THE STANDARD.

LARGEST PAPER
—PUBLISHED IN CONCORD—

CONTAINS MORE READING MATTER THAN ANY OTHER PAPER IN THIS SECTION.

THE STANDARD.

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Risen From the Dead.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Just twenty years ago the thirty-seventh Virginia regiment, under Col. Bob Claiborne, now prosecuting attorney of the St. Louis court of criminal correction, sailed forth from Morehead, Va., to meet that terror of all Confederates, the celebrated "Stoneman Brigade." Gen. Stoneman was on a raid, the object of which was to assail Lee's army in the rear, while the army of the Potomac attacked him in front. He had already met and whipped half a dozen bands of rebels, and Col. Claiborne's regiment was the most formidable antagonist had yet encountered. The engagement was not an important one, and Purvis' "Record of the Rebellion" is the only history of the war which mentions it. But it was remarkable for the daring bravery of two men, who proved themselves the only true soldiers out of a whole company. In the early part of the day Col. Claiborne's regiment was, with exception of one company, bearing the whole brunt of Stoneman's terrific onslaughts. By 3 o'clock in the afternoon the fine body of men which that morning formed the thirty seventh regi had been reduced to a mere handful. They had been decimated again and again. One more attack and not a soul would have been left. With the best of their men either killed or wounded, and the remainder ready to succumb with fatigue and wounds, there seemed no possibility of escape for any one. But suddenly the missing company appeared on the field. Even with the re-enforcement, the fight was hopeless. A shout of relief went up from the wearied and bleeding survivors. There was only one chance for them, and their commander was quick to see it. In a flash he had leaped from his horse and calling on the new arrivals, he shouted: "Every man dismount and follow me!"

But at that moment the blue coats of Stoneman's brigade appeared over the crest of the hill in front, and the cheers of the Union soldiers were ringing in the ears of the Confederates. In vain did their colonel try to rally them and urge them on. The solid line of steele in front was too appalling, and almost to a man they broke and fled. A second later and Colonel Claiborne found himself deserted by all his men but one. That man was a rough backwoodsman from North Carolina, whom he had but a short time before taken from the ranks and promoted to a captaincy for brave and daring conduct on the battlefield. His name was Roberts, and as he pressed close beside his commanding officer he shouted, "I'll stay by you, Colonel, if I lose every drop of blood in my body!" The words were hardly out of his mouth before he fell full length on the ground with a rifle ball through his chest.

The next moment Col. Glaiborne was surrounded by the boys in blue and captured. He afterwards reported to the Confederate government the death of Capt. Roberts, and from that day until yesterday, exactly twenty years, he has heard nothing from the man who aided him in his charge on Stoneman's brigade.

Yesterday morning Colonel Claiborne, while looking over his letters, came to one with the postmark, "Raleigh, N. C.," addressed in lead pencil to Maj. G. R. Claiborne, St. Louis. On opening it the first thing he saw was the name "Capt. T. B. Roberts." Jumping to his feet he exclaimed to a bystander: "My God, I have got a letter from the dead. I saw this man shot and killed with my own eyes at the battle of Morehead, December 31st, 1863, and here he is writing to me."

The letter, however, explained how Capt. Roberts escaped, and as all the circumstances are so remarkable, it is produced here verbatim:

"RALEIGH, N. C., Dec 26.

"MAJ. CLAIBORNE:—I have been trying to find out your address ever since the war; have asked hundreds of people about it, and have only just succeeded. I believe I would rather see you and talk to you than any other man on God Almighty's earth. Do you remember when you rode up to me and made me a captain at the battle of Orange Court House? I was only a Tarheel soldier before that, but when you did what you did I would have died for you. Then do you remember the fight at Morehead, when you and I started alone to charge Stoneman's brigade? I tell you that fellow Stoneman was the worst cuss in the whole Yankee army for us fellows to tackle. But that d—— company of mine. Wan't they the meanest, most cowardly —— set of —— you ever saw? I tell you they were the worst God Almighty ever had a hand in making. No decent man would have run off and left you in the lurch the way they did. If they had felt like me they would have died, every d—— mother's son of them, first.

You thought I was dead didn't you? Well I am the healthiest dead man in North Carolina. I got an ugly wound in that scrimmage at Morehead, and never did know how it all turned out, but long after you had all gone I came to and found a hors there and managed to get on him and ride until I found some friends who took care of me and brought me out all O. K.

Now, Major, I want you to write me a long letter and tell me all about yourself and what you are doing Your true friend,

CAPT. T. B. ROBERTS.

Overseer at State Prison, Raleigh."

Capt. Roberts speaks of Col. Claiborne as Major because he first knew him before he was made a Colonel. The latter said to a Globe Democrat reporter that he should spend most of his time for a day writing to his old comrade.

She Kept the Beacon Burning.

Portland Express.

A woman who is now assistant keeper at White Head Light could enlighten those who wish to know something of the experiences of light-house keepers. In 1856 this woman lived at Matinicus Rock, twenty-five miles from main land and inaccessible except in pleasant weather. Her father, Samuel Burgess, was the keeper at this light and his family consisted of an invalid wife and five children, one daughter, Abbie, being 17 years old. At the time of the memorable gale that swept Minot's light into the sea, the keeper happened to be away. The heavy seas broke over the rock, washing every movable thing away until of the dwelling not a stone remained. The little ones hurried the mother to the tower and then crept in themselves as the sea cleared the rock of all, save the stone lighthouse. For four weeks they lived there alone, for no human being could go their rescue, but night after night Abbie lighted the beacon and it never failed to shine through the gale.

One day in 1857 Mr. Burgess left the rock to obtain his salary and to secure provisions. A gale prevented his return and the family ran short of food. Abbie fashioned a sail and her brother, who happened to be at home started in a small skiff to procure food. For twenty-one days the family lived on a cup of corn meal and an egg each per day, for the son was not heard from until the twenty-second day, and added to the risk of famine was the suspense as to the fate of their father and brother, for were they drowned, the family would have starved on the desolate rock. During all this time, at the end of which the father returned, Abbie cared for the sick mother, comforted the children and kept the bright light burning to save the passing ships from dashing on Mantinicus Rock. To-day her husband is keeper at White Head light and she is his assistant. A braver woman never lived.

Another One of Vance's.

Washington Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

Senator Vance, of North Carolina, was telling the other day about a certain judge in this State who was obliged to call upon an old darkey to open court. It was evidently the first time that the darkey had acted in the capacity of bailiff. He began:

"Oh yes! Oh yes! De hono'ble de Co't is now on de bench."

Then, after hesitating a moment, as if not knowing what to say, he seemed to hit it, and ended by exclaiming:

"An may the Lawd have mercy on his soul."

And then it was, according to Senator Vance, that "de hono'ble Co't" rose to the occasion and promptly remarked:

"That's right, my man; that's right; If there ever was a court that needed the mercy of God, it's this one."

Dr. Henry Gibbons describes a kiss as "the anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularsisoris muscles in a state of contraction." A kiss may be one of those things, but it doesn't taste like it. We once heard a young man describe a kiss as "bully," and he had quite as much experience in the osculatory business as Dr. Gibbons, but he didn't have so much education.

People Do Not Always Know Where It is that the Shoe Pinches.

Chatham Record.]

Taxation by the Federal government, although so very oppressive, does not attract as much attention or draw forth as many complaints from the people as does taxation by the State or county government. Does this arise from ignorance of the facts, or a hopelessness of the people as to any relief?

As an illustration of the truth of the above statement, we could call attention to the fifth resolution adopted by our county Alliance and published in this issue of the Record, wherein complaint is made that our "State and county taxes are too high," and yet not one word of complaint is uttered against against the Federal taxes. Of course we would be pleased to have a reduction in our State and county taxes, and sincerely hope that a reduction may be be made; but more especially would we be pleased to have a reduction in the Federal taxes, which are so much greater and heavier than both the State and county combined.

In order that our readers may know the difference between their State and Federal taxes, we will give them a few figures from official sources. About $630,000 were paid out last year by the people of North Carolina for the support of their State Government. Estimating our population to be 1,500,000 inhabtants, the average State tax on every man woman and child would be 42 cents. The receipts from all sources for the Federal government were $387,000,000. Estimating the population of the United States at 60,000,000 inhabitants, the average Federal tax on every man, woman and child would be $6.45. Behold the difference! The State tax for every person in North Carolina last year averaged 42 cents, while the Federal tax was $6.45!

Ought not then our farmers to complain that Federal taxes are too high? Especially have they to complain when it is remembered that there was a surplus last year of $57,470,129.59. That is, the people of the United States paid last year fifty-seven and and a half million dollars more than was necessary for the support of ihe Federal government. This immense sum is about one dollar for every inhabitant of the United States. In other words the Federal surplus, or unnecessary taxation, is more than twice as much to every man, woman and child in North Carolina as our regular State tax.

While it is right and proper that our people should demand low taxes by their State and county governments, there is still greater need for them to demand low taxes by the Federal government. But when they complain of the State and county taxes being too high, and say nothing about the Federal taxes we are reminded of the old saying of "Saving at the spigot and losing at the bung."

The Rod in the School.

Detroit Free Press.

The surprise which has been so widely felt at the retention of corporal punishment in the schools of Boston, the center of culture and civilization, will possibly be lessened when the reasons for such retention are spread abroad. One of these reasons is contained in the report of the sub-committee of the Boston Board of Education to which the subject of punishment was referred.

Let me give an illustration out of one school district, and it is not one of worst ones by any means, for I can take you to at least three other sections that, in the judgment of the police, are worse. In this school within a short time a dozen have been arrested for stealing; one boy struck his teacher a heavy blow and nearly killed her; another drew a loaded bludgeon two feet long and tried to strike three teachers, calling on the other boys to help him, and threatening to 'swipe out all the teachers.' Three boys within a month have tried to kick the lady teacher. Recently, a boy in a primary school drew a revolver upon his teacher. At the present time eight boys in one primary school belong to a 'Band of Forty Thieves,' who meet regularly, read dime novels and plan stealing expeditions. Of course this is an extreme case, and can apply to only a very few districts, although into many of our schools a few boys of this sort are sure to enter."

The Detroit Free Press pointedly puts it thus: "We don't want a law to purify elections half as much as one to purify a chap after he has been elected, and begins to reach the boodle."

Sexes North and South.

In 1880 there were 50,000,000 people in the country, and about 882,000 more males than females. That was only because more males were born; the females live the longest. Of the centenarians 1,400 were men and 2,907 were women. The boys start out nearly one million ahead, and are in the majority until the sixteenth year, when the girls are a little more numerous. Sweet sixteen is a numerous age, anyhow. After that first one and then the other is in the majority, the girls gradually gaining after thirty-six and leaving the men far behind after seventy-five. To balance this longevity of the females in almost every State a few more boys are born; not many more, but always a few. It is astonishing to see where the census gives thousands and hundreds of thousands of boys and girls under one year old, there are, with one or two exceptions, always a few hundred more boys, and only a few hundred more.

In only six of the forty-nine States and Territories are more girls born, and in these States they are slightly in excess from eleven to eighty. These exceptions are Arizona, Delaware, Florida, Louisiana, Montana and North Carolina. The fact that the females are in the majority in all the original thirteen States but Delaware and North Carolina, especially in Massachusetts and New England, has created the impression that there is something in the climate or in the people that produces more women than men. This is a popular but egregious error. In Massachusetts there were in 1880 427 more boys than girls under one year of age.

The males are in the minority in almost all the Eastern States, because many of the young men go West. All over the West there is an excess of men, and those who are not foreigners have been withdrawn from the States further East. In the new States and Territories this is most noticeable. In Idaho, for instance, there are twice as many males as females, but the male infants are only a little in excess of the females. The West is drawing heavily on the manhood of the East. From this all the old States have suffered. Massachusetts seems to have lost more than any.

There are parts of Northern Ohio which are portions of New England removed. Massachusetts shows the loss and Ohio shows the gain. Another curious fact is that while over the country more boys than girls are born, in the cities and towns there are more girls. Between the ages of five and seventeen inclusive, there are 4,680 more girls than boys in New York county, 1,708 more in Kings county, 2,725 more in the city of Baltimore, 1,013 in Suffold county, Mass. (Boston) 2,003 more in Cook county (Chicago), Ill., 2,131 more in the city of St. Louis, 2,071 more in Philadelphia county, and 2,633 more in the parish of Orleans. All these cities, except New Orleans, are in States where more boys than girls are born.

In Georgia there are 137 counties, and in all but twenty-six of them there are more boys than girls. These twenty-six counties include the eleven large towns and cities Strange that one of the cities should be left out. Stranger still, the excess of girls is about in proportion to population. Savannah leads off with 528 more girls than boys; Atlanta, 385; Augusta, 303; Macon, 154; Columbus, 131; Cartersville, 122; Rome, 50; Athens, 50; Albany, 16; Griffin, 11, and Americus, 7. Savannah, though she has a somewhat smaller population than Atlanta, has a larger excess of girls. This seems to be peculiar to old cities. It is so with Baltimore, New Orleans and New York. The excess is greater in New Orleans than anywhere else. Is this a peculiarity of the French? The facts present a fact worth studying. Are there fewer men in the cities than in the country?

Mark Twain has spent about $100,000 in perfecting the Page type-setting machine, and he is the principal owner of the company that will manufacture them. The machine is sixteen feet long, nine feet high in the middle and will set, justify and distribute 45,000 ems of type daily.

Last year 182,000 passengers were carried on the New York elevated roads, and it is said not one was killed. This is safer by far than the dirt road.

Brazil is trying to negotiate a loan of ten million dollars in Paris.

The Ghost.

Greenville, N. C., Reflector.]

For several days the report has been circulated that a real live ghost has been seen several times at the plot designated for the depot of the Scotland Neck and Greenville Railroad, and dame rumor has it that it has almost been identified.

It seems that its honor will make its appearanance about 4 o'clock in the morning, and seems to be a sentinel. Any one approaching the grounds it will come at them with arms extended and eyes glaring as if they were coals of fire, and making a noise like the low howl of a wolf. One colored man describes it as being a giant in size and will not trouble any one but those working on the railroad.

We interviewed one colored man and will give it as near his language as possible:

"Well, uncle you have seen the ghost tell us about it.

"All right, bossman, but lets git a little fudder frum har, kase I am a little narvous dis mornin.' You see, sar, I wus gwine erlong, wid my grub pail on my arm, kase I wucks in a marl hole jist a little beyond dar, and all to suddin' I seed sumthin' rise up out ob de ground', now dis colored pusson ain't skared ob nothin' and I didn't 'spose to run, so I stood my ground, and dat cornfounded thing got closer and closer, looked like it wanted to hug me, ugh! and I could feel my hat rise, I wasnt skared boss, but a little narvous, it got almost at me when I kinder thought I had better 'pat de grit,' my hat got so high 'til I tuck it in my hand to keep it from fallin' on de groun,' as I didn't have anudder one, and didn't want to lose it. I tell you boss it got so close I got to beatin' it back wid my hat, and it got so hot for me dat I commenced to holler, and lit out, and every time I would look back, I could see dat thing reach out his hand and grab at me, trying all the time to grab me by de hair. I kept on running until I drapped 'ker dab' right in de midst of a crowd of colored gemmons what wus camped jist on de udder side, and sich a scattering you never did see. Boss you is a newspaper man and I knows de bossman is sick and you and the Bad Boy is getting everything youse can, and for heben sake don't put dis in de paper kase my wife Mary Jane, said I was a fool nigger anyway, and dat she didn't believe I had any more sense dan she did, and if she hears 'bout me talkin,' dere will be a private burial, and I will be dere, but I won't know it."

It is supposed to be the ghost of a colored man who was killed there some time ago.

A Touching Incident.

Miss Maude Andrews, of the Atlanta Constitution editorial staff, in a feeling tribute to the late Henry W. Grady writes: "Well do I remember how he spent his last year's holiday season and the little story he told me of it as I sat in his office one morning after New Year's. He had visited his mother in Athens Christmas week, and he said: "I don't think I ever felt happier than when I reached the little home of my boyhood. I got there at night. She had saved supper for me, and she had remembered all the things I liked. She toasted me some cheese over the fire. Why, I hadn't tasted anything like it since I put off my round jackets. And then she had some homemade candy she knew I used to love, and bless her heart, I just felt sixteen again as we sat and talked, and she told me how she prayed for me and thought of me always, and what a brightness I had been to her life, and how she heard me coming home in every boy that whistled along the street. When I went to bed she came and tucked the covers all around me in the dear way that none but a mother's hands know, and I felt so happy and so full of tender love and tender memories that I cried happy grateful tears until I went to sleep.' When he finished his eyes were full of tears and so were mine. He brushed his hand across his brow swiftly and said, laughingly: "Why, what are you crying about? What do you know about all this sort of feeling?"

Business here is getting down to more nearly a natural basis than it has been in many years. For a long time it has been sadly overdone, and while there were no failures last year and the number for ten years past has been gratifyingly small, still, there has been such long division and such sharp competition as to have annihilated profits. We hope our merchants will this year realize some returns upon their labor and investments.—Statesville Landmark.

A Sad Death.

The Washington Post gives the following account of the tragic death of Mr. Morrison R. Avery, which occurred Thursday of last week.

Morrison R. Avery, son of Judge of the North Carolina Supreme Court Avery, a clerk in the Geological Survey Office, drank carbolic acid by mistake for whiskey when he got up at 512 Thirteenth Street, yesterday morning, and died almost instantly. He was a popular young man, and his death is undoubtedly due to an accident, for the bottle he drank from though nearly full of carbolic acid, was labeled "whiskey." His body was taken to Spear's and his father, Judge Avery, was notified. Doctors Cobb and Middleton, of the Emergency Hospital, used every effort to save young Avery's life but could not. He was 23 years old and his two roommates were present when he took the fatal drink.

The remains were sent to morganton, N. C., at 11.20 last night in charge of Mr. Sterling Ruffin, Judge Avery having telegraphed that he could not come here for the body. Coroner Patterson questioned Avery's companions, and will not hold an inquest.

The Mistake of a Pig.

Charlotte News.

A pig belonging to John Henderson, of Paw Creek township, met with a sudden death, in a singular manner recently. John returned home in the afternoon from Derita, where he had bought a lot of pistol cartridges at the store of John P. Hunter. He emptied the cartridges loose in a pocket of his overcoat, and as he alighted from his cart on reaching home the cartridges dropped from his pocket. He did not discover the loss until he entered his cabin, and knowing that it wouldn't pay him to go back along the road to hunt for the missing cartridge he dismissed the matter from his mind, took up a peck measure of corn and went out into the barn yard to feed his hogs. He scattered the corn along on the ground, and as the hogs came up he started back to the house. He had not reached the door when he heard an explosion, and, looking around, he saw one of his pigs fall over dead with blood gushing from its mouth. An investigation revealed the fact that the cartridges had been dropped on the ground in the barn lot, and that in picking up the corn the unfortunate pig had also picked up one of the cartridges and was killed. John winnowned the cartridges from the corn and the remainder of the swine finished supper without accident. The dead pig was dressed, quartered, and salted down.

Where the Rags Go.

Housewives must often have wondered where all the rags go to after they pass into the wagon of any one of the several hundred ragmen who pass through the alleys with their monotonous cries. These gatherers of old rags take them to warehouses where they are bought in bulk, and then assorted by girls according to quality. There was a time when most of the rags were sent to paper mills. Now a very small proportion of rags are made into paper, straw and clay being the chief ingredients. Fine linen paper, so called, is made of rags. Ninety per cent of the rags collected, however, go into the manufactor of "shoddy," of which cheap ready-made clothing is manufactured. This stuff is now made up into the brigtest and most attractive patterns, and can only be told when new from wool by the expert, and by experience with the wearer. "Shoddy is king," say the wool men and this accounts for the mercrinal condition of the wool market.

Words of Wisdom.

It is good to begin well but better to end well.

Happiness is not to be prescribed but enjoyed.

Good words are good but good deeds are better.

There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.

No man can either live piously or righteous without a wife.

The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife.

In youth one has tears without grief, in old age grief without tears.

Knowledge is dearly bought if we sacrifice to it moral qualities.

And be aware of thy own children; and take heed of them of thy household.

We find self-made men very often but self-unmade ones a good deal oftener.

Monkey and Parrot Time.

Philadelphia Record.]

At Boston, on Monday, January 6, the bark Margaret, Captain Sargent, arrived from the west coast of Africa in a badly battered condition. She was so long overdue that she had been given up as lost. Captain Sargent says that between the gales and the nature of his cargo he had an experience he does not wish again to meet. Besides a regular cargo there were twelve snakes, 400 cockatoos and parrots, an orang outang, two small monkeys, two crocodiles and a gorilla, which he was bringing from Durban, Africa, to a museum here. There were some storaways on the bark, too.

There were also rats, and they caused the death of all but four of the cockatoos and parrots, by eating up the corn that had been provided for the feathered passengers. Then during a gale the snakes and crocodiles broke out of their boxes in the hold and invaded the forecastle so that for five days the men could not venture into their quarters, but had to live in the cabin. These reptiles, along with the rats, kept up a continual warfare until the surviving crocodile killed the last snake, and completed the chain of vengeance by being itself killed during a fierce southwest storm by some of the cargo shifting and falling on it.

During the scrimmage among the reptiles the monkeys took to the rigging and stuck there despite all efforts to dislodge them, and the men could not venture near the crosstrees, the result being the gale carried away all the barque's hampers and spars, they finally all washed away except four, which were captured.

The worst passenger was a five foot gorilla, which was imprisoned in a stout wooden box lashed near the galley. The top of this the animal forced off, but though held by a chain he had considerable play, and getting possession of an iron bar he swept the deck; so that the only way of getting to the forecastle was by the shrouds. He wound up by partially scalping the negro cook, seizing him by the wool one day, and only letting go after he had been nearly killed with an axe. All the men were more or less hurt by the beast, and he led them a life of terror. The museum collection now is reduced to the gorilla, three monkeys and five parrots.

Pay Dirt.

Dickens' Mr. Boffin in "Our Mutual Friend," is recalled by a bid made by Guiseppe Labiole, of $1,552 per week, or over $80,000 a year for the privilege of picking over the city's dirt. This suggests valuable "finds" of gold and silver, not to mention diamonds, but as plain matter of business the contractor expects to get his return in bones, rags, tin cans, etc., which are valuable in the order named. When Commissioner Coleman came into office as superintendent of street cleaning, three or four men were hired at $1.50 a day to "trim" the city' dirt. It occurred to him that a smart man could find enough in it to afford to pay the trimmers himself, and, sure enough such a man was found. Then an offer of $75 a week for the privilege was made and accepted, and gradually the price rose by successive bids to $200 a week. By successive gradations the sums of $700 two years ago, $1,100 last year and $1,152 per week this have been made, and the city now has its work done for it and it paid $80,000 a year for the privilege. The novelist was not an exaggerator when he created a fortune out of the dust heaps which seemed a mere incumbrance on the face of the earth.

Released.

Lenoir Topic.]

About two years ago John T. Steele, son of Mr. Henry Steele, of this county, went West and in a moment of thoughtlessness enlisted in Troop M., 7th U. S. Cavalry. He was a mere boy and did not realize the seriousness of the step he took, which tied him to the U. S. military service for five years. Of course he did not like it, boy like, decided to come home. He was captured and sentenced by court-martial, on the 20th of May, 1889, to four years' confinement in the guard house at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. He is a member of a good and influential family in this county and his friends went to work to have him released. Congressman Cowles sent to Dr. Spainhour, last week, the decision, which he had prevailed upon the Secretary of War to make, discharging young Steele from confinement and also from the army. He will be all right shortly and is doubtless delighted at being a free man.

Fulfill Your Promises.

There is no lesson the young business man needs to learn more thoroughly than the value of good reputation and good credit. These can not be won and kept by false pretenses of any kind, but must be earned by a strict observance of contracts, agreements and promises. The man whose word is "as good as his bond" is the man who has inspired confidence in himself by always doing that which he has promised to do. He is also, as a rule, cautious about entering into obligations, chary about making promises that he may not be able to fulfill. If too prodigal in the latter respect one cannot hope to keep faith at all times. A man who is or intends to be honest sometimes loses credit and reputation simply because he is too hopeful. Counting with too great confidence on uncertainties, he makes promises that he cannot fulfill because of the failure of the event on which they were predicted. He voluntarily fixes the date for the payment of a debt, and finds out too late something has gone wrong, so that he cannot meet his obligation. Such an accident may happen to any man. Upon the way in which he meets the unexpected trouble depends how his reputation shall stand afterwards. If he can fulfill his promise at any personal sacrifice he should do so: failing that, he should endeavor to keep his word by borrowing elsewhere, thus gaining time for the final discharge of his obligation. But if he cannot do either he should go as soon as possible to his creditor and secure an extension by frankly telling him the state of affairs, thus renewing instead of breaking his promise. The one essential thing to do is to keep good faith, or come as near to it as possible. The worst possible course is to let time run on until his creditor begins to press him on an obligation long overdue. It is too late then for explanations or renewals. His credit is gone, his reputation is broken down. His after promises are distrusted, though they may be grudgingly accepted. He may for years after thus shattering faith in himself pay promptly and keep his word, but there will remain the lingering feeling of distrust born of one failure to keep faith or to explain in advance the reasons why it could not be kept. An engagement of any kind should be held sacred, and thus good reputation, which is of slow growth, may be gradually built up, for he who keeps his word at all times becomes respected and is trusted. The young man cannot learn too early in life his responsibility to himself and to others. He is to make his reputation by what he says and does, and at the outset should have a high regard for truth, which carries with it honesty and insures a prompt and complete fulfillment of all engagements. He should not allow a careless habit in money matters to grow upon him, but should pay all his bills promptly. There is an implied promise to pay at the end of the month, or when the bill may be presented, even though there has been no engagement to do so made in so many words, and it is good practice to keep these implied as well as all other promises with scrupulous care. Such a course will in time establish a reputation whose value cannot be measured by money, besides developing useful habits and keeping one free from oppressive and grinding debts.

Her First Pair of Shoes.

Among the many interesting incidents connected with the closing of saloons in Kittanning, Pa., a leading merchant tells the following:

A woman came into his store very timidly. She was evidently unaccustomed to trading.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the merchant.

"I want a pair of shoes for a little girl," she answered.

"What number?"

"She is twelve years old."

"But what number does she wear?"

"I do not know."

"But what number did you buy when you bought the last pair for her?"

"She never had a pair in her life. You see, sir, her father used to drink when we had saloons; But now they are closed, he doesn't drink and this morning he said to me, 'Mother, I want you to go up town today and get Sissy a pair of shoes, for she never had a pair in her life.' I thought, sir, if I told you how old she was you would know just what size to give me."

Now that Brazil is a republic, perhaps her coffee will have a finer flavor. Rio coffee, an exchange alleges, made in North America is not as good as it might be.