

The Rocket Job Office
IS PREPARED
To do all kinds of Plain and Fancy JOB
PRINTING at Short No-
tice, and in
THE BEST OF STYLE.
WE GUARANTEE SATISFAC-
TION in work and prices.
BLANKS OF ALL KINDS ON HAND!
OF ALL KINDS ON HAND!

Rockingham Rocket.

The Rockingham Rocket.
(ESTABLISHED 1838.)
THE GUARANTEE A LAR-
GER CIRCULATION
THAN ANY OTHER
NEWSPAPER
In Richmond County.
SUBSCRIBE FOR IT!
SHOW IT TO YOUR NEIGHBOR!
Only \$1.50 a Year,
Six Months SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS!

VOL. VIII.

ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND COUNTY, N. C., JUNE 19, 1890.

NO. 24.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

It is said that an able beggar with a good get up can make \$10 a day on the streets of New York.

H. B. Morse, who has been an official in the Chinese service for nearly twenty years, and who is now on a visit to his home in Boston, says that the average consumption of opium in China is about an ounce per capita for each adult individual.

Stanley's book will be translated into French, German, Italian, Norse, Spanish and Czech, and all editions will be published simultaneously in the different countries. The Chicago Herald says that the Congo names will look very picturesque in their Czech trimmings.

The Kansas Financier is convinced that "one of the greatest afflictions that can befall a State or community is to have a boom. The recovery is worse than a plague. Steady growth and honest business methods should always be encouraged, but none other."

Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, waited long for public honors. He died before they arrived, but at Coloma a fine statue to his memory has been unveiled. It overlooks the historic mill-race where the first gold was found. It represents Marshall, in a prospector's costume, pointing toward the spot where he made the memorable discovery that changed the history of California.

The latest fad of the famous manufacturer, food reformer and politico-economist of Boston, Edward Atkinson, is the production of new, cheap and wholesome food from such cereals as oat and corn meal, raw wheat, barley and rye. The material is cleaned, steam cooked and pressed into blocks. Out of these he proposes to make dishes that will enable a man to live well at a cost of a dime a day. He has also invented a number of cookers, wherewith a housekeeper can prepare the daily dishes of a family at an expense for fuel of three or four cents a day.

Possibly to show how fertile the French soldier is in the way of resource, M. Edmond de Goncourt relates the following sensational incident in the fourth volume of his "Journal," just printed: "During the Franco-Prussian war the wheel of a gun got out of order, and an artillery officer directed that it should be greased. Being unable to find any grease, one of the gunners went up to a 'slovenly, unhandsome corpse,' split the skull with his ax, took out the brains and clapped them, all hot, on the wheel. This is very horrible, if true, and is very powerful if it be fiction, and might be recommended to Rider Haggard."

Eight more frontier forts have been designated as useless as military posts, and will be abandoned as soon as the garrison can be withdrawn. They are Fort Maginnis, Montana; Fort Bridger, Wyoming; Fort Sidney, Nebraska; Fort Crawford, Col.; Little Rock Barracks, Ark., and McDowell, Thomas and Verde in Arizona. In the case of some, civilization has got so far beyond them that they are no longer on the frontier, and others are to be abandoned in pursuance of the policy of concentrating troops in sufficient numbers to make more important posts schools of instruction. The military reservations on which the forts stand will probably be devoted to the use of Indian schools.

The New York Sun relates the following: "On a Connecticut railroad the other day an old gentleman caught his foot in a railroad frog in the face of an approaching train. Little Mamie Donnelly whipped her scissors out of her pocket, cut his shoe lace and saved the old gentleman's life. How many men would have thought of their pocketknife? A stage coach one day pulled up in front of a cottage and a trunk was to be brought out. The summer door, closing with a spring, was bothersome, and the woman present snapped a string on which a vine was trailed, wrapped it round the door knob, and there you were! A man must have hunted a half-brick to set against the door; yet a knot, made in a moment, afterward restored the status quo. A child was struggling with a marble in its windpipe. Mammy catches it by the heels, suspends it head downward, child gurgles, out drops the marble, and there you are again. A few men are born with this emergency sense, but it is no great rarity among women."

CURIOS FACTS

The potato-bug has twenty five parasites.

The gem symbolic of the month of May is the emerald.

The earth, according to geologists, is 500,000,000 years old.

A lady in Clarke County, Ga., has never tasted water in her life.

The area of London is 120 square miles. It has about 7500 miles of streets.

There is no Company J in the Army, because the written J is too much like I.

Asparagus was originally a wild sea-coast plant, and is a native of Great Britain.

The postage on a single rate letter to the Cape of Good Hope, South Africa, is fifteen cents.

A cubic foot of fresh water weighs 62.5 pounds; a cubic foot of sea water 64.25 pounds.

The English battleship Benbow and the Italian warship Italia are the largest war vessels afloat.

Presidio del Norte, a Mexican town of some 7000 inhabitants, is said to be without any resident physician.

Small diamonds fixed in the front and back sights of rifles are said to enable the marksman to take good aim even in a bad light.

The loftiest inhabited spot on the globe is the Porchouse of Ancomara on the Andes in Peru, 16,000 feet above the sea level.

Jerome Wood, of Long Lake, N. Y., found the name of Annie Hodgson, of Sheffield, England, in an umbrella, wrote to her and later married her.

A blanket fish is one of the Florida curiosities seen in the gulf between Key West and Tampa. It looks like an untanned cowhide floating in the water.

"Greaser" in the United States is a name applied in contempt to natives of Spanish America, especially to natives of Mexico, from their greasy appearance.

Ten years ago the plains near Deming, Arizona, were feeding antelope. One week recently 6000 head of cattle were shipped from Deming to eastern cities by rail.

The coal bill for a single trip of a fast steamship is \$10,000. About 130 gallons of oil per day are required to keep the journals and bearings of her machinery lubricated.

Caviare is made of the roe of the sturgeon, salmon, cod and other large fish. It is a Russian delicacy which is imported in kegs. It is often served spread on slices of fish.

A child born to Mrs. Wallace at Kelo, Washington, had no openings at the eyes, the skin completely covering those members. A surgical operation was performed to supply the deficiency.

The late Mr. Fields, of Danville, Ky., slept every night for sixty-seven years in the house where he was born; never ate but one meal out of it, and was only twice outside of his native county.

Statisticians claim that for every 10,000,000 passengers carried on the rail-ways in this country one passenger is killed. They also claim that more people are killed every year by falling out of windows than there are in railroad accidents.

A Garfield (Oregon) citizen has discovered that the squirrels that are shot and left on the ground are devoured by their fellows, and he turned the knowledge to account. When he kills a squirrel he cuts a hole in it and puts in strychnine, and in this way has killed a large number of the pests.

Between the Ural and the Okhotsk Seas in Siberia, there is a spot half as large as the State of Michigan, which is frozen ground to the depth of ninety-four feet. That is, it has never thawed out since the world was created, and probably never will, and even if it should body would have any use for it.

A great secret has just been imparted by the French Government to the Government of Russia. It is the secret in regard to the manufacture of smokeless powder. The Russians are about to begin the manufacture of it upon a large scale, using imported workmen, and being careful to exclude Germans from the factories. The basis of the powder is said to be sulphuric ether.

An English syndicate has purchased 1000 acres of phosphate lands in Marion County, Fla.

WAIT AWHILE.

Dark with heavy hours of care,
And each view with gloom seems shrouded.
Look around you—don't despair!
You shall yet see these things disappear.
See once more the sunbeams smile,
Patience perfect work has, ever;
Wait awhile!

If some wrong or pleasure clearly
Should from us demand redress,
Let us not, through anger merely,
Yield to passion's rash excess.
Hasty words have often brought us
After days of bitter trial,
And this maxim wise have taught us—
Wait awhile!

Don't, when idle tongues are telling
Rumors false for aught you know,
Be too quick to aid them, swelling
Scandalous reports that grow,
Off through slander's heartless sneering,
Virtue's self is envied vile,
Better give each one a hearing—
Wait awhile!

Shun contention! All our pleasures
Flee when angry passions rise!
Wisdom counsels prudent measures,
Calm debate alone is wise.
Oh, how many times exempted
We might be from sorrow's trial,
If we would, when rashly tempted,
Wait awhile!

—D. Louis Dodge.

COALS OF FIRE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

It was Sunday, and I was walking home from church with Rose Arthur, and we were engaged. I had known her only a few months, but I think if she had said no, instead of yes, I should have died of it. We had done our duty; we had been to church, and now I had coaxed her to go with me into the woods, and we sat down on a hollow log beside a great patch of violets that were in bloom there, and I told her how I loved her, over and over again, and how I could not understand what there was in a big, rough fellow like me, that a pretty creature like her could care for, but that I would do my very best to make her happy all her life; and she promised to marry me in an autumn.

You see I wasn't a pretty man. I was, to make the statement short and true, as ugly as beetle-browed black brows and great fists like sledge-hammers and a thick nose and a square jaw could make a young fellow, and girls did not generally care for me.

And yet I was always kind to a woman, young or old; couldn't bear to see one imposed upon, and would have done anything I could for the ugliest of them. My politeness wasn't all for those I admired, but women don't care much for anything but looks in a man. They don't care for any one who isn't like a Christmas doll or a wax figure in a barber's window. That's what I used to say to myself, and now this sweetest, best, loveliest of all of them loved me. Why, I felt as if I must be crazy to believe it. I asked her over and over again; and I was too happy—too happy. Yes, far too happy.

We were not a fine lady and gentleman. I made fireworks, and was considered good at my trade and reliable, and was a foreman in one of the departments. I felt that I could take care of a wife when I had one, and Rose had come to work at the pretty fancy work they put into the girls' hands some time before.

But she was a lady if looks and heart and manners are to be counted. And she had a good plain education. So had I, and I don't believe that any of your stylish folk were ever happier or more hopeful; and after the Sunday in the woods, we set to work with a will, looking forward to little home more or less than most folks, perhaps, for she was an orphan and so was I, and we had neither kith nor kin on earth. And so the time sped by, and Fourth of July came close at hand, and we were very busy at the factory, and a nephew of Mr. Varden (it was Varden's factory we were working at) came down to help. He was very handsome and all the girls admired him, and even Annie said to me half a dozen times:

"Oh! isn't he lovely, John?"
And somehow I hated to hear her say it. She wouldn't if she had known what a jealous fellow I was.

To add to her savings, Annie was doing—so she said—some fine embroidery for Miss Lawrence, a very rich young lady in the village, and had to go over to see her about it of evenings. In ordinary times I could have gone with her, but we were too busy just this time. However, one day I had an errand to do that took me out about the time she started, and, wrong or right, I meant to take a little more time and go so far with her, and I waited behind a church wall to see her come up, meaning to have a little fun over it.

It was poor fun for me as it turned out, for I heard steps and voices in a moment, and peeping out, saw Rose, indeed, but with Richard Varden at her side. They seemed to be talking sociably, and they passed me in a great hurry. I was blind with rage for a moment. Then I said to myself, after all the may I have happened to be walking the same way, and, perhaps, she'll tell me about it, and I went back to my

work; but when I saw Rose, though I mentioned Richard Varden, she did not say anything of the walk.

And so it came into my mind, being of a wicked, brooding nature, to watch my Rosebud, as I had called her; and as listeners never hear any good of themselves, so spies always discover some evil, or think they do. It was not long afterward that I saw Mr. Richard walk up to the lunch-basket Rose carried to the factory, and slip something into it folded in paper; and afterward, when Rose opened the basket, I saw what it was—a letter. She laughed softly to herself, wrapped it up again, and slipped it under the silk handkerchief she wore about her neck. After that, I had no more happiness, no more peace. I was always trying to lead Rose on to betray herself, but she never seemed to dream I suspected anything. She told me a good deal about the Lawrence, and how they quarreled, years before, with the Varden about a little slip of dump-land by the river, and how bitter grandfather Lawrence was over it, and how foolish the young people thought it.

One day I said:
"You are well informed on these family affairs of the Vardens, it seems to me."

And she answered:
"Oh, yes, Miss Lawrence tells me a great deal."

"Perhaps it is Richard Varden," I said.

She only laughed, as if that were a great joke. And so the Fourth of July came, and we had a holiday. That day I wakened in a good mood. I said to myself: "Rose can't be deceiving me. She's not that sort. I'll throw all my suspicions to the winds. He may be in love with her; but she will never encourage him. She loves me; and if I ask her up and down, she'll tell me all about it." And so I went to her early, and asked her to go with me on a pleasant trip I knew we could take, and spend day and evening together.

"We needn't get home until nine," I said, "and we'll be very happy."

I put my arm about her waist, and she laid her cheek against my shoulder.

"I'm so sorry, John," she said, "but I can't go."

"No," she said; "I am engaged for all day—yes, and all the evening, too."

"What! You don't mean that?" I said.

"Yes," she said, "and it's an engagement I cannot break."

"What are you going to do? Who are you going with?" I asked.

"Can't tell you," she said, laughing.

"After to-morrow you'll know."

"After to-morrow?" I repeated.

"What if I say you must tell me now?"

"I should say I wouldn't," she answered.

"Very well," said I; "I'll go alone."

I turned from her without a kiss for the first time since our engagement, and I went away and hid myself where I could watch her. Soon I saw a curious thing. Some one carried a trunk to the door of the house she boarded at, and I saw her speak to the man about it. Then I watched her window from an upper room of the factory. She was packing the trunk. Then again I saw Mr. Richard call a boy to him and give him a note, and I saw him give it into Annie's hand. After that she let the curtain down, and I could see no more.

Mr. Richard kept about the place all day, and the July evening was long and bright. I watched him constantly. He was arranging papers, seemingly fixing matters as though he were going away. He thought nothing of seeing me about; at least he said nothing. At last he sat down to his desk and wrote a letter, which he set upon a rack, and then his work being over, he seemed to get ready to go away.

When he was gone I went to the desk. The letter was addressed to old Mr. Lawrence. The edges of the envelope were not dry. I acted like a madman, I know, when I opened it; but I did it, and this was what I read:

MY DEAR UNCLE:—I hope you will not think me ungrateful when you hear I have gone away to marry some one of whom you are sure to disapprove. We love each other—that is my only excuse.

I sealed the letter again and staggered down into the open air. It was quite dark now, and the place was very empty. Most of the people were away on visits or excursions. There was only one thought in my mind. That was to kill myself. I had a pistol, and I found it and loaded it. My intention was to go to that spot in the woods where I had asked Rose to be my wife and there kill myself, but as I passed out again, I looked up. Mr. Richard had returned to the office. There was a light there, a swinging lantern, directly over his head. He had apparently come back to make some alterations in his letter. He opened it, added some lines, and sealed it again. And now he was ready to finish robbing me of the joy of my life, of the only thing that seemed valuable to me on earth.

Salmon took full possession of me. I felt him enter my soul. I lifted my pistol and took aim at the handsome head on which the lamplight fell so brightly.

Not good aim though. The bullet missed its mark and struck the swinging lamp. I saw a great blaze spring up in an instant; the firework factory was on fire. The next instant there was a horrible report. I was hurled a long distance away, and came to myself bruised and giddy, but able to rise. All the place was full of people now. I heard my name, and turned and saw Rose at my side.

"Oh, thank God, darling!" she said; "thank God! Oh! touch me, that I may know you are alive! Oh, my love, my love."

She threw her arms about me. I held her close.

"But he is there," she sobbed. "Mr. Richard—oh! he is there! and what will poor Miss Lawrence do? They were to be married to-night. They were to elope together. I was to be her bridesmaid; I have been making her dress, for she did not dare tell any one else. Oh, poor, poor Miss Lawrence! He must be dead!"

The truth rushed on me; I saw all my blind folly, remembered the feud between the two families, and knew that Rose had been helping Miss Lawrence to correspond with her lover; and I had murdered a man who had done me no wrong. God knew who else was about the place, with how much crime my soul was assorted. Then a great hope thrilled me.

"Perhaps he isn't dead," I said. "I'm going in after him. I'll bring him out alive or die with him. Good-by, dearest. If I never see you again, remember I loved you. I'm a wicked wretch, but I loved you."

I put her from me while she screamed for me to stay, and then I dashed into the burning place.

Afterward they said it was a miracle. Perhaps it was. The angels may have felt that it was well that I should live to repent my sins a little longer. I found my victim in what seemed a red-hot furnace, lying senseless on his face. I covered that face with my own soft hat, and I dashed out again. I don't know how I did it. I was very strong, very big, and he was slight and slender.

They brought him to, first. He had only been a little scorched and singed about the shoulders. As for me, I knew nothing for a week, and I had some ugly scars about me, that did not improve my looks; but Rose seemed to love me more for them, and Mr. Richard had his fair girl's beauty quite unaltered.

They called me a hero, but it was only while I was too weak to speak that I permitted it. One day I made confession. I called Rose to my bedside, and I called him. I told them all, and they forgave me; yes, they both forgave me. I think they were angels.

No one had been hurt but me, and there was only some loss of money, and "Jealousy is insanity," Mr. Richard said, "and I owe my life to you. Had I been the scoundrel you thought me, I should have deserved death."

As for Rose, she cried as if her heart would break, pitying me. And I think Satan left me forever then, and I have had neither hate nor jealousy in my heart since that day, and often I turn to that page of the Bible on which these words are written:

"Jealousy is cruel as the grave, and the coals thereof are as coals of fire, which burn with a most vehement flame;"

and think how true it is, and how nearly jealousy ruined all our lives, and how close my soul has been to perdition.—
The Ledger.

Financial Simplicity of the Beers.

A certain Mr. F., wishing to purchase a farm in Africa, the Boer proprietor diligently refused to accept bills, checks or notes. He would have his price (\$125,000) in sovereigns, or he would not sell. So the golden bullion was with much trouble brought to the house. ("Will you not stop to dinner?" asked the farmer, and at its conclusion Mr. F., when bidding adieu, observed: "Well, I suppose we may at last consider our transactions quite complete.")

"Not quite," said the Boer; "you still owe me eighty-seven cents for the dinner." The next episode was that the farmer, worried with the custody of so much coin in his house, resolves with many misgivings to pay the purchase money into the Standard Bank, but the following week he demands to withdraw his deposit, and the hard cash is again produced. He counts it over carefully, and, once more reassured, shoves it back into the cashier's hands. The Boers do not, in fact, seem to have the slightest comprehension of the first principles of finance. Another of the class asked a bank what would be the terms for his proposed deposit of \$125,000. "We will give you six per cent," replied the clerk, not understanding the drift of the question. "You pay me for taking care of my property?" said the Boer. "No, no; I am not such a fool as to believe that. You are up to some trick!" And he instantly broke off the negotiation.—
Blackwood's Magazine.

The people of Tombstone, Arizona's chief city, have become convinced that their name is a "hoax," and are agitating for a change to that of Richmond.

FIRE FIGHTERS.

NEW YORK'S DEPARTMENT THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Reading the Gongs—The Dreaded Three Sires and the Grateful Four—Training the Men to Use Life-Saving Appliances.

New York's Fire Department can be said to be, without the least error, the most thoroughly equipped, disciplined and efficient force of fire fighters to be found the world over. The London press is apt to make a great ado at the close of each fiscal year, when the notices of the cost of maintaining their Fire Department for twelve months is made public.

The best paid of London's rank and file firemen get \$18 a week, out of which they must pay rent to the city for the rooms they occupy, over what the New York force know as the apparatus floor. The rank and file of this city begin with a salary of \$1000 a year, which is afterward increased to \$1200. If the fireman get killed in this city, the widow receives \$1000 from the Pension Fund and \$300 a year after that as long as remains a widow.

Company quarters of any hook and ladder or engine company substantially resemble one another. If a visitor enters the quarters of an engine company, say during the night, he will see to his right, and close to the door which he passes through, a desk, generally surrounded by a railing. At this desk the fireman "on watch" sits, wakeful and alert, for the signal which may at any moment come whirring over the wires. In front of him lies the blotter on which are recorded all alarms and other memoranda incidental to the routine work of the day or night.

On the wall, to the right, are the gongs on which the alarms are sounded, one large one and one small one, a Morse telegraphic instrument, a telephone, the weights and chains, which, by a clever arrangement, drop when an alarm is sounded and release the horses. Last, but not least, is a small clock placed near the large gong. This is connected with the alarm by a small copper wire, attached to the one end of which is an iron weight. The striking of the hammer on the gong dislodges the weight and its fall causes the wire to pull a piece of wood against the pendulum of the clock, thus stopping it at the precise time of the sounding of an alarm.

Directly in front of the visitor stands the engine, as resplendent as muscle and paint can make it. Behind it is the hose cart or tender. In the majority of engine quarters stalls for the horses are on both sides of the floor within a few feet of the shafts of their respective apparatuses. The harness is hung to the ceiling by a system of pulleys which permit of the dropping of the whole by the simple loosening of a cord fixed to the wall near the alarms. Above the apparatus floor the men sleep on snowy white beds. Brightly polished brass rods connect the apparatus floor with the men's quarters, and down these the men slide when an alarm has called them out of bed.

The most mysterious thing to the ordinary citizen is the reading of the alarms. To rush to the nearest fire-box and pull the hook is very easy; but how can the alarm be read at the "Quarters?" Every alarm of fire is telegraphed to Headquarters in East Sixty-seventh street and thence instantly transmitted to the companies in the district in which the fire is located. Every engine or hook and ladder company in that district receives the signal simultaneously, although some of them may not have to go out until a third alarm is sounded.

Fire alarm boxes are numbered, so that a citizen sounding an alarm from box No. 44 will cause the signal 4-4 to be tapped off on the gong of the companies due at the fire in that district. The above signal on the bell would be four strokes, followed by a pause of a few seconds and then four more strokes. After a lapse of fifteen seconds the signal is repeated, but the company is usually far away from quarters by that time.

The fire laddie has a wholesome regard for Uncle Sam's evidences of debt, i. e., greenbacks, and he is always made good-tapping on the gong. That means: "Salary is all ready at Headquarters." The signal which, however, makes him set his teeth and prepare for hard work is 6-6-6, followed by one round of a station. That is the dreaded three sixes, very rarely sounded, and full of terrible import when it is.

The hesitancy of sounding the three sixes is that that signal, if rung below Fifty-ninth street, calls every engine and truck company from that street to the Battery to the fire. If rung above Fifty-ninth street, every company from the Harlem Bridge to 155th street, it thus opens the city to great danger.

At fires of any magnitude, if accidents occur which necessitate the services of a surgeon and an ambulance, twenty strokes will call one ambulance, twenty

three strokes three ambulances, and twenty-five strokes all the available ambulances in the city. Such a draft as the latter upon the city hospitals happily, however, are seldom made.

A system of drills in the use of the life lines, scaling ladders, nets and other appliances adopted by the Fire Commissioners a couple of years ago is maintained for four months each year. Each member of the uniformed force under the age of forty has to report to the Chief of the Department in turn on drill days, unless the Fire Commissioners have become satisfied that there are good reasons why any individual member may be exempt from such work.

The movements selected for the training of the men are entirely practical, as they are generally put in use by well regulated companies while in active service at fires. It had been the rule, however, that different methods were adopted by various companies to attain the same ends, thus resulting in confusion. The drills of the school of instruction remedy these defects by establishing one code of rules to be followed by all companies.

The practice movements the men forming engine companies are put through consist in stretching lines and making single, double and quadruple way connections, tapering hose and practicing working at a fire in a cellar and sub-cellar, using a revolving nozzle for roof and cellar service. Lines of hose are stretched also by the men from stairway to roof and form stretch lines by stairways to the various floors, moving to the fourth, fifth and sixth floors.

Some of the other movements are: Hoisting lines to roof and making fast, charging line, removing a burst length from the line, working under a cornice, stretching lines to the roof by balcony platform, linsmen using ladder-belts and scaling ladders in making connection with the balconies, etc. Engineers explain to the men how to operate the relief valves, the amount of pressure to be used on the line for ordinary duty, how the valve is cut off from operating, the means of reducing pressure on a line without detaching the line, the means of operating the engine during a temporary scarcity of coal, the object of using large suction, the hydrant nipple, how and when used, etc., etc.

Practice movements for hook and ladder companies consist in raising and using extension ladders—45, 35, 30 and 25 feet ladders, and the handling of other implements carried on the trucks.

The practical result of all this training, handling and drilling of the men has been to form a corps of fire fighters unequalled the world over. For bravery the fire laddies of the metropolis stand second to none, as has been well illustrated in many a hard fought battle by the fire men, and by the bestowal of the Bennett medal each year.—
New York Star.

Old Testament on a Single Sheet.

Up in a book dealer's place in Broadway, not far from Eighth street, curiosity seekers and men who can afford to indulge their love for queer manuscripts, can find, perhaps, the strangest bit of writing known. On a piece of parchment like paper, five feet wide and six feet five inches high, are written all the books of the Old Testament, forming the design of a window in King Solomon's temple. No lines are used. Written words from the whole design. The writing is very minute, but legible to the naked eye. Ink of three colors was used, but principally black ink. It is a very intricate piece of work, marvellous in its way, and must have taken considerable time and patience.

The work was executed by one David Davidson, apparently in a mood of religious fervor. He was blind of an eye, and his manner of writing was to lie at full length upon the floor, on his stomach, with his eye (he was near sighted) very close to the paper. He died some twenty years ago. Each chapter and verse is numbered. The writing is not running script, but each letter is separate, and the letters much, if any, larger than a thirty-second of an inch high. The work is for sale, but a high price is set upon it.—
New York Press.

Currency the Marvel of Financiers.

The paper on which United States currency is printed is the marvel of financiers on the other side of the Atlantic, as I found on talking with E. B. Lambert, a London banker, yesterday.

"I have often wondered how you get such perfect paper for your Government currency," said he, "when we cannot approach it on the other side. It is a paper that investigation has informed me cannot be successfully counterfeited, and which was much better than our Bank of England notes. I notice that your Americans carry your bills loose in your pockets or tobs, where it is subjected to the greatest amount of wear, yet it stands better than our notes, which we carefully put away in our pocketbooks so that they shall not be subjected to extra wear. I have especially admired the paper in silver notes, which is a little crisper than the greenbacks."—
New York Press.