SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3,1887.

NO. 5.

Experience. Don't lose your temper or your time, Or fret your soul a minute,

Because this good old roomy world Has foolish people in it. By not one wholly useless weed The fertile earth is cumbered; Then count not these can do no good, ...

Or with them you'll be numbered. If all began by being wise, Each one his sphere adorning, From wisdom's way we yet might stray For lack of proper warning;

But Nature kindly sets her signs On Danger's chosen dwelling; Without them, what would come to us, There isn't any telling.

Just reckon up your foolish friends, Each one's peculiar failing, And of that folly cure yourself At which in them you're railing; While, if you find some luckless one The same all through and over,

You'd better far be unlike him Than find a four-leaved clover. I lay no claim to any store Of philosophic knowledge, But this I've learned by studies in That best but dearest college;

Perhaps you think that school is meant . For other people only; Or, maybe, your are wise in truth-But don't you find it lonely? -[Miriam K. Davis, ia Frank Leslie's.

## "NERVOUS DAY."

Mrs. Stanliope was one of those neryous, irritable women that about half the time make themselves and every one around them miserable. She had been having one of her regular nervous days, gone wrong.

their only child, had been banished from the sitting-room, although he had pleaded hard to stay and "loot at his pitty pitter book" Santa Claus brought her through the fence with his red scarf; him, and had promised, with such a that in her rage she had broken down resolute air, that he would be "so the fence, and, before Towser and Kitty stilly;" but no, his mamma wanted to could rescue him, plunged one of her lie down on the lounge, and he must go horns through Freddy's body, killing

Mrs. Stanhope were not wealthy, so Freddy did not have a nurse to look after him, no one but old Towmaster, and who had watched him faithfully ever since he was a wee baby.

Mrs. Stanhope had just settled herself on the lounge and taken, up the last magazine, which she thought might quiet her nerves a little, when, bang! went the outside door, as only a healthy boy, full of spirits, could shut it, and the next instant Freddy bounded into the sitting-room, upsetting a chair and tumbling headlong over a footstool.

A spasm, as of pain, crossed his mother's face, and she raised her hand as though to ward off a blow, exclaimingly fretfully:

"Oh, Freddy, what a naughty boy you are! why can't you stay out and play when mamma feels so?"

"Mamma! mamma!" exclaimed Freddy, who had by this time regained his equilibrium, and who did not in the least mind the tumble or his mother's fretful speech; "me is havin' such fun! 'et me tell oo \_\_\_"

"No, no, Freddy," interrupted his mother; "I don't want to hear; run out again and play. You may do anything all, forever from her sight and yet she you choose, only let me have a little could not weep, she had not dropped

Freddy looked disappointed and stood pouting his cherry lips, with one chubby finger stuck between them.

his mother, rising her voice. "Ain't you going to mind? I told you to go out; now start.

The child walked slowly fout of the room. On the hall rug lay Towser, and Freddy impulsively threw his arms around his hairy friend's neck and burst | Then came whispers -- no one seemed to

"Me did ont to tell er Towder, me did," he sobbed; but his grief and disappointment was of short duration, for in a few moments he sprang up and ran out into the vard, followed by Towser.

After Freddy went out, Mrs. Stanhone tried in vain to get interested in the magazine; at last she threw it petulantly from her and lying back upon the cushions, closed her eyes. Soon a sweet, delicious languor stole over her; she was

brougham. Mrs. Graham was a widow lady who Word just across the way, and who was worth over half a million, report said; and whose superb horses and elegant earriages little Mrs. Stanhope had often admired, and, if the truth must be told.

Then the scene changed; she was lying there on the lounge in her pleasant sitting-room, listening to the sweetest music she ever heard. Suddenly there was a scream from Freddy, an energetic bow wow from Towser, and an exclamation of fright from Kitty, the servant

girl, as she ran hastily out into the yard. An undefined feeling of terror filled the heart of Mrs. Stanhope: she tried to rise, but found her strength had entirely descried her; and pale as death, with eyes closed, she lay there longing, yet dreading, to hear what had happened. In a few moments---it seemed hours to her .-- she heard Kitty come in. There was gnother step too, not Freddy's; she listened in vain for the patter of his lit-

new intuitively they were looking in. "Hist! do not make a noise; shefi ast asleep," she heard Kitty say in : whisper. 'It will be trouble enough to or to know when she wakes, poor

arvous crature."

"One of his horns went clean through, he heard the other voice, say, and which he recognized as Mary Calhone's, Mrs. raham's kitchen maid

What terrible/accident had happened hat they were mot going to tell her un til she awoke. O, / would she ever awake and come out of this stupor! She tried o move, to scream, but all to zo pur pose; a sudden, thick darkness seemed enveloping her, and she sank into in sensibility.

When she, again opened her eyes i was night; the curtains were down, lamp burned on the table, but was turned low down, and the figure of a strange woman was moving about the room outting things to rights.

"Who are you? What has happened? asked Mrs. Stanhope, in a scarcely audible voice and with difficulty arising to a sitting posture.

"O, have you waked up!" said the woman, coming over to the lounge where she sat. "And you don't know? deary me! how can I tell you! Your little boy, your little Freddy, you will never see him alive again!"

"Never-see-Freddy--alive! What do you mean!" gasped Mrs. Stanhope, starting up and groping blindly across the room to the door. As she opened it as she styled them, and everything had she met her husband, who took her gently in his arms, soothed her tenderly. Little Freddy, only four years old and and in a broken voice told her that Mr. Afton's cross cow had by some means escaped from the vard into the road that afternoon, and that Freddy had teased

"O, why cannot I die too!" she wailed, wringing her hands distractedly. "My Freddy! my precious boy! my ser, the faithful Newfoundland watch darling baby! I have murdered you by dog, who was years older than his little my thoughtless selfishness! O, let me

> After a while she became more him: a sort of numb despair seized her heart; she could not weep, and when they led her to look at the little waxen form arrayed for burial, she could only look at the white, set face of her darling as he lay there, with roses strewn about him and snowdrops in his chubby hands, with a weary longing to. lie down too and be at rest. Tears seemed swelling up in scalding floods over her brain, burning deep, scathing blisters there, but she could not shed one.

> At length the day of the funeral came; how spectre-like it all seemed, every one moved about so quiet, so death-like; she could not even remember a word the minister said. The procession formed; they placed a heavy black vail over her face that seemed to increase the already midnight gloom of her heart. They reached the cemetery; the little casket was lowered into the grave and she heard the gravel rattle upon the lid; yes, they were burying her precious treasure, her one tear on the loved face; the thought tore her heart with agony, and she felt her mind reel and totter on its throne.

Again she was at home. How still "Did you hear, Freddy," reiterated and silent the rooms were and how dark and gloomy; it seemed as though she was never again to see the bright, glorious sunshine. So weeks passed. She caught a glimpse of her own face in the mirror once in a while, and she could see how thin and white it was growing. speak out loud now-that a change of scene was necessary; the beach or the

Mechanically she made preparations to leave home; it was the night before her departure, and she strode out to the cemetery to visit Freddy's grave.

"Oh, my poor murdered darling!" she moaned, sinking upon the grave in an abandon of tearless grief.

'Lucy! Lucy! what is the matter? Ain't you never going to wake up?" riding in Mrs. Graham's exquisite said her husband's voice, close to her

> With a start, she raised her head and looked about her. Yes, it was Walter that was bending over her, and strange to tell, she was lying upon the lounge in her little sitting-room, and the sun was just flinging his parting rays into the west window. How cosy and cheerful everything looked; and, glancing, up into her husband's face, she saw he was laughing.

"What! did you have the nightmare?" he exclaimed.

"Hush!" she answered in a whisper,

"where is Freddy?" "Freddy?" echoed Mr. Stanhope; "why he is asleep. After teasing Afton's cow until she tore the yard fence nearly all down, and getting Towser into a fine scrape, for he bit the cow severely, and she run one of her horns through his leg, and frightening Kitty nearly out of her senses, he has

concluded to go to sleep." Yes, it was a cruel dream, and Lucy Stanhope wept tears of joy; but she the feet. The steps paused at the sit- could not feel sure until she had pressed home, Love you!"-[Bazar.

ing-room door, which was afar .. She | 'her lips to Freddy's and felt his soft breath upon her cheek.

It was a long time before she could tell her husband her terrible dream; and she never again sent Freddy away from her for the sake of quiet .- [New York News.

"Mugging" Criminals.

In my business we learn to detect the foibles and weakness of men and women, says a police photographer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, but in the jail you would not expect to find any vanity in the matter of personal appearance. Nevertheless there are many prisoners who take pride in securing a good negative. Ordinary prisoners never object to the process of "mugging," because they are too ignorant to understand the advantage of a picture in the hands of the police. High toned crooks from the East always object. Sophia Lyons, the famous New York shoplifter, cried and raved like a fury when brought before me, but finding the detectives inexorable, she dried her eyes, primped her hair, adjusted her bonnet, daubed a fittle powder on her cheeks and told me to go ahead; that, if she couldn't help it, she would have a good portrait. Jane Cosley, another big shoplifter, sat smiling as sweet / an angel, after having made a desperate fight, clawing like a catamount, and her face is one of the prettiest in my collection.

How to Bear Burdens. Mental burdens will be far more easily borne if they are placed, as much as practicable, out of sight. When we gaze upon them they increase in size. When in our thoughts we emphasize and dwell on them, they sometimes grow almost unbearable. It is well enough to face trouble when it comes to us, to measure it and know its weight, that we may summon up courage and strength sufficient to endure it; but, this done, let us place it where it may no longer be in constant sight-drag it to the light, to dwell upon its weight, and to claim sympathy for being obliged to bear it. When the emphasis of life is laid on the cheerful and attractive side, its real burdens will be borne lightly, happiness will abound and be diffused, and the value of life be multiplied ten-fold .-[Baptist Weekly.

A Horse's Costly Tombstone. Frank W. Harper, the well-known turfman, has ordered at Versailles, Ky. the costliest monument probably ever placed over the grave of any being below the estate of man. It is for Ten Broeck, the famous race horse, who recently died at Mr. Harper's stock farm. near Midway. Ten Broeck was foaled on the farm, and belonged to Mr. Harper throughout his whole life, and was beloved by the Harpers as a member of the family. The monument is to be of white marble, seven feet two inches high, and surmounted by an urn. Upon its side will be inscribed the dates of the birth and death of Ten Broeck and his various achievements. - Baltimore

A Happy Thought.

"I don't see why your friend Miss Smith referred to my moustache as 'down,' Maude," said young Sissy to his pretty cousin, "There is nothing of the 'down' about it; it quite bristles. I

"I know it bristles, Charley," returned the girl, knitting her brows, "although not very fiercely, and I am as much perplexed as you are to understand why Clara should speak of it as down (Sudden happy thought.) Perhaps, Charley, it's because it grows on agoose. - New York Sun.

Cwt.

Many of my readers know that "cwt" stands for "hundredweight," for have they not used it themselves when doing their sums? But I think few could tell how this strange sign came to be employed. And yet when they learn its meaning they will find it very simple. letter of the Latin word centum, hundred. If you will look in your Bible you will notice that the hundredth psalm is marked "Psalm C." Then "wt." is merely short for "weight." Thus you have "hundredweight" (cwt.). height, though some are extremely tall India. ---[Little Folks.

The Passing Bell. In olden times they used to ring the bell when the hour had arrived for the court to come in and held its sessions. common pleas.

a venerable stranger visiting the town. lawyer, "the Passing bell. It is the property into the hands of your lawyers."- New London Day.

Proof of Devotion. "And do you really love me George?"

she asked. "Love you!" repeated George fervently. "Why, while I was bidding you good-bye on the porch last night, dear, the dog bit a large chunk out of my leg, and I never noticed it till I got ful. I've got two dozen eggs in this

ARABIAN WOMEN.

A Housewife's Duties in Modern Bible Land.

Syrian Dames Work Hard While

Their Husbands Loaf. There are grand women in Arabia; women of ability, keen in insight, and wonderful capabilities, writes Florence M. Jones in the Swiss Cross. The duties of the wife of a Syrian to-day are as follows: She brings all the water for family use from a distant well. This is accomplished by filling immense jars, and bringing them upon her head. She rises early, and goes to the handmill of the village, carrying corn, enough of which for the day's bread she grinds by a slow, laborious process. This she carries home and cooks in an oven, which is made in the earth. It is a round hole lined with oval and flat stones, and heated by a fire built in it. When the bread is mixed with water and a little salt, she removes the ashes, and plasters pats of dough against the hot stones to cook. Could anything be more crude? She cares for her children, -unusually a large family, -- and does all the rough work at intervals, while the husband calmly smokes his 'argelic,' or sits cross legged upon his divan, or house-top, in converse with some equally hard-working member of Syrian society. The houses are made of a coarse stone, roughly hewn. The house tops are of clay, covered with coarse gravel. In hot weather the sun bakes this mudformed roof, and large cracks appear. The rain comes, and, as a natural consequence, the roof leaks. This is something of which the fastidious inhabitant of the Bible Land does not approve. It does not add to his bodily comfort. He they being only brutes and having no remedies the difficulty, -shall I tell you souls .- American Magazine. how? Not by any effort of his own; far from it; his wife comes, ascends to the house-top, and in the drenching rain, propels a roller of solid stone, backward and forward, much as we use a lawn mower. This rolls the sun-dried cracks together, and prevents the entrance of water. These are only a few of a Syrian broider artistically and abundantly for

housewife's duties. Her reward is not in this world surely. She cannot speak to her husband in public; she can receive no caress before his friends. She goes veiled, and scantily clad. She has no time to make her own habiliments, for her hands must weave and spin and em-

the husband and male children. In winter her feet are protected only by open wooden sandals, and drops of blood mark the way to the Syrian well. Of course this is among the lower and middle classes of society in Syria, but those who belong to a higher class are very few. The wealth of a Syrian family is not in money, but is estimated according to the number of herds of camels, goats, sheep, and cattle it possesses. The women

are fond of ornament, but have little opportunity for it. They always wear the "round tire like the moon," spoken of in the Bible. Even the children have these on. The form is a half-moon. A single row of silver coins overlapping one another, and sewed upon a piece of coarse material through a single hole bored in one side, is attached to a square have to shave twice a week. I assure of cloth, having long strings, which tie under the black hair. This allows the coins to rest in a curve about the fore-

head. One of these tires, which we had, weighed four pounds and six ounces, and was was worth \$80. We now have a child's tire, which weighs two pounds. Over the round tire is worn the heavy, hand-woven, linen veil. The specimen we have is worth \$50, and is large enough for a piano-cover, All the silk for embroidery is gathered by women from the silk-worms, and must be spun and dyed before they can use it.

If a mother in Syria presents a daughter to her husband, he is bitterly disappointed. When you ask a Syrian parent, "How many children have you?" if his finery, such as gay-colored dresses, family consists of five boys and six bangles, and chains. They are partial C stands for "hundred;" it is the first | daughters, he will tell you, "I have five | to music and dancing, but their tom-tom. children." They only count boys. This as they call their drum-like instrument seems bitterly cruel when the workers of Syria are of the other sex. The girls are dark-eyed, raven-haired, of olive complexion, and usually of medium ful, and clever as the Hindoo dancers of

Politeness.

and muscular.

It is said that Louis XIV., the most haughty and magnificent monarch of modern times, used to lift his hat even as they ought to do now for the court of to the female servants of his court. If so, no man need think that he derogates "Is that the Passing bell?" inquired | from his dignity by keeping his hat off in a respectable shop when he is served "Yes, sir, it is," replied a wag of a by a woman. Even in business intercourse politeness need not be banished. signal for you to come and pass your In England, for instance; checks are marked, "Pay to." In France they are worded, "Veuillez payer"-"Please to pay," "Kindly pay," etc. -Chicago Tribune.

> What Made Her Nervous. Old lady-Conductor, I hope there sn't going to be a collision.

Conductor-I hope not. Old lady-I want you to be very keer-

A Spanish Bull-Taing. The bull-ring of Gran ada, like most

of those in the larger cities of Spain, is a vast amphitheatre, I juilt of wood, and capable of seating perhaps 20,000 persons. By accident/we came to this huge structure in the course of our meanderings, and we were conducted through it by an attendant. In the stables were a number of wretched-looking steeds, aged and raw-boned as Don Quixcte's "Rosinnate," yet/considered good enough to be slain by /doughty bulls for the amusement offthe gentle dames and spirited young dons of Granada. On the stockade surrounding the area were great streaks and blotches of blood, which had spurted from the wounded animals in various combats. At the same time that these were pointed out to us it was explained how, in the practice of the noble art of bull-fighting, a horse would often have his sides ripped open by an infuriated bull and the plucky steed would nevertheless go on sometimes with the fight, although his entrails would trail upon the ground and dangle about his eet. We were then conducted to the chambers where the matadores dressed themselves and where were kept the trappings for ornamenting the horses, and the apparatus for provoking the bulls. Among the articles of the latter sort were long poles with sharp spikes in the end, masks, dummy horses and various other devices and instruments of torture, cunningly adapted to arouse the wrath of a peaceably disposed bull and convert him into an infuriated demon. In one of the rooms, improvised as a chapel, there were crucifixes and other pious paraphernalia by which the last offices of the church might, in case of sudden emergency, be administered to a mortally wounded bull-fighter, so that his gentle soul might not take its flight unshriven. There appeared to be no similar provision for the bulls and horses,

The Most Famous Oysters. The Blue Points are the most famous in the world. They were first discovered a little over a hundred years ago in Long Island waters. The bottom of the Great South Bay, opposite Blue Point, was covered then with blue-mud and up to the time the ovsters were discovered they were not supposed to exist in the muddy ground. The discovery was accidentally made by an oysterman. The shells of the oyster were a deep dark color, and the oyster itself was fat and luscious. It was not long after the discovery before the baymen flocked to the grounds by hundreds, and it was not unusual for one man to take as high as 200 bushels in a single day. At that time there was a ready market for them at 50 cents per bushel. The beds could not stand the drain upon them and were finally exhausted. The ovsters now called Blue Points do not resemble the original any more than day does night, as they do not grow wild, but are cultivated the same as a field of wheat or corn. The oysters grown in the waters around Patchogue (which is one of the greatest oyster growing localities in this state), are shipped all over the world as Shrewsburys, East Rivers, Blue Points and almost every other name given an oyster. Over five hundred men are employed in the oyster industry in and about Patchogue. The oysters are shipped by the barrel to Europe, are but little larger than a silver dollar, costing, ready for shipment, about \$1 per barrel. They bring \$5.50 and \$7 per barrel in the European markets. - [Brooklyn Citi-

The Cevlonese. The Ceylonese, or Singhalese, as they are called, from the native name of their lovely island, are a mild and inoffensive race of people. They have the reputation, indeed, of being rank cowards, but this is rather the character of most Eastern folk. The men are tall. not badly made, and have slender limbs. The women are shorter, and are fond of gives out a dull and tiresome sound which soon gets monotonous; and their dancers are not as a rule so agile, grace-

A-Magnificent Lemon.

Our friend Thomas C. Dixon, showed us a magnificent lemon which he had gathered from a tree of his own raising. It was 7 inches long and 11 1-8 inches in circumference and weighed over 14 ounces. We were astonished to find that it was possible to raise such fruit in Chatham county. It is of excellent quality, and Mr. Dixon's tree bears about two dozen a year-[Pittsboro (N. C.)

The Business for the Boy.

Fond Mother-Pa, what business do you think we ought to s(art Willard in? He's getting to be 18 years old and ought to get into something.

Fond Father-It's hard telling what e's fitted for. Fond Mother-Yes, he's as proud as

Lucifer, but he's as neat as wax. Fond Father-Well, then, let's start him in the match business.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Wrought-iron expands and contracts with a force of about 200 pounds to the square inch for each degree Fahrenheit.

The Argentine Republic is soon to have weather bureau equipped with fortyfive observatories in different parts of

A sanitary engineer suggests the importance of building on streets running northwest and southeast, or northeast and southwest. Sunshine in all rooms at some time in the day can thus be insured, with a great gain in healthful-

George H. Reynolds of Willimantic, Conn., has invented a pneumatic gun for throwing dynamite shells which explode when striking any desired spot. Shells weighing 1000 pounds are handled with as much ease as a revolver.

Alum is found native in some places cither effloresced on the surface of bituminous alum-schist, or united with the soil in the neighborhood of volcanoes, when it may be obtained by simple lixiviation and evaporation; a little potash being commonly added to convert the excess of sulphate of alumina present into alum. It is also found in certain mineral waters.

Mr. W. A. Ashe of Quebec reports that the Eskimos living near Hudson Strait have a mean height for the men of 5 feet 3.9 inches; and for the women, about 5 feet. Their body temperature averaged 100.2 degrees for winter and 98.4 degrees for summer, that of the observing party being 98.1 degrees a 97.7 degrees respectively.

Though it is claimed as one of the advantages of electricity that it does not raise the temperature of the atmosphere when used for lighting, it is nevertheless, says La Nature, capable, under certain conditions, of evolving heat. This property is about to be turned to profitable account by the Societe des Usines Electriques, of Berlin, who have announced that, in future, in addition to light, they will be prepared to furnish a supply of electricity for heating pur-

Prof. Delpino, who as early as the year 1873 announced the idea that most extra-floral nectar-glands in plants are useful to the plants that bear them, by attracting a body-guard of ants, has now published the first part of an elaborate memoir on the topic. The number of species recorded as having extra-nuptial glands is much larger than would have been expected. This term "extranuptial" is coined to distinguish the glands under consideration from certain extra-floral glands, which, no less than those in the flower, are subserw pollination. The service performed by the ants so attracted and fed is the keeping-off of caterpillars and other insects which prey upon the foliage

Rapid Sight Seeing. Americans traveling abroad are often

laughed at for their passion of rapid sight seeing. But why may not the brain take impressions as swiftly and as prepared plate? "How long will it take me to see the exhibition?" asked a lady of a gentleman who had just come from the world's fair at Philadelphia. "Fifteen minutes,' was the response, The lady of course was astonished, and those now to be found in the respondent proceeded to explain. In the the country the terms What is true of a great fair it in England about the year 1849. gives me an idea of the composition and poser, had a lyre, with the legand, the scheme of color. In truth this first instantaneous impression in art is invaluable, and a painting should always be merely the letters V. H. so arrange approached, if it is possible to do so, that when inverted they formed the ciunder conditions that enable the specta- | pher A. H .- [Youth's Companion. tor to get a full view promptly. How often a painter turns his picture to the wall and there lets it remain long enough to allow him to obtain an unprejudiced and instantaneous impression when he sees it again. Study and analysis are of course indispensable factors in some things, but the flash, the revealing glance, the sudden insight, the instantaneous photograph on the sensitized brain, are things of value in life as well as in art. - [Home Journal.

Knew Where He Stood. "You'd better look out," said Johnny's big sister, "or I'll tell mother on you."

"I don't care."

"Oh, you naughty boy, I know better

"I don't care if ye do go tell 'er, 'cause ma's got the rheumatism to-day, and it won't be comfortable for her to turn me over her knee."-[Merchant Traveler.

ht on the Farm, Tis dewind on the lonely farm,
The flocks are gathered in the feld.
The dusky air is soft as balm,
The dusks hide their hearts of gald.

Slow, drowsy, swinging bells are band In pastures dewy, dark and disa, And in the door-yard trees, a bird Trills sleepily his evening hymn.

The dark, blue deeps are full of stars; One lone lamp, in the hillside gloss. A mile away is red as Mars;

The night is faint with sweet porfuses. At bedtime in the quiet house, Up through the wice old rooms I

Without a lamp-and not a mouse Is stirring. Loudly, to and fra, The old clock ticks, and easterly The ancient windows open high; Here the sun's kiss will waken me,

With bird-songs welling up the sky.

—[New England Face HUMORQUS.

Electricity is a very serious matter, and et Edison makes light of it.

A bald-headed book-keeper should never try to wipe his pen on his hair, In the bright lexicon of speculation there is nothing so uncertain as a sure

thing. Hardly anybody would care to change places with the turtle, and yet he has a

great snap. English statesmen live longer than American statesmen; but they don't have so much fun.

terrupted an acquaintance. "but you are a very bad shot." "Can you recommend for me a good

"I aim to tell the truth." "Yes." in-

home course of botany?" asks a correspondent. Yes, the flour barrel, Cally-Miss Peterson has remarkably small eyes. Dally-Yes, they book small, but she has had a young man in 'em for

a long time. A girl who was told by an old boatman to be sure and have her best welltrimmed went to work and sewed two

silk flounces around the guarante. "Ain't you io, Maria?" he quarted, as he fumbled around with the latchkey. "No, I ain't. I'm out. Out of sugar, out of ten, out of flour, med out -patience," snapped a female voice from

an upper window. A doctor who had been attending a dairyman's hired girl called at the house the other day. "How's your milkesaid?" he asked of the farmer when he came to the door. "It's none of your busines how our milk is made," was the indignant response, and the door slamu

most emphatically. Sealing a letter is nowned and the of an instant, but how was plished before the invention of gamme envelopes? A correspondent of Ld

which have been employed from the remotest antiquity. The first seals consisted at a rine affixed to clay, and later to chalk or a mixture of pitch, wax, and plaster. The use of wax did not become general until the Middle Ages. Becswax, yellowed easily as the photographer's chemically by time, was the first variety of it used, and, after it, came sealing wax mixed with a white substance. Red and green wax came in during the twelfth century. and, a hundred years later, the list of

Livre describes the methods of sealing

"To study all the details of the exhibi- der Bonaparte, the French People began tion would require many months, but to use wafers which were by from obtain an impression of its magnitude, Italy by the soldiers of the literach army. to seize upon its salient features, fifteen These wafers were cut with a punch minutes would do wonders for you. A from a thin leaf made of flour. Finally ride around the circuit of its connecting gummed envelopes began envelopes began railway would give you a succession of replace the sealing wax pictures never to be forgotten." The first of these envelopes were ande

colors was supplemented by mearly all

true of a great city. It has The seals chosen by different people been said that very few people really are often interesting, as indicating perknow London fully, but any one may sonal tastes. Goethe, after his return obtain an idea of its physiognomy, of its from Italy, sealed his letters with an characteristic features, in a half hour's antique head, such as that of Bocrates, drive through its streets. To discover | Minerva or Leda. The seal of the asall the qualities there are in a painting 1 tronomer Lalande had a ship engraved must study it well, but a single glance upon it, and that of Meyerbeer, the comways in tune."

Victor Hugo's seal was very simple

Left His Address at Home.

An old farmer named Kent was a well known character some years ago in Mount Vernon and Vienna. He had many peculiarities and eccentricities which earned for him a variety of nicknames, at which, by the way, he never took any offence. In some way this old fellow had some claim to a persion. He went down to Augusta to be examined by the physician there for that purpose. He was found to have disabilities that warranted his obtaining a pension, but he was very much excited at the length of the examination and the variety of questions put to him. Finally he was asked his address. "Oh, yes, of course," he replied, "you'll want my address but bless me what did I do with it? After fumbling in all his pockets, looked up helplessly and said, "By cious, I must have left my address home."-[Lewiston (Me.) Journal