

THE SALISBURY TRUTH.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY J. J. STEWART, Editor and Proprietor. SALISBURY, N. C.

PRICE OF SUBSCRIPTION. One Year \$1.50 Six Months 1.00 Three Months .50 Advertising Rates by Contract, Reasonable.

Entered in the Post-Office at Salisbury as second-class matter. The experiment of prison snoring has had a thorough test at the Bourne mills, in Fall River, Mass., during the last twelve months, and the results have been so satisfactory as to elicit from the President of the company the opinion that it is the beginning of the solution to the labor problem.

If the cable is to be trusted, some young Parisian brides are to be in luck each year. It is said that a sum of money amounting to \$3600 has been bequeathed to the City of Paris by one Pascal Favale, the interest of which is to be used annually to furnish dowries to young women from the ages of sixteen to twenty-five, who must be of good report and natives of Paris.

The modern idea is, observes the Argonaut, that it is better to wound than to kill, not because it is more humane, but because a dead man can be left lying on the battle-field, while a wounded man puts hors de combat his comrades who assist him. Therefore, the bullet that passes through half-a-dozen men, wounding each severely, is preferred to the bullet which simply finds its allotted billet and kills only one.

It is very gratifying to those citizens who brought German song birds to Oregon a year ago and released them in the suburbs of Portland, rejoices West Shore, to see how they have increased in numbers in one season. In a few years they will have spread over a large territory, and their songs will carry joy to the hearts of thousands to whom the nightingale and bullfinch have been as unknown as the bird of paradise.

Next year a decennial census will be taken in Great Britain, and it is proposed to have the enumerators record the religious persuasions of the people. The dissenters in England are protesting against this, on the ground that, as few people desire to confess that they have no religious belief, non-church-members generally will say that they belong to the Established Church. This will give the Established Church a better numerical showing than it deserves.

General O. O. Howard, in a recent address in Brooklyn, N. Y., referred to workingmen who earn \$20 per month, pay \$3 of that for rent and had only the remaining \$12 to support families of four or five persons for thirty days. The Christian Inquirer says: "It is that class of pinched, impoverished workmen that is liable to rise like the blind Samson and hurl the State to destruction. It is impossible to make such men feel the justice of the inequalities in modern society."

The Boston Cultivator sends out this warning: "Sundry sharpers, with more shrewdness than honesty, are working an entirely new trick upon the farmers out West. They go to a farmer and pretend to want to buy his farm at once. The price does not exactly suit the strangers, but they manage while negotiations are going on to install themselves into the good graces of the farmer, and proceed to 'put up' at his house for as many days as they can. After they have stayed as long as they dare, they take their departure and look up lodgings with a fresh victim. If their price is met they give the farmer the slip at the first opportunity."

A New York insurance paper has just completed its figures on life insurance for 1889, and they show that during last year the companies increased their assets \$55,000,000, and their surplus, which now amounts to \$89,477,707, is \$7,000,000 larger than it was last year. The premium income increased \$20,000,000, while the total income amounted to \$181,115,899, an increase of over \$26,000,000. The companies disbursed to policy holders, \$82,643,705, and the total premiums for the year were \$121,176,081. The new business of last year increased \$151,000,000 over the previous year, while the insurance in force was increased \$450,235,251.

Some of the leading breeders discussed in a recent issue of the Rural New Yorker the desirability of insurance for live stock. All seem to consider that valuable animals should be insured against death by fire at least. Most farmers agree to this, and the majority of them insure their horses and cattle when insuring their barns, hay and grain. The New York World declares that the live-stock insurance companies propose going a step beyond this and insuring against loss of life by disease or accident. Commenting on this last the Rural New Yorker says: "It is very evident that such a system would afford chances for rogues to conduct a fraudulent business, both in the issuing of insurance policies and in the disposal of heavily insured animals. Unless surrounded by the most complete safeguards, honest men would hardly find live stock insurance profitable. At the same time, when placed under such restrictions as are guaranteed in the bill now before the Ohio Legislature, the Rural New Yorker can see no reason why it should not prove, for owners of very valuable animals at least, about as safe as our present system of life insurance. In any event the watchful eye of the master is the best preventive of loss."

According to the New York Witness the climax of Stanley's earthly glory has been capped. A London firm has notified him that it has named a brand of sausages in his honor.

It is estimated that the regular insurance companies of the United States will distribute during 1890 the sum of \$83,600,000 in death, endowment and dividend claims. It is an average of \$1600 for every minute in the year.

The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette publishes a list of thirteen Pittsburghers engaged in the iron business who have accumulated fortunes aggregating \$137,000,000. These comprise what is locally dubbed the iron peerage, the wealth of the members ranging from three to thirty-six millions.

There are no less than thirty different religious castes in India, and when the railroads were first established no two castes would ride in the same coach. The natives found it inconvenient, however, and now all sorts of castes mix up for a journey, but offset it at the end by calling each other dogs and infernals.

Among the causes of increased insanity in the country enumerated by the New York Commercial Advertiser is too much artificial light, too long continued. Artificial light pouring in through the windows of the brain awakens the millions of sleeping cells in the habitation, when darkness is needed for rest and repair.

A ship called the David E. Ward put into San Francisco in distress, and the Detroit Free Press is indignant because the papers of that city speak of "her" long voyage, "her" loss of spars, "her" arrival after many dangers, etc. "The English language," laments the Free Press, "was evidently invented to sell as a puzzle. Had the ship been the Jenny P. Ward she would not have been referred to as 'she.' But why not?"

Says the Chicago Herald: "The French Government proposes to tax betting, the revenue accruing therefrom to be used in relieving indigent laboring men. The plan is to prohibit betting in smaller amounts than five francs (\$1), and to compel betting men to pay a tax of ten per cent. on all bets of that amount and upward. The French are even more persistent and reckless betters than the Americans; and the tax would undoubtedly produce a large return."

Hypnotism is not the only phenomenon marvelled to the first just now. A recent communication to the Academie de Medicine respecting Dr. Mesnat's investigations as to stigmata or ecchymosis, as they are now often called, shows that if pressure on the skin of susceptible subjects is made in the form of letters, such letters are clearly distinguishable when derangement causes the skin to change color. In one experiment the words "Da Nature" were traced out on a patient's neck, and the letters in a few minutes developed in color. It is observed that people susceptible to stigmata are hysterical or epileptic, and frequently experience local want of sensation.

It would seem that the project of importing kangaroos into this country is seriously entertained by several enthusiastic and wealthy sportsmen in the West. The first rumors of such a plan were received almost universally with smiles, but later details show that sportsmen have decided that the project is entirely feasible. The extinction of the buffalo has left the plains without any big game of importance, and hunting the kangaroo, as it is done in Australia, is second in excitement and interest only to killing the buffalo. Kangaroo leather is exceedingly valuable, and the animals breed rapidly. They have been successfully acclimated in England and France, and it is said that there is actually no reason why they should not thrive here. The idea of the promoters of this plan is to introduce the kangaroos at the beginning of the warm season in Yellowstone Park, and give the breed Government protection for a few years so as to bar out the pot-runners. A wild Indian brought face to face with a kangaroo for the first time would be a sight worth traveling West to see.

Some of the leading breeders discussed in a recent issue of the Rural New Yorker the desirability of insurance for live stock. All seem to consider that valuable animals should be insured against death by fire at least. Most farmers agree to this, and the majority of them insure their horses and cattle when insuring their barns, hay and grain. The New York World declares that the live-stock insurance companies propose going a step beyond this and insuring against loss of life by disease or accident. Commenting on this last the Rural New Yorker says: "It is very evident that such a system would afford chances for rogues to conduct a fraudulent business, both in the issuing of insurance policies and in the disposal of heavily insured animals. Unless surrounded by the most complete safeguards, honest men would hardly find live stock insurance profitable. At the same time, when placed under such restrictions as are guaranteed in the bill now before the Ohio Legislature, the Rural New Yorker can see no reason why it should not prove, for owners of very valuable animals at least, about as safe as our present system of life insurance. In any event the watchful eye of the master is the best preventive of loss."

The experiment of prison snoring has had a thorough test at the Bourne mills, in Fall River, Mass., during the last twelve months, and the results have been so satisfactory as to elicit from the President of the company the opinion that it is the beginning of the solution to the labor problem. If the cable is to be trusted, some young Parisian brides are to be in luck each year. It is said that a sum of money amounting to \$3600 has been bequeathed to the City of Paris by one Pascal Favale, the interest of which is to be used annually to furnish dowries to young women from the ages of sixteen to twenty-five, who must be of good report and natives of Paris. The modern idea is, observes the Argonaut, that it is better to wound than to kill, not because it is more humane, but because a dead man can be left lying on the battle-field, while a wounded man puts hors de combat his comrades who assist him. Therefore, the bullet that passes through half-a-dozen men, wounding each severely, is preferred to the bullet which simply finds its allotted billet and kills only one. It is very gratifying to those citizens who brought German song birds to Oregon a year ago and released them in the suburbs of Portland, rejoices West Shore, to see how they have increased in numbers in one season. In a few years they will have spread over a large territory, and their songs will carry joy to the hearts of thousands to whom the nightingale and bullfinch have been as unknown as the bird of paradise. Next year a decennial census will be taken in Great Britain, and it is proposed to have the enumerators record the religious persuasions of the people. The dissenters in England are protesting against this, on the ground that, as few people desire to confess that they have no religious belief, non-church-members generally will say that they belong to the Established Church. This will give the Established Church a better numerical showing than it deserves. General O. O. Howard, in a recent address in Brooklyn, N. Y., referred to workingmen who earn \$20 per month, pay \$3 of that for rent and had only the remaining \$12 to support families of four or five persons for thirty days. The Christian Inquirer says: "It is that class of pinched, impoverished workmen that is liable to rise like the blind Samson and hurl the State to destruction. It is impossible to make such men feel the justice of the inequalities in modern society." The Boston Cultivator sends out this warning: "Sundry sharpers, with more shrewdness than honesty, are working an entirely new trick upon the farmers out West. They go to a farmer and pretend to want to buy his farm at once. The price does not exactly suit the strangers, but they manage while negotiations are going on to install themselves into the good graces of the farmer, and proceed to 'put up' at his house for as many days as they can. After they have stayed as long as they dare, they take their departure and look up lodgings with a fresh victim. If their price is met they give the farmer the slip at the first opportunity." A New York insurance paper has just completed its figures on life insurance for 1889, and they show that during last year the companies increased their assets \$55,000,000, and their surplus, which now amounts to \$89,477,707, is \$7,000,000 larger than it was last year. The premium income increased \$20,000,000, while the total income amounted to \$181,115,899, an increase of over \$26,000,000. The companies disbursed to policy holders, \$82,643,705, and the total premiums for the year were \$121,176,081. The new business of last year increased \$151,000,000 over the previous year, while the insurance in force was increased \$450,235,251. Some of the leading breeders discussed in a recent issue of the Rural New Yorker the desirability of insurance for live stock. All seem to consider that valuable animals should be insured against death by fire at least. Most farmers agree to this, and the majority of them insure their horses and cattle when insuring their barns, hay and grain. The New York World declares that the live-stock insurance companies propose going a step beyond this and insuring against loss of life by disease or accident. Commenting on this last the Rural New Yorker says: "It is very evident that such a system would afford chances for rogues to conduct a fraudulent business, both in the issuing of insurance policies and in the disposal of heavily insured animals. Unless surrounded by the most complete safeguards, honest men would hardly find live stock insurance profitable. At the same time, when placed under such restrictions as are guaranteed in the bill now before the Ohio Legislature, the Rural New Yorker can see no reason why it should not prove, for owners of very valuable animals at least, about as safe as our present system of life insurance. In any event the watchful eye of the master is the best preventive of loss."

THE SONG OF THE SEA. Their world was a world of enchantment, A wonder of luminous light Came out with a flaring of carmine, From all the black spaces of night; The music of music was as bitheosme And cheerily as music could be; But all through the dawn and the daybreak I mourned for the song of the sea. They showed me the marvelous flowers And fruits of their sun-beaten lands; They said, "Here are vine-tangled valleys; Forget ye the barren white sands; For a weariness unto the spirit The dash of the breakers must be; So dwell ye beside our blue waters; Forget the sad song of the sea."

And I wrapped me about in the sunlight, On the margin of a dimpling stream, And there in a tangle of lilies, I wore me a wondrous dream; And a song from my dreamland went floating Far up where the angels must be, But deep in its under vibrations I heard the sweet song of the sea. With the dew in his locks all-a-glitter, The Prince of the Daytime lay dead; For the silver-white glow of the twilight Smote off the gold crown from his head; And the Princess of Night came to see him, Her lights all about him to hang; And a nightingale screamed in the thicket His song to the slumberer sang. And the stream from the tangle of lilies Came winding its way through the sedge; And a silvery nectarine it rippled Among the tall flags on its edge; But its babble I fain would have given, For the sleep-wooing sea voices lull, And the nightingale's song would have barred For the desolate cry of a gull. Their world was a world of enchantment; And they laughed with the laughter of scorn, When I turned me away from its beauty In the light of the luminous morn; But I heard a grand voice in the distance, Insistently calling to me, And I rose with a jubilant spirit And followed the song of the sea. -Hattie Whitney, in Belford's Magazine.

A Patchwork Quilt.

BY MARY KYLIE DALLAS. Have you anywhere about your house, amidst your counterpane and comfortable pillows which you looked at five minutes before buying, perhaps, one of those old-fashioned patchwork quilts made of the finest pieces, arranged in the most intricate patterns, over which at least one pair of eyes were strained for days and weeks before quilting time came, and all those puffy little diamonds were marked out, amidst chat and laughter, by half-a-dozen ladies? Did you ever, in childhood, sit upon the bed and hear the history of the various pieces of calico?

That is a piece of your first colored dress; that I had when I was a girl; that was your grandmother's morning gown; that is a piece of Miss S's gown. I have heard such a history many a time, and little pictures used to pass before my eyes with the words. I could see just how grandma looked in the morning gown. I could see myself a baby, taking toddling steps in the blue frock. It seemed so funny to have been a baby when I was an important person of five years. It doesn't seem half so funny now, for I have begun to doubt whether I shall ever be anything else, and to know just how many big babies there are in this world.

Dear old patchwork quilts! We've lost something in losing them, I think, and probably Mrs. Mumford thought so, too, for whenever any of her children were found sitting with those little bands, for which Dr. Watts declares that Satan always finds some mischief, she invariably remarked: "You'd better get your patchwork." They always obeyed, those three little girls, Lucy, Ruth and Olive, and there were piles of quilts in the upstairs room where spare bedding was stored—quilts of many colors, quilts of only two, quilts with lace, square blocks, and quilts with intricate patterns, like a Chinese puzzle, quilts that had been made by people in their nineties, and quilts that had been made by people who could not yet say: "I am nine years old."

Piecing a quilt was the first work and the last of the members of the Mumford family. I think an ancestor made some patches on board of the Mayflower. At least, it was said so. When a young person married, a dowry of quilts had always been provided—always while Mrs. Mumford lived. When Olive was fifteen, she had been told that the white and Turkey red quilt which her great-grandmother had made was to be among her share, as the eldest daughter of the house. She laughed then, and said: "I shall always stay at home with you, mamma. I shall be the old maid daughter."

A year afterward she did not think this, whatever she might have said, for the year had made her feet smart, she was no longer a child, and she had met Harry Martin, who had put an engagement ring on Olive's finger, and, if all went well, her seventeenth birthday would find her a matron. Nothing like seeing your children settled before you are broken down yourself," said the mother; and thereupon began to teach Olive the holy mysteries of pastry. Plain cooking every girl of that family quite understood.

A lover always takes great interest in his lady's handiwork. Harry regarded all the little pieces of sewing which passed through Olive's hands with immense admiration, and the holy patchwork was just as fine in his eyes as anything else; and there was often much talk about the pieces, and, once or twice, he had cut them out, after the cardboard patterns, loving to meddle with anything that she was busy with, in old true lover's fashion. One evening, when he went in, he found the girl looking, as an artist might look at a rare old master, at a long breadth of old-fashioned, flowered calico.

"Mother has just given me this, Harry," she said. "It is like a gown of old Aunt Hepzibah's. It shimmers like silk, and see how fine it is. But fancy wearing such large patterns. Look! a butterfly on a bough, and a rose, and a butterfly on a bough again, and then an other rose, like wall paper. The difficulty will be," said Olive, pausing to consider, "how to get the pattern into a patch without spoiling it." "I'll help you," said Harry; and to work he went, and for a pleasant hour or two he kept cutting patches. A bud and a butterfly on one, a rose on the other, bud and butterfly, and rose again. "And he has not spoiled one, mamma," said Olive, in a tone of pride. "I'm sure I should have cut a dozen butterflies' heads off, if I had tried!" So the young things laughed over their exploits, and then slipped merrily away to have their lovers' chat where nobody could listen. It was the last. The next day, Harry Martin was missing, and with him a large sum of money from his employers' safe. The news spread through the country town like wild-fire. Harry was an orphan, and the son of an old friend of the head of the firm. It was understood that they would be merciful, but his character was a slighted one. No one touched his quilt but Olive. She steadfastly declared him innocent. Weeks passed on, and there was no news of him—at least, none that reached the Mumfords' ears; but one night, when Mrs. Mumford went out to the cow-house to see that Crumie was safe for the night, some one came out of the darkness, and called to her. "Who is that?" cried the lady, her heart giving one great thro. "It's Harry," said a well-known voice. "Oh! Mrs. Mumford, let me see Olive!" "Harry Martin!" said Mrs. Mumford. "Oh! Harry Martin, you've made a sad home of mine!" And she broke into tears. "And you all believed it at once!" said Harry, sadly. "I didn't think you would." "Oh, Harry," said Mrs. Mumford, "Satan tempts us all. I'm sorry for you, but you can't see Olive. It's better for her you shouldn't. She was very fond of you, Harry."

"And she has turned against me, too, then?" said the young man. "You don't blame her, poor lamb," said Mrs. Mumford. "A girl like that can't have anything to do with one that has disgraced himself." "Love is more steadfast," said Harry. "Evil reports could not have won me from Olive."

Then, without another word, he went away—and such a hold have homely things upon our memory sometimes, that, as he went, he saw the pretty household picture he had last seen beneath the roof that now refused to welcome him, as placidly as we see things in dreams; his face with her dark curls about her face and the needle in her hands, and the skin of thread about her neck; a bright lamp burning upon the table, and on the other side, himself cutting out pieces for patchwork from a pasteboard pattern, and laying in a little brilliant pile, squares and triangles, on which were a rose and a butterfly upon a flowering branch, a butterfly on a flowering branch, and a full blown rose alternately.

A Western editor speaks of a wind that "just sat up on its hind legs and howled." Such a wind it must have been that was howling through the bleak night country twenty years from the night on which Harry Martin turned from the Mumfords' door and went his way alone. The inn or tavern or hotel, whichever it was, which bore the name of T. Jellie, was his sign, and he went there, looking for a good bed, but not expecting any one to come to it. It was, nevertheless, as the clocks were striking ten, and people generally thinking of bed. The guest was a man of forty, with a sad sort of face—a face with a story in it. He was well dressed, and evidently no poor traveler. He had supper in the best parlor, and, meanwhile, a fire was made in the best bedroom, in which, when he made his way there, he found a bonum, youngish woman spreading an extra counterpane upon the bed.

"Good evening, sir," she said, turning toward him with a manner that bespoke the landlady. "I thought I'd see that you were comfortable myself. I never leave everything to chambermaids. When I married a hotel-keeper, I made up my mind to help him, and there's no such way of making guests feel discouraged as turning them over to help. And I've given you my prettiest quilt, too, and she, with a laugh. "There's an honor."

The gentleman looked toward the bed. The quilt was patchwork. It had a wide striped border, but in the center the blocks were all the same—bright chintz alternated with white—a butterfly on a branch, a rose, a butterfly on a branch, and a rose again. The man took a fold of it up in his hand, and looked at it, as men do who often look at patchwork quilts. The woman bubbled on. "We're great for patchwork in our family. Such a pile as we had of those quilts, always made while Mrs. Mumford was here. When she was fifteen, she had been told that the white and Turkey red quilt which her great-grandmother had made was to be among her share, as the eldest daughter of the house. She laughed then, and said: "I shall always stay at home with you, mamma. I shall be the old maid daughter."

A year afterward she did not think this, whatever she might have said, for the year had made her feet smart, she was no longer a child, and she had met Harry Martin, who had put an engagement ring on Olive's finger, and, if all went well, her seventeenth birthday would find her a matron. Nothing like seeing your children settled before you are broken down yourself," said the mother; and thereupon began to teach Olive the holy mysteries of pastry. Plain cooking every girl of that family quite understood. A lover always takes great interest in his lady's handiwork. Harry regarded all the little pieces of sewing which passed through Olive's hands with immense admiration, and the holy patchwork was just as fine in his eyes as anything else; and there was often much talk about the pieces, and, once or twice, he had cut them out, after the cardboard patterns, loving to meddle with anything that she was busy with, in old true lover's fashion. One evening, when he went in, he found the girl looking, as an artist might look at a rare old master, at a long breadth of old-fashioned, flowered calico.

"Mother has just given me this, Harry," she said. "It is like a gown of old Aunt Hepzibah's. It shimmers like silk, and see how fine it is. But fancy wearing such large patterns. Look! a butterfly on a bough, and a rose, and a butterfly on a bough again, and then an other rose, like wall paper. The difficulty will be," said Olive, pausing to consider, "how to get the pattern into a patch without spoiling it." "I'll help you," said Harry; and to work he went, and for a pleasant hour or two he kept cutting patches. A bud and a butterfly on one, a rose on the other, bud and butterfly, and rose again. "And he has not spoiled one, mamma," said Olive, in a tone of pride. "I'm sure I should have cut a dozen butterflies' heads off, if I had tried!" So the young things laughed over their exploits, and then slipped merrily away to have their lovers' chat where nobody could listen. It was the last. The next day, Harry Martin was missing, and with him a large sum of money from his employers' safe. The news spread through the country town like wild-fire. Harry was an orphan, and the son of an old friend of the head of the firm. It was understood that they would be merciful, but his character was a slighted one. No one touched his quilt but Olive. She steadfastly declared him innocent. Weeks passed on, and there was no news of him—at least, none that reached the Mumfords' ears; but one night, when Mrs. Mumford went out to the cow-house to see that Crumie was safe for the night, some one came out of the darkness, and called to her. "Who is that?" cried the lady, her heart giving one great thro.

"It's Harry," said a well-known voice. "Oh! Mrs. Mumford, let me see Olive!" "Harry Martin!" said Mrs. Mumford. "Oh! Harry Martin, you've made a sad home of mine!" And she broke into tears. "And you all believed it at once!" said Harry, sadly. "I didn't think you would." "Oh, Harry," said Mrs. Mumford, "Satan tempts us all. I'm sorry for you, but you can't see Olive. It's better for her you shouldn't. She was very fond of you, Harry."

"And she has turned against me, too, then?" said the young man. "You don't blame her, poor lamb," said Mrs. Mumford. "A girl like that can't have anything to do with one that has disgraced himself." "Love is more steadfast," said Harry. "Evil reports could not have won me from Olive."

Then, without another word, he went away—and such a hold have homely things upon our memory sometimes, that, as he went, he saw the pretty household picture he had last seen beneath the roof that now refused to welcome him, as placidly as we see things in dreams; his face with her dark curls about her face and the needle in her hands, and the skin of thread about her neck; a bright lamp burning upon the table, and on the other side, himself cutting out pieces for patchwork from a pasteboard pattern, and laying in a little brilliant pile, squares and triangles, on which were a rose and a butterfly upon a flowering branch, a butterfly on a flowering branch, and a full blown rose alternately. A Western editor speaks of a wind that "just sat up on its hind legs and howled." Such a wind it must have been that was howling through the bleak night country twenty years from the night on which Harry Martin turned from the Mumfords' door and went his way alone. The inn or tavern or hotel, whichever it was, which bore the name of T. Jellie, was his sign, and he went there, looking for a good bed, but not expecting any one to come to it. It was, nevertheless, as the clocks were striking ten, and people generally thinking of bed. The guest was a man of forty, with a sad sort of face—a face with a story in it. He was well dressed, and evidently no poor traveler. He had supper in the best parlor, and, meanwhile, a fire was made in the best bedroom, in which, when he made his way there, he found a bonum, youngish woman spreading an extra counterpane upon the bed.

himself robbed forever of love and of find he awaited him, through the means of that patchwork quilt, with its butterflies and flowering boughs and roses.

"Lucy!" said Olive to her sister, a few months afterward, "now that we are going to housekeeping, I want you to give me one thing." "Anything on earth that I can," said Mrs. Jolliver. "I was thinking of a silver service." "Oh, Lucy, dear," said Olive, beginning to cry for very happiness, "it's only the butterfly quilt that I want. The dear old quilt. Harry says we can't keep house without it, we both love it so." "I've rolled it up for you already," said Mrs. Jolliver. "It seems to belong to you, Olive."

And so to-day Olive's last baby sits upon the brilliant quilt, and tries, with his chubby fingers, to pull therefrom the butterflies and roses.—The Ledger.

Curious Communication.

That curious thing which may be called telephatic communication, and which has been observed in India and among our own Indians has had some interesting illustrations in Mexico. During the Franco-German war the City of Mexico waited up one morning to hear from its servants, and in the market places, and all over the streets from the people of low degree, that a great battle had been fought, in which the French were overthrown. A week elapsed before any direct word was received; meanwhile the rumor asserted itself with such assurance that even the French colony became distinctly depressed. And then they got the news of Sedan.

Some years ago there was a great rising of Indians in Western Mexico, who marched upon Guadalajara, 12,000 strong. There were but 3000 troops in the Western capital, under the command of Corona. One afternoon about 4 o'clock the Indians, at a point two and half days distant, fell into a state of agitation. They said that a great battle had been fought and the Indians defeated. Yet the battle of the Mojocera did not begin till noon of that day, and at 4 o'clock the Indians, in tumultuous fashion, were still fleeing from the field. During our Modoc war, so-called, though our newspapers had pony express and even carrier pigeons with the troops at the Lava Beds, the Indians in Lake County, Cal., 209 miles away reported from day to day the substance of the actions fought before the news reached the telegraph station at Shasta. Account for it? Western civilization isn't 'up' to accounting for it.—New York Sun.

The Musical Sense in Animals and Men.

The higher animals can also enjoy music, as my house-cat shows, when she comes to the playing of the piano to sit by the player, and sometimes jumps into her lap or on the key-board of the instrument. I know of a dog, too, in a family in Berlin, which comes in like a man when there is music, often from distant rooms, opening the door with his paw. I knew of another dog, usually thoroughly domestic, which occasionally played the violin for hours of music. Whenever the semi-annual mass was celebrated in the city he could not be kept at the house. As soon as the so-called Bergknappen, which were accustomed to play at this time in the streets, appeared, he would run away and follow them from morning till evening. Evidently neither cats nor dogs, nor other animals that listen to human music, were constituted for the appreciation of it, for it is not of the slightest use to them in the struggle for existence. Moreover, they and their organs of hearing were much older than man and his music. Their power of appreciating music is therefore an unaccounted side-faculty of a hearing apparatus which has become on other grounds what we find it to be. So it is, I believe, with man. He has not acquired his musical sense, such as he has, and so he has not a highly developed organ of hearing by a process of selection, because it was necessary to him in the selective process; and this organ of hearing happens also to be adapted to listening to music.—Popular Science Monthly.

Meteorites.

Meteorites are particularly interesting because they comprise the only material coming to us from outer space. In consequence of the striking phenomena resulting from their rapid passage through our atmosphere, making them appear like balls of fire visible at great distances, sometimes exploding with such violence as to be taken for earthquakes, their falls have been noticed and recorded since the earliest times. The accounts, however, were imbued with superstitious, and so distorted by the terrified condition of the narrators, that in most cases the witnesses of the event were laughed at for their supposed delusions, and it was not till the beginning of the present century that men of science and people in general began to give credit to such reports.

The earliest authentic records of stones falling from the sky are to be found in the Chinese annals, which go back 344 B. C., and between that time and 838 A. D. But has traced sixteen distinct occurrences. In Europe, a meteorite is said to have fallen in Crete as far back as 1475 B. C., but Greek history cannot be depended upon for events earlier than 700 B. C. A more probable fall, in 765 B. C., is mentioned by Plutarch; while Livy, in his History of Rome, gives an account of a shower of stones which fell on the Alban Mount about 652 B. C., and which so impressed the senate that they decreed a nine days' solemn festival.—Popular Science Monthly.

Broad Acres in Australia.

Roman nobles sometimes had whole provinces for estates, but these are almost unparalleled in Australia, where immense estates are numerous. They are advertised for sale in a Melbourne paper. The area of the first is 434 square miles, of which the rent is \$1995.37 only, and the cattle on the pasture are valued at \$12.56 each. The second comprises 648 square miles, and the third 553 square miles. All three are in Queensland. The first lot is described as watered by a river, and having a town ninety miles distant on one side and 130 on the other. The advantage of the second is that it lies between three towns, which are respectively 180, 300 and 350 miles away, and the third apparently most fortunately situated of all, is "within 100 miles of a railway."

"CANDLING" EGGS.

RAPID WORK IN THE EXAMINATION OF HEN FRUIT.

As Many as 3200 Dozen Eggs Handled in One Day by a Tester—Storing Eggs—Utilizing the Bad Eggs.

It was a room about ten by ten feet, without windows, and with only one door. The walls, ceiling and floor were painted black, and the funeral gloom seemed deeper and blacker under the rays of a single gas jet of many candle power.

Seated in front of the gas jet, and so close that he could touch the flames easily with his extended hands, was a smooth-faced, medium-sized man, whose gray eyes had a preternatural pupil dilation, like those of a cat. On either side of him was a box half filled with eggs, which he was engaged in shifting from one box to the other.

Taking five in his left hand and three in his right he juggled the lot before the light, shifting the eggs from the top to the bottom of his hand with astonishing rapidity. For a moment each egg was brought to the level of his dilated eyes, which were directly opposite the gas jet and did not blink in the powerful light. As the eggs were thus held each was skillfully turned until each portion of the shell was critically inspected. Like a well-constructed machine the man's arms and fingers worked, and the pile of eggs in one box decreased, while the other receptacle was rapidly filled. Finally one box was emptied and the other was heaping full. Then the man's arms and fingers ceased to work and he turned to face his visitor.

"Yes," said he, to a Philadelphia Press reporter, "I am an egg-tester, and the process you have just witnessed is what we call 'candling' eggs. Formerly a candle was used, but it is not as satisfactory as gas. The burner we use was made specially for the purpose and gives a very powerful light. We have tried electricity, but it doesn't work. It dazzles the eyes, and after a while we can't tell a good egg from a bad one. As it is, egg-testing has its effect on the eyesight."

"I was reared at the business, and reckon that I am as expert as any man in the country. Just before Easter, when a great many eggs are coming in, I handle as many as 3200 dozen in a day. Every egg that comes into the establishment passes through my hands. The lot that I have just examined contains an unusually large number of what are known to the trade as 'floaters.' You will notice, if you hold the egg between your eyes and the light, a dark, almost black substance close to the shell. That is the yolk, which has settled through the albumen and is sticking fast to the shell. It is caused by allowing the egg to lie too long on one side. In summer time a 'floater' would be bad in two days, but now it will last a week. 'In the spring and summer we get a great many 'swimmers,' or half-hatched eggs. They have been under the hen two or three days, and in the albumen is a little black spot, not larger than a pin-head. These eggs are all right in the winter time, but in the summer they soon become spoiled. Whenever we have a market for, we store them for future use in an air-tight room, which is kept at a uniform temperature of thirty-five degrees. They are packed in four barrels, in oats that are extra cleaned, in the bottom of the barrel we put two or three inches of clean hay, then a couple of inches of oats, on which we put a layer of eggs, with the flat side down. Between the layers are oats, and on the top of the filled barrel we put more hay. The barrels are placed on their sides, and they will keep in that condition for eighteen months, perfectly fresh and good. These eggs are not worth much now. When we fetch them next winter, they will bring twenty-three or twenty-four cents."

"Sometimes we wax eggs to preserve them, but this gives the shell a glossy appearance that injures their sale. In this process beeswax is melted, and when very warm the eggs are dipped into it, and the pores of the shell are thus stopped up. Then there are also lime and pickling as means of preservation. The shell of a lined egg is always rough, while that of a pickled egg is smooth. If you examine the latter before a gas jet, the white looks watery, and if broken and eaten the albumen will taste salty. You can't boil either a lined or a pickled egg. Both lime and pickle eat into the shell, and make it very thin and fragile. When you put them into the hot water the shell cracks open and the albumen comes out. "What do you do with the bad eggs?" "If they are not utterly bad we throw them away; ones that are a little 'off' bring three cents a dozen."

"To what purpose can can those eggs be put?" "The yolks are used by Morocco fishers in their business."

"And the whites?" "You'll be surprised if I tell you that confectioners use them in making fancy cakes. The best eggs that are sent to us come from the West. A frosted egg becomes watery and cracks. The cracks close, though, when it is covered out, but will open again when it is placed in boiling water. An egg that is six or nine months old is graded by dealers as fresh. Cracked eggs bring two-thirds price."

An Innocent Victim.

The Paris edition of the New York Herald tells a pathetic story of a man named Joseph Borrás, who was sentenced to death and served three years in prison, ten months of which with a ball and chain fastened to his feet, for a crime he never committed. A subscription started for him by the Paris Figaro and the Herald realized a considerable sum. When questioned after his release Borrás said: "I am not yet accustomed to my liberty. My stomach is cramped, and I can eat only a very little at a time. If I walk for an hour I become tired and have to sit down. But I am only twenty-eight years old and shall soon be ready for hard work again."

A Queer Business in Babylon.

A collection of very valuable tablets from ancient Babylon has been recaptured in London. One pair, dating about 2900 B. C., reveals the curious fact that there were in Babylon at that time a class of men employed as agents to obtain children to be adopted by wealthy citizens who had no family. These men received a regular commission, both from the parents and from those who adopted the infant.—Chicago Times.

LOST.

Lost—somewhere here, I think it was, Between noon and night—A pair of precious, priceless things—All full of sunny light; And each was made of tiny links—Pure gold from tip to tip—And sixty of these links were joined In cunning workmanship. Upon each tiny link there lay A diamond bright and clear, Could I have lost them, do you think, As I was coming here? I fear that they began to slip When I was in the lane And filled my mouth with raspberries And both my hands with stain! When I stretched out upon the grass And had that lovely dream, I'm sure a dozen links or so Slipped down into the stream. And many more I must have lost When