

# The Salisbury Truth.

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In response to New York's official de-  
mand for better transportation facilities  
the Manhattan Railway Company pro-  
poses such improvements and extensions  
of elevated service as will expand New  
York's "L" system to four solid three-  
track lines, two on each side of the city.

Co-operative or joint stock farming  
being conducted on a large scale in  
the region of the Dombes lying between  
Bourg-en-Bresse and Lyons, France.  
Plantations, drainage, artificial fertiliz-  
ers have in twenty years, reduced the  
area of marsh land by two-thirds, in-  
creased the population by one-third, and  
in the same proportion diminished mor-  
tality.

Creameries are now at work in Ten-  
nessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, South  
Carolina, and North Carolina, and there  
is no good reason why this should not  
be the case in all the Southern States,  
says the Shippers' Gazette, which fur-  
ther adds: In the Southern mountains  
the business may be carried on every  
day in the year, and butter of the finest  
quality may be there made for less cost  
than elsewhere in the world.

"Wales," says a Western Welshman,  
has given three Presidents to the United  
States—Jefferson, Adams and Monroe.  
Thomas Jefferson was pure Welsh, too,  
and the Welshmen of New York are  
now organizing a movement to erect a  
statue to him. There are  
900,000 Welsh and their immediate  
descendants in this country, and over  
200,000 pure Welsh and their first  
descendants. The Welsh, Irish and  
Scottish are, in my opinion, all off-shoots  
of the little band of Aryans that passed  
over from Little Brittain and settled on  
that as now the British Isles."

When John Jacob Astor died in 1848  
worth \$25,000,000 he left \$10,000,000  
more than the richest American before  
him. But in the last ten years at least  
two men, W. H. Vanderbilt and  
the second John Jacob Astor, have died  
with fortunes twice that size, and John  
D. Rockefeller is ordinarily estimated to  
be also worth \$100,000,000. It is es-  
timated that there are only seven Amer-  
ican fortunes of over \$30,000,000, Hunt-  
ington, Sage, William Rockefeller,  
Stanford, Mrs. Green and William As-  
tore; six over \$20,000,000, D. O. Mills,  
Armour, Searles, Charles Crocker's es-  
tate, Henry Hilton and the L. S. Hig-  
gins estate. Of fortunes over \$10,000,  
000 there are seventeen.

The report of the Government's special  
agent in Alaska on the salmon fisheries  
does not, in the opinion of the San Fran-  
cisco Chronicle, encourage the belief that  
the supply of that region will be long  
maintained. According to the state-  
ment of the agent the men fishing on a  
large scale and the Indians are equal  
offenders against the laws, and are ap-  
parently indifferent whether their actions  
result in diminishing the supply or in-  
creasing it. Not only does the agent  
tell the story of the defiance of the large  
fisheries, but he broadly intimates that  
unless some salutary restraint is placed  
upon them in a very short time the In-  
dians, who depend very largely upon the  
salmon for their food supply, will either  
starve to death or become an expensive  
charge upon the Government.

Captain Bower, the Tibetan explorer,  
has arrived in London, with a mass of  
valuable information concerning that  
little known country, which he has col-  
lected primarily for the benefit of the  
Indian Government. In the course of  
fifteen months of travel across the wildest  
part of the country he learned many  
curious and interesting facts about the  
inhabitants. His journey was made  
during 1891 and 1892, and his route  
was almost due west to east, starting  
from Leh or Ladak and crossing the  
track of some other explorers who had  
traversed the country from north to  
south. He crossed, among others, the  
route followed by M. Bonvalot, the  
French explorer, and his companion,  
Prince Henry of Orleans, but, like all  
other travelers in recent times, he found  
it impossible to enter Lhasa. His  
nearest point was about 150 miles from  
the holy city. The priests are practi-  
cally supreme in the country, but no  
where did he meet with hostile treat-  
ment from the natives. The Sikim  
war has had a wholesome effect, and the  
Englishman traveling in Tibet is now  
in no danger. Some idea of the diffi-  
culties and hardships of the journey may  
be gathered from the fact that much of  
the road was from fifteen to eighteen  
thousand feet above the level of the sea,  
and that for weeks together he and his  
companions did not meet a single human  
being.

The United States have a less per-  
centage of blind people than any other  
country in the world.

The Chicago Times avers that the late  
E. H. Clark, of Newburg, N. Y., an  
amateur fruit grower, had on his city  
lot a pear tree on which he grew nearly  
100 varieties of pears.

The Indian Medical Record shows a  
terrible record of deaths from cholera.  
In fourteen years, from 1877 to 1890, it  
declares that 1,000,826 persons have  
died in Bengal from cholera alone.

The reason given by Japanese officials  
for not adopting the steam apparatus for  
putting out fires is that the native dealers  
in building material and the artisans  
depend on the periodical conflagrations  
for a living.

Walter B. Harris and R. G. Cunning-  
ham-Graham, two Londoners, assert that  
they encountered in Southern Morocco,  
at the foot of the Atlas Mountains, a  
dozen or fourteen men, none of whom  
were over four feet and a half tall, who  
are believed to belong to a tribe who in-  
habit the upper range of the mountains.

No sooner have European aeronauts  
improved their balloons almost to the  
point of perfection for military uses than  
along comes a Russian scientist with an  
apparatus which captures the rays of the  
sun and employs them to burn the bal-  
loons. A Russian paper states that the  
balloons can be burned when at a dis-  
tance of five kilometers from the person  
handling the apparatus.

According to a poll taken a few days  
ago there are in the House of the West  
Virginia Legislature thirty-six farmers,  
ten lawyers, six merchants, two physi-  
cians, two editors, three miners, one  
manufacturer, one contractor, one miller,  
one clerk, one teacher. In the Senate  
there are eleven farmers, seven lawyers,  
one capitalist, one liveryman, one grain  
dealer and one manufacturer.

The Russian Government issued or-  
ders that the one hundredth anniversary  
of the second partition of Poland should  
be celebrated in that part of the country  
by general fetes and services in all the  
churches, by parades of the troops and  
by grand balls. General Gourko, the  
Russian Commander, gave a ball in honor  
of the event, and "invited" all the  
leading members of the Polish nobility  
to attend. Many of them took to their  
beds and said that they were sick, and  
some openly refused to attend. Such  
measures on the part of Russia will hard-  
ly tend to make the Poles contented  
with their subject conditions.

The experiment of an electric street  
railway postal car, which had been tried  
in St. Louis, has been such a success as  
to warrant its use in other cities, notes  
the New York News. The St. Louis  
postmaster reports that the results have  
been eminently successful in every par-  
ticular. The car is twenty-eight feet  
long, including the front and rear plat-  
forms, and eight and one-half feet wide.  
It is fitted up inside somewhat like a  
railway postoffice, and is operated by a  
double dynamo, with a capacity of  
twenty-five miles an hour. The city and  
suburban routes over which it travels is  
eighteen miles long, and the number of  
pieces of local mail received and deliv-  
ered, at a saving of from four to five  
hours each, has been 300 to 500 daily.

The Atlanta Constitution thinks "it  
would be an easy matter to collect sta-  
tistics showing that we are destroying  
the forests more rapidly than they grow.  
The demand for lumber is greater than  
the supply, and the end must come, un-  
less we take steps to reforest the country.  
We need the annual growth of 400,-  
000,000 acres of timber to supply the  
home demand for one year, and our  
timber area is only 500,000,000 acres.  
One-third of this area is of no value,  
thousands of acres are destroyed by fire,  
and the shipments of lumber to foreign  
countries cut our supply short. But  
there are other evils. Countries without  
timber suffer from droughts, arid winds,  
etc. The famine in Russia was caused  
by deforestation. The inspector general  
of Egyptian telegraphs says in his last  
report that the country between the Nile  
and the Red Sea is a dreary desert. Yet  
less than 2000 years ago it was able to  
support troops of roving cavalry who  
picked up their living with ease in spots  
where a lizard would starve to-day.  
Palestine is now a great waste, but in  
Biblical times thousands of horses, chari-  
ots and men moved about over the coun-  
try finding sustenance everywhere. But  
the Arabs allowed their camels to devour  
the young trees in the valleys and the  
others were cut down and converted into  
charcoal. In this way the land was  
turned into a waterless desert. We have  
more than once described the calamities  
caused in the south of France by defor-  
estation. California is now threatened  
with similar trouble from the same cause.  
In fact, our entire country is in danger  
of the consequences following the loss of  
its forests. Without reforestation, we  
may expect the south Atlantic slopes in  
time to be denuded of their productive  
soil, and only barren and rocky wastes  
will remain, while the rivers, swollen  
tremendously by every rainfall will men-  
ace and perhaps destroy the cities on  
their banks. The man who plants a tree  
is a public benefactor. We need more  
of this work—organized, systematic for-  
estry and there is no time to be lost."

## FROM DAWN TO SUNRISE.

Breathe, sweet southwest, thy softest airs;  
Meth, golden vapor, in the blue;  
Shine, silver star, that morning wears;  
Light-bearer, lead the day anew.  
Mid day of autumn, gravely calm;  
Teach the wild heart thy gain to know;  
Too keenly swift, from life to sad,  
These pulses beat, these life-tides flow.  
Cool dew of dawn, that gently falls,  
O'er life's long fever waltz thy spells,  
Deeper than tone of trumpet-calls,  
The holy hush with morn that dwells,  
Cease, wayward heart, in gloom to stray;  
Greet the pure smile of living light;  
Before the awful eyes of day  
Arise, O soul, in kindred might!  
—Esther B. Carpenter, in the Century.

## A QUICK CURE.

BY MRS. S. C. HAZLETT BEVIS.



E—OH, ee—oh, ho  
—ee!"  
What a sharp  
young voice it was;  
full of character and  
independence, and  
yet with undertones  
of undefined sweet-  
ness, evidently need-  
ing only cultivation  
to bring it into  
power.  
The girl, for it  
was one, stood just  
on the bank of a clear, running stream,  
which might have been either a river or  
a creek, it was wide, limpid and deep.  
She was tall and somewhat angular, a  
woman in height, but the short cotton  
frocks and short red hair, and something  
in the way she stood, spoke at once of  
youthfulness, had not her voice been  
heard. She was in her eighteenth year.  
With one long brown hand shading  
her eyes from the glaring autumn sun-  
set, she stood apparently awaiting some  
one.

All about her were the forest trees in  
their richest colorings, and the soft rustle  
of the leaves with the ripple of the water,  
was all that was heard for a moment  
after the shrill echo of her voice died  
away; then the big black dog lying at  
her bare feet growled, and sprang quick-  
ly to his own.  
"Comin' at last," the girl said in an  
undertone, as the dip of oars, at first  
faintly and then louder, fell upon her  
ears.  
"You're never tardy," she continued,  
with a slight sneer, as a small skip, con-  
taining one occupant, a young fellow of  
about twenty-three years of age, rounded  
the point.  
He wore a suit of blue denims, a  
rimless straw hat, and his feet were also  
bare. He was dark almost to swarthy-  
ness and his black eyes gave a gleam of  
dissatisfaction for an instant, while the  
rich blood suffused his neck and face  
until it was fairly purple.  
"I ain't late," he said slowly, while  
a wide sweep of the oars with his strong  
arms and brawny shoulders shot the  
little boat far upon the pebbly shore, like  
an arrow from a catapult.  
"Awful smart," the girl said  
sentimentally, giving the huge brute at  
her side several sharp cuffs on his ears to  
emphasize her words and give vent to her  
temper.  
"I wouldn't kill the dog cause yer  
mad at 'im," he said.  
"Kill nuthin'!" she ejaculated  
sullenly. "What time'd yer reckon it is,  
Beechnut Lord?"  
"Nigh onto six, I guess," he answered  
quietly, stepping from the boat and  
drawing it still further on shore. "Um,  
um, it's after seven."

He fastened the little craft, and then  
as she started up the path he followed  
her at the heels of the dog, and in much  
the same dejected way, through the  
thick, winding interlacing of leaves and  
vines.  
The faint tinkle of bells could be  
heard in the distance, as the trio  
followed in the foot prints of the loving  
kine; and anon the whir of partridges  
and twitter of night birds. Darkness  
fell as they reached the bars, where the  
big eyed cows stood in the fading grass  
and weeds, quietly waiting.  
Beechnut took down the bars and  
drove the cows into the yard, Wylie fol-  
lowing with her pink sun bonnet on her  
arm, her slow face full of discontent.  
He put up the bars again.  
"Good night," he said kindly, and  
turned away.  
The big black dog still slunk at her  
heels, and skulked after her as she en-  
tered the low doorway of an old log  
house, and then he crept under a coarse  
bed that stood in the corner of the low-  
ceiled room, and laid down with a  
yawn.  
Wylie Adams gave a little start as she  
entered the room. A bright fire burned  
in the wide fireplace, over which hung  
an iron pot, from which issued savory  
doors.  
A tall, middle-aged woman was busy  
about the room, and a stranger sat before  
the fire in one of the few splint-bottomed  
chairs the cabin contained. He did not  
see Wylie when she entered, as he sat  
looking thoughtfully into the fire, but  
the tall woman spoke.  
"Wall, yer cum at last?"  
Wylie made no reply, but a nod, and  
for the first time in her life looked down  
with a blush at her bare feet, which were  
both soiled and bruised.  
It was evidently something unusual  
for a stranger to be seen near Silver  
Creek, and this stranger was certainly  
out of the ordinary. Wylie's daring  
spirit quailed.  
He turned and arose as Wylie's mother  
spoke, bowing and offering his chair.  
The gawky girl cast furtive glances at  
the stranger, and thought how fair and  
"good-looking" he was, how yellow his  
hair and blue his eyes! so different from  
Beechnut, and other boys she knew.  
Once she discovered him looking  
keenly at her, and if she could have read  
his thoughts they would have been in  
this wise:  
"Not such a bad looking girl, if she  
was well dressed and educated. Nice  
eyes. Early tanned. No, I don't ad-  
mire red hair. Most too thin and tall,  
and why does she go barefooted?"  
After the young man had been given  
a "allow dip," and shown to the inner  
room, and the rude door closed after  
him for the night, Wylie crept to her  
father's side.  
"Who is he, Pap? an what dux he  
want yer?"  
"A young chap as is rich as all git  
out, an' he's going to build a big, fine  
house down thar by the old ford, an' I  
reckin he'll bring his folks hyer arter  
that, tho' he didn't say."  
Wylie Adams didn't wait for more,

but hurried away and up the ladder to  
the loft she called her room; but she did  
not go to bed; she sat down on the floor  
by the tiny window, with a look on her  
face that had never known before, and  
watched the moon as it came slowly up  
through the trees and silvered the  
waters of the wide creek.  
"I hate him," she murmured, and  
again a dry, choking sob. There was a  
glitter in her eyes that shone brightly  
under the radiance of the moon, and in  
her heart a sensation born of woe, that  
this stranger was a usurper and had no  
right to this spot, these trees, this rip-  
pling water, this place that seemed to  
her had known her always, tho' the land  
was his before she was born. All night  
long she sat until the day broke, then  
with a pale face and weary eyes, she  
crept down the ladder, and mooting to  
"Nil," the dog, who lay at the foot of  
the bed where her parents slept, the two  
went softly out in the early autumn  
dawn and down to the old ford.  
Her heart ached so she was nearly ill.  
"Tho' scarcely four o'clock, Beechnut  
Lord, her companion of the night pre-  
vious, was before her and unfastening  
his coat.  
"You here!" she spoke almost  
fiercely.  
"Yes," he answered humbly, not ex-  
pressing the surprise he felt at meeting  
her there at that early hour, nor making  
any explanation as to his own conduct,  
while the dull red crept up to the roots  
of his black hair.  
"What you follerin' me for?" she  
asked savagely.  
Then he did look surprised, for to  
him it had seemed just the other way,  
and when he first caught a glimpse of  
her dress through the trees, his heart  
gave a sudden bound, and for an instant  
only, he flattered himself she came be-  
cause he was there; but it was only for  
an instant. He made no reply as he  
pushed the boat into the water and  
threw the chain in, preparing to follow.  
"Yore allus in my way," she said  
roughly.  
He looked up quickly.  
"Am I?" deeply.  
"Yas, allus an' allus. I wish you'd  
go away so fur 't I'd never see you  
agin."

She sat down and buried her face in  
her hands.  
"Do you really mean that Wylie  
Adams?" he asked as he stepped into his  
little skip.  
"Yas," she nodded, "I do;" and  
then she heard the soft dip of the oars as  
the boat went from shore, and "Nil!"  
gave a low, piteous whine, then all was  
still. Presently the head that had been  
in the long, brown hands fell over to  
one side and rested against the trunk of  
a tree, and Wylie Adams slept while the  
dog lay dozing at her side.  
Voices awoke her, and scrambling to  
her feet, she saw her father with the  
handsome stranger coming towards her.  
Again the beautiful blush mounted her  
cheeks, and with one bound she was out  
of sight, and flying like a frightened  
bird through the trees and thick under-  
brush. When she reached her humble  
home again, she paused at the watering  
trough and bathed her face, hands and  
feet.  
"Mother," she said, coming close to  
her side where she sat in the open door,  
"I'm sick; can't I put on my shoes?"  
Mrs. Adams looked up quickly; she  
was rough and uncouth, but the mother  
heart was there.  
"I'd clear fer't, ye look sick. Whar  
ye bin so airy, Wylie?"  
"Down yonder," the girl answered,  
nodding towards the creek; and gaining  
her mother's consent to don her foot-  
wear, she hastened up to the loft and  
put on her one pair of best stockings, a  
mixed red and blue woolen, and her  
course cowhide shoes, changed her apron,  
smoothed down her hair, and came back  
and sat down in a chair near the fire-  
place. The weather was still warm and  
balmy, but she felt chilled through.  
None too soon, for her father and Mr.  
Howard Anson, the stranger, came in  
almost instantly.  
"What's up?" her father asked, see-  
ing his daughter in holiday attire, while  
Mr. Anson, noticing the change, was too  
well bred to evince any surprise; but he  
thought:  
"Why, she is quite pretty," and then  
forgot all about her.  
"I'm afeerd she's sick," Mrs. Adams  
answered, solicitously, and laid her  
course hand very gently upon the girl's  
hot forehead.  
"Oh, I reckon not," said father, and  
turned his attention to his guest, who  
began making inquiries about procuring  
employees to fell the trees and prepare the  
ground for building.  
Wylie Adams and Beechnut Lord had  
grown up side by side on the little  
woodland farms owned by their parents,  
and each was an only child.  
Wylie's was a nature always at war  
with itself, and yet, though she stung  
him with taunts and treated him worse  
than her dog, Beechnut toiled for her,  
waited upon her, and leaved her with a  
dumb, hopeless sort of a devotion worthy  
of any woman's love, one might have  
said a better cause; but there were deep  
wells in Wylie Adams's nature, all un-  
fathomed, and her capabilities for good  
and usefulness, and kindly turns were  
great.

That day Wylie learned that Mr. An-  
son was to board with her parents for  
several weeks, as Mr. Adams's house was  
the nearest of access to his building site,  
and although everything was of the  
plainest and coarsest, Mrs. Adams was  
very neat, and the young millionaire was  
sensible and content.  
The next morning Wylie went about  
the house as usual, but she still wore her  
shoes and stockings. When Mr. Anson  
returned to his supper that evening,  
there was a different light in his eyes,  
and he regarded the girl curiously.  
As day after day passed by, Wylie's  
repugnance to him grew less, until she  
began to long for his presence. His  
very indifference drew her toward him.  
She began to do many little favors for  
him, which he seemed to take as a mat-  
ter of course.  
Poor child, she did not consider  
wealth, education, station or power as  
anything to be wished for, or as a bar-  
rier between herself and anything that  
she desired. She frequently gathered  
fresh flowers and placed them in his  
room, but he always gave her mother  
the thanks for being so kind, and said  
nothing to her. Strange to say, she did  
not feel piqued—her heart sank and a  
great loneliness stole over her.

Child-like and ignorant, and wholly  
innocent of any wrong, she began dog-  
ging his footsteps, and lying in wait for  
him as it were, only that she might be  
near him. If he noticed it he did not  
appear to at first, but he began to frown

at her finally, and then the hot tears  
sprang to her eyes and she hid in the  
bushes, and watched him from her little  
window in the loft, fairly devouring him  
with her gaze.  
Matters continued in this way for some  
time, Mr. Anson not being able to get  
away as soon as he expected.

Wylie began to droop and grow pale  
and spiritless, and yet in all this time  
she had never once given Beechnut Lord  
one thought.  
"What's become of Beechnut?" her  
mother asked her, and she answered:  
"I dunno ner don't keer."  
"Wall, thos singler," Mrs. Adams re-  
plied, "you reely don't know?"  
"No," sharply.  
The mother said nothing further; but  
she sighed, and noticed that evening for  
the first time how gladly and eagerly  
Wylie waited upon Mr. Anson, and how  
the red blood rushed to her sorrow-  
ful cheeks.  
She shook her head dubiously.  
When Howard Anson announced that  
he would leave Silver Creek the next  
morning, and could not tell when he  
would return, Wylie's heart beat so  
tumultuously she thought she would fall.  
He did not go till the next afternoon,  
however, just before dusk; and when he  
had bidden Mr. and Mrs. Adams good-  
bye, Wylie was not there, but waiting  
for him outside; and when he passed  
where she stood hidden, she stole after  
him as he strolled down toward the old  
ford through the now almost leafless  
trees, many of which had been cut down  
and lay in huge piles about; and catch-  
ing up with him touched him lightly  
upon the hand.  
He turned with a violent start.  
"Mr.—Mr.—Anson," she stammered.  
"Poor child, she was very innocent of  
the world's ways, and much to be pitied.  
He paused and looked at her in aston-  
ishment.  
"Well, what do you want? Have  
you come to say good-bye? I remember  
now that I did not see you at the house."  
He extended his hand. She grasped it  
eagerly, and held it eagerly between her  
two cold, thin hands.  
"Don't you—don't you care nuthin'  
fer me, Mr. Anson?" meekly, with the  
sound of tears in her voice.  
It seemed hardly possible that this was  
the willful, apparently cruel Wylie of a  
few weeks previous.  
"What do you mean?" he asked  
sternly.  
"I like you awful much," here she  
broke down and sobbed aloud. He took  
his hand from her detaining grasp.  
"Miss Adams," he said, "I am sorry  
for this; go home; you have been a great  
annoyance to me; I wish to never see  
you again. A girl to do such a thing,"  
and then he strode on, leaving her stand-  
ing there, cold, still and white, wishing  
she were dead.  
Somehow the words he uttered made  
her think of Beechnut Lord, and her  
last words to him.  
With a sudden revulsion of feeling,  
she cried out:  
"Oh, Beechnut, you liked me, you  
wouldn't treat me so; where are you,  
Beechnut!" And then a heavy  
footstep sounded near, and a brawny  
arm stole about her waist.  
"Here I am, dearie. I jest reckon  
Beechnut wouldn't treat you that way,  
and I've come back in time to tell  
you so. Is it all right, Wylie?"  
She had her long, thin arms about his  
neck, and whispered through her sobs  
and tears:  
"Ye're the bestest Beechnut in all the  
world."—Woman's Work.

A Great Desert North of Chicago.  
Within a hundred miles of Chicago  
begins a tract of 7,000,000 acres of land  
absolutely worthless in its present con-  
dition. It extends across Michigan from  
Grand Rapids to Saginaw, but in the  
great desert of sand there is occasionally  
an oasis covered with hardwood timber.  
Lumbermen have cleared the vast tract  
of its growth of pine and now nothing  
but stumps remain to show that the soil  
has ever been able to produce vegeta-  
tion.  
Men who owned the land before it had  
been cleared of its timber have refused  
to pay the taxes its ownership imposes,  
and now the title to the property is held  
by the State subject to transfer to any-  
one willing to pay the accrued taxes.  
Representative A. T. Linderman, of  
Whitehall, Mich., who was recently at  
the Palmer House, claims that he knows  
a system of cultivation by which these  
lands can be made fertile. "While this  
tract of land is, in its present condition,  
practically worthless," said Mr. Linder-  
man, "it is a burden to the people who  
pay annually large sums of money to  
clerks who transcribe the delinquent tax  
lists. Under the present arrangement  
this work must necessarily be carried on  
indefinitely. Now the bill I propose to  
introduce will by its enactment stop this.  
The lands will be offered for sale by a  
board of commissioners. Under the  
provisions of the bill the money realized  
will be used for the establishment and  
maintenance of an experimental station  
to educate the holders of these lands in  
its cultivation. It has been proved by  
tests that the land can be tilled by a sim-  
ple method that can be explained to the  
purchasers very briefly and through the  
experimental station higher cultivation  
can be obtained. I fully believe that in  
this way this hitherto useless land can  
be made productive and valuable."—  
Chicago Herald.

A Modera Cyclops.  
Doctor Bruce, of the Royal Society of  
Edinburgh, Scotland, has read a paper  
before the members of that institution  
describing a case of human cyclops, or  
"single eye." The case, which was  
brought to his notice long enough before  
the meeting of the society to give plenty  
of time for a careful analysis of it, is one  
of the most remarkable in medical litera-  
ture. The skull of the infant possessing  
this rare case of "single eye" is provided  
with but one eye socket, lozenge in  
shape, situated in the center of the fore-  
head just at the "root of the nose." This  
socket is furnished with two pairs of  
eyelids, upper and lower, both sets being  
perfect in shape and action. The nose  
of the monstrosity was as badly "out of  
line" as the eye itself, being represented  
by a tissue attached to the forehead  
above the eye, as noted, was a medial  
optic. After the death of this single  
eyed creature a post-mortem microscopic  
examination of the eye was made. A  
carefully prepared statement of the facts  
thus adduced shows that the socket con-  
tained two rudimentary eyes besides the  
one, which peeped naturally from be-  
tween the eyelids; also, that these were  
provided with separate rudimentary re-  
tinae, apparently springing from a sin-  
gle optic vesicle.—St. Louis Republic.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

America uses seventeen railroad  
gauge.  
The estimated mean distance of the  
poles from the center of the earth is 238,-  
833 miles.  
Ice made at zero temperature will last  
longer than that made at eighteen and  
twenty degrees.  
Electricity is now used for making  
forgings, augers, ball bearings and other  
articles hitherto made by hand.  
It is a hard matter to freeze trichine.  
After being subjected to a temperature  
of twenty-five below zero for two hours,  
they again become active when exposed  
to light and heat.  
From Stratos, in Acarnania, M. Jouin  
reports the discovery, besides the re-  
mains of an ancient temple, of the single  
archaic inscription in genuine Acarnian  
dialect that has hitherto come to light.

In a lecture delivered before the Mas-  
sachusetts Institute of Technology, Pro-  
fessor Sedgwick said he had traced the  
course of an epidemic of typhoid fever  
and found that it just matched the route  
of a milkman.  
That fishes may be afflicted with can-  
cer has been shown by Professor Scott,  
of New Zealand. Those having this dis-  
ease were all specimens of the American  
brook trout confined in one of the ponds  
belonging to the Dunedin Acclimatiza-  
tion Society.  
While workmen were engaged at the  
bottom of one of the caissons sinking in  
the Missouri River, near its mouth, for  
the erection of a railroad bridge, it is re-  
ported that they discovered a human  
skull directly above a limestone stratum.  
The skull, it is stated, was in a fair state  
of preservation.  
It is quite possible to make sugar from  
carrots; and, indeed, carrot juice con-  
tains more than ninety per cent. of  
saccharine matter. As carrots are ex-  
pensive abroad, foreign sugar manufac-  
turers prefer best roots. Very few peo-  
ple know that cow's milk contains about  
five per cent. of sugar.  
A noted geologist of Paris, M. La-  
grange, who is making scientific re-  
searches in the valley of Santa Cruz, Ariz-  
ona, made the astounding discovery that  
a biped lizard stegosaurus, only known  
hitherto among the rocks of the Silurian  
epoch, is found in living specimens in  
the valley near Tucson, Arizona. The  
only change in the creature is in size,  
otherwise the prehistoric and modern  
creatures are identical.  
There are very important evidences of  
internal heat derived from the universal  
phenomenon of a fairly uniform increase  
of temperature in all deep wells, mines,  
borings or tunnels. This increase has  
been usually reckoned as one degree  
Fahrenheit for each sixty feet of descent,  
but a recent very careful estimate by  
Professor Prestwich, derived from the  
whole of the available data, gives one  
degree Fahrenheit for every 47.5 feet of  
descent. It is a curious indication of the  
universality of this increase that even in  
the coldest parts of Siberia, where the  
soil is frozen to a depth of 620 feet, there  
is a steady increase in the temperature of  
this frozen soil from the surface down-  
ward.

Curiosities of Sheep.  
Sheep are social creatures, always in  
flocks, giving an almost human interest  
to the landscape, writes Belle P. Drury.  
The Hebrew name for sheep signifies  
abundance. From earliest times sheep  
have been under control of man. Fre-  
quent allusion is made to them in the  
Bible. The ancient Greek poets, Hesiod  
and Homer, wrote of them, and did also  
early Roman authors. In the age of  
Augustus, Rome had large flocks. Strabo  
speaks of a fine specimen that sold for  
\$750. Henry VIII. of England imported  
great numbers. Maria Theresa had  
them brought into Germany for the im-  
perial farm. Although England is  
smaller in area than the largest State of  
our Union, yet she is said to have  
twenty-three distinct sorts of sheep,  
while the United States has less than a  
dozen. Our first importation which re-  
sulted in the propagation of pure breeds  
was about 1822, but it is said that the  
founders of St. Augustine had brought  
the Merino to Florida fifty years before  
the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. Sheep  
have a wide geographical distribution,  
and vary much in form, size and color.  
They can live on anything edible, even  
on flesh and fish when other things fail,  
as sometimes happens in Norway and  
many cold countries. No kind is in-  
digenous to North America except the  
Rocky Mountain sheep.  
Sheep have been used in some places  
as beasts of burden. There are large  
sheep dairies, as in Roquefort, France,  
where some 250,000 supply milk for  
the factory where the celebrated Roque-  
fort cheese is made. The tail of a kind  
of sheep in the Orient called the "brood-  
tailed" is as large as one-fourth the  
dressed carcass in weight, and is regard-  
ed as a table delicacy. The tail is often  
so large that for its support a little cart  
is placed under it and fastened to the  
sheep. As an experiment, to see how  
the broad-tailed will thrive in this coun-  
try, a few have been imported into Cal-  
ifornia from Kurdistan, Persia. Bells  
help to repel the sneaking dogs, which  
are cowards and afraid of detection. In  
view of the great losses farmers sustain  
on account of canine ravages, it would  
be well if all of our States lived up to  
good law as that of Massachusetts in  
1648, which reads: "If any dogge  
shall kill any sheepe the owner shall  
either hang his dogge forthwith or pay  
double damage for ye sheepe. If ye  
dogge hath been seen to course or bite  
any sheepe before, not being sette on,  
and his owner had notice thereof, then  
he shall both hang his dogge and pay  
for ye sheepe."—New York Tribune.

Smallest Country in the World.  
The smallest country in the world is  
said to be the territory of Moresnet,  
which lies between Belgium and Ger-  
many. Its 2000 inhabitants are mostly  
occupied in tin mining, although agri-  
culture is also engaged in. Military ser-  
vice and election days are unknown.  
The Senate of ten members is appointed  
by the Mayor, who is chosen by two  
delegates, one from Belgium and one  
from Germany. The police force consists  
of one man, whose salary is provided by  
the annual revenue (about \$240), which  
also maintains the roads and school.  
The territory was declared independent  
in 1815, to settle the dispute when the  
boundary was fixed between Germany  
and Belgium, both countries wanting its  
tin mines. It contains only two and  
one-half square miles.—Public Opinion.

## A WHITE WORLD.

I never knew the world in white  
So beautiful could be,  
As I have seen it here to-day  
Beside the wintry sea;  
A new earth, bride of a new heaven  
Has been revealed to me.  
The sunrise blended woad and cloud  
In one broad flood of gold,  
But touched with rose the world's white  
robes  
In every curve and fold;  
While the blue air did over all  
Its breath in wonder hold.  
Earth was a statue half awake  
Beneath her Sculptor's hand.  
How the Great Master bends with love  
Above the work He planned!  
Easy it is, on such a day,  
To feel and understand.—Lucy Larcom.

PITH AND POINT.  
A love knot—No.  
A dog show—Teeth.  
Stone blind—A cat's eye.—Puck.  
Open to conviction—Penitentiaries.  
Every man is a hero to his imagination.  
—Life.  
A question of identity—"What's your  
name?"  
A cash balance—The scales of justice,  
—Puck.  
"That is another story," as the builder  
said when ordered to run the walls up  
higher.—Troy Press.  
Truth may be stranger than fiction,  
but in literature it hasn't as high a mar-  
ket value.—Boston Courier.  
When a man unexpectedly steps into a  
fortune he can not be upbraided for  
having put his foot in it.—Puck.  
Pin not your faith to any man  
Who feels no throbb of joy,  
When to the circus he's a chance  
To chaperon a boy.—Puck.  
People finally get onto the man who  
is always volunteering to oblige his  
friends, but who never does it.—Atch-  
ison Globe.  
You may freeze, you may bust the gas  
meter if you will, but at the end of the  
month just the same, there's the bill.—  
Williamsport Republican.  
"What is pillage, papa?" "It is  
charging a dollar for eight cents' worth  
of pills, my son. It is a very lucrative  
business."—Harper's Bazar.  
Procrastination steals our time,  
It sages gravely say,  
It is injurious; he but takes  
The time we throw away.—  
Washington Star.  
"Death loves a shining mark," said  
the man who was engaged in selling  
mythical fortunes in ore, "but luckily  
it's different with a mining shark."—  
Washington Star.  
Edison is quoted as declaring that the  
man of the future will be able to do  
without sleep altogether. This im-  
plies the extinction of the policeman.—  
Washington Star.  
Solitude builds up the strength; so-  
ciety pulls it down. It is the necessity  
of having to meet so many people that  
turns the able-bodied lemon to circus  
lemonade.—Puck.  
Magistrate—"Your hand was found  
in the prosecutor's pocket. Have you  
anything to say?" Prisoner—"Only that  
I used to be a lawyer, your worship, and  
habit is strong."—Pick Me Up.  
Gigal—"If you want anything well  
done, do it yourself, is a good rule."  
Mullins—"I know a better one. If you  
want anything well done, tell the waiter  
to bring it rare."—Elmira Gazette.  
Let dark-frowning plunkity rub-a-dub-dub,  
And the smickerous pizzie-tum-tum-  
tut-tut.  
We'll guzzle the muzzie of blubbery-blub.  
To the soft-walling rums-tum-tum-  
tut-tut.—Harold Payne, in Thrift.  
Primus—"Why does Boswell wear  
that monocle?" Secundus—"Oh, there's  
an English girl uptown who is the apple  
of his eye, and he's trying to cultivate  
her under glass."—Kate Field's Wash-  
ington.