

# THE SALISBURY TRUTH.

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General Nogrier, of the French army, was issued a severe order against any swearing or blasphemy in connection with military commands in his corps.

Dairy management has attracted much attention lately in Denmark, where State butter shows are now being organized on an extensive scale. The American Consul at Copenhagen reports that a continuous butter show is to be held at the expense of the State during several months in each year. Fresh samples of butter are to be received every fourteen days.

A chemist has lately performed a feat of no common order. The explosion and fire at Antwerp, Belgium, reduced to a charred mass a bundle of 1000 florin Austrian obligations. Without presentation in some identifiable form there could be no payment. The imperiled obligations were given to a chemist and he succeeded in separating the whole of them and finding out the numbers, and upon his report the money has been paid.

There has arrived from Alexandria, Egypt, at Liverpool, a consignment of nearly twenty tons of cats, numbering some 180,000, taken out of ancient subterranean cat's cemetery discovered about 100 miles from Cairo by an Egyptian fellow, who accidentally fell into this cat's cemetery, which he found completely filled with cats, every one of which had been separately embalmed and dressed in cloth after the manner of the mummies, and all laid out in rows.

The London Times asserts that there are in the library of the old university at Upsala, Sweden, certain ancient maps of Africa, 200 years or more of age, upon which are shown many of the geographical features which are popularly supposed to have been the discoveries of modern travelers. The lakes now called the Victoria and Albert Nyanza are shown on these old maps, as well as other features which are claimed as the work of the last half of the nineteenth century.

According to a doctor, expert in treatment of lunatics, "the physical means of reappearing the worn and wasted systems of the insane are heat, milk and rest, and the greatest of these is rest." Trial of the same simple system is commended persons physically below the par; and the course of a successful Spanish merchant is quoted in suggestive confirmation. He "used to laugh at overworked people who went to the mountains or to watering-places; when he had a little leisure he stayed in bed about three days."

At a recent dinner in London Lord Randolph Churchill, the English politician, made the astounding confession that he had never crossed London bridge, had never visited the tower, and did not even know where Fumilly's inn was. A canvass of the other Englishmen present showed that not one had ever been inside the tower of London, the first point of interest the American visits there. Yet, according to the Chicago News, the average Englishman has the utmost contempt for the American who has not seen Niagara Falls.

Not many things in the earth, the water and the air are out of the reach of photography. A flash of lightning has frequently been photographed. Not long ago a French scientist with a camera and an electric battery got a good picture of the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea. And some time since a photographer in Pennsylvania obtained a negative of the bottom of an oil well in which had been exploded a glycerine torpedo. The instrument was lowered 1700 feet and illuminated with an electric flash light, the result being a distinct picture of a curious cavity in the earth fourteen feet long and seven feet deep. In view of the valuable scientific uses of photography, the Chicago Herald thinks we may almost overlook the fact that it has produced the amateur photographer.

The New York News declares that "the idiot who puts bogus advertisements in the newspapers for the purpose of causing trouble and annoyance to innocent persons deserves severe punishment. One of them put an advertisement in a New York paper the other day to the effect that a certain broker desired two women typewriters. Dozens of girls took the time and trouble and spent car fare to answer this advertisement, only to find that they were the victims of some contemptible wretch who thought that he was doing something funny. About the same time a bogus advertisement was inserted in a Washington paper announcing the marriage of a reputable young gentleman and a well-known young woman, to whom he was not even engaged, thus causing them great annoyance and embarrassment. If there is no law that will reach these practical jokers, one should be passed."

The new State of Washington has been in a great state of mind over a bill to establish and regulate the practice of medicine with a medical board of nine regular physicians.

From statistics just published, Minnesota stands first in the country as a wheat-growing State, having produced last year 45,000,000 bushels. California comes next with 43,000,000 bushels. The Dakotas produced 42,000,000 bushels, ranking third. Minnesota has 3,100,000 acres in wheat; California, 3,200,000; the Dakotas, 4,400,000.

New York receives more than one-third of the merchandise exported from Bahia, Brazil, but in return it furnishes only a million and a half of a total importation of thirteen and a half millions. England, France and Germany supply the rest. From this country flour, kerosene, lard, and blue drillings are shipped; from Europe everything else is shipped, even to Christmas trees.

An English military captain, recently asked to resign on account of his age and to make room for a younger man, replied to the authorities that if they would send on a dozen of their strongest young men he would walk them to forty miles, and then lead them to the top of the highest and steepest hill in the neighborhood. The authorities declined the challenge, and did not press for the resignation.

Sir Rutherford Alcock, Chairman of the British North Borneo Company, reports that in that country land is being taken up rapidly by tobacco plantations. Six hundred thousand acres are laid down with tobacco, and the crop now being cut will yield 500 tons. "A free grant of from 1000 to 1500 acres of land is offered to any one who will bring it into cultivation and keep it in that state for coffee, sugar, sago, hemp, indigo, or pepper."

The latest reported discovery in connection with the cotton seed comes from Germany, where, it is said, a process has been discovered for extracting sugar from cotton-seed meal. The sugar is of a very superior grade, but cannot be sold in competition with the ordinary article. It is said to be inclined to ferment or sour, and hence better for use in preserving fruits. It is said to be fifteen times sweeter than cane sugar, and twenty times more so than sugar made from beets.

The two engineers who have made estimates on the work and coin needed to complete the Panama canal, deal in large figures. They differ radically in their plans, but they agree that at least \$100,000,000 in hard cash will be needed to finish the work that De Lesseps has begun. There is a large amount of money in England and on the continent seeking investment, but the San Francisco Chronicle considers it doubtful whether this sum can be obtained.

The course of true love seems to run turbulently in Biddeloff, Me. The local papers report an engagement broker by a stern parent who bribed his daughter to give up a young man of whom he did not approve, and also the case of a youth who called at the police station there the other night and wanted the officers to release his sweetheart, who had been locked in a room by her brother, the fraternal guardian declaring that she (twenty-two years of age) was not old enough to marry.

The preparatory work on the Nicaragua Canal is making progress. The force at work numbers some 500 persons, and machinery, lumber, materials and supplies of all kinds are constantly arriving. In the eastern division there are twenty-eight camps along the first thirty-one miles of the projected route of the canal, all occupied by engineers, artisans and laborers. In addition to these there are eight working parties sent out from the camps along the route who are employed on the proposed line of railroad, the line of telegraph, telephone, etc.

The National Zeitung of Berlin, in referring to the proposed World's Fair in the United States, eulogizes the universality of American genius, which, it asserts, has wrought the most prodigious achievements in every field of human effort: "The young Republic's unexampled prosperity has enabled it to present to the world the rare spectacle of a rapid liquidation of the greatest State debt on record. While European treasuries are chronically empty, American reserves and American power may, within the next decade, seriously threaten Europe's peace, though America's evident mission is one of civilization."

The American people know little about China and her people. The population of China is "almost beyond estimate. There are eighteen States and four Territories in the country, not more than one-sixth of which have ever been seen by Caucasians. The whole of Canton alone has seventy-two counties, containing a population of 150,000,000 of people, not reckoning the women and children under sixteen years of age. From Canton comes the Chinese emigrant to this country. There are only five men from the province of Foo Chow in the United States. There are estimated to be 200,000 Chinamen in this country, all from the poorer classes of Canton, excepting a comparatively small number of the better class of Chinese merchants who have come over here and invested small capital to see it grow into fortunes.

## "THE REST IN SILENCE."

When the loved voice is heard no more,  
Whose falling tones were doubly dear,  
There falls upon the listening ear,  
A silence never felt before.

It is not that the senses strain  
To catch a sound they may not hear;  
It is the grieving spirit's ear  
That longs and listens still in vain.

And lo! this silence, sudden grown,  
Threads every cry of joy or fear;  
All wondrous sounds that greet the ear  
Break with a wailing undertone.

—Joseph B. Gilder, in Harper's Magazine.

## A Terrible Ten Minutes.

It happened one afternoon last year, during the month of November, that I received a telegram calling for my presence in London, early the next morning, on an important business matter. To such a summons there was but one answer possible; so with just such a regretful thought for a card party I should have to forego, I wired, this reply: "Mr. J. Devon, Anderson's Hotel, London. Shall leave Burton by the twelve o'clock train, and will call on you tomorrow at 8-15. Knightly." Having dispatched my message, I finished on the day's work with all speed, and then returned to my lodgings to make preparations for my journey. These, as the masculine reader needs not be told, consisted principally of cramming a soft cap and a spirit flask, together with a few other necessities, into a carpet bag; after which followed the discussion of a substantial meal and the delivery of an exhortation to my landlady to feed my fox-terrier. Grip, at his usual bows.

The remainder of the evening was spent in rummaging over the morning's paper, wherein I found little to interest me. In disgust I threw the paper on the floor. It alighted at a graceful angle, on whose apex appeared the heading, conspicuous as a leaded type could make it: "Shocking wife murder in Burton—arrest of the murderer." With a mental apology to the publishers of the Chronicle for the injustice I had done them as caterers to the public craving for horrors, I picked up the paper and proceeded to digest the "harrowing details." The gist of the news was as follows: An abandoned sultan, Chippy Watson by name, after the fashion of his class, had beaten in his wife's skull with a mallet, in consequence of some domestic disagreement. Having committed the deed, he coolly put on his coat and hat, and was proceeding to depart, when the neighbors and police, attracted by the screams of the unfortunate victim, rushed in and secured him. This was all, or nearly all the paragraph contained, except for the usual information that the "prisoner will be brought up before the magistrates this morning, and charged with causing the willful murder of his wife."

It was now past 11—time for me to make my way down to the station; rather more than time, in fact, since that imposing structure was distant from my lodgings by fully two miles. Fortunately my bag was light, and I shared in its pleasing characteristic of not being burdened by superfluous weight. Noting, in the less, on reaching my destination, there was only one minute left me where-in to take my ticket and secure a seat. The latter operation, thanks to the slovenliness of the booking clerk in handing me my change, had to be accomplished by running the gauntlet of guards and porters as the train began to move.

The only other tenant of the compartment in which I was ensconced was a young lady, and one, moreover, of no small beauty. Now, I am a shy man as far as the fair sex is concerned. Among men, I have self-possession enough and to spare; but, in the presence of ladies, that self-possession vanishes with most unbecoming rapidity. In the presence of ladies, yes; but here there was but one, who was bound to keep me company for a whole hour, until the train should make its first stop. So it happened that as I contemplated my yis-a-vis from behind the evening paper, which I had found time to buy on my flight to the station, a measure of my courage returned, and in the inspiring words of Mr. Gilbert, said I to myself: "I'll take heart and make a start; faint heart never won fair lady."

"I trust you were not alarmed by my unceremonious entry?" I remarked, with some inward misgivings, but much outward assurance.

For answer, a quiet start and a slight contraction of the pretty mouth of my companion—indicating her opinion that, as a stranger and uninvited I had no right to speak to her.

This, to an ordinary male animal, was the moment for strategic attack upon the fair one's scruples; for me it was the exact opposite—the moment for flight had flight been possible. I buried my face behind my newspaper—and in a few moments heard, to my relief, a corresponding rustle from the opposite side of the carriage as my pretty friend followed suit. The sense of defeat and disgrace fairly overwhelmed me for a while; and my eyes wandered over a paper I held in my hand, seeing but understanding not what they saw. At length they lighted upon a familiar name—"Chippy Watson," and their owner recovered his sense and almost forgot his grief as he read the following lines: "The Burton murder—Escape of the Prisoner." After detailing the incidents of the hearing before the magistrates and the remand of the prisoner, pending the inquest, the paragraph went on as follows: "On leaving the court, Watson was conducted between four officers to the van. Just as he was stepping in, and when the policemen were endeavoring to keep back the crowd that pressed round, the prisoner suddenly snapped his handcuffs, in some inexplicable manner, broke through the bystanders and fled down the street. He was seen to dodge down a back alley, known as Shut Lane, and followed by the crowd of several hundreds. At the end of Shut Lane he disappeared round a corner, and, strange to say, has not been seen again. There can be no doubt that he will be recaptured; but his present escape and disappearance are most mysterious. A reward of one hundred pounds has been offered for his apprehension. Watson is about five feet nine inches in height, strongly built, and when he escaped was dressed in a gray flannel suit, with a red scarf and soft hat. He may further be distinguished by a scar across his chin, and by having an arrow tattooed on the back of his left hand."

This was about the extent of the information contained in the paragraph, and my readers will agree with me that the news was sufficiently exciting to occupy my thoughts to the complete ex-

clusion of the unpleasant experience I had just passed through. As I lay back in my seat to muse upon what I had read, my thoughts began after a while to wander and my head to nod, according to their wont at midnight, and before long I fell asleep. How long I slept I cannot tell—probably for a few minutes only—but in those few minutes I underwent a most disconcerting dream. I dreamt that Chippy Watson stood over me, mallet in hand, and that my traveling companion was holding his arm to avert the threatened blow. She struggled in vain, and the mallet fell, yet with a strangely light touch upon my arm. With a start I awoke, and then saw the girl of my dream bending toward me with a scrap of paper in her hand. But her face, how terribly was it changed! Instead of the dainty pink flush I had last seen, there was a ghastly whiteness in her cheeks, and her eyes seemed starting from her head with terror. Holding up one finger as if to command silence, she passed me the paper, on which were written the following words: "Some one is underneath the seat and has just touched me."

Was it the dream which filled me with the thought that this was no idle alarm? I cannot tell, but this much I know, that in an instant there flashed across my mind with overwhelming force the thought of this escaped wife-murderer. Returning my companion's silence—signal with a gesture of acquiescence, I wrote upon the paper: "It is probably only a dog. Shall I look under the seat?" Her answer was short and to the point: "No; do not look. It was a hand."

Here, then, was a sufficient dilemma; but by comparison with what had passed before between my fellow-passenger and myself, it was a ditto, and I felt almost disposed to welcome the male sex in my person was about to resume its rightful position of protector to its weaker, if it would be independent companion. Sweet was my revenge; and yet the revenge scarcely promised to be wholly pleasurable.

My first action was to remove any suspicion that there might be in the mind of the mysterious third occupant of our carriage, through the presumably accidental action of having touched the lady's dress. I had just awakened from sleep, I remarked, in a tone of cool impertinence: "You really must excuse me for addressing you again, madam; but will you permit me to smoke to enliven this tedious journey?" As I spoke I accompanied my words with a meaning glance, and was favored with the reply: "Certainly, if you wish it; I cannot prevent you."

Thereupon, I produced my pipe and tobacco pouch and proceeded slowly to fill the former, as I thought out the plan of action. On reference to my watch I saw that the train would stop in another ten minutes. Clearly, the only thing to do was to wait till we reached Blackley and there get assistance to find out who our unknown traveling companion might be.

The longer I pondered over the problem the more curious for its solution did I become, and then, heedless of my warning I had received, I struck a match and intentionally dropped it. Stooping down with a muttered malediction to pick it up, I cast a searching glance underneath the opposite seat, and then my blood ran cold as the faint gleam of the taper revealed the back of the man's hand with the mark of the tattooed arvon upon it. Chippy Watson, then, was my companion—a doomed and desperate man!

By a mighty effort I controlled my voice sufficient to say: "Excuse me reaching across you, madam, but that was my last match, and I could not afford to let it go out."

The girl, into whose white cheeks the color showed no trace of returning, murmured some unintelligible reply, and for a few moments we sat in silence. Again I looked at my watch. "Thank heaven! in five minutes we should be at Blackley and the awful ride would be at an end. Scarcely had the thought formulated itself when the girl opposite me sprang up, trembling like a leaf, and shrieked ere I could stop her: "Oh, that hand has touched my foot again!"

The moment the words left her lips I heard a sudden movement under the seat, and quicker than thought a figure appeared upon the floor. In that moment I flung myself upon the ruffian and clutched his throat with the energy of despair, knowing that should he once gain his feet it was all over with me, the lighter and weaker man. Can I ever forget the horror of that five minutes' ride? The whole compartment seemed to be falling upon me. Teeth, nails, feet, all were attacking me at once; but through all I kept my grip upon the murderer's throat, and though I streamed with blood and almost lost consciousness still held on, while the girl's screams rang dimly through my ears. Suddenly the train stopped, the struggle ceased, and I faintly caught the body of my captive.

When I recovered consciousness at length I found myself lying upon a table in the Blackley station waiting-room, with a sympathetic crowd around me, and, best of all, I saw a face bending tenderly over me—the face of the girl of my dream and my discomfiture. After making two or three efforts I managed to ask: "Where is Watson?"

groom will be knightly, the name of the bride does not matter. She was never formally introduced to her future lord and master, and therefore it is unnecessary to tell the same she will soon cease to bear to a passing acquaintance like the reader.—Chamber's Journal.

## The Lobster and the Lobster Pot.

A lobster pot is a simple enough trap. It looks like an immense bird cage, made of wooden slats. Both ends are covered with loose, strong netting, made from tarred rope. There is a hole in the middle of each net. The trap is sunk to the bottom by being weighted with stones, and lies on the bottom in a horizontal position. Its location is indicated by a buoy attached to it by ropes. A coil's head, or other tempting bait, is placed inside the pot, made stationary by being fastened on hooks. This soon attracts the lobster, and he reconnoitres about the pot to see how he may get at the agreeable morsel. In his skimming he discovers the opening in the netting at the end of the trap, and he turns and backs himself through it. According to all observant lobster fishermen, the lobster no sooner gets inside than he becomes aware that he is in trouble. He loses all desire to sample the bait that tempted him to get in the scrape which he somehow or other has suddenly realized that he is in. He moves about in the trap in an agitated manner looking for a way to get out, just as eagerly as he a few minutes before sought for an opening to get in. So agitated is he that he forgets that his best pedestrian work is accomplished backward, and he does not try to back out of the hole as he came in, but exerts himself to his utmost to get out head first, a feat his enormous claws makes impossible. But, as lobstermen say, let this crazed lobster be released from the pot, he will no sooner be out than the bait inside tempts him again, and he once more seeks for a way to get in and seize it, finds that way as before, backs in, is immediately panic stricken again, and renews his frantic endeavors to escape again. No matter how many times the lobster might be let out, he would just as often set to work to become a prisoner again. That lobsters are seized with panic as soon as they find themselves in a trap is evident from the fact that although as many as twenty may be found in a pot when it is taken up, the bait will seldom, if ever, show any sign of having been touched by any of them. One of these pots would be no obstacle to the lobster's freedom if it only knew its power, for half a dozen lobsters could smash a pot to pieces in a twinkling, or one sweep of a single lobster's claws would tear the tarred rope netting from the trap as if it had been grease.—New York Sun.

## Two Hundred Female Slaves Shot.

The Paris Revue Francaise has a letter from Zanzibar which says that over a year ago a caravan of 300 Arabs left the east coast to go into the interior to trade. They have now returned, and one of the chiefs relates their adventures. Arriving at Kavirondo, on the northeast shores of Victoria Nyanza, the Arabs saw that the natives had a good deal of ivory and that they had no guns. They attacked the tribe, and before the shooting had gone on long the natives were willing to do anything to make peace.

After a long palaver with the chiefs the Arabs agreed to leave the country upon the payment to them of 200 tusks of ivory and two hundred young women. The natives were these hard conditions. As soon as they received the ivory and the women the Arabs started for the coast. They had a terrible time in the Masai country. There was a drought, and they almost starved of thirst. Then provisions became scarce and scarcer, and the whole party was in danger of starvation. Finally the Arab chiefs decided that in order to save themselves and their ivory it would be necessary to sacrifice their female slaves, who were very weak from their deprivations and could march no further.

That night all of these 200 young women were shot to death, and their bodies were left in the camp for beasts of prey. The victims happily had not a moment's warning of their impending fate. Each murderer selected his victim, and the horrible crime was accomplished so speedily that few of the murderers were hurt. With the help of their spears and reduced to the Arabs were able to pull through the desert region, obtaining little more food than barely enough to sustain life.

The chief who related these facts in Zanzibar showed no compunctions whatever for the terrible crime in which he had assisted, but mentioned this massacre only to give an idea of the great loss they had sustained by the necessary sacrifices of their 200 slaves. It is a curious fact that some of the murderers were greatly troubled in mind because their necessities had compelled them to eat rats and other unclean food, which is prohibited to Mohammedans on the march.

## The Lobster Fisheries.

The incessant fishing for lobsters of the New England coast has had its effect not in lessening the number of lobsters that are sent to market, but in lessening the size of those that are marketed. Only the largest lobsters, says a New York dealer in the Sun, are shipped from the fisheries; the smaller ones being sold to the canning establishments. It is not so many years ago that the length of the average lobster that came to New York from Maine was twenty inches without claws. The biggest average now is ten and a half inches. There used to be twelve-pound lobsters, and I have heard of them weighing eighteen. A lobster would have to be at least thirty years old to weigh that much. This shellfish grows very slowly, and isn't much bigger than a crawfish when it is three years old. The fishermen say that a lobster is never fit for market until it is five years old.

As to the canning establishments on the Maine coast and at other places along the shore, the way they have been for years making inroads on the lobster beds is a wonder that there are any lobsters left in those grounds. Besides the thousands and thousands of undersized fish the miscellaneous army of lobstermen crush them, some of these factories

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

A New York genius has devised a phonetic alphabet for the blind. Dr. Hanau, of Zurich, has successfully propagated cancer in rats by inoculation. The latest flying machine is in the shape of a big "aeroplane" or kite, which is intended to skim through air like a seagull.

A French army officer, Colonel Moersard, has invented a camera by which a panoramic view of an angular breadth of 170 degrees can be taken. The Russian physician, Dr. Bapchinski announces that he has discovered a cure for diphtheria. He says the disease is easily cured by inoculation of erysipelas. It is proposed that plates and dishes used on board ship be fitted with iron bottoms, so that by means of electromagnets placed beneath the table they may be kept in place during the rolling of the vessel.

Wind-mills have been utilized in Europe for producing electric light. One has been in successful operation for some time at the northernmost lighthouse of Cape de la Hague, where it drives two dynamo supplying acculators. Warts have their bacillus. It has just been found in the prickly layer by Dr. Kuhnemann, and it is in the form of exceedingly delicate, slender rods, most plentiful when the wart is recent, and seldom entering the surrounding skin.

Astronomers now suspect that Brooks's comet, discovered at Geneva, N. Y., on July 7, 1889, is identical with Lexell's comet of 1770. It is believed that the orbit of Lexell's comet was changed by the influence of Jupiter in 1886, as well as in 1779. Professor Vogel, the German astronomer, has demonstrated, with the aid of the spectroscopic and photographic, that the variable star Algol has a dark satellite revolving around it, whose interposition is the cause of Algol's periodical loss of brilliancy.

According to the Anthropometric Committee of the British Association, the English professional class leads the list in respect to stature among European races, with a height of 5 feet 9.14 inches. The French working class is shortest, with 5 feet 5.24 inches. A doctor in an institution with many children declares that nothing irritates a cough more than to cough. He bribed the children in one of the hospital wards to hold their breath when emptied to cough, and was himself astonished at the speedy relief of some of them.

The first submarine telephone line—running between Montevideo and Buenos Ayres—is thirty-two miles long, the entire length with the overhead line being 180 miles. There are five intermediate stations all of which can telephone and telegraph simultaneously with the other stations. H. O. Forbes, is reported to have made an important discovery in the neighborhood of Christchurch, New Zealand. It is the discovery in a cave of a great many valuable relics of men, birds and beasts. Not the least interesting portion of the find consists of the bones of an extinct species of swan.

Potato paint is a novelty which is said to adhere well to wood and plaster, and is very cheap. To make it, boil one pound of peeled potatoes, mash, dilute with water and pass through a sieve; then add two pounds of white lead, four pounds of water, and a few ounces of mineral powder.

## suffered From His Politeness.

Ex-Governor and Representative McCreehy, of Kentucky, is noted for his politeness. On one occasion he was the guest of a friend in the country. When he sat down to supper the lady of the house asked him whether he wished coffee or tea. The Governor replied: "Coffee, if you please, madam."

His fondness for hot coffee is known to his friends, who can well imagine his feelings when the hostess informed him that the cook had neglected to warm the coffee for supper, and that it was cold. Even this information of the cook's neglect did not affect the Governor's politeness, and with a smile he replied: "How fortunate, madam! Do you know, madam, that I am so eccentric that I in any other way. Your cook's neglect is good news to me."

The relief of the housekeeper can be understood as she handed Governor McCreehy the coffee which he sipped with well-feigned pleasure. The weather the next day was cold and bracing. It was just such a day as to make the heart of a coffee-drinker long for his favorite drink. Governor McCreehy had forgotten the incident of the night before when he sat down to breakfast. But if it had escaped his memory it had not that of his hostess.

"I have the coffee cold for you this morning, Governor," she said sweetly; "you see I remember that you said you never liked it in any other way." The smile on Governor McCreehy's face was hardly as angelic as it was the night before, but he drank the cold coffee without a murmur. It was with difficulty, however, that the other guests restrained their laughter over the unfortunate predicament in which the Governor had placed himself by his politeness.—New York Tribune.

## The Horse in Battle.

An officer of experience, writing on the behavior of horses in battle, says: "When it comes to battle, a horse seems to know everything that is going on; but he does his duty nobly and seems to be in his element. He enters into the spirit of the battle like a human being. He shows no fear of death, and it is singular that if his mate is shot down he will turn to look at him and seem pleased. A horse in my battery was once struck with a piece of steel which split his skull so that one side was loose. The driver turned him loose, but he walked up to the side of the gun and watched the firing, and when a shot was fired would look away in the direction of the enemy as if to see the effect of the shot. When a shell would burst near by he would calmly turn and look at it. When

## THE RAIN-BEAT ON THE WIND.

The rain beats on the window,  
And the gust against the pane,  
And the night it sobbeth bitter,  
Like a heart that knoweth pain,  
Oh, the rain-beat on the window!  
And the night against the pane.

The rain beats on the window,  
And the gust against the pane,  
And my heart drifts in the darkness  
Like a ship out on the main,  
When the storm beats on the window  
And the night against the pane.

For the rain-beat on the window  
And the gust against the pane  
Bring the ghosts of dead years vanished  
That will never come again.  
Oh, the rain-beat on the window!  
And the gust against the pane!

—William W. Campbell, in Independent.

## PITH AND POINT.

Many a youngster keeps shady to prevent getting tanned. The coat does not always make the man but it frequently breaks him. People speak of young corn, but there is no young corn. It is always found full of years.—New York News.

Lady of the House—"Can you saw wood?" Tramp—"No ma'am; but I can see it." (Exit tramp).—Time.

Nature has wisely arranged matters so that a man can neither pat his own back nor kick himself.—Lawrence American.

When a humorist takes off a shiny of us we suppose it would be proper to say that he just got off a bright thing.—Statesman.

The plumber and the coal dealer believe that this has been the coldest winter they ever experienced.—New York News.

A young man, whose wife's father was very kind to him, said that he was Pa excellence as a father-in-law.—Merchant Traveler.

In a meeting of vegetables, no matter what sort of a proposition is made the onion can always give a scent.—Norristown Herald.

Gentleman in Museum (looking at talking machine)—"Quite an invention!" Keeper—"Yes, it speaks for itself."—Munsey's Weekly.

Because a thing is small of size think not that you may scorn it. Some insects have a larger waist but litt less than the hornet.—Chicago Journal.

In five minutes a woman can clean up a man's room in such a way that it will take him five weeks to find out where she put things.—Acheson Globe.

"I cannot sing the old songs," bawled forth the tuncless youth; "and every word he uttered showed I spoke the awful truth."

With a woman it is a struggle to provide something for the inner man, and with a man it is an effort to provide something for the outer woman.—Athens Globe.

"M-my d-d-dear, I I-I love you!" W-w-will you be—?" began Mr. M. Pediment. "That will do," replied the proud beauty. "I do not care to be wooed on the installment plan."—Bazar.

Servant—"Yes, sorr, Mrs. Jones is in. What's yer name, sorr?" Visitor—"Professor 'Underspinkenhelm.'" Servant—"Oh, you'd better get right in and take it wid yer."—Munsey's Weekly.

A young woman began a song, "A Thousand Leaves Are Falling," she pitched it too high, screeched and stopped. "Start her at five thousand," cried an auctioneer.—British American.

Oh, for the good old days,  
Oh, for the old-time dumpling stew,  
Oh, for the Indian pudding baked,  
Oh, for the steak that's tender and true.—Kavanaugh Epitaphic.

Mamma (looking up from her novel)—"Jane, what ails Freddy now?" Jane—"He's crying for the moon, mamma." Mamma (absorbed in her reading)—"Oh, well, let the dear have it."—Munsey's Weekly.

"Now, Susan, haven't I told you time and time again to eat' your bread with your meat?" "True, mamma; but haven't you also told me over and over again that I must never try to do two things at once?"—Judge.

Manager of Band (to applicant for position)—"Well, what instrument do you play? What do you know about music?" Applicant—"I don't know anything about music. It's the position of drum major that I want."—Youstine's News.

## A Rotating Jail.

The Dover (N. H.) jail is the only one of the kind in New England. It is constructed under a patent, and is believed to be absolutely unbreakable; that is, it is practically an impossibility for prisoners to escape. No one confined in cells like these has ever yet succeeded in getting away. The cells, of which there are fifty, are built on a circular piece which revolves within a circle. There is only one exit from each tier of cells, and these are above each other, opening to the guard-room. Between the cells and liberty are two massive doors, both of heavy iron. When a prisoner is to enter or leave one of the iron-grated apartments the turnkey puts the whole place of confinement in motion, stopping it when the door of the cell he desires to reach is in front of the guard-room door. The cells can also be reached, without moving the tiers, by way of stationary corridors built close to the walls. If a prisoner desires to escape, he can only do so by sawing through these heavy doors, and the space in which the moving apartments are built is so constructed that almost any sound can be heard with ease in the guard-room.—Boston Herald.

## As Like as Two Peas.

In former years Remus and Rufus Jones were well known in Atlanta, Ga. They were twin brothers, and none but their intimate friends could tell them apart. The two Dromios in Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" were never worse mixed or more confounded than the two Jones brothers, Remus and Rufus. Both were excellent carpenters, followed the same trade, dressed alike, and contracted similar habits. Both grew up together and married. Something over a year ago Remus took a large