

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Color Music—Lessons of the Air—Sounds of Voiceless Insects—Chimney Theories—Significance of Grindstone Sparks—Waterproofing Bricks and Stone—Mental Effects of Cold—Spraying and the Soil—A Disease Introduced by Parrots.

A "new art," whose value may be more evident as the eye becomes trained to it, has been brought out by a London artist, Mr. Wallace Rimmington. It consists in the application to color of rhythm and the capability of rapid combinations—qualities hitherto associated with music only.

Photographs of the Maelstrom, the scene of one of the most thrilling of Poe's stories, are to be taken by M. Latruette, a French aeronaut, from a special balloon anchored directly over the great whirlpool.

India, according to Mr. S. E. Peal, has a stridulating spider whose sound—like the pouring of shot upon a plate—can be heard 10 or 12 yards; ants that produce sounds by rasping the horny tip of the last abdominal segment against dry leaves or twigs; and a butterfly which produces a series of taps with its wings.

There are now three forms of chimneys, according to Mr. W. H. Wake-man. In one form the top is smaller than the base of the flue; another is larger at the top; and the third is of uniform size throughout.

The sparks that fly off when a piece of metal is ground on an emery wheel are due to the burning in air of minute particles of the metal. A French experimenter, M. Engelmeyer, has shown that these sparks vary in form with different metals, and points out that observing workmen have long been accustomed to recognize different grades and kinds of metal by the character of the jet of sparks given off.

The duration of oil waterproofing of bricks and sandstone has been tested in Australia by Prof. Liversidge. The three commonest oils were used—linseed oil, boiled linseed, and the crude mineral oil known as "blue oil."

A German physician who accom-

panied a detachment of soldiers in the disastrous retreat from Moscow, states *The Independent*, has left an interesting paper containing his observations on the mental effects of the intense cold upon the soldiers.

The continued use of the copper solutions (Bordeaux mixture) in spraying vine or potato plants has been found by M. A. Firard to have no injurious effect on the soil.

Numerous cases of a well-marked febrile disease, terminating in a pneumonia, are reported to have occurred in Paris during the last three years.

Extraordinary results are claimed for a new bullet invented by a Swiss army officer named Hebler. The projectile is shaped somewhat like a goose quill, and with a small charge of about 24 grammes of powder it will travel 1500 yards and penetrate a block of wood to the depth of 9 feet, and even at 6000 yards it will still enter a block of wood.

Hints to Housewives.

Keep flowers fresh by putting a pinch of soda into the water.

Vaseline rubbed well into the scalp will increase the growth of the hair.

If sassafras-bark is sprinkled among dried fruit it will keep out the worms.

A fresh egg has a lime-like surface; stale eggs are glossy and smooth.

Before attempting to chop parsley wash it and squeeze it very dry in a clean cloth.

Ammonia will make all glass shine if a small amount is used in the washing water.

Remove grease from garments by sponging with one tablespoonful of salt to four of alcohol.

Molasses used in cooking should be previously boiled and skimmed. This removes the raw taste.

Clothes pins boiled a few minutes and quickly dried, once or twice a month, become more durable.

To remove hard grease spots from a stove put a few drops of kerosene oil on a cloth and rub them with it.

Unslacked lime is excellent for cleaning small articles in steel, such as jewelry, buckles and the like.

Keep your bread pans and apple dishes free from ill flavor by always washing them in hot water after using.

When ironing starched clothes put some kerosene on a cloth and rub every iron on it as taken from the stove.

A pinch of soda added to sour fruit will take away much of the tartness and make much less sugar necessary for sweetening.

Strips of cotton cloth, an inch wide, wet and placed around pies, will keep the juice in. Remove when first taken from the oven.

If ink is spattered on woodwork it may be taken out by scouring with sand and water and a little ammonia; then rinse with soda water.

It is stated that a pail of water containing a handful of hay, if placed in a room where there has been smoking, will absorb all the odor of tobacco.

Boil a cup of vinegar on the stove at the same time onions are cooking, and the odor will be hardly perceptible, and will not spread through the house.

The Discovery Saved His Life.

Mr. G. Caillouette, Druggist, Beaversville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial at Royster's Drug Store.

UNLUCKY.

It Was a Great Gore, but Fate Was Against Him.

The man in the corner of the car seat was looking so extremely despondent that the drummer, who was feeling pretty comfortable across the aisle, thought he would go over and cheer him up a bit.

"Excuse me," he said, sitting down behind him and resting his arms on the back of the seat, "you look lonesome, and I feel that way, and I thought I might come over and see if we couldn't combine our burden and both of us take a lift at it."

The despondent one turned a pair of grateful eyes upon the intruder.

"Much obliged, I'm sure," he responded, with a washed out kind of a smile, "but I reckon you can't do me no great amount of good. I'm chronic this way."

"What's the matter? Sick?"

"No; just kind of run down at the heel for lack of encouragement. Everything I lay hand to seems to go the other way. It's got so bad that I start up stairs sometimes, and the next thing I know I'm in the cellar."

"What's your business?"

"Farming."

"Your crops must be backward, then?" laughed the drummer, but the despondent one showed no sign of appreciation of the drummer's wit.

"I used to live out west," the man went on to explain, "but my bad luck followed me there too. Let me tell you one case, for instance, and the chronic gloomer manifested more interest than at any time previously."

"I lived out there where there are petrified forests way down in the ground, and as all my neighbors had good water from artesian wells I thought I'd have one too. As a fact, the well was a necessity that couldn't be done without. So I borrowed enough money to sink it and went to bring on my own hook instead of letting out the contract. Well, I ought to have struck water in three weeks, but I didn't. After I had gone down about 50 feet I struck solid rock, and, by firing, I kept drilling right through it for three months, and it was the hardest rock you ever saw. A 3 inch hole put through it I kept on working, though, till I run out of money, and then I mortgaged my place for more and used up that, and then I called in one of my neighbors to talk about it. He was posted on well digging, and he went out with me to look at it. He took up a handful of the borings, which were as dry as if they had come out of an oven, and after examining them a minute he began to laugh. It wasn't any laughing matter to me, and I got mad and come back at him right smart."

"How deep have you gone?" said he.

"Two hundred feet," said I, "150 of it through the solid rock."

"Do you know what you've done?" said he, laughing some more.

"No," said I, "what?"

"Well, you've struck the top of one of them petrified trees down there with your drill, and have bored a hole mighty nigh through it. I should say, if you've gone down through 150 feet of rock."

The despondent one sighed profoundly.

"And it was a true bill, mister," he concluded, "and if I had just set that drill two feet further over in any direction I'd have got water easy in 75 feet, and plenty of it, and had money to spare."—Detroit Free Press.

Her Two Blunders.

All of us know the individual, man or woman, who is totally devoid of tact. Sometimes these destroyers of the public peace get into literature, and sometimes they do not.

Here is one who is embalmed there. She was a young lady who, in talking with a certain Major E., noticed a decoration he had received for distinguished military service.

"Ah, major," said she, "I see you have received the order Pour le Merite. I hear it has been bestowed very freely of late, and that many persons have received it who don't in the least deserve it."

The major smiled at the unconscious rudeness of the implication.

"I assure you," he said gravely, "that every one who has received it has deserved it, with one exception. The exception is—myself!"

"Oh, excuse me," said the lady innocently, "but I think you're quite wrong. I'm sure there are others!"—Youth's Companion.

Rather Difficult.



Captain of the Muddleston volunteer fire brigade to old Buggins, who has arrived late, just as the fire is got under.—Why the dickens can't you get here in time, eh? Buggins—Well, it's not my fault. I live a long distance from the fire. Captain—That's no excuse. You must move nearer, that's all.—Wonder.

Hurrah! And Whoo-pee!

The following modest tribute to our country written by a patriotic Mississippian in 1839 will bear republication on this "Glorious Fourth." Thirteen stars have been added to "Old Glory" since this was written, and now, as then, there are "more a-comin'."

There's not the least shadow of doubt about the matter—ours is emphatically, undeniably, positively, comparatively, superlatively, a great and glorious country. The annals of the time furnish nothing to compare with it; Greece wasn't a circumstance; Rome wasn't "no where;" Venice couldn't hold us a candle, while all the modern nations sink into insignificance before our country. It has longer rivers and more of them, and muddier and deeper and they run faster and go farther, and make more noise, and rise higher, and fall lower, than anybody else's river. It has more lakes, and they are bigger, and deeper, and clearer than those of any other nation. It has more cataracts, and they fall farther and faster and harder, and roar louder, and look grander than all other cataracts. It has more snow on them and they are harder to get up, and easier to fall down than all other mountains. It has more gold, and is heavier and brighter, and worth more than the gold of other countries. Our railroad cars are bigger, and run faster, and pitch off oftener, and kill more people than all other railway cars. Our steamboats are larger and carry bigger loads, and "bite their buster" off ner, and the captains swear harder than in any other country. Our men are bigger, longer, thicker, and can fight harder and faster, drink more whiskey, chew more tobacco, spit more and farther, stick up their heels higher, and do anything else more and better, and oftener than men in all other countries. Our ladies are prettier, dress finer, spend more money, break more hearts, wear bigger hoops and shorter dresses, and kick up the devil generally, and to a greater extent, than all other ladies. Our politicians can spout louder, lie harder, make gas faster, dodge quicker, turn oftener, make more noise and do less work than everybody else's politicians. Our niggers are blacker, work harder, have thicker skulls, smell louder, and need thrashing oftener than anybody else's niggers. Our children squeal louder, grow faster, get too big for their trousers quicker than all other children. It is a great country! It is the corner stone of all nations; it is the top of the pile, the head man of the heap, the last button on the coat, the crowning jewel in the diadem, the capital of the column, the last link in the chain, the observed of all observers. It will eat up all other nations faster than Pharaoh's lean Kine ate up the fat one. When all other nations are numbered with the things that were, it will be just rejoicing in its strength. It will kick all other nations out of existence—it will lick them up as a cow licketh salt. It has now forty-four States, and "more a-comin'!" It covers more territory than all other nations. And finally, it has louder thunder, faster lightning, bigger hail, colder ice, than can be found in any part of the inhabitable globe. Hurrah for the prodigious constellation of free States! Hanga man that wouldn't praise his own country!—Knoxville Tribune.

W. H. Nelson, who is in the drug business at Knoxville, Mo., has so much confidence in Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy that he warrants every bottle and offers to refund the money to any customer who is not satisfied after using it. Mr. Nelson takes no risk in doing this because the remedy is a certain cure for the diseases for which it is intended and he knows it. It is for sale by D. M. Royster, druggist, N. C.

A Denver press has declared that "ten thousand people are going to hell on bicycles" and sends a thoughtful paragraph to the effect: "That is a mighty small percentage of accidents considering the number of bicycles on the road."

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