

The Ashe Reporter

TRUTH WILL CONQUER.

VOLUME II.

JEFFERSON, ASHE COUNTY, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1892.

NUMBER 14.

Published Weekly by
THE JEFFERSON PUBLISHING CO.
JEFFERSON, N. C.
W. B. and C. A. HARRIS, Editors.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Copy, One Year, \$1.00
One Copy, Six Months, .50
One Copy, Three Months, .25

ADVERTISING RATES.
1 Column, 1 year, \$50.00
1 Column, 6 months, 25.00
1 Column, 3 months, 15.00
1 Column, 1 month, 5.00
1 inch, 1 insertion, .75

Professional Cards will be inserted at a special rate for each insertion. Local notices will be inserted at five cents per line for first insertion, and two and one-half cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Entered at the Postoffice at Jefferson, N. C., as second-class matter.

In view of the recent complaints about the "injurious action" of tinned goods on the human economy, it is interesting to note in the New York Recorder that recent experiments by Lunze and other well-known German chemists have demonstrated the fact that aluminum is practically unattacked by fruit juices, condensed milk, and the various constituents of preserved meats and vegetables.

There is a patient and industrious man named Rila Kuttridge, of Belfast, Me., who is putting Mr. Gladstone's great speeches on postal cards, which he sends to the "Grand Old Man." On some of the cards he manages to get 20,000 words. Mr. Gladstone is himself addicted to the postal card habit; but when he gets some of these missives, he must feel that he has the disease in a very mild form.

Mr. George Bird Grinnell, of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, an enthusiastic hunter of wide experience, gives, in Scribner, a graphic narrative of a few extinct sports, and writes of the feeling respecting the shameful slaughter that has made the title of this article, "The Last of the Buffalo," so appropriate. He says: "Of the millions of buffalo which even in our own time ranged the plains in freedom, none now remain. From the prairies which they used to darken, the wild herds, down to the last straggling bull, have disappeared."

The American hog is still engaged in pushing his nose into other countries, announces the Chicago Sun. Persecution, proscription, libel, infamous slanders, and even bayonets cannot keep him from inserting his snout into a foreign land, and when once he lifts his small, twinkling eyes upon a people they immediately become charmed with his toothsome possibilities and are the willing slaves of his porkchop. The latest conquest which the Yankee hog has achieved is that of Mexico. According to a dispatch from Kansas City, Senor Enrique Torres, a Mexican merchant, has been in that city making arrangements for shipping hogs to Mexico for slaughter.

What the New York Post considers a fraud of a peculiarly abominable character has come to light in Germany, where a number of workmen and engineers employed at the great Bochum Association for Mining and Steel Foundry have been arrested on a charge of selling defective rails, wheels, axles, etc., by means of a system of forgery. This material was supplied to the German State Railway, and then some foreign corporation. It appears that the State Railway employed an inspector to stamp such goods as had withstood the regular tests. The facriminated workmen are accused of having made false stamps, with which they marked material which had not been examined; with repairing holes, cracks, and other defects in the rails with a particular cement, and so giving the inferior and useless material the appearance of finished work, and with substituting rejected rails for those which the officials had handed over to be stamped as satisfactory, and marking the good rails with the forged stamps. The incentive to the frauds was the fact that the workmen are paid a premium on the amount of work passed by the inspector. How long they have been indulging in these dishonest practices, how general the distribution of defective material has been, is still as uncertain as the possible consequences of the rascality.

There are two hundred and seventy religions in the United Kingdom.

THE PUREST KISS.
The purest kiss
In the world is this—
The kiss that a mother lays
On her child's fresh lips
As he blithely trips
To meet the world and its ways.

THE SWEETEST KISS.
The sweetest kiss
In the world is this—
The first long kiss of love,
When time is not,
And the earth's forgot,
An Eden drops
An Eden drops
An Eden drops
An Eden drops.

THE SADDEST KISS.
The saddest kiss
In the world is this
The kiss on unanswering clay,
When dead lips tell
We must sub farewell
Till the dawn of the Judgment day.

—Chicago Mail.

MY AUNT WASHINGTON

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

My Aunt Washington had half the county at her feet; she knew it, and lost not a whit of the advantage thereby. I had observed it with pride, for nothing at that time escaped my note, though I own with mortification that only the Sunday before the time of which I speak I had cried aloud in the great meeting at the Court House, from having lost my red morocco shoe, by reason of a stout man sitting on my foot. Not that my foot was hurt, but that I feared the loss of my shoe, which being red, was very pretty, though truly a snug fit, grand-mother and my maid Jane making much ado in getting them on in time. But they were brought to me from New York, a great journey in that day, meaning to me the whole of the outer world. I remember well how my round cheeks burned, though my tears were still dropping from the loss of my finery, when my father lifted me by one arm over the heads of the people, the seat being arranged in a semicircle one over the other, and never paused until he had deposited me safely in my own chair at home.

Aunt Washington had not gone to meeting, pleading a headache, though I found her in the garden among the sweet alyssum beds, laughing and talking with Henry Lytle. He chuckled me under the chin, when he had heard my fearful story, for my shoe had been left behind and I doubted that my father would trouble to fetch it; but Aunt Washington laughed and gave me a peppermint from her pocket. She liked my small frivolity, she avowed, and declared me a thorough woman.

I liked not the appearing of Henry Lytle, by reason, perhaps, of my grandmother's aversion, for she could not abide his presence; particularly, as Aunt Washington touched her lip at my sudden appearing, and Henry Lytle made a wry face, shrugging up his shoulders. Aunt Washington was the youngest child of my grandmother and only our living daughter, and was a pretty widow of three years' standing.

Now my grandmother held peculiar views in regard to widowhood, bearing out all principles with honest practice; that upon the return of a woman to her father's house, she having been widowed, she should resume the subservience of her former childhood, particularly until five years of mourning should be passed; and though Aunt Washington was possessed of a wondrous little fortune in her own right, from her husband, grandmother ruled her youngest daughter with a rod of iron. My father, being mostly under the same roof, came in for his portion of courtship, and though my grandmother was a wonderfully charming woman, she was none the less a despot in her own way.

We dawdled among the flowers until high noon of this August Sunday. I free as air and barefoot, Aunt Washington having suggested the advisability of removing my remaining shoe, altogether unrestrained in grandmother's absence, chasing the white and yellow butterflies with my Sunday hat, at the expense of the artificial wreath upon it, whose petals were wofully shattered. But what difference did it make, when the garden was full of the living flowers?

Henry Lytle looked at his watch when, at the turn of the lane, we saw the church party approaching, and, likening us to mice, said something uncomplimentary about the morrow, stooped his tall head and kissed both Aunt Washington and me, much to my astonishment, for grandmother was wont to deliver severe dissertations upon the promiscuous osculation of the sexes, holding that kisses were unholy things, even upon an unoffending infant, but Aunt Washington gave me a peppermint, which was a sufficient hint as to my discretion. When grandmother's red silk rustled in at the front gate (grandmother was more gracious of a Sunday) Henry Lytle's long legs had girdled the garden fence at the rear for an instant, and he was gone.

Monday was a great day at the "Elms," a day of clearing away the literal and imaginary cobwebs that had gathered over Sunday, that being the only day in the calendar, excepting Christmas, when in the whisk and dust cloth were not used with mental and moral vigor.

Upon that particular Monday grandmother was summoned to attend a dying friend, a friend of her own girlhood. Now, grandmother believed there was a time for all things, even a time to dance, which she afterwards proved, but in spite of the ties of years of association, it was very unreasonable in Martha to take to dying of a Monday, she avowed. However, duty was duty, and as such my grandmother never shirked it; so, with out delay, the family carriage was fetched, and with many directions to the maids and special admonitions to Aunt Wash-

ington in regard to the quince preserves, now in a state of preparation, the rustle of silk and a wail of the carriage, grandmother was driven away, leaving the household world to Aunt Washington and to me.

My ideas as to our respective occupations for the morning are not very clear at this late day. I had an allotted duty task upon my sampler, into which pattern grandmother had stuck a pin to mark its limitations, and I remembered that my Aunt Washington was unusually busy.

My sampler was very exasperating and my crevils snarled unmercifully. The text was, "Honor and Shame from No Condition Rise." I had gotten through the basket of primroses with cross-stitch and into "Shame," and now I was slipping my canvas in a most slovenly manner, wishing that I was a boy or a butterfly, or something not required by grandmother or nature to work sampler, when my senses were assailed by voices from the kitchen, as well as the aroma of boiling quinces. My intuition told me that it was Henry Lytle, and I had no time in satisfying that sense by proof.

He was standing by one side of the big brass kettle, and Aunt Washington on the other, with a wooden spoon in her hand. These were arguing about something, and Aunt Washington looked half-laughing, half-frightened.

Henry Lytle in my grandmother's kitchen! Alas! Alas! such indecorum—and he had dared! Aunt Washington had dared! oh! grandmother's grandmother!

But he said something more about mice, and chuckled me under the chin again, and Aunt Washington sent me, with exact particularity, to require of Aunt Peggy, the housekeeper, seven sticks of cinnamon.

Once upon my mission, in spite of the dignity of my seven years, I forgot to turn immediately. It must have been an hour or so later, when, guiltily unbraided by conscience, I gathered up my seven cinnamon sticks. The house seemed strangely quiet, and from the kitchen came the alarmingly unpleasant odor of burning sirup; I say alarming, for the escape of such an odor into my grandmother's house was a positive catastrophe.

I ran as fast as my chubby legs would carry me, calling upon Aunt Washington, but no Aunt Washington responded. The contents of the big brass kettle were burning at the bottom and boiling over. I tipped on a chair and stirred it with the wooden spoon, burning my fingers in the operation. But I was too distressed to

weep, and besides no one was there to comfort me. I tried to lift the seething stuff. I might as well have tried to move Black Mountain. Not a maid was in sight or hearing. Aunt Peggy was dead, and from my position I might have shouted until noonday for all that she could hear.

If we could have put out the fire the preserver would have been saved; still, however, I wandered about helplessly, still holding on to the wooden spoon, when I spied a bag of peppermints that Aunt Washington had thoughtfully left upon the kitchen table. This I grasped as my only solace in this time of trouble, and never stopped until I was in my own little bed, head and ears covered, still holding fast to the peppermints.

I heard the maids return, then a stir and a bustle. I knew that my own maid was seeking for me. In the fear of my grandmother's anger, I had almost forgotten the absence of Aunt Washington. Where was Aunt Washington? Where was Henry Lytle? I heard the approach of wheels, signaling my grandmother's return. I heard the brewing of the storm, culminating in the arrival of a message which "trusted that the preservers were not spoiled, and begging grandmother's pardon, Aunt Washington had gone to marry Henry Lytle!"

"And where is Francis Ann?" demanded my grandmother.

Feeling myself summoned, I descended from my nest like a culprit, and amid sobs, I related all I knew, even down to the peppermints and seven cinnamon sticks.

The sun had ceased to shine on my grandmother's house. My father had suddenly decided to make a trip to New York, to be gone for a matter of five or six months, and left me alone in my childish sorrow, after having vainly promised to bring me more things than I ever could have dreamed of—things totally unneeded and inappropriate for a child of my tender years.

My grandmother was silent, but scrupulously exact in the daily business of life, and persistently refused to consider any presupposed advances to be made by Aunt Washington and Henry Lytle in the future. Said my grandmother, "Serena has made her own bed, and she can lie in it."

Soon after my father's departure my grandmother sent for Barrister Quills. Now Barrister Quills was the family attorney, as his father had been before him; one of the powerful triumvirate in great old families, without whose attendance great family occasions were null and void.

Seed-cakes were brought and a pair of cobwebby bottles, for service in my grandmother's boudoir, a ceremonial in ways preceding important business transactions.

Upon his departure I encountered Barrister Quills upon the piazza, whereupon he patted me on the head and called me a very clever child, taking unusual notice of me.

Affairs were very quiet in my grandmother's house, but my grandmother became suddenly aware that I was in need of an education, so a governess and music-master were provided for me, my pantalettes were made a little more ornate, and with all this care I soon became a most miserable little creature.

One day, Jane, my maid, revealed the secret of my woes. She was cutting my hair for my daily passages in my grandmother's drawing-room (there were visitors, when my hair becoming in some way entangled with the cane, for it curled naturally, I cried out, "La!" said Jane, "hain't you shame, Miss Francis, ter cry out lack er baby, when Ole Miss done sot you up fur er pertle lady!" and she tweaked my hair again, at which my tears continued to flow. "When Ole Miss done cut Miss Serena out'a de will, lack she done cut Marse Leroy, and 'mek you de heir! Hain't you shame, when you oughter be proud an' high!"

"What, Jane?" I cried, aghast. "Won't grandmother have Aunt Washington for her daughter ever any more?"

"No," said Jane, "she done taken you in her place."

"Yes," said Jane, with a cautious shake of her finger, "an' you oughter have fitten for your s'ron, Miss Francis. Dey do say, Miss Frank, as how Miss Serena is dat happy wid Henry Lytle she don't keer."

"Where is my Aunt Washington?" I demanded.

"Hush! I hain't got her; overter yer Cousin Durcas," said Jane, "but none us fum here hain't ter see her er ter speak ter her. Ole Miss say so."

"I won't have her place, and I'll tell grandmother so!" I cried, stamping my foot, as was customary with me in those days, on a sudden rise of temper. "I'll just tell grandmother so, so there."

"Better leave Ole Miss alone," said Jane in an awestruck tone. "Ef she wainter leave you all she got, you can't 'top hit."

My grandmother had disinterestedly Aunt Washington, as she had my Uncle Leo, the year before I was born, and who had never returned from France since that eventful period.

Time wore on, and I with an uneasy conscience wore, as I deemed it, my borrowed dignity. My father returned and loaded me with gifts until I skipped about like a bedazzled Indian princess, but still I was not happy, for I feared to confide my troubles to my father without my grandmother's advice.

At last we heard that there was another Serena at the house of my Cousin Durcas, a Serena, rose-leaved and tiny.

It was only whispered, and I went to bed, fevered with interest and silent curiosity, for I dared not mention the news to my grandmother.

She had changed of late, was sometimes absent and dreary, as she sat at her needle, giving me skin after skin to un-

ting, only to meek them again. My grandmother was strangely out of sorts, my governess did not please her, my music-master elicited no interest, in fact, she was fain to put the little maid out of the house altogether, and even my voice was harsh in my grandmother's ears.

Perhaps she was thinking of her distant son, perhaps of my beautiful Aunt Washington, perhaps of the little baby she had not even seen. However, my grandmother was sufficiently out of humor to catechise me on geography, and finding me woefully unresponsive she boxed my ears and sent me from the room.

Now, the sting of mortification was heavier than the weight of my grandmother's hand, and galling a something that held a nervous semblance of a piece of rusty iron in the throat. I wandered tearfully among the shelves, I would do something. (Child as I was, I felt that I was occupying the position of an interloper, and such a position was unbearable. I had my own place to fill, and could not take Aunt Washington's, no matter how much my grandmother wished it. Under her cold exterior I knew that she was grieving, that she never would be happy again in the absence of her child, though she might die in her pride without a word.)

Beyond the arched elms, at sight of me, my father's horse, a blooded animal, whinnied from his fetter, eager to be gone. I patted his sensitive flank that quivered beneath my touch. He was satisfied and bridled, and yet my father had not come. I had a great thought that troubled at my heart and leaped into my pulses. The house of my cousin Durcas was only six miles away. I knew every inch of the road, every brake, every plum-thicket. I would heal the family breach; I would visit my false position; I would go and fetch Aunt Washington.

No one was about. Quick as thought, though stealthily, I climbed into the saddle, prepared for once to do my master's credit, and rode slowly through the heart of the town, lest I should attract undue attention. Though people murmured once and again to look at my bare head and streaming hair, for I had forgotten my bonnet, I was not molested.

All alone, without even Jeffrey to follow after nearly a year of curbing, such bliss, such freedom! At the edge of the wood I gave into a brisk canter, to which the spirited Nero was not averse. How it would have worried Jeffrey to keep abreast of that upon his unblinking eye! Such delicious air, such delicious freedom, with my long curls whipping my back like so many loosened bridle-reins.

Almost in my enjoyment I had forgotten my mission, when right in the middle of the road, only a few paces ahead, a bare-legged urchin threw up his hand. I screamed, but too late, for once again the dark thing whirled, and, with a vicious yell, the little rascal disappeared. Nero reared suddenly upon his haunches, then, wheeling like a thing possessed, took back through the tangled wood. Too frightened to think, I dropped the rein and flattened myself against his neck, hobbling with all my childish strength to the rising and falling mane. On, on, through the brake and tangle, scraping me almost from my seat, the frightened animal sped; on, on—now back to the edge of the town. With closed eyes I heard the shouts of the

men, the scream of the women to "save the little child!" I thought of my father, my grandmother, Aunt Washington, the little baby I had never known. All now would go on without me; they would never know how I tried to reach them all happy. They would never know that it was not a childish prank—and I would have died, in vain, in vain.

I must have been dreaming; I thought I was dead, but I was in my own little bed, whose muslin curtains looked like snow in the sunlight. Somebody sat at a table, setting, and there were tears in the eyes that looked now and again upon my bed. Was this my grandmother—that tender pain here that lay upon brow and lip? She stirred, I closed my eyes again; perhaps I dreamed, but on my cheek I felt such kisses rain as I had never known in all my orphaned life before, murmured caresses, sending tender thrills to wake that part of my young heart that would have been my mother's.

For many days I balanced life and death with fever, bruises and a broken arm, holding often through the weary night grandmother's hand in mine, and then they came from far to ask for me and shame me with a fair tale of my bravery. "Was wonderful," they said, for such a child as I to sit so firmly and so long.

One day when all were gone and I could creep about like a small ghost from chair to couch, from couch to chair again, my grandmother had set down a tiny table right before my chair, and on it Jeffrey placed the seed-cakes and the wine. I breathed the very atmosphere of ceremony, as my grandmother took a seat across from my own self. When I had drunk and choked and, half in fear, had nibbled a cake, my grandmother leaned upon her arm and looked at me.

"Francis," she said, in tones both grave and slow, speaking for the first time of my escapade. "It was a naughty thing of you to take your father's horse, a wild and vicious thing he hardly dares to ride; it was a wicked thing to steal away alone without permission, though you must have had your reasons, child, for you are not a fool. What were they, Francis; why did you go?" The keen gray eyes were fixed upon my own—hard, inquisitive, uncompromising now. I must have surely dreamed they ever looked in love. I hung my head and whispered:

"To fetch Aunt Washington home."

"And what?" she asked, her eyes to intermeddled.

"Aunt Washington was it of my mother."

With an "A" weakness, this was more than I could bear. I fell upon my knees and clasped my grandmother's skirts with my unhurt arm. "Because," I sobbed, "I don't want Aunt Washington's place; I don't want to be a fine lady, as Jane says I must; I don't want any lessons, any music, anything. Take her back, and the little baby, too, grandmother—the little baby that is just the same to you as I am—Jane said so. Please let us all be happy, and let me be good again."

My grandmother drew herself away and looked at me. I must have been a very pitiful sight, with my bandaged arm and great wide eyes, for my grandmother turned and left the room without a word. All the morning I felt that I was under a cloud, but about noon my grandmother sent again for Barrister Quills, and over the seed-cakes and the wine I was made a party to the proceedings.

I have not a very clear recollection as to what passed, perhaps due to my years, or to the wine to which I was unaccustomed, but that night, as grandmother tucked me in my crib and put out the light (grandmother always performed that office for me when there were no guests in the drawing-room) she bent over me and whispered as gently as her softened humor bade: "My Francis, she shall come."

There were great preparations at the "Elms" for the reception of Mrs. Henry Lytle, my grandmother irresistibly slurring the male portion in her mention of it. She never did anything by halves (perhaps excepting this, and such baking and larding was unknown since my own dear mother's marriage. The big folks from far and near were bidden to a town, the like of which was the superlative of every comparison for many a year. In some way or other I was to figure as a heroine, though my small head was unable to grasp the reason why. But it was all as good as a play, of which Aunt Washington told me, where all the people were gas and marched off and on a stage.

I was pranked out in a brocaded satin petticoat, and had my hair dressed most inappropriately to my years; but Aunt Washington, or Aunt Lytle, as I should properly call her, would have it so, and Mistress Lytle's word was not to be questioned. My arm, provokingly slow to mend, was bound in one of Henry Lytle's best muskerchiefs. My grandmother was gorgeous as a Grand Duchess, and happier, too, 'tis fair to wager, than many another beside a throne. To her granddaughter, her black satin train gave more the aroma of dignity than can ever again die with woman.

Aunt Washington, beside her lover-husband, wore the bridal robes she had not worn in her best flight, now with her mother's own permission, and amid the bliss of us all.

Oh, how they danced! I looked upon them from my little chair, pushed close beside my grandmother's own, "Sir Roger de Coverley" woke the echoes from the distant past. My grandmother led out with Barrister Quills; Aunt Washington followed with my father; twenty, thirty, forty couples—ah! no, I could not count them—flashing their colors like changeable rainbows against the vibrant wall of violins. On, on, through the

hours, with the pause of a tea-cup or the tipping of a glass. On, on, with the wailing, the mellow voices that told my happy childish heart that peace could brood again upon the "Elms." On, on, through heavy lids that would but close, I see them yet—through all the darker days that came and passed—and on the topmost stair to wavs a kiss at me, her white robes, plinions of my childish dreams, the rose unwithering upon her breast, the best-loved of my kindred, my Aunt Washington.

A Meerchaum Mine.

The schooner Noga Harkins, Captain Harkins, arrived from Mexican ports a few days since and is now lying at section 3 of the sea wall.

Among the passengers of the steamer was Juan Garcia, a wealthy mine owner in Mexico and a gentleman with a varied experience extending back many years to that country. He has been in Mexico and Lower California for over seventeen years, and has many interesting stories to tell of his adventures in the land of our southern neighbors. His principal work has been that of prospecting, and he has met with more than the ordinary success in delving for the precious metals. Shortly before he left for San Francisco he located one of the richest mines in Lower California. He made his find near Barrojo bay, and if the samples he brought with him are a criterion of the stuff beneath the surface the wealth of the mine must be fabulous. He showed a reporter yesterday some of the samples. The quartz bears gold, copper and silver; some of it free gold and some native silver.

Senior Garcia speaks of this mine as a bagatelle compared with another discovery he recently made. This last find was no less than a meerchaum mine, which he accidentally stumbled across with a French prospector.

"This," he said, holding up a sample of the product in the shape of a brick, "is more valuable than all the gold and silver mines put together. This is the genuine meerchaum, and we have a mine of it. We require no blasting or tinning or putting up of stamps and mills to get it out. We can chop all we want of it out with an ax, and there is no trouble in shipping it away."—[San Francisco Call.]

He Wanted His Fruit.

The author of "The Assassination of Siberia" tells the following story of a one-armed convict in the south, whose duty it was to couple cars on the railroad.

One evening he was standing on the end of the first flat car, pin in hand, ready to make a coupling when the engine should approach closely enough. He was holding some oranges, and his attention was somewhat divided between his duty and the safety of his fruit. The engine was not backing in, but coming pilot first, and when the coupling bar struck the socket the shock threw the man off his feet. He fell between the two, and before the engine could be stopped it struck him, doubled him together and ran over his body, lifting the truck wheels quite off the track. There he was, wedged into a ball sustaining the whole enormous weight, and the pilot was wrenched over him at an angle of 45 degrees.

The captain of the gang supposed the man to be dead, and it was with no hope of saving him that he shouted to the convicts to pry up the engine at once. They ran at the word. Beams were thrust under the great mass of metal raised by main force and the man was pulled out. To the amazement of every one he stretched himself, felt his limbs and body, slowly regained his feet and said:

"What's my oranges?"

Sources of Beautiful Colors.

The cochineal insects furnish a great many fine colors. Among them are the gorgeous carmine, the crimson, scarlet carmine and purple lakes. The cuttle fish gives the sepia. It is the ink fluid which the fish discharges in order to render the water opaque when attacked. Indiana yellow comes from the camel. Ivory chips produce the ivory black and bone black. The exquisite Prussian blue is made by fusing borax, iron and other refuse animal matter with impure potassium carbonate. This color was discovered accidentally. Various lakes are derived from roots, barks and gums. Blue black comes from the charcoal of the vine stalk. Lamplblack is soot from certain resinous substances. Turkey red is made from the madder plant, which grows in Hindostan. The yellow sap of a tree of Siam produces gamboge; the natives catch the sap in cocoon shells. Raw sienna is the natural earth from the neighborhood of Sienna, Italy. Raw umber is also an earth found near Umbria and burned. Indigo ink is made from burned camphor; the Chinese are the only manufacturers of this ink. Mastic is made from the gum of the mastic tree, which grows in the Grecian Archipelago. Ristre is the soot of wood ashes, Chinese white is zinc, scarlet is iodine of mercury, and native vermilion is from a quicksilver ore called cinnabar.—[New York Herald.]

The "Gospel Barge" of Bishop Walker (Episcopal), of North Dakota, soon to be launched at Bismarck, will be called the Missouri Missioner, and will be used for Christian work in towns and camps along the Missouri for a distance of more than 500 miles. It is 93 feet in length 25 feet in breadth. The barge with this large church to stow people who could not otherwise divine service, and it is to be general Christian work of every to the region calls for.