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A Family Newspaper Devoted to Literature, Agriculture and General Information.

believe right.

no joy in anything.

bles at other people.

ceed at anything else.

gins in the individual.

by daring them to go.

do it, and plan to do it,

WORDS OF WISDOM.

No man has a right to throw his trou-

No man can be a hypocrite and suc-

Every for that comes and stays be-

You can get some men to go anywhere

People who succeed generally aim to

"Elbow grease" will "gum" like any

No woman but his own wife ever finds

One of the hardest things to do is to

There is nothing good in the man who

does not desire to be thought well of.

If every dog who barks would bite,

If you care anything for a man's friend-

One of the duties every man owes to

himself, is to live so that he can respect

It ought not to take any more cour-

It is seldom that a man ever gets to be

The man who expects to out-run a lie

An easy chair for a discontented man

If some people would always think

twice before they speak, they would keep

If all people would learn to behave

themselves, what a famine there would

As a rule women have poor memories,

Whenever you hear a man condemning

other people, you can mark it down that

he is trying to cover up rubbish in his

When your heart is so heavy that you

The sun tells the truth about a man

when it takes his picture, but the photog-

rapher has to do a good deal of lying

with his retouching pencil before he can

Begging as a Fine Art.

The artistic quality which marks

American industry in all its branches to-

day is nowhere more apparent than in

the art of begging as now practised in

New York City, writes a correspondent.

The old-fashioned, plain begging is quite

out of date. The modern beggar makes

a study of his employment, and brings

to it a high order of imaginative talent

and a degree of that patient industry

which underlies most success in this age

of competition. The knowledge among

that large class of persons of both sexes

and of all ages who decline to work

under any consideration that keen eves

are upon them and that ordinary make-

shifts and apologies won't fool honest

people any louger sharpens their wits and

drives them to devise the most ingenious

lies or go out of the begging business.

The stimulating effect of such anti-fraud

machinery as the Charity Organization

Society on the minds of the mendicant

class shows that they are more capable

of intellectual improvement than many

suppose. Lately I have had brought to

my attention several most artful cases,

where beggars have prepared themselves

for the cross-examination they now ex-

pect with a completeness that throws

even an expert off his guard. Meanwhile

A Large Gum Tree.

delights in swampy places, where

can't laugh yourself, the next best thing

is to do something that will make some

body else laugh with joy. Try it.

but they never forget the people who say

nice things about their bonnets.

is something that can not be found at a

had better start with something faster

than a bycicle.

furniture store.

still a good deal.

be among the lawvers.

wise enough to know what to do with a

age to dare to do right than to dare to

ship, it is dangerous business to lend him

the world would soon be full of sore

other lubricator, unless it is used.

out how disagreeable a man can be.

alarm the man who thinks he is safe.

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NO. 15.

its tusk protruding from the bank or

tunds, and watched it for several sea-

sons, until finally he found it lying upon

the beach. The wild animals had been

feeding on it, and, think of it! the mam-

moth may have been dead anywhere

from five to fifty thousand years, yet its

flesh was so perfectly preserved and the

eye so fresh that a scientific man said he

could hardly distinguish between it and

Thousands of years ago this gigantic

creature had perished, perhaps failing in-

to a crevasse in the ice, and ever since

had been frozen up like solid rocks. Gradually undermined by the river the

body had fallen out, as we have seen.

About thirty pounds of the red hair and wool was collected by this fisherman,

the tusks and portions of the feet, and

all sold to a Russian official, who im-

mediatel sent word to St. Petersburg,

whereupon the Emperor ordered that the entire skeleton should be preserved. The

skeleton was secured, with some of the

skin and hair, and all are now in the

trating the enormous size of the prehis-

This was in the last century, and ever

since people have been on the lookout for these giants of the ice. Several

specimens have been found, the most re-

markable by a Russian engineer, named

Ben Kendorf, in 1846. He was engaged

in surveying the coast off the mouth of

the Lena and Indigirka Rivers, and his

story is so striking that I give it just as

it is taken from a letter written to a

"Afterward we landed on the new

shore, and surveyed the undermining and

destructive operations of the wild waters.

that carried away with extraordinary

rapidity masses of soft peat and loam.

While we were all quiet we suddenly

heard under our feet a sudden gurgling

and stirring which betrayed the working

and pointed to a singular and unshapely

object, which rose and sank through the

disturbed waters. I had already re-

marked it, but had given it no attention,

considering it only driftwood. Now we

all hastened to the spot on the shore, had

the boat drawn near and waited until the

water in an unearthly manner, as though

seeking for something lost therein.

Breathless with astonishment, I beheld

the monster hardly twelve feet-from me,

with his half open eyes yet showing the

whites. It was still in good preserva-

"A mammoth! A mammoth!" broke

out the Tschernoniori; and I shouted.

"Here, quickly! Chain and ropes!"

As the animal again sank, we wait for an

opportunity to throw the ropes over his

head. This was accomplished after many

efforts. We then threw a chain around

PROTRUDING FROM THE CLIFF.

a stake in the ground about twenty feet

from the shore and made chain and rope

fast to it. The day went by quicker

than I thought for, but still the time

seemed long before the animal was se-

cured and the water had loosened it.

The soft peat or marsh land, on which

he stepped thousands of years ago, gave

way under the weight of the giant, and

he sank as he stood on it, feet foremost,

incapable of saving himself, and a severe

frost came and turned him into ice, and

the moor which had buried him. The

latter, however, grew and flourished,

every summer renewing itself. Possibly

the neighboring stream had heaped over

the dead body plants and sand. God

only knows what causes had worked for

If this specimen could have been pre-

served the entire skin of one of these

monsters could have been mounted. In

recent years other specimens have been

found, and there is hardly a locality but

has produced its teeth and bones, show-

ing the wide range of the great ele-

Near Colchester a fine specimen was

unearthed, and at Scarborough the teeth

have been dredged up in numbers, show-

ing that where the water now flows for-

merly was a grazing ground for the hairy

In Italy the bones have been discov-

ered in the volcanic gravel of Ponte

when the site of Rome was covered by a

In Germany prahistoric man undoubt-

edly hunted the mammoth. Near Cross-

stadt its bones have been found in great

quantities, packed as closely as if the

had been placed so artificially. In t

village of Thiede, near Brunswick, clev-

In the southern portion of this cou-

try an allied form-probably as larg

but without the hair-was found an

called the American elephant. Recently

one was discovered near San Juan.

The writer as soon as he learned of

the find attempted to reach the spot.

but little was left to tell the story. The

railroad had cut directly through the

skeleton, so that the tusks were all that

could be secured and some of the teeth.

The locality was examined afterward by

the writer, who found that the body

must have laid in a bed of fine sand

that was undoubtedly a quicksand, and

in this trap the big animal had been

tusks were found in a heap.

Southern California.

held until to-day.

its preservation."

river of lava.

"Suddenly our jager called loudly

friend then in Germany:

of the disturbed river.

the eye of a living animal.

toric giant.

Henry Hayne writes from Paris that nearly every good singer on the lyric stage there was born in the United

Two newspaper reporters in Boston were fined \$50 each for incorporating with their reports of a trial "comments tending to prejudice the minds of the

The figure 4 will be conspicuous in 1892. There are forty-four States and the Electoral College will have 444 members; the year can be equally divided by four.

When the Hungarian Government took the operation of the railroads in hand it reduced rates eighty-two per cent. By the purchase of commutation tickets a sixty-mile trip costs five and a half cents, and more than one can go on a book together. The increase in traffic amounts to 1600 per cent.

Public lands are still to be had taking States and Territories containing them in alphabetical order, in Alaska, Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming, or in a little over half of the States and Territorie; taken together.

Until recently fifty per cent. of the immigration to the United States was Irish, about thirty per cent. German and twenty per cent. from various European nations. Now the Irish immigration has | I say agin, I turn right oneasy in my Hungary, Russia, Poland, Sweden and Norway is rapidly increasing. Most of these immigrants formerly went West, but now about two-thirds of them remain in the New England and Middle States,

The San Francisco Chronicle feels that the report of the Arid Land Committee, if it is generally promulgated, will do much to convince the outside world that all American farming is not unscientific. There is a popular European fallacy that all that is done in the United States is to tickle the virgin soil with a plow in order to make it produce good crops, but, as will be learned by those who will take the trouble to look up the question, a great deal of intelligent farming, backed up by considerable investments, has been done in this country of late years.

Russia in Europe, with aw area twothirds of our own, a greater population and an ancient settlement, has only four cities of 200,000 inhabitants or over, while we, boasts the Courier-Journal, have sixteen. Germany, with 250 inhabitants to the square mile, against our twenty-one to the square mile, has only eight cities of 200,000 inhabitants or over, and France, with an almost equal density of population, has but four such cities. No European country has more than one city of a million inhabitants or over; we have three. In fact, all Europe, with her 400,000,000 people, has but four cities of a million inhabitants or upward, while with only 63,900,000 inhabitants, we fall but one behind.

"The plan of a half-dozen prominent Boston people to unite for the purpose of investigating spiritualism is," thinks the San Francisco Chronicle, "a good one. The fact that Edward Everett Hale is a member of the company is an assurance that nothing unable to stand the test of good common sense will be admitted. There is much in spiritualism which has never been explained. The Sybert commission several years ago pronounced all the leading professional experts of spiritualism frauds, but it did not deal with the amateurs, who are certainly more interesting than the 'mediums' who make money out of their alleged power of summoning spirits. The work of this Boston committee will be watched with much interest."

It sounds somewhat strange, confesses the New Orleans Times-Democrat, to have the Mormon question transferred to England-it is one we have always believed so thoroughly American. It is true that a majority of the Mormon immigrants came from England, but they have carried on their operations so quietly and secretly there that the world heard little about them. It seems, however, that they have at last attracted the attention of the people of other denominations, and are being roughly handled in consequence. The Mormons have a good organization in England, bave their churches and congregations there and do a great deal of missionary work. It is complained that they teach polygamy and defiance of the laws of both the United States and England. They seem to have gained in strength and numbers lately, for in this way only can the present movement against them be explained. The agitators who are leading the attack on them have asked the House of Commons to interfere and compel "the Saints" to abandon the teaching of polygamous Mormonism in England. Should they carry their demand, it will materially help this country in dealing with the Mormon question, as the chief support of the church comes from the newly arrived and generally ignorant Mormon immigrants,

OPPORTUNITY. Master of human destinies am Il

Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps Cities and fields I walk: I pentrate

Deserts and seas remote, and passing by Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late I knock unbidden once at every gate! If sleeping, wake: if feasting rise before I turn away. It is the hour of fate.

And they who follow me reach every state Mortals desire, and conquer every foe Save death: but those who doubt or hesitate Condemned to failure, penury, and woe, Seek me in vain and uselessly implore, answer not, and I return no more!

-John J. Ingalls, in New York Truth.

AN OUTLINE IN UMBER.

BY EVA W. M'GLASSON. The mail had just come in, and the

leather bag which held it lay on the counter of Joel Shattuc's store in a tan colored heap the limpness of which suggested only an elemental notion of con-

Joel Shattuc himself, a midle aged man with a square looking head, which fitted into his body like a plug of pine, stood fingering the metal clamps across the sacks upper edge, his heavy face expressive of a settled gloom.

"Ef this thing goes on," he said, glancing toward a group of men in the space about the stove, "I don't know but I'll hev to give up my job." And as out, and the door clanged behind her. he spoke his eyes returned to the mail

"I wouldn't feel thet ways, Uncle Joel." moderately advised an elderly man huddled on a molasses barrel, his booted legs crossed, his chin braced from contact with a blue cotton shirt by a lath like section of stiff gray beard.

"Oh, you wouldn't!" demurred Mr. Shattuc, a suspiciously satirie quality in his voice-"vou wouldn't hunk. - Well, the thing of it is, Jake, I don't gen'ally regerlate myse'f on other men's notionts. affair glimpsing on its devotees through here? Blame ef I don't feel like writin' three triangular openings, like a very him a piece of my mind." ugly idle with a trio of terrible eyes.

the man on the barrel, "I don't look to mented, slapping his knee. "Tis so. get no mail to-day; but still, Uncle Say, uncle, jest you write 'n' tell him Joel, look like it's unly fair to the town | what Casey County thinks of a feller like ez thet sack ought to be undid. 'S I him. Go on, uncle!" say, I feel right with you'ns 'bout Sa' | "Blame ef I don't feel like it, Jane Swett. D'law! I've knowed thet mused Mr. Shattuc, bewildered and gyrl sence she wasn't no heftier than a charmed with the success of his notion. right sizable terbaccer worm. But yit I "Any one know whar a letter 'd reach don't reckon ez the world's goin' to quit him? He got a run on the Queen 'n' jest cuz Sa' Jane's sot her mind on a man | Crescent, didn't he? Look like I got the thet never showed her no special favor, idy off'n some o' you boys." He glanced no more'n bein' sort uh smiley an' sof'spoken, like he was to ev'y person.' He cleared his throat, and added: Mart Lype cutting a casing of dry mud "Tain't right goyd jedgement to do us from his boot-sole with a jack-knife.

Mr. Shattuc's eyes, which were gray the other man with an ominous and un- 'I'm kinduh sorry I'm leavin' this town,' usual steadiness. "Ef any man 'lows to he says, 'and yit kinduh glad. I'm a

tacklin' the biggest contract-" in a wide smile, left his eyes free to ob- I'd ask her to set the day ef I ketched hand toward a hip pocket. "Thet's so, Uncle Joel. Yes, sir"-turning to the rest of the men, who were taking in the controversy with the abstraction of countenance which indicates a stern in- She's a right sweet girl, Sa' Jana is.' tention of neutrality-"I've always helt thet Uncle Joel Shattuc kin down any man in the district for common hoss sense an' natchel wit. I honor you, Uncle Joel, for being slack about openin' thet yar bag. I got daughters my own run. Sa' Jane she'll fergit me arter a self, an' I'd hate to see arr one of 'em spell. Nice gyrl, Sa' Jane, but not edlookin' like a lightnin' rod thoo pinin'

to git word of some un 'r uther." He drew up rather suddenly. The door had opened with a warning click, and a woman stepped across the threswith an effect of intense fragility against the oak-crowned knob behind her. A dwindling strand of vellowish hair strayed across one pale check, and some loose short locks lay or her brows

imming with the pathetic violet of autumn distances. A gaudy plaid shawl canopied her head, and as she drew near the counter and saw the mailsack lying unopened upon it, her hands gave a nervous flutter, and the shawl fell

"Mail not handed out yet?" she said. with a piteous affectation of carelessness. 'I'm sort of early. I did'nt keer much hed a sort of feelin' that maybe her folks down in Russell County might have sent

marked freckles giving her the look of a

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Shattuc, diving for a key attached below the counter by means of a long chain; "I'm late today. Look like these fellers git in hvar and talk till I am 'bout run destracted. Set down, Sa' Jane. I'll run thoo the sack in half a minute now. You Mart Lype, give Miss Swett that yar chair." At this Mart Lype, a lazy-looking young man, with low brows thatched in black hair, and a bronze throat girt in a

"Will you set, Miss Sweet?" he questiioned, without insistance. The girl shook her head. "I ruther stand up," she murmured, hungrily eye- Party address Onbeknown. ing the postmaster as he shuffled several

scarlet handkerchief, tilted himself for-

newspapers in Manila wrappers. There way, and the town had a period of true, and the false dew can be easily dewere only two letters. These Mr. Shat- breathless expectancy as to its probable tected. The moisture exuded by the tuc avoided as if their whiteness sug- results. On the sixth day after its grass-false dew-is always isolated at gested leprosy to his mind. He had a sending, a large envelope, with some points situated near the tips of the blades, definite idea that neither of them was for printing across one end, fell out of the forming drops of some size, whereas, Sarah Jane Sweet, and he felt himself a mailsack, addressed in typewriter true dew collects evenly all over the poltroon and coward when he thought of turning up the inclosures.

"Jest wait a minute," he muttered; "be back direckly."

appeared through a door at his left. children sent for the mail-"git along When he came back his face wore a look of defiant assurance, and some amberish drops hung in his beard.

"Mr. Rube Hughes," he announced, "This un's from your kin in Bracken, the black-browed youth's hands.

slight wrist lay along the dark wood, powers. and her brown fingers clutched at the ment went over her. "Uncle Joel," she faltered, in a husky

tone, "I--you-you don't ever leave no mail stuck eenside the sack, do you?" As she said this she smiled at him with pitiful kind of coquetry in her pretty Kentucky."

wreck near Bolingsville, Tennessee. Remains shipped to his mother at Sadiesville, Kentucky."

pallid face. "Lord, no, Sa' Jane!" exclaimed the postmaster, "I never-" "I know! I know!" she cut in, with a broken sort of laugh; "but look like the bottom of thet bag stands up like they

might be." Mr. Shattue took the sack by its bottom ridge and shook it. "You see?" he said, with a sort of gloomy pride. She gathered her shawl about her head

without a word, and turned and went The man on the barrel observed the back of his hand with an air of impartial criticism. "I'd put my hull terbaccer crop on it that she won't never hear arr

word of Jim Crawford agin." He said this slowly. Mart Lype laughed, his booted legs waving in the air as he tilted himself back against the wall. "Jim, he was a great one," he commented; "fine-lookin" feller, Jim. Always got me thet he ever

paid 'tentions to Sa' Jane; nothin' to look at, Sa' Jane ain't." "You don't know no more bout looks almost ceased, asserts the Philadelphia stomach ev'y last time this yar sack gits than a tadpole does about honey," argued the postmaster. "Sa' Jone's a fack. I'm that plumb shore thar won't good-lookin' gyrl an' a good gyrl. Too be nare thing in it for the Swetts folks good for Jim Crawford. I whisht he that I ham't skercely got the sand to never showed his face hereabouts, turnin' open the bag. I feel like I want to leave gyrls' heads with his high-colored neckit locked." He fetched the counter a ties and fine talk. 'Cuz he happened to plumb out'n hyar. I got work to 'tend smart rap with his shut fist, and glow. run the engine from here to Waynesville, ered upon the other men, who at once he jest natchelly 'peared to set hisself assumed expressions indicating an intense | cl'ar up over country boys." He wiped interest in the stove-a small red hot his brows. "Whar-at did he go from

> The man on the barrel gave a cluck "Well, for me," presently advanced of approval. "Firs' trate idy," he com-

at the others with challenge in his eves. "Reckon 'twas me named it," admitted out'n the mail 'cuz Sa' Jan's beau-ef "Yes I 'low I told you. He got a run to you wart to call him thet-hev went Nashville, I believe, three weeks ago come nex' Chuesdy. Heh! Day he left, him and me was takin' somethin' toand had a shifting movement under his gether, man and man, and Jim he says brows as of two steel shuttles, observed | -sof'-spoken feller Jim-'Mart,' he says, question my jedgement," he began, in a gre't favoryte on Deadwood, says he. guid with the rich luxury of June. tentative voice, "he'll find hisself 'Folks here is jest my style, but I'm kinduh 'fear'd Sa' Jane Swett's gittin' "D'law! yes," broke in the object of too-well, it's this way: she likes me

serve any tendency of the postmaster's her lookin' at me the ways she does sometimes out'n them big eyes-can't tell. I'm a sof'-hearted feller, Mart.' "Well,' says I, 'ef you like her so well, why don't you ast her to hev you? "'Uck-uh,' says Jim; 'my wife's got to be eddercated and book-l'arned,' says loved me like I loved him!"-Harper's he. 'I look high, Mart; my wife's got to know how to read 'n' write. No, Matt,' he says; 'I best take this new

run. Sa' Jane she'll fergit me arter a

deroated."" Mr. Shattuc came down on this narrative with a sound remarkably like an oath. "I'm goin' to write that letter," he roared, "ef it's the last lick I put in hold, her slender young figure revealed on top o' yearth! Whar-at's thet pen used to be round hyar? I'm goin' to tell thet set-up young calf of a engineer what plain folk that eats fat meat the year round thinks of him! 'Eddercated' nothin'! Sa' Jane was edderabove the sad intentness of wide, soft cated enough to know when she was

bein' made love to, I reckon. A woman don't need no more l'arnin' then thet." The letter thus projected was not, Lowever, finished in so short order as the heated state of its author's feelings would seem to promise. Mr. Shattuc's spiritual forces had to work against the material resistance of an unaccustomed hand, thick ink, and a pen weighted with the rust of years. It was, accordabout comin' down to-day, but maw she ingly, a day or so before the matter was brought to completion, and the postmaster found himself in the proud position of

"J. Crawferd"--so the paper began-"Me cowslip bending a little on its long stem. and some of the folks down here that knows you want you should know you Better not show yourself round here no more lest you want to find what plane folks think about Miss Sweet Me and the others would be Mity prond to change our Hidy of you Rite soon yours truely Joel Shattuc Postmaster

> "I'm goin' to stick it in a invelup, said Mr. Shattue, to carry off his embarrassed appreciation of the applause which greeted this effort, "and back it like this: 'J. Crawferd, Engineer care Quene & Crescen' railroad C'mp'y ple's hand to true dew is deposited on it; and on all

> In this wise the letter was sent its characters to Joel Shattuc. blades. A glance discerns the pearly

> "Boys," said the postmaster, solemn- lustre of the dew film from the glistenly, "it s come! This is it, 'y gum! ing diamond drops of the healthy plant's from the general office. Hyar, you juice.

He took a couple of strides, and dis- folks"-addressing a gaping throng of home! Mail won't be distriberted till

'long todes night. I'm busy. Cl'ar out!" He set a ponderous pair of spectacles on the bridge of his nose, which closed in a voice of challenge, picking up the upon the wire-like small toothless jaws. first letter. "Hyar yar, Rube. Reckon It was apparently quite a short letter, it's from thet gyrl o' yourn down in yet the matter of it seemed strangely Liberty." Then he took up the second forcible, for those who watched the envelope, and his hand visibly shook. postmaster observed that his mouth opened and hung lax as he read, and Mart," he said, and cast the letter into that his hands jerked as he held the he black-browed youth's hands.

The girl facing him did not move. One if he strove to focus his reasoning

"Lord God ha' mercy!" he gasped sharp edge as if it were a plank to which taking the sweat from his temples with she clung as the waters of disappoint- the ball of his hand. "Listen at

'Joel Shattue: "Dear Sir—we regret to say James Crawford was killed nine weeks ago in a

There was only a moment of aghast silence. The shadow of the young fellow whose end was thus briefly chronicled seemed to fill the slow smoky room, where he had been used to lounge of nights with the men now called on to realize their own doom in his tragic

taking off. Suddenly, in an appalled whisper, Mart Lyfe spoke: "Hyar comes Sa' Jane Swett down the bill. Lord! I-What you goin' to tell her, uncle? Let me git out't hyar. I-"

Mr. Shattuc steadied himself against a box of patent medicine-a pain-killer concoction, the gayly backed bottles of which glimpsed at him with a certain airy scorn, as if they knew their futility and rejoiced in it. Sarah Jane Swett came into the store

a little more rapidly than usual, a bright color in her hollow cheeks from the biting wind. "I'm kinduh late," she murmured pushing back the dense yellow hair about

her eager face. "I didn't know but they might be somethin' to-day." The postmaster looked straight over cisively, "thet my store hain't no place for loafin'. I want you fellers to cl'ar

There was a marked alacrity in the mauner in which the postmaster's friends responded to this command.

When the porch had sounded to the last tread, Mr. Shattuc held out the lately received letter. "Sa' Jane." he faltered-"Sa' Jane. kin you read writin'?"

"I kin git the sense of it." "Kin you, Sa' Jane? Well, you study over this yar. I ... Mebby I hain't got it straight. I'll be back in a minute. He disappeared in the doorway hard

by. When he came back, brushing a hand across his mouth, he saw that Sarah Jane was standing precisely as he had left her, her face unmoved, the sheet still lying in her palm. "She hain't made it out!" he groaned.

"Oh Lord, I'll hev to tell her. "Sa' Jane, you-you hain't-you hain't-" The girl lifted her eyes, letting fhem range over his perturbed face before they settled restfully back on the page. Her expression was absolutely tranquil. The strained anxiety which had made her features piteous was altogether blotted out, and her fallen eyelids hung heavy, as with some inexplicable rap-

ture. They were like white flowers lan-"Sa' Jane, that yar letter," muttered the postmaster, feeling his knees in weak conjunction. "I reckon I best read it to this, with a deprecatory burst of mirth, mighty well, Sa' Jane does, and I'm a you, Sa' Jane." He reached for it, but which, while it spread his lean cheeks sof'-hearted 'coon, I am. D'know but she laid it against her breast, covering it with both hands, protecting it with a

"I've made it out," she said. "Jim's dead. He's dead, Jim is." Her lips shook. "Thar's folks 'lowed he wasn't true," she whispered; "and when he never wrote-God-God forgive me!-I -I-once or twice-I misdoubted if he

Facts Apout Dew.

John Aitken, F. R. S., of Falkirk,

Scotland, says a writer in Longman's

it seems harder and harder to get at Magazine, has conclusively proved that genuine cases of what used to be known what has been so long called dew is as "the deserving poor," There are enough of them, alas, but the countermerely the exudation of the watery juices of the healthy vegetation. In the course feit is now so excellent that it requires of his painstaking investigation-only more study to discriminate than most equalled by his devotion to science in people can give. The encouraging feathe matter of dust and the counting of ture is that the benevolent people are dust particles, with which he is now ocrealizing that in this country the extreme and awful poverty which marks some cupied at Hyeres-he selected a small turf, placed it over a glass receiver and other countries is not often linked with left it till drops were excreted. Removsobriety and honesty, and they are thereing the receiver, he selected a blade havfore resorting to some sort of system in ing a drop attached to it. He dried this sifting the plausible stories that are so blade and inserted its tip into a small glibly told .- Washington Star. glass receiver, so as to isolate it from the damp air of the larger receiver. The open end of the small receiver was closed What is probably one of the largest by means of a very thin plate of metal specimens of the tupelo or sour gum in cemented to it. In the center of this the United States was found recently plate was pierced a small opening, to adgrowing in the Ocmulgee River swamp, mit the tip of the blade; but the opening near Abbeville, Ga: It towers above the was then carefully made air-tight by surrounding forest of immense trees, means of an india-rubber solution. After and is more than twelve feet in diameter. a time, though this blade was thoroughly There is a large hollow at the base, isolated, he saw that a drop was formed reading aloud to his friends the letter on the tip, of the same size as the drops which extends upward for a distance of She leaned against the counter with which was to bear to Jim Crawford the formed on the blade under the large refifteen feet, with an aperture large an air of weariness, her slenderness, her impartial expression of his former neigh- ceiver. He, of course, was entitled to enough to admit a tall man. The tupelo it is frequently found growing among blades, as well as on the isolated blade, deciduous cypress, and endeavoring, were really exuded from the plant, and apparently, to imitate it by sending from not extracted from the air. What has been for centuries called dew is therefore Rasculs and skampes if we got you Ded wrong name of us but what wantes to do thee square by you Miss Sweet she thinks rite square by you Miss Sweet she thinks rite smart of you why haint you rote to Her I am sick of my job becus no mail dont come that is dew. Dead matter gets equally for Miss Sweet if a letter was to come for wet where equally exposed, and the moisture does not collect on it in regularly placed drops as it does on plants.

among its roots rudimentary "knees," similar to that great southern monarch .-Detroit Free Press. The Newsboy's Last Question. "Oh, mister, am I dead?" This was the plaintive query of George Monelle, a newsboy, fourteen years old, as he ran into a saloon on the northeast corner of If radiation continues after the sap drops Main and Houston streets. With a more have been forming for some time, the definite response than his hearers could dew makes its appearance all over the give death answered the question in a surface. But true dew is of rarer ocfew minutes. The poor boy was dead. currence than one would expect. On He had just been accidentally shot with many nights on which grass gets wet, no a target rifle in the hands of another newsboy known as Pat. The ball ennights, when growth is healthy, the extered the front of the neck a little to the uded drops always appear before the right of a medial line and ranged downward, lodging in his body .- Dallas (Texas) News. An acre of bananas will support twenty-five times as many persons as an

acre of wheat. A Michigan man is making a fortune by raising skunks for their fur.

SIBERIAN JUMBOS.

Love is always doing, and never stops LEGENDS AND RELICS OF PRE-No man becomes dizzy while he is

HISTO, IC GIANTS. No man can live right who does not Trapping a Mammoth - The Lore and the Romance of Hunt-The man who has no joy in giving has ing Big Animals in a

> Bygone Age. When the first Europeans visited China and began to obtain information regarding the traditions of the country they learned, among other things, that in the natural history of the people was an

enormous subterranean rat called tyn-This rat was five or six times as large as a horse, had terrible teeth and lived chiefly in the northern country, where it forced its way beneath mountain ranges, so that when a tremor of an earthquake was heard in China the parents would

turn to the child and say: "My son, behave yourself. The tynschu is boring beneath the mountains, making the earth tremble."



A MAMMOTH IN THE ICE CLIFFS.

that the big rat was an actual fact. No one could be found, however, who had met with the tyn-schu until a hunter from the far north was discovered who said he had seen one, and here is his

"I am a fisherman, and some years ago I traveled in Northern China and Siberia, following up the rivers to the northern ocean. One winter the cold had been more severe than usual and we started down the Lena before the ice had gone. It was still very cold, but we kept on, hoping to secure many fish to dry and carry into the interior later on.

"One day we were passing a high cliff that was partly undermined by a turn in the river, when my comrade asked me if I had ever seen a tyn-schu. I replied no. 'Well,' said he, 'there is one coming now."

"I looked up, and there, about forty feet from the beach, was a big black mass of something. I could see two long teeth, a long tail and its shaggy fur, and it was evidently struggling to get

out, as the ice cliff was cracked. "When he sees the sunlight,' my comrade said, "it will kill him, and when we come back we shall find him dead.' And this was true, for several months later when we went back there lay the monster on the beach, dead. It had crawled out of its hole and died in the sunlight, and was mostly eaten up by bears and wolves. We cut off the big teeth, which were as much as two men could lift, and took them up the river, where I sold one, which I heard was sent to the Emperor."

Such was the Chinaman's story and that he believed that the rat was really a living creature there can be no doubt; and the belief is supported by the finding in China of gigantic bones, beneath the surface, of these rats that have accidentally been caught by rays of sunlight. The origin of this superstition is a veritable giant of the ice; a huge elephant which existed thousands of years ago in

nearly all countries, and especially about Northern Europe and Siberia. In the long ago of geological ages the climate of the far north was much milder than at present, and the Siberian islands in the Arctic Ocean were covered with trees and were the home of vast herds of monster elephants. When the first white men visited this desolate region they found the shore in some instances literally covered with the tusks, everywhere protruding from the sand, partly hidden by

HORN OF HAIRY RHINOCEROS.

it, showing that here was a graveyard of monsters of the olden time. When the account reached the centres of civilexation men went out to see if it was true, and in a short time an extensive ivory trade in these ancient relics sprang

There was then an indefinite idea of the animal which bore them, but gradually the fact became -kuown that they were the tusks of an enormous elephant known as the mammoth. Imagine Jumbo a third longer, a third

higher and covered with a coat of woolly hair from two to three feet in length; imagine him armed with huge recurvingtusks ten feet in length, and some idea can be formed of this king of the elephants that lived in the long ago. For a long time a very exaggerated idea of the animal was entertained and some curious pictures of it were made, but finally a specimen was found and then an-

The first and best specimen was discovered by a native fisherman. He saw

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A piece of tusk has been found in France with a fairly correct representation of the mammoth engraved upon it, presumably by some prehistoric artist. Again, arrow heads have been taken from beneath remains, while the much discussed elephant pipes of the interior Indian mounds of this country may be evidence in this direction, though this

The mammoth was formerly as common as are horses to-day, and the ivory



A WHALE PROZEN IN AN ICEBERG.

Royal Museum of St. Pettersburg, illus- from its tusks is still an important commercial item. Mammoth tusks frequently weigh 320 pounds apiece, and fine specimens bring large prices. One tusk was sold some years ago for \$500, and fifteen years ago ten thousand were received in London. They weighed about one hundred and forty pounds apiece, the price being 1s. 6d. per

The mammoth is not the only ice giant the ice cliffs of the North conceal. Some years ago a hunter, in traveling across a rough country, came to a deep crevasse, and upon looking in saw the body of some monster that had been washed out. He lowered himself into the chasm and found it to be a huge rhi. serous, an animal that was as well fitted to live in Siberia as the mammoth, having a covering of thick hair and wool to protect it from the rigors of the cold. The head of the monster was large and the nose armed with two tusks, one of which was enormous, being nearly four feet long and large enough to be used as a club by the natives.

If you can picture an ordinary rhinolarge again, covered with reddish hair and an underclothing of wool, with a mysterious thing should again show it- tusk four feet in length, another two feet, self. Our patience was tired, but at last a some idea can be had of the strange black, horrible, giant-like mass was thrust creature that roamed the country with out of the water and we bebeld a colossal the elephant and perhaps fought with it, elephant's head, armed with mighty as these animals are known to do in tusks, with its long trunk moving in the Africa to-day.

The big rhinocerous is also well known to the Chinese; its horn is supposed to be the tooth of a big dragon or a unicorn, and when ground up forms a valu-

able item in medicine. We need not go so far back to find animals preserved in the ice. Whalers tell of gigantic whales which have been seen entombed in icebergs, and several authentic cases are on record where big whales have been observed thus imprisoned, held aloft and floating around at the whim of the Arctic currents .- New

his tusks, that were eight feet long, drove Princess Bismarck. The wife of Prince Bismarck has been rarely mentioned in the chronicles of the German Court because she seeks to avoid anything like publicity, but for all that she has been of great assistance to. the man whose name is so closely linked with the progress of the fatherland in the last thirty years or more. The Princess is a member of a distinguished German family. She married when her husband was little known. She has always been a believer in the greatness of her spouse, and has devoted herself to making his home life as peaceful as his public career has been full of acrimony. Her tact has had much to do with smoothing away in social intercourse asperities



roversy. It is said of Princess Bismarck her husband are permitted to live quietly upon their estates, than she has been at any time since the King of Prussia made her husband his ministerial representative. In this connection the story is told that once, in company, Princes Bismarck expressed a longing for the life of a plain German gentleman's wife, when the Prince said, in a manner at once grave and gay: "That time will come, my dear, when, grown old, the nation will have no more use for us.' If there is regret in the Bismarck mansion Molle, showing that they roamed Italy | that the day of retirement has arrived it is not harbored by the wife .- Chicage

Post.

A Vonthful Speculation.

"I'll tell you. Harry, you hit me and I'll howl. Then I'll get some cake and whack up."

caught thousands of years ago, to be "Take any twenty-five tall, lean men," The mammoth has lived its time, and said an old court officer to a reporter, belongs to past geological ages, the ex- "and you can secure a jury in a murder act cause of its extermination being a case. They have no conscientious scrumystery. That it was known to man ples against the death penalty. As a and hunted by him is very probable. rule, short, thick men have doubts on The evidences of this are rare, it is true, this point.