DISSATISFIED.

An old farm-house, with pastures wide,

The porch, with woodbine twined about

Wishes a thought from in his heart:

Oh, if I only could depart,
From this dull place the world to see,
Ah me! how happy I would be!

A man who round the world has been.

Who, mid the tumnit and the throng,

The field path to the farm-house door:

-Dublin (Ireland) Times.

The old green meadows could I see,

A LONDON ADVENTURE.

Three years since I had occasion to

pass a few weeks in London, I am about

to relate an adventure which befell me

at this time, which came very near hav-

ing a very serious termination. I can

not even now think of it without a

I was wending my way in the early

part of the evening toward Drury Lane

Theatre, a famous temple of the drama,

known the world over, when my atten-

tion was suddenly drawn to an appeal

for charity made by a figure crouching

I looked at the applicant. He appeared

to be an elderly man attired in a manner

which bespoke the extreme of destitu-

tion. His coat was soiled and ragged.

From beneath a shocking hat I could

see gray locks stealing out. His form

was bowed, and I judged from his gen-

eral bearing that he must be at least 60

"A few pence, sir, for a poor old man,"

ae whispered, "I am cold and hungry.

I have had nothing to eat since yester-

My compassion was stirred. Had he

peen in the prime of life I could have

passed by his petition unheeding. But

age and infirmity make poverty a pitifu'

"Are you, indeed, so poor?" I asked,

"I am too feeble to work," he said.

"I depend on what gentlemen give me.

Yet I should not care so much for my-

self, but my poor child-I am obliged to

leave her at home sick while I come out

I was on the point of giving him a

shilling when an instinct of caution

"After all." I thought, "he might be

an imposter." In that case I should

grudge the shilling, small as it was.

which I intended to give him. But if

things were really as he said, I should

on the doorway of a house.

years of age.

spectacle.

stopping before him.

Is thinking, wishing all day long:

Oh, could I only tread once more

Ah, me! how happy would I be.

Amid the city's ceaseless din,

Sweet with flowers on every side;

A restless lad who looks from out

\$1.50 per Year in Advance.

STRAY BITS OF HUMOR

FOUND IN THE COLUMNS OF OUR

EXCHANGES.

The Fireman Resigned - On the Roller Skates-Put on Record-He was Indig-nant-Found bis Boss, Etc.

A FIREMAN WHO RESIGNED.

department, Jim?"

"Oh, I got sick of it."

"What was the trouble?"

"What cansed you to leave the fire

"Well. I'll tell you. I worked four

years to get on, and then I got right off

again. It wasn't what I thought it was.

I'd watched the boys working lots of

times, and I'd been around visiting them

at their houses. I kinder thought I'd

like it. When I got my appointment I

felt that I was fixed for life. The sec-

ond night after that an alarm came in

for us about eleven o'clock, and out we

went. When we got to the fire, which

was in the cellar, the captain made nie

go down and hold a lantern. The ther-

mometer was about twenty-five below

zero, and just as I started to go up the

back stairs a stream hit me in the mouth

and knocked me down so quick that I

couldn't tell what struck me. I lay

there senseless with the hose playing on

me for a little while-long enough for

me to freeze fast, any way, and when I

tried to get up I couldn't. I was all

covered with icicles, and the whiskers

of me were frozen so stiff that I couldn't

get my mouth open to yell. I began to

think I was done for, when one of the

boys stumbled over me, and getting a

lantern, found out who I was. They

had to chop me out with axes, and when

I walked off I looked like a snow man.

That sickened me of the fire department,

and I resigned the next day."- Chicago

FARES OF THE FAIR.

When two lady friends enter a street-

car together they generally go through

with a funny little formula for the sav-

ing of each other's credit for generosity

and for appearances generally. "Now

mind. I've got the change," says one as

so have I. I can pay the fare,"

answers the other. By this time the

ladies are seated, and both begin to

fumble leisurely in their saichels for

that change. "Now, I'll pay," exclaims

one, and she fishes out a dollar bill and

pass it up. "I want change, anyhow."

The money is passed up to the box, and

in the meantime the other lady quietly

deposits two nickels in the box. "Oh,

you mean thing!" cries the street-car

quest, "Never mind, I'll pay coming

Mma" and then they fall to talking of

looks helplessly around for some man to

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The Editor at Home.

stacles and in spite of hardships and The joys of editing any country newsterrors which would have appalled the paper are many and compensating. But heart of any other man but Pain .--as in everything else-they are un-Boston Pilot. equally distributed. Now here is Editor Ford, of the Baraboo (Wis.) Democrat. He has within the last three months A Salt Lake, Utah, dispatch says:been hanged in effigy and had a flag Fred Cullinan, who was buried sixteen shot from his office at the instigation of hours under the Alta snowslide, was his vile contemporary. But the royal seen by an Associated Press corresponddiadem of his delight is described in a ent lately. He says Albert Thomas, column editorial, leaded pica, under the proprietor of the hotel, was out getting title of "A Pleasing Announcement," snow to melt for water when he saw the from which the Journal quotes: "Toslide coming. Thomas gave the alarm day we have the satisfaction of announcand ran to a less exposed part of the ing to the public that the mortgage has building, followed by others who heard been lifted, and the Democrat office is Cullinan was in the back shed of not encumbered with a dollar's indebtthe hotel. The first he knew of the edness. To accomplish this we have slide was when he heard it strike Regan's labored with unceasing toil, day and saloon. He tried to turn but hadn't night. Indeed; we have worn ourself time before he was caught and covered almost entirely out, buried ourself from with boards and timbers. A board was all society, and lived in our office like a across his neck, and one arm was hermit, in order that we might once stretched straight out and held fast more call ourself a free man. Five years of the hardest labor of our whole life have been spent in Baraboo, while Mrs. Ford has almost lived in the office He could only move one hand a little with a miner's candlestick which he happened to be holding in the hand. With this he cut off the board pressing on his with us during that time. Long, long ago, and dreary the time seems to us neck, which was almost suffocating him and pushed it away so that he could now; but daylight has at last dawned breathe. He hallooed all the time and upon us, and when we leave our office was first heard about nine o'clock the at 6 o'clock in the evening and return to next morning. It took four hours to our pleasant little home, find our coalget him out from under fifteen feet of house full of coal, our wood-house full snow. He was so stiff and brnised that

sing that soul-stirring hymn-I want to be an angel, And with the angels stand; A crown upon my forehead A harp within my hand, forget our tribulations, and think after all, there is some happiness in

of wood, cellar full of vegetables, don our

slippers, recline back in our cusioned

rocker, put our feet on the centre table.

take Francis Woolfolk Ford on one

knee and Daisy Bransford Ford on the

other, and listen to them while they

El Mahdi's French Lieutenant. Oliver Pain, the Frenchman now in the Mahdi's camp, and to whose counsels much of the false prophet's recent success is credited is a brilliant Bohemian. He is about forty-five years old, was born in or near Paris and was educated in the schools of the city. In 1869-70 he was prominent in that Commune and the attempts to overthrow

Napoleon III, writing for the papers it think park in the street fringer "How am I to know whether your During the Franco-Prussian war he was story is true?" I said, stopping in the a captain in the French army and at the act of drawing a shilling from my same time newspaper correspondent. pocket. "How am I to know whether Later, in 1873, Marshal MacMahon sent you have a sick child, as you reprehim with Rochefort, editor of La Lanterne, and other Communists, to the "If you will come home with me," he penal colony at New Caledonia, He said, in a tone of subdued eagerness (I was one of the little band that escaped remembered this afterward), "I will confrom there in 1875 and came to this country. Then he went to London and Geneva, following a journalist's career until the breaking out of the Russo-Turkish war. Pain was among the first

correspondents on the ground, but soon

began to take an active part on behalf

of the latter country, both by counsel

and arms. He was taken prisoner by

the Russians, suspected of being a spy,

and condemned to be shot: but there

being great doubt that he was one and

the fact that he was a Frenchman saved

him. After a severe imprisonment he

returned to Paris on the granting of a

general amnesty to the Communists and

wrote for several of the leading news-

papers. On the breaking out of the war

in Egypt he was sent there as a corre-

spondent at his own request, as he

seemed never to be so happy as when

in the midst of turmoil and excitement.

While there he changed his mission and

formed the brilliant idea of penetrating

to the camp of the Mahdi, which he

alone succeeded in doing of all the cor-

respondents sent to Egypt, and this in

the face of almost insurmountable ob-

Under 15 Feet of Snow

he could not move. He had to be rolled

out like a log. He could hear them

digging above him and was satisfied

FOUND HIS BOSS,

A plumber and his wife were on their

"Why did you bow so low to tha

"He owns a roller-skating rink," the

cich man said, -Ingleside.

gentleman we just passed?" she in-

they would get to him after a while.

way to church.

"Perhaps he makes this offer," thought, "feeling confident that I will not accept it. He shall find himself mistaken this time. I am resolved for once to satisfy my elf, and if it is as he says, he shall have a crown instead of a shilling."

"Where do you live?" I asked, after moment's pause.

"About a quarter of a mile from here," was the reply.

"Lead on, then," said I. "I will accompany you home and satisfy myself whether your story is correct. If you are needy as your appear to be I will do what I can to help you."

The old man was profuse in his protestations of gratitude. In fact, he eemed so willing to comply with my remest that again there was a revulsion of feeling, and I felt ashamed that I had questioned his honesty. I inwardly resolved to make it up to him.

It was a dismal night. The air was

misty and damp, and the occasional street lamps revealed a disagreesble neighborhood. On either side I saw wretched tenement houses. At the doors were gaunt faces, sometimes wearing a flerce, almost desperate look. I felt that I should not like to pass through these streets at a late hour of the night. Yet it is only fair to say that London is tolerably well governed. The police are numerous, and, so far as my experience extends, are polite and attentive to

strangers. Considering how great an amount of poverty and utter destitution there is in the great city, it furnishes a matter of surprise that the harvest of crime, great as it is, should not be even greater. Yet doubtless, as the incident am relating serves to show, there is many a secret crime committed that never sees the light and never becomes known to the authorities. My glance fell thoughtfully upon my

guide. He was toiling along, appar ently with difficulty, a little in advance of me, and from time to time looked back to see if I were following him. Once when he looked back I had my watch out—a valuable gold chronometer from which I was endeavoring to goertain the time by the light of neighboring street lamp. Perhaps I vas imprudent in making a display in

so suspicious a neighborhood, My

guide looked at the watch greedily. "Poor fellow!" I thought, "Every evidence of wealth and comfort must no doubt fill him with envy." I don't know why it was that no suspicions of the man's good faith had thus far entered my mind. If there had, the sight of his feebleness would have led me to smile with contempt at the thought that he

Still he hobbled on. We had by degrees got a considerable distance from the place where I first encountered him. I thought that I should be late for the play, and thought back into his room and slammed the

could possibly do me any harm.

gratuity of half a crown. "Are you far from your room-from where you live?" I asked. "We must have gone half a mile instead of a quar-

"That is the house," said he, pointing to a wretched building only a few steps distant. "In for a penny in for a pound,"

thought I. "I will see this adventure through, even if I am late for the thea-

My guide entered the house, and I followed him up a rickety staircaserather up three-until we reached the fourth story. It was pitch dark all the way. When he had mounted to the third landing he fumbled at the door and opened it. I followed him in.

"Stop a moment, kind gentleman, and I will light a candle," said the old

I stopped, and in a moment the dim light of a farthing dip illuminated the apartment.

I had scarcely time to take a hasty glance at the room and its appurtenances than the old man stepped behind me and closed the door. There was a click audible. It fastened as it closed. What did I see? Of course I expected to see a miserable den, with broken down furniture and every evidence of the direct destitution and wretchedness, Instead of this my gaze rested on a room comfortably furnished; a Kidderminster carpet, not much worn, covered the floor, There were a few neat chairs, a mahogany table and a comfortable bed.

"You have deceived me," said I, sternly, turning upon the old man. I turned as I said this, but what was my bewilderment at perceiving that the old man had disappeared and in his place there stood before me quite a different person-

The gray hair, the bowed form, the marks of age had vanished. My guide was no longer old and decrepit, but a man in the prime of life, strong and vigorous. His gray wig, for it was a wig, lay on the carpet, whither he had carelessly tossed it. "You seem a little surprised," he said

in a mocking voice: "strange miracles sometimes happen nowadays." "What does this mean?" I asked, in bewilderment.

"What does it mean?" repeated the man, coolly. "It means that I will trouble you for that watch of yours. It appears to be a valuable one," he continued with bold impudence. "I will take the liberty to borrow it of you for an indefinite period. Just now, unfortunately, my watch happens to be at the jeweler's, so that I am unable to be on ime in my feableant's ragacionis in I a . . - compensate bubble you for the

loan of yours," "Is there anything else you would hke?" I asked hotly, indignant at having been so cleverly outwitted, and that, too, by a man whom I had been inrending to succor. It seemed the worst kind of an imposition, playing upon my feelings only to work me in jury.

"Yes," he replied carelessly, "I am out of money just at present. Slightly overdrawn at my banker's. Awkward. isn't it? I will take the additional liberty of borrowing your purse. Though I don't generally do such things, I will, if it will be any satisfaction, give you my note of hand for the amount, due say in ninety years."

Again he laughed mockingly. "You are an atrocious villain!" said I, indignantly.

"Oh, no doubt. You're quite welcom to call me so. We're all sinners, you know !"

The man's insufferable coolness and impudence quite took away my breath I felt that a discussion could do no possible good. He had me in his power, and of course that gave him the entire advantage. "Let me out !" I exclaimed, advancing

oward the door.

"Not yet," said he resolutely, displaying a pistol. "Not till you have complied with my very reasonable demands. Do that and you shall go freely, and not a hair of your head shall be harmed. Come, what do you say ?"

What could I say? How was I, single handed and without a weapon, to contend with this man, my equal in strength and armed with a pistol? This makes the weak equal with the strong, If I only had that pistol-if I could only snatch it from him. But that seemed impossible. He was watchful and wary. Should I make the attempt and fail he would probably kill me without mercy. Yet that attempt I meant to make.

A lucky thought came to my assist ance. I was something of a ventriloquist and had been from my wouththat is, I could throw my voice to another part of the room so that some one else might seem to be speaking. No sooner did I think of this than I resolved upon my plan.

"Well," said he impatiently, "have on decided?"

"Wretch!" said a voice just behind

He turned suddenly, and at that moment I snatched the pistol from his

ly. "Open that door or I fire." He looked at me in stupid surprise. I repeated my command He advanced a step toward me.

this weapon and I fire," He glared at me with a look of baffled lerocity, and looked undecided. I repeated my order and he sullenly

"Make the slightest aftempt to retake

opened the door. I passed through, backing out warily, ready to fire at the slightest movement showing intent to assault me, I should have felt no hesitation in doing so. The man was a desperate villain, very likely s murderer, and I felt that I should be justified. But he seemed to have given up his enterprise as bootless. He went

of pausing and dismissing him with a door. I made my way out into the street and hurried to the theatre, first removing the charge from my weapon. It proved to be a valuable one, and I decided to retain it as a "contraband of

WIT AND WISDOM.

A BASEBALL nein-"Not out !" THE rule of three-a triumvirate. ROBBING the males—a church fair. SMALL currency—sewing society gos

THE moonstone-an engagement dia TALK is cheap, except through a tele

THE best cost-of-farms for America-THE letter p's usefulness to pneumo-

nia is about like that of the husband of a boss milliner. "A BING around the moon is a sign of bad weather." A ring around the eye is

generally a sign of a squalls "What is laughter?" asks a scientist, It is what you don't hear when you find vonr wife sitting up for you after the

A cold climate is hard to bear, but it makes men robust and active. People in very warm countries lead a rather shiftless life. A young lady at a ball the other even-

ing referred to her gentleman escort as an Indian. "For," said she, "he is always on my trail." Brides now go to the altar with the

when the husband comes home late he will be handled without gloves. COLORED WOMAN-"Boss, kin I get de job ob cleanin' out dis heah bank?" President-"No! you are too late. The

cashier has already attended to that." "Press on ! achieve ! achieve !" sings Ella Wheeler in her last poem. This sounds as if she was counseling a Chinese laundryman to sneeze while ironing.

HE-My dear, the most extraordinary thing happened when I came home this evening. She-What was it? He- trials to trifles and dispersed my sorrow Why, my slippers were both in the same | for very shame. His wife was sick and THE great perennial power of a good

pastor over his flock is heart power. Nine-tenths of the people in any congregation are only to be reached through their affections. Sympathy is power. Say everything for vice you can say,

magnify any pleasure as much as you please, but do not believe you have any secret for sending on quicker the sluggish blood, and for refreshing the faded

"Have you weak eyes?" said a lady to an applicant for a Litchen medica who were blue speciacles, "No, ma'sm, "but I scour pots and things so thoroughly that the glitter of them hurts my

WHEN a visitor at the Carlisle Indian School asked a young Chevenne girl if she was a member of a church, she answered, "Not much; just a little." There are hunder of other church members similarly affected.

You can't blame a wife for losing her love for a husband who persistently stays away from home. As she cannot get him into the house even, it follows naturally that she should not be able to in-door him, -Boston Traveler. They had recently been and got mar-

ried, and had just returned from their honeymoon. He: "I wonder why so many people stare at us, my dear?" She: "No doubt they are wondering what I could have seen in you." LIFE, like war, is a series of mistakes:

and he is not the best Christian nor the best general who makes the fewest false steps. Poor mediocrity may secure that, but he is best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of A HATTER sees one of his debtors pass

him by in the street without any recognition of his existence, and straightway ecame as mad as-as a hatter. "Curse the fellow !" he says, "he might, when I bowed to him, have at least had the decency to lift my hat,"

"Your age?" asked the judge, Thirty-five, your honor," replied the woman. Judge-"But you were thirtyfive the last time you were here, three years ago." She-"And does your honor think I'm the woman to say one thing one day and another thing another?"

Two Heroes. The Portland (Ore.) News savs: There

are some interesting side points relative to Funk's poor, starving babies, who wandered away in the hills of Mehama Sunday morning. They were not found till Monday noon. A shepherd dog which was a household favorite followed and guarded them during the long, dark hours when the rain came uncessingly down. No doubt the faithful creature protected them from the many wild animals in the deep woods. But the heroic act of the older child, which the wires failed to correctly record, remains to be added. He took his own little coat from his shivering body and put it on his weaker brother, saving him from freezing, while he endured, in a cotton shirt, hours after hours, the keen blasts of that mountain storm. Think of this. from a child but six years old, and let He made an impression on a wealthy any who can say he is not as much of a hero as any of the full-grown Spartans of old of whom the classics so eloquently on the supposititions \$10,000, and the

THE state of affairs in Dublin, N. H. is somewhat interesting, owing to the difficulties experienced by the Selectmen in disposing of the income of a fund of \$2,500, which was given to the town some time ago with the provision that S. Brown, a well-known colored man. the interest should be annually distributed to the poor inhabitants of the place. The interest is now about to be distributed, but there are no takers, as the rink with two children, but was not quite a number of persons to whom allowed to purchase admission tickets. offers have been made decline on the Upon demanding the reason for this dis-compromised.

GENTEEL, BUT A TRAMP RESPECTABLE VAGRANT AND HIS MEANS OF SUPPORT.

and Experience of Two Young Men who are Willing ite Work but are Unable to

"Yes, we are tramps. We are as thoroughly out in the world as the most tattered, impecunious vagabond that begs for a few pennies on the street or for a piece of bread at the back door." The speaker was a young man, not shabbily dressed save for the fraved binding on his coat. His face overgrown with a week's old beard, was frank and kindly. His companion was also young, and his appearance, too, was respecta

"You don't look like tramps," said the

"That is very true, and yet, if you were only to count as tramps those shiftless vagabonds, down at the heel and out at the elbows, who justle each other at the soup houses and steal for the sake of going to jail, you would have little more than half the tramps in Philadelphia to-day."

"What has been your experience?" "I'll tell you, but you must not publish our names. You can take them so that if any one, after reading the story, has a desire to give us work, you can let us know. We are both down in the world, sir, but our self-respect has not left us yet. I pray God it never may. Well, as to how we got down in the world. I am a traveling salesman. At the end of 1884 depression in trade left hand uncovered. This means that threw me out of a position I had held for two years. I soon became poor, and then followed the usual experiences with pawnbrokers. I could get no work, and finally my money was all gone and I knew not where to turn to get a meal, My companion last year was an advance agent for a circus. Before that he was an engineer. He has a wife and two children in a little back room on Vine street. We met as companions in distress, and he took me to his room. The scene I witnessed there turned my empty stove. There had been nothing to eat in the room for two days."

The speaker paused a moment and gave a great gulp, as though to choke down a lump in his throat. His eyes had a glistening suspicion of tears in

"Well." he went on, "that was month ago, and it was the beginning of our friendship. Since then we have been tramps, and we have worked together. How we managed to get along is almost a myotary to me new that the

"Give me some idea of your opera-

"Our meals are secured chiefly at free lunch counters. Often enough we can slip in and get a drink with a crowd and then help ourselves or sit down and est, no one noticing that we had not invested at the bar, Sometimes I would go up to the counter, and when no one was looking, pass back to my companion enough food to make a meal for his family. He has a place to sleep, but have none and at night I have to shift or myself.

"And how do you make out?" Sometimes I sleep at the station houses, but the officers will not allow one to keep that up for mary nights. Four nights I slept in empty freight cars out near Brewerytown. When I fail to find a place to lay my head I stay around the Broad Street Station until they turn me out, Yes, I am one of the tramps the station master talks about

as constantly coming around there. and being as constantly asked to out, Well, after I am invited out the station it is usually midnight, I have to keep awake and put in the time antil morning. It is a weary time of it, Sometimes I walk out to Frankford and sometimes to Germantown. Very often I am stopped by penniless wanderers like myself, who want a few pennies for a night's lodging. That is what I call the

very irony of poverty. "I could tell you a good many things to make you smile. Do you remember the incident Mark Twain relates in 'Roughing It' of the fellow who found a dime and threw it down so he could have the pleasure of finding it again? Well, I had a similar experience.] found a silver quarter at Broad and Spring Garden streets. I had not eaten anything for nearly thirty-six hours. picked it up and could not realize my good fortune. I tossed it down on the payement to see if it would ring, and then walked away, and coming back, picked it up again. The pleasure of going through the process of finding the coin the second time was equal to the first .- Philadelphia Press.

A FELLOW in Oxford county, Me., gulled a whole town and caught a rich widow. When the assessors of taxes came around he told them that they might tax him for \$10,000 in money at interest, although he was supposed to be poor and worked in a mill for \$1.50 a day. The fame of a man who was sufficiently honest to uncover concealed taxable property of his own accord, spread through the town, and he was lionized. widow and married her. After the wedding the assessors had to abate the tax woman had to support a worthless husband. He was not worth a dollar.

The Color Line in Massachusetts.

Judge Parmenter, of Boston, Mass. gave a decision in the case of Richard against Joseph Hawes, Treasurer of the Winslow Skating Rink, fining Hawes sixteen dollars and costs. Brown visited from the premises.

ARCTIC DOG SLEDGING.

Speaking of Melville's book on the

Lena Delta, the Literary World says:

Not such Amusing Work as it is Supposed to

Sledging is never an easy matter in Siberia. The dogs are quarrelsome, and very difficult to manage, as the following description of a journey with a team of eleven dogs will show: "Away we went with the dogs in full cry, all yelping, snapping, biting, and seizing each other from behind, those in front turning round to fight back, until some one were drawn off their feet and dragged along at a fearful rate; Vasilli, yelling at the top of his voice, coaxed, scolded, and anathematised by turn, until at length, by dint of twisting and rolling over, the team became entangled into one living mass of vicious flesh. To pacify and disentangle the crazy canines, Vasilli leaped upon them with his iron-pointed guiding staff, and the only astonishing thing to me was how the poor brutes could live under such a heavy beating. It is true some of them, after receiving a severe blow on the small of the back, did drag their hind legs for a few minutes; but in the end it did not seem to check their desire to bite and fight. Yet they were considerably more tractable after this, their first beating, and ran along at a more even pace, following the leaders, who in turn were guided and governed by Vasilli's word of command: Tuck ! Tuck ! Taduck, taduck Stoi. stoi!' (right, right; left; stop stop); and a general chuckle of encour

agement." The dogs, moreover, are so ferocious that if they meet a tead of reindeer they will at once attack and kill them, On one occasion Mr. Melville was proceeding by deersledge when he encountered a team of dogs. His driver at once drew off the road into a wood. stationing Mr. Melville with a huge stick to prevent the cogs from following. They came on in hot pursuit, despite the efforts of their driver, when a stout blow from the stick caused the leading dog to turn round and attack his neighbor, and in an instant the whole team they hail the car. "Have you? Well, was embroiled in a "free and easy," while the deer team made their escape.

Roller Skating Rinks

The Cleveland Leader says: 4 stylishy-dressed young lady, whose eatures vere concealed by a thick veil, atered the downtown office of a prosinent physician yesterday afternoon, and with some show of nervousness, requeste an audience with him. The doctor leothe way into his private office, and the tir nationt removed her veil, remarking s she did so. "I wish you would tell n

worked at that until I am tired, but

cannot remove it. I am satisfied it is

not dirt." she continued, evidently j

ing from the physician's look the

was about to tell her to take a path

"I understand," said the doctor

"What do you mean?" she aske

with a smile: "the roller rink aga

In the dimly-lighted room the physician was unable to find anything wrong. ANOTHER ONE PUT ON RECORD Stepping to the window, the lady said When I was at Washington I said to pointing to the rogaish dimples that he engineer of the little building at the nature had placed on cheeks and chin loot of the Monument: and the little creases about the corners of her eyes: "Do you see that? My uch a small factory.' face looks as though I had been working

in a coal mine." Closer inspection showed the physician that the dimples "What's that for ?" I inquired. and creases as well as the larger pores in the lady's face were filled with a dark. grimy substance. "I have scrubbed and

"You have a mighty tall chimney for

"You are the 176th person who made hat remark," was his answer. - Detroit

He silently chalked a mark on the oard wall behind him.

skating c. is the second me with a similar cob,

roubled tone.

"Nothing but roll-

"What is the cause of it?" "Why, you see, the dust time from the floor of the rink is very fine and penetrating, and when it settles on the skin, dampened with perspiration, it at once finds its way into the pores."

Saved From a Life Sentence.

The last proceedings have finally been held in the famous Mack murder case, which took place July 14, 1878. in Jonesville, Wis. Mrs. Mack. charged with murdering her husband, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to the State prison for life, but the Supreme Court granted her a new trial, and on the second trial the jury disagreed. Since then she married the principal witness against her, which renders his testimony worthless against her. She made an application to have her bondsman relieved by giving her own bond in the sum of \$8,000, which was granted. She having married the State's most important witness and the other witnesses being widely scattered. it is not likely [that the case will ever be

African Explorations

Serpo Pinto, the celebrated African traveler who started for Central Africa last year from Mozambique, came near starving to death not long after he began his march. He and his comrade, Lieut, Cardoso, were stricken with fever in district where famine prevailed, T could buy little food, and, being to be removed, their party wer reduced to sore traits. The Go Mozambique heard of their di sent a relief party, who ren. them until the explorers were push on to ample food supplies the famine district. Pinto is into inner Africa one of the

wonder what a Mrs. Minks-Oh ..

How sweetly shrill his vos. and musical. Mr. Minks-Yes I-bu sounds do not come from They come through the wal

Mrs. Minks-Mercy! Why can't people have sen give their squalling brats something, instead of let like screech owls. - Phile

BRIMSTONE FOR CONCRE A good story is told of two Congregationalists salist, who reside not miles from New Bedf were talking "

said to There

them, and, pr