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THE DAY OF GRATITUDE O! day of special prayer and praise, When grateful hearts to God we raise For mercies which so freely flow Prom His bright throne for men below, Dear day, glad day, how best may we Make thy swift hours more blessed be?

Ah! let us to the Father turn And 'loving kindness' from Him learn, And then to all His wishes true, The work He loved, we'll try to do. Are there no sorrowing near at hand? Are there no waiting ones who stand Without our doors-no eyes where tears Betray the heart's sad griefs and fears?

Then let us weep with them awhile, Till sympathy brings back a smile To the sad faces, and their eyes Turn to the sunshine in the skies, And feel the shadows less and less As grows our warmth of tenderness.

Thus will thine hours, dear day of love And prayer and praise to God above, More blessed be for man below, And bring the Christ more near, we know So welcome, thou Thanksgiving Day! Roll all our selfish thoughts away. And make us loving, kind and true, Christ's love our guide in all we do. Mary D. Brine

THANKSGIVING CHEER. Oh, what can make November drear The merriest month of all the year? A day so full of warmth and glow. Its gladness can but overflow And color all the seasons bleak With joy that flushes every cheek! Thanksgiving Day, that brings the dear Home folks together with good cheer.

Thanksgiving Day is like a face That peeps out from some gloomy place, All twilight shadowed with a smile, Which can the blackest hour beguile Out of its darkness, till we say That night is pleasanter than day. Oh! more than stars or sunshine clear Are radiant souls, that bring good cheer. -Lucy Larcom.

ONE THANKSGIVING.

BY EVA BEST.



that night. All day things had I had so the o seeing to was t

anniversary of our wedding.
"Deary me," I thought, poering the oven to see how the turkey was get-"I can't believe it has been thirty years since Tom and I stood up before Preacher Censor to get marriedit really doesn't seem that long; but Preacher Censor has been dead and gone these twenty years. Tom's hair is as white as the flour at the mill, and Iwell, I don't feel so very old yet, and wouldn't realize the flight of time so much if I hadn't Jamie, here, with me," and I glanced at our only child-a man now in years, but to me always a child; for he had never grown in statue since ten long years ago, when they brought him in mangled and bleeding, his feet crippled for life caused, by a fall from a

I thought it would kill me, at first, to see my once active, bonny, bright, darling tramping a ound on crutches; but somehow I got used to it as years passed us both by-so used to it, indeed, that when Jamie asked me that Thanks giving morning if I would take Dora for my daughter, I flared up at him and answered him more sharply than I should' have thought possible for me to answer my idolized boy.

What right had he to leave me for Dora? Not that I disliked the girl, though she was a strange sort of bodyliving first at one house then at another. Our neighbors were all working people and managed to get along without hired help, except field-hands and some such man-labor; it was only at house-cleaning times that Dorg was needed steadily, or heartrending tones I called to my friends when sewing was going to be done, at to aid me in my frantic seach from garmarriages or funerals. It was a hap! ret to cellar-but to no avail. hazard way of getting one's bread, but | Suddenly the belle of the village-a villages and had the advantage of being ghost! A ghost!" more intelligent. Dora would be just the wife for my son; she was energetic, Jamie she had seen. robust, strong and smart, while he was miller, who could leave him no money, with fright." or estate when he died; and me, his mother, who could leave him only to the mercy of the world when life was ended.

But I steeled my heart against his pleading voice and eyes, and gave him short, angry replies, until he could stand it no longer and hobbled away, slowly moonlit plank. My very life-blood and tremblingly, toward the mill. My heart cried out for him; but I



stifled its reproaches, and gave vent to my ugly feelings by spitefully dashing all manner of kitchen utensils out upon the porch. After the turkeys were tanned to russet and gold in the big oven, and the cakes were done, the excitement that had kept me in a flurry all day suddenly left me, and I sat down in the disordered kitchen and had a good, long, hard cry over my poor boy. Still I felt that all this trouble was Dora's fault, and I tried to hush my accusing conscience by blaming her.

By sundown all was ready to receive the expected guests. Dora had come so as to help me about the tables, and I had treated her so coldly that her usually bright, sweet, sunshiny look fled from her face, and there seemed, oddly enough, a gloomy cloud spreading shadow-like, all over the house.

Tom and Jamie came in late from the mill, for it was being repaired and the "master's eye" was required incessantly. Jamie stopped on the porch, and before my very eyes-with never a hint that he suw the saw the anger flashing out of hem-he drew Dora's face down to his and kissed her.

Then I was mad and said things that made them tremble at their unjust bitterness and hate. Jamie never answered me, but limped up-stairs to his own room and stayed there several hours; as for Dora, she disar peared.

By ones and twos and threes the guests began to congregate in my little best room until it was crowded, and they were forced, for want of space, to move on into the other rooms or scatter about the garden. The young folks choose the latter place, as the night was mild as summer itself, and the big full moon, that seemed too heavy ever to rise above our heads, was floating slowly up over the eastern hills. The lovers looked so blissful and happy, that it made me almost sorry I had driven Dora and Jamie apart by my fearful tonguelashing, but my bark was worse than my bite-and it was Jamie's own fault if he hadn't found that out long ago.

For the next hour or so I forgot Jamie; but when supper time came, I crept up-stairs to his little room and peeped in. He lay stretched on the bed by the findow in the white moonlight, which was as bright as day, showing me plain poor, dwarfed feet, his useless nimbs and his grand, wide forehead. He was still dressed but his overdrawn reath assured me he was still sleeping. felt that I had no right to call him back from that mysterious realm of sweet

unrealities-I, who had spoiled the possible beauty of the real-so I quietly descended the stairs and invited my merry guests to partake of the supper I had prepared for them. My face I wreathed in smiles and none knew that the miller's wife did not joy in the gayety of the hour. After supper the lovers went out

again, in pairs, into the moonlight, the older folks returned to the parlor, and I, being left to myself, went upstairs laden with good things-a peace-offering to my Jamie.

I open the door. I could never make you comprehend the terrible loneliness and emptiness of that little room-

I alone knew of the dangerous som, nambulic habits of my son-a habit that began in infancy, and that, in boyhood,



made him a cripple for life-and now in

Dora was always busy; for she was as miss full of nerves and fancies - came handy at boy's work as any lad in the rushing into the house exclaiming: "A

"Where!" I cried, feeling sure it was

"Moving in short, slow steps along the crippled son of a hard working the scaffolding of the mill-oh, I am sick

"Save him, oh, my God, save him!" I cried, rushing out to the mill, followed by a crowd of awe-stricken men and

Yes, there he was, high up on the outside scaffolding of the mill, walking with wide, unseeing eyes, along the seemed clogged about my heart; I could not stir nor beseech the men to go after him-my tongue cleaved to the roof o my mouth. On he came toward a plank that was laid far out over the deep, sluggish waters of the race-the noise of hi crutches ringing out in the awful silence as each step brought him nearer to

Tramp-tramp- he was almost to the end now; yet we dared not move lest we should wake him and make death a certainty. Nearer, nearer-every wrong I had done him, every sharp word I had unwittingly given him, came crowding

now upon my heart and soul like so many accusing devils, torturing me to agony

as I stood there watching him draw slowly toward the end of the scaffolding. One more step will bring him to his death-oh, my darling! my darling! I clutched Tom's sleeve-Tom, who stood there, numb and almost paralyzed. Suddenly over the roof, with cat-like steps, crept the lithesome figure of a woman, who came to the edge, swung herself down to the scaffolding, and was close upon him as he stood upon the verge of eternity. With wonderful presence of mind she wrapped her strong right arm firmly around a projecting beam, then quickly seized him with the other. I knew from his sudden tremor that he had awakened-I saw him turn confusedly and look about him, then down, far

sluggish race. With a cry he reeled like a drunken man, his crutches fell from his uplifted hands, his poor crippled limbs tottered beneath the unaccustomed weight of his body, and, though she strained desperately to support him, the one single left arm was too weak for so great a burden, and down they fell-he and the woman-down, down into the deep,

down into the black line of the deep,

black water. Then I fainted. When I opened my eyes again the men ware carrying Jamie and Dora, dripping and water-soaked, but living still, thank God, into the house. I fell on my knees before them as they lay glistening with water drops on the little horsehair sofas, and kissed the dear ones who were saved for me and cried like a baby for their for-

Dora drew my face to hers and whispered softly in my ear: "Our mother!" and then I knew I was the happiest old woman on this fair earth. By and by her pretty color all came back and she slipped away from us to change her drenched clothes for dry ones.

And Jamie? When he was warm and dry he lay upon the sofa, his face lit up with a smile that glorified the little room; it spoke voicelessly of his sudden blissful happiness and the eyes that he turned upon his foolish old mother were brim full of tender love and thankfulness.

Thus ended one Thanksgiving Day; and when the next one came my daughter Dora was the sweetest, most sensible little bride that ever gained her mother's o love by her unselfish herdism. - Detroit

How to Cook the Thanksgiving Bird

The secret in having a good roast turkey is to baste it often and to cook it long. So says such excellent authority on practical cooking as Mrs. Henderson. A small turkey of seven or eight pounds (the best selection, if fat) should be roasted or baked three hours at least. A very large turkey should not be cooked a minute less than four hours. If properly basted it will not become dry.

First, then, after the turkey is dressed, season it well, sprinkling salt and pepper on the inside; stuff it and tie it well in shape; either lard the top or lay slices of bacon over it; wet the skin and sprinkle it well with pepper, salt and flour. It is well to allow a turkey to remain some time stuffed before cooking. Pour a little boiling water into the bottom of the dripping pan. If it is to be roasted do not put it too near the coals at first, until it gets well heated through; then gradually draw it nearer.

The excellence of the turkey depends much upon basting it frequently; occasionally baste it with a little butter, oftener with its own drippings. Just before taking it from the oven put on more melted butter and sprinkle more flour; this will make the skin more crisp and brown. When the turkey is cooking boil the giblets well, chop them fine and mash the liver. When the turkey is done, put it on a hot platter. Put the baking pan on the fire, dredge in a little flour, and when cooked stir in a little boiling water or stock; strain, skim off the fat, add the giblets and season with

Reveries of a Gobbler. The swain who said to Phyllis fair, "You I more than turkeys love," This day of days would scarcely care

The candor of his words to prove. The meekest housewife to her boss Gives back talk not one time in twenty; But should she have cranberry sauce To-morrow, she may give him plenty!

The drumstick beats a loud tattoo, The dead march plays, the turkeys shiver; They go to glory or the grave, And gravy bowls receive their liver!

Here the lame cook in ecstasy Around his smoking ovens hobble; Ah, death, or gravy, can it be

Thy dirge, oh, Gobble, Gobble!

A Thought For Thanksgiving. Here is a thought for Thanksgiving Day from Emerson: "Let the passion for America cast out the passion for Europe. Here let there be what the earth waits for-exalted manhood. What this country longs for is personalities, grand persons, to counteract its materialities. For it is the rule of the universe that corn shall serve man and not

She's a Treasure.

man corn."-Philadelphia Press.

The wife who makes a good mines pie, Digestible, rich, juley, prime, The apple of her kushand's eye Is always at Thanksgiving time.

THE CLAY PIPE.

Moulding an Humble Adjunct o the Smoker's Outfit.

Three Kinds of Clay Enter Into ... Its Composition.

Nearly all the clay used in the manufacture of clay pipes is obtained at Woodbridge and Amboy, N. J. There there are immense beds and mines. some open and others reached only by deep shafts, where clay is mined in the same manner as coal Three kinds of clay are, mixed together to give the required properties. One kind when mined is nearly as black as coal. This has a very fine grain and gives the pipe the smooth finish. Another kind has an altogether different appearance in the rough state. It is quite white and resembles a piece of cheese. This kind furnishes the tenacity. Without this second kind the other two would not be able to hold together, but would crumble as they dried. The third kind is brown when damp, and stands the burning process well,

These three kinds of clay, without any one of which the composition would be incomplete, are the only ingredients of a clay pipe. Clay is brought to this city, says the Syracuse Herald, by the canal boat and stored away in the cellar. In preparing the clay for the workshop it is first put into a huge vat to soak. About equal parts of the three kinds are used. This is allowed to stand from twelve to twenty hours, according to the length of time the clay has been exposed to the sir and hardened. When it has been soaked enough it is shovelled into a huge pugmill. The pugmill looks like an oldfashiosed churn. A horse is hitched to the end of a bar, while the other end is set ig to a pivot in the centre of a huge fright cylinder. To the pivot, evolves as the horse is driven a circle, is attached twelve lives about three inches broad. as are slightly turned up, ss around through the different kinds of clay n and out a fair by six ch hole at the sillom. The g from the bottom is cut thto huge bricks called "babbitts," and stored

away until wanted. Great care must be taken not to let these habbitts dry too much, or they will have to be soaked and ground over again.. The babbitts or bricks of the prepared clay, which look like black loaves of bread, are taken to the moulding room and there soaked again to bring it back to the proper moulding temper. Then comes the part of labor that would delight a child. workman takes a knife and cuts babbitts into pieces about an inch square and six or eight inches long. These he works and rolls them on board with his hands, and ending up soft, pliable clay with a knob at one end like a pipe bowl. These rolls are laid out on a rack and partly dried again. They are again soaked and passed to the moulding machines. The moulder holds a medium-sized piece of wire in his right hand, and sticking the point into the small end of the roll, with his left he works the clay on the wire, after the manner of drawing on a and the two sides of the mould snapped goner. -[Atlanta Constituion.

The mould is then put into the machine with the top of the knob, which will soon be the bowl, up. A lever is pulled down, and the smooth, round end of an iron rod forced into the mass, forming the bowl. As the lever is let go of, it flies up of its own weight and a spring knife passes across the large of Aluminum Upon Cast Iron." bowl. The mould is opened immedi- iron by adding aluminum. ately, the wire drawn out and the placed on a rack to dry. These half finished pipes are allowed to stand just long enough to dry the oil with which the mould is lubricated, and are then passed to a girl who trims off the seams where the two halves of the mould come together. The soft, damp pipes are then allowed to dry thoroughly.

diameter and 10 feet high and built of packed in heavy earthen sagers about ence when remelted. 10 inches in diameter and 10 or 12 inches deep, and these sagers are piled up in tiers with hot air flues between each tier. About 325 gross of pipes process requires a white heat and it day and asked him: must be maintained from 10 to 14 hours. About 36 hours are required to cool the furnace. Alter the pipe has become thoroughly cool, the small end i dipped into a solution, the composition of which is a secret, to glaze the mouthpiece, otherwise, until the pipe had been used some time, the lips would stick to it unpleasantly. The pipes are packed in one, two and three gross boxes with likely he was an ancestor of mine after shavings to prevent breakage, and all," replied the honest soldier. - [Texas shipped to the wholesaler. There are Siftings.

about 150 different styles of pipes and. as a rule, 10 different kinds are packed in a box.

A Confiding Sherift. Apropos of Nantucket, Mass., one hears some rather odd sayings and of some quaint happenings there, says R. A. Marr, in Harper's.

"You see we are somewhat out of the way," said one of the islanders, "so tramps seldom trouble us, and it is only when our tourist visitors come that we think of locking our doors at night."

Last fall a man was tried for petty larceny, and sentenced by the judge to three months in jail. A few days after she trial, the judge, accompanied by the sheriff, was on his way to the Boston boat, when they passed a man saw-

The sawyer stopped his work, touched his hat and said, "Good morning, Judge."

The judge looked at him a moment, passed on a short distance, then turned to glance backward, with the question, "Why, sheriff isn't that the man I sentenced to three months in jail?"

"Yes," replied the sheriff, hesitatingly; "yes, that's the man; but you-you see, judge, we-we haven't got anyone in jail now and we thought it a useless expense to hire somebody to keep the jail for three months just for this one man; so I gave him the jail key and told him that if he would sleep there nights it would be all right."

Why He Handles Baggage Gingerly "Yes, I had a close call once," said a baggage man to the Atlanta Constitution, "and you can tell by the way I handle these trunks that it had it's effect upon me," and he gently lifted a six-story Saratoga in his car. "I used to be rough and threw baggage around as though it was impossible to injure it, but that is passed now. I'll tell you what cured me. A fellow got on a train at a little way station on the Louisville and Nashville, when I was running on that road, and his trunk, a small cheap affair, excited my contempt, I guess, for I threw it into a corner of the car with all the force that long practice enabled me to give it. 1 found out what was in that trunk when I got out of the hospital a few weeks later. The end of the baggage car and my head suffered about equally, and 1° was cured of throwing trunks. That trunk was loaded and I will never forget the closest call I ever had." And the baggage man tenderly trundled a sample case to the other end of the car.

Buttermilk Kills a Fish. About fifteen years ago Colonel Willingham of Albany, Ga., was putting up a mill at the B.ue Spring. The carpenter having the work in charge generally footed it from Albany every morning, cating his breakfast at home and taking his dinner bucket along. The mechanic was fond of buttermilk and generally took about half a gallon in a big bottle, which he corked tightly with a dexterous clip turns out a roll of and hung by a string in the cold waters of the spring until dinner time. One day he hung his bottle as usual; but when he went for it at noon it was missing and the string broken. The poor fellow thought as a matter of course, that some rogue had got it. A few days afterward Tom Clark was fishing down the creek and came upon an immense rock fish burst "clean" open. and pieces of the buttermilk bottle lyglove. The roll with the wire still ing all about. Tom's theory is that the sticking out the smaller end is put into fish swallowed the bottle, the butteran iron mould of the required shape milk effervesced, and the fish was a

Aluminum in Cast Iron.

Several interesting papers were read at a Cleveland (Ohio) convention devoted to mechanical science and engineering. W. J. Keep, C. E., superintendent of the Michigan Stove company of Detroit, read one on "The Influence end of the mould, cutting off the waste | said he had made a large number of clay that remains on the top of the tests with ordinary white and gray cast

He proved that aluminum caused white iron to turn to gray, that it entirely prevented blowholes, increased the strength, took away all tendency to chill, lessened the thickness of scale. softened the iron, increased elasticity. reduced permanent set, and, with white. iron increased fluidity. Aluminum reduces shrinkage by its sudden chang-The burning kiln is about 8 feet in ling of combined carbon to graphite. Substantially all of the aluminum added fire brick. The pipes are carefully remains in the metal to exert an influ-

Ran in the Family.

In an Italian garrison there was a private soldier named Ugolino. One of are burned at a time. The burning the officers took the soldier aside one "Are you a descendant of the famous

Count Uzolino, about whom Dante "No," replied the soldier; "all my

ancestors were poor people." "I refer to Count Ugolino who was starved to death with his sons in the

Tower of Pisa." "If he didn't get enough to eat very SCRAPS.

tried in France.

Mars has glacier much larger than When our hearts are sad at partin those of the earth and with greater crevasses and momnents.

A new form of electric fire alarm consists of a closed yessel made of vers thin metal and filled with naphtha other volatile liquid. By the hydrosplastic process of M.

A. Levy, thin coats of metals are deposited upon other metals without the use of batteries or dynamos. The English skull, of lower grades.

measures 1543; the Japanese, 1486; the Chinese, 1424: the modern Italian, 1475; the ancient Egyptian, 1464; the Hindoo, 1306. The paper makes procure the cedar

chips of pencil mufacturers and the paper made of all material will, it is claimed, preserverticles wrapped in it from the moths.

One of the ne applications of a waste product to useful purpose, is the manufacture of serout of cedar wood pulp, for thing carpets, wrapping of wood furs, etc.

Turpentine and black varnish, put with any good stoy polish, is the blacking used by hardware dealers for polishing heating stores. If properly put on it will last throughout the season.

The Spanish givenment has promulgated an order shipmasters to enthrowing overboard bottles containing information about positions of their ships at the time

Recent experimets with the air brake on freight tras show that it can be applied to everyar in a train of that length, running to the rate of forty miles an hour. That this train can be stopped with 500 feet, or onefourth its own 16th, and all this withont any serious | Og.

Mr. F. Raym Infirmary, announced the have been ma ment of horses respiration know feet which any

A company supply cabs wi tes for the head of coachman and cotman, and exterior and interior lenterns for the cab. The accumulators are very small and portable, and will furnish a brilliant light

Professor Ormond Stone states that only four cases have been found in which the known motions of the principal bodies of the solar system cannot be fully explained by Newton's law of are the motion of the perihelion of sity." Mercury, and the accelerations of the mean motions of the moon and o Encke's and Winnecke's comets.

Rapidity in Novel Publishing. There is so great a competition among

the American publishers who print cheap editions of the latest foreign novels that immediately a book is announced on the other side they keep a constant watch for its arrival here. Then the one who can tear it to pieces the quickest, give the slips to the printer and have it bound and for sale at the book stores in the shortest possible time of course : eaps the benefit thereby and triumphs over his rivals. I remember a certain instance in particular, where a book that had made considerable stir in Paris, and was dispatched post haste to an enterprising gentleman in this city, was divided equally among 20 translators, put to the press and exposed for sale within 48 hours after its arrival. A book translated in such a way of course lacks in grace and spirit what it makes up for in a literal sense But the public buy and read it never theless, and the publisher's bank account is increased proportionately. With some translations, as, for instance several of A phonse Daudet's novels, especial care and a much longer time are taken in their production, while as a rule, the plates of the original illustrations are sent over and used as well. Accordingly one is a counterpart of the other except as regards the text, though that too, is identical in composition Fast as these books are gotten out, how ever, it is not fast enough to suit the taste of the easer American reader, and now we are to have the novel that M Zola is about completing fully a month even before the Parisians themselves see it. That vigorous delineator of realism, has, I hear, agreed for a certain price, to give the last six chapters of "Le Reve' to a Chicago house, who, inasmuch as they already have the preceding chapter, will be enabled to publish the novel in its entirety without further delay. Then, I presume that if the Frenchmen desire to steal our edition of their il ustrious countryman's work, they are quite at liberty to de so. - N. w York News.

Letters ch a little thing-a letter, Yet so much it may contain; The military mice some is now being Written thoughts and mute expression Full of pleasure, fraught with pain.

> Comes a gleam of comfort bright In the mutual promise given: "We will not forget to write."

Plans and doings of the absent, Scraps of news we like to hear, All remind us, e'en though distant, Kind remembrance keeps us near,

Yet sometimes a single letter Turns the smushine into shade; Chills our efforts, clouds our prospect Blights our hopes and makes them fade.

Messengers of joy or sorrow, Life or death, success, despair, Bearers of affection's wishes, Greeting kind or loving prayer, Prayer or greeting, were we present

Would be felt but half unsaid; We can write, because our letters-Not our faces-will be read.

Who has not some treasured letters, Fragments choice of others' lives; Relics, some, of friends departed, Friends whose memory still survives!

Touched by neither time nor distance, Will their words unspoken last; Voiceless whispers of the present, Silent echoes of the past!

-[Chambers' Journal

HUMOROUS.

Never pick a quarrel before it's ripe. Comes up to the scratch-The friction

The pivotal "if" of the campaign-The church fairs-The female portion

of the congregation. There's always a hitch somewhere in

a marriage ceremony. A poet talks of "Two Ways of Love." One of them doubtless is the bridal-

A petrified man has been found in Wisconsin. It is probably the body of

the man who fell "stone dead," Although squash is always squashed before it is brought to the dinner table, it is not squash because it is squashed. A learned man of Genoa claims to ve discovered that Columbus was and solemn, while Youpucel was pow pany that a man who would

"whip cream," "thresh wheat" or even "lick a postage stamp." He-Jake, quit yer talking at the ta ble. Now lemme ketch ye openin' yer mouth agin while ye're eatin' an' PH

best an egg" would be so cruel as to

send ye 'way from the table hungry. A horse fancier's daughter, Betsy by for from four to six hours. What is name, having reached a marriageable the matter with having these lights in age, her father wrote familiarly to an old friend: 'Bets offered, but no tak-

ers as yet." Teacher (rheteric class) - "Miss Purplebloom, you may express the thought 'Necessity is the mother of invention' in different words." Miss Purplebloom gravity. The unexplained discordances | - 'Invention is the daughter of neces-

> Old lady (to despondent small boy); Why are you not playing ball with the other little boys, sonny? Small boy (with tears in his eyes): De empire fined fi' cen's yistiddy fer back talk, an' dis mornin' I got my release from de

Commercial traveller (in a fascinating tone of voice to pretty waitress) -Steak an' baked potatoes, Mary. Pretty waitress (haughtily)-My name ain't Mary, Cully, Commercial traveller-Well, don't get mad about it, dear. My name ain't Cully.

Grocer-This brand of oatmeal, madam, is called the "7.30" because it takes only seven minutes and thirty seconds to cook it. Lady-That's it? I have been using it and I thought it was called the "7.30" because it takes seven hours and a half to digest it.

Found His Canteen.

A gentleman told me yesterday of a strange experience related by a friend of his. It was during the battle of Gettysburg that his friend, just before entering the action, took his canteen from his shoulder and hid it is a crevice in the rock. Then came the fiery half of shot and shell that swept down regiments like fields of wheat before the reaper. At the close of the battle the soldier forgot all about his canteen, nor did it even occur to him again until he visited the field at the late reunion. Then it flished through his mind, and after a lew minutes search he found it where he had left it on that momentous day. It seemed scarcely credible that it could have been overlooked during the minute exploration of the field ever since the war, but the gentleman who related the incident is of unimpeachable veracity. - [Albany (N. Y.) Argus.

Advice Gratis.

Impecunious Boarder-I have eaten too hearty a dinner. What do you think would relieve me?

Landlord-Take a walk. I B .- A walk-aw-about how long

Landlord-Say about seven hundred and sixty-five miles due west. That will relieve you-and me, too. - [Puck.