

# THE DEMOCRAT.

W. H. KITCHIN, Owner.

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## Thanksgiving

No sound of presidential tread;  
No common cause of fear;  
No warring masses of patriotic dead,  
Makethark the festive year.  
Oh, passing year! Oh, golden year!  
May that we soon shall greet,  
As rich in gifts as last appear,  
As perfect and complete.

## THE MINISTER'S PIE.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

"Look here, Sally!"  
Mrs. Deacon Parrell brushed the flour from her hands, casting meanwhile a complacent eye over the well-laid kitchen table, with its generous array of uncooked pies and cakes, the plump turkey stuffed and trussed ready for the morrow's baking, and the leg chickens, to which her fingers had put the finishing touches, as she repeated rather more loudly:

"Look here, Sally! There's enough chicken left, with the giblets—that I never put in my own pie, because the deacon don't wish 'em—for make a Thanksgiving pie for the minister's folks. 'Tisn't need to be very large," she added, in reply to Sally's doubtful look. "Only the minister and his wife—and you can take it in that smallest yellow dish. Now I'm going up stairs for look over them rags, an' you make an' bake it right off so's I can send it over by the deacon."

"Yes'm," answered Sally, briskly; and catching up the rolling-pin she brought it down with an emphasis upon a bump of dough upon the moulding board.

As the doorway door closed behind her, Mrs. Deacon, Sally dropped the rolling-pin, and a look of perplexity crept over her dull face, making it ten times more soiled than usual, while she repeated, in ludicrous bewilderment:

"Giblets! What in all creation, if anybody can tell me, does she mean by them?"

Incidentally she took a step forward, but checked herself as quickly, while a cunning smile replaced the look of perplexity, and she muttered triumphantly:

"I guess I ain't agoin' ter confess my ignorance to the deacon's wife and let her have her say, as she always does. 'Two terms for the deacony, Sally, and not no more!' No, an' ain't no white there's a dictionary in the house!"

So, softly creeping into the adjoining sitting-room, she hastily opened a big dictionary on the deacon's writing desk, and began her search for the mysterious word.

"G-I-B-L-E-T-S," she read aloud to herself, with an air of triumph, the following definition:

"Those parts of a fowl which are removed before cooking—heart, gizzard, liver, etc."

"That's it!—heart, gizzard, liver and so forth," she repeated joyfully, as she retraced her steps to the kitchen, and began with a will, to fill, according to directions, the minister's pie; keeping up meanwhile a running fire of comment for her own spiritual benefit.

"SIX gizzards! Well, that is rather steep as Dan Weston would say. But I guess the deacon's wife knows it. She don't think none of my business. Six hearts! There's a small, and no more to the corners handy. Six livers! Sometime they don't fill up much, and she glanced with a perplexed air, at a pile of denuded chicken bones that formed her only resource.

"Now, I wonder," with a sudden inspiration, "what that and so forth means! Here's hearts, gizzards and livers, plenty of 'em, but no and so forth," and the pie ain't more than two-thirds full yet. "It ain't no more," and she cast a bewildered look at the half-filled pie, "the chickens' legs. I never know nobody ter put them in a pie, but that must be what it means, and they'll just fill up."

No sooner thought than done. In went three pairs of stout yellow legs upon which their unfortunate owners had strutted so proudly only the day before; on went the well rolled dough, covering them from sight, and into the oven went the minister's pie, just as the mistress of the house re-entered her kitchen, and with an approving glance at the snowy pastry, remarked, encouragingly:

"That pie looks real neat, Sally. I shouldn't wonder if, in time, you came to be quite a cook."

It was Thanksgiving morning, and Miss Patience Pringle stood at the minister's back door. To be sure it was rather early for callers, but Miss Pringle was, as she often boasted, "one of the kind that never stood on ceremony."

Indeed, she didn't consider it necessary even to knock before she opened the door, although she was thoughtful enough in opening it to do so softly. The minister's wife was just taking from the oven a newly warmed chicken pie, which she nearly dropped from her hand, so startled was she by the sharp, shrill voice that spoke so close to her.

"Good-mornin', Mrs. Graham. Hain't been to breakfast yet, I s'pose. We had ours half an hour ago. I know my mother and boss if 't is just a few minutes ago, but she ain't here."

"Just here the door opened, and in walked the subject of their conversation, her pretty face glowing with the blushes that she had made, and mischievous twinkle in her brown eyes that nobody noticed, so occupied were they in hiding the confusion that her sudden entrance had created.

Walking to the table where most of the ladies were sitting, she saluted them cordially, and then holding out upon the tip of her slender finger a well-worn silver thimble, she said archly—  
"Where do you think I found your thimble, Miss Patience?"  
So pleased was Miss Patience to regain her lost treasure that she forgot for a moment all assumed dignity and exclaimed joyfully:  
"Well, I declare, I am glad to see that thimble once more! I told Mary Jane that I felt sure I had it on my finger when I ran into your house Thanksgiving mornin' arter that yeast. But when I got home, it wa'n't nowhere to be found. Now where did you find it?"  
Her shrill, high voice had attracted the attention of all in the room, and everybody looked up curiously as the minister's wife replied, with an innocent smile:  
"In the chicken pie that our good friend here"—and she nodded brightly to Mrs. Parrell—"sent me. I left the pie on the dresser when I went down cellar after your yeast, and as soon as I came back I put it on the table, and when my husband cut it there was your thimble in it. How could it have got there?"  
It is certainly very mysterious anyway."

Silence, deadly profound, yet, oh, how terribly significant to the deacon's wife and her spinster neighbor, fell upon the group.  
This was apparently unnoticed by Mrs. Graham, who, with a playful admonition to Miss Patience to take better care of her thimble in future, began an animated conversation with the ladies nearest her, that soon restored the company to their wonted ease and good humor.  
But poor Miss Patience! she never heard the last of her lost thimble. While the deacon's wife, to the day of her death, never trusted any hands but her own hands to make Thanksgiving pies for her minister.

## OUT IN THE WEST.

The Proud Spirit of a Settler in Dakota Broken at Last.

[From the Dakota Bell.]  
A Dakota settler, who had had bad luck financially, was finally taken sick. A friend called to see him and said to him:  
"I was surprised to hear of your husband's sickness. I thought he was remarkably strong and healthy."  
"Yes, John was always very healthy, but he got so discouraged at last that he just died."

"But he was always a cheerful and buoyant man. I never expected to see him give up this way."  
"Yes, John was always mighty gritty. When the barn burnt up an' killed the new team he never said a word, but just braided up an' built another barn an' got another team."  
"Then when the house burnt he didn't complain a bit, but went to living in a tent just as cheerful."  
"I know it."

"When the farm was sold on a mortgage an' the children were all took sick, John kept right up as happy as ever."  
"Yes, that's so."  
"By'n by the Sheriff took the cow an' cookstove, an' a wagon run over John's foot an' smashed it, but still he didn't seem to be a bit discouraged."  
"I know he didn't."  
"Then our oldest girl ran away an' married a corn doctor; both our horses died; John got beat on a law suit, an' fell down an' broke his leg. Still he held his head right up an' said he'd come out on top yet."

"Yes, well, what was it that could possibly have occurred to break his spirit and make him sick at last?"  
"He had to sell the old black dog for fifty cents to get money to buy dog an' the man just bought him for his hide an' nothing else, an' we know it. Just as soon as John saw the man he old Tige under the wagon he came right in an' threw himself on the bed an' says he: 'Samantha, that's too much to stand—I never've got up off'n this bed a livin' man!' I reckon I won't be long followin' him—I order seen the way old Tige could take a hog by the ear an' swing it right around in a circle!"

A Fish Yarn of Fifty Years Ago.  
"It was about fifty years ago," said Dr. J. M. Kendall, of Bowlincton. "I was a youngster and playing on the bank of the Kennebec. I never shall forget it in my life. Now I saw a crane get a pickered stream. They were driving logs down stream. I watched a crane acting sort of funny standing perched on one of the logs near the shore. I made up my mind to see what it was about, and hid in a clump of bushes. The crane had a bag in his bill, and he kept dropping it into the current till it floated just him, and then grabbed it again and repeated the same performance. I couldn't think what he was trying to do. He looked to me as if he was going to sleep. The old fellow kept the bag floating in front of the log for half an hour, when, all of a sudden, a big pickered came up to the surface and made a dive for the bait. The pickered was down the crane's throat in less than a second, and Mr. Crane flapped his wings and flew away. He took the bag in his bill, though. They look sleep enough, but they know more than a good many people—how to get their bread and butter."

"Were there any poets among the antiquarians?" a critic asks. "There must have been or there wouldn't have been any dool."

## SUPERSTITION.

The Belief in Signs Common to Many People.

Some Old-Time Omens and What They Indicate.

It is astonishing what a hold superstition has upon the average American, and it may be safely said that there is not one in a hundred who has the force of character and strength of mind to unburden himself of all such foolish notions. Among gamblers superstition forms as much a part of a professional's education as learning to deal cards, and until he has all the innumerable superstitions which prey upon the minds of his class at his fingers' tips he cannot expect to rank as a real "gam."

Actors, too, are most superstitious people on the face of the globe. In no company will the manager permit the "tag" or end of the play to be spoken during the preliminary rehearsal, and if, on the night of the first appearance an actor of the company or an attaché of the theatre happens to look out front, "size up" the house before the curtain is rung up, he or she is in for a long squabble with the manager or his assistant. In less intelligent companies this breach of "etiquette" would cost the offender a good part of the salary that might be due him.

Housewives have as many superstitions as gamblers, even more, and some of them are really laughable. In the country, if the back door happens to be open and a rooster crows near it, the industrious housewife who may be in the kitchen scouring her knives, will drop them in a hurry and run and get on her clean "duds." She considers it a sure sign that a stranger is coming. But should that rooster turn his back on the open doorway and go off crowing his action will send a cold chill meandering up and down the spinal column of the housewife, for then she knows "for certain" there'll be a death in the family.

Bad luck, too, will come if she sweeps dirt into her yard. It must be taken up in the house and burned in the stove. This superstition should be cultivated.

Other superstitions of the same character—such as sweeping with a broom at night time or dumping crumbs in the yard—deserve individual commendation. But just let a hen caw in the yard of some old, way-back farmer. It will cause considerable commotion in the family. From the infrequency of this occurrence the belief in the minds of many people that it foretells a death is ineradicable. There are many other superstitions that are not common to any particular class, but find believers in all ranks and every condition of life.

Thus, the familiar verses  
If you love me as I love you,  
No knife can cut our love in two  
must have been founded on the old-time belief that to present a knife to any person, and especially if he or she was loved by the donor, would bring bad luck, and in the case of lovers a separation.

"Death ticks" and the sound of bells ringing in a house are cousins—german of the Irish "ban-shoo," and the same direful consequences that are supposed to attend the appearance of the latter will result in the former instance. A superstition which finds believers among really intelligent people is that of the "chovling dog." If a dog howls or moans in front of your house at night, to many people it is a sure forerunner of sickness or death in the family. The writer knows of two instances where the moaning of a dog at night in front of a house was followed by death—that of the dog.

When the time approaches for the new moon to appear above the horizon young men and girls who are lovers-stricken will find feelings of mingled hope and fear. If by any mischance they should first see the new moon by looking over their left shoulder, then good-by to all hopes of a successful issue of their affairs during the life of that moon.

All are familiar with the lines: "See the new moon through the glass, the sign of trouble while it lasts." Should the reader ever happen to leave home and forget some bundle which he intended to have taken, let him or her be sure to either make the sign of the cross in sand or else sit upon a convenient horse block. Should they return home without performing these rites to destroy the power of the Evil One, they are likely to suffer some terrible calamity.

To open and close an umbrella in a house is a sure sign of death. Perhaps the man who first said if you enter a house by one door and leave it by another, or if you enter by a window, it will bring some evil consequences, had it to wear off burglars who might be contemplating a raid upon his silverware and decorated china. Anyhow, it is a common belief.

At the breaking up of a merry crowd who have spent the evening in laughter and fun-making; should four persons in bidding each other good night cross their hands, there is a general shout of the victims are assured that one of the

other of them will marry soon. This is especially unpleasant in the case of a young man who may be calling upon the fair daughter of the family with the most "innocentest" intentions.

Another popular belief, and should it ever be expressed in your presence you may set the speaker down as country-bred, is that should a tree-frog be killed his death will be shortly followed by rain.

"He is as cross as if he got out of bed on the wrong side," is a common expression.

The custom of walking arm in arm may owe its origin to a belief in the olden time that if two persons were walking together and another passed between them, they would be disappointed in something they intended to do.

The charm against this is for all parties to say "Good morning."—Washington Star.

A Chinese Hospital.  
In one of the most crowded thoroughfares of the Chinese quarter of Shanghai has stood for forty years a free native hospital mainly supported by the European community. Very strange its wards look at first to English visitors. The patients bring their own bedding, consisting of a bamboo and a wadded quilt. Those who can move about are the only regular attendants of those who cannot. The house surgeon and dispenser is a Christian Chinaman, for thirty years connected with the hospital, and one of the first converts of a mission school. Yearly about 800 patients pass through the wards and the proportion of deaths is small. Last year there were 56 and in the dispensary more than 22,000 cases were treated. From very far distances many of the poor suffering creatures come and back to their far-off homes many a healed one has carried a blessing greater than bodily healing, for we believe that nowhere, at home or abroad, could better proof be found than in the Shanghai of the benefit of combining medical and Gospel work. Daily the waiting room, seated for 200, is crowded with men, women and children, long before the dispensing hour, and daily an English missionary, as conversant with their language as his own, sets before this waiting multitude the Word of Life. "I believe," writes a Christian physician, who for some years had the oversight of this work, "that the Chinese undergo more suffering for want of medical knowledge than any other nation in the world. In an institution like this, almost daily under a good surgeon, may the blind receive sight, the deaf hear, the lame walk."—Quiver.

She Could Say R.  
The director of a large girls' school in French Canada, which is patronized by many American families, tells a story of a poor New England girl, with whom the instructors had any amount of difficulty, quite naturally, in getting her to sound the letter r. When a letter has been unpronounced for generations, it comes hard to the young. This New England girl had been labored with for so long a time over the sound of the r in French words that she came to regard the instruction in this particular as a great bore; and when the director himself took her in hand one day, and said:  
"Now, see here, Miss —, I want you to pronounce the r for me," she put on a look of unutterable weariness. "Now, please pronounce for me an English word, I persisted, 'that begins with an r,' and he sure that you sound the letter."

"R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!" exclaimed the American girl, with a snip in her eyes.—Philadelphia Press.

A Hawk Drowns a Blackbird.  
The English paper Land and Water publishes and credits to a local paper, a story told by a Scotch railroad laborer, who saw a hawk swoop upon a blackbird which was singing on a bush by the side of the River Ettrick. The blackbird, he says, was at once unperched and carried to the ground, struggling and screaming in the talons of his adversary. The hawk, evidently finding considerable difficulty in dispatching the bird, dragged it along the ground to a shallow pool, where he put his head under water and stood on it till his victim was drowned.

Fighting from Balloons.  
Military balloon experiments of various kinds are being tried in England of Dungeness. Thus range-finding has been watched from a captive balloon, while a similar craft is sent aloft and fired at by shrapnel shell, to ascertain how near a balloon may pass to the enemy's lines without being hit. Some capital photographs have been taken from a height of 4000 feet in a small balloon remaining only a few minutes in the air. The balloon carries an automatic camera, which produces a good view of the country beneath.

Base Ingratitude.  
Feather's (to Dunley, who has given him a cigar)—Somebody (puff) must have given you this cigar, Dunley.  
Dunley—Yes; it is a bad one?  
Feather—No; it's a (puff) good one.  
—Pick

## SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

By means of an air-gun, Prof. C. L. Mees has found that to drive straws into pine boards and hickory bark, as is often done by tornadoes, a velocity of 150 to 175 miles an hour is necessary.

The weight of sea water is 1.026 times that of fresh water. One cubic foot of sea water weighs 64.3125 pounds and one gallon 8.58 pounds. About one thirty-third part of its weight, or four ounces to each gallon, is salt.

At least 10,000 preserved humming birds are now embraced in the collection in the British Museum. The finest collection on this side of the Atlantic, containing about 2,000 specimens, has been presented by Mr. D. G. Elliot to the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

Pastour proves the value of his preventive of spleen fever by showing that in France, during the last five years, the mortality of inoculated sheep has ranged from 0.75 to 1.08 per cent, that of non-inoculated being ten per cent. Only 0.28 to 0.50 per cent. of inoculated cattle died, and five per cent. of others.

A popular fallacy, according to Mr. A. W. Hare, of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, is the belief that water from the fountain is safer for drinking purposes than the water from a sluggish stream, for the reverse is really the fact. Sewage-contaminated water contains fewer organisms after ten or twelve days than river water, for the reason that the microbes' rapid growth during the first two or three days exhausts their food supply.

Says old Allen Thompson: "When I am in the woods I never use a compass; in fact, I don't need any. There are three sure ways that I have for finding the points of the compass. You will notice that three fourths of the moss on trees grows on the north side; the heaviest boughs on spruce trees are always on the south side; and thirdly, the top-most twig of every uninjured hemlock tips to the east. You just remember those things and you'll never get lost."

The classification of the fishes found in the sea of Galilee has led to the strange discovery that these fishes do not belong to the Mediterranean system, but are peculiar, and belong to the fish system of the great inland lakes of Africa—Tanganyika, Nyassa, and the neighboring waters. The Canon draws the inference that millenades ago the Jordan Valley was filled by a lake which was joined to the Red Sea, then a fresh water lake, which in turn was in direct communication with the great lake system of Central Africa.

The plan of signaling accurate time from sea-coasts was first adopted by Great Britain about thirty years ago. That country now has on its coasts fourteen time-balls and five other time-signals, and its colonies and dependencies have twenty-six time-balls; Germany has seven time-balls; France, four time-balls and two other time-signals; Sweden and Norway, Austria-Hungary, Holland and Belgium, and the United States, have five time-balls each; Denmark has two; Spain and Portugal, one each; Italy, none.

How People Drown.  
Edward Horn, an employe of the Detroit Ferry Company and the sayer of sixty-four lives, has related a few of the characteristics of a drowning person. "I believe I can tell just by the clutch how many times a drowning person has been down. The first trip down they go for you with a firm, decided clutch that means they still know what they are about. The second immersion causes a shaky, uncertain grip, which can be easily broken if you choose. It is the last time down that the grasp becomes a convulsive bewildered one, and but few swimmers can save a person after the unfortunate man has descended for the third time. Almost invariably the drowning man, on his final journey below the water, will seize his preserver by the legs. It seems to be a law of nature, and one I cannot account for. It would be easier to save a whole river full of men than one drowning woman. The odd feature of the latter's struggle in the water is that she will seize your hands if she can get hold of one or both of them. A woman will drown quicker than a man. She opens her mouth from the time she first strikes the water, and never closes it, and so loses her senses more easily. Yes, I saw one person die of strangulation while we were under water together. His eyes were wonderfully fascinating as he stared helplessly at me. You may not believe it, but they shone like two balls of fire."

Fats as Tonics.  
Fats, especially those which are of easy digestion, like cod liver oil and sweet cream, are also essential to the well-being of the nervous system. The peculiar substance—nerve-fat—found in all nervous structures contains fat as an essential constituent. It is remarkable that most "nervous" individuals have a strong aversion to fats as articles of diet. This is extremely unfortunate, for the omission of fats and oils from the diet tends to not only continue the nervousness, but to increase the irritability and weakness. Cod liver oil is a most valuable medicine in such cases, because it is already partly digested by admixture with the bile secreted by the liver of the fish, and this rendered still more easy of absorption. The labor of digestion is thus partly taken away from the tasks to be performed by the invalid. Of course, the fishy odor is objectionable at first, but this is generally easily overcome by continuing its use for a short time. There are a few preparations on the market in which oil of some kind has been partially digested by admixture with pancreatic. Emulsions thus made are palatable but much more expensive than the crude oil.—Globe-Democrat.

After the Battle.  
The aspect of troops of all arms of the service, writes Colonel J. R. Gaudinot, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is very different in battle from the trim and neat parade appearance, but nowhere is this difference so marked as in the artillery. It was always most interesting to me to watch a battery going into action. The artillerymen were very careful at all times to dress strictly in accordance with regulations, and when a battery took position every cannoner looked as if he had just prepared himself for inspection. Nothing could be neater and more uniform than their appearance. But this did not last long. As the fire began to get hot a jacket here and there would be thrown off; next the collars would go, and often the shirts. The men were soon lathered in perspiration, which would lastly brush off with their powder-blackened hands, leaving great marks wherever they touched themselves. When the men began to fall and were carried to the rear by their comrades, blood stains were added to the powder marks, and at the close of the fight the artillerymen, so remarkable for their fine appearance at its opening, presented the most horrible spectacle that can be imagined. But they soon removed all trace of the fray, and by the next day were as clean and neat as ever.

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They Sang.  
There was a difficulty among the singers; and, it being rumored as a settled fact that the choir would not sing a note on the next Sabbath, the minister commenced morning worship by giving out that hymn of Watts, "Come ye who love the Lord." After reading it through, he looked up very emphatically to the choir and said, "You will begin at the second verse."  
"Let those praise the Lord  
Who never knew our God!"  
They sang that hymn.—Musical Herald.

## "No, Thank You, Tom."

They met, when they were girl and boy,  
Going to the school one day.  
And, "Won't you take my pig-top deer?"  
Was all that he could say.  
She hit her little pig-tail.  
Close to the stile she came.  
She whispered, "No, no thank you, Tom."  
But look at all the same.

They met one day, the self same way  
When ten or fifteen had flown.  
He said, "I've nothing but my heart,  
But that is yours alone.  
And won't you take my heart?" he said,  
And called her by her name.  
She blushed and said, "No, thank you, Tom."  
But look at all the same.

And twenty, thirty, forty years  
Have brought them here and by;  
She has the little pig-top still,  
He gave her when a boy.  
"I've had no wealth, sweet wife," says he,  
"I've never brought you fame."  
She whispers, "No, no thank you, Tom,  
You've loved me all the same."  
—R. E. Weatherley

HUMOROUS.  
The two-legged crank is the hardest to turn.  
It would seem natural for a cooper to have a lumbering gait.  
"All But" is the title of a story by Rose Terry Cooke. Probably the history of a billy goat.  
Curiously enough the man who is always in a pickle doesn't preserve his temper worth a cent.  
A Canadian farmer has a calf, which eats turkey whenever it gets a chance. The carnivorous bovine should be named "The Car."

Edison has invented a graphophone whose voice is clear and distinct. Men with well regulated voices don't need any of these new fangled things.

"Why is a small boy like a woman?" said a certain man to his troublesome wife. No response. "Because she will make a man grow," said the omnidrummer.

Toady of the house-caring company to eat!—Please help yourselves. Do just as you would in your own home. I am always so glad when my friends are at home.

"What are chilled ploughs, papa?" asked the little son of an agriculture professor. "Oh, my son," was the wise reply, "they are ploughs which have stood out in the furrow all winter."

"My dear old friend, how were you able to acquire such an immense fortune?" "By a very simple method." "What method was that?" "When I was poor I made out that I was rich, and when I got rich I made out that I was poor."

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