The ancients knew how to cheat Loaded dice have been found in the ruins of Herculaneum.

The Greco-Turkish disturbance has had the effect of making Friday afternoon in the country school fairly redolent of "Marco Bozzaris."

Twenty years ago a new postmaster in New York City would have the power to appoint 2000 subordinates, while now there are but two positions not covered by the civil service rules.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says: Viewed from nearly every standpoint the outlook for the farmer is becoming more encouraging. We have divine assurance that seed time and harvest shall not fail, and if our crops do not continue in over-abundance we are sure of enough and to spare. The misfortunes of India and of the Levant will inure to our benefit. Unquestionably a better day seems dawning for our great agricultural interests.

Mr. Germain, United States Consul at Zurich, Switzerland, reports that within a year the price of alumiuum will fall to about twenty-seven cents a pound, so that only three commercial metals-iron, lead and zinc-will be cheaper. Last year the output of aluminum, owing to its comparatively high price, was 14,740 pounds daily, of which 4193 pounds daily were produced in the United States. This year the plants will be increased to bring the daily product up to 42,460 pounds.

Official news has reached London to the effect that the Chilean Government is about to offer a State bounty of \$125,000 to any foreign country or firm which will undertake to establish an iron foundry in that country on a sufficiently large scale. The action of the Government in this matter has been prompted, it is said, by the increasing evidences in that country of the existence of iron ore in large quantities.

Ignatius Donnelly says the great floods are caused by sun spots. Why the sun spots, which must exercise an equal influence on the entire circuit of the globe every twenty-four hours, should cause the Mississippi to burst its banks and leave the Rhine, Danube or Volga practically undisturbed, may not be very clear. But since Mr. Donnelly has said it, it is evident the planting forests or building levees on a broader plan is of no use. The only way to cure the floods, suggests the New Orleans Picayune, is to knock the spots off the sun.

A story was recently started by the newspapers, relates the Trenton (N. J.) American, to the effect that Mrs. Cleveland had melted the spoons in the White House which had been used by Dolly Madison and had had the silver made into prettier spoons. The story was a circumstantial one, going on at much length to state that the silversmith had offered their weight in gold for the spoons, but that Mrs. Cleveland rejected the offer, sent the speons to the mint, had them melted into ingots, and then required an affidavit of the silversmith that the same silver was put into the new spoons. It is scarcely necessary to say that the story was made out of the whole cloth. It was promptly denied at the White House. and the declaration was made that the Dolly Madison spoons are still there. The denial has not kept pace, however, with the original story, which is still going the rounds of the press.

A writer in Public Opinion observes: "The French and Germans have frequently made much fuss about alleged trichina in our pork, and pretended that other of our exports, that they wanted an excuse for excluding, were adulterated; and all the time the people of those nations have sent ever here liquid poison, in the shape of wines, brandies, beer, ale, etc., and their confections have been notorious for containing deleterious ingredients. Both the German and French wines and food articles-candies, etc. are shamelessly adulterated, and often with materials that are dangerous to health. Not six months ago the chemists of the British Board of Trade tested a long list of German, French. American and British food and drink materials. The revelations were decidedly favorable to the American articles, and much to the discredit of German and French honesty. Several of the German food articles were found mixed with stuff dangerous to health, and all the French and German wines were discovered to be about as bad as bad could be.

SOMEWHERE.

Somewhere, I know, we shall find them all, Somewhere, the laurel we missed while here The rose that blossomed beyond our

The star that hid 'neath an inky pall Just as we staggered across the beach; The bird that stifled its cunning song Just as we paused a moment to hear, The fruit ne'er ripened for which we long,

Somewhere, I know that the kisses wait For which we languished in days gone by, And smiles will greet us alert, elate, For which we waited in years that die. The words unspoken come loud and clear, The words withheld in the dim, sad past Shall fill with rapture our list'ning ear,

The heart's best pulses beat sweet and

The bays our foreheads reached for in

Somewhere, is the rest for which we strive, The breast to pillow a weary head, priest to listen and cheer and shrive, A life of living where naught is dead; A peace as gentle as yonder cloud That flecks with beauty a shining sky,

Shall fill each heart, while the song-birds

A FLOOD THAT HELPED.



Melton lighted the kitchen lamp and set it in the middle of the ta-

"We might as well have supper," she said. "Your father

prob'ly won't be back till late." Fred and Polly drew up their chairs, and Grandmother Melton brought a steaming bowl of mush from the stove and dished it into two smaller bowls.

"I'm as hungry as a bear," observed Fred, between mouthfuls. "I think ton. it's a shame we have to go so far to school. There isn't a single boy or girl in Springville that has to go half so far as we do.'

move down there," complained Polly, wiped away her tears, and when Fred pouring more of the rich yellow milk | brought the loads to the stairway she over her mush; "he could get to his ran with them to the bedroom where work just as well, and it would be ever so much pleasanter than this lonesome place."

"You must remember that your father isn't a rich man," answered Grandmother Melton, gently. "He owns this cottage, and if he moved he would have to rent another home, and perhaps he couldn't sell this one."

The Meltons had only been in their new home since the summer before. Both Fred and Polly had enjoyed it very much indeed during the pleasant warm weather of August and September. Then the wide, swift Mississippi had gleamed through the willows, and there had been unlimited boating and swimming and fishing. -But with the coming of winter the roads choked full of snow and ice, and the winds swept up the river sharp and cold, and it was a dreary, lonesome walk of four miles to school at Springville. As the win-ter progressed they had complained more and more, and now for a week, ewing to the spring freshets, Polly had been unable to go at all, and Fred was compelled to make a long detour over the bluffs to avoid the lagoons in the

"They'll all get ahead of me," Polly had sobbed; "and I can't pass my ex-

That morning Father Melton had gone up the river to help watch the levees. Reports had been coming from St. Paul, St. Louis, Cairo and other points farther up the great river that the water was rising rapidly. The levees must be watched night and day to prevent breaks. On leaving his home that morning Mr. Melton had told Fred that he would be back before dark, and that there was no danger to fear from the water. All his neighbors had told him that his cottage was high enough to be safe, even in the greatest

"It's after 9 o'clock now," said Polly, as she arose from the table; "I wonder where father is?"

"I'd go out and watch for him if it wasn't raining so hard," said Fred, and then he looked around toward the

He caught his breath suddenly. Then he half rose from the table and pointed at the floor. Grandmother Melton dropped her fork noisily on her plate and her eyes followed the direction indicated by Fred's finger. Polly sat still and gazed at the other two, wondering what it all meant.

There on the floor, crawling from the crack under the door, was a dark wriggling object. At first Fred had taken it to be one of the swamp rattlers so common to the Mississippi bottoms, and his first impulse was to spring for his father's rifle which stood in the

"It's the flood," said Grandmother Melton when she could get her breath. By this time the black ribbon of water was spreading, slipping into the cracks and creeping out over the floor toward the table. Polly broke into a cry of terror. Even Grandmother Melton seemed uncertain what to do.

Fred suddenly roused himself. He remembered that he was the man of the three castaways were even more the house, and that he must watch lonesome and terrified than before. over and protect it in his father's absence. So he sprung from his seat and threw open the door, not without a throb of fear. It was dark outside. and the rain came down in torrents. Curling up over the step they could see the muddy water, and they could hear the sound of it slapping against the house. It stretched away into the darkness in all directions as far as Fred could see. He knew that already it must be a foot or more high around the house.

"The levee's broken," said Polly, in a scared, awed voice. "Do you think we'll be washed away?"

At that moment something bumped against the side of the house with so much force that the dishes rattled. Fred ran to the side of the window, peered out, and found that a big log had washed down against the build-

Somewhere the chaplet shall ne'er grow sere Nor loss prove victor o'er laggard gain; The glory be real that once was dream, The mountain be leveled to vale below, And a bridge shall span the flercest stream, Our feet no longer be halt nor slow. The skies that darkened will all be clear.

Are trilling music that ne'er can die.

-Hamilton Jay, in the Florida Times-Union.

RANDMOTHER trying circumstances, was wringing her hands in terror. "Run up stairs," shouted Fred,

> we can with us." Grandmother Melton waited no longer. She crept up the narrow stairway to the little attic. Fred ran to the cupboard and began filling his arms with dishes of food, while Polly in her excitement seized the first thing that came to hand-grandmother's rockingchair-and struggled up the stairs

'and Polly and I'll bring all the stuff

"We'll need clothing more'n anything else," called Grandmother Mel-

"Fred ran back. The floor of the cottage was now entirely covered with water. He splashed through it and seized all the clothing, coats and jack-"I don't see why father doesn't ets he could carry. Polly bravely Grandmother Melton was sitting.

By this time the building had begun to shake and quiver as the water beat against it.

"She's going soon," shouted Fred. "I'm afraid the water will reach us up here," suggested Grandmother

Fred locked up. The ceiling was low, and just above him there had been an old trap-door, now nailed up. Instantly Fred seized the ax and burst it open. Above they could see the dark sky and the rain coming down in steady torrents. Fred piled a trunk on top of the table and climbed out on the roof.

He couldn't see far, but he could hear the roaring of the water from every direction. His heart sunk; he felt sure that they would all be Suddenly something thumped heavily against the side of the building, and the next instant the front end of the room went up and grandmother and Polly slipped down toward the rear end. Fred narrowly escaped being hurled off the roof.

"We're going! We're going!" creamed Polly. "We're just off the foundation," an-

wered Fred, as bravely as he could. Then he swung back down into the pedroom and helped Grandmother Melton and Polly up through the trapdoor to the roof. He covered them up as well as he could and told them to cling to the ridgepole whatever might happen. Then he ran down for a coil of clothesline. This he tied firmly to the window at one end of the bedroom, carried the other end up through the trap-door, along the roof and dropped it over the eaves. Down he went again and fastened it to the other window frame. It would do to hold to. Hardly had he finished his work when the building gave another great lurch.

"Hold on!" shouted Fred. The words were hardly out of his mouth when he found himself thrown violently from his feet. He caught a glimpse of the water pouring up the stairway, and then the lamp was capsized and went out. Next he found nimself pounding about in the water. "Fred! Fred!" came the agonized

roice of Pelly. "Here I am!" spluttered Fred. In falling he had caught the edge of the trap-door and Polly helped him to the

"We had all we could do to hold on," gasped Grandmother Melton.

"We're moving," shouted Polly. They rocked and scraped and oumped along, with the water swirling and crashing around them.

"It's our first voyage," said Fred, with an effort to laugh; "p'raps we'll wind up in the Gulf of Mexico.' But Polly didn't laugh, neither did

Grandmother Melton. A few minutes later they heard some one shouting far out on the stream and they saw the glimmer of a lantern. They shouted in return, but there was no answer, and presently the lantern was swallowed up in the darkness and

to the rope and the ridgepole all the time, for the house was continually bumping against obstructions in the stream and careening and jolting like a boat in a rough sea. Besides this, they were wet to the skin and shivering with cold and fright. Occasionally huge forms would loom up near them, and they would see the outline of trees or buildings floating down the river. They were momentarily afraid lest their boat should bump into something and be broken up. If this happened they knew they would have small hope of escape.

Quite suddenly they felt the building grind on something, and then, with a jolt, it came to a standstill. They could hear the timbers strain and creak and the current of the stream splashing about it, but it did not move.

"Well, we're anchored," said Fred. Grandmother Melton, who was usu- "I suppose we're out somewhere on a ally cool and brave under the most sandbar in the Mississippi,"

"Do you think we have reached Memphis?" asked Polly, anxiously. To Polly it seemed as if they had

been drifting for hours. For a long time they remained almost still. Occasionally they joined their voices in a great shout, but there was no answer. Fred said the water roared so loud that no one could hear it, anyway, but it eased their spirits to be doing something.

At last they started again with a jerk and a shiver, as if some of the timbers of the building had given away. They bumped on for what seemed an endless time, and then, after scraping along for some minutes, they again stopped By this time the rain had ceased and the moon shone out faintly through the clouds.

"There's lights," cried Polly, joy Sure enough, on the hill, not such a

great distance away, they could see many lights gleaming out over the water. Nearer, there were other lights moving about, as if in boats. "It's Memphis," said Polly, and then they all shouted at the top of

their voices. But no one heard them. The water roared too loudly. So they sat for hours and hours—it seemed to themuntil the gray light of morning began to break in the east. They strained their eyes as it grew brighter and looked off across the gray flood of water with its scattering heaps of wreckage to the town on the hill.

"I thought Memphis was a bigger city than that," said Polly. "It isn't Memphis," said Fred, with a little joyful ring in his voice that made Polly and her grandmother look

around quickly; "it's Springville." "Springville!" And Springville it was. They could see the little weatherheaten church on the hill, and the red brick schoolhouse, and Judge Carson's home, and a great many other familiar places, although

some of the buildings that had stood near the river had disappeared. "But haven't we come only four miles?" said Grandmother Melton,

looking greatly surprised. Half an hour later two boats came alongside and the castaways were carried ashore. On the bank Polly found herself in the arms of her father crying and laughing all at once. Father Melton looked old and worn and worried. He had given up his family for lost, and he was bravely helping the other people in the work of rescue. After the flood was subsided the Meltons went down to look over their

home. Father Melton hardly knew what to do, but Polly spoke up quite promptly. "I tell you, father, let's leave it right here and live in it; Fred and I

won't have so far to go to school." And what do you think? That is just what Father Melton did. He straightened the house around, built a new foundation under it, and the Meltons are living there to-day, quite happy and contented. So you see the flood helped two persons at least-Polly and Fred.—Chicago Record.

How Flowers Fascinate Insects.

Professor F. Plateau, of the University of Ghent, has for many years carried on a series of observations on the mode on which insects are attracted to flowers, the results of which are published in the bulletin of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Belgium. His conclusions are not in accord with those of Darwin, that the bright color of the corolla acts as a beacon to attract insects. He believes that they are attracted chiefly by some other sense than that of sight, probably that of smell. In the case of the dahlia (single) and other species of Compositæ, the removal of the conspicuous ray florets have but little effect on the visits of insects; nor had the removal of the conspicuous part of the corolla in other flowers, as long as the nectary remained. On the other hand, says Nature, the artificial placing of honey on otherwise scentless flowers resulted in their being immediately visited by numbers of insects. Where the same species varies in the color of the flower, as between blue and white, or red and white, insects visit quite indifferently flowers of different colors belonging to the same species.

The Compass Plant.

What is known as the Compass plant, Pilot weed, and Polas plant in differ ent localities, is quite curious, and in former days, when there were no railroads, was of great value in guiding travelers. The leaves invariably point north and south. Mungo Park has immortalized it as he says he was guided by it, when otherwise his way would have been lost and he would have perished on the dry plains. The peculiar faculty of thus pointing to the north and south attempted to be explained by the fact that both surfaces of the leaves display equal susceptibility to light whereas the upper surface of the leaves of plants, in general. is more sensitive to light than the lower; hence the vertical position of They were compelled to cling firmly the Compass plant, as unerring as the mariner's compass. Professor Asa says of it "on the wide open prairies the leaves are said to present their faces uniformly with the north or south."-American Gardening.

> Victoria's Double. Her majesty the Queen has a double in the person of an elderly lady who occupies-or occupied a position in the Middlesex Hospital, where she was known as the "Queen of Middlesex." She is the exact age of the Queen, and became a widow in the same year that

the Queen lost her consort.

Testing Steel. A new method of testing the hardness of steel balls has been devised in Germany. The balls are dropped from a fixed height on a glass plate set at an angle; if properly tempered they rebound into one receptacle and if they are too soft they drop into another.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL

Germany has now electric lights in over 1000 postal cars, and Austria is

about to adopt the same system. Among 1318 children in the Weist baden schools it has been found that

only three per cent. had sound teeth. The falling waters of Kern River have been made to furnish the electric power for the town of Bakersfield,

The Japanese Government has voted 12.800.000 silver dollars for improvements and extensions in the telephone service.

The grand total of the hydraulic power at Niagara Falls secured through electrical appliances is over 26,000 horse power.

It has been estimated that an oak of average size, during the five months it is in leaf every year, sucks from the earth about 123 tons of water.

In a new invention for making vehicle wheels, they are formed from sheet metal by stamping, pressing or cutting out, and are secured to the axle by bolts, bosses and collars.

Herr Cuffey, a German expert, sent to Bombay by the Emperor William, has arranged for an animal hospital for the purpose of studying the plague poison. He intends making extensive experiments.

Barrels, casks, pails, etc., are made in Germany by molding wood-pulp in the desired shape, subjecting it to heat in the form of hot air or water, steam or other vapor, and compressing it by hydraulic pressure.

Paris and Madrid will soon be connected by telephone, the construction of a line from Paris to Bayonne having recently been determined upon. As Madrid is already connected with San Sebastian, it will be only necessary then to join that place with Biarritz.

Professor Forbes, the eminent electrician, whose appointment by the Egyptian government to report on the possibilities of utilizing the Nile cataracts for the generation of electricity was noted in this column some weeks ago, has returned to Cairo and expressed himself as strongly in favor of the pro-

Following up the researches of two German physicists, who were recently led to conclude that three lines of oxygen in the solar spectrum were not a mospheric, Lewis Jewell considers that he has proven conclusively that the lines are produced by water vapor in the earth's atmosphere, and that, therefore, the spectroscope does not indicate oxygen in the sun.

"Sundown Ministers."

"Sundown ministers, by which I mean preachers who are engaged in departmental or other work during the daytime and who preach evenings and days when on leave of absence," explained a gentleman who attended a recent conference in Baltimore, "get little or no consideration in our religious conferences any more, and while preachers do not like to talk out at meetin', they have no hesitancy in speaking plainly in private conversation. Ministers have an honorable profession. They spend years preparing themselves for their duties, have no other occupations or employment, and seek no other. There is but little money in the ministry, after all, for though a few gifted or fortunate men draw financial prizes by it, the great body of them do not receive the wages received by the average mechanic in the large cities. It is not strange therefore, that they should not like sundowners. They have no jealousy toward workers in the vineyard who feel they can give their talents to the good work. What they object to is that persons should compete with them when they have other engagements until after sundown. As a minister at the conference said to me, the sundown preacher is neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor even good red herring."-Washington Star.

Why He Thought Them a Fake. Carson City, Nev., has had to fall back on its "giant footprints" in a neighboring quarry as its star attraction. A gang of convicts has been set to work at hewing steps and paths lead. ing to the "footprints" in the solid rock of the quarry. Among other things a tunnel has been dug, showing where the "footprints" disappear into the mountain. This tunnel is about as nigh as a man. A recent visitor brought grief to the unfortunate convicts who had to overhear the following shrewd deductions: "Pshaw, I thought it was fake before, but this proves it. You say them feetsteps are of a beast fortyone feet high, do you? Well, if that's so, you just tell me how the critter managed to walk into a tunnel which bumps my head to stand erect in?" It is said that when the convicts heard this, several of them went over to the other side and wept bitterly, and the guards did not reprimand them for it. -New York Sun.

A Peculiar Epitaph. Nora M. Hughes, an unmarried woman about forty-one years of age died the other day, and left a will which provided for the division of her property estimated at \$15,000 or \$16,000-among her relatives, and for a monument over her grave with this inscription:

TO THE MEMORY OF ONE WHO WAS SACRIFICED BY A SO-CALLED FRIEND.

......... Miss Hughes's family knows of no incident in her life which should occasion such a peculiar epitaph.—Chicago Record.

"Harcourt's Dirty Chimney. Sir William George Venables Vernon Harcourt, M. P., Liberal leader in the British House of Commons, has been fined \$2.50 and costs in a London Police Court for allowing his chimney to patch fire through not having been bleaned.

HACKETT.

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Evolution of the Shoe.

In the eleventh century various materials were used to make shoes, fine kid leather being then invented and

sold for good round sums. A sacred song says: "How graceful are thy steps in sandals, O Princess!" an allusion to the fact that the Hebrews enriched the hitherto plain footgear with strings of red, yellow and purple ribbons, which they crossed in charming style over the gleaming white skin of the arch of the foot.

There was a time when shoes were ornamented with precious jewels, gold and silver embroidery studded with pearls and, wonderful to relate, had golden soles. Each sex and class wore different shoes, and if a man changed his station in life that fact was expressed by the phrase, "he has

changed his shoes. The Syrians wore yellow shoes. The Greeks and Romans improved the sandal and invented different forms and shades to be worn by the different classes. Plebians wore black shoes with one ribbon; senators and patricians wore red and white shoes fastened with four ribbons. Only slaves and philosophers walked barefoot. The

first Christians also walked barefoot. In the twelfth century boots and sandals were worn, the clergy using the latter exclusively. The next hundred years saw many improvements as well as the introduction of the pointed toe shoe, which was afterwards so strongly attacked by the clergy. Fashion prevailed and the whole civilized world wore the shoe "whose points bend." This point was like a bird's beak-plain people wore the beak half a foot long; more important personages extended the beak to two feet, while princes of the blood added a half foot to that. The beak grew so long that it was fastened to the knee by a narrow gold chain so that the wearer of these monstrosities could walk. This long and uncomfortable toe was discarded in a hundred years and the broad toe, sometimes a foot wide, came in. Then the stilt shoe became the style and heels were worn so high that we cannot understand how the fashionables of that time could walk at all. The most perfect and graceful shoes were worn in the seventeenth century. They were of velvet and brocades. Red heels were the rage in the time of Louis XIV. and during the revolution the shoe with the buckle disappeared. Napoleon I. introduced the patent leather shoe or-

Distinctive Trades in Turkey.

namented with a gold buckle.

Distinctive trades and profession in Turkey are those of the seal cuttersfor the signing of all documents by seal is obligatory, and everyone is obliged to have his name in Turkish cut or engraved on stone or metal-the public letter writers, the itinerant chiropodists, the bird fanciers, the herbalists who deal in all manner of "simples," the sedan chair carriers, besides a vast and peripatetic throng of mohalibe venders, windmill peddlers, sakas or water-carriers, chimney sweeps, grape-cabbage, frangiola

(rolls), pilaf and sweetmeat peddlers.

Mohalibe is a sort of cold jelly, com-

posed of ground rice and milk, and is served in brightly colored saucers, powdered with sugar and sprinkled with rose-water, with ofttimes a lump of clotted cream added. With his row of gaily gilded saucers, his polished metal bowl, a stock of slim, metal, arrow-shaped spoons, and an Oriental flask of rose-water sparkling and flashing in the sunlight, the mohalibe vendor would tempt an anchorite to eat. Nor must we forget the outdoor barbers, who combine the offices of dentist, barber and leech. The itinerant coffee seller confines his rounds to the business haunts, and at noon his trade is especially brisk, for every clerk along the street rushes out to supplement his luncheon of bread and cheese or bread and olives, by the liquor that he loves. The gypsy women form another unfailing attraction to the Occidental visitor. They are wild, merry, picturesque creatures, with flashing eyes, and have various devices for increasing their bank account beside that of fortune telling. Some sell lavender and herbs, and others sing, play the tambourine, or dance after the manner of the Egyptian girls. They are all adroit thieves, and in their vicinity the fruit from orchards and pullets from hen yards vanish as by magic.

The new transatlantic cable, which is to be laid between Brest and New York during the coming summer, will, it is said, be the longest in existence. The length will be 3,250 nautical miles, and the total weight of the cable with its envelope is estimated at 11,000 tons. Four large ships are to be employed in stretching it across the ocean's bottom.