The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XX.—THIRD SERIES. SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1889. NO. 13.

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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 no other **Genuine** Simmons Liver Regulator.

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Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

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CATARRH

is a disease of the mucous membrane, generally originating in the nasal passages and maintaining its stronghold in the head. From this point it sends forth a poisonous virus into the stomach and through the digestive organs, corrupting the blood and producing other troublesome and dangerous symptoms.

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Is full of humbugs, and that remedy that disproves this charge is a God-send to humanity. B. B. B. has never failed and that ought to count for something to him who wants to be cured of what B. B. B. sets itself up to cure.

UTTERLY SURPRISED!

MERIDIAN, Miss., July 12, 1887.

For a number of years I have suffered untold agony from the effects of blood poison. I had my case treated by several prominent physicians, but received but little, if any, relief. I resorted to all sorts of patent medicines, spending a large amount of money, but yet getting no better. My attention was attracted by the cures said to have been affected by B.B.B., and I commence taking it merely as an experiment, having but little faith in the results. To my utter surprise I soon commenced to improve, and deem myself to-day a well and hearty person—all owing to the excellent qualities of B. B. B. I cannot commend it too highly to those suffering from blood poison.

J. O. GIBSON,
Trainman M. & O. R. R.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

BALTIMORE, April 20, 1887.—For over twenty years I have been troubled with ulcerated bowels and bleeding piles, and grew very weak and thin from constant loss of blood. I have used 4 bottles of B.B.B., and have gained 15 pounds in weight, and feel better in general health than I have for ten years. I recommend your B. B. B. as the best medicine I have ever used, and owe my improvement to the use of Bornia Blood Balm. EUGENIUS A. SMITH.
318 Exeter St.

AN OLD MAN RESTORED.

DAWSON, Ga., June 30, 1887.—Being an old man and suffering from general debility and rheumatism of the joints of the shoulders, I found difficulty in attending to my business, that of a lawyer, until I bought and used five bottles of B. B. B., Botanic Blood Balm, of Mr. T. C. Jones, or J. R. Irwin & Son, and my general health is improved and the rheumatism left me. I believe it to be a good medicine.

J. H. LAING.

All who desire full information about the cause and cure of Blood Poisons, Scrofula and Scrofulous Swellings, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, Catarrh, etc., can secure by mail, free, a copy of our 32-page Illustrated Book of Wonders, filled with the most wonderful and startling proof ever before known. Address,

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Fall and Winter Stock,

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Fall Overcoats a specialty. Give us a call. At Wells' old stand.

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Attorneys At Law

SALISBURY, N. C.

Feb. 3rd, 1881.

DR. J. C. McCUBBIN,

Surgeon Dentist,

Salisbury, - - - N. C.

Office in Caldwell Bldg., second floor, next to Dr. Campbell's. Opposite D. A. Atwell's hardware store, Main street. 9:1y.

Gov. Scales' Message.

HE DISCUSSES THE SUBJECTS OF GENERAL PUBLIC INTEREST.

Gov. Scales in his message to the Legislature, states the available assets of the educational fund at $99,250, in 4 per cent. bonds. The public fund receipts for 1887 and 1888 were $1,574,-684.15; the disbursements for the same time, $1,339,199 38. The estimated future expenses, given as a whole, are $713 550. The estimated resources are $709,395. The whole value of real and personal property is $217,700,000. A tax of 30 cents on the $100 worth of property will yield $604,395, and other taxes and revenues will aggregate $98,000, which, with $7,900 balance at the close of the fiscal year, makes $709,3[illegible]5.

EDUCATIONAL SUBJECTS.

The message says that the Agricultural and Mechanical College will be completed next summer, and open its doors to students. The Governor is anxious to make the tuition free or as nearly so as possible. The law gives to each county as many free scholars as it has members in the lower house of the Legislature, and this will give free tuition to as many as will attend for some years to come.

The Governor presents the necessity for longer terms of the public schools. The average length of the terms of schools in the State is sixty-three days per annum; amount of money spent in 1888, including special graded-schools taxes, about $700,000—a very small increase, but this could not be expected under the present laws; number of children, 570,810; whites, 363,072; colored, 216,837; average attendance, about 35 per cent.; enrollmet, 58 per cent.

At the University, owing to the reductions made in the income by the last Legislature, the trustees found it necessary to cut down the number of teachers at the end of the collegiate term ending August 15th last, and the payroll is now $22,700, which, with other expenses, must be met with by the fixed income of $2[illegible],248, receipts from tuition and escheats. The Governor says: "Devoted as I am, and as I believe the great majority of the people are, to the University, I am glad to be able to say, in the language of the faithful officer of the Treasury, Col. W. L. Saunders, in spite of its difficulties the condition of this institution is full of hope and encouragement."

ELEMOSYNARY INSTITUTIONS.

These are specially satisfactory, well managed, and doing a grand work. More room at the asylum at Raleigh is needed. It now has 2[illegible]3 patients (more than its proper capacity), while there are in jails and poorhouses and in private families in this division of the State over 800 insane who need asylum treatment. In the jails of some counties, sad to relate in this day of enlightment, there are persons so confined simply because they are insane, and for no crime. A letter from Judge McRae, noting those things, is given in full. As appropriations of $38,500 annually for the next two years will be sufficient for a wing to the asylum to accommodate 250 patients. There will be (estimated) 450 patients this year in the asylum at Morganton, and 500 next year.

The institution for the deaf and dumb and the blind is complimented for good management. There are 287 pupils, or forty-seven more than two years ago. There is urgent need of a hospital at this institution, as otherwise, in case of an epidemic, it would have to be closed.

PUBLIC ROADS.

The public roads are given particular attention. The Governor says they are now little better on the whole than they were one hundred years ago. Progress marks everything in North Carolina save the highways. He urges such laws as will lift the State out of this old rut. He appeals to this Legislature to take the initiative in this great work. Work the roads by taxation-by any method to better them and prevent them from being a disgrace to the State.

RAILROAD SUBJECTS.

The lease of the North Carolina Railroad expires in 1901. The Governor sees a future for this road, and believes that it will eventually, out of its earnings, pay a large part of the State's expenditures. He also notes the improvement in the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad, and says that in the near future it will pay a dividend—the first ever paid. If a Railway Commission is established by which traffic relations between this road and others can be made fair and just, the Governor says Hyde county alone can supply enough corn for the entire State at reasonable rates. He looks to the operation of this road and the North Carolina Road as one trunk line 353 miles long.

A railroad commission is most earnestly recommended. The people demand it; the time has come when some step must be taken. He recommends that the act creating a commission shall seek to prevent discriminations between individuals, secure reasonable rates, prevent discrimination between localities, prevent rebates and drawbacks, which are but covers for improper discrimination; prevent pooling or combination with other roads, and to give publicity to all rates. The commission should consist of three able men, with liberal salaries. No more railways should be built without permission by the commission or by the Legislature, and all further consolidations be prohibited save by consent of the Legislature.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An increase of salaries of the Governor, Judges, Attorney-General, Auditor, Secretary of State and Superintendent of Public Instruction is recommended. A few days ago one of the ablest of the Superior Court Judges, was, by reason of his meagre salary, forced to resign.

In the past two years there were sixty-one pardons, seven reprieves, and seven commutations of sentence.

In conclusion, the Governor recommends that the Legislature create a special committee on appropriations to invite estimates from all the departments of the government and then frame a bill, including all such items of expenditure, and only such as have been authorized by law.

PENSIONS.

These are declared to be wholly inadequate with 4,372 pensioners; there will be only $7 each. The Governor recommends that ample provisions be made at least to feed and clothe the soldiers who are both destitute and disabled, and the sum paid should be in proportion to the disability and destitution.

The State Guard is warmly commended for efficiency. An annual appropriation of $5,000 for an encampment is urgently recommended, and the securing of a permanent camp ground. The increase of the salary of the Adjutant General to $1,500 is urged.

Incident of the War Between the States.

An old soldier, who is now dead, related to the writer some years ago the following: "I was confined as a prisoner for a long time at Elmira, in New York, and was released in the summer after Lee's surrender. I was delayed for a day in Baltimore on my way home, and spent half a day leaning against a wall on one of the principal streets. I was sick and weary and longing for home. While there a gentleman passing placed in my hand a bill tightly rolled together, with the remark that "it might do me some good." I unrolled the bill and found it to be a $100 greenback. I had not had any money for a long time previous, and my feeling cannot be described. I inquired his name of a gentleman near me, who saw the act, and he told me his name was McDonald. He had then passed out of view, but I have never forgotten his kindness."

"We had the fortune to fight Hancock's Division on several occasions," said an old Tarheel, "and I can tell you we got tired of Hancock. To our great relief, we were ordered to another point in Virginia, and after reaching it we congratulated ourselves that we were to have no more hard fighting. We soon had a battle, however, and found that the Federals stood their ground, and we had to give back. We made a second charge and were repulsed. We got reinforcements and went in again. An officer told us we must drive them back though they fought like Hancock's men. After one of the hardest fights I ever saw the enemy began to give way, and we finally drove them off the field. Among a lot of prisoners who were passing to the rear, I saw a big Dutchman, without a hat and well spattered with mud. 'To what command do you belong?' I asked. 'Hancock's, by Got,' was the reply. We then knew for the first time whom we were fighting. I can tell you Hancock's men were hard to drive, and don't you forget it."

"We were encamped at Falling Waters, on the retreat from Gettysburg," said a soldier, "and being worn out many of us were asleep when some cavalry charged us. I was awakened by the firing, and looking up saw the cavalry right upon us. I first thought it was Confederate cavalry, but I was soon convinced of my error. We commenced firing upon them at close range and killed several. I saw General Pettigrew in the act of pulling on one of his boots when he was ordered to surrender. "I will shoot you if you were the last man," said the General, when he was shot and mortally wounded. I saw him carried to the rear on a litter, and then we went for the Yankees. I saw only four ride off the field. One of our litter bearers was being chased through an orchard and was dodging the blows of a sabre by running under the trees, and finding a rock he knocked the cavalryman off his horse and then deliberately got a rail and beat his head into a jelly. It was a sad blow to loose Gen. Pettigrew."—*Scottish Chief.*

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

For Sale by Klutz & Co. 3:1y.

Dismal Swamp.

A STRANGELY CONSTRUCTED CANAL THAT PENETRATES ITS DEPHT.

Half a century ago, says the Baltimore Sun, the Dismal Swamp Canal in Virginia was one of the most important artificial waterways in the United States. In these days of rapid railroad transportation, however, and owing to the competition of the Albermarle and Chesapeak canal, which parallels it, it has dropped somewhat out of sight, though still considerably patronized. It is one of the oldest canals in the country, and its management is probably the oldest incorported campany of its kind. George Washington was prominently connected with it, and he found it a very available means of obtaining supplies when he was contending with Cornwallis at Yorktown. There was no Eastern Virginian of prominence and wealth until the beginning of the century to the beginning of the late war who was not in some way or other identified with it.

Mr. Marshall Parks, the Supervising Inspector-General of Steamboats, whose early days were passed in canal construction in Virginia, tells an interesting and remarkable coincidental story of the building of the canal. Nearly two centuries ago the large land owners of Virginia began to penetrate the dark and gloomy wilds of the Dismal Swamp in search of juniper and cypress shingles. The greatest difficulty with which they had to contend, however, was the soggy condition of the soil, in which the wheels of their carts sank to the hub. The farther they penetrated the swamps this difficulty became greater, and at last they resorted to the expedient of digging a narrow and ill-shapen ditch just deep enough to float a small flat boat. Down this canal the timber was floated to Deep Creek, a tributary of the Elizabeth River and thence to the market at Norfolk. Year by year the timber was cut away along the banks of the ditch and each year, as the demand for juniper and cypress shingles became greater, it was extended further into the almost impenetrable wilds of the forest.

The work was done altogether by slaves, with shovels and pickaxes. The use of steam shovels was then unknown and unthought of. The towering cypress trees were also felled and split into shingles by slaves, who were given tasks each day by their overseers, and for all shingles they made over the required amount they were paid extra. One Sunday afternoon they were visited by their overseer, who was much surprised to hear several voices singing away off in the swamp. Their voices sounded like faint echoes. He asked the slaves who lived constantly in the swamp if they knew the men who were singing, and was told that they were North Carolina slaves. An investigation of their unexpected and rather intruding presence was made, and the fact was discovered that the North Carolina landowners, like those of Virginia, about twenty miles away, had experienced the same difficulties of hauling lumber in the soggy and treacherous swamp, and had sent their slaves into the wilds to dig a ditch to aid them in their transportation of shingles and lumber.

For years these two forces worked independently of each other, and each, strange to say, was digging unawares towards the other. The two sections of the canal were joined, and the point of connection is marked by an angle.

The government and the state of Virginia finally became interested in the work, and the waters of Lake Drummond were brought into requisition for feeding the canal. This lake is situated in the centre of the swamp, and the depression in which the placid water sparkles was made by a fire centuries, perhaps thousands of years ago. The whole swamp, in fact, represents in a modern age the coal-form epochs of millions of years back in the geological history of the globe, and during an exceedingly dry season—so dry, indeed, that the boggy soil was parched and transformed into an inflammable clay, a flash of lightning became the origin of a big fire. Towering trees felled, the scrubby underbrush was laid low, and then the flames ate their way, foot after foot, into the inflammable soil, and a hollow circle was formed in the ground. When the rains came this depression became a basin for the innumerable streams which trickled through the forest, and was soon transformed into a lake.

The almost trackless swamp through which the canal penetrates is still valuable on account of its cypress and juniper, the latter article becoming year by year more and more scarce and exceedingly valuable. At one time a single share of stock of the Dismal Swamp Land Company was worth as much as $32,000. The tract originally taken up and surveyed embraces 60,000 square acres. About half as many additional square acres are now embraced in the forest. Bears wander unmolested in its trackless depths, and the deadly rattler basks himself in the sun without fear of man. Birds of brilliant plumage fly from limb to limb of the huge and high cypress, and sing their carols from dawn to dark unseen.

Prof. Geffcken, who was arrested for publishing the late Emperor Frederick's diary, has been released.

The Story of a Knife.

Before us are an old pocket knife and a neat business circular. The first was bought in the summer of 1881 in a little shanty-like shop next to the Broad street bridge in Atlanta, Ga. It did excellent service for years until its owner carelessly broke it while using it for a purpose for which it was not intended. Its handle is of buckhorn; its blade was of the finest tempered steel. Constant use never harmed it. Every rivet is intact; the spring joint of the blade has the same elasticity as at first. That knife was made in honor by an honest man. It came of his stock. Every other knife there was warranted by the maker. That man knew his trade well. That knowledge and perfect integrity were his capital. His shop was too small to attract notice. At the start he was only a cutter and grinder. He despised not the day of small things, but was ready to do any work in his line. He would grind knives, hone and concave razors; everything, in fact, to earn an honest penny. Schoolboys stood in his door to see the sparks fly from his emory wheels. They looked longingly at the tempting though small display of shining-bladed jackknives. The grimy hands and oil-smeared aprons of the cutter and his few assistants in that shanty fascinated them because of the beautiful results that were shown in the one case on the plain counter. Some of those boys got ideas of the dignity of work that they will never forget. They learned lessons of honesty, frugality and diligence. They saw that from these were obtained excellent results. There were adults who also appreciated the object lessons taught daily in that little shop. It is not improbable that some of the fervid editorials on the value and importance of small industries which have appeared in the Atlanta Constitution were inspired by the daily views their writer had of that dingy interior.

In seven years the owner of that little shop became an extensive manufacturer. His cutlery is sold in the best hardware stores of the country. His name on the blade is a guarantee of excellence. His knives have a reputation equal to any and surpassed by none. It is his circular that lies before us. He sells by the gross or the dozen now, and commands his own prices. His variety extends from the daintiest pearl handled knife a lady can procure to the heaviest blades used by huntsmen and backwoodsmen. But he is not ashamed of the humbler sources of earning of his former little shanty. In his large factory is a department for sharpening and concaving razors. Barbers and men who shave themselves are his regular customers. They send their tools to him from all parts of the South when they need attention. His circular, sent out to the trade, calls attention to this feature of his business. What it amounts to in a year we have no means of knowing, but of this we are sure, that when a man from small beginnings builds up a large and prosperous industry by honesty, skill and frugality, his future is sure to be continually prosperous if he adheres to all those various humbler lines of work that helped him to rise from the shanty to the large, completely equipped factory. We have told this simply but true story for those of our many young friends who wish to climb to the top of the business ladder without going step by step over the intermediate rounds. The South has as many bright, aspiring boys in proportion to its population as any other part of the country. Many of them have a natural aptitude for mechanism, and hope some day to be great manufacturers. To them and to all our youth we commend this story of a knife.—*Manufacturers' Record.*

A Curious Broadway Lunch Room.

One of the most curious varieties of lunchrooms is down town in Broadway. No chairs are provided, both sides of the room being lined with shelves loaded with viands, all clearly marked with their different prices. In here rush bankers, lawyers, brokers and clerks. Each grabs a plate, knife, spoon fork and cup, seizes what he likes from the shelves, bolts it standing up, reckons up his own bill, draws a check from a pile near the door for an equal amount, presents it at the desk, pays and departs, unquestioned whether he has eaten a dime or a dollar's worth. This method of trusting to the honesty of the customers is found to pay better with the class of men who eat there than hiring waiters. Undoubtedly a certain quantity is eaten that is not paid for, but a dozen practiced detectives are on the floor during the rush at noon, watching people who are suspected, and the amazing rapidity with which a man can help himself, swallow and be gone, make the place highly popular to those who only eat to live and live only to hurry.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a revival of trade at Klutz's Drug Store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size $1. Every bottle warranted.

DELAYED AN HOUR.

How to Find the True Weight and Value of Things in the World.

The train stopped suddenly between two stations. Several of the passengers rushed out of the car excitedly, and came back with the tidings that there was an obstruction on the track which would cause the delay of an hour.

The countenances of most of the passengers instantly fell into depths of gloom and despair.

"This is simply intolerable!" muttered one middle-aged man to his companion. "I shall not reach the city before the market closes. It will cost me $2,000 or $3,000."

A physician dropped his newspaper and paced impatiently up and down the car. "An hour late with all my patients!" he exclaimed.

"Are any of them in immediate danger?" asked a bystander.

"No. But an hour late! It is unbearable!"

A young girl looked at her companions with the tears in her eyes. "I am going into town for the trimmings for my dress. Now it will not be done in time. I shall have to wear my old blue to the party."

A short, pompous old man talked loudly and incessantly, scolding conductors and brakemen, as if they were personally responsible for the delay.

"I am to lecture this afternoon before the Lyceum," he explained in hot indignation. "The audience will have to wait twenty minutes."

A young man sat immovable, his head bent upon his breast, his face set and hard.

"My little boy is dying," he said to some one who questioned him. "I was telegraphed for. I shall not see him alive."

But while, with most of the passengers, there was a secret conviction that the wheels of the universe had stopped because they were delayed in their pursuits of work, one woman sat silent and tranquil.

She was near the end of a long life of pain and hardship and experience. She had come, too, near enough to God who ruled over all lives to understand how every event and accident, great or little, has its place and purpose in the Eternal Order, as have motes floating in the sunshine. She was close enough to the gates of the future life to see how little in its infinite height and meaning was the old ball dress, or the fall of stocks, or even the loss of an hour with the dying child.

"One of the most singular studies in life," says Bouchet, "is to note how different men, each with his own scales, weigh the same objects, and attach to them different values."

The lost bit of finery which brought tears to the eyes of the school-girl was lighter than a feather in the eyes of the stock broker; and his loss of thousands was contemptible to the man whose child was going from him into the grave without a word; and doubtless even his pain seemed momentary and trivial in the vision of the angels, to whom a thousand years are as a day, and death but a momentary change of life.

How, then, are we to find the true weight and value of things in the world?

In the United States Mint, when they built a machine for weighing coin with absolute accuracy, they sunk a shaft deep into the earth and through upper formations, which are shaken by passing jars, and rested the foundation upon the immovable granite beneath. The man who digs in this way to find a foundation for his life, through the flowers and surface growths which shake with every storm, to the everlasting rock, below only can weigh the events and belongings of the world at their real value.—*Youth's Companion.*

GREELEY'S PUGNACITY.

How the Great Editor Reproved a Crowd of Gotham Skulkers.

Horace Greeley, as is well known, was a very pronounced non-resistant, yet he was one of the most pugnacious men in the world. A curious instance of this incongruous temperament and its result came under the writer's observation on one occasion, occasioning him some surprise. It was the general opinion that the old fellow was a coward at heart, and made use of his non-resistant profession as a screen to protect himself from personal injury at the hands of an opponent. It was a Sunday morning in New York at the very commencement of the war, just after the great Bull Run scare, and the Government authorities at Washington were frantically calling for troops. The Metropolitan Hotel of New York, then the great up-town exchange, was filled by a motley crowd, drinking, smoking and discussing the situation of beleagured Washington. Among the crowd, were several army officers in full uniform, smoking their cigars and criticising Lincoln as commander-in-chief in a sneering way, when a commotion occurred in the doorway, and Greeley, with his old felt hat on the back of his head, rushed through the crowd and up to the group of officers and addressed them somewhat after this style: "Why are you loafing about here, you miserable cowards? Why are you not reporting yourselves at Washington? This is a resort for skulkers. Aren't you ashamed of yourselves?" The biggest fellow of the group was terribly angry, and lifting his heavy sword he thundered out, "Repeat those words, old man, and I'll split your skull!" Greeley threw off the old felt hat exclaiming: "Strike as soon as you please; I repeat what I have already said." Every one present expected that the old man would be cut down; instead, the fellow turned on his heel, saying, "Come away, boys, I won't strike the old lunatic." Greeley gave them one contemptuous look, and took his departure.—*Boston Budget.*

RAPID TRAVELING.

The English Fashion of Getting Speed Out of an Engine.

"What is the limit of speed?"

"There is none," replied Sir Edward; "I don't see why you shouldn't go one hundred miles an hour if you had express lines—through lines—that is, without goods and slow passenger trains crawling over them.

Mr. Watkins Jr., as a man of greater experience in this particular matter, observed that the attainment of such a speed would be prevented by the difficulty of getting rid of the steam, "because," said he, "the higher you drive the engine above a certain speed the more the back pressure is."

"What was the highest speed traveled to-day? Seventy-two?" queried Sir Watkins. "No," was our practical man's reply, "not more than sixty-five. Any speed above sixty miles an hour is got on a road with a falling gradient. They could have gone beyond sixty-five easily enough to-day, but there was no need—there was no lost time to make up. They kept a level speed all the way, but they had a steady train and an easy load, only four carriages; and running with a light train like that, you are running under the best possible conditions."

"The great secret in getting a steady train," remarked Sir Edward, "is to have the vehicles the same length, the same weight and all coupled well together. That was the case to-day, and I never experienced easier running."

"I remember well," the veteran went on to say, "when I was a boy of eleven, at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, when poor dear old Huskisson was killed at Rainhill, old George Stephenson came down with one of his engines to Manchester to get doctors, and I remember the Manchester papers next day said, 'marvelous to relate,' the engine bearing George Stephenson coming into Manchester, 'attained the extraordinary speed of thirty-four miles an hour.' That was looked upon as a marvelous thing in those days."

"Is there no additional danger in seventy-miles-an-hour trains compared with slower?"

"O, there's no danger in seventy miles an hour at all, except in crossings and sidings, and not there if the points are kept properly cleaned and oiled. You may go through a station safely with many points and crossings, but if the points are not properly kept clean and oiled you may go with a bang into something that sticks. So in all these trains there should be very great care about points and crossings."—*Pall Mall Budget.*

WASHING A TIGER.

How a Cossack Pacified and Pleased a Huge Wild Beast.

Soon after Pezon's arrival at Moscow for the fair, one of the men employed in his menagerie died, and it became necessary to find a substitute, as his staff of attendants was rather limited, and the others had as much to do as they could manage. His choice fell upon a *moujick*, a fine specimen of a Cossack, who of course did not understand a word of French, and the terms of the bargain were settled in dumb show. The lion tamer had then to instruct his new servant in his daily duty of cleaning out the cages, and by way of a lesson, Pezon picked up the requisite articles and went to work. The *moujick* watched him very closely, and appeared to take in all the details of the operation. Next morning, armed with a broom, a bucket and a sponge, he opened the first cage he came to and quietly stepped in, as he had seen his master step on the previous day into two cages of harmless brutes. But this one happened to be tenanted by a splendid tiger that lay stretched on the floor fast asleep. At the noise made by closing the door the creature opened its eyes and turned its green eye-balls on the man, who, all unconscious of his danger, stood in a corner dipping his big sponge into the bucket. At that moment Pezon came out of his caravan and was fairly staggered, for once in his life, at the terrible sight that met his gaze. What could he do to warn the man of his danger? The faintest cry might cause his death; better wait and be ready to rush to his assistance if the tiger attempted to bulge. The Cossack, sponge in hand, coolly approached the animal and began rubbing him down with the stolidity of a military bootblack polishing his captain's boots. The sudden application of cold water to its hide evidently produced a very agreeable affect on the tiger, for it began to purr, stretching out its paws, rolling over on its back and complacently offering every part of its body to the vigorous treatment of the *moujick*, who went on scrubbing with might and main. All the while Pezon stood there with his eyes wide open and as if nailed to the spot. When he had finished his job the Cossack left the cage as quietly as he had entered it, and it required the most energetic and expressive gestures on the part of the lion tamer to prevent his repeating the experiment on a second wild beast.—*La France du Nord.*

—Economy with the corn crop means that the fodder should be stored under cover, and not left standing in the fields as is often practiced. Good fodder is valuable and highly relished by all classes of stock, but it can be injured by exposure as easily as hay. No matter how much care is taken the shocks will plot over, in winter, by which means a large share of fodder is ruined by being on the ground. If cattle are turned on it they will trample a portion also. The barn is the proper place for it.