

Washington Progress.

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Many women in California are getting rich by cultivating fruit farms, themselves doing much of the work, picking, packing, butter-making, canning fruits, making jellies, jams, marmalades, and crystallizing figs and apricots.

A cotton-picking machine has just been constructed at Richmond, Va., which will gather cotton from the stalks and put it in bags as the machine is drawn by horse-power along the cotton row. It will pick from 3000 to 3500 pounds of cotton per day.

Modern warfare is returning fast to use of weapons which were long ago given up as useless. The lance is being restored. Roman soldiers once carried a spade; English troops have recently done the same. The dog has yet to figure in a war, though the pigeon did useful work in 1870.

The earth contains something of value besides coal, petroleum and gas. The production of gold in this country during the year 1886 is estimated at \$35,000,000, and that of silver at \$51,000,000. The total amount of silver taken out of the old ball in 1886 in all countries was of a value of \$124,000,000.

General George A. Sheridan of New York says he got more money for less actual service than any other man who ever served in Congress. He was not admitted to his seat until about three hours before the expiration of his term, and he drew salary, mileage, etc., amounting to about \$14,000. In that respect he thinks his Congressional fame will be immortal.

The United States Geological Survey will collect all attainable information regarding the recent earthquakes in Arizona. Circular letters of inquiry have been sent to residents on the area affected, as usual. The disturbed area seems to be a circle of some four hundred miles radius, fully one-quarter as large as the Charleston earthquake, and nearly one-third of the area of the Riviera earthquake of last February.

Managers of drug store soda fountains in the cities report that the demand is increasing for phosphates, ginger extracts, and other preparations for toning up the system. Mineral spring waters are not now so much sought after. Women seldom call for nerve drinks; they prefer sweet extracts. But the men usually ask for something to brace them up—something to wind up run-down powers and prop failing energies—usually the result of excesses in the use of liquor and tobacco.

The farmers of Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana are arranging a scheme of co-operation which, if properly carried out, is expected to benefit them greatly, and speedily drive out the crop mortgage. The idea is to construct cotton, cottonseed oil and flour mills in different centres, so as to enable the farmer to get a local market for his produce, and be sure of obtaining a fair price. The mills will be owned by the farmers themselves, who will act as their own commission agents, and manufacture with their own produce.

Although the thugs of India have been long since exterminated, a Hindoo writer in the London Standard tells how they have been replaced by professional poisoners. These people make use of a poison extracted from the seed of the ahatara, mixed with opium, and travel from place to place; now poisoning a traveling companion for his money, a laborer for his oxen or a host for the valuables in his house. They are distinguished from the thugs in that they will kill women, children and pilgrims who the thugs would not do. The road poisoners are organized secretly and great efforts have been made to exterminate them, and thus far without success.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times makes the following extraordinary suggestion: Lay large cast iron pipes under ground from Philadelphia to the nearest point of salt water, and through these pipes force the fresh sea breezes to a large reservoir in a central part of the city, to which small pipes could be attached leading directly to private dwellings, and we could thus enjoy a "breath of good salt air," without the trouble and expense of a trip to Cape May or Atlantic City. What a boon this would be to invalids, to infants in hot weather and how comforting and exhilarating it would be to the aged and others who from want of strength or "material aid" are unable to leave their dwellings. If you will permit me to intimate this matter in your paper, I feel confident there are those now living who have the ability to mature the plans for the enterprise. There may be those who will treat my suggestions as offspring of a bewildered imagination, but the project is feasible, and whoever lives a quarter of a century will see and enjoy the benefits of it. Mark my prediction.

Indian Summer.
The sunlight, in a warm and mellow tide
Upon this Indian summer day descends;
Earth, sky, and all the view of waters wide
In silent and harmonious beauty blends.
Along the southward slopes the after-glow
Still shows the emerald shade of summer
time;
With lingering pace a troop of zephyrs pass,
And oft repeat a verse of mystic rhyme,
The vapor ships that slowly cross the sky
Are smooth and fleecy, like the clouds of
June.
And only trees that leafless meet my eye
Remind me earth has passed from Nature's
noon.
—[A. F. Browne.

A BACHELOR'S REWARD.

BY GEORGE TRACE.
It was a cold January day. John Steele sat alone in his office, in the midst of a deep reverie.
It was seldom that he was idle, as he was at the present time, but this evening the memories of the past came flocking upon him like ghosts from another land.
John Steele was a bachelor of forty. He had been born and reared a poor boy, in the little town of M——, and had never felt a desire to leave it. He had studied law and plodded along year after year in the dingy, grimy office, in which he found him now, and had grown rich. He had no personal friends, and lived alone in a large, old frame house at the outskirts of the town, with a man servant as cook and general man-of-all-work.

Years and years before, when a young man of twenty, poor and aimless, Steele had loved a girl whose parents would not let her marry him because he was so worthless. In his rage he blamed her for this and would listen to no reason, and from that day had hated women and had led a solitary life. It was this scene that now held John Steele in his office chair, as the mantle of night gathered over the town.

"More than twenty years ago," he mused, "and I don't believe I have ever spoken to a woman, except on business, since that day. They say she married a no-account wretch after all, who has sunk down to poverty and want. Well, well, I must not waste time thinking about such things now. I was only a boy then, and did not know what I wanted. I must be going." Whereupon he arose, buttoned his coat about him, locked his office and trudged on his homeward journey.

Rumor had it about town that, although by her parents' influence, Katie Drew had married shortly after her refusal of Steele, that she had loved him dearly. This was most likely true, but as twenty years had past, the matter had faded from the general mind to give way to more lively gossip.

Steele ate his supper in silence. William, his man-of-all-work had a very good meal prepared; for, though Steele was close-fisted he believed in good eating, good clothes and comfortable living.

"Now, William," said Steele, when he had finished, "if you fix me up enough food to do me to-morrow, you may have a holiday. And here is your money and five dollars to have a time with. No holiday for me; I don't need any and don't want any."

"Thank you, Mr. Steele, for your goodness," said William. "But, Mr. Steele, don't you never take any little extra pleasure at all? You know I used to know you when you was a little fellow; and I can remember seeing your good mother holding you up at the old church so you could see the Christmas tree. And you was a wee little tad then, and you clapped your little hands in glee and your mother would kiss your baby face and talk baby-talk to you. It don't seem like that was near forty years ago, Mr. Steele, but it was."

"Confound the fellow," grumbled Steele, as he sat down in his room that night to read. "If I should listen to him he would upset me. I don't know what is the matter with me this evening anyhow. I never felt so queer in my life. I guess I am using too much tobacco of late."
He read until bedtime, and was in the act of taking off his boots, when he heard a knock at the front door.
"Wonder who that is," he thought. "Something unusual at this place."
He listened a moment and there came another knock.
"What the deuce can that William be doing that he don't go the door?" said Steele. "I want to go to bed, and it may be some one that wants me. To borrow money, I guess. Well, unless they have good security, not a cent do they get."
At this juncture, William opened the door. Steele heard an indistinct conversation and then William conducted the visitor to the kitchen. After some moments William came walking into the room.

"Well, what is it?"
"Excuse me, Mr. Steele, but there is a poor woman in the kitchen who needs some help badly. I'm sure she does, for she don't look as a common beggar. She says she has walked through the cold all the way from the last town, and is most dead."
"Yes, that is what they all say. Give her something to eat and send her on."

"But I wish you would come and see her."
"Bother these beggars," mumbled Steele. "But I guess I'll go down to get rid of her."
Steele saw a black figure sitting by the fire.
"Well," he said to her, when he entered, "what can I do for you?"
She turned toward him. Her face was not that of a beggar. Although a trifle pale, it was the face of a pretty woman of thirty-five.

"I only wished to get warm," she said. "I was so cold that I felt as if I should freeze. I am sorry to disturb you. I have friends in the town, and am sure I can get employment of some kind there. I used to live there years and years ago."

By means of a few questions he learned that she was a widow without any relations in the world. He was deeply touched by her story.

"What was your husband's name?" asked Steele.
"Carter," she said; "George Carter."
"Wait here a moment," he said, and went up to his room.

He went to his desk and took out some money. "I so seldom give," said he, "and can afford to be liberal to this poor woman." He took two ten-dollar bills and started back to the kitchen.

"She said her name was Carter. Carter—Carter? Where have I heard—what! Carter! My God! That was the name of her husband. She said she used to live here years ago. It must be she. It is Kate Drew! It must be!"

Steele shook like a leaf. He seemed young again. He remembered her once more as the sweet-faced girl, and the heart which had been slumbering so long seemed to spring into new life. He sat down on the stairs to compose himself, and then started again for the kitchen.

"William," said Steele, when he entered, "here is the key to my office. I wish you would go there and bring me a packet you will find on my desk."

William fell in the trap without suspicion, and was off.

Steele seated himself in a dark corner and looked at the woman. He could see his old love in every feature of the face. He was strangely excited and knew not what to say.

"You say you lived here once?" he began.

"Yes, when I was a girl," she said. "And bad fortune has overtaken you since. Perhaps you knew my cousin, then, John Steele?"

"Yes," she said, "I knew him. Is he not here now?"

"No, poor fellow," said Steele, feeling guilty as he spoke the words, "he is dead."
"Dead!" and she leaned her head on her hand and wept.

"Yes," said Steele, feeling like a murderer as he spoke, "but none who knew him were sorry for it. He had no good in him, and lived a selfish life."

"Poor man!" said the sweet, sympathizing tones. "At heart he was good."
Something seemed to move Steele. He got up and stood by her chair. His hand, by accident, touched her. It sent a thrill through him that seemed to make a new being of him.

"Katie," he said, "don't you know me?"
She looked up, started, stood erect and got a good look into his face.

"John!" she said, in a scared way, and hid her face in her hands.

"Yes, Katie," he said, "it is John. I was thinking of you to-day, and it seems as though heaven has sent you."
"This is such a shock to me," and she sat down again.

Steele's heart was throbbing wildly, and he quivered with excitement.

"I am old, now Katie, and perhaps awkward in my speech, but—I—I can't help what I am saying. You have no home, I am rich, and you are the only woman I ever loved. You are welcome to all I have. My life has been very lonely. With you I would be happy. You can't love me, I know, after all this time but I do not ask that."

She arose as if to go. Poor Steele's heart seemed to be bursting. He unconsciously put forth his arms and touched her. With a sob she fell into them and rested her head on his shoulder.

"Katie!" he cried in joy.
"Oh, John, how can I speak?"
"Say something, Katie."
"I feel so guilty. I thought you would never forgive me. But—but—but I have—"

"But what, Katie?"
"Oh, John, you know I loved you then, and it was not my fault. I have loved you all these long years. I am so happy, if you will but forgive me."
"Forgive you! Don't speak of that again. You are homeless no longer, Katie. I know what love is at least. You are in my house now, and you shall never go out of it except as my wife."

"No, John, not—"
"Yes, don't object. I know it don't sound well, but I don't care for that. A preacher lives close. Won't you consent?"
"But—"
"Please don't refuse, Katie."
"Well, I guess—"

Just then William came in. Steele nearly ran over him. "Hang the papers!" he said, as William offered them to him.

"Here, William," he said, as he came down stairs putting on his overcoat, "fix the front room and light a fire. Don't you hear, you idiot? Don't stand looking, move about."

William did not know what was the matter. He had just got the fire lighted when Steele came stumbling in with the preacher.—[Arkansas Traveler.

Grains of Sand.

The manufacture of sand is an important industry, which has Pittsburg for its headquarters, although the sand is not made within the limits of the city. There is considerable traffic in Monongahela sand, which is scooped up from the bed of the river, to be used for common building purposes; but the manufacture of sand is quite another affair, and the product goes into quite a different commodity, which is glass.

Practically glass is almost pure sand, other substances used in its manufacture for fluxing being consumed while the sand is transformed to a greater or less degree of transparency. The sand used in glass making is almost pure silica, so nearly pure that there is less than one per cent. of iron, magnesia, and albuminum, to ninety-nine per cent. of the other. And of this sand which is quarried out of the hills and ground down to varying degrees of fineness, and washed to varying degrees of whiteness, eight hundred tons are manufactured daily, four hundred tons being consumed in and about Pittsburg, and four hundred tons going into Eastern Ohio and West Virginia to Wheeling, Bellaire, Columbus and all points within a circuit of one hundred and fifty miles from Pittsburg.—[Popular Science Monthly.

Starving the Teeth.

Teeth are just as easily starved as the stomach, said a lecturer in Boston the other night. "The fact is that you and your fathers have from generation to generation been industriously starving your teeth. In one way it is a blessing to have been born of poor parents. What food the poor give their children is of a variety that goes to make strong bones and teeth. It is the outside of all the grains of all cereal food that contains the carbonate and phosphate of lime and traces of other earthly salts which nourish the bony tissues and build the frame up. If we do not furnish to the teeth of the young that pabulum they require they cannot be possibly built up. It is the outside of corn, oats, wheat, barley and the like, or the bran, so called, that we sift away and feed to the swine, that the teeth actually require for their proper nourishment. The wisdom of man has proven his folly, shown in every succeeding generation of teeth, which become more and more fragile and weak."

How to Cook Snails.

This is the way to cook snails according to Jay Gould's formula: Boil them first in their shells; then submerge them in a highly-flavored sauce, and finally roast them. They are served in the shells, which by this time are thoroughly browned. When eaten, they are piled hot on a plate, after the manner of roasted clams, and the eater extracts them by holding a shell in his left hand, while with a fork in his right he gets the curious morsel out. The taste is pleasant, if one isn't squeamish, and a liking is easily acquired for the "escargots," as they are called in the restaurants where they have been this week suddenly introduced. Some of the snails eaten in New York are brought from France, but the bulk are gathered by boys in the outlying districts.

Uses for Pine Needles.

Another use for pine needles' beside that of spreading an aromatic odor through the fancy covering of a pine pillow has been developed by a new southern industry. One product of the pine needles is a remarkably strong oil that possesses medicinal virtues. Another is pine wool, which is bleached, dyed and woven. The wool is a fleecy brown mass, possessing a pleasant odor, which gives it value as a moth destroyer when used as a carpet lining. A strong, cheap matting is made from the wool, useful for halls, stairways and offices.—[Chicago Times.

Strange Kind of Hen.

"My dear," said Mrs. Ferguson Montgomery to her husband, "why do they keep that hen in the dime museum? I don't see anything about it different from the ordinary fowl."

Person opened his eyes in mild surprise.

"Well, well, didn't you notice? That hen is one of the most interesting features of the Dime. It hasn't any teeth."
"Is it possible?" meditatively replied the spouse. "Well, I must go down again."—[Minneapolis Journal.

Repartee.

"Good gracious, Jane! why didn't you marry a monkey and be done with it?"
"Oh," smiled Jane, "I thought you might want to marry some time, and I wouldn't take your last chance."—Washington Critic.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Owing to the increased electrical intensity of the atmosphere, which is induced by the continual evulsion of steam and smoke, Dr. Andries estimates that the danger from lightning is from three to five times greater than it was fifty years ago.

Recent delicate scientific experiments, says a writer on earthquakes, have discovered the fact that the surface of the land is never absolutely at rest for more than thirty hours at a time. Thus those great earthquakes which make epochs in history are merely extreme manifestations of forces that rarely sleep.

The yellowing of paper, according to Prof. Wiesner, is due to an oxidation determined by light, especially by the more refrangible rays. It is greater in wood than in rag papers, and in moist than in dry air. The electric light, rich in the more refrangible rays, has a greater coloring effect in libraries than gas.

The Fall River (Mass.) mills have a new device for stopping the engines in any part of the mill. An electric wire runs from the engine to each room in the mill. There is a box in each room from which, by the simple turning of a key, the engine may be immediately stopped. A convenient contrivance.

A less restricted diet in athletic training is being favored in England, and, instead of the large proportion of meat formerly rigidly insisted on, physiologists now consider a variety of food essential to the best results. The Cambridge boat crew, in training for the race with Oxford, were this year permitted to eat fish, puddings and dessert, though still forbidden sugar with pastry.

How much influence do fish exert on each other? W. A. Carter, in speaking recently on "Marine and Fresh-Water Fishes," mentions a shoal of carp following a single one acting as a leader, which conducted them a long distance to a considerable amount of food. Trout sometimes seem to follow a leader which swims along at the head of a tribe. Both fresh-water and salt-water fish appear to show the same characteristic. Herring and bass have frequently been observed following an apparently-chosen leader.

It is a fact worth noting that no comet, so far as is known, has ever come in contact with the earth, or mingled its substance with the earth's atmosphere. The nearest approach ever observed was Lexell's comet of 1770, which approached to within 1,400,000 miles of the earth, and subtended an angle of 2 deg. 23 minutes, the largest apparent diameter ever observed in any comet. It has not been seen since 1770, though an orbit was computed for it of only five and a half years, and astronomers are of the opinion that perturbation by Jupiter may have changed its orbit to one of long period.

In the village of Meyrin, in the canton of Geneva, Switzerland, some disused wells, it is said, have been hermetically sealed and devoted to the novel purpose of serving as barometers to the people. In this arrangement an orifice of about one inch in diameter is made in the cover of the well, by means of which the internal air is put in communication with the external. When the air pressure outside diminishes on the approach of a storm, the air in the well escapes and blows a whistle in connection with the orifice, and in this simple way notice of a storm's approach is duly given to the inhabitants. But if, on the contrary, the pressure increases, a sound of a different and well-understood character is produced by the entry of the air into the well, and the probability of fine weather is announced.

An Orchestra of Convicts.

The island of Noumia has what is acknowledged to be the best orchestra in the southern hemisphere, and is composed entirely of convicts. Its complement averages 120 pieces, and the whole is under the direction of a former leader in the Grand opera, who is "doing lifetime" for murder. Twice a week—on Thursdays and Sundays—the band plays three hours in the public square, and all the officials and business element of the capital make use of the time and place as a sort of clearing house for their social obligations. The band plays music of a high class, and as, in 1834, Noumia was the only place in the southern world where Wagner's music could be heard, many music lovers came from Australia expressly to hear it.—[Boston Transcript.

Vegetation in Mexico.

Through the acquisitions from the Old World, the richest flora and finest varieties of fruits and vegetables abound in Mexico, such as apples, pears, cherries, peaches, oranges, figs, grapes, pomegranates, East Indian mangoes, papaws, the passion-flower, cactus fruits, etc. One will find in an Indian village of the temperate zone a truly delightful landscape picture, surrounded by heavily laden orange-trees, banana-stalks, and fruits of every imaginable hue, and by blossoming shrubs and flowers. Mexico has the markets of all the world constantly open. Plants of all the different zones, from frigid to torrid, are encountered in the ascent from the coast to tableland, and indicate to a nicety the different degrees of altitude and temperature.—[Frank Leslie's.

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How Men Drink Farms.

The *Ploeman*, in a characteristic way, tells how men "drink farms":
My homeless friend with the chronical nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in that ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash it down with. You say you have for years longed for the free, independent life of the farmer, but have never been able to get enough money together to buy a farm. But that is just where you are mistaken. Several years ago you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of one hundred square feet a gulp. If you doubt this statement, figure it out yourself. An acre of land contains forty-three thousand five hundred and sixty square feet. Estimating, for convenience sake, the lands at \$43.50 per acre, you will see that brings the land to just one cent per square foot, one cent for ten square feet. Now pour the berry dose, and imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends and have them help you gulp down that five hundred foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day, and you how long a time it requires to swallow a pasture large enough to feed a cow. Now down that glass of gin: there's dirt in it—four hundred square feet of good, rich dirt, worth \$43.50 per acre.