

One Copy One Year \$1 50
One Copy Six Months .75
Remittance must be made by Registered Letter, Post Office Order or Postal Note.

PERSONAL COURIER

NOELL BROS. Proprietors.

HOME FIRST: ABROAD NEXT.

\$1.50 Per Year in Advance.

VOL. 5.

ROXBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1889.

NO. 47

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Remedy for the great success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the article itself. It is merit that wins, and the fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually accomplishes what is claimed for it, is what has given to this medicine a popularity and sale greater than that of any other sarsaparilla or blood purifier before the public.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

C. S. WINSTEAD, BANKER, ROXBORO, N. C. WILL DO A BANKING BUSINESS WITH W. E. WEBB, Cashier.

NEW MANAGEMENT. ARLINGTON HOTEL MAIN STREET, Danville, Virginia.

STRAITHORN & WARLICK, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Practice in all the courts of the State and in the Federal courts.

GRAHAM & WINSTON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Oxford, N. C. Practices in all the courts of the State, handling money and investing the same in the best real estate security.

N. LUNSFORD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Roxboro, N. C. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.

J. S. MERRITT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Roxboro, N. C. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.

W. W. RITCHIE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ROXBORO, N. C. Practices wherever his services are required.

D. R. T. FULLER, PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Roxboro, N. C. Residence, place formerly occupied by Dr. C. E. Bradsher. Office over C. G. Mitchell's drug store.

E. J. TUCKER, DENTIST, Office at Winstead Hotel, Roxboro, N. C. Calls in the country attended promptly. Patronage solicited.

DR. T. T. FRAZIER, PRACTICING DENTISTRY, Main at South Boston, Va., office in Merchants and Planters Bank Building, 108 Main.

DR. C. G. NICHOLS, Offers His PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the PEOPLE of Roxboro and surrounding country. Practices in all the branches of Medicine.

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 Duxbury, N. C., will be attended at once.

DR. E. A. MORTON, PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Offers his professional services to the people of Roxboro and surrounding country. Practices in all the branches of medicine.

Winstead House, ROXBORO, N. C. W. H. Williams, PROPRIETOR. This house is open to the PUBLIC GENERALLY - and for - Drummers Particularly.

Good rooms, table fare the very best the market will afford. CHARGES MODERATE. Call and see me whenever an opportunity affords. I am also prepared to take care of horses.

W. H. WILLIAMS.

MASTER AND REAPERS.

The master called to his reapers: 'Make scythes and sickle keen, And bring me the grass from the uplands, And the grass from the meadows green, And from off the mist clad marshes, Where the salt waves fret and foam, To furnish the harvesting home.'

Then the laborers cried: 'O master, We will bring thee the golden grain That waves on the windy hillsides, And the tender grass from the plains, But that which springs on the marshes Is dry and harsh and thin, Unlike the sweet field grasses, So we will not gather it in.'

But the master said: 'O foolish! For many a day, Through storm and drought, have I labored For the grain and the fragrant hay. The generous earth is fruitful, And the breeze of summer blows Where there is, in the sun and the dew of heaven, Have ripened soft and slow.'

'But out on the wide bleak marsh land Hath never a plow been set, And with the heavy rain of hungry waves The shivering soil is wet, There flows the pale green sedge, And the tides that ebb and flow, Are the only carb that know.'

'They have drunken of bitter waters, Their food hath been sharp sea sand, And yet they have yielded a harvest Unto the master's hand. Honor them both the more, And garner in gladness, with songs of praise, The grass from the desolate shore.'

-Zoe Deane Underhill in Harper's Magazine.

TALE OF A PROOF READER

I have reached the mature age of twenty-six years without achieving any other distinction in life than a place as proof reader in a publishing house. That may seem a small honor to the uninitiated, but my work is intellectual and very comprehensive. That I am capable of doing it argues for me a wide range of information, a mind finely critical. If I were not mentally superior to the masses could I derive a comfortable income from running down their mistakes? Would not my own ignorance be apparent on many a printed page if I did not with steady hand seize and thrust out of sight the errors and carelessness of those who write? I am closeted all day with Webster and Worcester; I am familiar with all books of reference. I read and write German and French, I can trace every English word to its root, and translate Latin and Greek. I am not an egotist when I tell you these things, I must take my place among the workmen of Chicago as one who is paid far less than the successful dressmaker, milliner or cook. Indeed, I have often envied my sisters who achieve success in either of these lines. The artist in dressmaking commands her price, the milliner's taste and style render her independent; the accomplished cook whose faultless dinners lead her on to fortune—all these create something that can be appreciated, admired and weakly imitated. My work is sadly negative. My sins are those of omission, not of commission. Who ever hears of the errors of a proof reader, the thought of the printed page? For the work I do I win the cordial hatred of those who work about me—the printer, the foreman, even the ink boy who brings work to my hands. These all hate me for the things I do, while I am in constant terror from things I do not do. What proof reader has not stood again at some glaring error which he did not run to earth on the first proof, but overtook by chance on a revised? What if his tired eyes had missed it then? It would have wrought ruin to an entire volume—and to him.

How I secured my position I need not relate. It was after long and hard fighting, which I began at nineteen years. Till then I had been a ward of charity, wearing in my baby days the blue check apron of the Foundlings' home. I was educated at the expense of the church, and when first I tried my small strength against the world it was as copyholder in a great publishing house in Chicago. I was able now to earn \$12 per week. After seven years, I am little of a pessimist and my life has not been given over to melancholy, but to work. I give ten hours of each day to my work. It absorbs my energy, breaks my spirit and will and leaves me tired and depressed. I have been employed on Monroe street, in a house that is old and well known. Its air is full of foul odors, it is dark and without ventilation. I climb five flights of stairs to my work in the morning, taking my way through rooms full of human beings struggling for daily bread against greater odds than I, and who even envy me. All day I hear the throbbing and beating of the great press, the click of the type in the printers' fingers. I see their faces full of anxious and poverty tried, and I have seen them so for five years, and sometimes hope dies within me.

Touch a book with reverent fingers, ye who are ignorant of its mechanism. Over its pages flows the life blood of many a humble toiler. Mayhap its fair, white leaves have been dampened with women's tears, for so many working women are heartsick and discouraged.

Five years of this life will render the hopeful woman strong minded and cynical. She will need the unlovely strength she develops in a city that barbers and gives substance to 40,000 bachelors. Forty thousand strong men, who smoke and eat, sleep and pursue their solitary lives, spending yearly means enough to keep up homes. And where every morning 40,000 women tramp hurriedly through our streets, a terrible army, each with her face set toward some store, office or workshop. These women do not seek health nor strength nor womanliness—they must lose these better elements. They will not win wages enough to keep them through chance sickness nor certain old age—not one in a thousand does that. They will not be made better, mentally or morally, by ceaseless toil. They will only clothe and feed themselves, that they may come on the morrow and again, till their faces are pinched and bloodless and the grace of youth has left them; till they are not fit for wives and mothers, for they are old and sad, and each of the 40,000 bachelors wants a wife whose temper is sunny and sweet and who does not know the world so well as these working women of Chicago.

There was a time in my life when I

THE ISLAND OF BIRDS.

San Pedro is a place of summering, a villa-tour for wealthy Guadalajara families, who pass there the months of September and October. June 13 is observed as a great festival, for on that date, 1881, San Pedro secured the cry of independence, raised by furibund Yguala. It is a drowsy little town, with pottery, pottery everywhere. But let not the stranger prepare himself for immense kilns nor extensive factories. In a 6x10 room with a mud floor and two or three neat maps, a table and two or three chairs, highly polished, are the seats for furniture, squat two or three Indians, yes, of the barefoot, white cotton drawers class of citizens. If they make cups, flasks, etc., they may have a little hand-father and some molds; otherwise, the clay, a few wooden spatulas, a knife or two and their fingers are the implements, while a little furnace may be found out in the garden, covering away behind noble guano trees or overlanded mangoes. Perhaps a dozen little clay pipkins on the pine table hold the pigments used for coloring the wares.

But the variety of vessels and toys is infinite, and, in the finer grades, the work is marvelous. Water sets, bottles, tray, cup and stopple, of exquisite finish; money banks in the form of ducks, pigs, fish, and myriad shapes of fruit and flowers, now conventionalized, now true to life, a thousand types of wooden, beguiling, gentlemen, soldier, each with his own individual expression so faithfully copied that one seems to savor the ices of the never and hear the unearthly howl of the blind fiddler, with his gleaming teeth and hollow mouth where the raised tongue fairly seems to wiggle. It is strange enough that many of the best varieties of this ware are never seen on sale elsewhere, not even in the City of Mexico. Strangely, too, these artisan artists are not clever at modeling women. Few of their types are feminine, nor are they successful at the portraiture of women in the busts which they model from life after five minutes' study of a subject. They charge dear for these busts, though; one hardly cares to pay \$10 or \$12 for a statuette of clay, which may go to pieces in a hard jar on the railway.—Y. H. Addis in San Francisco Chronicle.

When they go to sea they never use the language that is employed on shore, but a jargon sacred to the occasion. A woman they call "dovlen fooder" or "hemelto," a person is an "upstander," and the church is a "bone house," and so on.

To use a land word in a boat is certain to frighten away the fish. A copper coin is nailed on every keel to prevent the "brigy" (which is the Danish name for the basking shark) from sucking the boat to the bottom. A worsted thread having no knots on it is tied around a joint when it is sprained.

Sick cows are cured by drawing a tom cat by the tail over their backs. If a minister or a person with flat feet crosses the path of a man going out fishing no fish will be got. To accidentally wet the feet when stepping into the boat is a favorable sign. A cat should never be mentioned when a man is bating his line.

A rusty nail from a coffin will cure the toothache if used as a toothpick, and a sip of water from an old kneecap is a sovereign remedy for some disorders. To catch a hare for bait the fisherman puts pieces of pork into a ketle above the fire before proceeding to sea.

A hen should be set when the tide is flowing, and an egg should be placed among the seed corn before it is sown. When a sheep is being slaughtered indoors no woman should pass between it and the fire. A cat should never be mentioned when a man is bating his line.

The comparison between the barber shop of America and the barber shop of Europe is the comparison between a palace and a hovel. Luxury in a barber shop across the water, even in Paris, is an unknown quantity. The American barber aims to make his shop as attractive as possible. In decorations and fitting up generally many shops in America are exceedingly artistic. In Europe things are different. An American visiting Paris or London, on placing himself in the hands of a native barber, will on one sign for the land of his birth, and would even enjoy the gossip of his American barber.

In the provincial towns and cities of Germany a barber is an institution. He is a dignitary to some extent. The head barber never shaves a man. He hires assistants to do that. He pulls teeth, surgeson and dentist. He pulls teeth, cups and leeches, cuts off a leg or arm if necessary, but he never draws a razor across a customer's face. The head barber's assistants start out with their shaving outfits early in the morning and do the shaving right at the homes of customers who make a contract for a year to be shaved so many times a week for so much—generally about \$10 is the price. Customers must be at home when the barber calls or they will not be shaved until the next trip. There are very few shops and very poor ones in Germany. The European visiting America is astounded at the luxury, the artistic arrangement and general elegance of the American barber shop.—George Werner in Globe-Democrat.

Disease Among French Peaches. A new disease has broken out in the peach orchards of France, similar to the black rot that has been so destructive to the grape in America. The fruit is attacked in its earlier stages and never reaches maturity. It is, however, from a wholly different fungus that produces the grape trouble with us, and has been named Corymbeum Dejerinckii. This black rot swept off most of the peaches in the valley of the Garonne last year.—Public Opinion.

As charity covers a multitude of sins before God, so does politeness before men.—Lord Beattie.

RUSSIA AS A COMPETITOR.

The Petroleum Trade Revolutionized—A Russian Petroleum Revolution—A "Till recently Russia has constituted a little world of its own and its immense population has not disturbed the people living in other countries. In seeking to enlarge its borders it has had troubles with other nations, but otherwise it has not crossed their track. It has not been a competitor for fuel on locomotive and marts of the world." It has produced some superior leather and iron that have been used for certain purposes, but lately it has been heard that articles equally good have been made in other countries. It has exported considerable wheat, but there has been a little fear that the amount would be taxed in the great market for injured our market for grain and meat, while it has bought our cotton, tobacco and petroleum.

But within the past four years Russia has revolutionized the petroleum trade of the world, and has established lines for conveying oil from near the Caspian to the Black sea, and has constructed iron vessels for carrying it in bulk not only to all the leading ports of western Europe, but to Africa, India and Australia. The Russians were the first to use crude petroleum for fuel on locomotive and stationary steam boilers, for making illuminating gas for burning brick and earthenware.

Recent English papers state that arrangements have been made for bringing frozen beef, pork, mutton and poultry from Russia to British ports during the coming winter by one of the finest cotton life animals and eggs will soon be brought at all seasons of the year. If desirable they can be brought most of the distance by rail or sent all the way by water from ports on the Baltic sea. It is now believed that immense quantities of grain raised in Siberia will be sent to England, France and Germany. At the same time Russia expects to export raw cotton. The profits of raising it in a region where plowing may be done during most of the year and where no fertilizers are required are enormous. With cars and steamers run by petroleum cotton raised in central Asia may within five years be laid down in Liverpool. At the same time that produced in the United States.

The region traversed by this same system of railroads is also said to be wonderfully adapted to the production of fine wool and tobacco. For centuries large flocks of sheep and goats have been kept there and have been the chief sources of wealth. With good facilities for transporting their fleeces it is likely that these flocks will be largely increased. Some state that the tobacco raised in central Asia is superior to that produced in Turkey, which is preferred for making cigarettes and smoking in pipes.—Chicago Times.

One of Pompeii's Victims. A few days afterwards I returned for another day at Pompeii. The impression was greater than ever before. The city and the hill now came into relations with each other in a way that had never before. There was a fearful reality about the harrowing spectacle in the museum near the gate of Pompeii. The slender, graceful form of that woman who presses her forehead against her arm as she lies face downward and gasps for breath; the untold agony in the features of the prostitute man, who seems still gasping for life, that last figure in a line of charred human forms which lie before us, as perfect as they were when entombed in the falling ashes—all these speak to us and bring us terribly near to these men and women of centuries ago. There was indeed an awful martyrdom. But to find, which brought death to Pompeii, bestowed upon its immortality. Today Pompeii lives, while thousands of cities which have been spared have perished and passed forever.—Florence Cor. Boston Globe.

Count Kalnoky's One Finger Trick. Count Kalnoky has been trying the one finger trick of his once too often, and has received a lesson which he will not forget in a hurry. The count has a very excited notion of his own dignity, especially on official occasions, and has a habit of extending only one finger to diplomats under the first rank. As Vienna a few days ago he met a man, well known in London circles for the facility with which he has run through two fortunes, and is now sadly angling for a third. The count had fraternized with this individual on the neutral ground of London drawing rooms and had frequently dined with him. But in Vienna's diplomatic circles the count did not consider it necessary to maintain the friendship, and on meeting his old chum coolly extended the stereotyped forefinger. The other gazed for a moment through the eyeglass which he always wears, at the right of the count, and then as coolly advanced his own forefinger; and with it touched somewhat gingerly that of the count. The latter blushed furiously, and scanned the faces of those around to see if notice had been taken of the greeting. Of course there were smiles, which were checked as soon as possible; but the lesson was well marked, and should be taken to heart.—London Modern Society.

A Southern Terrapin Farm. A Yankee has established a terrapin farm about sixty miles from Mobile. An enclosure of three acres in extent contains several ditches, 100 feet in length and 10 feet in width, and these are filled with salt water by two canals. In these ditches about 80,000 turtles are domesticated. In winter they lie imbedded in the mud, and are very convenient creatures to keep, seeing at this season they never eat any food. The turtles cost about \$1 per dozen at fact, and sell in New York for \$17 per dozen.—Washington Post.

An Interesting Origin. The pug dog as a pet had an interesting origin. He was first imported from China and Japan, and came into fashion in the reign of William III. It is stated that the king believed his life to have been saved by a dog of this breed awakening him in his danger when a murderer's attack was about to be made on the prince.—Chicago Herald.

Birth's good; but breeding's better.—Scott's Proverb.

THE PETROLEUM TRADE REVOLUTIONIZED—A

RUSSIA AS A COMPETITOR. The Petroleum Trade Revolutionized—A Russian Petroleum Revolution—A "Till recently Russia has constituted a little world of its own and its immense population has not disturbed the people living in other countries. In seeking to enlarge its borders it has had troubles with other nations, but otherwise it has not crossed their track. It has not been a competitor for fuel on locomotive and marts of the world." It has produced some superior leather and iron that have been used for certain purposes, but lately it has been heard that articles equally good have been made in other countries. It has exported considerable wheat, but there has been a little fear that the amount would be taxed in the great market for injured our market for grain and meat, while it has bought our cotton, tobacco and petroleum.

But within the past four years Russia has revolutionized the petroleum trade of the world, and has established lines for conveying oil from near the Caspian to the Black sea, and has constructed iron vessels for carrying it in bulk not only to all the leading ports of western Europe, but to Africa, India and Australia. The Russians were the first to use crude petroleum for fuel on locomotive and stationary steam boilers, for making illuminating gas for burning brick and earthenware.

Recent English papers state that arrangements have been made for bringing frozen beef, pork, mutton and poultry from Russia to British ports during the coming winter by one of the finest cotton life animals and eggs will soon be brought at all seasons of the year. If desirable they can be brought most of the distance by rail or sent all the way by water from ports on the Baltic sea. It is now believed that immense quantities of grain raised in Siberia will be sent to England, France and Germany. At the same time Russia expects to export raw cotton. The profits of raising it in a region where plowing may be done during most of the year and where no fertilizers are required are enormous. With cars and steamers run by petroleum cotton raised in central Asia may within five years be laid down in Liverpool. At the same time that produced in the United States.

The region traversed by this same system of railroads is also said to be wonderfully adapted to the production of fine wool and tobacco. For centuries large flocks of sheep and goats have been kept there and have been the chief sources of wealth. With good facilities for transporting their fleeces it is likely that these flocks will be largely increased. Some state that the tobacco raised in central Asia is superior to that produced in Turkey, which is preferred for making cigarettes and smoking in pipes.—Chicago Times.

One of Pompeii's Victims. A few days afterwards I returned for another day at Pompeii. The impression was greater than ever before. The city and the hill now came into relations with each other in a way that had never before. There was a fearful reality about the harrowing spectacle in the museum near the gate of Pompeii. The slender, graceful form of that woman who presses her forehead against her arm as she lies face downward and gasps for breath; the untold agony in the features of the prostitute man, who seems still gasping for life, that last figure in a line of charred human forms which lie before us, as perfect as they were when entombed in the falling ashes—all these speak to us and bring us terribly near to these men and women of centuries ago. There was indeed an awful martyrdom. But to find, which brought death to Pompeii, bestowed upon its immortality. Today Pompeii lives, while thousands of cities which have been spared have perished and passed forever.—Florence Cor. Boston Globe.

Count Kalnoky's One Finger Trick. Count Kalnoky has been trying the one finger trick of his once too often, and has received a lesson which he will not forget in a hurry. The count has a very excited notion of his own dignity, especially on official occasions, and has a habit of extending only one finger to diplomats under the first rank. As Vienna a few days ago he met a man, well known in London circles for the facility with which he has run through two fortunes, and is now sadly angling for a third. The count had fraternized with this individual on the neutral ground of London drawing rooms and had frequently dined with him. But in Vienna's diplomatic circles the count did not consider it necessary to maintain the friendship, and on meeting his old chum coolly extended the stereotyped forefinger. The other gazed for a moment through the eyeglass which he always wears, at the right of the count, and then as coolly advanced his own forefinger; and with it touched somewhat gingerly that of the count. The latter blushed furiously, and scanned the faces of those around to see if notice had been taken of the greeting. Of course there were smiles, which were checked as soon as possible; but the lesson was well marked, and should be taken to heart.—London Modern Society.

A Southern Terrapin Farm. A Yankee has established a terrapin farm about sixty miles from Mobile. An enclosure of three acres in extent contains several ditches, 100 feet in length and 10 feet in width, and these are filled with salt water by two canals. In these ditches about 80,000 turtles are domesticated. In winter they lie imbedded in the mud, and are very convenient creatures to keep, seeing at this season they never eat any food. The turtles cost about \$1 per dozen at fact, and sell in New York for \$17 per dozen.—Washington Post.

An Interesting Origin. The pug dog as a pet had an interesting origin. He was first imported from China and Japan, and came into fashion in the reign of William III. It is stated that the king believed his life to have been saved by a dog of this breed awakening him in his danger when a murderer's attack was about to be made on the prince.—Chicago Herald.

Birth's good; but breeding's better.—Scott's Proverb.

THE BARBER SHOPS OF EUROPE.

The comparison between the barber shop of America and the barber shop of Europe is the comparison between a palace and a hovel. Luxury in a barber shop across the water, even in Paris, is an unknown quantity. The American barber aims to make his shop as attractive as possible. In decorations and fitting up generally many shops in America are exceedingly artistic. In Europe things are different. An American visiting Paris or London, on placing himself in the hands of a native barber, will on one sign for the land of his birth, and would even enjoy the gossip of his American barber.

In the provincial towns and cities of Germany a barber is an institution. He is a dignitary to some extent. The head barber never shaves a man. He hires assistants to do that. He pulls teeth, surgeson and dentist. He pulls teeth, cups and leeches, cuts off a leg or arm if necessary, but he never draws a razor across a customer's face. The head barber's assistants start out with their shaving outfits early in the morning and do the shaving right at the homes of customers who make a contract for a year to be shaved so many times a week for so much—generally about \$10 is the price. Customers must be at home when the barber calls or they will not be shaved until the next trip. There are very few shops and very poor ones in Germany. The European visiting America is astounded at the luxury, the artistic arrangement and general elegance of the American barber shop.—George Werner in Globe-Democrat.

Disease Among French Peaches. A new disease has broken out in the peach orchards of France, similar to the black rot that has been so destructive to the grape in America. The fruit is attacked in its earlier stages and never reaches maturity. It is, however, from a wholly different fungus that produces the grape trouble with us, and has been named Corymbeum Dejerinckii. This black rot swept off most of the peaches in the valley of the Garonne last year.—Public Opinion.

As charity covers a multitude of sins before God, so does politeness before men.—Lord Beattie.

RUSSIA AS A COMPETITOR.

The Petroleum Trade Revolutionized—A Russian Petroleum Revolution—A "Till recently Russia has constituted a little world of its own and its immense population has not disturbed the people living in other countries. In seeking to enlarge its borders it has had troubles with other nations, but otherwise it has not crossed their track. It has not been a competitor for fuel on locomotive and marts of the world." It has produced some superior leather and iron that have been used for certain purposes, but lately it has been heard that articles equally good have been made in other countries. It has exported considerable wheat, but there has been a little fear that the amount would be taxed in the great market for injured our market for grain and meat, while it has bought our cotton, tobacco and petroleum.

But within the past four years Russia has revolutionized the petroleum trade of the world, and has established lines for conveying oil from near the Caspian to the Black sea, and has constructed iron vessels for carrying it in bulk not only to all the leading ports of western Europe, but to Africa, India and Australia. The Russians were the first to use crude petroleum for fuel on locomotive and stationary steam boilers, for making illuminating gas for burning brick and earthenware.

Recent English papers state that arrangements have been made for bringing frozen beef, pork, mutton and poultry from Russia to British ports during the coming winter by one of the finest cotton life animals and eggs will soon be brought at all seasons of the year. If desirable they can be brought most of the distance by rail or sent all the way by water from ports on the Baltic sea. It is now believed that immense quantities of grain raised in Siberia will be sent to England, France and Germany. At the same time Russia expects to export raw cotton. The profits of raising it in a region where plowing may be done during most of the year and where no fertilizers are required are enormous. With cars and steamers run by petroleum cotton raised in central Asia may within five years be laid down in Liverpool. At the same time that produced in the United States.

The region traversed by this same system of railroads is also said to be wonderfully adapted to the production of fine wool and tobacco. For centuries large flocks of sheep and goats have been kept there and have been the chief sources of wealth. With good facilities for transporting their fleeces it is likely that these flocks will be largely increased. Some state that the tobacco raised in central Asia is superior to that produced in Turkey, which is preferred for making cigarettes and smoking in pipes.—Chicago Times.

One of Pompeii's Victims. A few days afterwards I returned for another day at Pompeii. The impression was greater than ever before. The city and the hill now came into relations with each other in a way that had never before. There was a fearful reality about the harrowing spectacle in the museum near the gate of Pompeii. The slender, graceful form of that woman who presses her forehead against her arm as she lies face downward and gasps for breath; the untold agony in the features of the prostitute man, who seems still gasping for life, that last figure in a line of charred human forms which lie before us, as perfect as they were when entombed in the falling ashes—all these speak to us and bring us terribly near to these men and women of centuries ago. There was indeed an awful martyrdom. But to find, which brought death to Pompeii, bestowed upon its immortality. Today Pompeii lives, while thousands of cities which have been spared have perished and passed forever.—Florence Cor. Boston Globe.

Count Kalnoky's One Finger Trick. Count Kalnoky has been trying the one finger trick of his once too often, and has received a lesson which he will not forget in a hurry. The count has a very excited notion of his own dignity, especially on official occasions, and has a habit of extending only one finger to diplomats under the first rank. As Vienna a few days ago he met a man, well known in London circles for the facility with which he has run through two fortunes, and is now sadly angling for a third. The count had fraternized with this individual on the neutral ground of London drawing rooms and had frequently dined with him. But in Vienna's diplomatic circles the count did not consider it necessary to maintain the friendship, and on meeting his old chum coolly extended the stereotyped forefinger. The other gazed for a moment through the eyeglass which he always wears, at the right of the count, and then as coolly advanced his own forefinger; and with it touched somewhat gingerly that of the count. The latter blushed furiously, and scanned the faces of those around to see if notice had been taken of the greeting. Of course there were smiles, which were checked as soon as possible; but the lesson was well marked, and should be taken to heart.—London Modern Society.

A Southern Terrapin Farm. A Yankee has established a terrapin farm about sixty miles from Mobile. An enclosure of three acres in extent contains several ditches, 100 feet in length and 10 feet in width, and these are filled with salt water by two canals. In these ditches about 80,000 turtles are domesticated. In winter they lie imbedded in the mud, and are very convenient creatures to keep, seeing at this season they never eat any food. The turtles cost about \$1 per dozen at fact, and sell in New York for \$17 per dozen.—Washington Post.

An Interesting Origin. The pug dog as a pet had an interesting origin. He was first imported from China and Japan, and came into fashion in the reign of William III. It is stated that the king believed his life to have been saved by a dog of this breed awakening him in his danger when a murderer's attack was about to be made on the prince.—Chicago Herald.

Birth's good; but breeding's better.—Scott's Proverb.