

THE SALISBURY TRUTH.

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The Last Child.
I've lost a child—oh, tell me, did you meet
My little darling in the sunny street,
With wavy brown hair, bright eyes and flying
feet.
Like swift winged birds?
"How large was she?" Why, just a tiny
thing,
T's such a short time since I used to sing
Low, sleepy songs, and feel her soft arms
slung
About my neck.
"How old is she?" Why, really I forget;
Just old enough to love still kiss and pet.
Only a merry little maid, and yet
Not quite a child.
It seemed yesterday I saw her go,
Leading her playmates in a laughing row.
If you had met her you would surely know
Her smiling face.
You thought her older, more than twelve,
You say!
That cannot be until another May
Opens this buds and brings the happy day
That gave her life.
"Is that the child?" Almost a woman grown
She holds her girlish head high as your own.
Some one will find her though she goes alone.
You need not fear."
I know she's tall and cares no more for toys—
That Harry with her making all his noise;
Why don't he go and play with other boys,
I'd like to know!
"The five years since her twelfth birthday
Was green
With tender leaves, and all the months be-
tween
Have slipped away till she is seventeen—
The child is lost!"

His Chance Acquaintance.
"Please let me assist you!"
There was no response to my request,
but I knew that in this case silence
gave consent.
The words were addressed to a pre-
possessing young woman as I was about
to get aboard a west bound train at
Binghamton one morning. Her satchel
had slipped from her hand while she
was waiting to be helped up the car
steps by the attending porter. Its over-
crowded condition caused its clasps to
give way and out rolled a half dozen
articles, comb, brush, drinking cup
and such things as ladies invariably
carry with them when traveling, and
which no unmarried man will attempt
to remember.
She scrambled after the things her-
self, and I did my share in a race after
a round box of tooth powder that rolled
along the platform like a steam un-
icycle. It did not get away, however,
and I got back with it in time to pick
up a gilt-edged volume of Whittier,
which, with the somewhat soiled box
of tooth polish, I presented to the fair lady
with my most graceful bow. Of course
she said, "Thank you!" I can see her
now—a handsome brunette, in plain but
tasteful attire. She did not shoot me
with that cold, heartless, abbrevi-
ated and expressionless expression,
"Thanks!" Her reward was a modest
look of the eyes, a faint blush on the
cheeks, and in a sweet voice, "Thank
you!"
She packed the riotous articles back
into her satchel, and I relieved the small
hands that endeavored to bring the two
sides together, grappling the bag with
sufficient muscle to close it and fasten
the clasps firmly.
"Won't you let me carry it into the
car for you? It is very heavy."
There was another modest look, bluish
"Thank you." When does a man feel
happier than when contributing to the
comfort of an appreciative woman? If it
is right in his way to be of assistance,
and the woman is young and more than
ordinarily attractive, so much the
happier is he. Have you not seen a man
carry a woman's weighty satchel a half
dozen blocks when if it had been his
own an expressman would have received
a quarter for the service? There is a
deal of importance in the ownership of
a satchel. The bag in my hand seemed
then as light as a feather, but now
in my thoughtful moments I am sure
that there were in it several changes of
attire in addition to the traveling out-
fit already mentioned.
I confess that I was pleased to find the
car well occupied and only one seat en-
tirely vacant. The experiences had
made acquaintance easy, and after giv-
ing her the place next to the window
and depositing the bulky satchel at her
feet, I made inquiry if I would be in-
truding if I took the remainder of the
seat.
"Oh, no sir. I am all alone. I shall
not need it at all. You have been very
kind.
"How beautiful the September morn-
ings are!" I said by way of opening a
conversation.
"Aren't they lovely! After the sun
has swept away the fog the Susquehanna
valley is as picturesque as one
could wish to have it. I do dislike fogs.
I think when I find a place where there
are no fogs I shall engage a building
lot. How far is it to Elmira to Buffa-
lo?" she asked.
"A hundred and forty-six miles." I
replied with the celerity of a schoolboy
who had learned it in his lesson. "Are
you going so far?"
"Yes," she replied, "I am going to
visit a friend. And you?"
"To Buffalo also. Do you think
you can endure my company for so long
a distance?"

Scientific Scraps.
The old idea that suffers from heart
disease should avoid physical exertion
has been dispelled.
A thread has been produced from the
common cotton so fine that a length of
sixty miles weighs only two and one-
half pounds.
Paper containing hydrogen substances,
such as straw, wood, and pulp, is easily
discolored by electric light. The yellow-
ing is due to the phenomenon of
oxidation.
The force exerted during storms by
waves has been found to be three tons
per square foot. At Zealand, blocks of
stone weighing 31 tons have been
quarried out of their beds by wave
action, although eighty feet above high
water.
A curious phenomenon is reported by
its sole observer. In an atmosphere
near freezing point, the drops from a
moisture-laden pine branch
reached the ground in a liquid state,
while those from the upper branches,
ten feet higher, froze during the fall.
The insect world is vast almost be-
yond our conception. President Sharp
of the London Entomological Society
states that while Linnaeus knew only
8000 species of insects 120 years ago,
the collections of the world probably
include at present 200,000 or 250,000
species.
That able physiologist, Plateau, of
Belgium, is continuing his studies on
the powers of sight in the lower ani-
mals. As the result of ingenious ex-
periments on vision in centipedes and
other myriopods he proves that their
simple eyes enable them merely to dis-
tinguish light from darkness.
It is well known that under the mi-
croscopic steel is found to be an agglom-
eration of crystals, and that upon the
difference in these crystals the quality
of the steel can be more or less deter-
mined. M. Wedding, to make the ob-
servation more complete, heated steel
to whiteness, and as the use of the mi-
croscope under such circumstances was
impossible, he photographed the metal
and subjected the negative to micro-
scopic examination.
The influence of the moon upon vege-
tation is an interesting problem awaiting
solution. A recent writer upon the sub-
ject mentions that woodcutters in Cape
Colony and in India insist that timber
is full of sap and unfit to cut at full moon.
Another observation of lunar influence
in Cape Colony is the rapid spoiling of
meats and other provisions when ex-
posed to moonlight, though this may be
due to the fact that the light serves as
a guide to insects.
Sedentary occupations are reputed to
be attended by maladies too numerous
to mention, but even the out-door work
of the long-lived farmer is not a perfect
guaranty of freedom from all ailments.
A potato-digger's disease, which has
been investigated in Prussia, results
from a strained position of the legs in
gathering potatoes. It affects the nerves
of the feet and legs, producing coldness,
numbness and pain, with a clumsy and
limping gait. It may continue for
years.
A curious incident is reported by Mr.
William Burgess, proprietor of the Mid-
land Counties Fish Culture establish-
ment. He states that a pond contain-
ing 50,000 fish was shortly after its
formation found to be populated
with trout fry in their alvina stage. No
fish of any kind has been placed in the
pond and none could have entered it,
the inlet and outlet being blocked with
perforated zinc of a very fine mesh.

Captive Soldiers.
How They Are Punished For
Desertion and Other Crimes.
A Prison With Considerable
Freedom for the Prisoners.
Situated on the highest point in Fort
Lawrence, Kan., and overlooks
the Missouri river is the United
States military prison, the bottom to
which the drops of the army settle.
The law says the prison is "for the confine-
ment and reformation of offenders
against the rules, regulations and laws
for the government of the army of the
United States, in which shall be securely
confined and employed at labor, and
governed in the manner hereinafter di-
rected, all offenders convicted before
any court martial or military commis-
sion in the United States and sentenced
according to the law to imprisonment
therein."
Unlike institutions of similar char-
acter, all possible liberty is allowed the
convicts. The "silent system" is not
in vogue except in working hours,
and even then speech is allowed be-
tween the men on matters pertaining
to their tasks. The use of newspapers
and books is not denied at times when
prisoners are not employed and unof-
ficial visitors are admitted to the pris-
on two days a week. The prisoner may
communicate with his friends on the
outside by letter and receive mail sub-
ject to inspection by the chaplain.
Once a week the convicts must bathe,
and they are supplied with an unlim-
ited quantity of clean clothing. This
clothing is a uniform of gray, the dis-
tinctive marks being a large red num-
ber placed on the back.
When a convict enters the prison he
is treated much in the way usual to
such institutions. His face is shaved
and hair cut; he is bathed and given a
number, which, while he is confined, is
his only cognomen. Henceforward he
is no longer Smith or Jones, but (say)
"No. 360." The prison physician then
takes him in hand, and even the most
minute personalities are noted.
Once in the prison the convict is in
charge of the provost guard, a party of
men assigned by the secretary of war or
enlisted under his direction, and se-
lected with a special eye to their fitness
for the duty. Few of them are under
six feet in height and a majority are
men who have seen years of hard service.
These are the subordinate officers, and
the only ones, excepting the chaplain,
surgeon and commandant. The latter is
Captain James W. Pope.
Despite the easy discipline there are
few escapes from the prison. Perhaps
the law has something to do with the
vigilance of the guards, as it makes the
escape of the prisoner a penal offense for
the guard.
Although there are 496 prisoners con-
fined, there are but thirty-six cells, two
of these being dark. These dark cells
are the only punishment inflicted on the
prisoners, further than the cutting off
of "good time."
New men are first placed in the cells.
If, after a while they merit the favor,
they are sent to the dormitories, where
greater freedom is allowed them. Pris-
oners are divided into three classes, each
class being designated by a distinctive
badge attached to some conspicuous
part of the outer garment of the pris-
on. On being assigned to a class
the prisoner is made acquainted with the
rules relating to the conduct and treat-
ment of prisoners. Prisoners of the
third class whose conduct may warrant
it are promoted after ten days to the
second class. Prisoners of the first class
are those whose quiet, orderly habits and
general good conduct in class second has
gained them the confidence of the offi-
cers. Promotions are made by the com-
mandant.
The dormitories differ little from the
quarters of common soldiers. A row of
iron cots, around which a broad aisle
runs, and separated from each other by
a space of two feet, constitutes the
furniture. During the day the beds are
made up. Each prisoner is allowed to
keep a box, provided by himself, in
which he places such mementoes from
the outer world as he chooses, besides
some articles of apparel other than those
furnished by the prison. A grating
cuts off the guard room from the sleep-
ers, and at the same time furnishes an
easy view of the whole sleeping room.
During the day the prisoners are em-
ployed as the commandant may elect,
but the greatest number at one employ-
ment are in the shoe shop. This is in
a long room in the third story of a build-
ing two hundred feet long. There is
made all the footwear for an army of
fifteen thousand men. The enormous
number of shoes consumed may be seen
from the number made last year, when
11,700 pairs of boots and 65,421 pairs of
shoes were turned out. A pair of cav-
alry boots costs the government about
\$3.70, and a pair of brass screwed calf-
shoes \$2.75.
Next in order comes the harness shop,
where Uncle Sam's ambulances, riding
saddles, wagon saddles, and incidentals
are made. The tin shop turns out tin
plates, cups and all the ware needed by

Useful Reptiles.
When we have secured protection in
the field, it will be time to search the
woods for more merry on the
ground. The popular, almost uncon-
querable prejudices against this class
of animals are regarded by science as mis-
taken, except as to a very few kinds;
but the public still needs enlightenment
on the subject. Professor O. P. Hay
has embodied a popular lesson on the
language and even value of most rep-
tiles in his paper on "The Amphibians
and Reptiles of Indiana," which, being
comprised in the State Agricultural Re-
porter, will reach all the inhabitants of at
least our commonwealth. "Many am-
phibians and reptiles," he says, "are of
direct value to man. Many, as various
kinds of turtles and frogs are used as
food, and such might even be profitably
bred for that purpose. Many others are
useful because of their propensity for
devouring insects, mice and rats, that
are the pest of the farmer. A few, in-
deed, are dangerous; but it is worth any
person's while to study our rep-
tiles, if for no other reason than to be
freed from constant fear of them. Of
nearly a hundred species of amphibians
and reptiles to be found within Indiana
not more than three or four are poison-
ous, and these are of rare occurrence.
Some others may strike, or bite a lit-
tle, or constrict, as they have a right to
do, but they are not venomous, and can
do little hurt. Snakes that roll along
like hoops, snakes that blow poison,
snakes that sting with their tongues or
the tips of their tails, and snakes that
live for weeks in people's stomachs are
creatures of the imagination. Therefore,
considering their usefulness as destroy-
ers of vermin, no amphibian or reptile
ought to be killed, unless it is to be
employed for practical uses or preserved
as a specimen for scientific purposes. If
the boys of the country are to be al-
lowed to shoot all the birds and stone
to death all the reptiles, we may yet be
compelled to surrender to the vermin."
—[Popular Science Monthly.

The Tutored and Philopieptic Piate.
A prematurely old and shriveled
Piate was sunning himself on a rock
near his wickiup, below the Ophir dump.
With motionless form and grim, sober
visage, he sat pensively eyeing the dis-
tant, snow-capped mountains. Appar-
ently he was overhauling the past, and
thinking of the many glorious feats of
valor he had long ago performed by
wound and stream among those same
lofty hills, and of how different a good
many things are now from what they
were then, before the tricky pale face
had sneaked in and gobblid up the
poor Piate's birthright.
A San Francisco lady and gentleman
were walking by the campdoodle on their
way to inspect the California mill. Af-
ter they had passed about a rod beyond
the dusky old miser he suddenly re-
called himself, and vociferated a hearty,
rousing "Good morning, madam!"
The startled lady turned around and
said: "Why, how do you do, sir?" and
evidently much astonished, then blurted
out: "Am you any better?"
"Who are you anyhow?"
"I'm Lo," said the Indian.
"Low—Mr. Low? Why, you are an
Indian, aren't you?"
"Yes, madam, a man of untutored
mind."
"You astonish me! What are you do-
ing here?"
"Here—seated here. I see God in the
cloud and hear Him in the wind."
"And, looking as you do, you quote
Pope?"
"Yes, looking as I do," said the old
Piate, and he turned and walked away,
leaving the lady to stare after him and
wonder.

The First Phonograph.
A gentleman recently repeated to me
an account given him by Thomas
Edison of the making of the first phono-
graph. Busily engaged in innumerable
things, Mr. Edison carried in his mind
for a long time the idea of the phono-
graph, turning it over and over, and
from time to time jotting down sketches
and memoranda concerning its construc-
tion. At length he said to an old Ger-
man machinist, who made models for
him, that he wanted a machine con-
structed in a certain manner, but for the
use of it he gave no hint. Now and
then, as the work went on without see-
ing the model, Mr. Edison ordered cer-
tain changes, which, of course, were
duly made.
Finally the German was told to bring
the machine for examination. Mr. Edi-
son fitted into it the sheet of tin foil,
and turning the crank spoke into the funnel
thesomewhat familiar voice about Mary
and her little lamb. The German re-
garded him as if he thought he had
gone mad; but when Mr. Edison re-
versed the motion and the phonograph
plungingly repeated his stanza, the old
man threw up his hands in the utmost
astonishment. —[Providence Journal.

The Old Clock.
"Oh, the old, old clock, of the household
name,
Was the brightest thing and comeliest,
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its voice rang still the sweetest,
Twas a mother, too, though its words were
few,
You'd give her, though you'd never
see,
And its voice, still strong, warned old and
young
When the voice of friendship faltered
"Tick tick" it said—"quick, quick to bed,
For I've given a warning,
Up! up! and go, or else you know
You'll never rise soon by the morning!"
"A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And it knew the time with a merry chime,
Beneath the moon and a merry chime,
As it called at daybreak loudly,
When the dawn looked gray over the misty
way,
And the early air blew coldly,
"Tick tick" it said—"quick out of bed,
For I've given a warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never have
wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning!"
"Still hourly the sound goes round and round
With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for bright days fled,
And the old friends long for ever!"
Its hands still move—though hours are gone,
Its hands still move—though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer!
"Tick tick" it said—"to the churchyard bow,
The grave hath given warning;
Up! up! and rise, ar look at the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning!"

HUMOROUS.
The crack club—The policeman's
billy.
Song for the farm hand—The spring
time has come, oh, ho! oh, ho!
Rifled cannon are considered great
bores by those who have to face them.
The boy who was kept after school
for bad orthography said he was spell-
bound.
Why are fishermen and shepherds like
beggars?—Because they live by hook
and crook.
Nice life a married man leads when
every time he asks his wife for a cup of
tea he knows she'll make it hot for him.
"Tommy, my son, what is long-
tude?" "A telegraph wire, papa."
"Why so, my son?" "Because it
stretches from pole to pole."
Young Wife—"John, mother says she
wants to be cremated." Young Hus-
band—"Tell her if she'll get on her
things I'll take her down this morning."
The reason why Englishmen are re-
fused in due to the fact that the sun
never sets on the British empire, and
the Briton never gets a chance to re-
move the tap.
"A foul tip!" was the exclamation
of the base-ball-loving waiter, as he
mournfully examined the counterfeited
quarter given him a few minutes before
by one of the restaurant's patrons.
Miss Gushington—Do you not find
Dr. Smalltalk entertaining? He is such
a mimic. Mr. Snorington (who de-
tests the doctor)—I have often noticed
that the doctor takes people off very
cleverly.
Young Mr. Washab (to Miss Waldo
of Boston at a dancing party)—"Will
you favor me with two or three rounds,
Miss Waldo?" Miss Waldo (an admirer
of John L., of course)—"Certainly, Mr.
Washab, with pleasure. Oh, if you
like, we will continue it to a finish."

Land in India.
The results of the survey and last
census of India are that the area of the
Peninsula of Hindostan is 1,382,624
square miles, and the population 252,
861,821. Although immense tracts of
country are annually cultivated, accord-
ing to the most recent survey 10,000,000
acres of land, suitable for cultivation,
have not as yet been plowed. At the
same time, 120,000,000 of acres are re-
turned as waste land. —[Public Opinion.

Daniel Boone's Death.
The Bourbon (Ky.) News publishes
from old copies of the Paris Citizen
dated in 1815 and 1818, a notice of
Daniel Boone's death, as follows:
"As he lived, so he died, with his gun
in his hand. We are informed by a
gentleman direct from Boone's settle-
ment on the Missouri, that early last
month Colonel Boone rode to a deer
lick, seated himself within a blind
raised to conceal him from the game.
That, while sitting thus concealed with
his trusty rifle in his hand, pointed
toward the lick, the muzzle
resting on a log, his face to
the breech of his gun, his rifle cocked,
his fingers on the trigger, one eye shut,
the other looking along the barrel
through the sights—in this position,
without a struggle or motion, and, of
course, without pain, he breathed out
his last so gently that when he was
found next day by his friends, although
stiff and cold, he looked as if alive,
with his gun in his hand just in the act
of firing. It is not altogether certain,
if a buck had come into the range of
his gun, which had been death to thou-
sands, but it might have intuitively
obeyed its old employer's mind and dis-
charged itself.

A Bad Scrape.
Barber (to customer): "Have you
heard of the bad scrape young Brown
has got into?"
Customer: "Why, no; when did you
shave him last?" —[Epoch.

A Child's Victory.
A child was more fond of candy than
her mother thought good for her.
What was thought a proper share was
doted out to her one day, and the rest
put away on the high shelf of a cup-
board beyond the child's reach. Her
mother cautioned her not to attempt
reaching it, then left the room.
Returning after a while, she looked
into the room, standing where the
child could not see her, and surveyed
the scene. There stood the child, her
feet on the first shelf, to which she had
climbed by aid of a chair, and her hand
grasping the candy, which she had
reached to her lips. There it poised
for a moment, the little face bent in
earnest thought. Suddenly the candy
flew from her lips and into the bag
again as the child leaped from the shelf
on to the chair and thence to the floor,
where she struck an attitude and
shouted exultantly: "There, God! I
didn't eat it after all!" —[Boston
Record.

He Was Full of Life.
"Your money or your life!" demand-
ed a footpad of a pedestrian who at a
late hour one night was threading his
way along a dark and narrow street.
"I've more life than money," replied
the pedestrian, and proceeded to dem-
onstrate his possession of the former in
such a manner that, an hour later, when
the would-be robber gathered himself
up from the dust, he felt of his body all
over to assure himself that he was some-
thing more than a suit of cast-off cloth-
ing. —[Harper's Bazar.

Friendship.
A friendship is a precious gift
But friends are very rare,
Who, when you chance to need a lift
Have got a five to spare.
—[Merchant Traveler.