

THE ANSON TIMES.

E. S. WARROCK, Editor and Proprietor.

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TERMS: \$2.00 Per Year.

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WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1886.

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The Naval Board of Inspection has found 103 American iron steamships of over 2,000 tons, capable of running fourteen knots an hour, and fitted for auxiliary cruisers in case of war.

Purple pond lilies from Japan are the floral glories of the hour. The Japanese do not attach itself to any object, but floats around in the water. The leaf springs from a little air bulb that sustains the plant on the surface and the roots find nourishment in the water.

BLOOMING OVER THE DOOR.

A cottage, all fitted and furnished, stands daintily over the way, and here a young pair to housekeeping came promptly the first day of May. The place seemed homelike and cozy. The sun shone bright on the floor, yet one dewy evening saw them planting a rose to bloom over the door.
Ah, how they watched over its growing, and trained it with tenderest arts, and swift as its bright buds unfolded, the love of home grew in their hearts. The husband came home in the evening, all weary and worn from the store, to find the wife's welcome the sweeter for roses that bloomed o'er the door.
But they say, "love flies out of the window, when poverty enters the door;" but against all trials and troubles, the young hearts garnered full store. For when fell the hush of the twilight, they whispered of love's sweet lore, wove closer the bonds of affection, "neath roses that bloomed o'er the door.
And when the dark days closed around them, and poverty's wave overbore, to keep the dear home how they struggled, where the rose bloomed o'er the door.
And now, all their "trial time" ended, they dwell in the sunlight once more, and love brightly gleams on the heartstones where roses bloom o'er the door.
Ye new-mated pairs who are building your home nests, now heed, I implore, this lesson—that love lingers longest where roses bloom o'er the door.
So ye who count home more than shelter, plant ere the bright springtime is o'er—To make home the brighter and dearer—A rose to bloom o'er the door.

A COPYIST'S ROMANCE.

"You'll have to go in and out through the alley hereafter, Miss Dana. These luggin' baskets of provisions in through the front way don't suit me at all. I go out the back way myself, and I pitch a basket or a coal-oil can, and a pitcher of milk, and you can do the same."
"Certainly," agreed Amabel Dana, pleasantly. "I'm willing to bring them in the back way. I didn't know you cared, or—"
"I do care," was the short answer, "I don't want all the neighbors in the 'row' a-watching what's carried in and out. The landlord of these houses don't allow lodgers, as a rule, though he's give me permission to keep one or two, if they are respectable and quiet, and I don't want everybody a-lookin' at me. An' remember, Miss Dana, your rent's due to-morrow, an' I want it, prompt an' punctual."
"But, Mrs. Sparsely, I don't get paid until Saturday. You can wait till then, can you not?"
"No. I can't wait, an' I shan't" retorted Mrs. Sparsely, with crabbed emphasis. "Pay-day is nothin' to me. I want the rent when it's due, or I want the room. That's all I've got to say."
And she proceeded with her task of sweeping the hall, while Amabel, with her pitcher of milk and loaf of baker's bread, made her way up stairs with a heavy heart.
Amabel Dana and her mother occupied a second-story furnished room at Mrs. Sparsely's, with the privilege of making their coffee on the basement stove, for which accommodations they paid nine dollars a month.
The rent was high, and Mrs. Sparsely was the very reverse of accommodating in the domestic economy of Mrs. Sparsely's lodgers, as it saved the consumption of gasoline in their little, one burner stove, and if it was some distance to the basement, they did not mind the extra trouble.
"Now for supper," cried Amabel, as she tripped up her room one evening, and with a dish of butter on the "bread-and-milk depot" on the corner. She had been careful to come in the back way, according to Mrs. Sparsely's stipulation.
"Now for supper," she was saying, gaily, as she entered the room, which had not yet been lighted.
"But, to her surprise, she discovered that the figure in the rocking-chair by the window was not her mother, but a stranger—a masculine stranger at that.
"Who is a burglar? thought Amabel, trembling.
"It is I," she cried, hesitating whether to enter the room or to scream and run away.
"Did you wish to see me?" asked the figure, in a pleasant, rich-toned voice.
"An amused voice, Amabel thought, and at once decided that he was not a burglar.
"To see you? No; I—I didn't know you were here," she stammered, with much confusion.
The apparition rose, standing full six feet tall as he did so, and turned on a flood of light from a gas-jet on the wall.
Amabel was more puzzled than ever, for the bed, the carpet, the marble-top washstand and bureau were all new to her.
"Said only the truth flashed over her. 'I—I've come to the wrong room, or the wrong house,'" she cried, her cheeks flushing crimson with embarrassment and mortification. "It was nearly dark, and I came in the back way and ran right up."
"This is number fifteen," explained the stranger, kindly, without even the ghost of a smile at her mistake.
"Oh, and ours is thirteen!" cried Amabel. "I must have come in the wrong gate."
And she sped swiftly away through the dusky hall, while the gentleman resumed his seat by the window.
"What a shy, pretty face she had!" he thought, with a smile. "I wonder who she is."
"I hope he didn't take me for an im-

poster," thought Amabel, as she made her way unconcerned from the house, and entered the right gate this time.
"He might have thought I went up on purpose to steal something," she added, as she explained the embarrassing mistake to her mother.
But Mrs. Dana only smiled at the recital.
"Nonsense! It was very easy to make such a mistake in a row like this," she declared, reassuringly.
The next morning, as Amabel was starting out to her daily work, she discovered that her pocketbook was missing.
"I'm nearly sure I had it when I came from the bread-and-milk depot," she asserted, "but it's not a great loss—thee were only my cards and some car-tickets in it. I'll have to walk down town, though."
But as she tripped briskly across the street, a tall figure came striding after her, and a man's voice said:
"Excuse me, Miss Dana, but is this your property?"
And looking up, she beheld her acquaintance of the night before, with the lost pocketbook in his hand.
"Oh, thank you! Yes, it's mine," she returned. "I only missed it this morning."
"And I found it, this morning, just inside my door," was the reply. "I was going in to return it to you when I saw you come out of the door and cross the street. And now, as I have the advantage of knowing your name, will you allow me to give you my card?"
And he placed in her hand a bit of past board, on which was inscribed the name of "Roger Travis."
Then it seemed quite natural and very pleasant to Amabel for Mr. Travis to walk on by her side down the street, and only leave her when they reached the door of the big drug establishment.
"How handsome and tall he is!" she thought to herself, "and what a pleasant smile he has!"
And that day Amabel actually spoiled an envelope belonging to the drug establishment by absent-mindedly directing it to Roger Travis instead of Richard Smith, Esq.

So it happened that they frequently met on the way to and from morning and evening, until the acquaintance was ripened into easy familiarity, and each expected to see the other every day.
One evening, as Amabel was on her way home somewhat later than usual, Mrs. Travis appropriated the seat in the street-car by her side quite as a matter of course.
He walked with her from the car to Number 13 and paused a moment at her side while she sparsely always kept the door locked and lodgers were expected to have their own keys.
"I don't not to great a liberty, Miss Dana, would you care to call and see me, and your mother sometimes?" asked Roger Travis, still at her side.
"But it was too dark for him to see Amabel's blushes as she hesitatingly replied: "I occupy but one room, and Mrs. Sparsely has stipulated that we were to have no callers."
"Indeed! Is she such a dragon, then? I'm very sorry, though," he returned, coolly.
"You—you are not offended?" asked Amabel, in a low voice.
"With you—certainly not. But good-night, Miss Dana."
And he turned away, while Amabel opened the door, to find herself confronted by her landlady, with a lowering countenance.
"Talking to gentlemen on the door-steps, Miss Dana, is one thing I can't and won't have!" she cried, sharply. "It's against my rules, and I want you to understand it."
"I was only talking to one gentleman, and that only for a minute or two while I unlocked the door," explained Amabel, as mildly as possible.
"It makes no sort of difference," returned Mrs. Sparsely, angrily. "I won't have it. I say that the neighbors might see you, and thought it was me flirting out there. I don't want it to happen again."
Amabel made her escape, secretly amused at the idea of being mistaken for stout, broad-shouldered Mrs. Sparsely, but she scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry as she related the occurrence to her mother.
"If she gets too overbearing, we shall be obliged to move," declared Mrs. Dana, decidedly.

"I was determined to see you, Miss Dana, so I have beard the lion—or rather the dragon—in her den, as you see," declared Roger Travis, clasping Amabel's warm little hand in his, and smiling down into her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.
Amabel had been compelled to remain at home for several days with a severe cold, and on this first day of her convalescence, Roger Travis had called, and been shown by Katrina, the new servant girl, into Mrs. Sparsely's own parlor, greatly to Amabel's consternation.
The "dragon" herself had gone on to do her marketing—a circumstance which was in the visitor's favor.
"I have missed you very much, and was afraid you were ill," added Mr. Travis. "And now in circumstances almost cases, as you are aware, Miss Dana. Beside I—"
He hesitated, but gathering courage in an instant, blurted out:
"The truth is, I fell in love with you, Amabel, the first time I ever saw you, and I want you to be my wife. I can give you every evidence of my respectability and good standing, and—will you marry me, Amabel?"
It was all so sudden, so strange, so unexpected—yet when he clasped her hand in his, Amabel did not withdraw it, and taking silence for consent, her lover slipped a gold engagement ring upon her taper finger.
"In my parlor! Well, I must say if I ever heard of such goings on! But I'll soon settle it," cried a sharp, loud voice.
The door was thrown open, and Mrs. Sparsely bounced in, red with anger.
"A fine thing, miss, for you to be a-having your company in my parlor!" she began, excitedly. "But I—"
"Law, is it you, Mr. Travis? I beg your pardon, I'm sure. I didn't know. Keep your seat, Mrs. Dana! You are entirely welcome to the room."
And with smiles taking the place of the angry scowls, she closed the door, leaving the lovers alone.

"I know all about it," declared Mrs. Dana, as Amabel entered their room, flushed and smiling, later on. "Mrs. Sparsely has been here. And who do you suppose Mr. Travis is?"
"Who?" asked Amabel, breathlessly. "Why, he's the landlord Mrs. Sparsely is always fussing about. He owns all this row, and I don't know how many more houses. Mrs. Sparsely thinks he's a greater man than the Mayor, or the Governor, even, and has been apologizing for the way she has treated us all the time. She saw him putting the ring on your finger, and jumped at the right conclusion."
And indeed the prospective bride of the wealthy landlord was an important personage, and for the first time since and her mother remained in the house, no one could have received more obsequious treatment than did Mrs. Sparsely's lodgers.—Helen Whitney Clark.

Thistles.

The thistle pedigree is a long and curious one. The group forms apparently the central and most primitive existing tribe of the composite family and it bears in its own features the visible marks of a most peculiar evolutionary history. Starting apparently from blossoms with five distinct and separate yellow petals, like the butter-cups, the ancestors of this thistle gradually progressed, as it seems, by insect selection to a condition something like that of the harebell or the Canterbury bell, in which the petals have contracted at their bases into a single large and united tube. Clustering together next into closely serrated heads, like those of the scabious, the ramsons and the common blue sheeps-bit, they endeavored to make up for the individual minuteness of their dwarfed flowers by the number and mass collected in a group on the summit of each stem. In this way they gradually assumed the distinctive crowded composite form, each flower consisting of a tubular five-lobed corolla, a calyx reduced to hairs or down and a single tiny seed-like fruit. Of this stage in the development of the family the simpler and less specialized member of the thistle group, such as the warm-weathered and the alpine saussurea, are now the best surviving representatives. From some such a very central form the evolving composites split, and diversified themselves into all their astonishing and almost incredible existing variety. Some of them, varying but little in minor details from the parent stock, acquired prickly leaves and grew into the thistle kind or developed hooked and sticky involucres, and were known as burrlocks. Others, producing at their edge a row of brilliantly colored and attractive flowers, which serve the purpose of petals for the compound head branched off into all the nervous wealth of daisies, asters, sunflowers, marigolds, dahlias, golden rods, ox-eyes and cinerarias. In yet others the whole mass of flowers, central as well as external, has assumed this ruff-like or straplike form; and to this group belong the dandelions, hawkweeds, salsifies, lettuce, sow thistles, chicories, nippelweeds, and the like. In some, the composite head has taken possession in one form or another of the whole world, and among the entire wealth of their extraordinary diversity there is no group more universally fortunate than the common thistle.

"What you describe as a very persistent and almost ineradicable weed, from the higher biological point of view we should more properly regard as a dominant and admirably adapted species of plant. The one conception is merely narrow, practical and human; the other is positive, philosophical and universal.—Longman's Magazine.

Something About Belfast.

A correspondent of the New York Times writes as follows concerning Belfast, in Ireland: "Belfast, with the town of the second syllable, is of town exceedingly barren of interest for the American, who is prone to enjoy in Europe what he misses at home. Thus Belfast is very American in appearance except in the workmen's districts, where the streets are narrow, and the houses are built of red brick, and the view we describe as a very persistent and almost ineradicable weed, from the higher biological point of view we should more properly regard as a dominant and admirably adapted species of plant. The one conception is merely narrow, practical and human; the other is positive, philosophical and universal.—Longman's Magazine.

The Midnight Sun.

Edward K. Taylor says in the San Francisco Chronicle: "No one comes to Norway without taking the trip to Nordland to see the sun at midnight. My deepest impressions from witnessing the sublime spectacle of the midnight sun in the Arctic Circle. It was one of those hushed evenings which occur with a falling barometer; so still that the glossy surface of the undulating sea was unrippled even by the breath of a zephyr. Southward, above a wall of cloud, majestic mountains reared their snowy peaks. Far in the west floated a fleet of fish-crabs, and long lines of water fowl were winging their way to rocky resting places. Above the sun, which from my stand near the compass, I watched swinging northward, lay several parallel strata of fleecy clouds. The water horizon rolled up higher and higher, like a great golden globe, the sun rested upon its rim. The lower cloud stratum became orange-tinted. The next was dyed with saffron shades, while the rosy reflection of the upper stratum pain'd with delicate pink the Kjolén cliffs in the south. For several moments the motion of the sea ceased, and the sun still resting on the ocean's rim, and then—most startling vision!—a line of light appears below the fiery orb—the horizon is retrograding. By thus forcing the mind to regard the sun as stationary in his true position, and centering the attention on our own planetary motion, an effect is produced far more amazing than that experienced by the startled Ezekiah when the shadow retreated on the great dial of Ahaz.

The Mexican White House.

The Mexican White House or Presidential residence is described as one of the most beautiful and artistic palaces in the world. The frescoing and painting have been executed by Cassarin, a disciple of Messianer, who has surpassed himself in the ceiling of the Presidential chamber, where the woodwork is ebony and gold, and the bed is of ebony cherry, ornamented with gold and metal marquetrie. Out of this opens a bathroom, a grotto paved with mosaics, and having walls of painted French tiles. On the first floor is a tropical garden, and the roof, after the manner of eastern houses, is a beautiful garden of flowers and fountains. The finest room of all is described as "the parlor," and is said to be like the Princess's apartments in a high-colored fairy tale. Here in the woodwork is in satin panels, with maple borders and gold flowers; the walls are capstone with gold mosaic, relieved by blue and gold Anabussom borders, and the carpet, especially woven in the richest hues, is laid upon a floor inlaid with the handsomest wood the world produces.

Thread From Milk-Weed.

American ingenuity and ingenuity united has produced thread made from the blossom of the common milk-weed which has the consistency and tenacity of imported fax or linen thread and is produced at a much less cost. The fibre is long, easily carded, and may be readily adapted to spinning upon an ordinary fax-spinner. It has the smoothness and lustre of silk, rendering it valuable for sewing machine use. The weed is common throughout this country, and grows profusely at the South. The material costs nothing for cultivation, and the gathering is as cheaply done as that of cotton.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

In the last ten years Canada cattle have increased from 2,687,000 to 3,515,000. During the same period there has been an increase in numbers in the United States from 83,000,000 to 48,500,000, or about sixty-three per cent.

FOR DRINKERS OF COFFEE

A DOCTOR'S ENTERTAINING TALK ABOUT THE BEVERAGE

Varieties of the Plant—Raising the Coffee Tree—The Drink Medically Considered—Preparing Coffee.
According to a recent statement, written by a physician to the Washington Star, there are over six hundred grades of coffee on the market, which might lead one to believe that there are as many different species of the plant, which is not true, however, for there are but few of these, and one only from which the genuine article is produced, namely, the grading must be arbitrary or dependent upon individual caprice. The true grading and price of the commodity result from the treatment the coffee berries receive after they have been cleaned, which varies according to the locality of growth. In Brazil and the West Indies, as fast as the fruit ripens it is gathered, placed on mats and for days adapted to the purpose, exposed to the sun and frequently stirred to expedite the drying process. When dry enough the berries are passed through heavy rollers, which remove the tough outside membrane and pulp that encloses the beans. The latter are then carefully winnowed, sorted, put into bags and are ready for market. The varieties of coffee chiefly distinguished in commerce are the Mocha, from Arabia, esteemed the best on account of its being richest in caffeine, the alkaloid to which coffee owes its popularity. The Mocha grain is easily recognized by their comparative smallness, gray, inclining to greenish color. The Java, or East India coffee, has large yellow beans. Jamaica coffee beans are of a greenish cast, smaller than the Java, but larger than the Mocha. Surinam has the largest size bean, whitish, flat beans. Liberia, Lagayra, and other kinds, have no particular distinguishing features to entitle them to special notice.

The fruit of the coffee tree is a red berry resembling a cherry, having a pale, insipid glutinous pulp enclosing two hard oval seeds, which we term "grains." Each of these is about the size of an ordinary bean and covered with a tough cartilaginous membrane called the "parchment."
Orientals do not prepare coffee for drinking purpose as we do. Arabs make it from the dried berries. The Sultan of Turkey, formerly if not now, has a beverage made out of the dried pulp and pericarp for his own use, while some of his subjects prepare a decoction from the dried leaves of the coffee tree. For this purpose the leaves are prepared by a process similar to that for tea leaves, and a great many suppose that the leaves so treated contain a larger proportion of caffeine than the beans.
The average composition of unroasted coffee beans is stated to be as follows: Caffeine, 0.8; legumin, 13.0; gum and sugar, 15.5; oil-fatty and caffeine, 5.0; fat and volatile oils, 13.0; woody fiber, 34.0; ash, 6.7; water, 12.0.
Roasted to a reddish brown color, coffee loses 15 per cent. by weight and gains in bulk 30 per cent. If the process of roasting is continued until the coffee assumes a chestnut brown, 20 per cent. by weight is lost, and the gain in bulk gained. Roasted to a dark brown it loses 25 per cent. by weight and increases 50 per cent. in bulk. The roasting of coffee in some manner develops a volatile oil in the grain to the extent of one part in fifty that is not present in the raw state, and which it owes its delightful aroma. If the roasting is protracted beyond a light-brown color, this delicious oil is jeopardized, if not entirely destroyed. Coffee keeps best in the green state; the older and drier the grain, the more bitter it is, and is said, in coffee when roasted, to be more palatable.

Fortunately for mankind, coffee is a wholesome and harmless beverage, and rarely leaves any unpleasant effects behind, even when indulged in to excess. It is eminently the cup that cheers, but does not inebriate.
The specialty, coffee is a great concentration of the tissues existing waste of the body, allays thirst, hunger, and, as above intimated, cheers the mind, but does not intoxicate the brain, whilst the aromatic oil it contains has a gentle aperient effect upon the bowels. For this latter purpose it is best taken soon after rising, with a little evening water, and strength of two table-spoons of the finely ground coffee to a pint of boiling water, drank five minutes after mixing.
Regarding the toxic properties (so called) of coffee little need be said. Only lower animals have exhibited any great sensitiveness in this respect, and then not until after very large doses of the alkaloid, caffeine, had been administered to them, which, when given to man in the same quantities, caused but little temporary nervous disturbance. Its effects, like medicines generally, depend very much upon the constitution, temperament, and idiosyncrasy of the individual using it.
The methods of preparing coffee for domestic use, some of which have been already alluded to, varies in different places. To get the full aromatic flavor of the decoction it should be drank immediately after it is made. When too long boiled the aroma is driven off, leaving the astringent property only of the grain in solution that, interfering with the function of the liver, causes the sallow complexion of some free coffee drinkers. In the East many esteem the grounds for their nutritive principle, they being rich in legumin, a vegetable albumen. In Central Africa the grounds left from an infusion, sometimes the freshly-ground coffee itself, is mixed with butter and used as an article of food. I am just here reminded that the crew of the "Kane" retic position the berries, when the woodwork is ebony and gold, and the bed is of ebony cherry, ornamented with gold and metal marquetrie. Out of this opens a bathroom, a grotto paved with mosaics, and having walls of painted French tiles. On the first floor is a tropical garden, and the roof, after the manner of eastern houses, is a beautiful garden of flowers and fountains. The finest room of all is described as "the parlor," and is said to be like the Princess's apartments in a high-colored fairy tale. Here in the woodwork is in satin panels, with maple borders and gold flowers; the walls are capstone with gold mosaic, relieved by blue and gold Anabussom borders, and the carpet, especially woven in the richest hues, is laid upon a floor inlaid with the handsomest wood the world produces.

portion of water, which ought now to be boiling hot, is added to the grounds and strongly boiled for five minutes, after which the two portions of liquid are mixed together, forming a combination of all the good properties of the coffee in the greatest perfection."
A California Snake Story.
Another big snake has been seen in Calaveras. Our informant is Mr. A. Lacey, Deputy United States Mineral Surveyor, who resides at West Point. Mr. Lacey and his son, Frank, were on a trip into the mountains. They had reached a point on the old emigrant road, near the Big Meadows. Mr. Lacey, Sr., is perfectly familiar with the whole of that mountain country, and he had decided on a camping place a few miles further on. But contrary to an old log cabin on the road in which Mr. Lacey put up before while on surveying trips, they concluded to take a log into the cabin, water their horses from a spring in the gulch below, and possibly make that their camping place. They accordingly stopped their team, got out, and proceeded to a place where the cabin had looked very dilapidated, the roof being partly crushed in by the weight of winter snows. Mr. Lacey, followed by his son, went to the low cabin door, which was closed, but not locked, pushed it open and at speed to enter, when he was struck with terror at the sight of a monstrous reptile, which, for size and hideousness of appearance, surpassed anything that he had ever seen or that he really believed did exist on land. He never was a believer in big snake stories that he had heard, but he avers that every particle of incredulity that he ever possessed regarding these reports was completely knocked out at sight of this living specimen of a monstrous reptile.
The cabin is sixteen feet by sixteen feet. The snake lay stretched across the cabin with its head near and facing the door, and its tail reaching to the opposite side and partly coiled against some stones that had been used for a fireplace. With its head elevated about three feet from the floor and drawn a little backward by the stately curve of the neck, evidently to make room for the swing of the opening door, the huge monster faced the intruders. Both men carried rifles, and the older Lacey started back, the son brought his rifle to his shoulder and fired at the reptile's head. Mr. Lacey, quickly recovering himself, fired also, and almost at the same time. There was a terrible flushing sound for a second and like a flash the snake scaled the walls of the cabin through an opening close to the eaves and disappeared, and as he was going over a piece of his tail fell from the wall to the floor. Whether both shots had effect or not it cannot be said, but one shot certainly did, but missing the head struck the tail, which was in range on the opposite side against the wall. The snake in going over the wall it was in its slender hold. The severed piece was six feet in length, and about the middle was the size of a man's wrist. Mr. Lacey brought the tail home as a proof of his adventure. The snake was at the least six feet long. The body was immense, as can be judged by the tail, and as it lay upon the floor, partially flattened, it appeared to be fully eight inches in breadth. It was covered with alternate black and white rings. Mr. Lacey says that from the fright which the snake had when it was shot, occasioned and the rapid disappearance of the reptile after the shooting—for after they fired they quickly retreated from the door—it is impossible to give a minute description of the appearance of the monster, other than its color and enormous size.—Calaveras (Cal.) Chronicle.

LIFE'S COMMON GIFTS.
Life's common gifts themselves renew;
Oh bless the power that gives us life!
B-hold you clever wit with days—
Only a few short weeks ago.
Keen scintils laid low the fragrant store
And lo, it cheers again the eye—
Thus is respect for and our
The beauty of the earth and sky.
Our child's soft kiss, the love lit eyes,
The tender words that more and night
Never fail us—can it be we prize
Them all too little, hold them tight!
Great Nature, may we learn of thee?
The world of simple things to know;
Fries not the grass of purity
Than aught of empty gaud and show,
Ner mourn with eyes that bear the white,
"Our blessings vain had we not we knew
Their value—Oh, dear kiss! oh, smile!
Oh, clever blossom, with thy dew—"
—Springfield Republican.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A young man of polish—The boot-black.
A climbing plant with tendrils isn't he any more a mosquito with one.—Philadelphia Call.
An exchange tells about a sailor who was tried for assault. He turned out to be one, too.—Burlington Free Press.
"Garments without buttons" are advertised. They are not the kind bachelors are looking for.—Philadelphia Call.
"There's plenty of room at the top," is the champagne remark when it flew to the dude's head.—Boston Transcript.
It's pretty hard luck. In summer we have horses, and then again in winter we have snow flurries.—Burlington Free Press.
"Women can do a great deal of talking with their eyes," says Philadelphia editor, who has evidently stepped on a beauty's dress in a crowded ball room.—Omaha World.
"You don't know Dr. A? Why, it was he who just passed us." "What! that man? He looks like a corpse!" "Well, yes. I always take him for one of his patients."—Philadelphia Call.
The Abbe Lisieux, one of the greatest pianists the world ever produced, died poor. There are a good many people in this country who seem likely to die poor pianists.—Springfield Union.
It has been pretty generally admitted that every man is the architect of his own fortune, but it does seem that some men would have done better to have let the job out.—Kansas City Star.

Judge—"Have you anything to say before the court passes sentence upon you?" Prisoner—"Well, all I got to say, I hope your honor'll consider the extreme youth of my lawyer, an' let me off easy."—Puck.
A dog which has been riding up and down the men on cages and wandering through drifts and crocuses was recently washed and his shaggy coat of hair assayed \$25.17 worth of gold dust.—Monte Carlo Chronicle.
A cat that disappeared twenty years ago through a trap door in the floor of a freight house at Ansonia, Connecticut, was found there on Monday by workmen who were tearing away the building. Contrary to expectation, it was not alive.—Norristown Herald.
Foggy laid said the meanest thing any man ever was capable of saying. When Mrs. P. left him on a Monday morning, the other evening she remarked: "You won't be lonely, dear?" "No," he replied; "I shan't miss you, it's all the parrot you know is here."—Boston Transcript.

A Noted Rock.
About fifty miles above Astoria, says a letter from Oregon, we passed the far-famed Collier Rock, the indirect cause of the great Astoria war of 1811. It is a huge granite cone in the edge of the river, on the Washington side, and was used from time immemorial as a place of burial by the Indians. It rises about two hundred feet above the water, is several hundred feet in length, covered with dense masses of pine and fir trees at its base, and on top is bare and broken with immense fissures. A single fir tree stands on its points like a solitary sentinel above the resting place of the Indian warrior. The Indians were accustomed years ago to bring their dead here for interment. Their corpses were placed in the canoe used by the departed in life, and at his side his bows and arrows, his pipe and blankets, and all he owned on earth, and then he was laid away in some cleft of the rock. Afterward the friends of the departed would return to bring supplies of dried salmon and other dainties which they imagined the dead needed in the hunting grounds of the Great Spirit. Finally the sacrilegious pale-face, being in need of canoes for mundane purposes, found it more convenient to borrow those of the dead braves than to make his own, and acted accordingly, dumping the bones of the departed chiefs into the crevices of the rock, and wearing off their blankets. This, of course, incensed the red man, and finally brought on the Yakima massacre and subsequent war.

Make Friends.
Life is very critical. Any word may be our last. Any farewell even amid glad increment may be forever. If this truth were but burned into our conscious nesses, a dif ruled as a deep conviction and real power in our lives, would it not give a new meaning to our human relationship? Would it not make us far more tender than we sometimes are? Would it not infuse a new spirit into our speech and impromptu speech? Would we care in our hearts the miserable suspicions and calumnies that now so often embitter the intimacies of our lives? Would we cease to impinge in the faults of others? Would we not have a liberal-mindedness that would build a wall between us and those who ought to stand very close to us? Would we not have a petty quarrels year after year, which is a nearly word any day would compromise? Would we not stand old friends or neighbors on the streets without recognition, because of pride, or ancient grudges or would we be so chary of the kind words, our commendation, our sympathy, our comfort, when weary hearts all about us are basking for just such expressions of interest or appreciation as we have in our power to give?—Christian at Work.