

# THE SALISBURY TRUTH.

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NO. 2.

## Heroism.

Not on the battlefield, I deem,  
Heeds the most heroic deed  
Where the sword and bayonet  
Victories the grandest won.  
In the plague-infested town,  
He stays the few the sick to save  
For their lives their own lay down,  
That thus behold the world's most brave  
Acts of great self-sacrifice,  
Of which all men with wonder hear,  
Secret inspiration lie,  
That stir the soul and conquer fear.  
Duty few shall know,  
And knowing, scorn what God requires,  
Mental duty far below,  
The task to which the heart aspires,  
To such service, out of love,  
Inspired by either praise or blame  
With a steadfast soul above  
The reach of either pride or shame,  
Displays a courage that alone  
On such a task doth far outshine  
Other earth had ever known,  
A courage Christ-like and divine.  
—[Youth's Companion.]

## A GOOD CATCH.

BY EMILY LENNOX.

"Mr. Ainsley Arbuthnot" was the name beautifully engraved on the elegant visiting card which a servant presented to Evelyn Ogden, as she stood before a tall pier-glass, admiring the deep of her white satin train, and the luster of her glossy black hair.

"You are ready, I suppose, Sybil?" he asked, with a disdainful glance at her shy little cousin, whose modest toilette of wine-colored cashmere hardly suited Miss Evelyn's elaborate taste.

"Oh, yes," Sybil answered, promptly. "I have been ready for some time."

"Why don't you put some white lace around your neck?" Evelyn asked, critically. "You look so—oh, so plain."

She was going to say "countryified," but repented of that and amended her speech.

"I haven't any lace," Sybil said, frankly.

"I'll lend you my fichu," said Evelyn, less in a spirit of generosity than in a wish to have Sybil look semi-respectable.

"Thanks," was the gentle reply, "but I would rather not borrow any fine feathers, Evelyn, dear. Don't mind me. I couldn't look anything but plain if I tried, and it will cost me better to creep into a quiet corner where no one will see me. I can enjoy your triumphs, cousin, for I am sure you will have them. You look beautiful to-night."

"Do you think so?" said Evelyn, with a conscious glance toward the mirror. "I am glad this dress is so becoming, Mr. Arbuthnot adores white."

"I hadn't said I would go," observed Sybil, looking down at her own plain dress. "I am afraid I shall disgrace you, Evelyn. I don't even know how to behave, for I never heard of a progressive-angling party before."

"Oh, it's simple enough," said Evelyn, buttoning her long gloves. "There will be a lot of tubs, or punch-bowls, probably, and we will all have gilt fishing rods and lines, with hooks on them. The fish are hollow and have prizes inside. We all fish for them, and nobody knows what he is going to get till the fish are opened. There is to be a gold ring in one to-night, they say. It will be like wedding cake. But you needn't worry, Sybil; I'll tell you what to do."

Sybil was not worrying. She was perfectly quiet—in fact, so much so, that Evelyn fancied her brilliant escort would not be at all pleased with this unexpected addition to their party.

Sybil had come to the city to try and get a position as a teacher, and Evelyn did not fancy taking her out in society; but Mr. Ogden had a tender feeling for his sister's child, and commanded his daughter to show her all the honors due to a distinguished guest.

"My cousin, Miss Weir, Mr. Arbuthnot," said Evelyn, presenting Sybil to the gentleman who awaited them in the parlor.

Ainsley Arbuthnot's keen eyes had swept in an instant over the white satin gown, with the mental observation:

"Overdressed!"

They rested now upon the slender, little figure in the soft, rich-colored cashmere, and they lighted with genuine admiration.

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Weir," he said, with that quiet yet impressive manner which is such a valuable gift.

Sybil murmured something, but her eyelids fell before that magnetic glance.

How handsome he was, and how perfectly self-possessed! It was no wonder that Evelyn was always talking about Ainsley Arbuthnot.

He was rich, too, they said, though Sybil thought very little about wealth, save as some far-away thing which she would probably never possess in all her lifetime.

The "progressive angling" went on at Mrs. Bayard's house, where Sybil felt as though she were in fairy-land, among flowers and fragrance, and parti-colored lights, that shone on a crowd of elegantly-dressed men and women, who moved about in a scene of rare beauty and splendor.

"Must I fish too?" Sybil asked, nervously, as she looked shyly at the

superb cut-glass bowls, in which artificial goldfish were swimming in perfumed water. "I would rather not."

"Don't be afraid," said Arbuthnot, kindly. "They all make botches of it."

"Aren't you going to fish, Arbuthnot?" called out an exquisite youth, who wore a primrose and an eye-glass. "It's no end of a lark, you honor! It's such fun to see those stupid little tin things wriggle!"

"Is it, really?" said Arbuthnot, with imperturbable gravity, while the speaker began to dangle his absurd little line in the water.

"Do you know what that makes me think of?" he continued, in a low tone, which only Sybil heard. "It reminds me of a definition which I once heard given for a fishing-rod—a stick with a worm at one end and a fool at the other."

Sybil broke out into a merry laugh, which made Evelyn turn around to see what the fun was.

"Won't you try now?" said Mr. Arbuthnot. "There are not very many people at the table."

"Yes," said Evelyn, sweetly; "let us try now, by all means. Do you know, Mr. Arbuthnot, there is to be a german after the fishing, and we ladies have to fish our partners out of yonder bowl?"

"How momentous!" Arbuthnot exclaimed. "I hope heaven may be kind to me."

Evelyn smiled at him, and Sybil, having a sense of being in the way moved toward the table.

"Come, ladies!" cried the youth with the eyeglass. "There are as good fish in the sea as ever yet were caught."

"Allow me!" said Dick Travers, a brother of the hostess, to whom Sybil had been presented, and she found herself in possession of one of the gilded willow rods, which were gaily adorned with bows of ribbon.

She cast in her line, and almost immediately the others were cast alongside.

"I am fishing for you, Miss Weir," said Dick, boldly. "I want a good partner, and you look as though you danced divinely."

"I am very fond of it," Sybil said, modestly; "but I don't know much about the german. I think I should be almost afraid to try."

Evelyn frowned and bit her lips. What a fool the girl was!

"Why, Sybil!" she said, pettishly. "You are fishing on my side. I want that little fat fish. I'm sure he's got something nice in him."

"You are welcome to him, I'm sure," said Sybil, abandoning her game very pleasantly. "I'd rather have that slim little fellow. Perhaps he hasn't anything in him, and then I shall be allowed to look on."

"Aha!" cried Dick, whose skilled hand had hooked up the first fish. "What have we got here? No. 17. Amv, what is No. 17—gentleman's prize?"

"You dance with Miss Irwin," said Mrs. Bayard, putting a box into her brother's hand.

Dick groaned.

"Never mind," said Arbuthnot, laughing. "We are only going to have six figures. Let us see what you have got."

Dick produced a very pretty leather pocket-book, which they were all admiring, when Miss Evelyn's cry of triumph riveted attention on herself.

"I've got him!" she exclaimed, lifting the fat fish out of the water.

But great was her chagrin when she found that it contained no prize at all, and the name of somebody whom she did not like.

"I'm afraid I shall not catch anybody," said Sybil, who found it quite difficult. "You don't go at it right," said Dick. "Drop your hook down deep, and then bring it up slowly—this way. Try the little fellow over there. That's right. Gently now. There—aha. What did I tell you? That was well done, wasn't it, Ainsley?"

"Excellent," said Ainsley. "Open him—do. I am consumed with curiosity."

Sybil obeyed, laughing, expecting nothing.

"By Jove!" Dick cried, "She's hooked the gold ring!"

Sure enough, inside of the slim little fish lay the shining band which every one coveted.

"It is like the Arabian Nights," she said in astonishment. "How pretty it is!" And she this French motto inside—*Marianne, l'anne portrait.*

"That means you will be married in a year," said Arbuthnot, smiling into her shy, little, flushed face.

"I don't think that's likely," Sybil replied. "But I never dreamed of getting the ring. I wonder how I ever happened to."

"There is no great mystery, as I can see," said Evelyn, with a disagreeable laugh. "A brother of Mrs. Bayard's ought to be able to prompt one effectively."

"Miss Ogden," said Dick, quickly, "I hope you do not think that I knew where the ring was?"

"Oh, of course not," was the sarcastic rejoinder. "Ah, Captain Clyde, is this you? The music is playing. I suppose we may as well go into the ball-room."

Dick Clyde smelt an exclamation as he turned to Ainsley with a curious look.

"You have not fished yet," he said.

"There is plenty of time," Arbuthnot answered. "There is Miss Irwin, Dick. She looks appealing."

"You always have your own way, Ainsley," Dick said, resentfully, as it went off to find his partner.

Sybil and Mr. Arbuthnot were left alone by the table.

"Aren't you going to fish?" she asked.

"No. I am to lead the german, and it is my peculiar privilege to choose a partner. Will you dance with me, Miss Weir?"

"Oh, Mr. Arbuthnot, I shall disgrace you."

"I will run the risk," he said, offering his arm, which she took shyly. "How pretty that ring looks on your hand! Do you know I have a strong desire to put it on with a wish?"

"Well, I haven't any objections," said Sybil, blushing faintly.

So Ainsley took her small white hand, and put the ring on it.

"It will come true in a year, if it comes true at all," he said. "Now, come! The german begins at ten, and I must tell you what figures I have chosen."

Everybody wanted to know who that quiet little thing was who danced with Ainsley Arbuthnot; and the next day Dick Travers brought a friend to call. He found Evelyn Ogden alone in her glory.

"Miss Weir has gone out to hunt a place," she said viciously. "She wants to teach school, I believe."

"Ah, you don't say?" said Dick's companion, who was the youth with the primrose. "Do you think she would take me for a pupil? I am not much on most things, but the fellows say I am the very deuce at geography."

A month slipped by, and Sybil went home disappointed. It was the wrong time of year, they said. She might get a place in the fall, but there was none vacant now.

"I'm afraid I'm not of much account, Aunt Hannah," she said, despondently, as she sat by the little old study-lamp, thinking it all over. "I might as well have stayed at home, and not spent the money going to town. Indeed," she added, with a sigh, "it would have been a great deal better."

It was an odd answer to her observation, that there came just at that moment a ring at the bell, which brought her face to face in the doorway with Ainsley Arbuthnot.

"I have followed you," he said, holding the hand which she gave him. "I found that I could not be happy away from you, and I came to ask, Sybil, whether I might not stay with you always?"

"Come in," she said, leading him into the parlor, where only the firelight shone. "Excuse me," she added, hastily, "I will get a lamp."

"This will do," he said, detaching her. "I like this best, Sybil, you know what I came for. I love you. Will you marry me?"

She was a natural girl, without any art or coquetry, and she answered him, out of her heart:

"Yes."

"Then my wish will come true," he said, lifting her hand and kissing it where the gold ring spanned her pretty finger. "Do you know what I wished, darling? The ring said that the year would bring you a husband, and I wished it might be me."

It is needless to say that Sybil did not look for any further position.

"She ought to be satisfied," said Evelyn Ogden, when she heard of the engagement. "It is astonishing what good fortune some of those plain girls have. Mr. Arbuthnot is the best catch of the season."—[Saturday Night.]

## Without Injury.

The other day a reporter saw a blacksmith examining an ax, from which he had been asked to remove a portion of the handle, which had been broken off close to the iron. The wood could not be driven out, and as nails had been driven at the end it could not be bored out. "What will you do?" asked the reporter. "I'll burn it out," was the reply. "But you'll injure the temper of the steel," suggested the reporter. "Well, maybe not," said the smith. He drove the cutting edge into the moist earth and built a fire around the projecting part. The wood became charred and was easily removed, while the tempered part of the ax sustained no injury. —[Philadelphia Call.]

## One for Him.

Our Artist—Do you know, Maggie, you're a pretty girl and ought to let me draw you?"

Maggie—And do you know, sir, you're a pretty gentleman and I will let you draw me—a bucket or two of water.

It was washing day, and she kept him busy.—[Pack.]

## Valuable in an Emergency.

Jack—Is that a valuable ring you've got on, Gus?

Gus—I've hung it up for \$75.

Jack—You don't say so?

Gus—Yes. Seventy-five times. Dollar each time.—[New York Sun.]

## RINGS IN TREES.

### What Measurements of Forest Growth Have Disclosed.

#### The Rings Declared Not a True Test of a Tree's Life.

Every day some pet theory, long held and honestly venerated, is being demolished and sent to the limbo of myth with Tell's apple, Washington's cherry tree and other old acquaintances. Now the age rings in trees have to suffer limboization, if the word may be allowed. Mr. R. W. Furra, an agent of the United States Forestry Department, who has given much attention to the age of a tree as indicated by rings, as well as to the period at which trees of different species stop growing and that at which the wood is at its best, has reached some conclusions of general interest. He says:

"Concentric or annual rings, which were once accepted as good legal evidence, fail, except where climate, soil, temperature, humidity, and other conditions are regular and uniform. Otherwise, they are mere guesswork. The only region within my knowledge where either rings or measurements were reliable indications are in the secluded, even and regularly tempered valleys of the Southern Pacific coast."

Annual measurements of white elm, catalpa, soft maple, sycamore, big hickory, cotton wood, chestnut, pig elder, honey locust, coffee tree, burr and white oak, black walnut, osage orange, white pine, red cedar, mulberry and yellow willow (nineteen species), made in southeastern Nebraska, show that "annual growth is very irregular, sometimes scarcely perceptible and again quite large," and this he attributes to the difference in seasons. As trees increase in age inner rings decrease in size, sometimes almost disappearing. Diminished rate in growth after a certain age is a rule. Of four great beeches mentioned in London, there were three, each about seventeen feet in girth, whose ages were respectively 60, 102 and 200 years. Mr. Furra found twelve rings in a black locust six years old, twenty-one rings in a shell bark hickory of twelve years, ten rings in a pig hickory of six years, eleven rings in a wild crabapple of five years, and only twenty rings in a chestnut oak of twenty-four years. An American chestnut of only four years had nine rings, while a peach of eight years had only five rings.

Dr. A. M. Childs, a resident of Nebraska from 1854 to 1882, a careful observer for the Smithsonian Institution, who counted rings on some soft maples eleven years two months old, found on one side of the heart of one of them forty rings, and not less than thirty-five anywhere, which were quite distinct when the wood was green, but after it had been seasoned only twenty-four rings could be distinguished. Another expert says that all our Northern hardwoods make many rings a year, sometimes as many as twelve, but as the last set of cells in a year's growth are very small and the first very large, the annual growth can always be determined, except when from local causes there is any particular year a little or no cell growth. This may give a large number on one side. Upon the Pacific coast of North America trees do not reach the point where they stop growing nearly as early as those of the Atlantic coast. Two hundred years is nearly the greatest age attained on the eastern side of the continent by trees that retain their vigor, while 500 years is the case of several species on the Western coast, and one writer is confident that a sequoia which was measured was not less than 2376 years old. At Wrangel, a western hemlock, six feet in diameter at the stump, was five feet in diameter 132 feet further up the trunk and its rings showed 432 years. But in the old Bartram Garden, near Philadelphia, not more than 150 years old, almost all the trees are on the down grade. The Quercus Robur, England's pride, which at home is said to live 1000 years, has grown to full size and died in this garden, and the foreign spruces are following suit. Silver firs planted in 1800 are decaying. The great difference in the longevity of trees upon the western and eastern coasts of continents in the Northern Hemisphere seems to be due to the warm, moist air carried by strong and permanent ocean currents from the tropics northeasterly, in both the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, which make the climate both moist and equable in high latitudes. In Sitka, as much as 100 inches of rain have fallen in a year, and the harbor is rarely frozen enough to hinder the passage of boats. In some winters scarcely any ice is seen. —[Lumber World.]

## Handling California Wheat.

In no country in the world can wheat be handled as cheaply as in California. During the harvest season there is no possibility of rain, and the wheat is put into burlap bags and stacked up in the field until the farmer is ready to ship. When sent to San Francisco it lies on the wharf until a ship is ready to take it on board. No shelter is needed, and there are no elevator charges, the bags being placed on board ship just as they come from the fields. In addition to the profit resulting from cheap handling, the owner has his profits considerably increased by the gain in weight made on the voyage to Liverpool. When the wheat leaves California it is dry as tinder, and in exactly the condition to absorb the moisture of the sea air; and, consequently, on its arrival in England a cargo of wheat will be heavier by many thousand pounds than when it left California. Wheat is never shipped in bulk, but always in bags, as when loaded in bulk it is about the most dangerous cargo a ship can carry. No matter how lightly it may be packed at first, it settles considerably within a short time, and then it is very liable to shift. When shifting takes place a ship is as good as lost, as the change in the center of gravity throws her on her beam ends, and she is nearly certain to go to the bottom in the first moderate gale. Many ships were lost in this way, and now the shipment of grain in bulk is prohibited by law. —[Globe-Democrat.]

## A Scotch Courtship.

A young Aberdonian, bashful, but desperately in love, finding that no notice was taken of his frequent visits to the house of his sweetheart, summoned up sufficient courage to address his fair one thus:

"Jean, I wis here on Monday night."

"Aye, ye were that," acknowledged she.

"An' I wis here on Tuesday night."

"So ye were."

"An' I wis here on Wednesday," continued the ardent youth.

"Aye, an' ye were here on Thursday night."

"An' I wis here last night, Jean."

"Weel," she said, "what if ye were?"

"An' I am here this night again."

"An' what about it, even if ye cam' every night?"

"What about it, did ye say, Jean? Div ye no begin to smell a rat?" —[Dublin Nation.]

## Saturn's Moon-Circles.

Further marvels of Saturn's rings have been noted by M. Stuyvert, of the Royal Observatory of Brussels, and other astronomers. Dusky notches in the edges of the rings, with evidences of variability, are indications which support the view that the singular hoop-like appendages of our sister planet are made up of small satellites so closely grouped that the spaces separating them from each other are very small. At the earth's distance

## How to Act at a Fire.

Mr. A. W. C. Shean recently gave the following simple directions how to act on the occurrence of fire, before the Society of Arts: "Fire requires air; therefore, on its appearance every effort should be made to exclude air, shut all doors and windows. By this means fire may be confined to a single room for a sufficient period to enable all the inmates to be aroused and escape; but if the doors and windows are thrown open, the fanning of the wind and the draught will instantly cause the flames to increase with extraordinary rapidity. It must never be forgotten that the most precious moments are at the commencement of a fire, and not a single second of time should be lost in tackling it. In a room a tablecloth can be so used as to smother a large sheet of flame, and a cushion may serve to beat it out; a coat or anything similar may be used with equally successful result. The great point is presence of mind, calmness in danger, action guided by reason and thought. In all large houses buckets of water should be placed on every landing, a ladder being put into the water. Always endeavor to attack the bed of fire; do not extinguish a fire, shut the door, and be sure to shut the door when making your retreat. A wet silk handkerchief tied over the eyes and nose will make breathing possible in the midst of much smoke, and a blanket wetted and wrapped round the body will enable a person to pass through a sheet of flame in comparative safety. Should a lady's dress catch fire, let the wearer at once lie down; rolling may extinguish the fire, but if not, anything, woollen preferred, wrapped tightly round will effect the desired purpose. A burn becomes less painful the moment air is excluded from it. For simple burns, oil or the white of egg can be used. One part of carbolic acid to six parts of olive oil is found to be invaluable in most cases, slight or severe, and the first layer of lint should not be removed till the cure is complete, but saturated by the application of fresh outer layers from time to time. Linen rag soaked in a mixture of equal parts of lime water and linsed oil also forms a good dressing. Common whitening is very good, applied wet and continually damped with a sponge. —[Cultivator.]

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## SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A species of water-plant which grows on the backs of living turtles has been described by Mr. M. C. Potter, of the Linnean Society of London. It enters the cracks of the shell, but is nourished from the water, and not from the animal juices.

Norwegian fishermen, according to M. Armauer Hansen, poison their primitive harpoons from gangrened wounds produced in a small whale. It is a curious fact that this peculiar use of bacteria and blood-poisoning should have been known for hundreds of years.

Vosmaer thinks that the sponges originated from a free-swimming form, which may have been like the larva of some silicious sponge. He also suggests that the first sponges were deep-sea forms, ultimately developing a stony silicious skeleton; and that this form degenerated when it entered shallower seas.

The best conductors of electricity are silver, copper, gold, zinc, platinum, iron, tin. The best insulators are dry air, ebonite, paraffine, resin, sulphur, sealing-wax, glass, silk, wool, dry paper, porcelain. There is no such thing as a perfect insulator. Wires laid on the ground, under ground or under water are insulated by covering them with gutta percha, etc., and loss of current is thus prevented.

It has been laid down by M. Chevreul that the human eye cannot be long employed in the perception of a given color without, tending to become insensible and to arouse an impression similar to that ordinarily produced by the perception of white light. Dr. Beclard has also noticed that when the eye is directed for a time upon a colored field, the other being closed, if the eye which was open be in turn closed and the other opened a spectre of the complementary color will be perceived.

By observing how far the sun has to sink beneath the horizon before the topmost summit of the air is cut from its rays, the conclusion has been arrived at that the greatest upward limit of twilight is some 378,000 feet, or nearly seventy-one miles above the sea level. It is a well-known fact that, by observing the earth's shadow on the moon during the time of eclipses, the inference came to be held by astronomers that the atmosphere must be sufficiently dense to produce twilight for at least 240,000 feet away from the earth's surface.

The temperature of space at the present day is generally assumed to be much less than the lowest temperature yet produced by artificial means. Some of the efforts to produce extreme cold are of peculiar chemical interest. Thus Dr. Stewart gives an example in which a temperature of 230 degrees F. was obtained; but very recently, in an account published of experiments in solidifying oxygen, the remarkable fact is stated that a temperature of 230 degrees F. was produced, or only 131 degrees F. above absolute zero.

## Four Centuries of History.

When he landed, C. Columbus found the people with no clothes on; Found them dressed like Lydia Thompson; Dressed for going to the opera. Now they undress more than ever, but it cost much more to do so; costs like smoke to put on nothing. Then he found the people painted, Ringed and streaked from heel to eyebrow; Now they paint above the shoulders, but it costs as much as ever. Then the young men smeared their bodies; Now the young men paint the town red. Then he found the maids assembled, Waiting on the sandy seashore; Waiting for the Spanish sailors. Now, as ever, they are waiting, Giddy girls and anxious "mommers." Ever waiting on the seashore; Waiting for the men to find them, Eager still to be discovered; Anxious that they may be sought for by strange men from foreign countries. Then Columbus found the natives free and easy with their ducats. Gladly giving to the strangers All the booty they had room for. Still today the foreign raider Scoops their dollars by the hatful. Oscar Wilde and Goodby Patti, Wilson "Tug" and Canon Farrar, Donkey, Song bird, Tough and Parson, Reap alike a golden harvest. Gone are all Columbus' Injuns, Gone the copper colored maids, Gone the dusky squaws and sachems. But their children still survive them; Living longer than their fathers; We have learned another chapter; We've had time to let our beard grow; We have lately cut our eye teeth; And although we may seem simple In the presence of the stranger, Yet he wants to keep his eye peeled When we're dealing from the bottom; Turning jacks at times unwonted; Yet he wants to come in winter, When the earth with frost is baking, And the mercury is freezing, If he vainly hopes to leave us, Sobbing sadly in the distance; And when he returns bald headed, He will hear our shouts and laughter, As beneath his garter we gather, Drying in our smoky wigwam. Like a hair plaque in our temple. We have not forgot how Cortez Taught our fathers to walk Spanish, and we have acquired the language, and ourselves are taking classes. That's four centuries evolution; That's the kind of Injuns we are. —[Burdette.]

## Improving Her Mind.

"Improving your mind, I see," said the nice young man yesterday as he found his Sunday girl buried in a small volume.

"Yes," she answered, putting her finger on the line and glancing sweetly up; "I am devoted to reading. Isn't it glorious to be an author and sway millions of hearts by beautiful language and thrilling description?"

"It must be; what are you reading now?"

"Stuttering Pete, the Demon Detective." —[Nashville American.]

## The Lost Child.

"Please, sir, have you seen a gentleman without a little girl?"

"Well, and what if?"

"My Uncle John had thought if you'd seen a little girl you could have her." —[Harper's Young People.]

## Lost.

Lost—many sunless years  
Upon the road of life;  
Old, faded relics, stained with tears,  
And scarred by fruitless strife  
Lost, never to be found—  
Gone, gone forevermore;  
Swept on the ebbing stream of time,  
To an eternal shore.  
They vanished one by one,  
Each bearing on its breast  
A life not lived, a work undone,  
A treasure not possessed;  
Something for which it seems,  
My soul has vainly sought,  
The waking truth of happy dreams,  
That time has never brought.  
Alas! the weary days,  
Unwelcome in the past,  
Are with me yet; my eyes are dark,  
And night is gathering fast.  
I strain my tearless eyes  
To pierce the thickening gloom,  
And, mid the shadows, seem to rise  
A vision of the tomb.  
And is this all—in broken  
Beyond life's troubled waves  
No healing balm for broken hearts,  
No hope beyond the grave?  
No haven of repose,  
No bright abode of rest,  
No land of promise for the soul  
By earthly cares oppressed?  
Oh, yes; poor, fainting heart,  
By stormy billows tossed,  
There is a better world than this  
Whose years are never lost,  
Believe in Him who bade  
The raging tempest cease;  
And while eternal ages roll  
Thou shalt abide in peace.  
—[Joseph L. Bullen.]

## HUMOROUS.

High strung—Telegraph wires.  
A poor relation—A blood-and-thunder story.

A railing woman is like a swordfish.  
She carries a weapon in her mouth.

An enthusiastic meeting—two girls who haven't seen each other for an hour.

The British people are chiefly interested in two bills, the land bill and Buffalo Bill.

"Now is the accepted time," remarked the poor young man solemnly when his girl told him she would have him.

A firm who advertised for a boy "to do heavy work" received but one applicant and he came in charge of his father.

Husband (attempting to sing)—"My voice is rather h-h-husky to-night."  
Wife—"No wonder it's husky! You are full of corn." —[Newman Independent.]

A young man named Darling lives in Bridgeport, and when any one calls to him in the street, every young lady near bushes and looks around, gently saying, "Sh, sh."

"Darling," he whispered, "did you ever experience a fluttering sensation of the heart—an inward sinking, so to speak?" "Yes, love," she faintly murmured. "Why?" "Because, if you have, I know how to prevent it." "Oh, John, tell me how." "Why, just up plenty of pepper when you eat cucumbers."

## A French Frog Farm.

The French frog farm is much like one of our cranberry meadows—a swart laid out in broad ditches with grass banks between them. We remember years ago passing one of these farms the vicinity of a large French city the early evening, and being drawn notice it by the deafening music of the thousands of fat fellows sitting from heel to eyebrow; Now they paint above the shoulders, but it costs as much as ever. Then the young men smeared their bodies; Now the young men paint the town red. Then he found the maids assembled, Waiting on the sandy seashore; Waiting for the Spanish sailors. Now, as ever, they are waiting, Giddy girls and anxious "mommers." Ever waiting on the seashore; Waiting for the men to find them, Eager still to be discovered; Anxious that they may be sought for by strange men from foreign countries. Then Columbus found the natives free and easy with their ducats. Gladly giving to the strangers All the booty they had room for. Still today the foreign raider Scoops their dollars by the hatful. Oscar Wilde and Goodby Patti, Wilson "Tug" and Canon Farrar, Donkey, Song bird, Tough and Parson, Reap alike a golden harvest. Gone are all Columbus' Injuns, Gone the copper colored maids, Gone the dusky squaws and sachems. But their children still survive them; Living longer than their fathers; We have learned another chapter; We've had time to let our beard grow; We have lately cut our eye teeth; And although we may seem simple In the presence of the stranger, Yet he wants to keep his eye peeled When we're dealing from the bottom; Turning jacks at times unwonted; Yet he wants to come in winter, When the earth with frost is baking, And the mercury is freezing, If he vainly hopes to leave us, Sobbing sadly in the distance; And when he returns bald headed, He will hear our shouts and laughter, As beneath his garter we gather, Drying in our smoky wigwam. Like a hair plaque in our temple. We have not forgot how Cortez Taught our fathers to walk Spanish, and we have acquired the language, and ourselves are taking classes. That's four centuries evolution; That's the kind of Injuns we are. —[Burdette.]

Improving Her Mind.  
"Improving your mind, I see," said the nice young man yesterday as he found his Sunday girl buried in a small volume.

"Yes," she answered, putting her finger on the line and glancing sweetly up; "I am devoted to reading. Isn't it glorious to be an author and sway millions of hearts by beautiful language and thrilling description?"

"It must be; what are you reading now?"

"Stuttering Pete, the Demon Detective." —[Nashville American.]

The Lost Child.  
"Please, sir, have you seen a gentleman without a little girl?"

"Well, and what if?"

"My Uncle John had thought if you'd seen a little girl you could have her." —[Harper's Young People.]