

THE ANSON TIMES.

R. H. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

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VOL. II.

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ANSON TIMES.

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Waadesboro, N. C.

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Use of piano for practice 50 cents per month.
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Fine Mountain Whiskies

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Old Charlotte Hotel

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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PRICES REDUCED TO SUIT THE TIMES
CALL AND SEE US.

BE PATIENT WITH THE LIVING

Sweet friend, when thou and I art gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrades or from neighbor,
Passed all the strife, the toll, the care,
And done with all the sighing—
What tender truth shall we have gained,
Alas! by simply dying?

Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall not doct' d' cover;
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillow slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere love's past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living!

To-day's reproved rebuke may save
Our living from tomorrow,
Then patience, when we kneest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow.

Be easy to be gentle when
Death's silence hushes our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through morning's mystic glamor;
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love's past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living!

—Good Cheer.

The King of the Stallions

BY HENRY NEWPORT.

"Boss! boss! Curry, curry! Yarra man gone!"

The stockman leaped out of bed at the cry of his black herd-keeper, and belling his trousers as he ran, made with all haste for the corral where the horses had been confined at dusk on the previous evening.

"Suppose you give it bullock, I look outyarran belong you."

"Hang it all! I suppose I'll have to. Is this more of Peter's work?"

"Sure, boss. See, and see, and see."

The black stooped down and pointed to a peculiar series of marks in the torn ground about the stockade. They were the prints of a horse's hoof—small, but clearly cut in each instance as though the horse had deliberately pressed his foot into the ground in such a way as to leave a perfect impression. All about these perfect marks were torn ground and an occasional half foot print, showing that the place had been overrun a short time before by a drove of horses.

"What is it?" asked Peter.

"Peter, king of the stallions on the Macquarie river and the finest horse in all South Australia, has been here in the night and coaxed my mares away. They have broken through the stockade, as you see, and the other horses have followed, so that we haven't a hoof on this place this morning. It is that rascally Cudjo's business to look after the horses but he has let them escape, and now has the sublime gall to tell me that if I give him a bullock he will find them for me."

"Which, of course, you will not do?"

"But I just will—I have no choice. It is either give Cudjo his bullock, or lose my entire string of horses. He knows the haunts of Peter and his drove and can lead us direct to the place where the beasts are at this moment; and what is more, after the horses are found, he can separate mine from the others. Alone, I could neither find the horses, nor capture them after they were found. This is the third time that I have suffered in this way, and I propose that it shall be the last. You and I and Cudjo shall take our rifles and stalk the drove until Peter is killed, if it takes a week, and when the stallion is shot Cudjo shall have two bullocks instead of one."

Cudjo's saturnine face broke into a series of grins at this welcome news. He shook his black fist in the direction of a clump of gum trees on the horizon and yelled: "Peter, you rascal! Cudjo make him budgeroy!" meaning that Peter was doomed.

Next to the kangaroos, the droves of wild horses that infest plains in New South Wales, are the settlers' greatest enemies. Originally domesticated, they have broken away from the stations at various times, and partly through natural increase, partly through accessions to their ranks from the settlers' herds, they are rapidly growing into a pest of appalling proportions, menacing away the stockman's mares, breaking down his stockades and trampling the growing grain.

"Co, boss," whispered the black, holding up a warning finger after we had been on a steady trot behind him for two hours and more; "better you make down your head, or yarraman gerrand" (the horses will be frightened).

"Where are they, you black rascal?"

"See, boss."

We had instinctively lowered our heads, and followed the black's example, half crawling to the top of a gentle elevation grown up in acacias and gum trees, and now at his words looked over the brow of the hill. On the rich couch grass which overspread the plain below 500 horses were feeding. Some were lying down, lazily cropping the grass within reach of their lips; others were curvetting among the occasional clumps of grass-trees, and others were drinking at a stream which meandered like a silver ribbon through the green plain. Off to the right was a group of comparatively jaded animals greedily devouring their breakfast, and paying but slight heed to the magnificent milk-white brute which pranced about them. A glance told us that these were the horses we were in search of. All though fine horses they lacked the fearless, spirited air which characterized the wild drove, and novice as I was in horse

THE ROADRUNNER.

A SINGULAR LITTLE BIRD FOUND IN THE SOUTHWEST.

It is hardly ever still, and runs instead of flying when pursued.—How it Entangles the Rattlesnake.

A very singular and yet a very little known bird is the roadrunner chaparral cock, or, as it is known in Mexico and the Spanish sections of the United States, the paisano.

It belongs to the cuckoo family, but has none of the bad habits by which the European cuckoo is best known. It is a shy bird, but is not by any means an unfamiliar object in the southwestern portions of the United States and in Mexico. Sometimes it wanders up into Middle California, but not often, seeming to prefer the more deserted, hotter and sandier parts of Southern California, and there stretching its habitat as far east as Middle Texas.

It is not by any means a brilliantly colored bird, although some of its hues are very beautiful. The prevailing color of the roadrunner is olive green, which is marked with brown and white. The top of its head is black blue, and is furnished with an erectile crest. The eyes are surrounded by a line of bare skin.

It is not a large bird, being seldom twenty-four inches long, with a tail taking more than half that length. The tail, indeed, is the most striking feature of the bird, being not only very long, but seemingly endowed with the gift of perpetual motion, since it is never still, but bobs up and down, and sidewise, too, into every possible angle, and almost incessantly.

But while its tail is most striking, its legs are most remarkable, being not only long and stout, but wonderfully muscular. How muscular nobody would be able to imagine who had not put them to the test.

A traveler in Mexico tells of going out with his ranchero host to hunt hares with a brace of very fine hounds. Going over a long stretch of sandy plain, relieved only by pillars and clusters of cactus, the Mexican called the attention of his guest to an alert, comical-looking bird, some distance from them.

With the remark that the gentleman should see some rare coursing, the Mexican slipped the leashes of the straining hounds, which sprang off as if used to the sport, and darted after the bird. For a moment it seemed to the stranger a very poor use to put the dogs to, but he was not long in changing his mind.

Instead of taking wing, the bird tilted its long tail straight up into the air in a such a defiant way, and started off on a run in a direct line ahead. It seemed an incredible thing that the slender dog, with their space devouring bounds, should not at once overtake the little bird, but so it was. The legs of the paisano moved with marvelous rapidity, and enabled it to keep the hounds at their distance for a very long time, being finally overtaken only after one of the gamest 'scers ever witnessed by the visiting sportsman.

The roadrunner, however, serves a better purpose in life than being run down by hounds. Cassin mentions a most singular circumstance among the peculiarities of the bird. It seems to have a mortal hatred of rattlesnakes, and no sooner sees one of those reptiles than it sets about in what, to the snake, might well seem a most diabolical way of compassing its death. Finding the snake asleep, it at once seizes upon the spiniest of small cacti, the prickly pear, and, with infinite pains and quietness, carries the leaves, which it breaks off, and puts them in a circle around the slumbering snake. When it has made a sufficient wall about the object of all this care, it rouses its victim with a sudden peck of its sharp beak, and then quickly retires to let the snake work out its own destruction, a thing it eventually does in a way that ought to gratify the roadrunner if it call any sense of humor. Any one watching it would say it was expressing the liveliest emotion with its constantly and grotesquely moving tail.

The first impulse and act of the assaulted snake is to coil for a dart; it next moves away. It quickly realize that it is hemmed in, in a circle, and finally makes a rash attempt to glide over the obstructions. The myriad of tiny needles prick it and drive it back. The angry snake, with small wisdom attempts to retaliate by fastening its fangs into the offending cactus. The spines fill its mouth.

Angrier still, it again and again assaults the prickly wall, until, quite beside itself with rage, it seems to lose its wits completely, and, writhing and twisting horribly, buries its venomous fangs into its own body, dying finally from its self-inflicted wounds. After this catastrophe, the roadrunner indulges in a few gratified fits of its long tail and goes off, perchance to find its reward in being run down by hounds set on by man.—Scientific American.

Milling is another interest that is improving in the South. During last year nearly 150 mills have been erected in the Southern States, not including grist mills. A Southern manufacturing exchange thus summarizes the year's work: Arkansas and Mississippi have erected one each; Alabama, 2; South Carolina, 2; West Virginia, 7; Maryland, 9; North Carolina, 10; Georgia, 17; Texas, 18; Virginia, 20; Tennessee, 24; Kentucky, 31.

A Horse's Intelligence.

A horse which had been in possession of the Peters family, in Bushkill, Penn., for twenty years, and which was famous for the almost human intelligence he frequently displayed, died recently. During the last few years of the horse's life he had been permitted to run at liberty, but was frequently hitched up to haul the dead bodies of cattle or horses that died on the farm to a place near the Delaware river, where the carcasses were buried. The old horse always stood near and watched the burials with great interest and attention.

Some time ago this horse fell sick. One day he was missed from an enclosure where he was being cared for. A search was made for him, and he was finally found lying dead on the spot where he had hauled the dead bodies of so many of his kind. As the place was out of the way of the old horse's usual haunts, and he had never been known to go there except when driven there with some dead animal, no one who knew the horse believed that he did not seek the spot feeling that he was about to die, and save the trouble of hauling his dead body there to be buried.

Among the instances told of his intelligence are the following: Late one night members of the family that owned him were awakened by a great noise on a piazza of the house. There was the loud neighing of the horse and a heavy stamping on the piazza floor. One of the inmates of the house went to the door. There was the old horse stamping and kicking and neighing with all his power. The discovery was made that an outhouse near the dwelling was on fire. The old horse had given the alarm, and a disastrous fire was prevented.

One spring there was a flood in a stream on the place. A blind horse belonging to a neighbor got out of its pasture, and wandering down to the swollen stream in some way got into the water. It swam about in a circle, and was unable to reach either shore. No one could render any aid to the poor animal, and there seemed no escape for it from drowning. The old Peters horse came along while the blind horse was struggling in the water, and after a moment's survey of the situation, plunged in. He swam out to the blind horse, and headed it off as it turned to make its usual circle, thus keeping its head pointed straight for shore as it swam. By heading the blind horse first on one side and then on the other, he guided it safely to shore.—New York Sun.

A Cool Colonel.

"The coolest man I ever knew was old Victor de St. Hilaire, the colonel of an infantry regiment that saw much service in Algeria," said Colonel Henri Dubois, one of a party of French officers who, having halted to take a look at Siem on their way home from the Tonquin war, had come to dine with us on board of a British gun-boat which had somehow found its way up the Mei-Nam river.

"I've known men," he continued, "who managed to put on a great show of coolness in times of danger, though they were really very much excited; but there was no putting on with St. Hilaire—it came as natural to him as eating his dinner. All his hair-breath escapes (and he had so much of that) he could hardly count them himself; had left him as cool as before, and it really seemed as if dangers passed him by because he would not condescend to notice that they were there at all. Once his men mutinied, and two of them clapped their bayonets to his breast, as if to run him through the middle, he said, as quietly as ever, 'Be careful, my lads; you might hurt me.'"

"Now it happened that in Colonel St. Hilaire's regiment there was a peppery young sub-lieutenant who was as hot as the colonel was cool. With him it was always (as you English say) 'a word and a blow, and the blow first.' He had fought so many duels that the soldiers used to call him 'Sudden Death,' and to say that the best way to end the war would be for him to challenge the enemy's whole army, man by man. Well, one day this lieutenant had committed some fault, for which the colonel gave him such a scolding that the young fellow's hot blood couldn't bear it any longer. Quick as lightning he whipped out a pistol and fired right at St. Hilaire's face, so close that the muzzle almost touched him. But the pistol missed fire, and the colonel said, quite coolly: 'Forty-eight hours' arrest for not keeping your arms in proper order.'"

"And was that all that the lieutenant got?" asked a dozen voices at once, in an undisguised amazement.

"That was all; and I can tell you that he thought it was quite enough—Ha! general, good-evening. I was just telling these gentlemen how you once put me under arrest for not having my pistols in working order."—David Ker, in Harper's.

Some Things You Will Not Be Sorry For

For hearing before indulging.
For thinking before speaking.
For holding an angry tongue.
For stopping the ear to a tattler.
For being kind to the distressed.
For being patient to all.
For asking pardon for wrong.
For speaking evil of no man.
For being courteous to all.—Progressive Age.

Dr. Susanna Rubinstein has received at Leipzig the highest diploma in philosophy. It is in the power of the university to bestow.

LADIES' COLUMN.

A Pretty How-Dye-Do.

A well-known and wealthy manufacturer, Dubot, of Paris, has had a young clerk in his employ for two years, with whose services and behavior he has been greatly pleased. In fact, so much had the young man endeared himself to his employer that he was taken into the family circle, and permitted to enjoy the society of his daughter, a blooming miss of seventeen summers. Some time last month M. Dubot sent for his trusted clerk, and said to him confidentially: "You are a handsome, clever, and industrious young man. My Minnie is but seventeen years old, and my please her much. She has a dower left her by her deceased mother of 100,000 francs (\$20,000). If you have a mind to marry her we will arrange the wedding before Lent."

The young clerk, known to his employer as Ernest Lamotte, turned pale at this kind proposition, and was silent. Upon recovering himself he inquired: "Have I satisfied you in the performance of my duties during the two years I have remained with you?"

"More than satisfied me," replied the manufacturer, enthusiastically.

"Well, whatever the consequences may be," he began, hesitatingly, "I must now entreat you with my secret. My name is not Ernest, but Ernestine. I have passed through a commercial course of instruction, fitting me for any position in which a man would receive 240 francs per month (\$30). In female apparel I could earn but forty francs. This explains all."

M. Dubot, of course, was duly astonished. Taking his worthy clerk by the hand he reassuringly replied: "I hope to be able to console Minnie in her disappointment. Her husband, I see, you cannot be; but what would you think of the proposition of becoming her stepmother?"

It was now the turn of Ernestine to show astonishment. Requesting a day for consideration, the friends under new relationships parted.

Fashionable Enlargements.

A Paris letter to the New York World says: I have been a good deal amused lately at the wild statement respecting Worth's prices that have appeared in the American papers. No wonder that the king of the dressmakers declared that he had never heard of such a thing as a dress, costing \$2,000. Worth's dresses are not cheap, certainly, and his establishment is not exactly the place that one would select whereto order a cambric summer suit, an ordinary traveling dress, or an inexpensive cashmere costume for every-day wear. But for rich and elegant toilets, his prices are really lower than are those of less accomplished rivals. The most superb of court dresses in velvet and satin, or in velvet and brocade may be had for from \$300 to \$400, that is, if neither fine hand-embroidery nor real lace enters into its composition. When these elements are present, the price of a dress may be indefinitely augmented. The point d'Alencon founces on the wedding-dress of the present queen of Spain, for instance, cost \$200 per yard, out for that there was no putting on with St. Hilaire—it came as natural to him as eating his dinner. All his hair-breath escapes (and he had so much of that) he could hardly count them himself; had left him as cool as before, and it really seemed as if dangers passed him by because he would not condescend to notice that they were there at all. Once his men mutinied, and two of them clapped their bayonets to his breast, as if to run him through the middle, he said, as quietly as ever, 'Be careful, my lads; you might hurt me.'"

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Imitating Foreign Cheese.

"If things keep on as they are," said a leading cheese merchant to a New York Mail and Express reporter, "there will not be any necessity for importing any foreign cheese. American ingenuity is rapidly solving the cheese problem. We already produce a domestic Swiss cheese which I consider fully equal to the imported article, although the latter brings five cents more in price. The importation of Limburger cheese is now very small. Still the importation of foreign cheese into this country last year amounted to over \$500,000. The principal foreign cheese are the Stilton, Cheddar, Cheshire and Gloucester cheese from England; Gruyere from Switzerland; Roquefort, Camembert, Pont l'Evêque, Fromage de Brie and Neufchatel, from France, Edam cheese from Holland; Parmesan, Romano and Cascio Cavallo Napoli, from Italy. Stilton cheese is in the shape of a cylinder, ten inches in height and eight inches in diameter. It is worth forty-five cents per pound wholesale. Cheddar is similar to factory cheese in appearance, and is worth thirty-two cents. Both Cheddar and Gloucester are flat cheeses, and are worth twenty-eight cents. The genuine Gruyere cheese comes from Switzerland, although an inferior article is made in France. The Swiss Gruyere cheese measures three feet across. Four cheeses, weighing about 150 pounds, are packed in a tub for exportation. Swiss Gruyere is worth twenty-five cents per pound.

Roquefort cheese is made from the milk of goats, ripened in limestone caves. Each cheese weighs five pounds and is worth thirty-five cents per pound. An old French gentleman, residing on Staten Island, owns a large herd of goats and makes a very fair article of Roquefort cheese. He supplies quite a number of dealers and is worth quite a little fortune made in the business. Camembert cheese is imported in boxes of five dozen pieces and wholesales at \$3.50 per dozen. Pont l'Evêque is worth \$3 per dozen and fromage de Brie \$1.50 per piece. Neufchatel, a species of pot-cheese, is worth ten cents per portion. Limburger made here is worth twelve cents per pound and Munster cheese twenty cents. The bright red Edam cheese from Holland, as round as a cannon ball and almost as hard, is worth \$10 a case of a dozen loaves. Parmesan cheese, almost exclusively used in the preparation of macaroni, comes from Italy in tubs containing five loaves, and is worth twenty-eight cents per pound. The favorite cheese of the Italians is the cascio cavallo or horse-head cheese, which is shipped to this country from Naples, and retails at thirty cents. It is only a question of a very little time when all these varieties of foreign cheese can be successfully reproduced here in our own dairies.

How a French Paasant Lives.

When a peasant does live in a cottage on his land it is of the rudest description, generally possessing but two rooms, often only one. It is supplemented by a rude piazza before the door, shaded in summer time by the luxuriant leaves of the pumpkin. Here the family cook, dine and generally sleep during the hot months. Inside the adornment is nil. No muslin curtain to the window, no colored print upon the walls, no bright crockery, no scoured pewter or brass, no clock. A mud floor, a wooden bench, brown and polished with use, a deal table never scrubbed, but brown with dirt and stains, some blackened earthenware cooking pots (a marmite and casseroles) upon a shelf, and a bedstead, perhaps two, here the wife's sole glory. The sheets are fairly clean, the best coverlet a gay patchwork; the mattresses are well stuffed with dried maize leaves, and the bed is carefully made every day. Sometimes there hangs above it the eel-gilt of the Virgin and Child, but not often new. Dark, for in the hard struggle for existence religion itself seems to have been pushed aside; the peasant proprietor has little time for church and prayer, and though his superstition may remain, his faith has declined. A gay carnation may hang from a broken pot on a wall, but, once stuck in it, it is there because it grows like a weed.

The peasant most frequently inhabits the little village or town that hangs on the mountain-side, or is perched upon a crag apparently inaccessible. Eza and Rocca-bruna, on the Corniche, are well known to all tourists and lovers of the picturesque, and their duplicates, from Castellar to Fontana, are scattered far inland among the folds of the mountains and over the frontier of Col de Tenda into Italy, as in Briga, Tenda, etc. Everywhere the same story of the small peasant proprietor massed in ancient times so closely that, seen from above, it looks as though a skillfully thrown sheet or two could cover all the roofs at once. Here the interior condition is worse than in his hut; less space, more crowding, and less air, and here he defies every sanitary law. Five families frequently inhabit one room, five families one house which originally was owned by one alone, whose descendants have thus perched it out among themselves, with the inevitable and deplorable result. Rooms originally intended for sleeping rooms have perforce become kitchens; and, as a chimney has thus to be provided, the impoverished and parsimonious heir adopt the expedient of knocking out a stone in the wall and inserting a short earthenware pipe, through which the smoke quietly ascends, obscuring the window directly above. The rights of "ancient ditches" are not protected by any law in this country.

English Luxury.

Speaking of English luxury, Adam Badeau says in the New York Sun: "A great house thirty or forty indoor servants is a common number, and often there are as many more in the stables, and still as many others in the gardens, or the glass, as the conservatories are called. One nobleman that I knew was master of the hounds and kept seventy horses, and for every two horses a man. At an entertainment in the country—a sort of pageant or play—I heard some say that a hundred of the servants came into the great hall and stood behind the guests; the remainder were out of the house. Several times, in large establishments, I asked permission to visit the offices and the kitchens and still rooms and sculleries, the larders and laundries, the gun rooms and plate rooms and brushing rooms, the housekeeper's room, the pantries and the servants' hall made a labyrinth of labor difficult to explore. In making the rounds I was taken to the nurseries and the school rooms, for tutors and governesses are only a higher sort of servant in England. They live and eat apart from the gentry, and often get less wages than valets and ladies' maids. I saw, too, the bedrooms and the linen rooms and the rooms where the maids were making up clothes, all rising when their mistress entered. I visited the stables and the carpenter shop, even the butchery and the brewery—for many of the large proprietors will kill their own meat and brew their own beer. Each servant is allowed her own beer, as well as wages, or is supplied with so many glasses, or sometimes literally horns of beer."

One firm in Germany has made and sold, during the last five years, 3,000,000 thermometers.