

# THE SALISBURY TRUTH.

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## Where the Heart Is.

Some day, at the sunset, the feet shall rest  
On the bright whose rugged ascent  
With filled with heart-weary throbbings the  
breeze,  
And the bloom of the cheek hath blent,  
With the whiteness of moon-kissed snows.  
Resting there, then, in fame's radiant  
glow,  
The traveler shall sadly look down,  
Beholding the vale where love's blossoms  
grow,  
And longing to yield fame's crown  
For one breath of love's tender rose.  
For ever it seems, where the hill tops lie,  
A most glorious place to be,  
With the white-capped clouds swift hurrying  
by  
And the break of grief's throbbing  
sea  
Resounding as in misty dreams.  
And the snow-touched blossoms that  
crown the height,  
Seem the fairest of all that blow;  
Yet the feet that climb are weary at  
night,  
And the vale that lieth below  
Sings of home in the sunset gleams.  
—[Olla Toph in Courant.

## ANGELA.

I am a poor, paralyzed fellow who for  
many years past has been confined to a  
bed or a sofa. For the last six years I  
have occupied a small room, looking on  
one of the narrow side canals of  
Venice, having no one about me but a  
sister who makes my bed and tends to  
my food; and here I eke out my poor  
income of about \$30 a year by making  
water color drawings of flowers and  
fruit (they are the cheapest models  
in Venice), and these I send to a friend  
in London, who sells them to a dealer  
in small sums. But, on the whole, I am  
happy and content.  
It is necessary that I should describe  
the position of my room rather minutely,  
as only a window is about five feet above  
the water of the canal, and above it the  
house projects some six feet and over-  
hangs the water, the projecting portion  
being supported by stout piles driven  
to the bed of the canal. This arrange-  
ment has the disadvantage (among  
others) of so limiting my upward view  
that I am unable to see more than about  
two feet of the height of the house im-  
mediately opposite to me, although by  
caching as far out of the window as  
my infirmity will permit I can see for a  
considerable distance up and down the  
canal, which does not exceed fifteen  
feet in width. But, although I can see  
at little of the material house opposite,  
I can see its reflection upside down in the  
canal, and I contrive to take a good  
deal of inverted interest in such of its  
habitants as show themselves from  
me to time (always upside down) on  
the balconies and at its windows.  
When first I occupied my room, about  
twenty years ago, my attention was directed  
to the reflection of a little girl of thir-  
teen or so (as nearly as I could judge),  
who passed every day on a balcony  
above the upward range of my  
limited field of view. She had a glass  
of flowers on a little table by her side,  
and as she sat there in fine weather  
on early morning until dark, work-  
ing assiduously all the time, I con-  
sidered that she earned her living by  
needlework. She was certainly an in-  
dustrious little girl, and as far as I  
could judge by her upside down pres-  
ence, neat in her dress and pretty.  
He had an old mother, an invalid, who  
on warm days would sit on the balcony  
with her, and it interested me to see  
the little maid wrap the old lady in  
shawls, and bring pillows for her chair  
and a stool for her feet, and every now  
and then again lay down her work and kiss  
and fondle the old lady for half a min-  
ute, and then take up her work again.  
Time went by, and as the little maid  
saw her reflection grow down, and  
last she was quite a little woman of  
suppose, sixteen or seventeen. I can-  
not recall for a couple of hours or so in  
the brightest part of the day, so I had  
only of times on my hands in which to  
watch her movements, and sufficient  
imagination to weave a little romance  
about her, and to endow her with a  
beauty which, to a great extent, I had  
to take for granted. I saw—or fancied  
that I could see—that she began to take  
an interest in my reflection (which, of  
course, she could see as I could see  
hers); and one day, when it appeared to  
me that she was looking right at it—  
that is to say, when her reflection ap-  
peared to be looking right at me—I  
tried the desperate experiment of nod-  
ding to her, and to my intense delight  
her reflection nodded in reply. And  
our two reflections became known to  
me another.  
It did not take me very long to fall in  
love with her, but a long time passed  
before I could make up my mind to do  
more than nod to her every morning,  
then the old woman moved me from my  
bed to the sofa at the window, and  
again in the evening, when the little  
maid left the balcony for that day. One  
day, however, when I saw her reflection  
looking at mine I nodded to her and  
saw a flower into the canal. She  
nodded several times in return, and I  
saw her draw her mother's attention to  
the incident. Then every morning I  
saw a flower into the water for "good  
morning," and another in the evening  
for "good night," and I soon discovered

that I had not thrown them altogether  
in vain, for one day she threw a flower  
to join mine, and she laughed and  
clapped her hands as the two flowers  
joined forces and floated away together.  
And then every morning and every  
evening she threw her flower when I  
threw mine, and when the two flowers  
met she clapped her hands, and so  
did I; but when they were separated,  
as they sometimes were, owing to one  
of them having met an obstruction which  
did not catch the other, she threw up  
her hands in a pretty affectation of  
despair, which I tried to imitate, but  
in an English and unsuccessful fashion.  
And when they were rudely run down  
by a passing gondola (which happened  
not infrequently) she pretended to cry,  
and I did the same. Then, in pretty  
pantomime, she would point downward  
to the sky, to tell me that it was destiny  
that caused the shipwreck of our flowers,  
and I, in pantomime not half so pretty,  
would try to convey to her that destiny  
would be kinder next time, and that  
perhaps to-morrow our flowers would be  
more fortunate—and so the innocent  
courtship went on.  
One day the little maid did not appear  
on her balcony, and for several days I  
saw nothing of her, and although I  
saw my flower as usual no flower came  
to keep it company. However, after a  
time she reappeared dressed in black  
and crying often, and then I knew that  
the poor child's mother was dead; as far  
as I knew she was alone in the world.  
The flowers came no more for several  
days, nor did she show any sign of  
recognition, but kept her eyes on her  
work, except when she placed her hand-  
kerchief to them. And opposite to her  
was the old lady's chair, and I could see  
that from time to time she would lay  
down her work and gaze at it, and then  
a flood of tears would come to her relief.  
But at last one day she roused herself  
to nod to me, and then her flower came.  
Day after day my flower went forth  
to join it, and with varying force the  
two flowers sailed away as of yore.  
But the darkest day of all to me was  
when a good looking young gondolier,  
standing right end uppermost in his  
gondola (for I could see him in the  
flesh) worked his craft alongside the  
house and stood talking to her as she  
sat on the balcony. They seemed to  
speak as old friends—indeed, as well as  
I could make out, he held her by the  
hand during the whole of their inter-  
view, which lasted quite half an hour.  
Eventually he pushed off, and left my  
heart heavy within me. But I soon  
took heart of grace, for as soon as he  
was out of sight the little maid threw  
two flowers growing on the same stem  
—an allegory of which I could make  
nothing, until it broke upon me that  
she meant to convey to me that he and  
she were brother and sister, and that  
I had no cause to be sad. And there-  
upon I nodded to her cheerily, and she  
nodded to me and laughed aloud, and I  
laughed in return, and all went on  
again as before.  
Then came a dark and dreary time,  
for it became necessary that I should  
undergo treatment that confined me  
absolutely to my bed for many days,  
and I worried and fretted to think that  
the little maid and I could see each  
other no longer, and worse still, that  
she would think that I had gone away  
without even having hinted to her that  
I was going. And I lay awake at night  
wondering how I could let her know  
the truth, and fifty plans flitted through  
my brain, all appearing to be feasible  
enough at night, but absolutely wild  
and impracticable in the morning. One  
day—and it was a bright day indeed  
for me—the old woman who tended me  
told me that a gondolier had inquired  
whether the English signor had gone  
away or had died; and so I learned that  
the little maid had been anxious about  
me, and that she had sent her brother  
to inquire, and the brother had no  
doubt taken to her the reason of my  
protracted absence from the window.  
From that day, and ever after, during  
my three weeks of bed keeping, a flower  
was found every morning on the edge  
of my window, which was within easy  
reach of anyone in a boat; and when  
at last a day came when I could be moved  
I took my accustomed place on the sofa  
at the window, and the little maid saw  
me and stood on her head, so to speak,  
and that was as eloquent as any right  
and up to date could possibly be. So  
the first time the gondolier passed my  
window I beckoned to him, and he  
pushed up alongside and told me, with  
many bright smiles, that he was glad  
indeed to see me well again. Then I  
thanked him and his sister for their  
kind thoughts about me during my re-  
treat, and I then learned from him that  
her name was Angela, and that she was  
the best and purest maiden in all Venice,  
and that anyone might think himself  
happy indeed who could call her sister,  
but that he was happier even than her  
brother, for he was to be married to her,  
and, indeed, they were to be married  
the next day.  
Thereupon my heart seemed to swell  
to bursting, and the blood rushed  
through my veins so that I could hear it  
and nothing else for a while. I managed  
at last to stammer forth some words  
of awkward congratulation, and he left me

singing merrily, after asking permission  
to bring his bride to see me on the mor-  
row as they returned from church.  
"For," said he, "my Angela has  
known you for very long—ever since  
she was a child, and she has often  
spoken to me of the poor Englishman  
who lay all day long for years and years  
on a sofa at a window, and she said  
over and over again how dearly she  
wished that she could speak to him and  
comfort him; and one day, when you  
threw a flower into the canal, she asked  
me whether she might throw another,  
and I told her yes, for he would under-  
stand that it meant sympathy with one  
who was sorely afflicted."  
And so I learned that it was pity,  
and not love, except, indeed, such love  
as is akin to pity, that prompted her to  
interest herself in my welfare, and  
there was an end of it all.  
For the two flowers that I thought  
were on one stem, were two flowers tied  
together (but I could not tell that), and  
they were meant to indicate that she  
and the gondolier were affianced lovers,  
and my expressed pleasure at this sym-  
bol delighted her, for she took it to  
mean that I rejoiced in her happiness.  
And the next day the gondolier came  
with a train of other gondoliers, all  
decked in their holiday garb, and in  
his gondola sat Angela, happy and  
blushing at her happiness. Then he  
and she entered the house in which  
I dwelt, and came into my room (and it  
was strange indeed, after so many years  
of inattention, to see her with her head  
above her feet and then she wished me  
happiness and speedy restoration to good  
health (which could never be); and I, in  
broken words and tears in my eyes, gave  
her the little cross that had stood by my  
bed or my table for so many years. And  
Angela took it reverently and kissed it,  
and so departed with her delighted  
husband.  
And as I heard the song of the gondol-  
iers as they went their way—the song  
dying away in the distance as the shadows  
of the sundown closed around me—I  
felt that they were singing the re-  
quiem of the only love that had ever  
entered my heart.—[W. S. Gillett.

### The Man Who Invented the Monitor.

Captain John Ericsson, the illustrious  
engineer and inventor, was born in  
Wernland, Sweden, July 31, 1803, and  
at the age of ten began, by the con-  
struction of a wind-mill and pumping  
engine, the creative work, that at the  
age of eighty-four, he briskly continues.  
His father was a mine proprietor, and  
the boy's earliest experience was with  
machinery. At twelve he was made a  
cadet of mechanical engineers, and at  
seventeen he entered the Swedish army  
as an ensign. He rapidly reached a  
lieutenancy in consequence of the  
beauty of his military maps, which  
attracted the attention of King Charles  
John (Bernadotte). In 1826, while in  
London on leave of absence to introduce  
a steam engine, he sent his resignation  
home. It was accepted, after he had  
first been promoted to the rank of  
captain. He never returned to Sweden  
but his native country has sent him  
many honors and decorations, and in  
1868 a great granite monument was  
erected in front of his father's house by  
the miners, bearing the simple inscrip-  
tion, "John Ericsson was born here in  
1803." He is living quietly in New  
York, and is still an indefatigable  
worker.

### An Oregon Patriarch.

The oldest married couple on the  
Pacific coast lives at Greenville, Wash-  
ington county, Oregon. Peyton Wilkes  
was born in 1791, and so will be 97  
years old next May. He is one of the  
few pensioners of the war of 1812. His  
wife Anna Wilkes is 91 years old, and  
they were married in 1815. They came  
across the plains in 1845, and settled in  
Washington county in 1846. They were  
both born in Bedford county, Virginia,  
and came to Indiana in 1830 and to  
Missouri in 1839. In following the  
star of empire they kept ahead of the  
iron horse until he overtook them at  
the "jumping off place."  
They have three sons living, twenty-  
seven grandchildren, forty-one great  
grandchildren, and eighty great-great-  
grandchildren living.—[Portland (Ore.)  
Dispatch.

### What is a Blizzard?

Imagine, if you can, a frozen fog  
driven with the velocity of a hurricane.  
The air is so full of minute frozen par-  
ticles which strike your face like pin  
heads fired from a musket that you can-  
not see twenty feet ahead, and all this  
in an atmosphere from twenty to fifty  
degrees below zero, and you can form as  
clear an idea of a blizzard as you'll ever  
care to get. Its blinding, bewildering  
effect is first felt. The intense cold  
brings at first the pain of freezing, then  
numbness, then stupor, then a sense of  
blissful sleep and close upon its heels—  
death.—[Atlanta Constitution.

### Sufficiently Refreshed.

Gagley.—"Won't you have some re-  
freshments, Miss Wiggle?"  
Miss Wiggle.—"Thanks, no. I'm  
sufficiently refreshed now. Miss Howler  
has stopped singing."—[Judge.

## TATTOOING.

### How the Men of Burmah Are Adorned with Figures

### Covering Portions of the Body with Pictures in Ink.

Of all Burmese customs, one of the  
most singular is that of tattooing the  
person, from the waist to below the  
knees, with figures in black ink. Every  
man in the country is thus adorned,  
and unless his skin be unusually dark,  
he looks at a little distance as though he  
were clothed in a tight-fitting pair of  
knee-breeches. The custom is said to be  
falling into disuse, but I have seen very  
few Burmans without this "mark of  
manhood," which is conferred upon him  
when he is about 12 to 14 years old.  
The operation is a painful one, and I  
was glad of the opportunity that now  
offered to see it, though aware that it  
takes at least two or three days to com-  
plete.  
Pho Myin, the subject, is lying on a  
mat quite nude, with a dazed look in  
his half-closed eyes, and breathing  
heavily. Mung Daw nods at him  
meaningly.  
"He has taken much opium," he says,  
grinning to me.  
I am not surprised at it. If the  
Hokwinahyayee was going to ex-  
ercise his art upon me for four or five  
hours, I should follow the Burman's  
plan and take opium by way of an anes-  
thetic.  
The tattooing will show well upon the  
plump, fair-skinned lad before us, and  
the professor evidently thinks he is a  
subject to take pains with, as he sits  
carefully mixing his ink in a joint of  
bamboo, and preparing his weapon.  
This is a brass rod nearly two feet long  
and about half an inch thick; it is  
weighted at the top with a little orna-  
mental figure, and at the other end has  
a hollow point divided by two cross  
glits. The professor examines the  
"business end" critically, and, having  
satisfied himself that it is sharp enough,  
tucks up his putsoe and squats at Pho  
Myin's side. Selecting a spot on the  
thigh, he places both feet on it a few  
inches apart, and stretching the skin  
tight, draws the outline of the first  
figure—a tiger rampant—with an inky  
splinter of bamboo; this is soon done,  
and relieving himself of a large mouth-  
ful of betelnut, the professor settles  
down to work in earnest. Leaning for-  
ward through his widely parted knees,  
he balances the brass style daintily, and  
clapping it with the finger and thumb of  
the right hand, makes a "bridge" of  
the left, which he rests on the surface  
between his feet. After sliding the in-  
strument through his fingers once or  
twice, as if to take aim, he makes a  
start and pricks away steadily with a  
light, firm touch that is wonderfully  
quick and true. In less than five min-  
utes the tiger, with its surrounding  
border, is finished, and the artist re-  
moves his feet from the distended skin,  
and washes off the superfluous ink to see  
how his work has come out. Every  
body presses forward to look at the  
picture, which shows up in bold relief  
on the rapidly formed swelling. Mung  
Saik exchanges a remark with his  
wife, and the tattooer resumes his work-  
ing position to draw the outline of the  
next figure.  
The boy, stupefied with opium, lies  
insensible to the pain, while one figure  
after another gradually appears on his  
skin. Deep as the points of the style  
sink, they draw little blood, but the  
limb swells in a manner that would  
alarm any one who did not know it  
would return to its normal size in a day  
or two. Fever sometimes supervenes,  
and in that case the patient waits for a  
time before the work of illustration is  
resumed, so it often extends over a  
period of a week or ten days, during  
which the inconvenience suffered is con-  
siderable. Without the aid of opium  
the process would be much longer. I  
found that I could not endure the ap-  
plication of the style for more than  
thirty consecutive seconds without  
flinching so much as to interfere with  
the operator's movements; for the skin  
is pricked over so closely that it be-  
comes too tender to sustain their re-  
petition.  
Eight rupees is the usual fee paid to a  
tattooer for endowing a lad with five  
breeches. The figures that compose  
them vary little, consisting as a rule of  
tigers, "nagas" (dragons), and "beleses"  
(devils). Each one is surrounded with  
a border of sentences, generally illegi-  
ble, invoking good luck upon the owner  
of the skin whereon they are inscribed.  
The waist and knees are neatly finished  
off with a tasteful edging of point or  
scroll pattern; these sensitive parts of  
the body are the last to be done, and  
tattooers have told me that the pain  
caused frequently arouses the patient  
from his torpor.—[Cornhill Magazine.

### Comparative Guilt.

Father.—"What do you think of a boy  
that throws a banana skin on the side-  
walk?"  
Son.—"I don't know. What do you  
think of a banana skin that throws a  
man on the sidewalk?"

## Diary of California's Gold Discoverer.

Sunday, Dec. 26, 1847.—Last week I  
worked five days (in the California  
hills). On Christmas a party of us  
climbed a peak, from which we could  
see many mountains covered with snow,  
and from which we started many large  
rocks rolling down into the steep canon.  
For dinner besides bread and meat, we  
had apple and pumpkin pies.  
Sunday, Jan. 2, 1848.—Mr. Marshall  
has been away for some time, and now  
he cooks the pumpkin pies and so forth  
for herself and the second table.  
Jan. 11.—Rain began on the 9th and  
continues to fall.  
Sunday, Jan. 16.—The river is very  
high. Since Monday the weather is  
clear. Marshall left us a month ago to  
get the mill irons and has not returned.  
Mr. Bennett has got out of patience  
waiting for him.  
Sunday, Jan. 30.—Marshall having  
arrived, we got his permission to build  
a small house near the mill, so as to get  
rid of the partial mistress, and cook for  
ourselves. We moved into it on Sun-  
day last. This week Mr. Marshall  
found some pieces of (as we all sup-  
pose) gold, and he has gone to the fort  
for the purpose of finding out what it  
is. It is found in the race in small  
pieces; some weigh as much as a \$5  
piece.  
Sunday, Feb. 6.—Marshall has re-  
turned with the fact that the metal is  
gold. Captain Stutter arrived on  
Wednesday with Johnston for the pur-  
pose of looking at the place where the  
gold was found. He got enough to  
make a ring. He brought a bottle of  
whiskey for us and some pocket knives.  
This morning I found my basin and  
knife in their proper place. Johnston  
had hidden them away, though he de-  
nied knowing anything about them.  

### Lucky Strokes in Mining.

St. John's mine in Summit county,  
Col., was purchased 15 years ago by an  
English syndicate for \$700,000. Near  
the mine was located a magnificent  
castle which was used only to accom-  
modate the directors during their an-  
nual visit. To-day there is from \$8,000,  
000 to \$5,000,000 in sight. The Colo-  
rado Central mine has been worked for  
26 years and now employs between 300  
and 300 men. The mine has already  
paid \$7,000,000 in dividends and a tun-  
nel has just been sunk into the moun-  
tain 6000 feet to facilitate the work.  
Senator Hearst, who is interested in  
nearly all the principal mines in the  
west, has not lost a dollar in mining in  
15 years. Two miners located the Con-  
stock mine, and gave it to two Penn-  
sylvania oil men for a debt of \$800  
which they owed. The oil men did not  
want to take it, because they did not  
believe it of any account. Less than  
four months ago the owners offered  
\$300,000 for it, and to-day there is \$75,  
000 in sight. The Lady Franklin mine  
was originally sold for \$15,000, and a  
very short time ago the purchasers sold  
one-half of it for \$200,000. The Brush-  
heap mine was discovered by two boys  
and was developed by their muscle. It  
now pays an annual dividend of \$70,  
000. The Virginia mine at Kingston  
was owned by Charles Wallace. His  
wife turned the drill for him until they  
struck it rich and sold out for \$125,000  
cash.—[Kansas City Times.

### The Latest Thing in Blinds.

English Venetian blinds are becom-  
ing very fashionable in this country.  
Outside Venetian shades have always  
been in use, particularly to keep out  
the hot rays of the summer's sun. The  
English Venetian blinds are made of  
slats similar to the outside shade, but  
are arranged with cords, so that they  
can be drawn up or lowered at will  
just as a linen shade can. They are  
more expensive than the linen shades,  
but they last longer. Linen shades hold  
the dust and fade, but the Venetian  
blinds do not. These blinds are made  
of thin wooden slats, about two and a  
half inches wide and about an eighth of  
an inch in thickness. They are sup-  
ported by tapes arranged like ladders.  
A cord runs through a hole in each slat,  
and by this means they are drawn up.  
They are made of white pine, bass,  
cherry, oak or ash, and are stained or  
varnished any shade or color that is  
wanted. They cost from eighteen cents  
to twenty-six cents a square foot. The  
most fashionable colors now are gray,  
plain oak or green.—[Boston Trans-  
cript.

### Plute Epicures.

The Plutes are feasting on rabbits  
nowadays, the bounty on their scalps  
being an incentive to the red men to  
kill them. Pineout soup, a concoction  
made of the oily nuts and rabbits, is a  
favorite dish with the Indians in cold  
weather, and they say it makes them  
"heap fat."—[Nevada Silver State.

### The Leopard's Spots.

Keeper to stranger looking at the  
animals: "Do you observe, sir, how  
restless the leopard is, and how cease-  
lessly he changes his position from one  
spot to another?"  
Stranger: "Yes; but goah, mister,  
I've allers heard that a leopard couldn't  
change his spots."—[Epoch.

## SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A scientist declares that fish can hear  
a man talking half a mile away.  
South Africa is comparatively poor  
in butter-fishes, a recent list by Mr.  
Robert Trimen enumerating only about  
380 species.  
It has long been known that carbonic  
acid gas produces a sensation of greater  
warmth on the skin than air of the same  
temperature.  
The poison of diphtheria is inhaled  
and commits its ravages in the respira-  
tory tract, the nostrils, fauces, larynx,  
trachea and bronchial tubes.  
A kind of artificial rabies has been  
produced in rabbits and birds by in-  
jections of oil of tansy. This malady  
was overcome by treatment with chloral.  
Papier-mache is made by pasting or  
gluing sheets of straw or other thick  
paper together when wet and pressing  
to the shape of the mold, or making a  
pulp of the paper material and pressing  
the pulp into molds.  
Australia has some giant caterpillars.  
Mr. A. S. Olliff of Sydney mentions one  
moth larva, abundant during the past  
season, as being seven inches long, and  
specimens of larvae of two other species  
measure eight inches in length.  
A writer in Science comes to the con-  
clusion that 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.  
By experiments on young animals  
Dr. Kisel, of St. Petersburg, Russia, has  
found that phosphorus never exerts any  
beneficial effect on the growth of bone,  
but that, on the other hand, quite small  
doses produce various symptoms of poi-  
soning.  
There are ninety-seven artesian wells  
in Dakota, extending in a line from  
Yankton to Grafton. They have cost  
from \$3000 to \$7000 each, and range in  
depth from 528 feet to 1553 feet. In  
several of the towns the water from the  
wells is used for fire purposes.  
The efficiency of oil, when dropped  
on the water to calm boisterous waves,  
may now be regarded as established. It  
is astonishing how small a quantity of  
oil will answer the purpose. Admiral  
Clone gives the amount as from two to  
three quarts an hour dropped from per-  
forated bags hanging over the sides of  
the ship in positions varying with the  
wind.  
A French physician, Dr. Feiz, men-  
tions a curious apparent case of left-  
handedness. One child in a certain  
family was left-handed, and the second  
appeared to be so at the age of one year.  
It was then learned that the mother al-  
ways carried her children on her left  
arm. She was advised to change, and  
held on her other arm, the infant,  
having its right hand free to grasp ob-  
jects, soon became right-handed.  
The theories expressed in the Popular  
Science Monthly by Mr. Easton and Mr.  
Gouinlock, that constriction of the  
blood-vessels of the head by tight hats  
is the chief cause of baldness, have been  
reviewed by Professor T. Wesley Mills,  
who only partly accepts them, and holds  
that the principal root of the trouble is  
in nervous strain. Men, by their posi-  
tion and more intense responsibilities,  
are more liable to this disorder than  
women, because they are more subject to  
mental overwork. "Baldness," this  
author concludes, "is one more of the  
many warnings of our day—one of  
nature's protests against the irregular  
and excessive activity maintained in  
this restless age."  

### Scientific Privileges of Country Boys.

"Nor is the study of natural things,  
and the making of discoveries," says  
Professor O. P. Hay, in a paper on "The  
Amphibians and Reptiles of Indiana,"  
"the exclusive privilege of those who  
have received a scientific training.  
There is not a farmer boy in Indiana  
who may not make solid contributions  
to science if he will but use his oppor-  
tunities. Persons who live in the coun-  
try are in direct contact with nature.  
They see a thousand things that the  
naturalist would delight to see, and yet  
may never be permitted to behold. The  
time of coming and going of the various  
species of birds; their curious habits, as  
shown in nest-building and obtaining  
food; and the occurrence here and there  
of rare species of various animals, are  
examples of matters which all may ob-  
serve and report, and which science  
needs to know."—[Popular Science  
Monthly.

### In the British Army.

A soldier enlists for seven years' army  
and five years' reserve service, extended  
to eight years' army and four years' re-  
serve service if the period of army ser-  
vice expires while he is abroad. In the  
Foot Guards, however, the period is  
three years' army and nine years' re-  
serve service. During the first three  
months of his service he may claim his  
discharge on payment of £10; after-  
wards the amount is £18, and the per-  
mission of the officer commanding has  
to be obtained. The rule is to allow  
discharges by purchase to the fullest ex-  
tent consistent with the requirements of  
the service.—[Scottish American.

## What the Chimney Sang.

Over the chimney the night wind sang,  
And chanted a melody no one knew;  
And the woman stopped, and her babe she  
tossed,  
And thought of the one she had long since  
lost,  
And said as her tear-drops back she forced,  
"I hate the wind in the chimney."  
Over the chimney the night wind sang,  
And chanted a melody no one knew;  
And the children said, as they closed drew,  
"Tis some witch that is cleaving the black  
through,  
Tis a fairy trumpet that just then blew,  
And we fear the wind in the chimney."  
Over the chimney the night wind sang,  
And chanted a melody no one knew;  
And the man, as he sat on his hearth below,  
Said to himself, "It will surely snow,  
And fuel is dear and wages low,  
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."  
Over the chimney the night wind sang,  
And chanted a melody no one knew;  
But the poet listened and smiled, for he  
Was man, and woman, and child, all three,  
And said, "It is God's own harmony,  
This wind we hear in the chimney."  
—[Bret Harle.

### HUMOROUS.

#### Still up in arms—The infant King of Spain.

A model man—A solicitor of patents.  
A draughtsman is generally a design-  
ing man.  
Legal inconsistency—Calling forty  
pages of foolscap "brief."  
"Apple green will be the spring  
color," says a fashion note. It will also  
be the summer cholera.  
It now appears that the statement of  
a sea captain that the Equimux were  
dying off with scurvy was merely a salt  
rheum.  
They have a way out in Kansas of  
bringing to time unruly members of the  
legislature. Mr. Funstan, member of  
the committee on agriculture, was late  
at a committee meeting, and the chair-  
man fined him six cents of corn.  
Oh, no, I can't be your husband, Sue,  
He said, as he gently kissed her,  
But I will be a brother to you,  
For I'm going to marry your sister.  
Mr. Jinks (to landlady)—"What kind  
of a duck did you say this was, Mrs.  
Dinkly?" Landlady—"I didn't say, I  
simply ordered a duck from the  
butcher's." Mr. Jinks (struggling with  
a second joint)—"I think he has sent  
you a decoy duck."  
The Academy at Pekin has got up an  
encyclopedia in 160,000 volumes. We  
don't know what happens to the Japa-  
nese book agent who goes around solicit-  
ing subscribers for an encyclopedia in  
160,000 volumes, one to be delivered  
every other week, but in this country he  
would be killed several times a day.  
Moritz Saphir, the witty Austrian  
journalist, was once standing in a  
crowded theatre. Some one leaned on  
his back, thrusting his head over his  
shoulder. Saphir drew out his hand-  
kerchief and wiped the man's nose  
violently. The latter started back.  
"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Saphir,  
"I thought it was mine."  

### Carried His Ear in His Vest Pocket.

Occasionally one reads a thing so  
ridiculous that he cannot help laughing,  
even when the article he reads is most  
solemn. I was reading an account of a  
murder at St. Joseph, Mo., in which  
an account was given of a young man  
killing his wife. Everything about it  
was ghastly, particularly a description  
of the characteristics of the murderer.  
He was a son of respectable parents, but  
was a tough. One thing mentioned in  
regard to him struck me as particularly  
ridiculous. In a fight a year or so ago  
he had an ear cut off, and since then he  
had carried the ear in his vest pocket as  
a "mascot," and if he was playing  
cards or shaking dice he would take the  
ear out of his pocket and lay it on the  
table to give him luck. If anybody  
kicked on having the dried-up ear  
around the owner of it would draw his  
revolver and make the kicker apologize  
or fight. If a man apologized he was  
compelled to kiss the ear. What a com-  
panion such a man would be for a tea  
party! It is said that he would take his  
ear out of his pocket at the breakfast  
table in case the steak was tough, or  
the biscuit lacked shortening, or the  
pancakes were heavy, and his wife had  
to look cheerful and pleasant or he  
would draw his revolver and shoot at  
her earrings. She finally got enough of  
him and his dried ear and left him, and  
he followed her and killed her. Men  
will have their little fads, and the prac-  
tice of carrying around a dried ear or a  
rabbit's foot must be overlooked.—  
[Peck's Sun.

### Altogether Too Previous.

Naomi—George, you know this is  
leap year, and women are accorded a  
privilege to exercise which at other  
times would seem inmodest. Now, I  
want to say to you—  
George (nervously)—Really, Naomi,  
this is extremely sudden, and—er—you  
know, that I am already engaged.  
"What have I to do with that? I  
want to say to you that I would rather  
die an old maid than ask a man to  
marry me, even if it were customary to  
do so."—[Nebraska State Journal.