

THE ANSON TIMES.

R. H. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

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PRICES REDUCED TO SUIT THE TIMES
CALL AND SEE US

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

When twilight draws her silvery veil
Above the moonlit sea,
And phantom ships on white wings sail
Show onward peacefully,
While hovering angels guard and bless
This scene so calm below,
It seemeth like the peacefulness
A human heart may know.
When darkness hides the sea and land,
And distant thunders roll,
While waves are shattered on the strand,
This thought steals o'er my soul:
The night that broods above the sea,
Are like the weep and misery
A human heart may know.
—Lacy McKoon Stapleton.

CASSIA.

A great white rambling house facing
an acre of thick trees and dense flowering
shrubs, with the murmur of ever-blasting
waves in the distance—a house that hid
itself among the elms and oaks,
and shrouded even its doors and win-
dows in thick-hanging jasmine and cy-
press vines.

Nine o'clock in the morning, but not a
creature was visible outside; the matted
balconies were empty, the hammocks all
unoccupied. Indeed, every room opening
from the lower balcony was darkened ex-
cepting one. In this room the blinds were
reversed, and a faint breeze
moved the thin white curtains. A
table was laid here for three people,
and the preparations on it seemed to im-
ply that their event was momentarily ex-
pected.

Presently the door opened, and a
beautiful girl of about sixteen years of
age entered. She was dressed in a fine
long robe of white muslin, trimmed
with knots of pale green ribbon, and in
her hand she carried a bunch of pansies
and lilies.

"Where is mamma?"
"Yes, Miss Cassia."
"Tell Colonel Bauvare I am wait-
ing."
In a few moments a stout, handsome
man dressed in white linen en-
tered. He kissed the girl on the brow
softly.

"Where is mamma?"
"Yes, Miss Cassia."
"Tell Colonel Bauvare I am wait-
ing."
She will not appear this morning.
She lay awake all night planning about
the ball, and is too fatigued to rise."
"But surely to give a party is not such
a very important affair, papa?"

"The people whom I entertain is a very
important affair indeed, Cassia."
"Dear me! I had not thought of it in
that light. I should just invite all the
good dancers and nice people in the
neighborhood. There are plenty of nice
people around us."

"Fortunately this is a very select neigh-
borhood; there are no better families in
the country—in the world, I might say—
than the Bauvares, the Peysons, the Le
Croixs, the Des Moines."
"And the Riveses, papa. I remember
young Herbert Rives so well! He was the
handsomest youth I ever saw. We
must not forget Herbert Rives, papa."

"Cassia, I wish you to distinctly under-
stand that Mr. Rives and I have had a
bitter quarrel—an irreconcilable quarrel.
If the public sentiment was raised to a
proper pitch here, I should shoot him
with a great deal of pleasure. I hope I
shall never hear you speak of either the
father or son again."

"I want Herbert Rives to come to my
ball, papa."
"It is impossible, Cassia."
Cassia was silent, but not convinced.
Toward evening she went out to walk.
The negro girl with her had a little
bucket, and was gathering wild straw-
berries as they walked. As she entered
the grove skirting the Rives estate the
thick, intensely green turf, as soft as vel-
vet, delighted her; the shade and warmth
and sweet earthy smell filled her with a
felicitous, drowsy sense of repose.

"Oh, how nice it would be to lie down
on this turf and sleep!" she thought. "I
wonder what one's dreams would be in
such a place!"

She had scarcely ceased wondering
when she saw a splendid black horse
quietly feeding, and under a tree far
away a man lay either dead or sleeping.
Not dead surely? He must at least see to
that. In a moment she stood over him.
He was a young man, handsome as En-
dymion, and fast asleep.

When they had gone a little apart she
passed, thought a minute, and then took
her handkerchief, and with the little gold
pencil at her chain wrote, "Love has been
with thee, and thou knewest it not." Then
stepping softly back, she laid it on the
turf beside his head.

"Not until they were a quarter of a mile
away did Cassia speak; then she said,
softly, 'Milly, do you know who that is?'"
"Yes, I can see the house now. Go
back if you wish."

"When Milly got back to where she had
left her bucket, the horse was saddled,
and the young man was slowly riding
away. Milly watched him out of sight,
and saw him examine the handkerchief
carefully, then kiss it and put it in his
breast; all of which proceedings she re-
ported; with some slight additions, to
her mistress."

"It was very natural that both young
people should revisit the scene of this
adventure. But for two days nothing
more came of it. They went at unlucky
hours and only crossed each other.
On the third day they were fortunate. Cas-
sia, sitting with a book in her lap—
which she was not reading—heard the
fery gallop of a horse, and instantly

afterward horse and rider vaulted over
the zigzag fence which divided the Bau-
vare and Rives estates.

Before Cassia could rise, Herbert had
dismounted, thrown the reins over his
horse's neck, and, hat in hand, advanced
to her feet. His manly grace and beauty
and his unaffected delight in their meet-
ing completed the conquest which had
been gained while he was unconscious of
the power of his attractions. He pre-
tended no ignorance of Cassia's person;
he addressed her frankly as Miss Bau-
vare, and reminded her of their girl and
boy friendship. He confessed that he
had been watching for a glimpse of her,
and that he had dared the trespass on
the Bauvare land for the pleasure of seek-
ing her.

Cassia met him in the same humor.
There was no formality, and no embar-
rassment, and the conversation drifted
insensibly into low, short sentences, made
wonderfully eloquent by passionate
glances and whispered queries, that Cas-
sia answered only by smiles and blushes.
After this meeting Cassia was exceed-
ingly amiable and obedient, and she en-
tered with charming ease and interest
into all her mother's social plans. The
ball list was made out without any dis-
sent or opposition.

The colonel was delighted; he took all
the credit to himself. "Cassia is a sen-
sible girl; she saw that I meant what I
said, and she has accepted the situation
in a very admirable manner," he said,
complacently.

Mrs. Bauvare smiled scornfully at the
self-complacent father. "Colonel," she
replied, "of all the men I ever knew, you
are the most easily deceived. Cassia has
not accepted the situation; she has gone
round it, you may depend on that. If
she had accepted it she would never have
been so very pleasant about it. I dare
say she has met Herbert Rives some-
where, and that she is meeting him every
day."

"Great heavens! Mrs. Bauvare! why
did you not suggest this view of the case
before!"

"Because I have the ball on my mind
at present, and I cannot possibly attend
to two things at once, and do justice
to both. Beside, I was afraid, if I told
you my suspicions, you might in some
way or other mismanage things."

It was the day before the ball, and the
house was topsy-turvy. Cassia seemed
to be far too busy to meet any one that
day, and the colonel felt himself so far
relieved from duty that he went off for
a long ride over the estate. Thus it hap-
pened that, being detained several times
by the overseer, it was mid-afternoon
when he reached the little wood that was
Cassia's and Herbert's trysting place. "I
will turn in there," he said to himself,
"and have a smoke, and perhaps a siesta
under the trees."

The lovers could not see him, and they
were far too much occupied with their
own conversation to hear his approach.
Milly perceived the colonel first, and
made some fruitless attempts to warn the
careless couple, but they really saw noth-
ing of their danger until the angry father
stood almost before them.

His first feeling was that of complac-
ency at having found Cassia out; but his
second, one of intense anger at her. He
handed her hat, which was lying on the
grass, and said, with a severe politeness,
"I presume Mr. Rives is not aware
that he is trespassing; there is, however,
a notice on yonder tree to that effect."

"Oh, yes, he is, papa; but he asked my
permission to trespass on you for a little
rest and shade, and I gave him it." She
said the last word with an ominous flash
of light and color in her eyes and cheeks.

Herbert apologized with frank politeness,
and seemed determined to win at
least a ceremonious courtesy from the
colonel. He spoke of the weather, and
was answered with an informative bow;
and at last, being desperately determined
to obtain an invitation to the ball, he
said, "I hope you may have a pleasant
evening for your dance to-morrow, col-
onel."

The colonel stiffly said he hoped so.
"I have not been invited," said Her-
bert, with the charming straightforwardness
of youth. "I do wish that you would
ask me, colonel."

The colonel lifted his eyebrows dis-
tinguishingly, and turned to Cassia. "Come
home, my daughter. Wait one year, and
then, if you still wish to marry this man,
you shall at least be married respectably
from your father's house. Your mother
wishes you to return also. Come back
with me."

"My mother has you, father, and she
will forgive me, for she will remember
that she ran away with you, father. I
must stay with Herbert now."

She had risen, and stood by the side
of her husband; and even the angry
father was struck by the extreme beauty
of the young couple; he said, in a softer
voice than might have been expected, to
Herbert,

"Where are you going to take that
child?"
"To New York, sir."
He left them without another word.
On the other hand, Mrs. Bauvare wrote
Cassia a long letter that very night, for-
getting her everything, sent her love to
Herbert, and begged her to transmit
weekly bulletins of everything that might
interest her.

Unfortunately political events of the
gravest character soon put a stop to
Cassia's weekly bulletins. Of course, if
I had been drawing a hero as splendid in
character as he was handsome in person,
I should have insisted on Herbert going
to the war and carving his way to glory
with his sword. But Herbert united
with his magnificent physical beauty
only a very prosaic mind. He preferred

to make money and live comfortably
with his beautiful wife, and children;
and somehow men generally thought just
as well of him for it.

However, if he had a prosaic mind, he
had by no means prosaic affections. One
evening, soon after the close of the war,
he came to Cassia with a radiant face.
"Darling," he said, "do you remember
your father saying we were a couple of
fools, and that when we came to our
senses we could let him know?"

"I remember, Herbert. Poor papa!
How I should like to see mamma and
papa again!"

"Can you be ready to start to-morrow,
and take both the children with you?"
"Oh, Herbert! do you really mean it?"
"I really mean it, Cassia. I have come
to my senses, dear. Since our little Julia
has grown so near and dear to me I have
estimated better how hard it must have
been for your father and mother to give
you up. I hope, however, I have been
able at least to do something which will
prove to them I know the value of the
dear girl I stole away from them."

"What have you done, Herbert?"
"Redeemed both the Rives and the
Bauvare estates. You shall take the
title-deeds of the Rives place to my father,
and our little Herbert shall give Bauvare
back to his grandfather."—Harper's
Weekly.

Knapsacks were a Nuisance.
A New Yorker who was a Confederate
soldier twenty years ago keeps his war
toggery in his favorite den, and has some
prints from De Neuville's pieces on the
walls. He was looking at one of these
prints, representing a French infantry
soldier in heavy marching order, with his
knapsack, dishes, haversack, tent pole,
coffee mill, blanket, overcoat and accom-
modations strapped about him, and said,
"I should take no stock in an army that
went into the field in any such shape as
that. A man would break down under
such a camel's load. We fellows looked
a little like that along the first of the
war, but there wasn't one of us that
looked that way at the end of it. When
we enlisted we went into camp with
soft-soled shirts, slippers, half a dozen pair
of stockings, collars, and any amount of
bric-a-brac in the shape of brushes,
razors, blacking, soap, stationery, and I
don't know what all. Pretty soon we
began to find our boiled shirts and collars
superfluous, for we didn't have many
baths and receptions, and we gave up
our shirts to the negroes or to the surgeons
for bandages, or to the cooks for dish-
cloths. Then we began to fire away our
bric-a-brac; then we shed our extra
stockings, and finally we fired away our
knapsacks altogether and just rolled
our stuff in our blankets and hung them
from our shoulders. That's the easiest
way to carry anything. I rather hated
to part with my old knapsack, though,
and being a bit of a cobbler I cut it down
to this size. Here it is. You see it's
only a foot square, and weighs, with the
straps, about a pound. I went through
the three days' quarrel at Gettysburg
with that on my shoulders and hardly
knew I had anything on them. I had
got down to business then, and all that
there was in that bag was a towel and a bit
of soap. I used to wash my stockings
every night and attend to the blisters on
my feet, and when my stockings were
worn out there were chances enough for
new clothes after a battle. What did the
dead fellows want of stockings? Yes,
war is a savage business, and men who
mix up in it live like savages. Some of
us, when we went into it, seemed to
think that it was a kind of a pleasure ex-
cursion, but we found it wasn't. We
didn't bother about tents. My partner
carried a blanket and I had a sort of pon-
cho of rubber. When the ground was
wet we put the poncho on it and covered
ourselves with the blanket, and when the
ground was hard and snow was falling,
we put the blanket under us and used
the poncho for a bed quilt. Spring beds
are good enough for me. I don't want
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ground was hard and snow was falling,
we put the blanket under us and used
the poncho for a bed quilt. Spring beds
are good enough for me. I don't want
any more fighting."

There are no pugilists now; they are
sluggers. Slugging is simply an attempt
to strike a man hard enough in some
vulnerable point to kill him or knock
him out at one blow. No more skill is
necessary than the mule manifests with
his deadly heel. Turn a mule the busi-
ness end up and he would wear the belt.
A wreath of laurel or bay on the brow
of a modern slugger would serve to be
kept damp or it would catch fire from
his nose. If an earthquake should swal-
low up the crowd around an ordinary
slugging match, the district attorneys of
the State could take a vacation for
thirty years. The ordinary slugger is a
drunkard, wife beater and a law breaker.
He wears a six-inch hat and a thirteen
inch shoe and has no more brains than a
St. Lawrence river sturgeon. Therefore,
gentlemen, we are sorry when we see
the coming generation in our schools run-
ning after this god of muscle. The forerun-
ner of the new dispensation seems to be
St. John the slugger, living on staves and
gated money and girt about with a tri-
colored girdle.—Professor Gough, in All-
Congo Journal.

The new oil fields of Wyoming in the
Bingham basin are directly south of Bil-
lings, Montana, near the boundary be-
tween Montana and Wyoming. They are
eighty miles long by forty wide. The oil
is said to contain forty per cent. of min-
eral sperm oil, twenty-seven per cent.
kerosene, with small percentages of gaso-
line, benzine and naphtha. Its illumina-
ting power is of a high order, and it is
so pure that ruckmen in the vicinity
have been burning it this winter in their
lamps.

LADIES' COLUMN.

In Bloomer Costume.

There is at least one woman in Maine
who wears the "blower" costume, says
an Augusta, (Me.) letter. She lives in the
neighboring city of Hallowell, and her
name is Emeline Prescott. She is a
tall, spare maiden, about fifty years of
age, of modest appearance, and courte-
ous in her speech. Her occupation is
peddling knock knacks, which she car-
ries with her in a black leather bag. She
has been on the road a quarter of a
century, and has traveled thousands of
miles on foot. Although her figure is fa-
miliar to everybody in these parts, still
it always attracts attention on account of
her rig, which she has worn for over
twenty years. It is made of dark-colored
woolen stuff, and consists of a short,
loose sack; a plain, full skirt that
reaches to the knee, and tight-fitting
pantalettes that come down to the ankle.
Her toggery gives full liberty to her limbs,
and she wears it, she says, not only for
comfort, but because she believes that
if every woman discarded petticoats and
dragging dresses, and put on suits like
hers, it would be better for their health.
Her hair is cut short like a man's, and is
parted on one side. The only thing that
about her to distinguish her sex is her
head covering in summer, which is gener-
ally a plain sailor hat of straw.

In winter she sports a fur cap, tied down
with a red worsted comforter, which is
fastened around her neck, with the ends
hanging down her back. Every house-
keeper knows Emeline, and generally
buys some little trinket of her. Rumor
has it that she was once disappointed in
love. She is a strong Adventist.

"Mary."
The Chicago News has this little essay
on the name of Mary, showing the re-
markable associations connected with it:
"More women have been named Mary
than any other name which has blessed or
cursed the feminine sex. It stands as
the typical name of the holiest and most
abject of women—for the virgin and the
wanton. And in every language of Asia
and Europe, as well as that of Egypt,
this name appears almost without varia-
tion. It has been an equal favorite with
the aristocrats of France and the Puritans
of New England, and it equally be-
comes literature or kitchen. It is stately
when we speak of Mary Worthy Mon-
tague, it is simplicity itself when we re-
fer to Mary O'Brien, who brings in our
breakfast rolls. At one time it may
bring up a picture of a divine painted
face, hanging in the rich gloom of an
Italian gallery, and at another of a red-
checked dairymaid, with her bare feet
in the daisied grass. Two of England's
five queens have borne it, and the most
memorable woman that Scotland ever
produced has made it immortal.

The proudest women of France have
dignified it, and the worst women of
Russia have disgraced it. There are as
many Marys smiling at the circling suns
that make the brief summer by the
northern sea as loil through the luxuriant
days by the Mediterranean. The name
that Catholic missionaries gave to the
first converted Indian maiden was Mary,
and perhaps the first daughter of every
family for all time will stand in immu-
nent danger of bearing the name, for it
is the first to be considered in naming
girl babies, and when rejected is always
thought of with lingering tenderness.
How many lovers have loved it! How
many have associated it with purity and
gentleness, with womanliness and candor
and trust! What a fatal name it is! Its
base seems predestined to sorrow, yet
it is gladsome too. "My mother's name
was Mary." What a pleasant thing to
say! "My little daughter Mary." Could
anything be prettier? "My sister Mary."
What a wealth of tender
suggestions! "Mary, my wife." What
a picture of home comfort!

Fashion Notes.
Camels' hair serge with plush stripes is
shown in all the leading colors.
New trimmings for costumes have a
combination of beads, braid and che-
nille.
Fine seersucker, in pale blue, pink or
gray, is embroidered with edelweiss in
white.
Copper braid is used on outer garments
in place of either silver or bullion as be-
ing newer.
Mikado parasols have the points turned
upward and are made of striped or em-
broided silk.
Cheviots with fine line checks in mode
colors are made up in walking suits with
jacket to correspond.
English styles in outer garments corre-
spond some large checks in cheviots.
These jackets are made as simply as pos-
sible, fastened with large bronze or ivory
buttons.
Nuns' veiling is in great variety; it has
crinkled stripes, or has a bourette or frise
surface, the loops being exceedingly fine.
The plain sorts are finer than those of
last season.

Beaded grenadine forms a part of al-
most all the dress wraps of the season to-
come. These are not only beaded with
jets, but with bronze, plumb and cam-
mere beads.
A cement for china may be made with
a thick solution of gum arabic and warm
water, and stir in plaster of Paris; use
while warm, and set the articles away to
dry for two or three days.

There is a sort of a clotheopin arrange-
ment coming from Paris that makes arti-
ficial dimples in the girl of the period's
checks after one application.

WEATHER WISDOM.

INDICATIONS IN THE SKY.—What Mists
Show—Damp Stones and Smoke—
Distant Objects and Ris-
ing Dust, Etc.

The man who is out of doors at sun-
rise can form a pretty accurate opinion
of what the day will be. If just before
sunrise the sky—especially in the West—
is suffused with red, rain generally fol-
lows in the course of the day, in winter,
"flick" show. If, however, it be fretty
weather, the downfall is sometimes de-
layed. On the other hand, if the sky be
a dull gray, and the sun rises clear,
gradually dispersing the vapor, it will be
fine. If he retires behind the clouds, and
there are reddish streaks about it, will
rain. Should the sun, later in the day,
shine through a gray water haze, it will
probably be a rainy night. The sunset is
very unreliable. Often a beautiful sunset
will be followed by a bad day. After a
rainy day, suddenly a sunset in the far West
will appear a magnificent streak of crimson
(not copper-color)—this generally
foretells a fine day. A tinted halo round
the sun at setting occurs in long-con-
tinued rainy weather. A halo round the
moon, especially if some distance from
it, is a sure indication of downfall
at hand.

Rainbows are unreliable, except they
occur in the morning, when rain may be
expected. Sun dogs and fragments of
prismatic colors during the day show
clouds followed by wind, occasionally by
rain.

Mists at evening over low-lying ground
or near a river preceed fine and warm
days. If a mist in the morning clears off
as the sun gets higher it will be fine; but
if it settles down again after lifting a
little, rain is at hand. No dew in the
morning is mostly followed by rain, and
a heavy rain in the evening by a fine day.

Rain follows two or three consecutive
hard frosts. A shower of hail in the day-
time is usually followed by frost at
night. If, after rain, drops of water still
hang on the branches and twigs and if
they fall and the woodwork dries, fine
weather is at hand.

Stones turn damp before wet; at the
same time, it must be observed that the
fact of their doing so does not invariably
indicate rain, for they will do so occa-
sionally before heat.

Smoke descending heavily to the
ground is a sign of very doubtful
weather.
Objects at great distances, which are
generally indistinct, seen, or even not
seen at all, sometimes looms out clear and
distinct. When this happens bad
weather or change of wind ensues. A
well-known instance of this is the Isle of
Wight, as seen from Southsea. If the
opposite shore is clearly seen, there is
rain about. If, at night, after being
blown out and exposed to the outer air,
the wick of a candle continues to
smoulder for a long time, the next day
will be fine. Green-colored sky betokens
unsettled, bad weather, often long-con-
tinued.

If, on a fine day, the dust suddenly
rises in a revolving, spiral column, rain
is near.
The howling of wind, indicates in most
houses, but not invariably, that downfall
is near. In some houses, owing to their
construction, the wind always moans.
Whenever the wind is at the time of the
vernal equinox (March 21, or there
abouts), that will be the prevailing wind
throughout the next three months.

If the stars appear unusually numer-
ous, and the "milky way" very clearly
defined, with the surrounding sky dark,
or if there be a misty appearance over
the stars, rain is coming, while if there
be but few stars, and those very bright
and sparkling, in a pale, steely sky, it
will be fine.
Swine before rain are unusually noisy
and restless. Swallows in fine weather
will fly high and at the approach of rain
close to the ground; but the latter does
not apply if the day is cold, in which
case they hawk very low.

Common sparrows washing vigorously
in a puddle on the road, or at the edge
of running water, is a sure sign of rain.
A baker, who kept a parrot in the dry
atmosphere of the bake offices, noticed
that a few hours before rain the bird
took an imaginary bath, fluttering as if
splashing water, and preening her
feathers.—Casell's Magazine.

Bill Lenore, while fishing in the Sac-
ramento river, tied the end of his line
around his foot, dropped the hook into
the water, and then lay down and began
to read a novel. Presently he felt a nib-
ble, but being interested in his book, he
paid no attention. A moment later a
strong pull landed him on his back in
the river. As the cord was beyond his
reach, he was powerless to aid himself,
and would have drowned had not a
companion come to his assistance. The
line was cut and the end of it twisted
around a snag. By the aid of a boat an
eight-foot sturgeon was landed.

FUN.

A stuttering man ought to be always
cool-headed and wise. He is compelled to
think twice before he can speak once.
—Chicago Ledger.

A new novel is called "A Bachelor's
Paradise." A bachelor's paradise well,
that must be a place where buttons grow
on shirts.—New York Journal.

Nathaniel Arnold is coming back to
this country. He thinks he remembers
one place where he let a dollar or two
get away from him the last time.—Chi-
cago News.

A new bonnet is called "The Cottage."
We have at hand one, and we can af-
firm that the name is a misnomer. It
should be called "Four Stories and At-
tich."—Statesman.

Before cutting a man's head off in
China, the authorities considerably make
him drunk. In this country they consid-
erably make him drunk before putting a
head