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In the Interests of the Colored People of the Country.

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

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In the matter of ingenuity the American people lead the world. More applications for patents are received and more patents granted at the Patent Office in Washington than in any two countries of Europe. Great Britain comes next on the list, France third, and Germany fourth. It was not until 1836 that the Patent Office was organized as a separate bureau with a Commissioner and suitable assistants for the proper discharge of its duties. It is rather a singular fact that during that year only one application for a patent was filed. The next year the number increased to 106. The increase has steadily grown, until in 1886 the applications filed numbered 21,797. The whole number of patents granted since 1836 is, in round numbers, 355,000.

Dr. William H. Gray, of West Falls, Md., is quite sure that he has at last discovered the secrect of perpetual motion, and has constructed a wheel which he thinks will run forever. It derives its motion from the attraction of gravitation, a mechanical movement being placed on the wheel in such a way that the descending side is the heaviest. By the force of its action it keeps the wheel steadily in motion. The wheel is twenty-six inches in diameter by eight inches in thickness, and is mounted on a wooden frame resembling a grindstone frame. The wheel is keyed to a steel axle, which rests on brass bearings. Dr. Gray has had one of the machines at his house working steadily for more than three months. He labored twenty years over its invention.

One of the most remarkable formations of common salt in this country, and indeed in the world, is that on the Island of Petile Anse, 125 miles west of New Orleans. It was discovered in 1862 while sinking a well, and was immediately seized by Jefferson Davis as a Confederate supply. The salt is underground at a depth ranging from ten to twenty-three feet. One hundred and fifty acres have, up to the present time, been traced, and a depth of 140 feet been reached. The salt is taken out in massive crystalline blocks, and is of the clearest white appearance. It is nearly chemically pure, contains 99.88 per cent. pure salt, the remaining fraction of a per cent. being gypsum and chloride of lime. The mines are owned by the Avery family, and are worked by a New York firm, which pays $3,000 per month as a royalty for the privilege.

There is a law in San Francisco, aimed especially at the Chinese, requiring that sleeping apartments shall contain 500 cubic feet of pure air to each occupant. Recently, two San Francisco police officers made raids on two lodging houses in the Chinese quarter, and arrested forty-seven violators of the law. As a matter of precaution, so that he might be able to identify the prisoners when they came to court, one of the officers marked each with a small sign written with an analine pencil. When the defendants were brought before the judge they were represented by counsel, who declared that, as a separate complaint had been filed against each party accused, each would have to be tried separately. The first one called up was found guilty, he having been identified by the small mark on his neck. In the language of the day, the other defendants "got on the mark business," and in a few minutes forty-six Chinamen were each observed wetting the tip of the right index finger with saliva and rubbing the spot where the mark had been. Two more of the defendants were called for trial, but each had to be discharged, as the officer was unable to find the identification mark. The cases of the others were postponed.

IN SORROW.

When thou art sorrowful and cares around
Crowd fast upon the steps of happier days:
When thou believ'st brightest things can lend
The saddest echo to the gayest lays—
As men of old were fed with angel's food,
Go, seek thy remedy in doing good.

When those to thee dearest shall have died,
And each fresh day grow weary to thine eyes;
When every hope that others build upon
Comes to thy senses with a sad surprise—
Take up the burden of another's grief;
Learn from another's pain thy woe's relief.

Mourner, believe that sorrow may be bribed
With tribute from the heart, nor sighs, nor tears,
But nobler sacrifice—of helping hands,
Of cheering smiles, of sympathetic ears,
Oft have the saddest words the sweeter strain;
In angel's music let thy soul complain.

Then Grief shall stand with half-averted foot
Upon the threshold of a brighter day;
And Hope shall take her sweetly by the hand
And both kneel down with Faith to meekly pray,
Lifted from earth, Peace shall immortalize
The heart that its own anguish purifies.

—Chambers's Journal.

THE OLD HOUSE.

It was snowing! And nobody who has not had personal experience on the subject, knows what a regular New Hampshire snow-storm means.

A cloud of flying needles sharply puncturing your face, a wind keen as the edge of any cimetar, a white, blinding vail separating you from the rest of the world—these are some of the signs and symptoms.

And Edgar Everly felt them in their most merciless mood, as he stood helplessly on the edge of a mountain cliff, staring around him in vain search of some familiar landmark.

"I am lost!" said he. "Exactly—and it serves me right. It strikes me that I had better have staid at home and faced Kathleen's Valentine party, after all."

For, to be frank with the reader, Mr. Everly had ignominiously retreated before his sister's gay Valentine reception, to the great grief of the half dozen pretty young girls who were sojourning in the house.

"Do stay, Ned!" pleaded Kathleen Everly, almost with tears in her eyes.

"Stuff and nonsense!" the young man had returned. "A man is always at a disadvantage on such occasions at this. And I never was a worshiper of old St. Valentine. Besides, I've often wondered what those Signal Service fellows did with themselves up on the top of the mountain in winter time. They say they're an awfully jolly set of chaps, if once you can get at 'em."

"Oh, Edgar, you will certainly be lost," said his mother, in a panic.

"I! Lost on Silver Peak! That is a good one!" cried out Everly. "Wasn't I born and bred under its very shadow? I wonder what you will be saying next, you feminines!'

But the unconsciously-uttered prediction had come true.

He was, truly and actually, lost on Silver Peak. No one was altogether safe in such a bewildering snow-storm as this. It was not such an extraordinary circumstance, if only he had made allowance for it.

But as he groped blindly with his stick, vaguely fearful lest he should be precipitated into some unfathomable abyss below, the ferule came in contact with a rude stone wall; the bleating of young calves reached his ear.

"Aha!" he cried, exultingly; "now I know where I am. It is the Old House, where Farmer Eastwood keeps his calves!"

The "Old House" was a ruined farm-dwelling, built long ago for the temporary accommodation of some old settler, who had abandoned it as soon as possible for more commodius quarters.

It stood on the edge of a scrubby thicket of pines and cedars, and no one ever came near it who could help themselves.

But the owner—one Mr. Eastwood, a prosperous farmer, who lived on a sunny plateau halfway down the mountain—frequently used it for the accommodation of his flocks and herds when the home barnyards were full.

"My bovine friends," said Everly, regaining his spirits at once, "I am sorry to disturb you, but I am as great a calf as yourselves upon this unfortunate occasion, and a shelter of any sort is as important to me as it is to you."

And feeling his way to the low doorway, from which the porch had long since mouldered away, he entered the Old House.

Originally it had consisted of two rooms, in the smaller of which three or four speckled calves were shut, and Everly looked disconsolately around him, standing in the larger apartment.

"One would freeze to death here!" said he, "Once more I will seek the help of the bovines."

And opening the rude pine door, he snugged himself down among the calves, thankful to share in their warmth, as he wrapped his cape close about his shoulders."

"Hail fellows well met," thought he. "If they were gipsies or brigands now, there might be something sentimental in the whole affair. But—calves! Well, I may as well go to sleep. The danger of freezing is over now."

When he roused up from the death-like slumber of thorough fatigue, the partition-door stood open, the calves were munching sweet hay, and, wonder of wonders, a ruddy fire of brush-wood and pine-cones was casting its reflection on the stone walls behind him; and two plump, cherry-cheeked girls sat on the floor, in blaze, front of the, talking to each other.

"I m asleep!" thought Edgar Everly, staring at the pretty transformation-scene which had sprung up so suddenly in the midst of the snowy darkness. "Dreaming! I shall wake up presently with my toes and finger-ends frozen stiff! But it's an uncommonly jolly dream, anyhow, and I'll enjoy it while I can. What is this delicious smell? It can't be coffee and toasted johnny-cake, can it? People don't smell coffee and johnny-cake in dreams, that ever I heard of."

Just then a voice broke the thread of his reflections.

"How nice the coffee was! It was just like yon, Rhoda, to think of bringing it"

"Oh, well!" another sweet voice responded; "I've been out here before in a snow-storm. Somebody must go, you know, and Aleck is in Concord, and father's rheumatism is worse than usual to night. And Ted, the farm-boy, is always afraid of Silver Peak when it snows. Nothing would induce him to come."

"But weren't you afraid, Rhoda?"

"I?" echoed the lark-sweet tone. "Wasn't I born here?"

"My words exactly," thought our hero. "I should like to come out upon the scene and ask for a taste of that Arabian draught, but I might frighten these mountain-fairies away if I were to be too precipitate. I'll be patient and bide my time."

"And," went on pretty Rhoda Eastwood, "I knew it was possible we might be detained here all night. So I brought the matches along, and the candles and the pail of coffee."

"Hello!" thought Mr. Everly. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish! I must come out sooner or latter. They're going to stay here all night!"

"Rhoda?" whispered a soft little voice.

"Well, Nannie?" was the sweet answer.

"Aren't you afraid now?"

"Afraid?—you goose! What should I be afraid of?" merrily retorted the farmer's daughter.

"I—don't—know," slowly answered Nannie. "Only it's so lonesome."

"There are the calves, you know," laughed Rhoda.

"Humph!" said Mr. Everly to himself. "And it's St. Valentine's Eve," added Nannie,

"Well," said Rhoda, "what of that?"

"They're going to have a dance up at Squire Everly's," said Nannie.

"Well, and how does that concern us?"

"I should like to have gone," said Nannie, clasping her knees after a meditative fashion. "I never was at a Valentine party. What does it mean, Rhoda, anyway?"

"Oh, I don't know!" said Rhoda, flinging fresh pine cones on the fire. "There's an old saying, I believe, that the first man you see on St. Valentine's morning is your true love for the rest of the year."

"And no longer?" in accents of disappointment.

"How do I know?" laughed Rhoda. "I never was at a Valentine's party, either!"

"I wonder whom we shall meet going down the mountain to-morrow?" said Nannie, after a brief silence.

"As if it wasn't all nonsense!" said Rhoda.

How pretty she looked as she sat there, with the flashing red reflections dancing on her raven hair and mirrored in her liquid brown eyes!

"But one must talk nonsense sometimes," pleaded Nannie. "We have got to pass away the time somehow. If we go to sleep, and let the fire go down, we shall be frozen to death. Oh, good gracious! what's that?"

Some slight, unconscious movement on the part of their hidden auditor had frightened the calves; there was a sudden plunge and outcry in their midst. Edgar perceived that his ambuscade was no longer possible; he emerged boldly into the light.

"Ladies —" said he.

"It's a man!" screamed Nannie. "Oh, oh, we shall be robbed and murdered! Oh, oh!"

And she clung desperately to Rhoda Eastwood

"I beg a thousand pardons, I am sure," pleaded Everly. "It isn't my fault. I'm not responsible. I couldn't help it, indeed. I am Squire Everly's son—from Harvard, you know—and I somehow lost my way on the mountain. And hearing the calves, it was the most natural thing in the world to come here for shelter—and I dropped asleep, and when I woke up, you were talking here. I hope I haven't frightened you very much; but I'm almost frozen, and half-famished into the bargain; and if there should happen to be a few drops of coffee left in the bottom of that tin pail—"

"How stupid we are!" cried Rhoda Eastwood, blushing beautifully, as she poured out a gourd-shell of the fragrant coffee, and presented it, together with a yellow slice of johnny-cake, to their guest. "You are very welcome at the Old House, Mr. Everly. Sit down by the fire. Oh, there's no fear of the supply of pine-cones giving out! We always fill a bin full here every fall for just such emergencies as this."

"This is delightful!" said our hero, thawing himself out, as it were, by the fire. A sort of winter picture, eh? But, I can tell you, it came very near being something serious with me. I wanted to get away from my sister's merry-making, don't you see?" he added, frankly; "and this is the sort of doom I've brought upon myself!"

"So they sat and talked in the fire-light, quite losing sight of all stiffness and ceremony in the cordial fellowship engendered by their mutual plight.

Everly was surprised at the delicate culture and native refinement evinced in every look and word of Esau Eastwood's daughter.

Rhoda wondered how any one could ever have called Edgar Everly cold or reserved; and little Nannie Voorhees, fast asleep, with her head on Rhoda's lap, dreamed—who knew of what?—until the chiming of the far-away midnight bells, borne up the mountain-side by the strong north wind, suddenly broke across the shriek of the tempest.

"The wind has changed. It will stop snowing soon," said Rhoda, quietly.

"Miss Eastwood—" said Everly.

"Well?"

"Don't think me impertinent, but—"

"No, I don't. Go on."

"But," added Everly, "we are each other's Valentines!"

"Are we?" Rhoda burst out laughing. "So we are—for a whole year."

"And perhaps longer. Who knows?" His tone was just a little sentimental perhaps—at least it might have been, if Nannie had not waked up just then.

"Where am I?" said she, stretching out her pretty calico-covered arms. "Oh, I remember now! We are snow-bound; and I was dreaming of St. Valentine's Day!"

With the dawn a faint rose-flush had overspread the sky. Rhoda had proved a true prophet—the storm was over.

And the three merrily descended the mountain side together.

"Remember," Edgar said, as he gave a pasting pressure to Rhoda's hand, at the Eastwood farm-gate, "you are my Valentine!"

"For a year," corrected Rhoda, calmly.

"But the lease is renewable at the year's end!" urged Everly.

And so the matter is left—to be settled a twelve months hence as old St. Valentine may decide.

"He s a good sort of a saint," says Mr. Everly, who is falling deeper and deeper in love with the farmer's daughter with every day. "I'm quite willing to leave it to old St. Valentine!"—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

Execution by the Sword in Siam.

Preparations were made by inserting in the ground three bamboo crosses about two feet in length, to which the arms of the doomed men were to be tied, they sitting on the ground, and three poles about six feet long upon which were to be placed the heads of the criminals, says Colonel Jacob Child, writing from Siam to the Richmond (Mo.) *Conservator*. This done the crowd was driven back. The doleful sound of a gong beating at short intervals, the sudden hush of the crowd told that the prisoners were approaching, and in the centre of a squad of soldiers and policemen they entered the place that had been reserved, about thirty feet square. The soldiers and police formed in a square as a means of keeping the spectators back. A Siamese nobleman examined the crosses to see that everything was ready; the Judges of the court were in attendance, escorted by attendants bearing swords in red velvet sheaths. The prisoners, three in number (the King, who is very humane, having commuted the sentence of fourteen to imprisonment for life on his birthday), seemed perfectly cool and collected. They had each a long bamboo pole, some six feet in length, on their necks, in the front of which was an oval piece of wood through which their hands were placed, with chains on their necks and legs. In a short time the yokes and chains on their necks were taken off, and, as the ground was wet and muddy by the trampling of the crowd, large banana leaves were placed on the ground and they were ordered to squat down on them; then they were fastened to the crosses, the flowers and sticks were stuck up in the ground in front of them, the sticks lighted, and for a few minutes the victims of the law prayed most fervently in silence, they having been engaged in prayer at the wat about four hours previous to being brought to the place of execution. This over, mud was inserted in their ears so that they could not hear the executioners when they approached and were instructed to lean forward and keep their eyes rivited on the flowers and burning sticks. While waiting the coming of the executioner the chief of the band of robbers smoked a cigarette, and it was only by the heaving of his chest that one could detect any emotion. All of a sudden the crowd parted, three executioners, dressed in red and gold fringe on their clothes, glided through the opening, dancing as they came, saluted with their shining swords and on reaching the prisoners the bright steel flashed in the air, you heard a thud, the head fell to one side hanging by a piece of skin, and the law was avenged. With another salute the executioners disappeared: then a man with a sharp knife severed the heads and stuck them on the poles, a hideous sight, then coolly chopped the hands of the dead men off so as to get the irons that were solidly riveted on, and the bodies were left on the ground for the vultures to eat or their friends to steal and give burial after nightfall. The heads were taken off simultaneously, so quick that I could scarcely realize it, and it seems to me that death was instantaneous, save that the heads showed spasmodic action, the eyes and mouth opening and shutting, which lasted for some time after being on the poles.

The crowd in attendance was most orderly—not a drunken man to be seen, and entire silence prevailed—and when the execution was over left the grounds without the least confusion, and there could not have been less than a thousand present. The prisoners were old offenders: one of them, I was informed, having been implicated in fifteen robberies and several murders. He was the chief, but had slipped through the meshes of the law repeatedly by the use of money; the others were younger men, and one of worthy parentage, but his money did not save him, as an example was needed to put a stop to outlawry, and it has done so, for the robberies have ceased and the band is broken up.

Toughnut street is the name of the principal thoroughfare in Tombstone, A. T.

"SHOOTING" AN OIL WELL.

RAISING PETROLEUM FROM ITS UNDERGROUND PRISON.

A Curious Process in the Pennsylvania Oil Region.—A Theory as to the Origin of Oil.

For two hours recently, writes Samuel P. Leland in the Chicago *Tribune*, I stood in a bleak wind to witness the process of "shooting" an oil-well. This is accomplished by letting down with a strong wire on a windlass tin tubes about three inches in diameter and fourteen feet long, filled with nitro-glycerine. Each of these tubes will hold about twenty quarts of the liquid. If the blast is to be made at the bottom of the well then the first can or tube is let down to rest upon the bottom, but if the stratum of rocks which it is desired to "shoot" be above the bottom, as is frequently the case, then smaller tubes are fastened upon the first charged tube for a support. These may be thirty or fifty feet long, or even more. The lower end of this tube, of course, rests on the bottom of the well, and sustains the charged tubes, which are carefully let down one upon the other until sixty, eighty, or even 100 quarts are thus deposited. In doing this every movement must be made with the utmost care, and is attended with great danger.

The liquid weighs about four pounds to the quart, hence a great weight must be provided for. On the upper end of the topmost tube an explosive cap is placed. The charge is exploded by dropping an iron slug, called, in the nomenclature of the oil country, a "go-devil." Cautious persons keep at a good distance. The operator gives the alarm and lets the slug drop. In a well 3,000 feet deep, filled with gas or oil, the weight may be twenty or even twenty-five seconds in descending. If the well is clear, of course its descent is more rapid. The first sensation one feels is a heavy thud, like the dropping of a great weight on the rocks. The next a trembling of the ground, and then a rushing roar, followed by a slight explosion, and a stream of sand, oil, water, pulverized "go-devil," and tubes, and black gas goes shrieking into the air in a dense column a hundred feet or more, and all is over.

If the blast is an effective one it is immediately followed by a flow of oil or gas. Often a dead and worthless well will at once begin to flow after the shock. One well near Butler that was dead and thought worthless was awakened to activity by a heavy blast and rewarded the owner with a flow of 700 barrels of oil daily.

A sixty-quart blast costs the owner of the well about $100, including the labor of placing it. This labor, as has been said, is attended with great danger. Sometimes, when the well is full of gas, the torpedo, after descending a few hundred feet, will be driven violently out of the well. In that case it is certain to explode by hitting the timbers of the derrick or when it reaches the ground in its descent. In either case general destruction of everything is certain.

Sometimes upon the explosion of a torpedo in a well, a large volume of oil is thrown into the air. This is often a sight of surpassing beauty, the oil breaking as it falls into countless drops, and each drop becoming a prism to reflect the sun's rays in matchless coloring.

So far the gas wells and oil wells are treated alike.

About the origin of oil and gas there has been much speculation. The surface indications are very unreliable. Some notion, however, may be formed from a knowledge of the geological structure of the rocks underlying a country. For instance, the gas and oil regions of Pennsylvania are on the central beds of the Devonism system, or old red sandstone, made famous by the writings of Hugh Miller. As is well known this formation is below the carboniferous system, in which are the coal measures. Long ago the notion was abandoned that the oil and gas come from coal. It is much more probable that they have an animal origin. The early seas were prolific of life, and the unsubstantial crust of the earth readily yielded to the volcanic forces. This caused continents and seas to frequently change places. By these upheavals of the ocean beds the waters were driven with great violence outward, carrying measureless masses of the shell fishes and crustaceans into the great estuaries and burying them under beds of sand and mud. These beds hardened into rocks. In these depositions, the sand being heavier than the mud, naturally fell to the bottom. This accounts for the fact that in nearly all oil borings a rock of slate or shale is passed before reaching the oil sand.

These vast beds of carboniferous matter, closely sealed, generated "spontaneous heat," and so intense was this heat that the oil was literally "tried" out of the organic forms. This oil was deposited in great basins, or mixed with the vast beds of sand. The weight of the superincumbent crust of the earth makes the wells flow, if the oil is abundant. If not, the pump must be used.

Add to this material water and atmospheric air, and gas is produced by the same process. And such gas, too, as the wells produce—rich in carbon, but largely lacking nitrogen; hence this gas is good for fuel, but has not the proper qualities for illuminating purposes. Knowing so much, we have, at least, a slight guide. The gas formation in Pennsylvania, stretching from Bradford on the north, in an irregular line, with varying width, to Washington County on the south, lies on what geologists call an "incline."

The annual accounts are coming from Dakota of the snowballs, some the size of apples, others as large as peck measures, that cover the prairies there. These balls are rolled by the wind, and there are thousands of them.

THE REASON.

My love's a maiden fair,
And she's sweet;
She has a modest air
And she's neat;
Her hair is golden brown,
And in ringlets it hangs down;
She's pretty from her crown
To her feet.

But 'tis not her charming face,
Fair to see,
Nor her modesty and grace,
I am free
To confess, nor any wiles
She employs, my heart beguiles,
But she keeps her sweetest smiles
All for me.

—Boston Courier.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Passing around the hat is one way of getting the cents of the meeting.—*Siftings.*

There is one branch of labor which must always be done by hand—picking pockets.

A new kind of stove is called "The Infant." It ought to be painted yeller.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

Firemen are rather discouraging fellows; it is their business to throw water on things.—*Lowell Citizen.*

The men of energy and pluck
Have found this maxim wise—
It never pays to run for luck
Unless you advertise.

—Springfield Union.

A new book is entitled: "Hold Up Your Heads, Girls." We trust they won't as long as they wear the present style of hat.—*Boston Post.*

A Charleston paper speaks of an opal "as large as a small hen's egg." We should think it would be difficult to set.—*Boston Bulletin.*

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says she can see more light than darkness in the world. So can we, Ella, when the sidewalks are one sheet of ice.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Softly the snow, in solemn night,
Covers bad things, like a pure, sweet mind,
Covers each house with a mantle of white,
But it never covers the mortgage, we find.

—Goodall's Sun.

The income of Madame Patti from her present six months' tour in this country, will be about $150,000. A good harmonica can be bought for fifteen cents.—*Tid-Bits.*

A New Haven man boasts of a cat that sits up like a kangaroo. We've never noticed how the cat on our back fence sits up; we only know that he yells all night like a hyena.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A Michigan woman kicked a bear to death. She had an awful sore throat, which accounts for her deviation from the usual method of scaring them to death by screaming—*Danville Breeze.*

Jogg—"Ah, old man! How is everything? Got nicely settled down?" Hogg—"Oh, yes, I settled down quickly enough. The trouble is that all my creditors are trying to make me settle up."—*Lowell Citizen.*

He had just reached the stage where he remarked: "Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air, clad in the beauty of a thousand stars," when a mother's voice was heard exclaiming: "Lucee, get your beau to carry out the ash barrel."—*New York Journal.*

First tramp—"I never failed yet to make money out of any thing I tackled." Second tramp—"You ought to be rich." "No I oughtened; I am as poor as an amateur violin performance." "How is is it possible, if you make money on every thing you tackled, that you are in such reduced circumstances?" "You see I make it a point never to tackle anything.—*Siftings.*

Biscuits for Dogs.

Twenty years ago the business of making dog biscuit was represented by a small shop in Holborn, nearly opposite Chancery Lane, and a weekly sale of a couple of tons. Now there is a vast factory near London bridge and another in New York, between which is a daily output and sale of from thirty to forty tons. This dog food is made of wheaten flour (chiefly that known as middlings), oatmeal, dates, beetroot and prairie meat. Dates were the first article of a vegetable or fruity nature introduced, and have had the anti-scorbutic effect so desirable in the feeding of dogs. For many years they only were employed, and at that time it was advised that fresh vegetables should be given twice a week, additional to the biscuits.

Searching for something that would obviate the need for this addition, it was discovered that the only vegetable which did not lose its distinguishing properties under the great heat to which the cakes are subjected in baking is beetroot, and as it has all the desirable elements; for some years all the biscuits sent out have contained beetroot. The last ingredient is prairie meat, which is not, as many suppose, tallow greaves or butchers' refuse. It is meat from Central and South America. From it all fat has been removed, but the most valuable gristle and bones remain to be ground up, and is not only of the highest quality from a feeding point of view, but perfectly sweet and good. Analysis has shown that it is much more nutritious than the beef usually sold in our butchers' shops, for it contains only five per cent. of water.—*London News.*

Why He Shouldn't Laugh.

Old Mr. Jones, of Austin, who has lost nearly all his teeth, was visiting the family of a neighbor, and picking up little Tommy, he began dancing him on his knee, laughing gaily as Tommy laughed.

Suddenly Tommy looked very earnestly at Mr. Jones and said:

"Why do you laugh so?"

"Oh, I laugh because you do."

"You mustn't, Mister Jones, for when you laugh you show all the teeth you haven't got."—*Siftings.*