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AT

CHARLOTTE, N. C. In the Interests of the Colored People of the Country.

Able and well-known writers will contribute to its columns from different parts of the country, and will contain the latest Gen-eral News of the day. THE MESSENGER is a first-class newspaper

and will not allow personal abuse in its col umns It is not sectarian or partisan, but independent—dealing fairly by all. It reserves the rightto criticise the shortcomings of all public officials-commending the worthy, and recommending for election such men as in its opinion are best suited to serve the interests of the people.

It is intended to supply the long felt need of a newspaper to advocate the rights and defend the inter.sts of the Negro-American, especially in the Piedmont section of the Carolinas.

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W .C. SMITH. Charlotte, N. C,

Edward Everett Hale's new magazine Lend A Hand, prints an article on the domestic fly, in which it is estimated that a healthy fly in five weeks bears a progeny of 300. Using these figures as a guide the Boston Transcript, presumably for the benefit of its bald-headed readers, argues that before the fall sets in 8,100,-000,000 flies will begin their careers of activity in this country. Human existence is inclusive of a number of solemnly interesting sets of statistics. Any gentleman who feels inclined to dispute the correctness of the Transcript's statement of course is at liberty to make his own count.

Woman is rapidly winning her way it the English civil service. Acording to the London Times the extension of the field of women's work in twenty-five years is remarkable. The census returns show that while in 1861 there were only 1,931 women employed in the civil service, there were in 1881 no fewer than 7,370, and the numbers, owing to the growth of the postoffice system, are now much higher. The women clerks and accountants had in the same period risen from 404 to 6,414. It is a curious fact that of all the pursuits the employment society recognizes as suited to their cli
"Not that I know of. Why, Lumpie, if he were livin', he'd be as old as that tree back of you, and that would fetch the tree up to seventy years, sure."

"You got a mamma?" continued Lumpie, as if taking the census.

"No; the old woman, she's gone"—

"No; the old woman, she's gone" ents, hair-dressing is the only one which the census returns show to be passing out of women's hands.

"Hippophagy is now seldom heard of," says the London St. James's Gazette. "A few years sgo it was strongly advocated in many quarters; but the British public, although ready to swallow almost anything in the way of food put before it never took kindly to horse-flesh, and turned a deaf ear to the persuasions of those who recommended the adoption of this kind of diet. It is probable, however that horse-flesh is often eaten unawares, and that its consumption is far more common than is generally imagined. Butchers whose consciences are not tenhorse-flesh as ordinary meat to unsuspecting customers. An attempt is about to be made to put matters in this respect on a more satisfactory footing. At a meeting held recently for the purpose of eiciting an expression of opinion from the butchers of Manchester and Salford with regard to the sale of horseflesh as human food, it was decided to appoint a committee for the purpose of getting an act of Parliament passed to compel butchers who sell horse-flesh to label it as such."

A very simple and valuable code of ice signals has been published by Mr. F. Wyneken, of New York, which, the Herald says, commends itself to officers of transatlantic steamers. Mr. Wyneken divides the North Atlantic ice regions into squares of one degree of latitude and longitude, and the most dangerous part of this region into smaller areas, inserting in each area on the chart two letters. By the use of the International Code of Signals any vessel which has sighted ice can warn other vessels she may happen to pass by a single display of the new "ice flag" in combination with the flags of the International Code corresponding to these letters. By the adoption of this code a steamer approaching the ice region can quickly ascertain from any vessel which has crossed the Newfoundland Banks just where ice was seen, and what kind of ice (whether heavy pack, icebergs or light field ice). Such a code, the Herald thinks, ought to be introduced at once into all steamers sailing between Europe and America, as it would undoubtedly contribute very materially both to the celerity and safety of their navigation.

THE NOBILITY OF NATURIE

True worth is in being, not seeming; In doing each day the goes by Some little good thing—not in dreamis; Of great things o do by and by; For whatever men say in their blindned. And spite of the fancies of youth,

There's nothing so kindly as kindness, And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measu We cannot do wrong and feel right, Nor can we give pain and feel pleasure, For Justice avenges each slight; The air for the wing of a sparrow.
The bush for the robin or wren,

But always the path that is narrow

And straight for the children of men. Tis not in the pages of story

Though he who makes courtship to glory Gives all that he hath for a smile; For when from her heights he has won her

Alas! it is only so prove There's nothing so loyal as honor, And nothing so royal as love! We cannot make bargains for blisses

And some times the thing our life missen Helps more than the thing which it gets: For good lieth not in pursuing
Nor gaining of great or of small,

But just in the doing, and doing As we would be done by, is all.

THE TRAMP'S FLOWER

BY THE REV. E. A. RAND. "Booh! booh! And what you go there? Can't you give me a flower?"

there? Can't you give me a flower?"

Lumpie—that was tho way her father called the chubby little girl—looked up out of the dark shadow of the vines, where her face resembled a white star. She wondered who it was that leaned over the fence and spoke to her.

"It is a big moon-face," she said to herself, "a lot of hair bout it. And, dear me. I wouldn't vare such an orful old

herself, "a lot of hair bout it. And, dear me, I wouldn't vare such an orful old hat. And his cose don't look very fesh and nice, one bit."

Whil. Lumpie was painting the stranger's portrait, he was looking up at the sky, and holding out his hand to the wind to find out the drift of the latter, and make a weather-guess. He now turned and asked again:
"Say, Sis, won't you give me a posy?"

turned and asked again:

"Say, Sis, won't you give me a posy?"
Lumpie picked a bright nasturtium
and gave it to him.

"That's a good one, and I'd rather
have it than a lump of gold, Sis."

"My papa don't call me Sis,"

"Don't he? Well, what does he say?"

"Lumpie."

"Lumpie! He beats all at namin' folks; don't he?"

"Old ooman?"

"My--my--mother."

'Gone vare?"

"Where heaven is. Don't you know?"
"I 'spect it's up, up 'bove dat spooce
ee, somevare." "That's where she is, a-singin' cherub

there, these twenty years."
"Vare's your home?"
"Home?"

The tones were sad, pitifully sad.

The tones were sad, pitifully sad.

"Where's your home?"

"Here, vare papa and mamma are."

"Where mother is, that's my home. I wish it was. Wel, Sis—Lumpie, your flower may help me get there."

"Move on!" suddenly called out a gruff voice. "Don't block the sidewalk! Move on!"

In an instant, the moon face, the big which Lumpie had been looking at-all vanished, and then appeared a man wear-in; a blue coat and a silver badge, who strutted along and rapped on the with his billy in an important way. Lumpie now ran into the house and was met by Aunt Salome, who was keeping house for her brother since the beginning of his wife's sickness.

'Lumpie, whom were you talking

"I dunno. He didn't have very nice cose, and hasen't a home.
"A tramp! Horrors!"

'Tomp? Sakes alike!"

"I give him a fower."

"What kind? Not one of those beau-

"A nasturtium, all yaller. Only he said 'twas gold." "I warrant; for that's what he is

'He's a good man, 'cause he said suskin about his old mumma's home

"Good? I don't want any of his good-Aunt Salome had now rushed to a back

Litchen window, from which she could look out upon the garden where toiled Lumpie's father, Cephas Bixby. His face no more resembled his sister's thin, wiry, nervous visage than a shingle.
"Ce-phus! Ce-phus! Why don't you

"I hear you. What is it?"
"Hear you. What is it?"
"Who do you suppose is round?"
"Folks say I am," and here Cephus ischievously contemplated his plump,

round body.

"Now, don't plague me. Who do you s'pose has been on the garden fence?"

"A fly, I guess."

Cephus here referred to Aunt Salome's

1 not be a fly trying to get by your

screens."

"You are too bad, Cephas. It was a tramp; and I'm goin' to complain of him at the police-station."

"Oh! let him go. I dare say the police have seen him; and in fact one went by here only five minutes ago."

"Well, I'm goin' to make sure and enter the complaint. I know he's spotted the house, and to-night he'll break in here. There's no tellin' what he may do to you. Sakes! He may murder you." to you. Sakes! He may murder you."

Cephas directed a funny look at the toes of his boots, and resumed his work.

"Where are you going when you finish here?"

here?"

"Well, I shan't go off to be a tramp while you are here. You may be sure of that. Bless me! You would have me in the station house before night,"

"Now, Cephas, tell me where you are goin' when you get through here."

"I s'pose I must go down to Emerson's block and inspect it. I did not build it, though that is my business; but Emerson has been suspicious of the man's thoroughness who did put it up, and he wants me to step in and look and he wants me to step in and look 'round."

"Pound."
"Don't venture where it is dangerous, will you, Cephus? Get that tramp and let him go in."
"Not I. I won't ask a man to go when I won't risk myself."

Aunt Salome muttered something about risking "a tramp's useless life," and then went into the house to put of her ample sun-bonnet. She told Bob, the colored servant boy, to put "Jim" into the coupe and drive her down street.

street.
"I would like to get some description
"Salome reasoned to of the tramp," Aunt Salome reasoned to herself, "and I've a great mind to let Bob call him out of that saloon ahead. Of course he's in there. That's where such people go. Then I can describe him to the police.

e police. Bob alighted, and went toward the

Bob alighted, and went toward the saloon door.

"Well, Bob," said Jerry Collins, the saloon-keeper, meeting him on the door-step, "I see you have got Aunt Saloon-keeper raised his voice in this closing clause, and roguishly winked at several thirsty customers. Aunt Salome heard it, and in disgust kept her head out of sight.

"Oh! she wants to know if a tramp has been here."

"No. I saw, though, a trampish-looking sort of a fellow opposite here, and I thought he was going to make a call; b t l e swung a yellow flower in his hand, looked at that, and then moved off."

Was Lumpic's flower guiding the home-

Was Lumpic's flower guiding the homeless one homeward?

"I won't give it up. He ought to be
here," said Aunt Salome, as they neared
a gambling saloon, knowing very well he
ought not to be there.

"Tramp been here?" replied the proprietor to the inquiring Bob. "Well,
no; yes. A big, rough heathen came to
my door, twirling a yellow flower; but
he turned away and I lost sight of him."
Was the flower still guiding?

was the flower still guiding?

"What shall I do?" exclaimed Aunt
Salome. "I can't report his looks as I
would like to the police, and yet I must
have them jest watch our house. Land!
What is that noise? Bob, what is it?"

"Awful, marm, wasn't it? Hebben
and arth gib way den? Fearful noise!
See dose folks runnin'!"

bee dose folks runnin'!"
"What can it be?" screamed Aunt Sa-

lome. "Do you know, mister?"

The man she was Lailing stopped in the midst of a vigorous run, and bawled

"They say it's Emerson's block that has tumbled."

The man had no second edition of

The man had no second edition of news to give her, but rushed on headlong. "O Ce-phus, you there?" shrieked Aunt Salome. "Drive on, Bob!"

And Bob drove till they came to the ruins, one mass of fallen chimney, walls, floors, roofs. There was a dense black crowd around the spot. Several of the people seeing Aust. Salome sweeds to cople, seeing Aunt Salome, rushed to

e carriage.
"He is safe, marm. He's all right." "Ce-phus is?" store; but he had a narrow escape," said a man. "I saw the whole of it. You see this building was not put up right, and everybody thought it crazy, and Emerson wanted your brother to examine the thing. People thought they saw the end wall bulgin out and advised him not to go; but down into the cellar he went. While he was there the end tumbled and then we heard a big cry for help from the cellar. You see it was Cephas caught under atimber. But you must not wonder if no man dared go down there; for people were callin' out: 'Tother end is bulgin' out!' At last there came along is bulgin' out? At last there came along a big, strong moose-sort of a feller, a rough-lookin' customer that nobody knew, and he jest whisked down that cellar quickly; and in about as short a time as I am telling this story, he got to your brother and then passed him out to as through a cellar window. By the time we'd crossed the street with Cephas——'
"Then Ce-plus is hurt?" interposed

'Then Ce-phus is hurt?" Aunt Salome.
"No, he was kinder scratched, but

really he won't need even a plaster.
"And that man?" "Well, as I was sayin', we had crossed the street with Cephus and all there was left of the building tumbled! 'Twas

"And buried that man underneath?" "That's where he is, I'm sorry to say; under that pile the people are tryin' to turn over; for they think they can fetch him out pretty quick, guessin' about where he is."

The next moment Aunt Salmome was "A fly, I guess."

Cephus here referred to Aunt Salome's great summer horror.

"Salome, there has been one special fly that I know for two days has been watching your screens and trying to get in. Get in! If I am ever hungry, may

The next moment Aunt Salome was but of the carriage. In spite of a lot of the carriage.

"They've got him!" bawled a spec-

'Take him to the 'pothecary's!" called

"Take him to the 'pothecary's!" called out Aunt Salome.

There they took him, and he was laid beside Cephas. The latter was sore and weak, but Aunt Salome's informant was right in saying he would not need even a plaster. His lifeless rescuer, though, was so bruised and battered, so mutilated and so covered with blood and dust, that he was not recognized. When his face he was not recognized. When his face had been washed by Aunt Salome, then, even, no one knew him.

"Who can it be?" inquired the by-

"I know," said Aunt Salome. She

"I know," said Aunt Salome. She had pulled out of the dead man's pocket a crushed little yellow flower.
Aunt Salome was not given to dreams.
"Weak, vain, superstitious!" she called them. However, that night, after questioning Lumpie about the flower, and learning much that the tramp had said, a dream came to her. She seemed to see a valley shrouded in darkness, but beyond it glowed the walls of a Golden City. And treading the darkened way, she saw the tramp bearing the yellow flower in his hand. The flower shone with the brilliancy of the city beyond; and it was toward that city his face was turned.—Independent.

London Bridge.

The first London Bridge is said to have been in existence since the tenth century. A bridge was built of wood over the Thames in 1014, which partly burned in 1136. Old London bridge, which existed until the beginning of the present century, was built of stone. It was commenced in 1176 by Peter of Colechurch, who belonged to a religious and labor who belonged to a religious and labor fraternity called "Brethren of the Bridge." Peter died before the complefraternity called "Brethren of the Bridge." Peter died before the completion of his work, and was buried in the crypt of the chapel erected on the centre pier, in accordance with the custom of his society, which always provided that any member who died when superintending an important work should be entombed within the structure. The bridge was completed during the reign of King John, in the year 1209. It was chiefly remarkable for its massiveness and the great amount of material used in its construction. It had twenty arches in a span of 940 feet, with piers varying in solidity from twenty-five to forty feet, so that two-thirds of the stream was occupied by piers, and in low water even a greater proportion, leaving less than one-fourth of the whole span for waterway. Houses were built on each side of the bridge, connected by large arches of timber that crossed the street. In July, 1212, a fire in the city at one end of the bridge brought great crowds of people upon the bridge; the building at the other end then caught fire and cut off all way of escape, so that over 3,000 persons were killed, being trampled on, burned or drowned. In 1800 the bridge was again restored, but was thrice subsequently burned and rebuilt, in 1471, in 1632 and in 1725. In 1756 all the houses upon the bridge were pulled down. In 1822 the corporation advertised for designs for a new bridge, that made by John Rennie was approved, and the work was executed by his sons, John and George. The first pile was driven 200 feet to the west of the old bridge March 15, 1825, and the bridge was opened by King William IV., August 1, 1831. This bridge is quite an imposing structure of granite, it has a total length of 928 feet, with five elliptical arches, the span of the centre arch being 152 feet. The cost of the bridge was £506,000.—

Inter-Ocean. Bridge." Peter died before the comple-tion of his work, and was buried in the

A _leet of Ocean Steamers. 'he wonderful increase since the war of the mercentile marine sailing from this port would appear surprising were it not for the fact that it is going on daily before our eyes. Sailing day is no longer confined to the last of the week, as it was prior to the civil war. Neither is the expected arrival of a steamship from Europe watched with so much interest. Every day witnesses the departure and arrival of some one or more large ocean steam vessels, carrying almost a village of passengers each. During 1885 the Board of Inspectors of Foreign Vessels granted 148 certificate for ocean passen ger steamships with foreign bottoms to sail from this port. This did not include any of the coa-ting steamers, or American vessels engaged in trade with the West Indies, Central or South America. Sev-eral new vessels have been added to the foreign ocean list this year, so that the number now exceeds 150. These are constantly coming to and going from this port At this season of the year every avaible vessel of this character is called into use, and berths are engaged rar ahead in order to secure comfort and convenience. And yet there is not one convenience. And yet there is not one steamship between here and England or the Continent sailing under the Star and Stripes.—New York Mail and Express.

The Diet Too Thin.

Some eight years ago a community was started at North Anaheim, the leading tenets of which were to hold all property in common and to confine their diet to fruit, vegetables and grain in their raw state. The experiment has been conducted with the utmost zeal and good faith, but whatever may be the financial result, concerning which we have no data, it has proved a gastronomic disaster. The Los Angeles Herald says that "one after another has left the society by resignation or starvatian until only a "ware left hanging on the verge of life." are left hanging on the verge of life."
The end of the experiment is now not far off. The spiritual adviser of the society. Walter Lockwood Thayer, is stated to be so nearly starved to death that he is too weak to leave his bed, and Mrs. Hindu weak to leave his bed, and Mrs. Hinde, the wife of the founder of the community, is in the last stages of inanition for want of nourishment.—San Francisco Call.

Iron's Possible Rival.

We have no authentic history of the gradual introduction of iron into the uses of civilized man; but given the rough brown or gray stone that we have in our ores, it is evident that the whole was not transformed in an hour or a day into the exquisite temper of the Dames in our ores, it is evident that the whole was not transformed in an hour or a day into the exquisite temper of the Damascus blade. It is also probable that while it was still a rare and expensive metal, available only to those who were high in wealth and rank, that the possibilities of its varied structure were well known. But to bring all of these varied uses to which it has attained within the g asp of the ordinary man has taken untold centuries of pains and labor, and discovery upon discovery has been required to develop it.

Now a new metal is coming upon the field, which some claim will soon be all its own, and iron, the metal heretofore without a peer, and the greatest factor of human progress, must step down and out. Aluminum, they say, can be hardened till the diamond is its only rival; it can be drawn into a wire so fine or hammered into sheets so thin that the gold-beater alone can do the work; the tensile strength of the wire rises to 100,000 pounds to the square inch of

or hammered into sheets so thin that the gold-beater alone can do the work; the tensile strength of the wire rises to 100,000 pounds to the square inch of section; water and atmosphere cannot corrode it; it will burnish like polished silver, blows cannot crystallize it, and its conductivity of heat surpasses that of copper. Then its alloys make an intifriction metal that goes beyond the power of brass or babbitt to produce.

Sixty years ago a drop of aluminum was produced in a German laboratory after a research of fifty years with the best appliances of the time, and twenty years more were necessary to produce a larger bead. Then in ten years more the metal was on the market at \$32 per pound.

Since then chemistry has been struggling with the task and by its constant efforts the price has dropped to \$15 a pound, and now a new discoverer tells that it can be put on the market at \$4 to the pounds. We know the metal well, and the chemist has tried it in his laboratory; he has hammered and drawn, and melted and hardened, until every quality is known, but still the price must make it rare. It costs one-eighth the price of thirty years ago, and still it is 400 times is known, but still the price must make it rare. It costs one-eighth the price of thirty years ago, and still it is 400 times the cost of iron. So it matters little that it stands third in quantity of all the substances of which the earth is formed, that it lies about us in every bed of clay, or shale, and that nearly every rock is but an ore bed with wondrous possibilities; so long as nature holds the secret key by which it can be ualocked and freed from the combinations in which we find it, it cannot take the place of iron. That this cannot take the place of iron. That this may come in time is not beyond the range of what can be regarded as a possibility, but it must come by slow and labored steps; meanwhile our iron will hold its own and be used as heretofore, while aluminum must be a laboratory metal for a while, and get occassional ap plication in the more expensive imple meats of science.—Power.

Fallacies in Regard to Diet.

That there is any nutriment in beef tea made from extracts. There is none

made from extracts. There is none whatever.

That gelatine is nutritious. It will not keep a cat alive. Beef tea and gelatine, however, possess a certain reparative power, we know not what.

That an egg is equal to a pound of ment, and that every sick person can eat them. Many, especially those of nervous or bilious temperament, cannot eat them, and to such eggs are injurious.

That because milk is an important article of ford it must be forced upon a patient. Food that a person cannot endure will not cure.

will not cure. That arrowroot is nutritious. It is simply starch and water, useful as a restora-

tive, quickly prepared.

That cheese is injurious in all cases.
It is, as a rule, contra-indicated, being usually indigestible; but it is concentrated nutriment and a waste-repairer,

and often craved. patient are whims and should be denied. ach often needs, craves for and digests articles not laid down in any dietary. articles not laid down in any dietary. Such are, for example, fruit, pickles, jams, cake, ham or bacon, with fat, jams, cake, ham or b cheese, butter and milk.

That an intlexible diet may be marked out which shall apply to every case. Choice of a given list of articles allow able in a given case must be decided by the opinion of the stomach. The stomach is right, and theory wrong, and the judgment admits no appeal. A diet which would keep a healthy man healthy might kill a sick man, and a diet sufficient to sustain a sick man would not keep a well man alive. Increased quantity of food, especially of liquids, does not mean increased nutriment; rather decrease, since the digestion is evertaxed and weakened. Strive to give the food in as concentrated a form as possible. Consult the patient's stomach in preference to his cravings, and if the stomach rejects a certain article do not force it. - New York Mail and

A Witty Repl;

President an Buren's son, familiarly known at Prince John, was a man of great natural ability, a good lawyer, and great natural ability, a good and a ready wit. On one occasion he had taken some technical legal advantage by which his opponent's client in an action was non-suited. The man was furious, was non-suited. The man was furious, and declared his purpose to give John a piece of his mind when he saw him; he would wither him. Happening to see John one day at Downing's, standing at the bar, he boldly confronted the Prince, and, being a small man, locked up at him hercely and burs out: "Mir. Van Buren, is there any clent so low and mean, or any case so masty, that you won't undertake to defend him in "?" "I don't know," said John, soopping to put away another oyster; then bending down and confidentially drawing out his reply in the little man's ear: "What you been doing?"—Ben; Perley Poere. ROS SOLIS.

Paracelsus says that the herb called Ros Solis is at noon, and under a burning sun, alled with dew, while the other herbs around t are dry.—Bacon
Thou lowly herb!
The lesson thou canst teach, my heart would learn!
For the road is hot,
The centre of my below and the state of the learn is the state of the learn.

The centre of my being a dry spot.
I hurry and I burn,
I'll by the way-side here I thee discern,
Where thou dost hold and gather to thy

One cold sweet drop,

While I am so oppr Low upon my knees I pause
To watch thee nourishing the dew that fell
In one still hour when heaven blest earth
With her cool kiss.

In that hour of bliss Behold a sacred birth! What voice could tell, As whispers this cool drop, The body's mystery,

The spirit's prop? Ye who have gladness known, was it a toy Broken with years and cast away? Or does it live, a coolness in the heat, Is it a song for those who cannot sing, Turning as this flower has done, Even in the burning sun, The sadness of remembered joy Into a grace no living joy can bring?

—Annie Fields, in Harper's

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A rural guide says: "Cuttings root easily now." So do pigs.—Tid-Bits.

"That won't go down with me" said the skeptical man a3 he looked at a pill.

—Carl Pretzel.

Dr. Mary Walker is a living illustration of the well-known fact that clothes do not make the man.—Puck.

"The circus is one of the oldest diversions known to man," says an exchange. So is a circus joke.—Burlington Free

A cheese factory is to be started at Caraceas, South America. The natives will then live, no doubt, on Caraceas and cheese.—Pitsburg Chronicle.

cheese.—Pittsburg Chronick.

For luck he carries off the palm,
Than Lucifer he's prouder.
Who gets the solitary clam
That's served up in the chowder.
—Boston Courier.

Sam Jones, in speaking of converting hard-hearted newspaper men, say's he couldn't touch a Chicago reporter with a ten-foot pole. He ought to have tried a 10-cent cigar.—Washington Critic.

Many a homely girl who doesn't believe at all that osculation will cure freekles is ready to try the experiment, nevertheless, just to convince a superstitious young just to convince a superstitious young man that there is nothing in it.—Som r-

ville Journal. The poet who asked, "Oh where can rest be found?" had never visited the store of a merchant who never advertises. If he could once see one of this mer-chant's clerks he would not ask such a child-like question—Lynn Union.

A young man in Gainesville, Fla., sent seventy-five cents to a fellow in New York York who advertised "How to make money fast." He received from the New Yorker the valuable informa-tion; "Take a paper bill and make it fast to something with paste."

"What is that Bicycle Man doing, father. See! he has Jumped Forward from his Wheel and is putting his Face to the Earth. Is he Kissing it?" "No, my son; the Man has his Ear to the Earth. He is Listening. He thought he heard. Someting Drop."—Burlington

It is singular how one can be decrived It is singular how one can be decreted in things. A scientist has discovered that a flash of lightning is not instantaneous, but has a duration of 'from 1-1000 tf 1-10000 of a second." This is a differ ence, of course, but it is hardly enough to give a man time to dodge the flash. Norristoren Herald.

Old Chappie-"Ah, Peters, and weally, Chawles, you must excuse me, yer know. He's a nice fellow, and all that, but he wears such a beastly and an that, but he wears such a beastly old-fashioned collar, and always carries nis gloves with the ingers in front instead of behind, that weally, ye know, I am ashamed to walk with him.

Queen hristina, in a few short years, may be seen at the chamber window, with only one sleeve of her dress on, geswith only one sieeve of ner dress on, ges-ticulating violently at a boy in the back yard and shouting: "Here, you bad boy, Alphonzo Elonze Amadeo Montpen-aier Maximilian Carlos Phillippo Alberto Miguel Padrillo Memanez Santillos Quintana Zorillia! come right in out of that wet grass or I'll give you such a lesson is you won't forget in one while!"—Washington Post.

Dr. Holmes says that on "horseback man's system becomes clarified, a man's system becomes clarified, be-cause his liver goes up and down like the handle of a churn." Dr. Holmes is half right—just about half right. If he should ever get on a native Dakota pony that had inherited a bad disposition he would be surprised to, find himself climbing up toward the blue vault of heaven making frantic efforts to clutch his liver, which would be going on his liver, which would be going on ahead of him like the handle of a churn that had tried to agitate a couple of gallons of nitro glycerine.—Estelline Bell.

An elaborate table, just compiled for Lloyd's Register, shows that last year there were built in the nations of the world 692 vessels of over 100 tons each, and 382 of these ships were built in the United Kingdom and sixty-eight in the

The flats in Paris at present unoccupied would accommodate 200,000 people.