HR MORGANTON STAR.

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

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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A French investigator has detected periodical variations of earth currents in direct relation with the movement of the moon or the tides.

Professor Ditmar, a Swedish scientist, prides himself upon having perfected a process for converting kerosene oil into a substance much resembling tallow in its appearance, which, he says, can easily be made into candles.

An English writer points out the probability that a smoky atmosphere is not a wholly unmitigated evil, since its carbon and sulphur must absorb many germs of disease, and tend to prevent the spread of epidemics.

How unsuccessful inventors of snowplows have been, says Industrial America, may be guessed from the fact that about 4,500 inventions have been patented relating to snow-plows and other apparatus for removing snow from railroad tracks. Last winter, what might be called a steam snow-plow was successfully tried upon one of the Canadian roads.

Dr. A. T. deRochebrune has described to the Paris academy of sciences a wellestablished variety of domestic ox, which is peculiar to Senegambia, and is characterized by a third horn growing from the nose and identical in construction and development to the two frontal horns. The animals are very liable to epizootic peripneumonia, and from time immemorial the Moors Fulahs of Senegambia have practiced upon the creatures preventive inoculation with the virus of that

According to the Building News, manufacturers of wood mosaic say that they have found by experiments that hard maple on end is from four to five times as durable as marble and equally as durable as the hardest baked tile. It is reported that two-end-wood floors were laid in the elevators of a public building in Chicago about fifteen months ago, and that the floors are in as good condition as when first laid, although each elevator carries from 1,000 to 2,000 people daily.

A workman in cutting fifteen-inch files in a certain French steel works uses a hammer weighing seven and seventenths pounds and wears out a handle of holly wood in about one year, after having struck about 11,250,000 blows with the hammer. In cutting triangular files about five inches long, and in metal somewhat softer than the above, the hammer used weighs two and twotenths pounds, and the holly handle lasts about two years, and has been used in striking 25,440,000 blows.

Specimens of pods and seeds which take the place of soap in China were exhibited by Mr. F. B. Forbes at a recent meeting of the Linnean society of London. He stated that for ordinary cleansing purposes an impure earthy soda and a lye made from wood ashes are employed; while the leaves of two plants are eccasionally used on the head. The favorite substance, however, seems to be the "feitsao ton" or "fat black beans." The roasted pods are used for washing clothes as well as for bathing; and women cleanse their heads with the seeds, Pods of Gleditschia sinensis (known to the Chinese as "tsoa-chio") are boiled to prepare the wrong one you'll never drive over a washing infusion also much employed.

Oregon Bees and Bears.

A short time ago Samuel, Asa and Joe Holaday, of Scappoose, took a trip over to the Lewis river in order to look into the resources of that region. They found it a most beautiful country and one that offers many inducements to settlers. The part visited lies off in the direction of Mount St. Helena, and is composed of both timber land and fine open tracts which abound in game, large and small. While encamped on the river they discovered an object that was as novel and interesting as it was beautiful and striking. In their rambles through the pine woods they suddenly came upon a falien tree across the path, which, on inspection, they found to be hollow. Through a knot hole they could see something white, and at once began to investigate. They sawed into the log and were surprised to find that the whole interior of the log was filled solidly with honey. They at once brought from their camp some of their vessels to fill with this sweetest of all nature's productions. Their buckets and pans were soon filled. Then they sawed off another length of the log and found it still solid with the honey. This they repeated and took from it honey until they had opened up ten feet of pure, lovely honey, which yielded a comb that was in many places four inches thick. Of this find they carried away 180 pounds, which they declare was the finest they ever tasted, being far richer than the tame honey which they raise.

Another strange thing which they observed was the taking of salmon by the bears, which are abundant there. The catch the fish, bite off their heads, eat them, and leave the bodies untouched. Their distaste for the body seems strange, and their preference for the heads has dians. - Portland (Ore.) News.

"JOSIAR."

I never kin forget the day That we went out a-walkin', And sot down on the river bank, And kept on hours a-talkin'; He twisted up my apron string An' folded it together, An' said he thought for harvest time 'Twas cur'ous kind o' weather.

The sun went down as we sot there: Josiah seemed uneasy, And mother she began to call: "Loweezy! Oh, Loweezy!" An' then Josiah spoke right up As I was just a-startin', An' said, "Loweezy, what's the use Of us two ever partin'?"

It kind o' took me by surprise, An' yet I knew 'twas comin'; I'd heard it all the summer long In every wild bee's hummin'; I't studied out the way I'd act; But, law! I couldn't doit; I meant to hide my love from him, But seems as if he knew it;

In looking down into my eyes He must a seen the fire; An' ever since that hour I've loved An' worshiped my Josiar.

-Eatonton Messenger.

IN PARTNERSHIP

Jack Martin and Pedro Valencia stood beneath a fragrant buckeye by the roadside awaiting the arrival of the stage, then due at the village of Campo Seco. It was the twilight of a warm summer's day, and the cool breeze that had sprung up seemed to have freshened the perfumes of withering wild flowers and drooping grasses. The two men stood silent and watchful under the shadow of the overhanging foliage, occasionally glencing impatiently down the road, which, from their position, sloped precipitously for a considerable distance, making an abrupt turn at the foot of the hill and then descending a deep canon, and dollars! It won't be long before I into the bottom of which the sun never make it twenty thousand. I wish I hill and then descending a deep canon,

who spoke. Pedro bent forward and well without him. Beside, what does listened intently. Up through the mur- he want with so much money? It'll muring canon floated the creaking of never do him any good. He'll only wheels and the jingling of harness. Then buck it off at monte. I wish-" Jack the sharp crack of a whip was heard, followed by the hoarse voice of the driver as he urged his horses to renewed exertion. Pedro turned and found himself face to face with a hooded form armed with a double-barreled shot-gun. He expressed no surprise, but advancing to where the roots of the buckeye sank into the red earth of the bank by the roadside, and lifting a gunny-sack similar to that which covered the upper portion of his companion's body, drew it over his head. Drawing a shot-gun from the underbrush, he crossed the road and disappeared in the chaparral. Martin stood close in the shadow of the buckeye.

The stage crawled lazily out of the canon. Only the driver and a single passenger occupied the box, and the passenger was a woman. When the vehicle had approached within ten yards of the buckeye, a shrill whistle sounded and two men with leveled shot-guns stood in the roadway. The leaders of the stage-team sprang away to the right, and would have dashed down the bank in their fright if the driver had not skillfully reined them in.

"Halt!"

"Halt it is," the driver replied; "but you might as well put down them Gatling-they're dangerous, an' might go off; besides they skeer this young lady.' "Shut yer jaw an' throw down that

with his gun leveled, while Valencia den broke the stillness. grasped the reins of the nigh leader.

this road again." The threat produced the effect intended, and a heavy blue box, bound with iron, and padlocked, was flung into the road. Martin examined it closely, and was apparently satisfied, for he motioned Pedro away from the horses, and ordered the driver to "Go ahead, an' be quick about it, too." When the stage had disappeared, the partners struck into

a narrow trail leading across the canon. "Purty heavy box," remarked Pedro. "Yes. I reckon we've called the turn this time. If it's over ten thousand I'm goin' to quit the business," Martin an-

The two men struggled in silence

through the chaparral, crossing precipitous gulches and climbing steep ridges, until they reached the head of a gloomy canon, thickly overhung with young pines and chemisal. Here they deposited their burden, and tearing away a huge bowlder from the hillside, revealed a cavity that had evidently been prepared for the reception of the booty. They hastily thrust the box into the cave and rolled the stone back into its place, carefully effacing every trace of their

and a posse of determined citizens were scouring the country in search of the relibers, and the people were anxiously awaiting the result of the search. Not the least suspicion attached to the partners, who were regarded by the citizens of Campo Seco simply as gamblers of the ordinary character. They retired that night weary with their labor, but bears go down to the river at night, exulting in the knowledge that their enterprise had yielded them the handsome profit of twenty thousand dollars.

"A pretty good night's work," mutnever been explained, even by the In- tered Pedro Valencia, as he curled up in his bunk, after parting with Martin-"a

pretty good night's work. Twenty thousand dollars! My share is ten thousand! That will take me back to Durango, and plantations are cheap enough there. Santa Maria! but I'll live easy after this. I'll pass for a gold hunter, and I'll marry some rich ranchero's daughter, and I'll ride the finest horses in Mexico. Twenty thousand dellars, and half of it is mine. Ten thousand dollars! That's a good deal, but it isn't as much as twenty thousand. Why shouldn't I have it all? He's only a Gringo anyhow, and if he gets half a chance he'll cheat me out of my share. Suppose I walk off with the box! Twenty thousand dollars in Mexico is a big pile. Let me see. I can fool this Yankee thief, and I believe I'll do it. I'll take the box out of the cache and hide it some where else. When the row about this robbery cools down, and the Gringo talks about dividing, we'll go to the place where we hid the box, and we won't find it. Then I'll say some thief has watched us and stolen our money. The Yankee won't know any different. Then, when the time comes, I'll disappear. I might as well have twenty thousand as ten thousand, and I will have it-this very night."

And the robber arose, and dressing himself, placed a revolver in his belt, and stole forth into the night.

"It's the best job I ever did," thought Jack Martin, as he flung himself, half undressed, on the bed in his cabin. "Twenty thousand dollars! My share is ten thousand. Ten thousand dollars. I'll quit cards; I'll be an honest man; I'll get out of the State; I'll go back to Missouri, buy a farm, and settle down. I'll live easy the rest of my life."

A smile of satisfaction overspread his countenance as these thoughts flashed through his mind.

"They'll never suspect me. They'll think I made my money in the mines. Well, I did make it in the mines, didn't ? It don't make any difference how I nade it, and I don't care how honest my neighbors think I've been. Ten thouhadn't taken that Greaser in on the spec. "There she comes!" It was Martin I could have handled the job just as

Martin arose and went to the door. He looked out. "Starlight," he muttered. Returning to his seat, he puffed at his pipe with renewed vigor. "Now, that Greaser," he thought, "wouldn't think nothing of cutting my throat for that

money. I'll bet he won't rest until he gets me in the door, so's he can get away with the swag. I won't trust him. If he does the square thing I'll divide-if he don't I'll keep the twenty thousand and he can whistle for his share. I'll hide the box in my own cache, and I'll hide it to-night."

In a few moments Jack Martin was creeping through the pines of Lame Hog Gulch. He was armed to the teeth, and he knew a short cut to the canon where the stolen treasure was buried.

Jack Martin crawled noiselessly through the brush on his hands and knees. The pines, through which the night winds sighed in ghostly cadences, shut out the dim light of the stars, and the vicinity of the cave was as dark as the interior of a cemetery vault. The robber had almost reached the place where the box was buried, when his quick ear detected the presence of another person. He paused

and lay flat upon the earth. "Somebody is after that box," he muttered.

A curse and a peculiar grunt of a man box," commanded Martin, advancing who is endeavoring to lift a heavy bur-

"It's that Greaser," thought Martin. "Which box do you mean?" inquired "Well, if he thinks he is going to swindle me he is mistaken. His life ain't "Wells Fargo's: an' if you give us worth the powder I'll burn to send him to perdition."

At this moment the man in the bush gave a cry of satisfaction. The bowlder had been displaced. He dragged the box out of the cave. There was the sound of crackling twigs and the noise of jingling coin as the box was dragged through the brush. Then a dark form crawled out of the thicket and struggled down the canon, dragging the box behind him. Still Martin did not fire, although the mark was a fair one. He even put up his pistol and followed his doubly dishonest partner. It was a long tramp -the fixed stars were sinking low on the horizon when the Mexican reached the spot where he intended to hide the illgotton treasure. He had scarcely disapplacing the box in the new cache, when Martin sprang from his place of concealment and disinterred it. In another hour the treasure had been reburied and Martin was sneaking homeward in the gray dawn, exhausted and satisfied with his night's work,

A month rolled by. The excitement engendered by the robbery of the Campo Seco stage had subsided to a still hunt by Wells, Fargo & Co.'s detectives. The partners, with hypocritical carnestfound the town in a fever of excitement spoil. A night had been named for unover the bold robbery that had occurred earthing the treasure. Both men the results of her sojourn here. Perhaps almost at their very doors. The sheriff | waited impatiently for the denoument, and, when on the night selected for the division, they stood before the cave at the head of the canon, each was prepared to play his part. The bowlder thrusting his hand into the cave, gave | had wasted on me." vent to a well simulated cry of dismay.

"The box is gone!" he cried.
"Gone!" echoed Martin." You lie, you Greaser, you lie. It must be there."

answered. agitation, threw himself on his knees | that of becoming a lumberman the remeand reached into the cave. Then he dy would be very effective."

arose, and, grasping the Mexican by the arm, exclaimed

"Where is the box? You know where it is. Don't go back on me, Pedrowe're partners-we've risked our necks together to get this money, and it ain't right to beat me this way. It's a joke on me, ain't it?"

"T've played no joke on vou, Jack. Somebody followed us when we carried off the box, that's all, and they've stolen the money-that's all there is about it. We'll have to stand up another stage, Jack. Maybe we'll have better luck

next time.' This explanation seemed to satisfy Martin, and the partners returned to Campo Seco. For a week they pretended to plan together, preparatory to robbing another stage. Then, one dark night Pedro Valencia left town, as he thought, forever. H3 had made every preparation for fleeing the country with the twenty thousand dollars. It was nearly midnight when he returned. When he entered the gambling hell where Martin was playing, his swarthy face filled with

"Jack Martin, I want to see you outside," he hissed between his set teeth. Martin exchanged his faro chips for money and arose. The crises had arrived. The departure of the two men was scarcely noticed by the other players. Suddenly they were startled by a pistolshot, followed almost instantly by another, that rang out on the night air with deadly distinctness. As the crowd rushed to the door, a man staggered into the room and fell headlong to the floor. The blood was pouring in torrents from his side, and the pallor of death was creeping over his dark face. It was Pedro Valencia.

"Who shot you, Pedro?" inquired one of the gamblers.

door, in which stood Jack Martin, a smoking pistol in his hand. "That knife," he continued, "is proof that I shot him in self-defense."

As he spoke, he pointed to a murderous bowie-knife which Pedro clutched in his right hand. The dying robber treatise on the steam engine. "Philosoraised himself by a mighty effort on his | phy," said he, half a century ago, "alelbow, and regarding his partner with a ready directs her fingers at sources of inlook in which importent rage was min- exhaustible power in the phenomena of | ways, according to the needs of the regled with hate and malice, gasped his electricity and magnetism, and many gion in which the celebration is held. In

"Jack Martin-and me-robbed therobbed the stage. He stole the-money from-Irom me. Twenty thou-

With a gurgling groan, the Mexican sank back upon the floor, the blood gushed from his nose and mouth, and in another instant he was dead. The partnership was dissolved.

On the trial for the murder Jack Martin told the whole story, and he told it truthfully, notwithstanding the advice of his lawyers, who expected a heavy fee in the event of his acquittal. He confessed the robbery. detailed the double play of himself and Pedro, and testified that when the latter on that fatal night accused him of removing the treasure from the place where he (Pedro) had hidden it, he admitted the fact. When he refused to divide, the Mexican had attacked him with the knife, and in self-defence he had killed his partner. This version of the affair could not be disputed, and a verdict of not guilty was rendered.

But Martin had not revealed the hid-ing place of the twenty thousand dollars. On his trial for robbery he pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to ten years in the State prison. He carried his secret with him, and although his term has long since expired, the spot where the money was buried has never been discovered, notwithstanding the fact that hundreds of men have searched for it in every direction for miles around Campo Seco. After his release, Martin disappeared, and it is supposed that he quietly and secretly unearthed the treasure and fled with it to some distant retreat, where he may be living at the present time a highly respected citizen. But his name is not John Martin .- E. H. Clough, in Argo

A Buddhist Temple in New York. A New York letter discloses the curious fact that there is in that city "a congregation of Buddhists who worship in what I suppose must be called by courtesy a Buddhist temple in the eighth ward. The temple is a small, dingy, old two-story brick house, distinguished from houses in the vicinity only by a huge B on a silver door plate. Some years ago a woman named Blavatsky, the same who is now in India, where as she claims, she is working miracles, visited New York to make converts to Buddhism. I was taken to her apartpeared over the summit of the ridge after | ments once by an incipient Buddhist and duly regaled with an unlimited quantity of tea and a pipe; the old woman herself "swilling tea," as Dickens would say, and puffing away at an old clay pipe all the time I was there. I frequently visited this remarkable missionary, but she never succeeded in converting me. All she succeeded in doing with me was to induce me, just before she left for India, to buy of her a stuffed which she had no compunction is dispos-

The Pacific Medical Journal, referring to a recent writer who asserts that Maine lumbermen are free from dyspepsia be-"Feel for yourself," the Mexican cause they are in the habit of using chew-

The Age of Electricity.

The possible applications of the princi ple of the electrical transmission of power, are almost numberless, writes a correspondent of Van Nostrand's Magazine, New date, have great central stations, possibly situated at the bottom of coal pits, where enormous steam engines will drive many electric machines. We shall have wires laid along every street, the electricity tapped into every house, and the quantity of electricity used in each house registered as gas is at present. The storage battery will fill a place corresponding to the gasometer in the gas system, making the current steady, rendering the con-sumer independent of the irregular action or stoppages of the dynamos of the central station, and enabling the use of dynamos of the highest tension-i. e., those which produce the currents of the greatest intensity. The electricity will be passed through little electric machines to drive machinery to produce ventilation. to replace stoves, and to work all sorts of apparatus, as well as to give everybody, an electric light. Solar heat will be used to run the dynamos in the cloudless regions. Everywhere the powers of the tides and such waterfalls as Niagara are to be utilized. Is not a millennium to be anticipated when the water-power of a country shall be available at every door?

Steam, which in the last century has conferred so many benefits on the world, will gave way before electricity. The dynamo will replace the steam engine. This prediction seems wild and visionary, yet when steam was first thought of as an available force its advocates were considered, just as the advocates of dynamical electricity to-day are considered, mere enthusiasts. But public opinion never stops the march of intellect. After "I did." All eyes were turned to the it had proved the powers of steam to be enormous genius never halted, but straightway went on anticipating still more wonderful discoveries in the realms of electricity.

The prophetic ken of science was hap-

pily exhibited by Dr. Lardner in his causes combine to justify the expectation | the far West the effort is made to set that we are on the eve of mechanical discoveries still greater than any which have yet appeared, and that the steam engine itself, with the gigantte powers conferred upon it by the immortal Watt, will dwindle into insignificance in comparison with the hidden powers of nature still to be revealed; and the day will come when that machine which is now extending the blessings of civilization to the most remote skirts of the globe will cease to have existence, except in the page of history.

To-day we are beginning to appreciate the truth of this prophecy. To-day we see dynamical electricity in the forefront of the physical sciences. The principle of the transmission of the power by electricity fast approaches its realization. wonderful age.

Mute Planos.

Joseffy, the pianist, practices hours

daily upon a dumb piano, and Von

Bulow carries one with him in his travels

to keep up his practice, and Lisztis said

to use one assiduously. The object of substituting a silent instrument, which is said to be growing in favor with musicians, is to subordinate the sense of hearing in practice, and to protect the player from the nervous fatigue produced by the use of that sense, at the same time that the senses of sight and touch are employed. A skilled musician said recently that the exhaustion from practising upon a piano was greater than most persons imagined. He doubted whether a street paver was as much exhausted by a day's labor as a man who is obliged to practise all the afternoon. He favored the use of a piano that made no noise. He had heard a physician say that the nervous headaches of young women in musical conservatories were largely due to the din of practice, and it was often thought that this noise impaired the musical sense. The mute piano makes the performer depend upon his eye and his touch, and enforces more attention to the score, so that he will be able to get a notion of the music upon sight reading. There are some mute pianos in New York and several in Boston. The first one sent to this country came from Weimar, and after the model of this one others were constructed. The mute piano has a full keyboard, and has the appearance of an ordinary piano, but there is neither sounding board nor strings within the instrument. The keys are weighted with lead, and provided with springs which cause them to quickly go back to their places when touched. The tension may be regulated so as to correspond with the piano to be used for playing the music with sounds. Then the touch need not be varied, and the sounding piano need not be used except to correct errors in the shading of in every instance they raised his old. notes. It is further claimed that it They felt very much elated when they alligator, which her converts had been is economy to use a mute piano, as an saw, or thought they saw, a look of taught to regard with religious awe, but expert will play havoc with a good annoyance steal over his placid countepiano in two or three years' hard prac- nance as section after section was On their return to Campo Seco, they ness, were talking of a division of the ing of to a heretic. I presume that the tice. The muscular and nervous strength knocked down to them. They bought emall Buddhist congregation is one of required in modern exhibition piano playthe results of her sojourn here. Perhaps ing is surprisingly great. Faellen, of Balset a price, and went away delighted at the temple in the eighth ward is adorned | timore, has so worked upon the muscles | their shrewdness. Some years after they with a stuffed monkey which I did not of his fingers as to be able to surprise visited Wisconsin and called upon Sawpurchase because I thought the price I his acquaintances with feats of digital paid for the alligator would more strength and nerve. Carrero, with a vited them to his house in Oshkosh, and than compensate Madame Blavatsky for the tea and tobacco (both first class) she a strong man without moving her arm. were going to look at the lands they had was rolled away, and the Mexican, the tea and tobacco (both first class) she a strong man without moving her arm. This power comes from long practice, purchased at the sale. Sawyer chuckled which to the devotee is limited only by as he shook each by the hand, and inendurance, and it is expected that the vited them to call again when they came mute piano will increase practice, and back. They have not called to date. accordingly develop more brilliant and The Senator expected to meet sharpers difficult piano playing. The instruments at that sale, and so got a friend to bid are inexpensive, but are made only when on all the best lands for him and secured ing gum, says that "if he would add to ordered. A piano manufacturer says the good timber lands offered. The Martin, apparently trembling with his suggestion of using chewing gum that they should not cost over \$25 or \$30, Eastern men still hold the titles to half as one can easily be made out of a cast- the bogs in Wisconsin. - Minneapolis off instrument, - Saturday Ecening Herald. | Tribune.

Tree Day in the West.

The new spring holiday of the Western country grows in favor every year. They call it Arbor Day, the word arbor being Latin for tree. The boys and York. We shall, I believe, at no distant girls, however, call it, when they are talking with one another, Tree Day, which is a better name for it.

On that festive occasion every man, every woman and every child is expected to plant at least one tree. The schools turn out and make a day of it, Colleges and universities have a holiday, of which they spend a portion in tree-planting. and another portion in celebrating the beauty, glory and utility of trees; and you may be sure that some sonorous student does justice, or gallantly tries to do

justice, to Bryant's "Forest Hymn."

It was but natural that this exquisite holiday should have been devised in the great West, where both wood and woods are so much needed -- wood for daily use as fuel and timber, and woods for beauty, protection and the garnering of the precious moisture upon which fertility depends.

It is interesting, as one rides along over the prairies, to notice how the settlers have striven to extemporize a little show of wood, and to shelter their homes from the steady, strong, unrelenting prairie winds. Sometimes, however, the trees are of too slight a texture to stand many winters on the open plain. Nothing answers the purpose except good, solid, hard-wood trees, such as compose the forests of Ohio and Western New York-oak, beech, hickory, chestnut and ash.

Another thing surprises the traveler going West for the first time, and that is the splendid growth of hard-wood trees in portions of Illinois, and even in newer Iowa, which, within the memory of farmers now living, were naked prairie. There are woods within a hundred miles of Chicago which, after a growth of less than forty years, exhibit much of the luxuriant beauty of the primeval forests in the Eastern States.

Such woods show how adapted the prairie land is to the growth of trees, and give the greatest possible encouragement to tree planting.

Arbor Day is now celebrated in many out the greatest possible number of trees, for the field is boundless and the need urgent. In other places teachers and pupils direct their efforts chiefly to planting shade-trees along streets, and country roads, and in public parks .-Youth's Companion.

Natural Curatives. It must be confessed that for some

reason or other the popular faith in the medical profession is not growing. It is being found out they cannot cure chronic diseases, and it is suspected that acute diseases would not necessarily prove fatal even if a physician was not always called in. Doctors are now valued not for the drugs they give but for their We are, in truth, just entering upon a knowledge of the sanitary and hygienic conditions which alleviate fatal disorders or help to restore to health those who can be cured by diet and proper nursing. There is a growing faith in the value of curative waters, and the various health resorts in the summer season are now visited by tens of thousands who formerly staid at home and depended on drugs. There is an immense future in this country for Saratoga, Portland, Me., the Sulphur Springs of West Virginia, Richfield, Sharon, Waukesha, the Hot Springs of Arkansas, and the Excelsior Springs of the same State. There are numerous minor resorts yet destined to become famous for their curative waters. The Pacific coast is rich in mineral springs of great therapeutic value. Dr. O. 1 Davis writes to the Cincinnati Lancet and Clinic that, having been a sufferer from blood poisoning until he became a total wreck, he visited Las Vegas, New Mexico, took the "mud-baths" administered there and recovered his health. It seems that these baths of mud are made of earth through which the hot mineral waters of the place have percolated for ages. The patient is dropped into a cavity in this earth, and becomes really "poulticed." The doctor should be familiar with the subject, for he went through the process sixty-eight times. Tens of thousands of sick people now visit Europe to profit by the virtues of Carlsbad, Vichy, and other waters, who will hereafter patronize American watering places, where the remedial agencies are far better than abroad .- Demorest's.

A Senator's Ruse.

Some years ago some Wisconsin lands were advertised for sale under the general law and United States Senstor Sawyer, then, as now, a large Wisconsin land holder, took care to post himself thoroughly upon the value of each parcel put up at auction. When the sale day arrived a party of Eastern capitalists on the lookout for a speculation were on hand to bid. They knew Sawyer, and yer. He was delighted to see them, in-