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THE ANSON TIMES.

R. H. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor. We Proudly call ours a Government by the People.—Cleveland. TERMS: $2.00 Per Year.

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ANSON TIMES.

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WADESBORO, N. C.
☞Practice in the State and Federa Courts.

JAMES A. LOCKHART.
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LITTLE & PARSONS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
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Collections Promptly Attended to.

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DENTIST,
WADESBORO, N. C.
Office over G. W. Huntley's Store.
All Work Warranted.
May 14, '85. tf

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PRICES REDUCED TO SUIT THE TIMES
CALL AND SEE US.

SONG.

Drifting northward the rain-clouds pass
Leaving the grass
Cool and damp,
Then at the sun the poppies kindle
Each its lamp.

Love, remember not cloud nor rain;
Smile again.
My heart lies
Waiting, with all its flowers unkindled.
For your eyes.

—*E. C. Sanford, in Overland.*

WIPED OUT.

I had been employed by the Great Improvement and Reclaim company, of Mobile, to explore and map certain lands in Florida lying well down on the edge of the great Cypress Swamp. The company had purchased nearly 1,000,000 acres of wild land in the location I have mentioned, and it was necessary for some one to visit it and walk over most of the ground before it could be put into market in the manner contemplated. I had been on the ground three weeks, having two men with me, when the adventure happened which I am about to relate.

One morning the three of us left our camp beside one of the lakes on the upper St. John's for a tramp intending to return by evening. While I made notes and kept the topography the men noted the varieties of woods, nature of the soil, and other details of interest. On three different occasions we had encountered white men in the dense and lonely forest, and knew from their looks and surroundings that they were renegades from civilization. Twice we had stumbled upon rude camps occupied by negroes and refugees.

We had traveled a distance of perhaps three miles when I was stung on the back of the right hand by an insect resembling a hornet, although much larger. In fifteen minutes the pain brought me to a halt, and my hand was swollen like a puff-ball. After a consultation, it was decided that I should return to camp, and the men would push on by compass and cover a certain area, and come in toward night. Before I had covered the distance to camp I was near screaming out with the pain, and my arm was puffing up with the poison.

There was a remedy in the medicine chest, but it was a full hour before the pain was relieved. Then I began to feel sleepy, and I bunked down and was soon fast asleep. At about noon, after a nap of two hours, I was awakened by the sound of a human voice.

"Say, you!"

I opened my eyes to find a white renegade stand over me, holding one of my revolvers in his hand.

"Git up!"

I sat up. All our goods in camp had been packed up and taken away. The man who confronted me was the wickedest-looking fellow we had yet met in the swamps. His hair and whiskers were so long and unkempt that little of his face except his ugly black eyes and yellow teeth could be seen. His clothing was part cloth and part skins, and it was plain that he had avoided civilization for years.

"Git up and come," he growled.

"Who are you and what do you want?" I demanded, as I reached my feet.

"Walk!" he commanded, pointing to the west.

At that moment a third actor appeared. It was a woman—tall, gaunt, ferocious, and dressed in the same nondescript costume as the man. She came out of the jungle to the west, and as soon as near enough to make her words understood she said:

"If he won't move down him and tie his hands and feet. We can tote two sich as him."

She had the other revolver in her hand, and I noticed that both had hunting knives. I was unarmed, still weak from the effects of the poisonous sting, and entirely in their power. The woman struck into the jungle. I followed, and the man brought up the rear.

After a walk of about a quarter of a mile we reached the bank of the lake. Tied to a tree by a rawhide rope was a floating cabin. The foundation was a rough-made scow, and the upper works, as they may be termed, consisted of a long, narrow and stoutly-made hut of logs. There was a chimney of mud and sticks, from which smoke issued, and two persons were on the bank to receive us. One was a boy of twelve or thirteen, and the other a girl two or three years older. They looked more like wild animals than human beings, and talked in a language so strange that I could not understand a word.

"Go ahead," said the man, as I halted on the bank; and I followed the woman aboard of the scow and into the cabin. It was a house in which there was but one room, with the hides of cattle thrown over the wild Southern moss for beds. There was no stove, but a sort of fireplace made of stones, with two or three iron kettles on the hearth as kitchen furniture.

All our camp equipage had been removed to the cabin, and my Winchester rifle stood in the corner. As this was then a new arm I did not believe they knew how to use it, but my revolvers were Colt's old pattern and loaded with powder and used percussion caps.

"Sot thar," said the woman, as she pointed to a corner.

I went over and sat down on the bed. It was not the corner in which my rifle stood, but the weapon was not more than ten feet away. The woman then said something to the children in her own mongrel dialect, and both of them sat down facing me and only three or four feet away. Then man and wife cast off the rope, seized long poles, and presently the boat slowly moved down the lake to the north. The lake appeared to be about three miles wide by five long, and was shut in by the dense forest.

The views I had through the open door and the chinks between the logs showed me that the craft was kept near the shore. While the people seemed in no great hurry to get down the lake, they kept the scow moving at a fair pace until we were about three miles from the place were we had embarked. A landing was then made in the mouth of a creek, and the scow was entirely hidden from sight of any one on the lake. Hunters and tourists, and even small pleasure steamers came up from the main river as far as this lake.

It was mid-afternoon when the boat was made fast. The pain and swelling had now entirely departed from my hand and arm, and the helpless feeling which had come over me when first captured had given way to a determination to help myself out of the scrape. If I could get hold of my rifle I would be a match for the whole four of them. I counted them as four, because the boy and girl had hunting knives, and would surely take part in any scrimmage brought on. Their looks and actions proved this. They maintained their places directly in front of me, and their eyes never left me for a second. They held their knives as if they expected an attempt to escape, and meant to thrust and cut if I tried it.

While the boat was moving there was no show for me. A score of alligators, some of monstrous size, followed us in procession, and I had but to look out upon the lake to realize that it was alive with these fierce reptile. One who jumped or fell overboard would be seized as soon as he struck the water.

Not a word was addressed to me until the boat had been tied up. Then the man came in, took a single-barreled rifle from under the other bed, and, after a few hurried words with the woman outside, jumped ashore and disappeared. When he had gone the woman entered, lighted a pipe, and, sending the boy outside to watch, she sat down in his place with the cocked revolver on her lap. She had a face which betrayed the mind of a beast.

"Well, what are you going to do with me?" I asked after a while.

"Feed you to the alligators," she replied.

"Where has your husband gone?"

"To kill the other two men."

"What do you want to murder us for! We have in no way injured you."

"We was whipped and druv out of the settlements, and we want revenge," she growled.

"But we had nothing to do with it," I protested, in a firm tone.

"Can't help that. You come poaching on our claim," she answered.

"But we'll go away."

"I guess you won't. We never let any one git away to tell on us!"

I said nothing further, but I by no means looked upon myself as a dead man. If worst came to worst I would give them a fight. I could not move then, with knife and bullet ready for me, and deemed it wiser to settle back and bide my time.

The man had been gone about half an hour when the faint report of a rifle came to us through the trees. The woman had been listening for it, and as it came she gave a start and cried out:

"There goes one of 'em."

"Who?" I asked.

"One of your partners. Dan has dropped him for sure."

There was such a fiendish, bloodthirsty look on her face that I was appalled, and the same expression, to a certain degree, rested on the faces of the children. Like dogs, they licked their chops in anticipation of a bloody feast. In about half an hour the man appeared. He had a bundle of clothing in one hand and two rifles and a revolver in the other.

"Git one?" the woman asked, as he came aboard the ungainly craft.

"Yes."

"Didn't git the both?"

"No. The other got away. I'll git him to-morrer," he replied.

"Git much?"

"Lots."

He had in his hand the suit of clothes, rifle, and revolver belonging to one of my men—George Sheen, of Mobile. There were blood-stains on the clothing, and as he unrolled the bundle I saw a bullet hole through the vest. He had killed the man and then stripped him stark naked. Yes, he had books, socks, hat, collar, everything. The other man was Robert Jackson, of Chicago, who had worked with me for years. He had not "got" him. Why! Jackson was well armed and a brave man. If he had been present at the shooting of Sheen, he would not have run away. Sheen had an old-fashioned rifle; Jackson had a Winchester. He would in turn have killed the outlaw. The two men must have been separated, and the outlaw must have ambushed Sheen.

Leaving the children to watch me, the man and woman now cast the scow loose and poled her out about 300 feet from shore. The sun was getting well down, and our side of the lake was in a deep shadow. When the scow had been anchored by a stone, the pair inspected the personal property and counted the money taken from the victim. The outlaw then washed the blood from his hands.

When they entered the cabin, or house, the woman produced some cold meat and hoecake and threw hunks to each one, including myself. It was only after the provisions had disappeared, I eating mine with the rest, that the man addressed me.

"See yere, stranger," he said, "what brought you up yere?"

"Looking over lands," I replied.

"Um! Who be you?"

I told him.

"Didn't count on seein' Black Dan, I reckon?" he sneered.

"No."

"Which is unfortunit fur you. I've killed every land hunter who ever sot fut on my claim, and I'll keep killin', sure."

"We didn't come here to disturb or annoy you," I said.

"It's jist the same thing. I'm down on the hull human race fur the way I've bin used, and I'll kill whenever I kin git the chance. I've dropped one o' you're fellers. To-morrer I'll drop the other, and then take keer of you. Git over thar and lay down."

"Over thar" was the far corner, and entirely out of reach of my Winchester. When I bunked down in my corner the gun was removed entirely, and the family lay down in such a way as to hem me in. For the first three or four hours they were like cats, starting up at the slightest move, but toward midnight I was satisfied that all were asleep. I could not reach the firearms without stepping over the bodies, and they knew that any effort on my part to loosen a low would arouse them.

About midnight, after a long and cautious effort, I sat up. It was a starlight night, and, as there was no door to the cabin, I could see out. I was fully determined to make an effort to escape, but when I came to canvass the chances, I had to abandon the idea. The alligators were constantly about us, often rearing up to paw at the logs, and unless I could get hold of the firearms and begin the fight, I should be wiped out in any effort I made. I think I slept for an hour or two, and what aroused me I cannot tell. I was still sitting, and, as I looked out upon the night I saw a human figure draw itself up on the bows of the boat. I at first supposed it was one of the family, but a moment's observation convinced me to the contrary. This figure moved cautiously, as if desiring its presence unknown, and was a long time in reaching the door. It then leaned against the logs and made a long survey of the interior, and finally sank out of sight. My heart was beating like a trip-hammer, and I could not fathom the mystery. Was it an Indian or another outlaw? Moving so cautiously, what object had he in view? Had I once thought of Jackson, I should not have dared to hope he had come to my rescue through that water; and, too, I could not have believed he knew of my whereabouts.

From the time I first caught sight of the figure to daylight was probably an hour and a half, but it seemed to me as if I lived five years. I had no hopes that the man was a friend, and yet I could not look for a new enemy. Perhaps, after all, it was only one of the refugee negroes, of whom scores were hiding in the swamps, who had made his way to the scow in hopes to lay hands on provisions or clothing. I kept my eyes on the spot where I had last seen him, and, as he did not reappear, began to feel that he had slipped back into the water and returned to the shore.

Did you ever watch the coming of daylight when you felt that with it might come some life or death transaction? The first signs came from the birds. Then, afar up the lake, came the cries of water fowl. A fox or some other animal stood on the shore near where we had tied up the night before and barked in an angry voice. The stars paled and drifted out of sight, and the interior of the cabin began to light up until I could distinguish the forms of the sleepers.

Where was the strange man—friend or enemy? As if in response to my query he suddenly rose up, stepped noislessly inside the door, and next instant a revolver began to crack and a voice shouted at me:

"Keep down, Colonel; hug the floor!"

I rolled over on my face and I heard yells, screams and groans. It was all over in thirty seconds, and some one called:

"All right, Colonel; I've wiped the varmints out!"

"I sprang up to find Jackson standing in the centre of the cabin, and on the floor lay outlaw, wife and children, all dead. It was as I had argued the day previous. The two men had separated in the woods—Sheen to return directly to camp and Jackson to hunt for game for supper. The outlaw had ambushed Sheen and killed him, and Jackson had heard the report of the gun and become suspicious. He hurried to camp to find me gone and everything taken, and had traced us to the lake. He found indications to prove that a boat had been used, and had followed the shore of the lake down until he found the scow at anchor.

Not one man in a thousand would have shown his nerve. He knew of the alligators, could see a dozen of them moving about, and yet he disrobed, tied his weapons across his head, and swam straight for the scow and reached it unmolested. He saw that the only way was to wipe out all the gang, and as soon as daylight would guide him he began his work.

When we had buried our comrade we made a close search of the floating cabin, and we found indisputable proof of the murder of five or six persons. In an old wooden bucket were two gold and three silver watches, several pocket knives, half a dozen rings, and $825 in gold, silver and greenbacks. As none of these articles could be traced back to their owners, and as vengeance had overtaken the murderers, we felt no hesitation in taking possession of everything for the benefit of Sheen's widow.

The last act was to set fire to the scow and push it out into the lake. It was as merciful to consign the bodies to the flames as to see the alligators fight over them. Such human wolves did not deserve burial.

Billingsgate.

The word "Billingsgate" has, strangely enough, been transferred from the place itself to the language spoken there. For Webster says, "The word is from a market of this name in London, celebrated for fish and foul language." A visit to this renowned fish market in these days will perhaps give one a better idea of the place than Webster's explanation. There is considerable slang and good-natured chaffing among the buyers and sellers, but one is not overwhelmed by that torrent of foul language he has been taught to expect from his associations with the word.

The best time to visit the market is on a Friday morning. The wooden barn-looking square where the fish is sold is crowded soon after six o'clock, with shiny cord jackets and greasy caps. Everybody comes to Billingsgate in his worst clothes, and no one knows the length of time a coat can be worn until he has been to a fish sale. Over the hum of voices are heard the shouts of the salesmen, who, with their white aprons, peering above the heads of the mob, stand on tables, roaring out their prices. All are bawling together—salesmen and hucksters of provisions, hardware and newspapers—till the place is a perfect Babel of competition.

"Ha-a-ansome cod! best in the market! All alive! alive! alive O!"

"Ye-o-o! ye-o-o! here's your fine Yarmouth bloaters! Who's the buyer?"

"Here you are, governor, splendid whiting! Some of the right sort!"

"Turbot! turbot! All alive! Turbot!"

"Glass o' nice peppermint, this cold morning! a ha' penny a glass!"

"Here you are at your own price! Fine soles O!"

"Oy! Oy! Oy! Now's your time! Fine grizzyling sprats! all large and no smal!"

"Hullo! hullo here! beautiful lobsters! good and cheap! fine crabs, all alive O!"

"Five brill and one turbot! have that lot for a pound! Come and look at 'em governor! you won't see a better sample in the market!"

"Here, this way for splendid skate! skate O! skate O!"

"Had-had-had-haddick! all fresh and good!"

"Currant and meat puddings! a ha'penny each!"

"Now, you mussell-buyers, come along! come along! now's your time for fine fat mussels!"

"Here's smelt, O! Here ye are, fine Finney haddicks!"

"Hot soup! nice pea soup! a-all hot! hot!"

"Ahoy! ahoy, here! live plaice! all alive O!"

"Now or never!" whelk! whelk! whelk! Who'll buy brill O! brill O!

"Eels O! eels O! Alive! alive O!"

"Fine flounders, a shilling a lot! Who'll have this prime lot o' flounders?"

"Shrimps! shrimps! fine shrimps! Wink! wink! wink!"

"He! hi-i! here you are, just eight eels left—just eight!"

"O ho! O ho! this way! this way! this way! Fish alive! alive! alive O!"

This is a fair sample of what may be heard at Billingsgate on a fine Friday morning. But no ingenuity of printing can give any adequate conception of the peculiar intonation of the London fishmonger. That must be heard in order to be appreciated.

Lowly, But Welcome.

When I have said my quiet say,
When I have sung my little song,
How sweetly, sweetly dies the day,
The valley and the hill along;
How sweet the summons, "Come away!"
That calls me from the busy throng.

I thought beside the water's flow
A while to lie beneath the leaves,
I thought in autumn's harvest glow
To rest my head upon the sheaves;
But lo! methinks the day was brief
And cloudy; flower, nor fruit, nor leaf
I bring, and yet accepted, free
And blest, my Lord I come to thee

What matter now for promise lost,
Through blast of spring or summer rains?
What matter now for purpose crost,
For broken hopes, and wasted pains?
What if the olive little yields,
What if the grape be blighted? Thine
The corn upon a thousand fields,—
Upon [illegible] hills the vine.
Thou loves still the poor; Oh, bless
In poverty beloved to be!
Less lowly is my choice confess'd,
I love the rich in loving thee!
My spirit bare before thee stands,
I bring no gift, I ask no sign;
I come to thee with empty hands,
The surer to be filled from thine.

—*Dora Greenwell.*

RELIGIOUS READING.

Great Triumphs.

"Behold I see the heavens open, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God."

Thus spake the proto-matyr in the expectation of death. And in all ages have there been those across whose vision, at their dying hour, similar scenes of blessedness have passed. As orbs of light meet our gaze when the darkness of nightfall covers the earth, so do scenes of glory sometimes appear to the Christian when the shadows of evening closes his day of life.

"Christ"—"angels"—"beautiful"—"magnificent"—"delightful," was the language of the expiring Dr. Hope.

"Home, home!" said Normand Smith. "I see the New Jerusalem. They praise him—they praise him."

"Now farewell, world," said Rev. Mr. Holland, "welcome heaven; the Day Star from on high has visited my heart. Oh speak it when I am gone, and preach it at my funeral. God dealeth familiarly with man. I feel his mercy. I see his majesty. Whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell; but I see things which are unutterable."

"I have been," said Walker of Truro, "upon the wings of cherubim. Heaven has in a manner been opened to me. I shall soon be there."

"Do you see," said Edmund Auger, "that blessed assembly who await my arrival? Do you hear that sweet music, with which those holy men invite me, that I may henceforth be partaker of their happiness? How delightful it is to be in the society of blessed spirits! Let us go. We must go. Let me go."

"You seem to enjoy foretastes of heaven," said one to H. S. Golden. "Oh, this is no longer a foretaste," was the joyful assent, "this is heaven. I not only feel the olimate, but I breathe the ambrosial air of heaven, and soon shall enjoy the company."

"If I must die—and die I must—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing,
To my celestial home.
Of Canaan's land, from Plagah's top,
May I but have a view,
Though Jordon should o'erflow its banks,
I'll boldly venture through.

—*Independent.*

The First Two Disciples.

Memorable as John's testimony was, it seems on the first day to have produced no immediate result. But on the second day, when the Baptist was standing accompanied by two of his disciples, Jesus again walked by, and John, fixing upon him his intense and earnest gaze, exclaimed again, as though with involuntary awe and admiration, "Behold the Lamb of God!"

The words were too remarkable to be again neglected, and the two Galilæan youths who heard them followed the retreating figure of Jesus. He caught the sound of their timid footsteps, and turning round to look at them as they came near, he gently asked, "What seek ye?"

It was but the very beginning of his ministry; as yet they could not know him for all that he was; as yet they had not heard the gracious words that proceeded out of his lips; in coming to seek Him thus they might be actuated by inadequate motives, or even by mere passing curiosity; it was fit that they should come to Him by spontaneous impulse, and declare their object of their own free will.

But how deep and full of meaning is that question, and how sternly it behooves all who come to their Lord to answer it! One of the noliest of the church's saints, St. Bernard, was in the habit of warning himself by the solemn query, "*Bernardi, ad quid venisti?*"—"Bernard, for what purpose art thou here?" Self-examination could assume no more searching form; but all the meaning which it involved was concentrated in that quiet and simple question, "What seek ye?"

They came and saw where Jesus dwelt, and as it was then four in the afternoon, stayed there that day, and probably slept there that night; and before they lay down to sleep they knew and felt in their inmost hearts that the kingdom of heaven had come that the hopes of long centuries were now fulfilled, that they had been in the presence of Him who was the desire of all nations, the Priest greater than Aaron, the Prophet greater than Moses, the King greater than David, the true Star of Jacob and Scepter of Israel.

One of those two youths who came earliest to Christ was Andrew. The other suppressed his own name because he was the narrator, the beloved disciple, the evangelist, St. John. No wonder that the smallest details, down even to the very hour of the day, was treasured in his memory, never to be forgotten, even in extreme old age.—*Farrar.*

In the report, in one of the New York dailies, of a notable social event—the giving of a reception by the Sorosis, in honor of Mary Anderson, recently—the significant fact is noted that the menu differed from similar affairs for men only in "the entire absence of wine from the table."

WARNING TO A HUMORIST.

ALEX. SWEET WRITES AN OPEN LETTER TO GEORGE W. PECK.

Why the "Siftings" Man Would Dearly Like to Meet the "Bad Boy" Humorist.

Alex Sweet, editor of *Texas Siftings*, publishes in his paper the following letter to George W. Peck, of the Milwaukee *Sun* and "Bad Boy" notoriety:

MY DEAR PECK: While you were in New York a couple of weeks ago you called at the office of *Texas Siftings*, but I did not get to see you, as I was not in at the time, but I found your card on my return. I mean on my desk, where you left it when you, yourself, left. In justice to you I will also state that I did not miss anything out of the office. It seems you did not improve your opportunities.

I was very sorry that I did not get to see you, for I wanted to thank you personally for a favor you did me about eight years ago, when I was on the editorial staff of the Galveston *News*.

There are some doubt among the people of Texas as to my veracity. Some few people intimated that I didn't have any at all, but the general opinion was that I could tell the truth if it was to my interest to do so, and I made an earnest effort. Just at this crisis I received the following letter from you, which I published for my own vindication. After requesting in the letter the temporary loan of ninety cents, to enable you to purchase a pair of new pants, you went on to say in your letter:

"I have never in my wildest dreams thought of competing with the Sifter as a truth crusher. I am an ordinary Wisconsin liar. I have never had the advantages you possess. My surroundings are not good for the development of genius in lying, as the community in which I reside is pious, and I have no competition. No person can succeed unless he has some competition to bring out the talent that lies hidden in him. Now, it is different down in Texas. You, although you may be the champion, are not the only liar there. You have competitors. Every man you meet has some claim to prominence, and your talent is constantly being burnished. I would be only a nine-spot in Texas. I was there in 1866, and I know what I am talking about."

"I fully appreciated this compliment. From that time on my status as a truth wrencher was fixed. Everybody in Texas had heard of Peck and his endorsement was all that was needed to be regarded as a talented journalist.

I have often longed for the opportunity to take you by the hand and thank you, and ask you when you were going to pay back the ninety cents I sent you. This is why I am sorry I was not in when you called the other day. However, you can remit either by postal note or check or both, if you see proper.

I have to express my obligations to you for another favor.

A few days ago, while putting on my new sixty-dollar overcoat, a disagreeable odor assailed my nose. I noticed it even after I got into the street. On meeting me, people would gasp, hold their noses, and cross over to the other side of the street. Several dray horses shied and a mule fainted. When I entered the office of *Texas Siftings* everybody present snorted, and looked at me pretty much as a Texas pony does when it hears a brass band for the first time. There was a vociferous smell in the office strong enough to drive a dog out of a slaughter house.

I received several kindly suggestions to consult an undertaker, or a coroner. A gentleman who was about to sign a $2,000 advertising contract, dropped the pen and fled in wild dismay. He has never come back. I think he has left New York for his health. We have lost $2,000.

Owing to the warm air in the office I reached into my pocket to get my handkerchief to fan myself with it. When I pulled out my hand there was adhering to it a sticky mass which said "Limberger" very plainly. It spoke right out.

How do you suppose that Limberger got into my pocket? You don't know, eh? Well, let me tell you. I have a boy at home of about nine years of age. Of late he has been reading a book called "Peck's Bad Boy." Ever hear of it? My boy, Norman, got that Limberger suggestion out of that book. He it was who put that old cheese in my pocket. He said that was what Peck's Bad Boy did to his pa.

Well, he don't read that book any more. He can't read even his Sunday-school book now without lying on his abdomen to do so. I don't feel safe for my life unless I know that boy is at school or asleep. If you read of my falling down the stairs and breaking my neck in consequence of the steps being lubricated, or if I come to any other sudden and mysterious end, you may close your eyes at night with the consciousness of knowing that the diabolical suggestion that shoved me into the tomb originated in that infernal book of yours.

When you send me that ninety cents, include in it the $2,000 ad. we lost through the Limberger cheese.

I'd like to known when you are coming to New York again. I want to meet you at the depot when the train comes in. You will be able to identify me by a large club which I shall wear in my right hand. How the coroner will be able to identify you after I get through with you is not very plain.

Oh, come to the bower I've shaded for you,
And I'll make an effort to be there too.

Your true friend and future benefactor,
ALEX SWEET.

Lightning and Trees.

A writer in the *Building News* explains what takes place within the bark of a tree when struck by lightning. Most of us have seen the effects which are here described, but not all of us can tell the reason why the tree has such an appearance:

In a tree which has been destroyed by lightning, the layers are not only shattered and separated into strips, but the wood also appears dry, hard, and brittle, as though it had been through the process of curing in a kiln. This is attributed to the instantaneous reduction of the sap into steam. When the sap is abundant, as in May or early in June, the amount and force of the steam not only bursts and separates the layers and fibres, but rends the trunk in pieces or throws off a portion of it. When the amount of steam thus suddenly generated is small, owing to a dry condition of the stem from continual evaporation and self-exhalation, there may be no external trace of the lightning-stroke; yet the leaves will wither in a few days, showing that the stem has been rendered incapable of conveying supplies, and the tree will either partially or entirely die. Still lighter discharges may be conducted down the moist stem without any injury

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Sir John Lubbock declares that the mind of ants differs from that of men only in degree.

Sunday was once a popular day for marriages. The brides of the Elizabethan period were usually married on the first day of the week.

It was an old prejudice, which is not quite extinct, that those who are defective or deformed are marked by nature as prone to mischief.

From one tree, sixteen miles east of Tampa, Fla., there were gathered 11,643 oranges by actual count. This is the the largest yield from a single tree ever known.

A writer in *La Nature* has calculated the power of the spring which moves a watch, and his conclusion, in plain language, is that a machine of one-horse power could keep 270,000,000 watches going.

A new fraud has recently been detected by a French chemist. On examining a sample of preserved tomato, he found that it contained but little of that vegetable, the remainder being chiefly composed of carrots and pumpkins, colored with some aniline dye.

The practice of "going a gooding" was once a custom of St. Thomas's Day, which occurs December 21. It was performed by women, who presented sprigs of evergreen and Christmas flowers, and begged for money in return. This term means going about to wish good even.

Dr. G. Rolhfs considers woolen clothing to be unhealthy for wear in the tropics. He finds support for this theory in the fact that sheep from cool countries soon lose their wool from Central Africa and become covered with a thin coat of hair, while lions lose their heavy manes in hot regions.

In old times the death of the vanquished person was always considered a certain evidence of his guilt. Among the customs connected with dueling, it appears that, according to the old law, knights were to fight with the lance and sword, as those of inferior rank fought with ebon staff or baton, to the farther end of which was a bag crammed hard with sand.

The magnitude of the Escurial, the great Spanish palace, may be inferred from the computation of Francisco de los Santos that it would take four days to go through all the rooms and apartments, the length of the way being reckoned at thirty-three Spanish leagues, which is about 120 English miles. There are 14,000 doors and 11,000 windows in the edifice.

Sense of Smell in Insects.

In some insects a keenly developed sense of smell appears to be the dominating sense. Sir John Lubbock has shown that the most intelligent of insects, the social ants, seem incapable of appreciating sounds, and that they make comparatively little use of their small eyes. Their leading sense is that of smell. It seems to be by aid of this faculty that they find their way about, and follow their multifarious daily avocations. A recent writer, speaking of the mode in which ants follow an established trail, says:

"I have experimented with this, frequently obliterating the scent for a space of but a few inches, and watching the puzzled wanderers, each going an inch or less beyond his predecessors, hunting the lost clue until the blank was finally bridged over. After that, if the new route, as re-opened, differed from the old it was nevertheless rigidly followed, even if longer."

Again, as evidence that bees and butterflies select the flowers which they visit by means of smell rather than sight, a writer says: "Bees and butterflies visit a distinct variety, and for the time confine their attention to it, settling on and sucking the honey of that variety only: e. g. a bee settling on a scarlet geranium will not go from it to another species or variety, but gives its attention to that particular variety only—never going from a scarlet geranium to another scarlet flower, even if in contact—I never remarked a bee go from a lily to an amaryllis, or the reverse."

W. M. Gabb, writing from St. Domingo, with regard to the butterfly, says: "My Indian servants always carried with them a fermented paste of maize flour, which they mixed with water to the consistency of gruel, as a beverage. On our arriving at the side of a stream in a narrow gorge, invariably, within a few minutes after they opened a package of this paste, although there might not have been a butterfly in sight before, those most brilliant of their kind would come sailing up, always from leeward. I have made some of my best catches in this manner. I have also caught them by baiting with a piece of over-ripe or even rotten banana. At other times, they were almost unapproachable."—*Dio Lewis' Nuggets.*

Useful in Many Ways.

Never throw away old paper. If you have no wish to sell it, use it in the house. Some housekeepers prefer it to cloth for cleaning many articles of furniture. After a stove has been blackened, it can be kept looking very well for a long time by rubbing it with paper every morning. Rubbing with paper is a much nicer way of keeping a tea-kettle, coffee-pot, and teapot bright and clean than the old way of washing them in suds. Rubbing with paper is also the best way of polishing knives, tinware and spoons; they shine like new silver. For polishing mirrors, windows, lamp chimneys, etc., paper is better than dry cloth. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper, instead of cloth, is tied over the jar. Preserved fruit is not so apt to mold if a piece of writing paper, cut to fit the jar, is laid directly over the fruit. Paper is much better to put under a carpet than straw. It is warmer, thinner, and makes less noise when one walks over it.

A Lucky Confectioner.

A German confectioner, while tramping through Turkey a short time ago, saluted the Sultan vigorously as the latter drove past. Unaccustomed to such an exhibition of cordiality, one of the sultan's officers thought it best to inquire if it had any significance. His explanation proving satisfactory and his innocence clear, and the avowal of his avocation, moreover, creating evident interest, the man was dismissed with a present and an injunction to turn up the next day with a clean skin and new clothes. The result of the second interview was that the confectioner was set to making pastry, and his success was so complete that he was engaged right off at a salary of 500 piasters per month. The pastry found its way to the sultan's table, and his highness was so pleased with it that he made the stranger his confectioner at once, with 1,000 piasters a month for making tarts.

BE KIND.

Oh, be kind to those who love you!
Grieve no human love away!
Twine it tenderly about you,
Let it bless you day by day,
Tho' the sunlight now may dazzle,
Life has many a clouded sky;
Hoard your treasures of affection,
You will need them by and by.

Oh! be kind to those who love you!
Give them gladness while you may
Here to-day, to-morrow's sunrise
May behold them pass away.
Lavish love on all around you;
Smiles and sunshine freely strew;
And, like bread upon the waters,
They will yet return to you.

—*Lillie Sheldon, in Inter-Ocean.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A smart boy—Just after a whipping.

Even the honest farmer will water his stock.—*Call.*

Better an empty head than one with a cold in it.—*Life.*

There is one thing that is always pretty sound about a church, and that is the bell

No man should complain about his lot—unless it be a lot of old rubbish.—*Hot Springs News.*

A philosopher says that the best way to avoid getting into debt is to die young.—*Boston Budget.*

THIRTY TWO DEGREES.

The way to school the small boy hateth,
On learning, turns his back, and skateth.

—*Life.*

If a passion, like love, grows by what it feeds upon, there is no doubt the wish is fodder to the thought.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

It costs $10,000 to convert a South Sea cannibal to Christianity, and then he is only worth $9 a week in a dime show.—*Fall River Advance.*

IN CANADA.

The firelight dances on the walls,
My heart throbs with love's olation,
When like a cat my darling squalls—
"Ouch! Dear, don't squeeze my vaccination!"

—*Burdette.*

"I want the music of the 'Mikado,'" said a little boy, entering a New York music store. "For singing, or for the piano?" "I don't want it for either, I want it for my sister."—*Siftings.*

Dio Lewis says that we busy, high pressure "Americans should go to bed at 9 and rise at 5. Such things make us tired. How can a man get out of bed four hours before he lies down?—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

We see by the burning of a cigar store in Chicago nearly a million cigars were smoked up at one sitting. Did it make anybody sick? you ask. You bet, simple one. It made the owner of the store sick.—*Burdette.*

Another of the old settlers is gone. We had a piece of him at our landlady's table this morning. Immediately beneath the epidermic formation from his back we found a piece of eggshell, bearing the legend, "Laid 1849."—*St. Paul Herald.*

A standard target for American riflemen has just been adopted by the clubs of the United States, which have had the matter under discussion for several months. We hope it is large enough to protect the indiscreet cows and pigs that wander about the various ranges.—*Boston Post.*

A Charming Little Story.

Several years ago a resident of one of the suburbs had the misfortune to become totally blind, a cataract forming over his eyes. While in this condition his wife died. A young German girl, whom the unfortunate man had never seen, was very attentive to the wife in her last illness, and, after her death, did what she could to make the grief-stricken husband and his two little children as comfortable as possible.

Such devotion did not go unrewarded. The blind man proposed and was accepted. He married the faithful girl. Two children were the result of their union. During his years of blindness the sightless man never lost hopes that some day he might again look into the beauties of nature and the loved ones around him.

A physician was finally consulted, who agreed to attempt the removal of the cataract. The operation was successful, and he from whom the light of day had been shut out so many years, saw again. He was almost beside himself with joy. A friend, who was at once recognized, came, leading a lady, by the hand.

"Do you know who this is?" he said to the happy fellow.

"No, I do not."

"That is your wife," and then the pair, one of whom had never seen the other, fell into each other's arms, and a domestic scene of pathetic beauty ensued.

The two children were also brought in to their father. He clasped them to his beating heart, and all the miseries of the past were forgotten in the pleasure of that moment. This is a true story. The actors in this life panorama, covering a period of ten years, are all alive. The husband seems as well as he ever did, and is now in business in this city.—*Cincinnati Sun.*

Shorthand.

The latest abbreviation crank hails from Illinois. He registered at the Southside hotel thus: "Y & et." It was deciphered to indicate "Wyanet." Out in Kansas they always write Leavenworth "11 worth," and Wyandotte "Y &." All this is done in the interests of economy, not through indolence. There was a man once whose name was James Hole, and who was so lazy that in registering his name he simply made a "J" and then punched a hole in the paper John Underwood, of Andover, Mass., always signed himself:

"Wood,
J.
Mass."

—*Chicago Mail.*

Both Escaped.

Lord Charles Beresford is almost as fearless a soldier as his friend (Colonel Burnaby), and consequently a great favorite. It is related of him that during the hot fighting in South Africa he was riding back after an engagement, he overtook one of his troopers, wounded, and slowly making his way afoot. He stopped and told the trooper to get up behind him. The trooper refused on the ground that if Lord Charles Beresford rode on alone he was certain to escape. Lord Charles Beresford looked at him a moment, and said: "If you don't get up I shall have to get off and knock you down." Whereupon the trooper mounted, and both escaped.—*London Letter*

In Honduras three crops of corn can be grown in a year.