The Carolina Watchman.

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ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvelof purity strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

Sold by Grocers. Co., Young & Bos-

ELY'S CREAM BALM

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

TRY THE CURE. HAY-FEVER

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.

A particle is applied into each nostril, and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail registered, 60 cents. ELY BROS., 56 Warren Street, New York. 13:1y.

THIS AGE

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 Botanic 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 known. Address,

BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga

CURES CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, PILES, TETTER, CHAPPED HANDS, TRADE MARK

CLARKE'S BEST SALVE ON EARTH

FLAX SALVE

25 Cts. CATARRH SNUFF 25 Cts.

KERR CRAIGE. L. H. CLEMENT

CRAIGE & CLEMENT,
Attorneys At Law
SALISBURY, N. C.
Feb. 3rd, 1881.

DR. J. C. McCUBBINS,
Surgeon Dentist,
Salisbury, - - - N. C.
Office in Cole building, second floor, next to Dr. Campbell's. Opposite D. A. Atwell's Hardware store, Main street. 9:1y.

The Dear Little Wife at Home.

BY MARGARETT E. SANGSTER.

The dear little wife at home, John,
With ever so much to do,
Stitches to set, and babies to pet,
And so many thoughts of you—
The beautiful household fairy,
Filling your heart with light.
Whatever you meet to-day John,
Go cheerly home to-night.

For though you are worn an weary,
You needn't be cross and curt;
There are words like darts to gentle hearts,
There are looks that wound and hurt,
With the key in the latch at home, John,
Drop troubles out of sight;
To the dear little wife who is waiting,
Go cheerly home to-night.

You know she will come to meet you,
A smile on her sunny face;
And your wee little girl, as pure as a pearl,
Will be there in her childish grace.
And the boy, his father's pride, John,
With eyes so brave and bright.
From the strife and din to the peace, John,
Go cheerly home to-night.

What though the temper try you,
Though the shafts of adverse fate.
May bustle near, and the sky be drear.
And the lagged fortune wait,
You are passing rich already;
Let the haunting fear take flight,
With the faith that wins success John,
Go cheerly home to-night.

Henry M. Stanley and Emin Bey.

INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING THEIR EARLY LIFE.

Comparatively few of those who watch with interest the African news concerning the famous explorer Stanley and the person called Emin Bey, whose name is often mentioned in conjunction with his, are acquainted with any of the previous history of these two men. To those who desire more particular information the following biographical sketches will be of interest:

"Henry M. Stanley's real name is John Rowland. Noah Brooks has written an article on Stanley for the February number of St. Nicholas, which is illustrated with a new portrait of the explorer, maps, etc. In this article Mr. Brooks says: Stanley was born in Wales, near the little town of Denbigh, and his parents were so poor that when he was about three years old, he was sent to the poorhouse of St. Asaph to be brought up and educated. When he was thirteen years old he was turned loose to care for himself. Young though he was, he was ambitious and well informed. As a lad he taught school in the village of Mold Flintshire, North Wales. Getting tired of this, he made his way to Liverpool, England, when he was about fourteen years of age, and there he shipped as cabin-boy on board a sailing vessel bound to New Orleans, in the promised land to which so many British born youths ever turn their eyes. In New Orleans he fell in with a kindly merchant, a Mr. Stanley, who adopted him and gave him his name, for our young hero's real name was John Rowland, and he was not Stanley until he became an American, as you see. Mr. Stanley died before Henry became of age, leaving no will, and the lad was again left to shift for himself. Young Stanley lived in New Orleans until 1861, when he was twenty-one years old, having been born in 1840. Then the great Civil War broke out and Stanley went into the Confederate army."

Emin Bey is an Austrian by birth. The New York Tribune gave this little sketch of him: "He was educated as a physician, and was one of Midhat's advisers at Constantinople. When the prime minister was dismissed on the eve of the outbreak of the last Russian-Turkish war Emin took refuge in Asia. By a pilgrimage he reached Suakin, and made his way to Khartoum with a caravan. Reduced to low circumstances, he was introduced to General Gordon, who gave him a billit as storekeeper, and afterward appointed him docter. It was in that capacity he was found at Lado by a traveler in the equatorial provinces in August, 1877. He afterward became surgeon-in-chief on General Gordon's staff. Emin's time was fully engrossed during the four years he occupied the post, for not only was he accumulating great scientific collections and writing elaborate "papers" for societies, but he was repeatedly sent on diplomatic missions to Uganda and Unyoro. He is an expert linguist-Turk. Arabic, German, French, Italian and English being familiar languages to him, as well as many of the African dialects.

When General Gordon went to Khartoum as governor-general of the Soudan, he sent Emin to rule the equatorial provinces. There he has remained to this day.

Count up the cost of a brainless, ill-natured farm cur and for the year it will be found much greater than the price of a barrel of pork.

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at T. F. Kluttz & Co.

To Trail the Burglars.

Bloodhounds! That's the idea. The problem of catching the burglars has been solved, and now as soon as the dogs arrive and some burglar will be accommodating enough to crack a house we will have some fun. A police officer to-day told a news reporter that the dogs are being negotiated for. They are Georgia dogs, and are well trained. "When we get these dogs," he said, "we will show the burglars a thing or two."

"You are sure of success, then?" asked the reporter.

"We are sure of it," was the reply. "We will get three dogs. I can put them on a track twenty-four hours after it is made, and the only way a burglar can get away will be to take a railroad car. He can go through the water or mount a horse, but that will make no difference; the dogs will run him down relentlessly. His tracks may be walked over by a hundred other people, but the dogs will never lose it. With these dogs I would have had no difficulty whatever in catching the parties who robbed Kidd's store Tuesday night.

The officer says that the dogs are expected to arrive here shortly. The result of this experiment will be watched with interest by our people, and the general opinion is that the right policy has been adopted. The luck that we may expect, though, will be that as soon as the dogs arrive the burglaries will cease, but that would be a relief, worth all the trouble and expense.—*Charlotte News.*

Ah! very good. Get the dogs and keep them in training. This community has been singular exempt from caimes of this sort, for a long time, for which we are more thankful to the good character of our people than to our police, though the latter, so far as we know, are very faithful in the performance of their duties. The dogs should be on hand, however, for in an emergency, either here or in the adjoining counties, they may be obtained, we trust, to track up the law-breakers who take advantage of the midnight hours to depredate upon the property of their sleeping fellow-citizens.

Saving Horses at a Fire.

A cool head is worth thousands of dollars in an emergency. This remark is to be taken in its literal meaning. In proof of this fact the following instance of the great fire is related: The American Express Co.'s barns on Exchange street running through to Carroll, were early threatened, and it became evident that property within them must be removed. Said Mr. Bell, who was in charge: "Men, we must move. Don't do one thing to excite a horse. Lead them to the watering trough in regular order, throw on the harness, and hitch on two wagons or sleighs instead of one." Mr. Bell's directions we carried out, the horses and wagons and sleighs were speedily removed, there was no confusion, and the result is that thousands of dollars were saved to the American Express Company. Any one knowing how frantic horses become when threatened by fire will appreciate the coolness of Mr. Bell.

And to illustrate how quickly horses become frightened when tied in a stall under such circumstances this instance is related: A man living some half dozen or more blocks from the fire in a section where the cinders and smoke were directly blown, went out to feed his horse shortly after daylight. He opened a large door, gave the horse his measure of oats, and passed up into the loft to throw down hay. When he came down the horse, a well-bred but gentle animal, was swinging his head (his mouth was full of oats), snorting and pawing—evidently in great excitement. The barn was filled with the heavy smell of smoke from the fire, and this it was that so frightened the horse. It was two hours before the animal quieted down and went on with its breakfast; and he is a horse that has an appetite that lasts twenty-four hours out of each day.—*Buffalo Express.*

Kindness to Schoolmates.

In almost every school there is an unpopular boy or girl—plain, stupid and disagreeable, and it seems—for whom nobody has a good word. If there is in your particular school such unfortunate little outcast, whose life is all east wind and no sunshine, try to make friends with him or her.

You will never regret your kindness, take my word for that. In a little while you will discover that the plain face has in it something really pleasing, if not actually beautiful; that the stupid head has plenty of sound sense and bright fancy, and that the disagreeable manners melt away before the sunshine of a little friendly interest.

Pray make this small experiment. For yourself you will gain, I am sure, a faithful, loyal friend; and that, believe me, is no trifling gain; and as for the other, that poor little outcast, will turn all his life to gold.—*Ex.*

A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

Chinese Burro Pack-Trains.

Some Chinese at the Western mines invest their capital in pack-trains which insure them steadier returns than the mines. In Arizona freighting is a most important business. There are so few railroads, and the mining-camps are so scattered through the Territory, that there is an endless amount of transporting to be done—ore to be shipped into town and provisions to be brought back. Many camps, moreover, are situated in such inaccessible places that they can be reached only by trail. Wagon-roads are impracticable, and mule and ox teams are replaced by pack-trains of burros. A burro is a small, gray, fuzzy Mexican donkey, from three and a half to four and a half feet high, and as rugged as the climate in which it lives—a clear survival of the fittest. These animals are able to travel all the day without water; they require no feeding, as they can be made to flourish on dried leaves, brush, thistles and newspapers. Thirty or forty burros are a fortune in themselves. They cost from ten to fifteen dollars apiece, and they will carry their own weight in freight, averaging 350 pounds to a burro, every day in the week if necessary, and browse around at night for feed. The burros are used mostly for carrying ore and provisions, or such things as have little bulk compared with weight. The ore is packed 100 pounds to an ore sack, and three or four of these are tied to the pack-saddle of each burro. The saddle is heavily padded, so that the pack will not rub, and is clinched very tight. Nearly all the burro pack-trains in these regions of Arizona are owned by Chinamen, and as the Chinese do their own driving their profits are largely net.—*New York Post.*

Four ex-Speakers in the 51st Congress.

A noteworthy feature of the Fifty-first Congress will be the presence as members of the House of Representatives of four ex-Speakers of that body. Should the Republicans organize the House, Speaker Carlisle will have to return to his seat on the floor of the chamber. He will find with him Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, who was chosen Speaker at the second session of the Forty-fourth Congress, and served until the beginning of the Forty-seventh; Nathaniel P. Banks, of Massachusetts, who occupied the Speaker's chair during the Thirty-fourth Congress, and Samuel S. Cox, of New York, who was elected Speaker pro tem. during the first session of the Forty-fourth Congress when Speaker Kerr was absent because of the illness which resulted in his death.

The list of living ex-Speakers of the House will then include, besides those mentioned, Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania; J. Warren Keifer, of Ohio, and James G. Blaine, of Maine.—*Times-Democrat.*

Tom's Gold Dust.

"That boy knows how to take care of his gold dust," said Tom's uncle often to himself, and sometimes aloud. Tom went to college and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly" said his uncle, certainly that boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold dust."

Gold dust! Where did Tom get gold dust?" He was a poor boy. He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. Where did he get his gold dust? Ah! he has seconds and minutes, and these are gold dust of time—specks and particles of time which boys, girls and grown up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father had taught him every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold, and his son took care of them as if they were. Take care of your gold dust.—*Selected.*

The preacher has his audience of two or three hundred once or twice a week. The newspaper has an audience of four or five thousand; it is an attentive audience, it is a critical audience. It is a judge, lawyer and jury. The editor is tried, convicted or acquitted by hundreds of thousands. He is a fool or a sensible fellow, according to the intelligence of his readers. The highly critical audience, while it is thus praising and condemning, forgets that the thoughts of the newspaper man are being stamped into their minds, a part of their very selves.—*Ex.*

I never had faith in luck at all, except that I believe good luck will carry a man over a ditch if he jumps well and will put a bit of bacon into his pot if he looks after his garden and keeps a pig. Luck generally comes to those who look after it; and my notion is, it taps once in a lifetime, at everybody's door, but if industry does not open it, away it goes.—*Spurgeon.*

Three college boys were having a spread and a spree in their rooms when there came a thundering knock at the door, and they asked who was there. "Me," said the angry voice of the college president. "Oh, no," said the boys, "you can't give us that. If you were President——, he would have said 'It is I.' Go away." And the baffled dignitary went.

A Butte County Girl.

DARING FEAT OF BEAUTY OF FOOTHILLS.

Chico Enterprize.

Near Forest Ranch, in the mountians above Chico, resides a young lady who for grit and pluck we'll take off our hat to every time. The lady in question, Miss Kate Lucas, resides on a mountain ranch with her mother and brothers, the latter being engaged in furnishing the meat used by the large lumber crews high up in the Sierras. Miss Lucas is a tall, lithe and wellbuilt girl, with red rosy cheeks, jet black hair, bright flashing eyes, and is the acknowledged belle of that vicinity. She is an intrepid horse woman, and rides fearlessly and alone over the mountain slopes and through the ravines. She scorns a saddle and at times rides a fiery mustang without either bridle or blanket, simply using a lariat, the end tied around her horse's head and neck. She is a capital shot with the rifle and has worsted many of the crack shots there by her unerring aim. She has been out with her brothers hunting, and very rarely fails to bag a deer or other wild animals which so abound in that section. Sometimes the young miss assists in capturing the wild cattle when they are required for the market, and then the lariat is twirled with a precision that often puts the vaqueros to shame.

A few weeks ago, after a daring ride after a particularly wild and fleet-footed steer, which showed fight from the start, the young lady laughed at the vaquero who seemed afraid of the animal, and smilingly challenged him to throw a rope over the animal's head and ride him. The vaquero declined with thanks. Miss Lucas then displayed a piece of courage and daring worthy of the ancient Roman arena. Springing from her horse, she went up to the bound and bellowing beast, quickly and deftly tied a rope around his head and neck, then told the vaquero to let him loose. This he did reluctantly, and the enraged steer was quickly on its feet, but equally as quick the fearless lass was on its back. Then commenced a ride that is rarely witnessed. For half an hour the wild chase and ride was continued—over hill and dale, through brush and canyon—when the steere gave completely out and the triumphant girl led her captive to the house. I was a bold feat, and the daring rider has made herself famous in that section of the country.

A Suggestion to the Legislature.

Statesville Lanhmark.

While we are all talking so much about the tariff, internal revenue, &c., it is not amiss to advert to the fact that there is no higher tariff than that exacted by the Western Union Telegraph Company. Telegrams have become a necessity. In France the rate for 10 words is 10 cents, in Great Britain 12 cents. The evidence before the congressional committee is that the entire plant of the Western Union Telegraph Company cost $15,000,000 and could be replaced for even less; but by buying out competing companies and watering their stock, the capital stock is $100,000,000 on which 6 to 8 per cent. dividend is declared—i. e., near 50 per cent. per annum on cash actually invested. The public pays that dividend.

Our Legislature cannot control interstate business, but it can and ought to pass a law fixing the maximum rate for a telegram between any two points in North Carolin at 10 cents for a message not exceeding ten words (the address and signature not to be counted) and one cent for every word exeeeding ten—and providing further that every office which a company may have at a place of over (say) 500 inhabitants shall be kept open daily (Sunday excepted) from 8 a. m. to 10 p. m.

Such a law would be just an inestimable boon to our people. Should the Western Union Telegraph Company wish to withdraw from North Carolina any number of companies would readily be formed to take its place. It is a paying business and only the fear of a "squeeze out" by this gigantic corporation prevents competition.

A well recently bored for gas at Pittsburg, delivers fresh water, salt water and gas at the same time. There are two casings, one within the other; the outer one, 100 feet down, taps a fresh water stratum, while the inner pipe reaches the salt water and gas at 200 feet down.

The statistics of New England prove that seven out of every ten women left widows under the age of 35 marry again within two years.

Found in the Newspaper.

From Cresco, Iowa, "Plaindealer": "We "have never, as our readers for nearly "thirty years can testify, written a 'puff' "of any patent medicine. Duty as well as "inclination impel us to depart from this "studied silence, to say to our readers and "the public that, having been completely "prostrated with a violent and distressing "cold, after three days fighting it with or-"dinary remedies and getting no relief "from their use, we obtained a bottle of "Clarke's Extract of Flax (Papillon) "Cough Cure, obtaining almost instant re-"lief and a steady improvement under its "use." Large bottles only $1.00. Ask for Clarke's Flax Soap. Best on earth. 25c. Both of the above for sale by J. H. Ennis.

VALUE OF HONEY-COMBS.

The Practicability of Saving Them for Several Years' Operation.

It has long been a question with bee-keepers whether honey-combs could not be used for repeated filling, thus saving much time to the busy insect. A correspondent of the Germantown *Telegraph* considers the question as settled, for he has thoroughly tested the experiment in his own apiary. He says: "A bee-hive should contain about eighteen hundred or two thousand cubic inches in the brood chamber, which will require one and a quarter pounds of combs to fill it (if properly arranged as the bees will do), this being a fact as every one who any thing can testify. It requires at least twenty-five pounds of liquid, sweet or honey as the case may be, to make the one and one-quarter pounds of combs, which it also requires at least fifteen days' time for a good swarm of bees to gather and secrete into wax in order to build the combs from, which is to supply the brood chamber. It is also a fact, not successfully controverted, that a good swarm of bees, say twenty thousand strong, will gather at least eight or ten pounds of honey in a day if the honey season is a good one. We have often had swarms gather double that amount in a day.

At first thought, those who think but little about the true value of combs can hardly believe that it takes twenty-five pounds of honey for the bees to produce a pound and a quarter of combs, yet this statement is true, and any one who can figure will find that bees will store at least one hundred pounds of nice honey in a season in combs given them to start with, and not compel them to use up the best and most valuable honey for making their combs. We have often contended and are still of the opinion that the best honey is gathered about the time that fruit blooms come out, and especially when the white clover and other earliest blooms are in full vigor, which is usually the time our bees here in the North do their swarming. They are too often placed in an empty hive or gum to build new combs and shift for themselves, or, as it is usually called, luck, while we are very sure the old sinner luck has for many years been a failure. As before stated, the first honey is our best, and in order to procure the best we must save our combs from stocks that may have died or in some other way left their hive which is done too often by spring dwindling. These combs are truly valuable to the live bee-keeper and can be turned to good account by saving them for another year's operation. Don't melt them up for wax, for surely there is but little pay in the wax to the producer at twenty and twenty-three cents per pound, while the combs in many instances can be turned to good account by giving them (nicely transferred and fastened in movable frames) to the bees, which which will soon fill them with the best of all sweets—that of honey—which you can with very little expense extract and return the combs to the bees for refilling, and thus make a saving of at least one hundred pounds of nice extracted honey worth, as a rule, fifteen cents per pound.

"We know whereof we speak when we state that in the year 1882 we took from one stock of Cyprian bees 718 pounds of nicely extracted honey, which netted us twenty cents per pound; this we could not have done had we not have saved our best combs and used them as before stated, saving both time and honey in the early part of the season, giving the bees the full benefit of a splendid honey harvest. Again let me say look well to your bees and they in return will richly repay you for all the trouble you may be at in their care. Time in bee-keeping may be as valuable as any other calling on earth, and he who will not heed its demands must expect to make slow progress."

Wash-Board Statistics.

A traveling agent of one of the largest wash-board factories in the United States gave a reporter the following interesting statistics and information. He said that millions of wash-boards are made and sold in the United States every year, and at least 7,200,000 are sold yearly between the Allegheny mountains and Missouri river. There is one factory which turns out over a million, and at least two factories which make 700,000 and 800,000 a year. There are at least twenty varieties of wash-boards, and the best are made in the West. The Eastern factories make their wash-boards out of pine. Hard wood is undoubtedly the best. Pine is soft, and white pine is too expensive. The poorer kinds can be bought as low as 80 cents a dozen wholesale; these are single wash-boards for family use. The better kinds cost $2.25 per dozen wholesale, and double washboards—that is that have zinc edges on both sides—cost much more, retailing at 50 cents apiece for the best. Laundry sizes of this description cost much more. The first wash-boards were made entirely of wood, and our washwomen used to pound the dirt out of clothes with a stick, by laying them on the board. The first wash-boards made of zinc were put upon the market about twenty-five years ago.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—If the ground is damp a one-horse plow should be run through the spaces between the strawberry rows in order to allow the surplus water to flow off in winter. Strawberries are partial to somewhat damp locations, but in the winter and early spring, when heavy rains cause the water to stand on the plants, it is injurious. The frost will also heave up the plants if the ground is too wet.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A Port Huron, Mich., undertaker has a large tent for funeral purposes. Whenever he has a funeral on a rainy day he places the tent over the grave so that services may be held with but little inconvenience.

—A young man who presented a forged order to a Detroit theater manager swallowed the paper when the fraud was detected. No bad results followed, as he was a regular eater at the depot lunch counter.

—A little pamphlet called "Humor in Ye Sixteenth Century" shows that ye joker of that period borrowed a great deal of his wit from ye humorist of the Nineteenth century, without giving a particle of credit.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Now," said the choir director, "sing the third stanza very softly. It is necessary to do so to bring out the spirit of the composition." "Hymn No. 96," broke in the clergyman, "omitting the third verse." And the singers enjoyed it more than the director.—*Exchange.*

—Shakespeare, who left his wife his second best bedstead, has been surpassed in indifference by a modern English testator, who bequeathed his wife one farthing, which he directed the executrix to forward to her by post, unpaid, as an indication of his disgust at the treatment which he had received at her hands, and especially in respect of the abusive epithets, such as "Old Pig," that he considered unjustified.

—Bees and homing pigeons recently raced between Hamm and Rhynern, Belgium. The towns are an hour apart, and the bet was that twelve bees would beat twelve pigeons in making the distance. Four drones and eight working bees well powdered with flour and released at the same instant with the pigeons at Rhynern. A drone reached home four seconds in advance of the first pigeon; the three other drones and one pigeon came in neck and neck, and the eight working bees came in just a trifle, about a length ahead of the ten pigeons

—In sinking large pits and wells in Nevada stratas of rock salt were cut through, in which were found imbedded perfectly preserved fish, which are probably thousands of years old, as the salt field occupies what was once the bottom of a large lake, and no such fish are now to be found in Nevada. The specimens were not petrified, but flesh, and all were preserved in perfect form, and after being soaked in water for two or three days could be cooked and eaten, but were not very palatable. After being exposed to the air and sun for a day or two, they became as hard as wood.

—A novel and very pretty spectacle was introduced at a Brooklyn swimming school exhibition. It was called the chariot race. Two little papier mache chariots were constructed and in each one was a four-year-old child. Harnessed to the chariots were two little boys, who swam over the course drawing their fair freight after them. The lads were about six years old, yet they made very good time and the winner was presented with a fine fishing pole. The children in the chariot enjoyed the race quite as much as the boys.

WAR CYCLORAMAS.

An Artist Explains How They Are Painted and Put Together.

The popular idea of how the war cycloramas, like the Battle of Gettysburg, Battle of Shiloh, Battle of Chickamauga, etc., are painted, appears very laughable to a person who knows how the work is accomplished. The Battle of Gettysburg and the Siege of Paris have been shown for several years on opposite sides of Hubbard court, in Chicago, and the stock paid large dividends. Each was advertised as the work of celebrated French artists, father and son, and the popular idea is that these gentlemen painted them. The fact is that, beyond a general outlining of the work, which was probably faithfully made after maps procured from authentic sources, and a general direction of the plan of the work, the artist-in-chief had very little to do with it. No man engaged in a battle sees it, and an accurate painting of two armies in combat is impossible. The general features only are known. For instance. In the Gettysburg painting there are accurately defined the roads, Crown Hill, Little Crown Hill, the wheat field in which a memorable charge was made, one or two buildings which were headquarters of the leading Generals, and, with reasonable accuracy, the topography of the country is depicted with excellent perspective. But the details of the battle, the actual clash of arms between this and that division or brigade, is left a good deal to the imagination. The artist-in-chief hires some men to put in the sky, other men to put in the trees and foliage, other men to put in the men in action. Attention is paid to developing this or that memorable incident, as, in the Gettysburg painting, the death of the cannoneer, the amputation of the soldier's limb beside the haystack. Take it all together it makes up a picture that is thrilling enough to arouse the most intense interest on the part of the old soldier. I remember standing by the side of a veteran at the Chicago picture of Gettysburg. He was explaining to a companion the details of the fight, in which he had borne an honorable part. "Say, Bill," said he, "at that stone wall there I lost my hat and, by gosh, if there ain't the old hat lying there yet!" In painting pictures of battles shrewd artists never fail to strew the field with lost hats, muskets and canteens.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*