

The Carolina Watchman.

"OLD DUMPS."

They used to make fun of him at the office. He was a queer old fellow, with a solemn face, and, what we thought, ridiculously polite ways. He would take off his hat when he came in, and say: "Good morning, gentlemen. I trust I see you all in good health this fine day." And some of the boys would nod—and some wouldn't do anything; but I never could help standing up and bowing, perhaps because I knew that my mother would have said I ought to do it. To be sure he was only on salary like ourselves, but he had been at R— & B—'s twenty-five years, and young fellows had come and gone, and there he was. And, you see, it was gentlemanly of him, I said; and if he was a little creature, with a queer little wig, why he looked something like a gentleman, too, I said once to Merrivale, next desk to mine; but—Well—I didn't try it again.

"You see, Merrivale was up to everything, dressed elegantly, sneered at everything almost, and I'd come from a country town and he was a city man. Nobody was down on "Old Dumps," as he was, especially after he made us that speech about our conduct to the ladies.

Dumps made a speech, you know; and it was Merrivale who had said the lady only came in to look at him.

"I'm sure she really wanted to know the way to the street she asked for; and how she colored and hurried out!

And Dumps with his brown wig, looked to me like the gentleman that day; and Merrivale with his fine curling hair and black moustache and broad shoulders, like a puppy.

"The man who calls a blush to the cheek of a good woman by look or tone must have forgotten his own mother," said Old Dumps.

"When that lady asked you a civil question, she relied on her belief that you were a gentleman, Mr. Merrivale. When you answered her as you did, and spoke of her as you did, any one could read your insulting thoughts, Mr. Merrivale; and you did not even rise from your seat, sir. You proved that she was very much mistaken."

"Mean to say I am no gentleman?" said Merrivale.

"In this instance, sir," said Old Dumps, "you certainly have not conducted yourself as one should."

Merrivale pulled his coat half off, and pulled it on again.

"Pshaw," said he; "he knows he's safe. There'd be no fun in knocking down an old bag of bones like that. I could do it with my little finger. But you attend to your own business, will you, Old Dumps, I can behave myself without your advice, and that ain't the first woman that's come in just for a sort of flirtation. I'm used to that sort of thing. I am."

"Mr. Dumps is right this time," said I.

"Bah!" said Merrivale. "You're from the country."

"Thank Heaven for it, then my young friend, said Dumps, and sat down.

After that Merrivale was never half way civil to Dumps, and the boys followed Merrivale's lead. But I liked the old fellow. When we met in the street I'd take off my hat and shake hands, and say some of those polite things that mother used to say. And I wrote of him to mother, and she said she was glad that her boy knew what was due to a good old gentleman. But after all, in the office, you know what the boys thought and said had its influence.

Who were the boys? Why, there was Merrivale, with his darling airs, and his way of letting you know he was favorite with the women.

And Carberry, who didn't care about style, and knew the city.

And Stover, who used to come with red eyes and headaches, and boast that he had been making a night of it.

It was lonely enough in the great city, and I should have liked to join the company with Dumps and walk home with him from church sometimes, but I was afraid of meeting one of the boys, and I never did. But I would bow to him, and we took our hats off to each other always.

Sometimes, when I lived at Haredale with my mother, I've seen the sky beautiful and bright and blue one hour, and the next black with the clouds of a thunder storm. Just that way my trouble came to me—an awful trouble—such as I could not have dreamed of.

I had written to my mother that I was doing well and liked my business, and would be down to see her on Sunday, when I was sent for to go into the inner office; and there—I can't go through with it—I can't even remember details! But I was charged with being a thief.

You'd have to understand our particular business, as well as book-keeping, to know how I was supposed to have done it; but they believed I had robbed them of one hundred pounds.

They urged me to confess. I was innocent, and I said so. Then they told me they did not wish to be hard on me. I was young. The city was a bad place for boys. They would be merciful, and only dismiss me without a recommendation! All I could say had no effect. They proved me guilty before they accused me they said; and at last I staggered out in-

to the office. The boys were getting ready to go home. I saw they knew what had happened.

"None of you believed this of me," said I.

"None of you who know me?"

And Merrivale said:

"Look here, Forrester, you're very lucky to get off so."

"Carberry said:

"Now come we know too much to be fooled. It's always your sly boots of a young man that does these sort of things."

And Grab said:

"I say, Forrester, don't talk too much; you'll give yourself away."

And Stover said:

"Oh, go take a glass of brandy and water, and don't go on like a girl about it."

And with shame, and rage, and grief, I could have died; when out of his dusty corner came Little Old Dump, in his little snuff-colored overcoat, and held out his hand.

"Mr. Forrester," he said. "I've watched you ever since you've been here. I know what you are. You are incapable of a dishonest act, and what is more I will prove it before I rest. The man who honors his mother will do no dishonorable thing."

He took my hand in his arm, and, bowing to the others, walked out with me. I heard Grab and Stover and Carberry laugh, but Merrivale gave us a furious look, and stood, white to the lips, looking after us.

"Mr. Dumps," said I, "I thank you for your confidence in me—I deserve it—in this, at least; but it saves my heart from breaking under this disgrace. How shall I tell my mother?"

"Don't tell her yet," said he. "Wait. —Others shall think of you as I do soon."

Then we went on in silence. He took me to his room, where he kept bachelor's hall.—He made tea for me, and served me with sliced potted beef and thin bread and butter. The room was a strange, old-fashioned place, enough like a room in a story—and there was a miniature of a young lady in the costume of forty years before, on the wall over the mantel; and of book shelves, old calf-bound volumes—Fielding's Amelia, Thaddeus of Warsaw, Evelina—can't tell you all of them; and on the stand near the fire, the prayer book, with a book-mark hanging to it.

And it was not until we had done tea that he said to me very apologetically, after I had called him Mr. Dumps:

"Mr. Forrester, excuse me; but I am not named Dumps. That is the name by which the young men at the store considered it witty to call me. I confess I could not see the wit, but it rather hurt them more than me. I saw by your manner that you had made a mistake. My name is Adams."

I was so much ashamed of having used the nick-name, innocently as I did it, I could have cried.

But my friend comforted me. I think that but for his sympathy that night I should have taken my life. I did not believe he could help me even then.

But he did. I said I could not tell you just what they accused me of doing unless you knew the ins and outs of our business. And I can't tell you how I did it for the same reason. But one day he came to me, flushed with triumph, and took both my hands and shook them hard, and said:

"My dear boy, it's all right. I'd watched before and had a clue. Your character is cleared. The firm welcome you back, with regrets that they should have suspected you, and the real culprit is found. The real culprit is Merrivale, and Stover is his accomplice."

And so it really was. They had doctored my books and meddled with my proof.—They made me out a thief as plainly as though I had been one, and they never guessed that "Old Dumps," with his suspicious aroused, had played detective, and was able to come to my rescue in the hour of need.

I went back to my situation and I've got on well ever since; but there's more of my story. Think of my dear Old Dumps turning out to be my uncle—my mother's own brother—and neither of us guessing it.

Long ago other people had quarreled and so separated these two, who were always friends.

Think of the little man in the shabby wig and coat proving to be quite rich, and going down the country to live with his sister for the rest of his life.

In vacations and holidays I go to see them. They are happy together, and the little tea is set with the china, and there is potted beef and jelly and I'm petted like a child. And in my uncle's room the old miniature of the young lady hangs on the mantel piece as it did in his lodgings.

And once he told me its sweet, sad story, and I knew why the quaint old man in the office had a more true and tender gallantry to women, and was a braver friend and more perfect gentleman than the young fops who grinned at him from the high stools between his desk and the window, and gave him the nickname of Old Dumps.

Prayer is a haven to shipwrecked mariners, an anchor to them that are sinking in the waves, a staff to the limbs that totter, a mine of jewels to the poor, a security to the rich, a healer of disease, and a guardian of health. Prayer at once secures the continuance of our blessings, and dissipates the cloud of our calamities.—*Chrysostom.*

A MODEL SENTENCE.

Three saloon-keepers in Chicago were found guilty of selling liquor to minors. The address of the justice when they were sentenced, as reported in the Chicago Tribune, is original and eminently wholesome. The evils of the liquor traffic, and what a license involves, are rarely set out in a clearer light than the following address by Judge Reading:

"By the law you may sell to men and women, if they buy. You have given your bond, and paid your license to sell to them, and no one has a right to molest you in your legal business. No matter what the consequences may be, no matter what poverty and destitution are produced by your selling according to law, you have paid your money for this privilege, and you are licensed to pursue your calling. No matter what families are distracted and rendered miserable; no matter what children starve or mourn over the degradation of a parent, your business is legalized and no one may interfere with you in it. No matter what mother may agonize over the loss of a son, or a sister blush at the shame of a brother, you have a right to disregard them all and pursue your legal calling—you are licensed. You may fit up your lawful place of business in the most enticing and captivating form; you may furnish it with the most costly and elegant equipments for your lawful trade; you may fill it with the allurements of amusements; you may use all your arts to induce visitors; you may skillfully arrange and expose to view your choicest wines and most captivating beverages; you may thus induce a raging appetite for strong drink, and then you may supply that appetite to the full, because it is lawful; you have paid for it—you have a license. You may allow boys almost children to frequent your saloon; they may witness the apparent satisfaction with which their seniors quaff the sparkling glass; you may be schooling and training them for the period of twenty-one, when they two, can participate, for all this is lawful. You may hold the cup to their lips, but you must not let them drink—that is unlawful. But with all these privileges, that of selling to the children is denied you. Here parents have the right to say, "Leave my son to me until the law gives you a right to destroy him. Do not anticipate that terrible moment when I can assert for him no further rights of protection. That will be soon enough for me, for his mother, for his sister, for his friends and for the community to take his road to death. Give him to us in his childhood at least. Let us have a few years of his youth, in which we can enjoy his innocence, to repay us in some small degree for the care and love we have lavished upon him." This is something you who now stand prisoners at the bar have not paid for—this is not embraced in your license. For this offense the court sentences you for ten days imprisonment in the county jail, and that you pay a fine of seventy-five dollars and that you stand committed until the fine and costs of this prosecution are paid."

UNIVERSITY NORMAL SCHOOL.

Lecture by Professor Kerr, the State Geologist.

CLIMATOLOGY AND GEOLOGY.

[Special correspondence of the News.]

CHAPEL HILL, July 14, 1877.

The second lecture of the course was delivered yesterday afternoon by Prof. W. C. Kerr, in the college chapel. The subject of the lecture was

CLIMATOLOGY.

The importance of the subject is not generally recognized. The climate of a country determines its products, cultivation. The climate of England forbids raising of silkworms or of the grape; therefore England, in spite of long continued and obstinate attempts to carry on these industries, is compelled by nature to import her wine and silk. She manufactures silk, to be sure, but the cocoons are imported.

Climate is determined by geographical position and topographical relations.

Temperature is determined chiefly by latitude, the thermometer falling 1° to 1½° for 1° of latitude, modified by—1. Elevation (3° for 1,000 feet). 2. The distance and direction of the coast lines and mountain ranges. 3. Winds. 4. Ocean currents.

Moisture or humidity depends on—1. Relation to water surface. 2. Winds. 3. Ocean currents.

The winds from the African desert, very hot and dry at first, become charged with moisture as they blow over the Mediterranean, and reach Italy and Sicily in a condition favorable to vegetation. Winds from the same country become the hot, destructive monsoons of Arabia and India. The Mediterranean has changed the monsoon into the sirocco.

So much for climatology in general. Let us consider North Carolina.

WHERE IS NORTH CAROLINA?

Nobody knows. Everybody says its latitude is from 33° 58' to 36° 30'; the real latitude is: S. E. corner, 30° 51' 37"; N. E. corner, 36° 33' 15"; N. W. corner, 36° 34' 25". Its topographical relations are as follows: It lies E. and W. 475 miles, N. and S. 100 miles. It is wide in the east, narrow in the west; low in the east, high in the west; sounds and lakes east, mountains west.

It has five topographical and climate divisions:

1. Seaboard, 50 feet elevation above the sea level.
2. Sandy pine barren, 100 to 200 feet elevation.
3. Hill country, 600 to 700 feet.
4. Piedmont, 1,000 feet.
5. Mountain plateau, 2,600 feet.

The east end is thrust into the Gulf Stream and the west end is elevated. The effect is nearly the same as it would be if the State were turned half around and lay lengthwise up and down the coast. The winds meet in North Carolina and contend for the mastery; N. W. hot and dry; S. W., hot and moist; N. E., cold. It cannot rain with a N. W. wind. The S. W. wind generally brings rain.

The climate of North Carolina is dry, being about 60°, that of Ireland is 88°, London 80°, New Orleans 86°.

North Carolina has every range of climate, producing

ALL KINDS OF VEGETATION,

balsam, palmetto, hemlock, live oak. It has more varieties of any one botanical species than any other portion of the globe of the same extent. It has wild horses, whales and corals. The State is especially suited for manufacturing. Our rainfall gives us a power equal to the whole steam power of England.

The lecture was illustrated by maps, which displayed by means of lines the various features of climate described by Prof. Kerr. At night the subject of the lecture was upon

GEOLOGY RELATING TO COAL.

Coal is a combustible black stone. It was used by the Greeks, Romans and Britons. It is used chiefly to feed steam engines. The mining of coal was attended by great danger until Sir Humphrey Davy invented the safety lamp.

Before that time the operations were either conducted in the dark or by the feeble light of phosphorescent wood, usually called fox fire. A dangerous gas, called fire damp, accumulates in the coal mine, and explodes in contact with flame. Davy's lamp cuts off the flame from the surrounding atmosphere by a covering of wire gauze, through which the flame will not pass.

Prof. Kerr visited a coal mine in England, went down a shaft 2500 feet deep in a car. The coal cars were continually ascending and descending, bringing up two tons of coal every minute. In the mines, 2500 feet underground, were people, horses, railways, a small village. Some of the men had not seen the light of day in thirty years. It was very warm, and the air had to be cooled by blasts of cool air blown in by the aid of the steam engine which was located in the bank near the shaft, 1,250 feet from the surface and furnished the power to carry on all the work. Coal, which is lower than 3,000 feet, cannot be mined, because at that depth the heat is too intense to per-

mit men to labor. Below is a statement of the number of tons annually mined by the coal-producing countries:

Great Britain.....	130,000,000
United States.....	50,000,000
France.....	30,000,000
Belgium.....	15,000,000
Spain.....	15,000,000
Nova Scotia.....	700,000

The following table shows the amount of coal to be mined in each of the coal-producing countries. The estimate is made according to the number of square miles of surface lying above the coal-beds:

United States.....	200,000 Sq. Miles.
Great Britain.....	15,000 "
France.....	1,500 Sq. M.
Belgium.....	500 "
Spain.....	500 "
Nova Scotia.....	1,500 "

In Wales the coal goes down 12,000 feet, in Prussia 20,000, so that a large portion can never be mined. At 2,000 feet below the surface the temperature is over 100° higher than blood heat.

Some time ago England became excited about her supply of coal and appointed a commission to investigate the matter. It was calculated that the coal beds of Great Britain will be exhausted in 300 years. The English vessels are ordered to buy coal at foreign stations if possible.

The source of coal is the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, which gave food to the trees whose bodies partly decayed formed coal. If all the carbonic acid was converted into coal there would be a layer of coal 1 foot deep over the whole globe or 4 feet deep over the land. There is more carbon in the air than in the coal beds. Most of the carbon exists in the form of limestone, and all this was also once in the atmosphere. Graphite or black lead, petroleum or rock oil, and diamonds are all carbon as well as coal. Coal in the earth exists in layers of various thickness and at varying depths under ground. In Wales the formation contains 80 seams or layers of coal, aggregation 120 feet of coal and lying from a few hundred to 12,000 feet below the surface. A seam must be 2 feet deep to pay for working. In Pennsylvania some single seams 100 feet deep have been found. Most of the seams are valueless, being less than 2 feet.

A geologist can tell by the rocks of a country whether it has any coal and how deep the beds are. The earth is made of layers of rocks, and coal occurs in particular layers. Coal must have formed very slowly, probably 1 yard in 1,000 years. A Welsh coal bed of 120 feet of coal must have required 40,000 years to form.

The coal near

EGYPT

in North Carolina is 460 feet below the surface and the layer or seam is 5 feet thick.

This lecture was well delivered and abundantly illustrated by means of maps. These two lectures should be delivered throughout the entire State and printed in pamphlet form for distribution. We regret our inability to give more than the above exceedingly hasty and meagre sketch.

ELOQUENT EXTRACTS.

Below we give to our readers a few extracts from a lecture delivered before the Normal School at Chapel Hill, by Prof. A. W. Mangum, well known to our readers:

"I have therefore concluded that I could find no subject more appropriate for an address before this association than

THE BIBLE—THE TEXT-BOOK FOR ALL MEN AND FOR ALL AGES."

Prof. Mangum asked was the Bible sufficient to establish the truth and reveal the true character of God. An argument of some length clearly established the great aims and truthfulness of the word of God. The Bible character of God shows itself more plainly and effectively when compared with the characters which have been assigned to "Jupiter of Mythology, the Krishna of Brahma of Paganism, the blind chance of the Fatalist, the crude fancy of materialism, the absurd omniformity of the Pantheist or any or all of the multifarious and transcendental vagaries of infidel philosophy."

So the Bible is not a failure—but in its own glorious sphere is still unrivalled and victorious. Notwithstanding all this it has determined enemies. The irreligious in the learned world leave no theory untested that gives the faintest promise of its refutation. We note especially three daring charges of modern infidelity.

1st. It contends that the Bible is contradicted by known truths in science.

2nd. It affirms that the Bible is too restricted in its plans of benevolence for this broad humanitarian spirit of this age.

3rd. It pronounces it antiquated, obsolete and inadequate to our era of great intellectual achievements and unprecedented refinement. In answer to the first he raised himself erect and with pride proclaimed that those branches which are arrayed against the Bible are successfully refuted by the Bible and its devotees.

Progress is the foster child of Christianity. The Bible does not profess or aim to teach the world in art, science, letters and refinement, but under its benignant reign these eminent branches of human

progress are most rapidly and inspiringly developed. They flourish most where Christianity most signally triumphs.

Here the Professor drew a comparison between those countries where the Bible is read and those where paganism and idolatry exist. His picture of China was very interesting, dealing minutely with the manners, socially, morally and politically.

In speaking of the Bible, he said: "It tells the navigator of a ship that rode the waves that hid the mountains and drowned the world, and even tells of one who walked erect on storm-lashed billows with naught but his sandals beneath him. It tells the railroad king of a chariot of fire rolling its flashing wheels on plains of ether through the trackless heavens."

It tells the architect of jasper walls and gates of pearl and streets of shining gold; and a city that shall stand through endless ages. It tells the sons of music, of bands, of immortal harpers arrayed on glass and fire, striking to the numbers of undying praise and joy. It points the painter to the unrivalled pictures on the sky, robes of the morning and curtains of glory that veil the setting sun, and tells him these are but faint shadows of the beauties that shine forever in the inner galleries of the skies.

Then say not the Bible is a failure. It is sufficient for the age, and it will be sufficient for all human ages. It will have the place of highest honor known in the alcoves of time when the poetry of Shakespear and Homer, the science of Humboldt and Darwin, the history of Gibbon and McCauley and the orators of Demosthenes and Webster, are lost or forgotten; aye, it will hold its place in perfected edition through everlasting ages in the library of eternity.

In conclusion, to all patriotic citizens of this grand old commonwealth, or of any other section of this great republic, I commend the principles of this matchless volume as the guardians of civil and religious right and the infallible guides to genuine political economy and permanent national prosperity. To woman, in whatever sphere of life, I commend it as the author and vindicator of that faithful recognition of her transcendent loveliness and excellency which is to-day one of the most honorable distinctions of christian civilization.

To you gentlemen, I commend it as the sure, unerring chart by which, if you are truly loyal, we must direct this University—this flag-ship of the educational navy of North Carolina—with all the life-laden fleet that follows in her wake—on her glorious voyage of beneficence and honor.

To each and all I commend it, as the superhuman mentor, ever ready, ever sure. Let it choose your vocation, your pleasures, your companions, your fashions, your honors, your rewards, your hopes and your destiny."

Marked attention was paid throughout the entire lecture, and not infrequently did the audience bestow the well merited applause. It is to be hoped that the entire lecture will be published.

VALUABLE TESTIMONY.

The elections in Rome are very significant. The clerical party have had their candidates, and have put forth their utmost strength, and they have been utterly defeated. This in Rome, where the Pope and the goodness or badness of Romanism and Romish rule are better known than anywhere on earth! If the people of this country wish to be informed whether Romish supremacy in this country would be a blessing, the people of Rome are prepared to give testimony on the subject. They have given it in the elections just held. The whole influence of the clergy was exerted on the masses of the population, and the entire strength of the clerical party was polled. The result is that they were utterly defeated. Not one clerical candidate was elected.—*S. W. Presbyterian.*

The following order, issued a week or ten days ago, is what caused the trouble on the Pennsylvania Railroad:

NOTICE TO DISPATCHERS.

On and after Thursday, July 19, 1877, two trains are to be run on Union and two trains on National Line through between Pittsburg and Altoona, thirty-six cars to a train, a pusher from Pittsburg to Derry, and a pusher from Conemaugh to Altoona. No passenger engines to be run on freight. Balance of trains to divide at Derry, first in and first out. Derry to be the headquarters eastward, where engines will be turned. Between Derry and Pittsburg, all double-headers, thirty-six cars to a train, or as many as they can haul, to be increased or decreased in the judgment of dispatcher—according to lading in cars.

ROBERT PITCAIRN,
Superintendent.

The pioneers of the Catholic colony of Saint Breddan arrived in Spartanburg on the 18th inst. Thirty thousand acres of land have been purchased in Transylvania and Henderson counties, in this State, for colonization purposes. Arrangements have been made for the removal thither of sixty-five families from eight different States of the Union. They will turn their attention to farming and stock-raising.—*Baleigh News.*

The Georgia convention is composed of lawyers 51, farmers 44, doctors 15, merchants 13, manufacturers 5, railroad managers 4, teachers 2, editors 2, preachers 5, professional office-holders 4. This is not a full list.

Mrs. Wimberly, of Otter Creek, Fla., has netted \$312.50 on three-fourths of an acre of cucumbers this season. On the same piece of land this lady has planted sugar cane, upon which she hopes to make at least \$200.

The following new anecdote is told of ex-Governor Letcher, of Virginia: Governor Letcher, returning from a Baptist fair, was asked by a friend what he had been doing. "I have been eating oysters for the Lord at a dollar a dozen," was the reply.

The Wheeling (W. Va.) Register, in an editorial urging the selection of Charleston, Kanawha county, as the permanent location for the State capital, where a State-house had already been erected, as against Clarksburg, where these buildings would cost \$500,000, makes the annexed acknowledgment of the new State's obligations in regard to the old debt of Virginia: "Attempt to evade it as we may, the people of West Virginia will very soon be forced to look fair in the face and provide for the payment of her 'equitable proportion' of the old State debt of Virginia, whether that 'equitable proportion' be \$5,000,000 or \$15,000,000."

The strikers on the Erie Railroad fixed their terms at the outset. On Friday a committee of firemen and brakemen handed the Superintendent of the road, a document in writing, containing the following demands on behalf of the firemen, brakemen, switchmen and trackmen, to wit: That all the men discharged for taking part in any meeting or going as committee to New York shall be reinstated. Brakemen to receive \$2 per day, switchmen \$2, and head switchmen \$2.25, trackmen in yards \$1.50 per day, trackmen on sections to receive \$1.40 per day and pay no rental on company's grounds, except as per agreement. The firemen to have the same pay, or rates of pay, as they received prior to July 1, 1877, and monthly passes to be continued same as before, and passes be issued to brakemen and switchmen.—*Baleigh News.*

SINGULAR BUT TRUE.—A few days ago a gentleman who lives near this city was walking through his farm, and heard quite a distance from his dwelling, heard the chirp of a chicken. Thinking that some hen had "stolen her nest," he followed up the chirp and found a young chicken following a partridge. He carried the chicken to his house, and there related the circumstances to the lady members of his family. The ladies, prompted by curiosity, repaired to the place where the chicken was found, and during their search they discovered a partridge nest with sixteen partridge eggs and the shell of a hen's egg, which accounted for the wail. The partridge eggs were carried home and placed under a sitting hen and much to the surprise of the household, there were soon sixteen little partridges running around the yard. A few days subsequently the one little chicken could not be found anywhere about the premises, but was afterwards discovered with the partridge in the woods two miles from the dwelling. Query, which is the mother of the chicken, the partridge or the hen.—*Wilmington Review.*

SOME HOPE LEFT.—When the oxyhydrogen microscope was first exhibited in Edinburgh, a poor woman whose riches would never hinder her ascent to the kingdom above, took her seat in the lecture room where the wonders of the instrument were shown and which were for the first time to meet her sight. A piece of lace was magnified into a salmon net, and a flea was metamorphosed into an elephant, and other like marvels were performed before the eyes of the venerable dame, who sat in silent astonishment, staring, open-mouthed, at the disk. But when at length a milliner's needle was transformed into a poplar tree, and confronted her with its huge eye, she could "hold in" no longer. "My goodness!" she exclaimed, "a camel could go through that! There's hope for the rich folks yet."

It has always been customary in Paris and other large cities, to name the streets and boulevards after the members of the governing powers, and eminent statesmen and savants, but it is also customary to change those names again at every overthrow of the government. This has, of course, caused many inconveniences, and Madame Zelde had a proof of that nuisance when her husband came home at 4 o'clock in the morning.

"What kept you so long?" she inquired.

"Well, my love," he answered, "it is not my fault if I come home at this time. They have changed the name of our street, and I could not find my way home."

CONSOLATION.—The Ohio State Journal tells of a village clergyman who, visiting a parishioner suffering from a lingering disease, expressed to his wife a hope that she sometimes spoke to him of the future.

"I do, indeed, sir," was the reply. "Often and often I wakes him in the night and says: John, John, you little think of the torture as is prepared for you."