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GEO. S. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

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Good-Bye.

Sweetheart, good-bye! the fluttering sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee,
And soon before the far'ring gale
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
Those eyes shall miss me many a year;
But forgotten every charm
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.
Sweetheart, good-bye! one last embrace:
O, cruel Fate! true souls to sever!
But in this heart's most sacred place
Thou, thou alone shalt dwell forever
And still shall recollections trace
In fancy's mirror ever near,
Each smile, each tear, that form, that face,
Thought lost to sight, to memory dear.

THE NIGHT OF PERIL.

The day had been cold and cloudy, and the night was but a continuation of the dreary weather, with the addition of a drizzly rain from the northwest. I had been busy all the day in my office, and had twelve more additional hours of work, as the night operator had been called away, leaving me to take his place. I had worked at telegraphing for some time, and had often to take a twenty-four hours' run, so the thoughts of a sleepless night did not worry me; and after the ten o'clock train had passed, and the signals given, I stepped into the eating-room at the other end of the depot to get my accustomed refreshments. As I approached the bar I noticed two or three strangers in the act of drinking, in company with the station night hands, whom, I inferred from the conversation, they had asked to join with them.

On my appearance, I was accosted with a half-drunken familiarity, and requested to drink with them at their expense. I used to drink in those days, and accepted the invitation. While the beverage was being prepared I took occasion to give a second look at the free-hearted strangers. From a boy I had possessed the trait of retaining faces in my mind if once seen, and when I ran a quick glance over the group I found a face that had a place in my memory. A moment's thought, and then I knew that when I last saw that face it was in a court-room, where its possessor was being tried for robbery. The others I did not know, but that one person I was sure of; but why were they at the station at this time of night? They were not waiting to take a train, as the ten o'clock express did not stop at Millville, and a railroad station was not the place for such persons to take out a spree in. Things looked suspicious, and perhaps there was work ahead that would require a clear mind. No drink for me that night, and when I took my glass it was only to empty its contents unobserved, down my sleeve, and taking the messenger boy, who had just finished a lemonade, I went back to the office to think and act.

If a gang had come to rob the station they had chosen a good time. The party for two or three excursion trains had been given to the station agent that day, which, with the regular proceeds of the week, made up a good round sum; besides, I had taken from the city bank the thousand dollars saved up on my earnings, to invest in a speculation, and placed it in the station safe until wanted.

The more I thought the subject over, the more I was convinced that the strangers were not at the station for any good; and, writing a note to the station agent, I went to wake up the boy that had gone to sleep on the settee, to deliver it. But all my efforts to arouse him were of no avail, and on examination, I found him exhibiting the usual symptoms of a person that is drugged. The whole truth now flashed upon me. A gang of desperadoes, knowing of the large amount of money in the safe, had secured the cooperation of the saloon-keeper; and, drugging the night hands, now had possession of the station. Quickly going to the door, I found that the key, which had been imprudently left on the outside, was turned, making me a prisoner. But other communications to the outside remained, and, turning out the gas to conceal my movements, I went to my instrument; but on giving the signal, I found the wires had been cut off at both directions of the line. They had well planned their night's work, but there was one more line that went to a little village up in the mountains, and then back to the main line at W—, ninety miles to the west. The wire went out of the building at a different place, and perhaps it had escaped their attention. A trial proved that it was all right, and muffled the sound as much as I could, the following message was sent as quick as the instrument would click it off:

"Robbers have taken possession of the Millville Station. Send down help. Stop the Express at R—."

It was eleven o'clock when I turned off the gas, and I knew if they could get the warning from W— to R—, that was seventy miles east on the main line, by half-past twelve, the train would be stopped, and not run itself into the impending danger that would await them if the aid did not arrive in time from the west. To do so, the message would have to go a long circuit, and encounter delays, and the chances were that it would not reach its destination in time, but I had done all that I could do, and had only to sit down and wait. I had a seven-shooter, and if molested, was determined to use it to the best advantage.

In a few minutes back came the answer, "All right," and I knew that my message had been received at W—. So far all had been silent without, but now a dull pattering could be heard from the ticket office, and I knew that the safe was being broken open. Soon I could hear men at

work at the track in front of the station, tearing up the rails and obstructing the road. My suspicions had been correct, and they were now preparing to wreck the express from the east. Either they did not understand the switches, or wished to send the train from the obstructed curve into the building to complete their work of destruction. Only once did any one approach the telegraph office, and then, after listening a moment, he went away muttering that I was not in a fit condition to telegraph after taking that little "eye-closer."

It was a lonely watch there in the darkness, hearing the robbers going about in their lawless work, and knowing that I might not escape the night's work alive. At last, climbing up to the clock and feeling its face, I found that it only wanted twenty minutes to the time when the express, if it came, would be due. Once I thought I heard the distant rumble of a train from the west, but it soon ceased, and all was silent again. The road could be seen several miles to the east, and I watched it closely. Suddenly a faint star appeared away off in the distance, which grew brighter and brighter, and I knew that it was the headlight of the express. My message had not reached R— in time, and, ignorant of the robbers' work, the engineer was running the train at his usual high rate of speed to an almost certain destruction. On the engine leaving the track my office would be directly in its path, and escape from death almost impossible. The train was fast approaching, and I formed my resolutions to escape from the room and perhaps signal the train. Grasping the still unconscious boy, and throwing our united weights against the window, we went through on to the platform, but I had scarcely touched the planks when I received a blow on the head that rendered me insensible.

When I awoke to consciousness I was lying in the waiting-room surrounded by a crowd of excited people, and Carl McWilliams, the president of the road, and his daughter busy at work bathing my forehead and bringing me back to my senses. A little way off some of the robbers were lying in irons, and a guard of police keeping the passengers from doing them further harm. My dispatch had reached R— in time, but the president being on board the train with his family, had resolved to capture the band of desperadoes, and not alarming the passengers, took a force of armed police on and made the regular run, stopping in time to escape the obstructions, and giving the boarding ruffians a warm reception. A band of armed men from a relief train from W—, which had stopped up the road a mile or two, had arrived on the ground at the same time, and every one of the gang had been either killed or captured. My dispatch had saved thousands of dollars, besides the lives of many passengers who crowded the express.

Well the company remembered me, and I am now the superintendent of the telegraph lines on the road, and McWilliams never had one word of objection when I asked him for his consent to marry that little woman who always insists that I saved her life on that night of peril.

Weddings.

It is the time to plead for a reform in weddings. Every year this sacred of all occasions is turned more into a mere opportunity for display, and for replying to some fancied social obligation. Instead of the time when a few of the closest friends gather to witness the solemnest compact human beings can frame, it is chosen as the moment for bringing together the larger part of a family's social circle, to show the bride in her bridal garments; to prove how many flowers and refreshments the family can afford; and, with shame, be it said, to exhibit to criticism and light comment the precious tokens that should have come with tender regard to the maid on the eve of her new life.

A wedding must not be uncheerful; but it must certainly be solemn to all who realize what it is. On the one side, it is renouncing old ties, promising to begin with faith, and hope, and love, a new and wholly untried existence. On the other, it is the acceptance of a sacred trust, the covenant to order life anew in such ways as shall make the happiness of two instead of one. Can such an occasion be fitting for revelry? Is it not wiser, more delicate, to bid only the nearest of friends to a marriage ceremony, and leave the feasting and frolic for a subsequent time? We are sure that there are few girls who, if they reflect on the seriousness of the step they are about to take, will not choose to make their vow merely within the loving limits of their home circle. All our best instincts point to the absolute simplicity and privacy of wedding services; only a perversion of delicacy could contemplate the asking of crowds of half-sympathetic or wholly curious people to attend the fulfillment of the most solemn of contracts. Let there be as much party-making, rejoicing, and pleasure-taking afterward as heart desire; but let the solemn vows be made in the presence only of those nearest and dearest.

CARBONADO, A NORWEGIAN DISH.—It consists of mince meat, eggs and fine herbs made up into a kind of cake and then fried or baked. The meat, probably, if cooked in an ordinary way, would defy mastication, but thus treated it is really a dainty plate.

The Clothes-Moth.

This destructive little creature is, perhaps, the most insidious enemy our wardrobes and textile fabrics have to contend with, and careful housewives are always on the alert to thwart its destructive efforts at spoliation. To meet our adversaries, however, it is well to know something of their habits and nature. It is not the moth that is the actual cause of mischief, but the caterpillar of the moth, which, as soon as it quits the egg deposited by the mother moth in some appropriate fabric, begins to collect materials to form its nest. For this purpose, having first spun a thin coating of silk provided for itself, it cuts filament of wool or fur close to the thread of the cloth, and applies the pieces to the outside of its case, to which envelope it tenaciously confines itself, unless greatly disturbed.

When feeding, it thrusts its head out at either end of the case, in which it can turn; but when inclined to change its position on the cloth, it protrudes its head and about half its body, and by fixing its hinder legs firmly in the case drags the latter after it. When the case becomes too small, it collects the material from around it, and makes an addition at each end. This fact has been ascertained by observant naturalists removing the creature from cloth of one color to another, when the hues of the addition are plainly observable.

After changing into a chrysalis, it remains quiescent for about three weeks, when a small moth of a silvery gray color comes forth. We deem these particulars very essential, as it will be seen that in the first place the moth has to find a fitting receptacle for its eggs, then that the eggs have to lie for a certain time before they are developed into the maggot form, and afterward into that of the chrysalis, when it finally becomes a moth altogether, taking a considerable time, comparatively, before the creature commences its destructive mission. There are very many remedies given. Cuttings of Russian leather have proved protective; and a distinguished fly-fisher, who once suffered greatly from this moth getting among his store of feathered lures, has found, by the introduction of a small piece of tallow candle into his cases, that the ravages of these destructive insects have been entirely overcome.

Fishing in Lapland.

The water is very clear at Hammerfest, in Lapland; you may see everything that goes on among the fish. A few feet down you may see the young cod snapping at your hook, if you have one; a little lower down the coal-fish, and the huge plaice and halibut, on the white sand at the bottom; in other places the star-fish, as large as a plate, and purple and green shell-fish of all sizes. The plaice is taken in the following manner: In calm weather the fisherman takes a strong fine cord, to which he has fastened a heavy spear-head, like a whale harpoon. This he holds ready over the bow of the boat, while another person paddles it forward slowly. When the fish is seen at the bottom the boat is stopped, and the harpoon is suddenly dropped upon him, and thus the fish is caught. In two hours the fishermen will get a boat-load. The halibut are caught with hooks. They sometimes weigh five hundred pounds, and if drawn up carelessly will overturn the boat.

In many of the mountainous districts the rivers swarm with trout, the habit of which is to conceal themselves beneath the boulder rocks in the bed of the stream, venturing out to feed only at night. Men, each with a heavy hammer, will enter these waters and strike one or two blows on the stones, when the fish rush from their lurking-places partly stunned, and are easily caught.

Ashes for Orchards.

The *Scientific American* says: "The point to which we now call attention is, that our farmers and fruit-growers have ignored, or rather been ignorant of, the importance of wood ashes as a vegetable stimulant and as the leading constituent of plants. Even coal ashes, now thrown away as useless, have been shown both by experiment and analysis to possess a fair share of alkaline value. We will relate only one experiment: Some twenty-five years ago we treated an old hollow pippin apple tree as follows: The hollow, to the height of eight feet, was filled and rammed with a compost of wood ashes, garden mold, and a little waste lime (carbonate). The filling was securely fastened in by boards. The next year the crop of sound fruit was sixteen bushels, from an old shell of a tree that had borne nothing of any account for some time, and for seventeen years after filling the old pippin tree continued to flourish and bear well."

Manure as Was Manure.

The following testimony to the virtues of a patent manure was received by its owner: "Dear Sir—The land composing my farm had hitherto been so poor that a Scotchman could not get a living off it, and so stony that we had to slice our potatoes and plant them edgewise; but hearing of your manure I put some on a ten-acre field, surrounded by a rail fence, and in the morning I found that the rock had entirely disappeared, a neat stone wall encircled the field, and the rails were split into firewood and piled up systematically in my back yard."

It is with a word as with an arrow; the arrow once loosed does not return to the bow—nor a word to the lips.

Queer Tom.

Tom Flosser was the queerest boy I ever knew. I don't think he ever cried; I never saw him. If Fleda found her tulips all rooted up by her pet puppy, and cried, as little girls will, Tom was sure to come round the corner whistling, and say:

"What makes you cry? Can you cry tulips? Do you think every sob makes a root or a blossom? Here, let's try to right them."

So he would pick up the poor flowers, put their roots into the ground again, whistling all the time, make the bed look smooth and fresh, and take Fleda off to hunt hen's nests in the barn. Neither did he do any differently in his own troubles. One day his great kite snapped the string and flew away far out of sight. Tom stood still for one moment, and then turned round to come home, whistling a merry tune.

"Why, Tom," said I, "aren't you sorry to lose that kite?"

"Yes, but what's the use? I can't take more than a minute to feel bad. 'Sorry' won't bring back the kite, and I want to make another."

Just so when he broke his leg.

"Poor Tom!" cried Fleda, "you can't play any more o-o-o-r-e."

"I'm not poor, either. You cry for me; I don't have to do it for myself, and I have a splendid time to whistle. Besides, when I get well, I shall beat every boy in school on the multiplication table; for I say it over and over till it makes me sleepy, every time my leg aches."

Tom Flosser was queer, certainly, but I wish a great many more people were queer that way.

The Chinese Heroic Period.

Gan-tze was a trusty servant to the Duke of T'se, and one day the Duke said to him, "Your house is too near the market. The noise and dust must annoy you. Besides, it is too small. I will build you a better one." Gan-tze declined the offer on the plea that what was good enough for his father was good enough for him. "Besides," said he, "it is so convenient to live near the market; I can always get what I want easily." The Duke laughingly rejoined, "Of course you know the prices of things there. Tell me what is cheap and what is dear." Gan-tze replied, "Shoes for people whose toes have been cut off are dear, but other shoes are cheap." Cutting off the toes was one of the forms of punishment in T'se, and this Duke was so severe in inflicting it that there were persons who sold shoes specially made for the toes. Gan-tze's reply set the Duke thinking, and from that time he diminished the severity of his judgments. Afterward, however, he took advantage of Gan-tze's absence on an embassy to erect a fine mansion for him, to make room for which he pulled down some houses of the common people, and of course without going through the formality of getting an act of Parliament passed, and providing compensation for the evicted proprietors. Gan-tze came back, and learned what was done. He went to court, reported his mission, and returned thanks for the dual favor in presenting him with so splendid an abode. He then went home, had the new house razed to the ground, rebuilt the dwellings which had stood on the site, and reinstalled the inhabitants. —*Cornhill Magazine.*

Painting Shingle Roofs.

The *Country Gentleman* has the following on the subject: Our own experience is against the use of either coal tar or paint. The surface made by applying the tar causes the roof to become hot in the sun's rays, and shingles to warp and crack; the wood becomes water-soaked beneath the tar when it rains, and the tar prevents speedy drying. The consequence has been that tarred roofs are destroyed in a comparatively few years, while the rain-water always has a copious black sediment. Painting roofs produces a similar result, but in much less degree, unless the shingles are thoroughly painted on both sides, and are kept thus painted, which is almost impracticable. Some years ago we took up a roof laid about twenty-five years before with good shaven pine shingles, painting before laying with good red-ochre paint in oil. Every shingle when removed was completely rotten. The paint had held the moisture longer beneath, and done more harm than good. A roof is so much exposed to the direct rays of the sun and to the rain, that it is nearly impossible to prevent cracking of the paint and the entrance of the water; and when this process once begins decay goes on rapidly. Well-laid pine shingles have lasted forty years and more when not painted.

Salt for Hogs.

The *Western Rural* says: "The unstrained appetite of swine will often lead them to consume things that are highly injurious to them. Cases of poisoning by partaking of excessive quantities of salt often occur among hogs at this season, when beef and pork barrels are emptied of the old brine and refuse salt. A case in which several hogs were lost in England was recently noted. Hogs require a certain amount of salt, as do other animals, but it should be given to them with caution, and either evenly mixed or scattered very thinly about their troughs, so that one more greedy than another cannot take more than its proper share."

AN OLD WOMAN'S STORY.

The Fate of an Old Merchant—His Nephews Save His Head Off.

A singular trial for murder has taken place at Missivria, and has ended in the acquittal of the prisoners—two brothers, who were accused of the murder of their uncle, a rich old Odessa merchant.

The old man, having retired from active life and wound up his business, returned from Odessa some years ago and settled down in Missivria, his native town. Here he gave much in charity to the poor, and behaved handsomely to his nephews, with whom he lived, and whom he helped out of poverty into a respectable position in local trade. Three years ago the old man suddenly disappeared. No serious inquiry, however, was made to ascertain what had become of him. His nephews made liberal donations to the churches, and inherited, or rather appropriated the old man's wealth. Probably they would have been left entirely undisturbed in the enjoyment of their riches, but for a circumstance which, for a time, must have caused them some trouble and anxiety.

On a certain day in the early part of the year 1874 an old woman asked for an audience with the cad, and on being admitted, made a deposition as follows:

"It was a dark, stormy night," the old woman said. "The wind had several times blown in my window sash, putting out my lamp, and causing the embers of my fire to fly about the room. Suddenly, a shriek, then a moan. Strange sounds followed, which seemed to come from the house of my neighbor, the Odessa merchant. I crossed myself, and drank a little raki to keep up my courage, and then I remembered that there was a crack in the wall of my closet, through which I could see into the house of my neighbor the merchant. Thither I went, and applied my eye to the crevice in the mud wall, and this is what I saw:

"Two men were pressing down a pillow upon the face of another man, whom they kept prostrate, and a woman was holding a light. The old man—I recognized him—was very strong, for he overthrew his nephews, although his throat was cut, and blood gushed from the wound. He would have escaped, but the woman struck him in the face with a chair. His head was bent backward, as though he could not keep it in its place on account of the gash across his throat. Still his eyes flashed life; he staggered toward the window; but there he was again struck down—by his nephews. Then they sawed away at his throat till his head was separated from the trunk."

The accused went on to say that she threatened the murderers with a disclosure of the crime she had witnessed, but that they promised her "hush money," that, as she was poor, she agreed in consideration thereof to hold her tongue, and that she washed the blood from the floor of the room where the old man had been put to death. The "hush money," however, had not been paid, and as she was starving, she determined to make known her story. The story was told in March or April, but no proceedings were taken until August. The accused parties were then arrested and confined in the Zaptieh "Oda." The old woman, too, was put in prison, and was flogged and half smothered between mattresses night after night until the trial ended, and the persons whom the *vox populi* still stigmatizes as murderers were declared innocent.

A New Ship.

The polysphere ship is the name given to the latest novelty in nautical construction, and is due to English ingenuity. The bottom is flat and fitted with three inclined planes with square ends, the effect being as though three teeth of a gigantic saw were moved through the water with the sloping portion of the teeth first. The inventor has tested the device by means of small models impelled by rockets. A seven-pound rascal was driven by a three-pound three-ounce rocket a distance of one hundred and five yards in three seconds, or at the rate of sixty-three knots per hour. The motion is said to resemble sliding over ice. There is scarcely any water disturbance, and the decks are apparently motionless. When drawn slowly over the water the vessels offered more resistance than models of the ordinary shape; but when the equilibrium between the horizontal pressure of the water in the contrary direction are destroyed, the model at once rises in the water and passes over the mass of hitherto obstructing fluid.

The Stevens Battery.

We have often read, says the *Scientific American*, referring to the offers made for the Stevens Battery, of the value of workmanship, and how raw material worth a few cents a pound may be, by skillful manipulation, changed into watch hair springs worth their weight in gold or microscopic objectives more precious than diamonds; but here we see that, in the estimation of would-be purchasers, the value of a vessel that cost millions of dollars, expended with a vast amount of the highest engineering talent, is not over \$145,000 in any case, unless some other government than our own wants it; and then the importance of the vast structure to our navy will be allowed to magnify the price indefinitely. Solomon said, ages ago: "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he hath gone his way, then he boasteth."

A Sad Accident.

Shaft No. 5 of the Delaware and Lackawanna railroad tunnel is about midway between Hoboken and Jersey City. A party of night workmen were going down the shaft at 1 A. M. A bucket had already been lowered twice, taking down four men each time, and several more stood around the aperture awaiting their turn. The iron bucket, which was about three feet in diameter, was attached to a wire rope by a hook. The bucket handle was smooth, well worn, and without any ring into which the hook could be passed, while the guard originally attached to the hook had been broken off and not replaced. There was thus nothing to prevent the bucket from slipping over the hook. The mouth of the shaft was very narrow, so much so that when the bucket was lowered the men standing upon its edges had to bend their bodies inward to avoid striking the sides. The platform upon which the men stand above the shaft being raised about twelve feet from the ground is exposed to the wind and cold, and the men are usually anxious to get down into the shaft, where the temperature is warmer.

The usual friendly competition to be first down was shown, and when the bucket came up for the second time three men seized the rope and stepped on the edge. They were James Burns, Daniel Murphy, and Martin Sullivan. John Berger was on the point of stepping on also when a man behind him complained that he had crushed his finger, and Berger turned round to look at it. Bernard Kirley at once took his place, and the engineer at once began to lower the bucket.

The bucket had not moved six inches downward when one of its bolts caught in the woodwork above the shaft, and sustained it just long enough to allow the rope to become slack; the hook swung aside, and in a moment the bucket dropped like a stone, the four men following it to the bottom.

The workmen who had previously been lowered were tunneling about a hundred and fifty feet from the bottom of the shaft, when they heard the crash and saw the shower of sparks made by the iron bucket striking the rocks below. A second afterward the dull thud of the falling bodies was heard. Two of the men approached with a light, and seeing the motionless figures lying there, became frightened and ran away. Other men went to the bottom of the shaft, and the rope having been by this time drawn up and sent down again with a second bucket, Sullivan, who still breathed, was placed in it, but before he was brought to the surface he was dead. All the rest were killed instantly.

Christmas Evergreens.

Before the holidays the wharf at Catskill, on the Hudson river, was piled with evergreens awaiting transportation to New York. The hardy mountaineers cut beautiful trees from their own farms—or from other lands—and send them to the metropolis, thus materially increasing their yearly incomes. The sale of evergreens is a lively branch of trade in New York just before Christmas. The supply comes not only from the Catskills, but from New Jersey, Long Island, and the best and cheapest are brought from Maine. In Fulton and Washington markets, as well as in all smaller markets, in stores, on the sidewalk, and at street corners—in every available place of sale—Christmas-trees, wreaths, crosses, stars, and sundry ornaments made of evergreens can be bought for a trifle. Every family fastens a bit of Christmas green somewhere to give a cheery look to the home rooms, and shop windows do not lack decoration. So the sale is enormous. The custom of decking houses and churches with evergreens at Christmas dates far back to the times of the ancient Druids. It was a fanciful belief that sylvan spirits might flock to the evergreens, and there be protected from frost till a milder season came. The favorite trimmings were the ivy, holly, rosemary, laurel, and mistletoe. Holly and ivy are now most esteemed in England. Among us almost any pretty evergreen is satisfactory for Christmas adornings.

A New Fertilizer.

The *Scientific American* describes a strange fertilizer. At Stratford, Conn., where mosquitoes are as thick as fog, lives an ingenious Yankee, so they say—believe it who may—who puts the insects to profitable uses. He has invented a large revolving scoop-net covered with lace, which is put in motion by a windmill, water-power, or steam. The upper half moves through the atmosphere, and at each rotation draws an immense number of the 'squitos down into the water, where they drown and sink to the bottom. Every revolution of the net draws in an ounce of mosquitoes, or a ton for 32,000 turns of the machine. The mosquitoes thus collected make a splendid manure for the land, worth \$45 a ton.

A Child's Prayer.

The bright-eyed darlings of the household whisper golden words sometimes, and a scrap from a holiday poem, by Sophia P. Snow, will bear republication as a child's prayer on Christmas Eve: "Please, Decca, 't Santa Taus tum down to-night And bring us some presents before it is light; I want hee good div' me a nice 'tittle seed. Wid bright shinin' ummers, and all painted ed; A box full of tandy, a book, and a toy. Amen. And den, Decca, I'll be a good boy!" The prayer was overheard, and perhaps that seed and tandy didn't come!

His Experience.

"No, sir, I never regretted marrying Mollie here. She's been the making of me. I was an idle deg when I met her and thought of nothing but spending my money at saloons just as fast I earned it. She was only a poor seamstress, but was industrious, honest, and frugal in habits, for she'd had a hard row to hoe, poor girl! Well, for her sake I grew saving and careful, and soon had a little money in the bank. Finally we were married, and after furnishing two rooms had just a hundred dollars left. It was not much, but it was our own. That was fourteen months back. Now we have this little house. We have carpets on the floor of two rooms. We have nine pictures on the walls, and nearly fifty books in that case of shelves up there which I made. Our house is small, but there is no envy, no fear of the future, fault-finding or selfishness in it. We have nearly a hundred dollars saved, besides these things in the house. Our rent is paid for the entire year till next spring. We go to church regularly, attend concerts and lectures, and amusements when the price is not too high. Sometimes the prices are so high we cannot afford to go. Then we stay at home, read to each other, have visitors or go out a little way and a little while to visit a few friends close by. I haven't been in a saloon since I was married, sir, and will never enter one again. I had rather these books, pictures, carpets and that organ should be in our house than in the house of the man who makes his saloon attractive so as to entice men there to spend their earnings. We find that this life is what we make it. We are helping each other, and the more we do for each other, the better we love each other, and thus my wife is leading me to heaven. And from the bottom of my heart I wish that all young men who are now traveling the road I traveled two years ago would follow my example, for, sir, they'd never regret it."

A Cold Strata.

The *American Journal of Science and Art* contains an account of a curious fact that the miners in Clear Creek Co., Colorado, have discovered. It is particularly noticeable in the Stevens' mine, about 12,500 feet above the level of the sea, on McClellan mountain. After a depth or distance of ninety feet from the surface, the crevice matter in which the silver is found is frozen solid. Summer and winter have no visible effect to change its temperature, nor is there ever any perceptible snow. Pick and drill fail to work the frozen mass, and the only way the workmen proceed is to kindle a large fire at night against the matter, and in the morning to pick at the disintegrated ore. After this curious fashion the mine has been profitably conducted for two years. From nine feet, where the cold was struck, the tunnel proceeded inward, now nearly two hundred feet, and the cold is in no way diminished as yet. Other mines in the neighborhood show the same singular condition; and in all of them the depth under ground is such that frost cannot possibly have penetrated there. The conclusion reached by the contributor of the article is that this is a relic of a glacial era. Whatever its origin, it is certainly a singular and interesting fact, and the method of mining, although profitable, is simple and primitive as could well be devised.

The Waste of It.

In one of the best Burlington boarding-houses a healthy young man sat discussing his dinner and getting decidedly the better of the argument. His appetite was good, the dinner palatable, and he went through, so to speak, the bill of fare, in a way that might have made butchers and grocers, had they seen him, go long of the provision market. In due time he reached dessert, and took some peach pudding. He had eaten about half of it. Then he struck a snag, something hard, that resisted the attacks of his spoon. Unable to go through it, he carefully dissected away the surrounding pudding, and his patient labor was rewarded with the discovery of a large lump of coal, about stove size. Carefully removing it to a side dish, he called the bland chief waiter. "Thomas," he said, with a reproachful air, and pointing to the coal, "it is not the mixing of the pudding in the coal had that I object to, but it seems sinful to waste coal in this way when so many poor families are suffering for want of fuel."

Home of the Consumptive.

Along the base of the Allegheny range of mountains, as found in North Carolina, says a Polk county correspondent, is a belt of land known as the Thermal Belt, where there are no dews or white frosts. Here is a mild atmosphere, free from every extreme of winter or summer. I send you the leaves of the peach, the wild cherry, the poplar, white oak and chestnut, plucked December 2, and as yet untouched by frost—which is the best evidence that could be adduced of the no frost feature. Peaches, and indeed all fruits planted here, never fail. Persons living on this belt say from their own memory there has been no failure of the peach for fifty years. So likewise people born and raised here say that a case of original consumption is not known to exist. When it is found it is found to have been brought in from other parts not so highly favored. But for the cold rains of January the tenderest plants would on this belt survive the winter; as it is, the tobacco plant is perennial.