

THE CENTRAL TIMES.

G. K. GRANTHAM, Editor

Render Unto Caesar the Things that are Caesar's, Unto God, God's.

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THE WORLD.

The world is well lost when the world is wrong.
No matter how men divide you;
For if you are patient and firm and strong
You will find in time (though the time be long)
That the world wheels 'round beside you.
If you dare to sail first o'er a new thought track,
For while it will scourge and sore you;
Then, coming abreast with a skilful tack,
It will clasp your hand and slap your back,
And vow it was there before you.
Are, many an error the old world makes
And many a sleepy blunder;
But ever and always at last wakes
With pitiless scorn for another's mistakes,
And the fools who have followed go under.
The world means well, though it wander
And stray
From the straight, short cut to duty;
So go ahead in that path, I say,
For after while it will come your way,
Bringing its pleasure and beauty.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Once-A-Week

UNDER THE PINES.

BY MANDA L. CROCKER.

UT of the mellow sunshine of the clearing, where the birds chirped and the long blackberry vines waved in the odorous winds, into the deep shadows of the gloomiest of all gloomy places above ground, the dense pine forest, Bernice Winters turned "old Cell" with a quick deft motion of the firm hand holding the bridle-rein. That cold, lonesome feeling, which seemingly belongs to "the road," came over her, and she shuddered, in spite of her resolutions to not mind it—this is riding alone along the "forest road." She had told herself many times that the shadows of the tall shafted pines held no more evil than the sunshine of the fields she had just left behind her and that the weird music away up there in the green crowns only seemed dismal to her because of the deep solitude reigning beneath, but it was of little use. The growing dread of this "out across" amounted literally to a strange presentiment that "this same forest road" would bring her face to face with—well, she was unable to further define her emotions, but it would come one of these days.

Her father had laughed at her and called her superstitious, but in vain; she was the more determined in her belief that something dreadful would one day come to her vision in the solitude under the pines. Bernice had not always lived away up here in the denseness of the Michigan woods, for close to her heart to-day lies the picture of a little home overlooking the blue waters of the broad old Connecticut, the dear little cottage which her father left to strangers in his eagerness to possess a tract of the far famed cheap lands of the peninsula. To be sure it was pleasant enough, but it was just woods; woods, with nothing but the never ending buzz, whirr, crash, clang and bang of the huge lumber mills all through the country. There didn't seem to be any Sabbath worth mentioning outside of their little "up and down" dwelling, and the society here was not to be thought of.

It was October now and the long, dull winter would soon be upon them; then even these lonely rides would come abruptly to an end for the eldest daughter of the house and some one else would go Saturdays for the mail if the drifts were not too deep in the "openings," and if they were, why then it would be duller than ever.

But "old Cell" jogged on at a quiet pace, with his ears forward, little knowing what a heavy heart his youthful rider carried or that the hand which dropped the rein went up to the sad face to brush away the tears. Tears would come, in spite of every effort to hinder them. They seemed so appropriate to the gloom to-day. "Old Cell" could not know; he had never been in Connecticut, had never been anywhere but in the "North Woods," pulling his faithful life out getting the great pine logs down to the restless current of the Muskegon for rafter to the city below, until the "aristocratic" Winters got hold of him, and since then he had positively no cause to grumble.

"Hark! Whoa, Cell!" and the little form of his rider trembled like an aspen in the wind. "What an awful sound that was," she whispered, with ashen lips; "not so loud, no, but so full of distress. I knew it was coming." But she tried to be brave and patted the horse on the neck, as if to reassure him of her safety.

Up in the dark tops the winds moaned and sobbed in solemn requiem and the shadows gathered darker and denser, as if determined to shut out even the dim, stray, silvery gleams struggling here and there through the billowy canopy above and seeking to kiss into fuller crimson the "squawberries" clustering "mong their green vines" on the yellow carpet. There—came that sound again, plainer than before, and Bernice peered among the trees at her left, for the sound, as of some one in deep pain, came from that quarter, while all the stories of murders and adventures that she had ever read or heard rushed across her mind.

Old Cell, too, had caught the sound and turned half way 'round, as if bent on investigation also.

"I don't know what to do; I wish father were here; it would be wrong to go alone and leave any one to die out here in this awful place." Bernice sobbed out these disconnected sentences in a strange, smothered voice and slipped down from the saddle, holding on to the bridle with a grip born of terror.

There was a lull in the requiem overhead, and once more came the sound, this time seeming to resolve itself into words, and Bernice thought she heard the cry of "Help!" in the pitiful lament.

Old Cell sniffed the air and gave a low whinny as if he understood the whole matter. His seeming interest gave courage to Bernice, and she stepped out among the trees, leaving him to wait or follow as he chose.

On the went, in the direction from which came the moan at little intervals, rousing all her sympathies with its plainness. "Where are you?" she shouted, presently, unable to keep silent longer, and feeling that she must scream if she did not speak.

"Here!" came in answer close at hand, and a step further brought her to the foot of a huge pine, at whose base lay the outstretched form of a young man. His face, turned toward her, was white and drawn from suffering, and the blood was trickling from an ugly wound just above the right temple.

"Don't be afraid of me, but help me if you can," he said with an effort, holding out his hand.

Bernice had paused, struck dumb at the sight of the blood dripping from the white, suffering face, but the tones roused her to action. She stepped forward and knelt down by the unfortunate man, forgetting all her terror in the great sympathy taking possession of her whole being.

"How did you get hurt?" she asked, at the same time taking off her white cambric apron and tearing it in two for a bandage for the wounded head.

"If I remember right," he answered, "some one struck me, for I mind of falling in the path. Isn't there a path here somewhere?" he questioned in a faint voice, as if in doubt concerning his own statement.

"A few steps to our right is the 'forest road,' leading out to the highway," answered Bernice, adjusting the bandage with skillful touch.

"Well, I remember of falling, and that is all. When I came to myself again I was lying here—with a terrible pain in my head—and my watch and purse are missing. I guess I've been robbed and left for dead by some scoundrel."

"Most likely; but you are not dead," she returned, "for which I am heartily glad."

"Are you?" he asked, in a low, earnest tone, which sent the hot blood to her white face and made the hand tremble which folded the cambric over the ugly wound.

"Yes, most certainly I am glad; no one wants the ghost of a murdered man wandering in these woods. They're gloomy enough now."

"To be sure they are," he assented. "I wonder if I could stand up for a moment!"

He reached out his hands to Bernice, who had risen, and was debating what to do next, saying: "Please assist me a little and I will get up."

She gave him her hand, but it was of no use, for with a moan he recoiled toward her. She caught him and he slipped to the earth from her arms in a half fainting condition.

"You will have to help; you are hurt worse than you think for," she said, kneeling down by him again and folding her wraps in pillow form and placing them under his head.

"Yes," he murmured, "and I'll depend on you. If I'm not alive when you return," he added, as she turned away, "tell them that Bernard Hope was murdered here for his money. My mother lives in Genesee, N. Y."

"You must not die; it must not be," she replied impudently. "I have a horse and will bring help speedily; I don't live far from here."

Whether he heard or not Bernice could not tell; he only moaned a little and closed his eyes.

"He has fainted!" she wailed, the old terror taking possession of her. "Poor fellow. Oh, I must hurry. Here, Cell!" and she whistled softly to the old creature who was waiting near the path and wondering what had become of his mistress.

In a moment Bernice was in the saddle and was urging the dumfounded animal forward at a swifter pace than she remembered of since the evening of the Winters. She did not mind the gloom, nor the sucking of the winds in the dark now, there was a life hanging on her efforts, perhaps. Over the pine roots flew the feet of "old Cell," until Bernice drew rein at the edge of the forest where her father and his "help" were felling timber. To them she told her story as well as her excitement permitted, adding, in a short, wretched aside, "I knew it would come some time, this awful thing." In a short time they were following her flying footsteps as she retraced the gloomy by-road. One of the men had been dispatched from which to improvise a stretcher, and now brought up the rear "old Cell," who imagined that the "Winters" relationship, had gone mad.

"Here he is," cried Bernice, running forward to where the prostrate but living victim lay.

"You have come," he said as she bent over him and again the surging of the rich color went over her fair face. There was a magnanimity in his tones, notwithstanding the pain in the accents, that made her heart throb and pulse quicken strangely. "Yes," she answered, and their eyes met. He reached up his hands to her as the moment approached to her temples, with an eloquent appeal in look and manner.

"Well, my young fellow, you've been in rather a hard row lately, I should say," said Mr. Winters.

"Yes, they came near finishing me, I think."

"Well, we'll see what can be done for you," and in a short time they had placed him on the blanket and taking hold of the four corners bore him away from the gloomy spot where he came near stepping from this land into the unknown.

The physician said that he must have been struck with an iron bolt, but none could tell much about it and no trace of the murderer could be found.

But under the kind care of competent nurses Bernard Hope gained rapidly and

was soon able to be able to be about. One bright afternoon he walked out leaning on the arm of Bernice, who accompanied him in his little "outing" during his convalescence.

"You will write a letter for me to-day, will you not?" he asked, pausing to get a rich cluster of bitter-sweet berries from a swinging vine, "my head isn't just right, now, somehow, and mother will be anxious to know where I am. Mother is all I have now and I love her dearly."

He sighed and looked away towards the pines, but Bernice was listening attentively and noticed the sadness creep into his closing words.

"Yes, certainly, I will do anything for you," she answered in her impulsive way.

"Will you?" he asked, turning quickly and looking wistfully into her face.

Again the hot flush suffused cheek and brow. Bernice had a way of blushing when the frank, clear eyes of Bernard Hope rested on her and to-day it vexed her exceedingly.

"Let us go in," she said abruptly, pretending not to hear his last question, "and I will write your letter at once."

"Thank you, you are so kind," was all he said, as they turned toward the house, but there was a caress in every word as it fell from his lips, and she felt that this stranger loved her.

"Tell her," he said, dictating the letter, over which Bernice held the pen, "tell her to send me a check for a couple of thousand dollars, as the rascal has every cent I had. I can get it cashed at Muskegon, of course!" he said absently, as if thinking of something else.

"Ah! yes, the 'Sawdust City' never fails to accommodate; even sends pick-pockets after me through the 'forest road,'" replied Bernice, mischievously.

He looked across the writing-table at her a moment and then said, "may be it was the luckiest tap I ever had."

Bernice met his earnest glance and the "why" which trembled on her lips was forgotten, or perhaps answered before asked, and she bowed hastily over the unfinished letter.

"I was thinking," he said presently, "of that day in the forest. Do you know, I almost forgot that I was hurt when you came back to me? Your eyes held such a magnetism for me that I held up my hands to you involuntarily. I had a great desire to always be near you."

"Over me. Perhaps I ought not to keep the secret from you any longer. I almost love the spot where I lay, because it was there that I met—Bernice."

She did not answer. He expected her to speak, but a great lump came in her throat and she sat silent and speechless. He intended to say more, but her seeming indifference checked him and he got up and went over to the open window and sat down wearily.

He was so weak, too, and some way his temple pained him yet. So he bowed his head to the window ledge.

The dark red of the ugly scar showed plainly on the white brow turned next to her, and Bernice felt as if she ought to go to him and apologize or say something, at least. She watched the silent figure nervously, thinking of how this one honest heart had drifted into her life and back from the gates of death.

"Shall I mail your letter to-day?" she asked finally, not daring to risk anything else in words, but her voice was tender than usual and there was something in the tones which made him look up suddenly, with a wild hope at his beating heart. Her face was turned away, however, and as yet he could not be certain of anything.

"If you please," he answered her so long after she had asked the question that she had thought he did not hear.

"If I please," she said softly, turning to meet that wistful, entreating look she was sure was there. Ah! the truth and love shining in the depths of the dark eyes—and all for her. She went over to him and stood still, looking down on the dark rings of brown hair just touching the ugly scar. "If I will do anything for you."

"Do you feel that way?" he asked joyfully, raising his head. "You have said that twice to me to-day and I—well, if you feel that way, kiss me, Bernice, please!"

She hesitated a moment, then, imprinted a little frightened kiss on the broad forehead, close to the dreadful scar.

"Oh! Bernice, you do love me; what can I ask more?" and he held up his hands much the same as once before—that gloomy hour under the pines.

"I might have kissed you from pity," she said, looking down and taking his willing hands in her own pink palms.

"No! others might have done that, but you take me, not you," she said, ignoring his words; "poor head," then, with a gentle caress of the white, scarred brow, she turned to adjust the cushions on the couch nearby. "Come," she said, "you are all wearied out, Bernard," and the look on her face satisfied him that henceforth their paths would never need diverge.

"I am so happy," he said, closing his eyes, "too happy to be tired, and the pain in my heart is gone."

Bernice had not been so happy either for many months—perhaps never so happy, but she wondered quietly to herself if that little kiss on the wounded head had brought it all about.

"I am going, now," she said, coming toward him.

"Wait a moment. Come closer," he reached out his hand to her as she came to his side. "I want to always be near you; I have given myself to you; will you take me, Bernice?"

The questioning magnetism of the earnest eyes added their power to the interrogative she hardly expected—not just yet.

But, after all, why was it needful to hesitate? Bending over the upturned face, as she had once before, only the

other time savored of the gloom of death, while this time—well, this time, was the "silver lining," and while their eyes met she answered him in her low, sweet voice. "I will take you, Bernard."

"That youngster has been over to the city to-day and purchased that whole tract of land lying over there, alongside of ours, mother." Abraham Winters said to his wife one afternoon late in November, "and he's going to bring one of the slashing mills in here this winter that this neck o' woods ever saw, I reckon."

"You always hated that strip o' pine lumber," he continued, turning to his daughter, "but the curse resolved itself into a double blessing; eh, Bernice?"

But she was looking out of the window down at the slashing mill coming out of their shadows, wailing softly and thinking of her. She was sure of it, and then he looked up he answered both with a smile. —New York Mercury.

Tripe.

We have been challenged to pronounce an opinion on the dietetic virtues of tripe, an article of food which is largely consumed in certain parts of the country, especially during the winter months. Tripe consists of the soft muscular walls and mucous membrane of the stomach of ruminant animals, with a small proportion of delicate omental fat adhering, from which, however, all fibrous portions of the serous covering, or peritoneum, have been removed. From frequent experiments it has been proved that tripe stands high in the list of albuminous substances that are quickly acted on by the gastric juice and reduced to a state of solution, and has, therefore, acquired a reputation for digestibility. But plain boiled tripe in itself is a very insipid article of food, and in order to make it palatable the art of the cook has to be invoked, which, while making it more "savory," causes it often, when so served, to be an offense to the stomach.

The usual mode of serving tripe in this country is to boil it with milk and onions, and there can be little doubt that such a combination is not particularly digestible. Tripe is also sometimes fried in butter, but unless very carefully cooked it is apt to become pathetic. If only plainly boiled in water it requires a considerable amount of condiments in the shape of salt, pepper and mustard to make it acceptable to the palate. Therefore, tripe as usually cooked, though an excellent dish for strong stomachs, is, owing to the ingredients added to it, not always so suitable for persons of weak digestion as has been supposed. —London Lancet.

A Girl's Headache-Curing Hands.

There is a girl in San Francisco who can cure headaches—cure them without a bit of medicine. She just lays her hand on the aching head and that settles the whole matter. There's something peculiar about the girl's hands. They are white and shapely and very nice to look at, but to touch—ugh! they're as cold as ice. More than that, they are always dripping wet, these strange hands. It's an eerie thing to see a handsome, healthy girl lift her hands and let an icy dew fall from the ends of her fingers. She can do that any time she wants to, and never feels the least annoyed at the awe of the beholders.

She is a tall, handsome young woman, who has never been ill in her life. She is rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed, and she isn't the slightest particle like the typical healer. She works in a big, hot factory down town, and she can cure any girl in the place of headache or any kind of pain. She doesn't go through strange evolutions or weird incantations. She just pushes back her sleeves and lays her cold, wet hands on the aching head. The patient feels a queer, creepy shivery sensation crawling down her back. The cold hands move slowly across the hot forehead of the sufferer, the throbbing pain stops, the twitching of the eyelids ceases, and the headache is gone. —San Francisco Examiner.

The Best Roadway.

"The people are having lots of roadway conventions throughout the South and West now days," observed J. C. McCandless, of New Hartford, Conn., at the Lindell as he had finished reading a treatise on that very important question in a popular magazine. "The best roadway we raised one macadamized. Drainage, of course, must be maintained, for it is an essential feature to good roads. The good roadway should be seeded to grass, evened up and the weeds kept down. Shade trees should be planted in order that the sun light be kept out. The overseer method, particularly now in practice in the South, should be abolished and commissioners of not less than three elected from each county, who should be instructed to personally supervise all improvements. Local highway improvement societies should be formed in every precinct and road improvements discussed." —St. Louis Republic.

Weather Predictions by Coffee.

A Spanish journal tells of an interesting experiment to be tried with a cup of clear coffee and a lump of sugar. The sugar should be dropped into the coffee without stirring; in a moment the air contained in the sugar will rise to the surface in the shape of bubbles, and these bubbles are excellent weather indications. If they collect in the middle of the cup a fair day follows; if, adversely, they adhere to the sides, forming a ring of bubbles with a clear space in the center, take your umbrella, for rain is at hand; while, if they do neither one thing nor the other, but scatter irregularly, variable weather is indicated. Just what is the scientific explanation of the action of the atmosphere on the bubbles is not stated, but that their indications curiously agree with those of a barometer has been tested. —New York Times.

TESTING HER GUNS.

The United States Cruiser Vesuvius at Port Royal.

PORT ROYAL, S. C.—The dynamic cruiser Vesuvius is in the harbor for the purpose of testing her high explosive guns. Lieutenant Seaton Schroeder is in command, and the tests were under the supervision of a committee appointed by Secretary Tracy, consisting of Capt. Montgomery Seward of the Minotonomoch, Capt. A. S. Barker of the "Philadelphia," and Commander W. H. Brownson of the Dolphin.

The trial was unusually thorough. The cruiser carried 75 black projectiles and 25 loaded with 200 pounds of gun cotton in and about 80 blank projectiles used in ranging the guns, and five loaded with a small charge of powder to test the new fuses. Eighteen of the loaded projectiles were fired at hulks.

The cruiser carries three high-explosive guns, each 55 feet long, set at an angle of 18 degrees. Their length precludes the fixing of the range by a change of elevation, as is the case with powder cannon. The range is therefore regulated by the amount of air in the firing reservoir. The pressure in the firing reservoir is always 750 pounds per square inch. This storage reservoir can supply enough air for thirty shots or more. The service projectile carries a charge of 200 pounds of gun cotton and will travel about 2,400 yards. The full calibre projectile, with 500 pounds of gun cotton, weighs 1,000 pounds and is too heavy to carry far at the angle of the guns. The new fuses exploded the projectile about 75 yards after contact with the water, although an arrangement is made for instant explosion on an impact with a solid substance.

The Vesuvius is able to fire one gun a minute. It takes five seconds to charge the guns with air, and about two minutes and a half to load the guns. On her trial trip the Vesuvius fired fifteen shots in 16 minutes 10 seconds.

There will be no more delay from the pitching of the vessel in a rough sea in firing the pneumatic guns than with ordinary cannon. This depends largely on the ability of the gunner to have his sights ready and fire his shot the moment the vessel is steady on the crest of a sea.

The tests were satisfactory in every way.

Jerry Simpson a Candidate.

TOPEKA, KAN.—Congressman Jerry Simpson arrived here and he put all doubts to rest concerning his candidacy for the United States Senate by announcing that he was a candidate. He said, however, that his presence was due more to a desire to help the Populists endeavor to organize the House than in his own interest.

The organization of the House, he further said, depended upon the Supreme Court, before which the House contest cases, recently mentioned in these dispatches, had been filed. Of course the court could not finally settle the contest. But what the court could do was to prevent a man from working a wrong which was all the Populists asked.

A Precious Rascal.

RICHMOND, VA.—A special from Tazewell, Va., says that Thomas Nelson, mayor of Cape Charles City, has absconded after squandering about \$3,000 church and trust funds placed in his hands for safe keeping. He was a master mechanic, clerk of the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Railroad, and a vestryman of the Episcopal church and mayor of the town. He also belonged to all the secret orders.

Nelson is a native of Virginia, though he came to Cape Charles City from New Jersey. Owing to his expensive style of living, his wife left him. Then he sold his furniture and after receiving the money left for his unknown. A reward is offered for his arrest.

Burns His Ship.

WILMINGTON, N. C.—The schooner Eleanor, Captain McCoy, which sailed from Georgetown, S. C., for New York, December 24, with a cargo of rosin, spirits of turpentine and cotton, was struck December 25 by a gale that lasted three days, causing the ship to spring a leak. The vessel on December 28 becoming water-logged, was abandoned 35 miles off Topsail light. The crew of seven men reached shore here after being in a small boat 38 hours, suffering intensely. Captain McCoy, realizing the danger of the floating wreck to passing vessels, set fire to his water-logged ship before leaving her.

Julian Carr and the Cabinet.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Julian S. Carr was interviewed here as to the Postmaster Generalship and says: "While the position is one of high honor or for any man I would feel complimented by Mr. Cleveland's choice, if I felt on my duty in response to your enquiry for a word on the subject that I could not even consider any place in the President's gift except that of Postmaster General. I am ought not to desire a highly desirable position, high honor or responsibility, such as that of a cabinet portfolio."

"The Grottoes" of Virginia.

S. H. Newhall, curator of the geological department of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, has been in Shenandoah, Va., getting together a collection of scientific specimens and other wonders from Weyer's cave for an exhibit at Chicago. Mr. Newhall says that specimens from the caves in this locality exceed all others in beauty, and that this will be the largest and most comprehensive display of any cave known. After being displayed at Chicago, the specimens are to be brought back to Washington and given to the Smithsonian Institution.

Governor Tillman Signs the Bill.

COLUMBIA, S. C.—Governor Tillman signed the Wilson railroad bill, which passed the Legislature last week, giving to the railroad commission the power to fix passenger and freight rates and otherwise control the railroads of South Carolina.

EDITORS CALL ON GROVER.

He Receives Them Graciously and Enquires About Vance and Colquhoun.

As has been announced, ten Southern editors called on Mr. Cleveland last Saturday in New York and the Herald says: Mr. Cleveland was glad to see the Southern editors, but each in turn was presented to him by Captain Howell.

"Mr. President," said Capt. Howell, when the handshaking was over, "we are not here to talk about offices. We don't want any offices, nor do we come in any particular interest. But the legislation of the last twenty-five years has been in favor of the hawks. Now we want the chickens to have a show."

Mr. Cleveland laughed heartily at this. "There is much in that barnyard simile of yours, Mr. Howell," he said. "You may also possibly recall, Mr. President," went on Capt. Howell, "that some of us were not in favor of your nomination at Chicago" (with a sweep of his hand toward Editors Walsh and Stockton), "but after you were nominated we were for you."

"It makes no difference," said the President-elect, "who was opposed to my nomination; I want the assistance of everybody. I want the assistance of all you gentlemen to carry out the principles on which I was elected. Relief is expected by the people and I earnestly desire your co-operation to secure what they have asked for."

"The South, Mr. Cleveland, will do all in its power to assist you," said Editor Hemphill. "I do not think this country ever had an election which caused such sincere rejoicing throughout the South." Mr. Cleveland looked pleased. "I feel very much flattered," he observed, "at what happened as a result of the campaign, and the expressions of good will which have come from the South and from other parts of the country have been especially gratifying."

The President-elect inquired particularly about Senators Colquhoun, of Georgia, and Vance, of North Carolina. He also asked Mr. Howell to remember him to his son, Clark Howell, and spoke in an appreciative way of young Mr. Howell's letters on the progress of the campaign, printed from week to week in the Herald.

At one time during the visit Mr. Cleveland said he hoped none of the editors had brought interviews with them. This allusion to the fear of the President-elect that he might be quoted caused a laugh all around, and one of the editors said they did not think such enterprise had been attempted since Colonel Shepard interviewed General Alger with a shorthand man behind the screen.

"I do not like getting into the newspapers day after day," said Mr. Cleveland, "but I do take the position that when there is anything which affects the welfare of the people or in which the people are interested, it is my duty to make it public."

Touching on personal matters Mr. Cleveland said that he was sorry the editors had not called on him earlier. "I know," said he, "that you have been here a week. I rather expected you to call on me earlier. I shall always be glad to see you."

"We did not call on you before because we did not care to intrude upon your time. We knew you were having many callers."

"I am not so busy as the public generally believes," said Mr. Cleveland. The editors now took their leave. They had been in the White House nearly a half hour. Mr. Cleveland shook hands with them heartily and said he hoped to see them whenever they came North. During the visit not a word did Mr. Cleveland drop about an extra session, the speakership or the formation of his cabinet.

The Sense of Touch.

A curious scientist, who has been giving careful attention to the matter, says that man's sense of touch, or feeling, resides almost wholly in the skin and in those parts of the body, as the lips and the tongue, that are most exposed, while some of our most important organs, the heart, for instance, and the brain, are quite insensible to touch, thus showing that not only are nerves necessary for the sensation, but also the special end organs. The curious fact was noticed with the greatest astonishment by Harvey, who, while treating a patient for an abscess that caused a large cavity in his side, found that, when he put his fingers into this cavity, he could actually take hold of the heart without the patient being in the least aware of what he was doing. This so interested Harvey that he brought King Charles I. to the man's bedside that "the might himself behold and touch so extraordinary a thing." In certain operations a piece of skin is removed from the forehead to the nose, and it is stated that the patient, oddly enough, feels as if the new nasal part were still in his forehead and may have a headache in his nose. —New Orleans Picayune.

Killed for Not Working the Road.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Saturday afternoon O. R. Jones was shot and instantly killed and his son Jesse Jones perhaps fatally shot at their home near Leicester, twelve miles west of Asheville. Young Jones refused to obey the summons to work upon the public roads, and the father sustained him and defied the officers. Constable Steve secured a posse and attempted to make the arrest. In a fight which followed fifteen or twenty shots were exchanged. The killing is regarded as justifiable. Jesse Jones has since died.

In Lynchburg, Va., the tobacco warehouses are unusually busy, and high prices are being secured at nearly all sales.

Some shipping grades recently brought \$13.75 per hundred and dark grades command a correspondingly satisfactory price. Very little bright tobacco is being offered, but the figures which it realizes are highly gratifying. Farmers are bringing their tobacco in steadily, and as a consequence merchants state that the volume of business is particularly good, and the holiday trade promises to be unusually heavy.

THE OCEAN'S GRAVEYARD.

THE SARGASSO SEA. THE CENTER OF ATLANTIC CURRENTS.

An Immense Area of Water Which is Covered With Floating Wrecks and Other Strange Objects.

FOR several years past the Hydrographic Bureau at Washington has been trying to acquire a more intimate knowledge of the movements of the waters of the ocean and a great number of bottles, containing messages and securely corked, have been dropped overboard by vessels. Many of these have floated thousands of miles before they were picked up, and, while some were washed upon native and foreign shores, others have found their way into the great Sargasso Sea. From the courses taken by these different bottles it has been found that the ocean currents move around in a vast circle. Those which were dropped overboard on the American coast took a northerly course, while those on the European side floated toward the south. Bottles dropped overboard in the North Atlantic started toward the northeast, and those from the African and Spanish coast floated almost directly west until they reached the West India Islands. The general directions of the currents were thus ascertained, showing that the waters acted upon by winds and currents circulated round and round like a pool.

In all pools floating objects are quickly cast outside of the revolving currents, or they are carried with them in their circular route for some time, until they are washed nearer the centre or side of the pool. The bottles that were forced outside of the currents of the ocean were cast upon the shores of some country, but those which were washed toward the centre eventually found their way in the calm waters of the Sargasso Sea. Here they remain peacefully until picked up by some vessel, or until some storm casts them back into the great pool.

Vessels rarely visit the great sea in the middle of the ocean, but occasionally they are driven there by storms or adverse winds. Strange sights meet the gaze of the sailors at such times. Wonderful stories—partly true and partly false—have been told by sailors returning from a forced trip to the Sargasso Sea. The surface of the sea is covered with floating wrecks, spars, seaweed boxes, fruits, and a thousand other innumerable articles. It is the great repository or storehouse of the ocean, and all things which do not sink to the bottom or are not washed upon the shores are carried to this centre of the sea. When one considers the vast number of wrecks on the ocean, and the quantity of floating material that is thrown overboard, a faint idea of the wreckage in the Sargasso Sea may be conceived.

The debris of abandoned vessels frequently disappear in mysterious ways, and no accounts are given of them for years by passing vessels. Then suddenly, years later, they appear again in some well-traveled route to the astonishment of all. The wrecks are covered with mould and green slime, showing the long, lonesome voyage which they have passed through. It is generally supposed that such derelicts have been swept into the centre of the pool and remained in the Sargasso Sea until finally cast out by some unusual violent storm.

The life in this sea is interesting. Solitary and alone the acres of waters, covered with the debris, stretch out as the vast graveyard of the ocean, seldom being visited by vessels or human beings. Far from all trading routes of vessels, the sight of a sail or steam vessel is something unusual. The fishes of the sea form the chief life of these watery solitudes. Attracted by the vast quantities of wreckage floating in the sea, and also by the gulfweed on which many of them live, they swarm around in great numbers. The smaller fishes live in the intricate avenues formed by the seaweed, and the more ferocious denizens of the deep come hither to feed upon the quantities of small fish. In this way the submarine life of the Sargasso Sea is made interesting and lively.

The only life overhead is that made by a few sea birds, which occasionally reach the solitudes of this mid-ocean cemetery. A few of the long flyers of the pen penetrate to the very middle of the ocean, but it is very rarely that they occur. Some have been known to follow vessels across the ocean, keeping at a respectful distance from the stern. Other birds have been swept out to sea by storms, and have finally sought refuge in the Sargasso Sea. Still others, taking refuge on some derelict, have been gradually carried to the same mid-ocean scene. There is sufficient food floating on the surface, or to be obtained from the fishes which live among the forests of seaweed, to support a large colony of birds. It is surmised that many of those found in the sea have inhabited those regions for years, partly from choice, and partly from necessity. Birds swept out there by storms would not care to venture the long return trip to land, and finding an abundance of food and wrecks on which to rest and rear their young, they might easily become content with their strange lot. Just how far the strong-winged sea birds can fly without resting is all conjectural, but it is doubtful if many of them would undertake such a long journey seaward with no better prospects ahead than dreary wastes of water. —Detroit Free Press.

A Floating Hotel.

A strange craft recently launched at Bath, Me., for use in Florida, and which will shortly be in New York, is the floating hotel, J. S. Danforth. It is intended for service on Florida rivers. It has three keels, is 125 feet long and thirty feet beam, and draws twenty-five inches of water. It will accommodate seventy-five persons and will be the floating home of hunters and fishermen who visit Florida. —New Orleans Picayune.