R. H. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

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Stand out in the sunlight of promise, forget-Whatever your past held of sorrow or

Local advertisements, per line - 10 We waste half our strength in a useless re-We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.

Advertisers are requested to bring in their Have you missed in your aim? well, the mark is still shining: Did you faint in the race? well, take breath

> for the next. Did the clouds drive you back? but see . yonder their lining. Were you tempted and fell? let it serve for

As each year hurries by let it join that proces-Of skeleton shapes that march down to the While you take your place in the line of pro-

With your eyes on the heavens, your face the three, feeling about the same kind to the blast. I tell you the future can hold no terrors

For any sad soul while the stars revolve. If he will but stand firm on the grave of his And instead of regretting, resolve, resolve! It is never too late to begin rebuilding.

gilding The worn wan face of the bruised old world! -Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in New York Sun

JAKE THE COWBOY

PY 231.1.2 C. GREENE.

It ween cold, uncomfortable day. The y I bew in gusts down the chim sey of our little school-house, putting out the tre and areking the question of keeping varn a hopeless one. The Latt-naked children huddled about the stove and patiently conned their lessons. Poor things, they were so used to cold and sofering, that even the

dreary school-ho se was comfort compared o their miserable homes! I missed my big boy, Jake. If he were only here, I could send him to the woods for fuel. He was always our dependence in a cold or rainy day. He had wonderful luck with the rickety old stove, and could make the fire burn when

nobody else could. Jake was my favorite scholar. He was only a rough cowboy, and had borne a terrible reputation, but he always behaved himself in school, and was so kindand helpful, that I had come to rely upon him as my right hand man. On the day I opened my school he

came to me, and, tucking an enormous quid of tobacco away in his cheek, said awkwardly, "I wan'ter jine your school. I ain't nothin' but a cowboy, but I've tuk a notion lately ter learn to read. I reckon I should like to know how to read," he added, with a wistful glance into my face. His evident earnestness and his simplicity touched me, and I answered cor-

dially, "I shall be glad to have you Instruments, Breech and Muzzle Loading to read very fast. I will do all I can for come, and I have no doubt you will learn you, and you must help me. We will help each other. He seemed embarrassed; dropped his eyes, shifted his quid, then spat dextrously into a corner of the room, and wiped his

lips on the back of one great hand. "I reckon you hain't never hearn o' me," he said, finally, with an uneasy laugh. "I ain't ginerally 'counted much good round here.

"But I wouldn't wonder." he continued, looking me over with the air of a connoissur about to bargain for a pup or a horse. "I wouldn't wonder now, if you'n me tuk to one another, teacher.' "I think we shall," I said, good na-

turedly, "and you look as if you might be a friend worth having, if you chose." He was a noble, great fellow, fully six feet tall, with limbs like the trunks of trees, and the haad and shoulders of a

At my remark he blushed a tawny red, up to the roots of his hair, and made a sudden movement as if to offer me his hand; then drew back and choked, struggling to speak.

"I can be, and I will be!" he muttered at last, hoursely, and strode away to a seat closely followed by his dog- a savage, ugly-looking cur, which seemed inseparable from his master, and came to school as regularly from that day. 'The dog's name was Tige, and I noticed that Jake was always considerate of him, sharing his own dinner with him when he was so fortunate as *2.00 to have any; and once, when the poor 2.50 brute came in wet and shaking with the 3.00 cold, he gave up his own warm place by the fire, muttering by way of apology, as his eyes met mine, that "the little cuss was gittin' old." There seemed to be an

> almost human sympathy between them. One afternoon Jake came in covered with blood. He had evidently been fighting, and what was more remarkable. had got worsted; but he went composedly to his seat as if nothing had happened. Indeed, quarrels were so common among the scholars, that if they did not bring them into school, I took but little notice of them. So on Tige crawl to his master's feet and look up into his face with a questioning whine. He had been dozing comfortably by the fire all the noontime, and so had not shared his master's trouble,

whatever it was. Receiving no attention, he finally face; nor did he have to watch long. Jake suddenly lifted his eyes and Jinny?"

flashed a lightning glance at a boy who sat opposite him on the other side of the room. Then, clearing the distance with one bound, the dog was at the offender's throat! And I knew it was with him-Tom Carnes—that Jake had quarreled. "Call off the brute!" gasped the fellow with a terrible oath.

'Jake spoke to the dog, who reluctantly loosed his hold, and rising to his feet, stretched out one brawny arm toward his foe: "I call him off," he said, "because you'n me will settle our own little diffikilty. It lays 'twixt you'n me-not out Jinny? says I ter myself." you'n the dog-and I'll have it out with

I heard no more of the matter; but a in her hands, but no longer sobbing, and few days afterward Jake was absent from | as motionless as if she heard him not. school, for the first time, and I missed him, as I said in the beginning of this marm," he said, with great earnestness, Is life one long, continuous freeze? sketch: I made inquiries of the scholars, but no one knew anything about him. | the Test'ment, you know, that you give |

Tim Carnes was also absent, but I thought nothing of that, as he was always irregular in his attendance.

My oldest scholar among the girls-Jinny by name-she was the brightest and most advanced pupil I had.

The other girls both hated and admired her, seeming to regard her superi-We build our own ladders to climb to the

ority as a reproach and insult to them-Judging from her appearance Jinny must have been at that time eighteen or

twenty years of age; but she did not know how old she was, nor did she "What's the odds?" she said, with a sould come right. hrug of indifference, when I questioned er in regard to the matter.

She had the pale, sallow complexion ommon to her class, and her speech and manners were uncouth enough, but there was a charm about her, after all. There was a wild grace and reedom in her movements, a magnetism n her dark eyes when she turned them full upon you, a consciousness of power in her saucy, defiant ways, that fascinated all who came in contact with her. I myself was strongly attracted to her; what wonder then that Jake and Tim Canes became her abject slaves.

I had often amused myself watching of interest-half amusement, half fear -in their fierce, rude love-making, their jealousies and garrels, that I would in the gambols of a trip of wild animals. The days providen, but my two big boys came to solved no more. At last began to wonder, if Jinny had any-

thing to do with their absence. Evi-Though all into ruins your life seems hurled dently there was something wrong with For look! how the light of the new year is the girl; she seemed sullen and depressed, and sat in her seat frowning, silent; and when I questioned her she shut her teet's fiercely toget'red, and answered not

But soon there came a change; one afternoon I noticed that she was terribly restless and excited, and her great eyes, no longer defiant, sought mine continually, with an expression of mute appeah such as we see in the eyes of a dumb animal when in pain,

My heart - hed for her, but I had been so often repulsed, that I thought best to wat for her to spruk. When the scholars were dismissed she lingered behind, and as the door closed on the last one she sprang forward, and throwing herself at my feet, with tears and groans and incoherent cries, made known the cause of her wretchedness. "I've killed ... marm! I've killed Jake!" she mount, rocking herself wildly to and fro.

"How-how is that!" I asked, recoiling from her instinctively. "Why, 'twas me Jake and Tim fit over, that day they came in kivered with blood! I set 'em at it, and laughed ter see it go on. Then a few days ago they begun again-and I might a' stopped 'em with a word, and I didn't Somehow I couldn't. But I wish I had! Oh, how I wish I had! If was only Tim a dyin' now, instead o' Jake, I wouldn't care!" she muttered fiercely. "I allers hated Tim else. I was out shooting birds one day,

"But, Jinny," said I, wishing to divert her, "are you quite sure Jake will die?" 'Oh, ves marm, they say so; and I fear t here," laying her hand on her heart. I made inquiries as to the nature of Jake's injury, but could gather nothing definite, except that it was a wound from a pistol shot, and that for some unaccountable reason he had made scarcely any show of defending himself according to those who witnessed the encounter, "he seemed all at once spilin' to get killed."

'Perhaps you would like to go to him!" I suggested. "Oh, I would, I would," she exclaimed eagerly. "I hain't seen him yet. I hung round the place all last night, fearin' to to go inside. Yes, I will go!' she cried with sudden vehemence, her pale cheek flushing, "and I'll die with him, too! One grave shall kiver us-me and Jake!" An idea occurred to me. "I have had some experience with such wounds," I "I might do something for him.

"Oh, yes, yes. Come!" She hurried me out and led the way along a cross road through the woods. Never a good walker, I soon began to feel weariness, and Jinny noticed that I lagged behind.

Shall I go with you?"

Mebby you're a tired, marm," she "I don't mind miles o' trampin' myself. I'm used to it. Lem me kerry ve, mum." And before I could remonstrate she picked me up and shouldered me as if I had been a sack of corn. 'Pears like it'll do me good," she muttered as she strode along seemingly little

encumbered by her burden. At last we reached the miscrable hut that Jake called his home. We pushed open the door and looked in. A very old yoman crouched by a smoky fire, and on a rude bed in a corner of the room lay Jake, his immense proportions sharply outlined through the scanty covering. Tige, the dog, crouched at his feet, and took no notice of our approach.

A handsome rifle and a brace of pistols hung against the wall beside the bed; for the cowboy of the Southwest is seldom so poor that he does not own handsome fire-

As we entered, the old woman, who proved to be Jake's mother, got upon her feet with great difficulty, and came toward us. But Jinny laid her finger on her lips and glided swiftly past her to the

Clasping both hands tightly behind her, she leaned over Jake, softly calling At the sound of her voice he opened this occasion I said nothing, but I saw his eyes and gazed wildly about, without seeming to see the face so near his own. He turned his head and caught sight of

me, and knew me. Brushing his hand

slowly across his eyes, he said: "I didn't know I'd fell asleep, marm, evidently thinking he was in school. Jinny dropped on her knees beside him squatted down in front of him and pa- and clasped his hands to her bosom. "Oh, tiently watched his angry, downcast Jake, Jake!" she cried in agony, "don't ver see me? Don't yer know your poor

> Then his bewildered eyes met hers; "Why, why, Jinny, gal, how's this, how's this?" he muttered; then seeing her tears, he smiled strangely. "Cryin'?" he "I allers knowed you had a kind heart. I knowed it, Jinny; thar thar, soothingly. But that wan't no sign that you liked me, was it? I see it all now. But somehow, that day when I found 'twas Tim, for sure," raising his voice and moving his head restlessly on the pillow, "why then I jest laid off and let him kill me, as it were. What's life to me with

The girl seemed suddenly to have lost ye, and soon, too!" with a threatening all power of speech. She was still kneeling beside him with her face buried He turned to me. "Can you tell me, "if so be there's directions in the book-

me-for settlin' such diffikilty as mina was? I looked, but I couldn't find no word-no orders."

"If I could only a' gone by the book," he repeated, wistfully, "but as it was we had ter settle it in the old way-pistils and bowie knives. But what's the use o' talkin', it's all squar now." He sighed wearily, and closed his eyes, muttering again to himself, "all squar"!" I laid my hand on his head and tried

to soothe him. I told him that Jinny and I had come to nurse him and make him well again, and that I hoped al He put out his hand and touched Jinny, but she made no movement. Jinny and me use'ter talk sometimes, marm," said he slowly and painfully, "we use'ter talk, that we might go to-

folks, and 'cordin' ter the book, yer know. Give up all this fightin' an' swairin', an' these poor, miser'ble ways, and have a home together. But thar, what's the use o' talkin'; it's too late now-too late!" A sharp, passionate cry burst from Jinny's lips, and broke the spell that was upon her. She sprang to her feet, and

and do better. Try ter live more like

leaning over Jake once again, clasped both his hands tightly in hers, and fas- tain passes, a point of a precipice was tened her great magnetic eyes upon his reached. My companions pointed to the own bewildered ones. "Jake! Jake!" she said, "I say 'taint' too late! We'll have a home together

yit-you'n me! Do you hear?" Yes: at last he understood. His face flushed, brightened. With a mighty effort he threw up both his arms as if to clasp her, and fell fainting on her breast Jinny uttered a stifled cry, and at tha moment I saw a stream of flood tricklin from his side, staining the garments o both as they lay clasped in each other' arms. The exertion had opened hi

But to my surprise, I found on examination, that the wound was not mortalnot even a severe one; and his weakness and prostration were probably the results of excitement and loss of blood.

wound afresh, and I feared for him ex-

Thanks to my hospital experience I was able to dress the wound properly, and had the satisfaction of assuring his old mother and Jinny that with good nursing he would soon recover. When he returned to consciousness Jinny was bending over him.

He spoke her name, but she, smiling, laid her finger on his lips and shook her "You want ter get well, don't yer?" she said softly. "I come here ton-ight

ter die with yer, but I reckon it's better for us both ter live." -Boston Traveler. The Wolf and the Wild Hogs. A former resident of San Jose, Cal. said to a New York Sun reporter: "I never saw a drove of wild hogs loose but once, and from what I saw of them and their methods then I was satisfied to hunt them with barley-baited corrals, and

leave the free and open chase to some one

and as I was passing through a dense thicket to get to an open where I expected good sport I heard the unmistakable snorting and tusk-grinding of wild hogs. I thought some one had a corral set near by, and had got the drop on some hogs as usual. I drew toward the edge of the thicket, and then it seemed to me that the snorting was too voluminous and the grinding too far reaching and penetrating to be made by a dozen penned-up porkers, but I kept on. When I reached the edge of the thicket I peered out into the open. Well, that's all I did. I had no desire to proceed further. Such a sight I never saw before nor since. I think there must have been a thousand wild hogs, of all sizes, ages, and sexes, congregated in that one open. They were huddled together like freemen at an out-door ward meeting. Each and every individual hog was mad-very mad. Their bristles stood up all the way from their cars half way down their backs. Froth flew about in that undulating mass like foam on a storm-lashed coast. Rage gleamed from every eye, and voiced itself in every snort. I stood there, peering out on the extraordinary scene, wishing myself ten miles away, and not daring to move, for fear the furious mob of hogs would detect me and parcel me up among them. It was five minutes before I discovered what was the cause of this turbulent gathering and the object of its fury, when I saw, in the midst of the wild concourse, a poor, lean and haggard wolf, gathered together on the top of a stump, just beyond the reach of the biggest boar in the drove, and with the most abject look of terror on his face that it was possible to express. I don't know what the wolf had done to bring this avenging army of hogs down upon him. Possibly he had sought to inveigle some suckling of the drove into appeasing his hunger. It might be that the wildperched on a pinnacle barely large enough | the same chance that we do.'

his waving sea of upturned tusks. was a cowardly, thieving wolf, but I felt | had to contend with in Alahama. -Atsorry for him. I did, I vow. "Seeing that they were so intent on the terror-stricken wolf that my presence would never be noticed. I became easier, and watched the show. The hogs never let that wolf rest a second. Some big fellow would lift himself up against the stump on one side, with a snot like a thunderclap, and quick as a flash the wolf would turn his face that way. Then another long-tusked brute would jump up and let go a howl, and around the wolf would go toward him like a flash. And so it went all around the stump, and it was a wonder to me how that terrorized wolf managed to keep his footing on the stump at all. By and by I got tired of watching the proceedings, and I thought I would try an experiment. I raised my gun and fired in the air. That was the climax. The wolf hadn't calculated on that. With the report of the gun he lest his presence of mind. He leaped ten feet in the air, and came down twenty feet away. A thousand upraised tusks were ready to ;eceive him. There was one wild yell: Then pieces of wolf filled the air for a second, and the vengeance of the what followed. I had no further business there, but made for a more congenial part without delay. If you ever go out to San Joaquin, go over to the wild hog pre-

Prize Winter Poem. The mill wheel's frozen in the pond; The plumber skips along the way; The pipe has burst its leaden bond;

serves, and try it. It'll 'liven you up."

The red-hot stove is cold and gray. Oh, winter in our hours of ease, Why don't you keep the plumbers down: Oh, let me bore the ice and drown? -Louisville Courier-Journal. A MOONSHINE STRONGHOLD

LIFE AMONG ILLICIT DISTILLERS OF NORTH ALABAMA.

A Visit to an Illicit Still-Rough Men and Their Weird Surround. ings-A Mountain Waif.

One of the most interesting localities in North Alabama is the mountain regions of Marshall and DeKalb counties. It has become so on account of the character of the citizens. Of this section the most notorious and best known locality is the Sand Mountain in DeKalb county. The people in this section are far behind the happy elements of civilization which surround their neighbors. Here the women do most of the work, whild the men gether somewhar', fur from this place, make all the illicit whisky they can. A stranger is looked on as a natural enemy,

and one is eyed with suspicion. The visit to an illicit still was under an oath characteristic of the mountaineer, which was sacred and binding. It was about two miles in the mountains, away from any settlement. The distance was traveled on the back of a mountain colt. After following a narrow, beaten track through bushes, over rocks, down hillsides, across ravines and through moundepths below and told me to watch a certain spot. A blue curi of smoke arose, which was from the still we were going to visit. Then down the narrow mountain-side we rode, guided by the sensible animals. If a slip of his foot was made, eternity would have been our doom. Soon a point was reached about two hundred yards from the still. One of my companions took from his pocket a whistle, made of a piece of reed, and gavetwo shrill whistles, which were answered. The animals were tied, and one of the men said to the other: "Jim his neeners are too good; I guess we had better cover them." With these words the two men proceeded to bind a cloth over my eyes.

After walking around and about a cave was entered. When the doors were thrown back my eyes were freed, and a scene of interest was pictured. The room was a cavern dug out of a coal deposit, about twenty by sixteen feet, in which were arranged the worms and barrels with piles of corn and dried fruit. Hanging about on the walls were guns and pistols, near which was a slide made to open and close at a moment's notice. The interior was suggestive of the wild nature of the mountains. The men inside were dressed in clothing of coarse material made at home. In the corner of the room was a man busily engaged in pouring whisky in a funnel, which was conveyed off through a pipe made of mountain cane.

Where does that go to?" was asked. "You can't know all, stranger. Whar ing to a World reporter: that runs to you nor no other man will know; but it is taken core of, you can ally crowded, like on the day of General

Behind a tub of sour-mash was a little, ragged nine-year-old child, who had a stick, stirring the contents. The little | the New York Central and Hudson river thing was covered with dirt and half clad in course homespun. "Chunk it up, Mag, and come here and see the stranger.

overcame her, and she stopped. "Come here, you little cat, and sing," was spoken by one of the men. The child began to sing in a voice as plaintiful as a dove, and before she had strangers here during the funeral week in

The child, half frightened and cow-

What is the child's name?" was asked. "We call her Mag for short. That child has a history as long as your arm, but she will never tell it. She knows she will get the strap. Her dark blue, childish eyes looked up, moistened with tears, and pleaded to be spared the lash. Her story was a strange

one, and was calculated to touch the chords of a hardened heart. One cold morning six years before, a man was seen slowly riding along the mountain road with a little child in front on the saddle. The snow was falling and he tenderly clasped her wraps around

Up the mountain higher were two men who have been introduced, and they were gazing at the sight below.

"Take the glass and see if you are sure he is a spy. Soon the sharp ping of a rifle was heard. and the traveler dropped lifeless from his saddle, and the child was taken to the cave of the moonshiners. The child has been there since.

The duty of the child is to mix sourmash and keep her eyes closed. This she performs faithfully. The question was asked of these men: "Are you not afraid of the revenue men, and will they not get you?"

"Stranger, we are not afraid of heaven or hell, much less of any thing on two hog is the sworn enemy of the wolf. I legs. We are trying to make an honest don't know. But there was this vulpine, | living, and the man who tries to stop us unfortunate, trembling and haggard, dies-that's all. The law has got to take to give room for his four feet, gazing over | These are some of the characteristics

anta Constitution.

Tipping the Waiter. Speaking of tips, the other evening I supped at the St. James with an old friend from California, a prodigal and a bon vivant. The change brought by the obese and well greased waiter consisted of a five-dollar bill and two dimes. My host lifted the bill, and the waiter, with an insolence as magnificent as it was shifting southward and finally clearing original, took the dimes from the salver, up by shifting around to southwest, then laid them on the cloth and departed with an undisguised shrug. A twenty-cent contract at a very low figure to pasture tip for a ten-dollar check was not enough for him. My Eldoradan friend smiled lands until about the 20th of December. and glinted at me in his palm a silver. He would take a run through Delaware lollar which he had drawn from his county, purchase a large number of thin pocket. We went out, he rattling the cattle at low prices and would invariably dimes and the dollar as he went. At have three months of warm weather and the door a miserable urchin was vending the best of pasture for his cattle, which the stray remnants of his stock of even- he would fatten and sell at high prices. in bulk, dropped the three silver pieces | the 20th of December of 1895, the wind into his filthy paw, and as we walked | hung around the southeast and finally down Broadway tore up the papers and wild hog was comp, etc. I don't know scattered the fragments into the street. by the southward, thus betokening, ac-When the last strips had fluttered off, he | cording to the Yocum theory, which insaid solemnly. "I'm blessed if I ever give a waiter a

tip again! Have you any fire?" But is it, after all, the fault of the | cold weather overtook us, to be followed waiter whom our prodigals spoil that he suddenly by warm spells. - Philadelphia refuses to devour husks? One evening I was talking to Siro Delmonico when I noticed a youngster at the next table. who had had half a dollar's worth of brandy, leave the change of a two-dolls note for the waiter. "He did not have to earn that money."

said Delmonico, grimly. Delmonico himself nevertipped a waiter Neither, by the way, did A. T. Slewes -New York To-Day.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

At the beginning of the present century it was considered "fast" by respectable STARTLING DISCLOSURES AT A RE-Londoners to have sofas in the parlor. The Australians tie the hands of the

the dead may not scratch his way out of According to an ancient idea pelicans were hatched dead, but the cock pelican brought them to life by wounding his breast and letting one drop of blood fall

South America says that he never saw a was a poison eater or not, educed some bald Indian and scarcely ever a gray- very curious evidence relating to this haired one. In one climate physicians class of persons. As it is not generally have not discovered a general rule upon known that eating poison is actually practurning gray and bocoming bald. A Frenchman has found means to re-

the eyes and the effect is said to be those mountainous parts bordering on startling, so lifelike do the eyes ba- Hungary, there prevails the strange habit A calculation made by Mr. Corthell of the figures of the mile-long railroad train drawn by a single locomotive establishes that there were 3,253 tons weight on this train, which was drawn by a single 55-

the weight of many steamships with their eaters have a twofold aim in their danger-There are 30,000 stamp collectors in New York, and the number is constantly increasing. They call themselves phil atelists, a word not found in any but the newest editions of the dictionaries. The most valuable stamp known is one that was issued by the postmaster of Brattleporough, Vermont, in 1847 and was only n circulation for a few months. It is

The Germans, who have always been berant health. relebrated for heavy eating, furnish us arranged in a circle of honor around the the dogfish, the dolphin, and even the whale were eaten, while a roast guines oig was considered a very great delicacy. Il their foods were highly spiced, and sauces were endless in their variety, three or four kinds being served up with each dish. In these sauces, pepper, mace, cinnamen, cloves, ginger, garlic, saffror and pimento contended for the mastery, and the mere decided the flavor the bet

Watching the Pickpockets.

Police Inspector Byrnes, of New York. the "American Vidocq," has been gossip-"Once in a while New York is unusu-Grant's funeral. We worked a little plan on that occassion that succeeded beautifully. My men went all along the line of railroad and picked up all the big and little pickpockets who had posted themselves at different stations to reap a harvest of watches and pocketbooks from the crowds who gathered to see the funered, approached me, but her timidity eral train and follow it to New York. In this city, too, we arrested all the pickpockets, and the police justices kindly committed them as vagrants. The result was that although there were 1,000,000 inished the tears were streaming down addition to New York's population of 1,500,000, there was but one theft reported, and that was the stealing of a silver watch from a drunken man on the it is well to meet them half way."

Bowery. When such emergencies arise "I thought I recognized one of your men at a ball the other evening." remarked the visitor.

"Very likely," said the inspector. "They attend all the big entertainments. There were eight of them in evening dress at the Dixey ball, with their eyes wide open for the first crook who showed his nose there. At both of the big fancy dress balls that the Vanderbilts gave a other cause, the perilous indulgence is few seasons ago four of my men were present in costume. It would have looked funny, wouldn't it, to see a hooded monk lugging off a light-fingered Louis XVI. to the county jail for trying | principally in "a feeling of general disto run away with some lady's diamonds I expect before this season is over to see Nanki-Pooh preferring a charge of atempted larceny against some Pooh-Bah whom he has caught in the act of pickng pockets. Keep your eyes open the next time you attend a fancy dress ball and see if you can find some of my boys.'

an Early Weather Prophet. For more than thirty-five years pre-

eding the establishment of the weather tream by the government Isaac Yocum, Paschalville: was the recognized weather prophet for the people of Delaware county. If the breast-bone of the goose, the hog's melt, the ground hog and other well-established weather signs correspond with Isaac Yocum's predictions, well and good; if not, they were at fault that year and everybody so understood it. Mr. Yocum was gathered to his fathers soon after the establishment of the weather bureau department, but were he living to-day he would say in his jocular way: "Every snow this winter will be a rain." Weather Solon Yocum was a butcher, and one of his theories respecting the weather was the set of the wind at the turn of the seasons. If, for instance, during the season of the fall equinox-say from September 15 to the 22d -the wind was generally in the east, to northwest, Mr. Yocum would make a cattle on the Hog Island pasture ug papers. My friend took them During the winter solstice, along about veered to northwestward and back again variably held good thirty years ago, a warm winter, with much more rain than snow, and, when three or four days of

Boy and Man. Now the little boy. With a smile of gloom and joy, lyly hides around the corner while the stately man goes by. And then the snowball flits, And the stately man it hits and knocks his new Fedora right down upon

-Cleveland Graphic.

THE POISON EATING HABIT.

CENT TRIAL FOR MURDER.

corpse and extract the finger nails, that People who are Accustomed to Consume Arsenic-Their Purpose and the Fatal Result. A very interesting trial for murder took

place lately in Austria. The prisoner,

Anna Roebel, was acquitted by the jury, who, in the various questions put to the witnesses, in order to discover whether A physician who passed many years in the murdered man, Lieutenant Martz, ticed in more countries than one, the following account of the custom, given by a store the lifelike expression to the eyes noted Hungarian physician, will not be of dead persons. He places a few drops without interest. In some districts of of glycerine and watar in the corners of Lower Austria and in Styria, especially in of eating arsenic. The peasantry, in particular, are given to it. They obtain it under the name of hedri from the traveling hucksters and gatherers of herbs, who, on their side, get it from the glassblowers, or purchsse it from the corn docton engine. This would be more than tors, quacks or mountebanks. The poison ous employment, one of which is to obtain

a fresh, healthy appearance, and acquire a certain degree of embonpoint. On this account, therefore, gay village lads and lasses employ the dangerous. agent, that they may become more attractive to each other, and it is really astonishing with what favorable results their endeavors are attended; for it is just the youthful poison eaters that are, generally speaking, distinguished by a blooming complexion and an appearance of exu-

with some curious culinary items. In the | who worked in the cow house of a wealthy middle ages the goose was the grand farmer, was thin and pale, but, neverthedish among them, but they also ate less, well and healthy. This girl had a crows, storks, cranes, herons, swans and lover, whom she wished to enchain still bitterns-these last named dishes being more firmly, and, in order to obtain a more pleasing exterior, she had recourse goose. The geier or European vulture, to the well-known means, and swallowed, every week, several doses of arsenic. The desired result was obtained and, in a few months, she was much fuller in the figure, rosy cheeked, and, in short, quite according to her lover's taste. In order to increase the effect, she was so rash as to increase the dose of arsenic, and fell a victim to her vanity. She was poisoned, and died an agonizing death. The second object of the poison eaters | she caught sight of her ears in the mir-

have in view is to make them, as they express it, "better winded," that is to make their respiration easier when ascending the mountains. Whenever they have far to go, and to mount a considerable height, they take a minute morsal of arsenic and allow it gradually to dissolve. The effect is surprising, and they ascend with ease heights which otherwise they could climb only with distress to the chest. The dose of arsenic with which the poison eaters begin consists, according to the confession of some of them, of a piece the size of a lentil, which in weight would be rather less than half a grain. To this quantity, which they take fasting several mornings in the week, they confine themselves for a considerable time, and then gradually, and very carefully, they increase the dose according to the effect produced, "The peasant A, living in the Parish R _____, a strong, hale man of upward of sixty, takes at present at every dose a piece of about the weight of four grains. For more than forty years he has practiced this habit, which he inherited from his father, and which he in his turn w.ll bequeath to his children." It is well to observe that neither in these or in other poison eaters is there the least trace of an arsenic cachexy discernible, that the symptoms of a chronic arsenical poisoning never show themselves in indiv.duals who adapt the dose to their constitution, even although that dose should be considerable. It is not less worthy of remark, however, that when, either from inability to obtain the acid or from any stopped, symptoms of illness are sure to appear, which have the closest resem blance to those produced by poisoning from arsenic. These symptoms consist comfort, attended by a perfect indifference to all surrounding persons and her husband meant. Meantime Mr. Gumthings, great personal auxiety, and various distressing sensations, arising from the digestive organs, want of appetite, a ing." For all these symptoms there is be the old resort of drawing lots, though

constant feeling of the stomach being overloaded at early morning, an unusual deg (e of salivation, poins in the stomach, and especially, quiliculty of breath but one remedy-a return to the enjoy- unfortunately too many of us prefer to ment of arsenic. According to inquiries made on the subject, it would seem that the habit of eating poison among the inhabitants of lower Austria has not grown into a pas-

sion, as is the case with the opium

districts sublimate of quick-silver is ing idle he calls for one of them. used in the same way. In the mountainous parts of Peru a writer met very toward him so quickly as to suggest a frequently with exters of corrosive sublimate, and in Bolivia the practice is still more frequent, where this poison is openly sold in the market to the Indians. In all about him, and the shafts have fallen Vienna the use of arsenic is of every day at his feet. occurrence among horse dealers, and especially with the coachmen of the nobilty. They either shake it in a pulver- therefore prepares to make a choice. He ized state among the corn, or they tie a bit the size of a pea in a piece of linen, which they fasten to the curb when the horse is harnessed, and the saliva of the have all vanished, and he finds himself animal soon dissolves it. The sleek, the center of a mute but expectant-lookound, shining appearance of the carriage | ing circle of baby-carriages, their shafts horses, and especially the much admired foaming at the mouth, is the result of the arsenic feeding. It is a common practice with the farm servants in the mountain happened to the men, until his eyes at ous parts to strew a pinch of arsenic on | last light upon them in a group at the the last feed of hay before going up a corner of the square. After some watchsteep road. This is done for years ing. he becomes conscious that not a without the least unfavorable result, but | quarrel, but a settlement, is going on. should the horse fall into the hands of | The coolies are actually drawing lots for another owner who withholds the arsen- the privilege of carrying him! ic, he loses flesh immediately, is no longer lively, and even with the best each man selects his own, and all abide feeding there is no possibility of restor- in the best possible humor by the result. ing him to his former sleek appearance. -Brooklyn Eagle.

Picturesque. The most picturesque figures in the

upper house of Congress are Senators Hampton and Butler, of South Carolina, and Senator Berry, of Arkansas. The total number of legs they can boast of is three. Butler lost his right leg at the battle of Brandy Station on the 9th of June, 1863; Berry lost his at the battle of Corinth, Miss., October 4, 1862; Hampton, after riding gallantly through the war without serious injury, lost his by a fall from his horse. - Utica Observer. ber. 1888. - Scientific American.

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THE AFTERGLOW. The tired eyelids of the Day Droop heavily; the faint light flashes In golden gleams beneath her lashes. To charm the dark, advancing might, She throws a backward smile of light;

But still she lingers lovely Day.

And while she waits, the shadows steal Across the meadow, o'er the bay, While in the distance far away The hills float in a purple haze, And to my eager, lingering gaze, The white sails dip and reel. .

Upon the rocky cliff I wait. he flimy, fleecy clouds that fly n scurrying crowds across the sky lave caught the radiance and the light hat wrap the earth in garments bright. But still I watch and wait. With music sweet the waters flow,

and softly kiss the waiting sand. o! over hilltop, wave and land, ouching the woods with mellow light, ingering in colors warm and bright, Soft gleams the afterglow. The dying smile of day grows dim, and night with somber mien appears

Ly heart is sad, and through my tears watch the waters' silvery sheen, 'be golden ring of light that's seen Around the horizon's rim. The gorgeous coloring of the West rows faint and fainter, and the light

If stars gleams softly to my sight. Dh, Light divine, oh, holy Love, thine brightly thro' the gates above, And to my heart bring rest. -Jenniela Verne Blowers, in Free Press

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A big spread - The sky. A high old time-The town clock. Likely to be mistaken-An engaged Miss .- Life ..

roubled with wet feet. Man wants the earth, and woman vants -the man. -Bill Nye. Because the baby is a little yeller it's

A one-legged man will never be

10 sign he is a Chinaman. - Palmer

There were only seven wonders of the world in ancient days. That was before he dude was invented. - Somerville Jour-A St. Louis girl thinks she's an angel.

or, and mistook them for wings. - Caliornia Marerick. "How shall a cabbage worm be reated?" asks an exchange. That is lifficult to answer. We should like to snow what the worm would like before we answer .- Graphic.

A late dispatch from Portland says that Oregon has a a wild man. Dakota will have quite a number of them should the present Congress fail to admit her as State. - Merchant-Traveler. "I consider him a bold, arrogant man." "Yes, I know he is now, but he

won't be very long." "And why not, I should like to know!" "He is to be married next week." - Chicago Ledger. The name of the new Swedish minisier to the United States is Kjolt. He isn't as skittish as a young cjolt, but is said to have a powerful hjolt on the English Fjanguage. Indianapolis Journal. A poet says: "I kissed her on the palco ny." The balcony must be a new name for a portion of the human anatomy, and is evidently located immed-

iately under the caves of the nose. If it isnt it should be. Norristown Herald. A writer in the Popular Science Monthly says the nerves which convey pain are rather slow in their power to convey information, but anybody who ever stepped on a cat's tail with abrupt suddenness will be likely to entertain stalwart views in the opposite direction. - Chicago

Well, I never knew that before!" said Mrs. Gummidge, looking over the edge of her newspaper. "What's that, my dear?" asked Mr. G. "Why, that Mr. Parnell is a bachelor!" "Well, you might have guessed it. He's in favor of home rule." Mrs. Gummidge was silent a long, long time, wondering just what midge went out and sat on the back door-

step like a prudent man. - Chicago News.

An Amicable Arrangement. There is usually some amicable methodof settling troublesome disputes, even if it argue, or even wrangle, about the matter in hand. The Japanese are not so foolish. Says the author of "A Sketch of Korea;" As soon as the traveler has set foot in Japan, and safely passed through the ordeal of the custom house, he will need eaters in the East, the chewers of something in which to carry himself and the betel nut in India and Polynesia, his baggage. He had been told that a and of the cocoa tree among the natives of | jinrikisha, or large baby-carriage, drawn Peru. When once commenced, how- by a man, is the vehicle in common use,

> A score respond to his call, hurrying rush of autumn leaves, started by a sudden gust of wind from the quiet corner in which they lay. In a twinkling they are As he is only one, and his baggage is limited, he cannot use them all; he

turns his attention for an instant to his traps, to judge what he shall need, and on turning back again, behold! the men all pointed toward him, as if in an attitude of entreaty. He wonders what can so suddenly have

One man in the center holds the slins.

Improvment of Hearing. A prize is offered of 3,000 francs (\$600), by Baron Leon de Lenval, of Nice, France, for the best readily portable instrument constructed according to the principal of the microphone, for improvement of hearing in cases of partial deafness. The award committee will receive instruments intended for competition up to December 31, 1887. The awarding of the prize will take place at the fourth international congress for

otology, to be held at Brussels, in Septem-