

**THE COURIER**

published in the centre of a fine tobacco growing section, making it one of the best advertising mediums for merchants and warehousemen in the adjoining counties. Circulated largely in Person, Granville and Durham counties in North Carolina, and Halifax county Virginia.

**JOB WORK**

all description neatly executed on short notice and at reasonable prices. When in need of work give the **COURIER** a trial.

**New Drug Store.**

**NO MORE HIGH PRICE!**

**NEW DRUGS!**

**LANDRETT'S GARDEN SEED**

**Morris & Merritt, Druggists**

DRUGS, PAINTS, BOOKS, STATIONERY, CIGARS, TOBACCO, &c., &c.

**BOTTOM PRICES.**

Physicians prescriptions a specialty and at special low prices. Call and see. Try us.

**MORRIS & MERRITT, Druggists,**

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS**

**J. T. Strayhorn**, L. M. Warwick  
Roxboro, N. C. Milton, N. C.

**STRAYHORN & WARLICK,**

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Practice in all the courts of the State and in the Federal courts. Management of estates strictly attended to.

Special attention given to cases in Person and Caswell counties.

**K. C. Strudwick**, R. B. Boone  
Roxboro, N. C. Roxboro, N. C.

**STRUDWICK & BOONE,**

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

PRACTICES IN DURHAM, ORANGE AND PERSON COUNTIES.

**A. W. Graham**, R. W. Winston  
Roxboro, N. C. Roxboro, N. C.

**GRAHAM & WINSTON,**

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Practice in all the courts of the State. Handle money and invest the same in best first mortgage Real Estate security. Settlements and investigations.

**C. S. Winstead**, J. F. Terry  
Winstead & Terry,  
Roxboro, N. C.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to them.

**N. Lunsford,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Roxboro, N. C.

**J. W. Graham**, Thos. Ruffin  
**GRAHAM & RUFFIN,**

Attorneys at law, Hillsboro, N. C.

Practice in the counties of Alamance, Caswell, Durham, Guilford, Orange and Person.

**J. S. Merritt**, W. W. Kitchin  
**MERRITT & KITCHIN,**

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Roxboro, N. C.

Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.

**D. R. J. T. Fuller,**

PRACTISING PHYSICIAN.

Roxboro, N. C.

Residence, place formerly occupied by Dr. C. E. Bradsher. Office over C. G. Mitchell's drug store.

**DR. C. W. BRADSHER**

DENTIST.

Offers his services to the public. Calls promptly attended to in Person and adjoining counties. Any one wishing work in his line, by writing him at Bushy Fork, N. C., will be attended at once.

**DR. J. C. BRADSHER,**

PRACTISING PHYSICIAN,

ROXBORO, N. C.

**DR. C. G. NICHOLS**

Offers His

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES TO THE PEOPLE of Roxboro and surrounding country. Practices in all the branches of Medicine.

**Pomona Hill Nurseries.**

POMONA, N. C.

Two and a half miles west Greensboro, N. C. The main line of the P. & D. R. R. passes through the ground, and within 100 feet of the office. Salem trains make regular stops twice daily each way. Those interested in fruit and fruit growing are cordially invited to inspect this the largest nursery in the State and one of the largest in the South. Stock consists of

APPLES PEACHES PEAR CHERRY, PLUMS, JAPANESE PERIMONS, APRICOTS, NECTARINES, M. L. BERRIES, QUINCE, GRAFTED FIGS, CASABERRIES, CURRANTS, PINE PLANT, ENGLISH WALNUTS, PEARS, CHESTNUTS, STRAWBERRIES, ROSES, EVERGREENS, SHADE TREES, &c.

All the new and rare varieties as well as the old ones which my new catalogue for 1888 will show. Give your order to my authorized agent or order direct from the nursery. Correspondence solicited. Descriptive catalogue free to applicants.

Address,

**PERSON COUNTY COURIER.**

HACKNEY & NOELL Editors and Proprietors.

HOME FIRST: ABROAD NEXT.

**VOL. 4.**

**ROXBORO, NORTH CAROLINA THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1888.**

\$1.50 Per Year in Advance.

**NO. 38.**

Person Co. Courier,  
Published Every Thursday  
BY  
**HACKNEY & NOELL,**  
ROXBORO, N. C.  
**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:**  
One Copy One Year \$1.50  
One Copy Six Months .75  
Remittance must be made by Registered Letter, Post Office Order or Postal Note.

**PRAYER OF THE BRETON FISHERS**

Lord of the sea, the sunshine and the pale  
Of the brooding ocean and the storm!  
Father of those who brave the treacherous main!  
The sea is mighty, and our boats are small!

Calm in the sea today, the sunlight free,  
Fair is the lapping wind that fills the sail;  
Lord, ere we go we trust our altars to thee.  
The sea is mighty, and our boats are small.

When the safe stillness creeps upon the waves,  
When the white moonlight checks the silent  
Night,  
Guard us lest danger lurks beneath the calm;  
Thy sea is mighty, and our boats are small.

When the wild horrors uplift their voice,  
And cold embracing billows thrice us to  
If thou should'st slumber we are powerless;  
Thy sea is mighty, and our boats are small.

Dread ever to the crying fatherless!  
Household of widowed women left to mourn!  
Can all-revenged them: O! protect them, Lord!  
Thy sea is mighty, and our boats are small.

O Miller & Sather's Mass.

**PARALLEL LINES.**

The bright morning sun shone on the  
taxis bushes, and sparkled like jewels in  
the fresh dew on the grass and flowers.  
The birds chirped merrily, flitting among  
the green branches, and through the  
silvery spray of the cascade the light  
broke in kaleidoscopic rays.

Herr Reinhard von Montz, the young  
tutor of the house, sat upon the rustic  
seat with the little Graf, Alphonse, in-  
structing him in the first principles of ge-  
ometry. Alphonse was a bright, intelli-  
gent little fellow, and an attentive  
pupil; but that day he was so absent-  
minded that the young tutor almost  
despaired of making the exercise plain to  
him.

"Alphonse, I will be obliged to punish  
you if you do not put your mind on this  
lesson. I have told you already three  
times the definition of parallel lines, and  
you don't comprehend it yet. Parallel  
lines are lines which extend indefinitely,  
always the same distance apart, which—  
in other words—never touch one another.  
Look!" said he, taking his cane and mak-  
ing two marks in the yellow sand at his  
feet, "these are parallel lines; do you  
understand? Now repeat it."

"Parallel lines," began the little Graf,  
"are lines which—well, which extend in-  
definitely, always—always—always—that  
stork-legged Excelenz is coming across  
the grass. Look what a figure he cuts—  
ha! ha! ha!"

A severe look of reprobation from the  
preceptor calmed the unruly little fellow  
somewhat.

"Excuse me, Herr von Montz; I de-  
clare I could not help it, because"—  
"Well, because?"

"Because I can't bear this strange  
graf," was the positive answer.

"And why don't you like him, Al-  
phonse?"

"Because he has come to marry Sister  
Edith, and will take her back to the  
capital with him."

"How do you know that?" asked the  
tutor, so suddenly and so anxiously that  
Alphonse dropped his book in fright.

"The gardener told me, Herr von  
Montz," he answered.

"Go to your room now, Alphonse, and  
resume your studies; I will come to you  
later."

"Are you angry with me, Herr von  
Montz?" asked Alphonse in deep con-  
cussion.

"No, although you deserve it; you  
were inattentive and impertinent," said  
the tutor as Alphonse turned away.

By this time the "stork-legged Excel-  
enz" had approached, and the gentle-  
man greeted one another.

Excelenz Graf Pogendorf, chamber-  
lain to her majesty, the queen, had for  
several days been the honored guest of  
the inmates of the castle. He appeared  
to be over 40 years of age, not at all pre-  
possessing in his manner, having that air  
of arrogant loftiness often met with  
among the members of the queen's  
household.

"By the way, Herr von Montz,"  
said the graf, in nasal, condescending  
tones, "I remember meeting once, in  
Paris, a Marquis Montz de Chevallier,  
ranked very highly among the family of  
rank—not related to you, I believe?"

"Certainly, Excelenz; he sprang from  
that branch of the Montzes who after  
the raising of the Edict of Nantes went  
back to the old faith, while my ancestors,  
firm in their convictions and true to their  
religion, sacrificed their homes and pos-  
sessions, and emigrated to Germany."

"Familiar people, these fanatical re-  
fugees," said the graf, "ruined themselves  
and their descendants to gratify a  
fantasy. The Chevalliers were the  
wiser; they took advantage of the circum-  
stances, and today are a most highly  
honored and powerful family, while"—

"The descendant of the emigrant is a  
poor, dependent private tutor, obliged to  
earn his daily bread among strangers.  
Speak it out, Excelenz; I am not  
assured of these facts, rest assured,"  
said the tutor.

"Tut, tut, young man, as if you ought  
to be, in these days when the principles  
which were once the creed of the aris-  
tocracy are ridiculed as prejudices; it  
only means that it is inexplicable how  
some people will detest their whole  
line under such circumstances."

"I agree with you perfectly, Excel-  
enz," said Montz, sardonically.

The chamberlain rewarded him with a  
penetrating glance, and said:

"The ladies have not yet arisen, Herr  
von Montz."

"On the contrary, Excelenz, they are  
taking a walk to the village, and will  
soon return."

"Ah, of course, you are all early risers  
in the country; Montz, this little com-  
tesse is a charming creature—one of  
those peculiar beauties which grow con-  
tinually more bewitching; she will cre-  
ate a furore at the capital, without  
doubt."

"I don't believe, Excelenz, that the  
comtesse would enjoy creating a sensa-  
tion at court," said Montz, angered by  
the careless manner in which he spoke of  
Edith.

"Oh, who can understand a woman?  
She will be admired and sought after by  
all, and admiration is just as essential to  
their existence as eating and sleeping.  
Comtesse Edith will gladly exchange this  
monotonous country life for the gay so-  
ciety of the capital."

"Comtesse Edith has already con-  
sented," faltered Montz, controlling  
his voice with great difficulty.

"Not exactly; but I am sure of gaining  
my point. Her mother favors it quite

decidedly, and I know I can complete  
the conquest with my persuasive pow-  
ers."

"I congratulate you on the certainty of  
success, Excelenz," said Montz, bit-  
terly.

"Thank you; a diplomat is always  
more skillful than he knows how to make  
use of every advantage. It would have  
been painful in the extreme for me to be  
obliged to return without accomplishing  
my undertaking, because—entirely—entirely—  
my dear Montz, it is the special wish of  
the queen."

"Oh, is it?" ejaculated poor Montz,  
desperately.

"Will you go with me to meet the  
ladies?"

"No, thank you, Excelenz; I have  
some work to do."

"Work? You have neither book nor  
writing material; do you call this dol-  
lar niente work?"

"I am thinking, Excelenz—a task that  
is always performed without instruments of  
any kind."

"You want to think, do you? Well,  
then, I won't disturb your meditations  
any longer. Bon jour, my dear Montz,  
good-bye!"

When his excellency had disappeared  
behind the hedge, Montz laughed  
bitterly to himself. That, then, was  
the man who was selected for the  
honored and comfortable life; the  
desert of a loveless marriage; the  
deep, noble and confiding nature to be  
assimilated to that of such a creature!  
Must he let it take place, he who  
would readily give up his life to save her  
pain? Must he allow her future to be  
one of abject misery, when he knew that  
she loved him, although not a word of  
love had passed between them?

Foolish questions! As if it were pos-  
sible to have it otherwise! She was a  
member of an old, royal family, the  
heir of an ancient name and a princely  
fortune, he a poor dependent private tutor,  
the last scion of a race of "fanatics."

According to his excellency, were  
stupid enough to ruin themselves and  
their descendants to gratify a fantasy—  
he to hope for such happiness? If the  
queen wished especially that the ancient  
trees in her domain should grow to-  
gether, what did it matter if the comtesse  
and the descendant of the emigrant did  
love one another, and were consumed  
with a longing desire, and the chains  
threw around them were unbearable?  
The fates had directed their way through  
life; for there was no meeting point—  
none whatever.

Montz's glance fell accidentally upon  
the parallel lines which he had drawn in  
the sand for Alphonse.

"Parallel lines are those which extend  
indefinitely always the same distance  
apart," he said, suddenly to himself.  
"Our fate in a geometrical figure."

So much was he taken up with his  
gloomy reflections that he did not notice  
the young lady of remarkable beauty of  
face and grace of figure who was steal-  
ing carefully on his tip toe from behind  
the shrubbery at his side, with a roguish  
smile of innocent amusement playing  
around her pretty lips.

"Good morning, Herr Philosophier."

"Comtesse Edith! you here?" Montz  
cried, almost speechless with surprise at  
seeing so suddenly the object of his  
dreams before him, her hands stretched  
out toward him in her anxiety to reach  
him unscathed.

"Your morning greeting, sir; you have  
forgotten your politeness," she said, jest-  
ingly. "You remind me forcibly of the  
words of the wise Archimedes of Syra-  
cuse, 'Don't destroy my circle.' My  
dear problem do those lines represent  
that render you so oblivious to everything  
around you?"

He looked into the deep grayish blue  
eyes which were gazing into his so in-  
quietly.

"It is a problem, comtesse, that I de-  
spair of ever solving."

"And may not the pupil share the  
master's trouble?" she asked, jesting,  
taking a seat beside him. "Explain to  
me, please, the meaning of those lines."  
"You! Shall I tell you?"

"Oh, I am incapable of comprehending  
it, am I? I beg your pardon," she inter-  
rupted.

"On the contrary, comtesse, you of  
all persons can understand it—you alone.  
These lines"—

"Well, proceed," she said, resting her  
charming little head meditatively on her  
hand.

"These lines," continued Montz, hesi-  
tatingly at first, then speaking more  
implacably and desperately, "are the embod-  
iment, in my mind, of two animated  
beings, wonderfully similar in nature,  
thoughts and feelings—as congenial as  
two beings could be. A consuming des-  
ire fills them both to approach one  
another, to unite in a blissful unity, but  
it does not lie in their power to satisfy  
the inward longing. Some inscrutable  
law—God or the fates—has laid out the  
way that they can't forsake, although  
in following them they never will be  
able to meet. In the customary formula  
these are termed parallel lines, which ex-  
tend indefinitely in the same direction,  
but which must always be kept the same  
distance apart; and so they must be re-  
frained to the inevitable, and conceal  
from the world their cravings, and go on  
alone through the desert of eternal space."

"That is indeed a gloomy picture you  
draw," she said.

The bright winsome face clouded for  
an instant as she looked down thought-  
fully at the ground. Then she shook her  
waving locks and said, smiling:

"Oh, no, you are wrong—a very poor  
figure of speech. Why," she said, posi-  
tively, "if the lines were really animated  
beings, then they would have minds of  
their own, and they could easily gratify  
their desires, like this," taking his cane  
and extending one of them in a short  
curve until it ran into the other, which  
she continued to prolong, dragging the  
stick in the sand deeply, as she walked  
backward.

Montz was obliged to laugh at the  
unexpected cutting of the Gordian knot.

"These are, however, comtesse, cir-  
cumstances under which a man is help-  
less—absolutely helpless."

"You are right," she said. "I have  
myself, in the last few days had much  
to trouble me."

"I know, comtesse, I know what you  
fear—they are about to lay unworthy  
chains upon your beautiful, noble life—  
to compel you to a step which will cost

you your life's happiness. And I am  
obliged to stand helplessly by, and am  
powerless to defend you from the in-  
truder."

"What do you mean, Herr von Montz?"  
asked Edith, looking at him in sur-  
prise.

"Don't try to mislead me, Edith; I  
know all. I know that they want you  
to marry this worthless chamberlain; he  
told me so himself just now—the accom-  
plished!"

While the young tutor was blustering  
out the above words in the greatest im-  
petuosity and with his face all  
emphasis, Edith concealed her face  
in her lace handkerchief, to prevent him  
from seeing the glad look it wore at hear-  
ing his angry words.

"Oh, if it were true, why should you  
become angry about matters which should  
be indifferent to you?" she said with well  
assumed indifference.

"Can you ask, Edith?" he said, beside  
himself with passion. "Because I love  
you; love you with all the ardor of my  
soul, and because I know that you love  
me."

It was then Edith's turn to lose com-  
posure.

"I don't understand you, Herr von  
Montz," she said, with a poor attempt  
to speak reprovingly, her beautiful face  
covered with blushes.

"Edith, he said, taking her hand and  
tenderly pressing it in his, "you do love  
me, I feel it. I know it. It was in this  
spot, that I discovered it. I had been  
telling you a story of an angel, my blessed  
mother now in heaven—and had brought  
you a portrait of her. When you thought  
you were alone you covered it with tears  
and kisses. I saw you through those  
bonnets there without intending to do so.  
Edith, when I witnessed that silent con-  
fession, I knew that your heart was  
mine—mine through all eternity!"

"Reinhard!"

She stood before him, as she softly  
spoke his Christian name for the first  
time, like an angel of light from heaven;  
from the tear glistening eyes shone beams  
of holy felicity, the confirmation of his  
word.

"No, no, Edith, darling, my lost one,  
not the seductive picture of happiness!  
It can never be! I am your mother's  
tutor, a servant in your house; to hope  
would be madness. Our fates are there  
in the parallel lines—ha! ha! ha!"

"Reinhard, you are deceiving your-  
self; there is nothing between us except  
your indomitable pride; conquer that,  
and I am yours."

"My pride! As if that were all—the  
wish of the queen—the proposal of the  
chamberlain—the traditional pride of  
your family!"

"You are mistaken, my dear friend.  
The queen's chamberlain does not dream  
of marrying me. He has a wife and five  
children."

"Edith, but how was it then? He  
said to me a few moments since that he  
had already gotten your mother's consent  
and would make you a formal propo-  
sal today."

"Oh, yes," laughed Edith, "a proposal  
to become one of the ladies at court to  
the queen, who did me the honor to in-  
terest herself somewhat in me during  
my stay at the capital. And who knows  
but I may yet accept it, a certain gentle-  
man, out of silly obstinacy, continues to  
insist on it."

"Edith!" said Montz, blushing with  
the new found happiness. "Do you  
think your mother would ever consent  
to it?"

"Yes, Reinhard, I not only think it  
but I know she would; you have been  
since the death of my father, her true-  
st friend and adviser; she respects and hon-  
ors you, and admires your character,  
and I know that she would be proud to  
call such a man son."

"Edith—really—O heaven! Then I  
may call you sweetheart—wife?"

"Yes, Reinhard," she whispered,  
while he drew the graceful figure into  
his arms and covered the pretty mouth  
with kisses.

Next day his excellency returned dis-  
appointed to the capital, bearing the  
unwelcome message:

"The Comtesse Edith most deeply re-  
grets to decline the high honor conferred  
on her by her most gracious majesty the  
queen, but her engagement with and her  
approaching marriage to Herr von Montz  
would render it impossible."

Her majesty was somewhat piqued,  
but graciously presented the happy couple  
with a costly tea service with her best  
wishes.

Nobody at the castle was so much de-  
lighted as little Graf Alphonse that the  
"stork-legged" Excelenz had to return  
without Comtesse Edith.

The day after their return from their  
extensive bridal tour, the couple had  
sought the quiet seat near the cascade  
where their first words of love were ex-  
changed.

"Are you thinking of that problem of  
the parallel lines, Reinhard?" she asked,  
smiling.

"He nodded.

"Which extend indefinitely in the  
same direction—always the same dis-  
tance apart," she quoted, playfully.

"There are exceptions," he said, as he  
drew the sweet, sunny face toward him  
until it rested on his shoulder, and the  
deep eyes gazed into his full of happy  
confidence and love.—Translated for The  
Waverley Magazine by W. N. Harben.

**Bolivia's Mineral Wealth.**

Bolivia is doubtless the richest in min-  
erals of any land on the globe, and  
millions upon millions of precious metals  
have been taken out of her mines by  
her primitive process which still exists and  
must exist till railroads are constructed  
to carry machinery there. Every ounce  
of ore that finds its way out of the Andes  
is carried on the back of a man or a  
lama, and the quartz is crushed by roll-  
ing heavy logs upon it. By this method  
Bolivia exports from \$15,000,000 to \$15-  
000,000 of gold and silver annually, and  
the output would be fabulous if modern  
machinery could be taken into the mines.  
—Harper's Magazine.

**How to Stick a Stamp.**

A postoffice employe says that the  
gummed surface of a postage stamp  
should never be placed on the tongue.  
Moisten the other side of the stamp and  
the corner of the envelope, or the latter  
only, and the stamp will stick for all it is  
worth.—New York Sun.

**French Conversation.**

"French conversation," said Mr. W. C.  
Brownell, "is really conversation, and is  
practiced for what it is and not to pass  
away the time. It is made up of inter-  
ruptions, and is thus full of epigrams and  
repartee, is artistic, not utilitarian, and  
far truer than ours, and is outspoken  
without being brutal."—New York Times.

**Queer Names in the Northwest.**

There is a "wealth" of queer names  
all through this region. It is but a little  
while since we passed Rat Portage, and  
now we come to Medicine Hat. The origin  
of which names I could not get the origin  
of, but the second I did, and com-  
mence place on I found it. Medicine Hat  
was an old medicine man of the Black-  
foot tribe of Indians, who had his wig-  
wam on the site of the present town, and  
so when the town was laid out they  
"honored" him by calling it "Medicine  
Hat," thinking, probably, that "hat"  
was higher toned than "cure!"

Appropos of the change of names, I  
found that the Ottawa parliament recently  
changed the name of Boundary peak to  
Pope's peak, in honor of the minister of  
railways; Mount Hermit to Mount Tupper,  
after the minister of finance; Mount  
Carroll to Mount Mackenzie, after the  
premier; Mount Cunningham to Mount  
Mackenzie, after the ex-premier, and an  
unnamed mountain to be called Mount  
Macpherson. Boundary peak and Mount  
Hermit should never have been changed,  
as their titles are significant and possess  
a certain degree of poetry; but the others  
mean nothing, and are no heavier  
burden on the tongue than the old ones  
now. The people now honored are said to  
have been intimately connected with the  
inception and execution of the Canadian  
Pacific railway. I should prefer to see  
such names as Rat Portage, Kicking  
Horse and similar monstrosities changed  
to something understandable. And then  
think of such a name as Hicillwaet!  
Even Boston culture would stagger at  
such a name as that! What then could  
be expected in the wild untamed "rowdy  
west?"—Cor. Detroit Free Press.

**The Reputation of Wealth.**

Next to the possession of wealth in in-  
convenience is the reputation of having it.  
A friend tells with a good deal of  
drollery how he has suffered this summer  
from the undesired fame of fortune.  
"You know," he says, "that the X's  
went abroad in June, and they offered us  
the use of their cottage at Waverley for  
the summer. Of course we were delighted,  
and if I hadn't made a mistake in the  
first place we should have had a beauti-  
ful time. Such a trifling thing, too. It  
was only buying a dollar's worth of  
postage stamps at the village postoffice,  
but it came very near spoiling our whole  
summer." Of course he was asked to ex-  
plain, and did so by saying that in a place  
where people bought a single stamp for a  
letter after the epistle was written, the  
purchase of fifty stamps at once took on  
all the magnitude of a magnificent finan-  
cial transaction. The purchaser was from  
that moment regarded as a man of  
enormous wealth. He was charged ex-  
travagantly for everything, his steps were  
haunted by committee soliciting sub-  
scriptions for the church and charity, and  
he was, in a word, subjected to all the  
amoyance of being wealthy without the  
satisfaction of having the reality of which  
this was the unpleasant shadow. "And  
worse," he concluded, "I shall never  
buy more than a single stamp in the en-  
tire country."—Boston Cor. Providence  
Journal.

**Some Facts About Ferrets.**

"Ferrets are not common in this  
country and we have had work to introduce  
them," said the first importer and largest  
breeder of ferrets in New York to a re-  
porter.

"In England hunting with ferrets is a  
popular sport, and every country gentle-  
man has several pairs trained to come at  
his call."

"What is the cost of a ferret?"

"That depends principally on their  
age. Their average life is twelve years  
and the average price per pair \$25. We  
generally sell them outright, but are  
glad to buy them back when the pur-  
chaser is through using them. Occasion-  
ally we make contracts to keep a mill or  
a ship free from rats at so much a  
year, running the ferrets as occasion re-  
quires."

"There is a curious superstition regard-  
ing ferrets. It ascribes to them the  
power of curing whooping cough. I  
have sometimes had as many as twenty  
people in here in a single day to take ad-  
vantage of the little creature's supposed  
miraculous power. The people bring  
pans of milk and bits of food. This they  
allow the ferrets to partake of, carrying  
away the remainder, firmly convinced  
that there has been imparted to the mil-  
k an infallible remedial virtue."—  
New York Evening Sun.

**Protect Against Small Windows.**

A St. Louis physician says: Every time  
I see one of the new style of houses in  
the course of erection, I feel like telling  
the owner to take out the small windows  
and have more light. I have entered my  
protest many a time against small win-  
dows. Let there be light is the warning  
of every physician. It is absolutely nec-  
essary to health that a house be well  
lighted, and a great deal of the sickness  
of a city is to be attributed to dark rooms.  
It may be called refinement for a woman  
to be pale and thin, but if readers here  
unfit to bear the burdens of life and pow-  
erless to resist disease. A plant cannot  
grow in a dark place, and why should a  
human being? Children brought up in  
these modern houses, with their small  
windows and dark rooms, become un-  
healthy and puny. Style is to blame for  
this evil. Every house should have as  
much sunlight as possible.—New Orleans  
Times-Democrat.

**Degenerate Scleros.**

Appropos of Quaker bonnets, I was told  
last year that some antiquarian, wishing  
to obtain a complete dress belonging to  
this sect, asked the younger member of  
an old Friend family for some of their  
grandparents' garments. One can hardly  
imagine the horror inspired by the an-  
swer: "Oh, you can have all the broad  
brimmed hats, but there are no bonnets  
left, as we took off the silk, and used  
them as footstool shades in our theatri-  
cals last holidays." Am so sorry, but  
they did, capitally! Oh, that the de-  
scendants of the old Quaker stock should  
have so little reverence for the mem-  
ory of their ancestors!—Cassell's Family  
Magazine.

decidedly, and I know I can complete  
the conquest with my persuasive pow-  
ers."

"I congratulate you on the certainty of  
success, Excelenz," said Montz, bit-  
terly.

"Thank you; a diplomat is always  
more skillful than he knows how to make  
use of every advantage. It would have  
been painful in the extreme for me to be  
obliged to return without accomplishing  
my undertaking, because—entirely—entirely—  
my dear Montz, it is the special wish of  
the queen."

"Oh, is it?" ejaculated poor Montz,  
desperately.

"Will you go with me to meet the  
ladies?"

"No, thank you, Excelenz; I have  
some work to do."

"Work? You have neither book nor  
writing material; do you call this dol-  
lar niente work?"

"I am thinking, Excelenz—a task that  
is always performed without instruments of  
any kind."

"You want to think, do you? Well,  
then, I won't disturb your meditations  
any longer. Bon jour, my dear Montz,  
good-bye!"

When his excellency had disappeared  
behind the hedge, Montz laughed  
bitterly to himself. That, then, was  
the man who was selected for the  
honored and comfortable life; the  
desert of a loveless marriage; the  
deep, noble and confiding nature to be  
assimilated to that of such a creature!  
Must he let it take place, he who  
would readily give up his life to save her  
pain? Must he allow her future to be  
one of abject misery, when he knew that  
she loved him, although not a word of  
love had passed between them?

Foolish questions! As if it were pos-  
sible to have it otherwise! She was a  
member of an old, royal family, the  
he