### VOLUME I.

The Central Times. Published Every Thursday -BY---

Young and G. K. Grantham. SUBSCRIPTIONS IN ADVANCES

Six Months, -Three Mouths, . ABVERTISING RATES: One Column, One Year,

zert outrast advertisements taken at proportionately Lou rates. Becal polices, 10 kerds a fine.

to Entered at the Partationing Dana, N. C. Not farming is a new industry in North

Carolina. Small manufactures are prosecured with vigor in many parts of the South, and severid new plantation and fore t industries are steadily developing that region . These," comments the Washington Stor, ware among the signs of loge on the American horizon."

of the most unique rollroad stations in the country can be seen on the Greenwood Lake Road at Solon. The platform is laid around the base of a giant elm tere, while the roof is in the form of a iouge wooden umbrella around the free, the whole structure resembling an imgense summer house. We doubt if a more picturesque station can be found in

At least one person in three between the ages of ten and forty years is subject to partial deafness. The great majority of cases of deafness are hereditary and due to the too close consanguinity of the parents. Deafness is more prevalent among men than among women, because the former are more exposed to the vicissitudes of climate. It is thought that telephones tend to bring on deafness when one car is used to the exclusion of

An interesting incident in connection with Presdent Harrison's visit to Atlanta was his meeting with Mr. George Cook, a courtly, elderly gentleman, and a wellknown piano manufacturer of Biston. The grandfather of Mr. Cook was the Captain Cook who saved the life of General William Henry Harrison from the Indians at the battle of Tippecanoe. Mr. Cook and Mrs. Cook had been spending a few days with Governor Bullock, and on invitation of Mayor Hemphill went up the road to meet the President. The meeting of the two graybaired grandsons was very cordial, and they enjoyed a pleasant chat during the ride into the

Joe Shakespeare, the Mayor of New Orleans, was asked whether he knew how he came by his surname. "Oh, said he, "you think, perhaps, I chim ascent from the Bord of Avon. Well, I'm an American, and you know what American+ are after. I never heard that the Bard of Avon-leit anything but a name, so I took no interest in his family. If he had left money it would be different. As a matter of fact Shakespeace did leave an estate that was reckoned. good in its time. The new Shakespeare of New Orleans is a native of the neighborhood of Baltimore, where his annestors were farmers. He is a rich iron

George W. Childs, of Paifadelphia, has consented to exhibit his time art and souvenir collection at the Chicago Fair. Among his treasures are the little green harp which belonged to Tom Moore, and which he carried into hundreds of Irish homes; the massive silver vare presented · to Henry Clay, when he was at the height of his popularity, by the Whig Jadies of Tennessee: Washington's champagne think him a canonized saint. Nothing Philomel looked gravely up from her came from Leuis Napoleon, the late Emperor William, the late Emperor Maximilian and the ex-Emperor of Brazil, a miniature ship, formerly the property of President Andrew Jackson, and the silver waiter presented to Geaeral Jackson after his victory by the citizeus of New Orleans.

It really looks now, assets the New York Sun, as though the faction of the Italian Government toward this ecuntry had so frightened King Humbert's subjects as to make tens of thousands of them hasten to fly from Italy and see's refuge here. They are coming over as fast as they can find ships to carry them, and, according to recent despatches, the Mediterranean ports are swarming with America. There is reason for entertaining the apprenension that, if King | get herself a stunning set of diamonds. | Mr. Flaxley, making the studio he had just left, Humbert were to threaten to make war Trelawneys next year, and I-don't tell with a softening of the heart. upon the United States, we could not find room here for the hosts of his subjects who would be seized with the desire to By wom his alagdom.

DUNN, HARNETT CO., N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1891.

NUMBER 12.

LILUSIONS.

Go stand at night upon an ocean craft And wate . the folds of its imperial train Catching in fleecy foam a thousand glows-A miracle of fire unquenched by sea.

There, in bewildering turbulence of change, Whirls the whole firmanent, till as you gaze, All else unseen, it is as heaven itself Had lost its poise, an each unanchored star In phantom haste flees to the horizon line.

What dupes we are of the deceiving eye! How many a light men wonderingly acclaim endless months before they give me a a banner of dark-olive satin, glistening Is but the phosphor of the path Life makes With its own motion, while above, forgot, Sweep on serene the old unenvious stars! - 40.00 -Robert Underwood Johnson, in Century.

# UNCLE FLAXLEY'S HOBBY

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

ruary day shone down through the sky- finding fault with everything. light of Julian Dover's studio, its pitiless | Mrs. Peter Flaxley smiled at all his brightness bringing out every layer of comments. In her eyes his conduct was dust on the Venetian red draperies, every | perfect. spot and stain on the much benicked walls.

most impossible attitude against a big bring up a family, sister Annabel. Every chair, covered with cotton velvet and woman should have a trade. Every cheap gilt fringe; a bunch of faded roses, woman should be able to support herself in an old "crackle" vase, hung limply the same as if she were a man. down, and Mr. Dover, in a shabby This was Uncle Fiaxley's hobby. He' The Worl and Express thinks that one | ond of the precious winter daylight. "Ob, the deuce!" he exclaimed, ab-

> of his ideas disturbed just when-" The model lifted her large, wine-

tory smile.

roared, as a gentle rapping sounded on lieve there's nothing more genteel." the door. "Clarie is posing for me!"

And then one perceived a slight, ley family, turned up her nose. graceful figure in a coarse lilac cotton . Such an absurd idea of Uncle Flaxgown, and a striped handkerchief care- lev's!" said she. "I'm a tolerably delessly twisted around her rich, brown cent embroiderer already, and if the locks, leaning in an artistic attitude woman's exchange accepts a piece of my tween two standards.

hair; her elbows rested on the sill, where and satins and several dozen ounces of love bridges the way." a coarse flower-pot or two were ranged. rainbow-colored filoselle and crewels, to-She was not Mrs. Julian Dover for the design a pattern which should take the time being; she was "The Fisherman's | world of tapestry by storm. Wife," destined b; good luck and the in the forthcoming spring exhibition.

Mayn't I rest?"

half an hour yet." "I'm so sorry; but-

"Jump, then!" said the painter-for Philomel Alison about it." the first time realizing how pale and worn the delicate, oval face was. "I suppose I can be putting in the distant far smaller and less picturesque than

sea while you gossip with your Kitty.' He caught her hand as she skipped past him, and kissed her-a kiss which out to the hall, tugging as she went to

to the picture. There stood her quondam schoolmate, on it. Kitty Flaxley, with cheery lips and sparkling eyes. "Oh, Claire, how odd you look!" said

"Yes," said Mrs. Dover, composedly. bone in me is a separate pain, with sit-

wife led Miss Flaxley into the studio, where Julian nodded a pleasant saluta-

"You won't expect me to stop work- abruptly questioned Mr. Flaxley. ing?" said he.

"Of course not!" said Kitty. "It's finished. work that I've come to talk about. Such are all made. Our Uncle Flaxley came of canvas eighteen inches square?" home vesterday. That is, he isn't our uncle-he's only a sort of cousin; but Alison, coloring up; "it's my brainsmamma naturally wants to make the re- my ideas-the visions I see nightly in month and the month of the year. The lationship as near as possible; so we are my sleep." all instructed to call him 'uncle' "

"And who is Uncle Flaxley?" "That's just it," said Kitty, laughing. "He went to the South Sea Islands, thirty years ago, and people took no notice at all of his exit except to say something about 'good riddance to bad rubbish.' He comes back, and you would lars, too?" is good enough for him.

"Oh!" said Dover. "He's made body, and promulgating the most outlandish theories that ever were heard of. The first thing he did was to upset all

our family traditions. You know, Claire, how mamma has brought us up-like the silk-see?-are where the sunshine lilies of the field, that toil not, neither strikes the water. do they spin? Now, we are each of us to learn a trade. I'm going thto dress- of bright colors.

"Impossible!" cried the artist's wife. broidery. Constantine says she hasn't brother, after the fussy little visitor was decided yet between telegraphy and gone, "if I ought to have told him that typewriting. Oh, you may well look I was doing this work for his niece in amazed! It's, all Uncle Flaxley. He Radcliffe street?" says he'll give us a thousand dollars ... Speech is silver, silence is golden, of dle Ages, was much esteemed for being apiece when we've each learned a real, said Rembrandt Alison, mechanically, costly and fine, and fit for use in church Dora wants to get a thousand dollars to in this peasant's jacket?" anyone, please, Claire and Julian-but | "They are nice children,"he pondered.

the Louvre. "Good!" cried Julian Dover, "Then have died if it hadn't been for him."

class martyr!"

serted Claire, her soft eyes lighted up

"I'm going down town every day to learn the Graftenburgh system," said diploma; but I shall have something to with rich embroidery. work for, don't vou see? And now good-by! I'm off for Graftenburgh's!"

Uncle Elimelech Flaxley walked around the house of his cousin's widow, with his hands hooked under his coattails, and his blue spectacles balanced on the bridge of his nose, peering into The white, vertical light of a Feb everything, criticising everything, and

"What!" Uncle Fiaxley had cried, "three girls, and not one of 'em taught The lay figure was doubled up in a to earn her living! That's no way to

plum-colored velvet coat, and a Turkish | trotted it out, he bridled it and saddled fez perched jauntily on one side of his it and rode it perpetually, and the upshot | steal!' For you are a thief!" handsome head, was painting desperately of it was that the thousand dollar propoaway, intent on economizing every sec- sition was made and promptly accepted by his three nieces.

"It's dreadful!" sighed Mrs. Flaxley; studio the next day. ruptly. "What made you jump so, "but of course it is our interest to con-Clarie? A man don't want the current | sult your uncle's wishes in every respect.

"I've always thought I should like to brown eyes to his face, with a depreca- learn dressmaking," said Kitty. One could clothe one's self at half the ex-"I hear Kitty Flaxley outside," said pense. And then a thousand dollars, all Kitty's voice saying: of one's own-think of it."

"Outside she must stay, then!" re- | "I know ever so many nice girls who | it myself. It's mine to give, and I've no marked Mr. Dover, frowning at his pai- do type-writing," said Constantia, a tall, possible use for it. I thought of you all ette. "I can't be interrupted; every willowy girl, with yellow hair and pallid the time, and I do so want you to go to minute is a lump of gold. Wait!" he skin. "If one must have a trade, I be- Paris and study in the Louvre!"

But Theodora, the beauty of the Flax-

against a window-sash studded with work, I suppose the old crank will recmany small panes, that was supported be- ognize it as a token of being an expert in that particular trade!" Her fingers were intertwined in her | And as she shut herself up with silks

Kitty wrestled bravely with the techgrace of the hanging committee to figure | micalities of the Graftenburgh system. Constantina worked diligently at the

back from the plow-handles. "You've no idea of true art," said "I hate it!" said she, pettishly. "I Julian, slowly. "You haven't pose! can't make anything out of it! Such wooden-looking things as my cat-tails

> Young Rembrandt Alison's studio was that day. that of his compeer, Julian Dover.

of nights, and his sister Philomel, who | tist!" was a rich reward for all the cramp and kept house for him on the most econweariness she had endured-and she ran omical principles, occupied a threecornered closet at the rear, which she remove the knotted red silk neckerchief called a bedroom, and which, besides which supplied an element of warm color the cot-bed, held exactly two bandboxes, everybody!-Saturday Night. and a chair with a wash-bowl and pitcher

She was a skilled embroiderer, and worked her finger-ends off, while her brother, rapt in visions of Titian and Buonarotti, stood before his canvas.

"I'm 'Tae Fisherman's Wife.' Every of you," said a little, old, yellow-comand who came occasionally to the studio, Both laughed; and then the artist's and viewed them with not unkindly eyes. "It's work or starve, sir," said Alison, with short laugh.

"What do you ask for this picture?" "Two hundred dollars-when it

"Tut, tut!" said the old man. "Too news as I've got! The family fortunes | muca! Two hundred dollars for a bit "It's not a mere bit of canvas," said

> "I'll give you fifty dollars for it," hazarled the yellow-complexioned man. "I couldn't possibly sell it for that."

"Humph! humph!" snorted Flaxley. "The next I know, Philly here will be year. - San Francisco Examiner. wanting to sell her bit of brown-andvellow needlework for two hundred dol-

"No," she said. "I'm to receive fifty dollars for it. It is an order." "Exactly," nodded Kitty. "But he's | "What is the world coming to?" cried the oddest old fish-a little, dried-up, Mr. Flaxley. "People must be aching parchment-faced man, who goes about to spend their money. What is the finding fault with everything and every- thing, anyhow-ducks paddling in a pond?

Philomel shook her head. "Herons," said she, "in a marsh full of reeds and rushes. Those lines of yellow

Flaxley peered dubiously at the mass "One has to exercise considerable im-

agination," said he. "Theodora is going to tackle art em- "I wonder," said Philomel to her

Italians anxious to secure bunks in the bread-winning, practical trade. He says "It's always best not to talk. Do you steerage of the steamships bound for lit's what every woman ought to do. think, Phil, I've got the red too deep

> I shall give mine to Rembrandt Alison, "Their father was a nice man. He took so that he can go to Paris and study in me into his ranch and cured me that time I had the galley fever. I might

it's really true that you are engaged? Time passed on; the three months ex-Kitty, Kitty, an artist's wife is a first- pired. Constantia copied some letters for her uncle on a typewriter with such "An artist's wife is the happiest crea- skill and rapidity that he wrote cut his ture in the world, Kitty?" counter as- check for a thousand dollars on the spot.

Kitty showed him her diploma from with love. "A thousand dollars! Oh, Graftenburgh & Co., and proudly called I wish I could make a thousand dol- his attention to a trimly-fitting dress that she wore

A second time Uncle Flaxley inscribed his autograph on an oblong slip of pale-Kitty. "I shall have to work three long, green paper, and then Theodora unrolled

"It has just been sold at the woman's exchange," said she, "for a hundred and ten dollars. Here's the receipt." Uncle Flaxley pricked up his featherlike ears; he stared very hard through

his spectacles. "Your work?" said he. "My work!" repeated Theodora, with

"No, it isn't!" curtly contradicted Mr. Flaxley, whose forte was not conventional repose. "I've seen those ducks and marsh-grasses before! I saw them when Philomel Alison was working them. Young woman, you have deceived me?"

Theodora turned scarlet. The suddenness of his contradiction had stricken her guilty soul dumb. "No thousand-dollar check for you,"

said Mr. Flaxley. "Go and say your prayers and read over the Ten Commandments, where it says, 'Thou shalt not He had scarcely overcome his wrath

against this backsiding relative when he trotted around to Rembrandt Alison's "I can't get that young fellow's wist-

ful face out of my mind," thought he. "I guess I'll buy the eighteenth-inch square of canvas after all." He stood wiping his boots on the mat

in the studio vestibule, and plainly heard "Do take it. Rembraudt! I've carned

Uncle Flaxley pushed the door open with a bang and walked in, regardless

"Yes, take it, Alison," said he-"take it in the spirit that she gives if. She's a trump, that girl is!"

Rembrandt Alison looked at Kitty's scarlet face with grave, searching eyes. "I will take it," said he, "if Kitty will give me herself, also. There can be no crushing sense of obligation where

"I'll give her to you," said Uncle Flaxley, bolding pushing Kitty forward. 'Things are happening just to suit me.' "Me also," said Philomel, in a whisper, her pale face lighted up with joy.

"Here!" said Uncle Flaxley; "what's "Oh, Julian, I am so tired!" she clicking marvel of the nineteenth cen- the price of this picture-and this-and pleaded. "Every bone in me is cramped. tury. Theodora was the first to look this? I'll buy 'em all! Gracious me! if you're really going to Paris, there's no reason Kitty shouldn't go, too, on her wedding trip.'

Of all Uncle Flaxley's eccentricities, and storks are! I mean to go and see this was the most delightful. Kitty had a long story to tell Julian Dover and Claire, in their studio across the hall, "It will be such a glorious thing,"

cried Claire, still enacting "The Fisher-He slept on a sofa under the window | man's Wife," "for you to marry an ar-But Mrs. Flaxley declared that her rich relation had been "shamefully

partial" in the matter of the thousanddollar proposition. It is so hard to suit

### A Wonderful Clock.

A marvelous piece of mechanism has recently been exhibited in Paris. It is an eight-day clock, which chimes the "Children, you work too hard, both quarters, plays sixteen tunes, playing three tunes every hour, or at any interplexioned man, who had once known val required, by simply touching a ting so long watching for my husband's their father on the Mexican frontier, spring. The hands go as follows: One once a minute, one once an hour, one once a week, one once a month and one

It shows the moon's age; rising and setting of the sun, the time of high and low tide, besides showing half ebb and half flood. A curious device represents the water, showing ships at high water tide as if they were in motion; and, as it recedes, leaves them high and dry on the

The clock shows the hour of the day, the day of the week, the day of the mechanism is so arranged as to make its own provisions for long and short months. It also shows the signs of the zodiac, equations and the difference between sun and railroad time for every day in the

### Balm of Gilead.

The balm of Gilead, which is alluded to in the Old Testament'as being extremely precious, and which is spoken of by Strabo, Pliny and other ancient writers as being a cure for almost every disease, is a liquid resinous substance of high fragrance and enjoys a very high reputation in the East. It is generally believed to be taken from a species of balsamodendrow, a small tree growing in Arabia and Abyssinia, and known as balsam of Gileadeuse. The finest balsam, called obobalsam or balm of Mecca, is obtained by incisions, is at first turbid and white, but finally becomes a golden vellow color and of the consistency of honey. Inferior kinds are obtained by boiling the fruit and the wood .- Brooklyn Citizen.

## The Derivation of Buckram.

Buckram, so called from Bokhara, where it was originally made in the Midvestments and for secular personal wear. John Grandison, Bishop of Exeter, England in 1327, gave to his cathedral flags of white and red buckram, and among the five very rich veils for covering the movable lectern in that church three were lined with blue bokeram. As late as the beginning of the sixteenth century this stuff was held good enough for lining to a black velvet gown for Queen Elizabeth .- Dry Goods Chronicle.

FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Consolation-Discretion-Good Reason for Being Positive-Doing Well, Etc., Etc.

Had I been born as Hercules, With great Apollo's grace, With brain like that of Socrates, Napoleonic face.

A nose as fine as Cæsar's was, The wit of Chauncey D.,
A ready pen like that of Boz,
Then I'd despair of thee,

Because when thou dost lavish love On that vile pug of thine, Thou showest thou art not above Admiring charms like mine.

-Harper's Bazar. DISCRETION.

Mrs. Bellows-"How do you keepyour husband in such subjection?" Mrs. Fellows-"I make him believe that he is boss."-New York Herald.

DOING WELL. Herdso-"That man Blithers started at the bottom of the ladder." Saidso-"Where is he now?" Herdso-"Holding his own,"-New York Sun.

SOME CHANCE. "What does Miss Brown mean by saying she was born just after the war!" "She means the Mexican War-I remember her telling the same story in '61." Munsey's Weekly.

NEVER ASKED TO "LOOK PLEASANT.". Spiggit-"The Chinese do not permit their women to be photographed." Givvit-"No; they have quite an artistic sense. I have seen some Chinese

women."-Judge. TOO SUGGESTIVE. Freshleigh, '94 (to Miss Autumn, who has just made a sarcastic remark) ---"You are withering, Miss Autumn." Miss Autumn-"Sir-r-r-r?!!!"-

Harvard Lampoon. ACCOMMODATING. Jinks--"Have you got quarters for a dollar, old man!' Winks-"My vest pocket is rather

CHEERFUL WILLINGNESS.

make room for it."-Life.

Ferocious Man (entering editor's body hurt. One car contained a bicycle room)-"I've come to club you. Editor - "All right, sir. Club rates New York Mercury. are twenty-five per cent. off the regular single subscription."-- Epoch.

Frank-"Blanche seems awfully shy. What do you suppose makes her so

FULL OF ALARM.

May-"She's probably afraid you're not going to propose."-Munsey's Weekly. NO NEED TO INTERFERE. Excited Lady-"Why don't you inter-

fere to stop that dog fight?"

Brstander-"I was just a goin' to, mum; but you can calm y'r fears now. My dog is on top at last, mum."-Good GOOD REASON FOR BEING POSITIVE.

Belle-"I feel Mr. Clarke will never marry me for my money.' Blanche-"What makes you so posi

Belle-"Because I refused him last

VERY STRANGE, INDEED. Gilhooly-"What o'clock is it, Char-Charlie Bondclipper-"It is just ten."

Gilhooly-"What a singuar coincidence. I was just going to ask you for \$10." - Texas Siftings. "OUT OF SIGHT" EVIDENCE.

has finished his pudding," said Uncle "How," asked the boy's mother. "There is n't any left on his plate." - . - Judge.

CAUTION.

Harper's Young People.

"Can you cook?" he asked anxiously, ere he popped the question. "I don't know," she answered, "but I -I can try.

"Not on me," he rejoined, reaching for his hat .- New York Sun, NOT SO FOOLISH.

He -- "You loved me once." She-"Yes, when I was young and foolish."

He-"And you rejected me." She-"Um-then I couldn't have been so very foolish after all." -- New York Herald.

WEARY OF MUSIC. Mrs. Warble (pettishly)-"Why, you often asked me to sing that song twice

before we were married!" Mr. Warble (wesrily)--"Yes; we were two then and are one now. I guess once is enough to fill the bill at this time."

NOT LIVING UP TO HIS CONTRACT.

Minnie-"Lord de Liverus, whom

Clara Ducketts married in Europe last summer, refuses to visit America with her." Mamie-- How provoking! After purchasing him, she is not allowed to exhibit him. Poor girl!"-Puck.

"Hullo, Cadley," said Bronson, entering the restaurant, "how are you?" "Pretty well." "What are you doing now?" "Well, when I came in here two hours ago I was not on business; but I've changed some since; I'm a waiter just

WAITING M' KES THE WAITERS.

now."-Bazar. AFRAID HE WOULD MISS HIM.

#### THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. and Jones. Jones fired and missed SHOWING THEM THE TOWN Smith, whereupon Smith raised his weapon to take aim, and said pleasantly STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE to his opponent:

"Jones, would you be so kind as to step a little nearer, as I am short-sighted, and I don't want to miss you if I can

help it."- Texas Sittings. WHEN SHE SANG "FAREWELL, FOREVER."

"Now, darling, will you grant me one favor before I go?" "Yes, George, I will," she said, droppirg her eyelashes and getting her lips

in shape. "What is the favor I can grant you?" "Only a little song at the piano, love. I am afraid there is a dog outside waiting for me, and I want to scare him away."-Rochester Talisman.

I' EASURES OF IMAGINATION. Fogg-"There's nothing so delicious in the world as to reach out of bed in the morning to ring for your valet to to come and dress you."

Fogg-"No, but I have a bell." "Brown--"But what good does it do you to ring it? No valet will come in

Brown--"Have you a valet?"

Fogg-"That's just the most delectable part of it. As the valet doesn't come, you don't have to get up."-Boston Transcript.

CORRECT DIAGNOSIS. Doctor-"Good-morning, Mr. Lover! What can I do for you?" Mr. Lover-"I-I called, sir, to-to

ask for the hand of -- of your daughter." "Humph! Appetite good?" "Not very." "How is your pulse?"

"Very rapid when-when I am with her. Very feeble when away." "Troubled with palpitation?" "Awfully, when I think of her." "Take my daughter. You'll soon b

TOO TOUGH TO MANGLE. Officer of railroad receives telegram and turns to other officer, pale as death. "A collision between two specials has taken place at Pumpkin Hook crossing. Both were private, consisting of engine and one car. Both engineers and firemen escaped by jumping. Cars smashed crowded but pass it over and I'll try to to kindling wood.' Oh, the loss of life must have been horrible-here, you read

the balance. I cannot bear to continue.' Officer No. 2 .- "Why, it says: 'Noclub and the other a football team." --

STRICTLY BUSINESS. He had obtained a place in a real estate office and was doing everything he could for the interests of his employers. the other evening he was at a social gathering and was asked to sing. He responded with "Home, Sweet Home."

selection, but he was heartily applauded. Stepping forward he said: "I am glad you like the song. There is nothing like 'Home, Sweet Home,' and let me say that the company I represent is selling them on terms to suit yourself, within twelve minutes' ride of the city. If you don't want to live there it's the chance of your life for an inves' -

ment."- Washington Post. THE BABY HAS ACHIEVED CALMNESS.

Doctor's Son (rushing into his father's office)-"Papa! oh, papa-" Doctor Ponderous-"My son, how often have I told you not to disturb me when I am reading or writing? Wait till I have finished what will be a really helpful article for the Family Physician on 'The necessity of promptness in emergencies,' and I will attend to you. Sit down, my son, and learn calmness of your father. Sit down, sir! (Half an hour later.) Now, my son, I shall be happy to attend to your communica-

Son (with great calmness)-"I wished "I can always tell when Jimmieboy merely to remark, sir, that the baby was choking, that mamma had gone out, and that nurse was so frightened she juststared and never offered to touch her."

> HE WAS THE MAN. As a peddler of rugs was passing a house on Joy street a woman opened the door and called to him: "You man, there-say."

He halted and looked at her and saw the grim determination in her eye. \* "Ain't you the same young feller that sold me a rug las' spring?" He was, but something in her voice

made him forget to tell the truth. "No'm, this is a new route for me. That mus' have been Soapy Jim. He's out of the bis'ness now." "I reckoned it was you," persisted the woman; "think a spell. It was a red

and valler rug with a green border, and I paid for it once a week for two months. I do believe you're the same young feller. "Never was in this part of the town

ofore, ma'am," vowed the man. "Is that so? Well, if you'd a been the same man I was goin' to buy another rug for myself and one for my sister who is going to Dakoty, but I wouldn't want to

deal with a stranger. Excuse me for

doubting your word, but you do favor

that young man amazingly. I see now you ain't him." She went in and shut the door, and he knew then that he had made the mistake of a lifetime. - Detroit Free Press.

Makinz Diamonds Luminous. "Did you know that diamonds, or

rather, I should say, some diamonds, have the quality of being luminous?" asked William N. Kindell, of Boston, at the Hotel Imperial. "It is a thing that has only recently been discovered. Out of 150 diamonds which I saw rubbed on pine board at a college experiment, only three were found to give out light. These showed their luminous quality if rubbed on a piece of linen or rough cloth, but the hardest surface of the board made the light appear more dis- nition of his services to progress .---There was a pistol duel between Smith | tinctly."-New York Telegram.

HELPING STRANGERS TO SEE A GREAT CITY'S SIGHTS.

The Work Which is Done by "Chaperon Bureaus"-A New and Useful Feature of Metropolitan Life.

The time has passed for the "unprotected female" to look forward to a visit to New York with fear and trembling. She need not wait the convenience of any male relative, or write imploring letters to city friends asking to be met and taken in just when their spare rooms are full, or they are planning a trip to Lakewood. All she has to do is to send aspostal card to the chaperon bureausa comparatively new feature in New York, though long familiar in Londonsaying when she is coming and in what part of the city she desires to stay. Then she checks her trunk and starts, with no

more thought for the morrow than a lily

of the field. On arriving at the station she is met by an attractive-looking woman in a tailor-made gown, who wears a little knot of blue and white ribbons on her left breast. This is the professional chaperon, and in less than no time baggage checks have changed hands, a direction has been given to an expressman, and both women are on their way to the comfortable boarding house where rooms haxe been engaged. During the journey the chaperon chats easily, points out places of interest and inquires whether the visit is for shopping, pure and simple, or for amusement, in the sense of sight-seeing and meeting with friends. Such attentions are especially needed by quite young girls, and most of all, perhaps, by elderly women who have outlived the love of experiment and adventure.

Arrived at the boarding house, the chaperon settles all preliminaries, and cured. Ten dollars, please."-New York | either gives her charge such bits of information as may make her independent in going about town, or promises to call at any time she may be needed, either ending the connection then and there or becoming guide, philosopher and friend for the whole of the stay. If the stranger be disinclined to look after herself. the chaperon knows what is going on at every theatre in town, when the trains leave for everywhere, which line of street cars is most convenient, where every one lives, and all about picture galleries, libraries and places of interest. She takes the visitor over the Brooklyn Bridge, to the top of the big buildings, and let's her grip her (the escort's) arm black and blue when they whisk round a curve on the clevated railroad. She nearly walks her feet off from shop to shop after bargains, and gives her opinion about bonnets and gowns when desired. All this time she is bright and amiable, never shows herself bored or wearied, and gracefully ignores the fact that she is earning her living by "knowing her New York," and is an agreeable com-His friends were a little surprised at the panion at so much an hour. The announcement of the chaperon

bureaus, "All legitimate service promptly rendered," scarcely expresses the number of things the energetic women in charge do for travelers. They have nicely appointed dressing rooms, where a refreshing bath may be had, or hair dressed and a different gown assumed if an evening entertainment is to follow the day's shopping. Parcels are received and sent over to the station in time for the train, telegrams are dispatched. letters are typewritten and appetizing lunch baskets are packed; stewardesses are tipped, parlor car tickets are secured and the novel bought to read on the way. Alladin's lamp seems to have materialized in those modest offices, so promptly is the "Certainly, madame, in fifteen minutes," heard in answer to almost any request.

The lists of available chaperons are classified according to age, religious belief and temperament, so that a congenialcompanion is assured, and the most conservative need fear no jarring remark or suggestion. With a laudable desire to have plenty of irons in the fire, the managers of these bureaus recommend dressmakers, let rooms, do shopping on commission, retail Turkish bath tickets, sell-some of them-investment securities and place advertisements in newspapers, all at so reasonable a fee that it is a temptation to let them do all things down on their catologue just for the fun

The most amusing part of it all is that one bureau keeps a list of men-divinity students and steady college boys-who will perform all the above mentioned services for the youthful visitor from the rural regions, without once calling him "havseed" or letting him find out how frightfully his coat is cut .- New York

Recorder. "A Snail's Pace,"

"A snail's pace" need not be used any longer as a term more or less indefinite. By an interesting experiment at the Florence Polytechnic Institute a few days ago the pace was accrtained exactly and reduced to figures, which may now be used by persons who favor the use of the exact terms. A half a dozen of the mollusks were permitted to crawl between two points ten feet apart, and from this the average pace was ascertained. In working the calculation into feet, yards, rods, furlongs and miles it was found that it would take a small snail exactly fourteen days to crawl a mile .- St. Louis Republic.

# Two Thousand Times an Inventor.

John Y. Smith, of Doylestown, Penn., has the record of having made over 2000 inventions. The principal one is a vacuum air brake; the others mainly relate to a line of machinery. He is now working in the sphere of photography, endeavoring to discover a way to photograph in natural colors. Mr. Smith is a large man with gray beard, and is about sixty years old. He has made an immense fortune through his inventions, and has been honored in many ways by the crowned heads of Europe in recog-Times-Democrat.