THE YADKIN VALLEY NEWS.

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The Latest and Greatest Success is that Sweetest of Songs,

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Words and Music by C. H. ADDISON.

Respectfully Dedicated to the Memory of

HON. ZEBULON B. VANCE.

Every one who loved "Our ZEB" should have a copy of this touching and beautiful song. His picture, which is "true to life," is on the front page, and that alone is worth the price of the song, which is only 40 cents. Sent post paid upon receipt of price, in silver or in 2 cent stamps.

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Spring Wagons, $31 to $50. Guaranteed same as sell for $50 to $85. Surreys, $65 to $100 same as sell for $100 to $150. Top Buggies, $37.50, as fine as sold for $65. Phaetons, $66 to $100. Farm Wagons, Wagonettes, Milk Wagons, Delivery Wagons and Road Carts. BICYCLES FOR MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN.

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Single, $6 to $20. Double Buggy, $18 to $55. Farm, $16 to $25.50.

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Elkhart Bicycle. 28in. wheels, pneumatic tires, weldless steel tubing, drop forgings.

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Get "cheap" printing if you want it. But we doubt if you want it. If you want a job done in a style to command attention, take it to

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Fine Goods. Low Prices.

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And in short anything to ride in can be had by calling on SPARGER & ASHBY, at Globe Warehouse.

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Fruit, Shade and Ornamental Trees!

Vines and Shrubbery in Almost Endless Variety.

Thoroughbred Poland China Pigs, entitled to registration, at reasonable prices. Also Fancy Poultry. Write for prices, and get the best.

I wish to call special attention to my Shade Trees. Largest and finest assortment in the State.

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DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by My Tubular Cushions. Helps to hear all else fails, as glasses help eyes. Whispers heard. No pain. Invisible. F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway New York, sole depot. Send for book and proofs FREE.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

THE LATE FREEZE IN FLORIDA HIS THEME OF DISCUSSION.

The Beautiful Picture of a Month Ago Has Suddenly Vanished.

On the wing in Florida. A month ago when I was down here everybody was happy. They had begun to harvest their golden crop, and it was bringing a better price than the year before. Most of the growers who could hold were in no hurry to sell because an advance seemed highly probable. Those who were pinched by poverty or harassed by creditors hurried their crops to market and are thankful. Oranges here are just like cotton in Georgia. The year's labor is measured by the number of boxes. Credit is based upon it and the family purchases are governed by it, and there is a debt for fertilizer just like there is upon cotton. Merchants watch the orange growers' packing house just like they watch the cotton growers' gin.

We made much ado over 5 cent cotton the last season, and it was hard to be reconciled, but it was not ruined. It the cotton had all been burned the cases would have been parallel. This reminds me of an old negro in our county who lost his two bales by fire and thanked God that "it wasent as bad as hit mout hav bin effen hit had been worth 10 cents a pound—dat would have just ruined me," he said.

All along the line of the Jacksonville, Tampa and Key West railroad from Jacksonville to Sanford the beautiful living pictures that I saw a month ago had vanished or were marred and blurred by a pitiless icy hand. The beautiful green of the groves had changed to a withered brown. The polished open leaves were curled and twisted as if red-hot curling irons had touched them. The twigs that held the fruit had all bended to a perpendicular and the oranges were dropping and in a few days the ground will be covered—covered all over with a tufted yellow carpet of crushed and mushy oranges. I saw just such a fall in 1886, though not so bad or so far reaching. For the marketing of this fruit the stations are but a mile or two apart. Packing houses or sawmills are most always in sight and until now gave employment to hundreds, yes thousands of willing hands. Then there were the teamsters and the pickers and the shippers and many others whose living came from this great business. It is Sunday every day now. I see the laborers standing about the depot silent and sad. The saw mills have ceased to make a noise. No sound of hammers or saw in the packing houses. No ladders in the trees. Even the children look like there was a funeral in the house. What does all this mean? I asked of a friend at the Sirrine House, were I was stopping.

"It is," said he, "a calamity that cannot yet be measured. The orange crop is the lite, the bread, the spinal marrow of this region. There is nothing else for those laborers to do. Some of them will, of course, strike out for the phosphate mines. Some will work their way back to Georgia, but all are in a pitiful condition. Then there are the hundreds and thousands of small growers who owe money and had gotten advances and now they cannot pay. The largest mercantile firm in this city made an assignment yesterday. They owe $80,000 and had it all protected by dues from orange growers. Besides this, they had a crop of their own that was valued at half of their obligations. A month ago they were rich and prosperous. Now they have little left but sympathy. Everybody feels it.

My good, hopeful landlady said, "My boarders are leaving me and going home. They were in the orange business as buyers or packers." A doctor said many of my patrons were mill men and now the mills have stopped. A livery stable man says his business has already fallen off one-half. Then there is the railroad traffic. I saw long lines of fruit cars on the sidings that will return empty.

Mr. Scott, a large buyer, who boards at the Sirrine, told me that he shipped eight cars of frozen oranges to Chicago yesterday—shipped in refrigerator cars as an experiment, the railroads taking part of the risk. "If they get there before they thaw," said he, "they will be good for a day or two—as good as any. I am only experimenting. But of course, the time for doing so is nearly out, for the fruit has begun to fall."

Who can tell what a day may bring forth. Florida, fair Florida, is sick—not sick unto death, but very sick. Such a disaster has not happened since 1835, and may not happen again for half a century. The freeze of '86 was confined to northern Florida, but this has reached to Punta Gorda, and all down in the lower latitudes the vegetables are hilled. When I left Clear Water three weeks ago the truck wagons came to the gate every morning with peas and beans and tomatoes and squashes, but my wife writes me that none come now. The farmers have planted again and say they will have another supply in a few weeks. But the climate is here yet and will remain. That cold wave that passed over Clear Water and Tampa with its withering blast did not last but a day. It came like a cyclone and was gone. The fish are there yet and the beautiful waters. The magnolias and bays and cedars and palmettos and live oaks are still green and lovely and the sun shines bright and warm and the gentle breeze still comes over the gulf, in a year or two this disaster will be forgotten and the people will smile again and be happy.

"Who knows," said the doctor, "but what this visitation was providential. The dengue fever was almost universal last summer. I had over one hundred cases here in Sandford. It is a mild malarial fever that is easily controlled and I never lost a case, but at the same time it is regarded as a distant relative of yellow fever and this freeze may annihilate it and prevent a pestilence for years to come."

Another hopeful philosopher said the freeze has certainly killed the young groves that were not yet in bearing and that will bring good results. Like your cotton in Georgia, the orange business has been overdone in Florida, and this will stop it for a few years until the demand equals the supply, and then new groves will be planted." That is all right. It is good to seek out the good that is always mixed up with every bad thing in this life.

But the good ladies at the Sirrine are not yet calm and "sitreen" about the flowers. They attach more importance to the beautiful than we do. They will sit in the veranda and lament the withered vines on the trellaces, the dead hybiscon, the climbing cactus and night blooming jasmine, banana plants that lie limp upon the ground, the amarylis and sweet-scented appopenax and many other beautiful plants that adorn the front yards. Everything looks burnt as if by fire. How singular it is that heat and cold have the same effect upon vegetation. There is but little difference between a freeze and a fire, even upon human beings.

I go to Clear Water to-day, but not to eat strawberries, as was promised me on my return. I will have to wait for them in Cartersville.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

SECTIONAL TALK IN THE HOUSE.

There was a rather sectional discussion in the House the other day, growing out of Representative Jones' attempt to prevent favoritism in awarding large pensions to well-to-do Northern soldiers. Mr. Jones denied that he was "fighting women," but said that "he was fighting for equality before the law, and against the granting of large pensions to the rich, powerful and influential." Mr. Cooper questioned the motives of the Virginian, and a Pop from Kansas, Simpson, went so far as to say "he was not only surprised but ashamed that a man from the South should come here and say, as Mr. Jones had said, that he still believed in the Lost Cause—a cause founded on slavery." Mr. Jones replied mildly, and in reference to the "Lost Cause," "he said he would answer always and everywhere, as he had then, that he was proud of it, and when the gentleman said I believe it to be right he slandered me. I know it was right."

Mr. Talbert, Democrat from South Carolina stirred "the animals." He became very excited, wildly gesticulating and ranging up and down the aisle. He deprecated, he said, the continual appeal to sectional passions, but he noticed that they usually came from those who were invisible in war and invincible in peace. "As to the Lost Cause," he said, "it is the everlasting cause, and cannot be lost, because it is the cause of liberty. Under the same circumstances," he continued, shaking his fist in a defiant manner at the Republican side, "and for the same reasons, the men who fought then would fight again. You can like that or you can lump it. I love the cause to day as much as I did when, as a boy, I bared my bosom to your battlefields of Virginia."

Three cheers for Talbert! The fools will never learn that the true men of the South—not the traitors—believe in the supreme rightfulness of the noble cause they risked all for, and that principles are eternal, the same yesterday and today and forever.—Wilmington Messenger.

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had Consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 139 Florida St., San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at Taylor & Banner's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and $1.00.

"Yes," remarked the egg, "my theatrical venture was a great success. I was cast for the villain and made a great hit."—Truth.

Itch on human, mange or horses, dogs and all stock, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion This never fails. Sold by TAYLOR & BANNER, Mt. Airy, N. C.

THE FUSION SYSTEM.

All Bills Must be Approved by Five, the Five Advisory Bosses.

RALEIGH, N. C., January 23.—Last Saturday a correspondent had a long interview with Chairman Holton, and the latter gave news of extreme importance. Chairman Butler said to-day that he was very glad that Holton had talked so freely, and had so told the latter. In a long interview last night with Senator Moody, one of the most influential Republicans, he said: "There was appointed at the co-operation caucus last night a special committee, composed of eight Senators and thirteen members of the House. The Senators are Cook, Sigmon, Fortune, Long, Fowler, Harwick, McClasky and Moody. The caucus appointed as an advisory committee to this caucus committee Marion Butler, Harry Skinner, Richmond Pearson, Thomas R. Purnell and Daniel L. Russell. This special committee is to consider all bills regarding the election law and county government questions. A committee outside of the caucus is appointed, to be known as the Committee on Elections and County Government, and it will present the bill which the caucus approves after the caucus has turned it over. The bills regarding these matters are not all in yet, and hence the committee will not be able to make its report before next Tuesday—that is, the committee which is to have charge of the bill in each house will hardly present it before that day.

WILL BE LET ALONE.

"You ask me as to the course the Co-operationists will take regarding various institutions, etc. I will tell you with entire frankness. The university will be let alone, and so will all other schools. While no caucus action has been taken on this specific point, yet what I tell you is substantially agreed on."

"The State Guard appropriation bill will be entirely taken away, but otherwise the Guard will be let alone."

"The Bureau of Labor Statistics will be consolidated with the Agricultural Department. The latter and the Agricultural and Mechanical College will be consolidated, just as Chairman Holton told you."

TO TAX ESTATES.

"A bill will be introduced and passed taxing estates, upon the death of owners, as follows: One thousand dollars or under, nothing; between $1,000 and $5,000, 1 per cent; between $5,000 and $10,000, 2 per cent; between $10,000 and $25,000, 4 per cent; between $25,000 and $50,000, 6 per cent; over $50,000, 8 per cent. These taxes will be applied to the school fund, for the purpose of carrying out the provision of the Constitution which requires the schools to be open four months in the year."

"The superintendents of the three insane asylums will not be removed. I am the chairman of the committee on these institutions. The present superintendents will remain as now, unless something is developed upon investigation, which I do not think at all likely. There are charges made against the stewards of the Morganton and Goldsboro asylums; none against the steward of the asylum here. The charges alluded to are of partisanship, and if true the stewards in question will be removed.

PARTISANSHIP.

"The charge against the Morganton steward is that a Republican took some pork to him and offered it at the market price. The steward said he did not buy save from Democrats. The Republican then went to a Democratic friend of his and asked him to take the pork to the steward and sell it. The Democrat got in the wagon, drove to the asylum, and sold the meat at 7 cents a pound, or 1 cent above the market price. The charge against the Goldsboro steward is that he favors certain stores in making purchases, and will not divide his trade fairly; that he buys at retail prices at retail stores, instead of buying in the open market."

"The penitentiary will be reorganized, so that the Democrats will have nothing to do with it. We charge that for twenty years they have used it for partisan purposes and patronage."

"The Railway Commission will be abolished, and then a new one created with the same number of members."

MORE 'PARTISANSHIP.'

"As to the Atlantic and North Carolina railway, a bill is now in hand which will permit the men who now control it to step down and out and let new men of the Populist and Republican parties take control. We will so change the charter as to fit the conditions desired; in other words, so that the Legislature and not the Governor shall make appointments."

Senator Moody speaks by authority, and what he says gives information greatly desired.

OFFICIAL CHANGES.

State Treasurer Tate to-day turned over that department to William H. Worth. The transfer began at 9 a. m. and occupied the entire day. Henry M. Cowan, the chief clerk, who is succeeded by J. W. Denmark, has been in the Treasury since 1880. Ernest B. Bain is succeeded by Joseph Potts as teller. R. L. Burkhead is the only one of the clerks retained.

THE VALUE OF A VOTE.

One Ballot, Cast by a Dying Hoosier, Caused the Mexican War.

Campaign literature is seldom as interesting as a circular sent out last fall by Chairman Taggart, of the Democratic State central committee of Indiana, urging upon voters the importance of each ballot. After warning Democrats not to scratch Congressional candidates because the next house might elect the President, the circular called attention to a most remarkable instance, when, in 1844, a single vote cast in Switzerland county Indiana, caused the final admission of Texas into the Union.

David Kelso, the Democratic candidate for State Senator in the county, was counsel, shortly before election, for a young man accused of murdering a false friend who had betrayed him in a love affair. The prisoner, poor in purse, was acquitted, and swore to do all in his power to repay his attorney. On election day the young man lay ill in bed, suffering from fever, and, against the protests of his physicians, had himself taken to the polls, two miles away. After voting for Kelso he was taken home and died. The official count gave Kelso one majority.

It devolved on the legislature to which Kelso was elected to choose a United States Senator. The Democrats had a meagre majority of the two branches. Tillman A. Howard, Whig, and Oliver Smith, Democrat, were the regular candidates. Kelso bolted the Democratic caucus and announced that he would not vote for Smith under any circumstances. He brought over to his side another Democrat named Hoover, and for many days and weeks the balloting went on, always with this result: Howard, 74; Smith, 74; Hannigan, 2; 76 votes was necessary to elect. Edward A. Hannigan was a brilliant young lawyer, and Kelso selected him as his candidate without consulting him in the beginning of the long struggle. The greater the effort to bring Kelso over to the Smith side the more stubborn he became. Finally he announced that the farce had to end, that he would cast his vote for the Whigs if the Democrats did not come to terms. The Democratic caucus was reconvened, and Hannigan was made the party candidate, and was elected United States Senator the following day.

A fiery controversy took place in the United States Senate the following year over the admission of Texas into the Union. Her admission was finally secured by a majority of one vote, and that one was cast by Hannigan. Smith had previously promised that he would vote against admitting the State if he were elected. Thus the vote cast up in the wooded hills of Switzerland county, by a dying man led up to the admission of Texas into the sisterhood of States. From this vote also resulted the war between the United States and Mexico.

He Saw It.

A gentleman from Rockingham tells a good story about a colored man who came from that place to Raleigh in search of a job from the Legislature. He saw the negro the other night and asked him how he was getting along. "Well, boss," said he, "I didn't get no job and I lost $20 by the trip but I'm glad I come. I have seen what I always wanted to see." "What is that?" asked the gentleman. "A white man working under a nigger," said the darkey. He spoke of one of "Abe" Middleton's white assistants.—Raleigh Visitor.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with Local Applications, as they cannot reach the seat of disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this county for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Mable—"A lot of us girls have established a secret society Jack."

Jack—"What are the objects of it?"

Mabel—"Why, we meet together and tell secrets, of course."—Boston Globe.

"I know an old soldier who had chronic diarrhoea of long standing to have been permanently cured by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," says Edward Shumpik, a prominent druggist of Minneapolis, Minn. "I have sold the remedy in this city for over seven years and consider it superior to any other medicine now on the market for bowel complaints." 25 and 50 cent bottles of this remedy for sale by D. A. Houston, Druggist, Mount Airy, N. C.

Willie—I am ambitious to go before the foot-lights.

She—Then you had better run along before papa comes downstairs.—Syracuse Post.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring-Bone, Stifles, Sprains, all Swollen Throats, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by TAYLOR & BANNER, Mt. Airy, N. C.

HEALTH CATECHISM.

The following health rhymes printed on cards and circulated gratuitously in many cities, should be a part of the daily catechism of every housekeeper:

"A B C GUIDE TO HEALTH."

As soon as you are up shake blankets and sheets;
Better be without shoes than sit with wet feet;
Children, if healthy, are active, not still;
Damp sheets or damp clothes will make you ill;
Eat slowly, and always chew your food well;
Freshen the air in the house where you dwell;
Garments must never be made to fit tight;
Homes will be healthy, if airy and light;
If you wish to be well—as you do, I've no doubt—
Just open the windows before you go out;
Keep your room always tidy and clean;
Let dust on the furniture never be seen;
Much illness is caused by the want of pure air;
Now to open your windows be ever your care;
Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept;
People should see that their floors are well swept;
Quick movements in children are healthy and right;
Remember the young cannot thrive without light;
See that the cistern is clean to the brim;
Take care that your dress is all tidy and trim;
Use your nose to find out if there be a bad drain;
Very sad are the fevers that come in its train;
Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigued;
Xerxes could walk full many a league;
Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep:
Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

—Exchange.

A Step Backward.

The Baltimore Sun comments as follows upon the proposed county government bill pending in the Legislature:

"So far as the material interest of the people is concerned, the passage of Mr. Ewart's bill would be a step backward. Before the election of the county commissioners, who control the fiscal and other important affairs of the county, was devolved upon the Legislature, in many of the eastern counties of the State, where the colored voters are in the majority, ignorant and venal commissioners were frequently elected, the result being too often corruption and a squandering of the money of the taxpayers until county credit reached a low ebb and county warrants sold at a discount which was disastrous to the people, discreditable to the county, and finally resulted in an increase of taxation which in some cases amounted almost to confiscation. The only redeeming feature in the Ewart bill is that it provides for minority representation on the boards of trustees to be chosen by the justices of the peace in each county, but this will be but a slight stay against a return to bad county government in Eastern North Carolina.

No Bottle In Her Pocket.

An editor out west, having been asked if he ever saw a baldheaded woman, replied: "No, we never did. Nor did we ever see a woman waltzing around town in her shirt sleeves with a cigar between her teeth and run into every saloon she saw. We have never seen a woman go fishing with a bottle in her pocket, sit down on the damp ground all day and go home drunk at night. Nor have we seen a woman yank off her coat and say she could lick any man in town. No, God bless her, she isn't built that way."—Northwest Magazine.

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old People find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents per bottle at Taylor & Banner's Drug Store.

Professor (returning home at night hears noise)—Is someone there?

Burglar (under the bed)—No.

"That's strange. I was positive some one was under my bed."—London Tid Bits.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever, Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give Perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Taylor & Banner, Druggists, Mount Airy, and J. A. Stone, Pilot Mountain.

Jacques—She is a most adorable girl—a perfect poem.

Jule—Yes; she is profoundly intellectual.

Jacques—That's why I call her a poem; I can't understand her.—Detroit Free Press.

Many stubborn and aggravating cases of rheumatism that were believed to be incurable and accepted as life legacies, have yielded to Chamberlain's Pain Balm much to the surprise and gratification of the sufferers. One application will relieve the pain and suffering and its continued use insures an effectual cure. For sale by D. A. Houston, Druggist, Mount Airy, N. C.

Heart Disease 30 Yrs!

Short Breath, Palpitation.

Mr. G. W. McKinsey, postmaster of Kokomo, Ind., and a brave ex-soldier, says: "I had been severely troubled with heart disease ever since leaving the army at the close of the late war. I was troubled with palpitation and shortness of breath. I could not sleep on my left side, and had pain around my heart. I became so ill that I was much alarmed, and fortunately my attention was called to

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

I decided to try it. The first bottle made a decided improvement in my condition, and five bottles have completely cured me."

G. W. McKINSEY, P. M., Kokomo, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at $1, 6 bottles for $5, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

For Sale by Taylor & Banner.

HELD BY A DOG.

A Burglar's Unpleasant Experience in Western Pennsylvania.

How His Well-Laid Plans All Failed Because of a White Bulldog—It Cost Him Three Years and Six Months.

"One of my most painful experiences," said the retired burglar to the New York Sun man, "I had in a town in western Pennsylvania. In the course of my customary preliminary walk I had fixed my eye upon a small but trim-looking Queen Anne cottage which stood upon a little bit of a knoll in quite a good-sized lot, with a grass plot all around it. The cellar windows were good and high and easy, and I selected one at the rear of the house so as to be as far as possible secure from observation, though that seemed, on such a night, an almost unnecessary precaution. It was one of the darkest nights I ever knew, and nobody could have seen you ten feet off, but then there was the danger of being heard, and so it was sensible, of course, to go in at a rear window. It is always foolish to take any unnecessary risk.

"Well, I found I couldn't unfasten this window from the outside, so I waited for the next thunder clap—there was a thunderstorm coming up, that's what made it so dark—and then I broke a hole in the glass and reached in for the catch. The instant my hand got through the hole it was grabbed by a dog that I knew would hold on till he died. There could be no possible doubt about that; the vigor and dash and power of the grip and the absolutely firm and rigid hold were unmistakable. With the next flash of lightning I saw him, a white bulldog, standing on the head of a barrel under the window with my hand in his mouth. He'd been roaming around that cellar, on the alert, and he'd heard me from the start. He was on the barrel, no doubt, when I was working at that window on the outside, and all he wanted was to have me get in.

"It was bad to have to do it, but I had to. I couldn't pull away from him any more than I could have pulled my hand out from under a pile driver. So I reached around as well as I could with my left hand and got my gun, and when the next flash of lightning came I fired. I knew I must have hit him, too, but not much more than that, for he didn't let go. He just shut his teeth together tighter—though I wouldn't have thought he could do that, but he did—till I thought the teeth must come together through my hand. It makes me wince now just to think of it. When the next flash came I saw him again. There was blood trickling down the side of his head from where I'd hit him, but his teeth were set in a hold that I knew I couldn't have broken with a jimmy. There are times when circumstances are agin a man, and this was one of 'em.

"I could hear 'em in the house already. They'd heard the pistol, as I knew they would, and they were coming. The door at the head of the cellar stairs opened and two young men with a light came tumbling down. They saw the dog standing on the barrel with my hand in his mouth and my arm running out through the window. Well, one of them came out for me, and I was easy, dead easy; he tied me up without any more trouble than if I'd been a bundle of rags, and the man inside got the dog off, somehow, I don't know how. Then they took me into the house and sent for a doctor, and I needed one, and then they sent me a hospital to stay until I was tried. He cost me three years and six months, that dog."

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

Train Robber (in the Pullman)—Your money or your life!

Sleepy Passenger (wrathfully)—Confound, you, porter! I'll call you when I want you.—Hudson (N. Y.) Register.

Small German States.

A person may walk through seven German states in seven hours.