THE CENTRAL TIMES.

E. F. YOUNG, Manager.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

VOLUME I.

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Official Directory.

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Manar J. F. PHILTIPS. Chief of Police-N. T. CEEEL. Tosta Clerk-M. L. WADE.

(J.A. TAYLOR, M. E. GAINEY Commissioneres of J. H. BALLANCE, E. LEE, said Old Man Mixall. E.F. YOUNG.

CLD THINGS ARE BEST. Old things are best. We wander So strangely and so lonely From here to that world yonder, Why not grow fond and fonder? In tried affections only?

Old friends are best. Their faces Each year seem dearer, dearer, And glow with new-found graces; Then, ah! These vacant places But bring the living nearer. Old homes are best. The laughter That tells of childhood's pleasures Beneath the ancient rafter,

Surpasses all that's after And all of manhood's treasures. Old love is best. Its sweetness

Makes pleasant sorrow's chalicy. And spite of Time's dread fleatness It gains in calm compleness And laughs at Age's malice.

Old faith is best the teaching Of heart enshrined mothers. What profits subtle preachin-, Or blind and eager reaching For doubt that mocks and smothers! Old ways are the best; the gladness Of simpler lives and fitter. Ere wealth had come with madness,

Or folly left its sadness. And sin its lessons bitter. Old things are best. The glimmer Of age forbids new choices. Oh, as mine eyes grow dimmer, Faintly across the shimmer Waft me the old, sweet voices! -George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

OLD MAN MIXALL.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES. "So you've got back ag'in, Lo-i-sy!" "Yes, Mr. Mixall," said Louisa Hill,"

climb on, in front of the windows where old Aunt Ruggles lay sick. For the western light hurt her old eyes, and when the scarlet-runner leaves waved in the wind, she babbled vaguely of the green Maine forests where she had been born. "I jest wish I was wuth a million dollars!" said the old philanthropist. "I'd give Pete Putney and Lo-i sy Hill the finest farm in Middle County. I don't

marigold he had planted, and placing

see what possesses old Adam to stick to his stony fields and mullein pastures so tight, when the railroad people offer him five thousand dollars for 'em. Guess I'll go raound an' see him about it. Lo-i-sy Hill's too pretty a gal and too good a one to be kept waitin' until Pete can dig a home out of the rocks for her. It ain't no pa'tickler fun that I know of, doin' housework at Desperation Hall."

And so, on the evening of the Widow Bliven's masquerade party, Old Man Mixall trudged around by the Putney Farm to see his ancient contemporary. Old Adam sat warming his venerable

boncs in the sun. Sunshine was cheaper than firewood, if less satisfactory, and he returned his greeting. "So ve won't sell, the faim to the Quantick Company?" said Simon, sitting cheerfully down on the wooden settee

beside his friend. "I can't sell it," said Putney, drumming his wrinkled fingers on the window-sill. "Why can't ye sell it?" "He won't let me."

"But here's your nephew, Peter, as

smart a lad as ever steppped, and Lo-I-sy

Hill, the prettiest gal goin.' They'd

have money to go to housekeeping if

"I can't go agin Gran'ther Putney."

tience, got up and trotted down the

road, muttering unutterable things as he

"There ain't such a dumb fool as he in

And it took a good deal of the laugh-

ter and merrymaking at the Bliven mas-

querade to erase the disagreeable impres-

Old Man Mixall was a favorite every-

where, and the hospitable dame in charge

of the refreshments cheered him with

hot coffee, newly browned waffles,

chicken salad and frosted cake, before

he went in to see the young folks dance.

"Ain't she jest as pretty as a pink in that

Quaker gownd and the scoop hat? And

"That's Lo-i-sy!" he cried, shrilly.

"And here you be, poor'n Job's tur-

that a-way.'

said he

sion from his mind.

you'd listen to reason.

bleared eyes in the subshine.

"Who won't let you?" "My Gran'ther Putney." "Land alive, man, what ye talking about?" cried Mixall. "Yer Gran'ther Putney, he's been dead an' buried this seventy years!"

"I dream about him every night," "He is not a beau of yours, is he?"

peration Hall, tying up some fat African THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. me! Not only shaving."-Humoristische Blactter.

Binks all over!"

take care of baby."

Boston Transcript.

car. Grocer.

HIGHLY UNNATURAL.

dream last night, Fadman. I dreamt

Fadman-"Unnatural! Why, that's

Walker-"Yes, but I went on dream-

ing, and I dreamt that Binks paid it back

to meat the end of the week."-Ameri-

WOULDN'T INTRUDE ON THE BABY.

Wife-"What, going off again? I

wanted to go out myself, to-night, and

thought perhaps you'd stay home and

Husband-"I should like to do it, my

love, but do you know. I don't think the

baby particularly enjoys my company,

and I hope I am gentleman enough not

SURE TO BRING IT.

Quester-"I'd like to know, my friend,

how you knew it was going to rain to-

of mazy gore; every meteorological in-

dication assured a continuance of the

drought, and yet you confidently pre-

dicted the storm that is upon us. What

Jester--"An infallible forerunner of a

storm. I spent two hours and my latent

vitality in watering my plants last even-

AWFULLY SAD.

prompted you to the prophecy?"

ing."-Boston Courier.

ring."

"Yes?"

Binks borrowed \$5 of me for a week."

new strings for his scarlets runners to STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Summer Young Man-Hard Work Too-Celestial Repartee-Ye Summer Girl, Etc., Etc.;

Ob, the summer girl song Still goes floating along, And its strain is enchantingly sweet; But you find though you scan, For the summer young man Not a line that is pleasant and neat.

Though now he may stand With a yardstick in hand, And deal you out cloth by the span, At some summer place With a summerish grace, He'll be king, will the summer young man.

When vacation he takes 'Mongst the mountains and lakes, He leads the slight masculine van, And the girls whe look down On his calling in town Will sigh for the summer young man. —Washington Post.

HARD WORK TOO. "What are you doing for a living these days, Goslin?" asked Dolley.

"I bweathe," replied Goslin with a day. The sun set last night in drapery weary sigh .- Judge.

DRIVEN FORTH. "So you've rented an office, ch? thought you did all your work at home?"

"Well, I did; but my wife bought a canary-bird."-Judge.

YE SUMMER GIRL. "That damsel over yonder has quite a millitary air."

GETTING EVEN.

"How did Charlie Blazer ever happen "Eminently proper. She participated to propose to Edith Gushley?" asked De in no less than fifteen engagements last Tompkins at the club. summer."-Judge.

"Haven't you heard? The poor fellow was up there one evening when they were talking about some girl they knew, and he said rashly that she had the true

happened."-Detroit Free Fress.

was weeping bitterly.

"Y-yes, sir."

"N-no, sir."

"S-some."

"N-no, sir."

"Does he drink?"

kindling, didn't you?"

"No, sir, she ai-aint."

KINDNESS MISAPPLIED.

them fellers took 'em away from me."

"Hasn't your mother any kindling?"

"Father too poor to buy any?"

A UNIVERSAL BEVERAGE.

LEGENDARY AND AUTHENTIC HIS. TORY OF COFFEE. Walker-"I had a most unnatural

Its Discoverer Noted Its Wakeful Etfect on Browsing Goats-Introduction Into Europe.

While coffee now figures as one of the most considerable economic products, its use as an article of food in civilized countries is of comparatively recent origin. In Abyssinia and Ethiopia, where the coffee-plant is indigenous, the people have been accustomed to decoctions from its berries from time immemorial. There

the Arabs first tasted the fragrant draught; and, highly delighted therewith, transported some of the precious beans to their own country about the beginning of the fifteenth century. In Arabia the new exotic flourished luxuto force my company even on a baby."- riantly, and, strangely enough, entered into the occasions of religious controversy. Legend reports that a devout Moslem, who had heard ot the wakeful effect produced upon browsing goats by its foliage, resolved to try what influence a brewing from its berries might have upon the somnolent dervishes who nonchalantly fell asleep during protracted services. The result was magical. Drowsy laymen followed their example. Coffee became the national beverage of the faithful. Mohammedan pilgrims to Mecca carried beans to all lands whence they had come. Egypt soon rejoiced in coffee-houses, and in Constantinople (A. D. 1554) they acquired instant popularity. plants.

Mosques were overshadowed by them. Quickened wits of drinkers suggested intoxication to the religious, and political insubordination to the civil authorities. The former denounced the dangerous resorts, and the latter shut them up. But the beverage triumphed. Pro-

hibition did not prohibit. process. In Cairo (1523) the Governor gravely listened to all the erudite arguments against coffee, served it out to the ran-"And Edith said she supposed it was corous opponents, and left his seat an engagement ring, and that is how it without saying a word. He was wise. The masterful drink estopped discussion forever. In 1652 coffee entered England from Smyrna, whence it was "What's the matter?" asked the kindbrought by Edwards, an English merhearted old gentleman of the boy who chant doing business with Turkey. He was wont to regale his friends with the "I g-got two nice clean blocks, an' delicious liquid, prepared by the skillful hands of Pasqua Rossie, his Greek ser-"Well! well!" exclaimed the old vant. But visitors increased too numgentleman. "Did you want them very erously. Hospitality became burdensome. Peace and pocket cried out for relief. Edwards established his man in a coffee-house at Newman's Court, Cornhill, London. Twenty-three years after this event coffee-houses were the favorite haunts of wits and politicians "for discussing, theorizing, and general wagging of tongue." Coffee and criticism "Humph. Very proper pride. I see were cronies. Therefore the phosphorit all," was the kind-hearted comment. escent Charles II. and his courtiers, "But you wanted the blocks for wincing under the "sianderous amacas upon persons in high stations," would fain have suppressed coffee-houses as "What did you want them for, then?" "hot-beds of seditious talk" and public "I want 'em t-to hit together and nuisances. They failed to do so. The m-make a dickens of a noise with, sir." revolution of 1688 followed. The victorious institution survived the Stuart dynasty, and attained the zenith of activity and splendor in the first half of the next century. Thevenot, the French traveler, on his return from the Orient in 1658, treated his guests to after-dinner coffee. To Parisians this was merely an eccentricity, that would not have become fashionable but for a similar example set by Soliman Aga, the gallant Turkish ambassador, in 1669. He enlisted the enthusiasm of to show off her child. Taking up a court ladies in favor of the black and newspaper and pointing to the big letters bitter liquor. Philosophers and literateurs gladly gave in their adhesion. Boileau, La Fontaine, Moliere, Voltaire and the Encyclopedists, together with the chessplayers, found inspiration in the coffee-houses, which thenceforward assumed conspicuous positions in the social life of Gallic cities. "Racine and coffee will pass," is a prediction of Madame de Sevigde as yet most unlikely of fulfillment. Germans began drinking coffee during the Seven Years' War (1756-53), stolidly scoffed at opposition to the practice, and hated Napoleon all the more for restricting it by his "Continental Blockade." Universal peace was accompanied by universal indulgence in the exhilarating cup. Americans took kindly to its contents, and by constantly enlarging demand imparted powerful impetus to coffee commerce and culture. Rise in prices during the great civil war "diminished the consumption about two hundred thousand tons."" But for that it is asserted that "the world would not have had coffee enough." Demand rose with every Union victory, and fell with every Union defeat. Consumption increased 36.84 per cent. in 1864, 17.5 per cent. in 1865, 23.5 per cent. in 1866, 27.25 per cent. in 1867. Removal of

Blasting is done by electricity. Electric cranes are increasing in use. The brain of man exceeds twice that

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G. K. GRANTHAM, Local Editor.

of any other animal. A man breathes about twenty times a minute, or 1200 times an hour.

One dollar a minute is the charge for using the new London-Paris telephone line.

The great telescope of Lord Rosse, in Ireland, has a speculum six fect diamcter, fifty-five fect focus.

Pennsylvania makes fifty-two out of every 100 tons of rolled iron in the United States, and sixty-nine out of every 100 steel rails.

It keeps three large Chicago factories busy to manufacture the locomotive headlights and railroad lanterns that are used in this country. The lactories give employment to 1100 men and boys.

A number of fine residences in the Back Bay section of Boston are being equipped with elevators operated by electric motors. The machinery is very simple and compact, and the elevators will carry two or three persons at good speed

An English firm manufactures a combined oil engine aud dynamo. A large number of these engines have been built and sent throughout the various colonies, where they are said to be operated with especial economy for small

Phosphorus is now made by aid of electricity in England, the mixture of phosphoric acid being decomposed by the heat of an electric arc embedded in the mass. This local application of heat is said to be more economical than heating in large retorts by the ordinary

ALLIANCE.

Friday in January, April, July and October at Lillington, N. C.

WM. SEXTON, Sec'y. J. S. HOLT, Pres't,

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

DUNN CIRCUIT.

Methodist Episcopal -REV. J. D. PEQRAM, Paston. Charges-Dunn, 2nd Sunday night and ith Sunday and n ght. Sunday School every Sunday at 3 o'clobs. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night. Black's Chapel, 1st anday morning. Avera's School House, 2nd Sunday morning. Elevation, 3rd Sunday morning. Benson, 3rd Sunday afternoon.

Missinarry Baptist Courch, Carthage, N. C. they. W. F. WALLON, PASIOR. - Services Cal Sunday morning and night. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 52 o'clock. Player meeting every Thursday night.

The baterian -REV. G. A. HOUGH, PASTOR. Services every 1st Sunday morning and night. S why School every Sunday morning at 91 n'onska

Disciples Ruy, J. R. TINGLE, PASTOR .-Services every ad Sunday morning and night. tion of gray stone that had been a snuff sunday School 2:40 o'c'ock every Sunday. Priver meeting every Taursday night,

The Will Baplist-REV. R. A. JOHNSON. Passon, Services every and Sunday, Sunday School every Sun lay morning.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

LUCKNOW LODGE NO. 115, I. O. O. F .liegular meeting every Tuesday night. F. P. Junes, N. G., I. W. Taylor, V. G., G. K. terantham, Secretary.

TALMARA LODGE No. 147 A. F. and A. M. E gular meeting, 3rd Saturday merning and Fredry night before 1st sendary, 1. W. Ta Let, W. M., F. P. Jones, S. W., J. L. Pollips J. W. R. A. Johnson, Tressurer, S. W. Packer, 'e ctary; W. A. Johnson and 11 mige Lee, Stewalt ; R. J. Norris, Tyler, Adam Putney. I s'pose Peter's clean out

"The South," announces the Philadelphia Record, Swill shortly supply the country's lumber demand. There are 5300 saw mills ranning there already."

 Of the \$15,000;000 that Uncle Sam is going to deal out to the sugar planters, more than two thirds will go to Louisiana, estimates the Commercial Adver-

The Australian farmer is already engazed in turning his attention to the cultivation of cotton, and every assistance is being given him by the colonial author-

There are more women in British Judia (124,600,000) than there are men, women and children in Great Britain, France and Germany put together, with the population of several minor Europron States cast in as well.

One imperial heir in Austria killed himself under circumstances of disgrace, another fled into obscurity as plain John Orth, while still another is lying nearly 005.

"I've got back again." "Any news, Lo-i-sy?" cheerfully piped The County Alliance meets on the 2nd the octogenarian, folding the week-old newspaper so as to bring the "Financial News" on a level with his old steel spectacles.

> Louisa shook her head. "Well, I vum!" said Old Man Mixall.

"It's a shame!" Adam Putney always was as queer as Sancho, and I do b'lieve he grows queerer every year he lives." Louisa Hill sighed softly, and went about her work of preparing beans.

The morrow was bean-picking day at "Desperation Hall," and there was at least a bushel of the leguminous vegeta-

bles ready to be picked over and stemmed. The boarders at Desperation Hall were

key, holdin' on to the rockiest farm this partial to pickles as soon as the cold side o' Serape Mountain, all jest for a weather set in, and the matron was consarned whim !" persisted Mixall. anxious to keep them satisfied and "I can't go' agin Gran'ther Patney,' drearily repeated Old Adam, winking his

Desperation Hall was a long, low erecmill half a century ago, and was now utilized for the accommodation of the town poor.

Captain Elias Fotherindyke, a retired sea captain, was at the helm of this inall the foolish ward at Desperation Hall," stitution; and his wife, a thrifty dame of many resources, aided and abetted him in every respect. 'And of all the boarders, old Simon Mixall was the cheeriest and most helpful.

"Can't I help ye, Lo-i-sy?" said he, laying down the paper. " 'Pears to me vo've got a dreadful job there, with all them beans. I'm awful sorry 'bout o' patience with him." The color mounted to Louisa's cheek.

"Peter don't say much," answered she: "but, of course, he's vexed. But I tell him that the farm belongs to Uncle Adam, and if his Uncle Adam hasn't a mind to sell to these railroad people, he can't be made to do so."

"An' ye can't no ways be married without the money?" wistfully spoke Mr. Mixall. Louisa shook her head.

"Peter has his mother and his lame sister to support," said she, with a sigh. "We shall have to wait, that's all." Old Man Mixall shook his head over the emerald drift of beans. "I hold with the proverb," said he, "that 'it's ill waitin' for dead men's shoes.' And the Putneys always was a

long-lived race." "He may live as long as he wants for all me," observed Louisa. "I don't grudge him a moment of his life, poor old man! "No, I don't believe you do," said Old Man Mixall. ' All the same, it's pretty hard on you and Pete. How's Louisa Hill came breathlessly up the Widow Bliven? Any better of the rheumatiz? Me and Nancy Bliven we've path.

danced many a Virginia reel together in has just driven away! He has taken me our young days, though p'raps ye for a ride.' wouldn't think it, Lo-isy. "She's a little better," said Louisa. "And what do you think? We're to dead. The haps of Hapsburg, moralizes "And the young folks are going to have be married next week?" the Washington Star, are sadly numer- a masquerade frolic at the Lyceum to carn money to paint the old Bliven house and re-shingle the roof before fall sets in. I'm going to borrow the Quaker dress that Libby Weldon's grandmother wore us!" when she was married. It fits me exactly." "I want to know !" ejaculated the old man "And Peter's going to ask old Squire. Lomax to lend him the chest of Revolutionary uniforms and things he's got in the garret of the old house," added Louisa. "He's going to be 'George Washington. "I'd admire to see him," said Old Man Mixall. "I wonder now if Cap'n Elias would object to me goin' down there and seein' you young folks rigged up?" at last !" "I'll ask him myself," said Louisa, who liked the kindly old soul and wanted Mixall. him to have the simple treat. "You see, I don't often ask for an Louisa evening out," said Old Man Mixall. "Not but what I'd like it oftener, but if I ask, there's forty others would think they'd ought to go, too, an' I don't want Cap'n Elias to hev any more trouble than's absolutely necessary. But I would like to see how you look as a Quakeress, and I'm mortal sure Peter Putney'll make

said Adam Putney, in the same slow, "Yes." mechanical way. "I see him a-settin' "He calls on me oftener than on you." on the old oak stump by the well. And . "Yes; I told him the days you were he's always a-sayin', 'Don't sell the farm, not at home."-Life.

Adam?' I can't go agin him, can I?" "Wal, I calc'late I should if I was A SOFT SNAP. you!" declared Mixall. "Dead an'

She-"Now, my poor fellow, move buried folks hain't no business meddlin' up to the table and help yourself." He-"Move the table over to me, "I can't go agin him!" repeated Putmum. I ain't used to over exertin' myney, with the slow, settled policy of old

self."-Munsey's Weekly.

UNSELFISH MAN. She-"It's a bull, and he's coming

right at us! What shall we do?' He-"Well, don't stand there doing nothing! Come and help me to climb this tree!"-Munsey's Weekly.

A SCIENTIFIC VIEW. "Why are you so anxious to have

every one cultivate weeds?" "Because," said the scientific gardener, "I am convinced that that is the And Old Man Mixall, fairly out of pa-

only way to exterminate them."-Puck.

CELESTIAL REPARTEE. "You look rather pale." said the World to the Moon. "Getting old and

A FAST LOY.

Closefist -- "I can't understand

either; send that boy away to spend the

summer, and it wouldn't take him over a

Hunks-"I wonder that your son

feeble, eh?" The kind-hearted gentleman turned "I can go all around you just the the corner almost in a trot to avoid misssame," replied the moon.-Munsey's ing an apointment. -- Washington Post. Weekly.

KNEW WHEREOF SHE SPOKE.

There is a charming young widow in South Minneapolis who retains a fiveyear-old girl as the only pledge of her dear departed. The little one has begun to learn her alphabet. A gentleman called upon the widow the other evening. Of course the fond mother wanted in an advertisement, the mother said:

"What letter is that?" "A," responded the child. "What comes after A?"

"B." "And what comes next?" "C," lisped the little one.

The inquiry was pursued still further, but along toward the end of the alphabet the little girl lost her bearings and never answered a question.

Finally the gentleman thought he would put a few questions. He began with this one.

"What comes after T?" The child looked him straight in the ey 25 as she answered : "A man to see mamma."

The lesson in English literature was not prolonged .- Minneapolis Tribune.

DISGRACING HIS NOBILITY. "Go!"

No, this is not the story of a horse race. The monosyllable that heads this chapter was hurled by the Marquis de Billette at the head of his errant son and heir.

"Go!" repeated the proud father. "Let me never see your face again. Never again shall your foot cross this threshold. To think that one of your noble name and lineage should wed an obscure salesgirl! Get thee hence! As long as I live these ancestral halls shall never be darkened by your vile presence. Go starve-or steal, I care not which. You can bring no more disgrace upon your honored name than you have already done."

Electricity has superseded steam power at the royal foundry at Wurtemburg, the dynamo being driven by a large turbine water wheel. The stream furnishing the water is some distance from the works, the electricity being conveyed across the town by overhead couductors. The current operates some twenty-five lathes and polishing machines.

A Warsaw engineer has invented a new harness by which the danger of shying horses is averted. It is so arranged that by pulling a string which is attached to the driver's seat, the horses are at once unhitched and the vehicle is brought to a standstill. . The invention was tried by the best horsemen in the city and found perfectly successful. A model of it has been sent to St. Petersburg with an application for a patent.

M. Mareelhacy has made some additional improvements in diving apparatus which have received the approving indorsement of the French authorities. In this arrangemement, instead of the heavy electric hand lamp, employe1 ordinarily by divers, the plan is to affix powerful glow lamps at the top of the helmet, so that the diver's hands are at all times free for work. The lamp is connected by a conductor with a battery either on shore or in a vessel above as the case may be.

The practicability of telegraphing without wires has recently been demonstrated by the success of several experiments. Not long ago Mr. Preèce, the head electrician of the postal telegraph system in England, succeeded in establishing communication across the Solent to the Isle of Wight; and telegraphed also across the River Severn, without wires, merely using earth-plates at a sufficient distance apart. It is now proposed to make practical use of this system in communication with lightships.

A Canine Hero.

A correspondent of an English paper writes: "I recently witnessed the following little incident on the Thames, near Twickenham, when the river was full of land water, and therefore, very swift and dangerous. Two dogs, one a large animal, the other a little terrier, were enjoying a swim near the bank, but soon the little one was carried out some distance and was unable to get to shore. By this time the big dog had regained the shore, and, seeing what was happening to his companion, began running backward and forward in the most exciting manner, at the same time whim pering and barking, and evidently not knowing for the moment what to do. The terrier was fast losing strength, and, although swimming hard, was, being rapidly carried down stream. The big dog could contain himself no longer. Running some yards ahead of his struggling friend, he plunged into the water and swam vigorously straight out until he got in a line with the little head just appearing behind him. Then he allowed himself to be carried down, tail first, until he got next to the terrier, this being accomplished in the cleverest manner, and began to swim hard, gradually pushing the little one nearer and nearer to the shore, which was gained after a most exciting time. The fact of this canine hero going so far ahead to allow for the strong current, and the judgment shown in getting alongside, and then the pushing, certainly seemed to me to betoken instinct of a very high

there's Pete Putney cuttin' pigeon wings in old Squire Lomax's Revolutionary Servant-"No, sir." togs. Wal, I never !" And Old Man Mixall laughed until he shook like a mold of jelly. Cap'n Elias Fotherindye was seriously alarmed when his oldest boarder did not return until the next morning. "Why, I swan to gracious," said he, 'I allowed suthin had happened t'ye!" "No, cap'n" said the old man, 'nothin' hain't happened. But Pete Putney, he axed me, seein' I was comin' right past the place, to leave his Revolutioner rig to Squire Lomax's; an' when I got to Squire Lomax's, they axed me to stay all night. Dre'tful sociable folks them Lomaxes!" And the Old Man Mixall went out to water his marigolds and scarlet runfeet. The sun was setting behind the to-

mate vines in the back garden when "Oh, Mr. Mixall," said she, "Peter Blade.

"Eh?"

NOT AT HOME. Caller-"Is Miss Sweete at home?"

should be such a spendthrift."

Caller-"Please tell her I called. Don't forget, will you?" Servant-"No, sir; I'll go and tell her

this minute."- Yankee Blade.

"What ought I to give you?" asked the diner, as he put his hand in his

"I leave it with you, sir," said the waiter, politely.

And the waiter was tipless.

that your shoes were too small for your

large for the shoes."

ALWAYS GETS THE WORST OF IT.

said to take after, Mr. Enpeck?"

TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.

week."-Puck.

pocket for a tip.

Bess-"I said that your feet were too

Greene-"Whom are your children

Enpeck (with a mental reservation)-

THE DIFFERENCE.

Bess-"No, indeed, Belle, I didn't say

Bellle-"What did you say?"

Belle (moliified) -- " Oh, " - Yankee

"Thanks; I can make good use of it."

"The traditional bow and arrow of the American Indian," said a Westerner, ware things of the past. The average Indian of to-day is about as skilful with a bow and arrow as a six-year old boy is with a toy pistol. It's very funny to see Eisterners when they are traveling out West get Indians to show them how they, use their old time weapons. The Indian's favorite way of exhibiting his skill is to shoot at a quarter or half a dollar stuck in a split stick. The money of course, comes out of the pocket of the Eastern man and the noble Red Man will shoot at it from a distance of a dozen steps and miss it with the most monotonous regularity. As the small boy would say, he can't shoot a little bit. His weapons nowadays are two kinds, both adopted from the white man. One is the ride which he uses upon his friend the pale face, and upon his friend's cattle. The other is whisky, which he uses upon himself, and it is quite as deadly to him as builets -- provided he can get enough of it."

an A No. 1 Revolutioner!" And when the beans were all prepared for the morrow's pickle, Old Man Mixall strolled cheerily along the front of Des- all borrowed money.

"I-want-to-know! "And Uncle Adam is going to sell the farm to the Quantick Company, and give the money to Peter, and he's to live with

"Wal, I declare!"

"Uncle Adam says he saw Gran'ther Putney last night a-settin' on the old oak stump by the well, just at midnight. And this time he was all dressed in the

suit he fought at Bunker Hill in-musket and cocked hat and all-and he says, says he, 'Sell the farm, Adam-sell the farm,' as distinct as ever ye heard anything in your life. And Uncle Adam, he says it's a direct message from his an-

castor, and the deeds are to be handed over to-morrow. And we shall be happy

"Did-you-ever!" said Old Man

"It was a dream, of course!" said

"Oh, of course!" said Old Man Mix-

But when she was gone to tell Mrs. Fotherindyke, the octogenarian walked slowly out to his /scarlet runners, and laughed long and silently.

"I hain't outlived all my usefulness yet," said he .- Saturday Night.

The \$100,000,000 European bank deposits now being called in by Russia is

"The younger, with a sweet smile and angelic temper, takes after his mother; the elder, that cross-eyed young viper, takes after me, I'm informed!"-Gnce a Week.

ODIOUS COMPARISON FOR THE DONKEY. Fenderson-"I want to ask your advice. Smith called me a donkey. Now what ought I to do?"

Fogg-"You can't apologize to all the donkeys in the world, but you might relieve your feelings a little by hunting up in his eye and his brazen front. "Either and apologizing to at least one."-Boston Transcript.

A MYSTERY.

"What, my angel," exclaimed the young husband, bursting into the

kitchen, doing the cooking yourself? What is it?" "Why, Edgar, how foolish of you!

tell until I see what it turns out?"-Fliegende Blaetter.

TWO AGES OF MAN.

At the Barber's-(Scene First.)-Barber-"Shaving, sir?" Juvenile (at sixteen)-"You flatter

me! No; only hair cutting."

(Scene Second.)-Barber-"Hair cut-

ting, sir?" Bald-headed Gentleman-"You flatter lettuce before retiring.

"Yes, I can, father," said the young man in a hard, metallic voice which harmonized well with the steely glitter you forgive me or I go to work. You shall have five minutes in which to decide."

In four minutes the haughty nobieman had found his mind and in thirty seconds more had made it up.

"You have won," said he. "But little did I dream of the depths of depravity in your nature that you have to-day re-How in the world can you expect me to vealed."-Indianapolis Journal.

> General Grant's old log cabin, which to leave St. Louis.

There is no use being sleepless.

duties and financial prosperity increased the call for the aromatic beiry, and advance in price because of short crops or syndicate operations diminished it. The coffee-cup is a business thermometer in the United States. -Harper's Weekly.

Interesting History of a Yacht.

The steam yacht Caterina, formerly owned by J. Pierpont Morgan, and wellknown in this port, is now the property of Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York World. The history of the transaction by which this magnificent yacht came into the possession of Mr. Pulitzer is decidedly interesting. The boat formerly flew the English flag, but now she has an Arrerican register. Several months ago she went ashore on Long Island Sound. The underwriters, who considered her badly damaged, sold her to a Mr. Sullivan, who raised and repaired the boat. The price paid by Mr. Sullivan was \$16,000, and he found that her damage could be repaired for a few thousand more. He at once sold her to-Mr. Pulitzer for \$50,000. This bargain was mutually advantageous, for Mr. Sullivan cleared over \$25,000 by the deal, and Mr. Pulitzer got a magnificent yacht worth \$100,000 for half that sum. Besides that the beaching in American waters entitled her to an American register .- Philadelphia Record.

A Solomon Come to Judgment.

order."

A famous Chicago lawyer once had a singular case to settle. A physician came to him in great distress. Two sisters, living in the same house, had babies of equal age, who so resembled each other that their own mothers were unable to distinguish them when they were together. Now it happened that by the carelessness of the nurses the children had become mixed, and how were the mothers to make sure that they received back their own infants? "But perhaps," said the lawyer, "the children weren't changed at all." "On, but there's no doubt that they were changed," said the physician. "Are you sure of it?" "Perfectly." "Well, if that's the case, why don't you change them back again? I don't see any difficulty in the case."-Boston Gazette.

was expected would go to the World's Fair, will not be transferred to that exhibition. Mr. E. A. Joy, of Old Orchard, Mo., has purchased the relic for \$5000, and it is said will not permit it

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