ROCKINGHAM, N. C., SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1888.

WHOLE NUMBER 827

VOL. XVI. NO. 24.

Spirit of the South.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

Wm. R. Terry.

Rates of Subscription CASH IN ADVANCE

One copy per annum - - - \$2.00 One copy six months - - - - 1.00 One copy three months

Advertisements will be inserted at reasonable rates, oragrecable to contract. Obituary notices over five lines, or matter subserving individual or personal interest, will be charged for at regulaadvertising rates.

JOB PRINTING of all kinds neatly executed. Legal blanks a specialty.

The American hog, which is found to be entirely wholesome and satisfactory to American stomachs, patriotically remarks the Chicago Times, does not stand well in the estimation of the effete civilization of the old world. Denmark has joined in the crusade against him, the Government having issued a decree prohibiting the importation of our pork products in any form.

Francis Murphy's son, Thomas, it is said, surpasses his father as a temperance orator. He speaks in a clear, ringing voice, and is perfectly at home on the platform. One thing that makes him popular is his kindness to reformed drunkards. He frequently gives an old toper five or ten dollars after signing the pledge to help him in making a new start in life.

There has been at Nordhausen, Germany, a most theatrical and awful suicide. A young girl completely saturated all her clothing with benzine, and, an empty sleeve. standing on the platform, set fire to herself just as the train rolled up to the station. The passengers saw a pillar of let her burn quietly.

General Crook, the famous Indian fighter, stands six feet in his stockings, and is as straight as an arrow. He has been thirty-six years in the service, and | part of the Territory. knows his business thoroughly. When on the war path General Crook wears an old canvas suit said to be worth \$1.25. He rides at the head of his column on a mule, with a rifle across his arm. He is a devoted hunter and fisherman, and it is said that he would go a thousand miles to shoot a deer.

Every letter-carrier who has common sense, remarks the Detroit Free Press, knows that he cannot rob the mails and stand one chance in fifty of escaping detection, and yet fifty-four of them have est amount taken was \$200, and the lowest \$2, and for these sums men who have wives and children and character only way.

Owing to the increase of sickness, thought to be due to impure food and poisonous liquors, the Municipal Council of Lima (Peru) ordered an analysis to be made of 245 different articles purchased from almost as many stores. The result showed that 86 were counterfeits and 12 were dangerous to health, 24 were adulterated or were not what they were sold for, 18 were decomposing or so changed as to be unfit for consumption, 46 were impure but not positively dangerous, 32 were imitations fairly passable, while only 32 were really good.

It may be interesting to our readers to learn that every man when he takes up his cards at a game of whist holds one out of 635,013,559,600 possible hands. As for the total number of variations possible among all the players, it is so enormous as almost to exceed belief. the rate of one deal each minute day and night for 100,000,000 years, they would not then have exhausted all the possible variations of the cards. Fut only 100,-90th part of them.

Barnes Greeley, a brother of the founder of the Tribune, is a farmer in Pennsylvania. He is an eccentric man, and while he advocates the doctrines of the Prohibitionists, he thinks that too much water is a dangerous thing. He attributes his excellent physical condition at the age of seventy-five to the small amount of water he uses, both as a beverage and for cleansing purposes. Chickens and pigs are his favorite livestock, and they roam at will over his house. Mr. Greeley says that his brother Horace gave him a position on the Tribune in its early days, but he did not like it, and after a short trial re- first acquaintance with them. purned to his pigs and chickens,

A SONG FOR THE SEASON. Our orchards laugh with their bloom run

A flashing wing like a sail cuts the air: There's a faint red ripple of sweet-topped

And a liquid note From a song-bird's throat. And a dew-drop shine in the morning fair. There's a plume and flutter of wings that

A fine soft murmur steals through the A myriad insects hum and quaver,

And to and fro As the wood-nymphs go, The young brakes curl where their foot-

The morns are rich with the hues of roses. The wine of the winds flows full and free; When the sun drops down and the daylight

We hear the beat Of the fairies' feet, As they hang the wands of the willow-tree.

Now Phyllis starts in the morning early, With her shining bucket and milking-stool; While herstrong hands urge the white stream She eyes the gate

For a comer late.

Who saunters down in the shadows cool; Who, sauntering, whistles an idle measure, Then clears with a bound the brown rails.

Her eyes shine bright with a greeting pleas-But the dun cow's gaze Is of mild amaze,

When the pearly stream and the whistling Ah, spring's but once in the year's procession: She comes with glee and a laughing grace That wins our heart; in a full possession:

We too are gay When she smiles this way, And care slips off when we see her face. -Estelle Thomson, in Harper's Weekly

A BOTTLE OF OIL

Wishing to take the night train at the small station of B , and having nothing to employ my attention about the village, I went early to the station, and was ushered into the waiting-room by the watchman, a stout, goodnatured-looking man in the prime of life, who wore, pinned across his breast,

As I had an hour or more of leisure before my train would arrive, I passed the time chatting with the watchman, and he told me the story of the advenfire, and, trying to put out the flames, ture in which he lost his arm. I repeat were overcome with horror to hear a huhis narrative as nearly as possible in his

And now it flashed upon my mind for

> Before I was intrusted with the night duties of this station I formed one of a crew of three section men, who had in charge seven miles of track upon our road, some three hundred miles west of here, in the roughest and most lawless

> Our duties were to keep in thorough order the track upon our section, and we were held responsible to the company for anything that would endarger or delay the trains while apon it.

Our section began at Summit Station and ran east seven miles. Thence to. Brewster's, the next station east of Summit, and fifteen miles distant from, it was another section eight miles long.

The night duty of a section-hand not pleasant. In rain or shine, snow or sleet, the section must be patrolled by one man-who employes in good weather a light hand-car for the purpose-ahead of our Overland Pullman train. - This train passed over our section at midnight, and our departure was timed so as to intried it in the last two years. The high- | spect the track immediately ahead of it. So, taking turns at that duty, we started from Summit at ten o'clock sharp and usually arrived at the "half-way house" about ten minutes ahead of the sacrificed all. The honest way is the train. Here we met one of the men from the section east of us, who had started about the same time, and for the same purpose. You see the precaution taken by all well managed roads for the safety of its patrons.

How many of the passengers on the Overland to-night know, or knowing, give a thought to the men who, since darkness settled upon them, have been plunging through the snow-for handcars are useless in such weather as thisswinging their lanterns from side to side, examining carefully every cut for fear of falling rocks, every bridge for broken rails, thus enabling them to ride in

safety. As I said before, the men from each section having patrolled fifteen miles of track, meet at a little shanty situated beside the track, just large enough to hold a small stove and a few necessary supplies, and allow the men to enter. Here they stay until the train comes in sight; then outside, and display their two white lights, that the engineer may know all is well Failure to do this would result in a report to headquarters, and possibly in

discharge from the service. Mr. Babb calculated that if 1,000,000 | me that our supply of lantern oil at the quite. As it was, the inertia of the cars men were to be engaged dealing cards at the tate of one deal each minute day and illed a quart bottle of lard oil, the engine over, sliding the wheels. kind which is used for the purpose, put it into the inside pocket of my heavy coat, buttoned it snugly about me, and

It was a stormy summer's night, as black as ink. My carran smoothly over shattered it to splinters, and the light inthe rails, and soon I had traveled about stantly went out. half the distance, and arrived at a bridge crossing S-ake River. Here I dismounted from the car, and pushing it ahead of me as I passed, I gave the structure a careful examination, found everything all right, and was about mounting my car again, when I received a violent blow upon the head which stretched me sense-

and lying but a few feet from a gang of masked men, whom I saw, as well as the darkness would permit, at work with

bars removing one of the rails just at the entrance of the bridge.

Train wreckers! I had heard a great

situation, and how they should dispose

"I tell yer, Sam!" one big fellow ex-claimed. "Best way is to tie him across the rails, and let 'em finish him." "Yes, that's so!" echoed the party. "Dead men tell no tales, and he may

have seen our faces." "I won't listen to such a plan," said one who seemed to exercise some influence over them. "We shall have enough to answer for before this job is finished without killing him. How this nail sticks!" he added, with an oath. "The man who drove these spikes must have meant 'em to stay. Come, mates! He is safe enough, and if we mean business, we must be lively. The train will be here in twenty minutes, and we have no time to lose," and at the rail they all sprang with a will.

Twenty minutes! What could I hope to do to save the train in my condition, with so short a time?

The thought of the terrible wreck which must result if the derailed train struck the bridge made me desperate. Straining at the cords which bound my wrists, I fancied they gave way a little. I remembered the trick of the necromancers who free themselves from their bonds by alternately contracting and expanding their muscles, and I lay in silence, working in a perfect frenzy of ex-citement until I was able to free my hands. In an instant my knife was out

of my pocket, and my feet free.
Without waiting to free myself from the gag, I sprang to my feet, and, at the top of my speed, started down the track in the direction of the approaching train. With a yell which told me I was discovered, the whole gang started in pursuit; but I had some little start of them, and bounded along the ties, bent upon stopping the train at any cost.

In the inky blackness of the night pursuit was difficult. Soon pop! pop! pop! from the revolvers of the gang. They were firing down the track, in the hope of stopping me with a bullet.

As the gag, which I had not removed. hindered my breathing, I was forced to stop for a moment to cut it away. While | tone, and cheaper into the bargain. so engaged, there came a second volley, this time more successful. I was struck in the left arm midway between wrist and elbow. I should have fainted from the shock, together with the rough usage I had previously undergone, but for my

determination to keep up.
"Brace up!" I called, as if addressing a companion. "No time for such foolishness now, Tom. Remember the train!' This I said aloud to myself, for the solitary work of my nightly rounds had given me the habit of talking to myself, for want of another companion.

Setting my teeth hard, I overcame the faintness, staggered to my feet and ran on. I soon noticed that the pursuit had ceased. Either the train robbers thought I was done for, or they had returned to their unfinished work, trusting I should

the first time. How could I accomplish it? Light I had none-my lantern was with the wreckers. While I was thus deliberating, still running on as fast as my condition would permit, instinctively I felt in my pocket for matche: Ah, the oil! Why had I not thought of that before? Of course!

"Of course the oil will stop them, Tom. Spread it on the rails. Their old seventy-ton locomotive can get no grip on that iron. Smear it thick, cover it well, rub it on with your palm, so-both rails, don't neglect an inch of either. men, women and little children upon the still. I worked with the desperation of a

drowning man. Upon my knees, the bottle under my disabled arm, pouring the oil, by an inclination of my body, into my right hand, and spreading it upon the rails.

In ten minutes the quart of oil was exhausted, and as a result I had both rails for quite a distance very well covered

I had worked backward from the approaching train, and now rose to my feet at the end of my labor and at the terminus of the greased rails. The train was coming.

Already the rails were singing with vibration as the heavy train approached. Here they come. How awful the sight of a big locomotive, coming straight toward one upon a dark midnight! The great, round eye of the head-light streamng out into the darkness, the roar of the exhaust, the hiss of the steam through the cylinders, together with the rush and roar of the train, make up a terrifying though magnificent sight.

I stood upon the track, waving my hands, far enough away to spring from it before the train could reach me, but so that the head-light wou'd shine upon me, and I could be seen by the engineer. 'Now for it," I thought. She strikes the oil-the big, seven-foot drivingwheels spin round as though the engine had been lifted in the air. Friction, the propelling influence

see the engineer plainly. In my excitement I screamed as loud as possible, in vain protest to the engineer, who was pulling the lever which sands the rails. Shouting is of no avail, they could not

gone now. She slackens speed. I could

One night it came my turn to run the section. Before starting, it occurred to there the oil would have stopped them

But one resource was left, and I thought of it just in time. I stepped as close to the rails as I dared, and with all my strength hurled the empty bottle at the | iclz. head light. It struck the glass and Then came the we'come signal from

the whistie for brakes, and I sank down unconscious When I recovered, a moment sufficed

to tell the story, and, proceeding slowly, we soon came to the scene of the trouble. The rail had been removed and was lying beside the track; but, of course, the would be wreckers had seen by our Recovering consciousness after a few moments, I found myself bound, gagged spoiled and had decamped.

train for such purposes, we soon replaced the rail and proceeded. I was carried to the company's hospital at S-, where skilful surgeons did the best they could for me, but it was found

Now it is time for me to light up the station, for your train will soon be here. A pieasant journey to you, sir, and no mishaps. Good-night. - Youth's Com-

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL. A \$10,000,000 telephone company has been organized in Chicago to work a

new patent. The consumption of coal at Pittsburg, Penn., has diminished 4,500,000 tons a Penn., has diminished 4,500,000 tons a Spanish guipure is a heavy lace and is year since the introduction of natural suitable for elderly ladies.

The Manufa turer and Builder declares for the underskirts of lace dress. that there are at present no less than 10,000 electric motors in use throughout the United States.

A wire rope half a mile long, and weighing seven and one half tons, has ment, been manufactured in England, for use in a Welsh colliery.

than it ever appeared to any man now living, and nearer the earth than it will and hands if you don't want to have prebe again for 340 years. A gun car just made at Woolwich Arsenal, England, to carry a big English the Iowa House sy
gun has twelve wheels, and a capacity of
teen were women.

300,000 pounds. The gun weighs 248,-A broken pipe has interrupted the British Royal Society's boring in the Nile

delta. At a depth of 324 feet, or 220 feet below sea level, the solid rock is still untouched. The immense beds of gypsum near Medicine Lodge, Kan., are soon to be

utilized by the erection of works for the purpose of converting the gypsum into plaster of paris. With more coal than either Pennsylvania or Great Britain, West Virginia

produced in 1886 only about one fifteenth as much as Pennsylvania and onefortieth as much as Great Britain. A Providence (R. L.) inventor is now testing an organ with glass tubes, which,

it is claimed, will be much superior to metal, both in purity and volume of A German has taken out a patent using bone slate pencils for writing. They do not wear quick, and do not require to be sharpened. It is also to be

supposed that young ladies will not acquire any morbid appetite for them, as is commonly supposed some of them do or serviceable. for slate pencils. Recent improvements in telescopes have enabled astronomers to make interesting discoveries, and it is positively asserted by Sig. Schiaparelli, of Milan, who, it is said, has the finest instrument in the world, that Mars is inhabited by a people somewhat like ourselves. He has

made the wonderful discovery of a series of canals in that planet. The remarkable finish of American papers places them ahead of any made elsewhere in the world. The excellent properties of the paper are imparted by the addition of a mineral called agalith. It is a silicate of magnesia, and is fibrous, resembling in this respect asbestos. Large amounts of it are found in the

United States. This substance does not

seem to be found as yet in other countries. Dr. Richardson stated in a recent lecture that it had been calculated that no less than 175,000,000 red blood cells are destroyed every minute in the human body. The more our material nature is studied the more wondrous does it become. But could we understand it For life, Tom! for life. Think of the would be found to be more mysterious for both day and evening wear.

The Cabmen of Cuba.

The Cuban cochero or cabman is such marvellous contrast to the American hackman that his deserts are beyond the power of my pen. But he is also such an unmitigated nonentity that he deserves ignominy. You pay but 40 cents in Spanish paper, equivalent to only 16 eyes.

Open work in straw as well as in his little victoria from one point within the city to any other. He seldom overthe cochero, when unemployed, sleeps on fortable. his box, his little nag meanwhile sleeping in the shafts, and when awake he is goodnatured, greasy and silent. He does as he is bid and for the rest relies upon your honor, Providence and the police. He seldom rises to the tremendous height of proprietorship, but rents his shabby outfit of a company which has a high-sound ing name and is perennially short of fod der. The cochero has no home, cats at the cheap cafe, sleeps in the stable left or upon his own carriage box and makes love anywhere. - Philadelphia Times.

Tailing the Bull, The coleadero, or tailing the bull, is diversion much affected by the young men of Mexico, barring those of effeminate tastes and habits. In this sport there is the chase by a number of riders of a bull let loose from a corral at one end of an inclosed avenue, 200 or 300 yards long. The bull is given a fair start, and the horsemen dash after him, dropping back one by one until only the most forward is left, and he, guiding his horse alongside the flying game, grasps the tail of his bovine excellency, and, dextrously element of danger, but it is not revoltto his feet again .- San Francisco Chron-

An Odd Fact About Gun-Cotton.

When gun-cotton or other high explosives are freely exposed upon an iron anvil and detonated, the explosive leaves a deep and permanent impression upon the suface of the metal with which it was in contact. The impression produced by the exploding mass is an almost exact copy of that face of the explosive which was in contact with the metal. This is best observed with gun-cotton, for, from the nature of the material, it can be shaped according to fancy, and such figures and designs as one wishes can be his lear departed a mausoleum with this stamped upon its surface. Thus if a disk inscription: "Mr. Durand to Mme. Duof gun-cotton, on the face of which the rand." In course of time his sorrow is letters "U. S. N. and the date "1884" are indented, be detonated, it will be ond time. He is very happy, but again deal about the desperate character of these ruffians, but was now making my first acquaintance with them.

As they worked they discussed the late of the point.

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NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN. Moire has a new lease of favor.

Female barbers abound in San Fran-

Silk gloves are promised with kid tips to the fingers. Bows of ribbon and pretty buttons are the favored trimmings.

Ladies control theatres in Albany, Worcester and Richmond.

Old black silk skirts can be utilized Mrs. Secretary Whitney owns two of the daintiest Sedan chairs in existence. The violet is the flower of the button-

hole or breast pocket bouquet at the mo-The new Duchess of Rutland is a frequent contributor to several English Venus, the morning star, is brighter

Use tepid water for woshing the face mature wrinkles.

Of the twenty one committee clerks of the Iowa House sworn in recently, nine-A lady recently died in the City of Mexico who was a direct descendant

from Montezumas. Velvet corsages with square open neck and elbow sleeves will be extensively worn the coming season.

The bordered wool dresses require no

trimming, and therefore for reasons economical they are very popular. The main features of little girls' dresses are the killed skirt and loose jacket

bodice with jabot or blouse front. White and pink are so much the bridesmaids' colors that a bevy of them strongly suggests the belated apple blos-

The ever-popular sailor hat this summer will have a quaint crown of drawn silk, with a cluster of ribbons perched | him There may not be anything strikingly

is going to wear epaulets all the same this summer. In silk the old-fashioned lustrous taffeta and soft twilled surah with chine figures are more new than either pretty

Sir Donald Smith's gift of \$1,000,000 to endow a female college at Montreal, Canada, is among the latest large bits of

Those jaunty directoire bonnets made entirely of lace frills are the prettiest things imaginable, and are most becoming to a youthful face. The widow of General Custer, the In-

dian fighter, is at work on another book of Western experiences. It will not be published for two years. It is predicted that fancy blue and pink collars and cuffs and plain colored muslin pocket handkerchiefs will be

worn with the summer dresses. Scarlet upon bonnets, in combination with black lace and jet, seems to be as much favored as ever, notwithstanding

C. T. Ritchie, member of the English Cabinet, is the father of seven musical daughters, equally devoted to art, harmony and the Primrose League. Striped moire and grenadine, in black

the rivalry of the green shades.

or white, is a new material which is aright the marvels of the human spirit likely to meet with considerable favor Miss Sarah C. Hewitt, daughter of Mayor Hewitt, of New York, is the leading spirit of the Ladies' Amateur

Orchestra, which numbers thirty mem-A Gainesville (Texas) belle can properly be described as "killing," as two men have killed themselves in the last

jetted wire makes the foundation of many a stylish bonnet for summer wear. charges a customer. Whether so or not, and is certainly both pretty and com-

> Mrs. Oscar Wilde makes green the only color of her garments. She has suits of half a dozen shades of the verdant hue, with bonnets hats, gloves and parasols to match.

> Frocks of light wool for little girls are often made with a velvet yoke, which is cut low to wear over a gimp, the arm-holes being simply corded without sleeves, and a velvet belt inserted. Women booksellers are not rare in

> France. One of the largest booksellers in the City of Alsace is a well-educated and charming French lady, familiar alike with English and German literature.

> > Luck.

The may be no such thing as luck, but there is a potential influence surrounding some people which inevitably brings them to wealth or celebrity, or both. As an instance, I can cite a per-sonal experience in my early life while practicing law. In the same city there lived a young man by the name of McGill, who was also a lawyer, but devoted his entire time to the claim departthrowing one leg over it endeavors to ment of the business. One day, in my jerk the animal off his feet, and usually office, I was fastening a lot of legal does so. The feat is one of skill rather documents together with the crude than strength, and even women have fasteners then in vogue, when McGill been known to perform it. There is an spoke up and said: "I have an idea that I can produce a better fastener than ing. There is even a comic strain in the that." The next day he handed me foolish look of the bull as he scrambles a rough specimen of the present popular a rough specimen of the present popular fastener which is shaped like a letter T. McGill offered me a quarter interest to get it patented, but I laughed at him. He persevered, secured his patent and to day has an income of between \$400,-000 and \$500,000 per year. He resides in Paris, France, and the last time I was abroad tendered me a banquet there. It was his luck, or whatever it may be termed, to strike fortune through a simple device and my luck to refuse to share it with him. - Globe-Democrat.

An Inexpensive Idea.

A Mr. Durand, of Paris, was left a widower. He erected to the memory of assuaged, and Mr. Duraud marries a secfound that the letters and figures will be , he is left a widower. Now, instead of

A CHASE AFTER A MOOSE. THRILLING DESCRIPTION OF A

A Nimrod Relates His First Experience-How the Noble Beast is Decoyed to His Slaughter.

HUNT IN A MAINE FOREST.

"It was during one October that I had "It was during one October that I had the satisfaction of seeing my first moose and of aiding in bagging it," said a well-known New York sportsman. "It was far up in the St. John River region, in the northwestern part of Maine and only a few miles from the line of New Brunswick. My guide, a swarthy young fellow named Raleigh Wing, told me one day that he had seen abundant signs of day that he had seen abundant signs of moose in the woods, and was sure a bull moose was near. At this time of the year the cows come out of the ridges and call for a mate, and as their cry can be heard for two miles at least, Wing was of the opinion that none were near us. I was anxious to go out and give chase to the bull whose presence he suspected, but he said that such a course would be useless, and that he would go out that night and "call" it. It would surely answer the call if it was in the neigh borhood, and we would get a shot at it at short range. He produced from among his kit of hunting and trapping accou-trements something that resembled a dinner-horn, except that it was made of birch bark. It was about an inch in diameter at one end and perhaps five at

the other, and nearly two feet long. "It has been a good while since I had occasion to use this, said Wing, and I don't know but I've forgotten

"He blew upon the peculiar trumpet and produced a wild, modulated, penetrating cry that made the woods ring. "'I haven't forgotten,' said Wing, laying the horn down with a contented smile, 'and if there is a moose within sound of this call to-night we'll get

"At sundown we started with our rifles for a barren ridge that lay off two martial in the girl of the period, but she | miles to the east. It was dark when we reached the spot, a high locality, surrounded by dense forest. The guide placed me in ambush behind a clump of bushes which commended the barren space in every direction. He then selected a tree standing by itself a few feet away, and telling me if he succeeded in calling a moose to the spot to take good aim at it back of the shoulder if I could, and to fire the instant it stepped into the opening, he climbed the tree until he was hidden in the lower branches, drawing his rifle after him, butt end first, by a twine which he had attached to it. Presently, out on the still, crisp, October night air rang the weird call to the cow moose as imitated by Wing on the birch-bark trumpet. I had thought it penetrating before, but the experi-mental cry the guide had made at the camp was soft and low compared with 'call' that meant business. It seemed to go down into the valley in long waves of sound, and lingered an amazing length of time ou the air before the last reverberation died away. The novelty of the situation aroused me to the highest pitch of excitement. One moment I was burning with fever and the next I grew so cold that my teeth chattered. In a few minutes Wing gave another blast on his trumpet. When the sound died away the silence seemed to grow more profound and my suspense was becoming almost unbearable. Then a sound as of castanets heard in dancing broke the stillness off to the right of this opening, and series of short, guttural sounds like the low bellowing of a bull came from the same direction. " 'Make ready! He's coming!" Wing signaled to me.

"I began to shake like an aspen, but I shoved the gun around the bushes and had the entire opening before me. My hand shook so that I gave up all hope of hitting the moose, even if he came within twenty feet of me. But I had short time for reflection, for from the edge of the forest, plainly visible in the starlight. came the majestic moose, drawn thither by the false love call. He came prancing into the opening, his great antiered head lifted proudly and thrown gracefully back as if to excite the admiration of the mate he came to meet. As he cries and stopped. He was not twenty paces away and his great side was turned squarely toward me. My hands could not be controlled, and, despairing, I closed my eyes and fired. Opening my eyes I saw the huge animal lying on the ground. The next instant he was on his feet and turned to dash into the forest when the truer aim of Wing laid him low again. Once more he essayed to rise and I fired again at random, but through good luck hit a vital part. My first shot had hit the moose in the neck and knocked it down. Wing's shot struck it back of the shoulder. My second shot passed through the moose's kidneys. I never saw a handsomer animal than that moose. Its skin was as glossy as satin, and its antlers, which were four feet long and over a foot wide, were polished like ivory. The moose polishes his antlers by rubbing them on mossy trees. To get the moose's carcase down from the ridge we were obliged to call to our help some guides from a neighboring camp. It weighed day."-Life. mates. The antiers alone weighed fifty pounds, as I afterward learned in having them mounted.

"The castanet-like rattling that had first attracted my attention that night when the moose approached was made by the horny points on the animal's long and slender hoofs clattering together as he bounded along. This clattering of the points frequently reveals the presence of moose to the hunter, as it can be heard for a long distance in the quiet of the woods when the moose is at full

"I saw a man in the Passadumkeng country who boasts that during one win-ter he killed seventy-five moose. They were hunted with snowshoes and killed in the crust. The purpose of slaughter-ing the animals thus by wholesale, when they had no chance for their lives, was to secure their hides. This was considered a great exploit at the time, but now the hunters see what su h criminal destruction of the game led to, and they view the slaughter in a different light,"

- Mail and Express.

man for watering his milk.

THE BROOK,

Flowing down the sweet green valleys, By the silver sunlight kissed, Oft the tarrying brooklets dallies,

In the dotted field of daisies, Like a sky with stars bestrewn, Where the mellow melting have is Of the sultry summer noon.

'Neath the slowly rising mist.

Through the briery broke and brambles, Through the bending fern and flowers, Ever sings it as it rambles, Sings of sunny summer hours.

Summer hours are swiftly speeding, Days that will no longer shine, Mortals, pass ye ye not unheeding Here this song of mine.

In the thicket there close woven Where the woodland hangs o'erhead, Through the thicket bushes cloven,

Moves it in its massy bed. Where above the blossoming branches Bending, make a cool retrest, There in ever eddying launches

Sings it bolder songs and sweet. Earthly summers swift are speeding; Suns that will no longer shine; Mortals, pass ye not unheeling

Here this song of mine.

Bennet' Bellman. HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Stale butter-An aged goat. Hard to beat-A hard-boiled egg. Something that should be looked into a telescope.

A clear skin-Beating a friend out of borrowed money. Siam is a great place for comfort. There are large quantities of Siam case

Ada-"I had ten offers of marriage last week." Ella-"How monotonous and persistent of Jack."-Tid-Bits.

Many otherwise domestic cooks are in the habit of introducing foreign material into plain soup, - New York News, It seems to be the custom nowadays for young men when they get a day off

from work to get away off. - Kentucky In the spring the old man's fancy turns to

things ment his health, And in liver regulators he invests his surplus "Mr. B., I wish you would not smoke so much." "Why, the chimney smokes, my dear." "Well, if it does, it doesn't

spit over everything. The Whitehall Times says that the mouth is the window of the intellect. The toothache must be a sort of window

pane. - N to York Sun. Rejoice, good friend, you're not a Roman, And count your privilege as great; For well we know in these days no man Would have patience to write MDCCCLXXX-

Dogs are not allowed to pick their

ompany. That is why you often see a \$75 dog out walking with a fifteen cent man .- Yonkers Statesman, Here lies a lawyer cold in death
With all paid up that's due him
He lies at case in peaceful rest,
For lying's natural to him.

Minnie-"Papa, what is Volapuk!" Papa-"Why it's the universal language." Minnie-"But who speaks it!"

apa-"Nobody."-Binghamton Remb-When the teacher asked: "What made the Tower of Pisa lean?" the slangy boy at the foot of the class promptly responded: "Because it was built that

way."-Norristown Herald. Here lies a young and simple fool

Who Nature's law defied— He volunteered to shoe the mule, And that's just how he died! "A genteel carver," says a book on ctiquette, "always sits when he carves," Carvers who get on the table and have a wrestling match with the chicken are known by some other name .- Rochester

English nobleman who had been sent to an American ranch for refusing to take orders in the established church; "conhe uttered several short, low, mellow Baltimore Press. Old Wimple (solemnly) - "Young man, to attain success in this world we

"Yes," remarked the second son of an

must be up and doing. Do you ever sea the sun rise?" Young Man-"Yes, sir, occasionally." "When?" "On my way Goslin-"Yes, Miss Smith, I expect to sail for Europe," Miss Smith (inno-cently)-"Indeed. What on?" Goslin (embarrassed)-"Well, er-to tell you the truth, Miss Smith, it's on borrowed

money."-Siffings. Doctor (who finds a tramp groaning by the roadside)-" What is the matter with you?" Tramp (dolefully)-"My system is all run down," Doctor-" By what?" Tramp-" By a dog."-Burlington Free Press,

He -"I see that old Mr. Bently was buried yesterday." Wife (shocked)-"Why, is old Mr. Bently dead?" "He (who has just been "sat upon") - "The paper doesn't say whether he is dead or not; simply that he was buried yester-

new bonnet." "I thought it was very becoming; at least the trimming was very appropriate." "I didn't notice the trimming." "The bonnet was trimmed with ivy leaves. Ivy clings to old ruins."—New York News.

In the crush of travel on a North Side cable car last Saturday an accident occurred that came near proving serious. A Polish gripman, while leaning out of the car in front, inadvertently dropped his name and it became entangled in the grip. It was finally dragged out from under the car with the aid of several horses, and the partially disabled concil slowly resumed its travels. - Chicago Tri-

"Prisoner," observed the Arkanasa Judge, with impressive dignity, "while I have no objection to your addressing me familiarly when you meet me in my saloon, I wish you to understand that this court, when in regular session, soler-ates no insolent familiarities from anybody, and I give you notice that the next time you address the court as "Poker Jim" I shall kick you clear up through your shirt collar. Go on with A Buffalo coal dealer is suing a milk- the testimony, gentlemen."- Chicago Tribung.