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## JONATHAN AND HIS CONTINENT.

BY MAX O'RELL AND JACK ALLYN.

Translated by Mlle. Paul Blouet. Copyrighted by Cassell & Co., New York. We Publish the Following Extracts from this Book by Special Arrangement through the American Press Association.

Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell) is a remarkably clever Frenchman, who has devoted his talents mostly to satirizing the Anglo-Saxon race. He has become widely known as the author of "JOHN BULL AND HIS ISLAND," "JOHN BULL, JR.," &c. This book is his latest production, the material for it being gathered during his recent visit to America.

CHAPTER XXXIX.  
Hotels are one of the strongest attractions in America to Americans, especially the ladies.

When Europeans travel, we alight at a hotel, because it is impossible that we should have a pitching place of our own in each town we visit, or friends able to receive us; in other words, we go to the hotel, because we cannot help it. When we leave our good bed and table, and set out to see the world a little, we say to ourselves: "The worst of it is that we shall have to live in hotels perhaps for a month or two; but, after all, it cannot be helped, we must put up with hotels since we have made up our minds to see Switzerland, or Scotland, or Italy." Our object in traveling is to see new countries, make pleasant excursions, climb mountains, etc., and to attain that object we use the hotels as a convenience, as a necessity.

In Europe, the hotel is a means to an end. In America, it is the end.

People travel hundreds, nay thousands of miles for the pleasure of putting up at certain hotels. Listen to their conversation and you will find that it mainly turns, not upon the fine views they have discovered, or the excursions and walks they have enjoyed, but upon the respective merits of the various hotels they have put up at. Hotels are for them what cathedrales, monuments and the beauties of nature are for us.

In February, 1888, I went to see the Americans take their pleasure in Florida. During the months of January, February and March hordes of society people from the towns in the north go to Florida where the sun is warm and the orange trees are in full beauty of fruit and flower. Jacksonville and St. Augustine are in winter what Saratoga, New York and Long Branch are in summer, the rendezvous of all who have any pretensions to a place in the fashionable world.

But what do they do at Jacksonville and St. Augustine, all these Americans in search of a "good time"? You think perhaps that, in the morning, they set out in great numbers to make long excursions into the country or to the water, that picnics, riding parties and such out-door pastimes are organized.

No, they get up, breakfast, and make for the balconies or piazzas of the hotels, there to rook themselves two or three hours in rocking chairs until lunch time; after this they return to their rocking chairs again and wait for dinner. Dinner over, they go to the drawing room, where there are more rocking chairs, and chat or listen to an orchestra until tea time. And yet, what pretty environs the little town of Jacksonville has, for instance! For miles around stretches a villa dotted orange grove.

And the table d'hôte!

In France we look well at the bill and study it; we discuss the dishes, arranging them discreetly and artistically in the mind before making their acquaintance more fully on the plates. We are gourmets. In America the question seems to be not, "Which of these dishes will go well together?" but, "How many of them can I manage?" It is so much a day; the moderate eaters pay for the glutinous.

You see women come down at 6 o'clock in silk attire, and decked in diamonds. And what a breakfast! First an orange and a banana to freshen the mouth and whet the appetite; then fish, bacon and eggs, or omelet, beefsteak or chop with fried potatoes, hominy cakes, and preserves.

"How little you eat, you French people!" said an American to me one day, as I was ordering my breakfast of cafe au lait and bread and butter.

"You are mistaken," I said, "only we do not care for our dinner at 8 o'clock in the morning."

The larger the hotel is the better the Americans like it. A little quiet, well kept hotel, where the cookery being done for twenty or thirty persons instead of a thousand, the beef is not the same taste as mutton; a hotel where you are known and called by your name; where you are not simply No. 573 like a convict; this kind of pitching place does not attract the American. He must have something large, enormous, immense. He is inclined to judge everything by its size.

Jacksonville and St. Augustine boast a score of hotels, each capable of accommodating from six hundred to a thousand guests. These hotels are full from the beginning of January to the end of March.

I have almost always accepted with reserve the American analogies, followed by the traditional "in the world" but it was safely said that the Ponce de Leon hotel, at St. Augustine, is not only the largest and grandest hotel in America, but in the whole world. Standing in the prettiest part of the picturesque little town, this Moorish palace, with its walls of onyx, its vast, artistically furnished saloons, its orange walks, fountains, cloisters and towers, is a revelation, a scene from the Arabian Nights.

How the Americans converge in search of a "good time," as they call it. The charges range from ten to twenty-five dollars a day for each person, exclusive of wines and extra. The American who goes to the Ponce de Leon with his wife and daughters, however, spends from one to two hundred dollars a day. For this sum, he and his family are fed, played by a very ordinary band, and supplied with an immense choice of rocking chairs. On his return to New York, he describes to his friends that he has had a "lovely time." The American never admits that he has been bored, in America especially. The smallest incidents of the trip are events and adventures, and he never fails to have his "good time." He is as easily pleased as a child; everything American calls out his admiration, or at least his interest. Remark that, for instance, that to go by train to Florida from the north one has to travel through more than six hundred miles of pine forest—which makes the journey very uninteresting—and he will throw you a pitying glance, which seems to say: "Immense, isn't it? The evil is not so great as it is in the

smaller towns where those young persons walk at table also. In the best hotels their only duty is to keep the bedrooms tidy. You must not ask any service of them beyond that. If you desire anything brought to your bedroom, you ring and a negro comes to answer the bell and receive your order.

I remember having on day insulted one of these women—certainly intentionally, but the crime was none the less abominable for that.

This was it.

I was desirous to go out to dinner, and wanted some hot water to wash with. Having rung three times and received no answer, I grew impatient and opened the door, in the hope of seeing some servant who would be obliging enough to fetch me the water in question. A chambermaid was passing my door.

"Could you please get me some hot water?" I said.

"What do you say?" was the reply, accompanied by a frown and a look of contempt.

"Would you be so good as to get me some hot water?" I timidly repeated.

"What do you think I am! Haven't you a bell in your room?" said the lady.

And she passed along indignant.

I withdrew into my room in fear and trembling, and for a few minutes was half afraid of receiving a request to quit the hotel immediately.

I shared with cold water that day.

CHAPTER XL.  
If you go to a changer, he will give you five francs in French money, or four shillings in English, for a dollar. But in America, you are not long in discovering that you get for your dollar but the worth of a shilling in English money, or a franc in French.

The flat that lets for 4,000 francs in Paris, and the house that is letted at £200, or 4,000 shillings in London, would be charged \$4,000 in New York, Boston or Chicago.

The simplest kind of dress, one for which a Parisian of modest tastes pays 100 francs, would cost an American lady at least \$100. A visiting dress costing 500 francs in Paris would cost \$500 in New York. A bonnet that would be charged 30 francs is worth \$30. The rest to match.

Here is a dressmaker's bill which fell under my eyes in New York:

Robe de chambre.....	\$70
Clothes dress.....	120
Open skirt.....	100
Sitting bath.....	10
Bonnet.....	30
Theatre bonnet.....	50
Ball dress.....	60
Ball dress.....	60
Total.....	\$825

In this bill, there is neither mantle, linen, boots, shoes, gloves, lace, nor the thousand little requisites of a woman's toilet, and it is but one out of the three or four bills for the year. I am convinced that an American woman, who pretends to be a good manager, must spend, if she be a good manager, from \$5,000 to \$8,000 a year. Add to this the fact that she looks herself with diamonds and precious stones. But these, of course, have not to be renewed every three months.

A great number of Americans come to Europe to pass three months of every year. This is not an additional extravagance; it is an economy. They buy their dress for a year, and the money they save by this plan not only pays their traveling expenses, but leaves them a nice little surplus in cash.

A hotel keeper on the fourth floor, for which you would pay five francs a day, is at the good hotels of the principal towns of America. A cab which costs you one franc and a half in France, or one shilling and six pence in England, costs you a dollar and a half in New York. The proportion is always kept.

The dollar has not more value than this in the lesser towns of the United States. The countess, for instance, which takes you to the dog and driving a horse from a day, is at a shilling in England, and for half a franc in France, costs you half a dollar in America.

Copper money exists in America, but if you were to offer a cent to a beggar he would fling it at you in disgust. When the barefooted urchins in the south beg their formula is: "Spare us a nickel," or "Chuck us a nickel, 'gubnor." The nickel is worth five cents. The only use of the cent that I could discover was to buy the evening paper.

The only things cheap in the States are native oysters, and English or French books that have been translated into American.

If expenses are enormous in the United States I must hasten to add that it is chiefly the foreign visitor who suffers in price. The American can afford to pay high prices, because his receipts are far larger than they would be in Europe. Situations bringing in three or four hundred dollars, as in France in England, are unknown in America. Bank clerks and shop assistants command salaries of a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars a year. A railway car conductor gets \$30 a month. In the grades above in the professions, the fees, compared with those earned in Europe, are also in the proportion of the dollar to the shilling or franc. A newspaper article for which would be paid in France from 100 to 600 francs, and no French paper, except the Figaro, pays so much for articles as is paid in America from \$100 to \$200. A doctor is paid from \$5 to \$10 a visit. I am, of course, not speaking of specialists and fashionable doctors; their charges are fabulous. I know barristers who make over \$100,000 a year.

Everyone is well paid in the United States, except the vice president.

If I have spoken of the high cost of living, it is to state a fact and not to make a complaint. I went to America as a lecturer, not as a tourist. Americans paid me well, and when they asked me for a dollar and a half to take me to a lecture hall, I said, like Mr. Joseph Prudhomme: "It is expensive, but I can afford it," and I paid without grumbling.

CHAPTER XLII.  
Well, sir, and what do you think of America?

Without pretending to judge America exhaustively, I will sum up the impressions extorted down in this little volume, and reply to the traditional question of the American: "What one thinks of what the Americans have done in a hundred years of independent life, it looks as if nothing ought to be impossible to them in the future, considering the inexhaustible resources at their disposition.

America has been doubling its population every twenty-five years. If immigration continues at the same rate as it has hitherto, in fifty years she will have more than two hundred millions of inhabitants. It does not take time, Europe makes progress only in the

arts and sciences, while the social condition of its nations does not improve, she will be to America what barbarism is to civilization.

While the Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs and the Prubrandenburgs review their troops, while her standing armies are costing Europe more than \$1,000,000,000 a year, in time of peace, whilst the European debt is more than \$25,000,000,000, the American treasury at Washington, in spite of corruption, which it is well known does exist, has a surplus of \$60,000,000. Whilst European governments cudgel their wits to devise means for meeting the expenses of absolute monarchies, the Washington government is at a loss to know what to do with the money it has in hand.

While the Europeans begrudge the daily papers give accounts of reviews, mobilisations and military manoeuvres, of speeches in which the people are reminded that their duty is to serve the emperor first and their country afterwards, of blasphemous prayers in which God is asked to bless soldiers, swords and gunpowder, the American telegrams announce the price of corn and cattle and the quotations on the American stock exchange.

Happy country that can get into a state of abolition over a presidential election, or the election of John F. Sullivan, while Europe in trembling asks herself, with the return of each new spring, whether two or three millions of her sons will be called upon to sacrifice their throats for the great glory of three emperors in search of excitement!

America is not only a great nation, geographically speaking.

The Americans are a great people, holding in their hands their own destiny, learning day by day with the help of their liberty, to govern themselves more and more wisely, and able, thanks to the profound security in which they live, to consecrate all their talents and all their energy to the arts of peace.

The well read, well bred American is the most delightful of men; good society in America is the witliest, most genial and most hospitable I have met with.

But the more I travel and the more I look at other nations, the more confirmed I am in my opinion that the French are the happiest people on earth.

The American is certainly on the road to the possession of all that can contribute to the well being and success of a nation, but he seems to me to have missed the path that leads to real happiness. His domestic joys are more shadowy than real. To live in a whirl is not to live well.

Jonathan himself sometimes has his regrets at finding himself drawn into such a frantic race, but declares that it is out of his power to hang back. If he were given to men to live twice on the planet, I should understand his living his first term as an American, so as to be able to enjoy quietly, in his second existence, the fruits of his toil in the first. Said that only one journey here is permitted; I think the French are right in their study to make it a long and happy one.

If the French could arrive at a steady form of government, and to its security, they would be the most enviable happy people on earth.

It is often charged against the Americans that they are given to bragging. May not men who have done marvels be permitted a certain amount of self glorification?

It is said, too, that their eccentricity constantly leads them into folly and license. Is it not better to have the liberty to err than to be compelled to run straight in leash? If they occasionally vote like children, they will learn with age. It is by voting that people learn to vote.

Is there any country in Europe in which morals are better regulated, work better paid, or education wider spread? Is there a country where you can find such natural riches, and such energy to turn them to account; so many people with a consciousness of their own intellectual and moral force, so many schools, where the child of the millionaire and the child of the poor man study side by side; so many libraries, where the boy in rags may read the history of his country and be fired by the exploits of its heroes? Can you name a country with so many learned societies, so many newspapers, so many charitable institutions, or so much widespread comfort?

M. Renan, wishing to turn himself into a prophet of ill omen, one day predicted that, if France continued republican, she would become a second America.

May nothing worse befall her!

THE EDITOR.

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We also keep a first-class restaurant which is kept on the

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Meals 25 cents, at any hour from 6 a. m. to 11 p. m. We feed on fresh Beef, Pork, Mutton, Lamb, Chickens, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, Birds, Eggs, fresh Fish, Rabbits and all kinds of Vegetables, in fact everything that is kept in a Restaurant.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALM  
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Wares of a Mexican Town.  
San Pedro is a place of summering, a villa for wealthy Guadalajara families, who pass there the months of September and October. June 14 is observed as a great festival, for on that date, 1821, San Pedro secured the cry of independence, raised by Iturbide in Yguala. It is a dry little town, with pottery, pottery everywhere. But let us turn to the stranger preparer himself for immense kilns and extensive factories. In a 6x10 room with a mud floor and two or three red mats, a table and two or three gaudy, highly colored pictures of saints for furniture, squat two or three Indians, eye of the barefoot, white cotton drawers, class of citizens. If they make cups, flash pots, they may have a little hand lathe and a few tools, otherwise, the clay, a few wooden spindles, a knife or two and their fingers are the implements, while a little furnace may be found out in the garden, covering away behind the house, under the overhanging eaves of a porch. The clay pipkins on the pine table hold the pigments used for coloring the ware.

But the variety of vessels and toys is infinite, and in the finer grades, the work is marvelous. Water sets, bottles, trays, cups and stoneware, of exquisite finish in many kinds in the form of cones, fish, and myriad shapes of fruit and flowers, now conventionalized, now true to life; a thousand types of wooden, beggars, gentlemen, soldiers, each with his own individual expression so faithfully copied that one seems to sorrow the loss of the never and hear the unearthly howl of a miser or a madman in the street. Few of their types are feminine, but some are 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 \$15 for a statue of a woman. Few of their types are feminine, but some are 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 \$15 for a statue of a woman.

OUR ENGLISH COUSINS.  
The Cordiality with Which Guests are Received—Mating themselves of Hosts—On arriving, the host and hostess greet us at the door very cordially, and lead the way to a spacious reception room, where refreshments are served in true English style. We were then told that the dinner hour was 9 o'clock. There are fully five rooms on the second and third floors, and the very courteous keeper escorted us in turn to those assigned us. Promptly at 8 o'clock all meet in the drawing rooms, and without special introductions treat each other as acquaintances. Such is the freemasonry of English society, although I much prefer our American custom of general introductions, which commits one to nothing in future meetings and yet for the time being puts one on velvet with one's neighbors. When the butler opens the doors, the host assigns the gentlemen to the ladies, and with an arm into the banquet hall. Behind each stands a serving man, silent as a mummy, in fine livery of gold and purple (sometimes scarlet); pumps with large silver buckles, silk stockings and garters, and powdered hair. The dinner is often of twelve courses, and appropriate wines.

There is no waiting for the morning's repast—from 8 to 10—and no servants stop about the breakfast room, the gentlemen serving themselves and ladies, in most part, from the sideboards. The aristocracy and middle classes do not eat much at their first meal—eggs, toast, muffled cold meats, pasties and tea, rarely coffee. Each spends the time as inclined. The host and hostess let their guests do just as they please. You may be sure that your host will not put himself out for you in the least, unless you expressly desire it. Everything in the house goes on as usual, and you are not there. Put, per contra, the house and all that is in it practically yours while you stay within its walls. Your host puts his servants, his wine cellar, his larder, often his horses and his game preserves, absolutely at your disposal. You are at liberty to use and misuse the house, precisely as if you were in your own house. You can order a sandwich, a bowl of broth; a glass of wine or spirits whenever you please; you can announce your intention of going off shooting the very morning after your arrival, and guns and dog and everything else that may be most necessary for men, arriving in the afternoon at a friend's house, to send their dress suit down to the laundress to be pressed before dinner. In England guests are not only told to "make themselves at home," but are actually allowed to do so.

Each, then, does as he or she pleases. In the first place, there is reading and answering letters, of which latter the English woman is especially fond. She writes well and she writes often—whether she has anything of moment to say or not, and sometimes a dozen letters are exchanged over an invitation to an informal dinner, and these letters are usually so long and always so bright and chatty that they not infrequently tax heavily the traveler's time and mental powers that she may be equally courteous and brilliant.

The dailies and various magazines and reviews of the day are liberally distributed in the sitting room, while visits to the library, picture galleries, hot houses, conservatories, gardens, park and stables form part of the daily occupations. The gentlemen generally go shooting in the morning and a season in the woods, rabbits, etc., and they stand in the opening showing their skill in marksmanship. If they stay after 3 o'clock the servants bring luncheon, or they return to the mansion and join the ladies who have gone driving to the country, riding at a very generous pace.

The guests, I repeat, conduct themselves as if at home, without restraint or ceremony; the host and hostess never intrude, or worry, leaving you in perfect freedom to pursue your humor. Everybody is supposed to know best how to enjoy himself. Acquaintances formed there are like those of the ballroom, and do not warrant their renewal; of course, friendships and intimacies often come of them. During the day all are in plain dress, to be laid aside at the sacramental dinner hour, for although you are left undisturbed to follow the bent of your own will and pleasure during the day, and breakfast at any hour you please, it is de rigeur to be at hand in regulation toilet as soon as dinner is announced—an hour after the dressing bell is sounded. Chaperons, impromptu tableaux readings, music, etc., help pass the evening. Mrs. Frank Leslie in Kansas City Journal.

As an Early Instance.  
A Boston man who had had a pretty hard tug with fortune for several years and could with difficulty keep afloat, had a little fortune left him by a relative. A friend meeting him soon after asked him what was his first sensation after getting his hands on the money. "My first sensation was to give a lift in the way of something useful to several fellows whom I knew to be in as tight quarters as I ever was myself. I obeyed the impulse and I've been always glad I did, for the longer I'm in possession of money the fewer such impulses I have."—Boston Advertiser.

THE EARLY CLOUDS.  
The researches of M. Teisserenc de Bort show a marked tendency of the earth's cloudiness throughout the year to arrange itself in zones parallel to the equator. A belt of maximum cloudiness may be traced on the equator, two bands of high cloudiness, one from 15 to 35 degs. of latitude north and south, and two zones of greater cloudiness between 45 and 60 degs, beyond which the sky seems to become clearer, toward the poles. These zones have a noticeable tendency to follow the sun in the change of declination, moving northward in spring and southward in fall. The zones of clear sky correspond with regions of high pressure. The distribution of cloudiness is a direct consequence of the course of the winds.—Arkansas Traveler.

NEW YORK'S ENORMOUS CHARITIES.  
New York's charities are something enormous. That a million of dollars are given to the poor of this city every year could easily be shown, but that does not touch the question. This matter is something that affects the social structure from corner stones to cap itself. It is employment these people need. Self support is the first essential in the great problem of self respect. No man who lives on borrowed money, no man who is the recipient of continuous charity, can respect himself. The meanest and clanniest men who walk the streets has his moments of sober thought, and it is these moments of sober thought which will ultimately breed trouble in this city.—Joe Howard in Chicago News.

AN INTERESTING ORIGIN.  
The pug dog as a set 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 attacking a man who had been made on the prince.—Chicago Herald.

BIRTH OF GOOD, BUT BREEDING OF BETTER.—Scotch Proverb.

Important Evidence.  
A man in New York who was badly mused up and disfigured in a street row had a photograph taken of himself while in that plight to present as evidence before the court. There is no more veracious witness than a photograph, and a fellow who was a witness in a bodily misused man did not take the jury long to decide the case in his favor. Photography is a useful art, and it is constantly realizing new possibilities.—Chicago Herald.