

A Twenty-Eight Column Family Weekly, For One Dollar a Year, IN ADVANCE. A Splendid Advertising Medium. J. H. LINDSAY, Editor and Owner.

The News and Farm

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, NEWS, POLITICS, AGRICULTURE, EDUCATION AND SOUTHERN PROGRESS.

VOL. VII.

KERNERSVILLE, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 18, 1887.

NO. 32.

Advertising Rates will be Made on Application.

JOB PRINTING.

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS

Executed at this Office with promptness and at very reasonable rates.

Your Orders Solicited.

AFTER THE SHOWER.

After the storm is past, And while health laden, murmur o'er the sea, And sing among the roadside trees, that cast The glittering rain drops heedlessly Long by the wall Which recedes as it falls.

Happy is he who roves Along some unfrequented road afar, That leads o'er billy peak, thro' perfumed groves, Or lone by wood-embowered scar, And quaffs his health's breath On dew-beset leaves.

The afternoon was hushed, And scarce a zephyr stirred the golden rod, Or cooled the banks where dromy streamlets gleamed Down like a green glow in tepid flood; And landscape glen in tepid flood; Ungloomed by mist or cloud.

But in the garden cloud Burst forth upon the low, perched hills and dale; And cool and shadowed deep the valleys warm; And frequent showers and freshening gales Transfused the sun The sultry view.

By the sequestered road, After the pinkish chirps, and summer sounds Churn the air birds among the clouds, and loud The summer air with drowsy sounds, While shadows creep Slow from the eastern deep.

Boston Transcript.

THE BURNT CHESTNUT.

"This is the famous Burnt Chestnut runway," said Maj. Silas Haight, known all over the commonwealth as "the Lone Fisherman of Kettle Creek." "This is the favorite spot for deer hunters an' it's known far an' near as Burnt Chestnut runway, though th' hain't no more sign of a burnt chestnut here now th'n th' is on that flat rock yonder. Right w'ar yon second growth pine is standin', not an inch to the left nor to the right, is just whar the ol' burnt chestnut stood th' give this runway its name, years an' years ago, an' it'll be the ol' Burnt Chestnut runway ez long ez there's a hunter led to come here an' stan' an' take his chances for deer."

"Ol' Burnt Chestnut! I'd just like to hev some o' this ol' times over ag'in th' I've had on this blame night played out mountain! W'en I look back at 'em I get humbuck all through, an' ez lonesome ez a widdered turtle dove. Th' hain't nothin' nor nobody no more, sonny, an' that's a fact. That is, not to speak on, there one or two o' the ol' boys left yet, an' give a further to the management to strike wood in w'en they're lookin' for a ketchin' fish, an' play at huntin' deer. But th' w'as a hull nest of us in the rippin' an' tearin' o' times, an' we run the township, for the leadin' citizens in them days was doer an' ba'r an' painters. Some o' the ol' boys'd get ketchin' no w'en, then, as 't was a ba'r ketchin' a hiplock on 'em, or give a further to the management, so they gradually got chewed up an' pulled in two. Thar w'ere Pete Muffer, an' come to think on it, he got missed one fall an' didn't never show up with the boys ag'in. He w'ere a fault findin' sort o' chap, Pete w'ere, an' allaz ketchin' a jawin' 'cause th' wa'n't nothin' in the woods w'ar takin' any more, an' he got up w'ar w'ere, roagin' ez he fall, th' he'd never be happy till he could get a ketchin' whar he could rassel tigers or pumpkin' that kind th' w'ere w'ar takin' an' w'ere likely to stan' some show with him. So w'en Pete didn't turn up no more, w'ere w'ere, of course, he had along his rifle on his shoulder an' pulled out for some deer or other whar tigers was comin' about th' deer, th' he pulled to come and give 'em some lessons in a rough an' tumble. We had pody night forgot all about Pete, but w'en the spring arter he'd cut sticks, ez he w'ere, Jim Banner slugged a big bar over 'long Fersimmon Holler one day. Th' wa'n't nothin' differ'n't but that w'ar from another bar, cep't th' w'ar Jim Banner dressed in the w'ar, no more, an' he pulled in his innards. The box was battered an' stained an' showed hard times generally, but th' wa'n't no mistakin' o' it. Ev'ry body rec'ized it as Peter Muffer's, an' that's all th' w'ere left o' him. The rest o' him had n'rally disappeared, but th' hain't no bar as ever stole a pig ez in digest in the w'ar. Gobe w'ere w'ere. Th' wa'n't nothin' to be said for a year an' better. One day Sam Bates, whar w'ere happenin' to walk by the Moyer place, heard a big quarrel goin' on 'mongst the family. He heard the ol' man say th' he wouldn't stan' it no longer. An' th' ol' man dividin' his money even 'twixt the boys an' the girl, that's the girl w'ere blue as the w'ar, th' girl shouldn't marry Simon, yet ez ez be blamed pleased with it. Ol' Simon told young Simon to take the stage fer Philadelphia nex' mornin', an' have his lawyer draw up the papers, an' to bring 'em back up an' he'd sign 'em, an' Simon w'ere w'ere. Th' wa'n't much stir seen 'bout the Moyer place for a week arter that. The folk th'ot it began to look mysterious, an' w'ere just on the pin o' 'investigatin' it, w'ere young Simon got back. 'Twan't many hours 'fore the hull destrict knew d' th' Simon had found the house empty. The ol' man w'ere gone, Jim w'ere gone, Patience w'ere gone, an' w'ere th'n, as Simon said, the ol' man's money chest w'ere gone. Simon ripped 'round the neighborhood an' w'ere th' ol' man had murdered the ol' man an' hid his body somers in the woods, an' then stole the money an' run off w'ar Patience. More'n th' he, he w'ere w'ere in the destrict had helped Jim do it, an' he'd hev 'em all hung. But no evidence o' no murder couldn't be found, an' nobody couldn't understand w'ar it all meant. Arter w'ere Simon, findin' th' he couldn't find a clew to nothin', set fire to the house one night an' next day left the destrict, an' w'ere ez rybody th' w'ere in it, an' nobody ever see him ag'in.

"People w'ere beginning to fertig all about the curious circumstance, w'en who should pop out on a stage one day at the crossin' as Jim Moyer an' Patience, ez smilin' ez two baskets o' chips! Wall, now, sonny, mebbe th' wa'n't a time w'en Jim and the gal heard the news. They jest went wild, an' ev'ry body sez w'ere w'ere they didn't know nuthin' 'bout ol' Moyer or his money. Jim said th' he'd stan' by Patience had been bound to marry one another, an' so the night arter young Simon went to Philadelphia to see the lawyer, they jest slid quietly out o' the house an' walked ten miles through the woods an' got married, an' w'ere on a weddin' tower ever since. W'en they

crippled in a way th' wa'n't no reg'lar, an' he jest wasted an' waded away, an' one mornin', 'fore any one know'd it, he'd turned his face to the wall an' slipped over the river. "An' that's the way the ol' boys turned up their toes, sonny, one after another, ez long ez w'ere with w'ere foolin' 'round in the woods arter a chance. I'm afeard I've lost my chance o' followin' their example, for th' hain't a painter nor a sign o' one within a th'ousan' miles o' here, an' it don't seem to be no trick at all to settle with a bar nowadays. If my ol' gun don't bust, or a tree don't fall an' squish me, or a scattering shot in the moon don't bring me, or I don't fall overboard in the ocean an' get drowned, I'm ferd, sonny, th' I'll hed to peg out in bed, an' th' th' boys ez died game'll kinder feel ashamed o' me w'en Gabriel gives the bugle call an' I jine 'em on t'other side o' Jordan.

"But this here Burnt Chestnut runway—course yew heard the curious story ez to how it got its name? Didn't never see it. W'ere I saw it. That's a curiouser yet th' th' story, an' bein' as w'ere havin' got nuthin' better to listen to jest now th'n them esny red squirrels ez is chucklin' at us from ev'ry durn tree that's got a hole in it, them w'ereless jaybirds th' sings ez if they w'ere flin' a saw an' th' that on that woodpecker on that dead pine o' yonder, I'll just give yew the history o' ol' Burnt Chestnut.

"It happened a good many years ago, it did, sonny—so long ago that they very few in the country ez ever heern on it, let alone 'memberin' on it. 'Twan't long arter stage coaches begun to run up through this destrict, an' th' for ez enough back, goodness knows. Wall, anyhow, one fall an' ol' man th' was out o' the stage over yonder at the crossin' in a tavern, on t'other side o' the bridge, an' staid thar. He give his name as Simon Moyer, an' he took to lookin' 'bout the destrict, an' finally bought a tract o' land up 'long the Big Swamp run. He had a piece of it cleared o' timber, an' then he built the biggest an' snugest log house th' w'ere ever seen. The nex' summer fall a dozen w'ere loads o' furniture an' setch fixin's for housekeepin' ez hadn't never been seen nor heern on in these parts came a-drivin' up to ol' Moyer's log house, an' followin' them came the ol' man, two young fellers ez turned out to be his sons an' an all-fired handsome gal, more'n 16 year o' age. It sose right in the w'ar, ez ol' Moyer had a few folks th' w'ere diggin' in the days for a livin' in the destrict, th' th' gal w'ere the ol' man's niece. One o' the boys w'ere named Simon, arter his pap, an' the other w'ere called James. Simon w'ere 'bout 23, an' James w'ere more'n 21. The gal's name w'ere Patience. James was a tip top young chap an' a right in with the w'ere o' the destrict, an' got to be so popular 'mongst 'em th' th' wa'n't nothin' whar w'ere callin' him Jim. Young Simon, though, w'ere an overbearin' an' disagreeable cuss. He hated the woods an' the people, and didn't make no bones o' sayin' so. Consequently, folks wa'n't no blame well set to hater him ez they mowt ha' been. But the delectable w'ere here nor thar.

"Not noticed, an' the boys things will get circled arter, an' anyone's business be ev'ryone's business, even if th' hain't more'n half a dozen folks in a destrict, twenty miles square. Wall, that's the way it went 'bout the Moyer, an' th' wa'n't long 'fore the hull woods know'd th' ol' Moyer kep' a good deal o' his money in the w'ar, an' in a iron bound chest, an' th' young Simon an' his brother Jim w'ere both on 'em dead in love with their cousin Patience, an' th' Patience had her heart set on Jim, an' th' consequently th' w'ere the ol' boy to pay most o' the time in the Moyer family. The ol' man's favorite son w'ere young Simon, an' he'd owned up to w'ere w'ere in his house, lookin' for business in the matter o' Patience, an' w'ere tryin' all the time to get the boys to patch up some sort o' compromise. Th' w'ere trouble, too, about the ol' man's money 'cause Simon he claimed th' most of it must be his by rights, an' Jim he 'lowed th' he'd be blamed if th' w'ere w'ere.

"An' so things went on for a year an' better. One day Sam Bates, whar w'ere happenin' to walk by the Moyer place, heard a big quarrel goin' on 'mongst the family. He heard the ol' man say th' he wouldn't stan' it no longer. An' th' ol' man dividin' his money even 'twixt the boys an' the girl, that's the girl w'ere blue as the w'ar, th' girl shouldn't marry Simon, yet ez ez be blamed pleased with it. Ol' Simon told young Simon to take the stage fer Philadelphia nex' mornin', an' have his lawyer draw up the papers, an' to bring 'em back up an' he'd sign 'em, an' Simon w'ere w'ere. Th' wa'n't much stir seen 'bout the Moyer place for a week arter that. The folk th'ot it began to look mysterious, an' w'ere just on the pin o' 'investigatin' it, w'ere young Simon got back. 'Twan't many hours 'fore the hull destrict knew d' th' Simon had found the house empty. The ol' man w'ere gone, Jim w'ere gone, Patience w'ere gone, an' w'ere th'n, as Simon said, the ol' man's money chest w'ere gone. Simon ripped 'round the neighborhood an' w'ere th' ol' man had murdered the ol' man an' hid his body somers in the woods, an' then stole the money an' run off w'ar Patience. More'n th' he, he w'ere w'ere in the destrict had helped Jim do it, an' he'd hev 'em all hung. But no evidence o' no murder couldn't be found, an' nobody couldn't understand w'ar it all meant. Arter w'ere Simon, findin' th' he couldn't find a clew to nothin', set fire to the house one night an' next day left the destrict, an' w'ere ez rybody th' w'ere in it, an' nobody ever see him ag'in.

THE "RAILWAY BRAIN."

A Case Much Resembling "Railway Spine"—Question for Neurologists. At a recent meeting of the Society of Physicians of the 'w'arite hospital in Berlin, Thomsen exhibited a patient whose case he described as one of "railway spine." A nervous resembling in many respects the condition already well known under the name of "railway spine." A healthy railway employe, aged 50, without history of alcoholism or of any predisposing neurotic condition, by the sudden motion of his train was thrown violently against the side of a car, striking his head. He sustained no wound, and at the time of injury consciousness was preserved. Some hours afterward, however, he was suddenly seized with syncope, with mental terror, lost all sense of location, could not recognize the simplest familiar object, and described what he saw erroneously; his one objective symptom was absolute anesthesia of the entire body. On the fourth day after his injury he had violent tremors, a pulse rate of 44, and, in addition to the cutaneous anesthesia, loss of olfactory and taste sensations, with difficult hearing. On the fifth day the psychic symptoms suddenly ceased, he could remember nothing which had happened, and had no explanation for this condition.

The patient subsequently became very melancholy, complaining of general headache, spinal pain, weakness and failure of appetite; no sensations of terror or disordered dreams were present. The objective symptoms remaining were well marked cranial and spinal hyperaesthesia; failure to distinguish between white and black; loss of smell and taste and impaired hearing; numbness and at times paresis and spasms of the region supplied by the facial nerve were also present. He was discharged from the hospital as improved, but two months afterward his condition was unchanged; he was unable to work on account of headache and weakness. Thomsen's diagnosis was "railway spine," a condition of probable disturbance of cerebral functions from shock.

The increase in mechanical appliances and the immense extension of railways afford abundant opportunities for observation of nervous shock, both in its fatal and milder forms. While postmortem and clinical explanations of the course of these cases when fatal, it is evident that we must rely upon the continued observation of surviving patients to determine the development of lesions which will illustrate the pathology of this condition. The possibility of the production of degenerative changes in nervous matter under such conditions causing permanent mental impairment is an interesting question for neurologists and for medico-legal aspects, for the corporation whose property may cause such injuries to their patrons and employes.—Medical News.

The World's Graveyard.

Considerable disputes have been had relative to the space required to contain the people of the earth from Adam to the end of 6,000 years. The space required is comparatively insignificant when the almost incomprehensible number of people are taken into consideration. The basis of calculation is presumably overestimated. The present population of the earth is reputed to be 1,000,000,000 people. We have 113 years yet to come, or 6,000 years, but if we take 700,000,000 as an average, by every generation, we find that in the 6,000 years, allowing 33-1/3 years to a generation, 189 generations will have passed, or 700,000,000 x 189 = 132,300,000 (billions) of people will have existed at the completion of 6,000 years. Allowing one square yard to each, they would occupy a space of 132,300 square miles. This is a little more than half the size of Missouri (252,345 miles) and seven times the size of Texas (295,730 square miles). Allowing 33 1/3 years for an interval, Texas would afford burial for three times the number, or on the same basis would contain all the people of the earth for 18,600 years. Allowing 2 feet to stand on each person, we find that 6,000 years they would make a belt around the earth (24,900 miles) 477 deep, or from the earth to the moon (240,000 miles) 59 deep, whilst it would take eight times the number to extend from here to the sun in a single line.—Kansas City Star.

Life of the Lowly in Barcelona.

With some exceptions the ladies still wear the exotic Andalusian headpieces which glossy tresses piled high, the black lace covering them drooping in front in a point. The Barcelona shop girl or seamstress, however, instead of the mantilla, prefers a crimson or deep yellow silk kerchief, that suits to perfection her dark skin, jetty locks and glorious orbs. Proboscis-like noses, trained by a constant contemplation of vivid colors in mountain and sky, for even in such slight matters as the selection of a flower to place in the hair, or the choice of a stocking to match the petticoat, the Spanish lass never errs on the score of harmony. The peasant, too, is no less romantic than aristocrat. In dress, deportment and physiognomy, in fact from head to foot, his appearance is characteristic. His woolen cap is in reality shaped like the leg of a stocking—happily he does not stiffen or distend it to its full length capacity, the effect would be too grotesque for even his inborn gravity; the folding it in a scroll over the forehead, not only shades the eyes, but is a constant reminder of the hair of the young man, however, often choose a dark brown, purple, or gray color. His short jacket is of black or blue velvet, with clusters of tiny silver fringe buttons; he wears knee breeches, knitted hose, and round his waist a red sash, not less than five yards in length. To put this on he lets it trail on the ground, and winds himself into it by turning round and round. In the folds of this scarf he carries a claspknife of singular shape, presumably of Moorish origin and peculiar to Catalonia. The blade is from five to seven inches in length, and is held in the right hand palm, with the point touching the tip of the two forefingers, the "muchacho" knows how to throw it with deadly accuracy. A pair of sandals, light and suitable for the climate, complete his equipment and no doubt contribute greatly to the marvelous feats of speed and endurance for which he is remarkable.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Natives of the Congo Region.

Now let me tell you about the natives of this region. Poor things! They do not seem to know much. They are strong and muscular and carry immense loads on their heads. They have not learned to carry burdens in any other way. One of the government officials had some whoelbarrows made and sent him. He told one of the natives to get on and bring it to him, and the poor thing tried to bring it on his head. And when it was loaded four of them picked it up and were going to carry it.

Balloons in High Altitudes.

The recent attempt made by some French aeronauts to reach a great height above the earth has not been productive of any particular scientific results. The balloon in which the ascent was made reached an altitude of over 20,000 feet without the occupants of the car experiencing any ill effects, except a tendency to faintness on the part of one of them. When about twelve years ago a similar attempt was made, and the height of 25,000 feet was reached, it was with fatal results to three out of the four aeronauts. The success of the present experiment is explained by the allegation that the difficulties due to the rarefaction of the atmosphere only begin at an altitude of 25,000 or 24,000 feet. This view seems supported by the fact that in the Himalayas and the Andes heights of about 20,000 feet have been on several occasions reached without any inconvenience. In such cases, however, the ascent has always been gradual. The ill effects experienced in balloons are possibly due to the suddenness of the change.—London Spectator.

To Stop Bleeding of the Nose.

If applying cold water to the neck and face has no effect, dissolve a little alum in a basin of water and inject a sniff of it up the nostrils; hold the head back and do not attempt to blow the nose.—Herald of Health.

A Counterfeit \$500 Bill.

As an example of slight differences between the spurious bills and genuine ones as to its utmost even a practiced eye, the following description of a counterfeit \$500 is cited: "Unquestionably one of the most dangerous counterfeits in existence. The engraving and workmanship nearly equal to the genuine; the latter work is excellent, numbering of the work fair and clear good color. The star on the right of the treasury number is somewhat blurred. The portrait of J. Q. Adams is excellent, but the lobes of the ear is very indistinct. In the counterfeit, the button upon the coat nearest the lapel is almost square—in the genuine it is round. The vignette of the figure of Justice is finely engraved with the exception of the following points: As the scale is held aloft in the left hand the upright holding the beam is crossed, and is larger in the counterfeit than in the genuine—in the genuine the upright shows only to the lower part of the hand, while in the counterfeit it shows to the second finger from the base; the white curve in the arm is a perfect oval in the genuine, while in the counterfeit it is not. The left foot of the vignette, as it extends from the garment, presents a clubbed appearance in the counterfeit, while the toes are short and not half the length of the genuine. The parallel ruling is excellent; the note is printed on fiber paper, and is signed John Allison, Register, and F. S. Spenser, Treasurer. Bankers and others should receive these notes with great care, as it is only by a comparison with the genuine that the majority of experts can positively decide as to the genuineness of a note of this class.

Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.

The original of this is written upon common official paper, and is in the hand of President Lincoln, save the second and third paragraphs, which are printed. The printed paragraphs were cut from the previous proclamation of Sept. 22, and pasted upon the sheet by Mr. Lincoln himself, to save the labor of writing them. The attestation in the hand of Secretary Seward—a handwriting not greatly unlike that of the president, only that it is larger and rather more regular. When the attestation appears to have been scrawled in his pen, for as far as the sixth word, "hereunto," the lines are heavy and partly blurred. The signature of the president is more tremulous than the body of the document, and appears near as a specimen of cigraphy from the straight lines of Mr. Seward's firm hand. The tremulousness was due to nervousness, but to the fact that Mr. Lincoln signed the proclamation on New Year's day, after having shaken hands with several hundred people.

Christine Nilsson's Apartments.

Christine Nilsson, the wife of Count Mirandol, furnished and decorated her apartments in a style that is the talk of the town. The dining room presents a most original appearance. The walls are papered throughout with hot plates, setled by the diva on her professional tours. The drawing room is decorated in lieu of paper hangings, with the faded leaves of all the wreaths ever received by the artist, arranged in the form of scales. The ceiling is entirely covered with gilt foliage. The walls of the boudoir are covered from floor to ceiling with the musical score and the text of the airs which Mme. Nilsson is accustomed to sing.

Washington's Land Advertisement.

Dr. Alfred O. Ocala, Fla., has a copy of The Baltimore Advertiser and Graphic, dated Aug. 23, 1873. In it is a graphic land advertisement by George Washington, offering 20,000 acres of the finest and richest land in the world and situated in the Kanawha valley, W. Va. The doctor purchased it at the sale of the library of ex-Governor Winslow, of North Carolina, thirty-seven years ago, and prizes it highly. He has refused several flattering offers for it by real estate agents.—New York Tribune.

A Nest of Steel Shavings.

A natural curiosity has been discovered at Solothurn, Switzerland, the center of a large watch manufacturing district. It is the nest of a wagtail, built wholly of long spiral steel shavings, without the use of its construction. The steel shavings are half a millimeter thick and about twelve centimeters long. The nest has been preserved in the Museum of Natural History.—The Argonaut.

The Rectors' Fancies.

How cute these parades are; they suit the wits of monkeys' faces. Bessie (his daughter). Yes, papa, each one looks like a chimpanzee.—The Epoch.

The German Authorities in Alsace-Lorraine.

The German authorities in Alsace-Lorraine have stopped the granting of all hunting licenses to the French residents in the annexed provinces.

THE FUTURE OF CHICAGO.

A Prophecy by W. H. H. Murray—Canada's Future Possibilities. Chicago is the commercial center of a surrounding country destined, within a lifetime, to contain 100,000,000 of industrious, thrifty, and luxury loving people. The population of London is to that of England and Wales as four to twenty-six. And should the population of Chicago ever hold the same relation to the population of the ten great states that encircle it and are commercially tributary to her as London holds to England and Wales her census will, as surely as the sun rises over the prairies, show the enormous total of 30,000,000 of souls. Nor is this to be vastly wondered at when one considers that she is the queen city, the center and outlet of such an agricultural area as can nowhere else be found on the globe; that she is already the third manufacturing city of the continent; that the total value of her trade is more than \$1,000,000,000 per year, and that 15,000 vessels arrived at and sailed from her wharves last year, with a tonnage of nearly 5,000,000.

Very well. Now, over the line which is the boundary between Minnesota and Canada is a section of country as large as eleven Illinoises, whose soil is the best on the earth, and over which shines a most productive sun. Here is richness of soil; here is plenty of moisture; here is a most fruitful climate; here is the last uncultivated land, and perhaps the most productive wheat belt on the continent. What else is wanted? One thing. Give me one thing more and I will predict that, in this great Canada and the west, within the length of a healthy human life will be found eleven geographical divisions, as large as provinces you have \$500 in your pocket, or a fifty cent chrome, depends on the somewhat distinctness of a star, the shape of a button, or the indistinctness of an ear, matters are being drawn pretty fine.—Chicago Herald.

Do You Know the Origin of the Expression, "Who Struck Billy Patterson?"

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

Maxims for Merchants.

In every line of business some man must lead. Young men make positions; positions rarely make them. Some men buy when they should sell and sell when they should buy. Goods frequently change hands upon the shelves give them a fresher look. When the customer loses his temper, that is the time that you should keep yours. A man who has a good trade or business, and brings to it brains and diligence, can afford to wait. What men call luck or accident is often the fruit of years of careful study, patient endurance and devotion. No past popularity, no fame earned by a lifetime will avail if men do not keep to the front and keep up the stroke. Business reputes is better than stocks, bonds or money. Revaluations can't shake, robbers can't steal, and the cynicism of trade can't engulf it. Advertise when business is brisk. Advertise when business is dull. Advertise constantly and lavishly. Then will the printer grow rich and his children rise up and call you a miser.

A New Cheap Light in London.

London is excited over new and cheap light. A tank is placed in a row of a dwelling and filled with oil. Connection is made with the gas pipes, and the burner is capable of being turned on or off. The light is white, soft and agreeable, and as brilliant as that supplied by electricity. The cost is about one-third that of gas, and the burning is so quiet that it is scarcely heard. The secret of the new process is a machine, which is wound up like clockwork and which separates the hydrogen from the oxygen of the atmosphere, and causes the latter to mix with oil and give forth the excellent light, which is the admiration of all beholders.—Philadelphia Call.

When the Pamphlets Floated.

A certain old lady down in Maine has the genuine genes of Mrs. Partington, and may have been the original of that famous character, for all the listeners know. Not long ago she was telling of the wild times in the woods down there before the country was settled. "Why," said she, "the folks used to be waked up in the night by the howling of the pamphlets in the woods."

Another Superstition.

The latest "fad" is the interest attached to the finding of an old button shoe. We were told, with great sincerity, that if a young girl on finding one would count the buttons remaining on it she would be able to tell exactly the number of years which would elapse before her marriage, each button representing one year. It is looked upon as a great piece of misfortune (by the credulous) to find a shoe minus buttons.—Chicago News.

Pennsylvania has more postoffices than any other state in the Union, 4,116.

New York has 3,548.

Sugar does not, as many suppose, promote decay of the teeth.

—Boston Transcript.

Another Superstition.

The latest "fad" is the interest attached to the finding of an old button shoe. We were told, with great sincerity, that if a young girl on finding one would count the buttons remaining on it she would be able to tell exactly the number of years which would elapse before her marriage, each button representing one year. It is looked upon as a great piece of misfortune (by the credulous) to find a shoe minus buttons.—Chicago News.

Pennsylvania has more postoffices than any other state in the Union, 4,116. New York has 3,548. Sugar does not, as many suppose, promote decay of the teeth.—Boston Transcript.