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PALEMON JOHN, Editor and Proprietor.

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ESTABLISHED In supplied with all the requisites for doing first-class Job Printing business, and promptly executed. WEDDING CARDS, PORTERS, HATSHEDS, BUSINESS CARDS, PROGRAMMES, BALLET CARDS, PAMPHLETS, BILLHEADS, FANCY SHOW CARDS, DOORS, WIFE CARDS, STATEMENTS, CIRCULARS, LAW CARDS AND PAPERS, ETC., ETC. In the latest and most stylish and at the lowest prices. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

General Greely, of the Signal Service, explains that the hot waves come east from the Mississippi. There is a pretty general feeling in favor of restricted emigration in this hot-wave movement.

The ancient and famous city of Damascus, which was a place of importance 1900 years B. C., is busy with plans for laying railroad lines through the streets. Street cars in a city said to have been founded by Abraham would be a startling novelty. The place has 120,000 inhabitants.

Sergeant Mason, made famous for having shot at Guitauz during his trial for the murder of President Garfield, has become a prosperous and very quiet farmer in Orange county, Virginia. He, with his wife Betty and several babies, are reported to be perfectly comfortable in all respects.

It is 10 years since James Lick, the San Francisco millionaire, died, leaving the bulk of his large fortune for charitable and scientific purposes, yet the most practical of his bequests—the training-school in the trades for young lads—has never been begun. In their first 10 years of management the Lick trustees spent \$150,000 for legal fees.

The Sultan of Zanzibar has had a gigantic merry-go-round erected in the garden of his country palace. Every denizen of the African jungle is represented on it. His favorite amusement is to take about fifty of the ladies of his harem out to this palace where he makes them ride round for hours at a time whilst he looks on and drinks sherbet.

In thirteen years, it is estimated, there will not be another arable acre of public lands to be disposed of. We have accordingly thirteen years in which to settle the problem of immigration. Not too long a time, certainly, when the importance of the solution and the general incompetency of those who are trying to furnish it are taken into account.

The Galveston News is authority for the statement that in 1889 there were only about 500 miles of railway in Mexico, while by the close of the present year there will be over 3600, with a capital of about \$120,000,000 invested. Of the total mileage 2700 miles are owned and operated by Americans. An idea of the value of railway construction to Mexico may be obtained when it is stated that the revenues of the country have increased from \$17,800,000 in 1870 to \$33,000,000 in 1886.

There are over 100,000 horses used in hauling street cars in the United States. Chicago has 8623; Cincinnati, 2175 and St. Louis 2815. Five years is more than the average useful life of a horse for street car purposes. The success of the system of propelling street cars by electricity has convinced street car men that the horses must go, more especially since it has been thoroughly demonstrated that cars can be run by electricity under the system for one-half the cost of running by horses.

As most of our readers probably know, the largest park in the country is in Philadelphia. Fairmount park of that city contains 3000 acres and is eleven miles long. Central park of New York includes 834 acres, costing \$15,000,000 for the land and improvements. The Chicago parks cover over 2000 acres, and those of St. Louis about the same. Prospect park, Brooklyn, includes nearly 600 acres, and Druid Hill park of Baltimore 680 acres. In these figures National parks or reservations are not considered.

The effort of the Utah Mormons to get into the Union is not prospering very much. They have formed a constitution forbidding plural marriages, but there is a general feeling of distrust of this as a mere trick to gain statehood, after which the prohibition could be easily done away with. Neither the Republican nor Democratic leaders in Utah would have anything to do with the convention. This leaves a poor showing when the State comes to Congress for admission. The Mormons have one delegate in that body, and he has no vote.

During the last eight years the American Sunday-school Union has established 173 Sunday-schools in the Indian Territory, containing 973 teachers, and 6981 scholars. One missionary reports his work last year as having been among eleven tribes, speaking as many different dialects—Choctaws, Chickasaws, Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles, Pottawatomies, Caddoes, Comanches, Wichitas, Kiowas and Apaches. Had the Union the means, this work among these people could be prosecuted upon a much larger scale, and with even better results than are at present obtained. Earnest and well qualified men are ready for the work as soon as means are forthcoming.

In Japan, owing to the frequency of earthquakes, lofty houses are uncommon, and the Japanese are not so skillful at going up and down stairs as Americans are; but the degree of their awkwardness at this kind of locomotion has only recently been made known. The facts are submitted to the world by a candid reporter of Philadelphia, who has made a study of the Japanese sojourning in that city. "To reach their rooms," he says, "they are compelled to go up very cautiously, and with the aid of the balustrade. Some even do not hesitate to go up cat-fashion, on all-fours, from step to step." That is remarkable—and yet, not particularly remarkable if the Japanese whose methods the reporter records are babies.

The Unexpressed. Could all the love within one heart be spoken, Could all the sorrow of one soul be read, Or could the foe that hides one joy be broken, What need that sought again be sung or said!

But mine we stand when most we would reveal, Nor may the mystic barrier be past; Words but the dead and struggling thought conceal, And silence must our refuge be at last. —Laura Winthrop Johnson.

Miss Grace's Happy Thought.

BY L. B. COCHRAN.

"Oh, Aunt Emily!" It was such an eager, breathless voice that Mrs. Girton looked up in alarm as Grace Douglas came into the hall. But Nannie and Sadie Girton were behind her and Will Douglas brought up the rear; so, reassured as to the possibility of an accident, Mrs. Girton smiled at her ward's eager face, quite sure that Grace had a favor to ask, and quite sure, also, that the "favor" was to be allowed to do something for somebody else.

"Well, my dear, what is it?"

But Grace's first words came as a very decided surprise.

"You know Saturday is my birthday, Auntie."

"The most important day in the year," added Will.

"And I've been thinking that, if you didn't mind, I should like—"

"To celebrate it in a manner benefiting the occasion," put in Will.

Grace slipped her pretty hand over her lips. "Now do be quiet, while I tell Auntie. I want to have a picnic, Auntie, even in Eades's woods, with all the children—all the little girls that is, that I can gather together in the village. Do say that I may."

"But there are not more than half a dozen children," said Mrs. Girton, doubtfully.

"Oh, but Auntie, I mean all the children. You know the poor little things don't have much fun, and really it's a simple affair. If you'll let Jane boil a ham and make a good supply of bread, I'll make a lot of cookies and plain cake, and buy a few pounds of candy, and that's all we'll need."

"Whereas, last year, when she was eighteen, we needed music, and salad, and ices, and jellies, and Chinese lanterns, and a new gown, and other things too numerous to mention," said Will, persuasively. "You see, Aunt Emily, this is decidedly more economical."

Mrs. Girton laughed. "Do as you like, my dear; only leave us enough in the house to last over Sunday. Jane shall boil the ham, and bake all the bread and cake you want. Only you must see how many children there are. Twenty? Fifty? I haven't the dimmest idea, myself."

"About thirty; certainly not more than thirty-five," said Grace, who had made a rapid calculation. "In the first place, there are Nannie and Sadie, and I know Mrs. Merton will let her children come. Then there's the doctor's little daughter, and a child who is staying at the rectory."

"Six," said Will; "and for number seven I suggest that baby at the blacksmith's."

"Four years old? Isn't that rather young?" said Mrs. Girton.

"Will and she are great friends," said Grace, smiling. "We certainly must have her, and for the rest, I'll run over and ask Mrs. Merton for a list of names. She knows everybody."

"The very thing," said Mrs. Girton. "Suppose you go over there now. You will have time before tea—only she will be sure to want you to stay."

And Mrs. Merton did. "My dear Grace, how good of you! Come in, in the tea-bell has just rung," she began cordially, going forward to meet the young lady, and drawing her arm through her own to lead her into the house. "On a begging expedition you say? Well, we'll discuss it at our leisure, and you can lay it before Mr. Merton."

"Ah," said that gentleman, "how lucky it is that I slipped a dime into Polly's charity purse this morning! Perhaps if the cause is very deserving, I may be induced to contribute another stray penny. Let us hear what it is, Miss Grace, and let me give you some of these strawberries."

"I only want my children, and some advice this time," said Grace, detailing her plan.

"My children you may have, on condition that you let me fill a corner in one of your hamper," said Mrs. Merton promptly. "You can use corn-beef sandwiches, I know, and hard-boiled eggs too. Then doughnuts and some cake, and oh! by the way, what can you give them to drink? Let me send a big tin of milk over. I'll see that some ice goes with it to keep it cool. Then you can have—"

But there Grace fairly put her hands over her ears. "Dear Mrs. Merton, we have provisions enough for an army."

"You'll need them all; and, by the way, let me suggest that you tell the children to wear plain calico frocks. It puts them on something resembling equality."

"I'll remember; thank you for thinking of it. And how about the children? I told Auntie that they would number from thirty to thirty-five."

Mrs. Merton stopped to think. "Yes; I'll write out a list after tea, so that we shall be sure to remember everybody. Tom, couldn't you spare one of the farm wagons to take them all to the picnic ground?"

"Let them walk over, and in the af-

ternoon I'll send a couple of teams to bring everybody home. Don't you think, Miss Grace, that it would be well to have three or four lads to help you keep order, and to fetch and carry? Your brother will help I know, and I'll give Robert a day off. He's a young fellow who came to us in the spring, and we all think highly of him. He's just the one to help you, for nothing pleases him better than to gather a crowd of children about him. Then there's the blacksmith's eldest boy. You don't know how pleased he would be at being asked to help you."

"The very thing!" said Grace. "I'll stop there to-morrow and ask him, and no doubt he can tell me of a fourth helper."

There was no difficulty in getting the children. Perhaps their mothers found more in getting them ready, for Friday morning saw all the clothes-lines in the village fluttering with faded little frocks and pinafores, which needed all that soap and water could do to make them presentable. More than one little guest was without shoes or stockings; but at least they all had clean faces and famous appetites. I don't know whether the sun was in Grace's confidence, but it really seemed as if he knew all about it, when his bright red face peeped over the hills and shot a glance upward to the clear sky, and another down to the dewy fields about five o'clock that morning. He fairly smiled all over when he looked in at Professor Girton's, until the quiet house was quite transfigured with the glow. Not only Mrs. Girton and Grace were there in the kitchen, but even Will was lending a ready hand.

"For it takes the hand of a man, or at least of a big boy, to slice bread enough for Grace's army," said the handsome young fellow of one-and-twenty, deftly plying his knife while he talked.

Ten o'clock was the hour chosen for starting, but by half-past nine every child was waiting on Mrs. Girton's lawn. Grace, in a pretty blue gingham gown, was flying here and there among them, and her four knights, as Will laughingly dubbed himself and his companions, were stowing pails and baskets in the cart, and answering a ceaseless round of questions from the eager little crowd.

"March! Of course you may, and sing too. What do you want to sing?"

Somebody suggested "Shoo Fly," and somebody else voted for "Bar-berry Alan," but the choice of the majority fell upon "Onward Christian Soldiers," which almost everybody professed to know. It turned out that they held various ideas as to time and tune, but as they all sang with right good will, that mattered little. Then Grace and her brother sang songs in which the children came in on a stirring chorus, and time passed so quickly that there was a general cry of surprise when the picnic ground was reached. The cart was there, ready to be unloaded, and Grace and two of her "knights" took the work in hand, while the other two lads and Mrs. Merton started round games among the children. They played hide-and-seek, and "here we go round the mulberry bush"; and it turned out that the doctor's little daughter had brought half a dozen bean bags, which furnished fun for twice as many children.

Four or five little girls wandered out of sight for a while, and then one of the party came back and held a whispered consultation with Mrs. Merton. It ended in her going back with the child, and then Mr. Douglas was called and let into the secret. The end of it all was, that when Grace marshalled her forces and took her place at the head of the table—or rather, the table-cloth—four little girls came forward carrying a wreath of wild flowers, which Will took and placed upon his sister's head. It proved a size too large, and came down over her shoulders; but Mrs. Merton soon remedied the trouble by loosening the ends of the wreath and twining it, in a long spray, from Grace's shoulder crosswise to her waist.

There was more than even that hungry crowd could eat; and when each little girl had at last declined another piece of cake, Will Douglas stood up and made a funny speech, drinking Miss Grace's health in a glass of iced milk, amid much laughter and clapping of hands on the part of the children.

Then Nannie and Sadie, who knew what Mrs. Douglas could do in the way of a story, begged for one, and Grace was led away to the foot of a large oak tree, around which all the children gathered to listen. Mrs. Merton and the "knights" meanwhile cleared away the remains of the feast, and made a little parcel for each child to take home to mamma.

Nobody could believe that it was four o'clock when two of Mr. Merton's farm girls appeared, followed by their kind-hearted owner and Professor Girton.

And then came the crowning surprise of the day, a cake, and such a cake! It was covered with frosting, had nineteen candles around the edge, and bore a pink rose in the centre.

Strange to say, it was cut into exactly thirty-seven pieces. There were thirty-seven children present, including "Miss Grace," Mr. Merton said, and, as he passed the cake, he warned each little girl to bite it slowly and very carefully, as it was almost sure she would find a big raisin seed, or something else in her slice.

The children said, "Yes, sir; thank you, sir," and bit into the slices; and at last one little girl cried out, "Oh, my! It isn't a raisin seed, it's—five cents!"

Sure enough, there was a bright five-cent piece in every slice. Miss Grace

declared that she meant to keep hers always, to remind her of her pleasant birthday party; but all the children said that they couldn't possibly forget the day, even if they tried, so that they would not need to keep the five-cent pieces very long by way of a souvenir.

Then group after group came up to bid Grace good-by, and to thank her for "the very best time I ever had in all my life, Miss Douglas," and, at last, a funny little cheer went up as the wagons rolled away with their tired, but happy freight.

"Well, Grace, I think your thought was a happy one. Has the day been a success?" said the professor, smiling down at her radiant face.

"Indeed it has! I mean to do it again next year—this, or something like it. Don't you think it's the best way to keep birthdays, Uncle John?"

"To go on a picnic?" said the professor, laughing.

"No—not exactly; but to do something to make somebody else glad that one is in the world with a birthday to keep. And then, 'she added, softly, 'I thought about something else, 'when thou makest a feast'!"

"Ah!" said the professor. "So that was where the 'Happy Thought' came in, was it? Yes, Grace, it's the very best way to keep a birthday. May you live to keep many and many a one. I'm sure," he added, gently, "that something will always have cause to be glad that you are in the world with a birthday to keep."—[Inedited.]

The Only Laughing Animal.

For my part, writes George Stewart, I am convinced that, in every one of our perceptions of the comic, humorous or ridiculous, there is an ultimate element which can no more be analyzed or defined by anything else than can our ideas of truth or goodness. But however this may be, it is abundantly evident that all human laughter (other than that due to the mere physical influences) includes a distinct intellectual element. This is a laughter in which no mere animal shares. The anthropoid apes are by far the most like man of all brutes, and a very bright and lively adult specimen—a chimpanzee called Sally—is now living in the gardens of the Zoological Society, of London, and is remarkable for the readiness and dexterity with which she has learned to perform many tricks. At my recent experiments have been made to see if she could be got to give any evidence of a perception of the ludicrous. For this purpose her keeper arrayed himself in various unusual and brightly colored garments and went through a number of absurd gestures; Sally was evidently interested in his appearance and inspected him with care, but, as evidently, did not realize the humor of the situation. Indeed, her keeper (who is an extremely intelligent man) assured me he has never detected anything in her demeanor which he could set down to a perception of the ludicrous, although she has very marked and definite ways of expressing her feelings of joy, anger or disappointment.

A City's Car Horses.

When it is written that the Brooklyn City owns over 2,700 horses and that each horse costs 90 cents a day, some idea of the magnitude of the expense can be figured. It will be seen that at this rate over \$800 is spent on maintenance alone. It is claimed, and probably justly, that a car horse receives better treatment than an animal driven to a private conveyance. All the staples of the Brooklyn City are well ventilated. Air is permitted to enter from the top and sides, while there is a draft through the long corridor in front of each row of stalls. Over the stall of each horse is a placard, giving the occupant's age, coat, where purchased and a few other particulars. A space is left for the animal's death, the rate of the latter being about two per cent. yearly. If faults can be found with the general workings of the Brooklyn City railroad company it cannot be said that those employed in the stable are open to censure.—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Effect of Certain Odors.

The aroma of red cedar is fatal to house moths; the aroma of black walnut leaves is fatal to fleas. It is a matter of common observation that persons engaged in the business of making shingles from odoriferous cypress timber in malarial districts are rarely, if ever, affected by malarial diseases, and that persons engaged in gathering and distilling turpentine do not suffer from either malarial diseases or consumption. It is said that when cholera was epidemic in Memphis, Tenn., persons working in ivory stables were entirely exempt from it. It is affirmed that since the destruction of the clove trees on the island of Ternate the colony has suffered from epidemics unknown before; and in times when cholera has prevailed in London and Paris those employed in the perfumery factories have escaped its ravages.—[Herald of Health.]

Virtues of Indian Corn.

Indian corn contains a large amount of nitrogen, has anti-constipating qualities, is easily assimilated, cheap and very nutritive. A doctor of note declares that a course of Indian meal, in the shape of Johnny cake, hoe cake, corn or pone bread and milk, relieved by copious draughts of pure cows milk, to which, if inclined to dyspepsia, a little lime water may be added, will make a life, now a burden, well worth the living; and you need no other treatment to correct your nervousness, brighten your vision and give you sweet and peaceful sleep.

Senator Fair's Skull.

The Chicago Times tells the following story of Senator Fair: A number of years ago, when he was engaged in actively superintending one of his mining properties, he directed the boss in one of his mines to have a wrought-iron crank made at a certain angle. This foreman told him it was impossible.

Mr. Fair then went into the works at the mouth of the mine, put on a workman's apron and cap and began the work of making the crank himself, at the angle which he had described. The foreman in charge of the room, coming around, saw a workman, as he supposed, disobeying orders in wasting property by trying to make what had already been declared to be an impossibility; he picked up a piece of iron and knocked the amateur workman down, just as he was completing the piece of work. This blow fractured Fair's skull. His life was saved only through trepanning.

Mr. Fair to-day has a small silver plate in the top of his head. After he had recovered he felt very uncomfortable. He felt symptoms of a brain trouble. After a time he went back to the surgeon and said: "I am certain that that job was not well done; there is a splinter left in that wound—I can feel the prick of it." The surgeon at first would not listen to Mr. Fair, but he insisted on having it done over again. The surgeon then discovered that there was a splinter, and that if the senator had not himself discovered the cause of his trouble, his brain would have been affected in a short time beyond the hope of recovery.

The Discoverer of Spectacles.

Fewer inventions have conferred a greater blessing on the human race than that which assists impaired vision. Dr. Johnson rightly expressed his surprise that such a benefactor as the discoverer of spectacles should have been regarded with indifference, and found no worthy biographer to celebrate his ingenuity. Unfortunately, however, his name is a matter of much uncertainty; and, hence, a grateful posterity have been prevented from bestowing upon his memory that honor which it has so richly merited. But it may be noted that popular opinion has long ago pronounced in favor of Spina, a Florentine monk, as the rightful claimant, although some are in favor of Roger Bacon. Monsieur Spoon in his "Researches Curieuses d'Antiquite" fixes the date of the invention of spectacles between the years 1280 and 1311, and says that Alexander de Spina, having seen a pair made by some other person, who was unwilling to communicate the secret of their construction, ordered a pair for himself, and found them so useful that he cheerfully and promptly made the invention public. According to an Italian antiquary, the person to whom Spina was indebted for his information was Salvo, who died in the year 1318, and he quotes from a manuscript in his possession an epitaph which records the circumstances: "Here lies Salvo Arnoto d'Armati, of Florence, the inventor of spectacles. May God pardon his sins. The year 1318."—[London Standard.]

Walking Sticks.

To break off a branch for defensive purposes, as Crusoe did on finding himself on an unknown island, would be one of the first acts of primitive man. A rude support of this kind would soon be followed by the pilgrim's staff, familiar to us in the pictures of the patriarchs; and from these early stages down to the gold-headed cane of our modern dandy, what a variety of walking sticks have been produced, according to the fancy and fashion of the time. When in 1701, a footman attending gentlemen were quarrelsome weapons were usually replaced by a porter's staff, with a large silver handle, as it was then described. Thirty years later gentlemen were forbidden to carry swords and to carry large oak sticks, with great heads and ugly faces carved thereon. Before very long a competition arose between long and short walking sticks; some gentlemen liked them long as leaping poles, as a satirist of the day tells us, while others preferred a yard of varnished cane "scraped taper, banded at one end with wax taper, and tipped at the other with a neat turned ivory head as big as a silver penny."

An Ingenious Oriole.

It is curious what a variety of materials Baltimore Orioles will use in the construction of their nests. In the lawn of one of the prettiest homes in the State of Maryland a pair of orioles selected a tree in which to build. It was a large fir tree, about 45 feet from the house. The lady of the house was sewing by one of the windows opposite this tree early one beautiful summer morning, and, on being called away to some other room, she placed her spool of cotton on the windowsill. When she returned she found it discovered it on the floor of the porch which was just outside of the window. She found that a considerable length of the cotton was unwound, and looking for the end of it she traced it up to the nest of the oriole, and saw the bird busily weaving it into the nest. The lady placed the spool in the window, and it was shown as a curiosity to all who visited the house.—[St. Nicholas.]

The Right Kind of a Keepsake.

"You want a keepsake that will always remind you of me?" she said. "I do, darling," he said, tenderly. "What's the matter with myself?" she whispered.

There will be a wedding shortly.—[Boston Courier.]

DRINKING BEER.

A Brewery Employee Who Consumes a Keg Per Day.

The Daily Record Per Man From 25 to 100 Glasses.

Some people seem to be specially constructed for drinking beer. "See that man?" remarked the foreman of one of the lager-beer breweries in this city, pointing to a corpulent German workman who was standing before the small bar, which the proprietors of the brewery run for the exclusive benefit of their employees.

"Do you notice anything peculiar about his appearance?"

"Nothing very remarkable. Why do you ask?"

"I think he drinks more beer every day than any other man in New York."

"He does look like a hard drinker."

"No more so than any of the rest of our men, and he is not what you Americans would call a hard drinker. In the fifteen years he has worked for us he has never seen him drunk, but he will drink on an average 100 glasses of beer a day. That is just about a keg of beer a day. Some days he will drink more and some days less."

"Doesn't it hurt him?"

"It doesn't appear to. He has never been away a day on account of sickness since I have been here. When he comes down in the morning, which is about 5 o'clock, his first act generally is to drink ten or fifteen glasses of beer to clear his throat for the day. Then, whenever he feels thirsty he leaves his work for another drink. This bar is kept entirely for our men and our visitors. The bar-keepers have orders to give our men all the beer they want whenever they want it. If I see a man leaving his work too often I tell him to stay at the bar a little longer and take three or four glasses, instead of running back and forth after one glass each time. A few breweries give their workmen tickets good for one glass of beer each, but most concern their men drink all they want without counting the number. It makes the men feel better and doesn't cost any more in the long run."

"All of your men are not as heavy drinkers as this man?"

"No, but there is very little difference practically. An ordinary man would get as drunk on 40 glasses of beer as 100, provided that he could hold that much fluid. I suppose the average is about 40 glasses a day. As there are 110 workmen in this building and they drink over 40 kegs a day. As there are 110 glasses in a keg, you can see that the average is not far from 40 glasses each. We have about fifty drivers, but they get most of their beer on their routes from their customers. I don't suppose there is a man here who drinks less than 20 glasses a day and there are half a dozen who run over sixty."

"How do the men manage to stand it so well?"

"Come around the brewery with me and I'll show you," said the foreman, leading the reporter into a large stone-floored room, where a dozen or so brewery workmen were washing a score of beer kegs in a shallow tub of scalding water. "Just notice," he continued, "the temperature of this room. It is 10 degrees hotter than it is outdoors. Those men are wet through with perspiration. That is the way they work off their beer. This isn't like walking or working in the sun. There is no danger of sunstrokes over that tub, and they carry most of their beer home with them in their dripping flannel shirts. Now look down in the cellars with me, went on the foreman, as he prepared a brace of lighted candles and led the way down several flights of stairs into the great black cavern under the building. The change in the temperature could not have been more startling. From 100 above zero it suddenly dropped to 35, and from the pipes which supplied the cold air hung huge icicles. The vaults were piled high with deep vats, some filled with beer and some empty. Into one of the latter a workman was seen working his way through a hole apparently too small to accommodate a fraction of his girth. But such was the yielding character of his corporeity that the seeming miracle was accomplished without much difficulty, but with very little room to spare. Once indeed a horse was handed him by his companion and in a few minutes he wormed his way out again, leaving behind him as clean a vat as ever beer besotted."

"This kind of work," explained the foreman, "admits of beer-drinking without danger. No chance of a man being overcome with the heat down here. In the wash-room the men drink beer to keep cool. Here the men take it to keep warm. Now there is one place I want to show you, where our men have a chance to work off their beer," continued the foreman as he conducted the reporter through the winding passage between the vats, up the stairs into New York again, "and that is our malt-room."

The malt-room is as high above the ground as the vaults are down below it and as hot as they are cold. Next to the sun-scorched roof, there lie bushels upon bushels of malt, and in a stifling atmosphere of dust and heat there were a dozen men shoveling the grain into barrows which were being wheeled to the elevator that lowers them to the boiler-room where the malt mixes with

hops and water and comes out foaming lager-beer in the keg behind the counter in the barroom.

"The men would choke to death here without their beer. When they work ten hours, as they do up here, forty glasses of beer is not a large amount to drink after one gets used to it," continued the foreman. "I have now shown you the hardest work our men do, and you can easily see why the beer they drink doesn't hurt them particularly. If they were in some other business I suppose it might be different.—[New York World.]

A Japanese Prisoner.

The main prison in Keio, situated in a central place of the capital, Tokio, and is under the direct control of the Minister of the Interior. The building is two stories high, and made in the shape of a cross. In each story there are 40 cages, making 80 cages in all. Each cage is nine feet square. The Japanese government manages to keep many prisoners in this prison for two or three years without any public trial. Each cage generally contains ten or eleven prisoners, who eat and sleep in this small box. Or, perhaps, it is better to say the prisoners try to sleep, heaped up one over the other.

There are always from 800 to 900 prisoners kept in this way. Many become sick, and some die. The outside of each cage is protected by a strong wooden frame. The frame itself becomes a door to let the prisoners in and out. The side facing the yards has a large window, protected with an iron frame, of which the door must not be closed without the permission of the officials, even in the severest winter nights. This is a common occurrence that prisoners are found covered with snow. The most of the prisoners have no means of communicating with their friends. When they are arrested the government spy or police tell them that they need not bring any money with them, as they will be sent back to their homes in a few minutes. When they go to the prison they are kept there six months at least. During this time, if they have any money to pay postage, they are permitted to send their letters; but if they have no money no letter can be sent by public expense. They are never permitted to see their friends until the judge of a secret examination makes up his mind to send a prisoner to the court of public trial.—[Washington Star.]

A Fish That Haunts Wrecks.

In passing the tug Effort a huge brownish kind of a fish was seen tied to the gunwale. Quite a crowd was gathered about surveying the fish, which lashed the water angrily with its tail. The fish was caught outside yesterday by Mr. Charles Miller and tied to the Effort. "That," said the reporter's companion, "is the junefish, or junefish, as some will persist in calling them. How the term of junefish was ever applied to it I am at a loss to imagine, but the other term is easily explained. A junefish was never known to be caught in the bay or Gulf unless the month was June; that is, they do not appear until that month, and may be caught afterward all summer. They are always haunting old wrecks, sunken piling, and frequently come around the wharves. Sunken wrecks, however, seem to hold a peculiar fascination for them, as it is there they are mostly caught. They can be caught right now at the wreck of the old Westfield off the southeast end of Pelican Spit. This place was formerly well supplied with fish of all kinds, but lately they are not plentiful there by any means. Junefish are abundant off Indianola, where there are a good many old wrecks imbedded in the bottom of the Gulf. These wrecks were caused by the great storm of 1875, and the junefish haunt them by day and night. They can always be caught there with the proper bait.—[Galveston News.]

A Heartless Skeptic