THE SALISBURY TRUTH.

VOL. I. SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1887. NO. 3.

At Thirty-Five.

If half of three-score years and ten
Make half the life of man;
If life is merely time, why, then,
I've but to live my past again,
To finish out my span.

But since a thousand years may run
Through one brief moment's thought
My life, though it were nearly done,
I'd count in truth but just begun
Had I accomplished naught.

What have I done? Well, this at least:
I've taught myself to strive;
I've learned that crusts may make a feast;
That wealth is only want decreased—
I live at least at thirty-five.

—[Chicago News.

THEY RAN AWAY.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

My aunt, said the doctor, was brought up in a queer way, different from any American girl, though she was an American.

Among the mountains in Pennsylvania there are two or three ancient German towns, founded long before the Revolution, by the Moravians. The huge, massive stone buildings stand still—and are likely to stand for centuries—in which the early communities dwelt together, yet separate. There are the Brother and Sister Houses, and the Gemein, or Common House. These are occupied now by the widows of Moravian missionaries with their children.

There is a deadly quiet and chilly cleanliness about these great dwellings. Each little suite of family rooms opens out into wide stone corridors, in which no speck of dust is allowed to remain. A fly would hardly dare to enter the open windows, to disturb that absolute order and silence.

My Aunt Maria was the only daughter of one of these widows. She had never known any other home than the huge Sister House, where life went on like a clock that moved without ticking.

She rose at dawn, and helped her mother put their three neat rooms into still more perfect order. Then she ate her breakfast, and was washed for the second time; her flaxen hair was plaited behind, and tied with a bow of brown ribbon; then, books in hand, the demure little maiden paced across the green quadrangle to the school where all the children of the church were taught. When school was over, she sat with her knitting by her mother's side. She never had ventured into the quiet street alone.

On rare occasions the children in the Community houses played hide-and-seek in the attics which ran under the roof around the three sides of the great square. These proceedings, however, were usually regarded as disorderly by the grave widows.

But Maria had one adventure in her life which rose out of it, as the peak of Teneriffe does out of the flat ocean around it. When she was ten years old, she ran away! How it came about nobody ever knew, Maria herself least of all. It may have grown out of a temporary insanity, the reaction from the long dullness and quiet.

John Freitag, the Widow Freitag's son, persuaded her into it. He told her of the plan a hundred times, on the way home from school. Some of the town boys told him of it; it was an every-day matter to them. When old Gottfrey Sohner started to the next settlement, about five miles down the valley, his wagon loaded with great bags of corn, the boys would hide among the topmost sacks, and there lie safely until the end of the journey was reached. Gottfrey was a good-humored old man, and, after grumbling a little, always brought them back in the empty wagon before nightfall.

The idea grew, week after week, in the little girl's mind, under her dull eyes and smooth plaits, and at last she suddenly declared that she would go and "see the world."

One morning in September, after Maria and John had gone into the school and hung up their wraps, they took them down again, walked slowly out of the door, and down the street to the inn yard. Even in running away, they did not hurry: they did not know how to hurry. In the yard stood Sohner's great wagon, heaped with sacks. Nobody was near, and they climbed up and hid in the hollows on the top. Presently the mules were brought out and harnessed, Gottfrey climbed up and cracked his whip, the great mass shook and rocked, and they were off.

My aunt always told me that she was not afraid. She forgot her mother, and that she was committing a horrible sin, according to the rules that she had been taught.

"It was all so strange and beautiful," she used to say: "the clouds rushing past us overhead, the moving procession of trees, the strong wind—I was wild! I could have shrieked for joy!"

I always fancied my staid aunt had a turbulent heart under her brown cape.

Both the children soon fell asleep, being unused to the steady rocking motion. When they awoke the sun was overhead. Could Gottfrey have spent four hours in driving five miles? Could he be going farther than usual? They whispered to each other in alarm, but there was no way of finding the real situation. John had never made this desperate venture before, and therefore knew none of the landmarks. They dared not let Gottfrey know that they were there until the journey was over, or he might abandon them on the road. Who knew what wild beasts inhabited these jungles of laurel through which they drove?

Noon passed. Gottfrey stopped to bait his mules, and to eat a hearty meal out of his well-packed basket. The children had brought no food. They were hearty eaters, who never had waited 10 minutes for their mid-day meal. The smell of Sohner's ham and cheese melted their hearts. They began at once to think of the misery of their mothers, and to shed tears of remorse.

I need not dwell on their sufferings, which were real enough before the journey was over.

Gottfrey drove down to Philadelphia. The trip occupied two days and two nights. The children did not discover themselves. Their terror of being abandoned outweighed all their other fears.

Gottfrey stopped over night at roadside inns, leaving the wagon in the yard, and John clambered down, when all was still, and found some turnips in a neighboring field, which kept the little wanderers from actual starvation.

On the morning of the third day, Gottfrey started long before light, and at dawn drove into a wide enclosure, in which were great houses made of canvas. The end had come! Now they could show themselves. He would be angry, perhaps. But he would not leave them! He would take them home!

He unharnessed the mules and led them away, as they supposed to feed them. Then he would return to unload the corn, and would find them.

When he reached the gate, they saw him stop and parley for some time with a couple of men; then mounting one of the mules he rode away.

The children waited, afraid to speak lest the men in the field should discover them. Maria began to sob. She was weak from long fasting, and for the first time in her life she was untidy and unwashed. The neat little Moravian loathed herself.

"Look here!" cried John, peeping out through the sacks. Out of one of the tents came a man striped from head to foot like a zebra, another in purple velvet and spangles, and a fairy with fluttering gauze wings. Maria had never heard of fairies. She had never heard or read of anything which could explain these monsters.

A minute later, a man carrying a great basket of raw beef, went into one of the tents, and there came from the inside furious growls, yelps, and last, the roar of a lion.

John's red face turned to a pasty color. He shook as if the beasts had him in their jaws, and opening his mouth, uttered shrill shrieks. Maria, without a word, got up, and catching him by the shoulder dragged him down from the wagon, towards the gate. It was then that she showed that there was good stuff in her.

"Hush!" she said. "Come out of this. I am going home."

Just then the flap of another tent lifted, and two moving mountains of flesh came out, and advanced towards her. The girl had never seen even the picture of an elephant. She stood still, as if paralyzed, in front of them.

"I'm going home," she mechanically repeated, looking up at them. Some of the men dragged her out of the path.

"Who are you? Where did you come from?" they asked.

John was too frightened to speak. "We came on Gottfrey Sohner's wagon" said Maria, her round eyes still fixed on the elephants.

"The Dutchman who brought the corn?" said one of the men. "Why did you stay behind him? He has gone home long ago.

John gave a cry of despair, and the poor girl sank as if she had been shot. Hunger and terror, with this last blow had crushed her stout little heart at last. The children were in a circus and menagerie to which Sohner, by previous agreement had brought his corn and oats.

Some of the women took Marie to their tent and put her to bed. They fed her and nursed her tenderly all day. They gave John some work among the horses, for doing which he received his meals. The two children were kindly treated and even petted by all the queer, half wild people of the circus. The poor girls who rode on the barebacked horses in robes of tulle, ran in between the acts to see if Marie had eaten her soup and to pat her stout shoulders and nod kindly to her.

The next morning the manager sent for the children.

"Sohner," he said, "left his wagon for us to bring with us. We go to Easton next week. Will you wait and go with us? We shall pass through your village. Or shall we send you directly home? If you stay, these ladies will take good care of the little girl."

It was Maria, as usual, who spoke. "We'll go home, please. The ladies are very kind. But—I want mother," and she began to sob.

The bare-backed rider looked at the clown, who jerked off his cap edged with bells, and passed it round. The silver pieces jingled in it, until there was just enough to pay for the children's fare in the wagon which ran once a week from Philadelphia up the Lehigh Valley. They started that very night, loaded with little gifts and provisions for the journey.

Years passed before John and Maria were forgiven by the good Moravians for their freak. They were regarded as dangerous characters for a long time, though, indeed, they had never been so humble and dutiful at heart as they became after this terrible adventure.

In process of time they grew up and were married. John became a missionary, but died in a year after their wedding. Maria came back, a widow now herself, and took the rooms her mother had had in the Sister House.

She lived there, for nearly half a century, a calm, orderly, peaceful life. She never again left the quiet building in which her childhood had been passed, or tried to break its dull monotony. But when she used to tell of this, her one adventure, her eyes would burn and her chin quiver.

She would never hear an evil word against any of God's creatures.

"I, myself," she would say, "was once among the abandoned of the earth, —poor circus players and wild beast tamers,—and they treated me as though I had been their own child. God's mark of ownership is on all His children—somewhere."—Youth's Companion.

The Cork Oak.

The growth of cork-oak in California is not a matter of experiment; its success was demonstrated long ago. The distribution of cork-acorns by the Patent Office about twenty-five years ago may not have accomplished much in other parts of the country, but it gave us a start, and there are now trees yielding cork and bearing acorns at a number of different places in the State. There are trees growing on Mr. Richardson's place at San Gabriel. There were samples of cork and acorns shown at the Sacramento Citrus Fair by H. A. Messenger, of Calaveras County. There are trees of similar age in Sonoma, Santa Barbara and Tulare, and perhaps other counties. The State University is growing seedlings from California cork acorns, and will be likely to have the trees for distribution next year. There is no doubt about the adaptation of the tree to the State, as the widely separated places named above all furnish proper conditions for its growth. It is of course a crop of which one has to wait some time to gather, and therefore needs patience in the planter.

All the corkwood of commerce comes from the Spanish Peninsula, where the trees abound not only in cultivated forests but also grow wild on the mountains. The tree is like an American oak, and acorns. It takes ten years for the bark to become a proper thickness to be manufactured into bottle stoppers, life preservers and seine corks. When stripped from the tree it is to be boiled for two hours, cured in the sun for a week and pressed into flat pieces for baling and shipping. The denuded trunk, like a hen robbed of her eggs, does not sulk and quit the business, but throws out a fresh covering for a fresh spoliation. One tree has been known to yield half a ton of corkwood. One pound of cork can be manufactured into 144 champagne corks. The baled cork bark is sold to cork manufacturing centres. The most extensive manufactory in America is at Pittsburg. Besides the ordinary demands for cork bark, a good supply of the buoyant material, after being burned, to make it still tighter than the original bark, is shipped to Canada and New England, where it is made into seine corks. The average annual importation of corkwood into this country, entirely at the port of New York, is 70,000 bales a year. A bale weighs 160 pounds, and is worth on this side of the water $20, making a total value of the importations of $1,400,000. It comes in duty free.—[Pacific Rural Press.

Fish on the Desert.

A most astonishing discovery was made one day some two weeks ago, on the desert about ten miles southeast of Mayhew's half-way house between Florence and Casa Grande, and three miles from Mr. J. C. Loss's ranch. Felix Mayhew and a Mexican were out hunting horses when they espied a small water hole some two or three feet in diameter and quite shallow. Mr. Mayhew rode up to it intending to water his horse, when he found it alive with fish. He left the Mexican at the place and rode to Loss's ranch for a bucket to save them alive, and when he returned the rapidly receding water had left the fish almost dry. Out of the little hole were taken four fine carp, one five inches, one ten inches, one twelve and one thirteen inches in length, and they are now enjoying the hospitalities of Mr. Mayhew's water tank and may be seen by any one that passes his station. How the carp reached the water hole is the great mystery, as no one has noticed sufficient overflow of the Santa Cruz to bring them across sixty miles of desolation, and yet there is no other way of accounting for their presence in the desert.—[Florence (Ariz.) Enterprise.

A PONY FARM.

An Annual Penning and Branding on Chincoteague Island.

Stirring Scenes Witnessed by Great Holiday Crowds.

"Here's the pony, gentleman! Thar ain't no finer traveler on the island. Whoa, thar!"

The speaker, a tall, angular chap with unkempt hair, a cardinal shirt, blue overalls and barefooted, a typical specimen of the native, was holding by the long mane a restive, diminutive pony, the raising and penning of which have, within the last decade made the island of Chincoteague, Va., in connection with its great oyster deposits, famous throughout the country. And while he was vociferously expatiating upon the speeding qualities of his charge the crowd was constantly augmenting in size, a curious heterogeneous congregation of people, who came in boats from the Virginia shore and in the cars from the back counties in Maryland. This year, however, the attendance has not been confined exclusively to residents of the immediate neighborhood, but Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington have continued largely to swell the crowds from the rural districts. Conspicuous among this great audience are the colored people who regard the event as a holiday and are always present in full force.

These pennings take place annually, and for weeks great preparations are made by the people to attend them. The beautiful bay of Chincoteague is dotted thickly with sail of all kinds of craft—the tiny sail boat, the canoe, with its mutton leg white wings, the bug eye, the pungy and the schooner—all filled with human freight and all gravitating toward the one great point. Here, too, comes the steamer from Franklin City, having on board the sightseers from Maryland and the up-country people. They all rush pell mell to the centre of attraction, where the vast crowds are good-naturedly pushing and jostling each other for vantage ground—black and white, men, women and children, mixed up in almost inextricable confusion.

It is almost impossible to learn anything definite as to the origin of the Chincoteague pony, or an intelligent version of whence it came. A great many claim that there are an offspring of the pony of the Shetland Isles and must have found their way to Chincoteague from a large steamer that was wrecked on the island before it was inhabited. Certain it is, at one time they roamed the island in vast numbers, but when the great storm of forty years ago devastated the country and almost submerged Chincoteague it came near annihilating them.

In size the Chincoteague pony approximates that of the Shetland. The hair on their bodies is thick and shaggy and their manes and tails are long and glossy. They are strong, hardy little fellows, roaming wild on the extreme southern end of the island, feeding on the hay and tender roots which grow in luxurious abundance in the salt marshes bordering on the bay and the Atlantic Ocean. When they are brought in they are divided into what is known in the vernacular as herds, and each herd has its own peculiar mark or brand to distinguish it from the other, and thus obviate the difficulty of dispute as to identity or ownership when corralled for branding. These branding irons are made according to the notion of the owner, representing the initials, stars, spear heads, crosses, etc., and are easily distinguished by the owner.

The men who herd the ponies are experienced riders, and in throwing the lariat would put some of the cowboys to blush. They are all mounted on fleet horses and each one is provided with a long whip and lasso. They start out in different directions and by a circuitous route come up within sight of the ponies, quietly feeding on the salt marshes, where they surround them. The sudden appearance of the riders generally frightens the ponies and a stampede ensues. Then comes an exciting chase for miles, the herders usually coming out the victors. The ponies are gradually gathered together in mass and treated kindly until their fright at the sudden disturbance has somewhat subsided, when they are driven to their pen, where the herding takes place, which is an immense space enclosed with a board fence. Here the young colts are picked out, labelled, and haltered together. As is well known, a colt will, by instinct, follow its mother, and, as a result, the colts of one herd are easily distinguished from another.

The arrival of the herders with the ponies is the signal for the wildest excitement among the spectators, and loud cheers greet their coming, and the ponies are ushered into the enclosure with wild hurrahs and clapping of hands. The process of branding is not only exciting, but exceedingly dangerous, and accidents have frequently been the result. It requires an expert in the business to successfully manage it. The pony is brought out, and while one man holds his head the branding iron in the hands of another is quickly applied to the hip. The whole operation does not ordinarily require more than five minutes. Sometimes, however, a colt more refractory than the rest has to be thrown down before he will submit. Ropes are tied to its legs, and it is thrown down. Crowds of negro boys, ranging in age from 6 to 12 years, eagerly seize the ropes and hold fast, to keep the pony from kicking, taking care to keep at a respectful distance from the hoofs that wildly paw the air. When the branding is completed the colts are again turned loose, and they trot nimbly off to their mothers, and, unless a great many buyers are present, the whole herd is again let out of the pen, and, unrestrained by the whip or lasso, are off with the speed of the wind, and are soon lost to sight in the great woods.

Formerly these ponies could be bought very cheap, but since the facilities for travel to the island have increased and the population grown to such large proportions, they command higher prices and are much sought after by the wealthy for beach driving. They are easily trained, and when properly cared for after being taken from their marshy home are handsome little specimens of horseflesh.—[Philadelphia Times.

Helping Out the Minister.

A strange chance threw me in company, to-day, on a street corner, with an oculist and aurist and a minister, writes the Chicago Journal's "Sidewalk Stroller." In the course of the conversation the oculist made a curious and instructive remark about the eyes and eyesight. He said: "It is a singular thing that when a man thinks his eyes are all out of sorts, and that his eyesight is failing, there is apt to be nothing the matter with him, and that when he thinks his eyes are all right, but that the objects of sight are too small or blurred, then his eyesight is failing. When a fellow can't see as well as he used to, and feels like rubbing and bathing his eyes, he is not in a very bad way; but when he complains that the newspapers are not printed in as large or as clear type as they were formerly, then his eyes are failing. The same paradox exists in the sense of hearing. When a man feels like picking his ears there is nothing very serious the matter with his ears; but when he thinks his ears are all right, and that everybody around him mumbles his words, then he is going deaf." These remarks caused the minister's eyes to sparkle somewhat, and he said, "What a beautiful illustration. Come and hear me preach next Sunday, and see how I will use it. I have a sermon on the stocks from the text, 'The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; who can know it?' and I have been cudgeling my brains for two days for some adequate illustration of that text. You see, when a man blames himself for everything that goes wrong, he is apt not to be to blame at all; but if he thinks he is a paragon and everybody else at fault, then he is apt to be all wrong, and the cause of all his own miseries. You have no idea how much easier it is to amplify a thought when you have even one really good illustration."

A Commission That Was Declined.

Artists have a good many queer customers, and they have advantages for observing what vague ideas it is possible for a man to entertain respecting art and nature too. An ex-soldier went to the studio of D. J. Gue, of Brooklyn, one day, to inspect a picture of Lookout Mountain that the artist had been painting. The picture pleased him, and he evidently had thoughts of purchase, but he was suddenly struck with a brilliant idea that he communicated thus: "I was in that fight, mister, and I'd like you to paint my picture on that. Let's see. You could paint me right here in this field, facing front, with my left hand resting on top of the mountain." The man was in thorough earnest. He did not see that if drawn to scale his figure would be about 5000 feet high, and that he would have a reach of arm that would enable him to grasp at an object six or seven miles away. Mr. Gue precipitately declined the commission.—[Brooklyn Eagle.

Chicago's Waning Stock Business.

Chicago is gradually feeling the westward drift of the cattle and hog business. The traffic of the great stockyards is lessening, and the time is near at hand when Kansas City pork products and Montana and New Mexico dressed beef will partially supplant the Chicago pork and beef in Eastern markets. Not many years ago all the beef consumed in Boston and vicinity was driven on the hoof to Brighton, Medford and Watertown. It now comes largely in refrigerator cars. Chicago will sooner or later meet a similar experience.—[Boston Cultivator.

Will Outgrow It.

"I'm not going to play with Willie Waffles any more," was Flossie's dictum.

"Willie is a very nice little boy," said her mamma.

"I don't like him. In fact, I don't like boys at all, mamma. I guess it is because I'm not old enough."—[New York Sun.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Messrs. Edison and Gilliland are at work upon some device which shall register a message coming by telephone. Valuable results are expected.

Melodious sounding electric whistles are a novelty, and are said to be taking the place of electric bells in France. The whistle is made by fitting a small brass tube with suitable apertures so that it opens against the spring of a suitably formed communicator.

Experiments seem to show that a large ocean steamer, going at nineteen knots an hour, will move over about two miles after its engines are stopped and reversed, and no authority gives less than a mile or a mile and a half as the required space to stop its progress. The violent collisions in some cases during fog may thus be accounted for.

A London paper says that more than 2,000,000 glass eyes are made every year in Germany and Switzerland, and one French house manufactures 300,000 of them annually. The pupil is made of colored glass, and sometimes red lines are painted on the inner surface to simulate the veins. The largest number of these eyes are bought by laborers who are exposed to fire, and are consequently liable to lose an eye.

A man in Iowa has spent fourteen years in solving the problem of boring a square hole, and he has succeeded. A company is organized to put his invention on the market. It is simply an oscillating head with chisel edges and projecting lips which cut out the corners in advance of the chisel. The balance of the machine is an almost exact counterpart of the old-styled boring machine. It will cut a 2x4 mortice in from four to five minutes, and doing it with perfect accuracy, that a carpenter cannot possibly complete in less than half an hour.

Over 600 railway cars, composed almost wholly of steel and iron, are being built in England for the railways of Hindostan. The climate conditions of India are as destructive of wooden cars as is the climate of this country, where cars require continual repairs, and wear out even faster when not in use than when actively employed. Car repair here is a large item in the expenditures of the railway companies, and one not easily reduced. The experience of the East Indian railways in the use of steel cars will be noted with interest.

A striking instance of labor-saving machinery is that which makes tin cans. One of the machines used in the process, solders the longitudinal seams of the cans at the rate of fifty a minute, the cans rushing along in a continuous stream. Of course a drop or two of solder is left on the can. The drop on the outside is easily wiped off, but it is not so easy to secure the drop left on the inside. An ingenious workman has patented an arrangement for wiping the inside of the can without stopping the machinery. Result, several thousand dollars in royalties in his own pocket, and a saving of fifteen dollars' worth of solder per day to the firm that uses it. Thirty thousand cans are a day's work for this machine.

A Tale of Restitution.

At one of his Northfield meetings recently Mr. Moody, who was preaching about "Prayer," said: "Man may pray like a saint, but if he has a dollar in his pocket not acquired honestly his prayer is a sham, and he must make restitution if he expects ever to have God hear his prayer." Thereupon a merchant from Dallas, Tex., rose in the audience and told a story that emphasized this point. He had, he said, got dishonestly from men in his business some $5,500, and had built a house with the money. Then Mr. Moody happened along and preached on this subject of restitution and the merchant was present. "I heard you," he said, pointing to Mr. Moody, "and I went out into the street conscience-stricken. I went straight home and told my wife that we must sell that house and restore the money. And we did. We held an auction, and our carpets, our laces, our furniture all left us, and with the proceeds we made restitution." The man then told how he and his wife started again in life with nothing, and how he had prospered. His credit, his prosperity had never been so good.

In For It.

Curtis has just eighty cents in his pocket. Lobster salad is forty cents a plate, and hard crabs sixty.

Curtis (after scanning the bill of fare with monumental relief): I'm so sorry. I wanted you to try a Maryland crab, but they're not on the bill.

Miss Fortune (sweetly): Oh! do inquire for them. I saw a hamper of them being unloaded just as we came in the door.—[Tid-Bits.

A Hospital Without Alcohol.

Thirteen years ago a hospital was started in London on the plan of discarding the use of alcohol except where every other means failed. Since the beginning only four cases out of tens of thousands have been treated with alcohol, and the percentage of recoveries has been much larger than in any other hospital.—[Chicago Times.

Sea Songs.

Aloft and alow in the glimmer and glow of stars,
Across and along the path of the new moon creeping,
The dawn of the crescent sails on the dusk of spars,
Leans over to kiss the lips of the ocean sleeping.

The wind that touches the secret pulsing places
Aloft and alow on those perfect breasts of snow,
Is crooning across the midnight's peaceful spaces
A song that came out of chaos through time to grow.

And under the bow the lucent ripples break
In shapes that are fair, in rhythm that is sweet beyond measure;
Till the heart is full and no more its thirst can slake
In the fathomless fountains of joy where the sea makes pleasure.

Afar where the waves and the sky together are growing,
Out of the jaws of night with muttering roar,
Comes a tremendous thunder, a sound as of sea kine lowing:
The voice of the deep that is sullenly smiting the shore.

Adown from the measureless mountain of sails above,
When the starlight falters and melts and is too faint to glisten,
A sailor lad murmurs an old-world ballad of love;
And the sea and my heart are silent and tremble and listen.

—[W. J. Henderson.

HUMOROUS.

Rich bread—A big pay roll.

The sculptor is the man who carves out his own fortune.

"Bear with me a little," observed the grizzly as he hugged the hunter.

It is the silent watches of the night that render alarm-clocks necessary.

An advertisement in a live paper is of great assistance to a dentist. It "draws" for him.

No, Nellie, a stirrup is not what they used to beat eggs with, but to ride horseback.

Teacher (to the class in chemistry): What does sea water contain besides the sedium chloride that we have mentioned? Head boy: Fish.

Thirty-two hundred babies are born in the United States every day, and yet people wonder where all the squalls and cyclones come from.

Seasickness, it is said, does not originate in the stomach. This may be true, but those who have been its victims can avouch that it starts straight for the stomach the moment it attacks you.

A barber says that his occupation produces the most nervous men in the world. This is probably owing to the fact that a barber is no sooner through with one scrape than he begins another.

"I'm going to be a contortionist when I grow up," said little Johnny, proudly. "I'm in training now, so I want you to tell me what is the best thing for me to eat." "Green apples, my boy," chuckled the old man.

The Rev. Joseph Cook says it is hard for a man to get away from his environment. The youth painfully realizes this when he has a barbed wire orchard fence on one side, a ferocious bull dog on another, and the old man coming at him with a hay fork.

A Novel Incentive to Speed.

Honest John Blank was for several years the well-know Governor of a New England state. Governor John had a brother William, perhaps equally honest, though less well known, who was a sportsman, and somewhat given to the cheering cup. On one of his shooting excursions William and a boon companion found that their horse did not trot quite rapidly enough to correspond with their exhilarated notions of the proper speed, and the companion fired a charge of bird shot into the animal to encourage him. The horse dashed wildly off, the buggy rocking, hats and parcels flying in all directions, and William, ruler of the storm, shouted with delight: "Shoot 'im ag'in! shoot 'im ag'in! He goes adm'ably."—[Harper's Magazine.

A Gigantic Leaf.

At the meeting of the Royal Botanic Society of England, recently, among other curiosities of plant life exhibited was a leaf of the Victoria Regia water lily, seven feet in diameter, showing the peculiar structure of the under side of the leaf, from which one might suppose the cellular structure of some ironclads and other large vessels was taken. The radiating ribs or veins resemble T girders tied together by deep, lateral walls, forming many hundred air-tight cells, some so large as to contain ten ounces of water, and, of course, when floating on the water and filled with air, giving remarkable buoyancy to the leaf, a single leaf having been known to support a weight of 400 pounds.

A Good Reason

Officer—"Private Schulz, why has the soldier eight buttons on the front of his coat?"

Private Schulz—"Because there are just eight button-holes."—[German joke.