

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

By The Advance Publishing Company—

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

—Josephus Danfols, Manager.

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1881.

VOL. 11.—NO. 30

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

WILSON, FRIDAY, - August 19, 1881.

POETRY.

BOOK OF LIFE.

Over and over again,
No matter which way we turn,
We always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson we have to learn.
We must take our turn at the mill,
We must grind out the golden grain,
We must work at our task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Or check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour.
But the morning dew must fall
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again,
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing falling us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet,
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depths be driven,
With storm and tempest, we need
Them all
To render us meet for Heaven.

Worse Than Devils.

How the Apaches Tortured to Death Young Pugh.

A Las Vegas correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* deals with the outrages committed upon Pugh before his death, some of which, however, he is unable to describe because of their revolting indecency. He says:

"I went to the place where the stage was stopped and where young Pugh was captured. There were with me some of the party who had found the young man's body, and they took me over the trail that led to the spot where the murder was committed. This was two miles from the scene of the capture. Every five hundred yards or so there were imprints in the ground of a man's knees, and the guides explained that at these intervals the prisoner had sunk down from exhaustion and to implore his savage captors to spare his life or put him out of misery by killing him. If he pleaded for life at first, he begged as hard for death at last, for over the last mile of the trail was sprinkled a copious stream of blood, and sequel showed that the Indians had committed such an atrocious outrage upon their prisoner that no man thus mutilated could hope or wish to live a minute thereafter. The body was found by the Mexican soldiers on the day succeeding the murder. It was swollen to prodigious proportions, and an examination revealed the sickening extent of the mutilations perpetrated by the dastardly cowards. It was while suffering from such barbarous torture that the demons, his captors, had forced him to walk over a mile. When he could no longer drag himself along, the brutal Apaches filled his body with bullets, and left him to rot. When the Mexican soldiers found the corpse they dug a hole with their bayonets, the only tools they had, and buried the swollen, distorted remains as best they could. Returning the next day the Mexicans discovered that the coyotes had dug the body up and stripped it of the greater portion of its flesh. The soldiers again made a grave, and interred the remains in a decent and safe manner, after which a stone and a cross were placed in position to mark the grave.

"The Indians who committed this outrage were supposed to be good Indians, and were out of their own bailiwick on a special leave from the government to hunt. They seem to have taken it for granted that they were licensed to hunt human beings, and to murder in cold blood all they found unprotected. A couple of weeks prior to the murder of young Pugh the same band of cut throats captured a body of emigrants, among whom were six women. The hellhounds violated the persons of the women in a most fiendish manner, after which they hung them up by the heels. Then they secured red hot lynchpins from the ashes of the wagons they had burned, with which the monsters tortured the women to death. The manner in which they applied the heated pieces of iron to their victims is too disgusting to be mentioned. The United States government might make a mistake of one or two Indians if it

were to exterminate the whole Apache nation, but it is thought by some very humane people that it is time that the government should vary its mistakes by the one proposed.

Accident All Around.

A most ridiculous scene occurred at a church in Newcastle. A policeman was passing the church as a gentleman came out. The man jokingly accosted the policeman, and said he was wanted inside, meaning that the minister would be glad to have him turn from the error of his way. The stupid policeman thought there was some trouble in the church so he went in. The sexton, seeing a policeman, was anxious to give him a favorable seat, so he said, "Come right in here," and he took him to a pew and waved his hand. There was another man in the pew, a deacon with a sinister expression as the policeman thought, and he supposed that was the man they wanted arrested, so he tapped the deacon on the arm and told him to come along. The deacon turned pale and edged along as though to get away, when the policeman took him by the collar and jerked him out into the aisle. The deacon struggled hard, thinking the policeman was crazy, and tried to get away, but he was dragged on. Many of the congregation thought the deacon had been doing something wrong, and some of them got behind the deacon and helped the officer take him out. Arriving at the lock-up, the policeman saw the man who told him he was wanted in the church, and asked him what charge was against the deacon, and he did not know, and finally the prisoner was asked what it was all about and he didn't know. The policeman was asked what he arrested the man for he didn't know, and after awhile the matter was explained, and the policeman, who had to arrest somebody, took the man into custody who told him he was wanted in the church, and he was fined \$5 and costs.

A Lynching Sensation.

THE STORY OF A WIFE'S SIN AND DEATH—HER COMPANION IN WICKEDNESS IN THE HANDS OF THE LAW.

Lynchburg has a sensation. In August, 1879, a man calling himself John C. Waite went to that city and commenced business in a small way a grocer. His energy and thrift, however, soon attracted the favorable attention of wholesale merchants, and he was enabled to branch out successfully. He attended the Presbyterian church and claimed to be pious. He brought with him, as was supposed, his wife and little girl. Recently the woman died in child-birth and was buried from the church mentioned.

On the 30th the real John Waite arrived from Michigan and satisfied the authorities and everybody that the grocer's name was not Waite, but Burgess, and that while professing to be his friend had run off from Michigan with his (Waite's) wife and daughter. Burgess confessed that the charges were true. He left his own wife and two children in Michigan. The *News* says the monumental impudence of Burgess is strikingly illustrated in a letter which he wrote to Waite from Detroit, in which he said: "I have your wife and child—you take mine. A fair exchange is no robbery."

Waite says he has been two years in search of his wife and child without success, but the *News* reporter has reason to doubt this statement, as it is learned from a trustworthy source that Waite positively knew of the whereabouts of the child at least several months back, and that he had also been communicated with by his wife during a visit to her mother in Kansas one year ago last April. He also received frequent communications from his mother-in-law as to her place of residence; but he did not, it appears, choose to journey in this direction; but he did not, it appears, choose to journey in this direction until intelligence reached him of her illness and death, which would seem to indicate that he was possessed of no strong desire for her return.

Waite has telegraphed to Michigan for a requisition, but has yet received no answer.

The Mayor of Lynchburg has the case in hand. Burgess lived awhile in Norfolk, and was known there by his real name. He refused to be communicative when sent to jail.

It is not an uncommon complaint against a newspaper that it hasn't life enough. But a brother editor reports this odd objection made to his paper by a gossip-loving old lady: "I like your paper very much; I have only one objection to it—it hasn't deaths enough."

Circumstantial Evidence.

In the year 1793 a young man, who was serving his apprenticeship in London to a master sail-maker, got leave to visit his mother to spend the Christmas holidays. She lived a few miles beyond Deal, in Kent. He walked the journey. On his arrival at Deal, in the evening, being much fatigued and also troubled with a bowel complaint, he applied to the landlady of a public house, who was acquainted with his mother for a night's lodging. Her house was full and every bed occupied, but she told him that if he would sleep with her uncle, who had lately come ashore, and was boatswain of an Indian man, he should be welcome. He was glad to accept the offer, and after spending the evening with his new comrade, they retired to rest.

In the middle of the night he was attacked with this complaint, and, wakening his bedfellow, he asked him the way to the water-closet.

The boatswain told him to go through the kitchen, but as he would find it difficult to open the door in the yard, the latch being out of order, he desired him to take a knife out of his pocket with which he could raise the latch.

The young man did as he was directed, and after staying half an hour in the yard, returned to bed, but was much surprised to find his companion had risen and gone. Being impatient to visit his mother and friends, he also arose before day, and pursued his journey, and arrived at home at noon. The lady, who had been told his intention to depart early, was not much surprised; but not seeing her uncle she went to call him.

She was dreadfully shocked to find the bed stained with blood, and every inquiry after her uncle was vain.

The alarm now became general, and on further examination, marks of blood were traced from the bed-room into the street, and at intervals down to the pier head. Rumor was immediately busy, and suspicion fell of course upon the young man who slept with him, that he had committed the murder, and thrown the body into the sea.

A warrant was issued and he was taken that evening at his mother's house.

On being examined and searched, marks of blood were discovered on his shirt and trousers, and in his pockets was a knife and a remarkable silver coin, both of which the landlady swore positively were her uncle's property, and that she saw them in his possession on the evening he retired to rest with the young man. On these strong circumstances the unfortunate youth was found guilty.

He related all the above circumstances in his defense, but as he could not account for the marks of blood on his person, unless he got them when he returned to bed, nor could account for the silver coin being in his possession, his story was not credited.

The certainty of the boatswain's disappearance, the blood at the pier, traced from his bed room, were two evident signs of his being murdered and even the judge was so convinced of his guilt that he ordered the execution to take place in three days.

At the fatal tree the youth declared his innocence, and persisted in it with such affecting asseverations that many pitied him, though none doubted the justness of his sentence.

The executioners of those days were not so expert at their trade as modern ones, nor were props and platforms invented. The young man was very tall, his feet sometimes touched the ground, and some of his friends who surrounded the gallows contrived to give the body some support as it was suspended. After being cut down, those friends bore it speedily away in a coffin, and in the course of a few hours animation was restored, and the innocent saved. When he was able to move, his friends insisted on his leaving the country and never returning. He accordingly traveled by night to Portsmouth and entered on board a man of war, on the point of sailing to a distant part of the world; and as he changed his name and disguised his person his very melancholy history was never discovered.

After a few years of service, during which his exemplary conduct was the cause of his promotion through the lower grades, he was at last made master's mate, and his ship being paid off in the West Indies, he with a few more of the crew were transferred to another man-of-war, which had just arrived, short of hands from a different station. What were his feelings of astonishment, and then delight and ecstasy, when almost the first person he saw on board his new ship was the identical boatswain for whose murder he had been tried, condemned and executed five years before.

Nor was the surprise of the old

boatswain much less when he heard the story. An explanation of all the mysterious circumstances then took place.

It appeared that the boatswain had been bled for a pain in his side by the barber, unknown to his niece, on the day of the young man's arrival at Deal; that when the young man had awakened him and retired to the yard he found the bandage had come off his arm during the night, and that the blood was flowing afresh.

Being alarmed, he arose to go to the barber, who lived across the street, but a press gang laid hold of him just as he left the public house. They hurried him to the pier, where the boat was waiting, and a few minutes brought them on board a frigate, then under way for the East Indies, and he omitted ever writing home to account for his sudden disappearance. These were the chief circumstances explained by the friend thus strangely met.

The silver coin being found in the possession of the young man could only be explained by conjecture—that when the boatswain gave him the knife in the dark it is probable, as the coin was in the same pocket, it stuck between the blades of the knife, and in this manner became unconsciously the strongest proof against him.

On their return to England, this wonderful explanation was told to the judge and jury who tried the case, and it is probable they never afterward convicted a man on circumstantial evidence. It also made a great noise in Kent at that time.

The Raquette in Leadville.

We saw the raquette the other night. It is a lovely dance. The attitudes and motions of the dancers are execrable. No wonder it is such a favorite among the young ladies and gentlemen of high moral proclivities. It is just too lovely for anything, and is easy to learn. And it is so appropriately named, although misspelled. It goes on in the following style: The lady and gentleman stand facing each other, quite close together. The gentleman's right arm is delicately placed around the lady's waist, his left hand delicately clutching her right index finger, while her left hand is placed on his right shoulder. Finally the fiddlers, after a few saw-saws, strike up: "A dog ate rye straw, rye straw; a dog ate rye straw," etc. At the sound of "dog" the dancers jump off to the gentleman's left two jumps, as though the "dog" were biting them from the rear, and they in their efforts to escape were trying to dodge past each other, but couldn't. After the two jumps to the lady's left they both halt an instant with their feet about fifteen inches apart and bending the knee inward toward each other until they nearly touched. We could only see the gentleman's knees, but suppose the ladies did the same; they both suddenly spring one jump to the lady's left, and thus backward and forward, keeping their feet and knees rigidly in the above position all the time; but with limber knees and hip joints they make a graceful swinging motion up and down to the time of the music. When the music stops a moment, the dancers stop, and then at the sound of "dog" they both swing over again and repeat the maneuver over and over, until both become exhausted, the fiddlers stop, and they sink into seat in a perfect perspiration of rapture. That's the raquette. Oh it is just too jolly, but it cannot be appreciated until seen. Seeing is all that is required to make one enamored, and fall into hysterical ecstasies over it. "We tumble to the racket."

Be Happy.

It is the easiest thing in the world to be happy, if men and women could only think so. Happiness is another name for love—for where love exists in a household there happiness must also exist, even though it has poverty for its close companion; where love exists not, even though it be in a palace, happiness can never come. He was a cold and selfish being who originated the saying that "when poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window," and his assertion proves conclusively that he had no knowledge of love, for unquestionably the reverse of the axiom quoted, is nearer the truth. When poverty comes in at the door, love—true love—is more than ever inclined to tarry and do battle with an enemy. Let those who imagine themselves miserable before they find fault with their surrounding, search in their hearts for the cause. A few kind words, a little forbearance, or a kiss, will open the way to a flood of sunshine in a house darkened by the clouds of discord and unamiability.

Valuable Bricks.

One hundred little boxes were conveyed along the streets of Philadelphia in express wagons the other day. Each box contained a brick—considerably larger than a common brick and a great deal heavier. The average weight of each, after the wooden casing and heavy paper wrappings were removed, was about 220 pounds, and if it were possible for a man to go around with a brick like this in his hat we would be very willing to take one of the packages home for it. Each brick was of solid gold from the assayer's office in New York, and the consignment was sent to the mint at Philadelphia. The entire weight of the 100 bricks was 266,760.78 ounces Troy, or over eleven tons. The actual net weight valuation was \$5,101,466.31. Each brick was worth over \$51,000.

Duty Before Honor.

Dr. Agnew, of Philadelphia, was sent for to come to Washington to see the President. He was requested to remain, but he declined saying that his patients required his attention. One of the President's physicians, in a rather insinuating manner, asked what kind of patients they were, and the whole-souled surgeon replied that one was a laborer in a ship-yard who had a badly fractured skull, and another one, a founder in a machine shop, suffered from a wound in the abdomen. When it was urged that the President's life was valuable and that it was his duty to remain, he replied that he didn't see it in that light. He said the Nation was able to secure the best physicians for the President, and his patients in Philadelphia were poor men and their lives depended upon proper treatment, and that he considered it his duty to attend them. He said he appreciated the honor offered him, but must decline it, on the ground, that the lives of these two laborers were as dear to their families as was the life of the President to Mrs. Garfield, and he would not desert them for the honor of being the President's physician. We say that this noble surgeon's name should live forever in the hearts of our people, as a man who looked to the healing of the unfortunate, before he would accept the highest honor in his profession.

Who Can Beat Him.

A negro boy by the name of Rom Lawson, at the section at Allensville, in Person county, did eat one and a half quarters of mutton, eighteen biscuits, one loaf of corn bread, a piece of shoat supposed to weigh about one pound, two half grown chickens, five herrings, one pound of candy, and drank about three quarts of water. He then said he hadn't eat half enough. He offered to bet he could lift more with a handstick, or could throw any man on the ground. And in order to show his strength, he took a man in his teeth that weighed 213 pounds and carried him about over the ground. He then went to another table and called for a 25 cents snack. A few years ago the same negro was attacked by a gang of ten foxes while in the field at work. He killed and captured five or six of them and put the rest to flight.

We cannot vouch for the above, but there are several in town who witnessed it.—Durham Plant.

Good Sense.

Here is something that ought to be read by a good many people: "Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork, son. Men seldom work so hard as that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes; but it is because they quit work at 6 p. m., and don't get home until 2 a. m. It's the intervals that kill, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumber; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, my son—young men who make a living by sucking the end of a cane, and who can tie a necktie in eleven different knots, and never lay a wrinkle in it; who can spend more money in a day than you can earn in a month, son; and who will go to the sheriff's to buy a postal card and apply at the office of the street commissioners for a marriage license. So find out what you want to be and to do, son; take your coat off, and make success in the world. The busier you are, the less evil you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holiday, and the better satisfied will the world be with you."

Some author says that one of the uses of adversity is to bring us out. That's true—particularly at the knees and elbows.

John Smith's Opinion of Female Doctors.

A St. Louis doctor factory recently turned out a dozen female doctors. As long as the female doctors were confined to one or two in the whole country, and those were only experimental, we held our peace and did not complain; but now that the colleges are engaged in producing female doctors as a business we must protest, and in so doing will give a few reasons why female doctors will not prove a paying branch of industry.

In the first place if they doctor anybody it must be women, and three-fourths of the women would rather have a male doctor. Suppose these colleges turn out female doctors until there are as many of them as there are male doctors, what have they got to practice? A man, if there is nothing the matter with him, might call on a female doctor, but if he was sick as a horse (if a man is sick he is as sick as a horse,) the last thing he would have around would be a female doctor. And why? Because when a man has a female fumbling around him he wants to feel well. He don't want to be bilious or feverish, with his mouth tasting like cheese, and his eyes blood shot, when the female is looking him over and taking account of stock. Of course, these female doctors are young and good-looking, and if one of them came into a sick room where a man was in bed, and he had chills, and was as cold as a wedge, and should sit up close to the side of the bed and take hold of his hand, his pulse would run up to 150, and she would prescribe for a fever when he had chillsblains. Oh, you can't fool us on female doctors. A man who has been sick, and had male doctors, knows just how much he would like to have a female doctor come tripping in and throw her fur-lined cloak over a chair, take off her hat and gloves and throw them on a lounge, and come up to the bed with a pair of marine blue eyes, with a twinkle in the corner, and look him in the wild, changeable eyes, and ask him to run out his tongue. Suppose he knew his tongue was coated so it looked like a yellow Turkish towel, do you suppose he would want to run out over five or six inches of the lower part of it and let that female doctor put her finger on it to see how furred it was? Not much. He would put that tongue into his cheek, and wouldn't let her see it for twenty-five cents admission. We have all seen doctors put their hands under the bed clothes and feel of a man's feet to see if they were cold. If a female doctor should do that it would give a man cramp in the legs. A male doctor can put his hands on a man's stomach, and liver and lungs, and ask him if he feels any pain there, but if a female doctor should do the same thing, it would make a man sick, and he would want to get up and kick himself for employing a female doctor. Oh, there is no use talking, it would kill a man.

Another contingency. Now, suppose a man has heart disease, and a female doctor should want to listen to the beating of his heart. She would lay her left ear on his left breast, so her eyes and rosybud mouth would be looking right in his face, and her wavy hair would be scattered all around there, getting tangled in the buttons of his night shirt. Don't you suppose his heart would get in about twenty extra beats to the minute? You bet! And she would smile—we will bet \$10 that she would smile—and show her pretty teeth, and her ripe lips would be working as though she were counting the beats, and he would think she was trying to whisper to him, and—well, what would he be doing all this time? If he was not dead yet, which would be a wonder, his left hand would brush the hair away from her temple and kind of stay there to keep the hair away, and his right hand would get sort of nervous and move around to the back of her head, and when she sounded the beats a few minutes and was raising her head he would draw the head up to him and kiss her once for luck, if he was as bilious as a Jersey swamp angel, and have her charge it in the bill. And then a reaction would set in and he would be as weak as a cat, and she would have to fan him and rub his head till he got over being nervous, and then make out his prescription after he got asleep. No, all of a man's symptoms change when a female doctor is practicing on him, and she would kill him dead!

A traveller says that if he were asked to describe the first sensation of a camel ride he would say: "Take a music-stool, and having wound it up as high as it would go, put it in a cart without springs, get on top, and next drive the cart transversely across a ploughed field, and you will then form some notion of the terror and uncertainty you would experience the first time you mounted a camel."

Another contingency. Now, suppose a man has heart disease, and a female doctor should want to listen to the beating of his heart. She would lay her left ear on his left breast, so her eyes and rosybud mouth would be looking right in his face, and her wavy hair would be scattered all around there, getting tangled in the buttons of his night shirt. Don't you suppose his heart would get in about twenty extra beats to the minute? You bet! And she would smile—we will bet \$10 that she would smile—and show her pretty teeth, and her ripe lips would be working as though she were counting the beats, and he would think she was trying to whisper to him, and—well, what would he be doing all this time? If he was not dead yet, which would be a wonder, his left hand would brush the hair away from her temple and kind of stay there to keep the hair away, and his right hand would get sort of nervous and move around to the back of her head, and when she sounded the beats a few minutes and was raising her head he would draw the head up to him and kiss her once for luck, if he was as bilious as a Jersey swamp angel, and have her charge it in the bill. And then a reaction would set in and he would be as weak as a cat, and she would have to fan him and rub his head till he got over being nervous, and then make out his prescription after he got asleep. No, all of a man's symptoms change when a female doctor is practicing on him, and she would kill him dead!

Peculiarities of Great Men.

Aaron Burr always forgot to return a borrowed umbrella.

Charlemagne always pared his corn in the dark of the moon.

Byron never found a button off his coat without making a row about it.

Homer was extremely fond of boiled cabbage, which he invariably ate with a fork.

Napoleon could never think to shy the door after him, unless he was miki about something.

Phiny could never write with a lead pencil without first wetting it on the tip of his tongue.

Socrates was exceedingly fond of peanuts, quantities of which he always carried in his pocket.

The Duke of Wellington could never think to wipe his feet on the door-mat, unless his wife reminded him of it.

George Washington was so fond of cats that he would get up in the middle of the night to throw a boot-jack at them.

Shakespeare, when carrying a codfish home from the village grocery, would invariably try to conceal it underneath his coat.

When the wife of Galileo gave him a letter to mail, he always carried it around in his pocket three weeks before he ever thought of it again.

Christopher Columbus always paid for his local paper promptly, and being an attentive reader, he always found out when new worlds were ripe.

In the eyes of some people a "low-bred" woman is one who stays at home, takes care of her children, and never meddles with the business of her neighbors. Species almost extinct. We wish there were a few more of them about.

A Romance of our Day.

Pitou was in trouble. His check was waned and his eyes lustreless. He bit his moustachios nervously and gazed abstractedly out of the shop window. The sun was shining. The birds twittered merrily in the trees. The human tide poured down the street, some laughing, all happy. But Pitou was sad. Nobody came to do business with him.

Nanine entered. She was Pitou's daughter. She was also sad. There were traces of tears about her.

"Where are you going, my child?" asked Pitou.

"Nowhere, papa," replied Nanine, "I am waiting."

"Waiting? And for whom?" inquired Pitou.

"Jacques," answered Nanine.

"Ah!" said Pitou.

CHAPTER II.

Jacques was Nanine's lover. He was also in love with Julie, the daughter of Pierre. Jacques was a pleasant gentleman, but he was poor. He was ambitious to link his destiny with a mademoiselle of financial ability.

Jacques stalked gloomily down the boulevard. He intended to visit Nanine, but Pitou's shop wore a deserted appearance. The people passed it by and surged in great swelling billows into Pierre's shop. Jacques was quick to detect this. He was a man of the world. "Mon Dieu! I have had a narrow escape," he said to himself as he passed Pitou's door and entered that of Pierre.

CHAPTER III.

"You have come," exclaimed Julie, as Jacques clasped her to his bosom.

"And you love me?" asked Jacques, giving a hasty glance at the crowd of patrons in the shop.

Ere she could reply, Pitou and Nanine stood in their presence.

"Monsieur, you are a rascal!" said Pitou. "You have broken my Nanine's heart."

"No, Monsieur," said Jacques, "it is you who have done this. Look around you. This is Pierre's shop. All is thrift and prosperity. Wealth pours in. Customers come legions to buy of Pierre. Return to your own shop and look around you. You see deserted space, goods unsold, and bankruptcy staring you in the face. Is it not so?"

"Monsieur is right," said Pitou, bowing his head.

"Leave me with Julie," said Jacques. "Go back to your shop. Advertise in the daily papers as Pierre has done, and you may yet prosper, and Nanine may yet find a husband."

CHAPTER IV.

Pitou went. Next morning he had a double half-column in the *Times*. That week he sold sixty thousand frames worth of dry goods, and bought a corner lot in Mulkey's addition. In two months Nanine married a plumber, and now lives in a palatial residence, and is the happy mother of twins.

"Ah," says Pitou softly, "I did well to follow Jacques' advice."
"Pitou's head is level. Well, yes, we should smile."

Peculiarities of Great Men.

Aaron Burr always forgot to return a borrowed umbrella.

Charlemagne always pared his corn in the dark of the moon.

Byron never found a button off his coat without making a row about it.

Homer was extremely fond of boiled cabbage, which he invariably ate with a fork.

Napoleon could never think to shy the door after him, unless he was miki about something.

Phiny could never write with a lead pencil without first wetting it on the tip of his tongue.

Socrates was exceedingly fond of peanuts, quantities of which he always carried in his pocket.

The Duke of Wellington could never think to wipe his feet on the door-mat, unless his wife reminded him of it.

George Washington was so fond of cats that he would get up in the middle of the night to throw a boot-jack at them.

Shakespeare, when carrying a codfish home from the village grocery, would invariably try to conceal it underneath his coat.

When the wife of Galileo gave him a letter to mail, he always carried it around in his pocket three weeks before he ever thought of it again.

Christopher Columbus always paid for his local paper promptly, and being an attentive reader, he always found out when new worlds were ripe.

In the eyes of some people a "low-bred" woman is one who stays at home, takes care of her children, and never meddles with the business of her neighbors. Species almost extinct. We wish there were a few more of them about.