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## RAIN.

More than the wind, more than the snow,  
More than the sunshine, I love rain;  
Whether it drippeth soft and low,  
Whether it rusheth again.

Dark as the night, it spreadeth its wings,  
Slow and silently up on the hills;  
Then sweeps o'er the vale, like a steed that  
springs

From the grasp of a thousand wills.  
Swift sweeps under heaven the raven cloud's  
flight;

And the land, and the lakes, and the main,  
Lie bated beneath with steel-bright light,  
The light of the sun, and the gleam of rain.

On evenings of summer, when twilight is low,  
The rain falls from the leaden sky,  
It dowers the meadow, and the summer  
are not stirred by its gentle surprise.

It falls on the pool, and no wringing it makes,  
But touching, melts in, like the smile  
That sinks in the face of a dreamer, but breaks  
Not the calm of his dream's happy wile.

The grass rises up as it falls on the meads;  
The bird softlier sings in its tower,  
And the circles of gnats circle on like winged  
seeds.

Through the soft sunny lines of the shower.

## Maggie's Secret.

"Marriage—The great astrologer,  
Signor Morgan, will return a correct  
likeness of your future partner upon  
receipt of thirty stamps. Name, age,  
and sex must be given, with a slight  
description of personal appearance.  
Address Signor Morgan, &c., &c."

"And this is your advertisement,  
Morgan? Ah well—I suspect you  
dopes are principally old maids and  
school girls."

The speaker, a handsome young man  
about five-and-twenty, threw down the  
local paper with a merry peal of laugh-  
ter.

The person addressed, known in the  
advertising columns as Signor Morgan,  
was no other than a certain plain  
Tom Morgan, a regular slipshod, care-  
less fellow, who, after trying his hard  
at various trades, and falling in all, had  
finally hit upon the above mode, which  
gratified his indolent disposition, by  
calling forth little exertion save the  
exercise of that literary ingenuity of  
which he possessed a large share. He  
had formerly been a school friend of  
Jack Carleton's, who, an hour or two  
before the opening of this story, had  
fallen in with him on his return from a  
prolonged Continental tour, under tak-  
en nominally for the benefit of his  
health, but more possibly to help to get  
rid of the large income left him by his  
father.

The young men grasped hands cordially  
enough when they recognized each  
other, and soon after adjourned to the  
lodgings of Morgan to have a talk over  
old times.

It was during this talk that Morgan  
confided to his friend his present mode  
of living, with strict injunctions to  
keep it a profound secret; "as of course  
you see, old fellow," he said, "it might  
prove my ruin if known."

"You were always a good-for-nothing  
scamp, Tom," said Jack.

"And you were always a lucky dog,  
Jack," returned Tom. "By the way,  
what are you going to do with yourself  
this Christmas?"

"Why to spend it in the jolliest style  
at the jolliest place in Christendom,"  
replied Jack. "They have not seen me  
at Barbly Holt for eight years, and I  
expect grandmother and the rest of  
them will go mad with joy when I  
make my sudden appearance there."

With this flattering conclusion Mr.  
Jack Carleton, elevated his legs till his  
teet rested on the mantel-piece.

"Barbly Holt Manor in Nottingham-  
shire?" inquired the Signor, suddenly.

"The very same, old boy," said his  
companion. "Why do you ask?"

"Only that I had a letter from there  
to-day," replied Tom.

"A letter! What about?" inquired  
Jack, with innocent coolness.

"Why concerning my advertisement,  
of course," answered Tom, rummaging  
among some papers.

"Ah, one of my grandfathers' guests,  
I suppose, in for a lark," said Jack.

"What's his name?"

"It is not a man, replied Tom; "she  
signs herself Maggie Barton."

"Maggie Barton?" exclaimed Jack.  
"I know her—at least I did. May I read  
it?" he asked, eagerly.

It was a short letter, in a girlish  
hand-writing, describing herself as tall  
and slight, with golden hair and hazel  
eyes, and requesting to be favored with  
a *carte-visite* of her future husband,  
a return of post, of course. Enclosed  
in the envelope was the fee of thirty  
stamps.

Carleton held the letter up before his  
eyes long after he had read it.

"Morgan, he said suddenly, "will  
you do me a favor?"

"Anything you like," replied the  
Signor, in a preoccupied tone.

Jack drew an envelope from his pocket,  
and selecting one likeness of him-  
self from about a dozen, he laid it on  
the table.

"Morgan," said he, "I want you to  
send this to Miss Barton, in answer to  
her application; and I mean it shall  
come true, old boy."

It was Christmas Eve, and Miss Mag-  
gie Barton was putting the last touches  
to her evening toilette for the forthcom-  
ing ball.

satisfactorily, and, with a quick move-  
ment, Maggie fastened the door, and  
drew from beneath a book cover a *carte-  
visite*; and the gentleman on the card  
was Mr. Jack Carleton. But, of course,  
Maggie did not know this.

"So this is my future husband, accord-  
ing to the astrologer," said Miss  
Barton. "The gipsy woman said I  
should marry a curate. Pshaw! What  
an idiot I am to have written such a  
fool's letter. I dare say I am duped  
along with many others. I wish I had  
not written it. It is a good thing none  
of the girls know it. Of course, I am a  
dupe, and I suppose the very existence  
of this piece of elegiac is a myth.  
More fool I!"

With another look, she placed it be-  
tween the pages of the book, and haste-  
ned down.

"Here were merry doings at Barbly  
Holt that night. Squire Martin Barbly,  
or grandfather Barbly, as the young  
people, children of his many sons and  
daughters, always called the old gen-  
tleman, and Lady Ursula, his high-  
bred, gentle dame, always gathered a  
large circle around them at Christmas.  
And were could you spend a jollier  
Christmas than at the Manor?—and  
who could make such mince pies and  
turkey stuffing as grandmother's old  
housekeeper at Barbly?"

The dancing was at its height; the  
holly and ivy quivered on the panels,  
and the oak floor was becoming more  
and more slippery; when unannounced  
and with a powdering of snow on his  
cloak, a tall figure rushed among the  
dancers, seized the Squire's hand and  
wrung it violently, fell on Dame Ur-  
sula's neck and gave her a hearty kiss  
before any one had time to think what  
the disturbance could be about.

But the Squire's eyes were keen, and  
after the first moment he returned the  
grasp with a hearty "God bless you,  
my boy, welcome home!" and "Wel-  
come to Barbly, grandson," said the  
kindly voice of Dame Ursula, albeit  
some tears of joy shone in her soft  
eyes.

"Con-in-Jack! Con-in-Jack!" came  
from twenty mouths, and the favorite  
grandson threw aside his cloak, and  
flung away his hat, to shake hands with  
all the aunts and uncles, and many of  
the guests who remembered him.

And one of these guests, seated under  
the holly decorations of a great oak  
panel, near the white, terror-stricken  
face against the wood work, and pres-  
sed the slender gloved hand against a  
heart beating strangely fast.

"What can it mean?" she thought.  
"Why am I so struck at the appearance  
of an utter stranger?"

And yet it was not a stranger. The  
face of the favored grandson was the  
one whose image lay between the leaves  
of the book upstairs. Ah, Maggie, it is  
dangerous to have dealings with astrolog-  
ers. Here was the girl, who had  
answered a mysterious advertisement  
for mere fun's sake, astonished and ter-  
rified, beyond measure at what seemed  
the sudden realization of the astrologer's  
mute prophecy.

"What is the name of that young lady  
standing near the fire-place and talking  
to my grandmother?" he asked as soon  
as he got a chance.

"That's Miss Barton!"

Jack worked his way dexterously  
round the room, and by the time he was  
within ear shot of the young lady there  
was a cry to put out the light for snap-  
dragons; and while they went out with  
a whiff, a sharp spring placed him at  
her side.

"Miss Barton—Maggie—how do you  
do?"

There was a little glow of the fire,  
just enough for him to see the shiver  
his words caused. She raised her dark  
eyes with a shade of displeasure over-  
coming her fear; but of course he could  
not see that, and he continued to mur-  
mur unintelligible nothings till, in  
common politeness, she was bound to  
murmur unintelligible nothings back  
again.

A few more sentences, and then, while  
the rest were pressing round the  
burning dish, Jack made a bold stroke.

"Do you know you owe me a kiss,  
Miss Barton?"

This in allusion to some old wager of  
their youth.

The experience of the last few hours  
had already reduced her to a state of  
mute resignation. Nothing he could  
say would astonish her now, so to this  
remarkable question she only answer-  
ed:

"Do you? why yes, Maggie. Don't  
you remember Jack Carleton?"

"Are you—Jack Carleton?" came  
from lips that were returning to their  
natural color.

"Yes, indeed!" he replied. "Am I  
so much altered?"—Perfect astonish-  
ment and silence.—"And you owe me  
a kiss," Jack continued; "you remem-  
ber that, don't you, Maggie? I'm go-  
ing to have it now."

Quick as thought an impromptu kiss  
was taken in the dark.

Well, by degrees Miss Barton became  
more reconciled to the existing state of  
things; so by the time the blue flame  
waxed dim, and the raisins were all  
consumed, it seemed the most natural  
thing in the world for Mr. Carleton to  
place her hand upon his arm and march  
her off to a quiet corridor for a chat.

What can't be cured must be endur-  
ed. Here was this young gentleman—  
a stranger for years—taking the most  
complete possession of her, and all the  
time his likeness in the book up-  
stairs as that of her future husband; so  
of course, when after about two golden

hours, spent in each other's society, he  
requested the honor of her hand, what  
could she say but "yes;"—for was it  
not her fate as told by the stars by a  
wonderful astrologer? Of course she  
said yes.

Then they joined in the festivity as  
if nothing had happened out of the com-  
mon.

He never had occasion to repent his  
action, for Maggie was the tenderest  
and sweetest of wives. But her secret  
was her secret forever.

## A Policeman's Philosophy.

A policeman having been called upon  
to shoot a dog in a yard, took a seat on  
a fence, drew his legs out of danger,  
and remarked to himself as he took aim:  
"The seat of all vanity is the heart, and  
here goes." A cow in the lot beyond  
threw up her head and went galloping  
around, and the dog trotted over the  
yard as if perfectly at home. The  
officer got a good ready and observed:

"The fear of death is often as strongly  
exhibited in beasts as in man, and their  
dying agonies have been known to bring  
tears to the eyes of their executors." **Bang!**  
A woman who was working up  
an old knot in the alley, flung down the  
ax, put her head over the fence and  
warned the policeman that she didn't  
want to be bothered any more, though  
she wouldn't object to his shooting up  
in the air if the police regulations re-  
quired it.

"Natural history asserts that the av-  
erage life of a canine is four years,"  
resumed the officer as he brought the  
revolver down again, "and that they are  
subjected to fourteen different diseases.  
I will now take that chap right behind  
the ear, penetrating skull and brain,  
and causing death in from two to four  
minutes." The smoke had scarcely  
lifted when a melon peddler whose  
horse was coming down the street at a  
pace, rose up in his wagon, and called  
out: "If you boys don't stop shootin',  
beans as I'll wallop the hull crowd,  
rich ones and all! That 'ere last one  
just tickled my nose!"

"Natural history—" began the officer;  
when the dog discovered a hole under  
the fence and slipped into the street and  
made off. "Natural history," repeated  
the blue-coat as he dropped off the fence,  
"explicitly states that dogs must stand  
still when being shot at, and if I didn't  
hit him, it's the fault of education."

## Sensations Under Chloroform.

I began to be terrified to such a wond-  
erful extent that I would never be-  
fore have guessed possible. I made an  
involuntary effort to get out of the  
chair, and then—suddenly became  
aware that I was looking at nothing;  
while taken up by the confusion in my  
lungs, the outward things in the room  
had gone, and I was "alone in the  
dark." I felt a force on my arm  
(which did not strike me as the sur-  
geon's hand, but merely as an external  
restraint) keeping me down, and this  
was the last definite thing—smell,  
sound, sight or touch—I remembered  
outside my own body. Instantly I was  
seized and overwhelmed by the pain  
inside. I could feel every air-cel-  
struggling spasmodically against an  
avulsive pressure. In their struggles  
they seemed to tear away from one an-  
other in all directions, and there was  
universal racking torture, while mean-  
time the common foe, in the shape of  
this iron pressure, kept settling down  
with more and more irresistible might  
into every nook and crevice of the  
scene. My consciousness was now  
about this: I was not aware of any-  
thing but an isolated scene of torture,  
permeated by a hitherto unknown sense  
of terror and by what I have since  
learned is called the "unity of con-  
sciousness;" this never deserted the  
scene, even down to the very last in-  
soluble heart-beat. Yet I call it a  
"sense," because I recognized some  
parts of my body, and felt the pain in  
one part was not the same as that in  
another. Meanwhile, along with the  
intensity of convulsion in my lungs, an  
electric roaring ran through my brain,  
innumerable drums began to beat far  
inside my ear, till the confusion pres-  
ently came to a monstrous thudding,  
every thud of which wounded me like  
a club falling repeatedly on the same  
spot.

## Philadelphia's Dog Pound.

"Are all those dogs to be killed?"  
inquired the reporter, touched with pity  
at the thought of the untimely end  
that awaited them.

"Oh, no. Some of them we have had  
here for a long time. The best of them  
are able to sell. Thus far we have  
sold during the present year twenty-one  
dogs, and the sun realized for them  
goes into the treasury of the society.  
We keep them for least four days, unless  
the pound is overcrowded and then we  
are required to keep them but forty-  
eight hours. The owner of the dog can  
get him out by paying two dollars. The  
city gets the money, and has received,  
up to the 1st of August, \$424 in redem-  
ption money during the present year.  
Besides this, we have dogs sent here to  
board while their owners are out of  
town, for which we get at least fifty  
cents per week, and sometimes more  
than this."

"What do you feel them on?" in-  
quired the reporter.

"On cracklings. Just come with me,  
and I'll show you how we prepare it,  
but I guess you'd better leave your um-  
brella behind, or that Siberian mastiff  
might think it was a club, and be don't  
like sticks," replied the agent, putting  
his hand on the gate leading into the  
pen.

"Never mind," interposed the scribe,  
as his knees began to knock together.  
"I'll just take your word for it."

"Oh, come along, they won't hurt  
you; I've been here seven years and  
never was bitten yet," answered the  
keeper, encouragingly, and, closing his  
comments with an exhortation to the  
quadrupeds to "clear out," he led the  
two into the inclosure.

"Now, I lay me down to sleep," mur-  
mured the news gatherer to himself,  
trying to recall something of the reli-  
gious instructions of other days, and  
tremblingly he tottered towards the  
fatal gate.

"Did you ever hear of Daniel being  
cast into the lion's den?" asked the  
reporter, standing with one foot in the  
air, fearful of putting it to the ground,  
lest it should come in contact with one  
of the 200 paws that crowded around  
him.

"Don't be alarmed," was the assur-  
ing reply of the dog manager, "they  
don't care for bones, with a malicious  
smile lightning up his dogmatic fea-  
tures. Wget out, I tell you (this to the

dogs)—come right along!"—and this to  
the reporter.

The agent led the way to a small  
building in the inclosure where the food  
is prepared. Large cakes of cracklings,  
as they come from the butchers, are  
broken up and put into a large cask-  
wood, where they are warmed over and  
mixed with cornmeal, and then, after  
cooling a sufficient time, are fed to the  
dogs, in large troughs. Around the  
yard are arranged rows of kennels,  
which during the winter are supplied  
with abundance of straw and doors to  
protect the fated creatures from the cold  
blasts of winter while waiting for the  
day of their demise. Another big  
board partition separates the "bitch" and  
"girls," according to good old quaker  
custom, the dogs never once meeting  
to cast a sympathizing glance into each  
other's eyes until they meet at the  
threshold of the fatal box that termi-  
nates their career.

The killing is effected by means of  
carbonic acid gas, and is said by sci-  
entists to be a painless death. When a  
sufficient number of dogs are ready for  
the sacrifice they are enticed into an  
air-tight box, capable of holding from  
100 to 200 dogs. Two stoves are charg-  
ed with charcoal, with dampers turned  
so as to send all the heat and smoke up  
the chimney. As soon as a blue blaze  
appears on the fires then all the win-  
dows to the box are closed; the damp-  
ers are reversed, so as to cut off com-  
munication with the chimney, and to  
send the gas into the box through the  
pipes connecting the stoves with the  
fatal chamber. Not more than a mil-  
lionth of an ounce of gas is allowed to  
escape. The dogs fall insensate, and  
very soon they cease to breathe. They  
are left in for eight or ten  
minutes, however, to be sure that  
life is entirely extinct. In warm weather  
the air in the lower room or box is  
ten degrees cooler than in the open at-  
mosphere.

"What dogs do you capture?" was  
the question.

"Every dog that has no muzzle on;  
no matter where we find him, so long  
as he is outside of the house, even if he  
is lying on the front steps, we scoop him  
up and into the wagon he goes."

"Ever have any trouble with the  
owners?" continued the questioner.

"Oh, yes. They threaten to knock  
my head off and chew me up alive, and  
all sorts of horrible things, but when  
ever I see a dog without a muzzle, and  
can't get at him, I just bring out these  
nets over him, and if the owner  
don't want to give two dollars for him,  
that dog's terminated. Come out some  
time when we are going to have a kill-  
ing matinee, and we'll show you how  
easy the transition from this to another  
world can be made—for a dog."

"How many links do you suppose that  
Newfoundland would make?" queried  
the reporter, intimating that he was  
well informed as to the fate of the dogs  
when taken from the death-pit.

"How many what?" asked the bewil-  
dered agent.

"Links," replied the scribe with a  
knowing wink; "Bologna, you know?"

"No, sir, I don't know," was the  
dogged answer; "when they are dead  
they are taken to Point Breeze, where  
they are skinned, their hides tanned  
and made into gloves, their bones boiled  
and converted into fert lizers, and the  
fat rendered and manufactured into a  
restorative for convalescents and horses  
afflicted with epilepsy."

Going Down Hill.

Men who mismanage things and fail  
must not expect to be pitied. Why  
wasn't he sharper? There was Robins-  
on, now; he failed, and cleared \$50,  
000 by it! That was something like  
Robinson is a smart fellow! Got his  
eye teeth! The men that gets the in-  
side track of Robinson must rise early!  
Yes, sir!

But Jones was always soft-hearted.  
No wonder he lost everything. He  
never pressed his creditors for com-  
pound interest and his rents were never  
half collected. When his tenants came  
with the old story of "sickness and so  
many children," Jones let them off, the  
milk-and-water fool! Children, indeed!  
As if poor folks had any right to raise  
children! and as for sickness, that is a  
luxury which none but the wealthy  
should indulge in.

And now Jones is going down hill!  
Well, he deserves it. Help him along!  
He ought to have foreseen that the  
Jimerack mine would have burst up,  
and that the Moravian would have been  
lost at sea, and that the half dozen  
friends, whose notes he doctored,  
would have gone under before the year  
was over. Pure mismanagement!

It was mismanagement! Yes, sir.  
Help him? Of course not! A person  
must be crazy to insinuate anything of  
the kind. Guess you ain't quite so  
green as that; no, not quite!  
"Times are hard, and you've got all  
you can do to help yourself. Look out  
for No. 1 is your motto. Let No. 2 do  
the same."

Men who neglect things, let them-  
selves be fooled by poor people who  
have the audacity to give birth to chil-  
dren as often as rich folks do, ought to  
go down hill; and you'll help them on  
their way, and think you are doing a  
righteous thing!"

I HAVE for many years past used in my own  
family, and recommended to the families of my  
acquaintance, as the best remedy I know of for  
Coughs, Colds and Inflammation of the Throat,  
Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, and also Jayne's  
Pills as a remedy for Constipation, Biliousness  
and Impurity of the Blood. My confidence in  
the great value of these medicines, increases  
daily, as I observe their wonderful  
beneficial effects. They have  
given universal satisfaction in all the families  
to whom I have recommended them.—J. B. Dr.  
Dwight, late Pastor of Bertram Baptist Church,  
New York.

Chinese thieves are cunning experts  
at their profession, adopting the most  
ingenious devices to attain their infamous  
ends. I recollect a burglary which  
took place at a friend's house, when  
the thief found his way into the principal  
bedroom, and deliberately used up  
half a box of matches before he could  
get the candle to light. His patience  
being rewarded at last, he proceeded  
with equal coolness in the plunder of  
beneath the pillow, where he secured a  
revolver and a watch. These Chinese  
robbers are reported to be able to stu-  
lify their victims by using some nar-  
cotic known only to themselves. I have  
no doubt this was done in the case re-  
ferred to, by the agency of the Chinese  
house servants, who perhaps introduced  
the drug to my friend's bed. Chinese,  
when it suits their purpose, do not  
stick at trifles, as may be gathered  
from the fact that a Chinaman, esteemed  
a respectable member of society, at-  
tempted, on one occasion, to poison the  
whole foreign community of Hong  
Kong with bread he supplied. The  
Malays have told me of cases where, as  
they averred, the cunning Chinese thief  
passes the door of the house to be pil-  
laged, and tosses in a handful of rice  
impregnated with some aromatic drug.  
This drug soon sends the inmates off  
into a deep repose, from which they  
will seldom awaken till long after the  
robber has finished his undertaking,  
and that in the complete and deliberate  
style that suits the taste of the Chinese.  
For I must tell you that they at all  
times object to vulgar haste, whatever  
be the business they are pursuing; and  
they prefer, if possible, to avoid sudden  
surprise, and unexpected attacks—the  
slightest sound, will make them take  
to cowardly flight, dropping their booty  
and their netter garments, if they have  
any, in order to facilitate escape. But  
when they have a daring burglary on  
hand, they go quite naked, with the  
body oiled all over, and the queue  
coiled up in a bob at the back of the  
head, and stuck full of needles on every  
side. The following adventure with a  
Chinese burglar befell a friend of mine.  
About midnight, as he lay awake in  
his bed, with the lamps extinguished,  
and the windows open to admit the air,  
he saw a dark form clamber over the  
window-sill and enter the apartment.  
He kept himself motionless, till the  
thief, believing all to be safe, had stolen  
into the centre of the room, and then  
sprang out of bed and seized the intru-  
der. Both were powerful men, and a  
furious struggle ensued; and the  
robber had the advantage, for his  
only covering was a coat of oil; so  
that at last, slipping like an oiled  
ball from the grasp of his antagonist, he  
made a plung for the window, when his  
pursuer, with a final effort, managed  
to catch him by the tail. The tail was  
stuck full of needles, and, alas! a false  
one, too, and came away by the weight  
of the fall, and was left a worthless  
trophy in the hands of the European,  
whom its proprietor had vainly tried to  
rob.

Beginning with the top-notch flyer,  
why was Rarus so named? This ques-  
tion can happily be answered by a re-  
production of a portion of an interview  
which appeared recently in a sporting  
paper, held with a veteran horseman,  
who knew the great trotter from birth:  
"Reporter—How did Rarus get his  
name?"

"Mr. M.—Why, it means rare, don't  
it? That he's a remarkable horse; not  
many such."

"Reporter—Of course, that is what it  
means; but Rarus is a Latin adjective,  
and as Conkling is not a scholarly  
man, it seems strange that his horse  
should get such a name."

"Mr. M.—I can tell you all about  
that. He had a son who went to college  
and got to be about as much too smart  
as the old man didn't know enough, if  
you know what that means. This chap  
named all his kids horses, and he gave  
the name of Rarus to the best horse in  
that part of the country understood."

"And this is the way that Rarus got  
his name. Goldsmith, it is suffi-  
ciently well-known, was so called from  
Mr. Alden Goldsmith, who developed  
her trotting powers and introduced  
her to the turf. We never saw any  
significance in the name of Smuggler,  
unless because he had a stealing gait,  
or had smuggled trotting qualities into  
a pacing. Accident, of course, was so  
called because of his being reared near  
the setting sun. Flora Temple was  
so named from her dam, Madame Tem-  
ple, while Lucille and Fleety Goldust,  
in common with many other speedy  
flyers, obtained a patronymic from their  
sire, and indicated the sex by the pre-  
fixe."

One trotter with a peculiar name,  
was baptized in this manner: When  
still anonymous, its owner was debat-  
ing with a friend, both what to call  
him, and whether to ship him to a cer-  
tain place where he was to trot, by  
boat or by rail. He settled the point  
by saying: "I'd sooner ship him by  
boat," when his friend exclaimed,  
"Why not call him Sooner?" and un-  
der that name he trotted in 2:25. Those  
who think that he was so named in the  
belief that he could reach the wire  
sooner than any other horse will see  
that they have been mistaken."

Another queer name involves quite a  
little story: Several years ago the  
Chicago Times, as a bit of sensational  
enterprise, detailed a reporter to pro-  
cure a package of whiskey each from a  
number of sample-rooms in the city.  
He returned from his mission with  
twenty-six bottles, which were respec-  
tively labeled with the letters of the  
alphabet, and then submitted to a  
chemist for analysis and report. His  
verdict showed that the bottle labeled  
"Z" contained the purest liquor, and  
a private key informed the Times that  
the "Z" whiskey came from the sample  
room of one Jacob Wolford. These  
facts being duly published "Wolford  
Z" whiskey became the rage, the ad-  
vertisement was immense, and in the  
most natural manner in the world the  
name was bestowed upon a trotter who  
has made his mile in 2:21.

Canary Birds.

In the selection of cages do not let  
beauty control your selection alone, but  
let the comfort of your pet be your first  
object in view, whether his home be  
slightly to view or otherwise. Roomy  
abodes are necessary to health. Wire  
cages are preferable to wooden ones,  
in that they do not generate insects—mortal  
enemies of the feathered tribe. Scald  
your perches, and do not be content  
with wiping them off, as insects breed  
in the wood, and soon prey upon your  
captive. Keep the usual fishbone in his  
cage, as it serves to sharpen his bill, and  
aids digestion. The bottom of his cage  
should contain sand and gravel; it is his  
delight to pick in it, and it is service-  
able. Do not trust in his wires, cakes,  
bread and sweetmeats, as in their cap-  
tivity state they are difficult of diges-  
tion and are pernicious in their results.  
A simple diet with change of seed in  
spring, in summer, cabbage and salad  
leaves, in winter, a ripe piece of apple,  
is all they require, and better suited  
than a more luxuriant diet to promote  
health. The canary birds received their  
name from their native islands, and  
were introduced into Europe through a  
peculiar accident. A vessel laden with  
merchandise, and bearing in its freight  
many of these lovely songsters, strand-  
ed on the coast of Italy, opposite the fa-  
mous St. Elba, the exiled home of Napo-  
leon. The birds, set free, sought shore;  
the climate being favorable they would  
have become naturalized, but the beau-  
ty of their plumage, and sweetness of  
their song, caused them to be sought for;  
and captured, and transported in such  
numbers that they were at last extir-  
pated. Their first introduction into  
Europe was in the sixteenth century,  
and to-day throughout Europe, even in  
Russia and Siberia, they are found in  
considerable numbers. Our best music-  
ians are said to come from the Harz  
mountains, Hanover and Thuringia,  
rivaling Saxony, which alone, in 1867,  
furnished the market with 75,000 canaries,  
this being her usual yield. Thirty  
thousand during that year were shipped  
to the United States, and found ready  
market. Since that time the taste for  
pet songsters having greatly increased,  
the importations are almost incredible,  
and the supply being up to the de-  
mand, the price of a pet canary is now  
within the reach of all.

—New York is the largest cultivator  
of buckwheat, raising 3,904,030 out of a  
total of 9,821,721 bushels.

## NEWS IN BRIEF.

—There are said to be but 6,074,022  
Greeks in Europe, of which but 1,700,-  
000 live in Greece proper, the others re-  
siding in Turkey.

—Chicago packers, since November  
1st, have slaughtered 388,639 hogs,  
against 243,071 for the same period in  
1877, and 207,400 in 1876.