

The Salisbury Truth.

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J. STEWART, Editor and Proprietor.
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The American Bible Society, having
of experience that the 8,000,
day-school children within the
influence care nothing for
leaders, has decided, an-
Chicago, to try the
Bible to every
one.

That takes with
is said to be
Herald thinks
change is be-
Italy. The Govern-
is trying to devise
preventing the exporta-
such silver, but that will be
unless emigration is pre-
The peasant has to make his
small gain, and when he
can't, he can-
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Manual of American Railroads, show a
total mileage January 1, 1892, of 170,601
miles, the increase in the quarter century
being 131,351 miles, or 435 per cent.
In the past twenty-five years the mileage
of railroads in New England, where the
development has been without specula-
tive feature, has increased from 3938
miles to 6360. In the six States com-
prising the middle group the increase
has been from 9190 miles to 20,428
miles, and in the South from 9940 miles
to 22,110 miles. Throughout the West-
ern States, from the Ohio and Missis-
sippi on the east to the Rocky
mountain west, comprising a
26,339 square miles in
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and its increase in
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settlement, and furnish-
of transportation, with-
these lands would be still
and unproductive. In 1867
there were only 15,777 miles of railroad
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eclipsed by their operations of
lands. In 1866, from carefully pre-
data, the tonnage of our railroads
not exceed 47,872,500 tons, the
age for that year being 36,801
In 1891 their tonnage equalled
8,609 tons for 170,601 miles of
line. At \$20 a ton, the value of the
merchandise moved in 1886 equalled
\$937,450,000, of that moved in 1891,
\$1,387,972,180.

Along the curiosities of crime, says
Once-A-Week, is an analysis recently
made, by a physician who has long been
attached to a great prison, of the effect
of years upon wrongdoers. According
to him, nearly one-third of the convicts
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rather than that of deliberate intention
—an inference which ought to be very
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contain troublesome members. The
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those of the police officials, who almost
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always a criminal," but perhaps in the
Pennsylvania institution, where the ob-
servations were made, the treatment of
the inmates is not of a nature to confirm
all their bad habits and teach them new
ones, which is alleged to be the result of
State Prison life in general. The
authorities alluded to say further that the
crimes committed by middle-aged per-
sons are mostly those which can be most
secretly and safely followed, and that
the offenses of later life are those which
may in general be attributed to de-
terioration of the mental and moral
machinery; a large proportion of em-
bezzlers and defaulters are men of
middle-age and good standing in the
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who have "thought crooked" so long
that they are powerless at last to resist
temptation when the mind as well as the
body begins to feel the weakening in-
fluence of age. There is material for a
great many sermons in these facts and
figures.

Express trains in Russia rarely travel faster than twenty-two miles an hour. These are very slow expresses indeed, yet a railway guard avers that the fastest trains are always the safest.

The Minneapolis Journal is convinced
that the most idiotic college yell is prob-
ably that of the senior class of the Kansas
State University. It is: "Johnny took
a bite, Susie took a chew. Rock chalk,
jaw hawk, class of '92."

The American Dairyman boasts that
the dairy industry of the United States,
notwithstanding its low average profit,
is more valuable than all our gold and
silver mines; and, it adds, if all the
cows were as valuable as the majority of
those which have been tested the yearly
output would be more than trebled.

The rediscovery of a new species of fish
known as the tile fish, which is said to
be valuable for its food qualities, comes
at a time when, in the opinion of the
New York Sun, it will be welcome, espe-
cially if the United States Fish Com-
mission is able to propagate the species
artificially, so as to stock some of the
worn out waters around our Eastern
coast. It is strange that we have no
salmon in the Hudson, or only a few
very rarely. Shad, once so plentiful
here, seem to be disappearing. Many
other valuable fishes are decreasing in
numbers from year to year, owing to the
furious onslaughts made on them by
menhaden trawlers and other fishermen
who use catch-all-nets. Perhaps the tile
fish may be able to survive these nets.
It is a good omen, at any rate, that from
the time it was first recognized, in 1873,
the tile fish has only once—in 1882—
been found in large numbers.

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AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through
life.
And even when you find them
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,
And look for the virtues behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star,
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs every way
To the loom of God's great loom,
Don't set you force 'gainst the river's course
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember it lived before you;
Don't butt at the storm with your puny
form—
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter;
Some things must go wrong your whole life
long.
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the infinite.
Go and under at last in the wrestle;
The wisest man shapes into God's plan,
As the water shapes into a vessel.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

TEMPER.

ANDEMONIUM
raging! Chaos
turned inside out!
What is the reason
a man can't
be allowed to
sleep peacefully
in the morning,
without this ever-
lasting racket raised
about his ears! Chil-
dren crying—doors
slamming—I will
know the reason of all this up-
roar!

Mr. Darcy shut the door of his bed-
room with considerable emphasis, and
went straight to the breakfast parlor.
All was bright, and quiet, and pleasant
there; the anthracite snapping and spark-
ling in the grate, the china and silver
neatly arranged on the spotless damask
cloth, and the green parrot drowsily
winking his yellow eyes in the sunny
glow of the eastern window—Bedlam
plainly wasn't located just here, and
Mr. Darcy went stormily upstairs to the
nursery.

Ah! the field of battle was reached at
last. Mrs. Darcy sat in her little low
chair before the fire, trying to quiet the
energetic screams of an eight-months' old
scion of the house of Darcy, while an-
other—a rosy boy of five years—lay on
his back, prone on the floor, kicking
and crying in an ungovernable fit of
childish passion.

"Mrs. Darcy!" enunciated Luke,
with slow and ominous precision, "may I
inquire what all this means? For you
are aware that it is fifteen minutes past nine
o'clock! Do you know that breakfast is
waiting?"

"I know, Luke—I know," said poor,
perplexed Mrs. Darcy, striving vainly to
silence the rebellious urchin up by one arm.
"Some, Freddy, you're going to be good,
now, mamma is sure, and get up to be
washed."

"No—o—o," roared Master Freddy,
performing a brisk tattoo on the carpet
with his heels and clawing the air
furiously.

Like an avenging vulture, Mr. Darcy
pounced abruptly down upon his son
and heir, carried him promptly to the
closet, and turned the key upon his
screams.

A tall, blue-eyed young lady, with a
profusion of bright chestnut hair and
cheeks like rose velvet, was already at
the table when they descended, by name
Clara Prun, by lineage Mrs. Darcy's
sister. She opened her blue eyes rather
wide as the two entered.

"Good gracious, Evy, what's the
matter?"

"Nothing," answered Luke, tartly.
"Mrs. Darcy, you appear to forget that
I have eaten no breakfast."

"Something is the matter, though,"
said Clara, shrewdly. "What is it,
Evelyn? Has Luke had one of his tan-
trums?"

Luke set down his coffee cup with a
sharp "clink."
"You use very peculiar expressions,
Miss Prun."

"Very true ones," said Clara, saucily.
Evelyn smiled in spite of herself.

"It's only Freddy, who feels a little
cross, and—"

"A little cross!" interrupted the in-
dignant husband. "I tell you, Evelyn,
it's quite time that temper was checked.
Hang that parrot! What an intolerable
screaming he keeps up! Mary, take
that bird into the kitchen, or I shall
be tempted to wring its neck. Strange
that a man can't have a little peace once
in a while! What does all these eggs,
Evelyn? I thought I asked you to see
that they were boiled fit for Christians
to eat!"

Mr. Darcy gave his egg, shell and
all, a vindictive throw upon the grate.
Evelyn's brown eyes sparkled a little
dangerously as she observed the man-
oeuvre, but she made no remark.

"And the plates are as cold as a stone,
when I've begged, and entreated, and im-
plored, again and again, that they might
be warmed. Well, I shall eat no break-
fast this morning!"

"Whom will you punish most?" de-
manded Miss Clara. "Evelyn, give me
another cup of coffee—it is perfectly de-
lightful."

Luke pushed his chair back with a
vengeance and took up his stand with
his back to the fire, both hands under
his coat tails.

"Please, sir," said the servant, depre-
catingly advancing, "the gas bill—the
man says—would you settle it while—"

"No!" roared Luke tempestuously.
"Tell the man to go about his business;
I have no small bills this morning, and
I won't be persecuted!"

Mary retreated precipitately. Clara
raised her long brown eyelids.

"Do you know, Luke," she said, de-
murely, "I think you would just do a
great deal better if you would just do as
Freddy does—he lies flat on the floor
and kick your heels against the carpet
for awhile. It's an excellent escape
valve when your choleric gets the better
of you."

Luke gave his mischievous sister-in-
law a glance that ought certainly to have
annihilated her, and walked out of the
room, closing the door behind him with
a bang that would bear no interpreta-
tion. Then Clara came round to her
sister's side and buried her pink face in
Evelyn's neck.

"Don't scold me, Evy, please—I know
I've been very, very naughty to tease
Luke so!"

"You have spoken nothing but the
truth," said Evelyn, quietly, with her
coral lips compressed, and a scarlet spot
burning on either cheek.

"The remedy needs to be something
short and sharp," said Clara, "and the
dark closet system certainly combines
both requisites. Tears and hysterics are
played out long ago in matrimonial skir-
mishes, you know, Evy."

"Nonsense!" laughed Mrs. Darcy,
rising from the breakfast table in obe-
dience to her husband's peremptory sum-
mons from above stairs, while Clara
shrugged her shoulders and went to look
for her work basket.

Luke was standing in front of his
bureau drawer, flinging shirts, collars,
cravats and stockings recklessly on the
bedroom floor.

"I'd like to know where my silk hand-
kerchiefs are, Mrs. Darcy," he fumed.
"Such a state as my bureau is in! It's
enough to drive a man crazy!"

"It's enough to drive a woman crazy,
I think!" said Evelyn, hopelessly stop-
ping to pick up a few of the scattered
articles. "You were at the bureau last
night. It is your own fault!"

"My fault—of course, it's my fault,"
snarled Luke, giving Mrs. Darcy's
poodle a kick that sent it howling to its
mistress. "Anything but a woman's re-
torting, recriminating tongue. Mrs.
Darcy, I won't endure it any longer!"

"Neither will I!" said Evelyn, reso-
lutely advancing, as her husband
plunged into the closet for his business
coat, and promptly shutting and locking
the door. "I think I've endured it
quite long enough—and here's an end to
it!"

"Mrs. Darcy, open that door!" said
Luke, scarcely able to credit the evi-
dence of his own senses.

"I shall do no such thing," said Mrs.
Darcy, composedly, beginning to re-
arrange shirts, stockings and flannel wrap-
pers in their appropriate receptacles.

"Mrs. Darcy!" roared Luke, at a
fever heat of important rage, "what on
earth do you mean?"

"I mean to keep you in that clothes
press, Mr. Darcy, until you have made
up your mind to come out in a most
amiable frame of mind. If the system
succeeds with Freddy it certainly ought
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There was a dead silence of full sixty
seconds in the closet, then a sudden
burst of vocal wrath:

"Let me out, I say, Mrs. Darcy!
Madam, how dare you perpetrate this
monstrous piece of audacity!"

"My dear Luke, how strongly you do
resemble me! You see there's nothing
I have so little tolerance for as a
bad temper. It ought to have been
checked long ago, only you know I'm
so ridiculously indulgent."

Mr. Darcy winced a little at the fa-
miliar sound of his own words.

Tap-tap-tap came softly to the door.
Mrs. Darcy composedly opened it, and
saw her husband's little office boy.

"Please, men, there's some gentlemen
at the office in a great hurry to see Mr.
Darcy. It's about the Applegate will
case."

Mrs. Darcy hesitated an instant; there
was a triumphant rustle in the closet,
and her determination was taken.

"Tell the gentlemen that your master
has a very bad headache, and won't be
down to-day this morning."

Luke gnashed his teeth audibly as
soon as the closing of the door admon-
ished him that he might do so with
safety.

"Mrs. Darcy, do you presume to in-
terfere with the transaction of business
that is vitally important, ma'am—vitally
important?"

Mrs. Darcy nonchalantly took up a
little opera air where she had left it,
letting the soft Italian words ripple mus-
ically over her tongue.

"Evelyn, dear!"

"What is it, Luke?" she asked, mildly.

"Please let me out. My dear, this
may be a joke to you, but—"

"I assure you, Luke, it's nothing of
the kind; it's the soberest of serious mat-
ters to me. It is a question as to whether
my future shall be miserable or happy."

There was a third interval of silence.

"Evelyn," said Luke presently in a
subdued voice, "will you open the
door?"

"On one condition only."

"And what condition is that?"

"Ah! ah!" thought the little lieuten-
ant-general, "he's beginning to enter-
tain terms of capitulation, is he? On
condition," she added, aloud, "that
you will break yourself of your habit of
speaking crossly and sharply to me, and
on all occasions keep your temper."

"My temper, indeed!" sputtered
Luke.

"Just your temper," returned his
wife, serenely. "Will you promise?"

"Never, madam!"

Mrs. Darcy quietly took up a pair of
hose that required mending, and pre-
pared to leave the apartment. As the
door creaked on its hinges, however, a
voice came shrilly through the opposite
keyhole:

"Mrs. Darcy! Evelyn wife!"

"Yes!"

"You are not going down stairs to
leave me in this—this Black Hole of
Calcutta?"

"I am."

"Well, look here—hold up—I prom-
ise."

"All and everything that I require?"

"Yes, all and everything that you re-
quire—sounded it all!"

Wisely deaf to the muttered sequel,
Mrs. Darcy opened the door, and Luke
stalked sullenly out, looking right over
the top of her shining brown hair.
Suddenly a little detaining hand was
laid on his coat-sleeve:

"Luke, dear!"

"Well!"

"Won't—won't you give me a kiss?"

And Mrs. Darcy burst out crying on
her husband's shoulder.

"Well!" ejaculated the puzzled Luke,
"if you women aren't the greatest enig-
mas going. A kiss! Yes, half a dozen
of 'em if you want, you hard-hearted
little turkey. Don't cry, pet; I'm not
angry with you, although I suppose I
ought to be."

"And may I let Freddy out?"

"Yes—on the same terms that his papa
was released. Evelyn, was I very intol-
erable?"

"If you hadn't been, Luke, I never
should have ventured on such a violent
remedy."

"Did I make you very unhappy?"

"Very."

Luke Darcy buttoned up his overcoat,
put on his hat, shouldered his umbrella,
and went down to the Applegate will
case, musing as he went upon the new

state of affairs that had presented itself
for his consideration.

It is more than probable that he left
his stock of bad temper in the law
buildings that day, for Evelyn and Clara
never saw any more of it; and Freddy is
daily getting the better of the peppery
element in his infantile disposition.—
New York News.

Inventions and Their Dates.

The bagpipe, the favorite Scotch and
Italian instrument, was invented in
Greece 200 B. C.

Window glass was in Italy in
churches in the eleventh century, in Eng-
lish houses in 1557.

Gas was first made from coal by Clay-
ton, 1739, and was first used for illu-
mination in 1792.

Paper from rags was made in A. D.
1000, the first linen paper in 1319, and
from straw in 1800.

Chain shot were the invention of De
Witt, the great Dutch Admiral. They
were first used in 1666.

Watches were first made in Nuren-
berg in 1477, and were called "Nuren-
berg animated eggs."

Air brakes were invented by George
Westinghouse in 1869, and subsequently
often improved.

The daguerreotype was invented by
Daguerre, and the first miniatures were
produced in 1838.

Playing cards were invented for the
amusement of the crazy king, Charles
VI., of France, in 1380.

Church bells were made by Paulinus,
an Italian Bishop, to drive away demons,
about 400 A. D.

Canon were invented in 1330, were
used by the Turks at Adrianople in
1453, were made in England in 1547.
Copper-plate engraving was first done
in 1511, wood engraving in 1799, etch-
ing on metal with acid in 1512.

The harvester was invented by Cyrus
McCormick in 1831, and has been im-
proved by many subsequent inventors.

Quill pens were first used A. D. 553;
steel pens were invented by Wise, of
England, 1803, and improved by Gil-
lett, 1822.

Glass mirrors were known in A. D.
23, but the art of making them was
lost and not rediscovered until 1800, in
Venice.

The first electric telegraph line was
laid in Switzerland by Lesage in 1763;
the Morse transmitter was invented in
1837.

Air guns were first made by Gahn in
Germany in 1656, and the invention was
also credited to Shaw, of America, in
1845.

Breech-loading guns were invented by
Thornton & Hall, 1811. Breech-load-
ing cannon were used by the Turks in
1553.

The great anaesthetic, chloroform,
was discovered by Outhrie, 1831, and
was first employed in surgical operations
in 1846.

Checkers or draughts were known to
the ancient Egyptians, and pictures
4000 years old represent a quarrel over
the game.

Tobacco was taken to Europe by the
Spaniards early in the sixteenth century;
was introduced into England by Raleigh
in 1555.

The first carpets made in Europe were
manufactured in France, in 1694, in
imitation of some which had been
brought from Turkey.

Wooden railroads were built in Eng-
land in 1802; iron rails were first used
in 1783; the first iron railroad was laid
in America in 1827.—Globe-Democrat.

Does Lightning Sour the Milk?

It is a well-known fact that milk is
especially apt to sour during the preva-
lence of a thunder storm, and from this
it has been surmised that the electric dis-
charge held some mysterious sway over
the lactical fluid. (An Italian experi-
menter, one Professor Tolomei, has been
making trials of various sorts, the object
being to throw some light on electric in-
fluence over milk molecules. In his first
experience he passed an electric discharge
from a Holtz machine between two balls
of platinum hanging two inches apart in
a bottle containing a quart of fresh milk;
secondly, by sending a current through two
strips of platinum at the bottom of a
V tube filled with the same fluid;
thirdly, by subjecting milk to a test tube
to the action of a strong current through
a silk-covered copper wire wound spirally
around the tube. In each one of these
experiments, which were thorough as
any lover of science could wish, it was
proved that acidification of the milk was
delayed instead of hastened, as had been
expected. Three quantities of milk
from the same milkmaid, thus treated,
began to grow acid on the seventh, the
ninth and the sixth day, respectively;
while other portions, which had not been
treated with electricity, were rankly
acid on the evening of the third day.
Having thus disposed of the popular
theory of lightning souring the direct
cause of the acidification of milk Profes-
sor Tolomei tried to find out whether
in his second trial of electricity he had brought
the surface of a quartz plate, which he
two balls of the same metal, and the
fluid almost instantly became acid in con-
sequence.

Here, at last, the puzzle has been
puzzled professor Tolomei has surely
been made plain. It is surely
new when he says that lightning
new under the sun.

The Use of Feathers.

Man has been defined as a featherless
biped, but his better half is more than
ever determined to make good Nature's
omission by the aid of art. It is reported
in the Gaulois that a feather merchant of
Paris has lately received 6000 birds of
paradise, 300,000 Indian birds of various
species and 400,000 humming birds.
Another dealer has received 40,000 birds
from America and 100,000 from Africa.
We fear that the fair sex is growing
more featherheaded than ever.