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The Life Pilgrim.

There is no life, however smooth its outward current flows, But bears upon its heavenward way some sorrow as it goes. But sorrow shall be lost at last in God as in the sea. Life pilgrim, is it not enough to know this thing shall be? Our lips were made for victors' songs, our brows to wear the crown; Why stand ye then, O sons of God, with heavy hearts bowed down? However fierce the tempest be, your hopes may yet be warm. The lightning flash of God's great power can pierce the darkest storm. Then forward! let the midnight ring as grandly as the dawn, With songs that tell of earnest souls that march in courage on; The bitter conflicts of the world shall find in death a goal. Spurred by the eagle pinions of the glad and conquering soul. —(Earnest W. Shurtleff.)

A Station Agent's Stories.

"I was," said the man with the wooden leg, "station agent on the B. and R. railroad for a good many years, and several things occurred there which were the talk of the line and which you may find interesting enough to publish. My station was both insignificant and important. While it was only a hamlet in population, it was a railroad crossing. While every train seemed to be in a hurry to get away as fast as possible, all engines had to take water or coal, and various trains had to pull in on the long siding to let various other trains pass. "The policy of our road was rigidly. The object was to get everything cheap, and to work every man to the limit. My station building was little better than a shed, and it was impossible to get any repairs or improvements. I was required to act as telegraph operator, ticket seller, freight agent, chore boy, and all else, and did not have an hour I could call my own. I had a cot in the office, and was on call during the night. Let 'em sound my call while I was in the deepest sleep and inside of twenty seconds I was ready to answer. I should have had a first-class assistant at my station, but the company would not permit it. I must either do the work alone or get out for some one who could and would, and so I kept hanging on month after month and year after year, always thinking about going, but never making up my mind to it. The situation was grave enough to keep my nerves under constant strain. Train despatching was not the art it is now, and if a regular got behind her time it caused confusion all along the line. "One of the queer incidents occurred after I had had the station about two years. It was in the fall of the year, with a great deal of nasty weather, and trains were continually late. The last passenger train on our road passed me, according to schedule, at 10:12 p. m. The next one passed at 7:20 a. m., and it was supposed that the intervening time belonged to me. If the night freight was on time, and if I did not get a call on the instrument, and if there was no special on the line, and if a dozen other things did not occur, I could sleep from 11 to 6. It may have occurred that my sleep was unbroken five nights in a year. On all other nights I was turned out from one to three or four times. The night freight should reach me at 12:05—five minutes after midnight. She never left nor took up a car at my station, leaving that for the day freight, but made a stop of seven or eight minutes for coal and water. If there was a special on the line, or if there had been an accident, the freight might have to slide-track and wait, but such a thing was rare. "As a rule, I was always asleep when the freight came in, but somehow or other I knew of her arrival. I knew of it without waking up, and next morning could have told whether she was late or on time. Twenty-eight minutes after her time a passenger train on the other road made the crossing; this crossing was eighty rods above the station, and while I had nothing to do with the trains on the other road, I naturally kept track of them and knew whether they were late or on time. On this particular night I went to bed at 10:45, and was asleep before 11 o'clock. At 12:20 I suddenly awoke. The night freight had not come in. I had been sound asleep, but I knew she had not. She was fifteen minutes overdue, and yet my call had not been sounded. This to me meant some sort of accident between me and the next station north, which was eleven miles away. I at once called for the station, but the operator had gone. I ran to the door and looked out. There was a fine rain and a dense fog. "Freight trains are seldom on schedule time, and I had known those on our line to be an hour late without worrying over the fact. However, on this night I was all worry. The rain and the fog, the crossing, the fact of my waking up as I had, the failure to raise the agent at the station above, these things made me terribly uneasy, and at 12:25 I lighted my lantern, put on my rubber coat, and started up the line on a run. I had not gone forty rods

when I heard a hissing of steam, and two or three minutes later I could see the glare of a headlight through the fog. In a couple of minutes more I found our midnight freight—twenty-two loaded cars and a big locomotive—and she was standing directly on the crossing of the roads. I shouted as soon as I had made out the locomotive, but no one answered me. I pushed along to the cab, climbed up, and found the engineer and fireman on the floor of the tender, arms around each other, and fast asleep or dead. At that same moment the passenger train on the other road whistled for the crossing. "I am telling you, sir, that I lived a year for every minute in the next five or six. I knew very little about an engine, though I had seen how they were reversed and how the throttle was worked. If anything was done I must do it, and do it quickly. Why I did not pull ahead I do not know. It struck me that I must back up, and I flung over the bar, gave her steam, and she began to move. The steam had run down, and we moved at a snail's pace, and even when I pulled her wide open, the engine scarcely had power to back the heavy train. We did move, however, although it was foot by foot. I could hear the roar of the passenger train, and I knew that every second was hastening a terrible calamity, but I did not leave the engine. Back! back! back! we crawled, and of a sudden a great light flashed in my eyes, there was a crash, and I saw cars moving in front of me and disappearing into the darkness. What had happened? Well, I had backed the freight until the locomotive of the passenger train only carried away the pilot as it crossed our line. That was all the damage done, and no passenger had a suspicion of his narrow escape from an awful smash-up. "When the train had disappeared and I could realize the situation, I began to investigate. I ran back to the caboose but no one was to be found. I shouted and screamed, but soon found that I was all alone. Then, climbing back into the cab, I sought to arouse the engineer and his fireman. Dead? No. Drunk as two lords! Yes, sir. They were drinking men, though the company did not know it. They had been taken off another run two weeks before, and coming down the line on this trip had brought a bottle with them. At the station above they had reached the limit, and in their drunken dexterity had suddenly pulled out and left all the train crew behind. The conductor could not readily find the station agent, and when he did rout him out and get him to the office I was out of mine and did not answer his call. The two men had let the steam go down, and the train had crawled down to the crossing and been stopped where I found it. The men were by that time too drunk to stand up, and had grabbed each other and rolled on the floor to sleep. I was yet in the cab, trying to kick some sense into them, when the conductor and his two brakemen arrived on a hand car, and after getting up steam we got the train over the crossing to the station. The two drunks ought to have been sent to state prison, but for fear of the story getting into the papers they were allowed to skip. "It was with this same night freight I had a startling adventure the next summer. I had gone to bed and to sleep before it came in. It was exactly 11:50, as shown by the clock, when I got a call on the instrument, and as I sprang out of bed I heard the operator at K—, a station eighteen miles below me, clicking off, "For God's sake stop me and slide-track No. 9! There's a runaway engine coming up the line!" I got lit by ear, you understand, and I gave him an "O. K." as soon as he was done. In three minutes I was out doors and had my "Danger—Stop" signal set for the first time in months, and as I started down the track with my lantern I could hear the rattle of No. 9 as she crossed the bridge three miles above. She was on time and booming right along, but it was clear and the red light would stop her. "I should have told you that there were two tracks in front of the station. One was the main track, of course, and the other a long siding, with a switch at either end. No. 9 had the right of way at night, and, instead of slide-tracking her, I proposed to switch off the runaway. I went down over the ties as hard as I could run, and just as I reached the switch I heard No. 9 blow for my station. While I was unhooking the switch, the engineer called for brakes, and then I knew he had seen the light and would stop. I pulled the bar over, and then picked up my lantern and ran back, reaching the station just as the heavy freight was coming to a standstill. My purpose was to run down and open the other switch, and thus let the runaway out on the main track again, to run until her steam went down, but I had scarcely moved a hundred feet when I heard her coming. It was then too late, and I stood on the platform to see her go past. She was truly a runaway. She had broken away from the accommodation train, which came no further up than G—, and was coming up with a full head of

steam and everything roaring. There was gross carelessness in bringing about this accident, but it was covered up and kept out of print. We could hear the runaway a mile off, and we could locate her as she came through the woods by the shower of sparks flying from her smokestack. On she came, and as she struck the switch it seemed as if she must go over. There was a clackety-clack and a bang, and she righted and whizzed past us like a fiery arrow. "We knew what would happen at the other end of the siding. There was a field beyond, and when the runaway left the rails she tore up a hundred feet of track, made splinters of a score of ties, and ploughed her way into the field for a quarter of a mile and blew up. Had she encountered No. 9 on the main track there must have been a terrible smash-up. At the speed she was going the runaway would have climbed right on top of the train. After the explosion I entered the station and called for K—, to give him the news, but he could not be raised. I could not get him until the usual hour next morning, and then I learned something which made my hair stand on end. He had not heard a word of the matter. He was not in his office when the accommodation passed, and he had heard nothing from G—, the station where the engine broke away. I then called for the agent at G—, and it turned out that at 5 o'clock on the afternoon previous, he had met with an accident by which he had been made delirious all night. When they went for him to telegraph about the engine he was in bed, and being held there by nurses, and they did not even try to make him understand what had happened. As a matter of fact and record, no living hand clicked that message to me. Every man on the line was examined, but all denied it. I heard it and understood it, and acted upon it, and it came from K—. How do I explain it? I never could. I have had people tell me that it was mind telegraphing to mind, but you can take any theory you wish. I was called for in the usual way, understood fully what was being said, and hurried out to do what I have described. The matter has been a puzzle and a mystery for years, and I have no hopes of a solution. "How did I lose my leg? Well, there was a mystery about that. We had changed our time and a passenger train passed my station at 2 a. m. I awoke one night at 1 o'clock, feeling that the upper switch had been left open by the freight train. I lighted my lantern and ran up there, and sure enough it stood wide open, and a death trap had been set for the express. I closed it, and was on my way back when three cars which had broken away from the freight several miles away, at the top of a grade, came whooping down, and, in trying to get out of the way, I made a stumble and got my leg under the wheels. I dragged myself into the station and tried to call up the offices above me, but could raise no one. The cars were missed, and hunted for from one end of the line to the other, and, strangely enough, they could not be found. It was an odd thing to lose cars in that fashion, and before they got through searching men walked over every foot of the line. It was six weeks before they were found. They had left the rails at a curve near a steep bank, and had gone over the rocks into a deep river without leaving a trace. It was as if they had been picked up and flung over by human hands. Being loaded with hardware, they had gone to the bottom, but the current rolled them along until they finally showed above the surface in a bend. When hauled out none of the three were damaged a cent's worth, but it was a deal of trouble to get them back to the rails again. —(New York Sun.)

A Parrot That Prays.
A family living near a church owns a very bright parrot. Every evening the bells of the church ring the "Angelus," and recently one of the little girls of the family was taught to recite the appropriate prayer at the sound of the bells. The parrot watched her carefully, and the other evening, at the first sound of the chimes, dropped to the bottom of the cage, put down his head and said the first few words of the prayer. He has kept this up ever since and is adding other words of the prayer as the little girl teaches them to him. —(Chicago News.)

The Wrong Kind.
"Bromley, I've been going through my last year's vests."
"Find any bills in the pockets, Darling?"
"Yes, one."
"Good. A \$30 bill I hope."
"No, a bill for \$18.53."
"But there isn't a bill of that denomination."
"Oh, there isn't eh? Bromley, it was a wash bill." —(Philadelphia Call.)

They Matched His Head.
"It's very cold," remarked Mr. McCormick, as he came in to dinner. "My hands are perfectly numb."
"Then they match your skull perfectly," was the unfeeling comment of his wife. —(Philadelphia Times.)

CHING AH KOW.

The Romance of a Chinese Ranchman and Miss Annie Freese.

A Celestial Cattle King Who Married an American Girl.

Ching Ah Kow, a Chinaman who arrived in San Francisco about six months ago from Texas en route for China with a pretty white wife and two children, was met on his return by an Examiner reporter, as he was crossing the bay to visit some friends in Oakland in company with his family and a servant. On being addressed by the reporter, Ah Kow appeared so affable and willing to talk that the scribe joined him on the boat. When seated his eyes beamed with a sort of quizzical intelligence as he remarked:

"I quite understand your curiosity. You have noticed that I have a white wife and a pair of pretty girls, and you want to know how I came by them. Isn't that so?"

"Well, I expect you have guessed it," remarked his companion, "but a police officer at the ferry has already told me that you were a cattle king from Texas."
"A cattle king?" he exclaimed, "why, I have not more than a thousand, but I have considerable land."

"How did you happen to make such an investment in that country?" was inquired.
"That lady you see over there, my wife, was the main cause, and I'm not a bad looking fellow myself in American clothes, am I?" he continued, straightening up.

The assent was given that he was not.

"Then you will admit that she was somewhat excusable in disregarding race prejudices. The whole story is that I lived in San Francisco until Kearney began to stir things up. Fearing that members of my race would be molested sooner or later, and not desiring to return to my native country poor, as I had run away from a wealthy father in Hong Kong, I determined to seek a new locality. Gathering together about \$500, I drifted south, and continued to drift through Arizona and Colorado, until I finally landed in San Antonio, Tex. There I opened a Chinese bazaar, and sold my goods at such enormous profits that it was but a short time before I had about \$5000. I was admitted as a member of the Social Club there, and became extensively acquainted. Among my acquaintances were many ladies. Many of them gave me cause to think that my attentions would not be repulsed. To one of these I became attached. Her name was Annie Freese. Again, that's my wife. I did not then know that she owned in her own name 1000 acres of land not many miles away. It was what you would call a case of true love, and it ran smooth."

At the closing sentence the reporter looked up rather suddenly.

"Oh, I'm quite conversant with your literature, as is evidenced by my fondness for Shakespeare and other authors whom, it is said, foreigners do not appreciate. Well, to continue, I paid my addresses to her. Then a revision of feeling seemed to take place. I was acceptable enough until I desired to marry one of their native daughters, though she was an orphan, by the way, Dr. T. McNear, her guardian, made it so warm that we had to run away and get married in another county by a Justice of the Peace. She was 19 years of age and I was 30 at that time. We got married, though, all right, and returned to face the music. It was a cold reception that we got. I told her that it would be all right, that I had over \$5000 and could make more. It was then that she told me that she had a thousand acres of land in her own right and a house and lot in the city. She advised me to buy cattle and stock. I then closed out my business to the advantage, bought cattle and plodded along until I was able to purchase five thousand head of stock, which are increasing. It is all paid for. The cowboys tried to kill me once or twice but I escaped."

"Why did you go to China?"
"To see my father, whom I had not seen for nearly eighteen years."
"And you return just on the eve of your new year?"
"That is the main reason I did return. I married a white woman and I desire to become a white man, or as nearly as possible. Furthermore, my business sadly needs attention."
"How do the people of San Antonio regard you and your wife now?"
"Things are all right now—you see, I have money; that makes some difference," and Ah Kow winked.

The boat arriving on the other side, the fat Chinaman and his vigorous and rosy wife bade the reporter adieu, informing him that they would take the overland train for their home that morning.

The family was the centre of attraction on the boat during the entire trip. Many people will remember the notoriety attaching to the marriage of

Ching Ah Kow and Miss Freese, the lady being of an old and eminently respectable family.

French Funeral Customs.
When a person dies in France his representatives immediately send out what are called "Lettres de faire payé" to all friends and even slight acquaintances, inviting them to assist at the religious service (supposing there is to be one) and the burial of the deceased. The circumstances generally state that the cortege will be formed at the house of the defunct. The more intimate friends assemble in the drawing room, where they are received by the nearest relatives of the deceased person. Meanwhile the coffin has been placed in the doorway of the house, which has been converted into a sort of chapel. The opening is draped with heavy black hangings bordered with silver fringe, and often embroidered with the arms or initials of the deceased.

If the ceremony is to be a religious one—it is very rarely a "civil" one—the friends sprinkle the coffin with holy water, which is placed at the head, in a silver plated vessel, together with a brush. When the procession is formed, the nearest relatives are the immediate followers of the coffin. The men invariably walk, if they are able to do so; ladies follow in carriages. A priest, accompanied by choir boys, vested in cassock and surplice, "fetches" the body. In the country they go on foot and chant, but in Paris they always head the cortege with a carriage. The general body of followers usually number several hundred.

The men go bereaved even in the burning sun and falling rain. As the hier passes the busiest and most efficient man acknowledges the solemnity of death by raising his hat. The ceremony in the church is plain or pompous, according to the position that the dead person occupied in the world.

In Paris there are five "classes" of funerals. A first-class funeral is a very elaborate and expensive affair. The church in which the service is held is profusely draped with black and silver. The catafalque is quite monumental and is all ablaze with candles, and green flames arise from tall lampadaires placed at the four corners of the catafalque. All the chanting power of the church is brought to bear upon the service, and professional singers are also engaged for the occasion.

The second and third-class funerals are also very ornate, but in the next decent difference is strongly marked. Finally we come down to the coffin made of pine and the severely plain canonical service for the dead. At the close of the service the chief mourners stand near the door of the church to receive the conventional shake of the hand from those who have been invited to the funeral. —(Boston Herald.)

Hunting Wild Ducks on the Chesapeake.

When driven out of the Great South Bay by the gunners, many of the wild fowl emigrate to the Chesapeake bay, where they are met with by sportsmen from Philadelphia and the neighboring cities. Although the gunners are just as eager there to get a few good shots at the birds the law is stricter than in New York state and the birds are less mercilessly killed off by sportsmen, by men and amateur gunners. North of Turkey Point and Spessut Island shooting is allowed only on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays of each week from the 1st of November to the 1st of January. All the gunning must be done between 5 o'clock in the morning and sunset. Night shooting with any kind of gun is prohibited and no one is allowed to shoot from a vessel, canoe, sneak-boat, or sink-box by day or night within half a mile of the shore. These laws are strictly enforced and heavy fines are paid by those who break them. It gives Maryland a better chance than many other states, and all visitors to the ducking grounds have to employ the resident owners of the boats, who make a good living in this way during the cold months of the year. Many wealthy people from the cities run down to the feeding-grounds with their yachts on shooting days; but even then they usually employ one of the bay men to go along with them as guide and general director of the expedition. Early in the morning the yachts and cat-boats can be seen cruising and maneuvering around the shore, waiting for the clock hands to point to the five o'clock hour, when they sweep over the line in a dead race for the shooting grounds, each boat bound to be the first on the spot. The game constable is on hand each morning, and he takes particular care to see that no boats cross the line until the appointed time. He gives the word to go at the proper time, and the yacht race then begins. —(Harper's Weekly.)

A Blessed Year.
Miss Ethel—And so you are really engaged to Mr. Sampson, Clara?
Miss Clara (blushing)—Yes, it all happened last evening, Ethel.
Miss Ethel—What a blessing leap year is, dear!

SCIENTIFIC SCRAP.

Lake Superior iron ore deliveries in the lower lake ports for the past season were 3,347,326 tons, an increase of over 1,000,000 tons. The gain in production has been 33 per cent., in rates 48 per cent. This year the miners are reckoning on an output of from 5,500,000 to 6,000,000 tons.

Probably the best lookout point or natural watch tower in the world is Caddo Peak, in Johnson County, Texas. It is a beautiful truncated cone, rising 300 feet above the level of the surrounding country, and from the top of it, on a clear day, one can see a distance of 400 miles up the rendering Brazos river.

Dr. Gotting has invented another gun which he calls the "Police gun," and which is designed for use in riots. It is brass, weighs seventy-eight pounds, is mounted on a tripod with a universal joint, works very much like the Gatting gun, and will deliver 1,000 shots a minute in any direction—sideways, up or down.

At a late meeting in London, Dr. E. P. Thwing stated that Americans are more susceptible to the influence of alcohol than Englishmen, and that they are more affected by tobacco than the Hollanders, Turks or Chinese. This he supposes to be due to an increased sensitiveness of the nervous system, induced by the high-pressure life of this country.

The force popularly believed to be exerted by nitro-glycerine and dynamite, when exploded, is somewhat misestimated. Thus, experiments show that the power developed by the explosion of a ton of dynamite is equal to 45,675 foot-tons; one ton of nitro-glycerine, similarly exploded, will exert a power of 64,453 foot-tons, and one ton of blasting gelatine, similarly exploded, shows a force of 71,057 tons.

Indications now point to the existence of a submarine volcanic crater between the Canary Islands and the coast of Portugal. From a cable-laying steamer in 39 degrees, 25 minutes north, 9 degrees, 54 minutes west, the water was found to measure 1300 fathoms under the bow and 830 under the stern, showing the ship to be over the edge of a deep depression in the ocean bottom. The well-known great inequalities in the bed of the Saa of Lisbon are thought to be due to a submarine chain of mountains.

It is reported that in Peru and other parts of South America the past year's fruit has been avoided by birds, while it has caused the death of sheep and cattle when fed to them in large quantities. These observations have been cited as tending to show that the instinct of birds, with respect to the wholesomeness of fruits, is frequently a worthy guide for human beings to follow. The possibility is suggested that the variation in the fruit of different years may have something to do with outbreaks of cholera.

A medical man mentions that, like his father and paternal grandfather, he has always had the power of voluntarily ejecting food or fluid from the stomach at any time. When troubled with acidity or nausea, the stomach is emptied at will without the slightest difficulty, and may be washed out with several glasses of water. At college this faculty was used for gain, large doses of narcotic poisons being swallowed for wagers, and afterward immediately expelled. An investigation is suggested to determine the cause of this gift, or what voluntary muscles account for it.

How Billy Patterson Was Struck.

About forty years ago, at one of the medical colleges of this country, the students had a trick of hazing every new man who entered the institution. They would secure him hand and foot, carry him by a mock tribunal and there try him for some high crime with which they charged him. He would be convicted, of course, and sentenced to be led to the block and decapitated. A student named William Patterson came along in time, and was put through the court and sentenced in the usual solemn and impressive manner. He was blindfolded and led to the block, and his neck placed in position. The executioner swung the ax and buried it in the block, allowing it, to be sure, to go nowhere near Patterson's head. The students laughed when the trick was at an end, but Patterson was dead. He had died from what we medical men call shock. All the students were put under arrest, and the question arose, "Who struck Patterson?" On the trial it was shown that nobody struck him, but the medical students retained the expression, and it has come down through them to the present day.

Cleverly Caught.

Dobson—Hello, Jobson, old man, how are you? Oh, by the way, can you change a twenty-dollar bill for me?
Jobson (pleased to be thought a capitalist)—Certainly, my boy, certainly.
Dobson—Good, I'm glad to hear it. Then you'll certainly be able to pay me that five dollars you borrowed last year.
And Jobson had to pay. —(Somerville Journal.)

Last Night.

Last night my dream-clad feet did tread
On well remembered paths; and I did see
The self-same scenes—the same stars shed
Their dreamy light on you and me;
The little stream coursed on its silent way,
Our little boat rocked idly at our feet,
And side by side we watched the shadows play,
And list to strange, weird music, wild
And sweet. Last night!
Last night we drifted down the self-same stream;
And I looked down into those midnight eyes,
And read in their clear depths my life-long dream;
They were to me my heaven and my paradise.
You sang, and e'er the echoes died away
My heart beat wildly with a throbbing pain,
My eyes were weeping, for I could not stay
The tears that came for the hopes long slain— Last night!

Last night e'er the evening shadows fell
We met, we parted, 'twas the last on earth,
I heard, as of yore, the village church bell,
As it rang on that eve of the Saviour's birth,
How little we dreamed as he turned to go,
The different paths we were doomed to tread!
Then my heart grew sick and my head bent low—
Oh, many the sorrow that lips never know!
And I sprinkled with tears a hope long dead
Last night.

Last night my dreaming fancy led me where
In days forgotten we would often stray,
And bid me dwell for one brief moment there,
And sip the fragrance of the new-mown hay
And faces that the sod hath covered o'er
And blotted from our sight, came back to me,
And phantom figures pressed the tufted floor
Where we two lingered in our infancy—
Last night.
—(George Wilmot Harris.)

HUMOROUS.

A good nick-name—Satan.
She stoops to conquer—The washerwoman.

The dresses of engaged young ladies wear out soonest about the waist.

Wonder if a balloon would be more effective if it were made of fly paper?
A European miser has learned to bark, so as to save the expense of keeping a dog.

Toast—An honest lawyer, the noblest work of God, when an old farmer added, "And about the scarest."

It is when a man sits down suddenly, unexpectedly and severely that he realizes what a hard, hard world this is.

The public look upon the college yell as a useless accomplishment, but in later years, when some of the boys get into the itinerant fish business, they find it comes powerful handy.

"I trust your late husband had something laid up for a rainy day," said a friend. "Indeed he had," replied the widow, with a fresh burst of tears, "he had seven umbrellas. John was the thriftiest man ever I see."

A Queer but Efficient Rule.

Chicago architects have a queer way of estimating the cost of the ten and twelve story buildings now being erected there. They take the dimensions and find the exact cubic contents. Then they say the building, if plainly finished, should cost 25 cents a cubic foot, and not more than 35 cents if elaborately finished. "This is a kind of 'Rule of Thumb' plan which the boat builders use to determine the carrying capacity of their vessels. The rule of thumb is said to be very exact, and so is the rule of the architects noted above. The use of the rule by the architects is almost universal throughout the west. It enables them to come somewhere near the cost of the buildings so that they can find out whether it is worth while to draw plans and make specifications. Contractors also use the rule so that they can give a rough guess and decide whether they will be able to carry such a large contract. —(Buffalo Express.)

A Shrewd Farm Hand.

The New York Tribune tells of a laborer who agreed to dig a farmer's potatoes for one potato a hill. The contract did not confine the laborer to a selection from each hill, so he took the largest wherever found. These averaged about half a pound in weight, and as there were 4000 hills to the acre, his share was just one ton, or 33 1-3 bushels. At sixty cents a bushel they amounted to \$20. He dug at the rate of one-fourth of an acre per day, making his daily wages \$5. It took one-fourth of the crop to pay him.

A Warning.

It is said of a trustee of Vassar that when once visiting the college he left his boots in the hall at night, as though at a hotel. Some of the girls, for the joke of it, set to work and blacked them, and then stuck a pretty bouquet in each. This is leap year. Keep your boots in, gentlemen, and don't be betrayed by finding bouquets in the toes of your slippers. Men have rights that even a leap year girl is bound to respect. —(Inter-Ocean.)