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Beneath the Pines,
O sunless depths of northern pines!
O broad, snow-laden arms of fir!
Dim aisles where wolves slip to and fro,
And noiseless wild deer swiftly skirt!
O home of wind songs wild and grand,
As suits thy mighty strains! O harp
On which the north wind lays his hand!
I walk thy pungent glooms once more
And shout amid thy stormful roar.

As in deep seas a haven is found,
No wintry tempest stirs, though high
As hills the marching waves upbound
And break in hissing foam, so I
Walk here secure; though far above
The storm king with his train of snows
Sweeps downward from the bitter North
And shouts hoarse fury as he goes.

I laugh in tones of chiming glee
To see the shaking of his hair,
And hear from out his cloud of beard
His voice imperial sweep the air.
The dark pines lower their lofty crests,
As warriors bow when chieftain in girth
Rides by and shouts his stern behests,
And with swift answers echo him.

—[Hamlin Garland.]

MISS BECKY'S HOME:

Miss Becky was going to the "Old Ladies' home" at last. It was a sorry fact, but there was nothing else for her to do, it seemed. Who would think of offering any other home to a poor, almost helpless old woman who had outlived her usefulness. Having passed her days in other people's houses, so to speak, she might not mind it as much, perhaps, as a more fortunate being.

"Yes," she said, "there's a vacancy in the 'Old Ladies' home,' and the hundred dollars that Parson Amory left me will pay my way in, but it wouldn't last long if I began to spend it, you know, and I shall have a warm bed and my regular meals without worrying about where the next one's coming from. I'm most tired worrying about the ways and means. Seems as though I had been about it all my life; ever since father was taken with heart disease hearing the class in algebra. Now that the rheumatism has got the better of me, so that I can't work in cold weather, and the doctor says it'll draw my fingers up so that I can't use them soon, it doesn't seem as if there was anything left for me in this world but the home—and I ought to be thankful for that."

Miss Becky had had other expectations in her day, when young Larry Rogers met her and carried her basket; when his strong arm paddled her down the broad river to church on Sunday mornings, when they sang together in the choir from the same hymn book; when they loitered homeward in the fragrant summer dusk, and heard the whip-rover will complain and started the fire-flies in the hedges as they brushed by. It sometimes seemed to Miss Becky as if all this had happened in another planet. She was young then, with a bloom on her cheek; but, although the rheumatism had lent her figure and rendered her more or less hopeless at times, yet her dark, velvety eyes looked out like soft stars, and the ghost of a dimple still flickered on her cheek and chin in spite of her sixty odd years. Miss Becky's father had been the district school teacher in those far-off days of her girlhood. He had taught her the simple lore of his command, but it was Larry Rogers who had taught her music hour after hour in the empty schoolhouse; they had practiced together while he wrote the score on the black-board.

But all this had not sufficed to enable her to earn a livelihood. Her education, musical and otherwise had stopped short of any commercial value. In those days she never expected to earn her living by the sweat of her brow. Larry was going to give her everything. How trivial the little quarrel seemed to-day which circumvented this final resolve of his. But what magnitude it had assumed at the time. On his return from a trip to a neighboring city some one had whispered to Larry that Miss Becky had been seen driving with Squire Eustis' son, behind his trotters. Sam was just home from college, a harum-scarum fellow, they said, who made love right and left and gambled a bit; and when Larry reproached her with it she had not denied; she had simply said: "What then? If you choose to listen to gossip rather than wait till you—"

"But you didn't tell me, and I've been here a week."

"I had forgotten all about it till you reminded me," said Becky.

"It's such an everyday affair for you to drive with Sam Eustis"—which incredulity so stung Becky that she would not condescend to explain that she had carried some needle-work up to Squire Eustis', which she had been doing for his wife, and that as she left to walk home Sam was just starting off with his smart chair and new dapple gray, and the squire had said, "Take Miss Becky home, Sam, and show her their pieces;" and how she had been ashamed to refuse their kindness, although preferring to walk a thousand times; and how, once in the chaise, Sam had been the very pink of courtesy, and begged her to drive over with him to Parson Amory's, three miles out of her way, "that Lucy Amory may see you didn't disdain my company. For you see,"

said Sam, who was not as black as he was painted, or as many liked to suppose, "Lucy can make me what she will; without her I shall be nothing and nobody; but they've told her all kinds of wild things about me; they've told her she might as well jump into the river as marry such a scapegrace. And, perhaps, if I made her a little jealous—you know there's no harm in that, is there? All's fair in love, and, perhaps, if the old folks see me driving about with Becky Thorne my stock may go up, and I may be 'saved from the burning,' as Parson Amory says."

And Becky had consented. How could she refuse to do a good service for such a true lover? So slight a thing, too! She had often traversed the same road since on foot, on her daily rounds of toil or mercy. Sam Eustis had married Lucy Amory years ago, and was the foremost man in the country to-day. Strange how that friendly drive had interfered with Miss Becky's prospects; how the simple fact of carrying home Mrs. Eustis' needle-work should have determined her fate and devoted her to a life of hardship and the "Old Ladies' home" at the end! Talk of trifles! Poor Miss Becky! She remembered that pace or twice the opportunity offered, when she might have made it up with Larry; but pride or a sort of fine reserve, had locked her lips—Larry ought to know that she was above silly flirtations. Once when they met at Lucy Amory's wedding, when they all went out into the orchard while the bride planted a young tree and the guests looked for four-leaved clovers, she had found herself—whether by accident or design she could not tell—on the grass beside Larry; their fingers met on the same lucky clover, their eyes met above it, and for an instant she had it on her tongue's end to confess all about the drive and its result, to put pride in her pocket; but just then Nell Amory called to Larry.

"Oh, a horrid spider—on my arm, Larry! Kill him quick—do! Oh!—oh!—oh!—I shall die—I shall faint!"

And that was the end of it.

The old orchard with its fragrant quince bushes, its gnarled apple trees, its four-leaved clovers, was a thing of the past; a cotton mill roared and thundered there all day long, where the birds built and the trees blossomed thirty-odd years ago. It no longer blossomed except in Miss Becky's memory. She had turned her thoughts to raising plants when she was left, to her own resources, but one cruel winter's night killed all her slips, and the capital was lacking by which she might renew her stock. Since then she had gone out for daily swing, had watched with the sick, had been in demand for a temporary housekeeper whenever a tired matron wished an outing, but latterly her eyes no longer served her for fine work, and sewing machines had been introduced; she was not so alert in the sick room as of yore, she moved more slowly and her housekeeping talent was no longer in request; added to this the bank where her little earnings had been going, one day failed and left her high and dry. Some of her friends had traveled to pastures new, some had married away, some had ignored or forgotten her. As for Larry Rogers, he had been away from Plymouth this many a year. Somebody had sent him abroad the year after Lucy Amory's marriage, to develop his musical genius. He had grown into a famous violinist, playing all over the country to crowded houses, before the first people in the land. It was a beautiful romance to Miss Becky to read in the local paper about our "gifted townsman;" she did not blame him because she sat in the shadow, because her life had been coolness. She sang again the old tunes he had taught her, and made a little sunshine in her heart. All of happiness she had ever known he had brought her. Why should she complain? And now she was going to the "Old Ladies' home."

"It isn't exactly what I expected in my youth," she said to the old doctor's widow.

"No; but you'll have a nice room and a bright fire, and the neighbors will drop in to see you and make it home-like. Now, there's old Mrs. Gunn. Nothing can persuade her to go to the home. She says it's only a genteel almshouse after all; and so she rubs along with what she can earn and what the neighbors have a mind to send in, and they have to do it very gingerly, too, just as though they were asking a favor of her. Lor', she doesn't earn her salt."

"I dare say," returned Miss Becky.

"Now, if it hadn't been for the rheumatism I could earn my living for years yet, and maybe get something ahead again; but it seems as if the rheumatism laid in wait for the poor and friendless."

"You ought to have married when you were young, Becky," said the doctor's widow who had forgotten all about Becky's love affair, and labored under the impression that she never had a chance, an impression which matrons are apt to entertain concerning their single friends. Miss Becky had been spending some weeks with Mrs. Dr. Dwight who had moved away from Plymouth after her husband's death. She was there chiefly to put some

stitches into the widow's wardrobe, which nobody else would do "reasonably," that lady's grief having incapacitated her from holding a needle or giving her mind to material details of "seam and gusset and band." But during the visit Miss Becky had been seized with her sharpest attacks of rheumatism, which had kept her in bed for weeks, till her wages were exhausted by drugs and doctors' fees. It was at this time that she made up her mind to go into the home on her return to Plymouth.

Mrs. Dwight saw her off at the station. "I hope you'll find the home cosy," she said, outside the car window.

"It's lucky Parson Amory left you that \$100 after all. He might have doubted it."

"Yes, I suppose so," Miss Becky answered meekly. Perhaps she was thinking that, if she were Mrs. Dwight, no old friend of hers should go begging for a refuge at an almshouse. Perhaps she was thinking of the pretty, comfortable home waiting for her friend, and wondering why their fortunes were so unlike.

"Write when you reach Plymouth, and let me know how you're suited," said Mrs. Dwight, and just then the cars gave a lurch and left her behind, and Miss Becky turned her glance inward. Somebody had taken a seat beside her.

"Your face is familiar, madam," said the occupant of the seat, a fine-looking gentleman, whose dark hair showed many streaks of silver. "I am going to Plymouth, my early home, which I have not seen for twenty years. I am on my way to look up my old friends."

"Twenty years is a long time," answered Becky. "I'm afraid you won't find many of your friends left. You'll hardly know Plymouth."

"I suppose not—I suppose not. How you lived there long?"

"I have lived there all my days.

"Good! I'm hungry for news of the people. Tell me everything you can think of. Did Parson Amory leave a fortune? He was called close. Where's Miss Nell, married or dead? I can see the old places in my mind's eye, and the parsonage under the elms, and the orchard behind it where Lucy Amory planted a young tree on her wedding day, and the gown little Becky Thorne wore. By the way, is she alive? Do you know her?"

Miss Becky hesitated an instant.

"Yes," she replied, "I know her—more or less. She's alive."

"And married? She must be sixty odd; she was a pretty creature, such—I suppose they are wrinkles now. Where have the years gone? Is her home in the old place still?"

"Her home!" said Miss Becky, flushing a little; "she has none; she is on her way to the Old Ladies' home."

"To the Old Ladies' home! Becky Thorne!" he gasped. "And I—"

"You seem to have known her pretty well," said Becky, who was beginning to enjoy the incognito.

"I should think so. I've loved Becky Thorne from my cradle; we had a silly quarrel which parted us; such a trifle, when I look back. Do you ever look back, madam?"

The twilight was falling about them; Becky's face had grown a shade or two paler all at once; she turned her dark velvety eyes full upon him with a startled air.

"You?" said she. "You must be Larry Rogers!" Then the color swept to her cheek in a crimson wave. "Do you know, I never thought that you had grown old like myself! Don't you know me? I am Becky Thorne."

Just then the train thundered through the tunnel and they forgot they were "sixty odd."

"On the way to the Old Ladies' home," she wrote to Mrs. Dwight, "I was persuaded to go to an old gentleman's instead."

ARTFUL SMUGGLERS.

Devices to Escape the Duty on Precious Stones.

How the Lynx-Eyed Officers Detect Them.

Although the officers of the Customs Department take great precaution to prevent smuggling, says the New York Telegram, they are confident that large quantities of diamonds and other precious stones are brought into the country without payment of duty.

The veteran, Captain Isaac Trimble, who spent twenty-two years of his life in the Custom House, and was during a great portion of the time a custodian of the seizure room, relates many instances of the ingenuity of the smugglers. On one occasion Captain Trimble exhibited a copy of the bible to a visitor.

"Do you see anything peculiar about the book?" the Captain asked.

The visitor examined the covers on both sides, as well as the back and edges, and then replied:—

"Well, I can't say that I do."

"But it is a smuggler's bible," the officer rejoined, "and if you will unclasp it, you will know how the rascals made use of it for smuggling diamonds."

The visitor did as directed and was surprised to find that the bible had been converted into a box. An oblong cavity had been cut through all the leaves of the volume, the person who did the work being careful to leave the covers, back and edges in the same condition as they were when they came from the binder. The box was about five inches long, three wide and two deep. In this oddly contrived box had been concealed about \$6000 worth of smuggled diamonds.

The person who brought these diamonds to New York was a passenger on one of the German steamers from Hamburg. He had no idea that the customs inspectors would take the pains to examine an old and well-worn copy of the bible. Had he left the bible in his trunk the probability is that it would have attracted no special attention from the officials, but the owner took the book under his arm and was seemingly so jealous for its safety that he raised the suspicions of an inspector, who immediately stepped up and relieved him of it in short order.

With tears in his eyes the owner exclaimed:—

"Oh, don't rob me of my bible. It was given me by my mother when I left my home in the old country."

But the inspector was inexorable. The book was retained and examined and the officer congratulated himself that he had done a pretty good day's work for Uncle Sam.

One of the tricks most frequently resorted to by smugglers is to conceal diamonds and other precious stones in the linings of garments. An overcoat which was worn by a foreigner who landed on these shores about ten years ago had no less than ten thousand dollars' worth of gems quilted into the padded lining. It is probable that for every one of this kind of garment that is detected by the inspectors there are a score which are never discovered. Among the curiosities which were preserved in the seizure room for a long time was a coat of this description, the lining and padding of which contained over two hundred quilted squares, and in each was a gem. Some of the gems were very small, not being worth more than five dollars each, but the aggregate amounted to a pretty large sum.

Whenever the inspectors see a newly-arrived passenger of suspicious appearance on a foreign steamship they look at his or her shoes or boots to see if the soles are of extra thickness. Many thousands of dollars' worth of smuggled stones have been found in these extra thick soles. There are shoemakers in Switzerland who make a specialty of manufacturing smugglers' foot gear. Trunks with false bottoms have long been so common that they excite no surprise on the part of the customs officers. It is customary with an inspector when he examines baggage to thrust a cane down into the trunk and then measure on the outside. By this means a false bottom can be easily detected.

Several years ago a smuggler carried on a successful smuggling business by hiding diamonds in the handles of palm-leaf fans. The duty on the fans was so low that he could well afford to pay it in view of the valuable contents of the handles. Finally the fans were spoiled by an inspector who discovered that the end of each handle was plugged. The inspector extracted the plugs and out rolled the diamonds.

Men and women have defrauded the customs by hiding gems in their hair. In fact, there are so many ingenious methods adopted by smugglers that the officers are often in despair.

Sunlight is as essential to animal as vegetable life. Physicians say the number of patients cured in hospital rooms exposed to the rays of the sun are four times as great as those confined in darkened rooms.

Materials for Colors in Paints.

Every quarter of the globe is ransacked for the materials—animal, vegetable, and mineral—employed in the manufacture of the colors one finds in a paint-box. From the cochineal insect are obtained the gorgeous carmines, as well as the crimson, scarlet, and purple lakes. Sephia is the inky fluid discharged by the cuttle-fish, to render the water opaque for its own concealment when attacked. Ivory-black and bone-black are made out of ivory chips. The exquisite Prussian blue is got by fusing horses' hoofs and other refuse animal matter with impure potassium carbonate. It was discovered by an accident. In the vegetable kingdom are included the lakes, derived from roots, barks, and gums. Blue-black is from the charcoal of the vine-stalk. Lampblack is soot from certain resinous substances. From the madder-plant, which grows in Hindostan, is manufactured Turkey red. Gamboge comes from the yellow sap of a tree, which the natives of Siam catch in cocoon shells. Raw sienna is the natural earth from the neighborhood of Sienna, Italy. When burned, it is burned sienna. Raw umber is an earth from Umbria, and is also burned. To these vegetable pigments may probably be added Indian ink, which is said to be made from burnt camphor. The Chinese, who alone can produce it, will not reveal the secret of its composition. Mastic—the base of the varnish so-called—is from the gum of the mastic tree, indigenous to the Grecian Archipelago. Bistre is the soot of wood-ashes. Of real ultramarine but little is found in the market. It is obtained from the precious lapis lazuli, and commands a fabulous price. Chinese white is zinc. Scarlet is iodide of mercury, and cinnabar, or native vermillion, is from quicksilver ore. Luckily for the health of small children, the water-colors in the cheap boxes usually bought for them have little or no relation, chemically, to the real pigments they are intended to counterfeit.—[Argonaut.]

Missionary Moonshiners.

Ozark Mountains are inhabited by a people as peculiar and primitive as those Miss Murfree has made known through her Tennessee mountain stories. Lying within fifty miles of a railroad, many of these people have never seen even so much as the gleam of the rails in the distance, and a locomotive would be to them not less a wonder than was the steam horse to the Indians a few years ago. Born in those mountains they have tramped up and down their sides, cultivated patches of earth and worked out of their little farms sufficient to live upon. There is little demand for the products of their farms, and many farmers have drifted into illicit whiskey manufacture to utilize the corn they grow upon the mountain side. The revenue agents have found them out, broken the stills and service the distillers, but some other farmer has gone into the business. The whiskey is sold for almost anything it will bring. In general it is exchanged for articles of food or clothing needed, for it seldom that money finds its way into the Ozark mountains.—[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

An Electrical Dog Cart.

Mr. Volk, whose electric railway is known to all visitors to Brighton, England, has constructed an electrically driven dog cart, which attracts a good deal of attention among the leisured crowds which throng the gay Sussex watering place. It is driven by a half horse-power Immisch motor and 16 small accumulators, which have a capacity equal to six hours' work. In the desire to keep the machinery light, scarcely sufficient power has been provided, so that, although the vehicle will make a speed of nine miles an hour on asphalt, it only makes a speed of four miles on a soft macadam road, while, with two passengers, an incline of 1 in 30 is the limit of its climbing power.—[Electrical World.]

Henry Bergh.

Henry Bergh was born in New York in 1823, where he was educated, finally graduating at Columbia college. He spent some years more or less actively engaged in literary pursuits, and wrote a large number of tales and sketches, none of which, however, had any very lasting fame. In 1863 he was secretary of legation to Russia, and also acted as vice consul there. In 1866 he founded the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in New York, in the face of much scoffing and opposition, and to the work of this society he has since devoted his life.—[Inter-Ocean.]

Always Prepared.

"Did you ever have a lady hand you a lead quarter?" was asked of a car conductor yesterday.

"I have."

"Nice dressed, high-toned ladies?"

"Just so. There were several on this line who used to hand me lead quarters."

"And you didn't feel like saying anything to them?"

"There was no need to. I always had four lead nickles ready to return for change."—[Detroit Free Press.]

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Electrical motors are to be introduced on the underground railways in London. A paste of chloride of lime and water well rubbed in will take ink stains from silver or plated ware. Wash and wipe as usual.

The pendulum governor for steam and gas engines has appeared in this country. It has only one ball, is not rotary, and consumes no power in driving.

A hitherto uncharted island, two miles long, is reported to exist in latitude 8 deg. 15 min. south, longitude 480 deg. 39 min. east.

Portions of the Andes seem to be sinking, the altitude of Quito having diminished 76 feet in 123 years, and that of another peak 218 feet. A crater has sunk 425 feet in 25 years.

The telephonograph consists of an apparatus for recording in legible characters articulated and musical sounds. It has a flexible diaphragm to be vibrated by the impact of sound waves and to vibrate an ink-discharging pen, which marks upon a paper ribbon.

It has been found that old crowbars made of the best Swedish iron and used by the early settlers of New England, have become so rotten that they could not be welded together when broken, and had an offensive smell when the welding heat was applied.

At a recent meeting of learned men in Berlin it was said as a fact that when a bee has filled his cell with honey and has completed the lid he adds a drop of formic acid which he gets from the poison bag connected with the sting. To do this he perforates the lid with the sting. This acid preserves the honey.

A writer in Science comes to the conclusion that, as a result of his investigations, "it seems idle to discuss further the influence of forests upon rainfall from the economic point of view, as it is evidently too slight to be of the least practical importance. Man has not yet invented a method of controlling rainfall."

A veteran of the late war, who resides at Croyden, N. H., claims to have invented a new engine of war, which he calls a "Time Torpedo." It has no clockwork and no chemicals, but by a subtle combination of forces known to every schoolboy the charge explodes at any given time, varying from two minutes to two weeks.

The statement has recently been made by a practical iron worker of fifty years' experience, that not only does the metal rot from age, but that "original jarring has the effect to weaken the tensile strength, an illustration of a familiar kind in this line being afforded by the step of a carriage, which, when new, may be bent back and forth without breaking, but after a few years' service will certainly break no matter how well preserved.

Professor Morgan caught a scorpion and pierced it in three places with its own sting, on which in each case there was a drop of poison, but the creature remained alive and active. But these and subsequent experiments led him to believe that the poison has some effect, causing sluggishness and torpor for a while. He also agrees with Professor Bourne, that it is possible for a scorpion to sting itself in a vulnerable place.

Messrs. C. H. Hartwig and G. Hunter have recently succeeded in reaching the crest of the Owen Stanley Range, in British New Guinea. They had some difficulty to overcome the opposition of the tribe which guards the great mountain, Paramagero, which the natives believe to be the abode of the spirits of the departed. Eventually they were pleased, and two hundred of the tribe followed the expedition in the ascent.

A method, claimed to support electric wires above ground in such a way as to practically evade the dangers and difficulties of the old pole system, as well as the expense and inconvenience that attend most of the proposed underground remedies, is the tower system being introduced in New Orleans. The towers are to be quadrangular, and where placed at the corners of streets their legs are at the street corners. A pipe of suitable size is to be permanently fixed upon each tower for fire purposes. There are to be about 890 of these towers in New Orleans, 300 to 400 feet apart. Their height is to be from 125 to 150 feet.

Dangerous in Leap Year.

Gus: "So you really think of going to Boston for a couple of weeks, Jack?"

Jack: "Yes."

Gus: "Heavens! dear boy, you will have to be careful."

Jack: "Why, is Boston a dangerous place?"

Gus: "Dangerous? I should say so. Don't you know this is leap year?"—[Epoch.]

No Great Loss.

Miss Clara (to Featherly, who is making an evening call)—Poor little Bobby swallowed a penny to-day, and we've all been so much worried about it.

Featherly (somewhat at a loss for words of encouragement)—Oh, I—er—wouldn't worry, Miss Clara; a penny is not much.—[Harper's Bazar.]

The Beautiful Land.

There's a beautiful land that lies to the west
Of the far-famed valley of torn,
Where the griefs that are born are jealousy
And are borne with with a noiseless,
measured tread
Down the valley, across the strand,
Straight on to the sea, where the bark of the
dead
Float by to the Beautiful Land.

The dip of the water is heard in the night,
And the griefs that lie on the sands
In their naked woe, through the shimmering
light.
Reach out their woe, shadowy hands,
And beckon the vessels to come to them there,
And call to the mystical breeze,
That drifts o'er the sea, to a welcoming air
Blows soft from the Beautiful Land.

ey glide in the wonderful slough of death,
With faces, snow-white, to the west,
And hily hands kissed by the spico-laden
breath.
That strays from the sweet land of rest,
They heed not a moan from the grey, misty
vale;
They see not a beckoning hand,
Sweetly they sleep in the barges a-sail
the beautiful, rest-filled land.
—[Indianapolis News.]

HUMOROUS.

The men who establish the lard trust will have a soft thing in hand in summer.

A little girl describes a snake as "a thing that's tall all the way up to its head."

Hardly a week passes but we are reminded that we are constantly surrounded by perils seen and unseen.

A young mother looked in twenty-six different novels to find a name for her girl baby, and finally settled on Marie.

Sameness in dress does not always look well. The man who wears a shiny silk hat does not want a shiny coat to go with it.

Guest at hotel—"I want extra steam heat, weather strips on the windows, a special call boy, private dining-rooms, cedar-down quilts and—Hotel clerk—"Hold on, my dear sir, I think you've made a mistake. This isn't heaven."

Practical American father: "Now, Count, before you can go any further in this matter, so far as my daughter is concerned, I should like you to establish your identity." Count: "I will show you my patent of nobility." P. A. F.: "That is all very well; I own several patents myself; but how do I know yours is not an infringement?"

Where Gold Seemed to Grow.

A few weeks ago parties who reside in this city were making an examination of the old Soggy chute of the Merrifield mine, and found in one of the slopes of the abandoned upper works, which have not been touched for a period of twenty-two years, a piece of very rich quartz, which had been broken in two with a hammer and laid upon the foot-wall, probably by some employe who intended to carry it away, but was prevented doing so. The two sections were lying about half an inch apart upon a highly mineralized clay. The fragments were carried to the surface, and washed, and an effort made to join them together, when it was found to be impossible, the spurs of one piece refusing to re-enter the cavities to which they corresponded in the other, these cavities having partially filled with gold since the fracture was made. In some places a thin, foliated film of gold had spread upon the surface of the rock, but the most noticeable formation was in the holes and fissures. When placed under a powerful magnifying glass it could be plainly seen that the two pieces were originally one, and that a formation of gold had taken place, so that to join them accurately again was impossible. This quartz was laid, as before stated, alone on a bed of clay, and this proves that the gold-producing power is not confined to the rock and earth alone, but must exist in currents, which are stronger in some parts of a mine than in others. But the process of gold growth is slow, and it requires ages to become large enough to make the formation, in which state it exists, of value to the miner.—[Nevada City (Cal.) Herald.]

A Titled Kleptomaniac.

The earl of Derby, whose seat is in the suburbs of Liverpool, is a pronounced kleptomaniac. His grace's particular weakness is for old silver, and the greater its antiquity and beauty, the more certain it is to find its way into his pocket. There is a story to the effect that when kneeling at the communion-table only the ready hand of the rector saved the quaint old wine-cup from sliding up the earl's sleeve. It is the duty of his valet to examine his master's clothes every morning, when he has dined out the night before. Whatever is found is taken to the countess, who returns it to the owner, with a pretty note of apology. The earl is quite aware of his unfortunate weakness, and has struggled against it in vain. No fear of detectives or exposure makes heavy his light fingers, and it is said he will not trust himself to go alone to a public sale where old silver is displayed.—[Argonaut.]