

THE DEMOCRAT.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

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The Life-Philosophy.
There is but one philosophy outwardly
known to man, and that is the
philosophy of the cross. It is the
only philosophy that has ever
conquered the world. It is the
only philosophy that has ever
conquered the heart. It is the
only philosophy that has ever
conquered the soul. It is the
only philosophy that has ever
conquered the world.

A Station Agent's Stories.

"I was," said the man with the
sweat-soaked face, "station agent on the
R. & N. C. railroad for a good many years,
and several things occurred there which
are of interest enough to publish.
My station was both insignificant and
isolated. While it was only a hamlet
in population, it was a railroad crossing.
While every train seemed to be in a
hurry to get away as fast as possible,
all would take water or coal, and
the trains had to pull in on the long
sidings to take water or coal from
the engine.

"The day of our road was nig-
gling. The subject was to get every-
thing done and to work every man to
the bone. My station building was
just a shed, and it was im-
possible to get any repairs or improve-
ments. I was required to act as tele-
graph operator, ticket seller, freight
agent, clerk, and all else, and did
not have a moment to call my own.
I had a room in the office, and was on
call all night. Let me sound my
bell. I was in the deep sleep and
I thought of the night. I was ready to
answer. I should have had a first-class
bedstead at my station, but the com-
pany would not permit it. I must
either do the work alone or get out
for someone who could and would, and
so I kept hanging on month after month
and year after year, always thinking
about going, but never making up my
mind to do so. The situation was grave
enough to keep my nerves under con-
stant strain. Train despatching was
not the only duty, and if a regular
got behind his time through confusion
all along the line.

when I heard a hissing of steam, and
two or three minutes later I could see
the glare of a headlight through the fog.
In a couple of minutes more I found our
midnight freight—twenty-two loaded
cars and a big locomotive—and she was
standing directly on the crossing of the
roads. I shouted as soon as I had made
out the locomotive, but no one answered
me. I pushed along to the cab, climbed
up, and found the engineer and fireman
on the floor of the tender, arms around
each other, and fast asleep or dead. At
that same moment the passenger train
on the other road whistled for the
crossing.

"I am telling you, sir, that I lived a
year for every minute in the next five or
six. I knew very little about an engine,
though I had seen how they were re-
versed and how the throttle was worked.
If anything was done I must do it, and
do it quickly. Why I did not pull ahead I
do not know. It struck me that I must
back up, and I lunged over the bar, gave
her steam, and she began to move. The
steam had run down, and we moved at
a snail's pace, and even when I pulled
her wide open, the engine scarcely had
power to back the heavy train. We did
move, however, although it was foot by
foot. I could hear the roar of the
passenger train, and I knew that every
second was hastening a terrible calamity,
but I did not leave the engine. Back!
back! back! we crawled, and of a sudden
a great light flashed in my eyes,
there was a crash, and I saw cars mov-
ing in front of me and disappearing into
the darkness. What had happened?
Well, I had backed the freight until the
locomotive of the passenger train only
carried away the pilot as it crossed our
line. That was all the damage done,
and no passenger had a suspicion of his
narrow escape from an awful smash-up.

"When the train had disappeared and
I could realize the situation, I began to
investigate. I ran back to the caboose
but no one was to be found. I shouted
and screamed, but soon found that I
was all alone. Then, climbing back
into the cab, I sought to arouse the en-
gineer and his fireman. Dead? No.
Dead as two lords! Yes, sir. They were
drinking men, though the com-
pany did not know it. They had been
taken off another run two weeks before,
and coming down the line on this trip
had brought a bottle with them. At
the station above they had reached the
limit, and in their drunken dizziness had
suddenly pulled out and left all the
train crew behind. The conductor
could not readily find the station
agent, and when he did reach him
he was out of mind and did not
answer his call. The two men had let
the steam go down, and the train had
crawled down to the crossing and been
stopped where I found it. The men
were by that time too drunk to stand
up, and had grabbed each other and
rolled on the floor to sleep. I was yet
in the cab, trying to kick some sense
into them, when the conductor and his
two brakemen arrived on a hand car,
and after getting up steam we got the
train over the crossing to the station.
The two drunkards ought to have been
sent to state prison, but for fear of the
story getting into the papers they were
allowed to skip.

"It was with this same night freight
I had a startling adventure the next
summer. I had gone to bed and to
sleep before it came in. It was exactly
11:50, as shown by the clock, when I
sprang out of bed to find the operator
at K—, a station eighteen miles be-
low me, clicking off. 'For God's sake
stop and side track No. 9!' There's a
runaway engine coming up the line!"
I got up as you understand, and I
gave him an 'O. K.' as soon as he was
done. In three minutes I was out doors
and had my 'Danger—Stop' signal set
for the first time in months, and as I
started down the track with my lantern
I could hear the rattle of No. 9 as she
crossed the bridge three miles above.
She was on time and booming right
along, but it was clear and the red light
would stop her.

"I should have told you that there
were two tracks in front of the station.
One was the main track, of course, and
the other a long siding, with a switch
at either end. No. 9 had the right of
way at night, and, instead of side-track-
ing her, I proposed to switch off
the runaway. I went down over the
trestle as hard as I could run, and just
as I reached the switch I heard No. 9
below for my station. While I was un-
locking the switch, the engineer called
for brakes, and then I knew he had
seen the light and would stop. I pulled
the bar over, and then picked up my
lantern and ran back, reaching the sta-
tion just as the heavy freight was
coming to a standstill. My purpose
was to run down and open the other
switch, and thus let the runaway out
on the main track again, to run until
her steam went down, but I had scarcely
moved a hundred feet when I heard her
coming. It was then too late, and
I stood on the platform to see her
go past. She was truly a runaway. She
had broken away from the accommodation train,
which came no further up than G—,
and was coming up with a full head of

steam and everything roaring. There
was gross carelessness in bringing about
this accident, but it was covered up and
kept out of print. We could hear the
runaway a mile off, and we could locate
her as she came through the woods by
the shower of sparks flying from her
smokestack. On she came, and as she
struck the switch it seemed as if she
must go over. There was a clinkety-
clash and a bang, and she righted and
whizzed past as like a fiery arrow.

"We knew what would happen at
the other end of the siding. There was
a field beyond, and when the runaway
left the rails she tore up a hundred feet
of track, made splinters of a score of
trees, and ploughed her way into the
field for a quarter of a mile and blew
up. Had she encountered No. 9 on the
main track there must have been a ter-
rible smash-up. At the speed she was
going the runaway would have
climbed right on top of the train. Af-
ter the explosion I entered the station
and called for K—, to give him the
news, but he could not be raised. I
could not get him until the usual hour
next morning, and then I learned some-
thing which made my hair stand on end.

He had not heard a word of the matter.
He was not in his office when the ac-
commodation passed, and he had heard
nothing from G—, the station where
the engine broke away. I then called
for the agent at G—, and it turned out
that at 5 o'clock on the afternoon pre-
vious, he had met with an accident
by which he had been made delirious all night. When
they went for him to telegraph about
the engine he was in bed, and being
held there by nurses, and they did not
even try to make him understand what
had happened. As a matter of fact
and record, no living hand clicked that
message to me. Every man on the line
was examined, but all denied it. I
heard it and understood it, and acted
upon it, and it came from K—. How
do I explain it? I never could. I have
had people tell me that it was mind tele-
graphing to mind, but you can take any
theory you wish. I was called for in the
usual way, understood fully what was
being said, and hurried out to do what I
have described. The matter has been a
puzzle and a mystery for years, and I
have no hopes of a solution.

"How did I lose my leg? Well,
there was a mystery about that. We
had changed our time and a passenger
train passed my station at 2 a. m. I
awoke one night at 1 o'clock, feeling
that the upper switch had been left
open by the freight train. I lit my
lantern and ran up there, and sure
enough it stood wide open, and a death
trap had been set for the express. I
closed it, and was on my way back when
three cars which had broken away from
the freight several miles away, at the
top of a grade, came whooping down,
and, in trying to get out of the way, I
made a stumble and got my leg under
the wheels. I dragged myself into the
station and tried to call up the offices
above me, but could raise no one. The
cars were missed, and hunted for from
one end of the line to the other, and,
strangely enough, they could not be
found. It was an odd thing to
lose cars in that fashion, and before
they got through searching men walked
over every foot of the line. It was six
weeks before they were found. They
had left the rails at a curve near a steep
bank, and had gone over the rocks into
a deep river without leaving a trace. It
was as if they had been picked up and
flung over by human hands. Being
loaded with hardware, they had gone to
the bottom, but the current rolled them
along until they finally showed above
the surface in a bend. When hauled
out none of the three were damaged a
cent's worth, but it was a deal of
trouble to get them back to the rails
again.—[New York Sun.]

A Parrot That Prays.
A family living near a church owns a
very bright parrot. Every evening the
bells of the church ring the "Angelus,"
and recently one of the little girls of
the family was taught to recite the ap-
propriate prayer at the sound of the
bells. The parrot watched her care-
fully, and the other evening, at the first
sound of the chimes, dropped to the
bottom of the cage, put down his head
and said the first few words of the prayer.
He has kept this up ever since and is
adding other words of the prayer as the
little girl teaches them to him.—[Chi-
cago News.]

The Wrong Kind.
"Bromley, I've been going through my
last year's vests."
"Find any bills in the pockets, Dar-
ringer?"
"Yes, one."
"Good. A \$50 bill I hope."
"No, a bill for \$19.53."
"But there isn't a bill of that denomi-
nation."
"Oh, there isn't eh? Bromley, it was
a wash bill."—[Philadelphia Cal.]

They Matched His Head.
"It's very cold," remarked Mr. Mc-
Corkle, as he came in to dinner. "My
hands are perfectly numb."
"Then they match your skull perfect-
ly," was the unfeeling comment of his
wife.—[Philadelphia Times.]

CHING AH KOW.

The Romance of a Chinese Ranch-
man and Miss Annie Freese.

A Celestial Cattle King Who
Married an American Girl.

Ching Ah Kow, a Chinaman who ar-
rived in San Francisco about six
months ago from Texas on route for
China with a pretty white wife and two
children, was met on his return by an
Examiner reporter, as he was crossing
the bay to visit some friends in Oakland
in company with his family and a ser-
vant. On being addressed by the re-
porter, Ah Kow appeared so affable and
willing to talk that the reporter joined him
on the boat. When seated his eyes
beamed with a sort of quizzical intelli-
gence as he remarked:

"I quite understand your curiosity.
You have noticed that I have a white
wife and a pair of pretty girls, and you
want to know how I came by them.
Isn't that so?"
"Well, I expect you have guessed it,"
remarked his companion, "but a police
officer at the ferry has already told me
that you were a cattle king from Texas."
"A cattle king?" he exclaimed, "why,
I have not more than a thousand, but I
have considerable land."
"How did you happen to make such
an investment in that country?" was in-
quired.

"That lady you see over there, my
wife, was the main cause, and I'm not a
bad looking fellow myself in American
clothes, am I?" he continued, straighten-
ing up.
The assent was given that he was
not.

"Then you will admit that she was
somewhat excusable in disregarding
race prejudices. The whole story is
that I lived in San Francisco until
Kearney began to stir things up. Fear-
ing that members of my race would be
molested sooner or later, and not de-
siring to return to my native country
poor, as I had run away from a wealthy
father in Hong Kong, I determined to
seek a new locality. Gathering to-
gether about \$500, I drifted south, and
continued to drift through Arizona and
Colorado, until I finally landed in San
Antonio, Tex. There I opened a
Chinese bazaar, and sold my goods at
such enormous profits that it was but a
short time before I had about \$5000. I
was admitted as a member of the Social
Club there, and became extensively ac-
quainted. Among my acquaint-
ances were many ladies. Many
of them gave me cause to
think that my attentions would not be
repulsed. To one of these I became
attached. Her name was Annie Freese.
Again, that's my wife. I did not then
know that she owned in her own name
1000 acres of land not many miles away.
It was what you would call a case of
true love, and it ran smooth."
At the closing sentence the reporter
looked up rather suddenly.

"Oh, I'm quite conversant with your
literature, as is evidenced by my fond-
ness for Shakespeare and other authors
whom, it is said, foreigners do not
appreciate. Well, to forego, I paid
my addresses to her. Then a revulsion
of feeling seemed to take place. I was
acceptable enough until I desired to
marry one of their native daughters,
though she was an orphan, by the way.
Dr. Y. McNear, her guardian, made it
so warm that we had to run away and
get married in another county by the
Justice of the Peace. She was 19 years
of age and I was 30 at that time. We
got married, though, all right,
and returned to face the music. It
was a cold reception that we got. I
told her that it would be all right, that
I had over \$5000 and could make more.
It was then that she told me that she
had a thousand acres of land in her own
right and a house and lot in the city.
She advised me to buy cattle and stock
it. I then closed out my business to
advantage, bought cattle and plodded
along until I was able to purchase five
thousand head of stock, which are in-
creasing. It is all paid for. The cow-
boys tried to kill me once or twice but I
escaped."

"Why did you go to China?"
"To see my father, whom I had not
seen for nearly eighteen years."
"And you return just on the eve of
your new year?"
"That is the main reason I did re-
turn. I married a white woman and I
desire to become a white man, or as
nearly as possible. Furthermore, my
business sadly needs attention."
"How do the people of San Antonio
regard you and your wife now?"
"Things are all right now—you see,
I have money; that makes some differ-
ence," and Ah Kow winked.

The boat arriving on the other side,
the fat Chinaman and his vigorous and
rosy wife bade the reporter adieu, in-
forming him that they would take the
overland train for their home that morn-
ing.

The family was the centre of attrac-
tion on the boat during the entire trip.
Many people will remember the noto-
riety attaching to the marriage of

Ching Ah Kow and Miss Freese, the
lady being of an old and eminently re-
spectable family.

French Funeral Customs.
When a person dies in France his rep-
resentatives immediately send out what
are called "Lettres de faire part" to all
friends and even slight acquaintances,
inviting them to assist at the religious
service (supposing there is to be one)

and the burial of the deceased. The
circumstances generally state that the
cortege will be formed at the house of
the defunct. The more intimate friends
assemble in the drawing room, where
they are received by the nearest rela-
tives of the deceased person. Mean-
while the coffin has been placed in the
doorway of the house, which has been
converted into a sort of chapel. The
opening is draped with heavy black
hangings bordered with silver fringe,
and often embroidered with the arms or
initials of the deceased.

If the ceremony is to be a religious
one—it is very rarely a "civil" one—the
friends sprinkle the coffin with holy
water, which is placed at the head, in a
silver plated vessel, together with a
brush. When the procession is formed,
the nearest relatives are the immediate
followers of the coffin. The men in-
variably walk, if they are able to do so;
ladies follow in carriages. A priest, ac-
companied by choir boys, vested in
cassock and surplice, "atches" the
body. In the country they go on foot
and chant, but in Paris they always
lead the cortege with a carriage. The
general body of followers usually num-
ber several hundred.

The men go bereaved even in the
burning sun and falling rain. As the
bier passes the busiest and most ef-
ficient man acknowledges the solemn-
ity of death by raising his hat. The
ceremony in the church is plain or
pompous, according to the position that
the dead person occupied in the world.

In Paris there are five "classes" of
funerals. A first-class funeral is a very
elaborate and expensive affair. The
church in which the service is held is
profusely draped with black and silver.
The catafalque is quite monumental and
is all ablaze with candles, and green
flames arise from tall lampadaires placed
at the four corners of the catafalque.
All the chanting power of the church is
brought to bear upon the service, and
professional singers are also engaged for
the occasion.

The second and third-class funerals
are also very ornate, but in the next
decent the difference is strongly
marked. Finally we come down to the
coffin made of pine and the severely
plain canonical service for the dead.
At the close of the service the chief
mourners stand near the door of the
church to receive the conventional
shake of the hand from those who have
been invited to the funeral.—[Boston
Herald.]

**Hunting Wild Ducks on the Ches-
apeake.**

When driven out of the Great South
Bay by the gunners, many of the wild
fowl emigrate to the Chesapeake bay,
where they are met with by sportsmen
from Philadelphia and the neighboring
cities. Although the gunners are just
as eager there to get a few good shots at
the birds the law is stricter than in New
York state and the birds are less merci-
lessly killed off by sportsmen, by men
and amateur gunners. North of Tur-
key Point and Spout Island shooting
is allowed only on Mondays, Wednes-
days and Fridays of each week from the
1st of November to the 1st of January.
All the gunning must be done between
5 o'clock in the morning and sunset.
Night shooting with any kind of gun is
prohibited and no one is allowed to
shoot from a vessel, canoe, snark-boat,
or sink-box by day or night within half
a mile of the shore. These laws are
strictly enforced and heavy fines are
paid by those who break them. It gives
Maryland a better chance than many
other states, and all visitors to the
ducking grounds have to employ the
resident owners of the boats, who make
a good living in this way during the
cold months of the year. Many wealthy
people from the cities run down to the
feeding-grounds with their yachts on
shooting days; but even then they
usually employ one of the bay men to
go along with them as guide and gen-
eral director of the expedition. Early
in the morning the yachts and cat-boats
can be seen cruising and maneuvering
around the shore, waiting for the clock
hands to point to the five-o'clock hour,
when they sweep over the line in a dead
race for the shooting grounds, each boat
bound to be the first on the spot. The
game constable is on hand each morn-
ing, and he takes particular care to see
that no boats cross the line until the
appointed time. He gives the word to
go at the proper time, and the yacht race
then begins.—[Harper's Weekly.]

A Blessed Year.
Miss Ethel—And so you are really en-
gaged to Mr. Sampson, Clara?
Miss Clara (blushing)—Yes, it all
happened last evening, Ethel.
Miss Ethel—What a blessing leap
year is, dear!

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPES.

Lake Superior iron ore deliveries in
the lower lake ports for the past season
were 3,347,325 tons, an increase of over
1,000,000 tons. The gain in production
has been 32 per cent., in rate 48 per
cent. This year the miners are reckon-
ing on an output of from 5,500,000 to
6,000,000 tons.

Probably the best lookout point or
natural watch tower in the world is
Caldes Peak, in Johnson County, Texas.
It is a beautiful truncated cone, rising
300 feet above the level of the surround-
ing country, and from the top of it, on
a clear day, one can see a distance of
400 miles up the meandering Brazos
river.

Dr. Gottling has invented another gun,
which he calls the "Police gun," and
which is designed for use in cities. It is
brass, weighs seventy-eight pounds, is
mounted on a tripod with a universal
joint, works very much like the Gatling
gun, and will deliver 1,000 shots a
minute in any direction—up, down, up
or down.

At a late meeting in London, Dr. E.
P. Thwing stated that Americans are
more susceptible to the influence of al-
cohol than Englishmen, and that they
are more affected by tobacco than the
Hollanders, Turks or Chinese. This he
supposes to be due to an increased sen-
sitivity of the nervous system, induced
by the high-pressure life of this country.

The force popularly believed to be
exerted by nitroglycerine and dynamite,
when exploded, is somewhat mis-
estimated. Thus, experiments show
that the power developed by the ex-
plosion of a ton of dynamite is equal to
45,675 foot-tons; one ton of nitro-
glycerine, similarly exploded, will
exert a power of 64,452 foot-tons, and
one ton of blasting gelatine, similarly
exploded, shows a force of 71,055 tons.

Indications now point to the existence
of a submarine volcanic crater between
the Canary Islands and the coast of
Portugal. From a cable-laying steamer
in 39 degrees, 25 minutes north, 9
degrees, 51 minutes west, the water
was found to measure 1200 fathoms un-
der the bow and 800 under the stern,
showing the ship to be over the edge of
a deep depression in the ocean bottom.
The well-known great inequalities in
the bed of the Sea of Lisbon are thought
to be due to a submarine chain of moun-
tains.

It is reported that in Peru and other
parts of South America the past year's
fruit has been avoided by birds, while
it has caused the death of sheep and
cattle when fed to them in large quan-
tities. These observations have been
cited as tending to show that the in-
stinct of birds, with respect to the
wholesomeness of fruits, is frequently a
worthy guide for human beings to fol-
low. The possibility is suggested that
the variation in the fruit of different
years may have something to do with
outbreaks of cholera.

A medical man mentions that, like
his father and paternal grandfather, he
has always had the power of voluntarily
ejecting food or fluid from the stomach
at any time. When troubled with acid-
ity or nausea, the stomach is emptied at
will without the slightest difficulty, and
may be washed out with several glasses
of water. At college this faculty was
used for gain, large doses of narcotic
poisons being swallowed for wages, and
afterward immediately expelled. An
investigation is suggested to determine
the cause of this gift, or what voluntary
muscles account for it.

How Billy Patterson Was Struck.
About forty years ago, at one of the
medical colleges of this country, the
students had a trick of having every
new man who entered the institution.
They would secure him hand and foot,
carry him before a mock tribunal and
then try him for some high crime with
which they charged him. He would be
convicted, of course, and sentenced to
be led to the block and decapitated.
A student named William Patterson
came along in time, and was put through
the court and sentenced in the usual
solemn and impressive manner. He was
blindfolded and led to the block, and
his neck placed in position. The execu-
tioner swung the ax and buried it in the
block, allowing it, to be sure, to go
somewhere near Patterson's head. The
students laughed when the trick was at
an end, but Patterson was dead. He
had died from what we medical men
call shock. All the students were
put under arrest, and the question arose,
"Who struck Patterson?" On the trial
it was shown that nobody struck him,
but the medical students retained the
expression, and it has come down
through them to the present day.—

Cleverly Caught.
Dobson—Hello, Johnson, old man, how
are you? Oh, by the way, can you
change a twenty-dollar bill for me?
Johnson (pleased to be thought a cap-
italist)—Certainly, my boy, certainly.
Dobson—Good, I'm glad to hear it.
Then you'll certainly be able to pay me
that five dollars you borrowed last
year.
And Johnson had to pay.—[Somerville
Journal.]

Last Night.

Last night my dreamland heralded
the well-remembered public, and I did not
The old man's name—the name of the
There's a light on the wall and
The little stream of water is
Our little boat is on the water
And side by side we sailed the shadowy
bay.

Last night we dreamed of the old man's
name.
And I looked down into those midnight
eyes.
And read in their eyes depths my old
dreams.
They were to me my heaven and my para-
dise.
You sang and left the window when I
died.
My heart left with you when you
died.

Last night we dreamed of the old man's
name.
We met, we parted, across the last of
earth.
I heard, as of years, the old man's
name.
I heard, as of years, the old man's
name.

Last night we dreamed of the old man's
name.
The different parts we were dreamed of
dreams.
Oh, many the names that I have never
known.
And I dreamed with tears a long
night.

Last night we dreamed of the old man's
name.
And I heard, as of years, the old man's
name.
And I heard, as of years, the old man's
name.
And I heard, as of years, the old man's
name.

HUMOROUS.

A good black name is
She stoops to conquer. The washer-
woman.
The dresses of engaged young ladies
wear out sooner about the waist.
Wonder if a balloon would be more
effective if it were made of dry paper?
A European must have learned to
bark, so as to save the expense of keep-
ing a dog.

Tom—An honest lawyer, the noblest
work of God, when an old farmer died,
"And about the nearest."
It is when a man sits down sud-
denly, unexpectedly and severely that he re-
alizes what a hard, hard world this is.
The public hold upon the college girl
as a needless accomplishment, but in later
years, when some of the boys get into
the financial straits, they find it
comes handy indeed.

"I trust your little hand had some-
thing laid up for a rainy day," said a
friend. "Indeed it had," replied the
widow, with a fresh burst of tears, "he
had seven umbrellas. John was the
thriftest man ever I see."

A Queer but Efficient Rule.
Chicago architects have a queer way
of estimating the cost of the ten and
twenty-story buildings now being erected
there. They take the dimensions and
find the exact cubic contents. Then
they say the building, if plainly finished,
should cost 25 cents a cubic foot, and
not more than 35 cents if elaborately
finished. "This is a kind of 'Rule of
Thumbs' plan which the boat builders
use to determine the carrying capacity
of their vessels. The rule of thumb is
said to be very exact, and so is the rule
of the architects noted above. The use
of the rule by the architects is almost
universal throughout the west. It en-
ables them to come somewhere near the
cost of the buildings so that they can
find out whether it is worth while to
draw plans and make specifications.
Contractors also use the rule so that
they can give a rough guess and decide
whether they will be able to carry such
a large contract.—[Buffalo Express.]

A Shrewd Farm Hand.
The New York Tribune tells of a
laborer who agreed to dig a farmer's
potatoes for one potato a hill. The con-
tract did not confine the laborer to a
selection from each hill, so he took the
largest wherever found. These aver-
aged about half a pound in weight, and
as there were 6000 hills to the acre, his
share was just one ton, or 32 1/2 bush-
els. At sixty cents a bushel they
amounted to \$20. He dug at the rate
of one-fourth of an acre per day, mak-
ing his daily wages \$5. It took one-
fourth of the crop to pay him.

A Warning.
It is said of a trustee of Vassar that
when once visiting the college he left
his boots in the hall at night, as though
at a hotel. Some of the girls, for the
joke of it, set to work and blacked them,
and then stuck a pretty bouquet in each.
This is a lesson. Keep your boots in,
gentlemen, and don't be betrayed by
finding bouquets in the toes of your
slippers. Men have rights that even a
leap year girl is bound to respect.—[In-
ter-Ocean.]