

THE DEMOCRAT.

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VOLUME III.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1887.

NUMBER 52.

A Warning.

Three million men keep Europe's peace
When war is not her game.
Three times and more she calls to arms
To strike in battle's flame.
Our strength in peace is hard to find,
We fight not for the name,
But let no alien spurn the flag,
For we'll get there just the same.
—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

THE DOCTOR'S PERIL.

"What can detain him?" For the hundredth time Alice Stanley asked the question as she looked anxiously from the window. The black February day promised to be succeeded by fitting night. The sky was overcast and the wind blew in fitful gusts. Down in the village, a few lights began to glow in the gray gloom. With a little shiver, Alice dropped the curtain. "I hope John won't be called out to-night. We haven't him a single evening for our own, have we, baby?" bending over the cradle.

Baby opened his eyes and cooed, extending his dimpled hands, and Alice bent to lift him just as she heard a step which set her heart beating, as in the days when John Stanley was Alice Dunbar's lover. He burst into the room with a cheerfulness and ease engendered by the comforting conviction that in his own castle he could shake off the subdued professional manner, which was sometimes a little galling.

"Well, Alice, why don't you scold me for keeping you waiting?" kissing mother and baby and throwing himself into the easy chair.

"You have kept us very long, John, but we have consoled ourselves by thinking we shall have you all the evening."

"I hope so," heartily. "It's going to be a very bad night, and it can't be any one will be ill-natured enough to send for the doctor. It is hard, birdie, to have so lonesome an evening for you. When I remember how I coaxed you from your uncle's to this Western hotel,"

Alice had been putting supper upon the table, but at this she dropped the dishes and flew at him.

"You bad, wicked boy," she said, shaking him and covering his face with kisses, "if ever you utter such treason again, I shall punish you dreadfully. Oh, John, when I think of the old days at my uncle's when my heart was chilled by coldness and neglect, I am wicked enough to thank God because my uncle betrayed his trust and fled, for but for that you never would have told me you loved me. John, dear, when I think of my happiness as your wife, I almost tremble lest something come to mar it."

"Forgive me, Alice, but it was for your sake I regretted the loss of the luxuries you must miss."

"As if I ever had any luxury that compared to precious, sweet boy," snatching him away and ending the discussion.

Supper over, Dr. Stanley ensconced himself in the great crimson arm-chair and enthroned his son upon his knee, while Alice dropped the red curtains after one shivering glance at the bleak night, then, bringing her sewing, prepared to hear all the doctor had gathered up in his day's tour around the three villages. A great sigh of content welled from Dr. Stanley's heart as he contemplated the cosy room, his wife's fair face, and the smiling little one on his knee. "No crowned king ever enjoyed greater happiness than is compassed by these four walls," he thought.

He was deep in a funny story, when a sharp knock checked the laugh on Alice's lips, and her eyes grew anxious as the little maid entered with the always dreaded yellow envelope. Dr. Stanley tore it open quickly and read:

"Come at once. Bad smashup. DEXISON."

He placed the boy in the cradle, and quietly began his preparations. Alice was silent; she knew it was useless to attempt to dissuade her husband from doing what he deemed his duty nor was she woman to do it, yet there was a sharp pain at her heart which impelled her to say as he tenderly kissed the child: "It will be dreadful going to Lorimer to-night, John."

"Oh, I can stand it. I will be back as soon as possible. And now, good-by, Alice."

As he was flung open the door, a violent gust of wind blew the snow into their faces.

"Oh, John," cried his wife, in uncontrollable agitation, "don't go! I feel as though something terrible were menacing you. I cannot let you go, I cannot!"

"Alice," he said, almost sternly, "I never knew you to give way to this nonsense before. Would you not despise me were I selfishly to consult my own ease when these poor unfortunates need my aid? Go in, that's a good girl; nothing is wrong but your nerves."

A hurried embrace and he was gone. Alice barred the door and returned to the sitting-room, summoning her hand-maiden for company, but Patty's presence proved small comfort, for after the most commendable endeavors to appear wide awake, she tumbled ignominiously on the floor.

"Never mind, Patty, it is near 12. time we were all asleep."

Dr. Stanley walked rapidly down to the village, quickening his step to a run as he heard a train whistle. "That must be the 10.15," he said. He reached the station, panting, just as the cars dashed past him.

"Bound for Lorimer, Doc?" said the station agent with a laugh. "You're pretty badly left."

"So it seems," panted the doctor, "and there's not another to-night. Do you know anything of the accident there?"

"No. Has there been an accident? the laugh dying out. "It's too bad you are left."

"Will you lend me your bay, Jackson? I can ride over there."

"With pleasure, doctor, but you don't mean—"

"Yes I do," said Stanley, harnessing up the powerful animal.

"But, my God, doctor, there isn't a worse stretch from here to Denver. A mountain road, along precipices and chasms. Why, you are mad to think of it, even if there weren't a blizzard raging. Don't do it, Dr. Stanley."

"Nonsense, Jackson, this storm will soon lift. Wish me a safe passage. Good night."

Stanley pursued his way for some time with considerable rapidity until he gained the opening between the peaks, when he was obliged to proceed with extreme caution. The darkness was oppressive; the intensely fierce cold chilled his very heart, the biting wind blew in terrible gusts, which broke the snow into atoms so fine that breathing was rendered exceedingly difficult. Every particle struck his face like a fine splinter. At length he halted, trembling anxiously as he tried to shield the match while he consulted his watch. But it was impossible to fan the feeble light and he resumed his way muttering:—

"I have lost my way, I should be at Truett's now."

He knew that on each side were yawning chasms and cliffs, but how near he came to death, God alone knew. The whirling snow filled eyes and ears and nose, and his cut and bleeding skin caused him indescribable agony. The wind had redoubled its violence. He leaned forward and sought to shield himself from its fury by clasping his arms around the horse's neck. At that instant, the animal halted, trembling from head to foot.

"My God, we are lost!" burst from Stanley. He was benumbed with cold, his breath came in gasps, and he felt that unless he could urge his horse forward, he must succumb. He was just making the attempt, when it flashed upon him that the instinct of the animal was warning it against danger unknown to the man.

He backed the horse cautiously, and then dismounting began to walk backward and forward by the animal's side, while the fury of the storm increased, and his steps became weaker and more uncertain, and the belief that death was near grew stronger in Stanley's soul.

He was sinking into the lethargy of despair when, like a dream of heaven came the thought of Alice and her child; Alice whom he had coaxed into this wild land only to let her drink of the cup of bitterness of its dregs. Doubtless she was praying for him now, poor girl. Then he pictured her watching for his coming, day after day, while the shadows fell heavily and more heavily upon her dear face, and at last, some traveler would stumble upon him—and then—

He could go no farther with his imaginings. His heart seemed bursting and with a great effort he cried: "Oh, save me, save me! Not for my sake, O merciful Father, but thine!"

As in answer to his prayer, his spirits rose in brightest exultation; the blood seemed to course through his veins like liquid fire. He felt an insane impulse to leap, but his feet were heavy as lead. He shouted, laughed and sang. His mind contemplated the most enchanting visions, and before his eyes floated the most beautiful colors. He felt capable of defying anything and everything. And yet through this horrible hallucination, a dual self seemed to direct his movements, and preserve him. At length, he made one desperate effort, and gained the saddle, then winding his arms again around the horse's neck, prayed God to enable him to hold out till dawn.

He resumed his march, but try as he would his steps dragged, faltered, halted, and he tumbled into the snow. With a whinny the shivering horse fell alongside him.

With the coming of the gray day, the wind died into a sullen murmur, and the snow fell lightly, almost caressingly on the prostrate figure.

"Stiddy thar, Zake!" cried a voice, as two men came from an abrupt opening, and toiled along through the drifts.

"Gracious, we was wise to make a camp in that ere cross cut, wasn't we?"

"You said that afore," growled the other, giving a vicious cut to the mule he was driving and whistling to the dog.

"Hyar, hyar!"

"Hillo, it's a man and a horse; well, if it ain't Jackson's Clinker and Doc Stanley! Whar's the flask? You look after the hoss."

It was high noon when the cavalcade halted before Lorimer hotel, and Stanley, rather pale and shaken, was helped into Dr. Denison's office. A few words put Denison in possession of the reasons for Stanley's delay and after Denison had telegraphed to Alice, he said:

"Now, could you come and look on my patients? The bucket in the St. Julian broke, and eight men were injured, among them the owner, who had just come here. This is his room. Hopeless, I think."

With all his professional control, Stanley could not repress a start as he gazed upon the face of the man lying helplessly there.

"John Stanley," said the man "have you come to gloat over me?"

"No, Mr. Dunbar, however much you injured my wife, she and I forgave you freely long ago."

James Dunbar looked steadily into the young man's face.

"Stanley" he said, "the God whom I once knew has sent you to me. Send for a lawyer, I can restore to Alice some of her own."

That night the soul of James Dunbar passed to its account, and two days later, Dr. Stanley returned home.

The joy of Alice can be imagined, but when in the cosy evening hour with wife and child beside him, Stanley told her of his meeting with her uncle, her eyes filled as she thought of the terrible ending of the ill-spent life. "Dear John," she began, but he stopped her.

"Wait, Alice," and simply and yet with unconscious eloquence he told her of his terrible night ride.

She wept and shivered and held him as though fearing even now he might be taken from her. Then she seized the baby and devoured him with kisses.

"But haven't you anything to say, Alice?"

"Oh, my darling, let us thank God!" —[Springfield Republican.]

Fearless Blondin.

After many years of retirement Blondin, the most famous tight-rope performer in the world has returned to the active pursuit of his profession. Although an old man, he is said to be as fearless and as graceful as old, and is now giving regular exhibitions in England. He receives the large sum of £300 for each appearance, and immense crowds are attracted to his exhibitions. Arrangements for his appearance in this country next year are now completed, and it is settled that he is to arrive here early next spring. A man who knew him intimately when he was in America and who was interested in his management when he performed his wonderful feat of crossing Niagara, said: "Blondin was absolutely without nervousness or fear when on the rope. While they were fixing the guys which steadied the cable across the Falls, one of them came loose and hung dangling from the middle of the cable over the rushing torrent beneath. Blondin coolly walked along till he came to the loose guy rope, when he slid down hand over hand and reached the end of it. Letting his legs drop, they just touched the surface of the current, of which the force was so great that the contact sent him swinging like a huge pendulum. Three or four times he repeated this, apparently enjoying the fun, and then coolly clambered up. I asked him once whether the rush of the rapids below him did not make him dizzy."

"It might," he answered, "if I saw it; but I don't. I never look down, for should I do so I should be lost."

"But how do you tell where to place your feet?" I asked.

"Oh, I let my feet take care of themselves."

His feet were peculiarly formed, and in this toes was much prehensile power. —[New York Tribune.]

The Potato Cure for Rheumatism.

Physicians are usually free from superstition, and they generally treat with ridicule the class of remedies known as "old women's cures." But we know of a prominent member of that profession now retired from practice, who avers that he cured himself of a rheumatic trouble of a painful character and long standing by carrying in his pocket a potato about the size of a horse chestnut. This he was induced to do by an old lady friend and the doctor affirms upon his honor that it cured him within a few months, and that while the withered vegetable is in his pocket not a tinge of the disease is felt. He does not attempt to account for it. —[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

The Wrong Kind of Chickens.

Omaha man—See here, didn't I tell you to send up a lot of prairie chickens to my house?

Dealer—Yes, sir.

"And didn't I tell you I had been off for a week and wanted my wife to understand it was only a little hunting expedition and that I just left the game in your refrigerator while I rushed to the office?"

"Yes, sir. They've been sent. hope there's no mistake, sir."

"No mistake! You sent up a lot of common barnyard chickens with the heads off!" —[Omaha World.]

TURKISH SCHOOLS.

Teaching the Young Idea in the Ottoman Empire.

The Branches Taught in Primary and Normal Schools.

Not until a Turkish child reaches his sixth or seventh year does his education begin and his first day at school is celebrated with ceremonies that are unheard of in America, says S. S. Cox in Youth's Companion. No other such ponies are to be found as the spirited iron-gray ponies of the east, and one of these is gorgeously caparisoned for the new pupil, who is met at his father's house by all the school, dressed in holiday clothes.

A priest makes a short prayer, the child is placed upon his pony, and the pupils, males and females, are formed in double line. The procession moves, singing hymns as they go, with the little here of the day following, and thus he is initiated into the new world of learning.

In the primary schools boys and girls are educated together. The teachers are taken from the priesthood, and from the graduates of the theological universities who have learned to read the "Koran," which is written in Arabic, and which all good Mussulmen must learn how to read. Persons of this class of teachers are consequently stringent traditionalists, and some of them are quite fanatical. If the pupil does not acquire much discipline or information pertaining to modern material progress, it is because the twig is not bent in that direction.

A primary school is composed of one or two rooms, or "holes in the wall," with three divans for the pupils, and a seat for the teacher. The pupils sit cross-legged in a line on the divans, holding their books on their knees and reciting all at the same time, in a loud, shrill voice. They learn grammar and the four rules of arithmetic.

When they are able to read from the Koran a little, they take up writing, and, as there are no writing tables or desks, they hold their copy-books in their hands. This is all their education they receive in the primary schools.

Besides the primary, there are four superior schools, except the military and naval schools, and the school of medicine, established in 1830, and outside of these no education is to be had. Wealthy men engage European teachers to help their children in the study of languages and modern science; but the common people have to satisfy themselves with the little that is to be obtained at the primary schools. If any one is astonished that the governing class in Turkey generally talk French, and often English, Greek, Italian and German, it may be stated that the Turk has an aptitude, like the Russian, for tongues, and makes his necessity the mother of his study.

During the reign of Sultan Abdul Medjid, some thirty-five years ago, an effort was made to spread normal schools throughout the Empire, but without success. It is only during the reign of the present Sultan that the matter of education has been earnestly taken up.

In the course of eight or nine years, the Administration of Public Instruction has established throughout the Empire in Europe, Asia and Africa, three hundred and eighty-eight primary and normal schools, and last year there were twenty thousand and ninety-three students.

Besides these, there are eighty primary and normal schools in Constantinople, in which there are five hundred and forty students, two hundred and seventy-five being in the free school, the only one in the empire, and six hundred and thirty-four in private schools. The programme of the studies is divided into four years, and the pupils must recite by heart, beside writing down the lessons, which include calligraphy, arithmetic, history, grammar and theology. More time, however, is given to the study of the Koran than to anything else.

No account of the education of young Turks would be complete without some reference to the storytellers of the East, who have as much influence as the professors of mathematics and history. In the early training of the child by its nurse and tutor, wonderful stories are told to him to inculcate moral and religious truths, and by them he is taught that he must not be afraid of death; that he must not be astonished at anything, no matter how strange; and that he is not obliged to say anything in conversation that will be against his own interests.

Quite a Coincidence.

Papa—Why so pensive, my daughter? Eloise—Jack Buffington has just returned all my notes, and everything been for us is ended.

Papa—Quite a coincidence, my dear. One of his was returned to me this morning—protested.—[Tit-Bits.]

Not Missed.

"And so your father has gone to a missionary station?"

"Yes, we are quite alone now."

"Don't you miss the directing hand of your household?"

"Oh, mother didn't go?"

The Vinegar Plant.

"The tough, leathery substance, commonly called 'mother,' which forms in vinegar," says Popular Science Monthly, "is one of the many fungi whose spores float in the air, settle as dust on exposed objects, and fall into exposed liquids, ready to grow into a bulky plant when conditions favor. The exact position of the vinegar plant among fungi has not been settled. The plant develops while the vinegar is making; that is, while the percentage of acetic acid is increasing, and its presence tends to hasten the operation. It grows on the surface of the vinegar, and if not disturbed will cover the whole surface, conforming to the shape of the vessel."

Manufacturers of vinegar get rid of the "mother" as soon as possible. The popular notion that the presence of "mother" shows that the vinegar is made of cider, and is of good quality, is not well founded. The vinegar plant appears in vinegar made of molasses, and it is really as undesirable in vinegar as mould on bread. The little wiggling creatures that swarm in some vinegars have been credited by some uneducated persons with being the life of the vinegar. The fact is that their presence is in no way beneficial.

These cels are developed in most fruits, and hence readily find their way into vinegar made from fruit juices. Vinegar which contains them must contain some mucilaginous or albuminous matter, or the cels would have no food, and could not exist. They need air, also, and they have been observed engaged in a curious struggle with the vinegar plant at the surface. The plant tends to prevent their obtaining the requisite supply of air, and the cels were seen combining their efforts to submerge it. They may be killed by heating the vinegar to 128 degrees, or by adding boracic acid. The presence of the vinegar plant, vinegar cels or other foreign substance is liable to induce putrefaction, especially if the vinegar is weak.

A Snake Farm.

The Omaha Herald is responsible for a description of a snake farm, which it says is situated at Galton, Ill. The farm it says, consists of forty acres of virgin prairie, owned by Col. Dan Stover, and is a short distance from town. There are thirty-seven mounds of earth on the farm, prepared in such a way that the snakes use them for nests, and there are about ten or twelve nests to the mound. The Colonel says each nest turns out about a dozen rattlers each year, so that his stock is increasing rapidly. He has a contract with a Philadelphia patent medicine firm that is making a rheumatism cure, and furnishes them with 250 snakes a year at \$2.25 each. No snake less than four feet long is accepted. Last year 768 snakes were sold, his customers being scattered through a number of cities. As much care is taken of the young snakes as they are lambs. The newly hatched snake, if not properly cared for by their mother they are taken to the Colonel's home, located in one corner of the lot, and there fed by the children who catch bugs for them about the garden and street. Sometimes the cels are hatched out under the stove. A half dozen very large snakes with their fangs drawn are kept about the house as pets. They are excellent messengers, much better than cats, the Colonel says. The Colonel wanders about his farm, taking no other precaution against the reptiles than to wear a pair of tick boots. When a reporter called on him the Colonel complained that the neighbors did not come to visit him very often, and that his wife didn't like that very much, for she was fond of company, but, on the whole, since there was plenty of money in the business they were well content.

The Origin of Opera.

The ancient Greeks and Romans had both tragedy and comedy, but no opera. The latter was introduced in 1600 in order to celebrate the nuptials of Henry IV. and Maria De Medici, and the play of "Eurycleia" was rendered by singers. Under the patronage of the court this combination became highly popular. In 1710 Italian opera was performed in London and was at once keenly assailed by those who opposed what they considered foreign trash. In order to assist in ridiculing this innovation Gay wrote the "Beggar's" opera, which had a great run. Both Pope and Hogarth united in satirizing the Italian opera, but it held its place, and is now a permanent feature in the British stage. The Italian opera was introduced in America in 1826 by the Garcia and Molinar troupe, the first performance being the "Barber of Seville." —[Troy Times.]

How He Knew.

Inquiring youth—So you are the great patent medicine manufacturer and patron of astronomy?

Rochester doctor—I have that honor.

"I have called to get a few points on the subject of debate at our club. The question is: 'Was the moon ever inhabited?'"

"It never was."

"You are sure of it?"

"Certainly. I have examined its rocks with the most powerful telescope and haven't struck a liver cure advertisement yet." —[Boston Beacon.]

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Electricity under favorable circumstances has been found to travel at the rate of 288,000 miles per second.

Recent delicate scientific experiments have discovered the fact that the surface of the land is never absolutely at rest for more than thirty hours at a time. Thus those great earthquakes which make epochs in history are merely extreme cases of forces that seldom sleep.

The electric light is being tried in the Scottish fisheries. As fish are invariably attracted by a strong light, a powerful electric lighting apparatus has been fitted to a steamer plying on the fishing grounds round the Isle of May, at the mouth of the Firth of Forth.

The waters of some springs are impregnated with mineral matters because the water passes through beds of soda, lime, magnesia, carbonic acid, oxide of iron, sulphate of iron, etc., and takes up in some degree the particles of those minerals, according to the proportion in which they abound.

A black and a white cub have been born to a collar bear in the zoological garden at Dresden, and are objects of unusual interest, from the fact that the albino is the first ever known among bears. Albinism is quite common among birds and rodents, and is sometimes met with among deer, foxes, wolves, etc., and even among snakes and fishes.

So various are the forms of plant life that it seems well-nigh impossible to find a spot where some kind of vegetation will not thrive. Mr. John Ball, a naturalist, returned from South America, therefore congratulated himself on having seen an absolutely plantless land at Tocopilla, about twenty-two degrees south of the equator on the rainless west coast. Not so much as a lichen could be discovered on the rocks, even with microscopic aid.

The Agassiz glacier in Alaska, covers an estimated area of about 600 square miles, while the Great Geyser glacier, west of it, is of quite unknown extent. Between the St. Elias Alps and the sea, from Cross Sound to the Copper River, the country consists almost entirely of glaciers on which the ice lies buried under millions of tons and hundreds of square miles of loose rocks which it has carried down from the mountains. The extent of these terminal moraines misled the navigators, who saw a barren country composed of loose stones, while the protruding ice was supposed to be snow lying on the ground.

A Curious Plant.

In most large greenhouses there is usually found a plant, which is cultivated as a curiosity rather than for its beauty—the "Elephant's Foot." This comes from the Cape of Good Hope, and belongs to the Yams Family. The true Yams produce large, fleshy, edible tubers, which grow entirely underground; but in this, the corresponding portion, or root-stock, grows entirely above ground. It is hemispherical, and varies from one to four feet in diameter, with a thick, corky bark which is broken up into squares, which give it the appearance of the shell of a tortoise, whence the name Testudo, a tortoise. The interior of this is fleshy, and from having been used as food by the natives, "Hottentot's Bread" is one of its common names in South Africa. Nothing can be more unpromising and lifeless in appearance than one of these root-stocks, yet given proper heat and moisture, it will push forth shoots which develop into vines, which climb to the height of thirty or forty feet, and being clothed with an abundance of heart-shaped, bright-green leaves, are in marked contrast with the lifeless appearance of the root-stock from which they spring. Like the Yams, the flowers in this are inconspicuous, with the two sexes on different plants, and unless one has plants of both sexes, which is rarely the case, seeds can not be produced. The appearance of the root-stock suggested the specific name, Elephant's Foot. Another species, T. Montana, is found at the Cape, and still another is a native of Mexico.—[American Agriculturist.]

Profit in Old Corks.

Where do all the corks go? They come ashore by the million. Those that are not thrown into the sea by improvident barkeepers are used over again. The careful barkeeper saves his corks, one by one, until he accumulates a barrelful, which he sells for \$5 to men who select the good ones and dispose of them to bottlers. The bad ones are ground up to make linoleum. It is not irretrievably bad they are trimmed down and "made as good as new" for use in small bottles or phials. There was a time when waiters pocketed the corks pulled from bottles of costly foreign wine, and for 3 or 4 cents apiece sold them to parties whose champagne vineyards are in Avenue D or New Jersey; but something like a safeguard has lately been thrown around the better class of foreign wines, and there is now not much demand for corks to do "revolving" duty.—[New York Times.]

An Effectual Treatment for Warts.

It is now fairly established, says a writer in The Medical Press, that the common wart, which is so unsightly and often so proliferous on the hands and face, can be easily removed by small doses of sulphate of magnesia taken internally. M. Coirat, of Lyons, has drawn attention to this extraordinary fact. Several children treated with three-grain doses of Epsom salts morning and evening were promptly cured. M. Aubert cites the case of a woman whose face was disfigured by these excrescences and who was cured in a month by a drachm and a half of magnesia taken daily. Another medical man reports a case of very large warts which disappeared in a fortnight from the daily administration of ten grains of the salts.—[Medical Press.]

A Blind Boat Builder.

It is a positive fact that Herreshoff, the boat builder, is totally blind, but so sensitive and acute to his touch that he can pick out different sheets of drawings, and seems to be able to make his ears perform the function of his vision. He seems to be able to carry a plan in mind's eye and to follow in imagination his lines as well as others using their sight. Several others in his family are also blind.—[New York Times.]

Curiosity.

Mr. Popinjay—Woman's curiosity amuses me.

Mrs. Popinjay—Aha, by the way, what's the stain on your hand?

Mr. Popinjay—Paint. It was coming by Bobson's fence and just touched my finger to see if it was dry.—[Burlington Free Press.]

Beautiful Hands.

My mother's weary hands!
They praise her lot to speak,
They have held love's golden hands,
So long—they are thin and weak.

They are tremulous now and slow,
But, to me, they are just as sweet
As when, so long ago,
They guided my baby feet.

They have toiled thro' patient years,
While no one praised their merit,
They have wiped most bitter tears,
And supplied unnumbered needs.

They have heavy burdens borne,
When manhood's strength has failed;
They have soothed the hearts that wean,
And inspired the hearts that quail.

The naked they have clad;
The hungry they have fed;
With tender touch, and sad,
They have laid away the dead.

Mother's hands are thin and old,
But their every touch I'll love,
Till they clasp the harp of gold
That awaits their touch above.
—[Good Housekeeper.]

HUMOROUS.

The gardeners in India are all Bobbly lists.

Market report—Onions stronger, milk weaker.

Unsatisfying food—The "provisions" of a mortgage.

Hanging is too good for a painting that is badly executed.

A very appropriate diet for oarsmen in training is oysters in the shell.

Pug dogs are going out of fashion, and their naturally sad expression is deepening.

"The Fatal Three" is the title of Miss Braddon's latest novel. Perhaps it is a story of cucumber, soft crabs and milk.

They say that elephants have dropped down to \$500 each. But tigers have not lowered in price. It costs just as much as ever to see the tiger.

Life is full of disappointments, and a man realizes it a while after he has planted some bird seed with the idea that he was going to raise canaries.

Drawing room car: First Porter (in a hurry)—Another wash-out! Second Porter (excitedly)—Where, where? First Porter (as he disappears through the next car)—On the clothes line!

An embarrassed young man who had just been married by a clergyman, not knowing how to express his gratitude, in handing over a small fee said: "I hope to give you more the next time."

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