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THE COURIER
is published in the center of a fine tobacco
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advertising mediums for merchants and
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Circulated largely in Person, Granville and
Durham counties in North Carolina, and
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Catarrh

is a constitutional and not a local disease,
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applications. It requires a constitutional
remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which works
through the blood, eradicates the impurity
which causes and promotes the disease, and
which causes and promotes the disease, and
which causes and promotes the disease, and

Catarrh

effects a permanent cure. Thousands of
people testify to the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla
as a remedy for catarrh when all other
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you feel renewed in health and strength.

Catarrh

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and received great relief and benefit from it.
The catarrh was very disagreeable, especially
in the winter, causing constant discharge from
my nose, ringing noises in my ears, and pains
in the back of my head. The effect to clear

Catarrh

my head in the morning by hawking and spitting
was painful. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me
relief immediately, while in time I was
entirely cured. I am never without Hood's
Sarsaparilla in my house as I think it is worth
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Fish, Rabbits and all kinds of Veget-
ables, in fact everything that is kept
in a Restaurant.

Try us

We get the praise of all who stop
with us for keeping the best table ever
kept in Roxboro.

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IN A FAR COUNTRY.

Some Strange Things That Happened
After Railway Accidents.

There was once a Far Country, a
great distance from this, which was
ruled over by a king and just Caliph.
And it was so that there occurred a
serious railroad accident in this coun-
try, whereby many people were gather-
ed to their fathers. And the next day
there came to the palace of the
Caliph a director of the railroad on
which happened the accident, and
hoping to the ground he lifted up
his voice and said:

"Oh, most wise and just Caliph,
the rails spread out on us—tramps had
pulled out the spikes with their teeth,
but we knew it not. Of a certainty
the rails did spread on us. Behold, it
was the act of Allah!"

"So," answered the Caliph, as he
stroked his beard, "truly I grieve to
hear that the rails spread. But Allah
is good. Mesour," he continued,
"turning to his executor, "behead this
man at the fourth hour without fail."
And it was so that at ten minutes
after the fourth hour his body was de-
livered to his friends.

And the next month there was an-
other grievous accident on another
road, whereby more true believers
were cut off, even as may be the ene-
mies of the prophet. And the day
following the president of the road
arrived at the palace gate and was
admitted by a slave. And when he
came into the presence of the
Caliph he prostrated himself and said:

"There is one God, and Mahomet
is his Prophet! Most wise and just
Caliph, we have had an accident on
the Damascus Short line, and many
true Mussulmans are slain. Allah is
good! Behold, there was a washout,
and our engineer was it not, but
plunged in the slow rate of sixty
Christian miles to the Christian hour.
See, I weep that such things should
be!"

"Indeed!" answered the mighty Caliph; "so there was a washout that ye
wot not of. I suspected as much.
Mesour, will the faithful go to noon-
day prayers, behead this man who
was ignorant of the washout."

And, behold, the true believers were
even then passing to the noonday
prayers, and Mesour took the presi-
dent to his studio and finished up the
job in time for late prayers himself.
And on the eighth day of the eighth
month, on another road, there was
still another accident; and a score of
true followers of Islam bit the dust.

And the next day at the ninth hour
after midnight the board of directors,
and president, and a general manager
and two or three vice presidents, all
knocked and prayed that they might
make speech with the most wise and
just Caliph. And he suffered them to
enter and they fell on their faces and
worshipped him, and then the presi-
dent said:

"Commander of the Faithful, Ma-
homet is mighty, and thou art his true
vicar on earth. By the beard of the
Prophet there has been trouble with
the Mecca limited. Great Caliph, many
of thy subjects are no more. Thus it
was: The locomotive was a new one
and two or three engines at a bicycle
and snorted a couple of times and
jumped into the ditch. Truly we knew
not that it was one of these skittish
locomotives. Oh, mighty son of the
Prophet, we rend our garments that it
is so. But the ways of Allah are mys-
terious!"

"Mesour," said the Caliph, it seems
to me that I have heard this story be-
fore."
"You have, son of Mahomet."
"The engine shied on them—well,
you know the old prescription—give
'em the same—razzle-dazzle 'em!"
And the great Caliph, who was wise
and good, as he was great, took up
the blessed Alcoran and read its words,
but ere he could finish a page they
were razzled.

For Mesour never let business ac-
cumulate on his hands. He was never
in any accident, and he was never
never any more accidents in the land
of the Commander of the Faithful
ever unto this day.

The other railroad folks took the
hint.
But in closing it should be said that
this is a Far Country indeed, being
a great many days' journey from
this country.—New York Tribune.

An Ancient Tale.

Those who are anxious to remain
in the flesh beyond the ordinary dura-
tion of their mortal life will be inter-
ested in the habits of the old Turk who
has recently died at Haddah, aged
130 years. Old Hadji Soliman
Saba had seven wives, all of whom
died before him; he was the father of
sixty sons and nine daughters, who
have also gone the way of all flesh,
and in the year before his death he
was thinking of marrying again, but
could not obtain the necessary funds to
buy a bride. Saba was a farmer upon
his life's end; his diet consisted mainly
of barley bread, beans (vegetarians, take
note) and water, and only twice a
year, on high festivals, did he eat
meat. His clothes were even more
simple than his diet, consisting of a
shirt only, and when he traveled a
pair of trousers. His bed was a mat-
ress and a straw mat, and it had
never been a "bed of sickness" till
three days before his death.—Pall Mall
Gazette.

Tearing History to Tatters.

The Magazine of American History
presents historic and incontrovertible
reasons for believing that the Declara-
tion of Independence was not signed
by any one on the Fourth of July,
1776, except by John Hancock as pre-
sident, and by Charles Thompson as
secretary; that the engrossed copy
which had been made on the Fourth
of July was, by a happy afterthought,
signed generally Aug. 2; that the ap-
proving vote was not unanimous on
July 4, but was approved by several;
that one of those who was present
July 4 and approved is not among the
signers enrolled; that at least one-
eighth of the signers were not even
members of congress on July 4, 1776.
So history gets pulled to pieces, and
romantic fictions more pleasant and
more profitable than the real history
of the past find their way readily to the
conscience of the people.—San Francisco
Argonaut.

Tea in Russia.

The tea generally drunk in Russia is
taken without milk, and is of a very
light color, very strong and very
flavored. The best class of tea found
in Russia is that imported from China,
and is usually pronounced by those
who have tasted it as superior to
any tea in the world. The reason
for this state of things is primarily, no
doubt, the fact that the overland jour-
ney to Russia is so expensive that only
tea of really first rate quality can be
profitably sent by this route. Then,
again, the best China tea is grown in
India, and too far removed from the
coast to find its way readily to the ex-
port harbors. Its easiest outlet is the
overland route.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Music and Love.

Haydn, whose pious habit of in-
scribing his scores with bits of rever-
ent Latin, will go down to posterity,
and who, if this failed, would always
be held sacred for his "Hymns." He died in 1809,
but his music lives. He had a portrait
painted, and satisfied all his little
whims and fancies, which, like those
of all prime donne, were not of course,
inexpensive ones. Good old but inconstant Haydn! It is to be
hoped he stopped here, though, from
quite a famous compliment which he
paid Mrs. Billington, it is to be feared
he possessed the knack of ingratiating
himself into the favor of the fair sex
generally. Reynolds had painted the
generalissimo Cecilia listening to cele-
stial music. "Yes," said Haydn, upon
being asked for his opinion, "it is in-
deed a beautiful picture—just like her;
but—what a mistake." "Where?" in-
quired the painter. "Why, you have
painted her listening to the angels,
when you ought to have represented
the angels listening to her."

Teaching Parrots.

As a reporter entered a bird fancier's
establishment a few days ago he was
greeted with a series of yells and
screaches, a discordant welcome from
the parrots of all sizes and colors which
were ranged round the room and
appeared to vie with each other in mak-
ing the greatest racket.

"We have just received a fresh
importation of parrots," said the bird
man, appearing from the menagerie
room in the rear of the store, "and
from all prospects there are a good
many fine talkers among them."
"Which variety have you?" asked
the reporter.

"At the present we have but three
varieties—the double yellow-head, the
Cuban and the African gray."
"Which variety leads in intelli-
gence?" asked the reporter.

"Very well. They seem to get ac-
climated in their voyage and generally
know how to talk some when they ar-
rive."
"How do you teach parrots to talk
and how long does it take one to
learn?"

"That's a hard question to answer.
Different birds vary in intelligence.
A bird will get accustomed to a place
in about two months, and if given a
lesson every day can talk fairly well
in that time."
"The morning hours are the best for
teaching. Cover the cage with a
cloth, and then in a clear voice say a
word or short sentence until the bird
repeats it. Then commence with an-
other, and so on. When once it be-
gins to talk it is only a matter of time
and patience before it improves. Ob-
ject teaching is a good plan," contin-
ued the bird man. "The parrot needs
only to see and hear a barking dog,
a crowing rooster or a meowing cat
a few times before an exact imitation is
given."

"Suppose you have a bird that can
talk and won't talk, is there any way
to make it talk?"

"There is no method that I am ac-
quainted with, unless it be that of
starvation, but that's cruel, and should
not be resorted to."—Washington
Critic.

Land and Tree Holders.

The Aryans are distinctively culti-
vators of the soil. But it is equally
our impulse to destroy forests. Our
purpose of closing an interesting chapter of
my life I thank you for your company and I
have passed a delightful evening. It is good
enough now to give me your serious atten-
tion to turn me not to live as an unmar-
ried man the kind of life I lived as an un-
married one. I have to announce to you that from this
moment the Benedict whom you have known is dead
—dead and buried. No longer shall I be
called Benedict, nor you any longer. My
servant will read you my last will and testament. Fare-
well.

So saying Benedict disappeared; the
servant remaining read the will as an-
nounced. By this document each one
received some portion of the goods of
the defunct bachelor. To one he left
his card table, to another his side-
board, to a third his collection of pho-
tographs. A postscript was added that
Benedict was going to settle down
in Jersey and lead the life of a country
gentleman. There he proposed to
spend the greater part of the year,
visiting the metropolis for a month or
two in the winter months. When he
reaches the city he immediately ar-
ranges for a sitting at a fashionable
church on the avenue, and there he
may be seen every Sunday with his
charming wife. Never was there a
more complete conversion, and never
was a penitent more blessed.—New
York Times.

A Philosophical View of It.

"Well," said Uncle Hiram, who
used to belong to a singing club in
his early days, "I never heard a wo-
man play like that woman we heard
in Boston that night. It was just aw-
ful. My ears ache even now."
"Yes," replied his nephew, "she was
rather loud, that's a fact. But, then,
her execution!"

"George," exclaimed the old gentle-
man, as he seized his nephew by the
arm, "you don't mean to say that they
went so far as that? Well, 'tisn't for
me to judge them. I only heard her
once. It seems terrible—a woman, too.
But then they had to listen to her
every night. And they won't have
to hear her again. Perhaps it's all for
the best, George."—Boston Transcript.

Explosives and Detonation.

In a paper recently read before the
Society of Chemical Industry in Eng-
land, the singular fact was pointed
out, with reference to the relative
rapidity of combustion and rapidity of
detonation of explosives, that a dy-
namite cartridge of the same length
occupied only one twenty-four-thous-
andth part of a second in explosion.
At this rate a ton of dynamite car-
tridges about seven-eighths of an inch
in diameter, placed end to end and
measuring one mile in length, would
be consumed in about a quarter of a
second by detonating a cartridge at
each end; while a similar train, if
simply ignited, would occupy several
minutes for its combustion.—New
York Telegram.

Erratic Details.

Has an attachment for his victim—
the constable.
A business that has its ups and downs
—the driver's.
An asylum for the "busted" theo-
retical manager—a light house.
In Tennyson's "rosebud garden of
girls," it is supposed there were no
roses in the garden.
It was a barber who remarked that
it took everything he could "rake and
scrape" to make him a living.—De-
troit Free Press.

Sir Walter Raleigh's Repentance.

"And what, my dear Sir Walter,
quered Elizabeth of her courtier,
"what didst thou think of thy sov-
ereign's speech in parliament this
morn?"
"A grand oration, please your high-
ness," replied Sir Walter. "So true
was it that neither Shakespeare nor
I myself could say who wrote it for
thee."—Harper's Magazine.

The Grand Prize of Paris.

It is now more than a hundred
years since the fashion of horse rac-
ing was introduced into France from
England. History has preserved the
name of a French horse named l'Abbe,
belonging to the Prince of Gennes,
who in 1776 had the honor of beating
several opponents that had been
brought over from England. The
following year races took place at
Vincennes, at Pontaubouin, and on
the Plaine des Sablons, but the pro-
motors of these first essays were only
able to organize their undertaking in
a rudimentary manner; they did not
even lay out a regular course. The
revolution interrupted the races.
Napoleon re-established them, but
they only came into use; they began
to take considerable development only
between 1830 and 1840.

In 1836 was created the Jockey club
stakes, or French Derby. Old sports-
men yet remember with delight the
young riders who led during the vic-
tory of the Derby. The Paris Grand Prix
is of a more recent date. It was found-
ed in 1863 for three-year-old horses.
Since then it has been run regularly
each year except in 1871, the year of
the Commune. Twenty-five horses
have come off conquerors in the trial,
the most recent being the one who
conquered the race in our country.
Of these twenty-five winners thirteen
were born in France, ten in England,
one in Austria, and the last in the
United States. These results show
that the race on its creation has been
preserved. The stakes, without re-
ckoning the increase caused by entries
and forfeits, which as a rule amount
to about 40,000 francs, are 100,000 francs.
Of this sum the Ville de Paris contributes
one-half and the five principal railway
companies the other. It is a timely
generosity, for the receipts which this
fete procures for the town and com-
panies amply make up, on account of
the number of passengers and the great-
ness of the traffic, for the sacrifice
which they have imposed on them-
selves.—Paris Illustration.

The Jester.

There has probably never been any
greater degradation of genius, nor
many signs better able to make dogs
and men weep, than the old employ-
ment of the court jester. After the
collapse of a court, fool had been
driven out, and the courtiers, the
fool gradually ceased to be the dwarf
or imbecile who had been an object of
general ribaldry in the beginning, and
became some one superior in intellect,
if not in person, to most of those about
him; a man of frequent visits of un-
doubted genius, not of great or master-
ful or well born enough possibly to
direct the course of empire or be the
crown's minister, in an age, too, of
warriors, but often fully capable of
understanding and criticizing the de-
tails of statecraft; a man of undaunt-
ed courage and of great energy of wit
and the sharpest tongue, yet he was
put in motley, a jerkin buttoned down
the back, his head shorn, and a parti-
colored cap with bells and an ass's
ears and a cock's comb on it, a stick
strung with a string of beads, a bauble
in his hand, and thus made a
mockery of already, he was further
rendered subject to the insolence of
every silly courtier or page who, as
the old saying goes, did not know so
much in his whole life as the other
forgot every night.

But, however, from this low
beginning, the court fool became a per-
sonage whose powers of entertainment
made him valued as any great com-
edian is now by those that can com-
mand him; his repartee ceased to be
of the ruder and grosser kind, but was
refined and amusing, caustic, satiric,
caustic and pungent, very likely, by
whence he became a person to be fear-
ed and appraised, while often he was
a creature of pure wit and infinite jest.
With the advance of civilization, and
the opening of the press to the people,
this class of mind found its opportunity
in print, and the court fool ceased to
exist.—Harper's Bazar.

Hunting Rattlesnakes.

Up in Berkshire county, Mass., the
rattlesnake is hunted every summer
for his oil, which sometimes fetches \$2
an ounce. Here is a description of
the way the Yankee outwits the ser-
pent.

"Choosing a hot summer day, the
rattlesnake hunters saunter forth.
One man carries a fishpole, another a
sharp scythe. The fishpole has a stout
wire attached to it, and there is an or-
dinary pickered hook on the end of
the lead of the fishpole. The man with
the grass, so as not to disturb the sleep-
ing snake, who is almost always
found basking in the warm sun near
a loose ledge of rock, one of the men
prods his snakeship more or less gen-
tly with the fishpole, being careful
not to touch the snake's head. The snake
wakes up angry, makes a dart at the
nearest irritating object, which is
the fishhook, and very accom-
modatingly allows the sharp teeth to
penetrate his jaws. The man with
the fishpole holds the entrapped rat-
tlesnake at a safe distance, while his
comrade moves up and severs the
snake's head from his body. The
body is then deposited in a bag, and
the hunters go in search of another
snake."—Chicago Times.

Loves the Law's Delay.

There is one man in St. Louis who
appreciates the law's delays. His name
is Dierberger, and in 1882 he was
deliberately shot and killed a man in
a horse car. On his first trial he was
proven convicted of murder in the
first degree. The supreme court re-
versed the judgment. There was a new
trial and he was sentenced to twenty-five
years imprisonment. That sentence
seemed so severe to Dierberger. He
appealed, got a new trial, and was
sentenced to ten years in prison. But
even this concession did not satisfy
him. The case was taken up on his
renewed appeal, and was compromised
on one year in jail and \$1,000 fine.
Let others speak slightly of the
law's delays. Dierberger will always
say that he saved his life.—Boston Tran-
script.

CHAOS WITHOUT THE MIRROR.

How Both Men and Women Are Lost
Without a Looking Glass.

"Do you like this style of mural
decorations, Edwin?" inquires Angeli-
na in Punch, alluding to the looking
glasses with which she and her be-
loved hubby are surrounded. "Yes,
my dear, for it enables me to see at
every turn the face and form that I
most admire." The sentence was am-
biguous and was misunderstood, of
course, by Angelina; but Edwin hit
the nail precisely on the head. Few
things are more agreeable than being
constantly little by contemplating one's
own features. In sickness, one's re-
flection in the glass provides sympathy
and consolation, as well as reporting
progress in health it provides com-
pany. What more can a man desire?

"Lays away the looking glass and see
what a blank life becomes. No longer
can one examine one's tongue; no longer
can one watch the play of the eyes
features and discover in them the ever
fresh beauties so mysteriously hidden
from others; a man cannot shave; a
woman cannot do her hair; the world
becomes chaotic without a mirror. At
any rate, it takes two people to do it
without it what one can do with it,
and, after all, no man feels proper con-
fidence in his friend's opinion as to
whether his tie is straight, and no wo-
man believes the judgment of another
who tells her, 'You're not looking
quite so well as you did last night as
usual.' Looking glasses have now
become such a recognized mark of civi-
lization that a man who finds himself
in a hansom cab which is unprovided
in this respect feels himself perfectly
justified in giving the driver the very
lowest legal fare. Undoubtedly he is
justified.

There seems to be scarcely any
greater pleasure for a young man
than to drive down Piccadilly in a
good hansom, and gaze first at the fair
damsels on the pavement, and then
into the little mirror by his side.
Watching this one begins almost to
understand why Narcissus jumped
into the water which served him as a
mirror. Milton, apropos of this sub-
ject, puts words into Eve's mouth
which are as true to nature as they
are in themselves expressive.

As I bent down to look, so opposite,
Bending to look on me, I started back.
It started back; but pleased I soon returned.
Pleased with reflected face with covering looks
Of sympathy and love.

Doubtless the "watry gleam" was
the first mirror known to mankind.
The Jewesses of old used to arrange
their sable tresses by the aid of mirrors
of brass. The classical mirror was a
thin, polished, slightly convex disk
of bronze. Silver mirrors were in-
vented by Praxiteles about three centuries
before the Christian era. But though
looking glasses made of glazed plates
of bright metal were used as early as
1250, the modern type of mirror was
not invented till the beginning of the
fourteenth century, at which date it
was manufactured in Venice.—Lan-
don Globe.

The Speed of Fishes.

The speed of fishes is almost an un-
known quantity, being, as Professor
G. Brown Goode, of the United States
fish commission, says, very difficult to
measure. "If you could get a fish,"
said Professor Goode, "and put him in
a trough of water 1,000 feet long and
start him at one end and make him
swim to the other without stopping,
which formation could be made in re-
sult, but fish are unintelligent and
they won't do this. Estimates of the
speed of fish consequently are only ap-
proximated, and more or less founded
on guessing. You can tell, at a glance
whether a fish is built for speed or
not. A fast fish looks trim and point-
ed, like a wedge. Its body is conical
in shape, and its fins fit down close to
its body, like a knife blade into its
handle. Fish with large heads, bigger
than their bodies, and with short,
stubby fins are, of course, built for
slow motion."

"What are the fastest fishes?"
"The predatory fish, those which
live on prey, are the fastest swimmers.
The food fishes are generally among
the slowest and are consequently easily
captured. Their loss is recom-
pensed, however, by the natural law,
which makes them very prolific in re-
production. Dolphins have been
known to swim around an ocean
steamer, and it is quite safe to say
that their speed is twenty miles an
hour, but it may be twice as much.
The bonito is a fast swimming fish.
Just what his speed is I do not know.
The head of the goose fish is very
large—twenty times as big as its body.
It moves about very little, and swims
at the bottom of the ocean. The Span-
ish mackerel is one of the fastest of
the food fishes. Its body is cone
shaped and smooth as burnished
metal. Its speed is as matches as
the dolphin, and in motion it cuts the
water like a yacht."—Washington
Post.

Book Titles Formerly and Now.

Brevity nowadays seems to be neces-
sary for a good title for a book, and
herein lies one striking difference be-
tween modern one syllable titles and
those of a couple of hundred years
ago. Here are a few from the days of
Cromwell: "A Reaping Hook well
tempered for the stubborn Ears of the
coming Crop, or Biscuits baked in the
Oven of Charity, carefully preserved
for the Chickens of the Church, the
Sparrows of the Spirit, and the good
Swallows of Salvation." "A Pair of
Bellows to blow off the Dust cast upon
John Fry." "High Heeled Shoes for
Dwarfs in Holiness." "The Shop of
the Spiritual Apothecary." In 1693
was published "Essays of the History
of the Feminine Gender more worthy than
the Masculine, being a vindication of
that ingenious and innocent sex from
the biting Sarcasms wherewith they
are daily assailed by the Virulent
Tongues and Pens of Malvolent
Men;" and in 1743, "A History of
Plethum Cantum; or, a Merry Dia-
logue between Apollo, Foolish Harry,
Sully Billy, a Griffin, a Printer, a
Spider Killer, a Jackass, and the So-
berious Guna of Ludgate."—Printer's
Register.

Labourers Does the Big Top.

Talking about boyish escapades, "I
have a vivid recollection," says Mr.
Henry Labouchere, "of a day when,
happening to have more money than
I knew what to do with, I determined
to do the 'big top.' I called forth to
the largest hotel in London, engaged a
private room, and ordered the waiter
to bring me a bowl of punch. The
discreet functionary stared, but
brought it; it was then my turn to
stare and wonder what on earth I
should do with the huge bowl full of
a fluid the odor of which made me
feel faint. At length, my eye resting
upon a good old fashioned cupboard
of antique oak, a brilliant idea struck
me. I opened the door and poured
the whole of the punch into the base-
ment of the oak. Then, after wait-
ing a few minutes to see whether the
obnoxious liquor would make in-
roads upon the carpet, the pattern of
which was that of golden crowns on a
royal blue ground, I rang the bell
again, and, on the waiter appearing,
I still more authoritatively tones I or-
dered another bowl. Never shall I
forget the expression of horrified
amazement which came over the
man's countenance. The second por-
tion went the way of the first—that
is to say, into the cupboard; and
I expect the great hostess, Mrs. Lab-
ouchere, could not have felt prouder
than I did when I called for the
bill, disbursed a sovereign for the
punch, ten shillings more for the pri-
vate parlor, tipped the waiter and
suggested to the street, fully per-
suaded that the exertions which I had
made were upon me, which, in my exultant
state of mind, were tantamount to
those of all Europe. I never went
there again."—Edinburgh Scotsman.

The Terrier and the Bulldog.

I heard a good story a few days ago,
says a correspondent of The Boston
Post, which illustrates not only the
intelligence of dogs and their power
of communicating with each other,
but that the same sort of experiences
which tend to develop independence
and self reliance in human beings have
a similar effect with them. A gentle-
man who owns a small terrier and a
mastiff found that the terrier was
in the habit of going down a road on
which he had occasion to pass a house
where a bulldog was kept who hardly
ever failed to come out and growl at
and otherwise annoy him.

But beyond this exhibition of
the human bulldog's spite did not go
until a certain day he was in the
terrier quite severely. The next day
the terrier went up to the mastiff and
evidently had quite an interview with
him on the subject of the injury which
had been inflicted by the bulldog, for
at his conclusion the mastiff accom-
panied the little fellow down the road.
When the bulldog came out, appar-
ently prepared to renew his assault,
both the terrier and the mastiff at-
tacked him and gave him a thorough
whipping, the terrier especially dis-
playing a vigor and persistence which
were remarkable in a dog of his size.
The bulldog, who had hitherto exhib-
ited in presence of his old enemy.

The Effect of Thunder on Dogs.

An interesting story was told last
year of a superb dog out of
Litchfield county that was killed be-
cause of his strange conduct, and after-
ward it was found to have been only
frightened by thunder. It had run
twelve miles and then taken to a
strange house, run upstairs and re-
fused to come down, and was finally
a Scotch collie, and those dogs are
peculiarly susceptible to and utterly
cowed by thunder. There is one in
this city not quite so bright as the sun-
shine in fair weather that becomes
utterly imbecile as soon as a thunder
even a threatened one.

Yesterday afternoon, amid the dis-
tant rumble of a far away storm, he
laid aside his intelligence and ran
wildly off from home without it. A
long search for him proved futile, but
in a couple of hours he came up, all
wet and muddy, at