

By the Editor and Proprietor...

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The New York Herald states that it was the opinion of many who saw the recent naval review in the North River that some of the luxurious steam yachts of New York's millionaires were of the most beautiful and graceful of all the craft afloat.

If inventors go on making armor plate more and more invulnerable and guns which throw a projectile with greater and greater velocity, the time may come when a cannon ball will have to be made of something about as hard as a diamond to stand the impact and will cost nearly as much.

The New York Times philosophizes thus: Just as the women, after long coining, have decided to shorten their gowns, the men, perverse creatures, suddenly drop the skirts of their coats almost to their ankles.

In Australia, it is said, telephonic messages have been successfully transmitted over wire fences. The man who thought of this device utilized the top wire of the fence and carried the wire across the road on poles.

Chicago opened her big show with a population, visitors not included, of about 1,250,000, or about 600,000 behind that of New York.

Harness marks, physical or mental, come to most men who are busied in doing the world's work. Even so light a task as the handling of a pen often leaves its traces upon the fingers.

Herr Krupp's gift of his great 124-ton gun to Chicago is peculiarly generous, maintains the San Francisco Examiner, since he cannot expect it to lead to anything in the way of orders from this country, and guns are good cash assets in Europe just now.

John Worth, in the Nineteenth Century, gives some striking facts about the rapid extermination of the birds of North America. The advent of the plow and the frame hut of the settler is gradually driving the feathered tribe from its old haunts, and what nests are spared by the plow are only too often destroyed by prairie fires.

The great Columbian World's Fair has already cost about \$20,000,000, calculates the New York World. For twenty-one months its creation has employed a whole army of laborers, masons, plumbers, carpenters, blacksmiths, builders, engineers, architects, artists, decorators—enough to build a city and to people it.

The value of Louis Halberstadt, of Naperville, Ill., who died in Brookville, Canada, two years ago, was sold to a drummer at an auction of unclaimed express packages for \$2. It contained gas stock worth \$107,000.

During the past five years the suicides in the Austrian army were equal to a fifth of the total mortality of the army during this period, and more deaths were due to this than to typhoid fever, pneumonia or consumption.

The business of colonizing Africa with white people goes on apace. An expedition left England some weeks ago for Mozambique as advance party of settlers who are to colonize some 300 square miles of territory between the rivers Zambesi and Sabi.

Says the Springfield Union: "Now that the Canadians are refusing United States paper money except at a discount, Americans visiting Canada should provide themselves with Canadian money, which can be purchased here at a discount. The discount business can be made to work both ways."

According to Charles D. Kellogg, the General Secretary of the Charity Organization Society, the enormous sum of \$9,000,000 is annually spent in New York City in charity. Two and one-quarter million dollars, he estimates, goes to public institutions, four millions to private ones, and the balance is distributed by various religious organizations.

The correspondent of the Cologne (Germany) Gazette, now in this country, tells his readers that every American wears a diamond pin costing \$1200. This suggests to the New York Tribune that it might be very interesting and perhaps amusing, to read the letters from this country that will be written by foreign newspaper men during the World's Fair.

During the football season of 1923-24 in Great Britain there were twenty-six deaths on the field or resulting from football accidents, thirty-nine broken legs, twelve broken arms, twenty-five broken collar bones, and seventy-five other injuries. Football, adds the New Orleans Picayune, is much more generally played in England than here, and every village and hamlet has its team or teams and seemingly its killed or injured.

Every now and then, according to the Argonaut, some thoughtless writer descends upon our coming landlessness. But, in fact, all the people of the United States could be lodged in the three States of California, Kansas and Nebraska without overcrowding, and without producing a greater density of population than we find in England, or in Italy, or in Japan, or in many of the provinces of China.

It is a curious fact, notes the Boston Herald, that while the westward movement of the population has covered no less than 9 1/2 degrees of longitude (9 degrees 21 minutes, 7 seconds), this movement has run almost on a straight line, the extreme northern and southern variation embracing less than one-third of a degree of latitude (18 minutes, 56 seconds). To put the contrast more distinctly, we may say that, while the western movement for the century aggregates 506 miles, the extreme northern and southern variation is a little under twenty-two miles, and the finishing point of the line is only some six miles south of the starting point.

The Boston Herald states that poor Baby Ruth Cleveland has been so pestered by kodak flicking and curious sight-seers, when tending her walks in the rear of the White House on fair days, that the President has had to order the gates of the White House grounds to be closed between the hours of 2 and 4, in order that she may take the air undisturbed. It seems that the sightseers, who are mostly women, not content with staring at the baby, insisted upon kissing her, while some of them, taking advantage of the temporary distraction of the nurse, gave the baby candy or opened her mouth to look at her teeth, or danced her up and down in their arms. One audacious woman actually tried to surreptitiously snip off a lock of her hair with a tiny pair of scissors.

The great Columbian World's Fair has already cost about \$20,000,000, calculates the New York World. For twenty-one months its creation has employed a whole army of laborers, masons, plumbers, carpenters, blacksmiths, builders, engineers, architects, artists, decorators—enough to build a city and to people it. There are nearly seven hundred acres in the grounds and there are 400 buildings there, some of them vast palaces such as no Emperor ever dreamed of building, and one which covers more than thirty acres of land. More than sixty thousand exhibitors have taken place, and every Nation under the sun which has sought of interest in human progress to show is represented there. The citizens and corporation of Chicago have contributed \$11,000,000 outright and have lent \$5,000,000 more to make the enterprise a success worthy of the greatness and glory of our time and country. It is estimated that the total output, including that of the exhibitors, will exceed \$100,000,000.

SO LITTLE. Hereafter, when I sleep beneath the grass in your churchyard plot, And what I was, or might have been, is then that which is not, If you should come in kindness to stand there by the spot, And sometimes think of me, As if I were not better than you thought, but that I were less bad, I know in that dark, dismal grave of mine I should be glad Through all eternity. —W. J. Lampton, in New York Sun.

"SUMAJH."



ENDERSON, "what's the meaning of 'Sumajh,' eh? 'Early this morning I was with a clerical friend about a mile out on the Kistapoor road, just on the edge of the jungle, you know, and ran across some ten or a dozen natives in a ring around a poor wretch of a leper. Ugh! he's the first I've seen and he made me feel bad, I can tell you; I don't want to see any more." "Hah!" broke in Henderson; "and how do you know the man was a leper, if you had never seen one before, eh?" "Oh, he was a leper right enough—there was a horrible grayish scaly look upon him, and he was bloated and his arms were only stumps and—"

still some couple of miles from home, I quickened my pace. The night was falling as only those can understand who have witnessed a nightfall on the edge of the jungle. No need to tell them how the darkness drops like a heavy blanket nor of the startling transformation of the tangled underwood and the gigantic grasses, which suddenly become strange monsters endowed with life, moving to and fro, now smoothly, now jerkily, pointing with strange fingers; now uttering husky cries of hate, now jibbering idiot-likes. And the wild animals in the thickness of the interior, how they howl and shriek and cry and moan—roars of defiance, screams of pain, trumpets of victory! All made more intense by being subdued, as if the vegetation were unwilling to let the outside world know of the scenes enacted in that fearsome place.

I confessed to my run, holding my revolver at the full cock. But my steps were suddenly arrested by the magical appearance, directly in my path, of several lights. I pulled up sharply, and stood stock-still. The lights advanced, keeping time with the thumping of my heart. At last I could dimly discern a body of twenty or thirty natives, several of whom carried torches, which they must have just lighted. I awaited their coming not without trepidation, for I could not imagine what they were about. Just before reaching me, however, they turned quickly into the jungle. They were not five paces distant from me when they left the road, and I felt some surprise at their not having seen me. By a sudden overpowering impulse of curiosity I started to follow them, in order to learn the meaning of their strange journey.

Three weeks afterward I woke up. I was lying on a bed in my quarters. Henderson was bending over me; he raised his hand to prevent my speaking, saying, with a queer little smile: "Yes, yes—keep quiet; a touch of jungle fever, my boy, that's all—a trifling head; you'll be all right again in a jiffy." That "jiffy" was nearly three months. —Chambers's Journal.

Money May be Too Safe. "I have no doubt that many a family now struggling along under the heaviest of burdens, if I had only known nothing would be well off could they go to the safe deposit vault where the head of the house kept his valuables, open the door of his particular compartment and carry away its contents."

Processes Against Disease. According to a summary in the Saturday Review, attempts by bacteriological processes to remove from the human system the germs of infectious disease have been made by six different methods. The first is by Pasteur's preventive inoculation, in which a minute quantity of attenuated culture of the virus is administered to produce a light attack of the disease. The second is M. Pasteur's method in rabies, in which a mitigated virus is injected into a person already attacked with the disease, to overcome it. The third is the employment of the virus of a comparatively mild disease to protect against a more severe one, as in vaccination against smallpox. Next in order is the destruction of the disease producing bacteria by the administration of antiseptics or bactericides. A fifth method is the re-enforcement of natural means possessed by our systems for combating disease germs; by re-enforcing the leucocytes or white blood corpuscles, which destroy bacteria, by means of the injection of the blood of animals insusceptible to the disease; by raising or lowering the temperature of the body of the patient; by alterations of diet, climate, or surroundings; or by injection of phagocyte invigorators. The sixth method is by the injection of the "toxalbumens" formed by the bacteria growing in artificial cultures, as is done in Koch's method for tuberculosis. That these methods have not proved entirely satisfactory, and bacteriological treatment is now apparently at a standstill, is not due, it is thought, to any innate defect in the system, but to some technical detail.

Even my me no my, still singing that sad, monotonous refrain, were now quickly throwing the earth round the leper. Quicker and quicker they shovelled, louder and louder they sang: "Ohei, Ohei, thy wish is thine—'tis thine." The four beaming tom-toms threw them down and joined in. The earth mounted higher and higher round the doomed man. It reached his breast; he saved his poor stumps of arms towards the sky; he patted the earth with them, as if he were fondling a loved one. It reached his shoulders—he bent and kissed it passionately.

Oh, that scene!—the natives casting in the earth with frenzied energy; the torch-bearers standing like bronze statues, their torches throwing a red glare on the leper's head, now fast disappearing as it sinking in a pool of blood. Then the earth crept up to his mouth, his nostrils. \* \* \* With a convulsive effort I shut my eyes. In another moment the noise of the shovelling and singing ceased. My eyes involuntarily opened, just in time to see the torch-bearers thrusting their torches in the earth heaped up over the grave; they gave an angry splutter and then went out. For an instant there was utter darkness and silence. Then came the crowning horror: A vivid flash of lightning lit up the scene. It seemed to hang over the spot. And while the natives were thus enveloped with the ghastly hue of death, I heard—I vow I heard—muffled and faint as the shriek of a gagged man, the cry of the leper—the echo of a Voice—the Echo of a Life! Louder and louder grew that terrible voice; it roared like a catarrh, like a thousand peals of thunder; it became a thing—tangible, palpable—filling the universe, pressing on my brain—crushing it—till at last something snapped and I knew no more.

Remarkable Self-Sacrifice. The recent Thru insurance fraud in Wisconsin recalls to William A. Pinkerton a curious life insurance story from Oregon in which the supposed attempt at fraud was inspired by the romantic dream of a French novelist. This is the story told by Mr. Pinkerton:

"A young man living near Portland insured his life for \$10,000 for the benefit of his sister. After a few premiums had been paid his death was reported to the company. It had been caused by a fall from a high tree. Something in the circumstances aroused the suspicion of the company, and I was retained to make a personal investigation. I found that the young man and his immediate family were all poor. They lived from hand to mouth and were greatly in need of money. He was of a retiring, dreamy, romantic disposition, and very fond of his sister. There was no reason for him to climb the tall tree, nor when he got there any particular reason why he should tumble out of it. He was strong and hearty. His family were deeply grieved, but everything in a world pointed to the theory that he had committed suicide due to the sufferings of his people might be relieved by the insurance money. The thing was to prove it."

"Inquiry as to his habits developed the fact that he was a patron of the public library. I got a list of the books he read. They were mostly of a philosophical character, tending to atheism. Among the rest was a French novel which he had borrowed several times. I took it to the hotel to read and kill time. In it I found the full explanation of his suicide. The hero of the book was a poor and romantic young man. He insured his life for the benefit of his wife, and then went on an expedition to the Alps, and at the proper point made a mistake and rolled down a precipice, so laying his plans as to leave hope that he would escape unhurt and be enabled to go away from the country. His idea was to relieve the beneficiaries by means of the insurance money. He couldn't do it by his labor. The novelist made his action a noble self-sacrifice. The Oregon young man who emulated his example left himself no chance of escape, and he was killed. We fitted the two cases together, and the result was the insurance policy wasn't paid."

Snow. Snow falls to the earth in flakes because it is water solidified in starlike crystals, each snowflake being usually made up of several crystals, which are excessively light on account of the large quantity of air among the frozen particles. The snow crystals arise from the slow passage of the water vapor of clouds when the temperature falls below freezing point, into the solid condition, the fairy-like transformation taking place by the molecule or smallest independent particles of the water grouping themselves with the utmost mathematical regularity around different centres.

Each crystal of snow, as of anything else, is therefore a more or less perfect geometrical solid. The most complete snow crystals are formed in a clear atmosphere, where there is nothing to retard the gradual process of crystallization or molecular construction. Rain, on the other hand, being a liquid, falls in drops.—London Tid-Bits.

The Use of a Thumb. "I am right handed, and until now I never knew how important to me was the thumb of my left hand," said Oliver Golding, of San Francisco, at the Southern. "I got a run round, which is a sort of second cousin to a felon, on my thumb the other day, and it seems to me that I job it against everything that there is hard and sharp, and just that particular part of it between the quick and the nail that is sorest. If I put my hand in my pocket I have to wince. If I open a drawer, bang goes the run-round and against some projection of my desk. "If I have to pick up a paper or an envelope it seems to me that I must do it with that hand and not with the sound one. "I was always under the impression previous to this that I did everything with the right hand, but now I see that I do most of my reaching after things with the hand that has the sore thumb on."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Life is a continued story. Self-love is incurably blind. No flower is jealous of another. Sorrow finds a rainbow in tears. Poetry is an hereditary disease. Poetry is not prose cut to measure. Don't talk your good deeds to death. Thoughtfulness is the core of charity.

The fool has no fear; the brave man conquers it. After severely a man isn't anxious to look forward. Action is the fruit of sentiment. It has no flower. A man's words are not the index of his character. A hypocrite is one-third thief and two-thirds liar. A man's great deeds are always greater than himself. When a woman is weak she is sweet; when she is strong she is bitter. The bigger crowd a man is in, the harder he finds it to fight himself. There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet, the largest of which is I. A man is either a fool or a knave who buys without the means to pay. A wise man knows much; a wiser man tells much; the wisest man keeps his mouth shut. Some people are born good; some achieve goodness and some have goodness thrust upon them. A dictionary comes about as near defining what love is as a grain of sand comes to filling the ocean. The world is becoming more modest as it becomes more civilized; time was when the naked truth did not shock people.

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We pass each other on life's banquet stairs; New guests are mounting to the festive light. Close we descend together to the night. While muffled 'gainst the outside wintry air. They tread upon our shadows as they climb. With quick strong steps to join the crowd and crush. We see in sparkling eyes and speaking lip, How expectation glides the coming time. Young forms go by us tossing rhye sprays In brave apparel, stuts of flower and bird, Of blossom patches by the summer scatter, With shoon of silk, and gems that glitter rays.

Know we such zest, true heart! when mourning is up? Such haunts to lift the chalice to our lips, To learn if pleasure sweeter is in sips. Or, when, with manhood's thirst we drain the cup? Shall we stand by and carp at these, and say— "Go, giddy ones, and moth-like fire your wings— Pleasure is pain, and laughter sorrow brings." Shall we speak thus, who once were young as they? Farewell! We've sup'd. Life's wine was keen and bright. Old friends move by and gain the outer door: The wind blows buffets with a northern roar, And past the shadows gleams the distant light! —W. W. Maaten.

PITH AND POINT.

A furor—Oysters on the half shell. Horse-sense—An ability to say neigh. —Truth. "Only when they shadow us "Comparisons are odious."—Judge. Smallpox is not any more contagious than a good example.—Bam's Horn. Don't stay up late on a lark if you want to rise with it.—New York Recorder. Things are nearly always what they seem to be to the sewing-girl.—Buffalo Courier.

All work and no play makes the girl with a piano popular next door.—Binghamton Leader. Truth travels straight ahead, but a lie will stop at every corner and beat it.—Elmira Gazette. The cynic is very frequently a man who couldn't make a dollar at any other job.—Somerville Journal. Wheel—"You make me tired." Blacksmith—"Run around again, please."—Detroit Free Press. Book-borrowers are reminded that the print of their nails doesn't improve the typography of a work.—Truth. As a rule it is difficult to persuade an individual who rides a hobby that he had better take a walk.—Blizzard. It's nice to have the girl you love present. But when you can't make out it's use it isn't quite so pleasant. —Puck. A business left to run itself, as a rule, doesn't run very long. The man who stops it is the Sheriff.—Troy Press. When two people get mad at each other, each begins to think how much he has done for the other.—A. Shison Globe.

It is not so strange that the sea breaks on the shore—the sailors generally do the same thing.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Some people have trouble in finding words for their thoughts; others have trouble in finding thoughts for their words.—Washington Star. "The hero—his confidence so fine. And each man, full of nerve! Feels certain that the local nazi Is fit to beat the earth." —Washington Star. If haste is the mark of a weak mind, there is reason to believe that the average errand boy is profoundly intellectual.—Washington News. Aigh—"Bingley's wife doesn't prove to be all that he fancied she was." Bee—"Very likely; he got her at a bargain counter."—Boston Transcript. With all the modern notions Our great world's fair is best— Mr. Cleveland pressed the button And Chicago did the rest. —Washington Star. "Is Newlywed a man that heeds the dictates of his conscience?" "Somewhat, but not to the extent he heeds those of his wife."—Chicago Chronicle.

It is easier for a man to find his own name in a newspaper when it is there than it is for him to locate a double-leaded article with a scare-head.—Puck. On willing waste the maiden trowns, In silvery sue believes. So be construction full year's grows This year a enormous sleeves. —Puck. You can never measure the spiritual welfare of a congregation from the height of the church steeple for which the members have paid.—Detroit Free Press. Nobody likes the man who is always finding fault, but everybody is glad to take advantage of the improvements that his constant kicking brings about. Boston Globe. Do not think that the politician loves you because he shakes your hand so effusively. After the election, maybe, he will shake you altogether.—Boston Transcript. The fisherman now homeward hies, As happy as a king; Three little fish and ten big lies Are dangling on his string. —Kansas City Journal. The average balloonist may not be more inclined to pay his debts than his fellows, but it must be admitted that he sometimes "comes down" in a hurry.—Boston Courier. Father—"Do you need this dictionary in your school work?" Dollie—"Yes, it's just the thing to stand on when I heat my curling iron in the gas."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. Why should we waste time and fret? The martinet's a're; Each member has his violet And every fish its lar. —Detroit Free Press. She—"I will never marry a man whose fortune has not at least five ciphers in it." He (triumphantly)— "Oh, darling! Mine is all ciphers!" Boston Commercial Bulletin.