

# THE CENTRAL TIMES.

E. F. YOUNG, Manager.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

C. K. GRANTHAM, Local Editor.

VOLUME I.

DUNN, HARNETT CO., N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1891.

NUMBER 10.

## The Central Times.

Published Every Thursday

E. F. Young and C. K. Grantham.

SUBSCRIPTIONS IN ADVANCE:

One Year, \$1.00  
Six Months, .50  
Three Months, .25

ADVERTISING RATES:

One Column, One Year, \$7.50  
One Column, Six Months, 4.50  
One Column, Three Months, 2.50  
One Inch, .10

Contract advertisements taken at proportionately low rates.

Local notices, 10 cents a line.

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

Bradstreet's makes the statement that about 21,000,000 pounds of cottonseed oil produced in 1888, 70,000,000 pounds were used in the mixing with lard, and that the competition with this bogus product has reduced the price of pure lard from ten down to six cents a pound.

There is quite a little society war in England over the wearing of cockades by servants. When the custom began, the cockade on a servant's hat signified that his master was either in the army or navy. Now it signifies nothing, and military men are inclined to assert their prerogative to the exclusive right to adorn their servants' hats with cockades. As a solution of all differences, it has been proposed that Parliament should pass an act imposing a tax on cockades. Everybody who wants to put a cockade on a dunkey's hat can then do so by paying for the precious privilege.

The old furniture mania has reached a second and, in the estimation of the New Orleans Times-Democrat, more rational stage. At first the rage was for old furniture, simply without reference to its quality. Now people are more discriminating, having learned that in the good old days there were bad or dishonest workmen, just as there are to-day. At the present time the old houses in Holland and Belgium are looked upon with the greatest interest by collectors of antique furniture, as they contain a great deal of the finest furniture, which has been handed down for several generations.

According to a census bulletin, the ratio of land and water surface is 93 16 and 1.84 per cent, respectively. This bulletin also gives the area of the States and Territories by counties, and the classification of the latter by sizes. The average number of persons to each square mile of the land surface of the Union is 21.08. As illustrative of the sustaining capacity of the United States the bulletin says that if Texas, the largest State in the Union, was as thickly populated as the State of Rhode Island, it would have 83,323,628 inhabitants, while if the United States had a density of population equal to that of Rhode Island, the population of the Union, instead of being 62,822,253, would reach the enormous sum of 945,766,300, or nearly two-thirds of the present population of the world.

The condition of rural France has some resemblance to that of rural New England. The *Economiste Francais* gives a digest of a number of recent documents relating to the condition of the agricultural laborer there. Wages of farm hands have quadrupled during the present century, and the greatest increase has been in the lowest form of labor. The man of all work, who was paid only \$20 per year, in addition to his board in 1884, now gets \$80, while the shepherd, "the aristocrat of the farm," who received then \$62 and board, now gets only \$120. His wages have not doubled, while those of the humbler workmen have more than quadrupled. The increase of wages of farm hands is ascribed in part to the demand for labor in factories and on railroads, and in part to the military service, which takes young men from the farms at the period when their habits are forming, and gives them a taste of town life from which they are never wholly weaned. When their term of service expires, they begin to look for situations in the towns and to worry the public men to find places for them. These drafts upon the rural population, tending to lessen the number of farm laborers, raise the wages of those who remain. The result is smaller profits to the farmer and a sort of agricultural crisis. Still another fact in the matter of rural depopulation is noticed, namely, a diminution in the number of children. Several cantons are named in which there has been a marked decrease of population since 1868. In two of these the ascertained reason for a diminution of the number of births was "the desire of the parents to improve their own condition," and it is added that this effect has followed. However, find real Malthusianism in practice.

## IDEALS.

Like butterflies that first  
Entangled in a net,  
Then at the last thro' some chance rift escape  
Of half their radiance shorn,  
With ruffled plumes and torn,  
Bright mockeries of their former hues and  
slaps;  
So in the poet's mind  
The rich ideas confine  
Struggle to break in music from his tongue:  
He speaks—how different far  
How changed, how different far  
The thought oases altered from the thought  
upsang:  
So, too, the painter sees  
Bewildering images,  
And brush is seized, and canvas quick un-  
furled:  
The bright creation glows,  
But lo! his easel shows  
More shadowy glimpses of that vision-world.  
Know then what'er we call  
From Art's fields beautiful,  
Whatever fruits its philosophy may yield,  
Their prototypes more fair  
Are blossoming elsewhere:  
Sweet songs unsung and visions unrecalled;  
Until the veil is rent,  
Our flesh-incubation,  
And we are borne beyond this dust's con-  
trol:  
Then shall our orbless eyes  
Behold realities,  
And soul commune immediately with soul.  
—Temple Bar.

## MARY CLARIMONT, M. D.

When Mary Clarimont's engagement was proclaimed to the world there ensued a general expression of surprise. People are generally surprised at matrimonial engagements. There is always some cogent reason why things should have been adjusted otherwise—why John should have married Joan, and Peter should prefer Betsey. Nobody was ever yet married to suit everybody. But in Mary Clarimont's case it did really seem as if the course of true love had interfered seriously with the current of common sense and prudence. Miss Clarimont was only one-and-twenty, a tall, imperial beauty, with dewy black eyes, a skin as fresh as damask roses and dark-brown hair, coiled in shining bands at the back of her head. Moreover, Miss Clarimont had a "career" before her. She had just graduated from Medford Medical University, and taken out her diploma as an M. D. "And only to think of it," said Aunt Jo, bursting into tears of vexation and disappointment, "that she must needs go and ruin all her prospects by getting engaged to Harry Marlow, down in 'e York!" "It does seem strange, Aunt Jo, when I sit down and think of it," said Doctor Mary, laughing and blushing. "Six months ago my profession was all the world to me. I neither wished nor cared for anything outside its limits. The future was all mapped out before me without let or hindrance; and now—" "Humph!" growled Aunt Jo. "Any brains idiot can get married and keep a man's house and mend his shirts for him, but you were made for something higher and more dignified, Mary." Mary's dew-bright eyes sparkled. "Higher, Aunt Jo?" said she. "More dignified? There you are mistaken. There is no higher or more dignified lot in life than that of the true wife of a noble husband." "Fiddlesticks!" said Aunt Jo. "As if every poor fool who was dazzled by the glitter of a wedding ring didn't say the same thing! You've disappointed me, Mary Clarimont, and I'm ashamed of you, and that is the long and the short of it." "Dear Aunt Jo," said she, "I shall not let my sword and shield rust, believe me. Harry has only his own talents to advance him in the world, and it will be at least a year before we shall be ready to marry. In the meantime I shall accept the post of visiting physician to the Aldenbury Almshouse and practise my profession, just the same as if there were no engagement." "I wish to goodness there wasn't," said Aunt Jo. "I tell you what, Mary, I don't fancy that smiling, smooth-tongued young man of yours, and I never shall." "Still Dr. Mary Clarimont kept her temper. "I am sorry, Aunt Jo," she said, pleasantly. "But I hope that you will eventually change your mind." "I used to keep a thread-and-needle store when I was a young woman," remarked Aunt Jo, dryly, "and I always could tell the ring of a counterfeit half-dollar when a customer laid it on the counter. I could then, and I can now—and I tell you what, Mary, there's base metal about Harry Marlow." Dr. Mary bit her lip. "Perhaps, we will not discuss the subject further, Aunt Jo," she said, with quiet dignity, and the old lady said no more. "Aunt Jo is wrong," persisted the pretty young M. D. to herself. "Mary is making a fool of herself!" thought Aunt Jo. Aldenbury was a pretty manufacturing village, with a main street shaded by umbrageous maples, a "west end," where people who had made their fortunes lived comfortably in ro-may old houses, surrounded by velvet lawns and terraced gardens, and an "east end," where people fought desperately and not always successfully to keep body and soul together on the meager pittance. And a little way out of the village the almshouses, built and endowed by a certain snuggling sea captain, whose conscience had pricked him during his latter days, raised their gray stone gables to the sky, and made a picturesque background to the landscape. Dr. Marlow at Aldenbury! Up to this time all the residents, M. D.'s had been stuffy old gentlemen with wigs, or persons young ones with eyeglasses. A beautiful young lady who wrote prescriptions and compounded pills and po-

tions was a novelty in the town, and by no means a disagreeable one. People rather liked the idea, once they had convinced themselves that the lady doctor understood herself and her patients. And the poor old people at the almshouse grew to love Dr. Mary and listen with eager ears for the sound of her carriage wheels over the blue gravel drive which led up to the portico. It was a brilliant December day when the young physician stood in the neatly-carpeted reception-room drawing on her fur gloves previous to entering her neat phaeton once again, while she reiterated to the white-capped maid some directions concerning old Ann Mudgett's rheumatism, when the matron hurried in. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Dr. Clarimont," said she, "but I clean forgot the new old woman." "The new old woman," repeated Dr. Mary, with a smile. "That is," exclaimed Mrs. Cunningham, "she only came last night—a quiet old soul, half blind, and quite bad with the asthma. Perhaps you'd better just see her before you go. She brought a card of admission from Dr. Merton, the New York clergyman, who is one of our directors, you know. And she seems a decent body enough." So Dr. Mary went cheerfully into the little brick-paved room, with its white pallet-bed, cushioned rocking-chair, and neatly-draped case, where sat a poor, little, shrivelled-up woman, wrapped in a faded shawl. She looked timidly up, as Dr. Mary came in, from under the borders of her cap. "I'm a poor body, miss," said she, "but I'm sensible I'm making a deal of trouble in the world. But the Lord don't always take us, miss, when we'd like to go." "This is the doctor," said Mrs. Cunningham. The little woman would have risen up to make a feeble curtsy, but Dr. Mary motioned her to keep her seat. "What is your name?" said she pleasantly. "Marlow, miss." "Marlow! That is an unusual name, isn't it?" said Mary Clarimont, coloring in spite of herself. "We're English, miss," said the old woman, struggling bravely with her asthma. "There ain't many of us in this country. I've a son, miss, in the law business, as any mother might be proud of." "A son!" echoed Mrs. Cunningham; "and you in the almshouse?" "Not that it's his fault, ma'am," the old creature made haste to explain. "My son is to be married to a fine, proud lady, as fit for any prince in all the land, and of course, he can't be expected to burden himself with a helpless old woman like me. He says I'm to write and let him know how I get along, and if I'm sick or anything he'll try to see. I sewed carpets until the asthma got hold of me, and supported myself comfortably. But, of course, I couldn't lay up anything for a rainy day—who could? And Henry couldn't help me, for he's getting ready to be married, poor lad! So I went to Dr. Merton on your service," said the old woman, with a duck of her white-capped head, which was meant to do duty in place of the impossible curtsy. "Is he like this?" said Dr. Mary, taking a photograph from her pocket. The old woman, with trembling hands, looked at the picture, uttering a little cry of recognition. "Sure, miss, it is his own self," she cried. "You are acquainted with him, then?" "Somewhat," said Dr. Mary, un-  
possibly, as she returned the photograph to its place. "And now I will leave you something to relieve this difficulty in breathing." But the old creature eyed her wistfully. "Perhaps you know the young lady my son is to marry?" "Yes," said Dr. Mary, writing something in her prescription book. "I have seen her." "Perhaps, miss," faltered the old woman, "you would give me my humble duty, and tell her I would just like to look at her for once and see what she is like. There's no fear of my troubling her, miss, for I mean to end my days here. But I would like to see her just once. And if it wouldn't be asking too much, miss, would you please write to my son, and tell him where I am, for I'm no scholar myself, and I'm his mother, after all." "I will write to him," said Dr. Mary, quietly; and so she went away. "I never see a lady doctor afore," said old Mrs. Marlow, with a long sigh. "But she's a pretty creature, and it seems good to have her afore. I hope she'll come again soon." "You may be very sure of that," said the matron, brusquely. "Dr. Clarimont ain't one to neglect poor people because they are poor." That evening Aunt Jo, frying crullers over the kitchen fire, was surprised by a visit from her niece, who came in all wrapped in furs, with her cheeks crimsoned with the frosty winter air. "Bless me! this ain't never you!" said Aunt Jo, peering over her spectacles. "I drove over to see you, Aunt Jo," said Mary, "to tell you that you were right. The metal was counterfeit." "Eh?" said Aunt Jo, mechanically looking out the brown, curly crullers, although she did not look at what she was doing. "I have written to Harry Marlow, cancelling our engagement," said Dr. Mary, calmly, albeit her voice faltered a little. "The man who will heartlessly let his

old mother go to the almshouse, sooner than to take the trouble to maintain her, can be no fit husband for any woman!" And then she sat down by the fire and told Aunt Jo everything: for crabbed, crusty old Aunt Jo had been like a mother to her, and the girl's heart was full to overflowing. When she had ceased speaking, Aunt Jo nodded her head. "You have done well and wisely," said she. Old Mrs. Marlow died that winter in Aldenbury Almshouse, with her head on Dr. Mary Clarimont's arm, and never knew that her garulous confessions had deprived her son of his promised wife. And Mary says quietly and resolutely that her profession must be husband and home to her henceforward. "Just what it ought to be," says Aunt Jo. "No woman ever set succeeded in doing two things at once."—*Indianapolis News.*

## Fresh-Water Commerce.

Probably there are few people whose attention has not been specially directed to the subject, who are aware of the magnitude of the commerce upon the Great Lakes. It has been asserted that more tons of freight pass through the Detroit River in a year than the total imports and exports of the United States for the same period. The commerce of the Great Lakes is carried upon more than two thousand vessels, of which more than half are propelled by steam. About six hundred schooners, some of them great four-masted craft, ply on the lakes during the five or six months when the straits and ports are not closed by ice. Many more are small schooners, and of these a large number, on the upper lakes, are owned and manned by hardy Norwegian sailors who have emigrated to this country. Steam is gradually displacing the wind as the motive power of the lake traffic, and steel is displacing wood as a material. The steam vessels, too, are constantly increasing in size. In 1889, there were but six steel vessels on the Great Lakes; in 1890 there were sixty-eight. At the same time that these changes in the size and material of vessels are taking place, a change is going on in their ownership. There is a smaller proportion of vessels owned by individuals or small partnerships. The traffic of the lakes is rapidly coming under control of corporations possessing large capital. The two great items of freight in the vast traffic of the Great Lakes are ore and grain. Many millions of tons of ore are yearly brought through the Saint Stevie canal down the lakes. Seventy million bushels of wheat and four million bushels of flour go annually by water to Buffalo. The coal tonnage is still larger. The Great Lakes are closed to navigation during at least six months of a year, and winters have been known when Lakes Superior and Michigan were frozen from shore to shore.—*Youth's Companion.*

## The First Public Bank.

To Venice, the "Queen of the Adriatic," we know of the bank which was established the first public bank of which any record can be found, such an institution being unknown to the ancients. In 1711 the Republic of Venice was very hard pressed for funds to carry on the wars in which it was continually engaged in order to uphold its supremacy. As a consequence a tax was levied on its moneyed men, who were promised a perpetual annuity of four per cent. on the loan thus contributed, the borrowers never dreaming of the possibility of returning the principal. The lenders immediately instituted a bureau for carrying out the proposal of receiving and paying out the interest, and in a comparatively short time it was erected into the Bank of Venice. The exact date of its founding is not known with any degree of certainty. Interest on the loan was promptly paid, and the creditors of the Republic were subsequently paid in full the sums they had advanced. Consequently, so popular did it become, that it was found absolutely necessary to transform the private bank into one of deposit, that all classes might take advantage of the accommodation thus afforded. In 1723 the interest paid by the Government alone amounted to upward of \$1,000,000 a year, and the shares and credits of the bank were so well supported that at all times its bills were quoted and held at a premium above the current money of the Republic. After many years of prosperity, the bank was given its death-blow by the French invasion of 1797. The freedom of the city and the independence of the Republic vanished like a dream before invaders, and as a natural consequence the bank having thus lost its credit and support, also disappeared in the general wreck.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## The Strongest Race.

"The Irish is the strongest race in the world," said one of them. "We have the breadth, the chest. A few years ago two regiments of the British army were lined up, the one in front of the other. There were 1000 Englishmen of the Royal Guard in one line, and 1000 Irishmen of the Connaught Rangers in the other. The lines began at the same place, but the line of Irishmen stretched thirty-six feet further than the other. It was caused by the difference in width of the fore-arms. The men in both regiments touched elbows."—*St. Louis Republic.*

## Pardoning the Dead.

The Emperor of China has a curious way of expressing his gratitude for the faithful services of a deceased minister. In the issue of the *Pe-kin Official Journal* which followed the death of the Marquis Teang an imperial decree was published announcing that his majesty freely pardoned the dead statesman all the faults and crimes which he committed during his life.—*Chicago News.*

## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Unlucky—Very Mortifying—The Philosophy of Experience—A Plain, Solid Argument.

The proverb "all things come to him who waits," but comfort want. For more than half the things that come to me, are things I do not want.—*Mansey's Weekly.*

NAPOLEONIC FINANCING.

"Is there any money in your business?" "We paid fifty per cent. last year." "Good! How did you manage it?" "Our creditors took it."—*Chicago News.*

VERY MORTIFYING.

"His affliction is a dreadful mortification to the office." "What is his trouble?" "He has an ingrowing moustache."—*Puck.*

A PLAIN, SOLID ARGUMENT.

Judge—"Now, then, McCorrigle, no preparation. Tell us all that passed between you and the defendant." McCorrigle—"Brickbats, yer honor; just brickbats."—*Judge.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EXPERIENCE.

Teacher—"Johnnie, you may explain what causes the earth to move around the sun." Johnnie—"Because it's cheaper to move than to pay rent."—*New York Sun.*

AND WORKED UP.

"You know the wealthy and cultured Mr. Shiner, don't you?" "Yes, he commenced life as a boot-black." "Ah! I see; began at the foot."—*Puck.*

SHE WANTED TO SEE.

"So this is the barn!" exclaimed a fair young girl who was visiting her young cousin. "Yes." "Then do please show me the dear little barnacles."—*Judge.*

A MEDICINE FEAT.

"Hey, Chimmy!" exclaims the first boy, nudging his companion's elbow at the circus; "see that there lady dancing on her wire?" "Wot of it?" asks the other. "They ain't no current on."—*New York Telegram.*

A SCRUPULOUS CITIZEN.

Mrs. Flacy (writing)—"Shall I send Uncle George your love?" "Laura—"Of course; and you had better make it my undying love. Perishable goods cannot be sent through the mail, you know."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A NAPOLEONIC SCHEME.

"Say, Billies, I'll tell you a bully way for you to make money." "How?" "Write up your life as truthfully as you know how. Get some rich house to publish it and then sue 'em for libel."—*Mansey's Weekly.*

THE PASSING OF BORNICH.

Returned Tourist—"What has become of Bornich? He was a prince of good fellows. Everybody liked him. So genial and generous!" Resident—"Oh, he's got to be a regular nuisance. Here he comes now. Let's dodge into an alley-way." Tourist—"Spent all his money, eh?"—*New York Weekly.*

ANXIOUS TO PROVE DISABILITY.

A recruit was brought up for medical inspection, and the doctor asked him: "Have you any defects?" "Yes, sir; I am short sighted." "How do you prove it?" "Easily enough, doctor. Do you see that nail upon yonder on the wall?" "Yes." "Well, I don't."—

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

Rich Uncle—"You might as well stop mooning about Miss Beauty. She hasn't been in love with you after all. She's been after the money she thought you would inherit from me." Nephew—"Impossible! Why do you think so?" Rich Uncle—"I have proposed to her myself 'and been accepted."—*New York Weekly.*

THE BEST AND WORST.

Tired Traveler (alighting from train)—"Which do you consider the best hotel here?" Drummer—"You see that building over there? That is the worst." Tired Traveler—"But I don't want the worst. I want the best." Drummer—"Then I don't know what you are going to do. There is only one."—*Judge.*

HE BORE AN HONORED NAME.

Magistrate (to vagrant)—"Why do you object, sir, to giving your name?" Vagrant (dilatated, but proud)—"Because, your Honor, I could not bear the suspicion that I sat under an alias." (Sharply)—"Then give your real name, sir." (Dejectedly)—"That's it, Judge. No body would believe it. My name is John Smith."—*Chicago Tribune.*

SHE HADN'T FINISHED.

George—"Gracie, I love you devotedly. Will you be my own little wife?" Gracie—"Oh, George! This is so sudden. I shall be pleased to be a sister." George—"Stay; spare me that chestnut excuse." Gracie (continuing)—"In-law to your two little brothers."

## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

Then he strained her to his ready-made vest.

DARK OF THE MOON.

A mother was calling the attention of her little boy to the moon, which was to be seen clearly but pallidly in the early afternoon. "Why, you can't see the moon in the daytime!" replied the youngster. "Oh, yes, you can—there it is over the trees." The little fellow looked and had to admit the fact that he saw it, but he added, "T ain't lighted though."—*London Tit-Bits.*

PERSISTENT PRECOXITY.

The four-year-old boy, in the innocent perversity of child nature, had developed the habit of replying "I won't," on diverse and sundry occasions, when it was neither a polite nor a pretty thing to say. After admonitions that were of no avail, finally his mother said: "My dear, if you ever say 'I won't' again I shall certainly punish you." The youngster looked at his mother with a curious twinkle in his eye, and said, slowly and with emphasis: "Mamma, I won't—say it again."—*Boston Times.*

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The boy's fishing pole was fastened under the root of a tree on the river bank yesterday and he was sitting in the sun playing with a dog. "Fishing?" inquired a man passing along the road. "Yep," answered the boy, as briefly. "Nice dog you've got there. What's his name?" "Fish." "Fish? That's a queer name for a dog. What did you call him that for?" "Cause he won't bite." Then the man proceeded on his way.—*Washington Star.*

THE REVULSION WAS TOO GREAT.

"You know, Dorothy, these biscuits of yours—" he began, as he reached across the breakfast table and helped himself to the seventh. "Yes!" said his wife, with a weary, feeble smile. "Ah, they're nothing like mother's." "No?" and the smile was gone. "No. Not a bit. You see, mother's were heavy and gave me dyspepsia, while yours are as light as a feather, and I can eat about—why, what's the matter, Dorothy?" But she answered him not. She had fainted.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

SWEETS FOR SWEETS.

Agnes, aged four, called at an up-to-date grocery store the other day. "I want a tick of gum," she announced. After getting the desired article she remarked that she hadn't any penny. "How do you expect to pay for your gum?" queried the vendor of delicacies. "Well," announced the youthful philosopher, "I will give you a kiss." The kiss was taken, but Agnes stayed, and finally flushed with success, she made another offer. "My cousin Ethel would like a tick, and I'll give you another kiss for it." Both girls cowered that afternoon.—*Darlington Independent.*

GAVE THE RUSE AWAY.

"Johnny, is your sister at home?" said the young man at the front door. "Wait 'till I light the gas—or hold on—is your hair sandy?" "Why, no," replied the abashed youth. "Have you got a mustache that curls up at the ends?" "N—no. I don't wear a mustache at all." "Hum. Have you got a large seal ring on the fourth finger of your left hand?" "No, I haven't." "Then, said Johnny, confidently, "she ain't at home," and he shut the door without further to do.—*Washington Post.*

BREAKING IT TO HIM GENTLY.

Editor—"Mr. Plumduff, you may make a little change in your column tomorrow morning. It takes up too much space. Cut it down one-half." Mr. Plumduff—"Yes, sir." "Then the other half won't need any special heading. Remove the heading." "Yes, sir." "And it needn't be headed. Run it in solid." "Yes, sir." "That will make it take up about a third of a column." "Yes, sir." "And then it can go in any part of the paper wherever there is room for it." "Yes, sir." "And if there isn't room it can be left out." "Y—yes, sir." "And it hardly seems worth while to keep it going, does it?" "N—no, sir." "You are right, Mr. Plumduff. Your resignation is accepted."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Falling Machine.

A bold device, which will also furnish a new source of excitement, is suggested by M. Aristide Berges, a French engineer, in the shape of an elevator-car to fall, with its passengers, through a thousand feet, or the height of the Eiffel Tower. During its fall the machine will acquire a velocity of about 250 feet per second, or more than twice that of the swiftest express train. The car will be built in the form of a long cone, strengthened by inner cones which will act to prevent the sudden compression of the air within the chamber, and will be about thirty feet high. To break its fall, a well of water will be provided, 160 feet deep, into which the machine will descend, and sink so gradually as to remove the sensation of shock. A picture is published by the designer showing the car carrying fifteen people in its headlong journey.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

## POISONS AND ANTIDOTES.

REMEDIES TO BE APPLIED BEFORE THE DOCTOR COMES.

The Symptoms of Various Poisons—Simple Yet Efficacious Means for Counteracting Their Effect.

The first remedial effort in case of poisoning should be to enable the system to reject the poison; the next, to counteract its serious effects; and finally, to begin the restoration of its normal tone. The poisonous substances usually found in the household may be divided into three classes, which include: (1) the corrosive minerals and vegetable acids, such as sulphuric, nitric, carbonic and oxalic acids; (2) the simple irritants, like the strong alkalis—potash, lime, zinc, etc.; (3) the specific irritants, like arsenic, iodine and phosphorus. Prussic acid, chloroform and opium belong to the neurotic poisons, some of which simulate in their effects the symptoms of diseases of the brain and spinal cord, producing delirium, convulsions, paralysis and syncope.

When after eating or drinking a person is attacked with violent pain, nausea, purging, convulsions, delirium, or great drowsiness, the supposition is probably that poison has been taken, and immediate medical aid should be obtained. While the use of the stomach pump is the most thorough means of emptying and cleansing the stomach, its operation by an inexperienced person may cause serious injury, either by flooding the lungs or by lacerating the surface of the stomach, which has already been injured by the corrosive action of certain poisons. The safest course of procedure by non-medical persons is the promotion of the nausea, which is one of the indications of poisoning, until free vomiting has been effected. The simplest means to this end are the safest in the hands of anyone but a physician, that is, the use of lukewarm water in which mustard has been dissolved; a teaspoonful to a half-pint of water, repeated until the stomach is entirely empty.

The second remedial action is the application of some antacid calculated to counteract the effect of the poison either by combining with it, or depriving it of its deleterious qualities. The combination of antidotes with poison forms harmless chemical compounds, or those which are insoluble in the gastric fluids. It then remains to neutralize the effect of the poison upon the system, and to overcome any depression or shock it may have caused; these are purely the physical effects.

Of the corrosive poisons, those most frequently used in the household are oxalic and carbonic acids, creosote, and the caustic alkalies, potash, soda and ammonia. Oxalic acid has sometimes been taken by mistake for Epsom salts; the salt of sorrel, or the essential salt of lemons, used, like oxalic acid, for cleansing purposes and bleaching has caused poisoning.

The symptoms of oxalic acid poisoning are a burning sensation during swallowing, burning pain in the stomach, and almost immediate nausea. When there is no vomiting, great abdominal pressure, pulse and consciousness, death is likely to follow from collapse. The antidote is lime in any form—plaster or mortar—chalk, whiting or magnesia, mixed with water; but no fluid without an antidote, because it would favor the absorption of the poison. As is the case with most poisons, white of egg is a useful remedy. Creosote and carbonic acid are so often in use in disinfectants that they may prove dangerous, especially as death so rapidly follows a dose of the poison. The mouth and lips are whitened by contact with the acid, the pupils of the eyes are very much contracted, the breathing becomes stertorous, and coma is soon followed by death. The possibility of relief is small, but oil may be freely given, and immediately removed by the free use of emetics, before it can be absorbed.

Crude potash, pearlash, caustic soda, washing soda and household ammonia have an acid burning taste extending to the throat and stomach, accompanied by great pain, tenderness upon pressure, abdominal pain and suffocation. The immediate relief may be followed by death from starvation, owing to the closing of the esophagus by stricture. Even the common remedy for sore throat, chlorate of potash, has been known to cause death. In a recent instance an ounce of the chlorate was taken in mistake for Epsom salts, and death ensued within a few hours. The remedial treatment consists of neutralizing the poison by use of some weak acid, like vinegar and water, and the free consumption of the lemon-juice from fruit juices, lemons especially, followed by draughts of salad oil.—*Harper's Bazar.*

What Fog Means.

Professor Reynolds recently gave a practical illustration of the effect of fog in connection with some new belting which had been running for four hours at Owens College during a heavy fog. The belting, which was new and bright when started, was found, when stopped, to be black and loaded with dirt. It had been running at 4000 feet an hour. Professor Reynolds pointed out the resemblance to the dirtiness of an express train to the fact that the rapidly moving body comes in contact with a greater quantity of air in a given time than a stationary body, and, therefore, picks up a greater quantity of atmospheric pollution.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Telegraph Cable Pierced by Grass.

At a meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, at Calcutta, a piece of cable was exhibited, showing that the India rubber coverings had been pierced by a blade of grass. The piercing was so complete that the contact with the copper core so perfect that "dead earth," as it is technically called, was produced and the efficiency of the cable destroyed. The species of the grass, owing to its dried-up condition, could not be determined.—*St. Louis Republic.*