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It. If she were bluer, And fogs were fewer, And fewer the storms on land and sea; What a happy summer— What a happy summer— What a happy summer— If life were longer, And faith were stronger, To all the other— What an Arcadia this would be! Were good abolished, And gain demised, And freedom free; If all earth's troubles Collapsed like bubbles— What an Elysium this would be! —Laugh.

POLLY PEMBROKE'S BABY.

"Dear me," said Polly Pembroke, "what a noise and confusion! I am sure I should go crazy if I lived in the city."

Polly Pembroke was a farmer's daughter, who had come down to New York to buy the material for the first silk dress she had ever owned—a real deep blue, to be trimmed with velvet of a darker shade.

And Polly's golden head was dizzy with the thunder of omnibus wheels and the rattle and rush of elevated rail-ways, and the succession of brilliant things in the shop windows—and Polly sat holding on to her parcels in the great echoing depot, and wondering why everybody was in such a hurry.

For the express train was just going out, and Polly and Miss Jones, the village dressmaker, who had come with her to help select the important dresses, were obliged to wait fifteen minutes for the way-train, which condescended to stop at "Whip-Poor-Will Glen," where Polly lived.

She was a pretty little primrose of a maiden, with large, wistful eyes, lovely yellow hair, and cheeks as pink as a daisy, while Miss Jones, who sat beside her, was straight and stiff, and upright and wrinkled, as became a single woman of sixty.

And just as Polly was wondering if there was no end to the stream of humanity flowing through the wide-open depot gate, a tall, handsome gentleman, with a dark complexion and deep Spanish eyes, came in with a little babe in his arms.

"Stewardess," said he to a respectable-looking quondam, with a scarlet silk handkerchief twisted round his neck, "I am going out on the Chicago express, and I have forgotten a message which must be telegraphed to my place of business at once; will you be good enough to take this child a minute, until—"

But the stewardess hastily drew back. "No, sah, if you please," said she. "I've heard o' many cases where 'speckable women was left wid strange children on their hands jist dis a-way!"

Instinctively, Polly Pembroke held out her arms.

"Let me take the baby, sir," said she, coloring all over with pretty eagerness. "I'll hold it for you. Children are always good with me."

The stranger doffed his hat courteously. "I am infinitely obliged to you," he said, "and I'll trouble you no longer than I can help."

"Polly, Polly! are you going mad?" whispered Miss Jones, pulling the sleeve of the girl's dress.

But Polly paid no heed to her.

"Suppose that gentleman shouldn't come back?" cried Miss Jones, elevating both hands.

"He will," said Polly, gently flicking the little mite on her knee. "Oh, look, Miss Jones! Isn't it pretty? I declare it's laughing!"

"Pretty?" groaned Miss Jones, rolling her whitey-blue eyes skyward. "Polly Pembroke, I do believe you've taken leave of your senses! There is the bell—the gates are closed!"

"What of it?" said Polly.

"The Chicago express has gone!"

"Well," said Polly, "what of that?"

"Child, don't you comprehend? Your fine gentleman was going in the Chicago express," cried Miss Jones.

"I suppose he has missed the train," said Polly quietly.

"Not he!" sniffed Miss Jones. "He has slunk quietly in by another way, and is laughing in his sleeve at you and your folly this very moment."

"Nonsense!" said Polly.

But she looked a little disturbed, nevertheless, and glanced rather anxiously at the door through which the tall gentleman with the Spanish eyes had disappeared.

"Come," said Miss Jones, jumping up briskly, and gathering her parcels in her hand. "There's the bell for our train."

"But I can't go and leave the child," cried Polly.

"Humph!" snorted Miss Jones. "Are you going to stay here all night with it?"

"But what shall I do?" said Polly, beginning to be a little bewildered and frightened. "Perhaps, Miss Jones, we had better wait until the next train."

"And not get home until nine o'clock at night!" cried Miss Jones.

"I don't see what else we can do," said Polly.

But the train came and went, and still no one appeared to claim the baby. Miss Jones grew desperate.

"Polly Pembroke," said she, "I've no patience with you for getting us into this scrape. What do you suppose is to be the end of it all?"

Polly rose up quietly.

"I am going to take the child home with us," said Polly.

"I am!" retorted the girl. "Poor little helpless innocent! what else can we do?"

"Let it be sent to the house of refuge or to the poorhouse, or some such place!" screamed Miss Jones.

"With those eyes!" said Polly, looking down into the tender, pleading orbs. "Never! It will be all right, I am quite sure, Miss Jones. All this is only a mistake. Stewardess," to the suspicious quondam, who had taken care to keep at a safe distance all the while, "here is my address. Give it to the gentleman when he comes back."

"Yes," said the woman, parsing up her lips. "But it's my private pinion as nobody won't see hale nor hair of his again."

So Polly Pembroke brought home not only a blue silk dress, but a dark-eyed baby into the bargain.

"Child," said Deacon Pembroke, "I can't blame you for doing a charitable action, but I am afraid you've taken a terrible charge upon yourself."

"Don't fret, father—don't fret!" said Mrs. Pembroke, who was a cheery little body, with an invincible habit of looking on the sunny side of everything. "It seems a nice, healthy child enough, and I dare say it will soon be called for. Besides, don't the good book say that 'Whosoever gives one of the Lord's little ones even a cup of cold water in His name, shall not be without a reward'?"

And so the days passed by, and the weeks; and even Polly Pembroke, the most trusting of mortals, began to think that she had been the victim of a conspiracy, and that she was destined to bear the whole responsibility of this little nameless life.

"Mother," said she, wistfully, "I may keep her, mayn't I, if I'll give up going to see cousin Sue in Boston, and not ask father for a new cloak this winter? And we'll take summer boarders next season, and I'll raise poultry, and she shall be no expense to you, mother, indeed!"

"Well, well, child," said Mrs. Pembroke, with a moisture in her eyes, "have your own way."

"You'd do better send it to one of the public institutions," said Miss Jones, severely.

"Our little Rosebud?" said Polly, showering soft kisses on its velvet cheeks. "Oh, never, never, Miss Jones!"

"You was a big fool to begin to with, and I don't see but what you mean to be a fool all the way through," said Miss Jones.

She had come to bring Miss Pembroke's fall hat home—a venerable Leghorn, trimmed with drab satin bows—and when she was gone Polly happened to pick up the New York daily paper which had been wrapped around it.

"Mother," cried she, springing breathlessly to her feet, "just listen to this advertisement!"

"If the young lady who took charge of an infant in the—depot, on the afternoon of Saturday, July 30, 1875, will send her address to Messrs. Kober & Ledger, No. — Broadway, she will confer an incalculable favor!"

"Mother!" said Polly, "what does it mean?"

"It means you," said Mrs. Pembroke. "Shall I answer it?" said Polly.

"Of course," said Mrs. Pembroke.

"But suppose they want to take Rosebud away from me?" faltered Polly.

"My dear, we must accept our fate as Providence meets it out to us," said the old lady.

So Polly wrote her little note, and by the next train the tall gentleman with the Spanish eyes arrived at Whip-Poor-Will Glen.

"Do you think me a heartless wretch?" he said to Polly, with his voice choked with emotion. "But I am not. When I went out of the depot that day, my foot slipped in crossing the street, and I fell under a horse's feet. They carried me insensible to the hospital, and I lay there for weeks in the delirium of brain fever, caused by my injuries. The moment I returned to consciousness I made every inquiry, but could hear nothing of you."

"I gave my address to the stewardess," said Polly.

"But the stewardess had gone away. A strange woman occupied her position who remembered nothing of the circumstances; and for a while I actually believed that my motherless little treasure was lost forever. How can I ever thank you, Miss Pembroke, for all you have been to my little Isaura!"

So the tiny Rosebud was carried away; but her father brought her back several times to see the adopted mother whom she loved so devotedly.

"Polly," said he, one day, "Isaura is happier with you than anywhere else."

"In she?" said Polly.

For by this time they had become great friends, and she had lost all her awe of the stately gentleman.

"And it's a singular coincidence," he added with a smile, "that I am also."

At this Polly colored radiantly.

What was the end of this? Can any one guess?

"Perhaps if I'd taken the baby home and made a fuss over it, the rich gentleman would have married me!" said Miss Jones, when she was cutting the white silk for the wedding dress. "I thought Polly Pembroke was a fool then, but I've seen cause to change my mind since."

Two Notable Rhetorical Figures.

David Webster is credited with one of the most vivid pictures in the rhetoric of American eloquence. The orator was eulogizing the financial genius of Hamilton, and started the audience by the sentence, uttered in his impressive tone:

"He touched the dead corpse of public credit, and it sprang upon its feet."

The audience rose to their feet—it was a public dinner—and greeted the sentiment with three rousing cheers.

The figure, Mr. Webster said, was an impromptu one, suggested by a napkin on the dinner-table. He had paused, in his usual deliberate way, after the sentence, itself containing a figure beautiful in its appropriateness: "He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth." His eye fell upon a folded napkin; that suggested a corpse in its winding sheet, and the figure was in his mind.

Grand as this rhetoric is, it is almost paralleled in vividness, while exceeded in wit, by a figure which Seargent S. Prentiss, of Mississippi, once used.

A statesman, noted as a political tactician, had written a letter on the annexation of Texas. As public opinion in the South favored the measure, while in the North it was opposed, the tactician, whose object was to gain votes for his party, published two editions of his letter. The edition intended for the South was bold in its advocacy of annexation; but that designed for Northern circulation was remarkable for its ambiguity.

Mr. Prentiss denounced the trick on the "stump." Grasping the two letters he threw them under his feet, saying:

"I wonder that, like the acid and the alkali, they do not effervesce as they touch each other!"—*Young's Companion.*

"Up to Snuff."

An exchange says: A genial observer of public men in the United States is amused at the public dexterity of those anxious to serve as presidential candidates. If he is a veteran, as well as a genial observer, he smiles as he compares these "pretence hands" with the master of political adroitness, Martin Van Buren.

Looking upon politics as a game, Mr. Van Buren played it with forecast and agility, and with the utmost good-nature. No excitement quickened his moderation. Even the most biting of personal sarcasms failed to ruffle a temper that seemed incapable of being disturbed.

Once, while Mr. Van Buren, being the Vice President, was presiding over the Senate, Henry Clay attacked him in a speech freighted with sarcasm and in-vective.

Mr. Van Buren sat in the chair, with a quiet smile upon his face, as placidly as though he was listening to the complimentary remarks of a friend.

The moment Mr. Clay resumed his seat, a page handed him Mr. Van Buren's snuff-box, with the remark:

"The Vice-President sends his compliments to you, sir."

The Senate laughed at the coolness of the man who was "up to snuff." The great orator, seeing that his effort had been in vain, shook his finger good-naturedly at his imperturbable opponent, and taking a large pinch of snuff, returned the box to the boy, saying:

"Give my compliments to the Vice-President, and say that I like his snuff much better than his politics."

What is Made Out of Pit-Coal.

Once made into coal nothing in mineral coal but a kind of black stone, and the person who first found out by accident that it would burn, and talked of it as fuel, was laughed at. Now it is not only our most useful fuel, but its products are used largely in the arts. A few of them are described below:

1. An excellent oil to supply light-burners, equal to the best sperm oil, at lower cost.

2. Benzole—a light sort of ethereal fluid, which evaporates easily, and, combined with vapor or moist air, is used for the purpose of portable gas-lamps, so-called.

3. Naphtha—a heavy fluid, useful to dissolve gutta serena, India rubber, etc. 4. An excellent oil for lubricating purposes.

5. Asphaltum—which is a black, solid substance, used in making varnishes, covering roofs, and covering over vaults.

6. Paraffine—a white, crystalline substance, resembling white wax, which can be made into beautiful wax candles; it melts at a temperature of one hundred and ten degrees, and affords an excellent light. All these substances are now made from soft coal.

It has been long believed that the water of the ocean had little, if any motion, below fifty fathoms; but it is now well established that there is rapid motion often at 500 fathoms' depth.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Baby's Year.

One month: Oh, the rosy toes, Dimpled hands and funny nose!

Two months: Growing such a sassy! Come and see its lovely eyes.

Three months: Look at that wee smile! Little nose, now, all the while.

Four months: Did you hear that crow? What that "goo" means, do you know?

Five months: Little face held up Like a sunny buttercup.

Six months: Take such notice now! Like a lily that sweet brow.

Seven months: Little eyes and tears: Catches pussy by the ears.

Eight months: Wee tongue on the go—Baby birds begin just so.

Nine months: Anxious to set out—Fussy noddle still in doubt.

Ten months: Goes from chair to chair: Catches pussy by the ears.

Eleven months: Hurrah! talk soon, maybe: Mother's precious year-old baby!

—George Cooper in *Baldwin's Monthly.*

Harper's Bazar on Morning Bonnets.

The large bonnets introduced with the first warm days of spring are not the flaring coronet shapes lately worn to frame the face and surround it as with a halo. The new wide brims extend forward as well as upward, and begin to widen at the point where they first leave the crown, just as the old-time scoops and poke-bonnets did. This widened brim is faced inside with shirred satin or with smooth dark velvet, or else with the daintiest India muslin. This facing begins an inch or less from the edge of the fine braid, which is left bare, and has no wire in it, and the extreme edge of the facing is often visible from the front. The wholesale houses have imported these large bonnets in the various styled braids, straws and chips, and the milliner indents the brim according to her fancy, or to suit the face of the wearer. Ladies who trim their own bonnets will find the trimming very simple in appearance, yet not very easy to adjust. The shirred facings are easiest for the inexperienced trimmer; they are cut bias, and are drawn into the shape of the brim by the many rows of drawing-strings that constitute the shirring. These shirring are usually of light-colored satin, especially cream and tea shades, the latter being the delicate tint of the tea-rose. The dark velvet facings are, however, more becoming, especially in the dark garnet and Prince of Wales colors.

This season in conjunction with tea or cream color; next these, garnet blue, sapphire, bottle green and black velvet are preferred. The velvet facing also leaves a bare edge of the unwired brim, and this edge is sometimes double of the braid. With the red, green, or black velvet facing, the outside of the bonnet will have some cream-colored satin laid in irregular folds or loops down the right side of the crown, while on the left is a single long thickly-curved or trich plume of the same shade. This may begin below the crown and curl up the left side to the satin on the top, or else it may begin at the top and hang straight downward. Still other hats with garnet velvet facing have simply two long cream-yellow plumes beginning below the crown and curling up to the top, thus surrounding it. To dispose these plumes gracefully, to prevent the satin folds and loops from looking stiffly regular, and to have the facing smooth, are necessary items that are not as easily done as would seem at a glance. The large long-looped bows are now worn further back on the bonnet, behind a wreath or branch of large flowers thickly clustered, or else they are put quite in the middle of the crown. The white bonnets are made especially dressy by the doubled strings of Breton lace. In smaller cottage bonnets the brim is faced like those described, and the crown is surrounded by a close wreath of large flowers, or of moss or foliage, or else the three feathers of the Prince of Wales are used with some loosely-knotted satin ribbon.

Among the new ornaments are straw beads strung in fringes and in patterns as galleons. The tinsel galleons are also shown in colors dusted with silver or with gold. Brazilian beetles are mounted on brooches or in sprays with gilt setting to ornament the brooches of green-blue shades, and also the white chip or braid bonnets. The white crystals are brilliant in silvered settings in buckles, brooches, crescents and bees. The jet ornaments for black-lace bonnets are the handsomest yet imported, and will be largely used again. For the inside of a close cottage-shaped black-lace bonnet is a row of graduated jet balls, growing larger toward the middle, that would answer very well for a necklace, yet makes a very pretty coronet. To bind the edge of other brims are black net galleons embroidered with jet beads, while for the outside of the crown are large butterfly-like jet, crescents, leaves and rings. The ornaments made of feathers have been described. Brooches ribbons are shown in Japanese designs delicately tinted, and so artistically done that they look like water-color paintings. These are beautiful on the Tuscan hats for the watering-places.

Russet straw bonnets, to be worn with morning and traveling suits, show two or three bright colors mingled with the black or brown braid that forms the

greater part of the bonnet. For country use are yellow straws with satin-like luster, trimmed with broad red and yellow gauze ribbon, forming an Alaskan bow behind a bunch of scarlet poppies.

The black-net bonnets are most often all black, with jet ornaments, jet feathers and black Breton lace for trimmings; the material of the bonnet is Brussels net of very small meshes, without dots, laid smoothly over the frame. When colors are used on them, they are the new tea shades, old-gold embroidery, white, or Prince of Wales red. For black chip bonnets a pretty model from Tuve's has the flaring brim lined with black satin, on which is laid quite smoothly black lace embroidered with old gold silk to represent leaves. Outside are folds of black satin, laid carefully around the left side of the crown, while at the top of the right is a group of four very small black tips, from which hangs a long black plume down to the shoulder.

The combination of colors most seen is that of dark red with cream color; this arrangement is as popular for blondes as for the brunettes, by whom it was originally used. The pale Savres blue is used with tea-color, and to these is sometimes added Jacquemont red in the way of roses or buds not quite blown. The garnet blue looks well with red or with cream-color in brooches. A graceful round hat of white chip, turned up on the right side, has the brim faced with garnet blue velvet, while around the crown is a scarf of blue-and-red brocade twined in with the blue velvet; one long blue plume is on the right side and a red bird is perched in front.

Winter Alligators.

Eli Perkins, the lecturer, of whom it has been said that the first letter of his first name should be the last, is the hero of the following story told by the *Cleveland Plaindealer*: Among the passengers on the Lake Shore train this morning was a scientific gentleman who said he owned a farm on the shores of Lake Pepin, the head waters of the Mississippi in Minnesota. The gentleman said he was going through to New York with several alligators caught in that lake. Knowing that lake Pepin, Minnesota, covered as it is with ice for seven months in the year, was rather a cold latitude for alligators, our reporter was curious to know more of the strange phenomenon. The gentlemen went on to explain that the alligators were quite common in the lake, and that the inhabitants usually caught them through holes in the ice with hooks baited with young kittens.

"Then you have seen a good many of them?" inquired our reporter.

"Oh, yes; thousands of them. I have nine large ones now in the freight car."

"What prevents them from freezing in that cold latitude?" asked our reporter.

"Oh, they are covered with thick fur-like seals. They are winter alligators, and only make their appearance in cold weather."

"Winter alligators—you say?"

"Yes, winter alligators. It is thought by Minnesota naturalists that these alligators lodged in Lake Pepin during the warm period of the world's history, when the mammoth and ichthyosaurus lived in Montana—and that as the seasons grew colder nature provided them with fur. The alligator is a tough animal, and the fact that he should live in northern water when the less hardy ichthyosaurus and mammalia became extinct is good proof of Darwin's theory of the 'survival of the fittest.' Nature, you see, provides for any emergency. Thus when the seasons changed from the mesocytic or testal period into the glacial period, the fur on the alligator took the place of scales. Would you like to look at the ten fur-clad alligators I have in the freight car?" Our reporter said he would. As he walked along up the track toward a row of box cars he asked the scientific old gentleman to please give his name.

"My name," said the man, "is Eli Perkins."

A Rat Story.

A lady in this borough had a bag of yeast-cakes hanging in such a manner that she thought them safe from rats. One evening, hearing a noise in that vicinity, she went up to ascertain the cause, and found it was occasioned by the dropping of a meat-hook on the floor, a lot of these hooks having been put near there while not in use. On further investigation, it was found that the rats had hung one of the hooks from a nail above, and then by hanging on others had commenced a chain which they continued until it gave them access to the bag of rising-cakes. The truth of this statement is vouched for by several parties who saw the chain while the rats were making it and after it was completed. —*New Bloomfield (Pa.) Times.*

"No one who has not traveled north of the Tweed since the disastrous failure of the City of Glasgow bank," writes the London correspondent of the *Philadelphia Telegraph*, "can form an adequate idea of the widespread distress it has caused. Scarcely a family in all Scotland can be found which has not been affected, directly or indirectly. The institution was always looked on as an eminently respectable and sound one."

To a Little Girl.

Little girl, with dainty feet
Bubbly flying down the street,
The toughest heart you meet
With your pretty face and winning smile.
Little girl, you are very fair;
With rosy cheeks and flowing hair;
Your eyes are bright, your heart is young,
And words are music from your tongue.
Little girl, I love you well;
How much my verse can never tell;
But if your truth must be confessed,
I love your grown-up sister best.

—Burdner.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Business on hand—The fortune teller's.

Nautical gentlemen should have wave-y hair.

The latest intelligence is the earliest news.

There are 33,300 retail tobacco dealers in France.

The walking mania will be favorable to corn crops.

The times must have been hard when young men could not pay their addresses.

King Cotway, of the South Africa Zulus, is said to be so fat that he can scarcely walk.

The man who dreamt he dwelt in marble halls woke up to find that the bedclothes had tumbled off.

When a man takes a full bath 9,000, 000 months are open to thank him, for every pore of the skin has cause for gratefulness.

"True worth, like the rose, will blush at its own sweetness." Good! Could never understand before why our face was so red.—*Ex.*

A profound writer says, "We are created especially for one another." Then why blame the cannibals in wanting to get their share?

There are 1,190 daily, weekly and monthly journals published in Paris. Of these seventy-one are devoted to religion, 104 to jurisprudence and administration, 153 to commerce and finance, twenty-three to geography and history, 139 to recreation, thirty-one to instruction, ninety to literature and philosophy, eighteen to fine arts, fifteen to music, seventeen to the stage and seventy to fashions.

Scene: Facetious youth purchasing bow for his sweetheart. Facetious youth (to shopgirl)—"I suppose you have all kinds of ties here, miss!" Shopgirl—*Yes, I believe we have.* Youth—*What kind would you like to see?* Shopgirl—*Youth (winning to his sweetheart)—*"Could you supply me with a pig-sty?" Shopgirl—*With pleasure, sir; just hold down your head and I'll take your measure."* Tableau 1.

On Digestion.

It is incomplete digestion of the entire quantity of food crammed into the stomach during business hours, and when the mind and vital forces are completely swallowed up in the contemplation of money-getting, which forms a favorable soil for the propagation of disease. You "rob Peter to pay Paul."

Not freedom from anxiety only, but absolute rest for both body and mind for half an hour, should precede the mid-day meal.

The impolite, if not barbarous, habit fostered by many Americans, to the intense disgust of and subject to the ridicule of travelers from abroad, is the unseemly haste in which some persons rush away from the dinner-table, with their mouths crammed with food, and, with stragglers imminent, complete the process of mastication and deglutition en route to the counting-room or workshop. "Let us hasten slowly." Life is sufficiently long for all needful purposes, if not stunted by improper practices.

A genial, companionable and even temper, enriched by good humor, and lively anticipation of the feast, will be the most provocative of those conditions on which digestion depends.

The most prolific source of disease now afflicting my countrymen may be traced to full midday dinners.

It is not so much the quality of the food you eat as the quantity which invites disease. Nine-tenths of my fellow-men engorge themselves with double the amount of food favorable to longevity. The hermit miser lives more fully in accord with nature's laws than we.—*Dr. Preston Street.*

Why Glass is Broken by Hot Water.

No person could be so foolish as to hazard the breaking of a glass by pouring hot water upon it, if he understood the simple means of accounting for the breakage. If hot water is poured into a glass with a round bottom, the expansion produced by the heat of the water will cause the bottom of the glass to enlarge, while the sides, which are not heated, retain their former dimensions, and consequently, if the heat be sufficiently intense, the bottom will be forced from the sides, and a crack or flaw will surround that part of the glass by which the sides are united to the bottom. If, however, the glass be previously wetted with a little warm water, so that the whole is gradually heated and thereby expanded, boiling water can then be poured in without damage. If a silver spoon is placed in a goblet or glass jar, boiling water can then be poured in without danger, unless the article has been taken from a frosty closet, and is very cold.