NO. 31.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 22 1898.

There is magic in the music when the foun- In her eyes there gleams a splendor which tains of her mirth Into liquid waves of laughter ripple

And her eyes a deeper rapture In their dreamy moments capture, But I cherish most her features archly gathered in a frown.

In the masquerade of faces desolation wears While the gravest in demeanor is the

But I know that in revealing Every transient thought and feeling She is nearest when her forehead sweetly furrows with a frown.

no shadows can subdue Like the glint upon the waving fields of brown

As the glowing embers mingle With the ashes on the ingle Glows her soul among the thoughts which gravely wait upon her frown.

All the shifting lights and shadows which her April eyes assume Wear a charm of which this aspect is the

crown: And if she could guess the ardor Of my thoughts as I regard her, How I wonder would her features coldly gather in a frown!

-Charles J. Bayne, in Puck.

In the antipodes of Leah Cole's

"I'd put the clamp o' hydrangeas

There's a clump in a yard over to

A white lilac was one of Leah's

heart's desires, too. She wanted a

They were plowing down in the

home field, and the sound of the men's

voices drifted up to her through the

clear air. Reuben's voice was hearty

and full of enthusiasm. He was going

to lay down that field to clear clover.

"I wish they'd plow the front yard

up," mused on Leah, watching the

sow the grass seed myself. It's the

only way to do. This old sod is so

There were no children on the Cole

farm, and all the love and devotion

Leah Cole might have spent over lit-

tle, uneasy bodies and all the time she

might have speut over little patch-

hungry pinafores and frocks were

centred on this little, unkempt front

yard that was so dreary and might be

It wouldn't have been so bad with

"I'm agoin' to run up to John's be-

little child truck scattered round it

and prints of little feet on its graceless

fore the plantin' begins, Leah. There's

some business I've got to do with

him, an' I need a little change," Reu-

ben said at supper time. He said

nothing about Leah's going too.

Did he think she did not need a

"Why, I would, Reuben. It's a

pretty drive, an' they'll be tickled to

death to see you! It'll do you good.

An' Reuben-" her voice faltered the

least bit-"An' Renben, if you don't

mind askin' John's wife for some

plants an' things, but I calc'late John's

wife has all she can do makin' slips

out o' dimity cloth!"- for at John's

Renben laughed and pushed away

"Mebbe she's dreadful busy, but

"Of course. There's six there now,

his plate. But Leah rallied for the

John's wife will always find time to

if I remember. I guess they all grow

The immediate prospect of a

'change" made Renben unwontedly

preciation of his little joke. But

Leah was intent on her own thoughts

could only have some of John's wife's

slips and maybe-land! think of it!

John's wife had roses all around the

"An' John's real poor beside Reu-

The last thing, as Reuben drove out

"If you're a mind to speak of the

And then she went back to her

work, and Reuben rode along the

pleasant country ways with the beau-

tiful resurrection of spring all about

him. The air was full of the smell of

newly-turned sods, as he passed by

The first birds back from their win-

of the yard, she called out after him,

ben," sighed Leah's thoughts.

there were little children.

keep growin' things round-"

'Slips! I s'pose you mean slips o'

long, straight furrows grow.

soul was in her.

white one so!

dead n' alive.'

change?

slips-"

second attack.

fast enough,'

wistfully:

slips, Reuben-"

land! so beautiful.

***** Reuben Cole's Change. BY ANNIE WAMILTON DONNELL.

"And roses. Reuben?" Leah Cole ! They dotted the forlorn little place all over, and when Leah shut her eyes said, quietly.

The seed catalogue lay open, and and made believe, transformed it into she could see the bunch of thrifty a lovely little place. onions on the open page. Reuben most always ended his list with onions! hungry, wistful life it is possible she There wasn't time to wait any longer might have been an artist. The artist's -it was now or never.

"And roses, Reuben?"

Reuben Cole bent over his laboring over here in this cornery place-kind pen, apparently deaf to the gentle, o' set 'em round careless in a scatterin' wistful voice. His hand was painfully bunch. They look real pretty so. cramped, and the parallel lines indented between his eyebrows told of Buxville. And the white laylac I'd his mental toiling. Plowing half a like to go about here. It would grow day, steady, on the windy side of big and need plenty o' room." Stone Scrabble hill was nothing to

Leah could have helped him if she had only dared to suggest it; but to her simple vision there was something majestic and unapproachable about -Renben with a pen gripped in his fingers. It required all her courage to mention her heart's desire - the

"But I'm bound I will," she com-· muned with herself, stoutly. "I'll do my part, an' that's all the Angel Gabriel could do if he wanted Reuben to put roses onto his list."

But her heart failed her as she watched Reuben's slow pen trace "two packages of best onion seed, and then sign "Reuben Cole" in great quivery letters. It did not write "roses," and Leah Cole's plaintive face fell.

Reuben Cole was not deaf. None of the Coles had ever been, even in their eighties. It was a matter of family pride with them all.

He had heard Leah's gentle reminder about the roses-oh, yes, but he had let it pass unbeeded, just as he had the year before and the year before that. Leah always put in her oar for some foolishness like that every time be sent off his order for seeds and berry canes. One year it was flowering almonds an' some kind of Tartar honeysuckles. If he got 'em once he'd have to again, and wasn't it about all he could do to manage the garden sance? They'd got to have that, but they hadn't got to have a mess o' bushes an' flower beds littering up the front yard. Leah was real carious about that.

The Cole farm was a prosperous one. According to its place in the taxgather's books, it ranked as one of the thriftiest in the town. There were always the newest varieties of small fruits in its berry patch and the newest kind of garden sauce in its garden. Its field crops were fine -its level mowing fields wonderfully productive. The neighbors averred that they never did see greener, heavier grass than grew in Reuben Cole's meadows, and his loads o' hay at hay-

ing time were sights to behold. But the front yard at the Coles' was barren and dismal. To be sure, there were Leah's beds of old-fashioned jovial. He chuckled in pleased apflowers that she spaded and tended herself with steady patience; but they had a discouraged look in spite of and remained grave enough. If she her care. The little old-time posies refused to blossom thriftily in such barren, undressed soil, and Renben

could not spare any dressing for it. But the grass-oh, that was the worst! It tormented poor Leah's beauty-loving eyes summer after summer. She did so long to see it brilliantly green and carpety, like other people's front yard grass. Across the street, a little way down the hill, the Hobbs' grass was so green. You could feast your eyes on it an' bury your feet in its luxuriatin' thicknessan' they always kept it mowed.

Leah Cole did her own front-yard mowing. It was not very successful, The day after the seed list was sent off. Lesh took her sewing out into the yard. It was one of those surprisingly warm, summery days that come sometimes in early spring, and she at resist the temptation of it. not sew much. She wan-

fields fresh from the plow. ter resorts tilted on limber twigs and sang to him. It was spring-springspring.

Reuben Cole's blood quickened and flowed more freely through his veins, the big, bare y it's unkempt as the sap was flowing under the little song birds' feet. He passed a jogging couple in a euben's time to quaint, old-fashioned wagon and caught a glimpse of their placid enjoyment of rd," mur-

ossibles

each other's company. "I declare, "he thought, "why didn't I bring Leah along? I might've as well as not. I'd go back now if I warn't a third of the way to John's."

At John's a good many things interested Renben Cole, and a good many things astonished him. The tiny farm was just out of its winter dress, and the spring cutting and fitting had not

not onestioned Reuben a little | university.

surprised, for John was a first-rate "Down our way it's all out farmer. o' the way, an' plantin' will be comin' along pretty quick."

"Yes, I am late," laughed John, cheerily enough, looking up from his work-he was helping his wife prune the roses and shrubs. "You're ahead this time, sure. But I told Letty here she shouldn't do all this pranin' and tyin' up alone-the plowin' could wait a bit. Don't you worry. I'll

catch up with you. John and John's wife were bending over a white rosebush, and their heads and fingers came together, now and then, in the friendliest nudges. Both of them were laughing, with their voices keyed to spring music. It was very pleasant out in John's front

Reuben sat on the doorstep and revolved new notions in his head.

"Why shouldn't I help?" went on John's voice. "Half this front yard's mine, an' I guess I want things to look flourishin' in it, too-hey, Letty? what's that you say about men folks not carin' for flowers? Take it back,

ma'am - one, two, three!' A merry race ensued, and all the little John children flowed out of nooks and cranules to join in it.

Letty came out of it breathless and

"We're goin' to put the aster seeds in under the windows this year," she explained to Renben. "They'll look so bright against the underpinnin'. And the swest peas overthere against the fence and the pansy beds here, you see. The children see to those. Oh, we're goin' to look fine, I tell you! And John's sent for some new shrubs too-let's see; hydrangeas and a golden elder and a smoke tree. Last year we got that purple-leaved plum. You'd ought to see it by and by! And we got the white lilac". John's wife's said 'laylac,''too- "last year. Oh, yes, and that cunnin' little mulberry tree. We try to get three new ones every year. When the front yard's full, there's the back yard!"

John's wife laughed and went in to see if the John baby had waked up

"She's a great one for fixin' up, Letty is," John remarked, proudly. 'I leave the selectin' all to her; then I help set out and tend. There's nothin like havin things kind o' pretty around the house. I say that's as necessary as havin' good potatoes and thick hay crops. If you can't have both, have six o' one and half a dozen o' the other. You chaps with the money can outshine us, of course, but we'll do the level best we can!"

All the the way home Reuben Cole was still revolving his new ideas. In the back of the wagon was a bulky bundle of shrubs done up in burlap. He had driven ten miles out of his way for these. John's wife's slips were in a moist packet under the seat. Halfway home, the ideas said there was going to be a revolution in the front yard at home. Two-thirds of the way, there was going to be a revolution in the little homely sitting room where he and Leah sat together long winter evenings. There was going to be something new and bright there as well as in the little homely

front yard. Grand ideas - brave ideas. Three-fourths of the way home, he was going to help Leah set out the things and prune them and dress them for her, Poor Leah! She'd had kind of a hard, uphilly time of it tryin' to fix up things round home. Come to think of it, Leah was growin' real sober and old, late years-Leah and she used to be the sprightliest, han'somest little woman in the United States! Happy an' chirk, too, as a laughin' child.

Four-fi the of the way, five-sixths almost home!

Seven-eighths of the way: he was goin' to give the little woman a surprise an' see if she'd forgot to blush that little soft red color that used to

set her off so. Home. And Reuben Cole sprang lightly down and kissed Leah's patient, gentle face. A little soft red color hurried into her cheeks and made her young again.

"Why, Reuben-land!"-The House-

Wonders of a Limestone Pit.

M. Martel, the well-known French cave hunter, has explored a natura pit in the limestone of the Lozere, France, with remarkable results. After descending a vertical shaft for about 200 feet he found an immense hall, sloping downward, and at the lower end a "virgin forest" of stalagmites, resembling pine and palm trees. Many of them are very beautiful, and one, over ninety feet in height, reaches nearly to the vault of the cavern. Nothing like this forest of stone has been observed in any other known cave or pit.

Millions of Glass Eyes.

It is stated on German authority that the astounding number of 2,000,-000 glass eyes are made every year in Germany and Switzerland, while one French house manufactures 300,000 of them annually.

The Kansas Aegislature has just appropriated \$100 for a marble bust of Charles Robinson, the first governor "Ain't you late about your plowin,' of Kansas, to be placed in the State

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

It is stated that vast untouched beds of sheet mica lie within fifty miles of Kiao-Chou bay, China.

It is estimated that the nerves, with branches and minute ramifications connecting with the brain, exceed ten

To hold crayons for blackboard or drawing work a tube is fitted with clamping jaws at one end and a sliding rod at the other end, to force the chalk into position.

The British army rifle has eightytwo component parts, in the production of which 952 machines are employed, as well as various processes which do not require machinery.

In a communication to the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Grehant says that the surface of cast iron kept at a red heat is capable of transforming carbonic acid into carbonic oxide-that is, into a poisonous gas.

For a short distance a lion or a tiger can out outrun a man and can equal the speed of a fast horse, but the animals lose their wind at the end of about half a mile. They have little endurance and are remarkably weak in lung power.

Siberia has for half a century been known to be rich in graphite, but such have been the difficulties of transportation that development has been hampered too greatly to be profitable, although in 1875 no less than 666,000 pounds were explored.

The highest observatory in the world is that which has been erected by a number of wealthy men interested in science on Mont Blanc, Switzerland, at a height of 15,780 feet above the level of the sea. Since it was not possible to reach solid rock for the foundations, the house was built in the

The surface of the sea is estimated at 150,000,000 square miles, taking the whole surface of the globe at 197,-00,000, and its greatest depth supposedly equals the height of the highest mountain or four miles. The Pacific ocean covers 78,000,000 square miles, the Atlantic 25,000,000, the Mediterranean 1,000,000.

A yellow light has been obtained with incandescent gas burners by a German inventor at Krefeld. He alters the burners so that the gas is supplied at a pressure of three and a half atmospheres. A single jet of ordinary size then emits a light of more than a thousand candle power, by which fine print may be read at a distance of 150 feet from the light.

Longevity Influenced by Water.

Solid and dry as the human body appears, says The Household, water constitutes more than one-fourth of its bulk, and all the functions of life are really carried on in a water bath, and, although the sense of thirst may be trusted to call for a draught of water when required, the fluid can be imbibed most advantageously for many reasons besides satisfying the thirst.

In the latter stage of digestion, when comminution of the mass is incomplete, it is much facilitated by a moderate draught of water, which disintegrates and dissolves the contents of the stomach, fitting it for emulgence and preparing it for assimila-

Hence the habit of drinking water in moderate quantities between meals contributes to health, and indicates the fact that those who visit health resorts for the purpose of imbibing the waters of mineral springs might profit by staying at home and drinking more water and less whiskey.

Water is the universal solvent of nature, and the chief agent in all transformation of matter. When taken into an empty stomach it soon begins to pass out through the tissues into the circulation to liquefy effete solids, whose excretion from the system is thus facilitated.

Very few people think of the necessity of washing the inside as well as the outside of the body, and he who would be perfectly healthy should be as careful about the cleanliness of his stomach as that of his skin,

A Thread From the Earth to a Star. Sir Robert Ball once made a curious calculation on the distance to the nearest of the "fixed stars," The calculation was inspired by a visit to one of the great Laucashire thread factories. The superintendent of one of the factories inspected by the astronomer informed the star-gazer that the combined output of the various Lancashire thread factories was 155,000,000 miles of thread per day. Those figures were certainly enough to astonish anyone, unless it should be an as-

Sir Robert Ball has long since passed the point where he expresses surprise at a string of figures which represent even billions of miles. Instead of falling stunned at the thread man's feet, he paralyzed the manufacturer of cotton filaments by telling him that if all the factories in Lancashire should work day and night producing 155, 000,000 miles of thread every twelve hours, it would take them two hundred years to spin a thread long enough to reach from the earth to the nearest of the fixed stars .- Tit-Bits.

Only one person in a thousand dies of old age.

SERMONS OF THE DAY. | in every generation, there are tens of thousands of persons who are fully developed

RELIGIOUS TOPICS DISCUSSED BY PROMINENT AMERICAN MINISTERS.

The Rev. George H. Hepworth's Sunday Sermon in the New York Rerald is Entitled, "Things Not Worth While"-Dr. Talmage Preaches on Unfair Conduct. TEXT: "Thou hast sinned against thy soul."-Habakkuk, ii., 10.

The object of religion is to make life sweet and satisfactory. When a man has done the best he could under the circum-stances he has done all that God requires of him. Heaven is not for those who be-lieve things, but for those who do things. Christ was a working man in its largest and most divine sense, while we are all working men in a small sense. He worked for others, and was therefore divine; we work for ourselves, and are therefore pitifully human. His religion teaches us to become a part of the life of those who need our help; our tendency is to take from others for our own ease and comfort, and to give as little as possible. He emphasizes the value of the soul, gives it a dignity and a grandeur, the gait and bearing of a king. our philosophy of life minimizes spiritual easures and magnifies what is sensuous. I never tire of the New Testament, because it is such a desperately sensible book and because it flatly contradicts the ideas which worldly society puts into my head. It is always new, therefore, and almost always startling. If the soul is what He tells me it is, then I must have a large plan. If I am really little lower than the angels, then I must cease to be childish, and the small cares of life must not be allowed to tease and fret me. In that case I should look life in the face and say to my soul that it must busy itself about great things and keep in mind that petty things are not worthy of attention.

For example, it is not worth while to be impatient because what happens is not to our liking. We are apt to make a hot reply when an ill-natured remark is made. Somebody else's bad mood excites a bad We catch the disease instantly, and then there are two persons in a bad mood instead of one. Passion is heat-ed to the exploding point, we give rein to our tongue, and a pitched battle of words takes place. We loosen the bonds of a friendship, we wound the heart of affec-tion, for what we say is a consuming fire. If we had a perfect control of ourselves we should not be powder to anyone's torch. A little patience, very difficult to attain, I of sweet oil and not the cruet of cayenne admit, would keep us from striking when we are struck. It is noble to keep still, and the rebuke of silence is like a keep sword. It is not worth our while, not worth soul's while, to step down to a lower level because some one addresses us from that level. We should maintain our dignity though others lose theirs. Then, again, it is not becoming in a princely soul to allow the habit of fault-

finding to get posession of it. It renders one uncomfortable, it unfits one for the enjoyments which cross our path, it dulis the edge of happiness, it is like eating a lemon instead of an orange. The man who finds fault with others seldom has time to find fault with others seldom has time to him fault with himself, which is his chief duty. Instead of being charitable he is censorious. Not even the Lord can please him, and if he ever gets to process. It was not a selfish purpose by which he went down. It was magnificent generosity through which he fell.

My friends, this text will come to fularranged to suit his personal taste. Fault finding is simply self-conceit in a subtle disguise. Such a man hints that the universe is wrong, but that be can put it It is not worth while to peer at the defects of others and to ignore their virtues. It is better to look for good things, because you are sure to find them if you look long enough, than to look for bad things and then waste your time grumbling because they are bad. If God were dethroned such a man would try, to take His place; but since God reigns it would be well for the fault finder to retire to the background and try to be thankful for mercies received, rather than criticise the Almighty for not giving him what he thinks he ought to have

Once more, it is not worth your while to look on the dark side of life, for that de-stroys your power of resistance and endur-There is sometimes a hard side to God's providence, but never a dark side. He does undoubtedly ask us to do some strange things, and to go strange experiences; but if He goes with us we are not only in good company are sure to derive some benefit from it all. Strong characters are wrought by tears, and afflictions are stepping stones to heaven if we view them from the right standpoint and put them to their proper use. Life is not all gladness, but sadness is the hot fire in which the Toledo blade is forged. We may not always know why we suffer, for no explanation has ever been given but somehow or other the suffering souls are always the noblest, provided they suffer under the shadow of God's sym-To be unconscious of His presence makes life very heavy and laden, but to be nscious of it is like catching a glimpse of the distant home when the weary traveler is ready to drop by the wayside

soul, with Yes, a soul, an immortal heaven and heavenly things all about, is a magnificent mystery. It must live up to its destiny, and put under its feet the fears and doubts which are so intrusive and so persistent. Think of yourself as God's child, to whom no real harm can possibly come, and the clouds will part and your depression will be lightened. There are still stars overhead, and a blue sky. It will be all right by and by. time be patient, and, above all, keep your faith bright and pure.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

DR. TALMACE'S SERMON.

An Impressive Discourse Entitled, "Measured by Your Own Yard Stick."

TEXT: "With what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again."-Matt.

In the greatest sermon ever preacheda sermon about fifteen minutes long, according to the ordinary rate of speech-a sermon on the Mount of Olives, the preacher, sitting while He spoke, according to the ancient mode of oratory, the people were given to understand that the same yard stick that they employed upon others would be employed upon them-selves. Measure others by a harsh rule and you will be measured by a harsh rule. Measure others by a charitable rule and you will be measured by a charitable rule Give no mercy to others, and no mercy will be given to you. "With that measure ye mate, it shall be measured to you again." and no mercy There is a great deal of unfairness in criticism in human conduct. It was to smite that unfairness that Christ uttered the words of the text, and my sermon will be a re-scho of the divine sentiment. In estimating the misbehavior of others, we must take into consideration the pressure of cir-It is never right to do wro numstances. men misbehave or commit some atracious wickedness we are dispose indiscriminately to tumble them all over the bank of condemnation. Suffer they ought and suffer they must, but in a difference of degree.

eriminals and incarcerated. I say in every generation. Then I suppose there are tens of thousands of persons who, not positive-ly becoming criminals, nevertheless have a eriminal tendency. Any one of all those thousands, by the grace of God may become Christian, and resist the ancestral influ-ence, and open a new chapter of behavior; but the vast majority of them will not, and it becomes all men, professional unpro-fessional, ministers of religion, judges of courts, philanthropists and Christian work-ers, to recognize the fact that there are

these Atlantic and Pacific surges of hereditary evil rolling on through the centuries. Again, I have to remark, that in our es-timation the misdoing of people who have fallen from high respectability and useful-ness we must take into consideration the conjunction of circumstances. In nine cases out of ten a man who goes astray does not intend any positive wrong. He has trust funds. He risks a part of these funds in investment. He says: "Now, if I should lose that investment I have of my own property five times as much, and if this investment should go wrong, I could easily make it up; I could five times make it up." With that wrong reasoning he goes on and makes the investment, and it does not turn out quite as well as he expected, and he makes another investment, and, strange to say, at the same time all his other affairs get entangled, and all his other resources fail, and his hands are tied. Now he wants to extricate himself. He goes a little further on in the wrong investment. He takes a plunge further ahead, for he wants to save his wife and children; he wants to save his hone; he wants to save his membership in the church.

He takes one more plunge and all is lost. In the study of society I have come to this conclusion, that the most of the people want to be good, but they do not exactly know how to make it out. They make enough good resolutions to lift them into angelhood. The vast majority of the peo-ple who fall are the victims of circumstances. They are captured by ambuscade. If their temptations should come out in a regiment and fight them in a fair field they would go out in the strength and triumph of David and Goliath. But they do not see the giants and they do not see the regi-ments. Temptation comes and says: "Take these bitters, take this nervine, take this aid to digestion, take this nightcap." The vast majority of men and women who are destroyed by opin and by rum first take them as medicines. In making up your dish of criticism in regard

pepper.
Do you know how that physician, that lawyer, that journalist, became the victim of dissipation? Why, the physician was kept up night by night on professional duty. Life and death hovered in the balance. His nervous system was exhausted. There came a time of epidemics and whole families were prostrated and his nervous strength was gone. He was all worn out in the service of the public. Now he must brace himself up. Now he stimulates. The life of his mother, the life of this child, the life of this father, the life of this whole family, must be saved, and he stimulates, and he does it again and again. You may criticise his judgment, but remember the

fillment in some cases in this world. The huntsman in Farmsteen was shot by some unknown person. Twenty years some unknown person. Twenty ; later after the son of the huntsman in the same forest, and he accidentally shot a man, and the man in dying said: "God is just; I shot your father just here twenty years ago." A bishop said to Louis XI. of France: "Make an iron age for all those who do not think as we do-an iron cage in which the captive can neither lie down nor stand straight up. was fashioned-the awful instrument of punishment. After a while the bishop offended Louis XI., and for fourteen years he was in that cage, and could neither its down nor stand up. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to vou again.

Ob, my friends, let us be resolved to scold ess and pray more! What headway will we make in the judgment if in this world we have been lard on those who have gone astray? What head-way will you and 1 make in the last great dgment, when we must have mercy or perish? The Bible says: "They shall have udgment without mercy that showed no

mercy."
I see the scribes of heaven looking up into the face of such a man, saying, you plead for mercy, you, who in all your life never had any mercy on your fellows? Don't you remember how hard you were in your opinious of those who were astray? Don't you remember when you ought to have given a helping hand you employed a hard heel? Mercy! You must mis-speak yourself when you plead for mercy here. Mercy for others, but no mercy for you. Look," say the scribes of heaven, "look at that inscription over the throne of judgment, the throne of God's judgment," See it coming out letter by letter, word by word, sentence by sentence, until your startled vision reads it and your remorseful spirit appropriates it: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. Depart, ye cursed!"

LEITERS BORROWED \$9,000,000. Now Prepared and Determined to Carry

Through Their Wheat Deal. L. Z. Leiter and his son, Joseph, the Chicago crain speculators, have borrowed \$5,000,000, and are now prepared to carry through their big wheat deal. They dion't actually need the money just at present, but thought it better to make the loan when

but thought it betterto make the money market was easy.

Every bushel of contract wheat now at Chicago will be on its way to Europe the next four weeks. Up to the within the next four weeks. Up to the middle of March the railroads were loading Leiter wheat out of only one system of elevators—the Armour. The closing of additional shipping contracts with the east-bound roads for 3,000,000 bushels started loading at every elevator system in Chicago.

NOVEL TEST CASE.

Chinaman Arrested For Using His Mouth as a Sprinkler.

For years the Chinese laundrymen of San Francisco have sprinkled clothes for ironing by spraying the water from their mouths. Last March a city or linance was adopted, prohibiting this primitive and disgusting method, and several Chinese laundrymen were arrested for violation of the decree. A test case was made, and the culprit tried to secure a writ of habeas corpus on the ground that the ordinance was unconstitutional because it was spe that the law justifies such an ordinance, as It is designed to check the spread of dis-ease. He remanded the Chinese to jail, and

Miss May Scruggs, who is still, the southern papers say, "in her traus," has been made teller of a bank at Wayerous, In Great Britain and In the United States. | Ga