

THE SALISBURY TRUTH.

VOL. I.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1888.

NO. 44.

He and She.
"If I were a king," he said,
"And you were just a lowly beggar maid,
With my strong hand I'd lift you to my side
And crown you queen; and in the great
king's bride
Men would not know,
Or would forget, the beggar maid."
"If I were queen," she said,
"And you, a careless, wandering minstrel,
strayed
To my fair court, I'd set you on the throne;
And being there, the greatest king e'er
known,
I would kneel down
And serve you as your maid."
—Elizabeth Bisland in Outing.

A HUNTER'S PLIGHT.

Twenty years ago, before the disappearance of the buffalo, and before the power of the fighting tribes of Indians was broken, a white man could get almost any sort of adventure west of Omaha at a very early hour in the morning. The Blue Mountain country of Oregon, in which rise two of the branches of the Columbia river, was once a hunter's paradise, and here it was the cinnamon and the grizzly bears grow the largest and were always aching for a row with some one. The first white men in there after pelts chanced so many perils that it was almost a miracle if any of them got out alive. The Indians were numerous and watchful, bears and panthers as thick as mice in a farm house, and an adventure of some sort was sure to occur daily.

I had been in a bit of a cove or valley on the eastern side of the mountains for ten or twelve days before I got anything like a scare. It was within forty miles of the south line of Washington Territory, and the country for a hundred miles around me was in the same savage state as when Columbus discovered the continent. The Indians were further east, on the Snake river, or further west, on the Columbia and its branches, and only detached parties were to be feared. While this was a great burden off my mind, the bears and panthers were so numerous that I was in a state of constant alarm through the day, and dared not shut both eyes to sleep at night. I had a pack and a riding mule, and on the first night of my arrival, while I had a bright fire burning, and the animals were tethered within a stone's throw, a panther sprang upon old Bob, my riding mule, and clawed him in a terrible way before I could get near enough to settle him with a bullet. Three or four bears prowled around my camp all night, and the screams of a panther kept my eyes open until daybreak. However, after I had thinned out the colony by a dozen or fifteen, the varmints began to give me a rest.

On the 10th or 11th day of my stay I left camp at an early hour in the morning loaded for bear. I followed the valley up for a half a mile, and then turned into a ravine which was the bed of a creek during the melting of the snows. It ascended very gradually, and I had been following it for half an hour, when it took a sharp bend to the right. At this point there was a hole in the right-hand cliff, and as I halted to look at it I wondered if it was not the home of some savage beast. I had moved on about 500 feet, when a grizzly, which had been lying down among the broken rocks, suddenly rose before me. I was looking for his kind, but his appearance was so sudden, and he showed fight so quickly that my heart was beating altogether too fast as I pulled up for a shot. It had to be a snap shot, for not more than 30 feet separated us. Mine was a single-barrelled rifle, and I also had a knife and revolver. The bullet struck bruisa in the left shoulder, and he spun around a dozen times like a top. I was reloading when he got ready to form a closer acquaintance. He had worked up the ravine and I had worked down, and we were now 100 feet apart. I knew I could not finish loading before he reached me, and there was no other way but to run for it and hope that he was too seriously wounded to overtake me.

In those days I could run like a horse, and I was accustomed to all sorts of ground, but I hadn't made ten jumps on this occasion before my foot slipped on a stone and I went down with a crash. Old grizzly was within twenty feet of me when I got up, and I pitched my rifle into his face as I took a new start. The roar he uttered lifted me a foot high, and I made a dozen extraordinary leaps, but it wasn't a minute before I realized that he was holding his ground, if not gaining a little. No man can guess how far a wounded and enraged bear will pursue him. I believe I could have kept clear of this bear down to the mouth of the ravine, but if he pursued me far enough he would be certain to overtake me. I made up my mind as I ran that I would try the hole in the cliff. It was large enough for me to enter, and might be large enough for the bear, but once inside I could turn and use my revolver. Old grizzly was hardly more than a rod behind me when I plumed into the hole and scrambled ahead on hands and knees. After going in about ten feet the hole turned to the left and narrowed considerably, and seven or eight feet further

on I came to the end. As I did so my hand encountered something soft and furry, and there was a hiss and a spit that told me that a kitten panther was present. I felt all around me in the black darkness, but the kitten was the only living object. He was a little fellow, not more than four or six weeks old, but ready to bite and scratch if my fingers touched him.

The grizzly did not follow at once into the cave. It was five minutes before I heard him working his way in, and by this time I had recovered by breath and nerve. I was certain he could not reach me within six feet, and was rather glad to hear him wheezing and snoring as he pulled himself along. By and by I saw his eyes shine. He could come no further. His claws dug at the rocks and his roars of rage deafened me, but I was safe. It was now my turn, and I gave him two shots from the revolver which caused him to redouble his roars of rage. For about ten minutes I felt very queer over the situation, but all of a sudden it struck me that I had gained nothing by the change. In place of being a fugitive I was a prisoner. The bear showed no disposition to retreat, and I now became aware of the fact that the cave had a rank smell and that the body of the bear prevented the fresh air from entering. I felt that I must drive him out, and I did a very foolish thing. I edged nearer to him and put four bullets into his head, and after a long-drawn moan he closed his eyes and died. I congratulated myself for a moment, but then it dawned upon me that I had choked up the passage to liberty with the carcass of a bear weighing at least 600 pounds. I thought I might be able to push it before me, but when I made the attempt I could not stir it an inch. I had done an idiotic thing, and there was no way to repair the error.

I was wondering how I should get out of it, when I heard the scream of another animal at the entrance of the cave, and in a moment more realized that the mother of the cub panther had arrived. It was well for me that the body of the bear blocked the entrance. The panther went wild with fury when her kitten began to call. She bit and clawed at the bear, and by a great effort pulled it back a few inches. Had not the space been so contracted she could probably have drawn it out, but she did not have a fair show to use her strength. Her eyes looked at me over the body of the bear, and if one ever saw fury it was in those orbs. I gave her a couple of shots, hoping to drive her off. I think I wounded her in the head, for she set up a terrible screaming and ran out, but in two or three minutes she was back again with more fury than ever. I now pushed her kitten forward, hoping she would be appeased at its restoration. It climbed over the bear and reached her, and she took it in her mouth and backed out. I was a pleased man over this result, for the cave was as hot as an oven, smelled powerfully stout of panthers, and the powder smoke almost stifled me. Being a bit rattled had brought on an intense thirst, and I felt that I had got to do something pretty soon or suffocate. Pretty soon I crept forward, and began pushing at the big carcass, but had not been engaged over two or three minutes when the panther returned. She had carried her kitten to a place of safety, and was now bent on revenge. She realized that the carcass must be got out of the way before she could come at me, and had I not seized the grizzly by the ear and hung on she would have pulled the body out of the cave. She hung to it for half an hour before she quit her job, and then she retired in a way which left no doubt that she would watch at the entrance.

When the panther had gone I struck a match and looked at my watch. It was nearly noon, and I was really suffering for water. There was a damp spot on the rocks over my head, and I licked it with my tongue and in that way got some relief, but I would have traded my whole outfit for one glass of cool water. I felt that I was in a bad box, and as I generally in the case in such instances, I thought of every way out of it but the easiest one. I reloaded my revolver and planned to wait until the panther would leave the neighborhood, but about 2 o'clock I suspected, from the movements in the tunnel, that the one I had encountered had hunted up her mate and brought him to the front. Such soon proved to be the fact, but as only one could enter the place at a time, it was no advantage to them. They took turns tagging at the carcass of the bear and the new comer would have dragged it out in his order but for my interference. There was a space of about six inches between the body and the roof of the tunnel, and, though the fumes of the powder almost choked me, I shoved my revolver along until close to the panther and then put two bullets into him; he let go his hold and backed out, and the way he did rave up and down that ravine made my heart stand. I had wounded both and neither of them ventured into the place again. For about an hour I heard them growling and snarling outside, and every creak of their claws on the rocks was

plainly audible but by and by they gave it up as a bad job and went away.

It was now close on to 3 o'clock, and I went at the carcass with the determination to push it before me. It was too late; the limbs had stiffened like sticks, and the feet caught at every inequality and resisted my efforts. There I was, a man of 30, a giant in strength, a born hunter and Indian fighter, penned up like a rat and just as helpless. It came to me, even with all that meat before me, and it was only as the sun had almost been lost sight of outside that common sense returned to my aid. The way to rid myself of that carcass was to cut it up. It ought to have occurred to me at the very outset, but the race and close pursuit had upset me. I had a stout hunting knife, and I had just begun work on the bear when I heard the voices of Indians outside. I also heard them inside, for one of the fellows crept into the tunnel a few feet, and shouted in his own language to his friends outside: "It smells very strong of bear in here, but the beast doesn't seem to be at home."

He backed out after flinging several missiles at the rear of the cave, and from the voices and movements I was satisfied it was a hunting party numbering eighteen persons. They sat down right there for the night and built a camp fire, which reflected right into the mouth of the tunnel, and kept their chatter a-going until nearly midnight. They had three or four dogs with them, and the miserable curs took turns at sticking their heads into the opening and trying to raise an alarm. One of the Indians encouraged his dogs to enter and the animal came almost to the dead bear, and raised such a fuss that had the red men been the least suspicious they would have investigated. I did not get a wink of sleep that long night, and was a thankful man to hear the Indians move off in the morning about sunrise. They had no sooner departed than I felt to work upon the bear, and in the course of half an hour had cut him up so that I could squeeze out. As the Indians had gone down the ravine from the mountains, I expected they would discover my camp and be in ambush for me. There was also a likelihood that the wild beasts had killed both mules during the night. Luck was with me, however. The Indians crossed the valley too high up to discover my camp, and I found the mules safe and sound. That afternoon, as I was looking after some traps set on a creek about a mile from camp, I found a panther dead in a thicket. He was an enormous fellow and had two bullet wounds, and it did not need much cogitating to convince me that he was the male of the pair which sought to get at me in the cave. One of the bullets had gone square into his head, and almost any other animal would have died at once, but he had not only survived it for two or three hours, but had traveled a long five miles from the cave. —[New York Sun.

The Manufacture of Ribbons.
It is known that the manufacture of ribbons was fairly established in St. Etienne, France, in the eleventh century, and that the place remains to this day the centre of industry. During the attacks of the Huguenots in that country, many of the St. Etienne operatives went to Basle, Switzerland, and established the industry there, where it became second only to Etienne. The third most important centre was Coventry, England, but Crefeld and Vienna are also large producing centres. Today there are manufactured in the United States quite as many ribbons as are made in St. Etienne. The products of Switzerland consist mainly of plain styles; that of France largely of fine and fancy military goods; that of Crefeld mainly of black silk and black velvet ribbons, the latter a specialty; that of England largely of plain goods, while the United States tries everything with much success, though dependent chiefly upon Europe for the lead in styles.

It is a curious fact that for 500 years ribbons were worn mostly by men rather than by women, especially during the long period of effeminacy in the male attire. In the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries their use in England was restricted to the royalty and gentry by statute. In the time of Charles II. and James II. the whole attire was covered with ribbons. A fop in those days was described as "wearing more than would stock half a dozen shops of twenty country peddlers." It is another curious fact that in the manufacture of ribbons the self-acting loom was in use 100 years before Cartwright's invention, and that in more recent times little new has been added in that branch of the silk industry. —[London Times.

Looking for Something Choice.
"Enny good butter?" inquired an old lady of the grocer.
"There's never any flies on our butter, madam."
Then the old lady, whose knowledge of English is very limited, said:
"Well, if flies won't eat it, 'tain't good 'nough for me," and she went across the way where only the choicest brands are sold. —[New York Sun.

A RAJAH AT HOME.

Story of a Visit to an East Indian Potentate.

Caste Prejudices as They Exist Among the Hindoos.

I went through a labyrinth of dark corridors and frowning gateways, and found the king in a little room with a mud floor and whitewashed walls. He had not thought it necessary to put on his brilliant robes and jewels of state for an old friend, so I found him sitting on a bed with a blanket wrapped about him and his turban by his side; but as his servants approached him they took up the dust from the earth and placed it against their foreheads, and even a portly uncle who came in with me touched the king's feet by way of salutation. When I had taken my seat I offered him a cigarette; he watched his servants leave the room before he accepted, adding by way of explanation: "These people think that I ought not to put into my mouth anything that you have touched." The rajah was fond of smoking and he made an arbitrary distinction between cigarettes and anything else that passed his lips. He would have been horrified if I had laid my finger on his hookah or touched his drinking-vessel, but to the unclean hands that had fingered the Egyptian cigarette that he was smoking he paid no heed. Such exceptions to caste rules are growing more numerous every day. All drugs and medicines have long been taken by Hindoos without blame, and in some places ice and soda water are consumed by rajputs who would not drink water drawn for them by an Englishman from the well. Caste prejudices have always been capable of adapting themselves to necessities or very strong desires.

The Hindoos are an exclusive people, and many caste observances are devices to exclude foreigners. Even if a Hindoo leaves his home and settles in another province his family will not always receive him back into caste, though he has kept all the observances; his sojourn among a strange people has made him a foreigner in their eyes.

As I was talking about these things with the rajah, an ancient nurse hobbled out of the women's apartments toward us. Her bent back and wizened, suspicious face would have made her fortune as a witch on the London stage, but the aged dame had not outgrown her taste for ornament. Enormous gold ear-rings hung at the side of her face, and in her nose was a large gold ring, through which the withered lips smiled me a welcome. She brought me a plate of spices and perfumes with a pretty speech from the maharani, saying that everything in the palace was mine, and hoping that I should not be put to any discomfort in their poor home. She added that she had never seen a European, and was very anxious to see one, so that if I would walk into the courtyard she would have much pleasure in watching me through the trellis. So the rajah led me to the courtyard. Behind the pierced stone-work I could hear the little ladies tittering and the hurly of small feet but could not catch sight of anything more than the deep reds and golds of their shawls. I displayed myself for a few minutes from every point of view, but found it difficult to maintain a proper look of concern and natural dignity, for the rajah was twisting and skaking with suppressed laughter. At last he fairly bellowed and roared immoderately, and I had to leave the stage precipitately for fear of compromising the dignity of the British nation, of which I was at the moment the accepted type.

The maharani sent down to say that she had been charmed, but could not help wondering why a rich Englishman should put on clothes "like an ass's skin." I tried to excuse my gray tweed coat by saying that our poor northern complexions would not bear the gorgeous colors which looked so lovely upon her countrymen, but I found out afterward that I had struck a wrong note, for she would rather have been told that her own complexion was as fair as mine.

As I was taking my leave of the rajah I offered to shake hands with him, as we usually did, but he drew back, saying: "I have just bathed and am going to eat my dinner. If I were to shake hands with you I should have to bathe again before eating. You won't mind?" —[Pall Mall Gazette.

A Wanton Crime.
Miss Bellina Prior, daughter of the late Colonel Prior, was arrested recently at the residence of her mother, Vicar's hall, Armagh, Ireland, and charged before the magistrates with having drowned Ann Slavin, aged 3 years. The evidence showed that Miss Prior enticed the child into her house, gave it sweetmeats and then drowned it in the kitchen boiler. Prisoner said she committed the crime because she was treated unkindly at home, and she did not care if she were hanged. —[Commercial Advertiser.

Wild Tribes of Burmah.

About the wild tribes in Burmah we have some interesting details, given in the Saturday Review. A young staff officer fresh from a fort near the plateau of the Southern Shan tribes describes the country as abounding in wood and water, and the Shans themselves as addicted to blood feuds of a not very alarming or dangerous kind. Two clans had fought for thirteen days consecutively without coming to close quarters, and with only one casualty. The Northern Shans are divided into some twenty-four semi-independent tribes, always squabbling and fighting. The Burmese exercised over these clans a sovereignty which varied in oppression and weight according to distance. Another tribe, that of the Chins, has its home near the head waters of the Irrawadi and the Chinwin rivers. A curious fable about the origin of the human race from 101 eggs is too long to quote or analyze. That these Chins have devoted most of their energies to the preparation of khaung, an intoxicating drink, without any prompting from the English pioneer, is a very melancholy fact which we commend to Canon Farrar. The details of this mixture are repulsive. Bark, the root of the egg plant, beans, peppercorns, garlic, the entrails of a porcupine, and rice flour are all mashed up together in balls, exposed to the sun for three days, then buried with barbed rice, and diluted with water. The preparation is now fit to be sucked up through tubes—like American drinks—and is pronounced "divine." Indeed, by reason of its excellence, it must be first offered to the Nats or spirits. The system of cultivation by burning strips or terraces of land is, like that of all tribes on the eastern frontier, wasteful and improvident. Women do all the hard work and become prematurely ugly and old. Marriages are simple in form, and are accompanied by a large consumption of bowls, pork and liquor. Deaths and funerals are equally the occasion for a sacrifice and feasting. The corpse is first burned, and the calcined bones are kept in a pot for one year, and then deposited in the family burial-place. And it is curious that those who have been killed "by shot and steel" are wrapped in a mat and burned in the jungle without rites.

Facts About Honiton Lace.

Honiton lace has a curious checkered history with many fluctuations, says the London Saturday Review. It is said to have been first introduced by the Flemish, who took refuge in England, to escape the persecutions of the Duke of Alva. Many Flemish names are still to be found in the neighborhood of Honiton—namely, Stocker, Murch, Maynard, Trump, etc. In 1660 there was such a demand for it that France thought it necessary to issue a royal ordinance providing that a mark should be affixed to imported English thread lace. Two great fires at Honiton in 1736 and 1767 gave the first great check to its production. Queen Adelaide tried to revive it after 20 years of severe depression by ordering a skirt made of sprigs, copies of natural flowers, commencing with the initials of her name, for a very debased and hideous set of patterns had come in. This does not seem to have produced a great revival of the trade, and when our present queen required her wedding lace it was found difficult to provide workers; but eventually a dress worth £1000 was made at the small fishing village of Beer. The English royal family have been most constant patrons of Honiton lace, and have done immense good in keeping the trade alive.

Three Gold Dollars.

At a meeting of the Missionary Society of the women of the Southwest Missouri Conference a letter was read stating that three gold dollars had been sent to the society, the donor requesting that one be sent to the missionary in Brazil, another to China and the third to Mexico. The history of these gold dollars was told. About forty years ago a little girl and two brothers were each presented with such a piece by their mother. When the war came on the boys had grown to manhood and entered the conflict. Both were killed and the gold dollars passed into the hands of their sister, now an aged and infirm woman, who treasured them until a few days ago, when she sent them there to be disposed of as above stated. The Independence auxiliary, when this report was made, requested that it be allowed to buy these gold dollars at \$3 each and that it would return them to the Treasury, only wanting the coins long enough to exhibit them in the district meeting. This was done and a similar proposal made by the Lexington auxiliary, through Mrs. J. B. Silver was also accepted. —[Chicago Times.

Not What It Used to Be.

Woman (to tramp): "You must find life very easy."
Tramp: "Easy! Why, madam, the amount of brain work that I am forced to do to obtain food, and to partially clothe myself, would kill a weaker man. Competition, madam, has wrecked the profession." —[Epoch.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A constant and disagreeable sweet taste has been reported in one case as a result of the substitution of saccharin for sugar.

Among curious vegetable products are a kind of butter from a tree of West Africa and milk from a tree of Venezuela. Both are nutritious food.

Two French physicists, Violle and Vautour, have established beyond doubt that the velocity of sound diminishes with its intensity, but is unaffected by its pitch.

Dr. G. M. Smith points out that great cities are losing one of nature's best gifts in the wasted sunbeams which fall upon unused roofs. He would convert the roofs into pleasure and health parks, where pure air and sunshine might be enjoyed.

There are only four localities where mercury or quicksilver is found in abundance. These are California, Austria, Almaden, in Spain, and Peru. Cinabar, the soft and reddish rock of which mercury forms a part, when ground very fine, serves as a beautiful red paint.

In drilling glass stick a piece of stiff clay or putty on the part where you wish to make the hole. Make a hole in the putty the size you want the hole, reaching to the glass, of course. Into this hole pour a little molten lead, when, unless it is very thick glass, the piece will immediately drop out.

The red hematite ore of the Vermillion range, Minnesota, is not only valued for its great purity but for the high "lay" of the vein, which makes it perfectly easy to work—as easy as to break rock from the sides of a bluff. The vein near Tower has already been traced for sixty continuous miles, and it is said to be, on the whole, the most valuable deposit of iron ore yet uncovered in this country.

In the month of April last two German travelers, Leak and Topf, undertook the ascent of the volcano of Iztacchihuatl, the neighbor of Popocatepetl, in Mexico, whose summit reaches an elevation of about 17,000 feet. They failed to reach the very top, but the expedition fully rewarded their efforts, as they report the existence of a glacier. It has not been supposed hitherto that there were any glaciers in this part of the American continent.

"Railway-brain," is a term applied by Dr. Thomsen to a neurosis or general derangement of the nerve produced by a shock received by the head on a railway-car. In the particular case described, no wound was received and consciousness was preserved at the time of the injury. Afterward the patient became melancholic, and complained of insomnia, headache, spinal pain, weariness and failure of appetite. A hygienic and palliative treatment was given.

Dr. William Noyes, contributes to the Journal of Social Science a convenient summary of the modern view of the criminal type. Taking Lombroso as his guide, he shows in how very many respects the criminal presents abnormal differences, both physical and psychic, from his fellow-men. These differences are, to a large extent, indicative of a reversal to a more primitive, savage type. It is hopeful to add that many of the peculiarities can be detected in children, and that the evil results which they forebode can be, to a large extent, prevented by a properly-directed education.

While it appears from the records of English health officers that some diseases have special seasons in which they are most likely to prevail, it is not shown that occasional variations in temperature have much influence in the matter. Scarlet fever is at its minimum from January to May, at its maximum in October and November. Diphtheria is more evenly distributed throughout the year, and is most dangerous a little later than scarlet fever. Measles and whooping-cough seemed to be somewhat aggravated by cold weather, but are most fatal in May and June. Hot weather is adverse to small-pox, and favorable to disorders of the bowels, particularly in children.

A Mysterious Bottomless Pit.

Upwards of 180 tons of stone have been dumped into a six by seven feet hole in a road at Waterbury, Conn., without having any perceptible effect towards filling it. On the contrary the stone seems to have deepened the mysterious hole, and now the "corduroy" process is to be tried. As an initial move to the latter they are thrusting dead trees into the opening, which in turn are to be covered by a layer of dirt, then more trees added, followed again by dirt, by which time it is expected the surface will have been reached and a good foundation secured. —[New York Graphic.

Firing Into Vacancy.

Enraged husband—Maria, I can endure this existence no longer. I am going to blow my brains out.
Wife (calmly)—Don't attempt it, John, you have never had any success in firing at small targets. —[Chicago Tribune.

When Wife's A-go'n' Away.

Somehow yams around the grocery
Ain't so funny as before,
An' I'm all the time forgettin'
This or that 'ere little chore,
When I git out in the kitchen,
Want to hang around an' stay;
Guess I'm foolish cause this ev'nin',
Why—my wife's a-go'n' away.
She's a-fixin' things up for me
With thoughtful lovin' care,
Tellin' me that somethin's here,
An' somethin' else is over there,
Lookin' sober, speakin' low voiced,
Though she hasn't much to say;
Ketch her eyes on me all dim like—
Guess she hates to go away.
Wish 'twas over—wish 'twas way off—
Wish we didn't have to part;
That's just what I keep a thinkin',
An' afeelin' in my heart.
Praps our sperits see much furdur
Than the partin' of today,
An' jest hint what they can't tell us,
When a loved one's go'n' away,
Calls to mind another journey,
By an' by we all must go.
Wonder who's a gettin' ready
For the train that moves so slow!
Brings the tears so thick about it,
So I git nigh her an' pray
It may be my time for startin',
Jest when she's a-go'n' away.
—[Omaha World.

HUMOROUS.

The latest out—The boy kept after school.

The anatomy of melancholy is boiled old hen.

An office that seeks the man is the police office.

The silent watches of the night are not Waterbury.

When the captain wants to stop the vessel, does he hoist a stay-sail.

Even truth itself is not always veracious. It lies at the bottom of a well.

The man who is always in a pickle doesn't preserve his temper; worth a cent.

There are two things that a woman will always jump at—a conclusion and a mouse.

"Is life worth living?" has become a society question. We answer: It depends on the liver.

"One good turn deserves another" was never spoken of the paper collar at this time of the year.

It is no new thing for a popular man to be banqueted at a hotel, yet some people would call it a modern inn ovation.

When the spider described the beauties of his parlor to the fly he forgot to state that it was furnished on the installment plan.

A musician recently submitted a song to a publisher, entitled "Why do I live?" After reading a small portion of it, the publisher wrote the composer as follows: "Because you sent it by a messenger boy."

At the circus recently the leopard began teasing the elephant. The elephant bore it in majestic silence until the thing ceased to be amusing. Then he growled, "Hush, child, or I'll knock the spots off you!"

Correct diagnosis. Doctor (feeling patient's pulse)—What is your husband's business? Patient's wife—He is a photographer. D.—Has he been working hard of late? P. W.—I don't know, doctor. He took the portraits of four babies, yesterday. D.—H'm! Brain fever.

Fixing the Blame—Judge—"You say that your father died from a sudden shock to his system. Was he an electrician?" Prisoner—"No. He fell from a scaffold." Judge—"Oh, a brick-layer, was he? Was it his own fault?" Prisoner—"I think it was the sheriff's fault, yer honor."

The President's Proper Title.

In the first congress under the present constitution, in 1789, the question of the titles of the president and vice-president was much considered, and a joint committee of the senate and the house reported that it would not be proper to employ any titles but those "expressed in the constitution;" and such was the conclusion adopted, though not enacted in a statute. A special committee of the senate, however, anxious for something like monarchical gorgeousness, proposed that the chief magistrate should be called "His Highness, the President of the United States, and the Protector of their Liberties," but the level-headed republicans of that day would not see it. The appellations of "His Excellency" and "His Honor" were spoken of, but those who wished for distinguished titles did not hold them adequate. The debates on the proposal were animated and the result was that the official title and the etiquetted address of the president have ever since been those of the constitution alone. He is the president of the United States, and he is addressed simply as Mr. President.

That is the usage and the unwritten law to this day. No foreign minister, no member of the president's cabinet, and no officer of the army or navy would be allowed to employ any other form of speech. It is the form of official, legal politeness, and the custom of good society; and everything beyond is snobbery. —[New York Sun.