

THE ANSON TIMES.

R. H. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

We Proudly call ours a Government by the People.—Cleveland.

TERMS: \$2.00 Per Year.

VOL. II.

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1886.

NO. 46.

ANSON TIMES.

Terms—Cash in Advance.
 One Year \$2.00
 Six Months \$1.00
 Three Months 50

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, first insertion \$1.00
 Each subsequent insertion 50
 Local advertisements, per line 10
 Special rates given on application for cigar boxes.

Advertisers are requested to bring in their advertisements on Monday evening of each week, to insure insertion in next issue.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

John D. Pemberton.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 WADESBORO, N. C.
 Practice in the State and Federal Courts.

JAMES A. LOCKHART,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
 WADESBORO, N. C.
 Practice at all the Courts of the States.

LITTLE & PARSONS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
 WADESBORO, N. C.
 Collections Promptly Attended to.

H. H. DePew
IDENTIST,
 WADESBORO, N. C.
 Office over G. W. Huntley's Store.
 All Work Warranted.
 May 14, '85, ff.

DR. D. B. FRONTS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
 Offers his Professional Services to the Citizens of Waadsboro and surrounding country. Office opposite Bank.
 A. B. Huntley, M. D., J. T. Battle, M. D.,
Drs. Huntley & Battle,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS
 Waadsboro, N. C.
 Office next to Bank May 7 '85

I. H. HORTON,
JEWELER,
 WADESBORO, N. C.
 Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Bronch and Muzzle Loading Shot-Guns, Pistols, &c.

Anson Institute,
 WADESBORO, N. C.

D. A. MCGREGOR, PRINCIPAL.
 J. J. BURNETT, A. R. ASSISTANTS.
 J. W. KILGO, A. B.
 MISS M. L. MCCORMICK.
 The Spring Term begins Monday, January 11th, 1886.
 Tuition—In Library Department, \$2, and \$4 per month.
 Instrumental Music, \$4 per month.
 Vocal Music, \$4 per month.
 Use of piano for practice 50 cents per month.
 Board, \$10 per month.
 Contingent fee, \$1 per year.
 For Catalogue apply to the Principal.

Morven High School,
MORVEN, N. C.

JAMES W. KILGO, A. B., Principal.
 277 The Fall Session begins on the 3d of August, 1885, and runs through five months.
TUITION, PER MONTH.
 Primary \$2.00
 Intermediate 2.50
 Advanced 3.00
 Board from \$8 TO \$10 per month.
 For further particulars address the Principal.

WM. A. MURR,
 MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Stoves Tin-ware, Sheet-Iron.

HOLLOW WARE.
 WADESBORO, N. C.

HOTELS.

When you go to Charlotte be sure to call on

S. M. TIMMONS,
 FOR

Fine Mountain Whiskies
 IN THE

Old Charlotte Hotel
 CHARLOTTE, N. C.

YARBROUGH HOUSE,
 RALEIGH, N. C.

PRICES REDUCED TO SUIT THE TIMES
 CALL AND SEE US.

RECOMMENSE

Back to the east returns this morn'g.
 Though long and gloomy be the night:
 All wings are turned, when day is done,
 In homeward flight.
 The waves with rapture touch the shore,
 To which they said a long farewell:
 The listening flocks hear once more
 The song: bird's well.

The tree receives again its crown
 Of golden fruitage, singing leaves:
 The fields but late as' bare and brown
 Are r'ich in sheaves.
 The roving bee renews its pledge,
 By Summer's rosy sweets beguiled;
 June rises lean from out the hedge
 Where winds blow wild.

O! waiting hearts, O! eyes that plead,
 Through the long winter of despair,
 Shall ye not soon, that gracious need,
 In days more fair,
 —Linda M. Duval.

The Man With the Satchel.

Although Mr. Phibbs was a very energetic professional man, it could never be said that he sought fame. Fame came to him, and the only sorrows in his life were caused by its arrival. If he had ever had his business cards printed, which he did not, both on account of his surprising modesty and the confidential nature of his affairs, they would have necessarily read very much like this:

B. PHIBBS,
 All Business Strictly Confidential.
 Banks a Specialty.

Mr. Phibbs was indeed a retiring disposition. Moreover, he stood so high in his profession that, despite its frequent interruptions, he was beyond the reach and hand of mercenary competition. On a certain night Mr. Phibbs was plodding his way through Allen street in reply to a professional call. A dark, dismal street it was, on which a burning sun had beamed down all day long; a baker's oven that had been roasting rich and poor and was now cooling off, while the chimneys of the far away church bells sang themselves to rest; a black cavern of a street, fit, you would think, only for a murd'ring and rapié. Mr. Phibbs was in it and his eyes—very sharp, black eyes—set in dark caves of sockets, with lashes like bushes above them, wandered up and down the great storehouses. He was a well built man, with a very long nose and a thin lip that was always being bitten by his white teeth as though it had done wrong.

On this night he carried a satchel in his hand. Who could tell his thoughts as his eyes ran up and down the black fronts? Were they of all the precious things stored within, of the fabrics of dainty and rare, or of the tired, weary hands that had made them and could never touch them again? Mr. Phibbs stopped at the door of one. He smoothed the iron bolts gently and soothly as though the bolts had no one to blame but themselves for not knowing him sooner. He ran his hand up and down the iron shutter as if in a reproachful manner. How still and calm the great street is, like a cathedral when the organ is hushed. Quickly the satchel is opened and a bar of steel is in the hand of the burglar. It rests on the iron shutter. Hark! What was that? A step? No, only the sobbing of the wind. The bar cuts into the iron deeper and deeper. Agate the sound lower and fainter, but still the same. The bar of steel is in the man's left hand and a gleaming revolver in his right, when the sound comes again, this time from his very feet. The moon draws her veil of clouds and the white light shines down on a little childish face there at the crackman's feet.

Mr. Phibbs, from the nature of his profession, was accustomed to surprises. He bent his glance and saw that the face below him was not of Allen street. It was a tender face—only to be kissed by a mother's lips. On the little finger of the left hand gleamed a tiny gold ring. The collar at the throat was of lace, and the other garments of rich texture. Mr. Phibbs read the story in a second. He knew some mamma shopping in Grand street had lost her child, and he knew that the baking sun had almost stilled the life beat in the little one. He felt the pulse. It had almost ceased to beat. What would he do? Let it die? It would only be one more little unfortunate swallowed up by the streets, or perchance cast on the bosom of the river. If he were to give it to a policeman he might as well say he was Mr. Phibbs at once. Let it die? Had he not seen others prettier and fairer smother and starve in the tenements? There is a sound of footsteps along the way. Slow, steady footsteps, and Mr. Phibbs knows they belong to a man in a blue uniform. Would he escape himself and trust the policeman to find the child? The footsteps are nearer. A memory comes over a man's mind; an indistinct, strange memory and a face wrinkled and careworn comes with it. A face it is looking very calm, and Mr. Phibbs sees a rocking cradle—what is that? The face bends down and kisses the one in the cradle. How like and how unlike a burglar. Like a weird shadow a man is speeding noiselessly down Allen street. At his breast is the face of a child. Beyond the great warehouses flies the man; beyond the shuffling men and noisy women on a lighted street; beyond the dark forms sleeping in the thoroughfare down where the houses are thickest, but never beyond that wrinkled, careworn face, nor the rocking cradle fashioned only in memory.

Perhaps you read this one day in your daily paper:
 Policeman Johnson of the Tenth Precinct last night discovered a complete kit of burglar's tools on Allen street. Most of them were in a satchel, but a Jimmy was found on the pavement, and the windows of the wholesaler

house of Edwards & Co., dealers in silk, were partly forced. The policeman met a man carrying a similar satchel several hours before, and Police Sgt. Inspector Brown, although he will not admit as much, is confident from the description given that the notorious crackman Bill Phibbs was surprised in the perpetration of a robbery.

"Kid," said the burglar, "pack that bag and get down into the street." The boy did so. "And now, said Mr. Phibbs, as his clear, gray eye ran along the barrel, "I am going, too. You have your Christmas present in your arms." Only for a second the eye wavered as it fell on the face of the child. "Good-bye, Willie!" said the man's voice. The door swung shut and locked, and when Police Superintendent Brown and his child were in the street they stood under the eaves, gave out their daily toll of sweet incense, and stirred not a green leaf in the loam.

Then the stately, and oh, the beautiful, the sweet-breathed Carnations! how quickly they answered that gentle greeting and mingled their own spicy odor with the roses' perfume; then with stately bows retired again to fix their walm gaze once more on Grandame Century plant, who calmly spreads out her green petticoats all about her on the high Seat of Honor, high above the heads of all the flower family. This ancient Grand-dame is into the flower family, dear children, what the Old Clock in the corner is unto you—a faithful teacher and trust-a guide.

Since daybreak she had been leaning over, thoughtfully, in the direction of a young sax vine (that dainty climber, who was always ambitiously trying to reach the sky), and lo! for once he had stopped climbing, and was holding tight on to the white ropes and looking down, too, upon his next door neighbor, Madame "Night-bloomer Cereus." What there was so in the interest of that long, gaunt, homely body, who clothed herself every day in such dreary looking, faded green dresses, and then trimmed them all with prickly fuz, who had elbows in every direction as though she was forever starting off on new roads; changed her mind, faced about sharply, and went some other way. Well, a modest little Sweet Pea just across the corner there pondered at it much, then began to see other neighbors looking that way too. Even gentle Pansy's eyes were very wide open, looking right up at that Madam Cereus. And, yes, the e was little body Red Geranium there too, peeping over the heads of the Begon a children, just starting out for school, with their pretty pink prayer books. And Lily of the Valley Bells all stood still, and had quite forgotten to ring.

"So sure as I live, I am a Katereena Sweet-Pea, there's Jennie Phibbs with her new velvet bonnet on! And the little Daisy Girls in their white dresses! And why—why—what's going to be to-day, any way?"

Sweet Pea hastened to the top on her pretty pink bonnet, and then climbed the green ladder just by the window and waited. There was a sense of watching in all the air, and it settled down oppressively over all the beautiful flowers, as the sun at last lingeringly bade them good night, and went over the edge to say good morning to those waiting on the other side. Still Grand-dame Century plant leaned tenderly over, and Sweet Pea's gentle heart throbbled almost to suffocation as she recklessly pushed back her dainty pink bonnet, and waited on. When the little Stars came out quietly, one by one, and looked down at their friends through the glass windows of Fairy Palace, they saw a calm Stranger among them, of fair and beautiful white form, held joyously high in the arms of Madam Cereus, like a new-born babe waiting over the font to be blessed.

It seemed to the watching stars that the beautiful Stranger was just slowly waking from a long sleep. White, long, slender leaves, and velvety, opened slowly in circles around, one and another and yet another, till at last a pathway was in the midst was revealed. A white road led made of flagged gold, a white canopy of tiny flowers was above and beyond you saw the beginning of a trumpet-shaped, green-white chamber. One little Star near the Moon whispered: "That was probably the home of the Queen Flower's Soul. Is it waking now, I wonder?"

Calmly the white leaves kept spreading—sweetly unassuming of loving eyes watching—wide away, till evening folded into night, and slowly night into midnight.

Just then the proud young moon looked down upon the upturned face of the beautiful stranger, that looked steadily back again a long waiting minute, saw the glory in the moon's face and then—a trembling of glad surprise—altered out of the fair form, and it seemed to the watchers that a shining form sprang from out the green-white trumpet, sped over the golden pathway and floated swiftly up!

"Yes, yes," Sweet Pea whispered, breathlessly, "the Soul of the beautiful Flower Queen has gone up to the Moon."

Surely they heard a sigh, as the white leaves, circle by circle, slowly fell back and folded themselves together and shut the Golden Pathway in.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.
The Story of a Beautiful Visitor.
 All day long there'd been a hush in the air of Fairy Palace—a hush full of solemnity, yet with Expectancy softly lip-ticking in the near distance.
 All the White Roses, strung along on their green ropes just under the eaves, gave out their daily toll of sweet incense, and stirred not a green leaf in the loam.
 Then the stately, and oh, the beautiful, the sweet-breathed Carnations! how quickly they answered that gentle greeting and mingled their own spicy odor with the roses' perfume; then with stately bows retired again to fix their walm gaze once more on Grandame Century plant, who calmly spreads out her green petticoats all about her on the high Seat of Honor, high above the heads of all the flower family. This ancient Grand-dame is into the flower family, dear children, what the Old Clock in the corner is unto you—a faithful teacher and trust-a guide.
 Since daybreak she had been leaning over, thoughtfully, in the direction of a young sax vine (that dainty climber, who was always ambitiously trying to reach the sky), and lo! for once he had stopped climbing, and was holding tight on to the white ropes and looking down, too, upon his next door neighbor, Madame "Night-bloomer Cereus." What there was so in the interest of that long, gaunt, homely body, who clothed herself every day in such dreary looking, faded green dresses, and then trimmed them all with prickly fuz, who had elbows in every direction as though she was forever starting off on new roads; changed her mind, faced about sharply, and went some other way. Well, a modest little Sweet Pea just across the corner there pondered at it much, then began to see other neighbors looking that way too. Even gentle Pansy's eyes were very wide open, looking right up at that Madam Cereus. And, yes, the e was little body Red Geranium there too, peeping over the heads of the Begon a children, just starting out for school, with their pretty pink prayer books. And Lily of the Valley Bells all stood still, and had quite forgotten to ring.
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The Washington Family.
 At the dedication of the Washington National Monument invitations were sent to nearly 800 members of the Washington family by direct descent or by collateral marriages. Thirteen gentlemen bearing the name of Washington sat together on the floor of the House of Representatives on the occasion of the dedicatory services, and besides, in the gallery, there were thirty ladies who claimed kindred with the family. Washington, of course, had no direct descendants, but he had two half brothers and one half sister, as well as two full brothers and one full sister, all of whom had families. His sister Betty married and left a large family. His two brothers, Charles and Samuel, both married and settled in the valley of Virginia on large and most productive farms. Charlottesville, the county seat of Jefferson County, Va., was named after Charles Washington. His brother Samuel owned an adjoining plantation of nearly 2,000 acres of land. Samuel was married five times, though he died at the age of forty-six. The descendants of Samuel are very numerous. Those of Charles, however, are comparatively few. The Washington families are most numerous in Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, but a considerable number of them also reside in Ohio, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, California, and Georgia, where they have usually settled on the most productive farm lands. As another characteristic it may be stated that they are unambitious for public position, but whenever they have filled positions of trust they have discharged their duties with fidelity. The ability of Judge Bushrod Washington, a member of the Supreme Court, and his able reports, will suggest themselves to the minds of every one. George C. Washington, who represented a Maryland district in Congress, was a man of fair ability. It was his son, Louis A. Washington, who was captured by John Brown, taken to Harper's Ferry, and shut up with him when he was besieged by the United States Marines and taken. A few other Washingtons have been students, and some a mathematician, a surveyor, and a farmer. When they have engaged in merchandising it has usually been in connection with the management of their estates. Both the full brothers of Washington were deceased before the General. The General died possessed of large amounts of excellent land in Virginia, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and devised these lands to his nephews, who were in consequence put in possession of considerable estates that made them independent, influential, and prosperous citizens in the neighborhoods where they lived. They nearly all married young and left families. The Washingtons have always been fond of the gun, and the most noted horsemen of the sections in which they lived. Their personal appearance, as a class, has been characterized by tall, large boned frames and strong, well cut features, and some a degree of extravagance. They have been free, good liveries, and occasionally some have indulged too freely in spirits, but cases of inebriety among them are exceptions.—Ben. Parley Poore.

REMEMBERS OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

The old Benedict Arnold well in this town has been closed says a Norwich (Conn.) letter to the New York Star. It is at the rear of the lawn, encircled by tall evergreens at the fine Ripley place on the road to Norwich Town. For many years a Gothic curb has stood about it, but it became so rotten that it was necessary to take it down. The curb having been removed, a big round stone was placed over the well, which was not filled in.

The old Arnold farm house, which was not far from the well, was torn down a quarter of a century ago, and replaced with a handsome modern dwelling. In the woods back of the house still is pointed out a towering oak into whose crotch the youthful Benedict used to climb.

At Norwich Town, not a quarter of a mile away, the squat brick box, with mossed roof and bleached walls, still is standing in which Benedict learned from good old Dr. Lathrop how to mix pills and put up lozenges. It is on ground owned by Henry McNelly. Its worn front door sill is almost in line with the dusty white street, and there is no fence in front of it. The country roadside walls have been built up to it, and then deflected so that it is in a recess. It is one story high, walled recess. It is one story high, walled recess. In Southern Italy no meal is made without olives. The olive merchants pass regularly at supper time through the poorer quarters of the city. It is the Spanish habit to eat olives at the end of a meal, but not too many. Three or four are usually thought enough, or if they are very good one may eat a dozen. An Italian author recommends the preserving of Spanish olives—that is, of those grown on Italian soil—but prefers those called Saint Francis, which is common at Acqui, where it attains the size of a walnut. It is, however, generally agreed among gourmet that the smaller olives are best for eating. The manner of treatment has, nevertheless, perhaps something to do with the coarse quality of the Spanish olive when found in the peninsula. Olives are preserved in Italy, as elsewhere, in weak lye or brine. They are also bruised, stuffed in the Bordeaux manner or dried. In eastern countries, whence the olive came, the fruit forms still an important article of diet.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A contributor to the St. Louis Globe Democrat, who has traveled through Mexico, Central, and South America says United States contractors and speculators always pay American rates or wages while Englishmen take advantage of any local rates which may profit them. Thus in Mexico contracts are carried out side by side, and while American contractors pay \$1 and \$1.25 a day, Euro-pean ones pay fifty cents and seventy-five cents. It is just the same in the Argentine republic, on all the public works there. Local labor is absurdly cheap and English contractors pay just as little as they can, while Americans pay decent rates all through, and in the long run come out the best, their terms attracting all the best men.

Elephants Scared by Little Tina.

It is a well known fact that elephants are afraid of small objects, said Head Keeper Byrne at the Zoological Garden, "and I have seen one of them almost scared into a fit at the sight of a mouse. These warm days we have been giving them a bath at 4 o'clock, and to amuse them and the spectators we have thrown half a dozen inflated bladders into the pond when they went into swim. At first they almost scared them to death. Then Emprass struck at one with her trunk, and when it bounded into the air both trumpeted and scrambled out of the pond. Emprass, who has the curiosity of her sex and a mind of her own, gently fished one of the bladders out of the water and then kicked at it with her hind feet. No serious result following, she continued her investigations, which ended by her putting her front foot on the bladder. It exploded with a loud report, and the two elephants scampered home."—Philadelphia Times.

McClellan and Burnside.

Among the accounts from various points of view of the Battle of Fredericksburg, in the Century, is one by General D. N. Couch, from which we quote as follows: "Toward evening, on the 8th of November, 1862, at Warren-ton, McClellan rode up to Burnside's headquarters to say that he had been relieved of the command of the army. Burnside replied: "I am afraid it is bad policy, very, very, very."
 "It was just as dark. I had dismounted. He was standing there in the snow, was superintending the camp arrangements of my troops, when McClellan came up with his staff, accompanied by General Burnside. McClellan drew in his horse, and the first thing he said was:
 "Couch, I am relieved from the command of the army, and Burnside is my successor."
 "I stepped up to him and took hold of his hand, and said: 'General McClellan, I am sorry for it.' Then going around the head of the horse to Burnside, I said: 'General Burnside, I congratulate you.'"
 "Burnside heard what I said to General McClellan; he turned away his head, and made a broad gesture as he exclaimed:
 "Couch, don't say a word about it."
 "His manner indicated that he did not wish to talk about the change; but he thought it wasn't good policy to do so, nor the place to do it. He told me afterward that he did not like to take the command, but that he did so to keep it from going to somebody manifestly unfit for it. I assumed that he meant Hooker. Those of us who were well acquainted with Burnside knew that he was a brave, loyal man, but we did not think he had the military ability to command the Army of the Potomac.
 "McClellan took leave on the 10th. Fitz John Porter sent notes to the corps commanders, informing them that McClellan was going away, and suggesting that we ride around with him. Such a scene as that leaving-taking had never been known in our army. Men shed tears and there was great excitement among the troops.
 "I think the soldiers had an idea that McClellan would take care of them; wouldn't put them in places where they would be unnecessarily cut up; and if a general has the confidence of his men he is pretty strong. But officers and men were determined to serve Burnside loyally."

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

One-half of the children born into the world before they reach the age of five years.
 Eighteen bumblebees, twenty-two wasps or thirty-eight ordinary honey bees contain enough poison to kill an adult.
 To make nails was one of the sentences imposed in Massachusetts a hundred years ago as a punishment for crime, and twelve nails a day was accepted as a day's work.
 The planet Mars has more land than the earth and the late theory is that Mars is inhabited by a race of beings similar to our own, but longevity there is far less than here.
 The greatest fortress in the world, from a strategical point of view, is the famous stronghold of Gibraltar. It occupies a rocky peninsula jutting out into the sea about three miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide.
 It was not until 1850 that the word "donkey" found its way into the dictionaries. It is a nickname for the ass and nothing more. Probably in the course of time it will be superseded by the word "dude," which has about the same meaning.
 Caesar is said to have had 320 pairs of gladiators at once in the arena, and to add to the scenic effect the bloody struggles were at night. Trajan surpassed all in forcing 10,000 unhappy prisoners and gladiators to contend for life in the Roman amphitheater; the bloody and brutal sport lasted for 113 days.
 In 1615 Governor Dale procured the important privilege for the people of Virginia of holding landed property by a stable tenure. The farmers then did not possess the land they cultivated by a tenure of common socage, but enjoyed it as tenants at will of the crown. Now to every adventurer into the colony, and to his heirs, were granted fifty acres of land, and the same quantity for every person imported by others.
 A good many people will be surprised to learn that the biggest building in the United States will be the City Hall of Philadelphia, now in process of construction. Between \$11,000,000 and \$12,000,000 have been expended upon it since 1872. It is estimated to cover 2,800 more square feet than the Capitol at Washington. The tower on the north side will be surmounted by a statue of Penn, and its extreme height when completed will be 535 feet. It has now reached a height of 270 feet.

Slavery in the ancient Roman world was in part sustained by a practice so revolting and inhuman as hardly to be comprehensible to modern ideas—the systematic exposure and abandonment of the children of the poor and of feeble and defective children by the rich. There are innumerable allusions to this inhuman treatment throughout Latin literature. In two different comedies or dialogues the husband, on starting on a journey, is represented as ordering his wife, who is soon to give birth to a babe, to destroy it if it prove a girl; and the plot of one turns on the wife's foolish weakness in exposing rather than killing the female infant.

The Olive Eaters.
 The extent to which the olive is used varies greatly in different countries. In northern countries it is used chiefly as a relish eaten by itself, or as a sauce, seasoning or stuffing for meats, fowls or game. It is on the tables of the rich what the French call a hors d'oeuvre—that is, a side dish or table superfluity. But it is far otherwise with the poor in the south of Europe, to whom it is an important article of diet. In ancient times the poor made an entire meal of bread and olives. It is still the same in some parts of Europe, where a peasant thinks himself prepared for a journey with a piece of bread under his arm and a handful of olives in his pocket. In Southern Italy no meal is made without olives. The olive merchants pass regularly at supper time through the poorer quarters of the city. It is the Spanish habit to eat olives at the end of a meal, but not too many. Three or four are usually thought enough, or if they are very good one may eat a dozen. An Italian author recommends the preserving of Spanish olives—that is, of those grown on Italian soil—but prefers those called Saint Francis, which is common at Acqui, where it attains the size of a walnut. It is, however, generally agreed among gourmet that the smaller olives are best for eating. The manner of treatment has, nevertheless, perhaps something to do with the coarse quality of the Spanish olive when found in the peninsula. Olives are preserved in Italy, as elsewhere, in weak lye or brine. They are also bruised, stuffed in the Bordeaux manner or dried. In eastern countries, whence the olive came, the fruit forms still an important article of diet.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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There is nothing new under the sun, and even the fashion of hanging the hair, which has been supposed to be a modern invention for young ladies and gentlemen, is very ancient.

Herodotus says of the Arabians: "They acknowledged no other Gods than Baecchus and Urania, and they say that their hair is cut in the same way as Bacchus's is cut in a circular form, banded round temples."
 An invention consisting of the combination of comb-like giving substance with printing ink so as to produce a luminous impression is reported from Turin. A new daily paper will be printed there in this manner.

The Manuscript Market.
 Junius Henri Brown says in the Forum: Only those on the inside have any idea of the excessive supply of manuscripts wherever they are paid for, the price mattering little. Such is the general desire, indeed, to see one's self in print that periodicals which receive gratuitous contributions alone are always full to overflowing. There is not a magazine in the country but has enough accepted articles for the next two years, without any additions. Whenever a new monthly makes its appearance, it is deluged with papers of every topic conceivable, some of them almost inconceivable. Editors are in constant terror of manuscripts, which descend on them like avalanches. They are very wary and timid on the subject, and with reason. When anybody speaks of writing, they are visibly disconcerted. It is like talking of halting in the house of the hanged. They do not like to say what they feel: "Heaven and earth! I am suffocating from a surplus of contributions!" he who sends another is his bitter enemy!" lest they be thought rude. They shrink from being polite for fear of opening fresh sluices. They often hesitate to say: "We should like to see the article you mention, though we cannot promise to use it," which means nothing; is but a courteous phrase of emptiness. If they say so, they are afraid that the article will be offered and rejected, and that their writer will declare that he was urged to prepare it. Many editors put it bluntly: "We are overrun. We are taking nothing from outsiders. When we want anything special, we arrange for it with one of our regular contributors." This may not be exactly true, but it is substantially so. And it is better to be discouraging than to excite a hope which cannot be gratified. To be an editor is inconvenient; to be a writer of any kind, without other source of income, is positively tragic.

FUN.

A girl may have plenty of bustle and still be very lazy.
 The rabbit is timid, but no cook can make it quail.—Puck.
 "How's crops?" is now the prevalent form of salutation in the poultry yard.—Merchant-Traveler.
 If you can't trust a man for the full amount, let him skip. This trying to get an average on honesty has always been a failure.—Josh Billings.
 The flatness of Denmark is said to be remarkable, but it is really nothing compared with that of the man who never reads the papers.—Call.
 That Chicago dog with hydrophobia, which rushed into a saloon, was in search of congenial company. Everybody there was afraid of water.—Buffalo News.
 "Arthur,—Yes, we should like to have you write for our paper. Address four letters to the business office and it will be sent to you."—New Haven News.
 Yale College has established a chair of journalism. It is an old battered affair with three legs and a broomstick, and filled with exchanges for a cushion.—Burlington Free Press.
 "Did you ever try a deal in stocks?" asked one Burlington merchant of another. "Yes," was the sad reply, "I have tried a deal too much for my good."
 —Burlington Free Press.
 "Anybody that knows a thing before it happens is called a reporter," was the definition written on the slate of an eight-year old boy in one of our schools yesterday.—Boston Journal.

A dealer advertises "Lightning Fruit Jars." They may be a new brand, but for lightning fruit jars there is nothing more successful than a small boy and solitude.—Norristown Herald.
 Mrs. Dusenberry—"Now just look at those fannels!" "Yes," was the sad reply, "I have tried a deal too much for my good."
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