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Sometimes.

long
And golden lie the ripening fields of grain Like cadence of some half forgotten song There sweeps a memory 'cross my brain. I hear the landrail far among the grass, The drowsy murmer in the scented limes; I watch the radiant butterflies that pass, And I am sad and sick at heart sometim

netimes, when royal winter holds h When every cloud is swept from azure skies. And frozen pool and lighted hearth are gay With laughing lips and yet more laughing

eyes, From far-off days an echo wanders by That makes a discord in the Christman

moment in the dance or talk I sigh And seem half lonely in the crowd some

Not often, not for long. O friend, my friend, We were not lent our life that we might

Should our fair spring a longer sojourn Comes all too soon the time of fabing leaves, Come on the short, cold days. We must

And go our way and garner home our sheaves, Though some far-faint regret may cloud our

Sometimes I see a light almost divine In meeting eyes of two that now are one, Impatient of the tears that rise to mine, I turn away to seek some work undone. There dawns a look upon some stranger face;

think, "How like and yet how far less And look and look again, and seek to trace A moment more your fancied likener

O sad sweet thought! O foolish vain regress As wise it were, what time June roses blo

To weep because the first blue violet. We found in spring has faded long ago O love, my love, if yet by song of bird By flower scent, by some sat posts rhymes, My heart, that fain would be at peace, is stirred.
Am I to blame that still I sigh sometimes?

And sometimes know a jealous pang of pain That, while I was all lonely, other eyes May haply am e to yours that smile again, Beneath the jun and stars of souhtern skies, Thorne is past! but is it sin if yet , who in calm content would seek to dweft

ho will not grieve, yet cannot quite forget Still sends a thought to you and wish you

A Year in a German Cookery School.

It was the last day of April, at half past ten in the evening. Bed time had come, and my father embraced me more tenderly than usual, saving "God bless you, my child," and then left me alone. I was alone, alone for the last time in my father's house, in my own dear friendly room, which I had to leave next morning early for the first time in my life.

I was sixteen years of age; and according to a common custom of German families, I had now to go for twelve months to what is called a Cookery School, in order to learn there everything that is expected from a German housewife. This custom is not universal in Germany; but it prevails in many districts, especially in the north-western provinces. A girl may be a countess, or a caroness; a clergyman's or a general's daughter; or else the child of a butcher or shoemaker It does not signify how or where she was born, or what her rank is. The manners of her country require that, whoever she is, she should know how to cook, wash, iron, to clean the rooms, mend the linen, and plant the garden Of course I do not mean to say that all girls, in those parts of Germany where the custom is most general, are forced to tudergo this training. Very many, as may be imagined, shirk it; and some parents do not feel the necessity of imposing this useful education on their daughters. Yet the sense of the majority makes them alive to its advantages. For it must be remembered that whether a woman's future life obliges her to do these things herself | children-was very long and strong, or not, and even if her position in the and therefore would have taken too world allows her to keep as many much time to comb it ourselves. servants as she chooses, these very servants, being German servants, expect her to know how to do all the work Ahich she requires of them.. There is | pid girls began with easy work, two only one difference between a baroness and the child of a tradesman. The latter learns the several duties I have and to mend the linen; two worked in mentioned in her father's house and | the garden and had to feed the animals from her mother; while the former but except during the first month Stephen Putney & Co., leaves her home to learn the same de- they were only expected to attend tails of domestic service in a strange to the poultry. Two had to arrange

My luggage was prepared, and every thing was finished. I had nothing to de but to lie down once more in my white-curtained bed, with my head full of all sorts of pictures of my immediate future. They were not very nice According to this plan we changed that evening. Every girl is more or less conceited, and I am not at all ashamed to confess that I was kept awake far beyond midnight by the idea that my hands, which until now had never touched anything nasty, would from the next day begin to peel potatoes, and kill ducks and pigeons, and that my complexion would be spoiled by the heat of the kitchen fire.

Morning came, and with it the farewell from my father, brothers, sisters, and all my dear friends. They all accompanied me to the station. Another kiss, another shaking of the hand, and not allowed to complain of any work, the train started, carrying me toward and I am glad and proud to say we

unknown people and unknown work. The same afternoon I arrived at the s ation of S-, in the Thuringian Forest. The train had scarcely stopped when a very venerable-looking tall | ed to bend all day, digging earth plantold clergyman, with long white curly | ing flowers and weeding borders, ached hair and kind blue eyes, opened the door of my carriage, asking if Fraulein H -was in there. I said yes, and shaking hands with me, he told me that he was the clergyman K-from washes the dishes, accompanying that

ing year. He told me to follow him to | But then, last but not least, that fourth his carriage which was standing outside wise than pleased with the old pastor's appearance, my heart beat fast that moment; and while Mr. K-went to inquire about my luggage, I felt such a wish to cry that, in order to restrain

my tears, and regardless of the strange coachman, who was standing by, I stepped up to the horses and embraced them tenderly, whispering into their symrathetic ears that I was very, very unhappy! I think the coachman, fond as he was of his horses, liked my caressing them.

He came up to me, tapped my shoulder familiarly, and asked me in his homely Thuringian dialect not to be unhappy. "Oh," he said "my dear Fraulein, about forty young girls have I fetched at this station in these last years; every one was unhappy then, or at least pretended to be so; but oh! how much more unhappy they 'were when they had to leave this station! And, Fraulein," he continued, "believe in my prophecy-you do not look this place without regret !"

I blessed that simple sincere man with all my heart; and it may be said here that to the very last day of my stay at Bellstadt he and I were good and faithful friends. After half an hour we started. The weather was splendid, and we enjoyed a delicious of the Thuringian Forest, till at last of carriage, after having passed a

hall but pretty village, stopped before the door of a two-storied house, overgrown with vines and ivy, which lay nestled behind old and shadowy linden trees. A rather small but neatlykept garden, with a beautiful green grass-plot, roses and other flowers in beds, were to be seen at the right side of the house, while another bigger one full of fruit trees, potatoes, and all the vegetables required in the kitchen, lay behind the house. From this second garden I heard the joyful voices f girls at play, while a lady, the mistress of the house, kindly greeting me, was standing in the doorway. According to our education, and the courtesy we use toward elderly ladies, I went and kissed her hand, and she in return kissed my forehead, wishing me a most hearty welcome. Then she took me

fortable, but without luxury. She "Aunt Mary." as we had to call her) told me that I had seven companions, and that she hoped I would make friends with them. Then she helped me to unpack my luggage, making a close inspection to be sure I had everything I wanted. And yes, it was all at hand. There were two winter and two summer dresses, made with short sleeves, of dark and useful stuff, beside twelve large dark-blue aprons or pinafores for hard and dirty kitchen work, twelve white ones for house work, and twelve nice and neat ones for serving at dinner. After having praised my useful things, Aunt Mary smiled at my pretty dresses and hats, which we were allowed to wear on Sunday, for picnics, and other occasions. "You little vanity," she said, kissing me, "come now, I will show you the house and introduce you to your com-

After dinner, where two of the "Pensionairinnen," as we were called, had served, Mr. K. read out of the Bible. gave us his blessing, and we went to bed, for the next morning had to see us up early. At 5 Aunt Mary came to call us. We took our bath, and then one girl helped to comb the other's at him! hair. This-probably because of her German nationality, but assuredly not (as the author of "German Home Life" kindly pretends) in consequence of our never having had our heads washed as

From half-past 5 in the morning our day was divided in the following manner: The newly-arrived and still stuand two always working together. Two had to clean the rooms and lamps the dinner, tea and coffee table, and to wash the dishes used at meals. Two again were busy in the kitchen. All of us had to go every afternoon to

milk the cows, and on a wash or ironing day to take part also in that labor. our work every week. I began my studies. Aunt Mary was the head of all, the minister of the interior and foreign affairs, as we used to say, while four under ministers supported her in both departments. These four were those girls who had been in her house for six months, and each of the newly-arrived girls was given to the would be too detailed if I were to debegan the first week by cleaning the

special guardianship one of these. It scribe every day of my training. I rooms and the lamps. This by the way, is a very pleasant duty. We were never did, for we knew "it must be!" The first week is not the worst, for the work is easy. The next begins to be har der, for our backs, quite unaccustombadly in the evening. The third week again is a sort of repose. With a neat coquettish apron pinned upon one's frock one serves at the meals and

week-oh! I shiver, only thinking o the station. Although I was not other- it! I see myself again standing in the kitchen peeling my potatoes, preparing the vegetables, and ah! killing the poultry, while my six mon hs experienced companion looks at me, pitifully smiling at my tears that I can't restrain, when Aunt Mary for the first time teaches me how-to kill poultry! What I suffered that moment no pen possibly could describe. It was my first kitchen day. I had just, mournfully looking at my hands, finished my potatoes when Aunt Mary came in with six pigeons, telling me I had to kill them. My heart beat impetuously; I went up to her, she took one pigeon, touched its head and-turned it round. "You see that it is simple,"

she said then, "do it now." She gave me a white pigeon with dear dark eyes. I held it in my left hand; I looked at it, and oh! everything see med to turn round with me. It felt as if I could not move one limb, was silently looking at the pigeon in my hand, wishing myself far, far as if you would be the first to leave away in the land where the pepper grows; but suddenly Aunt Mary shook my arm, saying: "Well, Elizabeth, are we going to stand here all day, dreaming heaven knows what?" "One two, three," she counted with a voice that permitted no dissochrence one, two, three, and my right have was holded the poor pigeon's head

that I self in my bitter duty had drive through the fascinating valleys twirls off. Tears were streaming of my eyes; my companion had to kill the four other pigeons. While I was spending the most dismal day of my life, the eyes of my dead pigeon followed me everywhere. Even that night was restless; all the pigeons in the world pursued me in my dreams calling out for revenge on me for their

dead sister. The following weeks brought hard ing to night at the sheets, table nap- will come to beds of ice just like rock. by the hand and asked my Christian names. After this we went to my room where I and two other girls had to dwell. Everything was nice and comcan be no doubt about the work it kinds of ice.

As soon as this great wash began ing. But while standing and washing even if almost tired to death by work so unaccustomed, we tried to sweeten it by cheerful part-songs. When the washing was finished, Carl the coachman, had to put the horses to the wagon. All the things, heaped up in large white baskets, were put on it, we all got in after and off it went down to the little river. There the things were unloaded, and each of us, kneeling on a board, rinsed out the linen in the clear flowing water. I date say that this part of the wash was the most amusing one; whether it was the kneeling at the river, or the happy thought that all would soon be at an end, I am sure I don't know. But we were certainly in high spirits, and Carl, who silently watched us, often had to get out of the way of the shoots

of water that we extravagant girls sent So the weeks went on, each bringing its appointed task, and yet never anything seemed too hard. Having once got accustomed to our work, we did it with good temper and love. This was the reason, I think, why the spirit of the house was merry and cheerful. Aunt Mary was our best friend, and in Mr. K-we admired the real type of a country clergyman. I said that I never found my work too hard, but still there was one which I always did with a shower of tears. That, as you can guess was killing poultry-ducks, geese pigeon # I think I killed about three dozen, but I am sure that their sufferings were not half as bad as mine.

After six months hard work I had learned enough to get a new girl under my care, and there was no roast meat, no vegetable, no pudding or cake I could not cook. Now the pleasure came; for in teaching others I saw for the first time how much I knew.

I see, dear friends, you don't trust your eyes any longer, reading about love, real poetical love in a Cooking School, where you expected that senti mentality and higher feelings would dry up in the hot atmosphere of the kitchen. Yet if you will promise not to tell about it. I may confess to you that my best friend and companion in the school, while she was there, engaged herself, secretly to the Squire's eldest son, and she is now a happy wife. It must be admitted that not every love story which began there ended so happily. I know of one young man who once under the oak tree asked a certain young lady to become his wife, but she refused, pretending that long before she came there her heart had been given away

irrevocably. Again the last day of April arrived my year was at an end. I had to leave my dear school, Aunt Mary, my companions. I did not dare to think of it. carriage was waiting at the door; and embracing ther all with tears of gratitude and love in my eyes, I drove away, easily reading in my driver's good natured smiling face "I told you that you would not be the first to leave Bellstadt, my foster father for the com- monotonous work by cheerful songs. Belgravia.

Young Peorle.

The English Language.

A pretty deer is dear to me. A hare with downy hair; love a hart with all my heart, But barely bear a bear. l'is plain that no one takes a plane

To have a pair of pears; rake though, often takes a rake To tear away the tares, All rays raise thyme, times rases all: and, through the whole, hole wears.

writer writing "right" may write It "wright," and still be wrongor "wright" and "rite" are neither "right, And don't to write belong. Beer often brings a bier to man.

Coughing a coffin brings : And too much ale will make us ail, As well as other things. The person lies who says he lies When he is but reclining; And, when consumptive folks decline

A quail den't quail before a storm-A bough will bow before it: We can not rein the rain at all-No earthly powers reign o'er M, The dyer dyes awhile then dies; To dye be's always trying, Until upon his dying bed

They all decline declining.

He thinks no more of dyeing. son of Mars mars many a sun; All deys must have their days, And every knight should pray each night To him who weighs his ways, Tis meet that man should mete out meat

To feed misfortune's son: The fair should fare on love alone, Else one can not be won, A lass alas a something false; Of faults a maid's made; Her walst is but a barren waste-Though stayed, she is not said, The springs spring forth in spring and shoots

The leaves to fall in fall. mould a story here commence But you may find it stale; So let's suppose that you have reached The tail end of our tare.

Shoot f rward one and all:

Though summer kills the flowers.

Is Ice a Stone ?

No, every child will say. But are giving in marriage is upon us, you sure? It is very much like a stone, is it not? This Bible says: mad dog, the Boston Transcrpt ad-"The waters are hid as with stone, vises you to communicate by teleyork. To remain in the hot kitchen, and the face of the deep is frozen." day after day, was not easy. To wash (Job. xxxviii). An Empress of Rusthe greasy crockery was no joke. And sia once had a beautiful palace built of then when we had to stand from morn- ice. In Siberia, if you dig down, you and not lie about it, iz just as pius az

kins, and all the body-linen, then af The Greeks thought that quartz terward to iron, mangle it; and all that rock is a kind of ice that does not I tell you, was not just a pleasure for melt. You have seen crystals of difspoiled young ladies. It is the custom ferent stones, some like ice and others in Germany to wash table linen and of various colors, in rings, in breastsheets as seldom as possible. Indeed pins, or as God made them, in rocks it is even a sign of wealth when one and in cabinets of mineral. The very washes these things but four times a word crystal is from a Greek word year, because it shows that lots of them that means ice. If crystal always market, are possessed by the family. Whether comes from the cooling of melted rock, the custom is a nice one or not, there | we might say that they are different

The truth is that ice deserves to be called a stone as much as anything we gave up all but the most important | which has that name, The difference house and kitchen work, and you is that it needs very little heat to melt might have seen us standing, all eight it, while it takes as much to melt of us, round a huge tub, rubbing with | quartz as it would to burn up ircn. soap in hot water the sheets and nap- If we knew water only as frozen, we kins. Certainly it was severe labor, should call it a mineral and put pieces and my hands bled fast the first even- of it in our cabinet along with other specimens, and even have it set in rings and pins, if it were uncommon and hard enough.

The Creator wisely made other rock so that it would not melt easily; else the world would all have been a sea. a mixture of everything in a melted state. And he wisely made this mineral, which we call water, so that we could drink it; yet so that it freezes enough to give us ice for skating and for use in Summer, and, when it falls from clouds, fine crystals for sleighing and to keep the plants warm.

And God made this mineral beautiful for us to enjoy the sight of it. It is beautiful when melted as clear water in lakes, seas and streams, or falling as foam; beautiful as vapor in stream and clouds; and beautiful in ics rock state, when covering a pond as with a great table-top of polished marble, or cut into blue and green blocks to be stored in icehouses, or falling as star-spangles of frost on a cold morning and covering the trees with feathery crystals. The regular and wonderfully shaped crystals of snow, such as you see pictured in books, come down now and then on very cold days, like a slight snow-fall, often from a clear sky; you can catch them on your coat-sleeve and look at them with a magnifying glass. On different days they differ in form. How good and great is God, to make so many, and for people who hardly stop to look at them!

Why the Prairies Are Treeless.

A curious and interesting explanation of the absence of trees on the great western prairies was given at the meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences by Mr. Thomas Meeham. Numberless theories have been advanced by students in natural history why the great feeding grounds of the buffalo should be without arborescent vegeta- other, and they slowly backed off and tion, the principal one which is supported by distinguished authors being that of climate influences. Mr. Meeham's theory is that the absence of trees is due to artificial causes altogether. Taught by their necesities the early Indians made it a practice annually to fire the high grass in the prairies, which had the effect of making the growth more luxuriant and conse quently more inviting to the vast herds of buffalo, on which the aborigines depended greatly for sustenance. It has been conclusively settled that no vegetation, save the hardy prairie grass, will appear on ground over which fire has swept until anothor season, so that the yearly prairie fires extended the area of the plateau until they had become almost measureless. Mr. Meeham cited several instances of where trees had grown when the But the day appeared, and again the firing had been discontinued. The hypothesis was both pleasing and plausible, and has excited some discussion among the savants.

Animal Beasoning. from Cambridge, Mass., says:

"A lady, a friend of mine, was at one time matron of a hospital for poor

women and chi dren which was maintained by subscriptions. One of the inmates was a blind girl who was there, not as a patient, but temporarily till a home could be found for her. She had learned to feed herself, and at meal-times a tray containing her dinner was placed on her knees as she sat in a comfortable chair for her special convenience in feeding herself. One day while she was eating, the pet cat of the establishment placed herself before the girl and looked long and earnestly at her, so earnestly that the workshop below. matron, fearing the animal meditated some mischief to the girl, took her out of the room. Again the next day, at the same hour, the cat entered the room, but this time she walked quietly

to the girl's side, reared herself on her hind legs, and noiselessly, stealthily reached out her paw to the plate. selected and seized a morsel that pleased her, and, silently as she came, departed to enjoy her stolen meal. The girl never noticed her loss, and when told of it by her companions laughed very heartiiv." It is evident that the cat from observation had entirely satisfied herself

that the girl could not see, and by a process of reasoning desided she could steal a good dinner by this practical use of her knowledge.

Laugh While You Way.

Our lives are like the moon, never see but one side of them here. The escape of a steam boiler has a sort of flue-went expressson.

Now is the springtime of our discontent. The season of marrying and If you have anything to tell about a

phone o "Enny man," says Josh Billings, "who kan swap horses or ketch fish

men ever get to be in this world." The Boston Post has learned the enormous capacity for profanity afforded by the English language, in the example of a parrot, which speaks two hundred and fifty words.

It is terribly embarrassing to come into a town from a fishing excursion and find there is not a trout in the

I told her of a maid whose mind Was filled with tender thoughts and fancies

lovely being of the kind They write about in romances. Whose beauty dotn my thoughts beguile? She answered with a dreamy air-

"Well, I should smile?" Her cheeks possess the rose's hue, No form is daintier or completer, No hair so brown, no eyes so blue, No mouth is tenderer or sweeter, Of this fair girl will ne er regret it." Vith modest grace she added: "And Don't you forget it.'

O thou dear mistress of my heart! My angel! let me kneel before thee and say how heavenly sweet thou art, And how devoutly I adore thee," She turned away her lovely head, And with a languid look that fired My soul, in murmured accents said,-

"You make me tired." Have animals souls ?" is another rattling conundrum that has agitated the soul of science for years. Of course they have souls. Just look into a getting well down into her workshop. cow's eye and see if you don't find just the same dreamy sort of expression that you noticed when last you gazed | do so may satisfy themselves. Take a fondly into the eyes of her whom you few pounds of iron filings, borings and know positively is the very essence of drillings from a machine shop, wet condensed Loul.

Poem Of The States. A gentle Miss., once siezed with chill, Was feeling most infernal Ill., When came in Md; for to know If N. Y. service he could do.

"Oh," cried the maid (for scared was she) "Do you Ind. Tenn. to murder Me. ?" "La.," said the doctor, "I Kans, save You from a most untimely grave,

If you will let me Conn. your case And hang this liver pad in place." "Am I a fool?" the patient cried. "I cannot Del.." the brute replied "But no one can be long time Ill.

Who Tex. a patient blue Mass. pill."

"Ark!" shricked the girl, "I'll hear no Me

Your nostrums are N. J.-now go !" "Do you know a person named John Fairchild," inquired one citizen of another as they met the other day. "John Fairchild? No; never heard of him." Such a person called on me yesterday and said he was an old friend | Undreamed of, on some happy, golden day." of yours." "Then he lied. What did he want?" "He asked for the losn of \$5." "And because he said he was an old friend of mine you let him have it, the villian!" "No, sir; because he said he was an old friend of yours I showed him the door at once!" "Um," growled the one. "Um," replied the continued their ways.

The Locusts of Egypt. ssal Pasha has sent 500 men to the plain of Troy to aid in the destruction of the locusts. In the heat of the day they are taken by driving them on to sheets; in the morning and evening, when stationary and massed an inch deep, they are stamped or rubbed out with the foot. In the collection of the locusts by means of sheets, personal observations show that the insect hesitates to jump on to white-colored cloths, but has no objections to dark. The difference in the take on the different colored material is striking. Of all the methods of extermination, the most effectual is the rubbing out with the foot in the early morning and in the evening, when the nature of the groundwill allow of its being adopted is large why bend it to a smaller cirfor instance, when the locust deof its growth. The insect on being first hatched weighs about 300,000 to the ton, and a closely-packed line of A correspondent of Nature, writing men shuffling their feet obliterates life is a waiting, so be it. I will not whole armies.

The Causes of Heat in Mines.

Lime is undoubtedly one cause of heat in our mines, but it is not the only nor great heat producer. Lime is local in its action; the heat produced by it is confined to certain sections of the mines, while underlying the whole length of the Comstock lode is that which causes the general heat, namely the deposits of iron pyrites. The hottest places in the mines are where the heat is generated by both lime and pyrites: it is is the heat from the lime added to the general heat from nature's

The hot springs of Colorado may de rive a portion of their heat from the decomposition of lime, but this is but a secondary cause. The great and first cause of heat in springs and mines is the decomposition of iron pyritesmasses of iron and sulphur. At Steamboat Springs and other places in Colorado, and at most of the hot springs in California, the heat is produced by the burning out or decomposition of iron pyrites. At Steamboat Springs th course of the deposits of iron pyrites is northeast and southwest, the same as that of the great mineral bearing veins of the State. The line of active springs follows the course of this deposit, moving toward the northeast. At the southwest end are to be seen places where the deposit of iron pyrites and similar minerals carrying large quantities of sulphur has burned out, and the springs have died away. The pronon no burning out is slowly moving to northeast. In 1860 the writer say a new spring just starting up throug a thick growth of grass in meadow land langleighvance of the older and larger one but on the same

general line, well out to the northeast. The base metal deposit at Steamboat Springs also has the same dip as the omstock, and is working east as well as toward the north. By going from half to three-quarters of a mile west of the present active springs at Steamboat, one may see where the springs were sges ago, along near the croppings or upper edge of the deposit or pyritic matter. As the decomposition proceeded downward and eastward along the dip of the deposit, the steam and hot water found or forced new vertical channels of escape. Some of these openings are probably natural crevices but the majority are undoubtedly rents produced by the force of steam and pent-up gases. Even on the surface of Steamboat Springs are to be seen long rents from an inch or two to over a foot in width that have a northeast and southwest course. In California some of the hot springs are observed to be dying out at one end of their line and advancing into new ground at the

At Steamboat Springs we probably see a big mineral vein (like the Comstock) in process of formation. Ages ago there was probably a line of hot springs along the course of the Comstock. The mines of Europe and Mexico, which are comparatively cold at great depths, are undoubtedly ages and ages older than the Comstock. The Comstock is probably the youngest mine in any part of the world that is now known or being worked. Here, down in our lower levels, we are following close upon the heels of nature-

As to the heat generating power of sulphur and iron, those who desire to them and mix in a pound or two of mirror in the room to look at herself. sulphur, then tamp the mixture firmly Next, we find that they divided the into a hole in the ground-like a post hole-covering with two or three inches of dirt, and in a short ther will be seen a miniature volcano, the batch of iron and sulphur taking fire spontaneously.

Philosophical Truths.

Little drops of rain brighten the meadows; and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

In life two men have failed from defect in morals where one has failed from defect of intellect.

The world is very small !--so small it is."

Smilling sald one, "that none need ever miss His own: for it is sure to come' by way 'The world is very wide!" another sighed : 'So measureless the spaces that divide. "The world is beautiful and bright!" said one The red rose opens to the wooing sun: In bosky depths the wild birds flit and sing, To covere mates, with never-tiring wing!

he great sea throbs with never-ceasing moan, And only death car give to each his own.,

"The world is very sad," the other sighed,

"And over-full of graves, though deep and

abouts long?" queried the plumber. If a man be gracious to a stranger it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island out off from other lands, but a continent that joins

If I do not keep step with my com-

panions it is because I hear a different drummer. Let a man step to the music which he hears, however measured and however far away. Is it important that I should be matured as soon as an apple tree, aye, as soon as an oak? May not my life in nature, in proportion as it is supernatuarl, be only the spring and infantile portion of my spirit's life? Shall I turn my spring to summer? May I not sacrifice a hasty and petty completeness here to entireness there? If my curve cle. The society I was made for is not scends to the plains in the minor stage here. Shall I, then, substitute for this. anticipation of that this poor reality I would rather have the unmixed pectation of that than this reality. shipwrecked on vain reality.

A Skilled Detective.

Unraveling the Mystery of a Robbery. About two years ago Mr. Azariah Boody, of Newark N. J., a retired plumber, on returning from a visit to New York, was astonished to find the front door of his splendid residence standing open, although be bad closed it securely upon his departure. Proceeding fur her he at once perceived by the empty wine bottles and costly riands scattered over the magnificient satin furniture that the house had been burglarized in his absence. A pender ous hair trunk, in which he kept his valuables, had been opened and a set studs and a package of four per cents removed. It was impossible to tell exactly when the robbery had occured, but the excited millionaire at once started for police headquarters.

On the steps of the office he case tered a keen-looking man, with the eagle nose and hawk eye peculiar to detectives, who inquired if he wished to see the Chief.

"Immediately!" said the millionair "He is in New York," replied the man, on the steps; "but if it is anything of importance I will attend to it in his

"I've been robbed," said the victim "I knew it," replied the police attache, with the true promptness' of the profession. "Let us at once to the

The plumber led the way to the

"I trust nothing has been moved since the crime was discovered?" the detective, as they "Absolutely nothing," said th

gentleman, who had read Gabot

'M. Lecocq" four times. "Because," said the detective, "fin depends upon a careful study tigations by measuring a square as of the dust covered lid of the taut He then produced a small fore scales, and scraping off the intee dust referred to, carefully weighe".

"Let me see," he muttered, ma calculation; "dust settles at them of 648 1000ths of an inch per hour. s, therefore, certain that the burgle. was committed last Thursday at 1.15

"Dear me," said the old gentleman ; how wonderful." The detective now approached the

emains of the robbers' repast. "There were three rob ers," he said. "Yes, but here are four glasses used,"

exclaimed the old gentleman.
"The fourth was merely used to pour the corky top from the bottles," exclaimed the detective, who gave his name as Kickshaw. "One of them was a powerful man of advanced age. See this bitten cracker with the marks of decayed teeth. The second was a dandy with a long moustache, for you can perceive here he has repeatedly wiped it on his napkin. The third burglar was unmistakably a woman." "A woman?" gasped the house

owner. "Precisely. You see she has eaten nothing save pickles and the icing from this cake. In her nervousness she has upset the alt and her wine on the cloth. It was her first

affair of the kind." "Yes, I see," said old Boody, much

interested. "And a pretty woman as well," went on the detective. "You notice she has brushed the dust from every plunder on the spot. Look! were not these broken tapes the ones with which your bond package was tied?"

"But how oth "

"They are."

other party.

"By this overturned chair. Beside he piano is open, and marks of fing is are on the bass keys. Women always sit down on that end of the piano whire angry." "Even when burgling?" said f

"At all times," replied Kickshaw if makes no difference whatever. woman had red hair." "Had, eh ?" "Yes-she-threw that book in corner at the o d man, and made hi nose bleed. See this towel state

with blood. No one but a red-haired woman would have done that." "How do you know that it was the man's nose ? "Because," replied the detective. using a pocket microscope, "the blood globules are those of an elderly person." "I suppose they did not stay here-

"No, they left the next morning for Chicago." "Great Heavens! What do v mean?" said the old party. "Are you

magician ?" "It is very simple,'. replied the h man "Sleuth hound," "On this crur pled scrap of paper you will see so figures. Of course the theives could realize on the bonds at once. T therefore, made a computation to cover just how far their immediate would take them. Chicago was result, as the total arrived at is the

to that city multiplied by three."
"I see—I see," said the plumber
"I start for Chicago on the
train," continued the thief promptly. "Let me see had better let ra