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100 WEST STREET, NEW YORK

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**STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.**  
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Members: Herbert H. Beaufort,  
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Chief Justice, Wm. H. Smith, of Wake.  
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James E. Hephner, of Beaufort,  
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**JUDGES SUPERIOR COURT.**  
First District, George H. Brown, of  
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Second District, Frederick Phillips, of  
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**REPRESENTATIVES IN CONGRESS.**  
Senator, Zedon B. Vance, of Mecklen-  
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**HOUSE REPRESENTATIVES.** First District,  
Thomas G. Skinner, of Perquimans.  
Second District, H. P. Heatham, col.,  
of Currituck.

**CITY.**  
Mayor, Jos. G. Chalmers.  
Clerk, J. A. Burgess.  
Treasurer, J. B. Spawford.  
Comptroller, J. G. Griffin.

**CHURCHES.**  
Methodist, Rev. W. R. Ware, pastor. Services every Sunday morning and evening. Sunday school at 3 p. m.  
A. W. Thomas, Superintendent.  
Presbyterian, Rev. E. Mack, pastor. Services every Sunday morning and evening. Sunday school at 3 p. m.  
Episcopal, Rev. Nat. Harding, Rector. Services every Sunday at 8 a. m. and 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Edmund Alexander, Superintendent.

**TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.**  
W. M. T. U. Regular meeting every Thursday night at 8 a. m. at Town Hall.  
W. M. T. U. Regular meeting every Thursday, 4 p. m. at Town Hall.  
Club and Union Prayer meeting every Sunday in Town Hall at 2:30 p. m.  
Band of Hope meets every Friday.

**LODGES.**  
Ott Lodge, No. 101, A. F. and A. M. meet at Masonic Hall 1st and 3rd Tuesday nights of each month, 8:30 to 10:30 p. m.  
M. R. T. Lodge, No. 10, I. O. O. F. meets every 1st and 3rd Friday night at their hall, C. M. Brown, N. G.; W. J. Campbell, Sec'y; J. B. Ross, R. P. Reporter.  
Knights of Honor, meets 1st and 3rd Thursday night at Odd Fellows' Hall, T. J. Carmalt, Dictator; Arthur Mayo, Reporter; J. B. Ross, R. P. Reporter.  
Knights of Honor, meets every 2nd and 4th Thursday night at Odd Fellows' Hall, C. M. Brown, commander.  
W. M. C. N. G. meets every 1st and 3rd Monday night at Odd Fellows' Hall, W. M. C. N. G. Secretary.

**Excelsior Lodge, No. 31, O. G. C. meets 1st and 2nd Tuesday night at Odd Fellows' Hall, Dr. S. T. Nicholson, commander, Dr. H. Saell, Secretary.**

# THE WASHINGTON GAZETTE.

"THE OLD NORTH STATE FOREVER."

VOL. XIII.

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NO. 8.

## UNCERTAINTY.

Uncertainty is written high  
And low on Nature's scroll,  
Yet ever smiles and showers  
Beside the rainbow's bow.  
The hours are far above the sky,  
Where countless globes roll  
In at his all eternity,  
The soul is ever in the sky,  
'Tis the celestial glory.

Uncertain as a fabled dream  
Are fortune, fame and power,  
Whose hollow honors, claims and gleam  
Unfall the passing hour.  
Uncertain every human scheme;  
But, lo! the immortal flower,  
Shall bloom throughout eternity,  
The soul knows no uncertainty,  
Through rude Time's tempests lower.

When Earth itself her course hath run,  
And o'er our race shall fall  
No more the show of star or sun,  
Blind Fate shall sweep us all,  
Then shall our souls, like lightning one,  
Shall sweep death's terrors thrall,  
Triumphant o'er uncertainty,  
Where spirit wings are.

For de-lancee.

One of the deadliest serpents of the tropics is the for-de-lancee, of which there are at least eight varieties. Laford-Hearn says that the reptile is of precisely the color which will enable it to hide among foliage or the roots of trees. Sometimes it is of a bright yellow, and one can scarcely distinguish it from the bunch of bananas within which it coils.

Again it may be black or yellowish brown, or of any hue resembling tropical forest mold, but bark or decomposing trees. The iris of the eyes is orange, with red flashes, and it glows at night like burning gold.

In Martinique the for-de-lancee is absolute lord of the forest by day, and at night he extends his dominion over the bridging of the English channel. The scheme for a tunnel under the Straits of Dover appears to have been indefinitely abandoned. This being the case, M. Harpue, the French engineer, and William H. Northcote, the English bridge builder, have put their heads together for the purpose of devising a plan for throwing a bridge across the strait almost exactly over the line proposed by the tunnel company, which will be from Folkestone, on the English side, to Cape Grizeez, France, by the way of Varne and the Calbart, two reefs much dreaded by all channel and strait navigators.—St. Louis Republic.

**Another story of "dollars and cents."**  
Prince Albert Victor, second son of the Prince of Wales, commonly known as "Collars and Cuffs," was a roystering blade at school. When he was short of money, as was often the case, he would write to his august grandmother to help him out. The distance, as he would always answer his appeals for aid with a kind letter of advice, but no money. On such occasions Albert Victor would go out into the campus and sell the queen's autograph letter to the highest bidder. A large number of English families have such letters in their possession.—San Francisco Argonaut.

**Driving Away Rats.**  
If any one has a house that is overrun with rats he can get rid of them in a very cheap and simple manner. Catch a full grown rat in a wire cage, then tie a little lead ball about his neck and let him go. There is nothing in the world as timid as rats. They will flee from the rat with the bell, and within two days you will not find a rat on your premises. You may hear, however, of a haunted house somewhere else in the neighborhood, where a mysterious tinkling of a bell is heard in the walls at the dead of night.—New York Journal.

Byron swam the Hellespont in an hour and ten minutes after having once tried and failed. The distance, as he told his mother, was not more than a mile in a straight line, but to accomplish that mile in such a time he had to swim two or three miles. Compared with the performances of some of our swimmers of today it was not extraordinary, and it was done in rather warm water. The distance of May, which is one of the hot months in that part of the world.

According to The London Times Jeremiah Lynch's book, "Egyptian Sketches," published in London, has created a furor among foreign Egyptologists, and taken its place as a classic and standard work on the land of the Pharaohs. Mr. Lynch is an American business man, living in San Francisco, who spends much of his time in study.

They tell of an engineer on the New Jersey coast and failed, who is one of those men who, no matter what the provocation is, never use swear words. In an accident his locomotive was smashed all to pieces. The engineer walked around the wreck, gazed at it mournfully, paused, and ejaculated, "Oh, fiddle!"

A Cusseta, Ga., man drove into and through a clump of be-gums. He and his mule were stung nearly to death, grave fears being entertained as to their recovery. It is estimated that the man received 2,000 stings.

If you are suffering with weak or inflamed eyes, or granulated eyelids, you can be cured by using Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Eye Salve. The blood must be pure for the body to be in perfect condition. Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood an imparts the rich blood of health and vigor to the whole body.

## Queer Boston Husbands.

During a visit to one of the suburbs of Boston a few facts came to my notice which I thought might strike some of your readers as rather odd. Surely woman's rights prevail here to a great extent, at least in one direction—that is, as regards the weekly washing. I called on a lady one afternoon and she complained of being "soiled." Her husband, she said, had had the grip and had done the washing the night before, but he really was too ill to hang out the clothes, and she had to do it that morning, and she had to use soap, which I had never heard of before. I was so surprised that I suppose I must have shown my feelings.

I finally said it was the first time I had heard of the men doing such things; that is, American men. But she informed me that a great number of men in the place did the washing, and other work, too, which I had always considered belonged to woman's domain. This is how it was managed: The husband did the washing in the evening, and if the weather was at all dubious in the morning would go to work as usual. But, in the course of the morning, it should clear off he would rest for a little time off, and rush home and hang out the clothes. And no one seemed to think it either funny or odd.

The wife can outwalk any woman I know; and was always ready for a day's shopping in Boston, which is so wearing to most ladies.

"But then," she said, "Fred was sure to get home by a little after 5 and have a nice hot cup of coffee ready, and an oyster stew, or something else nice and warm, knowing I would come home cold and hungry." And that man was not considered a first class fool, either, strange as it may seem. I thought the twentieth verse of the fourth chapter of Esdras very appropriate to him. I am not interested in any laundry, but will mention that it only costs thirty-six cents per dozen here to have clothes done up very nicely. One lady informed me that her sister said it was such a trial for her to go over the clothes, and if they were not clean throw them back in the tub for her husband to rub again. I don't think I could ever get a particular respect for a man like that.

These are the only cases in this place that I know of, as one lady informed me that not only her husband did the washing on their street, but there was only one man who did not.—Cor. Hartford Times.

**The Imprisoned Duck.**  
A young duck, by some accident, had its leg broken, and the wounded bird having been put in a pen, the duck was placed under a small crate, or railed coop, to prevent it, for a time, from running about. The poor prisoner looked very forlorn in this cage, and was evidently an object of pity to his brothers and sisters around him. They tried to release their companion by forcing their necks under the bars, but the effort was beyond their strength. On ascertaining this, they held a consultation and then they marched away in a body. Presently they reappeared with all the ducks belonging to the farm yard, and they tried to deal of quacking their way surrounded the crate, and every neck was inserted under the lowest rail; they then made a united effort to raise the crate, but alas! in vain; their strength was not sufficient. Another consultation was now held, and after another storm of quacking, the whole of them came to one side of the crate; as many as possibly could now thrust their necks beneath the rail, the rest pushing them forward from behind. This time they succeeded; the crate was raised, their imprisoned friend was liberated, and noisy were the greetings she received as she limped, once more free, into their midst.—New York Mail and Express.

**Wonderful Mechanism.**  
The Bank of England's doors are now so finely balanced that a clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the damage and ingenious unemployed of the great metropolis from robbing this famous institution. The bulletin departments of this and other great English banking establishments are nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of machinery. In some of the London banks the bulletin departments are connected with the managers' sleeping rooms, and an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near that person's head. If a dishonest official, during either day or night, should take away as much as one from a pile of a thousand sovereigns the whole pile would instantly sink and a pool of water take its place, beside letting every person in the establishment know of the theft.—St. Louis Republic.

**An Extraordinary Beard.**  
Philip Henson, a planter, residing near Corinth, Miss., is believed to be the possessor of the longest beard in the world. He is a man of unusual stature, standing nearly 6 1/2 feet in his stockings; this notwithstanding, his beard reaches the ground when he is standing erect. A German residing in Chicago a few years ago boasted of his 60 inches of beard, but Henson goes him several better, having many threads in his beard which measure over 70 inches. This remarkable growth is but fourteen years old.—St. Louis Republic.

**For rheumatic and neuralgic pains,** rub in Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment, and take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla. You will not suffer long, but be gratified with a speedy and effective cure. may13m

Children who are troubled with worms may be quickly relieved by taking Dr. J. H. McLean's Liquid Vermifuge. If you feel "out of sorts" cross and peevish—take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla cheerfulness will return and life acquire new zest.

## GENIUS OF THE CELT.

**New Shrewd Natives Work the American Travelers in Ireland.**  
Irish wit loses much of its keenness or position. Thoroughly to appreciate a clever dog is an old circus man. He used to be tumbled in the ring. There comes a day in the life of every circus tumbler when he must quit the business and go into something else. Burton went to training dogs. He has been with several companies, but is now his own boss. He had a valuable troupe of dogs once in New York, but somebody poisoned them. The professor's present family of dogs consists of Italian greyhounds, German poodles, a Russian poodle, a Russian spitz, a liver-and-white spaniel, a spitz, a black dog that does the somerset act, and several others.

"There is no dog," said the professor, "which can't be taught a trick of some sort. Of course there are some dogs that learn quicker than others, and more tricks. I am always asked how I teach dogs these tricks. Well, there is no trick about it that I ever knew. It takes patience and judgment, and a good deal of skill. You see, I never give any instructions. In fact, I have to be very cautious. The other day two of my family got into a squabble. I separated them, but with trouble. In doing so I had to cut one of them with the whip. That fellow is heartbroken. He has had the salks ever since. He won't eat and he won't sleep. I've got to send him away for a few days.

"A dog should be at least a year old before training. I select different breeds for different acts. The greyhound is a natural leaper. The spaniel is a trickster. The spitz is the clown. The black dog—the black-and-tan one—is the acrobat.

"Under ordinary circumstances the average dog will learn his trick in five weeks. Then the trick comes when he goes on the stage the first time. Talk about people having stage fright! I've known dogs when brought on the stage for the first time make a break and run away and tremble like a frightened child. When they get used to the stage, they like the stage, and the more applause they get the better they act. You may think that is stretching it, but it is a fact that trick dogs do better if they are applauded, and this is especially true if the applause comes from children.

"These trick dogs know their places on the stage and take their cue from the music. They are never out of play. This, I think, is instinct, for anybody could go on the stage with them if he knew the words to speak and the motions to make, and the dogs would go through the same programme they go through with me.

"I keep them in cages after the show. Every morning at 9:30 I take them out for exercise. They are fed twice a day—in the morning and after the show at night. This troupe consumes about fifteen loaves of bread and a large size market basket of cooked meat every day.

"They never forget a trick. I hid off some months ago, and sent the dogs to the country. I had a collection of several weeks—me and the dogs. When I returned to the stage with them they went through every part without a break. There is good feeling between the members of the present family. They are healthy and full of fun. There isn't a cynic in the lot."—Chicago Tribune.

**The Craze for Odd Leather.**  
An extensive leather dealer of London, traveling in this country, says that never before was there such a craze in London for queer leather as at the present time. He adds: "All kinds of skins, from elephant's to frog's, are pressed into service to meet the demands of the fashionable. Some of our shops are stocked with a supply of fancy articles that are made from the skins of all sorts of beasts, reptiles and fishes. These queer objects are displayed in the backrooms, where their queer and various working crowds. Made up into various articles are yellow pelican skins, lion and panther skins, buffalo skins, fish skins, monkey skins, snake skins, and the coverings of almost every living thing known. They are tanned and sometimes colored with blue, grey or red. I think it looks hideous to see a pretty English girl walking along the street swinging a portmanteau made of the scaly hide of a boa constrictor. But it's fashion's order, you know."—Exchange.

**Preferred His Own Importation.**  
Col. Reynolds was wounded. His thigh was shattered by a ball, and after a grave and protracted consultation the surgeons informed the brave Irishman that his leg must be amputated in order to save his life. He was true to his word, and protested against this strongly. "Can't you cure the leg?" he pleaded. The surgeons shook their heads, and one of them informed him that it would not be so bad after all, as he could wear a cork leg. "It's a Cork leg I have now," he replied, with a grim smile. "I may be cured, but because I imported it myself—I imported it from Ireland."—Chicago Herald.

**Once in a While.**  
When a judge tells a prisoner that he has been tried by a jury of his peers, he may be cured, but the chances are, with the jury system run the way it is, that the average prisoner has more sense and intelligence than the average man sitting on his case. He has got to be a mighty poor man who is the peer of a juror.—Detroit Free Press.

**A Plane of Flowers.**  
A pretty conceit in flowers was shown in the Hotel Brunswick at the meeting of the piano makers. It was an imitation of an upright piano of regulation size. Violets formed the body, lilacs and white carnations the keys, and red and white roses constituted the rest of the design.—New York World.

**George W. Childs, the rich Philadelphia editor and philanthropist,** began his business career by sweeping out stores in Baltimore. He arrived in Philadelphia unknown and penniless, and finally worked his way into a bookstore.

**The circulation of the blood—quickened and thickened—brings life and energy to every portion of the body; appetite returns; the hour of rest brings with it sound repose. This can be secured by taking Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla.**

## DOGS AND THEIR TRICKS.

**Most Any Dog Can Be Taught Some Trick and He'll Never Forget It.**  
Professor Barton, who has a troupe of clever dogs, is an old circus man. He used to be tumbled in the ring. There comes a day in the life of every circus tumbler when he must quit the business and go into something else. Burton went to training dogs. He has been with several companies, but is now his own boss. He had a valuable troupe of dogs once in New York, but somebody poisoned them. The professor's present family of dogs consists of Italian greyhounds, German poodles, a Russian poodle, a Russian spitz, a liver-and-white spaniel, a spitz, a black dog that does the somerset act, and several others.

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## THE TEXAN COWBOY.

**He is Shady, Generous, Bold, Fearless, Warmhearted and Has Small Feet.**  
Cowboy life has in the last few years lost much of its roughness. The cattle barons have discharged most of the men who drank and have frowned so persistently upon gambling that little of it is done. On the ranches kept up fence they have little to do when not on the drive or in branding time, the cattle being all safely inclosed. But they must take their turns at line riding, which means a close inspection of the fences and the repair of all breaks and damages. Where night overtakes them there they sleep, staking their horses and rolling themselves in their blankets. These rides of inspection take days to accomplish, for there are ranches in Texas which extend in a straight line over seventy-five miles. Those ranches which are not kept up fence necessitate more work. The boys must then keep their cattle in sight, or else allow them to stray in every direction, must see that none in the many thousands stray beyond the limits of their own particular pastures. They go then in parties, scattering over the territory, for they must cover hundreds of thousands of acres in a day.

It is not a life of hardship, and pays well enough. Everything is furnished to them free of and of the very best, and they are paid besides thirty dollars per month. Each party stays out from two to three weeks at a time; but they take with them the finest of camp wagons, with beds and bedding, cooking utensils, the best of groceries of all kinds, and as excellent a cook as money can employ. The prairies are full of game, and their rifles are ever handy. The life is free, fascinating and peculiarly healthy.

These men are exceedingly chivalrous to all women. This seems to be a trait born in them, as much a part of their moral nature as it is of their physique. To have small feet, for it is seldom that a genuine Texan cowboy can be found who has not the distinguishing mark of a handsome foot, and his boots are to him all that the sombrero is to a Mexican. He will deny himself many pleasures, he will go without a coat and be seen in most dilapidated attire, but he will never be out of the best and most beautiful make that the country can afford; high of heel and curved of instep, a fine upper and thin sole, fitting like a glove and showing the hand some foot to perfection.

Take the cowboys as a class, they are bold, fearless and generous, a warmhearted and manly set, with nothing so much to be feared as their honesty, and Texas need not be ashamed of the brave and skillful riders who traverse the length and breadth of her expansive prairies.—Leo C. Harby in Harper's.

**Erasmus Wiman's Early Start.**  
Erasmus Wiman probably gets at work earlier than any other business man of prominence in New York. He is not afraid of impairing his appetite for breakfast by looking over his business correspondence, and as a rule he has finished a good share of his work before the majority of men have started for their offices. He begins to dictate the answers to his letters at 6:30 in the morning in the summer and at 7 in the winter. His stenographer, who is an energetic young man and a quick and accurate writer, calls at Mr. Wiman's house on Staten Island long before the family is astir with the morning's mail, which is brought by a messenger from New York.

Mr. Wiman looks over the mail and dictates the letters rapidly. At 8 o'clock the stenographer starts for New York, while Mr. Wiman sits down to breakfast with his family. By the time he gets to his office he has got rid of the first hour's routine work, the letters which he has dictated are written out and ready for his signature. His regular hour for seeing people on business matters is between 12 and 1, but they are after him pretty much all day long. Gray hairs are beginning to appear in the abundant thatch of brown hair that crowns his head, but they are the only tangible indications of the result of beginning the business day at 6:30 in the morning.—New York World.

**Pecculiarities of the Turquois.**  
The turquoise called in former times Turkes or Turkey stone, is a light blue stone, sometimes translucent, usually opaque. It is both oriental and occidental; the former is the best. It is found in reniform or stalactitic masses, never in crystal. It comes from Persia, China, Arabia, Thibet, Silesia and Saxony, and has been found in our western territory. It is nearly one-half alumina, and strikes fire with steel. There is a bone or fossil turquoise found in Languedoc, France. It is called turquois bicard, and is softer than the oriental.

In color the turquoise is white, blue and azure blue and greenish blue, but only fine blue stones are prized. The softer turquoise is subject to change, particularly if brought in contact with musk, camphor or other scents and with acids, but some ancient stones are in existence that have not changed color.—Keystone.

**Quite Another Thing.**  
Tom Dixon: "Why did you give up your room with Mrs. Borden, Jack? I thought she treated you like a mother." Jack Upers: "No, indeed; she treated me like a son."—Puck.

**There is a colored man in Galveston** who is worth over \$350,000. He has a fine property of the best make, worth \$250,000 per pair will run during the next 60 days at 50 cts. per pair by Mrs. A. E. Bell.

**THE Big Mogul and the Rough Diamond** are good smokes at Habour's 5c apiece.

## ANXIOUS ABOUT HIS MAIL.

**An Englishman in Chicago writes a Poet.**  
A plain looking Englishman who is at the Palmer House, asked so many questions of the people about the hotel since his arrival that the clerks hide when he appears in the office. Yesterday morning he cornered Thomas O'Brien, the room clerk, and asked where the postmaster lived. "I can't tell you, sir," replied the clerk. "The postoffice is at Clark and Adams streets."

"Then the postmaster is apt to be there?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Who is he?"  
"Col. Sexton."  
"Nice fellow?"  
"None better."  
"I want to transact some business with him, and would rather know a bit about the man before going over to his office."  
"You will find him a thorough gentleman."  
"Is he?"  
"Yes, sir, won't you kindly jot down a line to him recommending me? Your recommendation, with my letter of introduction from home, will be all that is necessary for him to accommodate me."

"I don't like to refuse you," said the clerk, "but it is against the rules of the house to endorse any paper for the guests."  
"But I don't want that, you know. Just a letter of introduction will answer my purpose. You see, I wish to send home a few letters about my jaunt in the States, and I don't like to have the officer in charge of the post refuse them because I am a stranger, you know."  
The clerk would not have been more surprised if an actor had registered at the hotel without asking for cheap rates or some other favor.

"You mean to say," asked the clerk, "that you want to mail some letters, but you are afraid they won't go unless you have a letter of introduction to the postmaster?"  
"Quite so. You can dash off a few lines in a minute."  
"Yes; but it is not necessary. Just put your initials in the lower left hand corner of the envelope. The postmaster knows you are stopping here. He will recognize the initials when he is sorting the London mail, and your letters will receive the best of care."  
"You are kind," said the Englishman, perfectly satisfied with this assurance. "I'll do that, thank you."  
The clerk sighed as the guest walked away. "There is plenty of cleverness in England," he murmured; "but that chap is like the man who felt out of a balloon—he isn't in it."—Chicago Tribune.

**Congressional Twins.**  
There are two men on the Republican side of the house who look enough alike to be twin brothers. They are Louis E. McComas, of Hagerstown, Md., and William D. Owen, of Logansport, Ind. McComas is a sharp, shrewd lawyer and Owen has been a minister of the Christian church. The former is a member of the committee on appropriations and the latter is chairman of the committee on immigration and naturalization. The District of Columbia appropriation bill was the first appropriation bill passed. McComas drove it through the house with lightning like speed. It is said that several Washingtonians congratulated the Rev. Mr. Owen on the ability he had displayed in securing the appropriations for the district and asked him into the restaurant to have something.

McComas' experiences are, however, not so pleasant. The doorkeeper says that he was recently stopped at the corridor by a matronly lady, wearing black lace mitts and gold eye glasses, who threw up both hands on seeing him and said: "Laf. Brother Owen, how do you do? Why, I haven't seen you in a dog's age!"—Cor. Chicago Times.

**Cloth of Broken Glass.**  
A new and interesting invention has recently been given a practical test—namely, a machine for making cloth of broken glass. Besides utilizing hundreds of tons of a broken and useless substance the textile produced will have many advantages over all other fabrics; it is incombustible, can be manufactured in all colors and of any desired strength or thickness. The one property of incombustibility will render it invaluable to those working near or with fire. It is also used for ladies' dresses and for other purposes, in place of silk, and it is said to be more glossy and lustrous and is more easily washed. It is stated to have all the appearances characterizing silk, being as soft and even more elastic. Its usefulness will of course depend much on its durability.—British Warehouseman.

**Cause and Effects.**  
First Theatrical Manager (meeting a brother manager at the entrance to the house of representatives)—Hello! what were you doing in there?  
Second Manager—Am studying some new effects in the way of a mob for next season.—Puck.

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