

THE SALISBURY TRUTH.

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J. J. STEWART, Editor and Proprietor.

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second-class matter.

The first Legislature of Washington
left the State to foot up bills of \$1,000,-
000 and over.

At New York city it is proposed to
span North (or Hudson) River with a
viaduct broad enough to carry six stand-
ard-gauge railway tracks, and to cost
\$40,000,000.

During the last six years 8621 women
have sought divorce in France as com-
pared with 6900 men. Ten men and
165 women sought divorce while under
twenty years of age.

A wasteful slaughter of moose is said
to be carried on upon the upper Ottawa
River in Canada. The animals are killed
merely for their hides, and the carcasses
are left in the woods.

Plowing by steam has been introduced
in Walla Walla Valley, Washington, and
is pronounced a success. Heretofore it
has cost \$2 per acre to plow, while
under the new system it can be done for
forty cents.

The rush to the gold fields in the Trans-
vaal region has been unprecedented in
history. In three years \$750,000,000 of
English money has been invested there.
Cities have sprung up where in 1886 only
grass could be found and no habitation.

It is said that the first cost of building
a fleet of Atlantic liners is but a trifle
compared to the cost of running them.
In less than three years it will exceed the
cost of construction, so enormous is the
expenditure in wages, port duties and
repairs.

Murder seems to be the least perilous
of all the crimes known to the statute
books in this country; out of 17,779
murderers who took human life in the six
years from 1884 to 1889, only 553 paid
the penalty by yielding their own lives to
the law.

The secret of Emin Pasha's unwilling-
ness to return to Europe seems at last to
have got out. He did not want to play
second fiddle. In other words, he could
not assent, as the *National Zeitung* puts
it, "to Stanley's desire to exhibit him in
Europe like a rare animal."

The New Orleans *Picayune* is astonish-
ed because the other day a Minnesota
clergyman traveled thirty miles, made six
calls, visited two schools, gave an after-
noon lecture and shot seven jack-rabbits,
all between sunrise and sunset; and he
said it wasn't a good day for pastoral
work, either.

The President of the Columbian Fair
in Chicago is to receive \$6000 annually;
Vice-President, \$12,000; Treasurer,
\$5000, and Auditor, \$5000. Vice-
President Bryan receives a larger salary
because it is expected that he will relieve
President Gage of most of the work.
Second Vice-President Potter Palmer de-
clined any compensation.

Chauncey M. Depew is quoted as mak-
ing the interesting statement that about
a hundred men whom he can recall as
having been famous in Wall street during
the War for fortunes made suddenly in
speculative deals, and who have since
dropped out of sight, are now life insur-
ance agents. He said he attended an in-
surance banquet recently and seventy-five
per cent. of the agents present had former-
ly been famous as successful Wall street
traders.

The order which the Police Commis-
sioners of Boston sent out recently was
expected to work a transformation in the
liquor selling business of that city. It
abolishes all bars, and requires that
liquors shall only be sold with food at
tables. Every saloon in the city will
have to be changed into a restaurant,
and tables must take the place of the
bars. The law has been on the statute
books for some time, but it has never
been enforced.

In the opinion of the *New York Sun*,
"suicide in this country is getting to be
a common nuisance. Here is a man
whose rent falls due; he is unable to pay
it, and commits suicide. No sane man
now commits suicide but through defect
of imagination. Time was when suicide
was a point of honor in certain cases, but
the world has shed those notions. It has
got now to a point where sane suicide is
a growth of pure barrenness of imagina-
tion. It is a case for the common
schools. There wants to be more poetry
in their curriculum; poetry simply as an
exercise of the imaginative faculty, to
train it, to develop its power of flight.
The greatest part of suicide is stupid. Its
prevalence degrades from national dig-
nity. It used to be a fashion in France,
and other folks rather despised the
Frenchmen then for not having better
sense. It is time for the American peo-
ple to brace up and quit making a spec-
tacle of itself."

Eighteen persons out of every thou-
sand die each year in this country from
venereal diseases.

Telegraph operators in France are
threatened to become as common as
the spelling bee and other things of
twenty years ago.

The coast-line of Alaska needs that
of the United States, and territory is
equal in extent to the portion of the
United States east of the Mississippi
River.

The Swedish Oyster Culture Society is
trying to acclimatize American oysters
from Connecticut on the coast of the
province of Bohus. The young oysters
seem to thrive.

The *Chicago Economist* deducts the
conclusion that "the troubles of the
family are due to the fact that there is
too much production of nearly all farm
products for the number of consumers."

Mr. ... number of questions on the agri-
cultural schedules of the Eleventh Cen-
tury are more than double those of ten
years ago. And yet in our diversified ag-
riculture, comments the *Prairie Farmer*,
all are important.

One explanation of the probably de-
creased wheat acreage in the Dakotas is
stated to be that the States are requiring
rent for the school section (one section in
every eighteen), whereas heretofore the
land has been used rent free by squatters.

H. B. Morse, who has been an official
in the Chinese service for nearly twenty
years, and who is now on a visit to his
home in Boston, says that the average
consumption of opium in China is about
an ounce per capita for each adult indi-
vidual.

Stanley's book will be translated into
French, German, Italian, Norse, Spanish
and Czech, and all editions will be pub-
lished simultaneously in the different
countries. The *Chicago Herald* says that
the Congo names will look very pictur-
esque in their Czech trimmings.

The Moody and Sankey collection of
Gospel hymns has, according to the *New
York Tribune*, had a larger sale than any
other hymn collection in existence, good
judges estimating that 10,000,000 copies
have been sold; and its popularity still
continues to be almost as great as ever.

West Shore believes that every true
American will hail with joy the new Re-
public of Central America, formed by
Nicaragua, Guatemala, Honduras, San
Salvador and Costa Rica, five independ-
ent republics that have joined in a
union as one nation, similar to the union
formed by our own sovereign States.

The chicken business is a matter of
wonderful importance to the table com-
fort and the financial outlook of the
American farmer. Government statistics
show that the annual expenditure in this
line is \$560,000,000; and despite the
immense production of eggs, several
million dollars' worth are annually im-
ported to meet the deficiency in the home
supply.

Marshall, the discoverer of gold in
California, waited long for public honors.
He died before they arrived, but at
Colonia a fine statue to his memory has
been unveiled. It overlooks the historic
mill-race where the first gold was found.
It represents Marshall, in a prospector's
costume, pointing toward the spot where
he made the memorable discovery that
changed the history of California.

Among the many associations and
leagues with eccentric titles that have
come into existence in London of late
years, one of the most practical calls itself
"The League of Kindness." This league,
which has branches in various parts of
London, concerns itself chiefly with pro-
viding clothes, which the poor may
purchase at nominal prices, and toys for
distribution among poor children.

A great secret has just been imparted
by the French Government to the Gov-
ernment of Russia. It is the secret in
regard to the manufacture of smokeless
powder. The Russians are about to be-
gin the manufacture of it upon a large
scale, using imported workmen, and
being careful to exclude Germans from
the factories. The basis of the powder
is said to be sulphuric ether.

West Shore states that the announce-
ment of the projection of a great trans-
Siberian railway has revived in Russia
the project of bridging Behring Straits.
While the distance from the American to
the Russian shores is between fifty and
sixty miles, this stretch is broken by the
Diomed Islands, lying about mid-
way in Behring Straits and well scattered.
Three large, well-known and inhabited
islands of this group are so situated as to
form convenient stations in a route from
Cape Prince of Wales, on our shore, to
East Cape, on the Siberian. They are
Fairway Rock, Krusenstern, or, as the
people call it, Ingaliuk, and Ratmanoff
or Inaklit; and between the two latter
passes the boundary line of the Treaty of
1867. The distance of the first from the
American shore is hardly a dozen miles,
and that of the last from the Russian
shore only about twice as much. There
is also King or Ukivok Island, inhabited,
and a survey might disclose uninhabited
rocks capable of additionally breaking
the distance for a bridge route. The
depth even in the middle of the straits
is said to be about thirty fathoms.

A PERFECT DAY.

White roses are swaying
And meekly displaying
Their shell-fashioned petals
So fragile and cold.
While bluebirds are dying
While elders are sighing,
The winds on the wavelets
The lilies unfold.
O'er meadows the brightest
Drift cloudlets the whitest,
Down softest and bluest
Of summer skies.
The apple tree twinkles
And in the air sprinkles
Its blossoms that flutter
Like white butterflies.
The crystal brook gushes,
The willow flower bushes,
The trailing arbutus
Is pink on the slope;
The valleys a-tremble,
That Eden resemble,
Are sunny and fragrant
With kisses of hope.
Oh, hours serene,
The rosiest, greenest,
Gold-vestured and graceful
As vernal streams!
Our souls keep repeating,
"Oh, wherefore so fleeting,
Like fables we only
Can see in a dream?"
—R. K. Munikirk, in *Youth's Companion*.

THE WEDDING GIFT.

"A package for you," said the dearest
girl in the world, as she ran forward and
brought me a long, narrow box. "An-
other wedding gift, I am sure. I wonder
what it is and from whom it can be."
Angelica clasped her hands, and
looked so unutterably happy that my cup
of joy was full to the brim. Who would
be more exultant than we two? It was
the first week after our wedding, and we
had just returned to our cozy nest at
1139 North Third Hundred and Seventy-
third street, in the famous city of Cos-
mopolis.
Another wedding gift! My ardent
fancy rapidly evolved its hidden
possibilities, from a dainty fruit-knife to
a chaste spoon, from an elaborate can-
delabrum to an old-fashioned pair of
tongs. What could it be?
"It may be a parasol for me," said
Angelica, eyeing the package affection-
ately.
"Or an umbrella for me," I rejoined,
with a quizzical look.
"Or a roll of silk, my dear," she haz-
arded.
"Or a bootjack, my love," I replied,
seizing my knife and preparing to cut
the string.
"It has taken a long time to come, any-
way," she added. "A whole week."
"You forget, sweetheart, that it came
by a district messenger boy," and with a
laugh I opened the package, when an
other box and a letter were disclosed to
view.
We both grasped the letter, and al-
lowed the package to glide to the floor.
"Angelica," I exclaimed, in my most
positively tones, "I recognize the hand-
writing. It is—Uncle John's!"
"Oh, how nice! the dear, sweet old
man," she gasped, and then she said,
"I would love him for your sake." And
she gave me one of her
brightest glances.
"Well, my love, he is a gentle crea-
ture, to be sure; but—well, he is decidedly
eccentric. Any way, I am glad that he
has thought of us, even at this late date.
I was always led to believe that I was his
favorite nephew."
"Of course he couldn't help loving
you best of all; I couldn't, could I, John?"
"No, indeed, little mix. You couldn't,
you wouldn't, and you shouldn't," I re-
sponded with fervor, and then read aloud
his letter.
"DEAR OLD BOY—I am overjoyed to hear
of your marriage, and regret that a villan-
ous attack of gout prevented my attendance
at the ceremony. I hear that your wife is
all that is gentle and good. Happy fellow!
I have known you so long and intimately,
that I heartily rejoice at your good fortune.
Do come up with me to see me when the
first glow of the honeymoon is over. Mean-
while I beg of you to accept the accompany-
ing as the most fitting gift I could think of
presenting to you both. It has virtues more
valuable than gold, and I hope, my dear
brother, will strengthen through the ages,
have an efficacy little dreamed of by mortal
man. Guard it, and it will guard you. Treas-
ure it as your home's holiest phylactery. It
will be an infallible record of your affection;
a dial of love, which never needs regulation;
for it runs by occult attraction and psychic
force.
"In the fond hope that you will prize it for
my sake and your own, Affectionately,
"JOHN CRAB." "Goodness!" I cried, as soon as I re-
covered breath. "This is a pretty letter! But
what does the old fellow mean by
"dial of love" and attachment and psychic force?
Is he demented?" "Oh, dearest!" Angelica exclaimed,
edging away from the package, still on
the floor. "I am so frightened. Shall I
send for mother?" "No," I rejoined, with rather pre-
cipitate haste, "you need not send for
your mother." And then I added, in my
most heroic tones, "There is no occa-
sion for alarm. The package surely is
harmless. It can't be a Florida alligator
or a dynamite cartridge. Come, love, we
shall open it together. One heart, one
fate!" I exclaimed, melodramatically;
and soon before our astonished gaze was
presented the finest little thermometer in
the world.
"A thermometer?" was our first ex-
clamation. "The brute!" was the next.
"Does he want to insult me?" I cried
in a rage.
"Let us send it back—the odious
wretch!" was Angelica's observation, the
herosim of which can be gathered from
the fact that my uncle was a millionaire,
and I was supposed to be his favorite and
his heir.
A silence deep, profound, immeasur-
able, fell upon us—our hearts alone were
audible. A sudden inexplicable mystery
seemed to surround us both. The air be-
came oppressive. What hidden agency
was at work? What subtle powers were
inspiring us with apprehension? We
could not speak, we could hardly breathe,
so intense was our agitation. I glanced
again at the thermometer. My eyes were
riveted upon some lettering, and we both
read simultaneously: "Love's Thermom-
eter, patented by the Society for Psychic
Research." And straying downward our
astonished gaze caught these lines from
Browning:
"O world, as God has made it! All is beauty,
And knowing this is love, and love is
duty.
What further may be sought for or de-
clared?" "Why, Angelica," I cried, "this is a
strange, I might almost say, a wondrous
thermometer," eving it more respect-
fully, and with less wrath toward my phil-
osophic uncle.
"Oh, John, look, look!" she exclaimed,
pointing to some words on the other side
of the plate:
"Between bliss hate
Dost oscillate
Your moral fate."
"Oh, darling," and the poor girl was
about to sob in her fear. "Shall we not
send for mother?" "Send for your mother?" I repeated.
"Send for fiddlisticks, said I, with reck-
less irreverence. 'Why, see there! Look!'
and along the side of the instru-
ment were the words: 'Bliss heat, 120
degrees; affection, 100 degrees; friend-
ship, 80 degrees; indifference, 60 de-
grees; coldness, 40 degrees; aversion, 20
degrees; hatred, 0 degrees.'
"Oh, John," was my wife's appeal,
"don't keep the horrid thing in the
house. I am sure it is something dread-
ful," and a few tears did gather in her
eyes.
"Have no fear, Angelica," I cried,
kissing away her tears. "Have no fear.
See, the thermometer stands at 120 de-
grees; bliss heat, dearest. Hurrah for
psychic force!" And the dear girl actu-
ally laughed in the swift transition of
feeling, and joined in the rapturous
hurrah. "Hurrah for Uncle John!" we
then both exclaimed together, and Ange-
lica kissed the thermometer in her en-
thusiasm. The warm-hearted girl! Bliss
heat, now and forever! How kind, how
noble of dear uncle, to send us what
would be a perpetual photograph, as it
were, of love's young dream! And that
evening I prayed—Angelica joining in
the aspiration—that uncle's gout would
soon forever disappear, and we resolved
to invite him for a lengthy visit. Then,
toward midnight, we stole down cau-
tiously to the dining-room, where we had
arranged a lovely niche for the thermom-
eter, and with what rapture did we note
how the psychic force still stood at bliss
heat—120 degrees.
"So shall it ever be!" was my pious
exclamation, and Angelica responded
with a fervent hand-clasp.
I wish to relate faithfully and soberly
the history of that wedding gift, and its
influence on our lives and characters. If
I relied on my memory alone I might
perhaps exaggerate, or appear to do so.
Happily there is another resource, and
one whose exactness and fidelity can be
depended upon. It is my diary, wherein
I am accustomed to chronicle the throbb-
ings of my inner life and the record of
each passing day. A few pages will tell
the whole eventful story.
July 10th—Angelica was a charming
vision at breakfast. She is bewitching
in every mood, and how ardently I love
her! The muffins were exquisite. Dear,
noble little woman, so tender and so af-
fectionate! How beautiful she bakes!
It will be a pleasure to teach her German,
which is my passion. Shall instruct her
according to the natural method, and then
read Don Carlos to her. Its ideal senti-
ments, its glowing imagery, its magnifi-
cent style, will inspire her with enthu-
siasm. "The thermometer at bliss heat
is our daily benediction. We gaze at it
at all hours, and then at each other. Both
tell the same story, and the alphas re-
spond to the same life-giving living. It is
two weeks since our wedding.
June 12th—A very curious occurrence
happened this evening at dinner. I was
just enjoying the roast lamb, when an
organ grinder appeared, and his monkey
began to rub its nose against the window
bars. "Get off!" I cried, "you wretch!"
"Ah, John, do let it play," said Ange-
lica. "I recognize that music dis-
turbs my appetite. Begone!" I cried
again to the man. Angelica pressed her
handkerchief to her eyes. My angel
weeping! I gazed at the thermometer.
It marked 100 degrees, and the psychic
force was rapidly falling. "Here!" I
shouted to the man, "here is a dollar,
and come every evening at this hour."
The man grinned, the monkey took off
its cap, my angel smiled, and I was
saved. Again the thermometer stood at
120 degrees. It was a narrow escape.
Life, love, thou art a precipice—one false
step, one headless act, and the abyss re-
veals itself. To think that our bliss was
almost wrecked by a monkey!
June 14th—I gave my darling her first
lesson in German by the natural method.
It went off beautifully. She has a lovely
Aussprache; the words roll like velvet
from her lips. To hear her say "das
Thermometer is an education in itself."
On coming home to dinner I found An-
gelica very much flurried. She explained
that the cook was ill, and she herself had
to prepare the repast. I congratulated
her, and she thanked me until her eyes
sparkled like an electric light. I told
her afterward, in a casual way, that the
soup would have tasted better with mint
instead of mace, and she burst at once
into tears, while to my horror the ther-
mometer began rapidly falling until sixty
degrees was reached. "Angelica!" I
cried. "I was only jesting." And
soothed by my endearments, her tears
vanished, and she actually asked me to
give her a second lesson in German;
while the thermometer, just as rapidly,
rose to bliss heat. It was again a nar-
row escape. And when I told her of the
she murmured: "Dear John, forgive me!
I am so impatient!" Was ever mortal so
happy?
June 15th—Happiness is a sportive god.
It is never an abiding possession. So
happy yesterday, and to-night, as I write
these lines, how wretched! And from
such a trifle, too. My darling asked me
why I did not come home earlier to-
day. I laughed at her remark, and gave
a bantering reply. "I am not jesting,"
she rejoined. "You used to spring up
the stairs, and now you saunter slowly."
"But, my love, I am tired when I come
home." "If you really loved me," she
responded, "you would never be fatigued.
But you are tired of me, I suppose," and
she burst into tears. I felt really vexed
at her want of sense, and such a cold,
dull pain, born of disappointment and
despair, seized me that I answered harsh-
ly. She looked at the thermometer, and
my paralyzed gaze noted it swiftly fall-
ing, despite my imploring gestures.
Down, down, sank the psychic force un-
til it reached the twenty degrees (aversion),
and with a shudder she left the room, re-
marking stingingly: "This is your work,
sir." My work! My work! And I ad-
ore her, despite my harsh reply. Oh,
life, love, thou art a mystery! And
woman, thou art doubly a mystery. And
Angelica, thou art trebly a mystery.
There was no German lesson to-day. ...
To think that she cherishes aversion—
she of all beings. And I thought it
would be "bliss heat" forever.
I have not the heart to continue these
extracts from my diary. Their general
tenor can be very well gathered; they re-
corded such changes in temperature that
we were both in despair. Each mood on

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Bell metal is an alloy of copper and
tin.
Hypnotism is now occasionally pro-
duced by a letter or even a telegram.
Among the singular differences between
the two sides of the face, a German pro-
fessor notes, that the right ear is almost
invariably higher than the left.
The circulation of the water between
the equator and the poles only affects a
depth of about a thousand yards. Below
this the water is perfectly quiet.
A German has invented an apparatus
for forcing sidewise the swell in front of
fast-going ships by means of steam jets
from a nozzle under the water at the
bow.
Those who advocate spelling reform in
the English language argue that one
letter out of every seven used according
to the present practice is absolutely use-
less.
In some recent experiments 34,000
rounds were fired from one Maxim gun,
which was considered a very high test of
the workmanship and material of the
gun.
It is said that the ox-eye daisy, which
is abundantly fertile in the East, is for
the most part sterile in the West. In the
East it has become a serious weed; in the
West it makes small headway.
Different classes of substances have
been found to affect the organs of taste
in the following order: Bitters, acids,
saline substances, sweets and alkalis.
The taste-nerves are nearly 200 times as
sensitive to quinine as to sugar.
The results of recent experiments in
the Mediterranean showing how far day-
light will penetrate the water were found
with gelatine-bromide plates. The great-
est was 1518 feet, or 327 feet short of
the limit assigned some years ago.
The light reaching the pupil of the eye
in each second of time represents a quan-
tity of work which would require one
year and eighty-nine days to raise the
temperature of a gramme of water one
degree centimeter (one-eighth Fahren-
heit).
The conclusions reached by modern
meteorologists are that cyclones of great
intensity are ascending spiral whirls
of rotation having a rotary motion in a di-
rection in the Northern Hemisphere op-
posite to the movement of the hands of a
watch.
The physicist is bewildered by the ap-
parently simultaneous action of gravita-
tion upon widely separated bodies. M. J.
Van Hepperger finds that the time taken
by gravitation to travel the distance from
the sun to the earth does not exceed one
second!
Spinach has a direct effect upon the
kidneys. A common dandelion used as
greens is excellent for the same trouble.
Asparagus purges the blood. Celery acts
admirably upon the nervous system and
is a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia.
Tomatoes act upon the liver.
In the investigation in New York as to
electrical matters an expert declared that
the number of volts which could be used
without danger to life varied greatly. A
horny-handed man would be able to take
perhaps two thousand volts, while an-
other could not take five hundred.
The fragments of the giant aerolite
which was seen in its fall throughout all
Iowa recently have been discovered in
Winnebago County, eleven miles north-
west of Forest City. The meteorite had
fallen to pieces and the fragments were
distributed over a big stretch of territory.
From anthropological measurements
made on Cambridge students, it appears
that their heads continue to grow after
the age of nineteen. Those who have
obtained high honors have had, on the
average, considerably larger brains than
the others at the age of nineteen, the
predominance at that age being greater
than at twenty-five, a fact which is held
to imply precocity as an element in the
success of high-honor men.
Experiments of later date prove that an
egg is usually digested sooner than a
potato and quite as soon as beef or mut-
ton. Hard boiled eggs require three
hours and thirty minutes. Soft-boiled
eggs require three hours. Fried eggs
require three hours and thirty minutes.
Roasted eggs require two hours and fif-
teen minutes. Raw eggs require two
hours and thirty minutes.

Most Horses Are Either Gray or Bay.

A near-sighted youth, writes James
Payne, on going in for his medical ex-
amination, was advised by that guide,
philosopher and friend of his crammer:
"The doctor will ask you about the
horses on the common; say 'gray,' very
rapidly, for all horses are either gray or
bay." This was, no doubt, a too hasty
generalization; but it is the fact that to
persons who do not concern themselves
with the equine race, horses are very
much alike. A young gentleman of my
acquaintance, who used that animal
merely as the means of locomotion—
"the means and not the end"—was once
given a "mount" by the friend with
whom he was staying to visit Reading
races. On coming away he had taken
the animal which was offered to him out
of the crowded booth without investi-
gation, and rode home on it. His host
met him at the lodge gate, and with the
quick eye of a proprietor perceived there
had been an exchange which might or
might not be a robbery. "Why, that's
not my horse, Ned." "Is it not?" re-
plied the enthusiastic amateur. "It
looked extremely like him." I know an-
other case, where matters turned out
much worse. A good man of business,
but one who was a very careless rider,
Mr. A. was wont to come to town on
horseback every day, and put his horse
up at a certain livery stable. Mr. B., a
friend of his, used to do the like, and on
calling for his nag one evening, had an-
other brought out to him by the hostler.
"That's not my horse," he said; "that's
Mr. A.'s horse." "Then Mr. A. must
have taken your horse by mistake, sir."
"If so," said B., with gravity, "it is a
dead man." And so, indeed, it turned
out. Poor A., riding home with loose
rein and careless seat, upon, as he
thought, his own quiet steed, was
brought and killed upon the spot by a
buck jumper.—*Frank Leslie's Monthly*.

Emperor William's Rubber Horseshoe.

Emperor William's riding horse is shod
with a new and singularly constructed
shoe. It is in two parts, and has on its
lower surface a rubber like composition,
the object of which is to prevent the
horse from slipping, thereby preserving
the animal. The monarch, on being
shown the new invention, at once or-
dered his favorite horse and sixteen others
of his stud to be shod with it.

Outwitting a Shirker.

An Anglo-Indian officer, of the Bengal
Artillery, relates an anecdote of one of
those soldiers who in military phrase are
known as malingerers, but whom common
people would call shirkers. A gunner,
named Ichabod Crab, went to see the
hospital authorities on the subject of a
strange affection of the back, which com-
pelled him to walk somewhat in the
shape of a capital C. "I ain't in no great
pain," he said, "except when I tries to
stand erect, an' then me back seems to
break clean in two. I couldn't stand up,
not if my life depended on it." As there
was heavy gun-drilling going on at
this time, Dr. Tritton formed his own op-
inion of the case, and determined to let
the man work out his own cure. He ordered
Crab's breakfast to be placed on a high
cupboard in the wall, to reach which the
patient would have to stand erect. At
dinner-time the cook reported Crab's
breakfast to be untouched. "Put his
dinner in the same place," commanded
Dr. Tritton, and the treatment was con-
tinued throughout the day. The next
morning when the doctor called to see
his patient, he found that his prescrip-
tion had been efficacious. Crab had
eaten his supper and breakfast, and de-
clared himself fit for duty. "Cupboard
Crab," as he was called, confessed that
he had tried to deceive the "old doctor,"
but had found himself beaten.—*Argo-
naut*.

KETCHIN ON BEHIND.

I tell you, boys, it ain't no use
A-ketchin' on behind by that 'ere ruse
The steps you needn't mind.
Are stop you boys by that steady stride,
The man who walks with steady stride,
Ambition's swinging gait,
Will reach the goal, while we betide
The laggard who is late.
Fear not the lash of keen satire
That drives the car of fate;
He shall not slip who shuns the mire,
Forge on, nor pause to prate.
I tell you, boys, jump off the cart
And put on extra speed;
Let perseverance guide your heart
And honor be your creed.
—Pearl Eytting, in *Judge*.

PITH AND POINT.

Taking things easy—Pickpockets.
Half a loaf is better than the dyspep-
sia.
"Shadows of a great city"—Detectives.
"You make me tired," said the wagon
wheel to the blacksmith.
"Confidence is a plant of slow growth,"
but the bunco-man forces it.—*Puck*.
Necessity is the mother of invention;
and likewise the father of lies.—*Puck*.
There is probably sand enough in the
Sugar Trust to keep it up.—*Picayune*.
"That's the end of my tale," as the
tadpole said when he turned into a bull-
frog.
"We say mouse, and we say mice.
Now, why ain't the plural of spouse
spice?"—*Mercury*.
No matter how plain-looking a drug
clerk may be, in warm weather his 'fiz is
always attractive to the girls.
The man who depends upon wages will
get rich sooner than one who depends
upon wagers.—*New York News*.
The cat has nine lives, which shows that
nature had a pretty fair idea of what
the cat would have to go through.
The gentleman who owns a dog would
probably feel rather hurt if it told him that
he was a bark keeper.—*Washington Star*.
"All gone," murmured Ponsoby, sad-
ly, as he surveyed his bald head in the
mirror. "Not even a part remains."—*Life*.
Coming events cast their shadows be-
fore; but that is no reason for thinking
that the future always looks dark.—*Puck*.
A will 5000 years old was recently
found in Egypt. Up to the hour of going
to press it had not been contested.—*Nor-
ristown Herald*.
The \$20,000 expended by the Duke of
Bedford to popularize cremation may be
considered a sort of burnt offering.—*Courier-Journal*.
"Do your boarders loaf around your
parlor in the evening?" "No; my
daughter is learning to play on the piano."
—*Boston Courier*.
Professor of Mineralogy (at the examina-
tion)—"Where are the most diamonds
found?" Candidate—"At the pawnbrok-
ers."—*Springs Post*.
Softas—"Do you think Miss R. would
marry me if I should ask her?" Van Rip-
er—"Well, she looks like a smart sort of a
girl—still, she might."—*Life*.
The pessimist cries: "Come, be gay.
Things can't be worse—away with sorrow."
The optimist: "Rejoice to-day,
because of what will be to-morrow."
—*Puck*.
"Does your Webster contain all the
latest additions to the English language?"
"No, old fellow, I will ask my wife. She
always has the last word!"—*Times-Demo-
crat*.
She—"I hear that Mr. Smoothbore is
a great mimic. They say he can take off
anything." He—"That explains it. I
wondered where my umbrella had gone."
—*Clothier and Furnisher*.
Colwigger—"Quack should be prosecuted
for obtaining money under false
pretenses. That 'ere sum of his is no
good." Brown—"Pshaw! Didn't he
sell it to you as a skin cure?"—*Life*.
A man may fish and fish and fish,
And not get a bite all day;
But he'll buy a mess and lie like sin,
Because he is built that way.
—*Washington Star*.
"Shall we marry, darling; or shall we
knot?" was the short and witty line an
ardent lover dispatched to the idol of
his heart. But, where the strangeness
of the matter comes in, the girl replied:
"I shall not! You can do as you please."
—*Life*.
Tailor (measuring little Blobs):
"Very singular, this, sir." Blobs—
"What's that?" Tailor—"All your
measurements are exactly the same as
the Apollo Belvidere statue." (Blobs
orders two suits instead of one.)—*The
Jester*.
Norwegians First Sailed Hither.
Antiquarians, historians and scholars
now generally regard the Icelandic records
and persistent researches for many years
have established the fact that Norwegian
navigators discovered the North American
continent at the beginning of the 11th
century, or about 500 years before the
first voyage made by Columbus in search
of it. The fact is also established that
attempts were made by adventurers from
Greenland to found a colony on the shores
of New England. Where Thervald was
buried, or where Thorfin and Gudrid
landed and lived nobody knows. It is
evident that the locality is not far from
the latitude of Boston. The best in-
formed students of the subject believe it
was on Rhode Island, and that the mys-
terious old stone tower at Newport, of
massive masonry, resting on seven col-
umns, the foundation stones of which
are heaped spheres, was built by the Nor-
wegian colonists, as a sacred structure.
It was there when the English colonists
first came and the Indians then residing
there had no knowledge of its origin. If
the Norwegians did not build it, who did?
Echo answers "we" did it! The whole
records of Rhode Island make no mention
of such a structure being erected there.
—*New York Voice*.
Big Pacific Slope Stock Yards.
The Union Stock Yards Company has
been incorporated in San Francisco with
a capital stock of \$2,500,000. The com-
pany will maintain a complete system of
stock yards on the Chicago plan. Ad-
joining them will be erected two large
packing houses capable of handling 4000
hogs, 1200 beefs and 1500 sheep daily.
These establishments will cost \$400,000
each. This industry will serve to in-
crease the pork raising interests of the
Pacific Coast, which are now sadly lack-
ing in ability to apply the home mar-
kets. It will also turn cattle ship-
ments westward from the ranges of
Nevada and Idaho.—*West Shore*.