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Reasonable.

In England women patentees are far more numerous than they are here, states the Chicago Herald. As & rule, the inventions of our women are for the attire of women.

Mayor Powell, of the United States Geological Survey, says there are nearly 1,000,000,000 acres of arid lands susceptible of cultivation in the United States, of which nearly 120,000,000 acres can be irrigated. .

ne Macon (Ga.) Telegraph estimates that "the South has paid a larger part of her State debt during the last ten years than any other section-more than a fourth of the total of \$197,000,000but her debt is still far the largest."

It is claimed that gray and roan horses are longer lived and give more service than horses of other colors. This claim is said to be based upon the experience Paris tramway companies and corroborated in New York. Bays are rated next to blacks. Black hoofs are commended,

A new religious sect in India is at tracting much attention. It is called Arys Somaj, and it has arisen in Punjab. Its purpose, is to oppose Christianity, and it endeavoring to restore the worship taught in the ancient Nedas. In order to prevent the children of Hindoo pa cents from falling into the hands of the missionaries, the sect is starting orphar asylums and schools. This is the first effort made by the natives of India to provide homes for helpless and neglected

It is said that a man severely afflicted with deafness can hear when riding in a rumbling car. The philosophy of thi phenomenon, as stated by an aurist, is due to the well-known counteraction of the noisy motion on the drum of the ear -that is the rumble of the heavy wheel on the track causes the drum to vibrate and in this way producing or exciting the capacity to hear. Instead of raising the voice when speaking to a deaf person in a moving ear or vehicle the voice should be low.

The project for a railway to Alaska is about to take definite shape, announces the New York Witness. Application wil be made to Parliament at the next session for the passage of an act incorporating the Vancouver, Northern and Alasks Railway and Navigation Company, with power to build a railway from Vaucouver, or some other point on Burrard Inlet, on the banks of the Fraser River. by way of Seymour Creek Valley, Pemberton Meadows, Chilcoten Plains and the head waters of the Frazer River to points on the Parsnip and Peace River, with branches in a northeasterly direction to the Steens and Stikeen Rivers to the boundary of Alaska.

A writer in the Ledger says that the restaurant kitchens in Paris have come under scientific scrutiny. They are, in reality, often unfit for human beings to enter. Placed underground, they only receive air from small windows on a level with the ceiling. These are often hermetically closed because the neighbors complain of the smells that escape therefrom. If they are opened, they let down a cold draught, which is more than the cooks, overheated by the fire. can endure. Other kitchens open into little back yards, that are so small, damp and foul, that such ventilation is, perhaps, more mjurious than beneficial; and there are other vile conditions too gross to mention. The cooks, driven to desperation by the horrors of their situation, appealed to the doctors; the doctors, after sufficient inspection of the kitchens, appealed to the Paris Municipal Council, and the Council, after proper examination, issued an order to have the kitchens enlarged, ventilated, purified and reformed altogether.

The Chicago Herald says: "A gamble once objected to life insurance because, as he said, he didn't care for a game that one had to die to beat. Ordinarily life insurance is that kind of a game, but a physician, Dr. Slocum, of San Antonio, Texas, has just gone to the grave with the distinction of having got the better of a smart life insurance company. Twenty-five years ago, while practicing medicine in this city, he was giving up by the doctors as a hopeless consumptive. An insurance company, in which he carried a \$10,000 policy, believing that unless it could compromise it would scon be called on to pay the claim to his bereaved famihe would call it quits. The doctor accepted the offer, went down South,/invested the money profitably, and after twenty-five years has died-not of consumption, but of cancer of the storfach. Even so careful a concern as a life insursurance company, with its cautious actuary and learned doctors, may occasionally suffer, in common with the rest of us, from the inaccuracies of medical sci-

The German Emperor has now taken ? into his own hands the management of his private fortune, and it is asserted chat a short time back he negotiated a loan of 50,000, assured by a mortgage.

The Latin Union, a European League, is constituted of France, Belgium, Greece, Italy and Switzerland, and their coins are alike in weight and fineness, though different in name. Spain, Servia, Russia, Bulgaria and Roumania have adopted in part the same system, but they have not joined the "Union."

This is from the Chicago Times: "The United States Fonetik kompany met at the Grand Pasific hotel and elected Jon S. Kendal prezident. This sosiety wants ongres to giv it \$5,000,000 for 100 skools for the instrukshun of the peeple in the nu siense of fonetik speling. Such a demannd iz abzurd, az it iz az eezv az coling off a log to spel bi sound. Just tri it wunce. We doo not need skools for such a ridikulus purpos and the peeple ot to rize in thair mite and tel Unkel Sam so in plane words."

In 1873 Congress attempted to encourige the cultivation of timber upon the public lands of the United States, observes the San Francisco Chronicle, by providing that every person who should plant, protect and keep in a healthy growing condition for ten years forty acres of timber on any quarter section of the public lands should, at the expiraion of ten years, be entitled to a patent for the whole quarter section. There were some amendatory acts passed afterward, to the same purpose, but it was ound that nearly everywhere the timberculture acts were used only as a blind, to secure title to 160 acres of land, and now the Senate Committee on Public Lands has reported a bill to repeal all the timber-culture acts, except as to Nebraska, where the law seems to have been carried out in good faith.

In the biography of Matthew Calbraith Perry, the following statistics are given: The United States employed in the invasion of a sister Republic about one hundred thousand armed men. Of these, 26,690 were regular troops, 56,926 volunteers, while over 15,000 were in the navy or in the department of commissariat and transportation. Probably as many as 80,000 soldiers were actually in Mexico. Of this host 120 officers and 1400 men fell in battle or died of wounds, 100 officers and 10,000 men perished by disease. These figures, by General Viele, are from the army rolls. Another writer gives the total in round numbers of American war employes lost in battle at 5000, and by sickness 15,000. About 1000 men of the army of occupation died each month of garrison fever in the City of Mexico, and many more were ruined in health and character. In all, the loss of manhood by glory and malaria was fully 25, 000 men. The war cost the United States directly, a sum estimated between \$130,000,000 and \$166,500,000. Including the pensions recently voted, this amount will be greatly increased.

The wonders of the cotton plant are only coming to be fully understood, exclaims the New York News. A few years ago the seed was thrown away as of no account. Now that seed is one of the most valuable parts of the plant. The seed furnishes an oil which, when refined, is sold as pure olive oil, and which enters into various food products. Th cake which remains when the oil has been crushed from the seeds is a high grade fertilizer as well as a high grade cattle food, and the halls have recently been found as nutritious a food for milk cows as ensilage. Recent inventions and ex periments have also demonstrated that the cotton-seed hull can be used for mak ing the very highest grade of paper stock. including the best grades of linen and ledger paper. It has been ascertained by these experiments that when the fibre of the paper stock is extracted from the hullthe residuum will make the best liquids fertilizer of any known product. Last, but not least, this perfect fertilizer will be very cheap. What the next discovery will be in the direction of utilizing coton-seed is of course a matter of doubt. All this means more industries to the South and greater prosperity to the

"The Australians are likely to become in time the greatest sporting people in the world," said a naval officer, who has had a roving commission for six years, which has taken him pretty much all over the world, to a New Orleans Times. Democrat young man. "I have just got back from the big island in the South Seas, and I am more impressed with the admiration of its people for grit and pluck in an athletic way than I am by any other national characteristic there. When 150,000 people will turn out to see a boat race-and not only one, but a dozen or two during the year-it is easy enough to see that the love of athletics is more than skin deep. That is about the number of speciators who can be depended upon to patronize a big boat event, while all around athletic exhibitions in any of the big centres will draw crowds of from ly, offered to give him \$5000 in cash if 15,000 to 20,000 people. Duncan C Ross, who, though a man of a good deal of daring and enterprise, found difficulty in making a living here, can make hundreds of dollars for every exhibition he gives in Australia, and he is at it pretty much all the time. Nobody knows exactly to what to attribute this love of athletics in that section of the globe, but it exists, and is the most prominent characteristic of the people."

THE SEA.

Dawn is dim on the dar's soft water Soft and passionate, dark and sweet: Love's own self was the deep sea's daughter, Fair and flawless from face to feet; Hailed of all when the world was lden, Loved of lovers whose names being iden Thrill men's eyes as with light of olden

Days more glad than their flight was fleat. So they sang: but for men that bye her, . Souls that hear not her word Earth beside her had heaven about her Seem but shadows that wax an awane. Softer than sleep are the sea's cares as Kinder than love that betrays and beases, Blither than spring when her flawerful

Shake forth sunlight with shine and rain. All the strength of the waves that terish Swells beneath me and laughs and sighs. Signs for love of the life they cherish, Laughs to know that it lives and dies:

Dies for joy of its life and lives Thrilled with joy that its brief death gives, Death whose laugh or whose breath forgives Changes that bids it subside and rise. -Algernon Charles Swinburac.

## ANNE.

Ten years ago the railroad running south from Calhoun was five years in the future. A stage was run in its stead; but little Dorsey, two miles and a half clothes. southwest of Calhoun, being without means of mail transfer, sent and brought its mail by a daily pedestrian. For a year this servitor was Anne Davis.

The employment of a woman was new, but Anne's sharp need of the slender salary gained her the appointment. A small privilege, most girls would have reckoned it, that of tramping five lonely miles a day in all weathers; but to Anne

it was a boon. She walked homeward on a rainy October morning. The mail had been late, and she was afraid Sammy and Polly might be home from school, and wanting their dinner. The road was beautiful in summer, but now there was mud to plod through, with rain dripping from the trees. Anne wore of necessity an attire of short skirt and boy's boots; the mail-bag was slung over her shoulder, and her face glowed warm under her soaked hat.

"Little late?" said the postmaster. smiling over his railing. He looked after her as she, hurried away, and welcomed the opport mity for speaking which the presence of an out-of-town farmer afforded.

"That's the best girl I know," he said "Don't know as you can call her a girlshe does as much as any woman. Way of it is, her mother had been a widow half a dozen years, and she died a year ago, and now Anne's head of the family. There's a boy a year or two older that aint at home. He's been wild, Jim Davis has, and made his folks considerable trouble. He's in Ingleby now; got a job in the tool factory. There's two children, and nobody but Anne to do for 'em. And now she's took the mailcarrying; she needs the money, but it's pretty hard on a girl. Well, she does as near what's right as she knows how, Anne Davis does."

Anne reached home before the children. They found her with her wet clothes changed, the kitchen fire crackyears old and Polly seven, and their re- him!" said the boy fiercely. alization of trouble was small. They loved and trusted their elder sister, and took no worry to their small selves.

fascinating subject. "We're going to the fair!" said Sammy. "Mrs. Baldwin's going to take us all in the two-seated buggy to-morrow afternoon."

It was the county fair, ten miles away. They had been once, and had magnified memories, and their good fortune overwhelmed them.

Their happiness was Anne's, and their good times were not many. She kissed them as she bundled them up for school again. Polly's shoes were too large and Sammy's coat too small. They had been given them by neighbors, and Anne had gravely needed.

Sammy stopped in the door. "Anne, there's Uncle Elias," he faltered. A lit-

Sammy and Polly, meeting him, hurried on. They could never rid themselves of the idea that Uncle Elias was of the bugaboo "codger" species; but Anne met him on the step and took his bundle.

her querry as to his health, and they had no more conversation till he had dried himself, caten his dinner and filled his pipe, and Anne had cleared the table and sat down with some work.

The old man puffed away sleepily in his hot corner. He was nearing eighty, and had lived for some years on the charity of his sister, Anne's great-aunt, who helped Anne little and grudgingly. His visits to Dorsey were the bright spots in

"Jim, you know," said Anne-she had been barely able to wait before beginning the subject-"Jim is in Ingleby. He's got a good place in the tool factory he's sent me some money once." "I'm glad on't," said the old man. "I

guess he's a good boy." Anne dropped her work. All her soul was in her face as she looked at him. It was not hard to see that here was touched her greatest love and her greatest hope.

wrong if he hadn't been led into it. "Ner nobody," said the old man, sol-

"But Jim-I wish you could know how good-hearted he is. Uncle Elias!" ings, and doing what they did. O Uncle told the truth. Elias, I can't forget it -that worst night, and came home late-I can't forget!"

"No. Your poor ma!" "It was that that stopped him; he heard so. . It won't be Hiram Meeker, done.' but it might be somebody else. Do you | "He may tell them," said Anne. But | bounded by running streams are entitled think so?" she said, wistfully.

"Nobody's going to make him do said the old man. "He'll mean to," said Anne. "He

promised mother.' Uncle Elias, his withered face red with the comforting heat, blinked at her. "Your heart's sot on him," he said. Somebody outside was calling her; it

s'pose Jim's mixed up in it."

"A man shot!" Anne gasped. it; he wouldn't been likely to throw up O Jim! a good place the minute he got it." "No," said Anne, but her hand, hold-

ing the paper, trembled. know, but don't you go to fretting," Mrs. Baldwin repeated. She drove away, | who did it!" and Anne, remembering her fire as she turned back, went to the wood-shed. The clouds had broken over an autumnal yellow sky, and a cold wind was blankly. springing up. She had piled her strong arms full, and was turning, when something crouched in a corner rose.

ain't going to touch you." like a tramp, with his bundle done up in | will know." a handkerchief and mud-drabbled

cat?" she said, gently, for she thought of Jim. "Come in and I'll give you some-He followed her in, and she drew a half-abashed glow, sent a warm thrill

chair and brought him food. He pressed through her. forward to warm his chilled hands, but I "I'll never forget you for this," he ate little. His eyes roved uneasily, and said. his sleep he started.

am," he ended, narrowly eveing her. strange foolish bravado, but the boy sat oitterly smiling. His face was a weak

low yet a hardened look. "I can prove it easy enough," he went | beside him and stole away. on. Desperation and a pitiful wistfulness mingled in his face. "Do you know the fire cooking the breakfast. how far I've tramped since vesterday?" wheels, and saw Sammy run t

miles." "I've had a job in the tool-factory over there." Whatever his confession was, he wavered on the verge of it, in dread said, round-eyed. "I told had a said, round-eyed."

"Did you know the other hands? Did Where was Jim? you know Jim Davis?" Anne questioned,

heard he come from round here. You told the boy of the man in the buggy.

"They think I shot McCormick! They

believe it, because I haint kept straight since I been there. Well, there's others been bad as me, and worse, and Jim put on her mail-carrying uniform of Davis is one. I know Jim Davis. We was thick enough one time. Now he daily journey. Yesterday it had been turns on me; sneaks out of this, and lays raining, but she had been happy; to-day ling, and the table set. Sammy was nine | it on to me. I'll live to get it back on | it was fragrantly warm and sunny, but "They think 'twas me at the bottom of

the strike," he went on. "It was Jim | coming toward her rapidly a figure, the Davis more'n anybody. He said we was sight of which made her gasp and stand To-day they were full to the brim of a slaving for starvation wages, and he'd still. put in for more and see it through, and he stuck to it. I'd backed out more'n once if Jim Davis hadn't kep' us to it. It was him heading us when it happened. He wanted to go up to McCormick's and get a fuss going; he thought 'twas Mc-Cormick holding the bosses against us, and he was down on him. He wa'n't quite sober, you see. He was the one that called McCormick out and went at him about leaving town or getting hurt, and then when McCormick talked back and showed he wa'n't afraid, Jim was crazy. He took out his pistol and fired, not the false pride to refuse the help she and it hit him in the side and he fell over. Didn't I see him! Lididn't have a pistol; any of the fellows knew that. They could prove he's lying if they wa'n't through the gate. a set of cowards! Well, he settled things said. "There's been a rough time—one through the gate. him, and the whole town thinks so. I About twenty of us wasn't. We didn't worse. I was right up with Jim' Davis it, and they've promised us work right all through, like a fool. Seeing I didn't," along and first chance for more wages. said the boy, his voice hoarsened by his There aint anything doing just now. "Toler'ble, child," he responded to dreary monologue, "I hadn't ought to things are se stirred up, and the ones pay for it. I shall, if they get hold of that lived near enough have gone home me. Some of 'em said I better get out till to-morrow. I started the minute I the way and I did. They'll be after me | could; I've been homesick enough for

'fast enough, and then, Lord knows!" The poor girl who had heard him sat still, benumbed when he had done. The fire's crackling and Uncle Elias's peace-

Jim, whom her love and hope had been centred in! How much she had loved him and hoped from him she had not realized till now; now that her tender trust was betraved as she had never dreamed it could be. Jim! kind-hearted Jim, with his honest eyes so like his mother's, the mother he had promised never again to hurt. That he had forgotten! This, if she had been alive, would have killed her.

What had led to it? It was strangely unlike Jim-this awful thing. He had never been riotous and bad; never a lead-"He's a good boy, Uncle Elias," she er in wrong-doing, only a follower. said. "He would never have done any But off in that rough place alone, with it had, she felt, transformed him, and so scon, into something different from the brother she had known.

Yet she could not doubt the boy. He the girl cried. "He was so good to was a poor little specimen, of humanity mother! He never meant to hurt her. It | -a coward now, that had lately been was Hiram Meeker and that bad set; he a ruffian and bully. But one look into got to going up town with them even- his miserable face assured her that he

> "What are you going to do?" she said like hers.

"I'm going to get caught and took "It was that that stopped him; he didn't want to hurt mother. He was McCormick dies"—he stopped with a better after that, and ever since." But stare, "I'm used up now; I can't get a shadow on her face found expression. | much further. They'll track me easy "I'm afraid, Uncle Elias. They're a enough. Jim Davis 'll put out, and rough set in the factory; I've always they'll have me back to pay for what he's

the boy's reply was a sneering laugh. to the additions to their land formed by How long she sat, looking down at the the current of the river is not changed or wrong if he wants to behave himself," floor, bright from her yesterday's scrub- modified by the peculiar character of the bing, she did not know. She hardly Missouri Biver, which frequently causes knew the train of her thoughts. All sudden and sometimes material changes that seemed plain to her was the duty in the adjoining land. The rule is ap-

which was forcing itself upon her. strength to do it? She had found such changes were the result of slow strength so far for all that had come to and imperceptible accretions .- Prairie with four; 550,000 with five; 330,000 had stor ped raining. It was Mrs. Bald- her hand, and it had not been little. Her Farmer.

win in her buggy. She talked bout the fair; she "knew the children would be tickled to go," and it would do Aine good. Then, with an unwilling cough. There is no happiness for us but in doing the wasted.

WORDS OF WORDS OF the children would be the children would be the children would be the children would be to go," and it would do Aine and the children would be the chil

"I don't s'pose there's a thing to worry But this was like nothing she had about," she said. "If you go to fret- ever known. He was her brother, ting, I'll be sorry I spoke. It's an Ingle- though he had sunk so far from her as to by paper. There's a fuss at the factory; do this thing. He was Jim, and she the hands are on a strike, but I don't | could love him no less, nor ever would. What was this boy to her? He was innocent and Jim was guilty, and he would "A foreman. Shot, but ain't dead. I suffer and Jim would go free. She pitshouldn't wonder if Jim had kep' out of | ied the boy. But could she? O Jim!

Finally she went and stood before the boy. "If they don't find you when they come after you," she said, her voice "If we hear any more we'll let you trembling, "that will give you a chance, won't it? Then they might find out-

> "They'll find me," he returned. "You don't ask me to help you." "I didn't think you would," he said,

"I will," Anne said, slowly. "You didn't do it, and you shouldn't suffer for it; it couldn't be right! I could hide "You needn't be scared," it said. "I you here till they have come and gone. and then you can go home. You must It was a boy, under-sized and slight, not pay for what he did. If I can but a look at his face showed Anne that save you from it I will. There is a garhe was older than herself. He looked ret room nobody goes into, and nobody Uncle Elias was stirring wakefully and

she could hear the children's voices. "Do you want anything-something to | She opened the stair door hurriedly. The boy looked at her as he passed up. She was feeling chilled and strange, thing. You're cold." His teeth chat- so long had the tension been and so great her effort, but the boy's face, with its

at an abrupt movement of Uncke Elias in | Her decision and her deed gave her strength, of a kin 1. She went through "Every woman so far's been afraid of the day as she would otherwise have me," he said, in sullen tones. "They done. She got supper, attended to the needn't be. I ain't a tramp, nor a thief, children's wants, and all the evening nor a murderer. That's what they say I talked with Uncle Elias. When the children were in bed and she had helped Her first thought was that this was Uncle Elias up stairs, she made up a plateful of food and took it up to the garret room. The boy was asleep, with and yet a bad one; his eyes had a shal- the hard lines smoothed out of his face, its badness softened. She left the plate

Early next morning, as she he demanded. "From Ingleby. Thirty vard in answer to the call of a

mud-splashed buggy. He d after a word, and Sammy ran

His sister looked away from him. It was not till had gone to school and Uncle has out for an airing The boy gaped at her, his face chang- that she could go to the garret. She ing. "Do you?" he demanded. "I took the remains of the breakfast, and

"I'll go, then," he said, with a long "Yes." Something held 'Anne from breath. "I'll cut over to the north road saying more, and the boy went on hur- and keep on there; and he'll go back without me. Me! they'd better get after the right one.

She stood in the door, a few minutes later, and watched him go. Then she short skirt and boots, and went on her all the light was gone out of her life.

Suddenly at a turn in the road she saw

"Well, Anne! I thought I'd meet you somewhere along," a hearty voice called to her. "I got into Calhoun on the morning freight and I started right home. I'll turn round and go back with you, Anne. Here, let me have the mail-Her brother kissed her. Without a

word or a question she knew, as she looked at his smiling, fresh face that all that had been cruelly weighing her down was the nightmare it had seemed. Her eves filled with tears as she looked at him, tears of thanksgiving so great that her heart seemed to stand still with it.

"What have you come home for, Jim?" she whispered; they walked on together. "There's a strike at the factory," he might 's well done it, I wouldn't been no join in. The foreman and manager knew

you and the children, Anne.' He turned to her, lifting his hat from his warm forchead and eagerly smiling. She took his hand in hers tightly, and ful breathing were all that broke the told him all her strange story in one trembling breath.

"O Jim!" she said. "And I believed

He paused for a little, blankly. "Anne, he wasn't lying," he said. "It was Jim Davis shot him, and everybody knows it now. Anne, I wish you could see the other Jim Davis. It's been a sort of a joke with the fellows, our name being alike-it ain't so uncommon-and us being so different. He's six feet, and the roughest-looking you ever saw. He shot McCormick, and he laid it on Mat Demming; that was Mat Demming that came here. I know him, but I don't train with him. But McCormick's better, and Jim Davis ain't so seared, and he let out that he did the shooting. He's arrested, but he'll get off, that's what they say. I'm sorry for little Mat Demming, it was rough on him. But it's the

bad company he's been in, and-"Anne," he broke off, "I don't have anything to do with that crowd. I've kept straight, and I will! You needn't have believed it. I know why; but you needn't have, Anne. I'm done with it. Don't you think I've got a spark of manwhen they'd all been up to the saloon at last, in a voice which did not sound liness in me, to see you working here like this, doing things no girl ever did before, and not do my part?

"Didn't I promise mother? Anne, you needn't be afraid. You won't ever have to worry about me again-never!"-Youth's Companion.

Riparian Accretions The rule that the owners of land

plicable to lands adjoining that river and Was it a duty? If it was, had she to changes suddenly made the same as if

Grumblers and growlers kave no lift.

We often pay the most for what we need the least. Love is free, but it takes money to go

to housekeeping.

We never really know a thing until we can tell it to others. The man who is always looking for mud never sees the sky.

Nobody has ever built a house that time couldn't overthrow. The man who has a high opinion of himself don't know himself.

The man who lives only for what he can see is very short-sighted. Look out for the man who is always

poasting of his own goodness. If you seek the world's blessing you will be sure to get its leprosy.

If we would always succeed, we must always love. Love never fails. The man who nurses grief is as foolish as the one who feeds a tiger.

Any fool can ask questions, but it takes a wise man to answer them. We are all the time making character, whether we are doing anything else o

A standing invitation-Get up. Weather report-A thunder clap. Not a play of words-The panto-We are not ignorant because not learn, but because we for we de A hand organ-The glovers' news-

there is poison

To run on a rock ignor wreck a ship just as surely as to do it purposely. It won't do any goo to whitewash

The easiest way troubles is to try to bear your own lighten those of other people. Some men can d

never lived for more than five years:

that they often died within a much

shorter period, and that he was unwilling

to expend his money on a songster whose

It was in vain that the shopkeeper

argued that the tale of a mocking bird's

years was much longer than was generally

supposed, and that the five year limit

was a mere superstitious fiction. The

preconceived notion was indestructible

and the anticipated customer left the

As I passed on I was reminded of an

incident related to me on the occasion of

a visit to the Poet Whittier at his home

at Oak Knoll a little over a year ago. It

was the Sage of Danver's eightieth birth-

day, and while he was receiving a group

of literary dignitaries in his cosy parlor l

Phebe's love for the domestic pets is

was with intense pride that she exhibited

the great black cat, whom she christened

Rip Van Winkle in Joe Jefferson's honor,

and the mocking bird, whose songs in

many keys are scarcely less tuneful than

The cat and the bird are in perfect

accord, and together with the magnificent

Newfoundland, who is always at Mr.

Whittier's side, form, as Phebe says, "a

perfectly happy family of three." "How

old is he?" Phebe repeated, when I asked

about the bird's age; "oh, he is ever so

many years ahead of me," with a blush

and a laugh, and then she told me of a

visit paid to Oak Knoll some time before

by a ratior pretentious Boston gentle-

man, who had remarked as he entered

To this sage observation Mr. Whittier

replied dryly: "No, indeed, I fear not.

He has been in the family for more than

Whether this bird is still in the land of

the living is more than I can tell, but the

fact of the possibility of a mocking bird's

longevity is, to my mind, well established.

if only on bright-eyed Phebe's authority

The Queen Joked Gladstone.

Field in the Chicago News, having been

invited out to dinner, Mr. and Mrs.

Gladstone entered a cab and attempted

to get through Piccadilly. That thor-

oughfare was unusally crowded at the

rank and file for two hours, the worthy

couple were compelled to abandon their

purpose, turn off at a side street and re-

turn home. This was considered quite a

joke on the "Grand Old Man," and his

acquaintances guyed him a good deal

about it; moreover, the press got hold of

it and dished it up ad nauseam. The re-

sult was that Gladstone finally got very

weary of the joke and he began to evince

temper whenever it was referred or al-

luded to. On the occasion of the next

reception given by the Queen to the lead:

ers of the Liberal party, her Majesty, who

had been treasuring up the disagreeable

jest for several weeks, seized upon the

opportunity to say to the ex-Premier: "I

hear, Mr. Gladstone, that you recently

had an amusing experience in Piccadilly;

others." Mr. Gladstone was greatly

nettled, but he had to keep his temper.

"May it please your Majesty, mum,

said he deliberately and almost steraly

"there was a departure, a misadrenture

and a return; and that was the long and

The Land of Small Families.

give certain advantages to fathers of

more than seven children, has brought

out the facts that in France there are in

round numbers 2,900,000 households in

which there has been no child; 2,500,-

000 in which there was only one: 2.

300,000 of two children each; 1,500,-

000 with three each; about 1,000,000

with six, and 200,000 with seven or

A law passed in France, designed to

short of the matter, mum."

Upon one occasion, writes Eugene

twenty-five years now.

-New York Herald.

those of the gray bearded Quaker.

voice would be so soon hushed.

shop unconvinced.

Phebe in the library.

with a jack knife than others can a full set of carpenter's tools. One of the times when ght to

the well curb so long

remember to love your ne

in the water.

there?" 'Three' pepper, salt and de baseball season."—Epoch. Packley and his wife on

MEARD, IT BEFO

You tell him a party in the smiles in a wes

From a comedy new

He says he saw that

You give him a story

To set all who heard

He nods half approval ar

And murmurs, "I've hear

The girl whom you wow in w

Whose heart you are seeking to gail. Listens coldly to all you may have to protest

Seeming only to wish you'd refrain.

And e'en the thesaurus explore:

With nothing on earth to enjoy.

And only find things to annoy.

It's all of no use,

You see she

The man who has

You seek for some phrase not totally trite.

How sad it must be to go . . ward like this

And never make anyone happy yourself

'Tis a dry, empty shell, and no more.

Alas! he is much to be pitied. blamed-

His life like an orange whose juices are gone,

TH AND POINT.

Sets the ball a rolling-The batsmar

"Can you break a ten for me?" "No.

Life is far from extinct in the man

A fruiterer can hardly be called a

"Johnny, how many seasons are

time-serving fellow when he is out of

who appears to be dead in earnest .-

I'm broke myself."-Boston Courier.

when he hits a grounder.

dates .- Yonkers Gazette.

Detroit Free Press.

ard it before.

-Washington Fost.

so may to indust a prospective costomer arto purchase a full throated mocking bird. The dubious patron objected that he Democrat. had heard that birds of that variety

> 'Don't mention it. I have another eye left." New York Weeken "What was the trouble between you and your beau, Mamie?" "Oh, he was altogether too cold." "I see. And you

Awkward Miss with an umbrella)-

parden! Polite Gentleman-

fired him."-Boston Courier. Restaurant Guest- Everything you have brought me is stone cold." Polite. Waiter-"Here is the mustard and peppep, sah."-New York Weekly.

Queer thing, confidence. As long as another man has your confidence you keep it, but the minute you withdraw it you lose it .- Terre Haute Express.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream. So sings the maid whose lover treats Her to ice cream.

-Boston Courier. was having a delightful chat with his First Man (excitedly)-"Our restaucharming little eighteen-year-old niece rant is on fire." Second Man (calmly) -"Come, then, hurry up, and perhaps at last we may be able to get something only second to that for her uncle, and it Mr. Smith (to neighbor's son who is

> dining with him)-"Well, sonny, what part of the chicken would you like?" Boy-"The whole of it."-Detroit Free Tangle-"What a pretty little car-

riage Miss Tiff has!" Mrs. Tangle-'Yes, that must be the carte blanche she told me her papa had given her."-Munsey's Weekly. A fast young fellow, about to marry,

speaking of his intended, said to a friend of his: "In short, she has everything in her favor-fortune, wealth and money!" - Times-Democrat. If, in the heat of a family quarrel, the angry wife makes a move to pick up a

the library: "Ah, I see you indulge in flatiron, by no means is this to be taken the luxury of a mocking bird. Well, as implying a willingness to smooth sir, mark my words, you'll not keep him things over .- Detroit Free Press. General Tscheng-Ki-Tongs recently married a young French woman residing in the south of France. She will be able

> to use the downtown end of her name to ourl her hair with .- New York Herald. Steersman (during exciting yacht race) "Man overboard! Shall we stop or let him drown?" Captain (promptly)-"We must stop and pick him up. It's

against the rules to drop any ballast dur-

"I want to know when you're a-goin' o pay this here bill. I can't be a-runnin' here every day in the week." "Which day would suit you best?" "Saturday." "Well, then, you may come

every Saturday."-Judge. Indignant Landlord (to tenant of flat)-"I thought you said that all your time, and after floundering about in the children were grown up, and here you've got three noisy babies in the house?" Tenant-"Yes. These are my grandchildren."-Munssy's Weekly. Dentist's Daughter (who hears her father approaching,-"Oh, dear Edward, here comes my father. If he should find us together, we are lost. Oh, he is com-You will have either to ask for my hand or-let him pull out a tooth for

you."-Half Holiday. Senior Partner (to head clerk) - "You'll excuse me for mentioning it, but-eryour face is hardly as tidy as I should ike to see it." Head Clerk-"I'm letting ny whiskers grow, sir." Senior Partner -"So I see; but I can't permit employes to grow their whiskers in business hours. They must do that in their own leisure pray, tell me of it in order that I may lime!"—Pick Me Up.

## Saw Only One Siamese Twin.

The other day a pompous little fellow in a railway car was boasting of the great men with whom he was on intimate terms. He was in constant correspondence with Blaine, had lunched with Mark Twain, was on friendly relations with W. K. Vanderbilt, and, in short, knew everything and everybody. At length a quiet individual at the further end of the car broke in on the conversation with the question: "My dear sir, did you happen to know the Siamese twins?" Our hero. who evidently had a talent for lying, but no real genius, at once replied: "The Siamese twins, sir? Yes, sir. I became very intimate with one of them, but I never had the good fortune to meet the other." > Once-a- Weck,