

THE DEMOCRAT.

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Where the Heart Is.

Someday, at the sunset, the feet shall rise
On the height whose rugged ascent
Hath filled with heart-weary throbbings the
breast,
And the bloom of the cheek hath blent,
With the whiteness of moon-kissed snows,
Resting there, then, in fame's radiant
glow,
The traveler shall sadly look down,
Holding the vale where love's blossoms
grow,
And longing to yield fame's crown
For one breath of love's tender rose.
For ever it seems, where the hill tops lie,
A most glorious place to be,
With the white-capped clouds whirring by
And the break of grief's throbbing
sea.
For sounding as in misty dreams,
And the snow-touched blossoms that
crown the height,
Seem the fairest of all that blow;
Yet the feet that climb are weary at
night,
And the vale that lies below
Sings of home in the sunset gleams.
—(Olla Toph in Courant.)

ANGELA.

I am a poor, paralyzed fellow who for many years past has been confined to a bed or a sofa. For the last six years I have occupied a small room, looking out to one of the narrow side canals of Venice, having no one about me but a deaf old woman who makes my bed and attends to my food; and here I eke out a poor income of about £30 a year by making water color drawings of flowers and fruit (they are the cheapest models in Venice), and these I send to a friend in London, who sells them to a dealer for small sums. But, on the whole, I am happy and content.

It is necessary that I should describe the position of my room rather minutely. Its only window is about five feet above the water of the canal, and above it the house projects some six feet and overhangs the water, the projecting portion being supported by stout piles driven into the bed of the canal. This arrangement has the disadvantage (among others) of so limiting my upward view that I am unable to see more than about ten feet of the height of the house immediately opposite to me, although by reaching as far out of the window as my infirmity will permit I can see for a considerable distance up and down the canal, which does not exceed fifteen feet in width. But, although I can see but little of the material house opposite, I can see its reflection upside down in the canal, and I contrive to take a good deal of interest in such of its inhabitants as show themselves from time to time (always upside down) on its balconies and at its windows.

When first I occupied my room, about six years ago, my attention was directed to the reflection of a little girl of thirteen or so (as nearly as I could judge), who passed every day on a balcony just above the upward range of my limited field of view. She had a glass of flowers on a little table by her side, and as she sat there in fine weather from early morning until dark, working assiduously all the time, I concluded that she earned her living by needlework. She was certainly an industrious little girl, and as far as I could judge by her upside down reflection, neat in her dress and pretty. She had an old mother, an invalid, who on warm days would sit on the balcony with her, and it interested me to see the little maid wrap the old lady in shawls, and bring pillows for her chair and a stool for her feet, and every now and again lay down her work and kiss and fondle the old lady for half a minute, and then take up her work again.

Time went by, and as the little maid grew up her reflection grew down, and at last she was quite a little woman of, I suppose, sixteen or seventeen. I can only work for a couple of hours or so in the brightest part of the day, so I had plenty of time on my hands in which to watch her movements, and sufficient imagination to weave a little romance about her, and to endow her with a beauty which, to a great extent, I had to take for granted. I saw—or fancied that I could see—that she began to take an interest in my reflection (which, of course, she could see as I could see hers); and one day, when it appeared to me that she was looking right at it—that is to say, when her reflection appeared to be looking right at me—I tried the desperate experiment of nodding to her, and to my intense delight her reflection nodded in reply. And so our two reflections became known to one another.

It did not take me very long to fall in love with her, but a long time passed before I could make up my mind to do more than nod to her every morning, when the old woman moved me from my bed to the sofa at the window, and again in the evening, when the little maid left the balcony for that day. One day, however, when I saw her reflection looking at mine I nodded to her and threw a flower into the canal. She nodded several times in return, and I saw her draw her mother's attention to the incident. Then every morning I threw a flower into the water for "good morning," and another in the evening for "good night," and I soon discovered

that I had not thrown them altogether in vain, for one day she threw a flower to join mine, and she laughed and clapped her hands as the two flowers joined forces and floated away together. And then every morning and every evening she threw her flower when I threw mine, and when the two flowers met she clapped her hands, and so did I; but when they were separated, as they sometimes were, owing to one of them having met an obstruction which did not catch the other, she threw up her hands in a pretty affection of despair, which I tried to imitate, but in an English and unsuccessful fashion. And when they were rudely run down by a passing gondola (which happened not infrequently) she pretended to cry, and I did the same. Then, in pretty pantomime, she would point downward to the sky, to tell me that it was destiny that caused the shipwreck of our flowers, and I, in pantomime too half so pretty, would try to convey to her that destiny would be kinder next time, and that perhaps to-morrow our flowers would be more fortunate—and so the innocent courtship went on.

One day the little maid did not appear on her balcony, and for several days I saw nothing of her, and although I threw my flower as usual no flower came to keep it company. However, after a time she reappeared dressed in black and crying often, and then I knew that the poor child's mother was dead; as far as I knew she was alone in the world. The flowers came no more for several days, nor did she show any sign of recognition, but kept her eyes on her work, except when she placed her handkerchief to them. And opposite to her was the old lady's chair, and I could see that from time to time she would lay down her work and gaze at it, and then a flood of tears would come to her relief. But at last one day she roused herself to nod to me, and then her flower came. Day after day my flower went forth to join it, and with varying fortunes the two flowers sailed away as of yore.

But the darkest day of all to me was when a good looking young gondolier, standing right and uppermost in his gondola (for I could see him in the flesh) worked his craft alongside the house and stood talking to her as she sat on the balcony. They seemed to speak as old friends—indeed, as well as I could make out, he held her by the hand during the whole of their interview, which lasted quite half an hour. Eventually he pushed off, and left my heart heavy within me. But I soon took heart of grace, for as soon as he was out of sight the little maid threw two flowers growing on the same stem—an allegory of which I could make nothing, until it broke upon me that she meant to convey to me that he and she were brother and sister, and that I had no cause to be sad. And thereupon I nodded to her cheerily, and she nodded to me and laughed aloud, and I laughed in return, and all went on again as before.

Then came a dark and dreary time, for it became necessary that I should undergo treatment that confined me absolutely to my bed for many days, and I worried and fretted to think that the little maid and I could see each other no longer, and worse still, that she would think that I had gone away without even having hinted to her that I was going. And I lay awake at night wondering how I could let her know the truth, and fifty plans flitted through my brain, all appearing to be feasible enough at night, but absolutely wild and impracticable in the morning. One day—and it was a bright day indeed for me—the old woman who tended me told me that a gondolier had inquired whether the English signor had gone away or had died; and so I learned that the little maid had been anxious about me, and that she had sent her brother to inquire, and the brother had no doubt taken to her the reason of my protracted absence from the window.

From that day on, and ever after, during my three weeks of bed keeping, a flower was found every morning on the edge of my window, which was within easy reach of anyone in a boat; and when at last a day came when I could be moved I took my accustomed place on the sofa at the window, and the little maid saw me and stood on her head, so to speak, and that was as eloquent as any right end up delight could possibly be. So the first time the gondolier passed my window I beckoned to him, and he pushed up alongside and told me, with many bright smiles, that he was glad indeed to see me well again. Then I thanked him and his sister for their kind thoughts about me during my retreat, and I then learned from him that her name was Angela, and that she was the best and purest maiden in all Venice, and that anyone might think himself happy indeed who could call her sister, but that he was happier even than her brother, for he was to be married to her, and, indeed, they were to be married the next day.

Thereupon my heart seemed to swell to bursting, and the blood rushed through my veins so that I could hear it and nothing else for a while. I managed at last to stammer forth some words of awkward congratulation, and he left me

singing merrily, after asking permission to bring his bride to see me on the morrow as they returned from church. "Fog," said he, "my Angela has known you for very long—ever since she was a child, and she has often spoken to me of the poor Englishman who lay all day long for years and years on a sofa at a window, and she said over and over again how dearly she wished that she could speak to him and comfort him; and one day, when you threw a flower into the canal, she asked me whether she might throw another, and I told her yes, for he would understand that it meant sympathy with one who was sorely afflicted."

And so I learned that it was pity, and not love, except, indeed, such love as is akin to pity, that prompted her to interest herself in my welfare, and there was an end of it all.

For the two flowers that I thought were on one stem, were two flowers tied together (but I could not tell that), and they were meant to indicate that she and the gondolier were affianced lovers, and my expressed pleasure at this symbol delighted her, for she took it to mean that I rejoiced in her happiness. And the next day the gondolier came with a train of other gondoliers, all decked in their holiday garb, and in his gondola sat Angela, happy and blushing at her happiness. Then he and she entered the house in which I dwelt, and came into my room (and it was strange indeed, after so many years of inversion, to see her with her head above her feet and then she wished me happiness and speedy restoration to good health (which could never be); and I, in broken words and tears in my eyes, gave her the little cross that had stood by my bed or my table for so many years. And Angela took it reverently and kissed it, and so departed with her delighted husband.

And as I heard the song of the gondoliers as they went their way—the song dying away in the distance as the shadows of the sundown closed around me—I felt that they were singing the requiem of the only love that had ever entered my heart.—(W. S. Gilbert.)

The Man Who Invented the Monitor.

Captain John Ericsson, the illustrious engineer and inventor, was born in Wernland, Sweden, July 31, 1803, and at the age of ten began, by the construction of a wind-mill and pumping engine, the creative work, that at the age of eighty-four, he briskly continues. His father was a mine proprietor, and the boy's earliest experience was with machinery. At twelve he was made a cadet of mechanical engineers, and at seventeen he entered the Swedish army as an ensign. He rapidly reached a lieutenantcy in consequence of the beauty of his military maps, which attracted the attention of King Charles John (Bernadotte). In 1826, while in London on leave of absence to introduce a steam engine, he sent his resignation home. It was accepted, after he had first been promoted to the rank of captain. He never returned to Sweden but his native country has sent him many honors and decorations, and in 1868 a great granite monument was erected in front of his father's house by the miners, bearing the simple inscription, "John Ericsson was born here in 1803." He is living quietly in New York, and is still an indefatigable worker.

An Oregon Patriarch.

The oldest married couple on the Pacific coast lives at Greenview, Washington county, Oregon. Peyton Wilkes was born in 1791, and so will be 97 years old next May. He is one of the few pensioners of the war of 1812. His wife Anna Wilkes is 91 years old, and they were married in 1815. They came across the plains in 1845, and settled in Washington county in 1846. They were both born in Bedford county, Virginia, came to Indiana in 1820 and to Missouri in 1829. In following the star of empire they kept ahead of the iron horse until he overtook them at the "jumping off place." They have three sons living, twenty-seven grandchildren, forty-one great-grandchildren, and eighty great-great-grandchildren living.—[Portland (Ore.) Dispatch.]

What is a Blizzard?

Imagine, if you can, a frozen fog driven with the velocity of a hurricane. The air is so full of minute frozen particles which strike your face like pin heads fired from a musket that you cannot see twenty feet ahead, and all this in an atmosphere from twenty to fifty degrees below zero, and you can form as clear an idea of a blizzard as you'll ever care to get. Its blinding, bewildering effect is first felt. The intense cold brings at first the pain of freezing, then numbness, then stupor, then a sense of blissful sleep and close upon its heels—death.—[Atlanta Constitution.]

Sufficiently Refreshed.

Gagley.—"Won't you have some refreshments, Miss Wiggle?"
Miss Wiggle.—"Thanks, no. I'm sufficiently refreshed now. Miss Howler has stopped singing."—[Judge.]

TATTOOING.

How the Men of Burmah Are Adorned with Figures

Covering Portions of the Body with Pictures in Ink.

Of all Burmese customs, one of the most singular is that of tattooing the person, from the waist to below the knees, with figures in black ink. Every man in the country is thus adorned, and unless his skin be unusually dark, he looks at a little distance as though he were clothed in a tight-fitting pair of knee-breeches. The custom is said to be falling into disuse, but I have seen very few Burmans without this "mark of manhood," which is conferred upon him when he is about 12 to 14 years old. The operation is a painful one, and I was glad of the opportunity that now offered to see it, though aware that it takes at least two or three days to complete.

Pho Myin, the subject, is lying on a mat quite nude, with a dazed look in his half-closed eyes, and breathing heavily. Mung Day nods at him meaningly.

"He has taken much opium," he says, grinning to me.
I am not surprised at it. If the Htokwinyahyee was going to exercise his art upon me for four or five hours, I should follow the Burman's plan and take opium by way of an anesthetic.

The tattooing will show well upon the plump, fair-skinned lad before us, and the professor evidently thinks he is a subject to take pains with, as he sits carefully mixing his ink in a joint of bamboo, and preparing his weapon. This is a brass rod nearly two feet long and about half an inch thick; it is weighted at the top with a little ornamental figure, and at the other end has a hollow point divided by two cross slits. The professor examines the "business end" critically, and, having satisfied himself that it is sharp enough, tucks up his putose and squats at Pho Myin's side. Selecting a spot on the thigh, he places both feet on it a few inches apart, and stretching the skin tight, draws the outline of the first figure—a tiger rampant—with an inky splinter of bamboo; this is soon done, and relieving himself of a large mouthful of betanaut, the professor settles down to work in earnest. Leaning forward through his widely parted knees, he balances the brass style daintily, and, clapping it with the finger and thumb of the right hand, makes a "bridge" of the left, which he rests on the surface between his feet. After sliding the instrument through his fingers once or twice, as if to take aim, he makes a start and pricks away steadily with a light, firm touch that is wonderfully quick and true. In less than five minutes the tiger, with its surrounding border, is finished, and the artist removes his feet from the distended skin, and washes off the superfluous ink to see how his work has come out. Every body presses forward to look at the picture, which shows up in bold relief on the rapidly formed swelling. Mung Saik exchanges a remark with his wife, and the tattooer resumes his working position to draw the outline of the next figure.

The boy, stupefied with opium, lies insensible to the pain, while one figure after another gradually appears on his skin. Deep as the points of the style sink, they draw little blood, but the limbs swell in a manner that would alarm any one who did not know it would return to its normal size in a day or two. Fever sometimes supervenes, and in that case the patient waits for a time before the work of illustration is resumed, so it often extends over a period of a week or ten days, during which the inconvenience suffered is considerable. Without the aid of opium the process would be much longer. I found that I could not endure the application of the style for more than thirty consecutive seconds without feeling so much as to interfere with the operator's movements; for the skin is pricked over so closely that it becomes too tender to sustain their repetition.

Eight rupees is the usual fee paid to a tattooer for endowing a lad with breeches. The figures that compose them vary little, consisting as a rule of tigers, "nagas" (dragons), and "Belooes" (devils). Each one is surrounded with a border of sentences, generally illegible, invoking good luck upon the owner of the skin whereon they are inscribed. The waist and knees are neatly finished off with a tasteful edging of point or scroll pattern; these sensitive parts of the body are the last to be done, and tattooers have told me that the pain caused frequently arouses the patient from his torpor.—[Cornhill Magazine.]

Comparative Guilt.

Father.—"What do you think of a boy that throws a banana skin on the sidewalk?"
Son.—"I don't know. What do you think of a banana skin that throws a man on the sidewalk?"

Diary of California's Gold Discoverer.

Sunday, Dec. 26, 1847.—Last week I worked five days (in the California hills). On Christmas a party of us climbed a peak, from which we could see many mountains covered with snow, and from which we started many large rocks rolling down into the steep canon. For dinner besides bread and meat, we had apple and pumpkin pies.
Sunday, Jan. 2, 1848.—Mr. Marshall has been away for some time, and now the cook saves the pumpkin pies and so forth for herself and the second table.

Jan. 11.—Rain began on the 9th and continues to fall.

Sunday, Jan. 16.—The river is very high. Since Monday the weather is clear. Marshall left us a month ago to get the mill irons and has not returned. Mr. Bennett has got out of patience waiting for him.

Sunday, Jan. 30.—Marshall having arrived, we got his permission to build a small mine near the mill, so as to get rid of the mill's water, and cook for ourselves. We moved into it on Sunday last. This week Mr. Marshall found some pieces of (as we all suppose) gold, and he has gone to the fort for the purpose of finding out what it is. It is found in the race in small pieces; some weigh as much as a \$5 piece.

Sunday, Feb. 6.—Marshall has returned with the fact that the metal is gold. Captain Sutter arrived on Wednesday with Johnston for the purpose of looking at the place where the gold was found. He got enough to make a ring. He brought a bottle of whiskey for us and some pocket knives. This morning I found my basin and knife in their proper place. Johnston had hidden them away, though he denied knowing anything about them.

Lucky Strokes in Mining.

St. John's mine in Summit county, Col., was purchased 15 years ago by an English syndicate for \$700,000. Near the mine was located a magnificent castle which was used only to accommodate the directors during their annual visit. To-day there is from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 in sight. The Colorado Central mine has been worked for 26 years and now employs between 200 and 300 men. The mine has already paid \$7,000,000 in dividends and a tunnel has just been sunk into the mountain 6000 feet to facilitate the work. Senator Hearst, who is interested in nearly all the principal mines in the west, has not lost a dollar in mining in 15 years. Two miners located the Comstock mine, and gave it to two Pennsylvania oil men for a debt of \$800 which they owed. The oil men did not want to take it, because they did not believe it of any account. Less than four months ago the owners refused \$300,000 for it, and to-day there is \$75,000,000 in sight. The Lody Franklin mine was originally sold for \$15,000, and a very short time ago the purchasers sold one-half of it for \$200,000. The Brush-heap mine was discovered by two boys and was developed by their muscle. It now pays an annual dividend of \$70,000. The Virginia mine at Kingston was owned by Charles Wallace. His wife turned the drill for him until they struck it rich and sold out for \$125,000 cash.—[Kansas City Times.]

The Latest Thing in Blinds.

English Venetian blinds are becoming very fashionable in this country. Outside Venetian shades have always been in use, particularly to keep out the hot rays of the summer sun. The English Venetian blinds are made of slats similar to the outside shade, but are arranged with cords, so that they can be drawn up or lowered at will just as a linen shade can. They are more expensive than the linen shades, but they last longer. Linen shades hold the dust and fade, but the Venetian blinds do not. These blinds are made of thin wooden slats, about two and a half inches wide and about an eighth of an inch in thickness. They are supported by tapes arranged like ladders. A cord runs through a hole in each slat, and by this means they are drawn up. They are made of white pine, bass, cherry, oak or ash, and are stained or varnished any shade or color that is wanted. They cost from eighteen cents to twenty-six cents a square foot. The most fashionable colors now are gray, plain oak or green.—[Boston Transcript.]

Pinto Epicures.

The Pintos are feasting on rabbits nowadays, the bounty on their scalps being an incentive to the red men to kill them. Pimento soup, a concoction made of the oily nuts and rabbits, is a favorite dish with the Indians in cold weather, and they say it makes them "heap fat."—[Nevada Silver State.]

The Leopard's Spots.

Keeper to stranger looking at the animals: "Do you observe, sir, how restless the leopard is, and how ceaselessly he changes his position from one spot to another?"
Stranger: "Yes; but goah, mister, I've allers heard that a leopard couldn't change his spots."—[Epoch.]

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A scientist declares that fish can hear a man talking half a mile away.

South Africa is comparatively poor in butterflies, a recent list by Mr. Robert Trimen enumerating only about 350 species.

It has long been known that carbonic acid gas produces a sensation of greater warmth on the skin than air of the same temperature.

The poison of diphtheria is inhaled and commits its ravages in the respiratory tract, the nostrils, fauces, larynx, trachea and bronchial tubes.

A kind of artificial rabies has been produced in rabbits and birds by injections of oil of tansy. This malady was overcome by treatment with chloral.

Papier-mache is made by pasting or gluing sheets of straw or other thick paper together when wet and pressing to the shape of the mold, or making a pulp of the paper material and pressing the pulp into molds.

Australia has some giant caterpillars. Mr. A. S. Olliff of Sydney mentions one moth larva, abundant during the past season, as being seven inches long, and specimens of larvae of two other species measure eight inches in length.

A writer in Science comes to the conclusion that it seems idle to discuss further the influence of forests upon rainfall from the economic point of view, as it is evidently too slight to be of the least practical importance.

By experiments on young animals Dr. Kisel, of St. Petersburg, Russia, has found that phosphorus never exerts any beneficial effect on the growth of bone, but that, on the other hand, quite small doses produce various symptoms of poisoning.

There are ninety-seven artesian wells in Dakota, extending in a line from Yankton to Grafton. They have cost from \$300 to \$7000 each, and range in depth from 528 feet to 1532 feet. In several of the towns the water from the wells is used for fire purposes.

The efficiency of oil, when dropped on the water to calm boisterous waves, may now be regarded as established. It is astonishing how small a quantity of oil will answer the purpose. Admiral Cloué gives the amount as two to three quarts an hour dropped from perforated bags hanging over the sides of the ship in positions varying with the wind.

A French physician, Dr. Feiz, mentions a curious apparent case of left-handedness. One child in a certain family was left-handed, and the second appeared to be so at the age of one year. It was then learned that the mother always carried her children on her left arm. She was advised to change, and, held on her other arm, the infant, having its right hand free to grasp objects, soon became right-handed.

The theories expressed in the Popular Science Monthly by Mr. Eaton and Mr. Gouldlock, that constriction of the blood-vessels of the head by tight hats is the chief cause of baldness, have been reviewed by Professor T. Wesley Mills, who only partly accepts them, and holds that the principal root of the trouble lies in nervous strain. Men, by their position and more intense responsibilities, are more liable to this disorder than women, because they are more subject to mental overwork. "Baldness," this author concludes, "is one more of the many warnings of our day—one of nature's protests against the irregular and excessive activity maintained in this restless age."

Scientific Privileges of Country Boys.

"Nor is the study of natural things, and the making of discoveries," says Professor O. P. Hay, in a paper on "The Amphibians and Reptiles of Indiana," "the exclusive privilege of those who have received a scientific training. There is not a farmer boy in Indiana who may not make solid contributions to science if he will but use his opportunities. Persons who live in the country are in direct contact with nature. They see a thousand things that the naturalist would delight to see, and yet may never be permitted to behold. The time of coming and going of the various species of birds; their curious habits, as shown in nest-building and obtaining food; and the occurrence here and there of rare species of various animals, are examples of matters which all may observe and report, and which science needs to know."—[Popular Science Monthly.]

In the British Army.

A soldier enlists for seven years' army and five years' reserve service, extended to eight years' army and four years' reserve service if the period of army service expires while he is abroad. In the Foot Guards, however, the period is three years' army and nine years' reserve service. During the first three months of his service he may claim his discharge on payment of £10; afterwards the amount is £18, and the permission of the officer commanding has to be obtained. The rule is to allow discharges by purchase to the fullest extent consistent with the requirements of the service.—[Scottish American.]

What the Chimney Sings.

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew,
And the woman stopped, and let late the
tossed,
And thought of the one she had long once
lost.
And said as her face-drops fell she just
said to herself, "It will surely soon,
And I'll stop the look in the chimney."
Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew,
And the children said, as they stood
"The same which that is floating the light
through."
"Tis a fairy trumpet that just then blew,
I we fear the wind in the chimney."
Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew,
Said to himself, "It will surely soon,
And I'll stop the look in the chimney."
Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew,
But the poet listened and smiled, for he
was man, and woman, and child, all three,
And said, "It is to-day's own harmony,
This wind we hear in the chimney."
—(Foot Harris.)

HUMOROUS.

Still up in arms.—The infant King of Spain.

A model man.—A specifier of patents.

A draughtsman is generally a designing man.

Legal inconsistency.—Calling forty pages of foolscap "brief."

"Apple green will be the spring color," says a fashion note. It will also be the summer cholera.

It now appears that the statement of a sea captain that the Esquimaux were dying off with scurvy was merely a salt rheum.

They have a way out in Kansas of bringing to time unruly members of the legislature. Mr. Funston, member of the committee on agriculture, was late at a committee meeting, and the chairman fined him six cans of corn.

Oh, no, I can't be your husband, Sus.
He said, as he gently kissed her,
But I will be a brother to you.
For I'm going to marry your sister.

Mr. Jinks (to landlady): "What kind of a duck did you say this was, Mr. Dinkly?" Landlady: "I didn't say."

I simply ordered a duck from the butcher's." Mr. Jinks (struggling with a second joint): "I think he has sent you a decoy duck."

The Academy at Pekin has got up an encyclopedia in 160,000 volumes. We don't know what happens to the Japanese book agent who goes around soliciting subscribers for an encyclopedia in 160,000 volumes, one to be delivered every other week, but in this country he would be killed several times a day.

Moritz Saphir, the witty Austrian journalist, was once standing in a crowded theatre. Some one leaned on his back, thrusting his head over his shoulder. Saphir drew out his handkerchief and wiped the man's nose violently. The latter started back. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said Saphir, "I thought it was mine."

Carried His Ear in His Vest Pocket.

Occasionally one reads a thing so ridiculous that he cannot help laughing, even when the article he reads is most solemn. I was reading an account of a murder at St. Joseph, Mo., in which an account was given of a young man killing his wife. Everything about it was ghastly, particularly a description of the characteristics of the murderer. He was a son of respectable parents, but was a tough. One thing mentioned in regard to him struck me as particularly ridiculous. In a fight a year or so ago he had an ear cut off, and since then he had carried the ear in his vest pocket as a "mascot," and if he was playing cards or shaking dice he would take the ear out of his pocket and lay it on the table to give him luck. If anybody kicked on having the dried-up ear around the owner of it would draw his revolver and make the kicker apologize or fight. If a man apologized he was compelled to kiss the ear. What a companion such a man would be for a tea party! It is said that he would take his ear out of his pocket at the breakfast table in case the steak was tough, or the biscuit lacked shortening, or the pancakes were heavy, and his wife had to look cheerful and pleasant or he would draw his revolver and shoot at her earrings. She finally got enough of him and his dried ear and left him, and he followed her and killed her. Men will have their little fads, and the practice of carrying around a dried ear or a rabbit's foot must be overlooked.—[Peck's Sun.]

Altogether Too Previous.

Naomi—George, you know this is leap year, and women are accorded a privilege to exercise which at other times would seem immediate. Now, I want to say to you—
George (nervously)—Really, Naomi, this is extremely sudden, and—er—you know, that I am already engaged.
"What have I to do with that? I want to say to you that I would rather die an old maid than ask a man to marry me, even if it were customary to do so."—[Nebraska State Journal.]