

The People's Press

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

TEXAS expects its tax on commercial travelers to yield \$60,000 a year.

ONE of his ardent admirers lately sent Prof. Huxley a check for \$5,000.

It is said that Bret Harte is more popular in England than Irving ever was.

SOUTHERN California papers are agitating the project of forming a new State.

THERE are now six telegraph cables connecting the United States with Europe.

EX-GOVERNOR BROWN, the new Georgia Senator, is the richest man in his State.

THE net profits of Ingersoll's two lectures in Booth's Theater, New York, were \$3,500.

THREE cases of leprosy have been discovered in Chinatown, San Francisco, within a month.

REMEMBER that tidal wave which is to sweep over Coney Island July 22 Vennor has predicted it.

FRIENDS of Governor Wilts, of Louisiana, have paid \$15,000 for a house in New Orleans, and will present it to his wife.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE is reported to have made a profit of \$2,000 an acre out of her orange grove in Florida during the past year.

THE London Globe has come to the conclusion that the working classes in the United States are far more thrifty than those of Great Britain.

THE Cincinnati Industrial Exposition of Art and Industry will open in their grand permanent buildings on September 8, and continue till October 9.

THE value of weather signals is acknowledged by increased appropriations and increased interest in the subject, both in this country and in Europe.

THEY have a man down in Georgia who is said to be one hundred and twenty-five years old. His name is James Ingraham, and he lives at Wynn's Mill.

MARK TWAIN says that he can't write in a "fixed up" room. When he needs inspiration he takes his paper and pens and retires to an unfurnished room in his stable.

THE proposed canal across the State of Florida has been surveyed, and the cost estimated at \$64,000,000. That would be a pretty good price to pay for the State.

GENERAL MELROSE lately submitted to the czar a proposal for the establishment of a two-house assembly, but the Emperor only reproached him for making the suggestion.

PRINCE NAPOLEON has left Paris to escape, it is said, being compromised by the threatened Communist demonstration which the Bonapartists are reported to be stirring up.

THE London Lancet, which is as good authority as can be found, calls it cruelty to women to make them stand all day, as those employed in retail stores are obliged to do.

MISS KATE FULTON will soon go to Europe to consult with regard to establishing relations between the London and New York Ladies' Co-operative Dress Association.

WE are now told that the Egyptian obelisk has been placed on board a vessel which will sail for New York. It is certainly true, but the hearing about this thing.

SOUTHERN Indiana and Ohio promise an increase of 20 per cent. in the yield of wheat this year over last. It is now predicted that the harvest of 1880 in the West will be the largest ever known.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Nebraska Farmer says: "Nebraska farmers seem to have gone back to the primitive mode of sowing (wheat) by hand, and some are even using cradles to harvest with."

PALESTINE is to be bought for \$25,000,000, and by judicious management could be made to pay handsome dividends. Some millionaire out of employment should avail himself of the opportunity.

SINCE the opposition of Sir Henry Wolf, Fowler and G. P. Russell to Charles Bradlaugh being admitted to sit in the English Parliament, they have received numerous letters threatening murder.

ALL the great powers of Europe have united in a determination to combine, by force if necessary, to compel Turkey to comply with the terms of other stipulations of the Berlin treaty of 1878.

BUSINESS is in a flourishing condition in Alabama. In almost every county labor is in demand, and there is an unusual amount of building in the towns. Steam is more generally used to run the cotton gins.

The Work of a Dream.

Train No. 6 from Memphis was within ten miles of New Orleans. Negro Tom, on his way to buy bananas, was sound asleep, as were the conductor and brakemen. The engine puffed heavily, and the long gray masses moved like funeral plumes in the leaden clouds of steam that clung to the earth. Tom was dreaming, a frightful railroad accident was going on in his brain, and he was fighting it out alone with a wrecked and burning train across his heaving chest. Suddenly he sprang to his feet with a terrible yell and shouted: "Murder, murder, we're killed! We're killed! The train is off the track!" With a wild bound he sprang through the open door and fell headlong in a green scummed lagoon. At this instant the conductor and brakeman, hearing the alarm, started half awake and sprang also from the car.

They snoozed no more; they were wide awake. Three men, like fools, stood in mud and water up to their waists and the train went thundering on. The cloud of vapor slowly raised in the moss of the live oak forest and the deep-toned bullfrog resumed his tuneless prophecy that day was soon to come.

"What the—did you say the train was off the track for you black Libberian?" asked the conductor.

"Yes, what'd ye do it for?" murmured the brakeman as he fished the wet dirt out of his bosom. "I thought, for God I dreamed it, mass," said Tom as he un hitched a mud turtle from one leg and felt around with the other for a missing boot.

"Come out of there you lying hippopotamus!" they jointly exclaimed. "We'll teach you this is no dream."

SOME trouble is anticipated in getting a correct census of the Chinese in California, as they do not understand what the information is wanted for, and suspect that all is not right. The good offices of the Chinese Minister will doubtless be invoked to remove the suspicions of his fellow-countrymen.

THE following squib is going the rounds: "A Dakota man has a novel Indian relic in the shape of a perfectly formed skull, with an arrow shot into the eye and piercing the brain." Now, if some one will get another skull and run an arrow into the ear, "piercing the brain," almost any museum will be ready to set up a correspondence with him.

H. G. VERNOR, the weather prognosticator of Montreal, has predicted that the first of June will be fall-like, with frosts. July will be a terrible month for storms, with terms of intense heat, but another fall-like relapse, with frosts, will in all probability occur about the 20th of the month. He says: "I fear the storms of thunder and hail will be of unusual severity during July."

THE acquittal of John Link, after a long and exciting trial in Hillsboro, Ohio, proves the tendency of sympathize with men who commit crimes in behalf of women. Link's stepfather and stepbrother threatened and abused his mother. He fought them and killed them. The jury heard the evidence and pronounced him not guilty, and public sentiment will be very apt to support the jury.

THE Superintendent of the New Jersey Central Railroad has established a sensible rule for the prevention and control of forest fires. He has directed the removal of all brush and other inflammable substances for a space of 25 feet on either side of the railroad tracks, and the storing of hose and other apparatus, which is to be kept in constant readiness to put out fires, at specified stations of his line.

IN Ohio Township, Madison County, Iowa, a few weeks ago, a cow gave birth to thirty-five calves all at one time, one of them being about two-thirds the size usually attained by calves of that age. The next morning the remainder of them about the size of mice and the rest were all dead.

THE people of Canada are grumbling sorely at the great increase in their government expenses in the past nine years. While those of the United States have been considerably cut down, the increase in the cost of "running the government" in Canada is over 50 per cent. Judicial expenses have increased 83 per cent, and penitentiary expenses 43 per cent, while the public debt has sprung from \$77,000,000 to \$170,000,000.

SAYS PEE'S SUN: Congress found it easy enough to suspend the rules the other day when they passed the harbor appropriation bill. This bill had to be passed or Congress would have stood a poor show for re-election, but the paper bill was defeated because Congressmen voted against it "on principle." When it comes to an extravagant harbor bill, though, every Congressman's principles are that way.

WE are in the midst of another season of remarkable occurrences or stories. North Carolina comes to the front with the latest, it being stated that a woman who was exhumed by grave robbers, after having been buried two days, arose and walked home, assisted by the would-be robbers as soon as they had sufficiently recovered from their fright to render that service.

BATTLING WITH LIONS.

Existing Remounts with Lions in the Park. Mr. F. Walker Carter, in charge of the elephants attached to the Royal Belgian expedition into Africa, gives the following exciting account of a sudden encounter which he had with lions at Kerima, Central Africa, which had place here and his caravan of one hundred and eighty men had arrived. In a letter received from him by the post, dated from his station, he mentions the difficulties he had experienced in securing animal food for his men.

"Our only food," he says, "consisted of Indian corn, pounded between two stones, with a good share of sand and even this, but still, my men accustomed all their lives to good food, could not live on such poor fare, and so I go out every second or third day with my gun and killa zebras, eland, water-buck etc. One of any of these enables us to live in clover for a single day. A recent expedition of this kind, however, nearly cost me my life. I felt that I was in search of food, as there was not at the time a morsel in camp, and so forth I sallied. My first shot was at a giraffe into which I put two bullets, and then followed him over hill and dale until noon when he fell, and I was obliged to go in search of the chase. After smoking a pipe and taking some rest I was off again; got a shot at a zebra, but missed him. The zebra, I should mention, is the best meat in Africa. Rather disheartened, and grieving for the poor fellow, I should have had nothing in the shape of food, I turned toward camp, and just at 3:30 p. m. a fine boar dashed past me. I sent a bullet through him at once, but he went on his way, and I followed him for a mile and a half, and then he was dead. I followed him, but just then he sighted three zebras—so I dropped his trail and went off to try and stalk the zebras. I had about ten minutes' start, but I was not far from the zebras. I had a gun in my hand, and I was ready to fire. I saw a lion in the distance, and I knew that if I were a rhinoceros, he would be upon me in a moment. I was lying down, as I could not see a sign of him; so I decided it must be two wild boars fighting. Something told me they could not make such a terrible noise, which actually seemed to shake the ground and rend the very air around me. Strange to say, it never struck me that the noise might have proceeded from lions, although the place is full of them, so I advanced boldly, dividing the lion's mane into three parts, and I shot and in that short time had finished half of it. The lion nearest was within two feet of me, and the furthest three and a half feet. The lion's beard, chest and claws were covered with blood. I was perfectly cool, and yet felt perfectly certain that I must be killed, as even a tame lion is savage when eating his food. The lion opposite caught sight of me at once, curled his lip, lashed his eyes with his tail, and what the other was doing I cannot say, as I was in the act of springing, and I dare not take my eye off him for a second. At last he crouched for the spring, and I let drive in his face, retreating a step to give me a chance with the other barrel. The lion's mane was falling, and I felt my life dearly, but, to my great delight these two sprang over the grass in opposite directions. I gave a sort of sigh of relief, looked around for my gun barrel, and there they were, fifty yards off, and I was ready to spring with my rifle. The lion had run away, and I had no gun to fall back upon. I returned to pick up my dead lion, but found he had crept away with a bullet through him. I followed his trail until the jungle got too thick and it was nearly dark.—London Standard.

What Came of Having a Roof Tarred. A Poston man, so says a paper published in that city, had the flat roof of his house tarred, and when six or seven cats got on to it, the following night, they could yell and arch their backs and try to get a pull on all four feet at once, but they couldn't lift themselves free and their sighing was a fearful and people in the neighborhood began to think that the owner of the house forgot about the tar, and went barefoot and in his oboe de nuit upon the roof to chase them off, and pretty soon he found that he couldn't stir, and began to whoop and swear, and policemen not far behind, and climbed on the roof, and when he came up over the edge on his hands and knees, he had to remain in that posture and he used very emphatic language. Meantime the boot-jacks were falling in a shower about and around them, and the man's mother-in-law, looking out of an upper window that overlooked the L. roof, to ask them if they were not ashamed to be out on a roof playing cat at that time of night, knocked her wig off and it fell in the tar, and she rushed down a flight and went out on the roof to get it and couldn't pull the wig up, but got her hand stuck to it, so she couldn't let go of it, and of course her position and her bald head made a head give-away, as it was quite light, when some one struck it with a board for them to be got on to when they were cut loose from the tar, and the old lady did not feel a bit worse than the policeman, who had to walk through the street with the knees of his trousers cut out and left stuck on the roof, and a great hunk of the tar was left on his head, and a reprimand when he reached the station. And the house owner himself, blistered his feet trying to melt the tar off of them by holding them up to a hot stove, and when the cats were cut loose from the roof and put on the ground, they tried to gnaw the tar from their claws and got their paw stuck in their mouths and rolled about and yawled and carried on so that folks thought they were mad and killed them. And that householder's mother law hasn't yet got over jawing him about that tar roof.

Just From Deadwood.

A Brooklyn boy, who had spent some six months in the Black Hills, struck home last week and snuntered up Fulton street. He was dressed in an antelope skin shirt, a pair of black tail deer skin pants, a beard of moss and a white felt hat with a brim like a wagon wheel. He wandered into a saloon, thumped his fist on the counter and howled for tan juice with a glittering eye.

"Will you give me, mister, the best of a table, adding a chair like a wagon wheel. He wandered into a saloon, thumped his fist on the counter and howled for tan juice with a glittering eye.

"Where are you from, if I might ask?" inquired the saloon man.

"From right from the gulch. The clean spot me a few thousand ahead and I'm wanderin' to see the sights. You bet!"

"From the mines?"

"Straight from just whar yer reckoned I was, stranger. I been in the Hills. Panned big and now I'm in fer a swell old life. You bet!"

"How does Custer City seem to you?"

"I ain't no business with no Custer City. I ain't no business with no Custer City. I ain't no business with no Custer City."

"Deadwood must be rather a dangerous locality. I had no idea it was so exposed."

"Deadwood! Dangerous! Say, stranger, if yer ever learned to gamble, jest get yer money on the statement that Deadwood is dangerously placed. Yer'll win pard! Yer'll scoop the pot each time, or count my judgment deuce be!"

"Going to be in Brooklyn any length of time?"

"Jist come to take a squint at it. Say, show me around. Show me to a far-bank. I've got too much dust fer comfort, and I'd like to drop of my cap. Show me around, stranger, and I'll say yer word of yerself."

"I don't think you would find me a very good guide, for I've only been here a comparatively short time, but perhaps one of my friends who reside here, would be glad to show you around."

"Don't belong here? Whar yer from, stranger? Whar's yer teep?"

"I live in Deadwood," responded the stranger. "I'm only—"

"If the young traveler will come around and pay for those drinks all will be first class."

Third Class Mail Matter. John P. Long, Postmaster at Cincinnati, has written to the Cincinnati Gazette. So much unnecessary confusion and labor have been caused by misapprehensions of the law allowing "commercial papers" to be mailed as third class matter, that I request publication of the following: "The matter must be put up in printed Letter postage is required upon all communications wholly in writing."

It must contain no personal correspondence. Any addition in writing to a bill, or invoice, or bill of lading, or statement of account, subject to postage, as "Please remit," "Your account is due," "Will draw on you," "Terms, thirty days," "Will ship with John Smith's goods," "Will ship the balance of your goods in ten days," etc., are to be avoided, as they are a violation of law, and prima facie evidence of fraud. The law does not permit the writing of letters, no matter how brief, upon third class matter.

It must not be the "expression of monetary value." Hence, receipts, repeated bills and statements, letters of acknowledgment, notes, accounts, checks, drafts and orders for payment of money or other valuable consideration, completed deeds and insurance policies and other papers representing value, or stating a claim to anything of value, require letter postage. A credit entry upon a bill or statement of account subjects the same to letter postage.

It will be well for our merchants to note these limitations, and caution their clerks and bookkeepers as it may become necessary to enforce the penalty—\$10 for each offense.

Slowly and Sleeplessness.

Too much sleep in very injurious in its effects. The whole nervous system becomes blunted, so that the muscular energy is enfeebled and the sensations and moral and intellectual manifestations are obtunded. All the bad effects of inaction become developed. The functions are exerted with less energy, the digestion is torpid, the excretions are diminished, while, in some instances, the secretion of fat accumulates to an inordinate extent. The memory is impaired, the powers of imagination and of the intellect are not sufficiently excited when sleep is too prolonged or involuntary. It is a general sleeper. Generally they are the poorest sleepers, who sleep longest in bed—some that awaken less refreshed than if the time of arising were earlier by an hour or two. While it is true that children and young people require more rest than their elders, yet it should be the care of parents that, over-indulgence be not permitted. Whatever over-stimulates the circulation of the brain causes imperfect sleep, if not absolute sleeplessness. Although sleep is a natural and involuntary state, it is greatly promoted by maintaining a good state of health; by daily open air exercise, or by riding or sailing with the face exposed to the air; by having the stomach free from a heavy meal or any indigestible substance, and by avoiding being uncleanly in food or drink beyond what nature requires, want of proper exercise, mental disquietude, and all causes of sleeplessness. Breathing in a confined or overheated apartment is also a not unusual cause of nervous slumber. The temperature most suitable for sleep is about sixty degrees, which gives the sensation of neither heat nor cold, and admits of a moderate amount of bed clothes being used. "The best posture of sleep is to be on the right or left side, with the arm crossed over the breast in front and the head well up on the pillow. The mouth should be shut, so that the breathing may be carried on exclusively through the nose. Some persons acquire a habit of sleeping with the mouth open, which is a most offensive habit of morning. Going to sleep while lying on the back should be avoided, as, besides inducing the sleeper to snore, it is apt to cause disturbing dreams. It is well accepted fact that sleep begins at the expiration of the first sleep, and the rest of the night. On this account, in order to fall asleep, we require not only to compose the thinking faculties, but to keep the feet still. The feet must also have an agreeable warmth."

A German physician, a celebrity has lately been investigating the subject of early rising, and has come to the conclusion that, far from making a man healthy, wealthy and wise, it has quite the contrary effect, and shortens life instead of prolonging it. In the majority of cases which he has investigated, long lives have indulged in late hours; and at least eight out of every ten persons who attained the age of 80 and upwards were in the habit of not retiring to rest until the small hours, and remaining in bed until the day was fairly advanced. He has no doubt whatever that early rising is a most pernicious habit for those who go to bed late; and, like Charles Lamb, thinks it better for everybody to delay getting up, until the morning has had a chance to become well stirred.

Batling with a Bull.

A colored man, in the employ of Mr. George Hubschmidt, in Burgan County, New Jersey, went out into a field to drive a bull into a barayud. The bull was rather vicious, but he had never attacked the men. This time, however, the animal made a plunge for the colored man, knocking him to the ground, held him so long that he could not get up, and so he came home with his sharp horns. The negro struggled and fought as best he could, and succeeded in dodging the horns several times. But finally the horn penetrated the man's chest about an inch from the mouth. The bull then gave a savage plunge and tore the flesh around the negro's chin, from a point about two inches from the left end of his mouth clear around to his right ear. This made a terrible wound, and the great arteries of the neck were severed. The man, in spite of his wound, the man continued to fight for his life. He succeeded in reaching a stone, with which he hampered the bull in the eye until he was able to get up. He then held his victim by the horns, and he was able to get up. The bull then ran to the opposite side of the field, tossing his head and roaring with pain; the eye being almost entirely destroyed. The negro subsequently remarked that he made a square bull-eye every time.

Two men who happened along in another field went as far as the fence, but were afraid to go to the colored man's assistance, even after the bull had run away. He got up and staggered across the field to the fence, and then he sank down. Dr. Van Gleason, of Patterson, was sent for, and he dressed the wound. Dr. Van Gleason says he thinks the negro will recover, although he says it was one of the narrow escapes he ever saw, as the man's windpipe was actually gnawed by the sharp point of the bull's horn.

A Petrified Body Found.

Not long ago it was deemed desirable to remove the remains of Police Officer William Blanford, who died June 11, 1874, of paralysis, and his wife, Rebecca Blanford, who died February 15, 1875, of lung disease, from the Philadelphia to the Mount Moriah Cemetery. During the progress of the disinterment it was found that the remains of the man had undergone petrification, and had been entirely preserved, while his wife's were in a state of decay. The corpse of the former weighed nearly five hundred pounds. Its condition is attributed to the dampness of the earth in which it was buried, similar discoveries having been made there in the last few years.—Philadelphia News.

Passing Smiles.

The rest of the week—Sunday. GENERAL TO-PIC—Chiroptidia. A TWO-FOOT-BEAR—don't stumbla. EVERY tramp carries a roamin' nose. THE very easy to recover an old nose. DUTCHMEN are bet' boys of larger growth. The carriage-maker never tires. The blacksmith does that for him. "AFTER Cincinnati, whar?" asks a political exchange. O., of course. No, Mary Ann, a newspaper dress is not made of print, however suggestive. "Tis nearer the bone the sweeter the meat," says this girl to her country lover. A MAN may be right, and yet be left. A woman who recognized small things as Vice-gerents. THE holiest our harbor fortifications were made for big guns. That is why they were laid for.

A PRINTER's girl fell exhausted into his arms at a ball. It was a feat to busy himself. MILLER is said to be very busy writing war poetry. Mr. Miller was very recently married. UNRESPONSIBLE in this world, says the Albany Review, as so implying as that of a college boy with his first case. THE causing of an Eastern bank ran away with all the funds and the directors hid themselves in the door. "No Cashier," says the Albany Review, "but say 'the gas away' 'the little' Jones—'I forgot, but as any risk it was a perfect give-away."

A REQUEST, says the Boston Commercial Advertiser, will be popular this season notwithstanding that it is played out. WISER Webster said "there is always room at the top," he was not referring to the advertising page of a newspaper. THIS decomposing flies, with their brightly colored wings, are fluttering hither and thither, show especially titillating.

"WE see at last that we must cease making jokes. When it gets so they are likely to explode and scorch horses it is time to stop." AT a restaurant: "Take away the sauce-pan; it's a hot one." "What sauce-pan?" "The one you ate." "I thought I had gotten them all out!" "Get up, my son. The early bird catches the worm, you know." "I don't want to catch no worms, papa, and have a take nasty medicine!"

ATMOSPHERIC "knowledge" is not thoroughly distributed so our school-boys, by being asked, "What is an umbrella?" vaguely responded, "An umbrella." A YOUNG man boasted that he had a well-stored mind, whereupon a young lady muttered, "What a pity we can't find out where he stored it!" THE New Orleans Post-Opener discovers that while the country doctors go on doing good, the country politicians go on around talking about doing good!

ONE glass of plain soda water costs one-tenth of a cent, first price. Now we can understand why it is that a druggist's clerk can use the most expensive kind of hair oil and wear a very small mustache.

ONE of the war songs of the Zulus runs: "Behi dabi dabi dabi! Behi dabi dabi dabi!" The enemy is supposed to jump to flight as soon as the song is started.

THE Western girl who persistently declared that her country politicians were not only very handsome, but immensely wealthy, has been adjudged insane, says the Frankensack Republican.

WHEN a fond parent finds that his little son has emulated the example of the father of his country by going to arboriculture, he raises the wind immediately; that is to say, he puts the heir in motion.

AN Irish gentleman in London being told by an officer of a bank that he had overdrawn his account, replied that he was not in the habit of paying them when he had money in their hands, and he did not want to be twitted by them when he had none.

NOTHING is more pathetic than to see a gentleman rise in a street car and offer his seat to a lady who has been standing for a mile, overcome by her prostrations, and finally receive her gratitude, and then, with a benignant and satisfied smile, go right off at his own door.

"DRINKWATER is dead at last," remarked Jonesbury as he entered the house the other evening. "Oh, dear," exclaimed Mrs. J.; "but then his widow is left comfortless. He's a good man, isn't he?" "He is now," replied Jonesbury with an emphasis on the "now," that Mrs. Jonesbury didn't more than like.

ONE day a party of gentlemen were smoking together in a hotel somewhere in Connecticut. "Young man," said the inevitable, social statistician who was present, "smoking is an extravagant habit. Don't you think it is wrong? Don't you think you should give it up?" One of those addressed removed his cigar from his lips and coolly replied in behalf of the company that he "couldn't see it." "Well," returned the statistician, "I will give you an example which is within my own knowledge: Right here in this very town, lives a friend of mine who used to be a great smoker. One day he determined to abandon the habit, and save the money which he would otherwise have spent for cigars. At the end of fifteen years he bought a very nice house with the money saved in that way. What do you think of that? The spokesman of the smokers sought to have been crushed, but he wasn't. "He has the house," he said, "but you may admit that he hasn't had the cigars."

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