The Alamance Gleaner
The Oldest Newspaper in the County.
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THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXV. GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1899. NO. 46.

Judicious Advertising
—AND—
"Keeping Everlastingly at it brings success."
RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Job Printing.
All kinds Commercial Printing, Pamphlets, Posters, &c, neatly and promptly executed at lowest prices.

2898 PAIRS

Mens', womens', and childrens' SHOES to close out at once to make room for an entirely new line of gooods.

Remember we are the men who carry the largest line of Furniture and House Furnishing goods in the county and we must have the room now occupied by our shoes. If you want to be among the bargain getters, don't fail to see us.

A nice line of Christmas Furniture and novelties on hand.

DAVIS FURNITURE CO.,
Main St., Burlington, N. C.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING BY MAIL.

We have made preparations for taking care of the wants of our two million customers who live in every portion of the world.

Our 304 page Catalogue is full of suggestions about everything to Eat, Wear and Use, and offers particular bargains in:

Bookcases, Bicycles, Brass Goods, Cabinets, Candies; China Closets, Cigars, Clocks, Couches, Commodes, Desks, Draperies, Fancy Chairs, Fancy Tables, Fountain Pens, Gold Pencils, Groceries, Handkerchiefs, Jewelry, Mufflers, Lamps, Musical Instruments, Neckties, Ornaments, Pocket Knives, Pictures, Rockers, Shoes, Silverware, Sterling Silver Novelties, Stools, Tables, Watches, etc.

Our Lithographed Catalogue shows Carpets, Rugs, Portieres, Art Squares and Lace Curtains in their real colors. Carpets sewed free, being furnished free, and freight prepaid.

Our Made-to-Order Clothing Catalogue with samples of cloth attached offers Suits and Overcoats from $5.95 to $30.00. Expressage paid on clothing everywhere. We also issue a special Catalogue of Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines and Bicycles.

We will make your Christmas buying more satisfactory than it has ever been before. Which Catalogue do you want? Address this way:

Guaranteed Watches 69c. to $75.00.

Oak or Mahogany Desk, $3.95.

J. H. & Son Flour, Per Barrel, $3.50.

JULIUS HINES & SON.
BALTIMORE, MD. Dept. 909.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JACOB A. LONG,
Attorney-at-Law,
GRAHAM, - - - - - N. C

Practices in the State and Federal courts. Office over White, Moore & Co.'s store, Main Street. 'Phone No. 3.

JOHN GRAY BYNUM. W. P. BYNUM, JR.
BYNUM & BYNUM,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law
GREENSBORO, N. C.
Practice regularly in the courts of Alamance county. Aug. 2, 94 1y

DR. J. R. STOCKARD
Dentist,
GRAHAM, N. C.
Office in the Vestal Building, over Albright's drug store. First-class work at moderate prices. Call on me.

OLIVER S. NEWLIN,
Attorney-at-Law,
GREENSBORO, N. C.
Office in Wright Building East of Court House.
Will practice regularly in the courts of Alamance.

The Coming of Baby

brings joy or pain. It's for the mother to decide. With good health and a strong womanly organism, motherhood but adds to a woman's attractiveness.

McELREE'S
Wine of Cardui

takes away all terrors by strengthening the vital organs. It fits a mother for baby's coming. By revitalizing the nerve centres it has brought chubby, crowing youngsters to thousands of weak women who feared they were barren. It purifies, heals, regulates and strengthens, and is good for all women at all times. No druggist would be without it. $1.00

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

MRS. LOUISA HALE, of Jefferson, Ga., says:—"When I first took Wine of Cardui we had been married three years, but could not have any children. Nine months later I had a fine girl baby."

Rubber Stamps

Rigid and cushion, daters, numberers, inks, pads, and all kinds of rubber stamp supplies. Stamps 10c up.

W. P. EZZELL,
Burlington, N. C.
tf

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

A CHRISTMAS FANTASY

Across the day,
So dull and gray,
The tide of Christmas creeps,
And round the sill,
With bliss a-thrill,
The merry snowbird cheeps
And twitters at the pane beneath
The berry dappled holly wreath.

Now to and fro
The mistletoe
Is swinging by the door,
And, all ablaze,
A ruddy haze,
The oak logs snap and roar.
Their surf of gold plays merrily
Upon the spangled Christmas tree.

The minster bell
Its magic spell
Throws o'er us far and near.
Our souls repeat
Its echoes sweet
Till in a fairy sphere
We linger while its charm imparts
Love harmonics to cheer our hearts.

Our Christmas dream
With peace supreme
Is gilded as it flies,
And round the board
Where love is lord
Our thanks serenely rise
And mingle with the Christmas bells,
Whose music skyward blithely swells.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

JOHN DOOLAN'S CHRISTMAS

BY ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS.

[Copyright, 1899, by Zoe Anderson Norris.]

It was the afternoon before Christmas eve, and John Doolan paced the pavements, his hands in his pockets, his eyes glancing restlessly about, looking for work. He was hard up. He was worse than hard up. He was on the ragged edge of despair, penniless and hungry. He had spent his last dime for supper the night before.

His room was in a tenement house west of Ninth avenue, near the river, but he had managed to walk as far as Rector street, walking on and on in the unavailing effort to forget his hunger. The exercise only served to whet his appetite. By the time he had arrived at the station he was famished.

He stopped at the foot of the steps and stood there looking at a nearby building in process of erection and at the dusty swarm of hod carriers crawling up and down the ladders like so many ants.

Turning away, he watched the men in overalls at work on the car track, listened to the resonant click of their picks and idly noted the nimbleness with which they sprang back at the approach of the car, only to close up the ranks once more almost beneath the wheels as it passed.

It seemed to Doolan that he alone was unfortunate. Everybody in the world appeared to be able to get work with the exception of himself. He had applied for place after place, as hod carrier, as street cleaner, as truck driver, but as each vacant place had 20 applicants or more already standing in line before it in every instance he had ignominiously failed. Presently in an absentminded way he followed the crowd on up the steps to the elevated. Somehow he imagined that if he could only get up town he might find work, in the same way that he imagined when he was up town that he would be sure to find something to do down town. Though in both places the fantasy of work had eluded him like a will o' the wisp, he determined once more to try his luck up town.

Fortunately he found a bevy of people rushing through the gates from a recently arrived train. He slipped past them, eluded the eagle eye of the ticket chopper and stood panting on the platform, awaiting a Harlem train.

By and by it came puffing along, and, boarding it, he took the only vacant seat, which was one by an old man so faultlessly dressed that Doolan hesitated a moment between the alternative of standing and bringing him in contact with his rags. He edged as far away from him as possible, watched him furtively out of the corner of his eye and compared his evident prosperity with the forlornness of his own outlook. This occupation did not tend to raise his spirits. By the time the old man had come to the end of his journey and left the car Doolan was in the depths of despair. If he had been a woman, the probability was that he would have shed tears.

DOOLAN CAUGHT SIGHT OF AN ENVELOPE.

The old man had sat next to the window. Doolan, about to move into the vacant seat, caught sight of an envelope lying there. He picked it up, half opened it and glanced carelessly inside. He looked again, his breath coming quickly, the color mounting to the brim of his slouch hat. It was almost impossible to believe the evidences of his senses.

Looking stealthily about him to see whether or not he had been observed, he closed the envelope and, slipping it into his inside vest pocket, buttoned the vest securely up and stared straight ahead of him into space, breathless, fairly intoxicated with joy, for within the envelope were rows upon rows of crisp, new bills.

The car was filled with many people, variously occupied, some taking furtive catnaps, others reading newspapers, a girl over in one corner smilingly peeping into a precious Christmas bundle, a woman near her ineffectually striving to quiet a fat baby which was struggling in her lap and a few men swinging unsteadily from straps; but Doolan was totally oblivious of their presence there. Instead, conjured by the glimpse of those bills, visions began to loom before him, iridescent visions of things to eat. He saw tables, white tables, such as he had hitherto viewed from the outside through the medium of plate glass windows, and himself seated inside this time, a snowy napkin spread across his knee, an obsequious waiter hovering over him, and a repast that made his mouth water in anticipation absolutely covering the shining expanse of that entire tablecloth.

The baby's whimper broke into a cry. The sound jarred upon him; also the

DOOLAN INFORMED HIM THAT HE WANTED TO SEE THE MILLIONAIRE.

rasping voice of the guard disturbed his reverie. The car, he concluded, was too full of people to suit his present fancy. He wanted to be alone. First of all, he wanted to count those bills, next to be free to exult in the possession of them, unruffled by the contact of prying eyes.

"Twenty-eighth street!" called the guard.

Doolan made his way to the platform, descended the steps and walked straight toward Ninth avenue, thence on to the tenement house overlooking the river in which he lived.

Inside he climbed numberless flights of stairs, reached his room, shut the door, turned the key in the lock and, taking out the envelope, examined its contents.

First there was a letter. It was addressed to a well known multimillionaire. It read thus:

I hand you herewith the cash to bind our verbal deal of last night, $10,000, less $5 for revenue stamps.

The signature was familiar as his own.

Doolan sank into a chair, speechless. Mechanically he stared about him at the ghastly poverty of the room; at the narrow bed covered by the soiled and worn counterpane; at the small and rickety washstand, with its broken necked pitcher; at the tiny cracked mirror hanging above it, dangling tipsily sidewise on its crooked nail; at the bare and curtainless window through whose dingy panes the chill winter sunshine steeped languidly. Then, burying his face in his hands, he shut out the sight of it all and took to dreaming dreams.

Ten thousand dollars! It was untold wealth. Gaunt eyed poverty departed from his threshold, never to return, and gilded affluence beckoned him on. With a sigh of rapture he followed.

No more tramping of endless streets in the endless search for work, no more hunger, no more weariness of mind and body and soul, and no more heartaches. In that long white envelope lay the panacea for most evils the flesh is heir to. It was all well enough, he thought, for those who sat at their ease in golden chairs to talk of the nobility of poverty. It took a being of superhuman strength to bear up beneath the actual burden of it. It took a philosopher, and he was no philosopher.

He kicked a corner of the ragged carpet into place, arose, walked to the mirror and looked at his face. It was unshaven. Before he could go to a decent restaurant he must have a shave. Well, there was the money. He could afford luxuries now. He would indulge in luxuries.

Ah, the power of money! As he put on his hat and descended to the street he suddenly remembered a little old woman whom years before he had met in a boarding house in Cincinnati. She was a friendless little old woman and homeless. Otherwise she would hardly have spent her days in a boarding house. One evening, walking up and down there in the parlor, she had repeated a verse that ran like this:

In country or town, as we walk up and down,
There is no friend so true as a dollar or two.

Wise little old woman! He smiled as he thought of the envelope, tucked snugly away in his vest pocket, in which there reposed many a dollar or two.

And again he fell to dreaming.

By and by an uneasy thought pervaded the luminous brilliancy of his dreams. That money! Was it his because he found it?

His conscience said emphatically and firmly, "No!" It belonged by rights to the old man who had lost it.

But the old man was a man of wealth. To him $10,000 was a mere bagatelle. He could easily afford to lose that much money every week of his life and not miss it, for he was one of the rich men of the world, a railroad magnate, a multimillionaire.

Doolan passed down Sixth avenue. It was gay with shoppers jostling one another in the blithe hurry of the Christmas time. Mingled with the brilliant toilets of the rich women were the dingy shawls of the women of the poor. On the curb, next to a footman in livery who awaited the pleasure of his mistress, a man in rags sold jumping jacks. Near him another wretched creature jerked a small black mustache which unexpectedly stretched itself to an unseemly length, much to the amusement of the passing children. Farther on a blind man sang a doleful song, pitched in a high, unmelodious voice, his closed eyes petitioning humbly for pennies. Women rustling in silks, wrapped in priceless furs and glittering with jewels carelessly brushed their soft skirts against him and entered the great swinging doors of the shops. They closed noiselessly behind them, shutting out the wail of the blind man's voice and the piteous spectacle of his sightless eyes.

The rich and the poor, the sickening contrast between the two, the haughty carelessness of the one, the abject humility of the other, whose outstretched hands forever solicited alms! Another day, and his hand would have been outstretched. He, too, would have been forced to beg. With an exclamation of thankfulness he clasped his hand to his side, thus holding more securely in its place the money which had saved him from such dire humiliation.

Yes, $10,000 was only a drop in the bucket to that rich old man. He could well afford to lose it. He would keep the money. It had been dropped by a special providence at his very feet. It would be the height of folly to fly in the face of that providence and give it back. He would keep it.

And here he resolutely set his teeth.

Nevertheless he had forgotten his intention of shaving. He had almost forgotten his hunger in the mental struggle through which he was passing. No; he would not keep the money. Rightfully it belonged to the millionaire. He took out the envelope and looked for the old man's address. Fifth avenue! He lived in a palace probably, among the rest of the millionaires.

If he lived in a palace, then he could do without a paltry ten thousand, and he should! He would keep it!

Once more he began to dream of things to eat. Ah, those things to eat! They were homely things at first—sandwiches, ham and eggs, and coffee with cream, real cream, frothy and yellow and thick, such cream as he had tasted in his boyhood, ages before, cream lying densely upon the top of the milk pans in the springhouse, into which he had dipped his fingers again and again and again. It was a long time since he had had real cream in his coffee. Later, after the ham and eggs and coffee, he would indulge perhaps in canvasback duck, pate de foi gras and champagne. But this insatiable appetite of his must be fed first with substantial things with which his palate was familiar.

But ought he to keep the money? Was it his?

Long before he had faced about and proceeded up town. Again he consulted the letter. Again he found the address.

He walked on and on and on toward Fifty-ninth street. His footsteps lagged. By now he was weak from hunger; but, pressed forward by this question of right and wrong, which would not let him rest until he had seen the old man and given him back his money, he made his slow way to the number given in the letter.

It was a palace, as he had supposed. He hesitated as he looked up at the grandeur of it. How little that old man needed the money and how hungry he was!

His hesitation was only momentary. He walked resolutely up the marble steps and pushed the button.

A magnificent flunky, resplendent in blue and brass buttons, appeared at the opening of the door. He glanced haughtily over Doolan's head and asked what he wanted.

Doolan informed him that he wanted to see the millionaire.

The flunky with a sarcastic inflection asked for his card.

Of course Doolan had no card. He gave him his name.

The flunky left him standing there on the outside while he retired within. Presently he reappeared, stood aloof from him as if he suspected him of concealing dynamite bombs which might be hurled at any moment and suavely inquired the nature of his business with the millionaire.

In reply Doolan stated that his business related to a private and important matter which he wished to discuss with the millionaire, and with the millionaire alone, whereupon the flunky brutally bade him be off and slammed the big doors in his face.

Doolan walked slowly down the broad white steps of the mansion lost in thought. Arrived at the foot, he stood looking up at the great, closed doors, still thinking.

He stood there so long that a large, strong policeman on the corner approached and ordered him off the street, grasping his shoulders and giving him a ponderous shove by way of emphasis.

That shove put an end to Doolan's hesitation. Taking a cross street, he walked away briskly, as one who has a fixed purpose. A few moments later he hurried across the avenue to where a restaurant sign announced that a turkey dinner was being served that day.

At the same time he noticed that the store adjoining was occupied as a district telegraph office. Doolan stopped between the two windows. Here was a door which no flunky would shut. He could easily send a message which would make him welcome at the millionaire's home.

Conscience and hunger grappled in a fresh hold. As they wrestled, Doolan stood there, looking first into one window and then into the other. At the end he went into one of the doors.

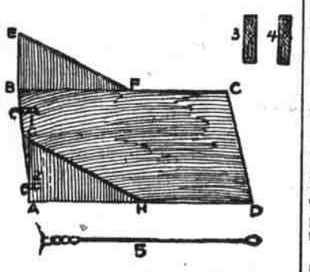
FARM AND GARDEN

FARM CONVENIENCES.

Wagon Gate Useful In Husking Time. Crate For Roots, Apples, Etc.

A sketch of a very convenient tailboard or end gate, which can be attached to any wagon bed and which saves much time and labor in unloading corn or coal, is sent to the Ohio Farmer by a correspondent, who says:

"The size of wagon beds varies so much that it is useless to give dimensions, but make the part A B C D long enough to extend at least six inches above the sideboards of the wagon and



TAILBOARD OR END GATE.

also wide enough so that the wings B E F and A G H will be on the outside of the bed when the end gate is up. Have two hooks made as at 1 and 2 and bolt to the end gate with the hook turned down. Then have made out of old wagon tire two plates, 3 and 4, each about six inches long, with slots about two inches long and large enough to admit hooks 1 and 2. Bolt these plates to the under side of the wagon bed, with the slots extending out far enough from the bed to admit the hooks. This makes your hinge for the end gate so that it can be removed from the bed instantly.

"Now attach two rods or chains, as at Fig. 5, at C D and let them pass through rings fastened at the top end of the bed. This holds the end gate up, so that one may stand on it and begin to unload. Have two rings, one on each side of the bed, fastened the length of the chains or rods from the end of the bed to hold the end gate up while the load is being hauled.

Particular attention is called in the journal already mentioned to the crate shown in the second cut by a writer who describes it thus: As can be seen, all the slats composing it are upright, obviating thereby the use of corner supports, for, as put together, the slats lap at the corners and, being well nailed, afford great firmness to the whole affair. This is of decided convenience in that the crate can thus be made of dry goods boxes and the like, simply with saw and hammer, some nails and some leather straps for handles, one on each side.

The shape of this crate, remember, should be rectangular, for then if one wishes to load a number of them into a wagon box it can be done with perfect ease. Indeed, if put to use in this manner, the crate is indispensable for harvesting apples, potatoes, turnips, carrots, beets, and so on. By making up enough of them, which can be done on rainy days, to fill a wagon box load after load of vegetables and fruit can be taken from the field with a single handling, which not only saves much time, but lessens the danger of bruises, and in case of fruits, like apples and pears, this is an item of the gravest

CRATE FOR POTATOES, TURNIPS, ETC.

importance, the enduring qualities of all such depending chiefly on their being kept whole and nice.

Provided there is only one man to handle them, crates holding half a bushel each are plenty large enough, but where two pairs of hands are present to take them in charge it is better to have them as large again at least. Kept properly housed, such crates will last one a lifetime.

A Wonderful Discovery.

The last quarter of a century records many wonderful discoveries in medicine, but none that have accomplished more for humanity than that sterling old household remedy, Browns' Iron Bitters. It seems to contain the very elements of good health, and neither man, woman or child can take it without deriving the greatest benefit. Browns' Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.

Fruit Trees
That Grow and Bear Good Fruit.

Write for our 80 page illustrated catalog and 40p. pamphlet, "How to Plant and Cultivate an Orchard." Gives you that information you have so long wanted; tells you all about those big red apples, those luscious peaches, and Japan plums with their oriental sweetness, all of which you have often seen and as often wondered Where the trees came from that produced them.

Everything Good In Fruits.

Unusual line of fine Silver Maples, young, thrifty trees—smooth and straight—the kind that grow off well. No old, rough trees. This is the most rapid growing maple and one of the most beautiful shade trees. Write for prices and give list of wants.

J. Van Lindley Nursery Co.
POMONA, N. C.

A YOUNG HOLIDAY ICONOCLAST.

Johnnie—There ain't any Santy Claws, see!
Bobbie—What makes ye think so?
Johnnie—'Cos I set a muskrat trap in the fireplace, and all I caught was pa.

FOR THE CHRISTMAS COOK.

Timely Hints on Some Attractive Specialties For the Holidays.

PLUM PUDDING.

Many families use a simple suet pudding for Christmas, serving it in flaming brandy. The best rule for this calls for a cup of stoned raisins chopped in coarse bits, a cup of shredded suet chopped fine, a cup of molasses, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves, half a nutmeg and half a teaspoonful of salt. Add now three eggs, white and yolks well beaten together, and, last of all, an even teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a cup of milk.

Heat the pudding thoroughly with a spoon and put it in a well buttered tin mold holding about two quarts. This will give it ample room to swell in. Cover it closely with the tin cover, so no water can get in, and plunge it into a pot of boiling water deep enough to reach two-thirds the height of the mold. Let the pot of water be covered and the water boil steadily around the pudding for three hours. Make it Christmas day and serve it with a good wine sauce.

RECIPE FOR CHEESE CAKE.

Wash and scrape some lettuces. Put wine into a mortar and pound and pulp the lettuces therein. Now squeeze out the juice, mix up some flour from spring wheat and allow it to settle, after which pound again, adding a little pigs' feet and pepper; finally pound again, draw out into a cake, smooth and cut it into shape and boil in hot oil.—Time of Demosthenes.

PIGEON PIE.

Make puff paste crust and cover your dish. Let your pigeons be nicely picked and cleaned. Season them with pepper and salt. Put a good bit of fine fresh butter, with pepper and salt, in their bellies and lay them in your pan. The necks, gizzards, livers, pinions and hearts lay between them, with the yolk of an egg and a beefsteak in the middle. Put as much water as will almost fill the dish and lay on the top crust and bake it well. This is the best way to make a pigeon pie. The French fill the pigeons with very high forcemeat balls around the inside, with asparagus tops, artichoke bottoms, mushrooms, truffles and morsels of bacon and season high, but that is according to different palates.

The Christmas Tree.

He stood high up on a wind swept crest,
This vigorous, stout young pine,
And drank the air of the east and west
And bathed in the glad sunshine.
His roots reached down to the rock below;
His top to the stars aspired.
He knew but a longing to grow and grow
Till all of the wood admired.

Alas, when the leaves of the forest round
Were scattered from shrubs and trees
And the pine beheld on the nearby ground
The tribute the fall decrees,
Appeared some men with a shining axe
That bit at the sturdy stem,
And when in glee they retraced their tracks
They carried the pine with them!

"Goodby to the wind and the friendly sun!
Goodby to the dew and rain!
I would I had lived till my work was done,
But I've grown and hoped in vain."
Yet the end was not, for they set him straight
And stiff in a corner tight
And hastened his branches to decorate
With candles and tinsel bright—

Till, lo, at the eve of a Christmas day
Was given the last, last touch,
And a lad and a lass, with faces gay,
Came, marveling, wondering much.
So the heart of the pine ere life was sped
Thrilled deep with a joyous thought,
"I have blessed an hour of a child," he said.
"I have lived nor died for naught."

LOVEY L. SABIN.

My son has been troubled for years with chronic diarrhœa. Some time ago I persuaded him to take some of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. After using two bottles of the 25-cent size he was cured. I give this testimonial, hoping some one similarly afflicted may read it and be benefited.—THOMAS C. BOWER, Glencoe, O. For sale by T. A. Albright & Co., druggists.

LaGrippe with its after effects, annually destroys thousands of people. It may be quickly cured by One Minute Cough Cure, the only remedy that produces immediate results in coughs, colds, croup, Bronchitis, pneumonia and throat and lung troubles. J. C. Simmons

How Are Your Kidneys?

Dr. Hobbs' Sparagus Pills cure all kidney ills. Sample free. Add. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

There are two things we give to every purchaser
Who buys a suit or an overcoat, viz:

Good Value and
A Good Fit.

We do a cash business and have

Only One Price.

Everybody pays us the same price. You buy as cheap as your neighbor—your neighbor buys as cheap as any one. We think this is the only way to do business so that it will be mutually beneficial both to the customer and ourselves.

200 pairs all wool pants, guaranteed not to rip $2.00
110 suits all wool black Clay worsted, 18 oz. $10.00
Pants for regular, lean, extra sizes and stout men.

Come to see us we will convince you that our prices are right—we want to get better acquainted with you anyway. We will treat you nice if we can't sell you.

WILL H. MATTHEWS & CO.,
304 S. Elm St., Greensboro, N. C.

Two Kinds of Women.

"It is very difficult for a clerk to actually draw customers to a store," said an old merchant the other day, "but it is the easiest thing in the world for him to drive them away. Of course customers are themselves very trying at times, but the clerk who is scrupulously polite always has the best of such encounters. That reminds me, by the way, of an odd little incident.

"A few days ago one of our girls who comes from a distinguished and once wealthy family was waiting on an ill tempered woman who treated her with such brutal rudeness that I was strongly tempted to personally interfere. However, the clerk remained perfectly calm and courteous and betrayed not the faintest sign of annoyance. Just then a lady who is recognized as one of the society leaders of New Orleans approached the counter and gave the shopper a very frosty nod. At the same moment she caught sight of the salesgirl and instantly dropped her air of reserve, rushed up and seized her cordially by both hands.

"'My dear child,' she exclaimed, 'I am so glad to see you! Can't you and your mamma come to my little musicale tomorrow night?'

"With that she sat down and launched into general talk. The first woman's face was a study. She would evidently have given a front tooth for an equally gracious recognition, and she glared at the girl with an expression between wrath and awe. It was very funny. I was behind a pile of dress goods and laughed myself tired."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Full of Meaning.

There are few more expressive phrases than some which pass current among primitive races. Henri Mager, a member of the French council for the government of the colonies, transcribes a few expressions used by natives in Madagascar which seem to deserve a wider vogue.

Speaking of an egotist, they say, "He knows two for himself and not one for anybody else."

"He is like the cock that sings at night," they say of the unlimited talker, while of the everlasting borrower they remark, "His mouth is his snuff-box."

When a man conducts his affairs well, a native will tell you, "He swims without noise," or if he seeks the impossible, "He wants the bird on the wing."

To render the idea of "a little" a Malagasy will point to the ground and say, "Like the water in the holes made by a chicken's feet," and if he wishes to describe a person who is content with moderate comforts he will put it thus, "He behaves like a hound munching files."

Perfect Fleece.

Many persons interested in the natural history of the sheep do not clearly understand what density of the fleece means. Wool, as it exists in the fleece, is valued as to quantity and quality. Quality depends on length and closeness of the fibers. The latter is the density of the fleece. This depends on natural peculiarity and exists in a remarkable degree in certain breeds and in families of these. Pure Spanish Merino wool has about 45,000 fibers on a square inch of skin. The finest and densest wool is on the shoulders.

A perfect fleece will be even in fineness from the shoulder to the thigh, of nearly equal length of staple on the back over on the sides from the shoulder to the thigh, and equal in density on the shoulder and back from loin to loin. The sheep is the most impressive of all the domestic animals. The selection of the father of the flock is thought so important that experts are employed to select rams.

Scarlet Vetch For the South.

A promising new winter forage plant is the scarlet vetch (Vicia fulgens) found by Dr. Trabut, director of the Algerian experiment station. It is grown with winter oats or rye to serve as a support and yields in Algeria five tons of good hay per acre. This species is a near relative of the hairy vetch, which has proved to be a most valuable forage plant in the south, and deserves a careful trial, since it is likely to be found even more vigorous and resistant to drought, according to the last report on seed and plant introductions of the department of agriculture.

Sugar Cane Industry In Georgia.

The president of the Savannah board of trade has been pursuing an inquiry into the advisability of the sugar cane industry, and he is thus reported: "I have become more convinced at each step that sugar cane cultivation, as the result of present agitation, will soon take rank with cotton as a money crop, with far more profit for its producers, and that in large degree Georgia capital will bring about this result from growing the cane to placing the milled products of it upon the market."

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