VOL. I.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1888.

NO. 30.

The Mirage.

They view through quivering heat across

Great rocks for shadow in a weary land, And clustering palms, and fairer yet, the the

Where smiles in light to laugh in sound the This is a work of tame enchanter's wand. But that reflected here true visions stand

Of far-off things that close beside them

So, worn with life's hot march, when near at

A happier world we see upon us beem, Where death and parting need not be our None there by toil forefought, by grief un-

Prophets of Science, hush your stern com-

Oh! bid us not to hold it all a dream.

-[The Spectator. RED AND WHITE.

BY E. A. CUSTER.

"How's Northwestern this morning, Uncle Zeke?" asked Dick Spriggs across the restaurant table.

"Slumped off six points, blame it!" cowling viciously over his paper at the seak brought by the waiter.

Ezekiel Spriggs laid down his paper, and picking up his fork, stuck it into the meat. As he withdrew it and saw the rich, red juice ooze out, his face brightened. Spriggs was somewhat of to bring you to see her tonight. Say an epicure.

"Six point's a pretty big drop," said at 8, shall I?" Dick, possessing himself of the paper | It had been many years since Spriggs | woods when he met the army of squir- the forest localities. and alternating between it and his breakfast; "how d'ye come out?"

But Spriggs was busily engaged in tearing off huge pieces of steak and chewing them with much the same expression that a chicken exhibits when taking a drink of water. Business was business, but breakfast was breakfast fust then, and while Dick chattered and read extracts, Spriggs turned his eyes to the ceiling at every bite and gave himself up to soulful enjoyment of what was before him. Dick skimmed lightly over the news, took a cursory glance at the editorials and paused at the lower corner of the page, then he read aloud:

"Possibly the reason why, when a redheaded girl appears on the street, a white horse soon makes its appearance, will have to be sought for in history. Away back in the early Greek and Egyptian days, red-haired girls were justly prized above all-"

"Whadz that?" interrupted Spriggs. Spriggs was a bachelor and though rich was not especially addicted to the fair

Dick leaned thoughtfully back in his chair. "It's a dodgasted funny thing, Uncle Zeke, but it's a fact, never iknew it to fail; straight as a string, too."

"Well, what is it?" "Why, don't fon see, the saying is that where ever you see a red-headed girl there is always a white horse in sight. I believe it now-didn't at first. Why only last Sunday night I went to church with Miss Austin-you ought to see her, Uncle Zeke---" Dick paused mouth and gazel yearningly at the rectly in front of us a girl with hair sion

Spriggs grunted an inaudible response | missed the familiar sequence. and rose from the table. By noon he had forgotten all about it but the sight proaching a crisis, Spriggs found him- perseverance, and the bird of terror of a red-haired girl brought the subject self seated in close proximity to his when arcused, is the mule. There is no to his mind. In spite of its evident ab- inamorata, He had fully made up his | bird that combines more virtues to the surdity there was something odd and mind to settle the matter at once and square foot than the mule. With the uncanny about the notion and Spriggs have done with it. There was just mule emblazoned on our banners, almost unconsciously began to scan enough of manly conceit about him to should be a terror to the foc. We are the passers-by. Turning the corner he make him feel assured that his suit a nation of uncomplaining hard workers. came plump against another maid with would not be unsuccessful, but it was We mean to do the fair thing by every. fiery hair and sure enough there, hitched with considerable trepidation that he body. We plod along, doing as we to a post, was a rather scrawny but an approached the subject. The conversa- would be done by. So does the mule unmistakable white horse. This was tion had drifted, as lover's talk invari- We, as a nation, are slow to anger. So the beginning of his downfall for there ably will, to the personal, and Spriggs is the mule. As a nation, we can occaand then he determined to see exactly was expatiating on early struggles and sionally stick our ears forward and fan what was in the saying. Now Spriggs was nothing if not methodical. A long life of single blessedness and business training had made him so, and he entered into the investigation in somewhat business question.

passed his office window; and the fol- were almost unknown." lowing day in an extended hunt of redheaded girls without regard to their so- intuitively felt that the time was alcalled accompaniments. The result was white, only one female in thirty-one had red hair. A series of afternoon sit- Spriggs sat so that his back was totings at his club window brought out | wards the street. He generally sat that the remarkable fact that for every seven women that passed, two horses -were in sight. This was to be the basis of the heard a horse passing. test. Spriggs reasoned that the chance sgainst the sequence were about two to

in the ordinary day's run, there were fallen into, but now I am bold enough They tell us that when weary wavelers twice as many red haired girls as white to hope for something infinitely better." horses. This of course did not allow As Spriggs in his earnestness leaned for unusual occurrences or for night forward his quick ear heard the distant travel, when there were fewer horses on pit-a-pat of a trotting horse. His first the first week the result was: with a mighty effort he restrained himfailures, one; verifications, forty- self, and, leaning still further, he eight. Spriggs did not quite believe in groped blindly, excitedly for her hand. the thing yet, but the next week was Nearer and nearer came the horse, but even more convincing. The record Spriggs now had a firm grasp on her stood: failures, none; success, seventy- hand. four times. By this time it had be-

come not a definite test to prove the truth of the saying, but a wild hunt after an instance where a failure could be recorded. Night after night Spriggs prowled around the streets peering into the faces of the pedestrians and fre- single word. Can you-will you-dear quenting localities where there would Miss Lucy--is that a white horse?" be little likelihood of finding quadrupeds. The fever had grown to such an extent that he was forced to admit to himself that there must be something in

truth needed further investigation, One day Dick dropped in and taking | 600 points, -[Detroit Free Press. Spriggs aside, with much hesitation and stammering, confided the fact that he was engaged to be married. 'It's Mabel Austin, Uncle Zeke, a beautiful

it while he professed to believe that the

"Light or dark?" asked Spriggs with

a quick look of interest, "Well, I guess you'll call her a brunette, for she has the loveliest black hair in the world; but I have promised you'll go, Uncle Zeke-I'll call for you

had gone out calling and he was loth to begin now, when he needed all his time for his investigations; however, he promised and sent his nephew away

Spriggs found Mabel all that Dick nad claimed for her, and was well pleased with his boy's choice; yet the evening dragged somewhat, and his dress suit made Uncle Zeke overly conscious of his society shortcomings.

He was standing near the window for moment alone, when he heard his name called. Turning quickly, he saw Dick approaching with a vision of oveliness on his arm.

One look was enough, and the next instant Spriggs had wheeled about and jerked aside the haugings. Trotting slowly past, and directly under the street lamp, was the inevitable white

Then he remembered that Dick possibly wanted to present him, and, dropping the curtain in great haste, he confronted the pair. The vision had cold and haughty look, and Dick was clearly embarrassed. Spriggs appreciated his awkward 10 ition fully, and with a great effort made himself exceedingly agreeable. Indeed, in his abject humiliation he was so devoted that Dick was led to whisper to his fiancee; "Your sunny-headed friend seems to have caught Uncle Zeke hard."

When Spriggs went home he sat down and went over the events of the evening. The vision was certainly handsome and with a piece of steak half-way to his could talk as few women were able, but neck, and, with good care and attenhe shuddered at the thought of her "Well, as I was saying, I hair. It was an unmistakable red. went to church; coming out I saw di- Nevertheless, he had asked permisto call and it had just about as red as you find it. One been graciously granted. Spriggs of the rules of the game is that you called and then called again. In a short must always go somewhere that is ac- time his leisure hours were about evenly cessible to the horse after seeing the red | divide | between his investigations and hair, so I made an excuse about a short | the vision. Spriggs was struck hard, so cut and dragged Mabel out the side hard, indeed, that when in her delightdoor. I thought I had the white horse ful presence he almost forgot his hobby. sequence dead this time, but just as we He invariably hired a white horse, howcame out the door, sure enough the in- ever, when he took her out driving. evitable white horse came trotting round | Once he had the temerity to try a bay | the following eloquent passage from the the corner. There wasn't another four- horse, but he never repeated the experi- Fourth of July oration of Mr. George legged animal in sight and I didn't see ment. He was uneasy the whole time. W. Peck, delivered at La Crosse. Wisany the whole way home. I've tried it for while his heart and soul were with consin, in 1878: every chance and newer knew it to fail." his companion his mind and eyes sadly

young," he was saying. 'My nature long at they behave themselves. So does was not one to make friends readily, the mule. But when any nation sticks and female friends were exceedingly spurs into our fluks and tickles our the same manner as he would some great | rare. Indeed, my mother was the only | heels with a straw, we come down stiffwoman with whom I felt really at ease. The major part of the next day was Then, as my business grew, I had so beautiful beyond, our voice is cut loose spent in keeping tally of the horses that | much to attend to that social pleasures | and is still for war, our subsquent heels

most at hand. The vision was scated was that while one horse in every fifteen | facing the deep bay window with her head just touching the curtains, while way when in her company, to avoid the

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

street. At the end of impulse was to turn and look out, but

"I do hope for something infinitely

better, and-and-" "Well," softly breathed the vision, while her glorious eyes gazed dreamily past him into the deepening night,

"And-and now it all rests on a

* * * * * * * * Dick Spriggs said the other day that f he did not read the papers for himself every morning he would imagine from Uncle Zeke's appearance that Northwestern had slumped off about

A Man Attacked by Squirrels.

Col. J. L. Culbertson of Edwardsport, Ind., tells this story of his experience in 1854 or thereabouts, the time of the great migration of squirrels from the cast to the west. The Evansville Courier, which publishes the story, says that the colonel is a gentleman of "unquestioned truth and honesty." He was a young man then, and one day took his, rifle and went about a mile from town him and seemed so fearless that he stood in amazement. Finally he struck one with a stick. The squirrel uttered a sharp squeak and instantly myriads of squirrels from all directions rushed to the defence of their associate and attacked Mr. Culbertson, who kicked them off and clubbed at them with his gun. They climbed up his legs, jumped upon his back, and on top of his head. He fought desperately, but the more he succeeded in hurting the louder the chattering and screaming around him became, which only brought greater numbers of the infuriated little animals to the attack. They bit his legs and arms and gashed his face and neck and lacerated his hands, fairly scrambling over each other in their fierce assault. He dropped his gun and retreated as fast as he could, fighting desperately as he went. Blood streamed down his face and neck and hands. They bit him through the ears, and held on until they actually tore their hold loose. He got out of the woods, and still scores followed him and clung to him until they were pulled off by the clerk and others in a store into which young Culbert on rushed for assistance. Some of the friends who helped to pull off the squirrels, and who saw him come into town literally beset with them, still re side at Edwardsport. H friends washed his wounds and stayed the flow of blood which trickled down his leg and back and gushed from his face and tion, he slowly recovered.

The American Mule.

No monument has yet been erected to honor the memory of the American mule. He is not a bad subject for treatment in bronze. His colossal ears. huge frame and expressive countenance would make up extremely well for---let us say --- a pedestal in front of the War Dept.; nay, why should not at least one coin of the Republic bear his image and superscription, as was suggested in

"The bird that should have been selected as the emblem of our country: One evening as matters were ap- the bird of patience, forbearance, and flies off our forhead. So does the mule. "I had a hard time when I was We allow parties to get on and ride as legged in front, our ears look to the play the snare drum on anything within There was silence for a moment; both reach and strike teror to the hearts of all tyrants. So does the mul: !"

A Curious Fact About San Francisco, ingen, Zealand, recently, a pigeon fell that it is about half way along a line The captain carefully fed and tended running from the easternmost point of the bird, and it became quite at home. land to the westernmost owned by the When the captain landed on reaching temptation of looking out when he United States. By drawing a line from port the bird flew near him wherever he the western end of the Aleutian Islands went, and even entered a coffee house Then Spriggs meditatively resumed: to the eastern end of Maine, it will be with him. Nor did its gratitude wane, "Until lately I thought that I should found that the Golden Gate on the for it is still the captain's constant comone, for according to his observations, always move along in the rut I had Pacific is in about the middle of it,

The value of mineral wool as a nonconductor of heat is shown to exceed that of more solid matter, such as as bestos, cement, kaolin and magnesia.

Dr. Murry of the Royal Society of Edinburgh estimates the mean height of the land of the globe to be between 1900 and 2100 feet, the latter limit being probably the more nearly correct. Humboldt's estimate of the mean height of the continents was 1000 feet. .

The usefulness of tungstate of soda in imparting the quality of non-inflammability to various materials is now largely utilized. Cloth, when soaked in a solution of this kind, say of twenty per cent., and allowed to dry, will not burst into flames when brought into contact with fire.

Charles Barnard, florist, economist and one of the editors of the Century, has made a wonderful invention. It is an arrangement for the protection of plants from frost, and like most wonderful inventions is very simple. In a test in February the temperature beneath it was 65 degrees when the thermometer outside stood at 32 degrees.

The manner in which the spruce and pine forests of Norway are being exterminated is becoming so serious that the government is called upon to put a stop, by legislation, to the deforestation of the country. Apart from the wanton exhaustion of this commercial wealth, it is maintained that wholesale felling to hunt. He was going through the has the effect of changing the climate in

Fish parasites seem to prefer therespiratory cavity of the star-fish, but sometimes find a less favorable habitation, as in the interior of a pearl oyster buried in mud. They feed upon small animals brought to them by the water, and do not injure the creatures that give them a home.

The well-known wintergreen plant is blessed with an abundance of names, among them being checkerberry, boxberry, grouseberry, partridgeberry, deerberry, spiceberry, teaberry, redberry, groundberry, hillberry, mountain tea, redberry tea, ground avy, and ground holly.

Among the almost numberless methods of removing particles from the eye, the following is recommended as an efficient means: Make a loop by doubling a horsehair. Raise the lid of the eye in which is the foreign particle: slip the loop over it, and placing the lid in contact with the eyeball, withdraw the loop and the particle will be drawn out with it.

The average weight of the brain of man apparently bears a definite relation to the climate, a higher brain weight being found in cold than in warm countries. In proportion to their stature the Lapps have the largest heads in Europe. the Norwegians next: then come the Swedes, Danes, Germans, French and Italians. In the Arab the head is found to be smaller than in any of these, while in the far north there exists a people known as the Chugatshes, who possess remarkably large heads.

Experiments have been recently made by W. Fossek on the quantity of carbonic acid in an unventilated schoolroom before and after the meeting of the class. In three determinations made before the pupils entered, he found the air to contain respectively 0.078, 0.092 and 0.088 per cent. by! volume. After three hours' occupation by the class of fifty-eight scholars, it contained 0.620, 0.637 and 0.557 per cent. or between seven and eight times as much. Besides this, there are the bodily exhalations, which are still worse than the cirbonic acid. The practical lesson taught by these facts is, that wherever school accommodation is at all limited, the pupils should clear out for a run between each lesson.

A Child Thrown to Wolves. The severe cold of last winter brought out large packs of wolves all over Hungary. An Hungarian county judge returning home from Grosswardein in a sleigh, recently, was beset by a ravenous pack, which terrified his horse and caused him to be thrown out of the sleigh. The coachman, without heeding his master, drove madly on, and the magistrate was completely devoured. Nothing but a few bones and pieces of cloth were found on the road when search was subsequently made for him. Another horrible case is reported, namely, that of a peasant who, pursued by wolves, flung his boy, aged 13, out of the sleigh to these animals, and thereby saved himself. On reaching his village this wretched man surrendered himself to the police -[London Truth.

A Grateful Pigeon.

During the passage of a merchant vessel from Plymouth, England, to Groen-A curious fact about San Francisco is exhausted on the bridge of the vessel.

OCEAN OIL WELLS.

Where Oil Abounds Under the Waters of the Pacific.

Some Submarine Springs That Have Been Encountered.

With the pilot chart for November last there was issued a statement relative to the possible existence of submarine oil springs-as indicated by various reports received from shipmasters on the Atlantic and in the Gulf of Mexico---which, in view of the possibility of their commercial value, made the matter of general interest. Montion was made in this connection also of a well known spot near Sabine pass, on the gulf coast, called the "oil pond," where small vessels run in and anchor during heavy weather, the water there being comparatively smooth owing to a quantity of oil or oily mud, which rises to the surface. It was also said that no such reports had been received from the Pacific coast. Since then, however, as a result of the interest elicited by the announcement, several reports have been received which are incorporated in the monthly report of the hydrographic office for February, briefly as follows: The attention of the hylrographers was first called to a letter from Thomas K. Griffin, of San Francisco, published in the New York Maritime Register, in which he states that submarine oil

springs exist on the Pacific coast. The most pronounced is off what is known as "Coal Oil Point," about one and a quarter miles west of Goleta and ten miles west of Santa Barbara. Mr. Griffin supplied information from several masters of vessels who have cruised in those waters, and their reports are so clear and consistent as to leave little room for doubt of the existence of such subma-

rine oil springs off that coast. Captain Van Helmes, of the American steamship Los Angeles, says that when a vessel passes through the region of this spring the smell of oil is so strong as frequently to cause nausea among the passengers and crew, and in certain spots the oil can be distinctly seen bubbling up on the surface.

Captain Wallace, of the American steamship City of Chester, Captain Ingalls, of the American steamship Santa Rosa, and Captain Alexander, of the American steamship Queen of the Pacific, testifiy that there are other similar springs on the Pacific coast, though not so pronounced as the former. Captain Wallace locates the large spring about eighteen miles west of Santa Barbara, Cal., and states that the surface of the ocean is frequently covered for miles with the oil. He has also seen oil floating on the water to the north of Cape Mendocino, from three to five miles off shore, and thinks there another spring there. Captain Plumber, of the American steamship Gypsy, who has sailed seventeen years in these waters, confirms the above statements, and says the belt of oil above Santa Barbara can be seen the darkest night when sailing through it. A very full and interesting statement has also been received from Captain Goodall of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, who refers to the fact that ing, consisting in a few simple rules Goleta Point is known to masters of which have no exceptions or irregularisteamships as "Coal Oil Point" on account of the oil breast of it rising from small four-page leaflet. The vocabulary the bottom of the sea. On a calm day embraces now only a few thousand the water is covered for miles with oil, words, those of most common use, but bubbles of which can be seen rising to is steadily growing. Interest in this the surface and spreading over it. Al- country has hardly been awakened as though it does not seem to smooth yet, but in Italy, there are already seven the water like animal oil, yet, on a Volapuk societies and others in Spain, the surface. This spot is so well known Russia, numbering 120 in all. Pamphlet by shipmasters that the smell of the oil has followed pamphlet, lecture has sucpetroleum smell being so strong that a published in Volapuk exclusively. The

from the bottom, but is often visible on the surface, the odor being very perceptible. Bitumen is known to be generally distributed through the coast ranges to the southward of San Francisco, and petroleum wells and tar springs have been found at places. It seems probable, therefore, that the oil-bearing strata crops out here and there at the bottom of the sea off the coast, or else that the oil escapes through the crevices in the overlying strata and rises to the surface. Such submarine oil springs are known to exist at certain other places, the bay of Cumana, Venezuela, for example, where petroleum rises and spreads upon the surface; and it is said that, off the island of Trinidad, West Indies, there are submarine volcanoes, which occasionally boil up and discharge a quantity of petroleum. -[Commercial Advertiser.

there the amount of oil is very

small. It cannot be seen bubbling up

Why, Tommy, what have you been do: ing to Poll? She looks as if she'd had a conniption fit! Tommy-Polly said pealed to a more hardy thirst than crack her, and I did.

An Old Weather Record.

Mr. J. D. Whitson gives the Chicago Journal these memoranda: 1853, dry summer; following winter

very cold; ice 24 inches. 1854, very hot summer; winter coldest ever known.

1855, average summer; winter intensely cold. 1856, average summer; winter very

1859, dry summer; winter intensely

1860, average summer; mild fall; winter cold; six weeks' sleighing to March 1.

1861, hot summer; winter cold; sleighing from December 15 to April 1. 1863, mild and dry summer; winter cold; thermometer 34° below zero, and

cold to February 15. 1866, hot and dry summer; very cold January and February.

1867, dry summer and mild fall; winter set in December 36, and cold till March 1.

1868, summer hot; severe winter from November 20 to January 10. 1869, summer very dry; winter from December 1, steady and cold.

1871, very dry fall; winter set in December 8, cold to spring.

1874, dry and mild fall and pleasant; winter set in November 20, and cold to April 20. 1876, summer hot and dry; winter

very cold, ice 28 inches.

1880, dry summer; severe winter, December 29 extreme cold, and 5° below zero in Texas,

1881, average summer; winter very cold, November 29, ice ten inches, and snow from Maine to Virginia. 1882, dry summer; winter cold. De-

cember 8, 18° below, severe winter. 1883, dry and hot summer; severe winter, February 1, 14° below.

1884, average summer; cold winter, December 17, 2° below; January 19, 25 to 30° balow.

1885, average summer; severe winter. December 20° below. 1886, dry summer; cold winter, December, ice 10 inches, January 20° be-

1887, dry summer; winter cold from December 20, ice 23 inches and colder weather predicted.

A New International Language. A common language for the whole civilized world has been for several centuries one of the dreams of poets, philosophers and religionists. It has been one of those ideas that would not down, but which in spite of failure after failure has continued to recur at intervals with new claims for interest as nations of the world have been knit closer and closer together. Leibnitz tried the task of formulating such a language in the latter part of the seventeenth century, but gave it up in despair. Bishop Wilkins, Abbe Sicard, Bachmeier and Mezzofanti have at intervals continued to rekindle the world's interest in the scheme. Leibnitz, Bachmeier, and Mezzofanti all hailed from Germany, and from the same philological nation comes

the latest apostle, the inventor of Vola-Volapuk (pronounced folapiek) is an attempt to invent an international language drawn in part from all civilized tongues. Its grammar is almost nothties and which, when printed, makes a windy day, you can see a slick of oil on France, Germany, Austria and lower is used as a guide in foggy weather, the | ceeded lecture, and nine periodicals are captain can never mistake his position inventor is a humble Catholic priest, Jowhen off that point. Captain Goodall hann M. Schleyer, living at Constance, says also that he has noticed a small Germany, on a pension of \$250 a year, flow of oil from the bottom of the sea who has taken advantage of his retireoff Cojo Point near Point Conception | ment to study more or less thoroughly sixty languages and dialects .--- [Voice.

A Fine Dinner.

The New York Graphic tells about a fine dinner for eighteen persons, at which "the center of the table was filled by a large, low glass receptacle some eight feet long, which was imbedded in moss and ferns, and in which swam gold fish and terrapin. In the middle rose a fountain whose spray reached almost to the chandelier. At each lady's plate was a uniquely beautiful bouquet-a palm fern forming the background for a splendid bunch of La France roses. Each place was designated as belonging to a guest by an ivory tablet, on which the name was embossed in silver. The table was ornamented with many rare treasures of silver and china. Each salt-cellar was a silver swan, and in each was an 'apostle spoon,' Mrs. - being the fortunate possessor of a set of those beautiful examples of the skill of silversmiths of the middle ages. Tankards three or Grandma (coming in unexpectedly) - four hundred years old ornamented the occasion, and a Nuremburg drinkinghorn of a very curious workmanship apsomething about wanting me to gentlemen at New York dinner parties are in the nabit of exhibiting."

The Little Grave on the Hill. There's a spot on the hillside far away. Where in summer the grass grows green:

Where, beneath a rushing elm tree's shade. A moss covered stone is seen. 'Tis a quiet and unfrequented spot, A solitude lone and wild; Yet-somebody's hopes are buried there-

'Tis the grave of a little child. In winter, alas! that mossy stone Is hid 'neath a shroud of snow; But around it, in springtime, fresh and

The daisies and violets grow: And o'er it the summer breezes blow. With a fragrance soft and mild. And the autumn's dead leaves thickly strew That grave of a little child.

And every year there's a redbreast comes, When the month of May is nigh. And builds her nest in this quiet spot, 'Mid the elm trees' branches high; With her melody sweet by the hour she

As if by the scene beguiled; Perhaps-who knows? 'tis an angel comes To the grave of that little child.

Yes, somebody's hopes lie buried there, Some mother is weeping in vain. For, though years may come and years may

'Twill never come back again. Yet blessed are those who die in youth, The pure and undefiled; Some road to Heaven, perchance, runs through

That grave of a little child.

HUMOROUS.

The public will surely sour on the

vinegar trust. Old flames frequently get together and make a parlor match.

The parlor is probably the most frequented of all court rooms.

Don't judge by appearances. A brand new coat may cover a wire dummy. It reads a trifle paradoxical to see a cargo of salt cod noticed under the head

of fresh arrivals. The sign "Beware of the Dog" is not hung up "that he who runs may read," but "that he who reads may run."

It is a notable fact that however cleanly seamen may be on the water they have a decided dislike to being washed ashore. At the club-Jones --- Look at Brown -

over there in the corner. Smith-Yes; buried in thought. Jones-Mightys shallow grave, ain't it? Perhaps some of the people who are looking for nice, fat jobs could be ac-

commodated if they would apply at a lard rendering establishment. "Papa, where's Atoms?" "Atoms? I don't know, my boy. You mean Athens, probably." "No, I mean Atoms-the

place where everything is blown to." "There is something about you, Mr. Secondshelf, which tells me that you must have had a heart-history!" and she gazed upon him with intense, soulful eyes. "No, m'm," he said: "I ain't just right there, but it's only cigar-

ettes." The Story of a Rare Plant. Years ago Dr. Asa Gray was studying in Paris, and in a herbarium there came across a small, broken and imperfect specimen marked simply 'From America," which interested him much. From the fragments before him he reconstructed the whole plant. His work was approved by the botanists about him. and he named the little plant "Shortia Galacifolia" in honor of Dr. Charles W. Short, the distinguished botanist. But no live specimens of the plant could be found. Years passed on and it had never been seen. At last a botanist at work in Japan found and named a plant which seemed to be of a goaus closely allied to the Shortia. Dr. Gray corresponded with the botanist, and it was concluded that the doctor had been in error and had mistaken a specimen of the Japanese genus. So the Shortis was generally left out of the list of plants by systematic botanists. But twenty years after this, as Dr. Goodale and Professor triumph from the herbarium and rus

Watson were one day in the library of the University, they heard a shout of in to find Dr. Gray waving a small plant about in the wildest enthusiasm, "Look at it! What is it? ' he cried. The two botanists examined it as directed and recognized the characteristics of the much-discussed plant, "It is the Shortis," they exclaimed. The specimen had been sent by a house in the South which made a business of putting up medicinal herbs. It had been brought in from some hitherto unexplored nook in the mountains by one of their collectors, and sent to the professor for identification.". It proved indeed to be the Shortia, which was therefore once more reinstate! in the floral family, greatly to Dr. Gray's delight. Dr. Gray afterward visited the locality in which the plant was found, and procured a living specimen for the botanical garden. - [New York Tribune.

A Unkind Cut. "I hear that you are engaged, Ma-

mie?" "It is true." "Then mother was right."

"What about?" "She said you would be engaged before leap year was over."-[Boston Courier.