

DESIRE OF DISTINCTION.

Quaint Illustration of a Peculiar Phase of Human Nature.

In "Doc Gordon," by Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman, is a quaint illustration of a peculiar phase of human nature. It develops with the visits of the two doctors to their poorer patients:

James drove all the morning with Dr. Gordon about the New Jersey country. The country people were either saturnaline with an odd shyness, which had something almost hostile in it, or they were effusively hospitable, forcing apple jack upon the two doctors. James was much struck by the curious unconcern shown by the relatives of the patients and even by the patients themselves. In only one case that of a child suffering from a bad case of measles, was much interest evinced. The majority of the patients were the very old and middle aged, and they discussed and heard discussed their symptoms with much the same attitude as they might have discussed the mechanism of a wooden doll. If any emotion was shown, it was that of a singular inverted pride. "I had a terrible night, doctor," said one old woman, and a smirk of self conceit was over her ancient face. "Yes, mother did have an awful night," said her married daughter, with a triumphant expression. Even the children clustering about the doctor looked unconsciously proud because their old grand-mother had had an awful night. The call of the two doctors at the house was positively hilarious. Quantities of old apple jack were forced upon them. The old woman in the adjoining bedroom, although she was evidently suffering, kept calling out a feeble joke in her cackling old voice.

"Those people seem positively elated because that old soul is sick," said James when he and the doctor were again in the buggy.

"They are," said Dr. Gordon; "even the old woman herself, who knows well enough that she has not long to live. Did you ever think that the desire of distinction was one of the most, perhaps the most, intense purely spiritual emotion of the human soul? Look at the way these people live here, grubbing away at the soil like ants. The most of them have in their lives just three ways of attracting notice, the momentary consideration of their kind—birth, marriage, sickness and death. With the first they are hardly actively concerned; even with the second many have nothing to do. There are more women than men, as usual, and, although the women want to marry, all the men do not. There remains only sickness and death for a standby, so to speak. If one of them is really sick and dies, the people are aroused to take notice. The sick person and the corpse have a certain state and dignity which they have never attained before. Why, bless you, man, I have one patient, a middle aged woman, who has been laid up for years with rheumatism, and she is fairly vainglorious, and so is her mother. She brags of her invalid daughter. If she had been merely an old maid on her hands, she would have been ashamed of her, and the woman herself would have been sour and discontented. But she has fairly married rheumatism. It has been to her as a husband and children. I tell you, young man, one has to have his little footstool of elevation among his fellows, even if it is a mighty queer one, or he loses his self respect, and self respect is the best jewel we have."

Much Wanted.

The following advertisement, quoted from a Boston paper of a date early in the nineteenth century by Mr. Janson in "The Stranger in America," shows that the domestic problem is not one of modern manufacture. But what mistress of today would dare to impose such conditions on the hindrance in the kitchen?

Much Wanted: A neat, well behaved female to do kitchen work in a small family in Charlestown, near Boston. She may pray and sing hymns, but not over the dishkettle. She may go to meeting, but not belong to the congregation of midnight worshippers. Inquire at Repertory office, near Boston.

A Natural Fortress.

In the northern part of Madagascar is the most remarkable natural fortress in the world. It is occupied by a wild tribe who call themselves the People of the Rocks. The fortress is a lofty and precipitous rock of enormous size, 1,000 feet high and eight square miles in area. Its sides are so steep that it cannot be climbed without artificial means. Within it is hollow, and the only entrance is by a subterranean passage.—St. James' Gazette.

Thrift.

There is an old fashioned word that ought to come into use again—thrift. There are a distressing number of shiftless people in the world, and, while we shall call no names, we hope every reader will pause at this paragraph and think seriously of thrift and shiftlessness.—Acheson Globe.

The Changed View.

Every man takes care that his neighbor does not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market cart into a chariot of the sun.—Emerson.

A Little Ball.

Cassidy—Ah, well, no wan kin pre-vint w'at's past an' gone. Casey—Ye could if ye only acted quick enough. Cassidy—Go 'long, man! How could yer? Casey—Stop it before it happens.—Kansas City Independent.

A common danger produces unanimity.—Latin Proverb.

DID LEE EXPECT DEFEAT?

The General's Significant Statement After Sailors Creek.

My last official intercourse with General Lee was on the retreat. I was sent to him with dispatches from President Davis and reached him near midnight of April 6 near Rice's station. I approached without being challenged by a single sentinel and found him standing near a smoldering fire with one of his hands resting on an ambulance wheel. He was dictating some order to Colonel Marshall, who sat in the ambulance with a lap desk receiving his dictation. As General Lee spoke he gazed into the bed of coals as if weighing every word. There was no staff or escort about, so far as I could see. Touching Sailors Creek, he spoke bitterly and said in answer to Mr. Davis' desire to know his proposed line of retreat that it was beyond his control; that he had intended to retreat by the line of the Danville road, but had been forced off that route by the arrival of Sheridan ahead of him at Burkeville; that he was then following the line of the Southside road to Lynchburg, but the enemy was out-marching him and might force him off; that his movements were dependent on the developments of each hour, and then he added: "How can I tell? A few more Sailors Creeks and it will all be over—just where I thought it would end from the beginning." When I first published this statement its truthfulness was questioned. Fortunately I afterward saw two of his staff, both of whom said they had heard him express himself in the same way. There may have been times when General Lee, elated by some of his surprising successes, felt hopeful about the triumph of our cause. From the probabilities based on numbers and resources his judgment may have been warped away now and then by the feeling he expressed when, after Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, he said, "No general ever commanded such troops as these under me." But his mind was too mathematical in its workings, and all its calculations were too habitually based upon what could be done with a given number of men and a certain amount of material to make him forget the vast disparity between the contestants or hope for ultimate triumph.—John S. Wise in Circle Magazine.

A WITTY JUDGE.

His Conclusions on the Evidence of Ditto and True.

The late Hon. Noah Davis, well known throughout the country as the judge who tried and sentenced Boss Tweed, was justly celebrated in many ways. He was of that type of jurist for which western New York was famed during the half century following 1850. Orleans county is proud of him as one of her noblest and most distinguished sons. He was slightly above medium height, full habited, large head, fine, clean cut face—indeed, a striking figure in any community. He was a well read lawyer, an honest, fair minded judge, with a keen sense of humor and withal something of a writer and poet. The following lines from his pen, written on the spur of the moment and in the midst of a trial, illustrate the alertness and quality of his mind. They are perhaps the best play upon words of which we have any record in the English language:

It was at the Niagara circuit in the early seventies. Judge Davis presided. An action in ejectment was called. The dispute was over a party wall or a division line. It was purely a question for the civil engineer. The division line established and the case was won. The defendant's attorney, realizing this, called as expert witnesses the Hon. John A. Ditto, city engineer of Buffalo, and the Hon. A. R. True, the engineer who constructed the cantilever bridge over Niagara river at the falls. They were two of the most eminent civil engineers in the state. They made a survey of the premises and established the division line as contended for by the defendant and when called to the witness stand so testified, giving monuments, courses and distances with such minute exactness that they could not be successfully controverted. The moment True, who followed Ditto as a witness, left the stand, Judge Davis wrote these lines and passed them to the clerk to hand to plaintiff's counsel:

Since True swears ditto to Ditto,
And Ditto swears ditto to True,
If True be true and Ditto be ditto,
I think they're too many for you.

—Daniel H. McMillan in Buffalo Truth.

Man and His Sweet Tooth.

"If you want to have that tradition upset about women only having a sweet tooth," remarked the stenographer who works downtown, "just go into a quick lunch room occasionally and watch the men who drink coffee or chocolate with their midday meals. I give you my word I have seen not one, but many men, put six lumps of sugar into their one cup of coffee or chocolate and then eat apple pie that is fairly covered with powdered sugar."—New York Press.

Makes a Difference.

A girl who used to make all sorts of fun of those who were poor spellers is now receiving three fat letters a week from a man who can't spell correctly more than forty words altogether. But he has a big, nice house and money in the bank—and that spells something to her.—Howard (Kan.) Courant.

Perhaps She Did.

"Did your daughter inherit her talent for drawing?"
"Well, I never thought of it before, but it may be that she did. One of my brothers is a dentist."—Chicago Free Press.

A BOWL OF BITTER TEA.

Himalayan Hospitality in a Snow Enveloped Hovel.

In spite of a poverty which limits their good intentions the inhabitants of central and south central Asia display a charming hospitality. Such, at least, is the impression gained from Mr. Ellsworth Huntington's book, "The Pulse of Asia."

At Matayan, a village in the province of Ladakh, the habitable portion of the upper Indus valley, a friendly villager invited Mr. Huntington to dine down from the crust which covered eight or ten feet of snow into a one story house. This was at an elevation of 10,500 feet.

Although it was April 11, the snow, even on a level, was higher than the tops of the houses. Where it had been shoveled off the flat roofs it formed high banks, protecting them from the wind and making them the favorite sitting room at that season and even in winter, for the sunshine is always warm in that dry, cloudless climate.

When the little black cows had been driven and pulled out of the way Mr. Huntington descended to an almost closed shed used for the two or three hardy sheep and goats and was ushered, stooping, into a dark stable containing a little pony, shaggy, like all the animals. Bending low once more, he climbed over a high sill and was in the warm, close family living room.

Light and air came in through a hole in the roof a foot square surmounted by a chimney pot a foot high made of three stones set up to keep out the snow. A few bits of ragged cloth on the mud floor for sleeping purposes, a half dozen metal utensils and an iron pot full of Himalayan tea, kept warm over some embers, comprised all the visible equipment for housekeeping.

After the host had persuaded Mr. Huntington to take a seat on the floor a half palled old woman insisted upon ladling out for him a bowl of tea. It was surprisingly good in view of the fact that a poor grade of tea leaves had been steeped half an hour or more with milk, butter, salt and soda. In richer houses Mr. Huntington was often served with tea which had been improved by being churned violently in a slender, greasy black churn, twenty inches long by four in diameter, in order to mix the rancid butter well into the compound before it was turned into the drinking bowls.

DANTE'S HUMOR.

It Is of the Wholly Unconscious Kind and Woefully Grim.

The humorous side of Dante is analyzed in the Westminster Review by George Trobridge, who is a great admirer of the famous poet and who has in previous writings expressed his appreciation of Dante as a nature poet and as a novelist.

Although Dante's great poem is a "comedy," in the sense of being a drama working to a happy ending, we do not look for ridiculous situations in it, such as we usually associate with the idea of comedy. Ridiculous situations occur nevertheless, and there is no lack of humor even in the poet's description of the sufferings of the lost. Dante's humor, however, is of the unconscious kind, arising from a total lack of perception of the ludicrous. It is said that he was never seen to smile, and we can quite believe it, since he never forsakes sober seriousness in his writings, and it is his deadly earnestness that betrays him into occasional comicality.

The sinners in hell, the poet tells us, are relegated to their proper quarters on the judgment of Minos, who indicates the particular circle to which the culprit is consigned by wrapping his tail so many times around his bestial body. Fancy the trembling sinner waiting to count the coils that he may know his fate!

It is a horrible punishment which is assigned to those guilty of simony, to be buried head downward in a circular pit, with only the legs and feet protruding, while flickering flames glide over the soles of the latter, inflicting exquisite torture, yet our sense of humor is provoked by the description of Dante standing over one of these holes and holding a conversation with its occupant, "reversed, and as a stake driven in the soil," while numberless legs wriggle in continual motion around him.

Fish Spearing by Firelight.

In the sunny south in the blue waters of the Mediterranean one may frequently behold the strange sight of fishermen reaping a rich harvest with the aid of a long forklike instrument, which is used in place of a net. There the ancient "peche aux flambeaux," a singular custom of fishing at night by the light of a blazing fire, still exists, enabling hundreds of hardy toilers of the deep to gain a livelihood.—Wide World Magazine.

One Good Turn, Etc.

Third Floor Tenant—See here! I'm one of a committee of men in this apartment, and I've called to ask you to sell your flute. Second Floor Tenant—Delighted to see you. I'm one of another committee and was about to go up and ask you if you'd sell your baby.—Lippincott's.

Touching.

"Not a cent," replied the rich man coldly. "Money is not good for the poor."
"Well," responded the applicant, "just pretend that you have a grudge against me."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Obliging Jailer.

Mayor—Where are you going? Villager—Constable—The three tramps I just locked up want to play whist, and I'm looking for a fourth.—Transatlantic Tales.

A LESSON IN GERMAN.

Fellow It Closely and You Will See How Really Simple It Is.

Among the Hottentots (Hottentoten in German) the kangaroos (Beutelratte) are found in great numbers. Many of them wander over the country free and unmolested; others, less fortunate, are taken by hunters and put into cages (Kotter) provided with covers (Lattengitter) to keep out the rain. These cages are called in German Lattengitterwetterkotter, and the kangaroo after his imprisonment takes the name of Lattengitterwetterkotterbeutelratte. One day an assassin (Attentäter) was arrested who had killed a Hottentot woman, Hottentotmutter, the mother of two stupid and stuttering children in Straettrottel. This woman in the German language is entitled Hottentotenstraettrottelmutter, and her assassin takes the name Hottentenstraettrottermuttertaeter. The murderer was confined in a kangaroo's cage—BeutelratteLattengitterwetterkotter—when a few days later he escaped, but fortunately he was recaptured by a Hottentot, who presented himself at the mayor's office with beaming face.

"I have captured the Attentäter," said he.

"Which one?" replied the mayor.

"We have several."

"The AttentäterLattengitterwetterkotterbeutelratte."

"Which Attentäter are you talking about?"

"About the Hottentenstraettrottelmuttertaeter."

"Then why don't you say at once the HottentenstraettrottelmuttertaeterLattengitterwetterkotterbeutelratte?"

The Hottentot died in dismay.

THE AWKWARD "MRS."

Single as Well as Married Women Once Carried This Title.

A curiously awkward word, if it be a word, is "Mrs." It is not spelled as it is pronounced—no one but a Welshman or a Pole would be equal to pronouncing it as it is spelled—and its pronunciation is a clumsy contraction of the good old English designation "mistress."

In the days of old, when leisure had not become, as it is now, almost a forgotten luxury and people were less anxious to clip their speech, the full pronunciation was often used, and "mistress" was not altogether allowed out of existence by the vulgar "ma'am." But nowadays "mistress" has dropped out, and consequently the contracted pronunciation of "Mrs." has prevailed and holds the field.

Another point worth noting in the history of the designation is that about 150 years ago and earlier "Mrs." was applied quite impartially to unmarried as well as married ladies. Even children were sometimes styled "Mrs."

The burial of an infant daughter of John Milton, who died at the age of five months, is recorded in the parish register of St. Margaret, Westminster, and her name is entered as "Mrs. Katharine Milton," followed by a small "c," to indicate that a child is meant. But this may be regarded as an exceptional case.—St. James' Gazette.

A Sabbatarian Dog.

"Tip was an Irish setter—his name was really Tipperary and Tip for short," said a New York clubman. "He knew when it was Sunday, and he kept the day. He was the only Sabbatarian dog I ever knew. He used to sleep on a rug in my room. I had to keep early hours in those days, and every morning at 7 o'clock Tip would put his cold nose against my face and remind me that it was time to go to work. Then while I was dressing he would go to the village postoffice and bring home the mail. On Sunday morning he never stirred off his rug until I was good and ready to get up, which was usually quite late, and nothing could induce him to go to the post-office on that day. And the best part of the story is it is absolutely true."—New York Tribune.

No Plot.

The actor, rounded up in Russia with a bunch of others, retained his composure while his companions in misfortune were giving way to despair. "I can prove my innocence of complicity in any conspiracy to the complete satisfaction of the authorities," he said.

"How can you do that?" one of his companions asked. "You will always be suspected of being connected with a plot."

He smiled confidently.

"Not when I tell them that for years I have been playing in musical comedies."—Baltimore American.

Golfing Sarcaasm.

"Caddy, how many strokes is that for this hole?" asked the golfer with the plaid cap.

"I can't say, sir."

"No, sir; I can only count up to twelve, sir."—Pick-Me-Up.

Self Reliance.

It is easy in this world to live after the world's opinion. It is easy in solitude to live after our own, but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowds keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

Ready For Business.

A tragedian playing Richard III. in a small town was waited on after the show by an honest farmer, who said that "if the gen'l'm who wanted a horse was still of the same mind he would like to do business with him."

No better masters than poverty and want.—Dutch Proverb.



"Company, Attention!"

"For recreation you will now listen to a story from headquarters." CAPT. REXALL, Adj.

THE HUMAN LOCOMOTIVE.

A certain man, because he was so strong and hearty, imagined he was a locomotive. There was, he thought, no limit to his vitality.

He regarded his stomach as the firebox. All he had to do was to keep the firebox full.

He followed the Mississippi steamboat plan, and crowded every old thing into his stomach.

One day when he was pulling a heavy load the firebox didn't burn right, so the Human Locomotive stopped to investigate.

He found the flues choked, the firebox full of clinkers, and so stuffed with fuel that it couldn't even show a red glimmer.

Somebody told him to keep a clean fire with a good draught, and feed it regularly, with only a certain quantity at a time.

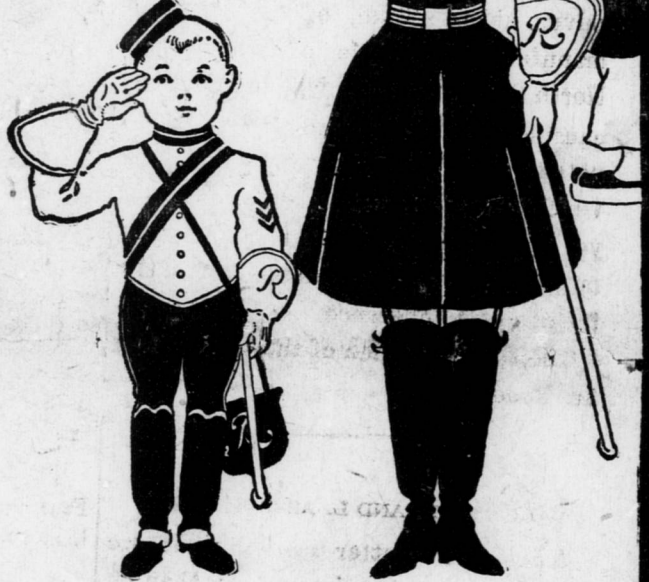
He was further advised to use Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets for the purpose of putting himself in first-class shape.

He did as he was told, and was soon able to pull and haul as well as ever. Besides he puffed less under a heavy load.

Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets are absolutely guaranteed to cure all the distressing forms of Dyspepsia and Indigestion, or we'll pay for all the medicine you take.

Price, 25c., at our store or by mail.

Griffins Drug Store



FRENCH SAILORS' LIFE
LYMAN H. HOWE'S MOVING PICTURES

A fire that threatened the entire business section of Charlotte, broke out Monday morning in the building of the Charlotte Manufacturing Co., and raged for two hours, the firemen's clothes freezing on them while they fought.

"Health Coffee" is really the closest Coffee Imitation ever yet produced. This, the finest Coffee Substitute ever made, has recently been produced by Dr. Shoop of Racine, Wis. Not a grain of real Coffee in it either. Health Coffee is made from pure toasted cereals, with malt, nuts, etc. Really it would fool an expert who might drink it for Coffee. No twenty or thirty minutes boiling. "Made in a minute" says the doctor. J. F. Jones.

Col. Jno. S. Henderson, of Salisbury has been appointed by Judge Pritchard, a receiver for the Whitney Reduction Co., a ten million dollar power company on Yadkin river.

A weak Stomach, means weak Stomach nerves always. And this is also true of the Heart and Kidneys. It's a pity that sick ones continue to drug the stomach or stimulate the heart and kidneys. The weak nerves, not the organs themselves, need this help. This explains why Dr. Shoop's Restorative has, and is promptly helping so many sick ones. It goes direct to the cause of these diseases. Test this vital truth, and see, Griffin's Drug Store.