# SPRINGS COMET.

EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL

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Some Paria sugar refiners not long ago a ... I that their loss of sugar by thefts of bees amounted to \$80,000 per annum.

The official statistics of France have Jown that in 1891 about 72,000 persons duct of starvation in that country, and the number of those who became insane from misery amounted to 75,000.

A striking fact about the Chinese use , then, which is told on the authority of a thinese officer, is that it is employed for preserving the badies of the dead. A corpse placed in the centre of a chest no tes, he says, will "keep" for years. the further asserts that tea which has I en employed in this capacity is often experted for foreign consumption, the ). see being marked in a way known only to the natives.

In the past, asserts the Century Marayear, good reasons have ren-tered it inpossible to make the weather service of corvered value to the farmer. In this mean its work has been the preparation of the familiar predictions, which have been made for large areas. At present the areas selected are an de States. Tors pre-lictions are made by an officer in Washington to whom observations are reported from a large number of stations estimated in various parts of the country. He glances over these reports, noting the places where rain has fallen, and the network of temperatures and barometic promure, sees how the conditions have teen changing since the last predictions. were made, and, perhaps with scarcely time to weigh the reasons for his concluone, makes up his pre lictions in regard to the weather of the immediate future. He can give but a very small amount of time -perliago two minutes -to caca State. The work of fore isting the weather must be divided, and, in addition to the general predictions from Washington, we must have local predictoons prepared by officers in charge of tion appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture, and their number will distribute be appropriately when the usefulness of their work belown. This, however, can not to fully a sustrated until, by the cheap. en g of telegraph and telephone service. ery\_effective means are found for carryas the predictions to the farmer in tens to his one. The present work of the for all observers is of service in perfecting. their methods, and their forecasts are of great asciolness to the farmers who can The reached, but their full value can never

be realized until it is possible to put

farmers who can use them.

"While it is true," states George R. Kurapp, of New Jersey, in the American Agriculturist, "that nearly all incorporato I towns have laws compelling the buildme of sidewalks, and regulating their wilth, material, etc., is it not as evident find the necessity for some sulewalk in the country is sufficiently great to warand the agitation of the subject? I a old not, for a moment, advocate any which would compet the building a f maintenance of plank, flag, or even a level walks in the country, but a well brood path or side valk might be had we may impury to any one. It is true first the average pathmaster would be of liftle use in carrying out a plan of this nature, but certainly it is possible to so instruct a law that the parsimonious town can be made to fall in with his more public spirited fellow citizens. I rememtor well a New York farm I worked some home in about two weeks. veirs ago which had a frontage of nearly live hundred feet on the road. At an xpense of less than ten dollars in labor path four feet wide was constructed along that whole front. The work consisted simply in marking out, by means | it all along. Then she wished him joy of lines, the required width, using an cutter to loosen the sod next to the thes, and a horse, with a light plow, to ween up the earth and sod between the mes, the iron scraper was then brought nie play, and the work of making a with was done, with the exception of the transuing up, which was performed with hoe. Near New York many of the have are so close together that there is practically no division line which is to resen by the casual observer. In most was these are macadamized roads runing the whole distance through to the ity. Certainly there is nothing which will prevent the path I speak of being histracte Pat the side of such a road. In time places it is done, and the expense 's sesmall and the improvement so great that, from a pecuniary standpoint solely, the mothers in society will with a it has been considered fa good investment. Public spirit is all very well in its place, but we all know that it is pos-Sible for three or four close fisted men in a tawa to prevent improvements which we plainly for the good of the whole formulaty. Some way of converting tiese short sighted people is what we a sit. Gravel paths are used in Ohio, and coarsely sifted coal ashes make an excellent covering for sidewalks."

THE WINDS SUMMONS.

The Win' rame whining to my door, Across the uplands from the sea. With plaintive burden o'er and o'er. "Oh, will ve roam the world with me?"

The wintry skies were all too chill. The wintry lands too stark and gray, I would not do the wild Wind's will; I barred the door and said him nay.

But when the night crept, vast and black, I'p the long valleys from the sea, The rold Wind followed in his track, And swift and stealthy followed he.

. . . . . . The mad Wind clamored at my door; His boice was like the angry sea That breaks in thunder on the shore,

The exements shook and shuddered sore, He ranged the high walls round and round My chamber rocked from roof to floor, And all the darkness throbbed with sound,

And still be cried: "Come forth to me!"

The wintry dawn rose faint and slow, He turned him to the frozen lea, And ave he moaned and muttered low Along the uplands to the sea.

sullen and slow the Sea-wind sped; Oh, never doubt the day shall be When I shall come again," he said, "And you come forth and follow me.

The lair of Night shall be your bed, And fast and far your ghost shall flee. When you are one with all the Dead That roam the wide world round with me. -[The Atlantic.

# Jarvis Murray's Campaign.

BY WILLIAM J. HENDERSON,

Some people would have said it was Florence Craven's own fault that she had ost her faith in men. Perhaps some people would have been right, and peraps they would not. However, that has Florence Craven did not believe much in women, either, but that also has nothing to do with this story. When Florence was eighteen years old she had ideals. Her idea of a man was not that he should be like Virgil's Dame Rumor, with his feet on the earth and campaign was a wise one. and batrict. Such officers have already his head among the stars. All she asked was that a man should be tall, handsome, strong, kind of temper, patient, humble, forgiving, carnest, sincere, affectionate, industrion, clever with his hands, intellectual, and passionately in love with her. It was not much for a voung girl to isk, and so Florence demanded it with all her soul, with all her strength. And to the extension of free mail deliv. The first thing she knew the man arrived. He had the whole of the above cataague of qualities excepting one. He was not in love with Florence. That, however, did not discourage her. She set out to make him love her. It was at a summer resort that she met him. At first he regarded her sprightly allurements with a sort of patronizing good nature, which stirred Florence's spirits to their depths. She vowed with a deep determination that she would bring him them promptly into the hands of all the back to her feet. Several times he seemed to be on the point of saving something very earnest to her, and ther the amused look would come into his eves and he would say something else This happened so often that Florence became fiercely hungry for that earnest floor atterance which always refused to come One night she even went up to her room and wept bitter tears of vexation, of rouse, because he would not say it. The next day she fished more vigorously They walked, danced, rode together, The gossips of the hotel married them regularly every day, still he did not say

t. And Florence wished more than ever | but he interrupted her. Finally the end of the season came. The September breezes whispered around the corners of the hotel and the Septemper stars looked down on piles of trunks ready to be taken away the next morning. That night he spoke. He said he had been trying to tell her something all ammer, but his courage had failed him very time. He felt that he had not been pairs right in keeping it to himself so efore that minute to tell her that he was going to be married that winter. His sweetheart was in Europe and would be

And that was the carnest remark of

the man who was tall, handsome, strong, kind of temper, et cetera. Florence took it bravely as far as outhis face and told him that she had known to the ladies. He knew how to do it, and ran upstairs. In the inviolate secrety of her own room she fell flat on At the end of that time she arose looked at herself in the mirror, and smiled a miserable smile. At that moment her ideals went out of the window and were blown out to sea by the west wind. The next day Florence Craves. was a man hater and a flirt of the most besperate character. For two years, she cut a swath. Her change of heart was most sincere. She simply despised men. She took pleasure in transfixing them with the arrows of love and seeing them writhe. She had no more pits than a seal hunter, and she was as desoid of sentiment as Butler's "Analogo" She never made the slightest pretease. She treated all men with sur astic contempt. and they seemed to like it. She counted her victims by the score. She broke up. engagements by the docen. She made regiments of girls realous. She played Venus Victrix to perfection, and had all desire to cast her into the bottomicss almost reverential

All except one. Mrs Chashy Soden had a daughter who didn't go off. She hung fire dreadfully. The only man who had ever shown a disposition to gather her to himself had been switched off by the insatiable Florence Crasen, who wrung his head dr. and then sent him packing Then Mrs Chashy Seden rose up and said .

That Craven girl has got to be mar-The only question was who was to

finally she came to the conclusion that she knew the man. Then she ran down since to study out a plan by which he could be led to devote himself to Florence and to conquer her. She spent a whole morning in deep thought. At luncheon she

written letter.

"If that does not bring him," she said to herself, "I must simply give up. It did bring him. He was Jarvis Mur. ray, Mrs. Chasby Soden's nephew, the son of her oldest brother, now dead. Jar vis Murray was thirty years old and not pretty to jook at. He had a knife scar just above the bridge of his nose, and the rest of his face was corrugated with small pock marks. He was not tall, but his deep chest and long arms indicated his strength. He was not especially bright or cheerful in conversation, having been close enough to death on several occasions to make him rather serious Jarvis Murray had begun life as a naval cadet. He had been shipwrecked once and had two desperate fights with pirates. He got that cut over the nose in one of them. Then he resigned from the navy to accept the command of a merchant ves sel! A collision, fire, and five days on a raft finished his career there, though he was honorably acquitted from all blame. He decided that dry land would suit him thereafter. He secured a position with an electric company, and was now in a fair way to become a millionaire. But he was not an attractive man. He knew it, too, and as a rule steered clear of the fair sex. But Mrs. Chasby Soden succeeded in setting him after Florence, and he opened up a campaign that for vari ctv and movement has seldom been equaled in the history of love.

It began with some masterly inactiv ity. The first thing that Jarvis Murray did was nothing, and he did it well. He was introduced to Florence, looked her critically, and then walked away That made Florence angry and filled her with a deep determination to make him notice her- and to his sorrow, of

Jarvis watched her. He saw her de liberately draw young Forrest Burney into a proposal and then treat him with a nothing to do with this story. The fact | measureless contempt that sent the young is what concerns us and the fact is that fellow away heartbroken. If Jarvis had not been let into the secret of Florence's lack of faith in men he would have called her heartless. As it was, he understood that her heart was exceedingly active and was feeding on its own fires He decided that Mrs. Soden's plan of

> The next day Jarvis Murray treated Florence Craven with deliberate indiffer ence all day. He took the trouble to keep within sound of her voice and sight of her eyes, so as to let her see that he was indifferent. She tried several times to draw him into conversation, but he answered in monosyllables and then turned to speak to another girl. That night one of the full dress hops took placy. Right in the middle of it Jarvis Murray shouldered his way through the crowd of moths around Florence and

"The next is our waltz, I believe." You can't put the assurance of his manner on paper.

"I think not, she said. "You are mistaken," he replied, lifting her dance card. The dance was not He calmly wrote his name and showed

"You see, it is my dance."

At that moment the music began, and before Florence could recover her breath he had her floating over the "Mr. Murray," she said angrily, "your

'My what?" he asked, looking intently

He knew how to look hard. He had once looked a mutiny out of counte-

"Your impudence," she began again.

"A man would dare anything for you." he said. Her face flushed and her eyes sparkled. Jarvis Murray waltzed like a feather weight angel. He did not say another word to her till the end of the dance. Then he said

"Have you another dance left?" She had. She had been saving it for a purpose; not this purpose, but she thought now she would let the other one go. Do you know what Jarvis did: ong, but she had made his summer so He put his name down for that dance dersant that he had really been unable and went upstairs to bed. She did not see him until the next day. She was weak enough to take him to task for not appearing to claim his dance. He told her he was sorry she had missed him, and assured her it should never occur again. That made her so angry she would not speak to him again. Then Jarvis Murray turned his wife!" ward appearance went. She laughed in attention to making himself agreeable too. He had two dozen ideas in as many seconds, and every one of his ideas was have never proposed to any other woman, fruitful in pleasure to the women. All and I never shall speak to him, so she was left out of his plans. She sat around the hotel all afternoon with three or four tall, hand some men, who made love to her to the best of their ability, while the other girls went out sailing with Murray and had a glorious time. Somehow or other her favorite sport palled on her that afternoon, and, of rourse, she blamed it all on Murray. He met her face to face in the corridor as she was going to her room to dress for dinner. She was going to pass him in dignific I silence, but he stopped and held out his hand "Won't you forgive me?" he said.

looking hard after her. When he looked like that you would have thought that his soul was leaking out of his eyes

"Since you are so humble," she said "I will, but I think you were very rude." "So do I," he said, touching his lips to the end of her fingers with a manner

He passed on, leaving her flustered and elatest. The man had acted as if he thought her a female deity. After that he went on all the evening making things pleasant for all the other girl- and leav ing her out. It was enough to exasper ate a saint. Flor nee was not a saint. and when she retired to her room for the night she was about as thoroughly vexed a woman as ever light. She actually broke down and had a good old-fashiored

"I'll fix him," she said "I'll not marry her? Mrs. Chashy Soden studied silow him to treat me in that style. | wight she actually felt ashamed of her- | Tribune.

that problem long and carefully, and The first attempt he makes at impudence to-morrow ends our acquaint-

But on the merrow he was not impudent. That was because he had carefully observed her face when she left the drawing room the previous night. No. he was anything but impudent. He de. appeared with a severe headache and a voted himself to her for the whole day

> " Vanguished at last!" exclaimed Flo ence triumphantly when sheshad reached the seclusion of her apartment that night. But he refused to stay vanquished. The next day he devoted himself in preeisely the same manner to Mrs. Chasby Soden's hang fire daughter. The finest expert from a mediaval court of love couldn't have discovered a shade of difference in the devotion of this day and that of the previous one. That made Florence wild; what could she do? That is not the sort of thing that a girl can notice. So she had to swallow her rage and content herself with flirting more desperately then ever with a tow haired gentleman who was possessed of a T cart and a hyphened name. She overdid it, however. She had one or two outbursts of temper which frightened the young man, and he ran away. About that time she overheard Mrs. Chasby Soden saying to one of

"Oh, ves, Jarvis always had a penhant for his cousin. I shouldn't be surprised if the unexpected happened in that quarter.

the old Noms on the veranda:

"So," thought Florence, "that old bundle of gossip thinks he's going to marry her Nellie. Well, rather than that I'd marry him myself, and I hate arms, and that evening Mrs. Chasby

The next day she went in bathing just as every one else was going out. Murray stood on the end of the pier and watched her dive off. She was an expert swimmer. She swam straight out from the shore, and when she was forty or fifty yards from the end of the pier she turned Murray started to walk away. She threw up her arms, uttered a scream and went down. Of course Murray bit. He wasn't going to stand by and see her drown. He must have cleared twenty feet in his flying dive off the pier. He was at her side

"I'm all right now," she said, panting. "It was just a momentary cramp. "You're not all right, and you're com-

ing ashore with me. Float.' She floated, and with one arm under her he swam toward the pier with her. 'What made you jump in after me?"

"Do you think I'd see anything happen to you while the breath of life was in

A great thrill of joy swept through Florence. It was the first time a great thrill of joy had been caused in her by a man since the era of the tall, handsome, strong, et cetera. She did not like it, on second thoughts. It is ightened her. She escaped from him as soon as possible when she reached the shore. That night Mrs. Chashy Soden played her right bower. She watched till she saw Florence sitting on the versuda just outside a window. Then she went up to one of the old Noms, who was sitting just inside the same window, and said

"Do you know, I really believe that Jarvis has just proposed to Nellie? I saw them in a corner and he was bolding her hand and talking passionately to her. I stole away, and they didn't see me."

Florence did not know just how she got out of her chair, but she was some distance away from that window when she recovered her self-control. Then she stood still and clasped her hands. Great Heaven! Why did she feel that way? What difference did it make to her whether Jarvis Murray proposed to Nellie Soden or not! At that moment the miscreant came to her.

"I've been looking for you," he said. "I don't believe you!" she answered. He calmly took possession of her arm and walked away with it. She tried to

"Don't be ridiculous," he said. "I won't stand it!" she exclaimed. You are in-afferably impudent. You treat me as if I were your poperty." "After pulling you out of the water I feel a sort of personal interest in

"You del not spull me out of the water," she answered, losing her mental balance. There was not anything the matter at all

He stopped short and looked her in

"Honor bright: "Honor fidellesticks"

"And you did that just to see whether would try to save you?

"Yes, I no, what nonsense" I did it just just for fun. He let go her arm and took both her "Florence, will you be my hands

"How date you, sir! How many girls do you propose to in one evening? "Some one has been slandering me.

she believed it without a moment's hesi-

"You haven't answered my question " he said: "will you be my wife;"

... What for "Because I love you."

That was her little triumph. He had made her feel miserable so often, and now she had her chance to be even with him. So she said "No: an I then waited And what do you think he did! Dropped her hands and walked away without another The next day be met her and treate

her as if no word of love had ever passed between them. It was simply incomprehensible. Any other man would have gone away, or hung off in the distance and looked miserable, or proposed again, but this one did none of these things, and he never left her side. He did not sigh. He did not look miserable. He looked rather contented than otherwise. And he was simply knightly in his attentions. He not only fathomed her thoughts and executed her community before she uttered them, but he frequently knew just what she wished when she was not quite sure of it herself. The result was inevitable. There never was a girl who could be comfortable in the presence of a newly rejected suitor, and the peruli it conduct of this one was enough to set a girl mad. Florence was so upset by it that she wanted to drive him awar. But he world not be driven. He stai . And before self. He divined that, too, and told Mrs. Chasby Soden about it. Again she went off into a corner and patted herself on the back.

Jarvis Murray kept it up for a week He was gentle, kind, tender, and manly a his treatment of Florence. He neither said nor did any more rule things, He enfolded her in his protection. He perpetually fanned her nostrils with the incense of his devotion. But of love he spoke no word and made no sign. At the end of the week he told her he was going away the next day. He regretted that he could not remain longer, as it gave him great pleasure to think that his humble efforts had contributed to her enjoyment, and he flattered himself that they had so contributed. Was it ffot so?

Yes, that was so. Well, then, he said, he should feel that his summer had been put to the highest use. Good-bye. He hoped she would spare him a kindly remembrance once in a while when she had nothing better to occupy her thoughts. At that she gave a little sob.

"Oh!" she said, "I've been so wicked! "Wicked!" he replied, "not at all You mean in regard to me, of course, Well, well, it certainly is not wicked for a woman to refuse to marry a man she does not love."

He made a sudden movement as if to leave her, the villain. She seized his hand convulsively.

"But," she cried hysterically, "butbut-I-" Then he took her in his Soden kissed her daughter twice.

#### AN ERRONEOUS NOTION.

Wrecks and the Drowned Sink to the Bottom of the Ocean.

There is a rather common, but erron ous notion, to the effect that a human body, or even a ship, will not sink to the bottom of the profounder abysses of the oceans, but will, on account of the density of the waters at a great depth, remain suspended at some distance above the surface of the earth. This is an error. No other fate awaits the drowned sailor or his ship than that which comes to the marine creatures who die on the bottom of the sea; in time their dust all passes into the great storehouse of the earth even as those who receive burial on the

However deep the sea, it is but a few hours before the body of a man who finds his grave in the ocean is at rest upon the bottom; it there receives the same swift service from the agents which, in the order of nature, are appointed to care for the dead, as comes to those who are reverently inhumed in blessed ground. All save the hardest parts of the skeleton are quickly taken again into the realm of the tiving, and even those more resisting portions of the body, in time are, in large part, appropriated by the creatures of the sea floor, so that before the dust returns in the accumulating water to the firm set earth it may pass through an extended cycle of living forms.

The fate of animal bodies of the sea floor is well illustrated by the fact that beneath the waters of the Gulf Stream, where it passes by southern Florida, there are, in some places, quantities of bones, apparently those of the manitee or sea cows, a large herbivorous mammal, which, like the seal, has become adapted to aquatic life; these creatures plenti fully inhabit the tropical rivers which flow into the Carribean Sea, and are though rarely, found in streams of South ern Florida. At their death they drift out into the open water and are swept sway to the northward by the ocean current. For some weeks, perhaps, the arrassess are buoved up by the gases of decomposition which are retained by their thick, oily skins; as these decay and break the bodies fall to the bottom. -| Scribner.

#### Horse-Breeding in India.

Mr. Rayment of the Veterinary De partment of the British Army read urious and interesting paper the other evening before the Asiatic Society of Bombay, in which he showed how the business of horse-breeding in many districts practically had been destroyed by the tremendous increase in the export of wheat and cotton. He said that in places where formerly one could easily find fifteen or twenty mares in a village, now none or only one or two exist, the reason being that more money is to be made out of grain, ectton, etc., than out of horse rearing. The zemindar, alive to his own interests, sells his marcs and puts his money into bullocks, well-digging, etc., to raise what will pay him best. If he could be induced to use his mares in the plough, in drawing water for irrigation, and the like, instead of his non-productive bullocks, an immense step would be taken in the right direcwhich is his intense conservatism, nothing will persuade him to do this. The zemindar keeps his mare simply to breed from, and with the exception of leading her in a sharp and angular edges projected from wedding procession, or occasionally riding her at a walk from one village to another, never uses her. So the sale of her produce has to cover the expenses of her keep and leave a margin of profit. A ong as the grass costs nothing and grain but little, this is all very well, but now there is not sufficient fodder to be got off the land for the plough-bullocks, and grass must be bought. Grain too, has gone up in price. Thus, as the mare does nothing for her own keep, she beomes an expensive luxury instead of a remunerative animal, and is disposed of, and the zemindar, finding he has lost money, is very chary of breeding horses again. Hence horse-breeding is on the decline in India, owing mainly to economic causes.

#### A Queen's Present to San Francisco.

The Dowager Queen Kapiolani of Hawaii has presented to Golden Gate Park a fine Hawaiian cocoanut tree. It is about thirty feet high, the largest tree. of its kind ever brought to this country. It is filled with fruit, and, as great care was taken in transplanting, it is hoped the tree will not share the fate of all its predecessors. It was placed inside the consevatory in which a tropical temperature is maintained. - New York

## A MOVING ICE MOUNTAIN.

AN IMMENSE GLACIER DISCOV-ERED IN CALIFORNIA.

It is a Mile Long and 200 Feet Deep-Piled by Passing Ages in a Sunless Gorge

THE existence of an active glacier in Southern California of such heroic proportions as to justify comparison with the minor Continental glaciers of the Alps, Andes and Himalayas, can be added to the local category of stupendous works in the economy of nature to be found in sub-tropical California.

The story of the existence of a moving river of ice buried in the deep canyons of the San Bernardino range of mountains is an old one, and among earlier settlers in this section it has been handed down as a tradition. Among many of the older residents of San Bernardino County the existence of a great ice gorge upon the upper levels of Grayback Mountain-the monarch of the San Bervedino range—has been known and vedened for during the past thirty years,

and yet not generally credited. The frequent iteration of these stories prompted the Los Angeles Herald to make an exhaustive investigation as to their truth, and with this aim an expedition was organized. At Highland Station they boarded the Bear Valley stage and made the first mountain portion of the journey through a wild and ruggedly beautiful section of the country to Pine Lake, where a halt was made at the Bear Valley Hotel to procure mustangs and burros. A start was made at 6 o'clock the next morning, and a climb of 3000 feet was made to the summit of the range south of Pine Lake, the aneroid barometer here showing an elevation of 802 | feet.

At an altitude of 10,000 feet a grasscovered plateau half a mile wide was crossed, and then the party turned into a canyon that apparently seemed impassable, but a thread-like trail wound in and out the rugged and forbidding mountain sides.

As the party proceeded up the canyon the masses of snow along the sides and in the old torrent bed became more frequent, and at many points it had drifted into great banks twenty, thirty and fifty feet in depth. As the ascent continued the trees were mostly stunted and dwarfed in growth, while the snow covered nearly the entire sufface and shone with dazzling brightness. At 12,000 feet the timber line was reached. The ascent was now up a steep incline, and on either side were great ravines or gulches that extended upwards for hundreds of feet to points near the summit. The climb was over small bewiders that rolled downward from under the feet. Three ravines, oblong in shape, half a mile in length and about an eightl, of a mile in width, were filled full of snow. The ravines ran into a canyon that wound spirally downward, trending in a south-

Although these great fissures in many respects resemble headstones of glaciers still they were not of sufficient dimen sions to indicate a permanent existence, and the party followe I the trend of these ravines in a southerly direction and crossing a ridge projecting from the main body of the mountain fully 2000 feet they came to the main gorge, which extended from the summit downward for fully two and abquarter miles. This gorge was wedge shaped, much like an immense V reversed. It was fully an eighth of a mile in width at the summit and gradually widened to three-quarters of a mile at the base. The snow at the crest of the gorge at the top of the mountain lay in strata, there being one deposit in an immense cup-like fissure hundreds of feet in depth. On one side of this fissure the strata are sharply defined, each representing the accumulation of a single year, the lowest and most

dense approaching the blue color of ica. About half a mile downward from the summit the three gorges heretofore described as containing immense deposits of snow, center in one can non channel and debouch into the main lorge. At the point of juncture there were indications that at some long-past period the smaller channel had been an active glacier. Both sides of the main gorge were observed closely, and investigation revealed the existence of lateral moraines formed of earthy matter which had been detached from the mountain sides and fallen upon the sufface of moving snow and ice. The party turne I their faces again toward the great gorge which fell away at their feet, and then began what proved to be an expectingly peritous descent. They managed to reach a point near the base of the glacier. Here the mighty forces of Nature which had been working untold years had piled up a cross moraine of immense rock whose the mass of snow and ice, some of them fully twenty feet in breadth and equally high. The base line which as at an elevation of 10,000 feet was mainly composed of snow, but at points this had drifted or melted away, and the ice was exposed. A stick of giant powder was placed in a crevice and exploded, and immeuse fragments of ice and stone torn away, revealing ancient ice of a dark blue color almost verging into black. Tasting fragments of this old ice shey

were found to be bitter, and permeated with a fine silt-like sand. The stone found in the cross moraine of the glacier included porphyty, granite, pure white quartz, petritied wood and limestone, furrowed and scratched as if with graver's tools an il blocks of marble as clear as any ever quarried in any country. There was a small flow of water from the base of the pass. Judging from the contour of the gorge there must be a mass of see fully a mile to leagth and

200 feet in depth, if not more. An interesting point is the question of the movement of the glacier, and from corollary circumstances it was computed that the mass was moving downward into the vailey at the rate of forty-seven feet per angum. It not more, and it is assumed without doubt that the melting of the ace at the base line or this great

wedgeshaped mass of ice and granular snow is synchronous with its equation of progression. - San Frantisco Examiner.

#### SELECT SIFTINGS.

A horse was killed by bees at Leslie, Ga., recently.

The membership of the British House of Commons is 670,

There are said to be 2,800,000 beehives in the United States.

The deepest perpendicular shaft is it the Kettenberg mine in Bohemia, 3778

The capacity of the largest flouring mill in Minneapolis, Minn., is 15,30) barrels a day. The largest Masonic library building

and the only Masonic library in the world are at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Japan is said to have apple trees only

four mehes in height which produce fruit about the size of currents.

The Friends' School of Providence, R. I., is now over a century old. This school held a reunion on June 29.

The public park in San Francisco, Cal., recently received a cocoanut tree weighing six tons, from Honolulu.

The first regular passenger railroad built in the world was the southern portion of the Baltimore and Ohio, built

The Italian Prime Minister, Giolotti, dresses in rusty, old-fashioned clothes,

with an utter disregard of the demands The canal system of New York is now a century old. A convention of canal

men will celebrate the event some time

in the fall. France has an organization known as the "Society of the Friends of Trees," the object of which is to restore the

abandoned forests. A company has been organized in New Jersey for making crauberries into jan and canning them. It is likely to build up a successful business.

Presidential candidates were first nominated by Congressional caucuses, and later by State Legislatures. The era of conventions began in 1832. James Richard Cocke, just graduated from the Boston University School of

Medicine, has been blind from lafa sey, and is the first person thus afflicted to receive the degree of medical doctor. An English carpet firm, said to be over two hundred years old, has bought an acre of ground in Elizabeth, N. J., and proposes building a factory for the

manufacture of Axminster and Wilton carpe's and rugs. The original "kicker," in a metaphorical sense, is mentioned in the first book of Samuel, second chapter, twentyninth verse, where a man of God said unto Eli, "Wherefore kick Ye at my

sacrifice and at mine offering ?" On one of the islands off the coast of Maine lives a man, now fifty years old, who was born there, and has never been off the island. He has accumulated a fortune in the grocery business, and is contest to live and die on the few seagirt

The longest canal in the world is the one which extends from the frontier of China to St. Petersburg; it measures in all 4472 miles. There is another canal running from Astrachan to St. Petersburg which is 1434 miles long. Both of these were begun by Pater the

The old Danish Vikings had the pleasing custom of stabbing an enemy in the throat when he was drinking his mead. From this arose the custom of a man's inviting all the members of a company to "drink his health," as, while thus occupied, they could not use their weapons.

### A Cheap Stone Roal.

In 1871 a piece of well made dirt road in the small village of Gilbert, one and a half miles east of the city of Davenport, Iowa, was selected for a little experiment. The road was sixty feet wide, with sidewalks and gutters, the latter occupying about axteen feet, leaving forty-four feet for the high way proper. Five feet from the centre line of this forty-four feet, on both sides of it, were staked boards, end to end, each board one foot wide. Between these boards was dumped limestone, broken fine enough to pass through a two-inch ring. When the space between the boards was two thirds full the first boards filled were moved forward. When the boards were removed the upper edges of the rock rolled down, thus widening the rock track between one two feet, leaving on each side of the stone a good dirt road sixteen feet wide.

When the dirt surface became muddy the travel went over the stone centre. which was thus made solid and smooth without an expensive roller. This experiment was completed in 1873 and the travel over it was probably five times as much as upon the average country road. For sixteen years it remained in perfect condition. Within the last two years about \$3 has been expended upon it in repairs. It is in perfect condition still. Its original cost was ninety cents for each twenty-five cubic feet of stone. Had the same policy continued every rod of highway in the dis . . would have been mach a gived at turn time, and no expense incurred except the ordinary tax, and from one-half to two thirds of that tax might now be relinquished .-New England Farmer.

#### Curious Chinese Medicines.

The Chipese medical writers recommend such remedies as tiger bones, bear's gall, ground blood, tree bugs, fossil crabs, fowls' gizzards, elephant blood, "insects of nine smells," dew falling to the dark of the moon, com bair, ground hones of cow's knee, Job's tears, snake skins, ground rhinoceros born, hedgehog skin and class, dried silk worms, and many other remoties equally as absurd and foolish, -St. Louis Republic.