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The Carolina Watchman.

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BY J. J. BRUNER.

Flies Walk Up.

"I have only known of one instance where baldness proved remunerative," said an old gentleman to a St. Louis Globe writer. "A friend of mine, who had a shining pate, fell into the habit of watching the actions of his tormentors, the flies. He noticed that a fly always walks upward. Put a fly on a window and up he goes toward the top; he cant be made to walk downward. So my friend hit upon an idea. Why not use the habit against them? Forthwith he made a window screen, divided in half. The upper half lapped over the lower, with an inch of space between. Well, as soon as a fly would light on the screen he would proceed to travel upward, and would thus walk straight outdoors. On reaching the top of the lower half he would be outside. Not being able to walk down, he had no way to return to the room. By this means a room can be quickly cleared of flies, which always seek the light. My friend got out a patent, and proposes to begin a systematic war against the household pest."

It was a Boston boy who started the fashion of calling his father by his given name, and the fashion lasted about thirty seconds.—*Detroit Free Press.*

LOOK OUT!

Compare this with your purchase:

As you value health, perhaps life, examine each package and be sure you get the **Genuine.** See the **red Z Trade-Mark** and the full title on **front of Wrapper,** and **on the side the seal and signature of J. H. Zeilin & Co.,** as in the above fac-simile. Remember there is another **genuine** Simmons Liver Regulator.

PIEDMONT WAGONS

MADE AT

HICKORY, N. C.

CAN'T BE BEAT!

They stand where they ought to, right square

AT THE FRONT!

It Was a Hard Fight But They Have Won It!

Just read what people say about them and if you want a wagon come quickly and buy one, either for cash or on time.

SALISBURY, N. C.
Sept. 1st, 1886.

Two years ago I bought a very light two-horse Piedmont wagon of the Agent, Jno. A. Boyden; have used it nearly all the time since, have tried it severely in hauling saw logs and other heavy loads, and have not had to pay one cent for repairs. I look upon the Piedmont wagon as the best Thimble Skein wagon made in the United States. The timber used in them is most excellent and thoroughly well seasoned.

TURNER P. THOMASON.

SALISBURY, N. C.
Aug. 27th, 1886

About two years ago I bought of Jno. A. Boyden, a one horse Piedmont wagon which has done much service and no part of it has broken or given away and consequently it has cost nothing for repairs.

JOHN D. HENLY.

SALISBURY, N. C.
Sept. 31, 1886.

Eighteen months ago I bought of John A. Boyden, a 2¼ inch Thimble Skein Piedmont wagon and have used it pretty much all the time and it has proved to be a first rate wagon. Nothing about it has given away and therefore it has required no repairs.

T. A. WALTON.

SALISBURY, N. C.
Sept. 8th, 1886.

18 months ago I bought of the Agent, in Salisbury, a 2¼ in Thimble Skein Piedmont wagon—their lightest one-horse wagon—I have kept it in almost constant use and during the time have hauled on it at least 75 loads of wood and that without any breakage or repairs.

L. R. WALTON.

ALONE.

I miss you, my darling, my darling,
The embers burn low on the hearth;
And still is the stir of the household,
And hushed is the voice of its mirth;
The rain plashes fast on the terrace,
The winds past the lattices moan;
The midnight chimes out from the minsters,
And I am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling.
I am tired with care and with fret;
I would nestle in silence beside you
And all but your presence forget.
In the hush of the happiness given,
To those who through trusting have grown
To the fullness of love in contentment,
But I am alone.

I call you my darling, my darling,
My voice echoes back on my heart;
I stretch my arms to you in longing,
And lo! they fall empty, apart.
I whisper the sweet words you taught me,
The words that we only have known,
Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter,
For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling,
With its yearning my very heart aches;
The load that divides us weighs harder,
I shrink from the jar that it makes.
Old sorrows rise up to beset me;
Old doubts make my spirit their own.
Oh, come through the darkness and save me;
For I am alone.

—*Robert J. Burdette.*

QUEER BEASTS.

Strange Specimens of Animal Life Found in Arizona.

REPTILES AND INSECTS BOTH HARMLESS AND OTHERWISE.

There are many species of lizards abounding upon the sandy "mesas," writes a Globe (Arizona) correspondent to the San Francisco Chronicle; one can hardly move a rock without disturbing the siesta of one or more of these bright-eyed, inoffensive little creatures, which seem to prove themselves descendants of Eve, for more curious bits of animal life were never known. Thus curiosity will even overcome their natural fears for while writing upon a large rock two or three came out and ventured clear up to the paper, tasted an evelope, and upon being frightened away soon returned to pursue their investigations, which, could a person keep quiet enough, would be carried to a rather obnoxious extent.

The horned toad is another little animal which seems to have a fondness for human company, and many of them make their home under porches and steps. They much resemble a large lizard, save that around their necks is a number of sharp projecting horns about half an inch long and the same distance apart, and which give to them a most ferocious look. They are of a dark stone color and perfectly harmless. There are quite a good many centipedes, which, however, it is well to inspect from a distance. Upon seeing the first one running across a room a person is ready to take his oath that the reptile is not less than three feet in length, but which upon actual measurement, would probably be about nine inches, so that is the average length. They are a sort of transparent brown and have two rows of legs the entire length of the body. They are put together in sections, and look like the hundred-legged worms often found in Ohio around rotten wood or under old boards. It is not the bite of the centipede that is so poisonous, but each end of his numerous claws contain the venom, and when frightened, or an attempts is made to brush him off, every claw is fastened into the flesh and the poison discharged. The only way when one gets on to any portion of the flesh is to keep perfectly quiet until the visitor walks off of his own account.

This, however, is a by no means easy thing to do, as one at a first impulse is very apt to make a decided endeavor to remove the effender. This poison is never known to prove fatal, but produces an intense irritation which will affect the whole system in the same manner as the bite of a rattlesnake.

Tarantulas are to be found quite plenty in the mountains, and when camping out our party had frequently to shoot a number in order to clear a spot on which to spread their blankets. This may seem small game for shooting, but a man's revolver is his handiest weapon in this country. These tarantulas look like huge spiders, with legs about two inches long and covered with long black hair. It is not safe to get too near one of these creatures, as they are capable of springing into the air several feet, and are apt to light too near one for personal comfort; yet if left alone they will never molest you. But they are furious warriors among themselves, often fighting one another for several days. Their bite is poisonous, but not dangerously so. Scorpions are found to be quite plenty around the foot-hills, and their sting is very painful. They resemble a monstrous flea and are very fond of crawling into beds. Many people, newcomers especially, are in the habit of making a thorough examination of their couch before retiring, not caring to receive the warm reception which would be awarded them by these small intruders. There is a small insect about the size of a flea, dark brown color and without wings, which lives in the sand and is said to be the most poisonous of anything here It is called an "Indian killer," that being the only name for it that can be learned. It, however is, almost unknown, and after a residence of several months I have never seen but one, and that a dead one.

The Russian Bloodhound.

In crossing the Strand, London, I dodged the pole of one vehicle just in time to be struck by the shafts of another, and, as the pavement was slippery, I went down, and the vehicle went over me, breaking my left leg below the knee. An hour later I was in my bachelor apartments (the work of the surgeon finished,) and feeling that I ought to be thankful to have come off with my life. I was in for a siege of many weeks, and I had some business which must be attended to by an outsider. Therefore, after a day or two, I sent for Captain Jack Williams, an old acquaintance. He answered promptly enough, and we soon made very satisfactory arrangements. He was a bluff, honest fellow, out of active service, and having nothing to do, and the only unpleasant feature about his friendship was the fact of his owning a monster Russian bloodhound. The brute was his shadow. Where the dog could not go the Captian would not go. He refused all parties and receptions because of the dog. He refrained from excursions by land or sea because he would be temporarily separated from Czar, as he called the animal. The pair were well known in London, and the Captain was as safe at midnight in the slums as any other man would be in the Strand at noonday. One glance at the dog was enough to show that he was as dangerous as tiger. He made no friends either among dogs or men, and had miraculously escaped a dozen well-laid traps to bring about his death.

I hated Czar, and on two or three occasions I had reason to believe that the feeling was returned. When the Captain called and found me laid up, he had sense enough to know that the presence of the brute might annoy me and he therefore shut him up in the servant's room for a few minutes. The dog was usually prompt in obedience. On this occasion he obeyed in a grudging, sulky manner, and before leaving the room threatened me so plainly that I became apprehensive. The Captain agreed that Czar should not enter my sick room again, and in a couple of weeks I had forgotten all about the incident.

I had apartments on the second floor, three rooms in a row, with a hall along the front of the last two. The first room was for my servant, a man who had been with me for many years. The next was the reception room, and the third my sleeping room. One coming down the hall could enter at the door of either room. The bedroom and reception room were connected, but the servant's room was entirely shut off. It was a hot day in August, with all doors and windows open. I was feeling pretty smart, although the pain was considerable, and a couple of my friends had just departed, after a brief call when Henry, my servant, came in to see what he could do for me. I was flat on my back, as you know, with no chance to turn over on account of the leg, but I had him prop me up with two or three pillows. I then sent him for ice. He had but a few steps to go, and the doors were left open behind him. He had been gone about five minutes when in walked Capt. Williams' Russian bloodhound. I shouldn't have said walked; on the contrary he came running in, head up, tongue out, and his eyes as red as live coals. I saw him the moment he entered; and it passed through my brain like a flash that he was mad.

The door leading into the hall was open. Twice as the dog circled around the room he seemed on the point of going out, but each time changed his mind, whined in an uneasy way, and then continued his circling. He did not look for me, nor at me. It was a large room, with the bed against the wall, and from the way the brute bumped against the chairs I believe he was nearly blind. He had been with me two or three minutes when the hall door was caught by a draught of wind and slowly pulled to. It did not quite shut. The dog noticed the movement, sprang to get out, and the result was that he pushed the door shut and snapped the spring lock. The door leading in the reception room was still open, but the door from that into the hall was shut. The animal rushed into this room, upset a chair and bumped the table, and then came back whining, his tail down and his courage gone, and slunk under my bed. That the dog was suffering with hydrophobia there could be no doubt. As he returned from the reception room there was foam on his jaws, and he was so weak he staggered.

Had I been a well man and fully armed my situation would have been bad enough. There I was, perfectly helpless, locked in with the brute, and knowing that it might be hours before death came to him. My servant had a key to the door, and when he returned he would open it and walk in. There was not the slightest question but that the dog would at once attack him. It had two or three minutes in which to to think, and it was wonderful how clear headed I was. I looked upon my own chances as hopeless, and therefore determined that when Henry returned I would call out to him before he got the door open. I was also concerned for fear the dog would get out of the building. It was a crowded neighborhood, and he might bite a score of people before he was destroyed.

It is said that the presence of a great danger sharpens the sense of hearing. I believe this to be true, for I have had several personal experiences. As I lay there waiting for my servant to return I plainly heard sounds which could not have come to my ears under ordinary circumstances. At the foot of the second flight of stairs, a distance of fully 70 feet from my bed, Henry was stopped by a young man who lodged on that floor. I heard him say;

"I was waiting here to tell you that Capt. William's burte of a dog passed up stairs a short time ago. Is the captain there?"

"He was not there when I left."

"And he has not come in after the dog. The animal had a scary look, and you'd better be careful how you drive him out."

"Thank you, sir, I'll hurry right up."

I heard my man come up stairs and along the hall. As soon as he saw that my bedroom door was shut he seemed to suspect the worst, and he acted like a hero. He came down the hall on tiptoe, put his face close to the door, and sang out;

"Colonel, I know the big dog is in your room and I am going for help. If he comes near you shut your eyes and pretend to be dead."

The sound of his voice put the dog into a frenzy. He growled and snarled and snapped, and as the man hurried down the hall the beast rushed from under the bed with a dreadful howl and began rushing around the room as before After making the circle of the bedroom four or five times, he dashed into the reception room. There he quite overturned the center table, and in his fury he wrenched off a leg with his teeth and destroyed the upholstering of the sofa. I was terribly excited, and had I given way to my feelings I should have screamed out like a woman. I shut my eyes tightly, braced my nerves by chiding myself for a coward, and when the climax came I was fairly ready for it. I knew that the dog would sooner or later turn to me, and as he left the reception room he was on the foot of the bed in two bounds. There was an open book lying there, and he seized and worried this for a moment. Then came walking up to my face, bearing his full weigh on my broken leg, and giving me intense pain. My arms and hands were on the cover, and the foam from his mouth fell upon my bare flesh. He put both paws on my chest, and ran his nose over my face to sniff at me, and he was all the time snarling and whining in a way to take the nerve away from the stoutest man.

I don't know whether he would have bitten me or not, could I have remained quiet, but such a thing as holding my nerves steady for over a minute was utterly impossible. I was feeling that I must throw up my hands and scream out when the beast leaped off the bed. He had heard people in the hall.

He ran about the room whining and snarling, and all at once made a spring for the door of the reception room, which was being shut to by hun an hands. A space six or eight inches wide was left, and when the dog attempted to push his head into this, a couple of bullets were fired into him and he backed out to fall dead. Henry had summoned two policemen, and while the brute stood over me on the bed the faithful servant had entered the reception room and pushed the door as nearly shut as they wanted it, having believed that the dog would behave just as he did. That Czar was suffering with hydrophobia none could doubt from his looks and conduct. Inside of twenty days two house dogs which he had snapped at as he came up went mad, and then there was no further question that I had a close shave from a horrible death.—*New York Sun.*

Paying an Old Debt.

A merchant very extensively engaged in commerce, in one of our Atlantic cities, died intestate February 18, 18—, at the age of seventy-five. After his death, among his papers a package of considerable size was found, carefully tied up and labeled as follows:

"Notes, due-bills and accounts against persons down along-shore—some of these may be got by suits or severe dunning. But the people are all poor; most of them have had fisherman's luck. My children will do as they think best. Perhaps they will think, with me, that it is best to burn this entire package."

About a month after he died his sons met together, when the elder brother, the administrator, produced this packet, read the superscription, and asked what course should be taken in regard to it. Another brother, a few years younger than the eldest, a man of strong, impulsive temperament, unable at the moment to express his feelings by words, while he brushed the tears from his eyes with one hand, by a spasmodic jerk of the other toward the fire-place, indicated his wish to have the packet put into flames. It was suggested by another of the brothers that it might be well first to make a list of the debtors' names, and of the dates and amounts that they might be enabled, as the intended discharge was for all, to inform such as might offer payment that their debts were forgiven.

On the following day they again assembled, the list had been prepared, and all the notes, due-bills, and accounts, the amount of which including interest, amounted to $30,000 were committed to the flames.

It was about four months after our father's death, continued my informant, in the month of June, that as I was sitting in my eldest brother's counting-room, waiting for an opportunity to speak with him, there came in a hard-favored, little old man, who looked as if time and rough weather had been to windward of him for seventy years. He asked if my brother was not the executor of the estate. My brother replied that he was administrator as our father died intestate.

"Well," said the stranger, "I've come up from the Cape to pay a debt I owed the old gentleman."

My brother requested him to take a seat, being at that moment engaged with other persons at the desk. The old man sat down, putting on his glasses, drew out a very ancient leather pocket-book, and began to count over his money. When he had finished, as he sat waiting his turn, slowly twirling his thumbs, with his old, grey, meditative eyes upon the floor, he sighed, and I knew the money, as the phrase runs, "came hard;" and I secretly wished the old man's name might be found upon the forgived list.

My brother was soon at leisure, and asked him the ordinary questions—his name, residence, etc. The original debt was four hundred and forty dollars; it had stood a long time, and with the interest amounted to between seven and eight hundred dollars. My brother went to his desk, and, after examining the forgiven list attentively, a sudden smile lighted up his countenance, and told me the truth at a glance. The old man's name was there! My brother quietly took a chair by his side, and a conversation occurred between them which I shall never forget.

"Your note is outlawed," said he; "it was dated twelve years ago, payable in two years; there is no witness, and no interest has ever been paid; you are not bound to pay this note; we can never recover the amount.

"Sir," said the old man, "I wish to pay it. It is the only heavy debt I have in the world. It may be outlawed here, but I have no child, and my wife I hope we have made our peace with God, and we wish to do so with man. I should like to pay it."

And he laid his bank-notes before my brother, requesting him to count them over.

"I can not take this money," said my brother.

The old man became alarmed.

"I have cast simple interest for twelve years and a little over," said he. "I will pay you compound interest if you require it. The debt ought to have been paid long ago; but your father, sir, was very indulgent; he knew I had been unlucky, and told me not to worry about it."

My brother then set the whole matter plainly before him, and taking the bank-bills returned them to the old man's pocket-book, telling him that although our father had left no formal will, he had recommended to his children to destroy certain notes, due-bills, and other evidence of debt, and release them who might be legally bound to pay them.

For a moment the worthy old man appeared to be stupified. After he had collected himself, and wiped a few tears from his eyes, he said:

"From the time I heard of your father's death I have raked and scraped and pinched and spared to get the money together for the payment of the debt. About ten years ago I had made up the sum within twenty dollars. My wife knew how much the payment of this debt lay on my spirits, and advised me to sell a cow and make up the difference and get the heavy burden off my mind. I did so, and now what will my wife say? I must get back to the cape to tell her this good news. She'll probably repeat the very words she used when she put her hands on my shoulder as we parted—'I have never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging their bread.'"

Giving each of us a hearty shake of the hand, and a blessing upon our old father's memory, he went on his way rejoicing.

After a very short silence, taking his pencil and making his cast, my brother said:

"There, your part of the money would be so much. Contrive a plan to convey to me your share of the pleasure derived from this operation; the money is at your service."

Such is the simple tale, which I have told as it was told me. To add the evident moral would be an insult to the reader.—*Anon.*

Nearly all the women of the Salvation Army have a heart worked in India ink upon the right shoulder. In case any one of them is taken sick or dies away from home, or in a foreign country, the sign of the heart will entitle her to care or a suitable burial at the expense of the entire organization, no matter whether she is or is not in good standing.

Dorsey, a Republican knave and ex-United States Senator, says he favors a "whirlwind campaign," and his ticket is Sheridan and Fairchild. That means tearing up by the roots and smashing constitutional machinery generally.—*Washington Star.*

A Minneapolis man has invented a dust collector. Jay Gould invented one years ago.

Girls we Have All Met.

The gushing girl is a nineteenth century production. She giggles from the time she opens her eyes in the morning until she says amen to the Lord at night, and puts her fluffy little head on the pillow. She says "thanks awfully" for "I thank you." She thinks grand, lugubrious music of the "Stabat Mater" "too sweet for anything." A kitten with its eyes as yet unopened, the Niagara Falls and Mr. Gladstone all are "just too utterly charming and lovely for any earthly use." Her adjectives are all in the superlative. She will gush over a pumpkin, over her sister's new baby, over a doggerel rhyme over everything she sees, everything she hears, over everybody she knows. If she is here to-night she will say to me as she does of the weather—as she did of her new bonnet—that I am either "simply grand" or "simply horrid." But then she is young—she is impressionable. She is full of something which she thinks is sentiment. Let her hug her neighbors' babies and her brother's kittens and kiss the collie puppy, and adore the new minister. It is the innocent, light-hearted gush of a girl. Let her frolicsome youth have its fling. In a little while she too, will join the ranks of the lookers-on, and will have her fling at that silly, giggling gusher, to whom everything is "sweet" or "cute," or "cunning," or "just too awfully lovely."

There is a girl, and I love to think of her, and talk of her, who comes in late when there is company, who wears a pretty little air of mingled responsibility and anxiety with her youth, whom the others seem to depend on and look to for many comforts. She is the girl who helps mother. In her own home she is a blessed little saint and comforter. She takes unfinished tasks from the tired, stiff fingers that falter at their work; her strong young fingers is a staff upon which the gray-haired, white-faced mother leans and rests. She helps her mother with the spring sewing, with the week's mending, with a cheerful conversation and congenial companionship that some do not think worth while wasting on their mother. And, when there comes a day that she must bend, as girls must often bend, over the old, worn-out body of mother lying unheedful in her coffin, rough hands folded, her long disquiet merged into rest, something very sweet will be mingled with her loss, and the girl who helped her mother will find a benediction of peace upon her head and in her heart.

The girl who works—God bless her—is another girl whom I know. She is brave and active. She is not too proud to earn her own living nor ashamed to be caught at her daily task. She is studious and painstaking and patient. She smiles at you from behind counter or desk, There is a memory of her sown into each silken gown. She is like a beautiful young mountaineer already far up the hill, and the sight of her should be an inspiration for us all. It is an honor to know this girl—to be worthy of her regard. Her hand may be stained with factory grease or printer's ink, but it is an honest hand and a helping hand. It stays misfortune for many homes; it is the one shield that protects many a forlorn little family from the almshouse and asylum—brave, polite, refined, ambitious; the South is the rightful home of the girl who works—God bless her.

—*By Catharine Cole.*

Some Foolish Things.

Talking slang.
Praising yourself.
Wearing tight shoes.
Tramping for a living.
Borrowing newspapers.
Getting mad at nothing.
Kissing poodles in public.
Living beyond your income.
Sleeping away the early morning hours.
Hunting for white handed employment.
Counting your money before it is earned.
Trying to do business without advertising.
Marrying a man for his splendid mustache.
Endorsing notes for friends and acquaintances.
Marrying a woman because she has a pretty face.
Thinking it doesn't pay to economize in trifles.
Playing the gallant to every woman but your wife.
Expecting to have money without working for it.
Wasting your smiles on every man but your husband.
Loaning an umbrella without bidding it an eternal adieu.
Exposing your ignorance by pretending to know everything.
Moping through life when it is just as easy to dance through it.
Getting married in life haste, and repenting at dead leisure.
Judging a man by the cut of his coat, or a woman by the shade of her complexion.
Envying other people their wealth when you might be hoarding a pile up for yourself.
Falling in love with a woman's hair or teeth before you know how much they paid for them.
Joining so many lodges and church societies, that you have no time to become acquainted with your family.

Medicinal Qualities of Buttermilk.

For a summer beverage there can be nothing more healthy and strengthening than buttermilk. It is excellent for weak or delicate stomachs, and far better as a dinner drink than coffee, tea or water, and, unlike them, does not retard but rather aids digestion.

A celebrated physician once said that if every one knew the value of buttermilk as a drink it would be more freely partaken of by persons who drink so excessively of other beverages; and further compared its effects upon the system to the cleaning out of a cook stove that have sifted through filling up every crevice and crack, saying that the human system is like the stove and collects and gathers refuse matter that can in no way be exterminated from the system so effectually as by drinking buttermilk. It is also a specific remedy for indigestion, soothes and quiets the nerves, and is very somnolent to those who are troubled with sleeplessness.

There is something strange in the fact that people who are fond of buttermilk never tire of singing its praises; while those who are fond of it are never weary of wondering how some people can drink it. So far as possible, people should overcome their aversion to it and learn to drink it for health's sake. One gentleman of our acquaintance is so fond of it that we knew him one time to drink about three glasses, then set his glass down with a thud, exclaiming earnestly as he did so: "That's food and raiment both," while another buttermilk enthusiast made the statemet once that where the liver has become lifeless from torpidity and inaction, and is too dead to perform its functions, buttermilk will cause a new one to grow in. Whatever exaggerated statements may have been made concerning buttermilk, its medical properties cannot be overrated, and it should be more freely used by all who can get it. Every one who values good health should drink buttermilk every day in warm weather, and let tea, coffe and water alone.

For the benefit of those who are not already aware of it, I may add, that in the churning, the first process of digestion is gone through, making it one of the easiest and quickest of all things to digest.

It makes gastric juice and contains properties that readily assimilate with it, with little or no wear upon the digestive organs.—*Chicago News.*

Size of the first Watch.

At first the watch was about the size of a dessert plate. It had weights, and was used as a "pocket." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in the record of 1552, which mentisons that Edward VI. had "one larum" or watch of irom, the case being like wise of iron gilt, wiht two plummets of lead. The first wach may readily be suppoed to be of rude execution. The first great improvement—the substitution of springs for weights—was in 1560. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand, and, being wound up twice a day, they could not be expected to keep the time nearer than fifteen or twenty minutes in twelve hours. The dials were of silver and brass; and the cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front, and were four or five inces in diameter. A plain watch cost more than $1,500, and arter one was ordered, it took a year to make it.—*Jewelry News.*

Take Care of Your Matches.

About three years ago the matches kept in a tin box at George M. Hughe's planing mill disappeared so rapidly that it might reasonably have been suspected that some person around the establishment was filching them had it not been known that all the employees were strictly honest. A long time afterward, while some changes were being made in one of the partitions to the building, there were found in tearing down the walls a vast quantity of matches with the heads gone, the latter having been apparently eaten off by rats. The bodies of numerous dead rats were found in the same place, giving further proofs of the correctness of the theory that the rodents had stolen the matches and devoured the sulphur upon them. One bunch of matches had been ignited while being chewed, but had only partially burned.—*Nevada City Transcript.*

An Engraver's Blunder.

A peculiar blunder occurred in the engraving of the plate from which the reverse side of the $5 certificates were printed. It will be noted that on the back of the certificates are the fac similes of five silver dollars. The third one from the left corner of the certificates has "trust" spelled "trast." Where the word appears in other places on the certificate it is spelled properly.—*Argonaut.*

Happiness.

The foundation of all happiness is health. A man with an imperfect digestion may be a millionaire, may be the husband of an angel and the father of half a dozen cherubs, and yet be miserable if he be troubled with dyspepsia, or any of the disorders arising from imperfect digestion or a sluggish liver. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are the safest and surest remedy for these morbid conditions. Being purely vegetable, they are perfectly harmless.