

COSTLY MATTRESSES.

The Kind That Are Used on the Big Plate Glass Wagons.

Probably about as costly a sort of mattress as any is one that is made not to sleep on at all, but to spread on the long, broad table or platform of the wagons built for carrying plate glass.

These mattresses, which are made of curled hair, are very thin, scarcely thicker than a comfortable, and must be made with the greatest care to insure perfect uniformity of thickness. A lump anywhere would be likely to break the plate of glass resting upon it, and there would be still greater danger if the weight of two plates of glass was rested on the lump at once.

A mattress for a plate glass wagon costs, according to size, from \$60 to \$75. In use the corners of smaller plates carried on it cut into the ticking covering, and sooner or later it has to be made over. Simply to make over such a mattress costs from \$20 to \$25.

On the table topped and mattress covered glass wagons the biggest plates are carried with confidence and safety. The table is built to remain absolutely rigid, and the thin but uniform mattress protects the plate from jar.

Before plate glass store fronts had come into common use, when the handling of a big plate was counted as a good deal more of a job than it is now, they used to carry a great pane of glass in a sort of frame, which was put on the wagon with the glass in it. At its destination this frame or support was worked carefully across the sidewalk to the store front, where the glass was dislodged from it to be set, and altogether the setting of a great plate of glass was then quite an undertaking.

Now, with the setting of such plates a common daily occurrence and with men skilled in the handling of them, they simply carry a big plate out and lay it on their mattress covered table topped wagon and carry it to where it is to go and there slide it off, to rest it for a moment on blocks on the sidewalk, and then they pick it up and carry it to the window front.

Then they run under the lower edge of the glass lifting straps, by which men standing inside the window as well as men standing outside can lift it when the glass is put into place in the window frame. There again it is raised on blocks until the straps can be withdrawn, and then the blocks are taken out and the glass secured in place, all this being done with great care, but still with comparative ease and quickness and with certainty, and in these times great panes of glass are thus moved and set on all but the windiest days.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DOG INTELLIGENCE.

The Clever "Malamutes" That Carry the Mails in Alaska.

The Eskimo begins to train his dog for sledge work before it is a month old. One of the most interesting features of Eskimo villages are puppies tied to the pole of a tent. They pull on the rope with all their puppy strength in the effort to break away and join in the frolics of their elders.

Not until a dog bred for mail service is one year old is it put in training for the trail. It begins by running ten miles with the team; then it is dropped out. Next day it runs the same distance. Gradually the distance is increased until it reaches its fifteenth month of life, when it becomes part of the regular service. The life of a mail dog is from three to four years. No greater punishment can be inflicted than to lay a dog off from service. When unruly they are often threatened with a lay-off, and with almost human intelligence they seem to understand the disgrace it implies in the eyes of their fellow workers on the trail. All fight to be leaders. A constant spur to an unambitious dog is the "outsider," who will quickly take away the leadership not only in the mail service, but in teams maintained chiefly for the pleasure of the sport. The intelligence of the malamute is remarkable, its scent wonderful, its instinct, as a rule, unerring.

Some dogs are better trail followers than others, as some are better leaders. In a blizzard the best of them lose the trail, but invariably find it. When on the trail they never eat but once a day, then at the end of a journey. After feeding, like weary children, they fall asleep and are never quarrelsome. It takes on an average twenty pounds of food a day for a team of eleven dogs on a hard route.—Lida Rose McCabe in St. Nicholas.

Navy Is Never Done.

A navy, like a railroad, is never done. There never comes the grateful moment when the work can be said to be finished and the sole task left to be discharged is that of operation. As the roadbed, track, equipment of a railroad must be constantly maintained and improved, so if there is to be any navy at all equipment must be constantly improved and brought up to date, even under the policy of "replacement and repair."—Boston Transcript.

Royal Crowns.

Royal crowns have tended to become lighter. Thus, one made in the middle ages weighed over seven pounds, that of George IV. weighed five and one-half pounds, while Queen Victoria's crown, containing the great ruby which belonged to the Black Prince, weighed three and one-quarter pounds.

A Good Talker.

"They say her conversational powers are immense."
"Is that so?"
"Yes, sir. They tell me that girl once talked clear through 'Parisaf.'"
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MARS' SEASONS.

Vital in the Vegetative Economy of the Planet's Year.

Were Mars not an old planet, corroborating by absence of cloud the general course of planetary development, our knowledge of it would have been slight. To begin with, it enables us to mark the permanency in place of the planet's features and so to time their axial rotation, by which we come to knowledge of the planet's day. This day proves to differ little from our own in duration, being 24 hours 40 minutes long instead of 24 hours. Next it discloses the tilt of the axis to the planet's orbital plane, a relation which causes the seasons of the year. Now, the Martian tilt as well as the Martian time of rotation turns out to be singularly like our own, being, in fact, 24 degrees as against 23 1/2 degrees for the earth. The year of Mars, however, is twice ours in length, which, joined to great eccentricity of orbit, gives it diversified long seasons. Thus in the northern hemisphere spring lasts 193 days, summer 183, autumn 147 and winter 158, while in its southern hemisphere the figures stand reversed.

The numbers have more than academic importance, for absolute length is as vital a factor in a season's influence as the fact of the season itself. Much may be brought to pass in twice the time which could not develop in the shorter period, and it is not a little interesting that precisely this possibility actually turns out to be vital in the vegetative economy of the planet's year.—Percival Lowell in Century.

HER TWO PRAYERS.

Both Were Answered, but the Results Were Discouraging.

During and for many years after the civil war there lived in Franklin county, Mo., where the old state road, built before the days of railroads, crossed Boeuf river, a Mrs. Samuel Hutton, who met with the misfortune of having two of her prayers answered, and thereafter, her neighbors used to say, she never prayed again. And this happened during the civil war.

"Sam being away in the Confederate army," was the way she used to tell it. "I got lonesome among so many bragging stay at home northerners that one day I got down on my knees and prayed for the southern boys to come and clean out the neighborhood, and it wasn't a week before along came General Pap Price's army, and it being near dark, the whole outfit camped along the river, confiscated all my stock feed, robbed my chicken roost and burned half the fence rails on the place without asking my permission. As I didn't know where Sam was to tell him what the scamps had done, I prayed again, asking the Lord to send the Federals to chase Pap Price to the jumping off place. It was about sundown that day when I looked up the road and saw my answer coming, and the northern boys stopped at the river for the night, ate what food the Confederates had left me and destroyed the balance of the fence rails."—Buffalo Times.

Soft Hearted Bill!

"Ah, dearie me!" sighed the woman when Mrs. Pipkins, the sympathetic parishioner, called upon her. "Yes, there was worse men than my poor Bill, but there, e's took now—gone. 'E 'ad his good points, 'ad Bill."
"I am indeed glad to hear it," said Mrs. Pipkins.
"Poor Bill," went on the bereaved woman, "e—well, 'e weren't exactly 'andsome, but 'e were soft 'earted enough to smoke like a chimney whenever 'e left the 'ouse."
"Indeed!" broke in the visitor. "But I fail to see the connection between smoking and—"
"That's becuz you never seed my poor Bill," put in the widow. "Bill weren't pretty, and 'e knowed it—but there—sooner than scare himmerent little children into a fit Bill always 'id that terrible mug 'o 'is in a cloud 'o smoke. Yes, 'e was soft 'earted and thoughtful for others, was Bill."
—London Answers.

Corporal Punishment.

Corporal punishment formerly had a wider significance than mere whipping. Henry de Bracton, chief justice of England in the reign of Henry III., divided corporal punishment into two kinds—those inflicted with and without torture. The stocks and the pillory would rank as corporal punishment; also mutilations and other grim tortures when imposed not to extort confessions, but as penalties, and the branding in the hand for felony, which was not abolished until George III.'s time.

A Permanent Place.

There was not even standing room in the 6 o'clock crowded car, but one more passenger, a young woman, wedged her way along just inside the doorway. Each time the car took a sudden lurch forward she fell helplessly back, and three times she landed in the arms of a large, comfortable man on the back platform. The third time it happened he said quietly, "Haden't you better stay here?"—New York World.

Their Standard.

"Say," asked the first messenger boy, "got any novels ter swop?"
"I got 'Big Foot Bill's Revenge,'" replied the other.
"Is it a long story?"
"Naw! Ye kin finish it easy in two passages."—Philadelphia Press.

Mis Reasoning.

Bobby—I believe you are engaged to Mr. Snooks at last, sis! Sis—What makes you think so? Bobby—Because he's stopped giving me pennies!—London Opinion.

THE UNIVERSE.

Man's Place In This Eternity of Space and Matter.

The solar system is but a fragment of the universe. Every star is a sun with a solar system. It is possible that there may be millions of planets inhabited by beings higher or lower than ourselves. What we see going on is what we call the process of evolution—from broken fragments to coherent masses and to inhabited worlds, from chaos to cosmos, a struggle upward of the universe from something lower and disorganized to something higher and organized.

As to how life originates on these planets science is ignorant at present. It is an entire mystery. I would not have you build too much on that. I do not think it will always remain a mystery, nor would I have a theologian shake in his views if science should discover something about the nature and origin of life. I want you to realize that this process of evolution is not a process which negatives or excludes the idea of divine activity. It is, I venture to say, a revelation to us of the manner of divine activity. It is the way the Deity works.

The attempt to show that evolution is unguided, that it is the result of absolute change, fails. What is pointed to is not unguided random change, but guided change. The other could not be done in time.

What we have to realize in regard to our place in the universe is that we are intelligent, helpful and active parts of the cosmic scheme. We are among the agents of the Creator. One of the most helpful ideas is co-operation—helping one another. Co-operation—this in a new and stimulating sense—co-operation with the Divinity himself.—Sir Oliver Lodge.

PUSS TO THE RESCUE.

Brought a Rabbit to Hungry Philadelphia Cave Dwellers.

When the first settlers came to Philadelphia, of course there were no houses ready for them, says Sel in the Cat Journal, so a good many of them dug small caves in the bank of the river. They would dig several feet into the bank, then build walls of sod in front of the little caves. They made the roof by laying branches of trees on top, covering these with ruses from the river and putting pieces of sod on the ruses. The chimney was made of stones plastered with clay.

These caves were used only until the men had time to cut timber and build the houses they wished.

One of the old families of Philadelphia owns a quaint silver tureen of which is engraved a cat seizing a rabbit. In the early days at Philadelphia Elizabeth Hard was living with her husband in one of these dug-out caves while he was building their house. The work went very slowly, and Elizabeth often helped her husband. She brought the water to make the mortar for the chimney and even helped at one end of the saw.

One day she was very tired, for she had helped all the morning. Her husband told her to rest awhile and then think about dinner. Mrs. Hard walked sadly away. Their food was nearly gone. Only a few biscuits and a little cheese were left. Just then she saw her cat coming toward her with a large rabbit in its mouth. Mrs. Hard cooked the rabbit and had a nice dinner ready for Mr. Hard when he came for his noon rest. So kitty helped, although she did not know it.

Practice Makes Perfect.

At the appointed time Edwin Jones had called at his best girl's home, but somehow Miss Wrinkle was not there to greet him.

He seated himself in the drawing room and anxiously awaited her arrival.

Presently the door opened; but, alas, it was only her eight-year-old brother.

"Hello!" exclaimed Edwin. "Is your sister busy?"
"She seems so," replied the youngster, "but I don't know just what she thinks she's doing. She's standing in front of the mirror, blushing just awful and whispering to 'Oh, Mr. Jones, this is so sudden!'"

Dogs and Infection.

Dogs can carry infection along with them, as was clearly proved at Constantinople in 1865 when a single animal, entering the city from an infected district, started a cholera epidemic that killed more than 50,000. The dog, a valuable chow, was taken into his house by a dragoman, and a few hours later he and all his family were stricken down with the complaint, which spread thence to all parts of the city, even the sultan's palace being invaded.

Badly Expressed.

Clergyman—You can, however, comfort yourself with the thought that you made your husband happy while he lived.

Widow—Yes, indeed! Dear Jack was in heaven until he died.—Judge.

Only Wanted a Chance.

She—I see where a fellow married a girl on his deathbed just so she could have his millions when he was gone. Could you love a girl like that? He—Sure I could love a girl like that. Where does she live?—Puck.

Discretion.

Singleton—Have you decided what you are going to call the baby, old man? Wedderton—Certainly. I am going to call him whatever my wife names him.—London Tit-Bits.

Early impressions are not easily erased. The virgin wax is faithful to the signet, and subsequent impressions seem rather to indent the former ones than to eradicate them.

HE DIDN'T SWEAR.

But a Court Record Quoted Him as Using Strong Language.

One day during a term of court at Macon, Mo., Judge Shelton, who was running through a stenographic record of a trial, detected a sentence which reflected upon the piety of appellant's senior counsel, Major B. R. Dysart, an elder in the Presbyterian church.

"Major," he said, "I have just been reading this record. I was inexpressibly pained to note in it some very disrespectful language you used in the presence of the court."

A funeral solemnity would fall short of describing the appearance of Dysart's features.

"What do you mean?" he asked.
"Of course you may have been excited a bit during the trial, major. I know those other fellows were worrying you like everything, but that is hardly an excuse for using cuss words. You should have waited until you got outside. It won't do."

"Does your honor mean to intimate that I swore in your presence while trying a case?" demanded the major sternly.

"I don't intimate anything, major, but you just look at that." And he handed the transcript to Dysart. There, nestled in the midst of a long argument over an objection, printed as plain as type could make it, were the words:

"It is a damned obscure injury."

It required nearly five minutes for the major to think out how it happened. Then he grabbed a pen, shoved it into the ink bottle and viciously scratched out the ribald sentence, over which he wrote:

"It is a damnun absque injuria," meaning a damage without an injury.—Kansas City Star.

SHOPPING IN CAIRO.

Where Bargaining Is the Perfume, the Poetry of Trade.

"I entered Sidi Okba's shop in Cairo," said the man with the oriental labels on his luggage, "and a handsome carpet caught my eye. 'What is the price of that?' I asked.

"That carpet is not for sale," Sidi Okba answered. "I bought it at great cost for my own delectation only. How beautiful it is! But will not monsieur partake with me of coffee and cigarettes?"

"I partook. The next morning I was in that neighborhood again, and Sidi came forth and saluted me. He had changed his mind about retaining the carpet. Allah forbade selfishness among the true believers, and since I desired the thing he'd let me have it for \$1,000. 'I'll give you \$10,' said I.
"He fell back, almost fainting; then in a weak, pained voice he offered me coffee again.
"Next day when I turned up he came down to \$900, and I went up to \$15, and we drank more coffee and smoked. Next day he dropped to \$800, and I rose to \$17.50. We were very cheerful over the coffee and tobacco that day. We had the carpet spread before us to admire. It was evident that we would strike a bargain yet, and just before I left Cairo we did strike a bargain. The carpet became mine for \$50. It would have cost \$250 at home. As we shook hands in farewell Sidi Okba said:

"I love a good bargainer like yourself. Bargaining is the bloom, the perfume, the poetry of trade. I adore it!"
—Exchange.

Another Kind of Guest.

"Won't you please write in my guest book?" said a woman to the friends she had entertained at dinner. And she brought out the treasured volume, with its record of hospitality. The names were inscribed.

"Why, what's this?" said the modern Eve as the pages were fluttered before the book was returned to its owner. "There are lots and lots of names in the back and all in your handwriting too."

The hostess laughed. "Do you want to know what these names are?" she asked. "Well, I suppose I might make a confession. They are names of guests, all right, but of another kind. It's the list of the servants I have had since my housekeeping experiences began."—New York Press.

Apply It to Your Life.

Have you ever watched the exceedingly delicate and yet firm pressure of the hand of a skillful tuner? He will make the string produce a perfectly true note, vibrating in absolute accord with his own never changing tuning fork. The practiced hand is at one with the accurate ear, and the pressure is brought to bear with most delicate adjustment to the resistance. The tension is never exceeded, he never breaks a string, but he patiently strikes the note again and again till the tone is true and the ear is satisfied, and then the muscles relax and the pressure ceases.

Barnum's Ready Retort.

Barnum once appeared at Oxford to lecture on "Humbug." The rowdy students would not give him a hearing. At length, in a momentary lull, he shouted, "Then you don't want to hear anything about humbug?"
"We don't!" was the answer in a roar.

"Well," retorted Barnum, "I've got your money, and there's no humbug about that!"
The disturbance came to a sudden finish, and Barnum proceeded in peace.

Broke the Law.

"What got me into trouble? Failure to ignore the law."
"That seems odd."
"Not at all. I couldn't resist the temptation to give the law a swift kick."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

STATE NEWS.

E. T. Oliver, of Raleigh, has asked for a franchise to build a street railway in Goldsboro.

Fayetteville will hold an election soon on the question of issuing \$100,000 bonds for street paving.

Hon. H. C. Brown, clerk to the corporation commission announces that he will not be a candidate for election this year.

Sheriff Watson, of Cumberland county has captured 11 moonshine stills in that county during the past 15 months.

Locke Craig has opened headquarters in Raleigh for his gubernatorial campaign, and Mr. J. P. Kerr, of Asheville is in charge.

Mrs. Florence Edwards, of Putnam, Madison county, committed suicide Thursday afternoon by shooting herself through the head.

Ernest Hine, a student at the A. & M. College, from Winston-Salem died in the hospital at Raleigh Saturday night, of appendicitis.

Hiram Williams, of Warsaw, was arrested last week by Insurance Commissioner V. R. Young, charged with burning his dwelling at Warsaw.

The annual reunion of the State confederate veterans will be held in Winston-Salem Aug. 11 and 12, instead of Aug. 19 and 20 as first announced.

In opening the bids of contractors to do \$50,000 worth of sidewalk paving at New Bern the board of aldermen of that city found that there were over 60.

Capt. W. C. Rodman, of Company G., N. C. N. G., at Washington, was elected Major of the third battalion of the second regiment, at a meeting at Wilson last week.

Fire which was caused by rain leaking through a car onto some unslacked lime in the car, did about \$1,700 damage at the Norfolk & Southern R. R. shed in Kinston Friday.

From some mysterious cause 12 mules belonging to the State have recently died at the Halifax farm. A peculiar feature of the epidemic there is that not a single horse has been affected.

Deputy Collector H. C. Reece was shot by a moonshiner at Spout Springs, in Harnett county, Friday night, while making a raid. He was not killed and was taken to the hospital at Sanford.

Harden Moore, a negro who killed William Christopher, a white farmer of Rockingham county, last Christmas, was taken from the Stokes county jail to Winston, Thursday to prevent a lynching.

The North Carolina militia will be equipped with the Springfield rifle, same as used in the U. S. Army, the war department having notified Adjutant General Robertson that the rifles are ready.

A trestle on the A. C. L., at Navassa, four miles from Wilmington, burned Friday, and trains on the Wilmington-Florence division were held until it could be rebuilt, which was done in a short time.

A dead body, supposed to be that of Finn Wetherspoon who disappeared 3 years ago from Lenoir, was found in a river near that place last week and five men were arrested charged with the murder.

Frank Purdee, chief car inspector of the Seaboard Air Line at Raleigh, has been bound over to court on a charge of stealing hams and other articles from the cars of the railroad by which he was employed.

A Higher Health Level.

"I have reached a higher health level since I began using Dr. King's New Life Pills," writes Jacob Springer, of West Franklin, Maine. "They keep my stomach, liver and bowels working just right." If these pills disappoint you on trial, money will be refunded at Griffin's drug store. 25c.

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