

THE HOME.

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THE HOME.

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A Detroit customs officer says that immense quantities of dutiable goods are smuggled into Canada from that port every year. Much of the smuggling is done by Canadian people of social position.

Every now and again we hear of a person ejecting some monster from the stomach. The latest case was that of a young woman who threw up a turtle. But on further examination it was found to be simply a piece of orange peel. We suspect other tales of the same sort would have a like explanation if properly examined.

It will be surprising to many people to learn that they may be blind not only in the eyes but in the ears. Recent investigations have given a certain class of phenomena the name of "sound blindness." This designates the apparent inability which exists in many persons to distinguish between the sounds of certain words or letters.

The Electrical World says that so great success has attended the Schlesinger electric system in the Lykens Valley (Penn) coal mine railroad, that it is hereafter to take the place of the steam locomotive. This is interesting as being the first instance in America, if not in the world, in which the electric motor has replaced the steam locomotive engine in the railroad service.

Several of the doctors who crossed the ocean to attend the recent medical conference in Washington suffered so severely from sea-sickness that they have not been able to summon sufficient courage to undertake the voyage home, and have decided to locate in this country. Two have settled in Boston, one in New York, another in Philadelphia, and others are yet undecided where to locate.

The corn-canning industry in Maine is a great one. Eighty factories have been running there this year, and more than 14,000,000 cans of sweet corn have been put up, besides large quantities of apples, beans, tomatoes and other vegetables and fruits. The sales amount to upward of \$2,900,000, most of which goes into the pockets of the farmers and workmen. The farmers make a specialty of raising sweet corn, and it is said that the Maine variety is sweeter than any other.

From the report of T. A. Nash, Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service, we are able to deduce the ratio of danger in that service. During the year, 4,408 mail clerks traveled 107,057,643 miles over 159,000 miles of railroad. There were 244 railroad derailments or wrecks, in which 3 clerks were killed, 43 seriously and 72 slightly injured. Hence it follows that the risk of death is one in about 1,500, and of injury about one in 40. There was one accident for every 44,000 miles traveled.

Six and a half tons of diamonds—surely even Sindh the Sailor never ventured to compute his diamonds by the ton—valued at about £40,000,000, have, we are informed, been extracted from four African mines alone in the course of the last few years, says the St. James's Gazette. "The other great diamond field of the world is India, also a British possession. Everybody knows that Amsterdam has hitherto been the centre of the diamond cutting industry of the world; and in former times there was a good reason for this, as in London, at least, the industry was extinct. But everybody probably does not know that of late years efforts have been successfully made to introduce diamond cutting here in England, and that English cutters have beaten the Dutch in several recent prize competitions. Considering the enormous value of the trade—the United States alone, it is calculated, requires £2,000,000 worth of cut diamonds per annum—we should take care that English diamonds to be here to be cut and are not sent off to Amsterdam or to Antwerp, a city which has lately endeavored to secure a portion of the Dutch trade."

FOREVER.

They sat together in the sun
And Youth and Hope stood hovering near,
Like drooping bell notes one by one
Chimed the glad moments soft and clear.
And still amid their happy speech,
The lovers whispered each to each,
"Forever!"
Youth spread his wings of rainbow light,
"Forever!" he whispered as he went,
They heeded not nor mourned his flight,
They heeded not their measureless content:
And still they smiled, and still was heard
The confidently uttered word,
"Forever!"
Hope stayed, her steadfast smile was sweet,
"Forever!" she said as she stayed;
Then, with reluctant, noiseless feet
She stole into the solemn shade.
A graver face moved gently by,
And bent and murmured warningly
"Forever!"
And then—where sat the two, sat one!
No voice spoke back, no glance replied,
Behind her, where she rested lone,
Hovered the spectre, solemn-eyed;
She met his look without a thrill
And smiling faintly, whispered still
"Forever!"
O, sweet, sweet Youth! O, fading Hope!
O, eyes by fearful mists made blind!
O, hands which vainly reach and grope
For a familiar touch and kind,
Time passeth for no lover's kiss;
Love for its solace has but this—
"Forever!"
—Susan Coolidge.

A CLEVER CAPTURE.

At three o'clock one morning twenty years ago I was on a railroad train going from Portage, Wisconsin, to Milwaukee. I had been on some private detective work for parties in the latter city, and had succeeded so well that I was both happy and sleepless. This was the reason I was not in a sleeping car, fast held in the arms of slumber, instead of occupying a seat in the common coach, with my eyes very wide open and my wits all about me.

I was very, without egotism, that I am an observing man. There are others in plenty, but the greater half of humanity go through life with their eyes half shut. My father was a Sheriff for many years, and, as a boy, he taught me to observe and remember. If I went down town or out for a walk, I had to tell him, when I got home, who and what I had seen. On one occasion, for failing to report a loose horse I had seen in the road, I got a sound thrashing, and again, for failing to report a street fight, my liberty was taken away for four days. I can thus truthfully say to you that I had the habit of observation licked into me, while nature had kindly furnished me with a very retentive memory. By and by I began to study human character as a profession, and I liked it. I learned to read men's characteristics by their faces, and their thoughts by their actions, and on two occasions this faculty of perception prevented jail sentences.

I was wide awake, as I have told you, when the train stopped at a country station on signal. It barely came to a standstill, and only one passenger got aboard. The car was pretty well filled, and such of the passengers as had seats alone were stretched out in sleep. I had sized up every one near me, and had counted up two honest old farmers, a drover, two milliners, a mechanic and a house painter who was evidently en route to the city for work. No one seemed to notice the entrance of the new passenger. It was in October, and he had on a fall overcoat. He carried a heavy valise in one hand, and he came down the aisle, looking from right to left, until he finally reached my seat. I moved to the window as a hint that I was ready to share it with him, but he hesitated for a long minute, and looked at me sharply three or four times before he finally sat down. The satchel he placed between his feet. He had not uttered a word, and after sitting down he seemed to forget all about me.

"Hello! but I have found a two-legged hog," I said to myself after a bit. "I offered him half my seat of my own free will, and he seems to be mad because I did not surrender it all. Old fellow, you are an H. O. G., and no mistake. Let me look you over a bit."

I leaned back against the window, pretending to shut my eyes and resume my nap, and then inventoried the fellow. He had a hard, cruel face on him, and I felt sure he was a man with little mercy in his heart. I had not been looking at him over two minutes when I saw that he was taking shy glances at me, and that he was quite anxious about the satchel. At the close of five minutes he turned around and gave the satchel a looking over, and I read in the gesture of his hand and the toss of his head that he said to himself:

"Bah! Why should I be afraid of him?" His dress was that of a barkeeper—rather flashy. The jewelry he wore gave him away as well. If he was not a barkeeper he was at least the owner of a saloon, and, from his build, I judged him to be a pugilist of more or less local fame. After one general look at his dress, I began at his collar to make a closer inspection. His shirt collar kept working up to annoy him, and I said to myself that the button was damp and he had fastened it with a pin. In his twisting around he pulled his overcoat back, and I saw that the top button on his undershirt, leaving a hole in the cloth. The coat was new, and it would take a heavy wrench to pull the button out that way. I followed his arm down to his right hand, and across the back of it was a long scratch. It was a fresh scratch, for the marks of blood still lingered. My eyes dropped to the stranger's right leg, and I saw that his knee was damp and soiled. He had certainly fallen on the ground. I might have reasoned that he had met with a very common accident, but I didn't. I said to myself:

"Old fellow, you have locked horns with somebody to get mused up this way. It is a scrape you don't want known, for you keep throwing anxious glances at me. If it was only an accident you'd get up and fix that collar, growl a little over the spot on your knee, and cuss the railroad company for having a depot platform unprotected by a railing at the ends. Wonder what you've

got in that satchel? A traveller with a few clothes in a satchel does not have to keep his foot on it while everybody around him is asleep. You are no cucumber, old fellow, and you're getting something in there worth watching. I'll try a little trick on you."

I had my right hand in my pocket. I carefully worked my knife out, and as it fell to the floor I gave a start, woke up, and bent down to look for it. As I moved my hand toward his feet he quickly bent down and moved the satchel into the aisle. Then I was satisfied that my surmises were right. Was he a burglar, and did the satchel contain his kit? It was more probable that he was just returning from an expedition to the country, and that the satchel was full of plunder. I was perfectly satisfied as to my man, and I made up my mind to have him arrested as a suspicious character as soon as we reached the city. That was what I had planned, only, as there were no officers about the depot as we arrived, I had to take the law into my own hands. I let him reach the door of the depot, and then put my hand on his shoulder. He dropped the satchel and made a bolt, but, fortunately, he ran plump against a hackman who was entering, and both were upset. Before he could get up I had him nipped. On the way to the station house, and speaking for the first time, he asked:

"How do you know it was me?"
"Oh, easy enough," I answered.
"Well, he didn't act square with me, or it would never have come to this. I had no idea to what he referred; but seeing that he was ready to talk; and being anxious to take advantage of the moment, I asked:
"Do you think he is dead?"
"Dead as a herring, and the old woman with him. However, they can't punish me any more for two than one. I was after my own, and when they wouldn't give it to me I determined to take all."

"Got the weapon did you?"
"Got the axe from the back yard."
"And when you had finished off the old couple you robbed the house, eh?"
"Well, I took what I wanted, and if I hadn't been the biggest fool on earth you wouldn't have nabbed me."
"How?"
"Why, boarding the train at that little station. It was the act of a lunatic, but after I left the farm house I got frightened. I ran across the fields, fell down, and near the station I was seized, and bore off to the station and hoisted the sign myself for the train to stop. I suppose Rider gave you the tip and put you onto me."

"Yes."
"Well, I'll kill him, on sight. That is with a little laugh I will if I get the chance."
I knew Rider to be a Milwaukee gambler and a hard case, but was completely in the dark as to what crime my prisoner had committed. It was probably a murder, and near the station where he got on, and from his statements I inferred that it was an old couple. He had pumped himself, and it was certain that I had made a big catch. When we reached the station, however, my troubles began. There is always an ill-feeling between police and private detectives. This feeling comes almost entirely from the police. They look upon the private detective as a sort of guerilla, ready to break up the happiest home or to sell out to the highest bidder. This, unfortunately, is true in many cases, but not in all. As I entered with the prisoner the Captain in charge roughly demanded by what right I had made an arrest.

"The right which any man has to arrest a murderer," I replied.
"A murderer? Bosh! Where did you get him?"
"At the depot."
"Well, I shan't lock him up. Let's see (to me), but your face is familiar to me."
"I am Charley Short, bartender in Harrigan's saloon."
"Ah! so you are. Well, what story is this about a murder?"
"All nonsense, sir," replied Short, who saw how things were drifting and sought to take advantage. "I was on a spree last night and this bloke saw me at the depot and wanted to play smart."
"Well, you can make it cost him dear if you will."

"I propose to. Here, take these irons off my wrists!"
The satchel was on the floor at my feet. Lifting it up I said to the Captain:
"An old couple living about forty miles from the city were murdered by this man after midnight last night. Examine this satchel if you want proof."
"There's nothing in there but laundry work," boldly replied Short. "I set out with it in my hand last night and didn't get drunk enough to lose it. I open her up and let the Captain see."
"Take the irons off this man!" commanded the Captain as he waved the satchel down. "If he doesn't capias you before dinner he's not the man I take him to be."
"Aye! he shall pay for putting the irons on to me. Why don't you take 'em off?"

"Was I dreaming. Had I made a fool of myself? Had this man confessed a murder to me? I was staggered for the moment. Then I tore at the satchel and burst open the poor old lock, and as the rapture flew open I emptied its contents on the floor. Gold, greenbacks, silver, bonds, and jewelry!
"Curse you!" growled the prisoner, as he turned away.
The captain turned as pale as death. There were the proofs, and he stared at them for a full minute before he could speak.

"Well, this is a go! I shall lock you up, Short."
The man was registered and taken down stairs, and then we counted up the contents of the satchel, and made out a value of over \$12,000. When this had been completed I went out after Rider, and inside of an hour he was behind the bars. He went all to pieces as soon as I charged him with having put up the job for Short to carry out, but denied it in the most vigorous manner.
"Short has been telling for a year," he said, "what his uncle told in the county was going to do for him. A few weeks ago the old man found out what a bad pill his nephew was, and since then Short has been up a tree. He told me a week ago that he'd have some of their money one way or the other, and when he talked about killing and robbing, I did my best to put the idea out of his head. He softened up a bit, and I supposed he had

given over. If Charley Short says I ever advised him to murder and rob, or that I have had eyes on him for a week past, he's the biggest liar on earth."
Well, curiously enough, we had a murderer on hand without a murder. That is, no crime had yet been reported. I had secured the murderer without a hunt. It was not so easy to find the murderer. A telegram was sent to the agent at the station where Short had boarded the train, and he replied that he had heard of no crime. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon before he sent a dispatch, saying that an old couple, living about three miles away, had been found in their house with their heads chopped to pieces with an axe. That was the crime of which Short was guilty and for which he was tried. When he knew that he was in for it he turned booster, and felt himself a hero. He was delighted to give me all the particulars. He said:

"I lived with Uncle and Aunt Desbro until I was of age. Indeed, I was an adopted son, both my own parents being dead. I came into the city nine years ago as a dry-goods clerk. After a time I got in with some bad fellows, lost my place and went to the dogs. For the last three years I have been a gambler, boxer, and confidence man. Uncle went back on me a good while ago, refusing to give me a dollar. He had in his hands money which honestly belonged to me, for I had worked hard for him for thirty years. I went out there the other day to see if I could get some \$800 to buy an interest in a saloon. Aunt Mary was for giving it to me, but the old man was as ugly as a Turk. We got into a wrangle at the supper table, and he ordered me out of the house."
"I went," said Short after a pause, "and it was only after that I got the idea of robbing the house. The old man never banked a dollar, but kept everything in a bureau in his bedroom. I sat down on a fence corner on the highway, and thought it all over. I made up my mind that I would enter the house after they got to sleep, and steal what I could lay hands on. I did go in about 11 o'clock, gaining access by a kitchen window. I took the axe in with me to intimidate them in case I was discovered. While my uncle was sixty years old, he was a vigorous, hearty man, and capable of making a strong fight. I don't know whether he suspected I might come back, but I had not reached the bedroom when some slight noise caused me to rush at me. I had used the axe, and he would have killed me if I hadn't struck him down. Then my aunt came out, screaming for help, and she was about to escape from the house when I hit her. After I had made sure they were both dead I went to rob the house, and the plunder I got you found in the satchel. That's the whole story, sir, and if the lawyers can make anything else out of it, let 'em try."

It seemed such a straight case that there could be no loophole of escape, but within three days after Short had confessed to me he engaged two lawyers, retained all he had said, and when put on trial pleaded insanity. His friends, as was afterward known, raised \$200 for each lawyer, and the lawyers moved heaven and earth to earn their money. One of the instances of Short's alleged insanity was a clear case of bribery and perjury. I called on the judge and swore that he sat behind the two of us as we came in that morning on the train, and that he heard Short tell me that he had killed seventeen people and was then on his way to Heaven to tell God about it. The person in the seat behind us was a woman, while the seat ahead was occupied by two women. This liar's testimony had great weight, enough to call for a commission of the grand jury to examine and pass upon the question, and before the case was finished Short died in his prison bed of heart disease.—New York Star.

Origin of Big Plate-Glass Windows.
"Do you know," said a well-known plate-glass maker in a New York report, "that the great plate-glass windows that adorn large store fronts have their origin in the vanity of women? A woman likes to see herself as others see her. She can do that in a mirror. When she is on the street the show windows serve as mirrors to let her how prettily or badly she appears, if her hat is on crooked, her back hair down, or her new-fangled bustle awry. Watch the women as they saunter up and down Broadway or Sixth Avenue, and you will find nine out of ten casting furtive glances into the windows that reflect back their likenesses. Then they are attracted to the goods in the windows and go into the stores to inspect and buy. It was that idea that first brought about big plate-glass windows. The old, common frames, with large numbers of panes, gave no opportunity for the ladies to see their full figures. They could only see their faces. Tradesmen who observed the manner in which they looked in the windows urged the glass manufacturers to make large panes. They gradually made them larger and larger until now they fill the entire front. The men like to look in them quite as much as the women, too."

A Curious Combination in Names.
"What's in a name?" has been a question sufficiently unanswered for centuries to still remain a subject for discussion, and what is in two names should have a double interest. If you don't think so, take two names as well known as any in American history and look at them. They are Lincoln and Hamlin. Nothing peculiar about them as they stand, but put them up differently and see what they do. For instance:
HAM LIN
LIN COLN
Read up and down and then across. There's something in that, isn't there? Now, again:
ABRA. HAMLIN-COLN
Can you find two other names of two other men whose official lives and whose names come up in these dots—Washington

THE MAVERICK SYSTEM.

HOW FORTUNES WERE FORMERLY MADE BY COW THIEVES.

The Trick of Gathering a Herd of Young Cattle—Altering Brands as a High Art.
"Cattle raising in Texas is not what it used to be," said a veteran stockman. "I don't mean to say there's no money in the business now, only that it is carried on differently—more legitimately. I might say—that it used to be. Why, when I was just learning to stick to bucking ponies, men, without a cent in their jeans, were coming into the State and branching out as big cattle-owners. There were fortunes made in a couple of years that could hardly be accumulated in a lifetime at the business now. How was it done? I'll tell you."
"What was known as the 'Maverick system' was in vogue then. A maverick is a yearling calf that has escaped the branding iron. Where there were large herds of cattle it often happened that some were overlooked at branding time, and many were calved in the bush and ran wild. These mavericks were considered common property by the stockman, and whenever he found one he'd rope it, tie it down and run his brand on it. Then the ears were sliced to correspond with the recorded earmarks of the ranchman, and the calf turned loose. Maybe the ranchman was branding his own stock and maybe he wasn't. That cut no figure with him."

"In those days we had no pastures and cattle were simply loose herded on the range. Certain landmarks would be set down by the stockman, and the stockman and his herders instructed to keep the stock within these limits. In the morning the herders would round the cattle in sight to points within the limits. At night they would be headed for the sating or bed ground and left until morning. Of course there were many strays, but each ranch sent out a hunt in the spring to round up the herds of neighboring stockmen and to cut out any cattle found among them bearing their ranch brand. And until this system of handling cattle, stockman considered mavericking would even itself up in the long run. The only qualification was that a man should own stock to be properly entitled to maverick."
"Here's where foreigners coming into the State penniless got the best of us. Some fellow worked in a cow camp long enough to learn that there was a fortune for him in mavericks. He invested his wages in cow ponies, went to the nearest town and had a brand recorded, got a bag of meal and a slice of bacon, and took to the bush. In less than a year he had 1,000 head of young cattle ranging over the country with his brand on them. Then he hired some men, built a ranch, and went on a grand round up. All the fat steers he drove to market, keeping the heifers. His men were not long in learning how he had worked it, and then they branched out for themselves. In a short time the country was overrun with maverickers, and pretty soon the most barefaced thievery ever re-orded got to be as common as dirt in a cow dogger. Your would-be honest stockman had to steal to keep even and the calves of milch cows in the corrals were stolen."

"It got to be a common thing for the tame cattle that came to the ranch for salt to be followed by calves wearing strange brands; and this led to the counter branding that used to make the hides of Texas cattle look like drawings of snakes to the eye."
"Here's an instance: I had a little Durban heifer, one of the finest short-horns brought into the state. Her first calf wasn't ten days old when some of the boys told me that it had been mavericked. I hunted it up, and sure enough some cuss had run a big B 4 on its side and underepped each ear. I drove it to the ranch and put a big U after the other letters, making the brand read B 4 U. Then I sharpened each ear and turned it out. The next time I saw that calf both ears had been grubbed out at the head and the brand read B 4 U 2. Was I mad? Some."

"Then mavericks began to get scarce as water on the Llano, and the cow thieves turned their attention to altering brands. Old Jim Loving, up in Los valley, owned about 6,000 or 7,000 head of cattle. They were all branded with what he called a half diamond L on the left shoulder. The half diamond was given over the L. He and I took a herd up the Chism train to Kansas in '71, and somewhere between Sun City and Fort Dodge caught up with another herd that had gone up ahead of us. It had been sold that day. Loving counted 200 odd head of his cattle in the herd. They were all branded on the left shoulder with an inverted T inside of a diamond. "Jim was hopping mad. We learned that the fellow who sold the herd was a red-haired Mexican called Coloman. Getting some of the boys we started after him. He got almost to the Naion (Indian Territory), before we caught him. The boys set him astraddle of his own pack horse and tied his legs under the animal. Then a larriat was tied under his chin, and the other end thrown over the branch of a live oak, where one of the boys caught it and made it fast to the horn of his saddle. The Coloman was given about five minutes to tell over his beads. While he was whimpering something Loving gave the signal. The herder with the roped tie to his saddle horn dug spurs into his pony and shot away like the wind. It was a forty foot larriat, and he reached the end with a jerk that threw his pony back on his haunches. The greaser's neck popped like the report of a six-shooter."

"It was the only way to deal with those fellows, and that kind of treatment has made them scarce. Since we have got to building big pastures with barbed wire fences around 'em, mavericking and cattle stealing have about died out. And we don't have to hire so many herders either. Men ride around the pastures every day or so to see that the fences are not down, but they don't carry branding irons with them. Branding is done at regular periods now."—Chicago Times.

The remains of John Oakley were discovered and reburied near Albuquerque, N. M., recently, and it was discovered that his face and head were covered with a thick growth of hair, although when he was buried ten years ago he was both bald and beardless.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

An ivy vine has grown through the wall of the house of Arthur Westcott of Atlantic City, and ornaments his sitting-room.

The air current produced by a railroad train drove a six-year-old New Haven boy forward the track, and he was hit by a car sleep and killed.

A giantess who, though only twelve years five months old, stands eight feet high and weighs 270 pounds, is on exhibition in Japan.

The name "Sick Man," by which Turkey is often referred to, was applied to that country by the Czar Nicholas, January 14, 1854.

An advertisement in a Florida paper asks for 1000 young alligators, 500 pounds of large alligator teeth, 500 roseate spoonbill wings and all the alligator skins in the country. The advertiser is a naturalist.

While a log was being sawed through in a north Michigan camp the saw cut in two a large moccasin snake that was encased in the heart of the wood. There was no opening at either end of the log, and the wonder is how the snake got there.

Louis Bayden, a blind man who died at Worcester, had his sense of touch so developed that he could tell the denomination of a bank note by feeling it, and in seeing a large garden he could always distinguish a young vegetable plant from a weed.

Captain W. D. Fitch, of Williamsburgh, S. C., has a pocket-knife which was found in the gizzard of a turkey that was killed on his farm. The knife has a handle of horn which has been softened almost to pulp by the action of the fowl's gastric juice.

A G. A. R. man says that in war times, when the usual remedies for chills and fever were lacking, it was a common practice to give the patient a pill made of the web of the black spider, or occasionally a live spider even, the dose being worked down with a draught of whisky. The remedy is said to have always been efficacious.

HEALTH HINTS.

1. Be regular in your habits.
2. If possible go to bed at the same hour every night.
3. Rise in the morning soon after you awake.
4. A sponge bath of cold or tepid water should be followed by friction with towel or hand.
5. Eat plain food.
6. Begin your morning meal with fruit.
7. Don't go to work immediately after eating.
8. Be moderate in the use of liquids at all seasons.
9. It is safer to filter and boil drinking water.
10. Exercise in the open air whenever the weather permits.
11. In malarious districts do your walking in the middle of the day.
12. Keep the feet comfortable and well protected.
13. Wear woolen clothing the year round.
14. See that your sleeping rooms and living rooms are well ventilated, and that sewer gas does not enter them.
15. Brush your teeth at least twice a day, night and morning.
16. Don't worry. It interferes with the healthful action of the stomach.
17. You must have interesting occupation in vigorous old age. Continue to keep the brain active. Rest means rust.

Cocoa Nut Culture in Florida.

It is probable that the cultivation of the cocoonut for profit will always, in Florida, be confined to the region on the Keys and mainland south of the Caloosahatchee River, though the palm will continue to be grown in occasional places, especially as it is one of the most quickly growing of pinnae-leaved palms—for its great beauty, or a chance crop of nuts, in protected spots even as far north as Tampa and Cape Manaval. The cocoonut produced in Florida are a trifle smaller than those of the tropics, and are not considered so valuable for seed purposes; hence the greater part of the seed cocoonut plants out are procured through schooners and other sailing vessels from Central America, more especially from the Bay Islands (Gibbs, Boucay and Hutatan) and mainland of Honduras. The nuts that have not sprouted on the voyage are sometimes planted out in nursery beds and transplanted where they are to remain, when a year or eighteen months old, though they are also planted out originally in grove form. Only a small percentage of first class ripe nuts fails to germinate, though sometimes the sprouts are a year or more in appearing. The distance apart at which they are planted varies from 15 to 25 feet; 20 feet is the usual distance. The only cultivation given on the Keys is the occasional cutting of the weeds and undergrowth in spring and fall; the much this is doubtful whether a more thorough system of cultivation and fertilization would not produce better results. There is a popular saying that a bearing cocoonut palm will produce one nut each day throughout the year—three hundred and sixty-five per year—but this is usually a little overdrawn, the best trees producing about two hundred nuts per year.—American Agriculturist.

Remarkable Growth of Trout.

The possibilities of rapid trout growth without artificial feeding in waters suited to them and in which the food supply is abundant is illustrated by the experience of Colonel F. F. Obistson, of Idaho Springs, who, in 1886, purchased 5,000 eastern brook trout at the Colorado State Fish Hatchery, which were at that time a little more than four months old, marking his fish at this time about twenty months old. These fish were placed in Colonel Obistson's private lake above Idaho Springs. During the present season a large number of these fish have been caught which weighed over a pound and a half. Recently the colonel sent by express to State Fish Commissioner Whitehead one of these fish that weighed three and a half pounds. Such a growth in trout was never before heard of by any of the local fish culturists. The truth of this statement is vouched for by a Denver correspondent who sent us the fact above.—American Angler.

THE FARMER'S SEVENTY YEARS.

Ah! there he is, lad, at the plough. He beats the boys for work. And whatever the task might be, None ever saw him shirk. And he can laugh, too, till his eyes run o'er with mirthful tears, And sing full many an old-time song. In spite of seventy years.

"Good morning friend! the twelve o'clock: Time for a half hour's rest." And farmer John took out his lunch And ate it with a zest. "A harder task it is," said he, "Than following up those steers, Or mending fences, far, for soot, To feel my seventy years."

"You ask me why I feel so young; I'm sure, friends, I can't tell. But think it is my good wife's fault, Who kept me up so well; For women such as she are scarce In this poor vale of tears; She's given me love, and hope and strength, For more than forty years."

"And then my boys have all done well, As far as they have gone, And that thing warns an old man's blood, And helps him up and on; My girls have never ceased a pang, Or raised up anxious fears; Their wonder not that I feel so young And hale at seventy years."

"Why don't my good boys do my work? And let me rest?" Ah! friends, that would I do for me; I like my own way best. They have their duty; I have mine, And till the end appears, I mean to smell the soil, my friends," Said the man of seventy years.

—Hartford Times.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The bride never disposes of such duplicate wedding presents as thousand-dollar checks.
The latest society game is "progressive angling." It is said to be very catching.—Columbus Dispatch.

A Kentucky jury has acquitted a man named Pendulum of murder, and so he won't swing.—Chicago Tribune.
Music, with some people, is like measles. They have it in them, but it's hard to bring it out.—The Epoch.

A poet sings: "Two Chords I Struck." Perhaps he struck because he was too lazy to saw them.—Philadelphia Call.
Dr. Koch says the cholera germ is in the form of a comma. When it lays hold of a man, however, it is generally found to be a full stop.—Syracuse Herald.

It is one thing for a person to know a good thing when he sees it, and another thing for him to seize a good thing when he knows it.—Burlington Free Press.
It has been discovered that the Irish tenants do not pay any quicker when charged by the landlords, than when charged by the landlords.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

He could talk the art of artists In a manner quite intense; He could draw a perfect fly, But he couldn't paint a fence.—Washington Critic.

Russia has placed a tax of one kopeck each on every egg sold in the kingdom, and the hens keeping around and within every mark of dissatisfaction.—The Epoch.

Philosophers tell us that we should know our things well. Among the medical fraternity, however, it pays better to know many things ill.—Boston Transcript.
"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," said the Christmas goose, as a cyclone whirled him from under the farmer's uplifted hatchet into the next county.—Tul-Bits.

Father—"Come, Bobby, you are all tired out; so hurry off to bed." Bobby "With a slow and reluctant movement—"Pa, you oughtn't to tell a boy to hurry up when he's all tired out."

After a while it may occur to the French Government to do away with the Legion of Honor decorations, and do what decorating is necessary with red paint.— Rochester Post-Express.

Hypocrite—"Ethel—"Mamma, I am writing to Nellie Lee; shall I say anything for you?" Mamma—"Writing to that contemptible person again! Yes, give her my love. How I detest that girl to be sure!"—Harper's Bazar.

"When you are tired," said one young man to another, "do you ever lose command of words and ideas?" "No," said the other young man. "I can't say that I do; but I have felt that way sometimes when I got home very late at night."—Somerville Journal.

How Providence does temper the wind to the shorn lamb! Twenty years ago it cost \$10 to telegraph ten words to California. Now, during the California land boom, the words "Send me cash enough to get home on. Am busted," cost only \$1.—Detroit Free Press.

The report that short-sleeved jackets are the fashion abroad is evidently started by some interested patent-families with a desire to save enough money from the cost of the long ones to pay the butcher's bills for a year or buy a paid-up insurance policy.—Fittsbury Dispatch.

Two Ways of Saying It.

Those who live among books, and have within the gift of language, are apt to be booked in their expressions. One of this class, Miss Eliza Robbins, of Boston, was visiting her friend, the poet Bryant. She happened to be alone in his library when a cabinetmaker brought home a chair he had altered.
On Mr. Bryant's return, he said: "Miss Robbins, what did the man say about my chair?"
"That the equilibrium is now admirably adjusted," she replied, not lifting her eyes from the book she was reading.
"What a fine fellow!" said Mr. Bryant, laughing. "I never heard him talk like that. Now, Miss Robbins, what did he