

# THE DEMOCRAT.

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## Who Is My Friend?

Who is my friend? My little song shall say,  
For that I do not find him every day;  
Though if by that vexed name alone I  
guessed.

A motley multitude might pass the test,  
Nor, to my ear, their speech its guile be-  
tray.

I may not gauge true friendship in that way;  
The false like pure gold shines in Fortune's  
ray;  
In its eclipse and shade I may know best  
Who is my friend.

Since glittering ores oft fall the fire's assay,  
And mocking jewels, in the glooms, grow  
gray;  
Give me no changeful bosom for my rest—  
Save that it warms throbs when I'm sore  
pressed—  
And such sweet faith shall prove beyond  
gainsay.

Who is my friend,  
—[Youth's Companion.

## WILLFUL MADGE.

BY IRENE PRESTON.

"They'll not treat me as if I were a  
grown-up child. They'll not select a  
husband for me. I detest Mark Thorn-  
ton. I'll run away if they don't stop  
pestering me about him."

Madge had rushed from the presence  
of her elders, with rather disrespectful  
haste, had ordered Brownie, and was  
arranging herself hastily in her riding  
habit. Her eyes were flashing, and two  
red spots were burning in her dark  
cheeks.

She descended the stairs, holding her  
head like a young princess, not deign-  
ing to look right or left, and passed out  
into the sunshine. Tom held Brownie  
beside the black; Madge sprang into  
the saddle and galloped off down the  
road in the direction of Sixonville, a  
small railway and post-office station a  
few miles distant.

Miss Mary and Miss Martha watched  
the angry cloud of dust settle away, and  
then looked at each other helplessly.  
They meant well, they were painfully  
conscientious, after their light, but  
somehow they lacked the tact and wis-  
dom to govern this girl, whom their  
brother had found in the south, shortly  
after the close of the war, a homeless,  
friendless child, and had brought her  
home and adopted her.

"She's so high-strung and willful,"  
sighed Miss Mary.

"I wish George would come home,"  
remarked Miss Martha. "Everything  
has gone wrong since he went away.  
He has a knack of smoothing things  
over. The more we try to smooth the  
more he ruffles her, and she's never been  
the same any way since she came home  
from that visit in the west."

Miss Martha would have been still  
more unhappy had she known the exact  
foundation for the fact of her last asser-  
tion. Madge had formed the ac-  
quaintance of Alfred Winship during  
that visit. She had kept up a secret  
correspondence with him ever since,  
which was easily managed, since she  
always rode to the office for the mail,  
and was to-day expecting a letter.

"I am old enough to be my own mis-  
tress," she thought, all the petty re-  
straints that had chafed her willful, im-  
perious spirit from childhood coming  
uppermost. "I will not submit any longer.  
I would like now to gallop on  
and on away into freedom. I am an  
alien any way. I feel like a caged bird  
all the time. There is wild blood in  
my veins, I believe. Whatever my  
parentage I never came of such hum-  
drum stock as these people—never!"

Her thoughts touched upon Mark  
Thornton. He was owner of the estate  
adjoining that of Mr. Bishop. He was  
ten years older than she, and had made  
no secret of his preference for her. She  
liked him fairly well until she found  
that Miss Mary and Miss Martha wished  
her to marry him, when she began to  
treat him with freezing civility.

"Tame and commonplace, always  
reading and studying. What do I want  
of him?" she questioned spitefully, giv-  
ing Brownie an extra touch with the  
whip. I want vim and dash of spirit.  
How Alfred Winship—"

She had reached the station. She rode  
up to the window, through which the  
postoffice clerk handed her mail as  
usual. She repaid him with a dazzling  
smile as she caught sight of Alfred's  
handwriting, lifting him into the seventh  
heaven, for she was beautiful, and in her  
gracious moods irresistible.

She let her reins fall upon Brownie's  
neck while she read Alfred's letter. Her  
heart gave a great bound. It was com-  
ing east, would be in Boston on the  
16th.

"How delightful it would be," he  
wrote, "if you could get out of your  
cage for a week and meet me."  
There. I suppose the dragons would as  
soon give you permission to visit the  
moon without an escort; and yet you  
could have a delicious time if you could  
join me."

Had some evil clairvoyance conveyed  
to Madge Winship the present state of  
Alfred's mind? In her unreasoning reck-  
less mood, with her "balance wheel,"  
George Bishop, away, she was open to  
any suggestion that had a spice of free-  
dom in it.

"Why not break loose from this re-  
straint at once and forever? Why not

meet Alfred Winship as he suggested?  
She knew he was desperately in love  
with her, and she had never seen a  
happier moment since she parted from  
him."

"If I had any privileges like other  
girls," she thought bitterly, "I could  
invite him out to see me, but Miss Mary  
and Miss Martha would be scandalized  
at the mention of such a thing."

She glanced over the letter again. He  
had given her his Boston address, and,  
good gracious! tomorrow was the 16th.  
He would be there tomorrow.

Acting on a sudden impulse, she  
turned Brownie's head again towards  
the station, walked into the telegraph  
office and deliberately wrote this mes-  
sage:

"I shall leave for Boston on the 11.30  
train. Meet me at the depot."  
There! It was done and not to be  
repented of. She galloped home and  
took her place at the dinner table with  
a silent, subdued air.

She spent the rest of the day in her  
room making a few preparations, musing  
upon her grievances and picturing the  
meeting on the morrow alternately.  
She was allowed to remain unmo-  
lested by the sisters, who were used to  
her moods.

There was a dash of Spanish gypsy  
blood in her veins, as she herself sus-  
pected. She had a daring disregard  
for conventionalities, which was now,  
under high pressure, overflowing its  
boundaries. Yet she was high-princi-  
pled and warm-hearted at bottom, and  
would be easily governed by one who  
understood her complex nature with its  
seeming contradictions.

When Miss Mary and Miss Martha  
saw her gallop off the next day they  
little guessed that she was a traveling  
sultan under her riding habit, nor that  
she had stolen out the evening before  
and secreted a well-filled valise among  
the brushwood under the trees by the  
road, half a mile distant.

Making sure that no one was in sight,  
she secured the valise and rode on  
again until she came to a strip of wood-  
land not far from the little depot. She  
removed her riding habit, then, after  
scouring Brownie and lavishing parting  
caresses and a few tears upon him, she  
walked around the "bend" to the sta-  
tion, and was soon steaming over the  
road to Boston.

Excitement kept her up until, as the  
train neared Boston, she began to grow  
nervous. Suppose Alfred should not meet  
her? Suppose the telegram should have  
miscarried? Was she not doing a reck-  
less thing?

She banished reflection. She strug-  
gled against a homesick feeling as she  
walked up the long platform of the  
depot and found her way to the ladies'  
room. She sat down near the door.  
Surely he would come soon. She had a  
lonely, unprotected feeling. Men pass-  
ing the door gave her bold, rude, ques-  
tioning glances she imagined.

At length, with a cry of relief in her  
heart, she caught a glimpse of Alfred's  
face at the door of the waiting room.  
He stood looking around uncertainly  
for a few moments, then, with  
rather unsteady steps, he crossed to  
where she sat, held out both hands and  
said familiarly, "Ah, here you are,  
beauty. I've been looking for you this  
half hour."

Madge was on her feet in a moment  
wringing off his touch. His handsome  
face was flushed and the quality of his  
glance and smile was insulting. The  
odor of the potatoes he had imbibed  
sickened her. She could have sunk  
through the floor with shame and dread  
of him. He had undergone a metamor-  
phosis. She had never seen him thus  
when she met him at the home of her  
friend. Something like disgust she  
felt, which was quickly succeeded by a  
flash of anger as he laid his hand upon  
her shoulder and said rather unsteadily,  
"Come and have something to eat. You  
must be hungry. You—you are under  
my protection, you know," he finished  
with a meaning laugh.

The effect upon Madge was madden-  
ing. She scorned him and herself for  
her folly. He quailed a little under the  
fire in her eyes, as she shook off his  
hand and stepped backward, with an  
imperious air, that had its effect upon  
him.

"I am not under your protection,"  
she retorted, with a certain desperation  
in her voice and manner.

At that instant she saw Mark Thorn-  
ton coming towards her across the  
marble floor.

Her first sensation was one of dismay  
that Mark had found her in such a com-  
promising situation. The next moment  
she had rallied her forces.

"They have sent you after me," she  
said recklessly, after this quiet saluta-  
tion. "If I return it will not be with  
you."

"I came on the train with you, but I  
was not sent," he returned, "and I have  
not the slightest intention of asking you  
to return with me. I thought you  
seemed in trouble, and I merely came  
to ask if I could be of service to you."

Madge looked up at him. He seemed  
so grand and grave and masterful in  
contrast with Alfred that a sudden  
sense of his superiority came to Madge  
like a revelation, while a fear that she  
had compromised herself forever in his

eyes came over her as Alfred said sneer-  
ingly:

"I thought your engagement was  
with me, but it seems I am one too  
many."

With that he walked off. Madge's  
defiant mood broke down utterly. She  
was wretched, humiliated.

Mark stood regarding her gravely.  
"You will despise me," she said. "I  
agreed to meet that man here. I made  
his acquaintance in the west last winter.  
They—they are driving me mad at  
home," she finished with tears of vexa-  
tion in her eyes.

"I understand," Mark said slowly. In  
those few minutes he had found the  
keynote to the actions of this sweet,  
loving, willful, imperious creature, whom  
he loved so tenderly.

"What am I to do? How am I to  
go home and answer their questions?"  
Madge asked, looking to him in her ex-  
tremity as a strong tower of protection.

"Will you leave it to me? Will you  
trust me to make it all right?" he asked.

"I will do anything you say," she  
answered, humbly, "if you will forgive  
my rudeness to you a few minutes ago."

"And I will retract my statement and  
ask you to go home with me," he said,  
with a smile. "The train leaves in half  
an hour. I will account for your ab-  
sence. It shall never be known that  
you met any one."

How Madge's grievances diminished  
at that homeward ride! What a haven  
of rest her quiet room would seem if she  
once reached it, and how gentle and  
deferential Mark's manner was toward  
her!

Miss Mary and Miss Martha, who had  
been half frantic, were greatly relieved  
to see Madge under the protection of  
Mark Thornton, who pursued a high-  
handed course of explanation.

"Miss Madge and I have had an adven-  
ture today," he said, airily. "Will you  
ask no questions for the present and let  
Madge go at once to her room? Some  
day later I will explain. I am only  
sorry for your uneasiness."

The good women accepted the situa-  
tion without a word. Mark was a sort  
of paragon with them. Madge was safe  
and there had been no alarm raised in  
the neighborhood. They could not be  
sufficiently thankful.

Madge learned her own heart that  
day. She now enjoys full freedom as  
the wife, friend and companion of Mark  
Thornton.

## The Old Oaken Bucket.

Science goes for things dear to us  
without mercy. Every body who has  
lived in the country and who knows the  
old well loves the "old oaken bucket."  
We all love it because we have read  
what the poet says about it, and in our  
school days we chanted the poem as our  
"piece" and spoke it. We have  
quenched our thirst from the old oaken  
bucket with its contents after carefully  
looking into its dubious depths for  
"wigglers" or worms. We have bal-  
anced the rusty, dripping inconvenience  
on the curb and submerged our noses  
in the "nectar" we gulped. We have  
spilled the "crystal" on our shirt front  
and profanely growled as we felt it  
trickle down inside our collar. We  
have seen the leaking dribble, from a  
hole in the bucket, spoil our five-cent  
shine. We have longed under these  
circumstances for a cheap glass tumbler  
or a common tin dipper, but in all our  
travels we never thought the old  
oaken bucket an iron-bound death  
dealer, but it seems that it is, for a  
scientist tells us that it is "a compound,  
condensed mass of nitrogenous and  
phosphoric fitness, the home of the  
microbe, and the all-prevailing bacte-  
ria."—[Martha's Vineyard Herald.

## Cure for Biliousness.

First, on getting up and going to  
bed drink plenty of cold water. Eat  
for breakfast, until the bilious attack  
passes, a little stale bread, say one  
slice, and a piece half as large as your  
hand of boiled lean beef or mutton. If  
the weather is warm, take instead a  
little cracked wheat or oatmeal por-  
ridge.

For dinner take about the same.  
Go without your supper.

Exercise freely in the open air, pro-  
ducing perspiration, once or twice a  
day. In a few days your biliousness is  
all gone. This result will come even  
though the biliousness is one of the  
spring sort, and one with which you  
have, from year to year, been much af-  
flicted.

Herb drinks, bitter drink, lager beer,  
ale, whiskey, and a dozen other spring  
medicines are simply barbarous.—[Dr.  
Dio Lewis.

## The Age of Fishes.

Crows are commonly said to live for  
a hundred years and turtles are said to  
have even longer life; but if Professor  
Baird be right the greatest animal longev-  
ity is possessed by fishes. Professor  
Baird says that a fish has no maturity,  
there is nothing to prevent it from living  
indefinitely and growing continually.  
He cites in proof a pike, living in Rus-  
sia, whose age dates back to the fif-  
teenth century. In the royal aquarium  
at St. Petersburg there are fish that  
have been there 140 years.—[The Twin  
Cross.

## A SEAL HUNT.

Description of an Expedition in  
Quest of Sealskin.

The Animals are Surprised and  
Killed With Clubs.

Seals once having taken to a place  
will never desert it unless frequently  
alarmed. Here they periodically return  
to breed, and thence the old ones never  
wander far. Three expeditions, of two  
nights on each occasion at most, are  
made yearly, and as only one attack is  
possible each time, great caution and ex-  
perience are necessary to ensure a good  
bag.

The oars have to be muffled, and the  
island approached according to the  
wind; for seals are not the sleepy crea-  
tures one associates with the 200, but  
post videttes in commanding positions,  
and on the slightest alarm there is a  
rush and a splash, and good-bye to your  
prospects for that night. Having dis-  
embarked in silence, the men, armed  
with heavy clubs somewhat resembling  
though longer than a policeman's staff,  
are posted at intervals of two or three  
yards on the glaciers by which the seals  
invariably come and go. When all is  
ready every one begins to shout, and  
then comes a rush like a thousand  
sheep, and thwack, thwack, right and  
left, as hard as you like, and the more  
the better, followed by a splash, and  
every one makes for the boats and  
shoves off.

For the old bulls, often six feet  
and seven feet long, are very dangerous  
and will often follow a boat knowing at the  
gunwales. For purposes of commerce  
the old ones are absolutely worthless,  
and attention is only paid to the small-  
est and youngest. We started at one  
a. m., the writer continues, for the  
seal island. A glorious moon made  
every object as clear as day, and in  
about half an hour we found ourselves  
alongside as difficult a landing-  
place as can well be conceived. Imagine  
then, a rather steep glacier, as slippery  
as a slide and extending without one  
friendly foothold for about twenty  
yards.

But our nimble companions lost no  
time in the ascent, and in less time  
than it takes to write it, we found our-  
selves seized by sturdy arms and in po-  
sition at the top of the glacier. "Hoo,  
hoo!" intermingled with shouts such as  
none but Afrikaner lungs could possi-  
bly emit, then rent the air, and then a  
roar such as I can only describe as that  
of a hundred oxen, followed by a  
scampering of what seemed a thousand  
feet and a literal avalanche of seals  
came tumbling past us and dashed  
furiously into the water.

Personally, I was too excited to do  
justice to my club; I struck about, re-  
gardless of all instructions, indiscrimi-  
nately at old and young that came  
within reach, and was delighted to find  
when the counting began that I was the  
proud exterminator of four. The ex-  
perts had, of course, done better, and  
our night's work for thirty-two clubs  
was represented by 316 seals. To make  
for the boats and shove off was the work  
of an instant; and, having laid-to for a  
short time in case of attack, we again  
landed, collected our victims and re-  
turned to the guano island.

The night's work, however, was by  
no means over; and after a hearty sup-  
per, the skinning process began and  
continued till well into the afternoon.  
The preliminary preparing (or braying  
as it is called) of the skins is somewhat  
peculiar; and as the fur known as seal-  
skin is an undergrowth, all the bristles  
have to be removed,—i. e.: pulled  
backwards from the inside. In the very  
young animals these bristles have not  
appeared; hence, the value of the seal  
the younger he is, and the absolute  
worthlessness of the old bulls. On the  
following night the seals were to be left  
in peace; but on the Thursday we re-  
peated the attack, with much the same  
experience and a total addition of 207 to our  
bag, making a grand total of 523.—  
[London Field.

The Olive in California.  
The olive is to be a source of great  
wealth to Northern California. It will  
flourish here better than in Italy, where  
about 2,000,000 acres are devoted to the  
tree. We say "better" advisedly, be-  
cause in the new soil of this state the  
yield is fully double to the acre attained  
in the warm soil of Italy. There is no  
tree worthy of so much attention here.  
It is pre-eminently adapted to the foot  
hill region, since it thrives in the driest  
and most rocky soil without irrigation,  
and in such situations gives oil of a finer  
quality than that obtained from olive  
orchards on rich alluvial soil. But both  
the olive and foetilla are suitable to the  
olive.—[Oroville (Cal.) Register.

## A Leap Year Explanation.

Griggs—"See here, Simley, a word  
with you before you go. You've been  
calling on my sister for three months,  
and I think it's about time to ask your  
intentions."

Simley—"Perfectly honorable, Tom.  
She proposed to me to-night, and we'll  
be married soon."—[Siftings.

## The Virtues of the Violin.

In power, volume and variety of  
sound, the organ is justly entitled to be  
called the king of musical instruments.  
But in two important points it yields to  
the violin and to the other members of  
the violin triad—the viola, the violon-  
cello and the double bass. When some  
one asked Mozart to state what was re-  
quisite to constitute a good pianoforte-  
player, he touched his fingers, his fore-  
head and his breast, then by indicating  
that the pianoforte-player needs brain,  
feeling and dexterity of hand. Now,  
given the feeling, the piano is naturally  
so cold an instrument that even the  
most skillful performers on it find a  
difficulty in throwing all the feel-  
ing of which they are conscious into  
their playing. The violin, on the other  
hand, is a warm and sympathetic in-  
strument, and readily responds to the  
mood of the performer. In other words,  
the connection between the performer  
and the instrument is more intimate in  
the case of the violin and its congeners  
than in that of any other instrument.  
Next, all other instruments lack the  
power of "singing." In this respect, the  
piano, the harp, the guitar, and its first  
cousin, the banjo, are notably deficient;  
since, rightly considered, they are mere-  
ly instruments of percussion, and cannot  
even sustain the notes which they emit.  
The flute, the organ, and all other wind  
instruments, on the other hand, do pos-  
sess this sostenente capacity. But they  
cannot, like the human voice, fill in, so  
to speak, the gaps in the gamut. But  
there are gaps in the gamut. Most un-  
doubtedly there are—enormous gaps.  
The octave at present in use among all  
civilized nations comprises but thirteen  
distinct sounds, all told. But in the  
scale constructed by scientists—  
Helmholtz and others—and hence  
called the Philosophical Scale or Gamut,  
the number of distinct sounds is seven-  
teen; and even this gives but a very  
faint idea of the almost innumerable  
degree of tone, distinguishable by an  
acute ear, between, say middle C and  
its octave. Now, the human voice can  
render all these shades of sound, and so  
also can the violin tribe. The music  
produced on these instruments may, therefore,  
most aptly be termed "linked  
sweetness long drawn out."—[Cassell.

## HUMOROUS.

A scratch race—Barn yard fowls.  
A promising band—The engagement  
ring.  
There will be no eclipse of the honey-  
moon this year.  
The Envelope Trust does not appear  
to bear the stamp of public approval.  
A Michigan girl has found 2125 four-  
leaved clovers, and is not married  
yet.

"I'm stuck on that girl," said the  
court-plaster. "Well, she breaks me all  
up, too," remarked the peanut candy.  
Stranger (to workman driving rail-  
way spikes): Are you working for the  
contractor of this road? Pat: No sir;  
O'm workin' fer the extender av it.

It is in the highest degree improper  
and unjust to ridicule a man on account  
of his small stature. Because he hap-  
pens to be little it isn't right to belit-  
tle him.  
The hen, fool though she is consid-  
ered, possesses in a marked degree the  
faculty of making much out of little.  
Feed her corn by the pint and she eats  
it by the peck.

The original elements are earth, air,  
fire and water. Fire is the most de-  
structive and water is the most power-  
ful. Fire-water, therefore, forms a com-  
bination that is a teaser.  
A young preacher poked up Bishop  
Pierce's hat and put it on his own head,  
and it was exactly a fit. "Why,  
Bishop," said he, "your head and mine  
are exactly the same size." "Yes," re-  
plied the Bishop, "on the outside."

It is not always safe to reason by  
analogy. Because a water-soaked  
clothes-line becomes fearfully tight it  
does not necessarily follow that every  
intoxicated gentleman you meet upon  
the street is a confirmed cold water  
drinker.

A lady who had been abroad was  
describing some of the sights of her  
trip to her friends. "But what pleased  
me most of anything," she continued,  
"was the Strasburg clock." "O how I  
should love to see it!" gushed a sweet  
companion; "I am so interested in such  
foreign sights. And did you see the  
Watch on the Rhine, too?"

One man can boast a pedigree.  
Another is self-made, and he  
About his rise talks long and loud.

## Effect of Glare upon Eyesight.

It appears that Professor Plateau, of  
the University of Ghent, while trying to  
observe the effects of the irritation of  
the retina gazed steadily at the sun for  
twenty seconds, the result being that  
chronic irido-choroiditis developed,  
ending eventually in total blindness. A  
number of cases are known in which  
choroiditis and retinitis occurred in  
persons who had observed an eclipse of  
the sun. The single flash of a sun-re-  
flector has been known to cause retinitis,  
and other temporary visual disturbance  
of a functional character have been fre-  
quently noted. M. Reich has described  
a curious epidemic of snow blindness,  
which occurred among a body of la-  
borers engaged in clearing a  
way through the masses of snow  
which obstructed the road between Pas-  
sanaur and Mtefi in the Caucasus; the  
rays of the sun reflected from the vast  
stretch of snow on every side, pro-  
duced an intense glare of light, which  
the unaccustomed eye could not support  
without the protection of dark glasses.  
A few of the sturdiest among the labor-  
ers were able to work with impunity,  
but the majority suffered so much that  
among seventy strongly marked cases  
thirty were so severe that the men were  
absolutely unable to continue work or  
find their way home and lay  
prone on their faces, striving to hide  
their faces from the light and crying  
out from pain. Recovery was gradual  
but complete.

## Japanese Oranges.

The Japanese seedless orange is now  
being introduced into California, and is  
attracting attention because this dwarf  
variety is more hardy than ordinary  
kinds. The fruit, although small, is  
remarkably sweet. Should it thrive on  
this coast it will extend the range of  
citrus fruits, for it is claimed that it is  
hardy enough to resist considerable  
frost.—[Pacific States Weekly.

## The Hollow.

The hollow in the old oak tree,  
Where happy children play,  
Where woodlarks climb and cling amid  
The rose clustering spray.  
The hollow in the old oak tree,  
Where happy lovers meet,  
To tell their tales and whisper low  
Upon its mossy seat.  
The hollow in the old oak tree,  
Where old men toady come  
To tell their tales and crack their jokes  
Or see they totter home.  
The hollow in the old oak tree—  
One haunts it when the moon  
Gleams on the dewy wood walks, close  
Beside the streamlet's tune.  
Upon the roughened bark to spend  
Hot kisses, passionate tears,  
To murmur to the old oak tree  
Life's grief for Love's last years.  
—[All the Year Round.

## HUMOROUS.

A scratch race—Barn yard fowls.  
A promising band—The engagement  
ring.  
There will be no eclipse of the honey-  
moon this year.  
The Envelope Trust does not appear  
to bear the stamp of public approval.  
A Michigan girl has found 2125 four-  
leaved clovers, and is not married  
yet.

"I'm stuck on that girl," said the  
court-plaster. "Well, she breaks me all  
up, too," remarked the peanut candy.  
Stranger (to workman driving rail-  
way spikes): Are you working for the