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THE STANDARD.

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THE STANDARD.
WE DO ALL KINDS OF
JOB WORK
—IN THE—
NEATEST MANNER
—AND AT—
THE LOWEST RATES.

POETRY.

The Dead Engineer.

Bill Nye claims to have copied the following from the tombstone of a railway employe interred in Hollywood cemetery, Richmond, Va.:

Until the brakes are turned on time,
Life's throttle-valve shut down,
He works to pilot in the crew
That wears the martyr's crown.

On schedule time, and upper grade,
Along the homeward section,
He lands his train at God's round-house
The morn of resurrection.

His time all full; no wages docked;
His name on God's pay roll;
And transportation thro' to heaven,
A free pass to his soul.

[Philadelphia Times.

BY J W. MEHAFFEY.

[The writer of the following was mail agent on the North Carolina railroad from 1856 to 1864, and on several occasions came near having his train landed at God's round-house, as he was in two collisions and side-tracked in the ditches several times. He has now reached and passed the top of the grade, the meridian of life, but, unlike the passengers so metaphorically described in the fourteenth verse, has put on the brakes and is nearing the river that divides Time from Eternity.]

Bill Nye, being a ladies' man, and partial to widows, saw a young widow come into the cemetery, carrying a basket of flowers, which she placed on a newly-made grave, thus drawing his attention away from the tombstone, he failed to copy the remainder of the inscription, which reads as follows:

His road was long, the night was dark,
His headlight trimm'd and burn'g;
His eyes were on the track; the sparks
Fell thick, for he was runn'g.

His road was straight, and up the grade
He made his drivers spin;
For he was on the standard gauge,
No narrow gauge for him.

His engine new, a good link motion,
His drivers six feet ten;
As he was striving for promotion
He left this world of sin.

His boiler steel, was burnish'd bright
And bound with golden bands;
The sills all sound, the track all right,
He had no use for sand.

No burnt flues in his machine;
Three gauges full of water;
His safety valve was bright and clean,
No hot box to bother.

His pistons worked just like a charm,
Eccentrics did their duty;
His pilot strong, he feared no harm,
His cab a perfect beauty.

His fire-box was filled with coal,
His damper was wide open;
186° the steam-gauge told,
No bolts were loose or broken.

His dome was large and full of steam,
And nicely cover'd with brass;
His engine was a perfect sheen,
No other train could pass.

His road was smooth, with stone ballast,
His track was all in line;
No trestle, bridge, or switch to pass,
He made his schedule time.

His schedule time was lightning speed,
His train was nice and trim;
His run was long, he took no heed
To creed, dogma or whim.

His engine's name was BROTHERHOOD;
His coaches CHARITY,
LOVE, PEACE, MERCY, KINDNESS, DO GOOD,
JUSTICE, HUMANITY.

Track all steel rail and nickle plate,
Each coach was lined with gold;
Reclining seats, improved of late,
Beautiful, I am told.

Conductor none, to pull bell cord
Or put us off the train;
No baggage smasher on his road
To make us think profane.

No politicians on his train—
They've gone the other road!
Where grades are steep, no need for steam,
Where brakes can do no good.

On his train no preference is made—
All first, no second-class—
The passage fares were all prepaid,
Each preacher had his pass.

Though many single tracks there are,
Both broad and narrow-gauge,
With money as the Bethlehem star,
Sam Jones, Spurgeon, Talmage.

Their engines, though, are lighter built,
Their coal is just as black;
Their tenders are more apt to tilt
And throw them off the track.

When he pull'd into God's round house,
And cool'd his engine down,
Was heard to say, when Peter asked,
"Where can Jay Gould be found?"

"Where can Jay Gould be found?"
His mind
Was in a tranquil mood;
"Where?" he said, in accents most kind,
"HE WENT THE OTHER ROAD!"

Concord, N. C.

Of the fifty or more ambitious writers who have attempted to fill Josh Billings' shoes no one has succeeded in drawing attention.

Anecdotes of Old Tennessee.

SOME UNPUBLISHED STORIES ABOUT JACKSON AND HENRY CLAY.

New York Herald.]

On the records of the court of Sumner county, Tenn., for the year 1795 there is this entry:

"The court thanks Andrew Jackson for his brave conduct."

There is no information concerning what Mr. Jackson did to deserve thanks in this form, at least at the court in question. "Old Joe Guild," a prominent lawyer and State character, who died a few years ago, removed from that county to Nashville. He used to relate that when he grew up and became a Jackson man there were still magistrates living of the 1795 period. Of them he inquired concerning this entry. It seems that the county court had the trial of misdemeanors. A gang of bullies defied the court, juries, and sheriff, and persisted in terrifying the surrounding country. They were indicted by the grand jury but came into court and declared that they would not be tried, that it was against the laws of nature which governed the conduct of gentlemen and protected them from such undignified prosecution. By the next term of court Jackson had been chosen district attorney. On his arrival he hitched his horse, carried his saddle bags into court and placed them besides him while he perused the docket. The first thing he did, to the amazement of every one, was to call the cases of the bullies. The entire gang came into court and declined to be tried, repeating their accustomed argument. Mr. Jackson remonstrated and assured them that there was no way to avoid a trial; that the law must be obeyed, no matter whom it hurt, that it was no respecter of persons. The bullies became boisterous and threatening. Instantly Jackson pulled his pistols from his saddle-bags and a free fight began in the court room. The leadership of the young lawyer inspired the people present who were in favor of the enforcement of the law, and they joined with Jackson, whipped the entire crowd of bullies, took them into court, where they were tried, convicted and sentenced to the full penalty prescribed by statute. That was the last of the bullies, and the occasion of the unexplained entry on the records of the court of Sumner county for 1795.

Sumel B. Morgan, who built the State capitol of Tennessee, died some ten years ago. He had in his possession a merchant's books of accounts. In these were the purchases of Andrew Jackson for five years after 1790. An examination of the books shows that the only purchases made by Old Hickory of this merchant were powder, lead and whiskey.

Mr. Morgan used to relate that he once witnessed a cock fight shortly after the battle of New Orleans. Jackson was present, sitting on his horse, while some fellow down in the pit awkwardly tried to heel the chicken. Jackson became first uneasy, then mad. He leaped from his horse into the pit, brushed the fellow aside and heeled the chicken after the most approved fashion. Then he returned to the saddle and witnessed the fight.

Jackson was originally a backwoods specimen of the rawest type, but he at once evolved into perhaps the grandest man that ever lived, having no equal in the ballroom, no peer in his politeness, courtesy and admiration from women. The same is largely true of the Tennesseean of to-day. Take him from the farm, array him in fashionable clothes, put him in the ballroom or in society and his thoroughbred blood instantly manifests itself, exhibiting in him only the refined man of the world. Jackson's letters which remain are in many respects more interesting than Washington's. They exhibit a man absolutely devoted to his family, from whom not the smallest thing concerning them escaped and whose every interest was his. No man ever wrote in the same spirit, and his social letters are models from which Chesterfield night have learned much in politeness. Nothing escaped him. To show how the men of his time worshipped him the incident related by Willoughby Williams, "Old Man Willoughby," of years ago, will suffice. When Lafayette visited Jackson in 1825 he rode in a carriage with General Hall while Jackson was on horseback. Great a man as Lafayette was, the people all looked at Jackson and confined their expressions of admiration to him.

The duel between Jackson and Sevier seems to have escaped history and biography. Sevier was Jackson's equal as a soldier, and during his Indian fights of over a quarter of a century he never lost a battle, because he always charged into the natives when in a body, and the Indian could only fight with a tree in front of him. In 1796 Sevier was the first Governor of Tennessee, and for twelve years. During this first term Jackson was on the Supreme Bench of the State. The two men had a difficulty about a military election, both being candidates. On the day when Jackson arrived at Knoxville to hold court Sevier came also, mounted a block in the square and denounced Jackson in unmeasured terms, calling him all the names in the early vocabulary. There could be but one result, and that evening Jackson challenged him. Sevier accepted, and then came a question as to where the fight should take place. Jackson wanted to fight on the Cherokee reservation and Sevier in Virginia. As a result letters passed between them in which the word coward had the most frequent use. Finally, Jackson started for Virginia and notified Sevier. He reached Virginia first and remained several days awaiting the arrival of his opponent. Sevier not appearing he started for home, meeting his rival on the way. They met in the road, exchanging several shots, neither one being hurt, when friends interfered. They never forgave each other, and there is still a tradition that this was the most disgraceful episode in the history of the State.

HENRY CLAY AND THE TOUGH.

Henry Clay once invaded the blue grass region of Tennessee to make a speech. When he arrived at his destination a tough looking specimen, evidently in the last stages of whiskeyism, stepped from the throng, slapped the great orator on the back and said in Southern vernacular:

"Howdy, Mr. Clay!"

The great man shook his head and replied, "Be kind enough to turn your head that I may see your profile."

The man averted his face while the flickering torchlights enabled the observer to study him closely for several seconds.

"Twenty years ago," said Mr. Clay, "you had not begun to grow that long beard and were smooth faced—eh?"

"That's right."

You were not then a cyclops, but had two whole eyes—eh?"

"That's right, I reckon."

"Ah! Then you sat on a jury before which I plead a case, and your name is——. Am I not right?"

"I reckon you are, suah."

"Yes, yes; I remember you perfectly, and," continued Mr. Clay, "you had one other characteristic, which I now recall—you were then a gentleman."

Capture and Execution of Lieut. Walsh

Raleigh Call.]

The erection of a monument to the memory of Lieutenant Walsh, the brave and dashing young Texan who fired on Kilpatrick's cavalry, recalls the memory of that young soldier and makes the true facts of the occurrence interesting. A gentleman who was an eye-witness to the capture and execution of Lieut. Walsh gives the Call the following:

"After firing at the head column of Sherman's army on Fayetteville street he rode rapidly out West Morgan street hotly pursued by two Federal cavalrymen. In turning the corner of Morgan and West streets his saddle turned and he was thrown to the ground. Before he could remount his horse the Federals rode up and captured him. He was taken to Kilpatrick, who ordered him to be taken out and hanged. He was hanged to a hickory tree on the southeast corner of the grove at the corner of Lane and East streets. The tree has long since been cut down He was left hanging to the tree. The late Mr. Lovejoy had the body taken down and buried a short distrace from where he was hanged, in what was then known as Jones' field. As will be remembered by many, when Sherman's army was is Raleigh, soldiers were sent to protect property. A soldier was sent to the residence of Mr. Eldridge Smith for this purpose. He showed Miss Charlotte Smith a ring and said it was the one taken from the soldier who was hanged. She asked for the ring and he gave it to her. She found the name and address of Lieutenant Walsh engraved in it. She opened a correspondence with his people and informed them of his death. The remains of Lieut. Walsh were reinterred in the Confederate Cemetery. His last resting place was cared for several years by the fair and patriotic Miss Nannie Lovejoy, until her removal from this city."

Howwoulditalllooklikethis?

CORRESPONDENCE.

Bee Culture.

By all means use the movable frame hive. I use the Simplicity hive. I am not aware that there is much superiority of any one over the others of the movable frame hives. A good plan is to choose a hive easily made and not expensive, and once adopt it, stick to it. Avoid complications and professed worm traps, &c. It pays to use good lumber to make the hives of and to paint the hives; a light color is preferable.

Artificial swarming is preferred by some to natural swarming. There are several ways to swarm artificially. The one I practice is as follows: I get a hive ready to be occupied. I go to a hive of bees, smoke them well, [Mr. ought not to smoke.—Eds.] lift out two of the frames that have brood and some honey, brush off the bees, and place in my unoccupied hive, taking two of the empty frames from it and putting them in place of full ones just removed from the colony. I then close up the colony and go to another, doing the same way till I have my hive about full. Then I take one of my most thrifty colonies and remove it to some other part of the apiary and place the unoccupied hive in its place. Now all this should be done when the bees are busy gathering honey. On returning they will go in at the same place they left. Enough will have been out and, unaware of the change made, to at once take charge. It is well to select one frame, at least, with a queen cell in it for this hive. It will enable them to get a queen earlier. Ordinarily they will have a queen in two weeks. If the bees are doing well they will fill up those empty frames in a few days, and you can make swarms again, and so increase your stock to what you desire or to what they will bear. These new swarms being weak and queenless, are exposed to robbers. See this treated further on.

Natural swarming has its advantages and its disadvantages also. They divide more evenly and are therefore less liable to be robbed; besides, when a swarm issues there is a queen about ready to issue from her cell, and will, in a few days, be fertilized by the drone, and will, therefore, soon be ready for "business." On the other hand they are sometimes capricious, and on account of a little cool or rainy weather, &c., they abandon swarming till a week or two later. So frequently, too, they refuse to settle, but go off, and you are the loser of just so many bees. It is well enough for any one but the closest observer to allow bees to begin natural swarming before attempting the artificial method. They must be ready.

I offer a few suggestions to those who prefer natural swarming and have not a better way than I have. Have your apiary away from tall trees. Fruit trees are good. In the swarming season be on the lookout in nice weather from nine or ten to three o'clock. If a swarm issues, watch it; if it shows a disposition to wander away get in front and throw fine dirt or sand into it. (Water would be preferable if you had a fountain pump.) This will generally accomplish the end. A rattling noise is "no good." When you have them settled get your hive ready at once, having it clean and pure as you can. Place it as near as you can, if the swarm is not out of reach. Smoke a colony well and take out a frame of brood, (replacing it with an empty frame,) and place it into your hive. Now a common tin dipper is a good thing to gently dip off from the lower point of the swarm, and, raising the hive, pour out the bees on the floor. Their peculiar humming seems to say in bee language: "We have found a home—a nice home—and here are lots of little baby bees nearly ready to be born. We won't leave them, but will cluster around them and take care of them. Here, too, in the upper edge, is some honey, so if it turns cold or rainy we won't suffer. Go tell the rest to come into our snug home." Meanwhile you stand and dip till you can't dip any more, then shake or brush off the rest. Now, if you are in a hurry, get water and sprinkle them. They will lose no time in going to work.

Should your swarm get far off or high in a tree take a basket or box, smear it with sweetened water, hold it under the swarm and gently sweep them in. Spread a cloth over, and let them down by a rope and carry them to the hive and pour them in. The sweetened water will entertain them while you are "getting there."

ROBBING.

Just as the "money gods" of today, with the laws favoring themselves, are coming into our homes with their tariff protection and sapping us of the sweets of honest toil and hoarding them up to themselves, leaving in their wake poverty, struggling, ruin and despondency, so a strong colony sometimes attacks a less vigorous one and carries out every vestige of honey. Now this is done generally when the honey harvest is not abundant. It produces a tremendous excitement in the apiary. All seem to want a grab. The noise is much like swarming. They dash from side to side in front of the hive and force their way in unless they have attacked a colony strong enough to "hold the fort." They sometimes weaken each other very much. When robbing is going on go to the rescue. Close the entrance to a very small space and spread a cloth or old carpet over it making a change in the appearance and making it difficult to force an entrance.

QUEENLESS HIVES.

Ordinarily when a queen is lost the colony sets about to make a queen cell over an egg and will soon have a queen, but sometimes from some mishap they fail to get the queen in time and the eggs in the cell are too far developed to utilize and it is impossible for them to produce a queen. In that case help them to a frame or two from another colony with eggs from which they may rear a queen. If she is not too late to meet the drone she will be apt to restore the colony to vigor soon.

In manipulating bees have a bellows smoker [unless you have the weakness to use a pipe or a cigar, or the folly to smoke cigarettes]. A well smoked bee will submit without a fight. I use a veil and sometimes gloves, however, for one coming in fresh from "field and flower" does not always take kindly to the situation and is apt to proceed to the work of making the two sides of your face look like they belonged to different individuals.

"Call again, gentlemen."

JOHN D. BARRIER.

A Good Joke.

Orphan's Friend.]

The Durham Sun of 8th inst. gets off a good thing on the Superintendent, and the worst of it is, that, unlike the generality of newspaper stories, it is true. It says:

"Dr. B. F. Dixon, Superintendent of the Oxford Orphans' Home, is the father of twins—two little boys about ten years of age, Ben and Wright, respectively. They are so much alike that they sometimes confuse their own father. On Friday last the Doctor, in company with Wright, was in conversation with a Durham excursionist and he was telling the latter of their likeness to each other. Finally, to demonstrate the matter, the Dr. remarked to Wright: "Ben, where is Wright?" "Here I am, pa," replied Wright, standing by his side. Ben was the absent one. We do not suppose there is just such another case in the state, where twins are so much a like you cannot tell one from the other or which is which."

The boys are as much alike as two peas, yet to those who are thrown constantly with them they are easily distinguished. Several of the teachers who have been at the Asylum for years cannot tell them apart, but it is right rough on a father not to be able to tell his own children.

In All Four Ways.

"Could I get a little information from you?" asked a farmer-looking man at the Third street depot of Officer Button the other day.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I want to know how these confidence men work."

"In various ways. Sometimes they borrow money and give a worthless check on a bank."

"They do, eh?" gasped the man with a sudden start.

"Yes, and again they borrow money and turn over a check to a trunk. When you go to look for the trunk it is not to be found."

"By George!" muttered the man.

"Then again they'll sell you a bogus bond or borrow money on it."

"Snakes alive!"

"And they sometimes hire the victim to boss a mill or factory somewhere, and then borrow money to pay a freight bill."

"Four different ways!" shouted the man as he jumped clear of the floor.

"Yes."

"And I'll be hanged if I haven't been taken in on every one of them in a ride of a hundred miles! Say, come down and show me the river—the deepest spot in the river—the place where I can drop in and nobody can fish up my dough-headed cadaver!"

J. P. Richardson.

Governor J. P. Richardson, of South Carolina, is a physically well-built and powerful man. He is now serving his second term in the executive mansion, and has made an ideal

governor, who watches with great care over the interests of the State the government of which has been confided to him. We hope that South Carolina may long have the benefit of his disinterested services.

Confederate Veterans.

CALL FOR A MEETING IN EVERY COUNTY ON JULY 4th.

DURHAM, N. C., June 1, 1889.

To the Press of North Carolina:

GENTLEMEN—The call of the Confederate Veterans' Association has not been as extensively published as it is important it should be, and I therefore respectfully ask that if you have not already done so you will please give it insertion in each of your papers, and also call attention to it editorially. Please help us, gentlemen, in this patriotic work.

Very respectfully,
J. S. CARR.

Pursuant to a resolution adopted by the North Carolina Confederate Veterans Association, I hereby call upon the Confederate veterans in each and every county in the State of North Carolina to assemble at their respective court houses, on Thursday, the 4th day of July, 1889, to form a Confederate Veterans' Association, under the plan of organization heretofore adopted and published by this Association.

In counties where such associations have been already formed, I call on them to meet on said day.

It is earnestly requested that all County Associations formed and to be formed shall immediately transmit the proceedings at said July meetings to W. C. Stronach, Secretary of the Association, at Raleigh, N. C., said proceedings to distinctly set forth the name and postoffice address of the president and secretary and the names of the executive committee thereof.

It is most earnestly recommended and requested as of the utmost importance that at the said July meeting there shall be recommended for appointment by their association the names of two patriotic ladies for each township in each county, who shall be especially commissioned to aid in the glorious work of establishing a soldiers' home for the old and broken veterans of North Carolina. Let it be understood that this association is determined that a soldiers' home shall be built.

J. S. CARR,
President.

Don't Mention the Briers.

It is not only a wise and happy thing to make the best of life, and always look on the bright side, for one's own sake, but it is a blessing to others. Eancy a man forever telling his family how much they cost him! A little sermon on this subject was unconsciously preached by a child one day last fall.

A man met a little fellow on the road carrying a basket of blackberries and said to him: "Sammy, where did you get such nice berries?"

"Over there, sir, in the briers."

"Won't your mother be glad to see you come home with a basketful of such nice, ripe fruit?"

"Yes, sir," said Sammy, "she always seems mighty glad when I hold up the berries, and I don't tell her nothing about the briers in my feet."

The man rode on, resolving that henceforth he would hold up the berries and say nothing about the briers.

"I once had a dog that was so clever that he could easily distinguish rogues from honest people, but I had to give him away, for one day he bit me."

There are thirteen different ways of making strawberry short-cake, and which ever way you try you will wish you had decided to have strawberries and cream.

A True Nobleman.

Inland Printer.]

On Christmas, 1888, George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger, crowned his many acts of generosity by distributing the pricely sum of $40,000 among the various employees of his establishment. The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune thus refers to an episode connected therewith:

One of these imployees, an assistant editor, found in his pay envelope, besides his usual salary, a crisp, new $500 note. This man was amazed. It was a great temptation to put that $500 bill in his pocket for he was a poor man with a large family on his hands. But he thought the cashier had made a mistake, and with a face pale and resolute he fought off the tempter and presented himsef at the cashier's window, the pretty new bill in his hand.

"A mistake has been made; this bill does not belong to me," he said.

"You had better go see Mr. Childs," responded the cashier.

So into the private office of Mr. Childs walked the assistant editor.

"This is all right," said Mr. Childs, "merely a little Christmas gift, you know. After you have been here longer you will understand it better."

"But, Mr. Childs," gasped the editor, "I've worked for you only six weeks, and this is a greater sum of money than I ever owned in my life. I can't take it. My service is not sufficient to make it right that I should take it."

"You're a member of our family," said Mr. Childs, "and the time you have been here does not make any difference. Just you take that bill and get out on Chestnut street and buy some Christmas presents with it as quick as you know how."

Wealth in the hands of such a man is truly a blessing, and certainly no one but a misanthrope can grudge him its employment. His name will be honored by future generations, and his life pointed to as an example worthy of emulation, while the "marble shafts" to the memories of those who amassed fortunes only for selfish aims will serve as reminders that they cover the remains of men as bloodless as the monuments which bear their names.

Foundations of Fortunes.

Senator Farwell began life as a surveyor.

Cornelius Vanderbilt began life as a farmer.

Wanamaker's first salary was $1.25 a week.

A. T. Stewart made his first start as a school teacher.

Jim Keene drove a milk wagon in a California town.

Cyrus Field began life as a clerk in a New England store.

Pulitzer once acted as stoker on a Mississippi steamboat.

"Lucky" Baldwin worked on his father's farm in Indiana.

Dave Swinton sold sugar over an Ohio counter at $1 a week.

Moses Taylor clerked in Water street, New York, at $2 a week.

George W. Childs was an errand boy for a bookseller at $4 a month.

P.T. Barnum earned a salary as bartender at Niblo's theater, New York.

Jay Gould canvassed Delaware county, N. Y., selling maps at $1.50 apiece.

C. P. Huntington sold butter and eggs for what he could get a pound and dozen.

Andrew Carnegie did his first work in a Pittsburg telegraph office at $3 a week.

Adam Forepaugh was a butcher in Philadelphia when he decided to go into the show business.

Senator Joe Brown made his first money by sowing his neighbors' fields.

Harrison's Pedigree.

Fulton, Ky.— It is said that President Harrison goes back to Pocahontas. How is this? C. H. I.

Answer.—John Rolfe married Pocahontas; their son Thomas married Jane Scythress; their daughter Jane married Col. Robert Bolling; their son John married Mary Kennon; their daughter Jane married Col. Richard Randolph; their son Richard married Mary Meade; their daughter Susannah married Benjamin Harrison; their son Benjamin signed the Declaration of Independence, and had a son William Henry Harrison, who became President; his son, John Scott, was the father of President Benjamin Harrison.

A gipsy woman laid her curse on an Indiana farmer who refused her a night's lodging, and within two weeks an uncle of his died and left him $35,000 in hard cash. He says he'd like some more of the hoodoo business.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Wedding rings were used by the ancients.

Women will in future be admitted to the Kentucky State University.

There is not much milk of human kindness in the pale of civilzation.

Nearly one-fifth of the professors in the universities of Germany are Jews.

Because a man lacks polish, by no means does it follow that he isn't bright.

To persevere is one's duty, and to be silent is the best answer to calumny.

There are explosives which have seventy times more power than gunpowder.

The first song sung by Jenny Linn in America was "Hail Columbia."

A Cape Cod fisherman calls his boat The Kiss, because it is nothing but a smack.

On June 1st quite a distinct earthquake shock was experienced in some portions of Texas.

Single women and widows in England have voted on municipal questions for twenty years.

Lime burners are free from consumption, on account, it is suggested, of breathing dry, hot air.

Never enter a sick room in a state of perspiration, as the minute you become cold your pores absorb.

Miss Alice Longfellow, daughter of the poet, is a member of the School Board of Cambridge, Mass.

The Italians may be a light-hearted enough people in their country, but here it is common to find them in the dumps.

Rider Haggard says that a faithful canine companion is the best thing that a man can have for a long journey.

Experiments made for the Erench Minister of Agriculture indicate that sugar is a better preservative of meat than salt.

The Shah of Persia is on his way, with a retinue of sixty-five persons, to visit the various crowned heads of Europe.

T. Burwell Green, of Washington, Ga., has a biscuit that was baked at Manassas Junction in 1861. It is a little stale.

It is one of the paradoxes of life that the more a wife keeps her husband in hot water the colder he grows toward her.

The Boston Herald humorously remarks that the defeat of Prohibition in Connecticut looks like a case of Pro. and Conn.

An authority on the subject says it is safe to say requirements will call for 150,000,000 to 200,000,000 railroad ties this year.

Twenty-three per cent. of the white girls of Alabama who are over 15 years old and under 21 can't write their names.

It is estimated that Americans will spend $40,000,000 in Europe this season, of which probably $2,000,000 will go for tips.

All men are brave when out of danger, but, unfortunately, plenty of them are dishonest when far removed from temptation.

The fleece of ten goats and the work of several men for half a year are required to make a cashmere shawl a yard and a half square.

The New York Herald states on the authority of a man who says he has tried it, that a rattlesnake's heart swallowed will cure consumption.

The Queen of England seldom drinks more than one small glass of wine at dinner, and afterwards takes a few drops of good Scotch whiskey.

The University of Edinburg, which has risen to great fame, is among the earliest institutions of its kind in the world, being founded in 1581.

The idea that fish food was brain food had a run of ten years before any one asked why Esquimaux, who eat the most fish, had no mental smartness.

It is said that the word canopy comes from the konop, a gnat or mosquito, and that the first canopies were nothing more nor less than curtains to shutout those troublesome insects.

A remarkable story of canine intelligence comes from Orrville, Ga. A dog in that village has been trained to play the piano, and can drum out any one of a half a dozen tunes with his right paw.

The average life expectancy in the United States is now fifty-five years and the death rate is the lowest in the world, notwithstanding the fact that there is one physician to every 600 inhabitants.