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J. J. STEWART, Editor and Proprietor.

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It seems that Russia anticipates some trouble with China. A prolonged military council was held recently at St. Petersburg and discussed plans for Russian operations in the event of war on the Chinese frontier. Two uncles of the Czar, all the Grand Dukes, and the most eminent officers of the army were present.

According to the report of the last international convention of the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, there are 581 legally recognized organizations in the world for the protection of animals. One hundred and eighty-five of them are in Germany, 179 in Great Britain, ninety-six in the United States, twenty in Switzerland, fifteen in Austria-Hungary, twelve in Canada, nine each in Italy, France, and Russia; six in Norway-Sweden, five in Holland, four each in Spain, South Africa, and the West Indies; two each in Portugal, Algiers, and South America; one each in Denmark, Turkey, Belgium and Mexico.

The Chicago police seems, to the New York Telegram, to be an extraordinary body. One detective is serving a life sentence for his part in the conspiracy to murder Dr. Cronin. Another is charged with betraying the secrets of the Department in the matter of an anarchist spy in the pay of the police. This was done to purchase leniency from Anarchists who insisted on his dismissal from the force for assaulting a man at one of their meetings, the story runs. Between such police and the Anarchists life in Chicago does not seem to be much safer than it would be among the cowboys or on the frontier.

Admiral Shufeldt, of the United States Navy, tells how the Russians are flinging territory from the Chinese on the boundary between Siberia and China. The means of communication are so poor in China and the avenues of news are so few that it is impossible for the Chinese to keep track of the goings on in their provinces. The Russians send a regiment of Cossacks, with their families, about ten or fifteen miles into China. The regiment will settle down, take up the land and cultivate it. They take up the boundary stones as they settle down, and put them at the edge of their settlements, and the next year another regiment comes along, takes up the land below and moves the boundary stones further on toward Peking. These encroachments have been going on for years, and the Chinese cannot understand the perpetual shrinkage of their northern frontier.

When a foreign Government gets hold of a good thing like smokeless powder or breech loading guns it keeps control of it for its own uses as long as possible. Hence it comes that the United States is not yet supplied with smokeless powder, although several foreign Governments are now in possession of the secret of its manufacture. It would seem, says the New York News, to be the part of wisdom for our Government when it is offered a good thing to be used in national defense to take it. The dynamite guns were first offered to our Government, but instead of purchasing the patent and keeping control of the guns we are allowing them to be sold to all foreign Governments. Several have just been shipped for the use of the British Government. We will not be to any advantage in this matter, because every other Government will be as well supplied as ours. Smokeless powder was invented by a retired army officer, who offered it to our Government, which treated him with such scant courtesy that he sold the invention abroad. Uncle Sam is one of the most close-fisted and meanest men on earth, unless there is a political job in view.

Details come from France of the African journey of Captain Trivier, the French explorer. The gallant Captain stayed for five days with Tippu Tib, the famous African chief. He says he found Tippu to be the real master of Central Africa, having far more power than the Sultan of Zanzibar. Tippu declared that he did not like the English, and that he preferred the French. This statement, however, the New York Sun thinks may have been mere politeness on his part, as one of Tippu's characteristics is always to be particularly charmed with the nationality of the European who happens to be in his company. Trivier says he found that the districts he traversed were superb in all natural features, and that the natives were the only bad point. On the east coast of Africa, the Captain believes, the French have no chance of advancing their interests, as the Germans have firmly established themselves there since unnumbered difficulties. The British, he says, are losing ground. The Captain has not made public anything as yet concerning the scientific work he has accomplished. His journey was intended to solve several disputed points about the geography of the Dark Continent.

In this tender and censorial age girls should be careful how they exercise parental discretion. A Pittsburg girl has just been sent to the reformatory because she persisted in calling her father a crank.

Where a man and his wife are lost at sea the law always supposes that he, being the stronger, survived her by some minutes or hours. In seven different cases followed up in the French courts within the last ten years it was found that the wife outlived her husband, and the practice of the law had to be reversed.

At the calling of the muster rolls on the re-opening of the Vienna schools a remarkable fact came to light. Nearly all the scholars had suffered from influenza during the holidays, but not one was reported to have died. On the other hand, five teachers have succumbed. The only possible explanation of this appears to be—that influenza is very seldom dangerous to children.

The American Forestry Association is sending petitions to Congress asking for the passage of an act withdrawing temporarily from sale all distinctively forest lands belonging to the National Government, until a commission shall have decided how much of these lands should be reserved permanently in forest. In view of the great value of forests to the surrounding country, the New York Voice thinks this an entirely reasonable suggestion.

Running is the great beautifier of figure and movement. Running gives muscular development, strong heart action and free lung play. The muscle comes where it ought to be, the shoulders go back, the loins hold the trunk well balanced, and the feet take their correct positions. It was running which made the Greek figure. The more active tribes of American Indians have usually the firm but elastic texture of flesh, which is the beauty of flesh.

The report that the Scandinavians in Utah are rapidly leaving the Mormon Church is probably not exaggerated. These people, observes the San Francisco Chronicle, as naturally as moral as they are industrious, and they are secured by the Mormon elders as colonists simply because they hope to get homes of their own. When the enormity of Mormonism is fully presented to them they are pretty sure to abandon the doctrines of the Saints. Such a revival as is now being carried on in various parts of Utah will be anathematized by the Mormons, but, in the opinion of that paper, the general public will rejoice over it, as it means the addition of a number of good citizens to the Territory.

The eventful fall of the British House of Lords is again foreshadowed in the announcement that the Government contemplate introducing once more at the next session of Parliament the black sheep bill, the object of which is to keep out of the upper House those peers who are a discredit to their order. The bill will differ from others, in that it will invest a committee of the House, consisting of judicial peers and certain lay peers, with the power of penal discipline over the House of Lords. The action of the committee will be subject to confirmation or rejection by the House itself. But if the bill is literally construed upon the lines designated the membership of the House of Lords will be materially decreased.

The inoculation theory is steadily taking a firmer hold upon the medical profession, and as a consequence numerous suggestions looking to the prevention of contagious diseases are constantly being made. One of the most recent of these emanates from Dr. F. A. Perroux, of Calcutta, India, who argues that the venom of the deadly cobra injected into the human system will prevent cholera. Dr. Perroux states that "cholera is caused by the withdrawal of animal venom (one of the normal constituents of blood) from the general circulation," and that this condition must terminate "on the artificial of suitable animal venom (such as cobra poison) in the blood, since by that complementary addition human blood resumes its normal condition." The doctor has sent to the United States Surgeon-General a box containing the poison extracted from fourteen cobras, and requests him to make the experiment in case cholera ever threatens us.

The prohibition of the use of the German language in the courts of the Baltic provinces by the Russian Government has created a great confusion of tongues. The majority of the population on the Russian side of the Baltic knows little or no Russian at all, and the scenes in the courts, where the peasants seeking justice and the lawyers pleading their clients' cases are unable to communicate their grievances to the learned judge who knows no German, are anything but pleasing for those concerned. One barrister, on being required to sign an oath, demanded that he might be allowed to study the document with the aid of a dictionary before he put his name to it. This request, however, was denied as "unseemly and impudent." The judges themselves are in an awkward plight, being ordered to go to the Baltic provinces from their posts in other parts of Russia, sometimes at only a moment's notice, and there seems to be as complete a state of chaos as is possible.

WILLING HANDS.
Thank God for the willing hands
That are honest, and brave, and true,
That lay not folded, but labor hard
To do what there is to do.
Rich gems of the world are they,
Where Fancy is drownd in fact,
Where 'Tis a thing of reality,
And to live is to think and act.
Thank God for the willing hands
That are gentle, and soft, and kind,
That quiver not at sight of pain,
But are ready the wounds to bind.
Whose gift is a gift of love,
More precious than tongue can tell,
That lingers light on a sufferer's brow,
Till he sleazeth, and "doeth well."

AUNT ABBIE'S SALVE.
By RANDALL AYLMER.
Tom Gordon sat in his own porch, smoking a pipe. It sounds comfortable when read in this brief sentence, but Tom Gordon was as far from comfortable as a man well kept, be short of absolute torture.

In the first place, the porch was a rickety, tumble-down affair outside of the shabbiest of little cottages, and the destruction of a great cotton factory at B— had thrown Tom and his only child, pretty Hattie Gordon, both out of employment. For two months they had managed to live on the tiny nest egg Hattie had saved, but that was nearly gone, and Tom's cheap tobacco would not give smoke enough to hide the desolation staring him in the face. Worst of all, Tom was missing over an encounter with an old friend who had gone up the ladder of fortune somewhat faster than Tom had come down.

"Poor girl!" he mused, puffing away in a slow, disconsolate manner, "what ever shall I say, I do not know. To think of John Ingraham going back on me, in that way!"
He started violently as a sweet voice spoke, and a gentle hand touched his shoulder.
"Yes, my darling," he said, uneasily shifting his eyes, as he dreading to meet the blue of her eyes.
"I had a letter from Harry this afternoon, and I want to read it to you."
"Yes, yes, dear."
"He writes:
"I have not obeyed my own father, Hattie, when he forbade my loving you, but what can I say when your father forbids me the house? I know you will hope you will consent to meet me secretly, but I will never give you up unless you tell me you have ceased to love me. I have no money, except what my father, but I mean to idle no longer. When I can give you a home, ever so humble one, I shall come to you, and I know you will be true to me. Remember, till death, I am your betrothed husband, loving you, working for you."
"Father, why have you forbidden him the house?"
"Hattie, come round here to your old place on the arm of my chair. Look in my face, dear, and tell me if you believe your father loves you?"

The tender of kisses fell upon his trembling lips, the sweetest of voices answered:
"I know you love me, father."
"And I told your true love to come here no more. For why, Hattie? John Ingraham and I were apprentices in the same shop more than thirty years back, Hattie, always the best of friends till he made a better thing of life than I did, and got rich. But we never had any quarrel, Hattie, until to-day, when he said we were tricking his boy into a low marriage. He said such things as I couldn't hear said or your mother, and so I told him his son couldn't come here no more. We are very poor, Hattie?"
"Yes, father."
"And with no prospect ahead."
"None."
"But we ain't quite so low down as to encourage the boy, when his father will turn against him."
"No, father; you are right. He must come no more."
She was sobbing a moment later, but it was in her father's arms, with his tender kisses pressed upon her bowed head, and his voice, shaking with emotion, cheering her by loving words.

The twilight was almost gone, and still these two were sitting clasped in each other's arms, when a childish voice cried:
"Oh, Miss Gordon, please!" And Hattie went to meet the intruder.
She was gone some moments, coming back quite her cheerful self again.
"What was it, dear?"
"One of my Sunday-school children. Her brother has scolded himself, and she came for some of Aunt Abbie's Salve."
"Will it do any good?"
"I hope so. Indeed, I feel quite sure of it. You know mother gave it away a great deal, and always kept a supply made up; and I never knew it to fail to heal burns, scalds, bruises or cuts."
"Hattie, are you sure?"
"Yes."
"And can you make it?"
"I have made hundreds of boxes."
"To give away?"
"Yes. I only stipulate to have the box returned for the tin box costs more than the salve. That is cheap. Twenty-five cents will buy all I need for fifty boxes."
"Hattie! our fortune is made! I never thought about salve, but I mind now your Aunt Abbie was always bragging of it. How much money have we got, Hattie?"
"Only five dollars."
"That will do for a start."
It seemed very little to start anything, but Tom Gordon was a man of whom his companions said, "he was all there," and he had formed his plans with lightning rapidity. Honest as daylight, he would have scorned to use any fraud in trade; but Aunt Abbie's Salve would do what it engaged to do, so his conscience was clear. Already the generous use of it had established its reputation in the little town, and the Gordons being popular, there were many purchasers as soon as it was known that "Tom Gordon was going to try to make a living out of that stuff that cured Tom, Dick and Harry's burns, bruises and cuts." It was a blessing to Hattie, for Harry Ingraham, after writing his farewell letter, was seen no more, and many a heartache and crying spell was kept in subjection by the necessity for making salve to meet an order.

Five years passed away, and one morning Hattie Gordon, coming to breakfast, saw that something was troubling her father. She crossed the room quickly and took her old place upon the arm of his chair. But they looked but little like the same couple in the same position on the rickety old porch. The breakfast-room was one of many luxurious apartments in the country residence of Thomas

Gordon, Esq., and the proprietor himself, in his gentlemanly attire, looked every inch a prosperous man. I cannot say that Hattie was very much prettier at twenty-three than she had been at eighteen, but her dainty morning dress of white lawn, with rose pink ribbons, certainly was more becoming than the very often washed calico that was her usual morning wear when she worked in the factory and was her own servant at home.

For Aunt Abbie's Salve had proved a success, and Hattie no longer needed to touch her slender fingers to the hundreds and thousands of boxes that passed from the "laboratory" of Thomas Gordon's warehouse, to cities far away and near, bringing in income that met the expenses of the country seat and city house, horses, carriages, expensive dresses and jewelry, and yet left huge nest eggs for rainy days.

Society had long before opened its arms to Hattie, who was pretty and refined, although she could not play the piano or converse in any language but her own. There had been more than one heart laid at her pretty feet, but Hattie was sure Harry would come back, and was well content to wait for him.
She was no love-sick, pining girl, grieving always for happiness missed, but a healthy, sensible woman, who lifted the cup of prosperity to grateful lips, and in draining it, forgot not to share heartily with those less fortunate.

It was rare in those days to see a shadow on Tom Gordon's cheerful face, and so Hattie, perched upon the arm of his chair, was a little troubled, too, as she asked:
"What is the matter?"
"Well, dear, I've got a letter that troubles me, and that's a fact."
"Business?"
"Oh, no, bless you! Business is that good, it just about takes care of itself. No, it is a letter from—well, dearie, from John Ingraham!"
Two soft little hands took Tom's cheeks into captivity, while a little fluttering kiss fell on his forehead.

"Yes, dearie, I know! You love me fond and true, but you've not forgot Harry! Well, my treasure, if your pride wants a gratification you can give it one now, Harry, he's been to California, a working good, I guess, and he made a fortune!"
"But," said Tom, rubbing his head, "he lost it again." And then he was very sick, much dead, I guess, and some of his friends out there just histed him aboard a vessel when he didn't know what was going on around him, and fetched him home. Now, dearie, if you are going to cry like that, I'll have to stop."

But he did not, although Hattie had slipped down into his lap, and was hiding her face on his shoulder, and crying like a child.
"I guess he was well loved out there, for these fellows brought him to his father's home, and he was weak as a child yet, and a man have been a great care on the voyage. And so, there he is, and his father writes to me to beg I'll let you see him. Mind you, it's his father writes, for Harry's that spunky, sick as he is, that he don't want you to know he has come back as poor as he went away. So if you owe John Ingraham a grudge, you can just pay him. He's lost money, Hattie, a good deal of money, I know, or he'd never eat humble pie in this fashion."
"You will go with me, father?"
"I'll go. So you mean to go?"
"I'll go. I mean to go. Think of it, father, five years of hard work and Harry never had to work before! Five years when he might have been at home, in his father's favor if he would give me up. And now, he will wait for me to speak, because we are rich! Money is hateful!"
"Do you think so, dearie?"
"No, I don't. Money is lovely. It gives you every comfort, and it will smooth my way to Harry. You won't be cross to us?"
"Was I ever cross to you?"
"Never, never, never! Now I will ring for breakfast, and order the carriage for the 11:30 train. Don't—don't you think the pure, sweet air here might be good for an invalid?"
"You ought to know, as you have had a free hospital here ever since I bought the house."
"Now, father, you know you were as pleased as I was, when we could give the poor girls who work so hard where I once worked, a little holiday."
"Tom Gordon did not deny the charge, and was quiet ready to join Hattie, when, in the most bewitching of walking dresses, and a coquettish hat, she came to the carriage. She was very pale, though, and not quite her cheery self, when the two entered the parlor of John Ingraham's house. The proud, self-sufficient man of five years before was humble enough as he came to meet them.

"I was sure you would come," he said. "He is very weak to-day; does not get his strength at all. I told him you were coming. Tom, he is in the room adjoining this, I fitted it up for him. May Hattie go in, while you stay with me?"
Tom made a sign of assent. It gave him a choking sensation to see his old friend's anxious, pleading face, and Hattie's little cheeks. So, trying not to tremble, Hattie opened the door of the next room and went in. In an arm chair near the window was a gaunt, hollow-eyed, emaciated man, looking eagerly toward her.
Her heart seemed to stop beating. Could that be the handsome, brave young fellow whose arm had held her once and again with the strong clasp of protecting manhood?
"Hattie," he said, feebly, "have you indeed come to say farewell? It was all a failure, dear."
In a moment her womanhood asserted itself. The pale cheeks flushed, the soft eyes brightened, and stepping lightly across the floor, she put both little hands upon the emaciated on Harry's lap, while her sweet lips met his own in a lingering kiss.
"I never bade you good-bye, Harry, even when you left me, and now I say welcome home. My love, I'm very glad to see you stay away so many years!"
"I heard of your prosperity, and I wanted to come home rich—not the beggar I am."
"I was the beggar when you wrote 'till death I am your betrothed husband.' And," she continued, brightly, seeing that he was not able to bear emotion, "I have the letter ready for a 'breach of promise' case if you do not keep your engagement." Father?"
Tom Gordon answered the call briskly. There was much discussion, some feeble remonstrance, but the court highly approving of the change of air, arrange-

ments were speedily made for a journey, the most important of which arrangements was the performance of the marriage ceremony in the back parlor, after which Mrs. Henry Ingraham took command of the invalid in a manner appalling to the most energetic "woman's rights" female.
But it was a very happy family which settled down at last in the pleasant home that was the result of sales of "Aunt Abbie's Salve."—The Ledger.

Firing Guns by Electricity.
A very great increase in the accuracy of gunnery at sea is secured by the plan now coming into use in all civilized navies, by which the guns are discharged by electricity. The general idea is not new, but it is only of late that it has been made thoroughly practicable. By the old plan the gun captain ordered "right," "left," and the sailors hauled the gun to the right or the left; or he ordered "raise" or "lower," and the sailors raised or lowered the breech of the gun. When he got the gun nearly right the gun captain called "ready," and everybody got clear of the gun, in order not to be injured by the recoil. When the motion of the ship brought the gun sights in line with the target the gun captain pulled lustily on his lanyard, and the gun went off. But under the new system one of the sailors moves a small lever to the right or the left, so as to keep the gun pointed in the direction of the target. The gun captain holds a small circuit closer in his hand, and as soon as the rolling of the ship brings the sights level with the target he simply presses his fingers, without bothering himself to get clear of the gun, in order not to be injured by the recoil. Knowing the exact range, and having this quick and simple means literally at his fingers' ends, what is to prevent the gun captain from hitting the target? It must be borne in mind that the real errors in shooting at sea are not in shooting to the right or the left of the target, but in shooting over or short of it. This shooting over or short arises from two things, first, having a mistaken idea of the distance; second, firing too soon or too late when the ship is rolling. Now a range-finder eliminates this first error, and electric firing goes a great way toward eliminating the second error, principally because it obviates the necessity for making any allowance for delay in the firing of the gun after the gun captain has done his part. Electricity discharges a gun at the instant when the gun captain presses his fingers and not at some other time; so that if a gun suddenly faces about, the sights where the sights are in line with the target, he will hit the target. Of course, errors of the eyesight cannot thus be eliminated, neither can the errors of the gun; but these are both exceedingly small, so small compared with the other errors, that they are inconsiderable, as has been abundantly proved.—New York Sun.

Sold His Whiskers.
Displaying a double handful of shears and scissors, a peddler walked into a Vine street store and tried to induce the clerk behind the counter to buy a sample of his wares.
The itinerant merchant was remarkable because of an immense mustache that flapped in the cool night air from his upper lip. It was very carefully trained, and protruded on either side of his face for several inches. Then, too, he had a pronounced French accent. Just as he turned away a gentleman who had been leaning over the counter perusing a paper suddenly faced about, and, taking a look at the peddler, remarked: "I'll give you two dollars if you will let me cut off those whiskers! And I'll buy a pair of shears in the bargain!"
"Two dollars if I'll let you cut off my whiskers?" repeated the peddler.
"That's what I said," returned the gentleman of the strange fancy.
The peddler studied for an instant and cheerfully remarked:
"Ze gentleman can cut off my whiskers for two dollars, Alton?"
Producing a two-dollar bill the whisker destroyer hid it on the counter, and selecting a pair of scissors, calmly proceeded to cut off the luxuriant hirsute growth in little snips as though he wished to get full value for his money. The peddler bore the operation just as calmly, holding his head forward as the hair might fall on the counter and not on his vest. Not a sound escaped him during the strange operation, and when the scissors ceased their work, and were laid down in order that the money might be handed over, he simply remarked: "Ze gentleman have finish?"
When he had folded a silver quarter, the price of the scissors, within the two-dollar bill, the price of his mustache, he bowed politely, saying: "Merci! I am ver' much obliged," complacently strode out and walked into the next store on his mercantile round. He was followed out by the gentleman of the peculiar taste. Neither looking at the other, the peddler gazed north and the mustache-destroyer south. Both appeared to be perfectly satisfied. The severed mustache was kept by the clerk as a memento of the stranger incident that he ever witnessed.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Remarkable Fish Story.
What will always be regarded as a remarkable and seemingly-impossible thing has developed at Eldora, Iowa. John Webster and a number of companions went down to the Iowa River for a few days' fishing. They cut holes in the ice, and with long spears impaled the fish as they came to breathe. One magnificent pike, of the wall-eyed variety, was speared by Webster, and it was decided to broil it for dinner. Upon cutting it open the surprise of the fishermen was intense when a good-sized pocketbook was found within the fish. In the book was found \$65 in gold, \$15 in silver, \$25 in greenbacks, \$10,000 in bonds, and a certificate of deposit for \$25 on a bank at Johnstown, Penn., lately devastated by flood.

A piece of paper was also found on which was written a statement that the owner of the book and contents was John J. Jones, of Johnstown, Penn. There is no doubt that the fish was in the Conemaugh on the fatal night of the flood and swallowed the book as it fell from the pocket of Mr. Jones, who, it is supposed, perished. The fish then wended its way down the Conemaugh into the Allegheny, and thence into the Ohio River, down the Ohio into the Mississippi, and thence into the Father of Waters into the Iowa River, where it was finally caught.

The facts are vouched for by reputable parties.—New York Times.

WORDS OF WISDOM.
The higher the flight the greater the fall.
The man who dares is the man who wins.
No thoroughly occupied man was ever yet very miserable.
Our greatest good and what we can least spare is hope.
After all, the joy of success does not equal that which attends the patient worker.
If thou art wise thou knowest thine own ignorance, and thou art ignorant if thou knowest not thyself.
Instruction ends in the school-room, but education ends only in life. A child is given to the universe to educate.
Schiller says: "Labor is the poet man's pride; success by toil alone is won. Kings glory in their possessions wide; we glory in our work well done."
What a new face courage puts on his everything! A determined man, by his very attitude and tone of his voice, puts a step to defeat and begins to conquer.
Music touches every key of memory and stirs all the hidden springs of sorrow and of joy. We love it for what it makes us forget, and for what it makes us remember.

Shipping Cattle From New York.
For some months past the freight paid for carrying a steer from New York to Deptford has been over \$20. When it is remembered that a ship can carry as many steers as emigrants, that the company steers are carried at \$18 a head, and grants are carried at \$10 a head, and that the emigrants have to be cared for and fed by the ship, while the owner of the cattle cares for and feeds them, the profit of the cattle-carrying trade is apparent. There is every inducement for the agent to take on as many cattle as he can make room for. Every foot of space on the upper deck is crowded with them. The main deck is fitted with stalls and roped off. If enough cattle are offered the cattle in the aggregate weigh many tons. In addition a good many tons of hay, straw and corn must be carried for food. When the ship leaves port she has a pretty good deck load. When she strikes a cyclone wind she is rolled along the Gulf Stream she is cranked enough to roll like a Dutch galliot. The skipper must hold his course, for if he doesn't the feed for the cattle will run short. It is not only possible, but it has actually happened, that as she rolls along the big waves come over the rail and pour down the open hatches. The hatches cannot be closed, for if they are the cattle will smother. Every ton of water taken in sinks her deeper and increases the possibility of the destruction of the ship. The English insurance companies can tell a very interesting story of losses in cattle, but the fact that it cost \$2 a head to insure a steer against sea risks shows how great those risks are. The tramps that could not earn running expenses three years ago are now loading down with grain in the lower hold and cattle on all available decks, regardless of the season of the year and the risk of sinking the ship. If she goes down, it's a sale of a bad ship to the insurance company, and as for the crew, the owner hopes they will go to heaven and be forever free from the trials and temptations of a sinful world.—New York Sun.

A Horse's Jealousy.
Next to men, horses are probably the most conceited beings in the world. Every day one sees conclusive proof of it. And horses are jealous, too. Everybody who has had anything to do with them will tell you that.
A hundred persons saw a little proof of equine jealousy and conceit not very many days ago at the 110th street entrance to the Central Park. Two gentlemen were riding together. One of them rode a magnificent coal-black Kentucky thoroughbred. The other horse, though a fine animal, seemed like a cat horse when compared with the Kentucky animal, and he seemed to be conscious of it, too.
The Kentucky horse strode in majestic sweeps. The other horse slunk along in a sulky fashion, as if envious of every admiring glance cast at the other, and casting sidelong looks every now and then at his companion, and with every look becoming more and more painfully aware of his own shortcomings. Suddenly without a moment's warning he took the reins in his mouth, pranced slightly ahead, and gave the Kentucky horse two vicious kicks.
His iron hoofs grazed the legs of the rider and left two great marks on the magnificent thoroughbred. Then he seemed to be in better humor with himself. And it has done the other good, for his master avers that since that day, when compelled to trot alongside a less patrician member of the equine family, he held his head a little less high and tempered his proud consciousness of superiority with a touch of gentlemanlike deference toward his companion.—New York Sun.

Wives Flogged and Maimed.
The position of women among the savages of Queensland, Australia, is a very subordinate one. They are expected to provide the daily food and sally forth on long expeditions for this purpose. If the husband gathers game or for himself, while his wife and child must subsist on vegetables and berries. They frequently flog their wives brutally, and if she runs away to some one more kind, the husband is privileged to maim her when he sees her. This is what they call "marking" a woman.
Two wives is the usual matrimonial equipment of a warrior, and some have her husband when she is nine or ten years old, and as long as they remain young they are sure of good treatment.—Carl Lumholtz.

Measures and Contents.
A barrel requires a measure of 24 inches long by 16 inches wide and 28 inches deep.
Half a barrel requires a measure 24 inches long by 16 inches wide and 14 inches deep.
One bushel requires a measure 16 inches square and 8 2-5 inches wide and 8 inches deep.
One peck requires a measure 8 inches by 8 2-5 inches square and 8 inches deep.
One gallon requires a measure 8 inches by 8 inches square and 4 1-5 inches deep.
Half a gallon requires a measure 8 inches by 4 inches square and 4 4-5 inches deep.
One quart requires a measure 4 inches square and 4 1-5 inches deep.
One ton of coal requires a measure 4 feet long, 4 feet 5 inches wide and 2 feet 8 inches deep.—Chicago Leader.

Chinese Medicine.
The doctor pulled out a drawer from under the counter and exhibited hundreds of mummy grasshoppers.
"These are good for little children," he said. "In China every spring millions of these bugs come in the fields. Pretty soon the grasshopper dies and the meat turns into a fly. The hind legs and little tail drop off and the little fly goes away. Then there is nothing but the shell left. The laborers in the fields gather these and dry them in the sun. They make good medicine in powders. Chinese babies never die from convulsions while teething like white babies. This powder acts on the stomach and the stomach teeth are coming through and makes them good and strong."—San Francisco Examiner.

Saving an Arm Off.
Colonel H. C. Hamilton, Clerk of the United States District Court, was telling recently how it felt to have a limb cut off. He was perfectly conscious when his arm was cut off in a field hospital, and says of it:
"It really doesn't hurt except when the first cut around the limb is made, cutting the skin. That's because the nerves are all situated just under the skin, and after they are cut there is nothing to convey the sensation of pain. Cutting through the flesh is like cutting a nail or a bit of dead skin—a dead feeling. Even sawing the bone is only a dull feeling. The real pain is over when the knives get into the flesh."—Atlanta Constitution.

TWO WAYS.
Oh, how does the rain come down,
With rattle and rattle and rattle
With flutter and spatter,
And gurgle and mutter,
And clatter and splatter and gush!
With a man outbursting and roaring,
With fluting and splashing and pouring,
And noise to deafen a town,
The turbulent rain comes down!
But after 'tis over an hour or more,
The world looks much as it did before,
And there's nothing to show for the fuss and
The rain made coming down.

But how does the snow come down?
With a touch like a soft wing's brush!
With glancing and sliding,
And stealing and slipping,
With whiteness and lightness and hush!
With airy floating and swimming,
With fairy boating and skimming!
And no one in all the town
Would know when the snow comes down!
If he looked not out on the changed white
day,
And the cushioned earth that seems to say,
How much can be done in a quiet way,
The way the snow comes down.
—Mrs. Cora W. Bronson, in Independent.

PITH AND POINT.

A fat position—King of Greece.
A back number—The spinal column.—Washington Star.
The glazier's occupation is a paneful one.—Merchant Traveler.
The burden of some arguments is so great that it makes the listeners tired.—Home Sentinel.

The girl who has the strongest will is the girl who says the strongest won't.—New York News.
We suppose the ship heaves to out of sympathy for the seapack passengers.—Binghamton Leader.
The man whose wits go wool-gathering is lucky if he doesn't get felled.—Brooklyn Magazine.
The stovepipe has no trouble in elbowing its way through a crowded house.—Kearney Enterprise.

It must be painful to a girl, especially when she means to say "Yes," to hear a stuttering man propose.
Perhaps one reason why fish are so deceptive as to weight is that they carry their own scales with them.—Merchant Traveler.
"Nothing was made in vain," says the proverb. But that's not so for you can find a maiden vein in five minutes any day.—Danville Breeze.

The ring of a bell means a service in church, and the ring of a bell means the same thing, unless the marriage take place at home.—Danville Breeze.
There are lots of men who have attained high reputation for strict attention to business, but the trouble has been it wasn't their own business.
The girl of seventeen is always talking about how old she is, and seventeen years later she is always talking about how young she is.—Washington Star.

A creature now and then we find
Who loses and regains his mind;
But when a fish is once in seine
'Tis seldom he gets out again.
—Chicago Herald.
Whipper—"Our young friend Scaddie seems to have a great desire to shine in society." Snapper—"My idea is that his ambition is to shin into society!"—Puck.
"Do you think marriage is a failure, Mrs. Choker?" asked Mrs. Smeral of the minister's wife. "No, indeed!" was the reply. "Mr. Choker gives me his fees for pin-money."—Bazar.

Teacher (to dull boy of the class)—"Which New England State has two capitals?" Boy—"New Hampshire." Teacher—"Indeed! Name them?" Boy—"Capital N and capital H."
Charlie—"Now, I like a girl who is open-hearted and frank in all things. I like a girl whom I can take at her word." Mollie (blushing)—"That's what I'd like to have you do."
The girls, since first the world began,
Have always sought the ideal man,
But when they captured their ideal
They found him more ideal than real.
—Puck.

A steamboat has reached the town of Timbuctoo in Africa, but in view of the fact that it required six weeks to get that stock in the Timbuctoo Navigation Company will go much above one hundred in the shade.—Washington Star.
Watchman (breathlessly)—"The boy's dormitory is on fire, and if they find out they'll stop to save their foot-balls, bats, and things, and perish." Boarding School Principal (quickly)—"Notify the boys that all who are not down stairs in two minutes won't get any pie."—New York Weekly.
An irate old Scotchman, having examined the barometer every morning for a week and found it declaring fair weather when it was a howling storm outside, suddenly seized the instrument, bore it out into the rain and yelled at it: "Confound it, mon, canna see for yer self!"—San Francisco Chronicle.

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