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The Greensboro Patriot

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JOHN B. RUSSEY,
Editor and Proprietor.

GREENSBORO, N. C., JULY 12, 1883.

—After a life time of penuriousness Enoch Pratt turns philanthropist and presents Baltimore city with a million dollar library.

——The Philadelphia *Press* steals the PATRIOT'S account of the child and balloon episode at Morehead, and palms it off on its readers as a "special." We now have some doubt about the genuineness of the story.

——"Can the Old Love?" is the title of a novel That's generally the way of it. They can the old love as soon as it becomes the least bit old and put it away to keep, while something a trifle fresher is brought out for daily use.

——Henry A. Damm won the first prize in mathematics and classics at the Episcopal Military School at Reading, Penn. As usual in America, the victor's name is on everybody's lips. Especially this sort of weather.

——Juror Horrigan broadly intimates that the star-route jury was bought. He is quoted as saying, that since the verdict, he has been told by a friend of one of the defendants, that he could have made two thousand dollars if he had not been so hard to approach, and Horrigan remarks that it is curious that one of the jurors, who is a day laborer, not supposed to have any money, has commenced to build himself a house, while others have money enough to take trips to the watering places.

——The country is in a flurry over the trade dollar. It must go, say the money manipulators of Wall street, and it looks like go it will. The trade dollar, though containing more silver than the standard coin of the same denomination, is not a legal tender. It was made for the commerce of China. Probably the great bulk of the coinage has secured the Chinese stamp, and is not likely to return to this country. The amount in circulation in the United States is estimated at $5,000,000 to 8,000,000. It is a pestiferous quantity in our circulation, subject to the sudden and embarrassing fluctuations. The most business-like proposition yet made to rid the country of the annoyance is for Congress to provide for the redemption of the trade dollars with standard coinage, the silver thus redeemed to be melted and made into money that will "go."

——It is feared that editor Elam is dangerously, if not fatally wounded. We should be sorry indeed to see a fatal termination of the tragedy. We trust that he may speedily recover, and if the incident shall demonstrate to him that the pen is mightier than the sword and the press more potent than the revolver, the duel will not have been fought in vain. When people were not so learned as now, and consequently less able to reason, brute force, assisted by such appliances as were then in existence was commonly resorted to as a means of settling disputes; another era came, which more nearly equalized conditions in human life by creating the small sword and pistol, thus eliminating something of the brutal part of the transaction; still another—our—age comes on, and the thinking faculties, the brain, and the application of mind to matter steps in, sweeping aside with resistless force all that remained of that kind of barbarity and chivalry. The days of the "code" are about over.

——Mr. Randall's attention being called to charges recently made public that as Speaker of the House he was responsible for the failure of Mr. Tilden to secure the Presidency in 1876, because he refused to allow Democrats in the House to filibuster in order to carry the counting of the electoral vote beyond the 4th of March, he says he has nothing to explain concerning his official action during the trying ordeal of counting the electoral vote of the States whose returns were in dispute. He further says the creation of the Electoral Commission was the work of a Democratic House and Republican Senate, and in framing that commission it was made mandatory that there should be no delay in either body in making the count. It was his duty to obey, not to defy the law, and no matter how strongly the sympathies of his heart were with his party during the performance of an act without precedent in the history of the nation, his most solemn judgment taught him that no error, no deviation from the rugged path of duty prescribed by law, must be made by him, and he endeavored to perform his duty to his country as God gave him the light to see it.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

We wish the space was at our command to print the literary address of Hon. Charles Francis Adams at Harvard this year. It was a notable and admirable exception to commencement addresses. It was almost a protest against the conventional themes, and was a direct, manly earnest appeal for the expansion and vitalization of educational methods. The weak spot in what is called liberal education is pointed out in the following extract: "Thirty years ago, as for three centuries before, the grammatical studies of two dead languages was the basis of all liberal education. It is still the basis of it. But in pursuing Greek and Latin we ignored our mother tongue. We were no more competent to pass a really searching examination in English literature and English composition than in the languages and literature of Greece and Rome. We were college graduates, and yet how many of us could follow out a line of sustained, close thought, expressing our selves in clear, concise terms?" But he would not part with what the classics give us: "The atmosphere of a university is breathed into the student's system—enters by the very pores. I would not, therefore, narrow the basis; on the contrary, I would broaden it. No longer content with classic sources I would have the university seek fresh inspiration at the fountains of living thought, for Goethe I hold to be the equal to Euripides, and I prefer the philosophy of Montaigne to what seem to me the platitudes of Cicero." If an educated man would take the trouble to get the opinions of other educated men, he would undoubtedly be astonished at the large number of those who regretted the time they had spent upon the languages and literatures of the past at the expense of the language and literatures of the present.

What the world really wants to-day is not so much men of information, crammed with tradition and formula, but men of convictions based on actual, practical, elemental truth.

Knowledge is inestimable. But it must be turned into character. Life itself is the best university. Experience is the great Alma Mater. The object of the college should be not to make gentlemen—but Men

IT MUST BE SOLD.

The affairs of the Atlantic & North Carolina Railroad are speedily culminating in the direction of a sale of the road. The stockholders' meeting at Morehead last week demonstrated this much, if, indeed, it was not plain enough before. Like the Western North Carolina road, as long as the State owns an interest in it, it will be the subject of bitter contention and disputation. In the meanwhile its money value is deteriorating. Anent this phaze of the matter the Newbern *Journal*, discussing the difference between "watered" and "split" stock in voting the stock of the road, says:

> Any one familiar with the scale of voting laid down by the charter can readily see how a man owning one hundred shares which would give him 16 votes can split up by transferring the stock to his friends and procuring their proxies so as to cast one hundred votes. It is "split" stock then and not "watered," and is the difficulty which besets the Governor when the question of allowing the will of the private stockholders to govern presents itself. We learn that the Governor gave notice at the annual meeting in 1882 that such practice had to stop or he would not allow the State's proxy to sit in a meeting controlled by votes transferred for the purpose. The Governor is unquestionably right in trying to correct this evil. The county of Lenoir owns 500 shares in this road that have been paid for, dollar for dollar, yet she has only 56 votes while less than a hundred shares owned by an individual have been known to cast more than that. The counties of Craven and Pamlico are in the same condition. It is not just to these counties to allow the meetings to be governed in such a manner, but how is the Governor to help himself? When a man's name appears upon the list as a stockholder what right has the Governor, or anybody else, to say he is not the *bona fide* owner of said stock?

What the *Journal* says forcibly demonstrates the necessity of a sale of the road, and to that it must inevitably come.

Alluding to this topic the *Farmer and Mechanic* says the Gatling combination handled Gov. Jarvis pretty roughly in the stockholders' meeting, and intimates that the committee of stockholders appointed to consider the propositions to lease are favorable to the Gatling syndicate. Perhaps it is surmise on the part of the *F. & M.* The stockholders in question have not been named, so far as the public knows.

—A Philadelphia clergyman preached on the text, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God," and illustrated it with, "We pray to the Lord to give us health, and tempt Him with filthy streets, sewer gas, and bad water."

Watermelons—A New Remedy for Chills.

[Correspondence Daily Patriot.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 2d.—As the melon season is close at hand I will for the benefit of the inexperienced, offer some suggestions relative to selecting and using this most excellent fruit, and thus enable them to discard green ones, as well as those that have been pulled before ripe, both of which are alike unfit for use. High prices are a great inducement for getting them to market early, consequently they are generally pulled several days too soon. It is true they afterwards ripen, but they are never so good. The pulp becomes tough, and if eaten in any considerable quantity is liable to produce cholera morbus. I once knew a person who had to send for a physician double quick in consequence of having eaten a melon that had doubtless been pulled before ripe. If such melons be eaten at all the pulp should not be swallowed, but merely chewed up for the water it contains. Many people having no certain way of telling when melons are ripe, have them plugged. If they contain "red meat and black seed" they pay their money and take them along when, in all probability they were, when pulled, "as green as gourds." Thumping cannot be relied on for selecting a good melon, for they are frequently pulled and left several days in the sun to wilt and ripen before being carried to market. They thus acquire the necessary dead sound when thumped, such as will deceive the best of judges. As the growers of melons appear to resort to every artificee for palming off their unripe fruit, will now give some simple rules for selecting a good melon, a general observance of which would doubtless result in compelling them to permit their melons to remain on the vines until they have properly matured.

HOW TO SELECT A GOOD MELON.

The rinds of melons, when left on the vines to mature, generally become hard and the pulp brittle. If the melon be gently borne on and you hear the inside crack or give way it may be regarded as a sure sign that ehe melon matured on the vine, and consequently is a good one.

Another good plan for selecting a melon is to examine the side that lay on the ground. If the melon remained on the vine until properly matured this portion will be found to have changed from a white to a pale yellow, and upon close examination, numerous small pimples, somewhat like the measles, as it were, will be noticed on said surface, particularly near the outer edge. These pimples may be regarded as a sure indication that the melon remained on the vine until mature, as they never appear on those which have been prematurely pulled. Sometimes the desirable pale yellow is produced prematurely by turning this portion of the melon to the sun for a day or two. In this case the yellow is apt to be too deep. This fact, in connection with the absence of pimples, will readily tell the experienced eye how said color was produced.

MELONS A PREVENTIVE OF CHILLS AND FEVERS.

Melons are a mild aperient, and if eaten properly will keep the bowels free and regular, thus preventing chills and fevers generally. But, to insure these results, the melons should be of good quality and be eaten regularly, say twice daily, at such hours as will least interfere with meals. For a few days at the first of the season they should be partaken of sparingly, gradually increasing the quantity. If partaken of too freely at the start they are apt to derange the bowels; but if you will stick to them, eating for a while sparingly, you will soon become acclimated, as it were, and will thenceforth be all right for the remainder of the season, provided they are eaten regularly. But if eaten irregularly, say freely for several days and then none for several days, the bowels will be apt to undergo corresponding changes from an aperient to a costive state, and disease may be the result. Of course, it would all be laid to the melons, when it was merely attributable to the irregular manner in which they had been eaten. To prove that melons, when regularly eaten, will not produce sickness, especially chills and fever, which are so often laid to their charge, I will cite a case where they were actually instrumental in effecting a cure:

A NEW REMEDY FOR CHILLS AND FEVER.

Some years ago I was in a mining town in California during the melon season. As melons and fruits generally had to be hauled in wagons a distance of some twenty miles, I could not procure them with the usual regularity. Upon one occasion my supply of melons gave out, and I remarked to an acquaintance that as a result I expected I would have a chill. Sure enough, one day while engaged in a mine I was taken with a very severe chill. I spread out in the sun with all the extra coats that could be piled on, but of course could not keep warm. Just about this time a supply of melons arrived and I at once commenced eating them heartily. I had a craving appetite for oysters and vinegar, but little or no appetite for anything else except melons. I procured from an adjacent store some Baltimore canned oysters and consumed about three cans daily, served with strong vinegar, and between meals ate heartily of melons. Strange as it may seem, these two remedies combined, without any medicine whatever, cured the chills as thoroughly as could have been done by means of quinine or any other remedy. I had only one chill. The philosophy of the matter appears to be this. The melons reopened the bowels, which had probably become costive, and the oysters, being a strong diet, strengthened nature, thus enabling her to throw off the disease and restore the system to its normal condition. The fact that the chills were completely eradicated while using melons must be conclusive proof that they will not produce chills, if eaten regularly.

I afterwards spent much of my time during several melon seasons in Marysville, a city much addicted to chills, by reason of adjacent swamps and low lands. I ate melons regularly and had no chills, whilst many who were afraid of them had chills. I have never been in any place where chills appeared to be so prevalent as in Marysville, and I will give it as my opinion that melons, regularly eaten, would do more to eradicate them than any other means that could be devised. They would doubtless be cheaper than doctors' bills, to say nothing of the comforts incident to avoiding sickness.

After a person becomes accustomed to eating melons they may be used to the fullest extent, even becoming a substitute for water for weeks at a time without producing the least injurious effect. In fact, if used regularly to this extent, fevers generally would be consigned to the background. At the close of the melon season fruits, such as apples, should be eaten freely to keep the bowels regular until the time for chills pass. The principal danger of sickness occurs after the melons have given out, and in order to successfully pass this point it will be necessary to exercise considerable care, especially in regard to diet. BRYAN TYSON.

Crooked Railroad Officials.

J. E. Adams, who has been ticket agent for the Air-Line, Richmond & Danville and Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta Railroads in Charlotte for two years past, and Capt. E. O. Nesbit, who is well known to the traveling public as a conductor on the Air-Line road, were arrested in Charlotte Monday, charged with embezzlement. A detective was employed to work up the case and his labors culminated in the arrest and trial Tuesday.

The railroad company charged that Mr. Adams had issued tickets without stamping them, that Capt. Nesbit took them up without punching them, and returned them to the ticket agent to sell over again and divide the money. The prosecution offered evidence showing that on the 14th day of April, 1883, Mr. Geo. Farrington bought two tickets from Charlotte to Atlanta, one numbered 2742 and the other 2912, and 2742 was given to a friend who went with Mr. Farrington, and Mr. Farrington gave the ticket 2912 to conductor Nesbit who was in charge of the train. It was further shown that a ticket numbered 2912 was afterwards found in its proper place in the package in the depot in Charlotte, never having been stamped or punched. It was further proven that the agent Adams never charged himself with the sale of ticket No. 2912. Capt. Wm. Clarkson, a conductor on the A., T. & O. Railroad, was then produced as a witness by the prosecution, to prove that some months ago Mr. Adams made a proposition to him to do the same thing on the A., T. & O. road, adding that it was being done by other conductors and there was big money in it. Capt. Clarkson indignantly scouted the proposition and reported what Adams had said to him to the authorities, the next day.

Mr. Nesbit was also charged with collecting fares in cash on the road and not returning or accounting for it to the company, and there was evidence that on the 10th of June, 1883, two fares were paid him and he accounted for only one in his return. There was much more evidence but this is the substance of it all.

The defendants offered no evidence.

Adams was held in a bond of $1,500 Nesbit, in default of bond, was put in jail.

Of the parties the Charlotte *Observer* says: Mr. Adams is a young unmarried man, and came to this city about two years ago from Georgia. He was considered a most moral, upright young man, and enjoyed the full confidence of our people, all of whom are astonished at yesterday's revelations.

Nobody has enjoyed a better name than Capt. Nesbit, and those who know him can scarcely realize that such a thing has come to pass. He was known by all to be a strictly steady man, never indulging in drink or using tobacco and never uttering an oath.

Dead and Damned.

[Washington Letter Goldsboro Messenger.]

Geo. B. Everett, late internal revenue collector for the 5th district of North Carolina, has been appointed land agent for Dakota. His "guide, philosopher and friend," Dr. J. J. Mott, says George is perfectly satisfied, that the position is every way better than the collectorship; but it is not in the nature of sane humanity to accept the statement as an undiluted fact. A prominent official in another department says Evans and the President "let him down easy, but stuck him away in a corner."

The consolidation of districts is much bepraised. It is, however, the grandest humbug in the way of reform ever attempted. True, a show of economy is made in reducing the number of districts by one third; but mark you, in every change effected, so far as I can see, the Arthur Stalwart Administration comes off more than conqueror. There is one consolidation in Virginia. Brady, Mahone's man Friday, and a new Mahonite, between them, take all the emoluments and power of the great machine, displacing some collectors who were known to be unfriendly or at least not so available. So it was with North Carolina on possibly a smaller scale. Young and Wheeler with Marshal Keogh will run the State with such help as they can pick up. The Stalwarts are in full control, and opposition is now dead and damned.

—The latest advertising dodge is to send boys uniformed as messengers to private houses delivering imitation dispatches which set forth the advantages of buying your goods at "our store."

A Very Fine Surgical Operation.

[Charlotte Observer.]

Dr. A. C. Post, of New York City, assisted by Dr. J. Parks McCombs, of this city, last Monday evening performed a remarkable operation on the leg of Mr. J. M. Roark, who was injured by the explosion at the St. Catherine mine, in June, 1882. The explosion occurred on the 11th day of that month, and Mr. Roark had an arm and a leg broken. The fractured limbs were set and the arm healed all right, but the bones in the leg failed to knit, and Mr. Roark had since been unable to walk except by the aid of crutches. Dr. Post arrived in the city Sunday, and Monday evening he went to work on the leg. The patient was put under the influence of ether, and remained so for the space of two hours, the time occupied in performing the operation. The flesh was cut away from the bone at the place where the fracture was made, when it was found that the bones, instead of uniting, had been turned down at the edges and gristle had formed between them. The ends of the bones were sawed off, and the gristle taken out, when the bones were carefully sponged and dried and then drawn together. Dr. Post then adjusted the bones by means of iron wire, arranged to hold the ends firmly together. The wound is left open so that when the bones become adhered, which will be in the course of two weeks, the wire can be taken out and the flesh sewed up. It was on the whole, a rare and delicate operation, and was most successfully performed. Mr. Roark has suffered long and intensely with his leg, but his friends hope that the trouble is now ended, and that he will soon be able to go about on good, sound legs.

Items of Interest.

—Robert Bonner is now the owner of 170 horses.

—Though all patent medicines are now untaxed, the price will not come down.

—Texas now claims to have a ten million sheep, many of them of the finest grades.

—Monogany is best, after all. It costs the Sultan $15,000,000 a year to keep up his domestic establishment.

—Henry Fielding Dickens, the youngest son of Charles Dickens, has been appointed to the Recordership of Deal.

—At least twenty-five per cent, of the suicides in Germany are ascribed to temperance, and twelve per cent, of those in England.

—One of the best known of American citizens, Orange Judd, the good old time editor of the *American Agriculturist*, is dying in Florida.

—Commend us to the Washington woman who "switched" her 17-year-old son for getting married; he was old enough to know better, but he didn't.

—The Idaho legislature talked of a law compelling every office-holder to wear a ring in his nose, and the way the postmasters were scared was a caution.

—Everett A. Stephens, the new railroad commissioner of Massachusetts, is generally credited with being the right man in the right place. He began railroad life as a freight breakman.

—There is not a German newspaper in all Ohio that supports the Republican State ticket, nor a prominent German who can be induced to take the stump for that ticket.

—The late Governor Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, is said to have been the author of the phrase, "The office seeks the man, not the man the office." By the way, who was the man whom the office sought?

—The longest trestle in the world is now building across Lake Ponchatrain on the New Orleans and Northeastern railway. It will be twenty-one and a half miles in length and requires besides the piles 15,000,000 feet of lumber.

—In India the wife cooks the dinner, the husband eats all he wants, and then, if anything is left, the wife eats. In this country the servants cooks the dinner, eat all they want, and then, if there is anything left, the family eat.

—A girl with singularly arched eyebrows attracted attention, and, as her hair was pulled back hard from her forehead, an observer guessed that the taut skin was responsible for the peculiarity.—"You're wrong entirely," said his companion, "she's wearing what the girls call 'surprised eyebrows.' It's done with a touch or two of black pigment. That's going to be the rage this summer."

—Evening up: Hotel clerk—"There is a newspaper man who has been stopping with us during the week and he has just called for his bill. If we are liberal with him perhaps he will give us a good notice." Landlord—"A capital idea. Tell him there will be no charge." Clerk—Yes, sir." Landlord (calling clerk back)—"Anybody with him?" Clerk—"Yes, sir; his wife." Landlord—"All right, charge her double rates."

—The huge group of sun spots which made its appearance a week ago has now approached close to the centre of the sun's disk, and for several days has exhibited indications of intense activity, accompanied at night by displays of the aurora borealis. This group, like most of the great sun spots which have been accompanied by auroras and magnetic storms is evidently subjected to cyclonic action, the effect of which is perceived in the changes of form it undergoes. It is fully as large as the group of spots that broke out on the sun at the time of the great magnetic storm of April, 1882, and can be seen without a telescope more easily than the planet Venus was during her transit in December last.

The News.

[Daily Patriot—5.]

The seven jurors of the panel to try ex-Treasurer Polk at Nashville, Tenn., were discharged yesterday and a new panel ordered.——Thos. Harris, a once wealthy Philadelphia manufacturer, died in that city Sunday from rum and starvation.——If no new complications appear, it is expected Elam will be in condition to be taken to his home in a week or ten days.——A destructive hail storm passed near Fort Collins, Col., Tuesday. Hailstones an inch in diameter fell to a depth of five inches. Growing crops in the storm's tracks were destroyed.——The temperature at Pittsburg Tuesday reached 98 degrees. Ironworkers suffered greatly from the heat. There were three cases of sunstroke at Indianapolis, one of which was fatal.——The 3 p. m. weather report showed the thermometer record as follows: Baltimore 90, Philadelphia and Pittsburg 92, New York 87, Chicago and Cleveland 90, Cincinnati 91, Cape Henry 03, Indianapolis and Keokuk 92, Lacrosse and Lavenworth 93, Memphis and Norfolk 94, Omaha 96, Shreveport 93, St. Louis and Little Rock 92, Toledo 90, Boston 84. Duluth showed 55, the coolest place in the country, and Omaha, at 96, was the hottest.——Nearly 100 lives are reported to have been lost at Glasgow, Scotland, Tuesday, by the overturning of a steamship which was being launched.——Traffic between Port Said and Syria has been prohibited on account of the cholera. The people of Damietta have been scattered in tents.——The Count de Chambord still lingers in a critical condition.——A steam train capsized while descending an incline in Huddersfield, England, Tuesday, and two persons were killed and thirty wounded.

[Daily Patriot—6.]

Rufus P. Marsh, city superintendent of hacks and trucks in Boston, was sunstruck yesterday and died in the evening. Five Boston policemen were also overcome by the heat.——The State prison convicts at Salem, Oregon, made a desperate attack yesterday on the officers in an attempt to escape. Three were killed and two wounded. Eight are at large.——The qualified voters in Philadelphia, as returned by the election assessors this year, number 204,336, against 201,863 in 1882. The vote for governor last fall aggregated 147,049.——Gen. Gordon, president of the Georgia Pacific railroad company, has resigned that position.——The court marshal which tried commander Mullan for losing the U. S. steamer Ashuelot in Chinese waters, has sentenced him to dismissal from the service.——Archbishop Purcell whose death has been looked for for the past several days died of paralysis yesterday at Cincinnati.——Rt. Rev. William Pinkney, D. D., LL. D., Bishop, of the Episcopal Diocese of Maryland, and rector of Ascension church, Washington, died very suddenly about 6 o'clock yesterday morning at the rectory of Sherewood church, Cockeysville, Baltimore county. The cause of his death was congestion of the heart.——The first bale of new crop of cotton was was sold at Albany, Ga., yesterday at 25½ cents per pound. It weighed 335 pounds and was classed middling. It was raised by Primus W. Jones, of Baker county.——The postoffice department has been notified that Charles E. Eggleston, postmaster, and Frank E. Eggleston, assistant postmaster at Salmon Falls, Idaho, have both committed suicide.——The ballot for United States Senator yesterday resulted as follows: Whole number 285, necessary for a choice 138, Ladd 1, Smith 1, Bartlett 2, Burns 2, Bell 3, Marston 14, Stephens 15, Briggs 30, Patterson 28, Rollins 86, Bingham 92.——The dead and wounded consequent upon the celebration of the Fourth in Chicago is 38 casualties, including three deaths, 5 fatally wounded, 23 more or less maimed for life and 7 slightly injured. The chief instruments of destruction were toy pistols and small cannons in the hands of little children.——Blankie & Co's mill, Amesbury, Mass., was struck by lightning yesterday and burned. The loss is probably $100,000.——The *France* in a second edition says that Count De Chambord is dead.——The number of deaths from cholera at Damietta during the twenty-four hours ending at 8 o clock yesterday morning was 111. There were forty-three deaths at Mansourah, four at Shirbin and four at Samonond during the same time from the same disease.

Can a Woman Keep a Secret?

"Annabel Jane". Of course a woman can keep a secret. A great deal better than a man can. One little secret will last a woman through a two-hours shopping excursion, a mite society, a missionary circle, ten calls and a household furniture auction, and there's enough of it left to tell her husband when he gets home. Now, a man would forget three-fifths of both ends of it before he could get half so far with it. A woman, can't keep a secret? Annabel, she can keep it on the dead run more miles in more hours than a man can make it walk.

Jefferson's Grandaughter.

Mrs. Septima Meikelhem, the last surviving grandaughter of Thomas Jefferson, was tendered a reception Monday evening at the house of Mrs. L. Holloway, of Brooklyn, N. Y., whose guest Mrs. Meikelhem has been for some days past. At the reception Mrs. Meikelhem was the recipient of many cordial expressions of regard. Although approaching her seventieth birthday she is bright and lively, conversationalist. For some years she has been living modestly on the small salary earned by her daughter as a clerk in the Treasury department at Washington. At the late session of Congress an effort was made to have a pension granted to Mrs. Meikelhem, and the matter will be discussed at the next session.

Why She Grieved.

"You needn't take on so dreadfully!" exclaimed one of the group of ladies around the bride, whose husband had just been left at the last station; "he'll come on the next train."

"I sup-suppose so," sobbed the bereaved one; "in-indeed I know he—he will."

"Then what are you crying about?" said the sympathizer. "You have only a few hours to wait."

"Y-yes, I—I know, but—but we made such a fuss over e-each other when we first c-came aboard that ev-everybody knows we-we're married, and there won't any young man ask me if—if this seat's engaged!"

Home Made Ingrain Carpets.

[Charlotte Journal.]

At the establishment of Messrs. Wittkowsky & Baruch was yesterday displayed a roll of carpeting containing 128 yards manufactured at the new ingrain carpet factory of Kramer & Jacobsen, at King's Mountain. The carpet is of a beautiful design and the colors are bright and well brought out, much more so than is the case with Northern made carpets. This marks a new era in the industrial enterprises of this section of the South, and comparing this carpeting with that made North, the fact is verified that in this line, at least, our Southern factories undoubtedly excel. The carpet made by this firm, is not only prettier, but is guaranteed to outlast that made in the Northern mills. Messrs. Wittkowsky & Baruch are the agents for all the carpet made by Kramer & Jacobsen,

Revolution in the Fashions.

A complete revolution in the fashions of ladies' dresses and figures is about to take place, and many quite startling innovations will probably be observed at the watering places this summer, although the new styles are not likely to be established before next winter. Bones, angles and length without breadth are out. Roundness, curves and amplitude are coming in. Anglicism in costume, including manishness of appearance and attire, are decidedly on the wane, and the flowing skirts, paniers and graceful draperies are increasing in favor every day. Even a return to the Grecian bend of a few years back is threatened, but sound sense and good taste will probably interfere with that. Hair is to have an upward tendency, and the classical knot in the nape of the neck is to be superseded by puffs and rolls on the top of the head. In short, everything is to be exactly as it has not been, and great are the lamentations of some and the rejoicings of others at the change that is certain to take place. Caterpillar-green and strawberry-red are the rather uninviting titles of the newest shades of color.

A Scene Unparalleled in the Records of Mania.

[New York Herald—3.]

Mrs. Staver and her two daughters, both grown and one an invalid, occupy an upper suit of apartments in the sixth story flat house No. 121 West Eleventh street. Early yesterday morning the mother and daughters were in their rooms awaiting the arrival of some friends who were to take the invalid girl to a hospital for treatment. Suddenly she got up from her chair, and, saying, "Mamma, dear, I can not stay in this room; it is so close—let me go for a little air," ran lightly up the stairs and dissappeared through the attic door. The younger sister followed some time after, apparently not fearing any danger. As she reached the roof she was horrified to see the girl sitting on the coping. She called her mother, and as the latter reached the roof, the girl, bending down and catching hold of the cornice with her two hands, swung herself over. The paved yard was six stories below. The mother, with a shriek, rushed forward and caught the girl by the arm just as she was relaxing her grasp on the cornice.

The daughter struggled violently. "Let me go! I want to die! I want to die!"

The mother, with a strength that seemed supernatural, still held the girl, although her whole weight now depended upon her mother's grasp. But the sister came to her assistance and both called hysterically for aid. Their cries—"Save her! Help, help!" rang through all the neighborhood. Some children in the yard below shrieked. Men came to the windows, and after a brief look, rushed for the stairs and to the street. Everybody shouted for help.

A lady in the apartment below, with a gentleman beside her, leaned far out from a window directly under the struggling girl. But she could barely reach her. She could secure a slight hold upon one of Miss Staver's ankles, and this hold she kept at great personal danger, somewhat checking the hapless girl's efforts to get free from her mother's frantic grasp. It was evident to the shuddering spectaors that in a moment more the strength of the women above must give out and that the crazed girl must plunge down to death, carrying the with her, by her weight, brave lady below, and perhaps the mother and sister. In this supreme moment of suspense, above the cries of mother and daughter and onlookers, the girl shrieked loudly—"let me drop! It will be better for me! I want to go! Then a young girl rushed on the roof and gave her feeble aid to the two ladies, and then a head and shoulders appeared through the trap door and the first of the rescuers swung himself on to the roof. There was a glad shout and then profound silence, except for the cries of the maniac. In an instant he was at the edge of the roof, and, leaning far over, had his arms about the girl's shoulders. A second stalwart man came to his assistance. The mother and sister fell back fainting. The two men drew the still struggling girl over the parapet and to safety.

July.

The summer harvest day begun,
With cloudless dawn and flaming sun:
Ripe grain the sickle flashes through;
The sweep of scythes in morning dew;
The nooning underneath the trees
Made cool by sea or mountain breeze:
The thunder and the clearing sky,
And sunset pleasure of July.
—[John G. Whittier.

God made the country, said the sage,
And man has made the crowded town;
Then be my future pilgrimage
'Mong lover-heads and thistle down:
To walk with nature hand in hand,
In nature's pure and simple way,
And 'neath the elm and maple stand,
Embalmed with breath of new-born hay.
—[Frank J. Ottarson.

The robin sings, as of old, from the limb!
The cat-bird croons in the blue-bush!
The rich milk-tinged buttercup
Its tiny polished urn holds up,
Filled with ripe summer to the edge,
The sun in his own wine to pledge.
—[James Russell Lowell

Ethlyn McNulty's Answer.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"It can never be."

Ethlyn McNulty's voice was husky with pie as she spoke these words, and in the luminous depths of the soft brown eyes that had witched so many men and made their lives a wreck—men who otherwise would have been good, honorable citizens, a credit alike to themselves and to the tailors who trusted them—there was a wistful, pleading, if you-knew-how-tight my shoes--were--you -would--get--on--a-street car look that Harold Never sink, man of the world though he was, had never seen there before.

They were standing in a little dell, these two—a spot around which clustered the hallowed memories of a happy peaceful past, when the days drifted by in a languid fashion, no trouble or grief coming to mar the perfect harmony of a placid and beautiful existence. But now all was changed, and as Ethlyn stood beside the man she loved so well the memory of what had been came to her with cruel, crushing force, and up from the misty portals of a future that seemed utterly dark and cheerless there arose only the black wraiths of desolation and despair. It was a soft, sensuous Chicago June evening, and as Harold adjusted his ear-muffs and took Ethlyn's hand in his he felt that without the love of this woman, without her presence to cheer and her counsel to aid and guide him, his life would be as blank, and dreary, and desolate as a St. Louis paper. The very thought was maddening, and as it burned into his soul with cruel force he looked out sadly over his no-chance-to-get out-less-you-jump over collar and Ethlyn saw that the lip which held his don't tell-papa mustache was quivering with pain. And then, and then, as then, the crickets all about them were singing, and the murmurous breathing of a staccato cow was borne away to the westward on the sighing breezes of the night, she put her arms around his neck, and as he stood there, a willing prisoner in the dimpled chains of love, spoke to him as she had never spoken before.

"You know I love you, Harold," she said—"love you with a deathless passion that time can never assuage, and as the years go wearily by with leaden feet your image will ever be bright in my heart, your love for me a shrine at which I shall ever worship. I know that you are good and pure and do not smoke cigarettes. I know that your love would shield and protect me forever and ever, and that in that love I should find the peace and contentment that every girl standing on the threshold of womanhood so longs for—that indefinable, mysterious, I-don't-know-whether-it-is-a-new-hat-or-caramels that-I want feeling that throws about the cold, flat facts of life the glamour of a mystic dream-land that we feel, but cannot see. But such happiness may not be. I love you too well, Harold, to ever knowingly cause you one instant of pain, and therefore I say to you standing here with the stars that deck the heavens looking down upon me, with the voice of nature saying in every budding flower and trembling leaf and horse-liniment almanac that summer has come again—I say it solemnly, tearfully, and for the last time, that I cannot be your wife"—and weeping in a mad, passionate way, as if all the chewing gum in the world was gone, she threw herself in a reckless, blind-staggers fashion on the grass at his feet and mourned pitifully.

In an instant Harold had jumped over her seat and was kneeling beside her. "Why can you not marry me?" he asked. "What is the obstacle of which you speak so mysteriously?"

"Do not ask me," she said. "Do not seek to make yourself miserable, perhaps for life."

"But I demand an answer," he says.

Raising herself slowly, and sitting there on one foot, Ethlyn McNulty looked up at him. The moonlight stealing through the branches of the linden trees above them is not whiter than the face of the girl upon which it falls so gently, and in her eyes there is a look of haunting fear that is pitiful in its sad intensity.

"You shave yourself, she says, looking at him steadily.

"Yes," he answers. But certainly that can have nothing to do—"

"Wait," says the girl. "It would be a sore trial to you were any one else to use your razor."

"It would," is the reply.

"It is as I thought," continued Ethlyn—"No (speaking mostly to herself) I could not resist the temptation—no woman could."

"What do you mean?" he asks. "I demand an answer."

"I mean," she replies in a cold, mechanical way, "that I have a hereditary corn."

What will cure the worst case of dyspepsia? What will insure a hearty appetite and increased digestion? What will cure general debility and give a new lease of life? What will dispel nervous depression and low spirits? What will restore exhausted mothers to full strength? What will strengthen nerves and muscles? What will enrich the blood? What will enable you to overcome weakness, wakefulness and lack of energy? What will prevent chills and fever and other effects of malarial poison? Brown's Iron Bitters. It is well to know this.