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Winds of Home.
O, winds of home, that from the westward start,
And blow across the highlands of my heart,
Do ye a message bear,
Upon your wings of air,
From her with whom my being forms a part!

O, winds of home, I know what you would say;
That she is true; and waiting the dear day
When by her side once more,
All grief and longing o'er,
Together we shall journey on life's way.

O, winds of home, your message fond I hear;
None other's words could sound so sweetly clear.

They echo in my heart;
And now, before we part,
Be this my answer, as you westward veer:
Tell her, though I have roved from her afar,
Her love has shown above me like a star
And now its holy ray
Shall light me on my way
To her and home where all my treasures are.

When I behold the daybreak of her eyes,
Then new white dawn within my soul shall rise;

And peace and rest are mine,
True love and joy divine,
To be with her till earthly daylight dies.

O, winds of home, turn back your wings of air,
And help to swell the sails that homeward bear!

And all across the sea,
Your voice shall sing to me
Of her whose gift of loving makes life fair.
—(George Birdseye, in Detroit Free Press.)

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

On a fine summer day in the year 187—, I was proceeding by the southwestern railway to visit a friend and former patient, a resident of Portsmouth, England. It is not often that a medical man gets a holiday, and but for the kindness of a fellow-practitioner, in taking my practice for a fortnight, I should not have had this opportunity of enjoying the sea breeze.

The train by which I started was an early one, and, having procured my ticket, took my place in a second-class carriage, and lit my cigar, for it was a smoking carriage. On entering it I was surprised, and I think, naturally so—to find the further corner of it occupied by a lady.

"Oh!" said I, inwardly, "some American demimouche who desires to indulge in a cigarette."

On observation, however, it appeared to me that the features of my fellow-traveler did not bear upon them that impression of coyness which marks American nationality. She had soft brown eyes, a full, round face, and a profusion of chestnut hair. She was dressed in a plain traveling suit, bound with white braid, and wore a straw hat.

"Maybe, a German," I soliloquized "they are terrible smokers."

But again it occurred to me that possibly the young lady might be neither American nor German, but had got into the carriage without noticing that it was one reserved for the use of smokers. Under this impression I bowed slightly to her, saying:

"I fear my cigar may annoy you! Perhaps you are not aware that this is a smoking compartment?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, with a slight German accent; "yes, yes, yes, yes!"

There was something peculiar in her slow, deliberate utterance and the four-times repeated monosyllable. A dreamy look, too, in the speaker's eyes, as if her mind was preoccupied. However the train was now in motion, and I had nothing for it but to ensconce myself in my corner, look out of the window, and take a bird's eye view of the surrounding house-tops.

For a short time this was well enough; but I began at last to weary of the monotony of such an amusement. We Englishmen, as a rule, are so reserved and unsocial that we shrink into ourselves, and every fresh addition to the occupants of a railway carriage or an omnibus is received with black looks and a sort of tacit intimation that he has no right to enter. Now, I am free to confess that, whatever my failings, want of sociability is not one of them; and I determined to try to engage my companion in a little conversation. There could be no impropriety in a man of my age (I was 38) endeavoring to beguile the tedium of a lazy journey by conversing with a fellow-traveler, a school-girl—and certainly not out of her teens. It was, therefore, with an almost paternal feeling that I addressed her.

"There are not many passengers by this train," I remarked.

"Two thousand and three," was the answer, that not a little startled my equanimity.

I looked at the speaker expecting to find a mischievous smile dancing in her eyes or lurking at the corners of her mouth. Nothing of the sort. She was perfectly serious, even stern, and her eyes had still the same dreamy, far-away look in them.

"Very absent-minded, or else in love, I thought to myself. However, I tried again.

"I think we shall have a fine day for our journey," I ventured to remark.

She turned upon me with that fierce, despairing, yet restless look that we see in a trapped rat.

"How you talk, talk, talk!" she said indignantly.

"Are you mad?" she screamed in tone of such intensified shrillness and with such an awful, hungry look in her eye that the truth flashed upon me like an inspiration.

She was mad!
Medical man as I am, a feeling of horror overcame me when I reflected that I was shut up alone in the carriage of a train, traveling at express speed, with a lunatic. True, I was a strong man, she only a girl. But it is inconceivable what extreme strength is possessed by many of the insane. I have known a woman thus afflicted to require two, and even three powerful men to restrain her during one of her paroxysms.

However, I endeavored to keep as cool as possible, as I looked the young girl steadily in the face. She looked at me for a moment or so without quailing; then she sank back in her corner, resumed her apathetic posture, and sat gazing out of the window, with the far-away look in her eyes, as if no such person as myself was in existence.

"Poor girl!" I thought; and I began to wonder who or what she could be, and how she came to be traveling alone. Could she have escaped from an asylum. If so, how came she to be possessed of sufficient funds to procure a railway ticket?

I had some experience in "mad cases," and I knew that the most outrageous ones are those where the patient maintains an even sullenness of demeanor. The girl's case did not seem to me to be one of them. On the contrary, her sudden change of mood when I angered her seemed to indicate it to be a case of temporary aberration of mind, and consequently a curable one.

I looked at my watch. In a quarter of an hour we should be at Basingstoke. I was in the very act of returning my watch to my pocket, when my companion, with a mocking laugh—the peculiarly metallic ring of which it is quite impossible to describe—literally hurled herself upon me with overwhelming force, broke the watch from its chain, and sent it spinning through the window. In another second she was endeavoring to force herself also through the window.

Then commenced a terrible struggle, of which I even yet shudder to think. My muscles were strained to their utmost limit of tension, the perspiration poured down my face, and my arms felt as if about to be wrenched from their sockets. And all this to restrain one of the sex commonly called the "weaker" from self-destruction.

All this time the poor girl uttered no sound that could give warning to the guard or our fellow passengers of the terrible struggle for life or death that was going on within a few yards of them. As for my own voice, the extraordinary physical effort I was making to restrain the would-be suicide entirely prevented my making the slightest use of it. But just as my powers were failing me, and I felt that I could no longer prolong the struggle, the train began perceptibly to slacken speed.

"Thank Heaven! Basingstoke at last!"

What followed is easy to relate. Of course, assistance was at hand, and the unfortunate young lady was removed to a place of safety. From letters which we found on her, and some articles of jewelry, which we advertised, we speedily discovered her friends. Naturally I, a medical man, would not lose sight of her till I had discovered them.

The patient proved to be a member of a German family, naturalized in England, who was subject to periodical attacks of mental aberration, but had never actually been in the asylum.

During the attacks, which invariably came on without any warning, so that it was difficult to watch her, she was seized with a restless desire to wander over the country, and, it appeared, had merely selected the Southwestern line because it happened to be the nearest to her own home.

She had been so long without an attack that her mothers and sisters had on the previous night ventured to go to an evening party leaving Lotta fast asleep in bed at home. During their absence she eluded the vigilance of the servants got up and dressed herself, walked about for some time, and took a ticket for the early Portsmouth mail—at least, that was what she imagined and told us on her recovery. Her memory, however, was very imperfect, but the poor child must certainly have walked about the streets for some time prior to the departure of the express.

It was natural that under the circumstances—I have already stated that I had had considerable experience in such cases—her friends should ask me to endeavor to effect a cure.

I undertook it and entirely succeeded. And also I undertook and succeeded in something else.

It is my wife who is looking over my shoulder as I write, and who says:

"My dear, the maddest act of all my life was when—"

But here I stop.

MAKING STRAW HATS

An Industry that has Attained Immense Proportions

Crude Foreign Processes and Skilful American Methods.

The manufacture of straw hats, though not peculiarly American, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, has attained immense proportions in this country. Over in Brooklyn, in some of the quiet streets between the city hall district and Broadway, are a number of straw hat manufactories, some of which give employment to more than 200 hands, besides a lot of the most ingenious and skilfully devised machinery. Most of this machinery is of American invention. With it ten times more work can be turned out by the skilled operative than by the old hand process, and yet better wages made at less labor.

The straw hat of civilization is nearly a century old, and its manufacture was not begun in Brooklyn to any extent until about eleven years ago. The raw material is all imported, and, in fact, reaches the manufacturer here in a considerably advanced stage of preparation. It comes from China, Japan and Southern Europe chiefly. Years ago, when straw goods brought higher prices, braids woven with Tuscan straw and that from Bohemia and Switzerland, were exclusively used, but they are now employed only for the finest grades. The cheaper qualities for the masses, such as the "Mackinaws," are almost entirely made with the straw braid imported from China. This was found to be less expensive than any other, because the cost of living among the producers amounts to almost nothing. The Leghorn hat is made entirely in Italy, and only the finishing is done in this country. Chip and Panama hats, although sold under the general denomination of straws, are made in fact from entirely different material. The chip is so called because made from the splints of the Lombardy poplar, out of which the sap has been dried by a precaution taken to prevent it from turning red which happens when dried in the air. The Panama is made from the immature leaves of a palm tree indigenous to South America.

The district of China where straw braid is made lies in the region of Canton and many millions of people are employed in its production. Living principally on fruits, which the soil of that country naturally yields, and with no inclination to do more profitable work, it is often the only occupation that all the members of the family engage in. The average wages earned are a penny a day. When the species or grass or wheat used for making the straw has attained its full height, it is cut down, it is cut down, and allowed to bleach in the sun. This process being completed, the stalks are bound in sheaves about a foot in circumference and then drawn out as wanted. After severing them at the joints into strips four or five inches in length, they are put into a kind of a sieve and sorted in equal sizes. Those at the top being finer, have a greater value than the lower or coarser ones. These pieces are in turn separated and tied into bundles of convenient size. Those of good color are laid aside for bleaching, while those spotted or discolored are dyed and used with the bleached to make variegated braids. The solid colors are all dyed in America to suit the leading fashion. The bleaching is done by inclosing the stalks in a box with burning brimstone. The plaiting, next in order, is done mostly by women and girls, while the straw is in a damp state, and after the braids are pressed flat they are put in rolls of 60 yards, packed in bales and ready for exportation. Encouraged by their government, the Japanese, with their characteristic energy, have recently begun this industry.

When the rolls reach the manufacturer in this country, the braids are slightly moistened and then sewn together, beginning at the crown and working round until the whole is finished. On the top floor of the straw works are the sulphur rooms, where some of the hats are bleached. It is found that nature or science has provided nothing so powerful in this regard as the sun, and all the sulphur baths and other processes of bleaching are not comparable with a sun bath. Ladies often feel disappointed because their straw hats turn yellow, but this is the natural result of sulphur-bleached goods. Such a thing never happens after sun bleaching. When practicable and the weather permits this latter process is used at all the works, and on a fine day rows of hats may be seen on the roof undergoing whitening by the operations of the sun's rays. After being dipped in French glue they are placed in a drying room, where the temperature is about 115 degrees and where the moisture is extracted by means of large rapidly revolving fans, driven at high speed. This leaves the hat in a very pliable condition.

The blocking process is next in order. Looking at a numbered tag which has been previously sewed inside, the workman places the hat on the proper steam-heated sectional expanding metal block and presses it into the required size and shape. This blocking machine was invented at the straw works. The hat is then placed on solid metal dies corresponding in size to the blocks above mentioned, and subjected to a powerful hydraulic pressure, which gives it its proper form. If for men and boys, the sweatband is then sewed in, and meanwhile the lace tip for the interior of the crown is prepared by an ingenious machine which has an attachment for cutting it the exact shape and size, as well as for sewing. Putting on the band, the only process requiring handwork in the making of these goods, is the last operation, and the hat is finished ready for boxing and shipment.

Emperor Frederick's Banker.

In 1770 Rev. Moritz Speyers was at the head of a band of Lutherans in Dessau, and by frugal living had managed to save up considerable money; all of which was in silver coin. The Rev. Moritz Speyers was unlike a great many modern preachers, in that he helped his flock as he helped himself.

Living at the time in circumstances so humble that they were nearer poverty than comfort, was a young couple named Cohn. They had not been married long, and the young husband had lost all he had. Still he worked and worked, and finally he and his wife made enough to live comfortably. Young Cohn was naturally sharp and shrewd, and was always looking out for a chance to increase his few coins. The chance presented itself. All he needed was \$3,000 worth of German money, and he said his fortune would be made. He would be wealthy; but a poor man, unknown and comparatively friendless, had but little chance of raising \$3,000.

He had one hope, das pastor, and straightaway he called on the Rev. Moritz Speyers. Would he lend a poor man, without any security, \$3,000? He would, certainly, but Herr Cohn must come with his wife and take it away. The next day Cohn and his wife came with a handcart and took the silver. They were safe because they lived in Dessau, and Dessau had no aldermen then. That was Cohn's opportunity and he prospered. Ten years later he repaid the loan with interest. Still he prospered until he was appointed banker for a district, then for a duke, and then king, and finally the late Emperor William gave into his keeping all the royal treasure. When he died, his son, Mr. Albert G. P. Speyers, a broker of Exchange place, is a grandson of the Rev. Moritz Speyers, of Dessau, and when he went to Berlin a few years ago the papers announced his arrival. Shortly after Baron Cohn called on him, and for the great kindness his grandfather had shown to the baron's father.—[New York World.]

Feeding Cows in Finland.

To any one who could be satisfied with an unvarying diet of fish and black bread, accompanied by the best cream and butter that can be found anywhere, it would be easy to satisfy his wants in any part of the country. How the cream and butter come to be so good is a mystery to me, for assuredly the Finnish cows are the worst and most scantily fed of their kind. What other cow that respected herself would be satisfied with hay soup in which the water formed so unfair a proportion to the hay? The most meagre-looking hay, mixed with the dried branches of alder, simmers in a huge iron pot, and one sees the poor beasts dipping their noses into the unsavory broth and fishing out its sodden contents with the evident relish of hunger. It was complained to me by a resident in the country that cows could not be induced to look upon sawdust as the staple of their food. How far he had seriously made the trial I do not know, but should he ever succeed, there will be a rich prospect for Finland in dairy farming.—[Murray's Magazine.]

Painting Baby's Face.

A letter from Paris informs us that the doctors are again at war with silly mothers belonging to the fashionable circles. The latest fanaticism of La Mode is to apply the horrors of face-painting to little children. In the public gardens babies of three years old may now be seen whose eyebrows have been blacked or dyed by their senseless mothers. Other anxious parents, distressed at the vulgarly ruddy and rustic hue of their children's cheeks, carefully powder them before sending them forth to meet the gaze and criticism of the world. Little coquettes of ten years are not permitted to go abroad until the regulation black stroke has been painted beneath their eyes. The doctors warn the mothers that when the children thus barbarously treated reach the age of sixteen they will have a colorless and ruined complexion, to say nothing of the injury to health, which is an argument less likely to produce much effect.—[Pall Mall Gazette.]

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Instantaneous photography by the magnesium flash has been applied to a study of the pupil of the eye as it rests in total darkness.

According to Richard A. Proctor, the scientist, there are twenty-six miles of sweat tubes in the body of an ordinary man, and an average theatre audience perspires a ton of water every hour.

Prof. Leclerc, writing in Cosmos, maintains that odors are due, not to the emanations, as such, of so-called odoriferous bodies, but to the vibratory movement among such emanations, due to processes of oxidation. Scent, on this theory, is analogous to sound.

The latest medical theory is that there should be only two really substantial meals a day, breakfast and dinner. A solid and highly nutritious meal should end it. The people who take a rapidly eaten lunch are apparently excused for their supposed unhygienic proceeding.

There are already about 10,000 electric motors in use in the United States. They are used for running sewing machines, printing presses, ventilating fans, dental instruments, street cars, for coal and ore haulage in mines, for pumping water, washing bottles, and for many miscellaneous purposes in machine shops, shoe factories, book binderies, knitting works, etc.

M. Faye, the astronomer, has drawn the attention of the French Academy of Sciences to the apparent geological law that the cooling of the terrestrial crust goes on more rapidly under the sea than on the land surface. From this he argues that the crust must thicken under oceans at a more rapid rate, so as to give rise to a swelling up and distortion of the thinner portions of the crust; in other words, to the formation of mountain chains.

Both in China and Japan, soapstone has long been largely used for protecting structures built of soft stone and other materials specially liable to atmospheric influences. It has been found that powdered soapstone in the form of paint has preserved obelisks formed of stone for hundreds of years which would, unprotected, have long ago crumbled away. For the inside painting of steel and iron ships it is found to be excellent. It has no anti-fouling quality but is anti-corrosive.

By means of a bath consisting of 300 grains of acetate of lead, 600 grains of hyposulphite of soda and one quart of water, it is said that eleven different colors may be imparted to well-cleaned copper, and eight to nickel-plated objects. After the salts are dissolved, the solution is heated to boiling, and the metal is afterward immersed therein. At first a gray color is obtained, and this, on the immersions being continued, passes successively to violet, maroon, red, etc., and finally to blue. Mr. John Aitken, a well-known investigator of the atmosphere, has recently made a series of experiments on the number of dust particles in ordinary air. So far his results show that outside air, after a wet night, contained 521,000 dust particles per cubic inch; outside air in fair weather contained 2,119,000 particles in the same space, showing that rain is a great purifier of the atmosphere. The air of a room was found to contain 30,318,000 particles in the same space; that near the ceiling containing 88,348,000 particles per cubic inch.

Quicksand is composed chiefly of small particles of mica mixed largely with water. The mica is so smooth that the fragments slip upon each other with the greatest facility, so that any heavy body which displaces them will sink and continue to sink until a solid bottom is reached. When particles of sand are jagged and angular any weight pressing on them will crowd them together until they are compacted into a solid mass. A sand composed of mica or soapstone, when sufficiently mixed with water, seems incapable of such consolidation.

The electric lighting of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, Russia, appears to have given rise to some unexpected and undesirable results. According to the electricians, the sudden change from the sunless days of the northern winter to the blinding light of the banqueting halls, aided probably by the artificially heated and drier atmosphere of the rooms causes the leaves of the plants used as ornaments to turn yellow, dry up and fall off after being exposed to the light for a single night. The rapidity of the injurious action and its amount is in direct proportion to the intensity of the illumination, since plants partially shaded from the light, or in niches or similar places, were found to remain uninjured.

A Spider Kills a Bird.

Johnnie Appleby of Pendergrass, Ga., saw a cat-lizard dart down for something, flutter and fall apparently lifeless. The boy found the bird nearly dead, pinioned by a black spider. The insect had seized it by the tongue as it descended and bitten the end off. The bird died in five minutes from the spider bite.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Shadowing Bank Clerks.

There are few banks in New York that regard their clerks as above suspicion.

In these days, when old and trusted employes are making hasty trips to Canada, the bank think if they are not able to lock the stable door, the next best thing is to roll a big stone against it. The stone in this case is the detective. Most of the banks employ detectives to shadow their clerks and study their habits. It is the rule to keep a detective on the trail of a clerk for about two weeks every six months. Where a clerk has been but a short time in the employ of a bank he is watched even more closely than this. An old employe, whose habits are known to be steady, is shadowed maybe only once a year. Then a clerk may be shadowed two nights in succession, and not again for some time. Besides, the clerk may come within range of the detective's eye when the sleuth-hound is engaged in shadowing some other clerk.

So a bank clerk cannot be too particular where he goes and with whom he associates, for he never knows when the eye of the detective is upon him. Just a little too much conviviality with one's friends may cost him his job or prevent what was almost certain promotion. There is practically no chance for him to explain or excuse his conduct, for there is probably not a bank President in the city who will admit that he employs detectives to watch his clerks.

While the system is an offensive one, aside from the banks being justified in adopting it, it results in some good to clerks. On account of it there are any number of bank clerks who could not be even induced to enter a saloon or a place of questionable reputation. Naturally, a person feels, to say the least, uncomfortable when he thinks that his steps are being dogged. Particularly is this so if he is going to call upon his sweetheart, and he reflects that the detective will probably not be contented until he finds out all about the young lady, and in consequence imagines that his courtship may become common gossip about the bank.—[New York World.]

How Calico Got Its Name.

The derivation of the word "calico" is very interesting as of such an ancient date in its origin. Mrs. Leonowens says in her "Travels in India" that in the year 1498, just ten months and two days after leaving the port of Lisbon, Vasco da Gama landed on the coast of Malabar at Calicut, or more properly Kale Rhoda, "City of the Black Goddess." Calicut was at that period not only a very ancient seaport, but an extensive territory, which, stretching along the western coast of Southern India, reached from Bombay and the adjacent islands to Cape Comorin. It was at an early period so famous for its weaving and dyeing of cotton cloth that its name became identified with the manufactured fabric, whence the name calico. It is now generally admitted that this ingenious art originated in India in remote ages, and from that country found its way to Egypt.

It was not until the middle of the seventeenth century that calico printing was introduced into Europe. A knowledge of the art was acquired by some of the servants of the Dutch East India company, and carried to Holland whence it was introduced in London in the year 1676. It is surprising for grown up children, as well as our young folks, to learn that "Piny as early as the first century mentions in his natural history that there existed in Egypt a wonderful method of dyeing white cloth." Calico cannot be despised when it boasts of such antiquity. The shoddy make-up of the present day may look down with contempt upon the calico dress, but what kind of lineage has it? the calico can proudly ask.

A Sure Cure.

A grim jest book might be compiled from the prescriptions filed away in the shops of druggists, many of them disposing in austere loneliness under a reposing of execrable hand-writing. The following has been rescued from an obscure pigeon-hole and is a relic of the pioneer doctors of fifty years ago: "A Recipe for Armilda Purdy's Lung Complaint.—Take of the bark of wild Cherry, Sassafras, Sycamore, yellow poplar, Dogwood and black oak, a Double handful of each; take of Sassafras Root and Spignard one handfull of each; to which add three Gallons of water. Boil it Down to one; strain it and add one quart of Good french Brandy and one quart of Honey, of which take about one Gill three times a day. This was tried by Jonathan Douglas when he could not set up and has Cured Several others. N. B.—If She Cannot take agreeable to Directions. Take what She Can."

Run Down.

Doctor (who finds a tramp groaning by the roadside)—What is the matter with you?

Tramp (dolesfully)—My system is all run down.

Doctor—By what?

Tramp—By a dog.—[Burlington Free Press.]

That Night.

You and I, and that night, with its perfume and glory!—
The scent of the locusts—the light of the moon;
And the violins weaving the waltzers a story,
Embracing their feet in the web of the tune.

Till their shadows uncertain
Reeled round on the curtain,
While under the trellis we drank in the June.

Staked through with the midnight cedars
were sleeping,
Their shadowy tresses outlined in the bright
Crystal, moon-splitten mist, where the fountain's heart, leaping
Forever,
Forever, forever burst, full with delight!

And its lip on my spirit
Fell faint as that near it
Whose love like a lily bloomed out in the night.

Oh, your glove was an odorous sachet of bliss!
The breath of your fan was a breeze of Cathay!

And the rose at your throat was a nest of spilled kisses!
And the music—in fancy, I hear it today,
As I sit here, confessing
Our secret, and blessing
The rival who found us, and waited you away.

—[James Whitcomb Riley.]

HUMOROUS.

Many an English dude possesses sterling worth.
A dentist when he gets down to business, has the inside track.

Very time and the base ball season are very properly contemporaneous.
Figures on the corset production properly come under the head of statistics.

A trust company has heard of Milk River, Montana, and wants to skim and fence it in.

Why is a bullock a very obedient animal? Because he will lie down when you axe him.

Why is a person asking questions the strangest of all individuals? Because he's the querist.

Men are like sheep: the older they are the more difficult it is to pull the wool over their eyes.

When William to the grand stand went,
His voice was sweet, of course;
When William from the grand stand came
His voice was low and hoarse.

By the way, isn't it rather rough on the high contracting parties to remark that a wedding went off "without a hitch"?

The man who tried to get up a concert with the band of a hat, is the same genius who, a few days since, played upon the affections of a young lady.

"Come hither, my Jane, see, my picture is here,

Do you like it, my love! "Don't it strike you?"

"I can't say it does at present, my dear,
But I dare say it will—it's so like you."

"See your new trousers bag at the knees already Cholly." "Yasas!" responded Cholley, bitterly, "it all happened last night; and bah Jove, Fred, she couldn't have me after all!"

Venice guide (to tourist): "You will want to see the Lion of St. Mark? Tourist: No; the only mark I want to see is the high water mark. I'm from Cincinnati myself, and I know something about floods."

An Imprisoned Congregation.
Some years ago the pastor of a church in a rural district of Missouri shepherded a flock some members of which were in the habit of leaving the house while he was yet in the middle of a discourse. This was an eyesore to the visiting incumbent, and when one day a reverend brother volunteered to preach for him he felt called upon to speak of the annoyance.

"Oh, I'll stop that," was the reply. "I'll warrant you that no one leaves until I'm done." Accordingly, when he arose to speak he introduced his sermon with the following:

"My friends, before I begin my sermon I wish to make a few not irrelevant remarks. You all know that a vessel when full is full, and that to continue to pour into it is folly. Some vessels are capable of holding a great deal, while others, again, are easily filled. So it is with men's heads, and it is possible that some of yours may be close full before I'm through. If so, I want you to feel at perfect liberty to leave."

The sermon lasted an hour and a quarter, but not a mortal stirred!
"Do you know," said a young man afterwards, "I had a team of restless young horses outside, but I wouldn't have gone out to look after them for \$100!"—[Detroit Free Press.]

A Prize For Jaw-Breakers.

There were 450 competitors for the prize offered by an English journal for the longest 13-word telegram, and the winner put in the following, which was accepted by the telegraph officers for transmission for sixpence, the regular rate: "Administrator-General's counter-revolutionary inter-communications uncircumstantiated Quartermaster-General's disproportionableness characteristically contra-distinguished unconstititutionalists' incomprehensibilities."