

THE MORGANTON STAR.

'Hew to the Line, Let the Chips Fall Where they May.'

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THE GRIZZLY'S POCKET.

BY HENRY NEWPORT.

"That's a pretty little girl you got with you in the Pullman, Cap. Granddaughter?"

"No, she ain't no granddaughter," said "Cap.," looking at the conductor with an injured expression. "I ain't no spring chicken, and yet I ain't no grandd."

"Daughter, perhaps?"

"Nary daughter."

"Niece?"

"Nur yit niece."

"Child of a friend, may be?"

Cap. gave two or three savage pulls at the long cigar, which had beguiled him from the side of the little girl in the Pullman into the free and easy atmosphere of the smoker, before he saw fit to answer the conductor's last question. The express (en route to El Paso) had entered on that long run between Oakland Pier—four miles out of San Francisco—and Lathrop, ninety-one miles distant, and seeing several hours without a stop before him, the conductor had strolled into the smoker for a chat.

"See here, young feller," said Cap. at last, "did I pay that little gal's way, or didn't I? Did you punch her coupon with that there silver pistol of yours, or didn't you? Do I owe this yer road anything? Ef I do, present yer bill; ef I don't, what makes you so all-fired keen to know the whole history of the case? I ain't a kidnappin' her; you kin bank on that; but all the same she ain't no kith nor kin er mine, and she don't belong to no friend. I'm a takin' her to her mother in St. Louey. Jest heft that pile."

He twitched a red cotton handkerchief out of an inner pocket and thrust it into the surprised conductor's hand.

"Jest heft that pile," he continued, "it's pure, solid twenty-four karat gold; ever grain of it belongs to that little gal, and I'll bet the drinks you can't come within a hundred of its value. Jest heft it once."

The conductor held the handkerchief by its ends, and gravely "hefted" something of about the bulk of an ordinary fist, which was knotted in the center of the rag.

"It weighs about two pounds, I judge," he said, after some little hesitation.

"What is the figger?"

"Well, if it is pure gold, as you say, it may be worth \$500."

"You are jest a hundred out. She is worth \$402.23. A greasily bar played St. Nicholas' game last Christmas eve and throwed that handsome little tribute into the little gal's stocking. He killed her dad at the same time and died himself—which was two of the whitest deeds as ever a greasily done, to my way of thinking."

To the conductor's way of thinking, as well as that of every passenger within hearing, Cap. was altogether too light-headed to be trusted with his own superintendence while making his five days' run between San Francisco and St. Louis, much less to be the pro tem guardian of a seven-year-old girl. He saw the incredulous smiles excited by the remark, and seemed to understand the pitying glances which went with them.

"Of course, you think I am crazy," he said, simply. "They can't be no such thing as that happen. All the curious things has happened already. There ain't no gold in California no more, and they ain't no greasies in the Rockies, and they ain't nothing odd nor outlandish in the whole world. Everything is dead open and shtet. What you don't see you don't believe. But all the same it's true, and ef I told you it happened back in '49 you'd believe it; but becuz it happened last Christmas eve, and becuz I'm here and the gold is here and the little gal is back in the Pullman asleep it seems too much like bringing miracles home to you, and you shake your head and say: 'All a lie; the old man's crazy.'"

He had the knot in the handkerchief undone by this time, and gave the conductor, as well as two or three of the passengers, a satisfying inspection of the pound and a half lump of dull, yellow metal which it had enfolded. The conductor pronounced the metal to be, without doubt, genuine gold.

"You see, it was this way," said Cap. turning about in his seat so that he could speak to those in the seat behind him as to the conductor in front—"me and the old lady allus calculate to give our children a little candy and things every Christmas; but when, the day before Christmas, I came home from the store down in the village with a pound or two in this pocket, and a few pounds in that, and a sack full o'ung over my shoulder, and a wooden elephant with a leather trunk and a Noub's ark, and a doll baby that would cry 'mamma,' a bursting out of a paper sack in my arms, and me a-sneakin' around the back way so as the children might not catch me and tumble to the racket, I felt like a full growned St. Nicholas, and my heart was just a singing 'Peace on earth and good will toward men.'"

"Abner," says my old lady when she

sees my pile, I don't believe that little gal down to Jake Pearson's ranch is got a blame thing. Jake is that mean that he'd never squander a dollar for fool toys, and it jest natchly makes me tired to think of our brats rolling in goodies and that little yeller haired gal without even molasses."

"I saw her bluff and raised it. 'Gimme that there doll, old lady,' I sez, 'and a tin horse and about two pounds of that confectionary, and well see if she don't have a Christmas yet, all the same.'"

"I put 'em in a sack and waltzed along the road tell I kem to the place jest above Pearson's ranch, which lies at the foot of the mountain, and after stumbling down fur about a hundred yards I could almost look down Pearson's chimney, directly underneath me, and all at once I heard the little gal scream."

"Pearson hadn't lived in them diggin's more'n six months, and we neighbors didn't know a great deal about him; but our wimmen folks they'd a spied out the land a little, as wimmen will, and they 'lowed that Pearson was a-living in the shanty all alone, 'cepting fur this little seven-year-old gal, and they swore up and down that he didn't treat her right. They knew he was a rascal the first time they seed him, and once or twice he was seen a whippin' her with a luther strap. We men didn't take much stock in their talk; but we laid low and 'lowed that the first time we ketched him red-handed a-whippin' ary gal with a luther strap 'ud be a mighty unhealthy time for Pearson."

"Well, sir, boys, he was doing that very thing when I lit down on him—with the buckle end, too, mind you; and if I hadn't beer a law-and-order-abidin' citizen, I swan I'd a shot him then. But I 'lowed it wuz best to have witnesses, and ef I'd a killed him 'thout no one by to see fair play, it might have caused talk. So I jest tuk the strap from him, and kinder scared him into decency with a touch or two on his own shoulders, and then I tuk him to one side and guv him the knickknacks."

"You put them in the kid's stocking to-night so she will find 'em when she wakes up in the morning," sez I. 'It's Christmas morning, and we are all Christians up yer in these diggins,' sez I, 'and if you don't I swear I'll smash your head.'"

"He snarled and showed his teeth, like a bull dog that wants to bite but is afraid to, and I swan to man, gentlemen, I wuz downright put out that we'd a let that little gal live all alone so long with such a human hyena. But, as I said before, I didn't like to take the law into my own hands all alone, so I waltzed off and hunted up some of the neighbors, and told them jest how the land lay, and asked their advice. They all said the same thing."

"We'll go down and talk to him, right off," sez they.

"Bring the little gal up to our ranch, after you get through with him," sez my old lady; "she kin have a home with us so long as she pleases."

"That druv the nail home and clinched her on the other side. The wimmen wuz with us. So we tuk along a stout luther lariat, wit' a running noose in one end, kinder handy fur talking to search carn ez Pearson, and jest as night wuz beginning to sot in we got under way toward his ranch. They wuz six of us—Hank Fletcher, Cele Bledsoe, Stumpy Bluebaker, old man Bassett, Injun Pete and me—jest enough to be judge, jury and executioner."

Cap. paused here to light a fresh cigar; but before the flame of the match had taken hold on the tobacco he tossed the burning match aside.

"Jest excuse me fur about two seconds, gentlemen, whilst I waltz in and see ef my little gal is a-bankerin' for anything that I kin get her."

The girl was contentedly cuddled up in a corner of the green plush-covered seat, fast asleep, with her head resting on a soft black and white plaid shawl. With her delicate features and beautiful yellow hair, she would have been considered lovely anywhere, and after seeing her it was easy to understand the look of tenderness which lighted up the old ranchman's face whenever he mentioned his "little gal."

"Well, sirs," he continued upon gaining his seat in the smoker—and by this time every man in the car was a listener—"well, sirs, we didn't say much, becuz our heads had a powerful sight of thinking in 'em and our feet wuz busy climbing over the rock toward Pearson's. It wuz a long time sense we'd a been engaged in sich business; but we knowed Pearson deserved it, and we wanted to give him sich a talking to as he wouldn't have no chance to forgit."

"But the cards wuz packed agin us. In the centre of the road, jest where we meant to leave it, to climb down toward Pearson's, an' old greasily bar wuz camped as cool as you please, diggin' among the rocks fur worms. I hadn't seen no bar in those diggin's fur years, and I begun to think that things wuz happening powerful brisk all at once, and thet it never rains fun but it pores, when clip went Pete's and the greasily started down the hill toward Pearson's, with a bullet in his forehead and another in his chest."

"You remember I told you that I could a'most look down Pearson's chimney from the road. Well, that's what the bar did, an' more. He jest natchly tumbled down the side of the mountain and gave one big bound jest above the shanty and went kerplump onto the roof, smashing in the rafters like they were straw and knocking the mud chimbley seven ways for Sunday."

"When we got there the little gal wuz in her night dress, standing in the middle of the floor and rubbing her eyes."

"Is it Christmas?" she sez, "and is St. Nicholas come? And what woke me up?"

"I ketched her up in my arms and wrapped my coat all around her, so she couldn't see what had waked her up, and I sez, sez I:

"'It ain't quite Christmas, yit, honey,' sez I; 'but St. Nicholas is come, s're, and he's got a whole raft of things fur you, up to my ranch.'"

"I want my stocking," she sez, kinder struggling to git away from me. 'Father don't know I hung it up, but I did, and I want it.'"

"Well, sirs, jest to quiet her, I found out where she'd hung her stocking, way up the chimbley, where her father couldn't see it, becuz she knew powerful well he wouldn't hev no sech foolishness, and I got one of the boys to kinder hunt around fur it, jest to quiet her."

"Well, sirs, gentlemen, that thar little stocking—with more holes and patches and places where she had cobbled it herself with cotton string, than stockings—wuz a layin' in the ashes jest where the bar had knocked it when he broke down the chimbley, and they wuz a suggest of gold as big as my three fingers right on top of it. Two or three smaller pieces was scattered around, and it wuz plain to the meaneest intellec' that in fallin' the greasily's paw had clawed out a pocket of gold in the rocks just above the shanty, and the whole had jest natchly gravitated down with the bar."

"He wuz dead, of course, and when the boys kem to lift him, Jake Pearson wuz under him, smashed so that he had jest breath enough to tell me where to find the little gal's ma before he went."

"The next day—Christmas day—we sashayed around there with shovels and picks, and, after some little trouble in tracing it, we finally located the pocket and dug out the balance of the gold. I had every crumb of it melted into this yer brick in my handkerchief, and when we get to St. Louey I hands it over to little gal's ma, and I sez, sez I:

"'Four hundred and two dollars and twenty-three cents as a Christmas gift for your little gal, from a greasily bar, who wuz a whiter Christian than ever Jake Pearson wuz, madam, beggin' your pardon,' sez I."

"Lathrop—twenty-five minutes' spr!" sung out the brakeman, as the train slowed up at the supper station, four hours and fifteen minutes out of San Francisco.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Twining Plants.

One of the first peculiarities to be noticed in connection with the twining of plants is the fact that with very few exceptions all the individuals of one species always twine in the same direction. Most plants twine in an opposite course to the movement of the sun or of the hands of a watch. Supposing them to stand in front of you, they twine from your left toward your right. Such twiners are the morning-glory, wistaria, bean, hoya or wax-plant, trumpet-creepers, and many others. Of those which twine in the opposite direction the hop and wild bindweed, or climbing polygonum—known as wild buckwheat—are familiar examples.

It is an interesting experiment to endeavor by pinning, tying or other means to make a plant grow in an opposite direction from that which it naturally takes. It will be found that even a plant has a way of its own which is not to be changed.

Let us undertake to discover the manner in which a plant twines about a support. We will suppose that a young hop-vine is growing in the yard. The first two or three joints—called internodes—will be found to stand upright. There is no need for them to twine, and nature does not waste her forces. The internodes which next form begin to show an interesting peculiarity, however. After they have attained a length of a few inches they will be found to be deflected first to one side, then to another, until they have made a circle.

The motion becomes more rapid as the internodes grow longer, until, when two or three feet long, they sweep a circle in two or three hours. They will often make a circle four or five feet in diameter in search of some support to twine upon. And if the tip of the revolving shoot should strike a support, what would happen? Just the same thing as if you were swinging a rope about your head and the end of it should strike a pole. The rope would wind about the pole in the same direction in which it was moving. The hop shoot revolves with the sun, and if it should come in contact with a stick, it would twine about it in the same direction.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Shiaks and Sunis.

One of the most striking characteristics of the Afghan and Turcoman tribes, which has more than once been very skillfully utilized by Russia in her operations against them, is the extreme bitterness with which they take sides in the great controversy between the Suni and Shiak sects. The Shiaks, who are strong in Persia, hold Mohammed's son-in-law, Ali, the fourth Caliph, to be the prophet's only legitimate successor, denouncing his three forerunners as usurpers, while the Sunis, who abound in Afghanistan, hold a directly opposite creed. This feeling, which has made the countless Perso-Afghan wars unspcakably ferocious, is carried to such a height that an Englishman who lately begged the life of a wounded Persian was answered by one of his Afghan comrades: "Were he only an unbeliever I would spare him, but being a Shiak he must die." A stranger entering an Afghan or Turcoman camp is often met with the challenge, "What say'st thou of the first three Caliphs?" and should be pronounced in their favor, the crucial question follows: "What think'st thou of Ali?" to which if he wale his life, he must reply, "A' he a Kafir" (infidel).

A GAMBLER FROM INFANCY.

STRANGE AND EVENTFUL CAREER OF A LOUISVILLE PREACHER.

For Many Years a Prominent and Successful Gambler—Incidents That Led to His Reformation.

In the heart of Louisville's gambling quarter, on Jefferson street, between Fourth and Fifth, says the *Courier-Journal*, one man has been seen daily for years. He is plainly, almost shabbily dressed. His face is pallid and careworn always, and on it deep lines are graven, but not by the fifty winters whose passing have left him in his prime. He wears no beard save a stubby brown mustache, and his hair, hardly touched with gray, falls partly over a high forehead on which anxious lines are ever resting. The deep-set, keen blue eyes are the most prominent feature of his face, and they burn with a fire that is never quenched.

The man is Rev. Stephen Holcombe. He is the well-known reformed gambler and city missionary. He is doing a work which no other minister has attempted and which no one else can do.

The story of his life is a strange one. He was born at Shippingsport, Aug. 25, 1835, and from his cradle up was a gambler. He does not remember the time when he did not play cards, and at twelve he left home to fight life's battles unattended and unwatched. He left Shippingsport as cabin-boy on one of the magnificent steamboats that plied the river in those days, and for the next six years followed that wayward, wandering life. Then he came home and started a small store in the fish and oyster business on Third street, in partnership with his half brother, William Sowers. He was even then an experienced and daring gambler, but he did not become a "professional" until later on. He married when only twenty years old a Miss Evans, of Shippingsport. She was a sincere Christian, but the union did not long have a restraining influence upon him, though he was always a devoted husband.

When the war broke out Holcombe went to Nashville to collect a debt owed him by some one in the same line of business. He remained there some time, and finally opened a fish store, but he did not keep at it long. He began playing faro, and in a short time lost all he had. From that time he was a professional gambler, and followed that feverish existence for seventeen years. He had no such thing as nerves, and had trained eyes and fingers to lightning quickness and dexterity. He became one of the most successful gamblers in the South, over which he traveled for years.

He was especially lucky at poker, but he met his match one time at Nashville, to which he had drifted with his pockets stuffed with winnings. One night he sat down to play with a chance acquaintance, anticipating his customary luck. Instead of that he lost steadily, lost heavily, and finally every cent passed into the pockets of his new friend. He watched him until he discovered the man had a "system," and was equally lucky in every game he played. He won thousands of dollars in a single week. Holcombe told him of his discovery, and, stating that they could work to much advantage together, his proposition was accepted, and they traveled over the south for a long time. The "system" proved invaluable, and they won heavily at every place they visited. Both might have been rich three or four times over had they taken any care of money. They were inveterate gamblers, and what they won at poker they lost at faro or squandered in reckless ways, as men of their calling always will.

At Shreveport the partnership came to an abrupt termination. They played with their usual good fortune, and in a week won about \$20,000, depleting the pockets of every gambler in the place. One night Holcombe and his partner quarreled, and after a fight they separated, never to meet again. The "system" which they used with such success was invented by an old gambler, named Major Drake, who has long been dead.

After that the Kentuckian traveled for a long time over the racing circuit in the South and East. He went to live in New York, but after staying there a while came back dissatisfied. It was a restless period of his life, and he seldom remained in one place longer than three or four weeks at a time. He was the heaviest as well as the most successful poker player in the South, but he never accumulated any great amount of money.

"About \$5,000 or \$6,000 was as much as I ever had at any time," he says. "I never knew its value and threw it away as fast as it came into my hands. I wouldn't stick to poker, but as soon as I got flush I would go to playing faro, and this would terminate in my losing all I had. Faro has a wonderful fascination for most gamblers, and no matter how fair the game is the bank is sure to win in the long run. The percentage of the dealer's take-out I never learned, though I was one so long myself. It decreases with every deal, but is some unknown quantity which gives the bank an unending advantage."

"The stories of gambling and of gamblers' wealth are nearly always exaggerated," he continued. "I have been very lucky at times, and have made heavy winnings, but \$3,000 is as much as I ever took in at one sitting. You often hear of gamblers being worth \$100,000, when the chances are that they have not more than \$5,000 or \$6,000. That was as much as I ever owned."

He finally abandoned the racing circuit and came back to Louisville, where he dealt one of the heaviest faro games in the city. Subsequently he opened two houses. He owned some real estate at that time, and one day a Methodist minister, Rev. Gross Alexander, came to

rent a cottage from him. During their arrangement of the matter the gambler incidentally mentioned his occupation. Mr. Alexander laid his hand on Holcombe's shoulder and said:

"If that is the case, my brother, I hope this meeting will be profitable in more ways than one."

The gambler received an invitation to attend the preacher's meeting, and was converted. He joined the church, and from that day entered upon his life work. He began laboring among his old associates and the miserable and degraded, wherever they could be found. His charity was never appealed to in vain, and in a short time he and his family were without a penny.

From that time the story of his life has been a hand-to-hand combat with sin and poverty. The reformed gambler could get nothing to do here and went to Denver, where he fared almost as badly. He washed dishes in a restaurant and cooked for mining-camps at \$1.50, when he could have had a thousand by going back to his old companions. Then he returned to Louisville, and for a long time he and his family were in actual want of the necessities of life. When Ed Hughes was elected chief of the fire department Holcombe asked him for a place, and he was the first man appointed, an act of kindness which will never be forgotten.

The labors of the reformed gambler among his old associates attracted the attention about four years ago of Rev. J. C. Morris, then pastor of the Walnut Street church. He suggested to Mr. Holcombe that he devote his whole time to mission work, and he has done so. A mission room was first opened in the Tyler block, and was so successful that it was moved about two years ago to its present position. The good it is doing is incalculable, and is familiar to all.

Mr. Holcombe was licensed as a local preacher four years ago. The mission is his life-work, and he says he will quit it under no consideration. He has the confidence and respect of every gambler in the city, and every now and then is successful in leading one to a better life.

Cost of Bad Weather.

To the natives of countries where the climate is very warm, and where custom does not require a complete covering of the body, the expense of clothing is slight. So it is in extremely cold countries, where the discomfort of being uncovered even for a moment leads to the habit of a very unfrequent change of clothing.

How many persons have reflected upon the expense which changes of weather in the civilized temperate zone occasions? To say nothing of the ruin of fine clothing by sudden showers, let us consider what a cost is inflicted upon the community by unpleasant weather which is foreseen.

An umbrella lasts in respectable condition through a certain number of rainy days, according to its quality. Let us take one hundred rainy days as an average. Let us also suppose, for a guess, that on a day which is rainy all over the country, one million umbrellas are brought into use.

Then each of those umbrellas has lost one per cent., say two cents, of its original value, and in the aggregate ten umbrellas used are not worth so much by twenty thousand dollars at night as they were in the morning. These amounts are mere guesses, but they serve to show the principle.

January 20, 1884, was a pleasant winter day in London. On January 20, 1885, there was a "London fog." On the former day a single gaslight company sent out sixty-one million cubic feet of gas; on the latter day it sent out ninety-six million feet.

The difference of thirty-five million cubic feet was wholly due to the darkness caused by the fog, and the extra gas supplied by this one company—of which there are several in London—cost the public more than twenty-six thousand dollars.

It is probable that a single foggy day in London entails upon the people of that city, in various ways, an aggregate loss of more than one hundred thousand dollars.—*Youth's Companion.*

Sunflowers for Fuel.

A correspondent of the *Dakota Farmer*, after having tried "turf," coal, wood and sunflowers, has settled upon the last named as the cheapest and best fuel for treeless Dakota. He says: "I grow one acre of them every year, and have plenty of fuel for one stove the whole year round, and use some in another stove beside. I plant them in hills the same as corn (only three seeds to the hill), and cultivate same as corn. I cut them when the leader or top flower is ripe, let them lay on the ground two or three days; in that time I cut off all the seed heads, which are put into an open shed with a floor in it, the same as a corn crib; the stalks are then hauled home and packed in a common shed with a good roof on. When cut in the right time the stalks, when dry, are hard as oak, and make a good hot fire, while the seed heads, with the seeds in, make a better fire than the best hard coal. The seed being very rich in oil, it will burn better and longer, bushel for bushel, than hard coal. The sunflower is very hard on land. The piece of ground selected to plant on should be highly enriched with manures. In the great steppes (prairie) region in the interior of Russia and in Tartary, where the winters are more severe than here in Dakota, the sunflowers are, and have been for centuries past, the only kind of fuel used."

A recent invention is claimed to reduce the temperature of a room to eighty-five degrees below zero. It is thought to be the phrase used by the wife whose husband has returned from the club at 1 A. M.—*Boston Post.*

HEALTH HINTS.

For sprains, some physicians highly recommend wet clay bound about the joint, while others immerse the part, when it is possible to do so, in water as hot as it can be borne for twenty minutes, followed by bandaging and rest.

Everybody has a cure for sore throat, but simple remedies appear to be most effectual. Salt and water is used by many as a gargle, but a little alum and honey dissolved in sage tea is better. An application of cloths wrung out of hot water and applied to the neck, changing as often as they begin to cool, has the most potency for removing inflammation of anything we ever tried. It should be kept up for a number of hours; during the evening is usually the most convenient time for applying this remedy.

Hundreds of women all over the country are sufferers from neuralgia to such an extent, in many cases, as to find life a burlesque.—The following extract from the *British Medical Review* gives one solution as to the cause: "There is no recognized reason why of late years neuralgia of the face and scalp should have increased so much in the female sex as compared with our own. There is no doubt that it is one of the most common of female maladies—one of the most painful and difficult of treatment. It is also a cause of much mental depression, and leads more often to habits of intemperance than any other. This growing prevalence of neuralgia may to some extent be referred to the effects of cold upon the terminal branches of the nerves distributed to the skin, and the reason why men are less subject to it than women may, to a great extent, I think, be explained by the much greater protection afforded by the mode in which the former cover their heads when they are in the open air. It may be observed that the surface of the head which is actually covered in man is at least three times that which fashion allows to a woman; indeed, the points of contact between the hat or bonnet and the head in the latter are so irregular as practically to destroy any protection which might otherwise be afforded. If I were to report to the journals a case of facial neuralgia cured on the principle of protecting the lateral and frontal surface of the face as well as the superior part of the scalp, it might excite a certain amount of ridicule. I can assure you, however, that my patient considers that her case ought to be reported; for she says that, if we cannot do much for neuralgia with our prescriptions, we ought to oppose fashion when we find it prejudicial to health and productive of suffering."

Miles of Gold.

Australia boasts of having in its bosom the richest Dorado of modern discovery. A young engineer named Davis, after the most thrilling adventures among cannibal aborigines of the northern district of the southern continent, at last came upon a region of the finest gold ore. Forthwith he returned to England for the purpose of studying mining operations, and soon again faced for his Dorado. To his utter astonishment he found on his return a whole colony of miners delving away in the treasured earth of which he thought he alone was aware. Himself and a companion, however, started bravely to work, and after some time struck a vein of coarse gold, specimens of which have been analyzed in London with most promising results.

Mr. Davis' find was soon thrown into the shade by that of a young man named Rankie, who had the luck to meet with the quartz bursting through the surface, and extending for two miles. Near this district is the famous Morgan reef, which contains gold in immense quantities, wanting only one-tenth of being virgin gold. Verily this story of facts beats Jules Verne's fiction hollow, and threatens a revival of that fever in the heat of which so many heads and hearts have been irremediably lost.

The Value of Soup.

It may be safely taken as a stable physiological fact that the stomach will not so readily digest solid substances when these are taken alone as when they are preceded on the digestive journey by soup. The bread which is eaten will be converted into dextrin in the mouth and the essentials of the soup, on reaching the stomach, will apparently supply the little glands of the organ with the power to manufacture the pepsin of the gastric juice in due quantity. It would seem, in truth, as if these glands demanded nourishment and stimulation in their own turn; and the soup, through its containing an abundance of dissolved matters, presents them with the wherewithal from which to derive the necessary energy. An Italian physician points out that where the meat we eat is juicy and tender the savory principles are readily extracted from it and are thus seized by the stomach without trouble. But if the meat be tough and the reverse of juvenile and juicy, it will, in consequence, be digested with difficulty. The Frenchman, in this view of matters, has found by experience that he can more readily digest his tough meat if the meat is thoroughly boiled, and if bread be added to the soup which forms the introduction of his meals.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"Mrs. Wettin."

In answer to the question, "Will you give Queen Victoria's surname?" the patient notes and queries man of the *Boston Transcript* rises at last to remark as follows: This question finds its way to the editor's desk once a week on an average the year round. We answer it once more, and for the last time. So far as she is entitled to any surname on her family side, it is Guelph. After her marriage her surname became Wettin, that being the family name of her husband. Wettin—Mrs. Wettin. Now, don't forget it.