

THE SALISBURY TRUTH.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
J. J. STEWART, Editor and Proprietor.

SALISBURY, N. C.
PRICE OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One Year \$1.50
Six Months 1.00
Three Months50

Advertising Rates by Contract, Reasonable.
Entered in the Post-Office at Salisbury, N. C. as second-class matter.

The first thing Explorer Stanley did when he reached the coast of Africa was to ask for files of newspapers for the past three years. The world's history for that period was a blank to him, and he will have to do some hard reading in order to understand the situation.

One method of preventing fires seems to have been overlooked in the discussion which has followed the disasters in Lynn, Boston and Minneapolis. It is the French regulation which makes a tenant or house-owner financially responsible for damage by fires that spread beyond his premises.

It will, perhaps, interest some readers to know how much fuel a locomotive burns. On freight trains an average consumption may be taken at about one to one and one-half pounds of coal consumed per car per mile. With passenger trains, the cars which are heavier and the speed higher, the coal consumption is greater. A freight train of thirty cars, at a speed of thirty miles per hour, would, therefore, burn from 300 to 1350 pounds of coal per hour.

It is estimated that our American tourists in 1889 spent ninety million dollars in Europe, and it is almost certain that scarcely a bagatelle of all this will ever float back to our shores. This is an enormous amount of money. It is double the amount Uncle Sam has on deposit in all the National banks of the country. It is nearly the sum which Secretary Noble estimates for the entire pension list in 1890. It is far more than it takes to run two or three departments of the Government for a year. It is about time, the *New York Telegram* believes we had a fair idea of the value of the water and prevented all this flow of good cash to Europe.

Dr. Alfredo de Luy, of Rio Janeiro, believes that the climate of Brazil is degenerating to Europeans, especially to persons from the north. He has noticed that Brazilians in general are more pallid, and are less vigorous and energetic, than persons coming from temperate and cold climates. The degeneration of the Portuguese race may also be noted in Rio de Janeiro. An anemic condition, caused by malarious influences, is common among them, and, while it does not kill by itself, weakens the hold on life and greatly increases the infant mortality. The children of Portuguese and Italians do not seem to fare so badly as the children of parents coming from more northern countries.

Even in conservative England the times are indeed changed. The cane has always been considered as necessary a part of the schoolmaster's possessions as the spelling book and corporal punishment prevails there to an extent that would not be tolerated here. A schoolmaster was recently sued by the father of a pupil whom he had unmercifully beaten by caning him on the hand, and the magistrate gave judgment against the pedagogue on the ground that caning on the hand was attended by a risk of injury, and there were "methods of corporal punishment quite as available, efficacious and not necessarily attended by any risk, which the defendant might have used."

There is a vast deal of patriotism among the women of the country. The Ladies' Hermitage Association, with headquarters at Nashville, Tenn., has undertaken to raise a fund for the preservation of Andrew Jackson's grave and homestead. The intention is to make the Hermitage, like Mount Vernon, a Mecca for patriots. Mrs. Nathaniel Baxter is the President of the Association. The Mary Washington Monument Association, of Fredericksburg, Va., is also in the hands of earnest and loyal women, who wish to see the grave of our first President's mother marked by an appropriate monument. Mrs. James Power Smith, of Warrenton, Va., is the President.

Valin, formerly a United States Congressman, from Louisiana, and now editor of *La Patrie*, the leading French Liberal paper in Canada, has made a discovery that may have great import on the relations between this country and Canada. He says that France had ceded all her rights in America to the United States by a formal treaty signed at the outbreak of the American war, so that the United States is still now the natural protector of the French Canadians against England, should any attempt be made by her to deprive them of the rights to their faith and language conferred to them by the treaty of 1763. The French Canadians of Manitoba are consequently starting a movement to frame a declaration of grievance and forward it to the United States Government, with an appeal for protection against any law forbidding the use of the French language in that province.

During 1889 there were no fewer than 439 suicides in the Austro-Hungarian army, of which number 23 were officers and the remainder non-commissioned officers and privates.

According to the latest records the number of Indians in this country is 250,000, and the reservations which they hold comprise 116,630,103 acres, or 466 acres for each man, woman and child.

The flag of the three Americas which floats over the headquarters of the Conference at Washington, has a blue field decorated with our eagle guarding the Western Hemisphere, surrounded by a symbolic wedding ring, while the background is formed by golden stars arranged in the form of a southern cross.

The Chinese are fairly overrunning the Sandwich Islands. They number one-fifth of the population and nearly monopolize many branches of mercantile business, while there are six Chinese mechanics out of every seven of this class on the islands. The natives feel their predominance keenly, but as the Chinese are the most vigorous and progressive race the islanders will have to submit to the logic of events. It seems to be their manifest destiny to give place to a stronger people. The indolent islanders of the Pacific are no match for the hardy and energetic Chinese.

Even vegetation seems to acknowledge that this is the age of electricity. There has just been discovered in the forests of India, a strange plant, which possesses astonishing magnetic power. The hand which breaks a leaf from it receives immediately a shock equal to that which is produced by the conductor of an induction coil. At a distance of twenty feet a magnetic needle is affected by it, and it will be quite deranged, if brought near. It is shunned by birds and insects; its power is increased during a storm; yet all magnetic force is lost when rain falls, even though the plant be sheltered by an umbrella.

There is a strong probability that the five Republics of Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Honduras, San Salvador and Guatemala will shortly become one Republic, which will be known as the United States of Central America. The President of the union will have charge of the diplomatic and foreign relations of the five Republics only for the first ten years of the federation. At the expiration of that period a constitution embracing all political, commercial and other relations, will be adopted. The treaty has been signed by Honduras, Guatemala and San Salvador and Costa Rica, it is expected, will do the same as soon as Nicaragua has signed.

The post schools of the army may receive more attention from Congress during the current session. It is not likely that any attempt will be made to carry out General Lee Wallace's idea of converting every military station into an academy; but, according to the *New York Times*, this view is gaining adherents that a somewhat better use could be made of a part of the time of the enlisted men than employing it in endless repetitions of rudimentary drills. The recruit must of course be made first of all a good soldier, and have such daily training as will keep him a good soldier; but it is not necessary to look at West Point to see about what proportion of the day is really required for that and how much is left for mental improvement.

Men of the present day who attend concerts and are debarred the pleasure of seeing the singers by the high-hat nuisance, may take comfort from the fact that their grandfathers and great-grandfathers suffered a similar infliction. In the *European Magazine*, published in London, for December, 1783, is the following: "It is the fashion in Paris for the ladies to wear straw hats of a monstrous size, made in imitations of the aristocratic globes; on which account they are called 'les chapeaux au ballon.' It is to be hoped that the whimsical mode will not be introduced among the people of England, as it would prove still more inconvenient at the play houses than the late high heads." And again we read: "Woe to the frequenters of the play houses if the new French balloon hats are ever brought into fashion here in their present form." But they were.

The proposal of Secretary Tracy to allow men to enlist in the navy for life and then to insure their retirement after thirty years' service seems, to the *New York Times*, "to be a very good one. There is no reason why Jack Tar should not have the benefit of a retired list like his brother of the land service, and it is an excellent plan to couple with the privilege measures to insure long and faithful service. If at the end of four years he should tire of his life enlistment, he is then to have a full chance to put an end to it and be discharged; and this option will prevent him from being alarmed at the prospect of entering into a life agreement to begin with. But if he does take a discharge at the end of four years, he is to forfeit the privilege connected with a life enlistment. On the other hand, he is to be allowed a month's leave of absence in each twelve months and he can accumulate, these leaves for as many as four years together, and then take a long four months' vacation without forfeiting his rights. The system is simple, yet promising, and we should judge that it would at least have the effect of inducing Congress to establish retired pay for the enlisted men of the navy."

THE THINGS THAT NEVER COME OUR WAY.

We sometimes talk about this earth as being such a dreary place—Of happiness there's such a dearth. While sorrow meets us face to face. But joys surround us oft, and yet We're ever one constrained to say 'T would be more pleasant could we get The things that never come our way.

It always seems to us as though, While fortune is to others kind, We're never given half a show To win the prizes we would find.

We toil in vain to grasp the gold—Which falls to others in their play— Across their pathway fate has rolled The things that never come our way.

We think if we could but design The comforts that enrich and bless, The sun would much more brightly shine Across our path in happiness.

But yet we're doubly sad, Ah, who can say? Our lives may more triumphant be Than things have never come our way.

—Chicago Herald.

AUNT BATES.

The periodical visits made by Aunt Bates to her friends and relatives were as inevitable as the moon, and as dreaded as the equinoctial gales.

"This slinky generation would style her a 'sponge,'" but the sentiment of hospitality was strong among the people of the South in those old days.

Aunt Bates had a fair, faded face that bore traces of former beauty, and usually wore a lace kerchief, disclosing her withered neck, because, as she was fond of telling the girls, her "swan-like throat" had been the toast of all South Carolina.

As regarded her character, she positively refused to take a hint, and nothing ever put her out of countenance. She went from house to house, bearing tales, and would have been a perfect firebrand if her reputation had not been so well known.

It seemed doubtful if Aunt Bates were capable of a sincere emotion of any kind, but she seemed to feel a sort of pride in the beauty of her two grandnieces, Cynthia and Laura Lemarc. They were the children of her nephew, the son and namesake of her favorite brother, Philip, whose praises she seemed never weary of chanting.

"Honey," she would say, "there are no men nowadays as fine and handsome as Philip—and your poor deceased pa took after him. When I was a girl and he was a baby boy, I used to take him out with me, and honey, a handsome young gentleman seem to me a beautiful copy of verses comparing us to Venus and Cupid."

One fine day Aunt Bates appeared at the house of her cousin, John Dalrymple. She was his favorite aversion, and when he found she had come to stay he collected all the clocks in the house, besides borrowing several from the neighbors. These he wound and regulated so that they would strike at all hours of the day and night, and set them about Aunt Bates' sleeping apartment. It is needless to say that her slumbers were not peaceful.

"Honey," she said, the next morning, at breakfast, "I don't think it agrees with my health to sleep in a room that has so many clocks in it, so I'll just go on to Sabina's. She is always begging and praying me to stay with her. No butter, honey, thank you, though it's a great temptation when it's as beautiful as yours. How do you make it so beautiful, honey? I never see any like it anywhere else."

Shortly after this Mrs. Dalrymple heard that Aunt Bates had remarked to another victim of her visiting mania, "I'm just starved for butter, honey, because I've never stayed with Jane Dalrymple. I never eat butter at Jane's. She's too fond of print, honey. These blue-stockings are always poor housekeepers."

Aunt Bates went to stay with Sabina Lemarc, the mother of Laura and Cynthia, as she had announced her intention of doing.

Sabina was a widow and in reduced circumstances; for when her husband had died three or four years ago, his affairs had been found to be in the greatest confusion. Comparatively little was saved from the wreck, and Sabina was obliged to leave her plantation home and move into a little brown house on the outskirts of Beethville. It was quite a mortification to Aunt Bates that her favorite grandnieces should not be able to dress as handsomely as their wealthy cousins; but since the house was, it was the headquarters of all the young people, and Laura and Cynthia never lacked admirers.

Sabina was a sweet-tempered woman, with a fat, dimpled, cherubic face; but she confessed that Aunt Bates always "upset" her. She groaned in spirit when Aunt Bates announced cheerfully: "I've come to stay a good long time, honey. I know you and the dear girls have been lonely without me."

Shortly after Aunt Bates' arrival, Mrs. Lemarc was called from home by the illness of her mother.

"Set your mind at rest, honey," said Aunt Bates. "I'll look after the young folks, and keep house for you. And, by the way, though I don't like to speak of it, don't you think it would be just as well to make the servants sweep under the beds? There's always a coat of dust as thick as a blanket under every one of them. Of course, honey, you don't mind me telling you: for you wouldn't like strangers calling you an untidy housekeeper."

Mrs. Lemarc's round, sweet face turned very red, and it was with difficulty she repressed a sharp answer. Aunt Bates's relatives treated her with a great deal of generous forbearance—always saying, "Oh, she's poor, you know, and has no home."

It is doubtful whether even legacy-hunters could have endured her importunities, had she been wealthy.

Now that Laura and Cynthia held the reins, the little brown house was gayer than ever. One evening they were playing blind-man's buff, with all its attendant noise and merriment; and Aunt Bates took occasion to remark, during a pause, "Laura, honey, I feel it my duty to write to your dear ma to tell her how beautifully you are taking care of everything. She'll be gratified, honey—she'll be very much gratified." Then she retired to the kitchen, and said to Lucinda, the stout cook, "Lucinda, you had better send word to your mistress to come home right away, if she wants to find anything left of the house. These young people are the most down-right spiteful set that ever lived."

But Lucinda tossed her head, and snuffed audibly. All the servants detested Aunt Bates, for she never gave them anything but innumerable orders.

Aunt Bates's face changed. She was a

Presently, the young folks dispersed, and none were left but Laura and Cynthia, and the three Harrison sisters who were going to spend the night.

Relieved to find peace, Aunt Bates settled herself in front of the fire, in the most comfortable arm chair, and placed her feet, cased in shabby black satin shoes, on the low fender.

At this moment Frank, the man servant, came in with an armful of logs. He waited for some minutes; but as Aunt Bates did not take the hint, and remove her feet, he coolly stepped over them.

"Frank, honey," she said, in mild reproach, "you oughtn't to step over Aunt Bates' feet."

Then she turned to Nelly Harrison, a fragile girl with a delicate hectic bloom and a slight stoop; and remarked, "Nelly, honey, I should think you'd try to sit straight."

"Well, it seems as if I can't, somehow," said the girl, good naturedly.

"Oh, honey! you ought to see a cousin of mine, Amanda Lemarc. Such a grand figure of a young lady, honey! Why, she's as straight—well, as straight as I am. She has the deportment of a Queen. That's what they used to say of me—that I would grace a throne. I think, honey, if you could once see Amanda, you'd try not to be so slumped shouldered. Some folks might be ill-natured enough to say you had a hump. But as for Amanda—"

"Why, Aunt Bates!" cried Cynthia, in open-eyed wonder, "Amanda is high-shouldered, and passed always to say she walked like our old red cow."

"Die, honey!" asked the unabashed old lady. "Well, perhaps I've forgotten how she walks. It might be her mother I was thinking of; but, at any rate, it runs in our family to walk gracefully and to be slender and distinguished looking. You and Laura favors the Lemarcs, but you are nothing like what they were in my young days. It's a blessing you didn't take after the Gracys. Your dear ma is painfully stout, and has about as much expression in her face as a pan of skim milk."

"Please don't make such remarks about ma, Aunt Bates," said Laura, indignantly.

"Honey, it isn't back-biting your dear ma to tell the truth about her. Unless she is puffed up with vanity, she must know, honey, that she is too fat and has no waist."

"Ma's just right," contradicted Cynthia.

"Well, honey, your saying so doesn't make it so. You girls of the present day have no idea what grace or beauty is. Oh, honey! you should have seen Aunt Bates in the bloom of her girlhood. They called me the Mountain Rose, and duels were fought about me by the dozen. I was as fair as a lily, with large eyes as blue as forget-me-nots, and hair like sunbeams. Besides, every one said I was as graceful as a fairy. I have had many romantic adventures."

Here the girls exchanged expressive glances. They knew what was coming.

"One day," Aunt Bates continued, "as I was on my way to school, I met such a handsome young gentleman on horseback. He looked at me fixedly, and at length he had passed by, he kept turning around to get one more glance. After this I often met him, and one day, when I dropped my satchel of books, he leaped from his noble horse, and handed it back to me, with a courtly bow. This led to an acquaintance that ripened into an engagement—with the full consent of my parents, honey."

"His name was Harcourt de Percival. He wrote the most beautiful poems, and he used to bring them to me, and we would read them together. But he got a brain-fever and died. For two years I mourned him as a widow; but, one day, the servant came and told me that he was well and that he had entered the army. I nearly fell in a faint, for I thought that Harcourt de Percival stood before me. For a moment he stood transfixed with admiration of my beauty."

Here Kate Harrison suppressed a giggle.

"And then he said, 'Madam, my late friend, Harcourt de Percival, left me in his will a manuscript collection of his poems, which I believe you have in your possession.'"

"Why was he so long in coming for them?" Cynthia asked in an artless tone.

"Don't ask such silly questions. How do I know? I was not so bold as you girls are to begin cross-examining a gentleman. As I was saying, I gave him the poems, and he became very good friends. And, honey," concluded Aunt Bates, impressively, "I married Uncle Bates because he looked so much like Harcourt de Percival!"

Aunt Bates's visit was a lengthy one. It lasted until spring set in, and was envied by many eccentrics.

On one occasion some visitors inquired whether Mrs. Lemarc had had any peas from her garden.

Before she could answer, Aunt Bates stuck in, "Peas, honey? Why, we've had peas—peas—peas—until we're sick of peas."

"Aunt Bates!" Sabina remonstrated, "we haven't had any peas at all."

"Well, Sabina, but we will have," retorted the imperturbable Aunt Bates.

At last, she left the Lemarcs, after having "worked up" every man, woman and child on the place into a state of exasperation.

"Aunt Bates is a regular torment," cried Cynthia.

"Hush, dear!" said her mother. "You know she is poor, and she was really fond of your father."

"I believe he is the only person she does not abuse," said Laura.

After this, Aunt Bates decided that she would try boarding for a time, so she went to interview Mrs. Bond, an old friend, on the subject.

"Oh, Mrs. Bates!" cried Mrs. Bond, who knew her well, "I am afraid our house wouldn't suit you. It is a very lonely place."

"Honey, there's nothing I like better than peace and quietness, which—goodness knows—I didn't have at Sabina's."

"But you see, Mr. Bond is so often away, and then I have nothing for dinner but a cup of tea and some bread and butter."

"Honey, there's nothing I relish more for dinner than tea and bread and butter."

"Besides, I would have to give you a room upstairs, and you would find it fatiguing to climb so many steps."

"Honey, there's nothing so nice as an upstairs room—so cool and airy!"

"But Mrs. Bates, there's another thing," said Mrs. Bond, driven to desperation, "Now mind, I don't say there's anything in it, but the negroes declare they see strange sights here at night. You know we are very near the graveyard."

Aunt Bates's face changed. She was a

bundle of superstitions, and had a decided fear of ghosts.

"Well, honey," she said, "I reckon on the whole, it wouldn't suit me to live with you. It would be fatiguing to climb so many steps, and I don't think I could get along just with tea and bread and butter for dinner—particularly as I've heard people say your tea is never anything but hot water."

As the price Aunt Bates wished to pay for her board was a very small one, she had some difficulty in finding a place.

At last, she settled herself with the Taskers, a poor family living in the village, and there she was seized with a dangerous illness.

She lingered painfully on the confines of death for some weeks. Sabina would have taken her home; but she was too ill to be moved; so Sabina and her daughter Peter had her removed to the house of Aunt Bates' mother, where she lay until her illness had forgotten none of its sharpness.

Toward the last, her mind wandered back to the days of her girlhood. She was a child again, and she called upon "Philly" to look at the dead bird she had found in the grass. The little brother and sister were at play together once more.

Then, she talked in baby-language to the second Philly, and often cried out "I've remembered your girls. It was for them, Philly—all for them."

When the end approached, her mind cleared, and she faintly asked the doctor how much longer he thought she could live. He replied that, "in all human probability, she could not live an hour."

"I'll have two hours," said the undaunted Aunt Bates, and she died.

After a long silence, she beckoned to Sabina to stoop down that she might speak to her.

"Sabina," she whispered, "what's the price of butter just now?"

"Sabina drew her head up abruptly, and faltered, "I—I don't know."

"You were always unpractical," remarked Aunt Bates in a barely audible voice.

These were her last words. After her death it was found, to the amazement of her relatives, that she had left Cynthia and Laura \$30,000 apiece. While every one believed her poor, she had pinched and hoarded—had dressed meanly and made herself a by-word for their sake.

It was the only blossom of love that sprang from the grave of the lonely old woman.—Times-Democrat.

Can Birds Count?

Having studied Sir J. Lubbock's interesting book, I remembered a fact observed by me, which, though not compiled, seems worth mentioning, says a writer in *Nature*. I was amused some years ago to observe the feeding of the young in a sparrow house near an upper window of my house. The old sparrow alighted upon the small veranda of the sparrow house with four living caterpillars in his beak. Then the four young ones put out their heads, with the customary noise, and were fed each with a caterpillar. The sparrow went off, and returned after a while again with four more living caterpillars in his beak, which were disposed of in the same manner. I was so interested and pleased with the process that I watched it for some time and during the following days.

A fact which I have not seen noticed here in the extensive sparrow literature is that for a number of years sparrows begin to build nests of dry grass and hay at the tops of high trees. The first saw were large irregular balls placed on the tripod of twigs. The entrance was on the inner side, near the lower end of the balls. Last year I observed another form of the nests. A strong rope formed of dry grass, as thick as a man's wrist and as long as the forearm, is fastened only with the upper end to strong branches at the tops of high trees. The rope's end has a rather large oval shape, with the entrance on the inside near the end. Of such nests I saw last winter about a dozen. A long pole near my house strongly covered by a vine (celestial scandens) had such a nest for three years, used every year.

In the sparrow houses around my lodging the sparrows stay throughout the winter; commonly one male and three females in every house, till in the spring the superfluous females are turned out.

The Horse Perspired.

I had the opportunity, says a writer in *Chambers's Magazine*, of observing the effect on a horse when ridden near a mountain lion.

I was late one night in the autumn. I was riding along a lonely mountain road, and when only about two miles from the town or mining camp, I heard the cry of the mountain lion. My horse at once showed fear and refused to move forward. His trembling was so intense that he fairly shook me in the saddle. To whip and spur he paid no attention. Indeed, it was only by the strongest effort that I could prevent him from turning and bolting in the direction we had come from. A crashing in the brush a short distance in advance of me increased the horse's fear and restiveness to such an extent as almost to unhorse me.

We both knew full well what that crashing meant, but I was also well satisfied that the beast would not trouble us, because I knew that only a short distance across the hill was a slaughter-house, whether I judged the terror of the mountains was journeying. Although quite a cold night, I found my horse sweating as freely because of his fright as if I had ridden on a dead run for miles.

Wonders in Watches.

"Those foreigners," said a New York Jeweller to a *Tribune* reporter, "have recently made remarkable improvements in watches and clocks, which sooner or later will bring about a complete revolution in horology. A journeyman clock-maker in the neighborhood of Lyons has invented a method of making a lady's watch go without being wound up during a whole year, a man's watch during three years, a pendulum of midding size twenty years, and a public clock for a space of 280 years."

"He manufactures watches of so small a size they are worn in finger-rings, taking the place of a seal, and require winding but once in fifteen days. Of course you have heard of the watch worn by the Empress Marie Louise on the forefinger of her left hand. That was a rare jewel, and was said to have cost \$50,000. Ten dollars will buy one like it now."

"There is one great drawback to these watches: They can be wound up only by the inventor himself, or those acquainted with his secret. The works are enclosed in cases hermetically sealed."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.

When you're right you can't be too radical, and when you're wrong you can't be too conservative.

The true reply to the question, Is life worth living: It all depends on the kind of life you live.

Never let a day pass without thinking seriously, if only for a moment, of death. It will rob it of more than half its terrors.

To be able to endure honest and kind criticism requires quite as much wisdom as to be able to make honest and wise criticism.

The individual right needs no label, for it exists in the consciousness of doing right, thus proving that the only method one can determine what right is, is by doing right himself.

Wherever the most individual liberty is recognized in the same proportion greater progress takes place and greater security to life; also the pursuit of happiness is less disturbed.

The persons depending upon external appearance for their respectability would doubtless dispute the importance of being honest, but for the fact that their position can only be maintained by deception.

Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body none. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more consequence to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receive.

Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall of the wainscot, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

He Did Whip the Grizzly.

Colonel Thomas F. Barr, Assistant Advocate-General of the Army, arrived at the Grand Pacific last evening, says the *Chicago Tribune*. He is going out with General Crook to investigate the Leavenworth in the returns of the hotel the trip was dismissed with a word and the evening passed in discussion of bear hunting.

"I see," said Colonel Barr, by way of opening the conversation, "that you say no man ever engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with a grizzly bear and got away alive."

"Yes, sir, I said that," the General replied with emphasis. "And I will even go further. I will state that I don't believe there would be enough left of a man who would do that to build a tombstone over."

Colonel Barr smiled and said: "General do you ever meet Tom Selkirk in the Bad Lands?"

"The Scotch Indian trapper?"

"Yes."

"I did."

"Strong man, eh?"

"Strong, indeed."

"He whipped a bear single handed."

"Don't believe a word of it."

"But he did."

"Now, Colonel, I've been hunting bear for twenty-five years, and you ought to know better than to tell me that."

"But it's a fact."

"How did he do it?"

"Looked it to death."

General Crook arose and frowned.

"Colonel Barr," he said, "I have always esteemed you a gentleman and an officer," and walked away. Colonel Barr sat still and grinned. The General walked around the hotel for two or three laps, they came back, and with his hands buried deep in his pockets stood in front of the Colonel.

"Barr," he said, "as man to man. How old was that bear?"

"About two months, I reckon."

The general took the Colonel's arm without a word and executed a right face. The pair marched due south twenty-five feet, wheeled, and moved west until they were lost behind the red cedar partition, and shortly thereafter this conversation floated over the partition:

"Well, General."

"Colonel."

And then there was deep silence.

A Mathematical Prodigy.

Sam Summers, the colored prodigy, was in Shelbyville yesterday, and, as usual, entertained a large crowd, who were testing him with all kinds of mathematical problems. Summers is a colored man, thirty-four years old, without the slightest education. He cannot read or write, and does not know one figure from another. He is a farm-hand, and, to look at him and watch his actions, he seems to be about half-witted, but his quick and invariably correct answer to any example in arithmetic, no matter how difficult, is simply wonderful. With the hundreds of tests that he has submitted to, not a single time has he failed to give the correct answer in every instance.

Some examples given him on yesterday were: How much gold can be bought for \$132 in greenbacks if gold is worth \$165? Multiply 597,312 by 134. If a grain of wheat produces seven grains, and these be sown the second year, each yielding the same increase, how many bushels will be produced at this rate in twelve years, if 1000 grains make a pint? If the velocity of sound is 1142 feet per second, the pulsation of the heart seventy per minute, after seeing a flash of lightning there are twenty pulsations counted before you hear its thunder, what distance is the cloud from the earth, and what is the time after seeing the flash of lightning until you hear the thunder? A commission merchant received seventy bags of wheat, each containing three bushels, three pecks and three quarts; how many bushels did he receive? And so on.

With Robinson's Rays and other higher arithmetics before them, those who had studied as yet have been unable to find any example that with a few moments' thought on his part he is not able to correctly answer.—Louisville Commercial.

Painting With Sand.

Parisians have lately been entertained by a remarkable artist, who displays wonderful skill in his peculiar form of painting. With plates of various colored sand he before her she takes the sand in her hand and causes it to fall in beautiful designs upon a table. A bunch of grapes is pictured with violet sand; a bunch of green sand, the stalk with a leaf with red and relief and shadows by other sands; when the work is brushed away a bouquet of roses and other objects are represented with the same dexterity and delicacy.

AN INNER MEANING.

There has come to my mind a legend, a thing I had half forgot,
And whether I read it or dreamt it, ah, well it matters not.
It is said that in heaven, at twilight, a great bell softly rings,
And man may listen and harken to the wondrous music that rings,
If he puts forth his heart's inner chamber all the passion, pain and strife,
Heartache and weary longing that throbs in the pulse of life—
If thrust from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked things,
And I think there lies in this legend, if we open our eyes to see,
Somehow of an inner meaning, my friend, to you and me.

PITH AND POINT.

The storm cloud should have a sky blue color.
An American whaler—The Hoosier schoolmaster.
The weight of the unjust—Fifteen ounces make a pound.
"Do you think bicycle riding is fall ing off?" "Yes, mostly."—*Bazar*.
It isn't the "ifs" of life that worry the gutter-searching gamin. It's the buts.—*Merchant Traveler*.
It takes more than a well starched shirt front to make a polished gentleman.—*Kearney Courier*.
In milking a cow sit on the side furthest from the cow and near a soft spot in the pasture.—*Milwaukee Bluff*.
The easiest way for a good wife to get along pleasantly is to practice what her husband preaches.—*Atchison Globe*.
Some men's affairs don't get straightened out until about the same time they do themselves.—*Burlington Free Press*.
Daughter—"Whenever I have a fit" wear those tight shoes I have a fit." Mother—"You mean a mist."—*Tom Toppie*.
Baseball and football have their seasons of popularity, but a steady favorite the fish ball excels both of them.—*Boston Bulletin*.
Jasper—"Where is that very obliging clerk who waited on me the other day?" Clerk—"Oh, that was the boss."—*New York Sun*.
Common courtesy is quite distinct from a matter of common courtesy, but some people don't seem to know it.—*Merchant Traveler*.
She (at the piano)—"Listen! How do you enjoy this refrain?" He—"Very much!" The more you refrain the better I like it.—*Musical Courier*.
Life's full of compassions.
If the coffee is weak in the boarding-house, The butter is always strong.—*Boston Courier*.
"Will you like me after I am gone?" she asked, "Will you love me as much then as you do now?" "More," he said absent mindedly.—*Merchant Traveler*.
"Will the coming man write?" "He will, indeed. He'll write just as bad poetry and miserable nonsense as he does to-day, unless he changes his mind, and doesn't come."—*Puck*.
How provoking it is when you want to give vent to your temper by slamming a man's office door behind you to have one of those "air" arrangements close it for you ever so gently.—*Berkshire News*.
The Weather Bureau has invented a new storm signal. It is of a yellow color, and denotes that the weather man feels in his bones that something or other is going to happen soon.—*Chicago News*.
Political Kicker—"I wonder if them fellows in City Hall see the handwriting on the wall?" Janitor—"I think not, mister. They have just whitewashed all the rooms in City Hall."—*Lovell Mail*.
The woman who asks for samples of silk. Make the dry goods merchant feel lonely. For he is in favor with his friends of the kind. Of a tear-off for revenue only.—*New York Herald*.
Mrs. Wickwire—"Oh, this is too bad. Mother writes me that Aunt Ann's mind is entirely gone." Mr. Wickwire—"I am not surprised to hear it. She was always giving some one or other a piece of it."—*Terre Haute Express*.
A traveler had just returned from a voyage around the world. He was included with questions. "But how did you manage to get along in those countries where you didn't know the language?" asked a particularly brazen idiot. "Why, as there are dumb people in all lands, I followed their example."—*Judge*.
A Wonderful Lily.
One sometimes hears of the wonderful productiveness of the golden lily—*Jung* Auratum, Lindley. Some years, as an instance was recorded of one stalk, after cultivation, bearing no less than fifty-five flowers. This happened at Pigeon, in Fifehire, Scotland, in 1886. The record is quite beaten by a plant in the garden of a foreign resident at Karlsruhe, which is a new bearing no fewer than fifty-seven flowers on one stalk. The tallest itself is six feet high, and toward the top end it flattens out, the buds hanging like keys on a board. The upper extremity is cleft. Room is thus allowed for the remarkable luxuriance of bearing just described. In the *Far East* September 16, 1872, it is stated: "This summer there grew in the garden Mr. G. C. Pearson on the Bluff (No. 111), Yokohama, two stems from one bulb. One was a fair specimen of the ordinary flowering of the plant, having eighteen flowers upon it; but the other upon a broad flat stem about an inch and a half in width, but thin as a lath, bore no less than sixty-three buds, of which thirty-two were in full flower at one time."—*Japan Weekly Mail*.

The storm cloud should have a sky blue color.
An American whaler—The Hoosier schoolmaster.

The weight of the unjust—Fifteen ounces make a pound.
"Do you think bicycle riding is fall ing off?" "Yes, mostly."—*Bazar*.

It isn't the "ifs" of life that worry the gutter-searching gamin. It's the buts.—*Merchant Traveler*.
It takes more than a well starched shirt front to make a polished gentleman.—*Kearney Courier*.

In milking a cow sit on the side furthest from the cow and near a soft spot in the pasture.—*Milwaukee Bluff*.
The easiest way for a good wife to get along pleasantly is to practice what her husband preaches.—*Atchison Globe*.

Some men's affairs don't get straightened out until about the same time they do themselves.—*Burlington Free Press*.
Daughter—"Whenever I have a fit" wear those tight shoes I have a fit." Mother—"You mean a mist."—*Tom Toppie*.

Baseball and football have their seasons of popularity, but a steady favorite the fish ball excels both of them.—*Boston Bulletin*.
Jasper—"Where is that very obliging clerk who waited on me the other day?" Clerk—"Oh, that was the boss."—*New York Sun*.