THE CENTRAL TIME

E. F. YOUNG, Manager.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

VOLUME I.

DUNN, HARNETT CO., N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1891.

NUMBER 4.

The Central Times.

-BY---

IN EARLY SPRING.

Bright days are with us, lengthened and Published Every Thursday The clouds grow mellow, and the forest hath

E. F. Young and G. K. Grantham. * SUBSCRIPTIONS IN ADVANCE:

One Year, \$1.00 Six Months. -50 194 Three Months, .

ADVERTISING RATES:

- - 20.00

'One Inch. 20 Contract advertisements taken at proportionately low rates.

Local notices, 10 cents a line.

28 Entered at the Postoffice in Dunn, N. C. as second-class matter.

The latest romance of gold discovery comes from Nicaragua, where it is asserted that the old mines of the Aztecs have tren found.

England is said to be moving in the direction of an imperial zollverein to held her colonies closer together by means of trade relations with the mother country.

The mines of the world last year produced a value of \$1,876,000,000, of which \$700,000,000 was in coal. The United States is credited with \$600,000,-000, of about one-third of the total.

Robert Bonner is authority for the statement that in 1856 there was not horse that had trotted a mile in 2:20, and not over twenty horses in the country in the 2:30 list. The great change which has occurred during the intervening years, notes the American Dairyman, is indicated by the fact that during the past year almost one thousand horses were added to the already very large number who had covered a mile in 2:30. The greatest record thus far made was in 1885, when Maud S. reached the wonderful speed of a mile in 2:084.

Its budding-pleasures; yet of Winter's scath Some drear memorials here and there are For, though the wind no more breathes frosty-keen, It often floats the old leaves in our path, Or sighs along some unreaped aftermath, 25 To mind us of the rigor that hath been, O thou my Joy, Spring of my Wondrous Year? One Column, One Year, . . \$75.00 Forgive, if in thy presence aught of grief . . 40.00 Remain from that dead time ere thou wast here. " " . . 10.00 Now, surely, such gainsaying shall be brief; For thou will set my feet where flower and leaf And soft new sward blot out the stubble -Edith M. Thomas, in Scribner. JANIE'S ATTEMPT. BY TOM P. MORGAN. Miss Lang?"

in coming, Mr. Atchison !" gathering dusk, while the wielder of the still the little daubs did not sell. heavy steps.

"Miss" Lang! "Mr." Atchison! The dozen. cathird, who had witnessed many a Though she worked, poor child, to the meeting at the old gate since she began limit of her endurance, day after day, she was about to leave her present quar her nesting in the lilacs, has never be- till she grew wan, hollow-eyed and alfore heard the young people address ways weary, the scanty pay was scarce each other with such ceremonious exac- sufficient to keep body and soul together. It had been "Janie" and "Phil" till fame and fortune she had so fondly ex- some time the young lady had appeared the catbird, perhaps with some of the in-/ pected would be here. And there seemed | to be sort of fading and failing. stincts of a match-maker, has grown nothing brighter to which she could look complacently accustomed to their meet- forward. In tearful retrospection, in the solitude ings. The young people had had occasional "tiffs," to be sure, but never of her barren, cheerless room, the quiet ing house, a worthless husband and little village she had left seemed no valueless children could not be exis before such a quarrel as this. Phil Atchison did not look back as he longer mean and commonplace, but the pected to find time to pay more atten. tramped away, and Janie tossed her brightest spot on earth. And the quiet tion to her patrons than to know that short little curls and hurried toward the little home that poor Phil had planned they paid their dues promptly and did for her seemed in fancy almost like Para- not make way with the furniture. "Phil is so-so commonplace, and_" dise. And Phil-he was no longer the When did she expect the young lady There was a little catch in her murmur commonplace clod to which her inspira- | back? as she told herself so, in spite of the tion had likened him, but his talents the She could not say. Maybe, now that fierceness with which she forced herself brightest, his honest face the dearest and she thought of it, Miss Lang would not to believe that she was glad it was all his love the most desirable in the whole return at all. She had been given warn, over between them. wide world. ing to vacate the room and might have Perhaps Phil was commonplace. But | How she hated the inspiration that had done so already. There was a letter on the table addressed to a Mr. Philip it was only of late that Janie had dis- tempted her to leave them and to so covered it. It had not been so very long wrong Phil, dear old Phil! Oh, if Atchison. It might possiblyago that she had thought his houest face she could only-but she was proud, "That's me!" interjected the visitor. something very much better than com- this little Janie, and she could not go with much promptness and profound monplace and his homely talents more back to them. And so the days dragged contempt for the restrictions of gram than ordinary. There was much of the drearily on. Then, even the pitiful boon of the Five minutes later Phil Atchison was inventor about this young fellow, who was continually pottering with some photograph coloring was denied her, and reading the letter in the dreary little. novel contrivance of his own conception, she could find nothing to do even to earn room. and but a little while ago Janie had the few dimes, necessary to keep life in Such a pitiful, disconnected, tear pridefully regarded him as destined to her weary little body. Her scanty store blotted letter it was! And when the visitor of pennies went one by one and no more had read it through he rubbed the back accomplish great things. But that was before her inspiration had were added to them. She had no recomof his hand across his eyes and there come to her, showing her, as it gradually mendations, no influence, that might were other and fresher tear spots on the opened her eyes to her own possibilities, have secured her a situation. Nobody how commonplace Phil really was. To knew, nobody cared for the poor little "When you read this, Phil, dear? be sure, he was an inventor-as far as in- struggling, despairing child. The rent dear Phil," the letter said, "my strug tent went, at least-but as yet he had of her dismal little room came due and gles will be done. I've tried so hard. never succeeded in accomplishing any- there was no way of paying it. In a Phil, but it was no use. The battle it thing in particular, and probably, she day or two she must give it up, and almost over, and when it is done, you decided, never would. Besides this, he thencan lay me among the lilacs. And, ohi Day after day she had sought for some-Phil, forgive the wrong I did you, dear was intensely, almost disgustingly, practical. Janie loved poetry, particularly thing to do, be the reward ever so small, dear Phil. Oh, if you could only come the kind that wailed more or less dis- that would add to the pitiful remnant of to me now. I am so tired, so tired and tressingly about unrequited love and such her fast disappearing store of dimes and hungry. Come to me, Phil! Come-'a sad themes. But Phil cared little for it, pennies-anything that was honorable, There was a catch in the young felt even, upon the night of the quarrel, no matter how illy paid. But nobody low's voice as he spoke: going sp far as to snort contemptuously wanted her, and worn, weary, heart-"Her struggles will soon be over one; at one of her most soulful and wailful sick, discouraged, she dragged herself way or the other! Well, I am glad mit. back each time to her cheerless room, inventing wasn't a failure at last! And selections. Phil was all well enough in his way, to sob herself supperless to unrefreshing the golden harvest it is bringing me shall be devoted to making Janie, little but there was little of the heroic about sleep. him, unless, indeed, it might have been She told herself that even Phil, dear Janie, happy if I find her alive!" in the reckless way in which he placed old Phil, would scarcely have known her himself in the power of some of his ex- now. The bloom was gone from her

son, with a very transparent excuse upon half forgotten as she wandered on and his lips and a hope for reconciliation in on with feverish strength and uncertain his heart, called at the little cottage in purpose. Her short little curls were all the lilac tangles, Janie had gone to make astray and her thin hands elenched con the THE STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY

vulsively. her attempt. Then Phil was angry in good earnest & Her half unguided steps led to the art and inquired no more. Why what right store where her pretty little daubs had had she to-? Then he remembered so unsuccessfully been exposed for sale, that she was no longer his promised the kind old proprietor feeling a half wife and went back to his inventing, re- pity for the lonely little child-woman who solved fiercely to mind his own business had asked so often and anxiously of their and smother his feelings, and a discour- fate and had been too proud to voice her aging job enough he found it. Janie's idea of the advantage offered

was cheered by the fancy that fortunes delirium that had come over her. there were to be had almost for the taking. She could paint a little-buttercups and violets on saucers and placques

name and fame for herself.

lif c tangle just over the fence jumped will cat up one's savings and Janie saw her.

out of her nest with a squawk of wild the little store of money she had brought affright and went blundering away in the with her decreasing day by day. And stick turned his back upon the girl and Then, when at last she knew not which the address the art dealer had given asperity. trudged down the hill with unnecessarily way to turn, she secured a chance to color him. photographs for a miserable pittance per

disappointments when they never sold. This old fellow was just stepping to. by the city had been gathered from vari- the door when she passed the place. The ous unreliable sources, and her going daubs were almost forgotten in the half "Ho, Miss Lang!" he called, cheerily.

"Luck at last!" -The daubs-not one, but all-were and the like-and fancied, poor child, sold! Some young fellow, much to the that she was destined, if not for a great old fellow's surprise, upon blundering artist, to at least make something of a into the store, seeing the daubs, which he appeared to recognize, and making a

Her pretty little daubs would not sell. few inquiries as to the identity of the But Janie, though sorely disappointed, artist, had snapped up the whole lot as was not conquered, and she set bravely if they had been very precious indeed. fessional literary critic." to work and painted other pretty little , The man placed the money in the bewildaubs, which did scarcely better than dered girl's hands, and watched her as got the dyspepsia."-Brootlyn Life. "I'll not come back till you call me, their predecessors. One sold, after sever- she went weakly away after a few half. al days, and the little girl chirked up incoherent words.

"Then, I fear you will be a long time wonderfully for a time. It was slower "Poor child!" he muttered to hiniself. work than she had anticipated, but with "She looked ill and half starved! I wish? Then the young fellow whacked the perseverance she would win success after -why, I declare, I forgot to tell here. old fence beside him so fiercely with the awhile. Rome was not built in a day. that that young had been very particular stick he had picked up as he came to the And so she struggled on. Economize to inquire her address, and exhibited trysting place that the cathird in the as one will, board and other necessities strong symptoms of intending to call ons

Meanwhile the buyer of the daubs, with his purchases in a bundle under his arm, had made all haste to proceed to

ly .- Munsey's Weekly. No, Miss Lang was not in, the land lady informed him. She had probably

gone to look for a new abiding place, as ters upon the morrow.

Was Miss Lang enjoying good health { last evening?" Well, now that she thought of it, the This was very far from achieving the landlady was moved to confess that for -mean thing k-kissed me first !'

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. come to night to ask you a question which I have long had in my mind to

Miss Mamie (expectantly)-"Indeed; FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. why I am sure if I can answer any question I shall be very glad to do so.

Little, But Oh My-Strained Relations Mr. Slowcoach-"Yes, I have long wanted to ask you something, but I did -Just Suited Elm-Not Grouty Enough-Repartee, Etc., Etc. not know whether you would care to hear."

The foot on which my Mabel fair Miss Mamie-"You know, Mr. Slow-Pursues her happy way Is but a very tiny foot, coach, that I should be glad to hear I'm very sure you'd say. whatever you might say.'

Mr. Slowcoach-"Well, then, Mamie But notwithstanding this, I vow Not all the men in town Could make it budge a single inch -that is, of course, Miss Mamie-do you When once she puts it down.

STRAINED RELATIONS.

NOT GROUTY ENOUGH.

JUST SUITED HIM.

REPARTEE. *

NOT SO MUCH TO BLAME.

binding of that book just suits me.'

-Munsey's Weekly.

by marriage, are you not?"

refusal."

think I look better in a stand-up or in a turn-down collar?"--- Mercury. -Boston Times.

ANOTHER BOYCOTT.

Archibald-"You are related to her The usual depression in all classes of business was aptly illustrated in one of Frigiday-"No; I'm her brother by our criminal courts last when the jury retired for consultation the foreman announced that the prisoner had just conveyed to him the fact that he had only \$10 left to "put up."

Cumso-"I think I will become a pro-"Ten dollars!" exclaimed one of the twelve, indignantly, "what does the fel-Fangle-"You can't! You have not low take us for? We are willing enough to do the fair thing, heaven knows; but \$10! I call that rubbing it in."

"He might at least have made it Charlie-"Gloth covered books are too dollar apiece," growled another. common, don't you know. Now the "I tell you what it is, gentlemen, said the foreman, earnestly, "if this sort of thing keeps on they'll be having Amy-"What is it, Mr. Sappy-calf?"

Chinese jurymen next, and the business will be ruined entirely. It's about time we made an example of some one. I "I'm on to you," said the drop of ink move that we boycott this man." to the blotter, in a tone of considerable And they give him fifteen years .- San

Francisco Examiner. "Dry up," replied the blotter, savage-

THEY CHANGED.

"Hard luck, eh?" said the Deputy Sheriff as he tacked a notice on the door Horrifiel Parent-"An1 you dare to of the Tomcod restaurant up on Market . tell me you kissed that young Hankinson street. "Did they boycott you?"

"It wasn't that," gloomily responded Weeping Daughter-"Yes, but the

SMUGGLER'S PARADISE

HOW CHINAMEN GAIN ACCESS TO THE UNITED STATES.

C. K. GRANTHAM, Local Editor.

White Men Smuggle the Orientals on Dark Nights From Vancouver to Washington-The Prices Charged.

Looking at the map one may see that the northwest corner of the State of Washington is torn off, and the space that is left is filled with water, dotted with an archipelago. The island of Vancouver fits partially into the gaping corner as if it had been torn out by some gigantic convulsion. The tatters and debris of the rent form the archipelago. Our, national interest centred in that corner long ago when that portion of the boundary was in dispute, and the tension of a war feeling was only relieved when a foreign arbitrator settled the boundary, and gave us the island of San Juan, the most important in the group. The city of Victoria confines nearly all the population on that corner of Vancouver Island; the city of Vancouver is the main settlement on the British Columbia shore; and on our borders are such little places as Whatcom, New Dungeness and Port Angeles, in the State of Washington. Port Townsend, on Puget Sound, is the principal-American town near by, and the headquarters of the scanty force of customs officials who are supposed to guard against the smuggling, and who are entitled to the presumption that they are doing their best in this direction. Victoria has only 20,000 population, Van- * couver fewer still, and the islands only here and there a house. Deer abound upon these islands, which are heavily timbered, and the waterways between them feel the keel of but few vessels-of none at all, except the smallest craft, outside the main channels. It would be hard to imagine a more difficult region to police, or a fairer field for smugglers. Old London itself has scarcely a greater tangle of crooked and confusing thoroughfares than this archipelago possesses. and these waterways are so narrow and sheltered that mere oarsmen can safely and easily travel many of them. It is a smuggler's prradise. Those who transport the Chinamen are all white men. The resident Chinese act as their confederates and as the agents of the smuggled men, but do no part of the actual smuggling, that is to say, the boating. The great smuggling is of opium. The introduction of the Chinese themselves is of small account, so far as the defiance of our laws is concerned, as compared with the introduction of opium. Yet that extensive business also is carried on uv while men. The Chinese cannot pass to and fro as white men can. therefore they leave the traffic to the whites. .These white men are of the class one would expect to find in such business. A Government employe in Victoria told me that I would "be surprised to know what important and respectable persons were connected with the smuggling," but as he gave me no further enlightenment, and as I failed to obtain any proof that any number of so-called respectable men profited directly by the business, I did not and do not believe that there are many such. Those who do the smuggling of the Chinese are unprincipled and reckless characters. They make their bargains with those Chinese whose busi-ness it is to arrange for the carriage of their countrymen into our country. The boats employed are small sail-boats, and quite as small steam launches. When the owner of one of these boats has secured a sufficient number of Chinese to make the venture profitable, if it succeeds, the journey is made at night, without couspliance with the law, which requires vessels sailing after dark to display lights at their sides. At times the contrabands are landed near Port Angeles or New Dungeness. San Juan Island, within our border, is only twelve miles from Victoria, and has a few Chinese resident upon it. At times Chinamen are carried there. Once there they can cross to the mainland with more freedom, and with a possibility of obtaining testimony to the effect that they are and have long been domiciled on American soil. The smugglers charge \$20 to \$25 for landing each Chinaman on our coast; \$20 is the ordinary and usual charge. Wherever the Chinamen are landed they find either men of their own nationality to secrete them, or white men awaiting their arrival, and ready to take them to some Chinese quarters. Once on land the danger of arrest is greatly lessened, and around here, I see. Yes, I found you after a newly-snuggled Chinaman has made his way to one of the largerstowns or cities near the coast, his fear of deten-

The railroad statistics of the United States furnish no end of interesting figures to those who care to investigate them. Nearly one hundred and sixty thousand miles of road are in actual operation, and these roads employ about three million people in various capacities. During the last year \$1,000,000,000 was spent in railway freights, and, figuring upon a basis of 62,000,000 population, this would make \$16 for every man, woman and child in the country. This sum would pay the national debt, or supply free education to all the children in the country for a long period.

The Sandwich Islanders believe, declares the Chicago Herald, that Kala kaua was poisoned by the doctors and they feel very bitterly toward Colonel Baker, a friend and companion of the King in his illness, who, they think, should have made sure that the medicines administered to him contained no poison by first taking a dose of them himself. This was a duty due to Hawaiian' royalty which the Colonel failed to perform, and wthough some very good reasons for it may be apparent to others, he will never be able to show the Sandwich Islanders why he should not have taken the alleged poison himself and saved the life of the King.

. The proof of the adage that where there is a will there is a way to break it is seen in some statistics in a Boston legal journal. They show that in the United States last year 4000 wills were contested, 2400 of which were broken. Large as they seem, there is no reason, confesses the Chicago Herald, to doubt the accuracy of these figures. The contested will case has become a familiar feature of every Probate Court, and the skill of lawyers in setting aside wills has become proverbial. Even the will of so subtle a lawver as Mr. Tilden was successfully contested. The situation is an unfortunate one for the man of wealth. At his death he can neither take his riches with him nor be certain that they will be distributed afterward in accordance with the behests of his will.

periments.

had promptly scoffed at her inspiration so often held in his strong, warm ones her eyes more nearly happy. A good. and his skepticism, or at least lack of were growing more slender and like lit- supper will do wonders for one. sympathy with her ambition, had been a tlc claws.

prime factor in bringing about the sepa- Presently came the day when even ration. Slow-going Phil, outside of his , that miserable existence could go on no inventing, had no yearning beyond the longer. On the morrow she must leave having of a commonplace little home, the room for which she could no longer with Janie as its little mistress. This pay. She had cried herself supperless his protecting clasp and knew that he prospect had seemed very alluring to her to sleep the night before. The last of struggles were over at last." till the coming of her inspiration had the pennies, only half a dozen of them, whispered to her that she was worthy of | purchased the mite that made her breakbetter things and then that she was capa- fast. Then she set out bravely to make fellow, somewhat later. ble of attaining them. one more hopelese attempt in the battle

She wanted-well, she hardly knew of existence. Nothing rewarded her, definitely just what she did want, but it and weary, despairing, defeated, she was something that the prospect of be- dragged her tired little feet back to her world or anything but that quiet littly ing the mistress of a quiet little home dinnerless room at noon.

did not promise. In the big, bright The struggle was almost over. There and you, Phil!"-New York Mercury. world beyond the village' there were seemed nothing more for her to do but

SHE AGREED WITH HIM. What was the matter? Father (coming in upon them at The landlady could not say. A woman 11:30)-"Jennie, don't you think it's with the cares of a shabby genteel lodgabout time to go to bed?"

Daughter-"Why yes, papa, what on earth keeps you up so late?"- Yankee Blade.

NOT TO BE CHANGED.

"I can't change my mind," said Chap-"I might have known that," retorted his exasperated partner. "There is no

lower denomination in minds than yours."-New York Sun.

IT WAS 'A CRUSHER.

Sympathetic Cousin-"Yes, it must have been a terrible disappointment when Miss Golding refused ybu." Jack Van Broken-"It was a crusher. I felt exactly as though I had been sen tenced to hard labor for life."-Life.

A WANDERER.

"I am a wanderer on the face of the globe," he said with a sigh "Your crime must have been a serious

"Yes, ma'am; but somebody has got to paint signs of Smith's soap along the highways and byways."-Rochester Post-Express.

A MISUNDERSTOOD HINT. Waiter (looking in on a noisy party in hotel bed-room)-"I've been sent to ask you to make less noise, gentlemen. The

gentleman in the next room says he can't read." Host of the Party-"Tell him he

ought to be ashamed of himself. Why, I could read when I was five years old!'

-Pick Me Up.

CLEVER INDEED.

Mrs. New-"I have a capital idea on economy.'

Mr. New-(with agitation)-"For heaven's sake, what is it?

Mrs. New-"I will buy a French poo-The door opened just then and Janif, clever of me?"-Munsey's Weekly.

"You called me and I have come!" And then she was half smothered in stand."

"And now you can see all of the great bright world you desire," said the yound

"I don't want to see it !!" the girl re turned, holding him fast with her this little hands. "I don't want the great

the proprietor, who was making out list of indestructible pies for the assignees. "It was the fearful want of education among the working classes that did me up.

"As how?" asked the City Hall man, pocketing a handful of five centers. "Well, about a month ago I came across a fat old loafer who weighed about 300 pounds-looked like a load of hay on legs-so I hired him as a walking

advertisement and had him float round town crrrying a sign lettered : "I lunch at the Tomcod."

"Great idea that; well?" "Well, it worked fine, and then

struck another bum; weighed about eighty-five-regular living skeleton. So I hired him too, and had another painted: 'I don't lunch at the Tomcod. ,'I see; big scheme." "So it was. The scheme was all right, but pretty soon business got to be terrible bad; couldn't understand it until one day I came across the sandwich men

down on Kearsy street. It seems neither of the old rounders could read." "But what did that ---- " "They had changed signs. See!" San Francisco Examiner.

BEING TOO HONEST. "Seven years ago," he said, as he en-

tered a crockery store on Sixth avenue the other day, "seven years ago I came in here and bought six plates of you, and handed you-

He knocked a thirty-cent pitcher off the shelf as he waved his arm about, and after the pieces were gathered up he continued: "I handed you a five-dollar bill. You

warranted them plates to be all wool and a yard wide, and I want to say right here and now that .-- . Excuse me He knocked a couple of lamp chim-neys off a rack with his coat tails, and it was with a shade of asperity in his tones that the crockery man asked his errand. "Why, I bought six plates of you. "Well?"

"It was seven years ago." "Well?"

"Them plates come to sixty cents, and I handed you a \$5 bill. When I come to zents too much. I was calculatin' to come to town agin the next week, but-What's that?"

In moving about in the narrow space his foot hit a. four-gallon crock and upset it and broke a liberal piece out of one side. "Did you want anything?" asked the

grocer, in an acid voice. 'Certainly I do. Kinder risky moving had overpaid me by 'leven cents, and

with the pesky machines. He has to do though I meant to come in and return it, I've had a fever sore on my leg, and I tion by our Government vanishes enit by hand."- Washington Star. had to go out to Elmira to see my daugh- tirely .-- Harper's Marazine. ter, and the old woman has bin ailing ROYAL JOCULARITY.

more or less. Being as I was in town to-day I thought I'd step-- Lands!

Ate Bear Liver and Went Mad. The Esquimaux live by fishing and

dle, dear. He will eat the scraps of food that we are now wasting. There- count my change I was half way home, fore they will be saved. Now isn't that and I found you had given me 'leven' NO TYPEWRITER FOR HIM. Visitor (to old lady)-"Your son writes for the newspapers, I under-Old Lady (with pardonable pride)-'Yes, my boy is mighty smart, if I do

say it myself, that shouldn't." Visitor-"Does he use a pseudonym in his writing?' Old Lady-"Oh, no, he can't write

bome of which we used to plan, and-8

Sunbeams 'Will Sing.

He started to read on again. "Oh, Phil, come back to me! Comeface, which had grown very thin and

When she broached a part of it Phil white, and the dainty hands that he had entered. Her step was less weary and

"Janie, little Janie!"

"Dear Phil!" "Forgive me, Phil! I-

Has the ancient city of Moscow, Russia, gone down on its knees to the Merchaut Jermokoff? This is the question now agitating Moscow society. It seems that a subscription for a certain charity was being raised in Moscow, and of the million rubles required there was a deficit of 300,000. The Mayor bethought him to make an appeal to a rich merchant of his acquaintance for the required sum. He did so; the first time in vain. But on another visit the merchant said : "Go down on your knees and beg me to give you the money." "And why not?" returned the Mayor. Like Lady Godiva, he sacrificed his pride and gained the money for the town. And now society is much concerned to know if its honor was lost, and casuists are arguing on both sides of the question. Moscow has got something to talk about.

many opportunities and-

to lie down and die. Her pride was Her discontent began to grow as broken at last, and weak, wan, hungry rapidly as her ambition expanded. Phill little Janie sank down on her hard bed tracting the attention of scientists. promised cheerfully that, as the invention and sobbed out her pititul loneliness and beam of sunlight is made to pass through proved the success that he fondly hoped weakness and despair like a poor lorn, a prism," so as to produce the solar specit would be, they would exhaust some of lost child. Oh, if only Phil-if only trum or rainbow. A disk, having slits the pleasures of the great, bright world. she hadn't-

But Janie, impatient at his awkward Then a thought came to her. If she and the colored light of the rainbow is sympathy and his scoffing at her poetical left a letter addressed to him, after she made to break through it and fall of quotations about hearts bowed and am- was gone, after the troubled spirit, silk, wool or other material contained bitions enchained, scoffed in turn at his weary with the battle, with the battle in a glass vessel. As the colored light prospects. The invention, she said with privation and despair, had taken its falls upon it sounds will be given by the scornfully, would probably amount to no flight, they would send it to him as the different parts of the spectrum, and these more than its predecessors-fantastic one likely to be most interested, and he, will be silence in other parts. If the if he came, could take the cold little failures, all of them. And-And so matters went on from bad to body and do with it as he might.

worse till the quarrel was followed by The letter occupiel a long time in the parting and Janie and her ambition writing. She had not so very much to be heard when the red and blue parts of were free of slow-going Phil and his say-the pitiful story was not a long the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and one-but her weak hand trembled and commonplace plans.

* She smothered the pang in her heart tears bedimmed her sight and dropped York Journal.

as she hurried toward the house in the on the cramped lines so often. Then, gloaming. There was little now to pre- when it was done, she left it lying on The Indians Made Maple Sugar. vent her-making the attempt at which the table. But she could not remain That maple sugar has been made 1 she felt so sure of succeeding. Phil there with her thoughts-her thoughts the Indians from a remote time, accordwould have no chance to object. The and her hunger-and so she went out ing to Henry W. Henshaw, is shown by indulgent, unworldly oll aunt with again with weak steps and laden heart. their language, their festivals and their whom the orphan girl lived and who There might-but no, there seemed traditions. They collected the sap n would have thought it nearly the correct no hope for anything. Well, she might birch-bark vessels, and evaporated it ly thing and made but feeble objection if as well die trying! Her thin face was throwing hot stones into the reservoir. Janie had proposed an excursion to flished a little now and her eyes un- They ate the sugar with corn, and boiled. Peru, and did not put a veto upon the navurally bright. Her unsteady steps venison and rabbits in the sap. Somyproposition that she but half understood. gre x quicker, and oli, queer thoughts times the pure sugar was their only det And, two days later, when Phil Atchi- troubled ser brain. Her hunger was for a month, - Trenton (N. J.) America is

A wonderful discovery has been af or openings cut in it, is made to revolv?

vessel contains red worsted and the green light flashes upon it louds sound will be given. Only feeble sounds with other colors make no sound at all .- Ne

umbrellas you have used since you ascended the throne?"

Lord Salisbury-"Have you ever cal-

culated, your highness, the number of

Queen Victoria --- "I suppose no more than other folks."

Lord Salisbury-"I was thinking you did. You know we have had fifty years of continual reign."

And Lord Tweedledum and the Marquis of Bareacres burst out in a loud hawhaw. -Jewelers' Circular.

A TENDER HEARTED JUDGE.

Judge Q, who once presided over a criminal court down East, was famous as one of the most compassionate men who ever sat upon the bench. His softness of heart, however, did not prevent him from doing his duty as a judge. A man who had been convicted of stealing a small amount was brought into court for sentence. He looked very sad and hopeless, and the court was much moved by his contrite appearance. "Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" the judge asked. "Never, never!" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears. "Don't cry, don't cry," said the judge, consolingly; you're going to be, now!" -Detroit Free Press.

A GREAT QUESTION.

Mr. Slowcoach-"Miss Mamie, I have body !"-New York Sun.

but thar goes sunthin' else! It was a fifty-cent vase, and as the crockery man gathered up the pieces he took the old man and led him to the door and asked: "Anything in our line to-day?"

"Of course, it's in your line! I want to clear my conscience, and I've come to pay back them 'leven cents. Here's a quarter which has been plugged, I guess, and I'll call it twenty-three cents?" "Sir, the man' who, was here seven years ago is dead."

"Gosh!" "And I want you to go out of that door, and take a walk. Keep right on walking until you fetch up in the river." "What fur? What have I done?" "You are too blamed honest! Walk!" The old man stepped out, and when the door closed after him he turned and regarded the crockery man looking at him through the glass. It was a long minute before he got it all straight. Then he spit on the palm of his left hand, made a fist of his right, and, bringing it down with a great "spat!" he shouted : "Hanged if this hain't an everlasting

lessen to me! From this minit to the breeches pocket an' say nuthin' to ng. but it has the cunning of its species and

hunting. In the water they find the seal, whale and walrus. The flesh of the walrus furnishes food and the teeth, which are of the finest ivory, are legal tender. On land are the polar bears, blue foxes, geose, pelicans and millions, of ducks. The Esquimau used to kill the polar bear single handed with spear and hunting knife. He would steal up near it, hurl the spear, and as the wounded animal lunbered toward him. would close with it, and in a hand-tohand conflict would begin the death struggle, armel only with an eighteeninch hunting knife. But it was very dangerous. Many lives were lost in such struggles, and nowadays, unless with a shotgun, a single Esquiman seldom attacks a polar bear. We shot several of them, and when we cleaned them every dog that ate of their livers went mid and ran howling about the ship, and finally jumped overboard and, was drowned. The polar bear meat has a strong, fishy taste and is is not very palatable. The blue fox is the Esquiman's finest game. Its for is the rarest and costlicat in the world. I saw the Empress of Rassia as St. Petersburgh, on a state occasion, day of my death every wallet I find in clad in a mantle of blue fox fur. The the road I'll put right down in my blue lox is chased with dogs and spears, is seldom captured. - Chicago Herald.