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Advanced Studies.
Men's souls are but man's alphabets—
Beyond and on his lessons lie—
The lines of the violet,
The large gold letters of the sky,
The lines of beauty, blossomed soil,
The large content, the tranquil toil,
—Joseph Miller.

Blossoms Changed His Life.

"Oh, Frank, how lovely this air is! How I pity the people in the city! To think anyone should live in a city from choice!"

"I wouldn't damp your enthusiasm, Kate, but, for all, a man does not see much of the country; he is only like a chicken which comes home in the evening and crows over the fence, never seeing the hills and valleys which he has seen each day—I can't say I'm quite reconciled to it myself. But I can't be! Good-bye, both of you," and giving his young wife and little daughter a parting kiss, Mr. Travis ran for the train, whose warning whistle could be heard in the distance.

Kate Travis lingered on the porch. It was her first experience of a whole year in the country, and every day brought new delights. She had discovered "blue-willows" down by the bank, and had learned how warmly Mrs. Deacon's blankets the tender grape-vine leaves. She had found the sky purple and amaranthine favorite hiding-places, and decided her little home with lawn and garden to be the delights of heaven and redolence of her "new rain." This particular May morning was a day in which the mere fact that one was alive was a joy, and as the young wife looked at the busy clouds, the billowing height with rye, and the colored mass of lovely blossoms, she sighed for very excess of happiness.

"I wish I had given Frank a branch of apple-blossoms—they would have brightened up that dreary office," thought Mrs. Travis. She, like the rest of us, often had these after-impulses, but somehow this one would not be shaken off. Kate Travis was not a superstitious woman, yet such a turning desire for her husband came upon her that she feared to resist it. Just when the starting of the next train, a happy thought struck her, and, donning her garden hat, having hastily gathered three or four beautiful sprays of the blossoms, she hurried to the train. Yes, Jack Travis was there—he took the later train quite often, Kate thought, indignantly, for she knew by many little signs that Jack was not quite so attentive to business, not quite so true and steady as he had been.

Jack, on his side, watched the bright, eager faces as it came near. "That Travis is a lucky fellow," he thought. "After all, what a fool a fellow is to waste time or money on cards and theatres!"

"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed Kate, breathlessly, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Deacon. Could you drop into my husband's office and give him these blossoms? This branch is for you."

Jack had only time to scry the flowers and call out his thanks for his share before he was whisked away in that restless late—the train.

There were two reasons why Jack Deacon had taken this later train, though even to himself he acknowledged but one—that, as business was slack, it was just as well to sleep a little later this spring weather. But his wife's face of night was another reason why Jack had not been well seated when that reason became apparent.

"Hello! thought you'd be on this train. Come along in the smoker; we're just making up a hand."

"No, thank you," said Jack, with a decision that surprised himself quite as much as his comrade.

"Why, what's up? Turned rusty? Come, you'll have your revenge on me today. I shouldn't wonder if you were enough to have a lark to-night."

The perfume from the apple-blossoms had given Jack a wonderful pleasure, of course with bitterness, and when his comrade leaned over to whisper the late contents of the letter, the odor of the blossoms and liquor seemed unbearable. Jack fairly blushed with much shame.

"No, no!" he said; "I'll have none of that sort of thing this morning," and, with a nod of realization of his own helplessness and this bad fellow's power over him, Jack deliberately walked over toward Deacon and seated himself by him.

The Deacon was surprised. Young men did not take much to him. Perhaps he knew he was, at times, the mark for their jokes. But the flowers changed matters.

"There's beauty, I do declare," said Deacon, "and I'm glad to see a young fellow like you think enough of me to carry 'em to town. Why, I remember when a flower just changed my life."

apple-blossoms has brought it all back mighty strong, and I feel sorter drawn to you, Jack Deacon, seein' you with 'em."

Jack felt almost as if he ought to make some disclaimer; yet surely he deserved some credit for turning from temptation. After a few moments the Deacon began:

"I was a boy about fourteen—I s'pose you think old Deacon Taft has been country born and bred; but at that time I'd never seen the country; never seen grass I could tromp on; never seen birds' nests in cages; never seen anything—I was goin' to say—but misery, dirt and poverty. But then, that wouldn't be true, for there was one lovely thing before my eyes, slight and morning, and that was my sister Mary. She was a beautiful girl, but she'd been sick for a long time, and so, though she did all she could, she couldn't do much more than keep herself sweet and clean. Mother held it when I was a baby, and I suppose it was the hard work and father's drinking that had sickened the poor girl. But I was tellin' you about that day. It was a hot June day. Father had been special hard on us, and the last thing he'd done was to get me a place in a drinking-saloon, where there was a lot of gambling goin' on, too. My boy, you're an innocent, well-brought-up young fellow" (Jack lifted the mass of blossoms to his face, and their delicate pink seemed reflected in his cheeks), but if you ever knew what I know of the wickedness that cards and liquor may lead to, you'd not wonder at the old deacon's 'narrowness.' Well, as I was a-sayin', my father'd found me the place, and I'd been at it for just a week. That Friday evening I was to be paid, and I had a great plan in my head. Mary was just crazy over flowers. A missionary lady had brought her a bunch once and again, and the way she doted on 'em was just surprisin'. Dear, dear, how often I've thought of Mary when I see the youngsters pullin' flowers and throwin' 'em away!"

The deacon paused a moment. Jack broke off a bit of the blossoms, and, with the gentleness of a woman, fastened it in the old farmer's coat.

"Thanked I thanked! I never could pick fruit-blossoms myself, but I don't know but flowers is as much needed as fruit. Well, as I was a-sayin', I had a plan. I had a lovely rose-bush in a pot at that for Mary. I priced it, it was just twenty-five cents; and I'd watched every day and so on—had bought it. Now, this morning I meant to buy it and keep it in the saloon till I'd got off, late at night. But when I got to the grocery the rose-bush wasn't there!"

"He had a good many div'ntments one way and another, but I don't know's ever I felt one wum. The grocerman was talkin' to a big rough-looking fellow, but I was that eager I couldn't wait, and I just rushed up and said: 'You ain't sold that rose-bush!' 'I guess I looked mighty earnest, for they both looked at me, and then the man said: 'Yes, lubby, I sold it yesterday afternoon. But there's other flowers—the man's just bargainin' for me to buy some of his.' 'Are you so fond of flowers, sonny?' said the stranger man.

"I told him I wanted the rose for my sister, who was sick, and then I said I had told Mary how pretty the rose was, and, though she didn't know I was to get it, I'd meant to buy it—I'd borrowed the money from Tom 'cause I wouldn't be paid off till midnight. 'Midnight! A little fellow like you!' exclaimed the big man. 'And where do you work till midnight?' 'At the big saloon, around the corner,' I said. 'I ain't so young—I'm fourteen!'"

"And working in a saloon! What does that sister of your's say to that?" said the big one.

"She feels mighty bad about it. She cries and cries. But I told her I wouldn't drink, not if they killed me, not I won't play cards; and tonight I'll have three dollars for Mary."

The grocerman had gone to another customer. The big stranger stood looking me over for a minute or so, and then he laid his hand on my shoulder and said: "How'd Mary like you to live on a farm, sonny?" "I told him that that was just what I wanted, but he said: 'A lady had told her to pray about everything, and Mary had prayed and prayed that I might go to work on a farm—as if there were farms in New York City!' 'Now, see here, sonny,' said the man, 'you just look in that covered wagon and pick out the flowers you'd like for Mary, and they tell me where she lives, and I'll go and see her.' 'You'll believe I stepped up to that wagon pretty lively. It was just full of roses—little pots and big ones. But I hadn't a minute to spare, and I pulled out a beautiful pink rose that made me think of Mary's cheeks at night, and told him where we lived; and then I just flew around the corner. I was late, and the man was mighty cross. The police had been in the night before, and I got out w-ers and some blows, but I didn't care—Mary would have that rose! I haven't time to tell you how the man

took a fancy to make me drink that evening, and how my own father, half tipsy as he was, helped 'em on; but at last it was time for me to leave, and I asked for my pay. Jack, just think how I felt when that saloon-keeper told me my father had taken my pay in liquor! I was stiff and sore—I had been up late for seven nights; and now I hadn't a cent for Mary!"

"Dear, dear! How it all comes back to me! Well, I got home somehow, and crept up softly, hoping she was asleep but she was sitting up in bed, her cheeks like the rose by her side and her eyes shining. I just threw myself on her bed and cried—though I was a boy—and she had sense enough to let me. But pretty soon I began to listen to what she was saying and she certainly had news. The big man was coming for the next day and I was to live at his house. He hadn't chick nor child and his wife would be glad to have a boy around, besides his needin' help."

"Well, the long and the short of it was, I went and I stayed; and when the dear old man and his wife died, they treated me like an own child and left me all."

"And Mary?"

"The Deacon wiped his face as if it were a June day instead of a May day. 'Mary! Mary was like these here blossoms—too tender and delicate to last long. Yet perhaps the fruit has come in place of the blossoms—I wouldn't have been much use in this world if it wasn't for Mary.'"

Jack sat silent looking at the blossoms. Was not fruit coming from that far-off life even now? Another life was changed that day by means of a flower—a little blossom picked before it could fructify, but shall we say "What a pity!"

From that day Jack Deacon dated two friendships. Before long Deacon Taft knew the story of another flower, for Jack confessed to the old farmer his progress on the downward road, and how a branch of apple-blossoms had stopped him, while Kate Travis and her husband learned to look for Jack's coming as one of the simple pleasures of their quiet home, little dreaming how God-given was the impulse to send the apple-blossoms to town.—[Christian Union.]

The Patient South American Burro.

The burro is a very interesting being, with his serious face, his contentment under a hard lot, his patience under a load, and his intelligence, writes a South American correspondent of the Commercial G. L. His living costs nothing. Turned out at night on the "mass," he feeds it among these and other words. He can go long without water. The tradition is that he can live on nothing, and there is considerable practical faith in it. In the street, in front of the supply stores, a score of them may be seen of a morning, in a bunch, loading up. Their burdens make transportation comical—a cook stove balanced on the other side by boxes; an iron wheelbarrow, its handles nearly touching ground, balanced by boxes and sacks; iron rails, one on each side, running forward of him and dragging behind on the ground; all the miscellaneous material of no working and of the living supplies bound on his back in queer shapes whose bulk makes him look still smaller. The adjusting and fastening of these loads is an art. The burros are also said to have an art of grunting heavily while the load is being put on, to get it short. Loaded up, off they go in a bunch, urged by a man on horseback, until they reach the mountain trail, when they fall into single file, an experienced one in the lead.

Letters of Ancient Times.

A remarkable discovery has been made in Egypt of tablets, or letters, which compose a literary correspondence of 3500 to 4000 years ago, carried on between Egyptians and Assyrians. The tablets now in Vienna represent letters and dispatches sent to Egypt by the governors and kings of Palestine, Syria, Babylon, and other countries of western Asia. The find is remarkable every way, and opens the people of that age to us with freshness and familiarity. It is clear that the literary spirit is very ancient, and Prof. Sayce surmises we shall yet find libraries of clay books. One town in Judah was called "Book Town," or "Library Town." The moment of this discovery will be marked. Rich men should hesitate no longer to unearth the vast treasures of the orient.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

Quicksand.

Quicksand is composed chiefly of small particles of mica mixed largely with water. The mica is so smooth that the fragments slip upon each other with the greatest facility, so that any heavy body which displaces them will sink and continue to sink until a solid bottom is reached. When particles of sand are jagged and angular, any weight pressing on them will crowd them together until they are compacted into a solid mass. A sand composed of mica or soapstone, when sufficiently mixed with water, seems incapable of such a solidation.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Bear Your Little Troubles.
Bear your little troubles,
Ye little chil'lrens, do;
Ye know not what's before you,
So brace up and be true!
Bear your little troubles
With a steady heart,
For the worst of troubles
Must very soon depart.
Bear your little troubles,
Ye little chil'lrens, do;
Ye know not what's before you,
So brace up and be true!

Children in a Hug.—Ba ket. It was early in March, six years ago, when one of the pioneer settlers of Oxford county made up his mind to move his family from Massachusetts to that favorite region. He had seven little ones, and feared they could not endure so long a journey and the piercing cold. The father obtained from a neighbor a great lark, twelve feet by six and four feet high. It was fitted on an axle and was made for the purpose of transporting grass seed. The seven little ones were packed in straw in this basket like so many kittens or pigs, and made the journey safe and warm. The basket is yet preserved by the pioneer's descendants.—[Lewiston (Me.) Journal.]

A Pet Seal.

A seal about two months old was seen recently by a Portland (Oregon) Press reporter, on the deck of the schooner Arizona, which was moored at the Commercial wharf. It is the skipper's pet and a great favorite with the crew. The Captain said: "I have had the little fellow about six weeks, having caught him at Stable Island. He was asleep when I came upon him and before he knew it I had him in my arms. In three days from that time he was as tame as a dog, and will now follow me all over the vessel. In the morning at about three o'clock the seal takes his position over the hatch, and there he will cry until some one of the crew goes on deck and feeds him. When we are outside I throw him overboard and let him swim until he is tired and then he is only too glad to be taken on board again." The little fellow seemed to enjoy himself on the vessel's deck and was very fond of the caresses of the crew. When he saw one of the men approaching him he would hobble toward him and tease for a mouthful of fish that was generally forthcoming.

The Lame Deer.

At one picturesque old thatched house in the forest writes a correspondent from Japan, who a narrow, side path angles in at just the right point to give one a long approaching view of the moss and lichen-covered thatch, there is an old pensioner in the way of a lame deer with a broken horn. His infirmities work on every one's feelings, and the old soldier got five times his share of feeding, and crowds away all the little fellows. It is impossible to escape him, and after making great circuits with the disabled veteran hopping after me, I had to call on the little girl of the establishment to hold him back while the younger deer got a chance. She brought out a small bamboo twig, and with blows not hard enough to scare a butterfly, made feint of restraining the old scamp. It was as funny a sight as one sees to watch the little girl and the deer wrestling and playing amiably across the grass, the deer paying no more attention to her gentle whacks than to the grasshopper's leaps in the grass.

The Weaver Birds.

The true weaver birds are inhabitants of Africa, and, as their name indicates, they make a nest by weaving. Away from civilization, they use tough grasses for this purpose, but gladly seize on cotton or other twines; when given a large ball of cotton twine they will not cease until the last inch is woven into the nest. The only specimen of this family inhabiting North America is the Baltimore oriole, sometimes called fire-hang birds, golden robins, etc. The bird usually attaches its nest to the extreme ends of the branches of a elm tree, the nest being six or eight inches deep, and shaped like a pocket or bag, and is built as firm as if made of beehive. This member of the weaver-bird family has also adapted itself to the ways of civilization, making its nest almost entirely of hemp, cotton twine, and other materials pulled from different fabrics, occasionally using some horsehair. There is no lining for the nest except what is compactly woven into the fabric. This nest will often sway backward and forward several feet in a stiff breeze; while the old bird is sitting on the eggs. Birds are seldom frightened by noise or motion created by nature or man, except the two-legged biped, which seems to be an enemy to everything beautiful in nature, destroying birds and plants out of pure wantonness. Children should be taught not to destroy birds' nests; then when they grow up they will know better than to shoot birds just for fun.—[Pittsburg.]

THE SIMOON.

A Whirlwind that Sweeps Over the African Desert.

Its Generation and Incidents in its Terrible Career.

The most remarkable of the hot winds is the simoon (sambu, samun-shook, etc.), the violent whirlwind, with or without sand, which afflicts the deserts of Africa and southwestern Asia. The great heat of the soil passing into the atmosphere causes an appreciable expansion and lightening of the latter, resulting in the formation of small cyclonic disturbances. The surrounding atmosphere, in the never-ceasing natural struggle to maintain an equilibrium, rushes in to fill the space vacated by the expanded air, and in its turn undergoes the same process, until at last there is a powerful current driving into the vortex, frequently bringing with it quantities of loose sand, and the cyclone then becomes visible—huge columns of sand whirling around and moving forward at the same time. The air, already very dry before the simoon originated, now becomes still more so from the presence of the dense cloud of dust. Away goes the storm across the desert, as fit it is seen as a low haze on the horizon, but quickly spreading the cloud advances, sometimes slowly, sometimes rapidly, the tall pillars being visible a long way off darkening the atmosphere, and bringing with them great destruction. In the whirl the wind blows with the force of a hurricane, hills of sand are taken up, and are either scattered or are again gathered into new hills wherever the storm chooses to deposit them, so that the desert is dotted with frequently shifting sand ranges. Under these are buried whole caravans of traders, travelers and even armies. The simoon's suppel to have annihilated the armies of Sennacherib and of Cambyse.

So terribly dry is the air in these storms that it is fatal to vegetation, while the density of the dust cloud makes it almost impossible for human beings to breathe. This gives rise to the idea that the wind contained a deadly poison; hence the Arabic simon, signifying a poisonous wind; but it is no more poisonous than any other wind, its fatal qualities being simply the excessive dryness and the quantity of fine sand with which it is loaded. The temperature of the air has been known to rise to 133 degrees, and its desiccating effect is soon in dried-up mouths and nostrils, in skin cracking, intense thirst, painful and difficult breathing and inability to sleep. The time occupied in passing a given spot varies between a few minutes and twenty or twenty-four hours, the blast leaving behind it unmistakable evidence of the path it has travelled. The hot, parching air of the simoon, almost as soon as the breath is out of the body and before decomposition has time to set in, causes the flesh to lose all its firmness and consistency, so that it drops or may be taken off the bones easily.

A party of officers sleeping on the roof of General Jacob's house at J. cobabad thus recount their experience of the simoon: "They were awakened by a sensation of suffocation, and an exceedingly hot, oppressive feeling in the air, while at the same time a powerful smell of sulphur pervaded the atmosphere. On the following morning a number of trees in the garden were found to be withered in a remarkable manner. It was as if a current of fire about twelve yards in breadth had passed through the garden in a straight line, singeing and destroying every green thing in its course. Entering on one side and passing out on the other, its path was as defined as the course of a river."

Palgrave was overtaken by one of these scourges in northern Arabia. After some preliminary remarks on the advance of the simoon, he proceeds: "So dark was the atmosphere, and so burning the heat, that it seemed that hell had risen from the earth, or descended from above. But at the moment when the worst of the concentration of poison-lust was coming round we were already prostrate, one and all within the tent, with our heads well wrapped up, almost suffocated, indeed, but safe; while our camels lay without like dead, their long necks stretched out on the sand, awaiting the passing of the gale. We remained thus for ten minutes, during which a still heat, like that of a red-hot iron slowly passing over us, was alone to be felt. Then the tent walls began again to flap in the returning gusts, and announced that the worst of the simoon has gone by. My comrades appeared more like corpses than living men, and so, I suppose, did I. However, I could not forbear, in spite of warnings, to step out and look at the camels; they were still lying flat, as though they had been dead, and the air was yet darkish, but before long it brightened up to its usual dazzling

clearness. During the whole time that the simoon lasted, the atmosphere was entirely free from sand or dust; so that I hardly know how to account for its singular obscenity.—[Cornhill M. Gazette.]

A Reminiscence Ship Chandler.

On South street, just below Old slip and close by an alley narrow enough to be a Constantinople street, a couple of shipping clerks were observed by a New York Telegram reporter despatching bales of pig iron oakum, coils of fresh-tanned chain, black and white anchors and solid lights of hawseers like butchers' blocks.

"Where is this lumber going?" asked the reporter, tapping what looked like a lot of woolen gutters.

"Rough oars," said the man with the marking pot, "and they are bound for Marselles. They were ordered by the French Minister of Marine and have just come down from our Michigan factory."

"Why didn't they finish them?"

"They were ordered 'rough.' There are old marins round the French navy yard otherwise idle who will be put to work whittling these oars into proper shape. Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Liverpool, Hamburg and New Zealand all cry for American oars, too, so it seems America not only paddles her own canoe but the rest of the world's as well."

"What is that thing there, like a stone mop?"

"That is a holy stone," replied the chandler's encyclopedia; "a stone mop used by sailors to polish the decks."

"We sell everything the skipper wants, from a galvanized sheathing nail to a galvanized anchor."

"Your office inside," said the reporter, "looks more like a banker's than a chandler's. It has plate glass windows and shining brass fixtures."

"The old man" (the head of the house) tells us that fifty years ago both clerks and merchant used to huddle around tallow candles until 11 or 12 o'clock at night writing letters and copying them; that, instead of the revolving cushioned chairs we sit in now, they used to perch themselves on hard, square-topped stools made by the carpenter, and in those 'good old times' clerks would work two or three years without pay for the privilege of learning the business. How's that? And, after all, some of the same clerks died millionaires!"

Whale as an Article of Food.

The London Daily Telegraph has been discussing the possibility of inducing mankind to eat whale. Somebody, greatly daring, has dined on whale's flesh, and reports it good. One average whale would yield 50,000 pounds of soup—some what oily, perhaps, but nutritious and heat-producing; good enough, at any rate, for charity dinners to the poor. "An entire child's school," says the editor, "might be fed out of a single whale for the whole winter." That would depend, probably, on the size of the child's school and the size of the whale. It may be admitted, however, that what Mark Twain calls a good, ordinary, moderate-sized whale would comprise a great deal of solid eating; it may also be presumed that a little of it would go a long way. Moreover, the cetaceans are a long-lived race; the Telegram has heard of specimens from 200 to 700 years old. There is a strong antecedent probability that even a middle aged whale—say, rising his third century—would be tough. All things considered, therefore, the calculation is not unreasonable that one whale would last a boarding school a whole winter. The editor supposes that this would mean a great saving to the boarding school keeper. That depends on the price of the whale. Is it expected that whale meat will be cheaper than mutton?

Ingenious Moonshiners.

The moonshiners in Eastern Kentucky resort to a great many ingenious devices to escape the catches of the revenue officers. Stills are secreted in caves in the mountains, guarded by well armed men, and it is sometimes several years before they are unearthed and the operators brought to justice. An instance of this kind is where a gang of men hid their still in a cave, and arranged it so as to make the smoke ascend through the hollow of a large tree. This was carried on in a successful way for a long time, but was at last broken up by the officers. A genius in Perry county, Ky., several years ago, inspired by a natural thirst for "something stronger than water," invented and constructed a still out of an iron kettle, making a wooden cap and using a long iron barrel for the worm.—[Graphic.]

Intoxicated Birds.

Florida produces a peculiar berry called the Pride of China, of which the mocking-birds of that territory partake largely when ripe, and intoxication ensues. They get on a regular "tear," and behave a good deal as men do under such circumstances, bellowing, staggering, leering at each other, shouting and mixing up all sorts of songs.

The Quest.

There once was a restless boy
Who dwelt in a house by the sea,
Where the water danced for joy
And the wind was glad and free;
But he said, "Good mother, oh! let me go;
For the dullest place in the world, I know,
Is this little brown house,
Under the apple tree."

"I will travel east and west,
The lowliest homes I'll see;
And when I have found the best,
Dear mother, I'll come for thee.
I'll come for thee in a year and a day,
And joyfully thou wilt haste away
From this little brown house,
Under the apple tree."

So he travelled here and there,
But never content was he,
Through his own lands he'd roam;
The costliest homes there he:
He'd something missed from the sea or sky
I'll be turned again, with a wistful sigh,
To the little brown house,
Under the apple tree."

Then the mother saw and smiled,
While her heart grew glad and free,
"Hast thou chosen a home, my child?
Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth she,
And he said, "Sweet mother, from east to west,
The lowliest home and the dearest and best,
Is a little brown house,
Under an apple tree."
—[Eugene S. Bunsford, in St. Nicholas.]

HUMOROUS.

The mirral's favorite tune—Nepine.

Europe has several kings who are total recks.

A New York burglar swallowed a diamond to escape arrest. A diamond in the rough, surely.

Cathay seems to be a poor place for bicycling. The poet says:—"It'll fifty years in Europe than a hiter in Cathay."

"Do you know Brown—a dried-up old man?" "Yes, I know Brown, but the description doesn't fit. He talks incessantly and never dries up!"

A New-York correspondent counted 14 millionaires in a group on the piazza of a Saratoga hotel. That's nothing; we've seen one little woman on a Summer hotel piazza put on nearly as many airs as that.

A Morning Call—Tubby (bashfully, and removing his hat spasmodically)—Is Miss Tremmer in? Mable—She is; but she's engaged. Tubby (who settled things last night)—I know it—I'm the young man.

In the country. Miss Travis—"Oh, here you are, Mr. De Smith! Mrs. Raynor says she lost the dinner-her and doesn't know how to get the men up to dinner. Suppose you go out and stand on the piazza. I think they could hear your necktie as far as the last meadow."

Pretty Cousin—And what are you going to do, Bob, when you grow up to be a man? Bob—Oh, I mean to be a park policeman and you shall be my nurse. Cousin—But policemen don't have nurses. Bob—Oh, don't they, though? That shows, you've never been in the park.

A bear, wishing to rob a bee hive, laid himself down in front of it and overturned it with his paw. "Now," said he, "I'll be perfectly still and let the bees sting me until they are exhausted and powerless; their honey may then be obtained without opposition." And it was so obtained, but by a fresh bear, the other being dead. This narrative exhibits one aspect of the "Fabian policy" splendidly.

A Great Misfortune.

Not many years ago a Babu was being driven along one of the main thoroughfares in Calcutta by his coachman in the usual careless way, and ran into a gentleman's do-cart and damaged it. The police appeared on the scene, and the result was a summons against the Babu for damages, and against the driver for furious and reckless driving. The case came before the magistrate and when the coachman was called an individual stepped forward and said that he was the man. Of course he was identified by the police and in the end was sentenced to a month's rigorous imprisonment, the Babu being ordered to pay a certain sum for damages. The next day, while the owner of the do-cart was in office, the Babu's pleader appeared with the money and the plaintiff, after receiving it, said: "Look here, now, the thing is all over; but tell me, was the man who appeared in court yesterday the coachman who ran into me? I didn't think he was." "Oh, sir," said the pleader, "it was great misfortune. At the time when the summons came on for hearing the Babu needed the coachman's service, so he ran to his nephew, who lives with him, 'You go to the court—it will be only a matter of a small fine—take this money with you.' And now, sir, the Babu's nephew has got one month's rigorous imprisonment; and he dare not complain, for he would then be prosecuted for false impersonation. It is great misfortune!" Thus does the law at times average its own equity upon those who traffick with it.—[Calcutta (India) Kaghidman.]