction, as they are not mentioned in the inventory of the jewel, when Queen Elimbeth pledged it to Emperor Frederick IV. Hence the inquiry arises—are they green sapphires, emeralds, tournalines or antique glass!—Jewelers' Circular.

Professor Stargaize (enraptured)—
And you really love me! I thought
your heart belonged to that scapegrace
boy of mine.

Lucy—No; it is you, you dear old
goose. And, then—as a man of sci
suce—I—thought you would like me
lo show you a total colspac of the son.

Pittsburg Bulletin.

Leaving Messay.

What's the matter here? asked a ming a considerable crowd assemble round the long low front of the great astern depot as Moscow, the starting of the raffway that connects Refer to old capital with the famous could be a few old capital with the famous could be a few old capital with the famous could be a few old capital with the famous could be a few old capital with the famous could be a few old capital with the famous could be a few old capital with the famous could be a few old capital with the famous could be a few old capital with the famous could be a few old capital with the famous could be a few old capital with the few old capital with th

"Some fellows going along the Vladimir road," said a passer by, earb leasty.

I shivered involuntarily at the words, which are a provorbial phrasin. Bussia for transportation to the beria, the manufacturing fown of Vladimir standing on the great east era highway, which is the most direct route to the penal estilement. But before I had time to reply a pecu, liar clinking sound—only toe familiar to my ear from my visits to countless prisons in all parts of the world—told me that the chain gang was at hand, and in another moment the crowd parted like water cleft by the prov of a ship, and the dismet procession came fling through it.

It was a strange spectacle, and not without a certain gloomy picturesqueness of its own, and and heart sickoning though it was. Most of the prisoners had the sullen, dogged look of the hardened social outlaw, who wages a lifelong war against society, neither giving nor expecting mercy. In the sunken eyes of others larked the half cowed, half ferocious glare of a trapped boast of prey, as they kept glancing stealthily but ceaselessly around them, bent upon attempting an escape, or apon some other venture more desperate still, if they could but find a fit moment and a rendy weapon.

I noticed one white haired old many very poorly dressed, whose haggard face, hollow eyes and bowed athitude of utter despondency showed that he had reached that lowest depth of misery where hope ceases to exist, and all that can be wished or expected is a lessened measure of wretchedness Behind him came soveral young hads—evidently professional—criminals,

all that can be wished or expected is a lessened measure of wretchedness Behind him came several young lads—evidently professional criminals, with a whole lifetime of viciousness and guilt branded on their beardless face, which had barely outgrown the years of boyhood. These strove to assume an air of swaggering and reckless defiance; but the poor pretense imposed upon no one, and least of all upon the stalwart soldiers that marched beside them, who, knowing well what real courage is, looked down with just contempt on this miserable affectation of it.

Almost at the end of the gloomy.

of it.

Almost at the end of the gloomy, file came the figure of a woman, still young, whose face, wasted and deformed though it was by vice and misery, still bore manifest traces of former beauty. The hardness and heaviness of the lower features—a characteristic defect of nearly all women of Slavonian race—contrasted startlingly with the unnatural brilliancy of her wonderful eyes, which kept glancing around with a ficroe restlessness that reminded me of the look which I had once seen in the eyes of a snared wolf.

of a snared wolf.
"What has she done?" inquired I of one of the guards.
"Murdered her child," said the sean
quite coolly, and I asked him no more.

guite coolly, and I asked him so more. Suddenly there broke from the crowd, a voice as sharp and full of ageny at the cry of a sleep walker suddenly awakened. "Ach, Meesha; moi Meesha!" (Oh, Michael! my Michael!)

Framed in the darkness of the prince car doorway stood a solitary form, the last of that noble band, taking his farewell look of the world that he was leaving. The face was that of a young man, and, though white and sunker as the face of a corpse, it had in it a nameless something which showed him to be far above the foul creatures with whom it was now his doom to be forever.

with whom it was now his doom to be forever.

At the cry he turned his head, and I had just caught a passing glimpse of a young girl in the crowd—she, perhapse, for whose sake he had plunged into crime stretching out her arms to him despairingly, when the whistle sounded its warning screams. I had barely time to spring into my own car when the futal door shut upon its prisoner with a dull thud, like the falling of a coffin lid. Then came a long, grinding creak, and off went the train and its dismal freight. I could see far in the distance two gray cooted "gorodo-vive" (constables) carrying away a motionless figure between them.—David Ker in Harper's.

Theoght It Was the Bible.

Ten years ago, Mr. Toole, the English comedian, while passing through Stratford on Avon, saw a rustic sisting on a fence. "That's Shakespeare, house, isn't it?" he asked, pointing to the building. "Yes." "Ever been there?" "No." "How long has is been dead?" "Don't know." "What did he do?" "Don't know." "Brought up here?" "Yes." "Did he write anything like the Family Herald, or anything of that sort! "Oh, yes; he writ." "What was it?" "Well," said the rustic, "I think he wrote for the Bible."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Porests Pastry Destroyed.

An invention is said to have been patented in New Zealand and in other, colonies which, if it does all that is claimed for it, will revolutionize the settlement of bush lands. It is a composition which, when trees are inconlated with it mingles itself with the sap and circulates through every beanch and leaf, utterly destroying the life and rendering the standing tree in three months time dead and rotten, and so highly inflummable that when fired it burns away literally root and brunch.—Meriden Journal