# Ayer's Hair Vigor

S the "ideal" Hair-dressing. It restores the color to gray hair ; promotes a fresh and vigorous growth; proventa



and in a few weeks iny head was almost baid. I tried many remedies, but they did no good. I final-ly bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and, after using only a part of the con-tents, my head was covered with a heavy growth of hair. I recommend your preparations as the best in the world."—T. Munday, Sharon Grove, Ky.
"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a number of years and it heavy way wiven

number of years, and it has always given me satisfaction. It is an excellent dressing, prevents the hair from turning gray, insures its vigorous growth, and keeps the scalp white and clean."—Mary A. Jackson, Salem, Mass. "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for

think it unequaled. For restoring the hair to its original color, and for a dressing, it cannot be surpassed."—Mrs. Geo. La fever, Eaton Rapids, Mich. "Ayer's Hair Vigor is a most excel-lent preparation for the lair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair and makes it glossy and soft. The Vigor is also a cure for dandruff."—J. W. Bowen, Editor "Enquirer," McArthur, Ohio.

promoting the growth of the hair, and

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past two years, and found it all it is represented to be. It restores the natural color to gray hair, causes the hair to grow freely, and keeps it soft and pliant."—Mrs. M. V. Day, Cohoes, N. Y. "My father, at about the age of fifty, lost all the hair from the top of his head. After one month's trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor the hair began coming, and, in three months, he had a fine growth of hair of the natural color."—P. J. Cullen, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

# Aver's Hair Vigor,

Dr. J. C. Aver & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

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May 17, '88.

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## WAXWORKS GOING HOME | placin my stummick suddenly agin his

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

The Showman Makes the Acquaintance of a Pretty Girl, a Feuce Rail and Delegations of Excited Citizens-A Fourth of July Speech in Connecticut.

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XIII.



HAD a narrer scape from the sonny South. "The swings and arrers of out rajus fortin," alluded to by Hamlick, warn't nothin in comparison to my troubles. I come pesky near swearing some profane oaths more'n onct,

but I hope I didn't do it, for I've promist she whose name shall be nameless (except that her initials is Betsy J.) that I'll line the Meetin House at Baldinsville. est as soon as I can scrape money enuif together so I can 'ford to be piuss in good stile, like my welthy nabers. But if I'm confisticated agin I'm fraid I shall continuer on in my present benited state for sum time.

I figgered conspicyonsly in many thrillin scenes in my tower from Montgomry to my humsted, and on sevril occasions I thought "the grate komick paper" wouldn't be enriched no more with my lubrications. Arter biddin adoo to Jefferson D. I started for the depot. I saw a nigger sittin on a fence a-playin on a banjo. "My Afrikan Brother," sed I, coting from a Track I onet red, "you belong to a very interestin race. Your masters is goin to war exclosively on your account."

"Yes, boss," he replied, "an' I wish em honorable graves," and he went on playin the banjo, larfin all over and openin his mouth wide enuff to drive in an old fashioned 2 wheeled chaise.

The train of cars in which I was to trust my wallerable life was the scaliest, rickytiest lookin lot of consarns that I ever saw on wheels afore. "What time does this string of second hand coffins leave?" I inquired of the depot master. He sed direckly, and I went in & sot down. I hadn't mor'n fairly squatted afore a dark lookin man with a swinister expression onto his countenance entered the cars, and looking very sharp at me, he axed what was my principles? "Secesh!" I answered. "I'm a Dissoluter. I'm in favor of Jeff Davis, Bowregard, Pickens, Capt. Kidd, Bloobeard, Munro Edards, the devil, Mrs. Cunningham and all the rest of 'em."

"You're in favor of the war?" Certingly, By all means, favor of this war and also of the next war for over sixteen years!"

I've bin in favor of the next war. "War to the knife!" sed the man. "Blud, Eargo, Blud!" sed I, tho them words isn't orrigernal with me.

We got under way at larst, an' proceeded on our jerney at about the rate of speed which is ginrally obsarved by properly conducted funeral processions. A hansum yung gal, with a red musketer bar on the back side of her hed. and a sassy little black hat tipt over her forrerd, sot in the seat with me. She wore a little Sesesh flag pin'd onto her hat, and she was a goin for to see her true love, who had jined the Southern army, all so bold and gay. So she told me. She was chilly, and I offered her

my blanket. "Father livin?" I axed.

"Yes sir." "Got any Uncles?"

"A heap. Uncle Thomas is ded, tho." "Peace to Uncle Thomas' ashes, and success to him! I will be your Uncle Thomas! Lean on me, my pretty Secesher, and linger in Blissful repose!" Sha slept as secoorly as in her own housen.

At the first station a troop of Sojers entered the cars and inquired if "Old Wax Works" was on bored. That was the disrespectiv stile in which they referred to me. "Becawz if Old Wax Works is on bored," sez a man with a face like a double brested lobster.

we're going to hang Old Wax Works!" "My illustrious and patriotic Bummers!" sez I, a gittin up and takin orf my Shappo, "if you allude to A. Ward, it's my pleasin dooty to inform you that he's ded. He saw the error of his ways at 15 minits parst 2 yesterday, and tabbed hisself with a stuffed sled stake, dyin in five beautiful tabloos to slow moosie! His larst words was: 'My perfeshernal career is over! I jerk no

"And who be you?" "I am a stoodent in Senator Benjamin's law offss. I'm going up north to steal some spoons and things for the

Southern Army." This was satisfactry and the intessicated troopers went orf. At the next station the pretty little Secesher awoke and said she must get out there. I bid her a kind adoo and give her some pervishuns. "Accept my blessin and this me muchly and tript galy away.

At the next station I didn't get orf so easy. I was dragged out of the cars and rolled in the mud for several minits, for the purpose of "takin the consect out of

as a Secesher kindly stated. I was let up finally, when a powerful large Secesher came up and embraced feelins agin me put his nose into my mouth. I returned the compliment by

right foot, when he kindly made a spittoon of his able-bodied face. Actoosted by a desire to see whether the Secesher. had been vaxinated I then fastened my teeth onto his left coat sleeve and tore it to the shoulder.

We then vilently bunted our heads together for a few minits, danced around | But go not near my love. a little, and sot down in a mud paddle. We riz to our feet agin, and by a sudden and adroit movement I placed my left eye agin the Secesher's fist. We then Blow fresh and pure across the peaks and rushed into each other's arms and fell under a two-hoss wagen. I was very and broaden to bine spaces of the heavens, much exhaustid and didn't care about. But let my dear one rest. gitfin up agin, but the man said he reck- Wind of the East, oned Pd better, and I conclouded I Wind of the sunrise seas, would. He pulled me up, but I hadn't | Wind of the clinging mists and gray, harsh bin on my feet more'n two seconds afore bin on my feet more'n two seconds afore Blow moist and childrenss the wastes of brine, the ground flew up and hit me in the the ground flew up and hit me in the And shut the sun out, and the moon and stars hed. The crowd sed it was high old And lash the boughs against the dripping caves. sport, but I couldn't zackly see where the laftare come in. I riz and we embraced agin. We careered madly to a steep bank, when I got the upper hands of my antagonist and threw him into the rayeon. He fell about forty feet, striking a grindstone pretty hard. I understood he was injured. I haven't heard from the grindstone.

A man in a cockt hat cam up and sed he felt as though a apology was doo me. There was a mistake. The crowd had taken me for another man! I told him not to mention it, and axed him if his wife and little ones was so as to be about, and got on bored the train, which had stopped at that station "2) minits for refreshments," I got all I wantid. It was the hartiest meal I ever et.

I was rid on a rail the next day, a bunch of blazin fire crackers bein tied to my coat tales. It was a fine spectycal in a dramatic pint of view, but I didn't enjoy it. I had other adventures of a startlin kind, but why continuer? Why lasserate the Public Boozum with these here things? Suffysit to say I got across Masou & Dixie's line safe at last.

I made tracks for my humsted, but she to whom I'm harnist for life failed to recognize, in the emashiated bein who stood before her, the gushin youth of forty-six summers who lend left her only a few months afore. But I went into the pantry, and brought out a certin black bottle. Raisiu it to my lips, I sed, "Here's to you, old gal!" I did it so natral that she knowed me at once. "Those form! Them voice! That natral stile of doin things! 'Tis he!" she cried, and rushed into my arms: It was too much for her & she fell into a swoon. I cum very near swoundin myself.

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION. [Delivered on the Fourth of July at Weathers field, Conn., 1859.]

I delivered the follerin, about two years ago, to a large and discriminating awjince. I was 56 minits passin a given plut. I have revised the oranium, and added sum things which makes it approposser to the times than it otherwise would be. I have also corrected the grammers and punktoonted it. I do my own punktocatin now days. The Printers in Vanity Fais offis can't punktooate worth a cent.

FELLER CITIZENS: I've bin honored with a invite to norate before you today: and when I say that I skurcely feel ekal to the task, I'm sure you will believe me. Weathersfield is justly celebrated for her onyins and patritism, the world over, and to be axed to paws and address you

on this my fust perfeshernal tower threw New Englan, causes me to feelto feel-I may say it causes me to feel. on you and L) ck. This between I'm a plane man. I don't know nothin about no ded languages and am a little

shaky on livin ones. There4, expect no flowry talk from me. What I shall say will be to the pint, right strate out.

I'm for the Union as she air, and withered be the arm of every ornery cuss who attempts to bust her up. That's me. I have sed! [It was a very sweaty day, and at this pint of the orashun a man fell down with sunstroke. I told the awjince that considerin the large number of putty gals present I was more afraid of a DAW-TER STROKE. This was impromptoo, and seemed to amoose them very much.

Feller Citizens-I hain't got time to notis the growth of Ameriky from the time when the Mayflowers cum over in the Pilgrim and brawt Plymmuth Rock with them, but every shool boy nose our kareer has bin tremenjis. You will excuse me if I don't prace the erly settlers of the Kolonies. Peple which hung idiotic old wimin for witches, burnt holes in Quakers' tongues and consined their feller critters to the tredmill and pillery on the slitest provocashun may hav bin very nice folks in their way, but I must confess I don't admire their stile, and will pass them by. I spose they ment well, and so, in the novel and techin langwidge of the nusepapers, "peas to their ashis." There was no diskount, however, on them brave men who fit, bled and died in the American Revolushun. We meedn't be afraid of setting 'em up two steep. Like my show, they will stand any amount of prase, G. Washington was about the best man this world ever sot eyes on. He was a clear-heded, warm-harted, and stiddy goin man. He never slopt over! The prevailin weakness of most public men is to SLOP OVER! [Put them words in large letters-A. W.

They git filled up and slop. They Rush Things. They travel too much on the high presher principle. Washington never slopt over. That wasn't George's stile. He luved his country dearly. He wasn't after the spiles. He was a human angil in a 3 kornered hat and knes britches, and we shan't see his like right away. My frends, we can't all be Washington's, but we kin all be patrits & behave ourselves in a human and a Christian manner. When we see a brother goin down hill to Ruin let us not give him a push, but let us seeze rite hold of his cost-tails and draw him back to Morality.

Oscar Trigg, of Madison, Ind., has a block of beech wood the heart of which is a perfect likeness of a woman, dressed in the style of three or four years ago, the skirts flounced, tucked, gathered and pinned back, and the arms carried me, and to show that he had no hard a la kangaroo. It is a wonderful freak of wood growth, unaided by art in the

THE FOUR WINDS.

Wind of the North. Wind of the Norland snows Wind of the winnowed skies and sharp, clear

Stars— Blow cold and keen across the naked hills. And crisp the lewland pools with crystal films And blur the casement squares with glittering

Wind of the West, Wind of the few, far clouds, Wind of the gold and criseson sunset lands-

plains.

And broaden the blue spaces of the heavens,

Yet keep thou from my love.

But thou, sweet wind! Wind of the fragrant South.
Wind from the lowers of jermine and of roseOver magnetia glooms and lilied takes And flowering forests come with dawy wings, And stir the petals at her feet, and kes
The low mound where she lies.

-Charles Henry Luders in Century.

### A PULLMAN CAR WOOING

Scene: Eastern bound Pullman car at the Oakland mole. Time: 3:30 p. m. Enter eiderly gentleman, carrying small valise and large hamper. Following him two ladies, evidently mother and daughter. Daughter in dark blue traveling costume, with large bunch of violets pinned to front of her jacket; is a pretty, slender girl, of about eighteen. Both laden with flowers, books and numerous small parcels, which they deposit in section nearest middle car. The following conversation ensues:

"Gladys, dear, I am really worried over your taking this trip alone. Had you not better wait a day or so, to see if we can hunt some one up to accom-

pany you?"
"Oh, no, indeed, papa. It was unfortunate that Mr. Wilson was taken ill so suddenly this morning, so that Mrs. Wilson could not go with me this afternoon, but you see I'll have to start today to reach Omaha in time for Clara's wedding, especially as I'm to be bridemaid. You and mamma must not worry, for I shall get along all right alone."

In the meanwhile other passengers come in and find their respective sections. The engine toots warningly. A few more kisses and hurried instructions and papa and mamma are gone. The train moves off, slowly at first, then with increasing speed carries her farther and farther away from the two worried souls she had just left.

Gladys felt a little frightened at the prospect of this, her first long journey alone, and kept her face turned toward the fast flying but unnoticed landscape, for the blue eyes behind the long veil were blurred with tears.

Her thoughts flew back to her parents, now on the way to their home in San Francisco. She knew how much they would miss her—the only child though she was going to stop only a few weeks with her Omaha friends. (Grate applaws. They thought this was | She thought, too, of some one else who one of my eccentricities, while the fact | -well, some one who was also left in

Finally turning to inspect her fellow travelers, she thought the few men and two fussy old ladies looked very uninteresting. Thrown carelessly in the section "Opposite was a valise and a man's ulster, but the owner was not visible. She turned her attention to the books, candy and flowers piled up in front of her. She read smiled over and tucked away in her bog the cards and tiny scaled notes hidden in the eandy boxes or attached to the bouqueta

Time passed, and with a reckless little yawn Gladys glanced at her watch and found it was after 6. The porter just then announced that a stop will be made now at Sacramento for dinner.

Gladys thought of the bother of unpacking the neatly strapped humper for just one meal, disliked the idea of going out at the station alone, wished Mrs. Wilson had come, then decided to dine on candy, as she was not very hungry.

At the moment a familiar form came up the aisle, and in a second a tail, handsome young man was standing near with outstretched hand. A gleam of amusement was in his dark eyes as he quietly said, "How do you do, Gladys?"

A delicate pink colored her cheeks as she shook hands and answered him with a surprised and rather cool, "Why, Jack, where did you come from?"

"From the smoking room, where I've been for the last three hours, ever since I came in, and found you so wrapped up in the scenery you did not see me," he replied, moving some books away and sitting beside her in the most matter of course way.

"Where are you going, Jack?" "To Omaha, Gladys."

"What for?" asked she suspiciously. "Partly business, partly pleasure. Business, to take care of you; pleasure, to be with you," he answered con-

"Now, Jack, you know this is very foolish, after"-"Last night, when you refused me again. Yes, I know; but you see I

can't help being foolish. Was born so, I guess," said Jack resignedly. Dead silence followed this for about two minutes. She looked steadily out of the window, while he gazed absently at the bald head of a man a few seats

Then he broke the silence by leaning toward her and saying in a soft and persuasive tone, "Gladys, won't you reconsider what you said last night?" Looking around nervously to see if Jack-please don't go over that again, for it won't do one bit of good."

He looked disappointed; then, picking up her jacket, said, "Well, we're gone. almost to Sacramento. Come, lot us go out to dinner." Gladys rose quickly, glad that she

did not have to dine on candy after all; Jack casually remarked: "You have lots of flowers."

"Yes, and these lovely violets-they came this morning with no card attached; but I think I can thank you for them," she eaid, looking up brightly at him.

A tender look came into his eyes as he said, "Yes, I sent them, and I'm much obliged to you for wearing them." "Oh," said Gladys, rather coolly, "I

dress so well-that is why I wore them." "Yes, I see," assented he as coolly. "These cream roses would not look

well with it at all, for instance."-Poor little violets-that last remark caused their dethronement, for the girl with a flush bastily and angelly detached trom, saying, "Come to think of it, the roses would be far more effective," and pinned a few of the long stemmed beauties in their place.

Just as quickly Jack replaced a few violets he had worn in his cost with a reschud that she dropped, saying, "Mine are withered, too,"

Gladys looked annoyed, but said nothing, and in five minutes they were restaurant

Afterward Jack amused and entertained her till the early bedtime, and she slept soundly that night, feeling safe with a friend so near.

Carefully looking from bohind her curtain next morning, Gladys saw that from "two beds to two seats" again. but Jack was not visible. Half an hour found her dressed, waiting for him to appear, as she intended asking him to breakfast out of the well stocked hamper.

in her section, and in a perfect gale of fun they began their morning meal, sitting opposite.

"This is fun, isn't it?" said Gladys, spearing for a sardine with a corkserew, for Jack, as company, was honored with the only fork.

"Immense!" he assented so emphatically that she laughed gleefully.

Emboldened by this, Jack, in the act of carrying a piece of cold chicken to his mouth, leaned over, and lowering his voice and for't at the same time. said coaxingly, "Let's breakfast together nlwnys-shall we, Gindyn?"

She smiled in spite of herself at his tono and manner, even while a dainty frown slightly marred her pretty forehead, and she answered briefly and emphatically: "Couldn't think of such a thing. Don't be silly, Jack."

"Oh, you cruel little girl!" said Jack Their merry little meal over, the rest of the day passed in the usual routine of a Pullman car. Jack was all devotion from first to last. Reading. talking and eating, with hasty little promenades when there was an oppor-

tunity, was the order of the day. Gladys acknowledged to herself, after bidding him good night, that Jack was a very pleasant companion-but she did not want to marry him; no, indeed.

Jack Holliss had known and loved Gladys Preston since he was a boy of nineteen and she a little girl of fourteen. He had proposed and been declined several times, but knowing that she did not dislike him, and believing that "everything comes to the man who waits," he was waiting, and in the meantime wooing to the best of his

ability. He was very much afraid she would meet some other man during her visit, who would fall in love with her and win her; hence his deep laid scheme to travel to Omaha with her. As for Gladys, after her first surprise at seeing him on board, she was so used to his never falling devotion that she took his coming with her as a matter of course.

It was just like Jack, she thought. The second morning Gladys arose with a severe headache. With that and a wretched night's sleep she was worn out and cross-undeniably so. She snubbed poor Jack, who was all sympathy; refused the cup of tea he brought her when they changed cars at Ogden, and when the journey began again lay back on the pillows he fixed in the seat for her and would have

nothing to say to him. All day she suffered intensely, feigning sleep most of the time to avoid being fussed over by the sympathetic

old ladies. How Jack longed to take the golden brown head in his arms and stroke the throbbing temples. Toward evening, when the rest of the passengers were out at dinner, he asked her, with a passionate tremer in his voice, to give him the right to do so.

She was trying to swallow the tea he had again brought in to her. Pushing it away she said angrily:

"Jack, you bother me to death. Don't ever mention that subject to me again, for I will not marry you. Go away, and don't speak to me at all." Then the aching head dropped wearily back on the pillow.

Jack paled, took the half emptied cup and walked silently out of the car. That was the last she saw of him that

any one could hear, she answered, "No, night. She had her berth made up early, and, utterly exhausted, soon fell into a refreshing sleep, from which she awoke in the night with the headache

Her first thought was of Jack, and her eyes opened wide with shame as she remembered her radeness to the man who had always been so kind to and while helping her with her coat her. She recalled the pained, set look, as he had turned away the evening before, and resolved to ask his pardon the first thing in the morning, when, of course, he would forgive her and they would be good friends again.

Morning found Gladys berself again, sweet and pretty as ever; but no Jack to be seen. He had not come in to take breakfast with her, as she expectrd, so she decided he must have eaten at the station, which had been passed had no preference. They matched my | early, before the was up.

After a lonely little breakfast by herself, she settled down comfortably with a book to read and wait for him to come and make up.

The hours passed, however, and still no Jack. His traps were still opposite, so he must be on the train, probably in the smoking room, where the other men spent most of their time. She began to grow very indigment at his neglect.

"To be sure, I told him never to speak to me again, but he knew I did not mean it," soll lognized Gladys; then tossed her head and vowed she didn't care what he did.

At luncheon time she saw him disappear in the enting room without so ful as an adjunct. The case should be much as a look even in her direction, harriedly eating dinner at the station | Shortly after the train moved he sauntored careleasly into his section. Meeting her wondering eyes he gravely bowed, then taking a book, was to all intents soon absorbed in its contents.

Her heart seemed to sink a few inches as she fully realized that he had taken her hasty words literally, and the opposite section had been changed | did not intend speaking to her. But pride came to her rescue, and she was apparently as much interested in her work as he was in his.

The afternoon rolled on, and still they read, never glancing at each other. As the train drew up at the din-Presently he came in, and after a ner station he threw down his book, very slight hesitation smilingly as and, without a word to the girl across cepted her invitation. He helped her the aisle, went out talking and laugh-unpack the hamper and set the table ing with one of the men.

Gladys, who had not left the car that day, timidly asked the old ladies if she could go out to dinner with them and was promptly taken under their wing. After dinner Jack staid in the smoking room playing cards.

Then, as the shadows darkened so that she could not see to read, Gladys' spirits fell to lowest ebb. Turning to the window, but seeing nothing of the fast darkening landscape, she gazed steadily out with fast filling eyes. She realized and confessed then to herself how much she had missed Jack all day.

On the train flew into the darkness. The car lamps were lit and berths were being made up all around her. More and more lonely and low spirited she grew. Tomorrow morning would bring them to Omaha, where her friends would meet her. She would go one way, Jack another, and he would never dramatically, as he straightened up and speak to her again. The last thought proceeded to eat the mersel on his fork. was too much for her, and by this time she was crying softly but bitterly in the corner, with her face still turned to the

window. Ah, Jack, deliberately staying away all day from willful little Gladys was a

diplomatic stroke of yours! Suddenly some one leaned over her and said softly, "Why, Gladys, homesick already?"

Startled, she turned quickly, and with a joyful little catch of her breath dashed her handkerchief over her eyes and answered shyly, "No, Jack, only lonesome, and I-Pm sorry I was so rude yesterday."

He sat down, screening her from any prying eyes, and said very low, "Gladys, darling, were you crying because I've been such an unmanly beast today?"

The pretty head dropped lower-but no answer. Jack glanced around; no one was looking. Taking her band he said: "Gladys, once more I ask you to be my wife. If you say no, I shall never trouble you again, but shall take the first train home from Omaha tomorrow, a disappointed man. Which is it dear, yes or no?"

Still no answer. "Say yes, dearest," pleaded Jack. with his lips dangerously near the fluffy

An almost imperceptible nod was all the answer he got. But it seemed to satisfy him. Gently raising her head he stole a kiss, just in time to escape the porter's inquisitive eyes as he came up blandly asking the young lady if she

was ready to have her berth made up. Blushing fariously, the young Indy said yes, she was ready; so pressing her hand warmly, Jack whispered, "Goodnight, love," and left her, well satisfied with the result of his journey.-Josie Howell Hull in Overland,

### A German Legend.

The Germans have a legend of Frederie Barbarossa that he is not dead, but in an enchanted sleep, sitting with his knights at a marble table in the cavern of Kyffhausen, in the Hartz mountains. His long red beard has grown during this long enchantment, and, covering the table, descends to the floor, and that he sits thus, waiting the moment that will set him free. There he has been kept for long centuries-there be must stay for ages. - St. Louis Republic.

"English as She Is Spoke." "Did you call on the Jamisons last evening!"

"How did you find them?" "Easily enough. I've been there be-"-Kate Field's Washington.

The principal narcotle poisons audanum, morphine and opi landanum the fatal dose is at least two

drams. Two grains and a half of the extract are said by Tanner to be equal to four grains of crude opium, while De Quincy could take sixteen conces of the tinesure of oplum daily. Infants have been killed by a single drop of landanum, which is equal to about the twelfth of a grain of optum. No one should use laudanum, oplum or morphine without the express orders and daily watchful care of a physician, for all these drugs have an entirely different action in health and sickness

When an excessive dose of any of these narcotics is suspected, a physi should be immediately called, pending his arrival, every effort should be made to keep the patient awake. The symptoms of poisoning are gradually increasing giddiness, drowsiness, stupor, slow, heavy breathing, weak pulse, pallor and final coma. There may be nausca and even convulsions. The first remedial action is to free the stomach by the means of emotics or the stomach pump; then rouse the patient by slapping the chest and neck with a wet towel, dashing cold water about the head and face, walking up and down-out of doors if that is needs sary-giving electric shocks, and even artificial respiration when other means fail to rouse from the stuper which precedes death. Strong coffee may be usein the hands of a competent physician. In a word, keep the patient awake until the doctor arrives, loosen the clothing and keep the head cool.-Harper's Bazar.

Does the Moon Cause Earthqua With regard to the phases of the moon's motions, M. Brisco found that in four years, 1886 to 1890, the number of earthquakes near new and full moons exceeded the number at the quarters very nearly in the proportion of six to four. In a number of exceedingly elaborate calculations M. Brisco has endeavored to show that, however the figures were handled, they always present the same general conclusions, but there are not as yet sufficient facts to justify more than a passing allusion to this curious speculation,

It does, however, appear to be an inevitable deduction from the evidence, not only that earthquakes occur more frequently at the periods of new and full moon, but that their frequency increeses at the time when the moon is nearest the earth and diminish when ft is most distant, and, moreover, that earthquake shocks are more frequent when the moon is near the meridian than when she isninety dogrees from it. M. Perrey, the French scientist, tried to figure out some connection between moon phases and earthquakes as long ago as 1814. -St. Louis Republic.

Luxurious Life in the Army. Said a prominent army officer in the Southern hotel to a group of officers and civilians: "Service in the army for the private soldier is a delight to what it used to be before the war. There is not a post scarcely in the country not accessible by railroad and which not a daily mail. The quarters or barmeks to which he is now assigned are simply palatial. At Fort Riley, for instance, the mea's barracks are splendid-ly arranged and handsomely furnished. Each company's quarters is furnished with a library, billiard room, gymnesium, marble tub bathrooms; the squad rooms or domnitories are nicely fornished with iron bedsteads, and the walls are hung with pictures about army life on the march or in battle. The mess hall at Fort Riley seats 1,200 men at each meal. The chef de cuisine is a civilian salaried at \$150 a month. A moss hall of a like capacity is to be built at Fort Leavenworth, and the posts, Fort Sheridan, at Chicago, and Fort Logan, near Denver, are being

# Louis Globe-Democrat.

built with every convenience.- Bt.

Joke Proof Englishmen Why is it that English people can't understand jokes? They are not always. stupid, and they are fond of enjoying themselves but where an American sees a capital joke and goes into fits of laughter the Englishman sits grave as a preacher.

"Here's an account of a singular accident," said an American at the club, reading his paper to an English acquaintance. "A man sat on a-buzz saw accidentally and was killed. They buried both of him in the same grave,

"Ah! both of him! How's that?" said the other solemnly.

You can't put head and brains into a brass door knob, as Mr. P.'s aunt pieturesquely expressed it in "Little Dorrit," and you can't make the ordinary Englishman grasp such an extremely American joke as the one just given. -

Washington Star. Pleasing His Wife. Jinks-Why do you offer such a large

ible pug dogt Winks-To please my wifa. Jinks-But such a reward will be sure to bring him back. "No, it won'k He's dead."-Now York Weekly.

reward for the return of that contempt-

Have You Ever Noticed II? Queer thing about the tures een plece. You always take it for a di with your change; but you can new induce any one else to do so.—Puck.

"Do you play by note?"
"No," replied the violin virtuosa, play for east."—Push