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PROFESSIONAL CARDS. WALTER P. WILLIAMSON

Attorney-at-Law, TARBORO', N. C. (Office next that of Col. J. L. Bridgers, over Bell's Jewelry store, Main street.) Practices in State and Federal Courts DRANK POWELL.

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GEORGE HOWARD Attorney and Counselor at Law. TARBORC N. C. Practices in all the Courts, State and

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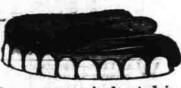
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THE REMINISCENCES OF A FLIRT. My first, my very first, his name was Will— A handsome fellow; fair, with curly hair And lovely eyes. I have his locket still. He went to Galveston and settled there: At least I heard so. Ah, dear me-dear me! How terribly in love he used to be!

The second, Robert Hill, he told his love The first night that we met. "Twas at a ball A foolish boy. He carried off my glove. We sat out half the dances in the hall, And flirted in the most outrageous way. Ah, mel how mother scolded all next day!

The third woke up my heart. From night til

From morn till night I dreamed of him: I treasured up a rosebud he had worn:
My tears and kisses made his picture dim.
Strange that I cannot feel the old, old flame
When I remember Paul—that was his name orth and fifth were brothers twins wa, kind, devoted, clever,

He never cared for me--- I found that out---Despite the foolish clinging of my hope: A few months proved it clear beyond a doubt. I steeled my heart; I would not pine or mope, But masked myself in gayety, and went To grace his wedding when the cards were

So those were all my loves. My husband! Oh I met him down in Florida one Fall---Rich, middle-aged, and prosy, as you know; He asked me: I accepted; that is all. A kind, good soul; he worships me but then I never counted him in with other men.

THE MOUNT OLIVET CREMATORY. Interesting Description of the Apparatus in which the Dead

are Burned. The crematory on Mount Olivet, Long Island is fashioned of white marble and brick. The architecture is a modification of the Grecian temple. The front is two stories high. In the front is located the office and reception-room and a conciergerie above, where the superintendent resides. The chaple is simple in its interior finish. The interior walls are used as a columbarium where the ashes of the dead may be placed in niches.

In the rear of the chapel is a dais where all believers or non-believers may perform the last sad rites. In front stands the catafalque or permanent fixture. The section of the chapel floor directly under the catafalque constitutes the floor of an elevator, by means of which, as soon as the catafalque is closed, the body is carried noiselessly and imperceptibly to the incinerating chamber in the basement. consume about an hour. In the basement on one side is a hot securing vault and on the other a cold securing vault. The former is intended for cases of coma or trance. The temperature is so high that if life exists in a body it must soon be made manifest and, if not, the evidence of death will be quickly revealed. The frigidarium, or cold vault, is used for the preservation of bodies awaiting the arrival of distant friends. Near the receiving vaults is the urn room or aldicularium, where aldiculæ and vases for ashes may be

In the rear of the basement is located the incinerating apparatus. It consists mainly of a furnace and a gas producer. The apparatus is so perfect in its workng that only a very small fraction of the ases obtained from the fuel is lost. All the waste heat is stored in an elaborate mass of interlarded firebricks. The gas from the producer is introduced through fire slits throughout the surface length of the compartment. The sister chamber of the pair serves in the same manner to supply hot air which enters the furnace in conjunction with the gas. An intensely hot flame thus produced plays upon and around the two retorts. This flame now descends into the opposite pair of chambers whose interlaced brickwork will speedily as low as that. The cost of making a attain a white heat on top. All that is volatile will be driven off, escaping through a flue at the rear end of the retort. Thence the body is conducted into the regenerative chamber, where it remains subjected to an intense heat until completely broken up and burned. The framework of the body separated from the volatile matter is now carbonized and, as viewed through the spy-holes, is luminous and incandescent. On the admission of oxygen from the atmosphere when the door of the retort is opened oxidation is completed and the mass disintegrates into a pure, pearly-white ash, about 4 percent, of the original weight. In no instance during the progress of the work do the flames come in contact with the corpse, and the gaseous products are rendered thoroughly innocuous and odorless before

Horrid Predicament of a Dude. Alfonso was a dainty Louisville dude, a member of that class we should from daily wear exclude and put it under glass. He could not take a healthy breath, for like excess of steam, so tight was he squeezed beneath, 'twould open every seam. He had his cane tied to his hand with dainty silken string; if it should drop and he should bend "twould ruin

being liberated.

everything. He reached a massive garden wall, a foliage hid retreat; was just about to give a call when, falling to his feet, a silver dollar-all he had-went ringing to the street. I will not say the dude was mad; the word is incomplete. Here was a pretty how to do; the dude was desperate. He dure not bend, for he well knew what then would be his fate. He was no Vanderbilt, to lose a dollar in that way. There wasn't much for him to choose, and time for no delay. There was no Arab there to scoll at his sad misery, so he must take his trousers off or let the dollar be. Now all was dark; no one was near. Ah, shield him, shades of night! He did the deed in trembling fear, and got his tin all right. Bow wow! What's that? Alfonso knew; he'd heard that sound before. Just as he was, like wind he flew; but through an open door old Towser leaped. He made a break and caught the trousers fast. Alfonso didn't stop to shake his grip but hurried fast. The gardener came running then—"Hi, Towser, bring it here! Ha, ha! That dude's been here again; but this is mighty queer. He must have jumped clear from his clothes, I'll bet a

dollar note. I'll use these trousers now, guess, for sleeves to fix my coat." Cremation in Italy. Cremation is becoming rapidly popular in Italy. The crematorium at Milan has all the business it can do, and the demand upon its accomodations is constantly increasing. The Milan crematorium makes very clean work of incineration, and leaves only a couple of handfuls of dust and ashes to be taken care of. The process is remarkably cheap, the cost of everything, including the marble tablet, being less than \$20. It is said that the system is such as to make the process rather attractive than otherwise, and nothing ghastly meets the eye.

"What was the trouble at church this morning?" inquired one Dak ota citizen of another. "I understand

there was a row." "Oh, it didn't amount to anything. Some of the members in the back pows threatened to shoot the minister unless he spoke louder. That the still, get very drunk, and are of N. C. I was all."

MAKING A CRANBERRY BOG. learing Away Stumps-Preparing for Frost-Building Dikos-

Landing on Ice, etc. A farmer who has not the ready money, and who has the other essentials for a cranberry bog, will mortgage his farm to put in this source of revenue. The first sential is a swamp with a peat bottom. During the winter the available wood is cut off, and the smaller stumps are removed, the larger ones being left for the frost to throw out. During the milder days the work goes on of removing stumps, levelling, and filling in with turf. After the larger stumps have been removed, and the bog made comparatively level, the dikes are built. These are built at such distances apart as to inclose three or four acres of bog, so that the inclosed space can be readily overflowed by shut-ting the sluiceways in the dike. The bet-ter to carry off the water, ditches are dug

draftied of three or four inches, being draftied of water as much as possible before sauding. The frost usually throws the bog. In anticipation of this, the ice over the bog is covered with sand during the winter, especially if the bog has been planted with vines the previous fall, so that in the spring the ice melting distributes the sand on the bog, thus saving cartage,

The second essential to a bog is a sand bank or hill near the swamp, supplying sand that must be free from loam, since oam brings in weeds. In the spring or fall, when the bog is sanded, it may be planned, the intention being to save as much time as possible. The first year there is little trouble from weeds, but the second and third summer after planting the vines it is necessary to weed thoroughly, and to keep the water in the trenches low, so as not to encourage the growth of weeds. After the third year the vines are strong enough and cover the bog sufficiently to take care of themselves. The vines are cut with scythes from an existing bog, and planted by being placed in the new bog, three or four inches deep,

just below the sand. The third year the bog is expected to bear and to pay all expenses of construction. During the second year it may possibly pay interest on the money spent in making it. The year after the third is usually the best bearing year; after that the yield is about equal. The greatest danger is from frost. A continual watch has to be kept after the first year, and the bog has to be "flowed" immediately. Sometimes a frost in June or last of May will injure the budding vines, thus destroying a year's crop. The next visitation most feared is that of insects, which The religious services and the incineration | ruin the berry and leave their eggs for the next year. The remedy is to burn and thus destroy the bog, or the infected part of it, or to flood it. Drought and forest fires are other dangers. When the bog is "flowed" to avert frost, there is a danger, if the succeeding day is very warm and the vines are bearing berries, that the heat may ruin the fruit while it is exposed wet to the sun. It is desirable to keep the berries as long on the vines as possible, as they turn dark when ripening, and the darker the berry the higher the mar-

ket price, other qualities being equal. The picking is a picturesque sight, the costume for the women being a calico same as the Shakers wear). They pick with their backs to the sun, in rows divided by strings, to insure "clean picking," each one being kept in the prescribed place till the vines are well picked. A cranberry barrel is smaller than ordinary, 100 quarts to the barrel being the rule, but they are tightly pressed and forced in, so that after shipping they are found to be solid in the barrel. A dealer will have nothing to do with barrel in which the berries shake. A good price is \$10 per barrel. Sometimes it is \$16 to \$17, or more. It "pays" at bog, apart from the cost of the swamp, is about \$250 per acre. It is desirable to put in at least ten acres, as a certain amount of diking has to be done, and possibly a reservoir built, so that the more acres this incloses, the less the expence per acre. A very good yield of berries would be 100 barrels to the acre. This at \$10 per barrel (the average price in good years), is \$1000, after an expenditure of, say, \$450 per acre for making the bog, picking, and in running expenses for three years from the breaking of the swamp. After the fourth year the average yield is perhaps from sixty to eighty barrels per acre. Some farmers store their berries until the next spring, boping for better prices, but it has been usually found that the shrinkage more than equals the advance in

price.-[Harper's Weekly.

Mr. W. D. Howells long ago acquired ransatlantic reputation as a great artist, but the Pall Mall Gazette feels moved to mphasize that fact by declaring that slowly and by gradual tentative stages even we Philistine English people are beginning with a grudging reluctance to perceive it. The extreme delicacy and ightness of his humor, the exquisitely ranescent aroma of his truly native enius, have prevented a solid, stolid, hard-headed race, brought up on beef and peer and Dickens, from readily appreciating the unrivalled daintiness and gracefullness of his masterly touch. We are, as a nation, too slow and heavy to rise at once to the airy little bait he dangles so leverly and fantastically before us. And then, too, he has resolutely and sternly set his face against that last superstition of the Dark Ages, that a novel must necessarily base itself upon a fact or incident utterly unusual in ordinary life. To judge by the average run of British novels, an intelligent inquirer of the twenty-fifth century might come to the conclusion that in the opinion of Englishmen of the age of Gladstone a murder, a robbery were the only episodes in human jes' what-" life worth a moment's consideration from a rational being."

The Provident Mule. A Mule having received a nice present, hid it carefully away in a hollow tree. "Why did you hide your present?" sked one of the animals. "Because I intend to keep it for my children."

"But suppose you should have no children?" "Then it will do just as well for my grandchildren," replied the Mule, with a poetic expression of parental tenderness. Moral: This Fable teaches that a man's foresight may be so far-reaching as to sag in the middle and get blunt at the business end.—[Life,

Sunday School Teaching. Mother-"No, darling, Dolly can't go to neaven! Mother is Darling-"Never mind, Dollie, if Dollie tan't do to heaven, we will both

A lady living in Rappahannock county, Va., had twelve stands of bees, which were very valuable until a distillery was started in the neighborhood. Since it was started, however, the bees pay frequent visits to little profit.

REPRIEVED, BUT AN IDIOT. A Southern Boy Caught in the Deserting and Condemned Shot-Before the Muske

One night, when I was sen picket post well advanced Union lines, instructions we to keep a sharp watch for descriptions we to keep a sharp watch for descriptions than an hour later we it ture. A boy, about eighteen private in a Georgia regime camp with the intention of siding home, which was then inside the I lines. He was not over bright and brought in by a picket he seemed to upon the matter as a joke. It was when he was escorted to camp as under guard, charged with try sert to the enemy, that he realize the gravity of his situs. A court martial made short case. The only defence he that he was house he are his mother, and must be made.

have been something in this appeal had he not admitted that he knew his home to be within the Union lines and that there was a strong probability of his being captured by the federals.

From the hour he was sentenced to be From the hour he was sentenced to shot he was placed under my charge. I think it was about a week from the finding of the court martial to the day of the execution. For the first two or three days the boy was like one struck dumb, and he answered no questions. When this state of mind wore off he spent most of his time in weeping, praying and writing letters.

tion that he became talkative. As I carried in his supper he asked: -"Sergeant, did vou ever see a deserter shot? "How is it done?"

"By a file of men. Six of my squad

It was only on the night before the execu-

have been detailed in you case." "Will they blindfold me?" "Will I stand up?" "No, you will be seated on your coffin." He spoke with more curiosity than con-

cern, and I was glad to see it. So long as he had to die it was better to show a brave front. I sought to encourage him in this, but he replied :-"Oh, you needn't be afraid of my breaking down. All I ask of you is to make quick work of it."

Next morning when he marched out the air was raw and the sky was gloomy as a pall. When I brought him out he was the cooler of the two. I was nervous and trembling, while he was absolutely cool and self-possessed. "Is it time?" he asked as I went in.

"Yes." "Well, I'm ready."

"I'm all right." When we reached the grounds which had been selected I saw that about six thousand men had been marched up to witness the execution. The boy looked about him with considerable curiosity, but showed no signs of weakness. When we reached the open grave and the coffin resting in front of it he caught a quick breath, and something like terror could be read in his eyes.

I stood there with him while the firing party retreated a few paces and came to a "front." Then an officer came forward and read the charge and the findings. All this time I had hold of the boy's hand, we standing shoulder to shoulder. There was no trembling, but his fiesh was so hot that it seemed to blister mine When the officer had finished reading he

stepped away leaving us along. "I must blindfold you," I said as I produced a handkerchief.

"You are going to die like a brave man." "I told you I would." I placed the handkerchief over his eyes and tied the ends at the back of his head, and then, taking his arm, I whispered :-"You must sit down." "Ves."

"I am going now." Goodby to you, Sergeant. Let it be over soon!" When I had reached the squad there was nothing to wait for, and the orders were issued :-

"Ready" "Alm!" The command "Fire!" was just trembling on my lips when an officer waving a white handkerchief appeared behind the prisoner. I ascertained, at a later date, that none of the muskets were loaded, but this fact was not ever known to the firing The prisoner had been reprieved.

advanced and broke the glad news to him, and then removed the bandage from his eyes and assisted him to rise. Great heavens, but what a change! He had a smile on his face-the grin of an idiot! The light of intelligence had gone out of his eyes, and his first movement was to spring up, flop his arms, and crow like a rooster! From that moment until he was finally discharged and sent home no man heard an intelligent word from his lips nor saw anything like intelligence in his face. He was not crazy, but idiotic That one minute of awful suspense had drowned out the light of reason and so changed his every look that his own mother could not have identified him.

-[Detroit Free Press. Ethiopian Education. Carpenter (referring proudly to his boy, who has just entered). "Brer Ephraim, dis boy ain' bin goin' to school more'n year, an' he knows all de twenty-six letters, and so forth resides." Brer Ephraim ("never saw no book larnin', nohow"). "Dat's jes what I say; if a big chunky boy like dat kyant" larn more'n twenty-six letters in a year, he better go to work carryin' plankes. Carpenter. 'Sez dat boy to me yudder day, Guvner,' how many legs is a multerplercazum table got? sez I, gibes it up! S'e, 'Tain got none." Brer Ephraim. "What sorter fool talk bigamy, the forging of a will, or a bank dat bont table ain got no legs! Dat's Corpenter. "Yes, but you see hit's one ny dese tables liker almanick, whar you say nine times nine is eightynine, er." Brer Ephraim. "Den he all de mo'

fool, ef it ain' got no legs fur to ask you." -[Harper's Bazar. Thoroughly Prepared.

A Suabian village clergyman was exhorting a young couple who had come to ask him to put up the banns :- "So, then, my dear young friends, you wish to enter the holy estate of matrimony. But have you thoroughly prepared yourselves for the important step you are about to take?" We have that," replied the damsel; "we've stuck a pig and killed a dozen chickens, and we've baked tarts and cakes enough to make the tables bend with the weight.

Mental Subtlety. [On the steamer in mid-ocean.] First Old Chappie: Going across? Second O. C.: Yes. You?

A molder named Scott at St. Louis fell into a pit yesterday, and 10,000 pounds of molten iron fell upon him from a large ladle. The miserable man was seen to writhe several times, and when the body was recovered it was a charred mass.

Raleigh is to be lighted by electric

PLAYING CARDS. Progressive Euchre and How the Game is Played.—Importance of

TARBORO', N. C., THURSDAY NOVEMBER 5, 1885.

. Etiquette.
As a variation, or addition, to the regular game, the innovation known as progressive enable possesses some claims to merit. The ordinary rules of enchre govern the game, with some obvious exceptions, and a progressive euchre party should consist of three tables, of four persons. Little strips of cardboard should be prepared be-forehand, with a loop of ribbon by which they may be attached to the dress or coat of the player. One of these is drawn by each person. Ace is written on four cards, king on four and queen on the remaining four. Those who draw the ace slip take the ace table, which is the highest in rank; the ace table, which is the ingress in rathe, those with the king slips take the second and the queens the third table, which is the lowest in rank. One amusing part of this game is that four gentlemen may

s little bell at this table is rung, which means that the other tables are to stop
playing, even if they are at the very crisis
of a game. This is tantalizing sometimes,
and the little bell comes to be regarded as a cruel fate. On the other hand, the ace table is sometimes slow in its playing, which gives the other tables time to go on making points ad infinitum. On the ring-ing of the bell, those who have won the game at the ace table are decorated, not with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, or even the Victoria Cross, but with a small wafer, which is attached to the strip of cardboard. This couple retain their seats, while the two defeated ones move down to the king table, and the successful players at the king table move up to the ace table. The same change is made in the queen table, consequently a continual change of partners is going on at all the tables, which, with the decoration of the successful players, occasions no small amount of mer-

Prizes are given at the close of the game. Here the ingenuity and fun of the hostess find ample scope. One prize is given to the best player, the one whose strip of cardboard bears most wafers. They should be something pretty, even if very simple and inexpensive. The second prize is called consolation and is given to the least successful player. This gift may be something grotesque and have some humorous verses attached, which will add much to the gayety of the evening. When refreshments are to be served, it is generally arranged at what time the ace table shall stop playing. A cessation of hostilities affords time for passing around some slight refreshment, An elaborate supper seems out of place on such an on, as the players are usually anxious to return to their game and de cide their fates for the evening. If etiquette be important in the ordi

nary affairs of life, how much more so is

it in the card room and at the whist table

says a writer on the game. Etiquette i often but a form. At whist, etiquette is but a substance. If a man will not send his card or call at another's house, he may hope to be forgiven; but at whist, the player who does not attend to the etiquette prescribed by good taste and the usages of the table, this offender will be properly shunned. Etiquette by whet phraseology shunned. Etiquette in whist phraseology, is a term synonymous with honest. Inattention to the etiquette of the game causes more bickerings and heartaches than the worst player out of bedlam, and goodness knows the bad players are nearly sufficient to drive ordinary people mad. But because men are bad players surely there is no occasion to add to their other offences the total disregard of etiquette. Some people are so thick-skinned that nothing short of a penalty will ever prevent their breaking a rule. These drop s card face upward and snatch it up again and think they have done something elever instead of having committed a heinous offence; or they lead out of turn, and when ultimately they get the lead they send out the exposed card like a flash of lightning, and again think they have

ione something clever. It is not etiquette to get into a passion and throw down the cards. It is not etiquette for the young whist player to deride or be angry with his seniors. If, in dealing, you expose an ace and your ad not etiquette to misdeal. In dealing it is not etiquette to count the cards on the table or in the hand and then declare you have not done so to avoid a misdeal. It is not etiquette to bet with an outsider rithout first offering the chance to your adversaries. The breach of this law cause more anger than almost any other. It is not etiquette to wrangle with your opponent on any disputed point when there is a bystander to whom you can refer. Such bystander having decided, although you think him wrong, it is not etiquette further to argue the point, but it is etiquette to submit with good grace Having revoked once it is not etiquette to revoke again to cover your blunder; nor s it etiquette to make any exclamation calling your adversaries' attention to the fact that you have revoked. The excitable and talkative players may bear this in mind, and they will do well to remember that at whist nothing should be said dur-

ing the play of the hand. Bisadvantages of India Life. The number of persons killed by wild beasts and poisonous snakes in India in 1883 was 22,905, against 22,125 in 1882; 20,057 death were due to the bites of poisonous animals; 985 persons were de-voured by tigers, 287 by wolves and 217 by leopards. The less of cattle amounted to 47,478 animals, an increase of 771 over the preceding year. While most of the deaths of human beings were due to the bite of snakes only 1,644 cattle were thus poisoned. More than three-quarters of the deaths took place in Bengal and in the provinces of the Northwest; 19,890 dangerous animals were killed during the

Epigrams, If you wish to keep your name untarnished, scour your door-plate night and Shakspere was not a broker; but does

any one know of a man who has furnished so many stock quotations? A contemporary asks: "What is the difference between a man and a pitcher?' At times the difference is very striking. The man may be full and the pitcher Why is a shoemaker one of the mos

ause, you see, although he finishes his shoe at the beginning, he always begins A man becoming angry because his gun kicked badly, his companion said; "Guns fanciful appointments which often stock are but human, after all. They are almost the interior of a sedate and philosophic sure to kick when the load is too heavy.

paradoxical persons in existence? Why,

Mr. George Wm. Childs says that plates applying for a divorce, and in Roane county, Tenn., last Friday that the stories about her married | was taken from Kingston jail last life have given Mrs. Grant great night by a mob of one hundred men pain.

*Asheville has a hospital founded

LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN. Farm Houses Perched Aloft on Iceland Mountains.

A correspondent writes from Iceland describing a voyage around the island. The flords or bays, in which all but the south coast of the island abound, are narrow arms of the sea, running far in between the mountain chains that radiate from the land like the fingers from one's palm, only not with the same regularity. Not more than a few miles wide at the mouth, they grow gradually narrower as they proceed nland, until terminating at the foot of a smail valley beyond. To get some idea of this lay your hand palm downward upon a table and slightly spread the fingers. Now your hand represents the island and the table the sea, and calling the distance from the fips of the fingers to their junc-tion with the hand twenty miles you have some idea of the proportions, except, perhaps, that the mountains are very high.

Everywhere these mountains rise abruptly from the sen, often standing a perpendicular wall hundreds of feet in height,

and then sloping gradually back to the peaks above. Here and there along the sides, onesome slope less steep than the rest, surrounded by a few acres of ground, which presents no very striking contrast to the lava waste surrounding it, can be seen the turf-covered huts of the Icelandic farmer; and at the end of the flord-on the web between the fingers-stands the cluster of well built houses forming the village which supplies the surrounding country with most of the necessaries of life. These houses are generally owned by foreigners and sometimes by one man-a company of Norwegians who work the fisheries about the island during the summer, or a Danish merchant who may have several trading stations along the coast. Often, on passing the end of the promontories which separate the flords, a small farm can be seen lodged on the slope high above the water, or in some small valleys between the mountains, where none but an Icelander would think it possible to live. Here, on a spot that cannot be reached from the sea, except in very calm weather, and which is inaccessible from the land several months in the year, these people live, contented and seemingly satisfied to spend their days as their fathers have done before them, though well acquainted, by reading, with

other and more inviting countries. To one who has always lived in a country where night and day perform their proper functions, such strange antics of meteorological phenomena are, to say the least, decidedly novel.

One hardly knows where to go to bed, and, indeed, one, two and three often finds us wide awake as ever, pacing the deck, while the sun, after descending from the west and bowling along the northern horizon for an hour or more, is already mounting the heavens with a long, majestic, eastward sweep.

Ben and the Bunco Man. A New York bunco man touched Ben Maginley, the actor, on the shoulder one day and exclaimed : - "Why, my dear old friend, how do you do ?" "I haven't felt better in twenty years." replied Ben, taking in the situation at

"All right, except Bill."

"Bless you, no! Didn't you hear that he collided with that red bull of old "That is very sad; a man should b areful when he's fooling around cattle. "Ha! Ha!" roared Ben. "Bill isn't a man; he's our old white bull," and his augh occupied more of Broadway than a healthy foghorn would have done. If the bunco man wanted any more to prove to him that he had caught a greenhorn, Ben's hillside laugh settled the question "Now," said he, "I have a friend in New York who has shown me all the sights worth seeing; so I can start right

in and show them to you. What do you "Why," said Ben; "I'm here to see everything you've got worth seeing, but young than," and he took a most tender hold of the lappel of the steerer's coat, "I have been telling stories to Presidents and Princes for the last forty years, and a tear wells up into my eye as I think of how sad a thing it is to have to correct the impression you have formed of me. I need say no more than that, like my illustrious brother, Forrest, I served the first part of my apprenticeship in a cir And with a trip and a box under the ear, the bunco-steerer was tangling himself in the gutter in the middle o Broadway while Ben moved quickly down the street whistling "I Am a Pirate

How They Once Used Me for a Statu of Liberty. I remember once, a great while ago, was asked by a friend to go with him in the evening to the house of an acquaintance, where they were going to have kind of musicale, at which there was to be some noted pianist, who had kindly consented to play a few strains. I did not get the name of the professional, but I went, and when the first piece was announced I saw that the light was very uucertain, so I kindly volunteered to get a amp from another room. I held that big amp, weighing about twenty-nine pounds for half an hour, while the pianist would tinky, tinky upon the right hand, or bang, boomy to bang, bang down on the bass while he snorted and slugged that old concert grand piano and almost knocked its teeth down its throat, or gently dawdled with the keys like a pale moonbeam shimmering through the bleached rafters of a deceased house, until at last there was a wild jangle, such as the accomplishe musician gives to an instrument to show the audience that he has disabled the piano and will take a slight intermission while it is sent to the junk shop. With a sigh of relief I carefully put

down the twenty-nine pound lamp, and my friend told me that I had been standing there like liberty enlightening the world and holding that heavy lamp for Blind Tom. I had never seen him before and I slipped

out of the room before he had a chance to BILL NYE. A Fable. An Ostrich one day found a Bald Head lying on the grass, and, not noticing that it belonged to a sleeping middle-aged gentleman who always sat next to the orchestra in the threatre, took it to be an strich egg and determined to hatch it ou

at once. The big bird was sitting quietly

on the supposed egg and making plans for the education of the little ostrich soon to be born, when, all at once, there was hatched out, not a little ostrich, but a blonde chorus-girl, dressed in lilac tights and a green belt, Moral : This Fable is intended to give a dim and nebulous hint of the varied and cranium.[-Life.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Oct. 27th .there is no truth in the ru mors that John Thompson, who murdered Jas. Mrs. Nellie Grant-Sartoris contem | C. White, a merchant of Glen Alice,

Josh Billings is dead. His last by the ladies of the various churches. I "spell" was too much for him.

Scientifically Prepared Food. What is called a "steam scientific food

meal company" has begun operations in London. Its prospectus sets forth that: Each separate food meal, with its own appropriate flesh-forming and heat-giving nutriment qualitatively and quantitatively, is daily prepared, cooked and deivered in wholesale quantities to all the numerous agency district shops of the company, each food meal having its own special vast food department. All the successive processes of the food are worked by appropriate and powerful machinery. There are separate food departments of beef, yeal, mutton and some others. In the beef department, for exmple, the carcasses, after being weighed by the ton in ponderous scales, are cut up by powerful steam knives, and when ready are shunted to the heat-giving side, where appropriate heat-giving nutriment is carefully added, blended and thorough-ly assimilated by machinery, after which the whole passes into the manufacturing ovens of scientific cooking, after whibl

This and That,

the food meals are sorted, packed and

ready for wholesale delivery."

The Richmond Herald relates the following: "Read to me, my child," said Dr. Richard White to his little granddaughter, and she began reading to him the "This and That" column of the Herald. Presently the dear old man began to nod, and the little girl read from the paper (apparently): "Some people are never happier than when they are finding fault with other people, and one of these disagreeable saints lives at Chatham and runs a savings bank, and is White." That waked the doctor up, and he cried out, "What's that-does he dare to talk about me that way?"

The little girl replied: "Why may he not say that about you, grandpa? You always talk about him when he comes here.

"Read it again," he said. "I don't like it, but read it again." And the little girl then confessed that she had made up that "just for fun," and that there was nothing of the kind in our "This and That." We give the story as it comes to us, and congratulate Dr. White on having such a granddaughter.

Origin of the Shot Tower. One night, in the year 1782, a plumber

of Bristol, named Watts, had a very profitable dream. He imagined he was out in a shower of rain, but molten lead fell instead of water, and the drops were perfectly round. When he awoke, he was struck with the singularity of his dream and the idea occurred to him that lead shot could be made in this manner. As a test, he ascended the tower of St. Mary Redeliffe Church, and poured molten lead into some water below. The result fully satisfied his expectations, and he afterwards sold the invention for a good round sum of money.

Where It Comes From. "Here's a queer thing, my dear," said McSwilligen, to his wife as he looked up from the paper. "What is it, my dear?"

"Why the cows in Tollance County Conn., are getting drunk. Apples are plentiful, and a great deal of cider is beng made. The cows go down to the mills and drink the cider. Scores of them have been gloriously drunk within the past two weeks." "I suppose," rejoined Mrs. McSwilligen

"that those cows give the milk they make milk punches from."

A Singular Proposal. In a volume of sermons by a popular preacher, printed some sixty years ago, the author relates that on an assertion being made that no one could keep his thoughts upon any one subject without wandering only a few moments, a gentleman, one of his hearers, offered to give a horse to a person who controverted his opinion even if he could repeat the Lord's Prayer. Upon these conditions being gladly accepted, the latter immediately began-"Our Father who art in heaven-

principal subject he of course lost the Satisfactory Results. Clerical-looking Gentleman (to a boy): My little man, can you direct me to the Little boy (in great haste): "Yessir. It's jest on de odder side of de hill.'

but mind I am to have the bridle and sad-

dle too," by which digression from the

Gentleman: "Ah, thanks. I suppose the attendance is large and the results Little boy (with enthusiasm): "Yessir, de results is wery satisfactory. Me fadder tapped a kag o'beer jest outside de groun's, an' sold it all in less 'n an hour. I 'm goin' fer an odder kag." Hard Times in Greece.

The financial condition of Greece has become serious. Tobacco duties, which were estimated last year to yield 10,000,000 drachmas, have only brought in 2,600,000 drachmas. Cigarette paper has veielded 760,000 drachmas, instead of 3,000,000 drachmas; spirits have produced 390,000 drachmas, instead of 2,140,000 drachmas; and wine 270,000 drachmas, instead of 3,200,000 drachmas. The deficit is reckoned at 16,000,000 drachmas. A drachma of

money. They Had Not Been Disturbed. Husband (looking around impatiently our former customers. for his boots)-"My dear, will you be so kind and condescending as to inform me where in thunder my boots have been

Greece equals 19.3 cents in American

Wife (with bitter sarcasm)—"You will STATON & ZOELLER you came in at 2 o'clock this morning-at the foot of the stairs."

"Go into that room and bring that cake off the table," said a mother to her son, off the table," said a mother to her son, "It's too dark; I'm afraid to go into the PHARMACISTS room." "Go right into that room this instant, or I'll go in and bring out the strap." "If you bring out the strap," replied the boy, sobbing, "bring-the cake-along

nium resigns in Burmah. THE SAMSON JACK & PRESS CO.,

It is reported that King Thebaw

has been assassinated and pandemo-

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"Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882.

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