

# THE DEMOCRAT.

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**Joy and Sorrow.**  
Somebody's heart is gay,  
And somebody's heart is sad,  
For lights beam bright across the way,  
And a door with orange is clad;  
Sadness and gladness e'er  
Are the two sides of a coin,  
And when one is on the floor,  
The other is on the ceiling;  
Bright eyes are filled with mirth,  
And faces beam in prayer,  
And hearts beside the weary hearth  
Are agitated by stout despair!  
Ah, sorrow and joy are both  
As near as the hand and the foot,  
And when one is on the floor,  
The other is on the ceiling;  
No thoughts of the funeral train  
Come to the festive throng,  
So when that joy will dawn again,  
To see you souls belong;  
The future is a sunny sea  
To the children of joy and mirth;  
But only the dead and its memory  
Come to the mourning of earth!  
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—G. G. Bages in St. Louis Magazine.

## A BUNCH OF BANANAS.

BY WALLACE P. REED.

"She will be a princess, if—"  
Just Valdez leaned forward eagerly to hear what the wrinkled old hag had to say.  
The fortune-teller again scrutinized the innocent baby face before her, and looked in the pink little palm extended in her brown, leathery hand.  
"She will be a princess, if—"  
Again she paused with evident reluctance.

"Speak," commanded Senor Valdez. "Sudely the power of your evil art has not deserted you. If you can look into the future, tell me what is to befall my daughter, the last of her line."

The fortune-teller threw her head back with a proud air. She was a very old woman. There were people in San Blas who remembered her when she came to the village three score and two years before, and even then her hair was gray and her face was wrinkled. "She is claimed to be considerably over a century old, and no one disputed her word."

"Senor, Valdez," said the brown-faced sibyl, turning her fierce black eyes full upon him. "I knew your father, and his father before him. For three generations I have been at the cradle of every new-born babe in the village. I have foretold whatsoever there was of good or evil in their lives. Has any one ever said that Perdita made a mistake or made false predictions?"

"You misunderstand me, Perdita," was the humble reply. "It has unnerved me to gain a daughter and lose a wife, all in one bitter-sweet hour. My heart is filled with mingled grief and joy, and I am impatient to know the future of my last hope, the heiress of the most magnificent estate in Mexico. Will she live or die? Will she bring joy or sorrow to my house?"

Perdita dropped the tiny hand of the pretty child, and shaded her eyes with her hand.

"I see," she murmured, "the proud lest beauty that ever brought our gallant cavaliers to her feet. Her gifts of mind and person are the wonder and delight of her father and all who behold her. Something tells me that she will be a princess if she lives to see her 18th birthday. My eyes have followed her through her infancy and childhood, and down to the night before her fateful day. Beyond that I cannot see. I know that she will be a princess, if she is alive on her 18th birthday. But I know nothing more."

Sorely puzzled, and uncertain whether to be hopeful or despondent, Senor Valdez gave Perdita a purse of gold and dismissed her.

Seventeen years had rolled away.

A republic had gone down in a sea of blood and an empire had risen. Maximilian was on the throne; the beautiful Carlotta had surrounded herself with an imperial court, rivaling the brilliancy of the one at the Tuilleries; Bazine's legions covered the land, and it seemed the usurper had come to stay.

Among the Mexican hidalgos who rallied around the imperial standard, the wealthiest and most influential, was undoubtedly Senor Valdez.

"The prediction is coming to pass," the senor would frequently say to himself. "The republic is dead, and we have a court swarming with princes. Rita is the most beautiful woman and the richest heiress in Mexico. Why should she not be a princess? Old Perdita told the truth."

Rita was presented at court, and even the empress looked at her in delighted admiration.

"Your daughter will be a princess!" she whispered to Senor Valdez, who at that moment was looking at his gold-lace coat tails in a mirror.

"She has the noblest blood of old Spain in her veins," replied Valdez proudly.

"That does not need to be said," answered the empress, taking the girl by the hand and leading her to a quiet corner of the salon.

The Senorita Valdez had been educated by the best European tutors that her father's liberal offers could secure. She was mistress of every accomplishment Carlotta made no secret of the fact that she liked her better than any of the ladies around her.

"She will be a princess!" old Valdez would repeat a hundred times a day.

The senor moved to the capital, and established himself in a palace. He raised regiments for Maximilian, loaned the government money, and lived on a lavish and extravagant scale.

In his round of pleasure and excitement Valdez came near forgetting a very important matter. One night it came upon him with a shock.

"By all the saints!" he exclaimed, leaping from his bed. "In one week from to-day Rita will be eighteen! What did the old witch say? Her words all depended upon an if. My daughter will be a princess, if, Ah, that if! I must see to it at once. If any danger threatens Rita it is during the present week."

The senor hastily dressed himself and ran into his daughter's room.

Rita was sleeping quietly, and her face wore the glow of health.

Valdez examined the fastenings of the windows, and then retired locking the door and taking the key with him.

The next morning he told Rita of his fears, and secured her consent to remain indoors for several days.

"We must run no risk," the old man said, as he stroked her head affectionately.

III.

On the morrow Rita would be eighteen. Valdez passed the day in a state of dazed illumination.

He refused to let his daughter come down stairs to breakfast, for fear that she would trip.

"No coffee, my dear," he said, "A glass of lemonade is more wholesome. Heavens!" he shrieked.

"What is it?" asked the astonished girl.

"There is a lemon seed in the glass," said her father. "You might have swallowed it."

Rita laughed. It was such a trifle, she told her father.

But Valdez would have his way. He poured out another glass, and examined every particle of food that came into the room. He prohibited meat, because it might produce fever.

He was just as particular about everything, and before the day was over Rita grew so nervous that she did not much care whether she lived or died.

Before night the windows were securely barred, the room was searched to see that no assassin had concealed himself, and finally at a late hour Valdez told his daughter that he was afraid to give her any supper.

"The truth is," he said, "I am afraid of poison."

"May I have a few bananas?" pleaded the senorita.

"Bananas," shouted her father. "Why of course. They cannot hurt you. Yes, you shall have a whole bunch."

He gave his orders, and in a few minutes the tempting looking fruit was brought into the room.

Valdez kissed his daughter, and looked her in. He did not tell her of his purpose, but all night long he paced the hall in his stocking feet with a pistol in his hand.

The first glimmer of dawn came through the windows of the palace.

"Rita's eighteenth birthday!" said the happy father with a smiling face. "She is safe, and what is more, she will be a princess!"

Gradually the servants began to stir, and the bright sunshine bathed the walls in a flood of glory.

Senor Valdez quietly unlocked the door to the well-guarded chamber, and stole in on tip-toe.

In a moment the wildest shrieks and cries rang through the palace.

The servants rushed to Rita's room, and the unutterable horror of the sight before them struck even the boldest dumb.

Senor Valdez lay stretched on the floor in a death-like swoon.

On the bed lay Rita, her face whiter than the snowy pillow. There was a horrible, brown, hairy something on her throat.

One of the women approached gently, and tore the ugly thing away, and killed it with her slipper.

It was a tarantula, and it had done its deadly work only too well. Rita's throat bore the mark of its poisonous sting.

The servants understood it all when they saw the bunch of bananas in a chair by the bed. The tarantula had crawled out during the night, and had stung the lovely victim to death while she slept!

Valdez recovered consciousness, but it was only to be driven from the palace to the asylum. To the day of his death he remained a gibbering maniac, without the faintest gleam of sanity. Perhaps it was a blessing to have his mind so completely wiped out.

When the Empress Carlotta heard of

the death of her favorite she at once discontinued her court entertainments for the season. The empress felt the shock so severely that it is believed by many in Mexico that her subsequent mental troubles really date from the death of the unfortunate Rita.—[Atlanta Constitution.

## Mushroom-Growing in Illinois.

A company was recently organized in the city of Chicago which has leased five acres of the tunnels of the Utica Cement Manufacturing company for twenty years for the production of mushrooms. Tuesday, H. S. Weaver, superintendent of this new industry, left for France in the interests of the organization and will bring back a supply of mushroom spawn imbedded in rich compost, a handful of which spawn or seed would be sufficient to plant acres. There are several gentlemen interested in this new industry, which is surely a novelty in this part of the state, or probably in the United States, for that matter, for, as far as known, no such large company exists in this country. The method of raising this cryptogamic plant as proposed in the tunnels will doubtless be interesting to our readers. There are numbers of these subterranean chambers owned by the Utica Cement Manufacturing Company, but only a few of them will be used at first in the mushroom industry. The soil or manure will be brought from Chicago by the railroad and made into beds in the tunnels and the spawn set therein.

A crop can be grown every twenty-four hours, and two crops if desired, as all that need be done is to clip off the head and the fringe will, inside the next twelve hours, produce another mushroom plant. The experiment of growing this delectable article of food has been tried in English mines, but with the impurities of the gas, air, etc., it was not possible to obtain success and the attempts proved failures. The air of the tunnels is not impregnated with foul odors, is of an even temperature, and the entire conditions are such that a failure cannot possibly result. The company at first proposes to put in sufficient beds to yield 100 bushels per day, which sell in the Chicago market for 30 cents per pound.—[La Salle (Ill.) Press.

## Queer Indian Customs in Brazil.

The Indian prayer-meetings in the country are rather a singular admixture of superstition and devotion. A doll is dressed in silk clothes, with candles on each side, a good bit of tinsel work about it and a ribbon tied about its waist. It rests on the table. Eight or ten Indian men stand around; one has a large drum, which he beats continually. The women sit on the floor, while the men sing prayers to the saint, the women responding. They commence praying about 7 or 8 o'clock and keep it up two or three hours. Then the women with their little children kiss the ribbons, asking favors of the saint. The men then go through the same ceremony. The saint is then locked up in a box, and dancing commences and lasts the rest of the night. Frequent potions of whiskey are imbibed by the men, coffee and wine by the women. When the men become too drunk to dance longer they retire to their hammocks and sleep until sober.—[Pittsburg Gazette.

## Practice.

A Texas parent had a son who took piano lessons at Professor Zweiber's house, but was supposed to do his practicing on the piano at home. The parent had a suspicion that the youth did not practise much. One day he said: "Tommy, do you practise regularly on the piano when I am down town?"

"Yes, pa."

"Every day?"

"Yes, pa."

"How long did you practise yesterday?"

"Two hours."

"And to-day?"

"Three hours."

"I am glad to hear that you practise so regularly."

"Yes, pa."

"And next time you practise be sure you unlock the piano. Here is the key. I locked the piano and put the key in my pocket a week ago."—[Sittings.

## A Severe Mental Tax.

"Bobby," said his mother, "I told you not to forget to bring up three scuttles of coal before you went to school, and you only brought up two."

"I know, ma, but I forgot the third one. Three scuttles is a good many for a little boy like me to remember."—New York Sun.

## Both Tired.

"I've been making mince pies," said a wife, as the after-dinner coffee was brought on, "and I'm very tired."

"And I've been eating mince pie," remarked her husband, "and I am tired, too," and he bowed his head upon the table.—[New York Sun.

## A New Process.

Patron—It's astonishing what a number of new artistic designs have been invented lately.

Poor Artist—Yes, indeed, sir. I have often drawn on an empty stomach, —[Tid Bits.

## LOBSTERS.

### Some Facts Concerning the Warriors of the Deep.

#### Their Voracity Leads to Their Easy Capture.

During the early period of its growth, says the Baltimore Sun, the lobster casts the whole of his shell frequently—in the second year every two months—but as its size increases a new dress is less often required, till at last, when arrived at the fullness of physical dignity, its armor grows as it were rusty, and becomes coated over with parasitic shells.

Dr. Beard tells us that "the lobster only increases in size during the short period of molting, but this increase is so great that it is almost as difficult to believe the cast of clothes ever fitted the large fleshy mass lying languidly beside them, as that the gigantic genie ever came out of the jar the lid of which had been in an evil hour removed by the Arabian fisherman."

When the pea is sufficiently ripe the fish has the power to place her eggs under the protection of her over-arching shell, where they advance gradually to maturity, one lobster producing from 20,000 to 25,000 eggs each season. The spawn is thus carried by the mother till nearly fit to commence independent life, and when cast off it soon gives birth to the young lobster, which grows rapidly, but passes through many changes before it assumes the form and color with which ordinary observers are more familiar.

Enormous as is the increase from a single female lobster, their numbers are considerably diminished by predatory fish, which devour them with great avidity and relish, but we are told that the mother protects her progeny to the utmost, and by no means ceases her care with the deposit of her spawn, but continues it in a very pleasing and interesting manner longer than in most animals of a far higher grade of organization. Many fishermen assert that they have frequently seen during the season the old lobsters with their young around them. "Some of these infants have been noticed at six inches long, the old lobster with her head peering out from under a rock, the young ones playing around her. She appeared to rattle her claws on the approach of the fishermen, when herself and young family took refuge under the rocks; the rattling was no doubt to give the alarm. This is told by old and experienced men, without the slightest concert or question of collusion."

"The lobster's home," says Dr. Peard, "is in the purest water, beneath which he walks through brown and tangled forests of palmy woods, a warrior in full panoply, ever ready to do battle with all comers." It is here in rocky ground and in the fastnesses such localities afford to a creature so frequently defenseless he feeds chiefly on the aquatic vegetation which surrounds him, chopping up his salad with the large claw, little conscious how his example may be followed by man at a feast at which he may be the principal invited guest.

Lobsters and crabs vary in their tastes. Lobsters will be attracted by almost any description of offal, the more putrescent the better; the crab will refuse to enter if the bait is not sweet and fresh.

Dr. Blakey says the lobster is considered an unclean eater, and is often called the scavenger of the seas. He is a fierce marauder, pouncing on dead or living substances of all kinds. He appears to have a powerful sense of smell although no distinct organs for this office have yet been detected. His carnivorous voracity leads to the animal's destruction. Baited traps made of strong twigs, like the common wire mousetraps, are lowered into the water and marked with a buoy, and these become the most effectual means of capturing this epicurean crustacean.

## Boring a Square Hole.

A man has spent fourteen years in solving the problem of boring a square hole, and he has succeeded. A company is organized to put his invention on the market. It is simply an oscillating head with chisel edges and projecting lips, which cut out the corners in advance of the chisel. The balance of the machine is an almost exact counterpart of the old-style boring machine. It will cut a two-by-five mortise in from four to five minutes—and do it with perfect accuracy—that a carpenter cannot complete in less than half an hour.—[Halifax Critic.

## Care of Canary Birds.

A writer on the care of canary birds says that a raw apple, cabbage leaf and plain should be provided. Aim to give one or the other of these things every day the year round. Occasionally give a piece of bread soaked in milk, but never cake or candy. Once a week give boiled egg mixed with cracker. Never hang any birds in a draft or the wind, and never set them out of their cages. In moulting time give a dusting of cayenne pepper to their egg and cracker, or bread and milk.

## The Game of Progressive Observation.

"Progressive Observation" is the name given to a new Boston game that has been taken up with interest in social circles. It has an advantage over "dodgey parties," and progressive euchre in that it teaches something useful. The hostess provides five tables, at each of which are seated four or five persons, or even more if desired. Table No. 1, or the "head" table, represents the sense of sight, the highest sense. Table No. 2 is touch, No. 3 hearing, No. 4 smell, and No. 5 taste. There is a teacher for each table, and the teacher is supplied with a variety of objects suited to the use of the table. For instance, the teacher at the sight table holds before each player in turn a collection of small objects on a tray, and after the lapse of half a minute takes away the tray and asks the player to name the articles. Or the teacher gives each person a single article, and after a short inspection calls for answers to all the questions that can be asked about it. Score is kept by the teacher, and the player making the least mistakes progresses to the next table.

At the close of the evening the player who has made the most "progressions" is awarded the prize. The variety of objects for the several tables is only limited by the teacher's ingenuity and the resources of the house. At the "touch" table the players close their eyes and depend on the sense of feeling alone for their impression of the article given them. This is not so easy as it may be supposed. For the "heating" table a musical instrument may be used and the test given on a note or combination of notes; or a number of thin glasses may be used in a like way, the player being asked to give the number of a particular sound which is given alone after being struck in a regular succession. For the taste and smell tables the kitchen can be drawn upon, and such things as flour, meal, powdered macaroni, corn starch, granum, and others, whose taste and smell in the raw state are either not very pronounced or not familiar, are good for the purpose.

The game is not so much like "child's play" as may be thought. True, it had its origin in the "plays" of kindergarten, but, as developed and enlarged, the idea proves very well adapted to the entertainment of grown people, who are rational enough to like a little sense with their fun.—[Minneapolis Tribune.

## Smoking Under Water.

"Do you know how that trick of smoking under water is done?" asked a showman the other day. "You'll see it tried in the swimming tanks. It looks strange, I admit, to see a man go under water with a lighted cigar in his mouth, smoke calmly at the bottom, and come to the surface with the cigar burning as nicely as if he were smoking in his easy chair. It is a trick, but it requires practice. I used to be quite proficient at it. Just as I threw myself backward to go down, I would flip the cigar end for end with my tongue and upper lip and get the lighted end in my mouth, closing my lips water tight around it. A little slippery chin jiggled before going in prevents any accidental burning of the mouth. Going slowly down backward, I would lie at full length on the bottom of the tank and blow smoke through the cut end of the cigar. Just as I reached the surface again another flip reversed the cigar, and there I was smoking calmly. The reversing is done so quickly that nobody notices it."—[Philadelphia Call.

## Bullets Without Billets.

The question has often been raised, what proportion of balls, exchanged by hostile armies, will hit their mark and kill. Difficult as it is to solve it exactly, some approximation may be arrived at from the number of balls—estimated at 20,000,000—which were fired by the Germans in the war of 1870-71. The French army lost, in dead and wounded about 140,000 men. According to this, only one ball out of 143 fired hit its man, and assuming that on an average only one man out of seven hit was actually killed, it would seem that only one rifle-ball in 588 proved fatal. If it is further considered that the number of men wounded and killed by the guns of the artillery are included in the above estimate, it may safely be said that not over one rifle-ball in 1000 fired proved to be fatal.—[Boston Beacon.

## Japanese Agitators.

Youngmen clad in the garments of merely worn by students, have been numerous in the streets of Osaka, Japan, lately. They lecture in out of the way corners, and even in crowded streets when no constable is at hand, upon political subjects, and frequently urge the doctrines that "socialism is the life-blood of the people."—[Chicago News.

## It Can't Help Falling.

"Pat," said a (American to an Irishman who had lately landed, and was staring at Niagara. "Pat, did you see such a fall as that in the old country?"

"Faith, and I never did; but do yer see, why shouldn't it fall? What's to prevent its fallin'? That's what I'd like to know."

## SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The transparency of molten iron, noticed during a casting of several tons, has been recorded by Mr. W. Ramsey. It had a yellow tinge.

A petroleum exhibition is soon to be held in St. Petersburg, in connection with which the Russian minister of war offers a prize of 500 roubles for a compact and practical battery for electric lighting with incandescent lamps.

If towns were laid out with the streets in the diagonal directions, northeast and southwest, northwest and southeast, and the sun shining into all the rooms some time during every day in the year, the effect would be cheering and salutary.

Disasters to eyesight are evidently more common than is generally supposed, judging from the statement that more than 2,000,000 glass eyes are made annually in Germany and Switzerland. An artificial eye seldom lasts more than five years, the secretion of the glands turning it cloudy.

The Swedish count, M. Bjornstjerna, suggested more than forty years ago, in a book on "The Theogony of the Hindus," that as both poles must have been cooled to a suitable temperature at the same time, the earth might have been peopled from the north pole with its white races, and from the south pole with its colored races.

Observations made at the late South Kensington Aquarium upon the effect of temperature on fish, show that the dogfish, mullet, conger, skate, flounder, bass, cod, trout, catfish, pike, and carp are extremely hardy, and can exist in a temperature ranging from 34 deg. to 71 deg. The gurnard, wrasse, bull-head, sole, bream, cray-fish, blennie, perch, dace, tench, minnow, chub, roach, and gudgeon are sensitive to extremes of temperature.

Perhaps the statement may be of interest that the little screech-owl is getting much more common in the vicinity of cities in which the English sparrow has become numerous, and that the imported birds will find in this owl as bold an enemy as the parrowhawk is to them in Europe, and even more dangerous, since its attacks are made toward dusk, at a time when the sparrow has retired for the night, and is not so wide awake for ways and means to escape.

Pertinently to an expression of doubt by Mr. David A. Wells in one of his articles on Mexico, as to the Aztecs having knowledge or making use of metal tools, Mr. W. W. Blake, in the "American Antiquarian," mentions as being on exhibition in the Archaeological Rooms of the National Museum of Mexico, idols, beads, and engraved clasps of gold; lip-ornaments and other articles of silver; numerous tools, weapons, and ornaments of copper; and "chopping knives" of copper, which are supposed to have been used as money.

## Dogs as Sentries.

The idea lately taken in earnest in the German and Russian armies of using dogs for military purposes, has been generally talked of as an innovation. This, however, as M. Meunier shows in an article in the Revue Scientifique, is a mistake. Dogs of war, it appears, were well known to the great nations of ancient times, and Greeks and Romans and Jews and Gentiles made use of the fearless, intelligent animal, whose valor is now once again to be put to the test. The Greeks had dogs in every one of their fortresses; and E. Blaze, one of M. Meunier's authorities, tells a good story of an outpost occupied by strong watch-dogs only. Opposite Corinth, facing the sea, such an outpost was situated, guarded by fifty dogs. One night the enemy began to disembark. The garrison was drunk and the dogs had to keep back the aggressors. They fought like lions, and forty-nine of them were killed. The only survivor, Soter, rushed away in hot haste, gave the alarm in the camp, and the enemy was driven back.

The Romans, as every one knows, were less fortunate on a similar occasion where the geese performed the task of the dogs in calling the attention of the soldiers to the Gauls scaling the walls of the Capitol, while the dogs were fast asleep. As a punishment for the unfaithful servants a religious ceremony, at which even Plutarch had still occasion to laugh on beholding it, was thereafter annually performed at Rome. Its chief features was that some dogs were taken through the streets with great pomp, whipped at every cross-road and in every public place, and finally hanged on a cross of the wood of the elder tree, near the temple of Youth.

## An Engraving Which Was Kept.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Sing the stout peltance of greenbacks in the dreary obscurity of the bank's vaults.

"Don't make such a noise!" cried the hu die of registered bonds next to it.

"Steff" replied the greenbacks, "You can't get out because you're not negotiable, but I have a particular little engagement with the cashier to-morrow night."

And it was kept.—[Tid Bits.

## A Face.

Between the curtains of snowy lace,  
Over the way, the baby's face,  
It peeps forth, chiding in merry glee,  
And waves its pink little hand at me.

My heart responds with a lonely cry,  
But in the wonderful By and by,  
Out from the window of God's "To Be,"  
That other baby shall beckon to me.  
That ever haunting and longed-for face,  
That perfect vision of infant grace,  
Shall shine on me in a splendor of light,  
Never to fade from my eager sight.  
All that was taken shall be made good,  
All that puzzles me, understood,  
And the wee white hand that I lost one day  
Shall lead me into the better way.  
—[Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## HUMOROUS.

About the first thing lost at sea is the sight of land.

A first-class tailor you will always find good at figures.

Half the boys to-day would rather be drum majors than presidents.

"Wun by a mere scratch," as the hen observed when she turned up the worm.

The only people who are fond of getting into court are lawyers and young folks.

Waiting for a letter that never comes is not a circumstance to waiting for a backward sneeze.

A man may be behind in his work and still show push. This is so if he is wheeling a barrow.

The emperor of Russia plays the organ. Can this be the real secret of nihilistic activity.

The man who wrote "O solitude, where art thy charms?" was a business man who didn't advertise.

Old lady (in dressmaker's small boy): "What am I to take this mode for, sonny?" Sonny: "Take it in your mouth, mummy; tain't to be trifled on."

When a boy is caught in an orchard, the first thing he says is, "I am sorry as follows: 'I won't go to school none of yer apples.'"

Tourist: "You have a fine farm, indeed?" Farmer: "Yes, I've been it for one of the best." Tourist: "What is the most profitable source of the income?" Farmer: "Summer boarders."

## Rivals to Tea and Coffee.

If tea and coffee can not be wholly debarred from their share of the trade of place, it is spirituous liquors that are beverages may be invented to rival them. Mate, which the Brazilians like hot through a silver pipe, and which is much richer than the Mate brewed on the Chinese table in the tea-houses, and the coca plant are all possible competitors. The mate of the jungles, Mauritius, West Indies, and Brazil would not give up the battle for the best tea or coffee. There are millions of people who drink mate, and the leaves of sixteenth century, of pimento, and the portulaca herb, and hundreds of unexplored plants contain the ingredients which the human race seeks for in such beverages. The fluid of these are the alkaloid, which is present by a proportion of about 1 per cent in ordinary tea, and the aromatic oil which give to that and to coffee their special favor. The Chinese will not drink now tea because it contains too much of the latter ingredient, and is sometimes actually intoxicating.—[London Telegraph.

## Stick to the Text.

The difficulty with many authors that they think they know better than the writer of the piece, or even the witness, what will please, and so take liberties with the text. This is a clear error. To such an actor W. S. Gillette said, while rehearsing "The Mikado": "You must read the book as I have written them, and make no changes."

"I think I am old enough to understand without telling me," was the respectful reply.

"You certainly are," returned the author.