

BILL AS A SCIENTIST

Not Every Man Knows What His Farm is Made Of.

BUT WILLIAM THINKS HE DOES

Filling an Icehouse in One Day. Something About the North Carolina Hounds.

THE WISE CHATELAIN, N. C., July. I have just been posting notices at the remote outposts of my grounds warning of all trespassers, hunters, poachers and the general hot polio and some cautions from trespassing, and especially from tracking my game preserves around over the place.

One of my quail was shot last season, and the other naturally went away. We also lost several white rats. We think it was the work of an incendiary.



POSTING NOTICES

So I have just had my farmer in chief, assisted by my geologist, go out and post the entire tract of country and instruct the lodgekeeper to see that all persons entering the wicket are correct in the annual passbooks, explanations and signals, and the gardener is required to see that all present are qualified to remain.

Last season I set out a number of canvasback ducks, but they were not familiar with my boundaries, and therefore got on another plantation. I heard afterward about their having company over there, but it did not get through my head about the ducks till day before yesterday.

My geologist has been of great use to me. He has reduced the pitch of my farm from one-third to one-quarter.

No man should try to farm in the Blue Ridge mountains without a knowledge of geology or without some one on the farm who is thoroughly conversant with this science.

My farm is mostly plover, post-philos and recone. I learned this while digging my well. Below the farm proper, however, is the cretaceous, jurassic, triassic and jacksonic periods.

The well has revealed all the accounts of its great depth, yet the fact is so perpendicular and the well so far above the house that by tunnelling in eight feet from the kitchen door we strike the bottom of the well and get ice cold water to run through the house and pour in a beautiful cascade over the front door-steps.

The waterworks above the first floor are simple. A large stove in the bathroom is made to heat seven or eight paving stones, which you toss into the bathtub until sufficiently heated, cold water having been carried up sufficient to fill the tub.

Guests who really come to see us because they are fond of us do not mind carrying the water up for their own personal use.

At first I tried to raise the water supply by means of a windmill, but the plumber who put it up was not the one from whom I bought it, and so it never worked. We then tried horsepower, but the ground was so elevated on one side of the well and so depressed on the other that the horse when coming down hill skated so rapidly that he broke the pump.

Last winter I filled an icehouse in one day with good thick ice, which shows that we have a good all the year round climate. Our climate is not wholly confined to the summer.

Yet there are people who do not have faith in what I say. I know a man very well—have borrowed money of him, in fact, as when he first came here and did not care what became of his property—who had to speak in a whisper, and had 8 hemorrhages. In the morning his pillow looked like that of one murdered, and friends had lost all hope of him. He had night sweats and had to live on coffee and emulsion. He was brought here on a mattress, and yet in six months by breathing all the climate he could and under good care I was so surprised at the change in his appearance that I returned the money to him.

Summer or autumn is the best time to come here. Get a good horse. I have one that could be obtained of me for a given sum. He is an easy going horse, but was a hunter once, I was told. I did not understand then what a hunter was. I thought it was a horse who would hunt me up if I got lost or anything. The man said that he was a horse who knew more than a man. He does. He knows more than I do, and I have been offered the chair of rhetoric and literature in Yonkers college, this state. I wrote them that if they would hold the offer open a couple of weeks I thought I could accept it, but not now. I could not accept a seat of any kind at present. I admit that this horse knows more than I do, for he knows where he is going, and I do not. I wish sometimes while brisling galling over high worn fences and brisling notes that I did know better what his future plans were than I do.

This country is full of hounds—not the frothing and chestnut E.H.I. Philadelphia, but the chestnut hound with a scalded back. Our tracks here are as deep and sliding as they are anywhere, but they are not so fatal. Venetians felt each

other by smothering each other's hounds with a dish pan of hot water.

These hounds have long, loose ears hanging at the sides of their heads and giving them a look like the method among ladies of combing the hair prior to the war. They—the hounds—have a yelp that sounds in the distant forest like a baby elephant with mammothous crop.

My horse is attracted by that cry and takes me with him to see what it is. Most generally I do not adhere to him, but when I get there my clothes are mostly injured, and Virginia creepers and potent yew stream out from my neck like vegetable soup.

The hounds are found trying to smother a black gun two for a hound that they have track.

Once we found them just as they had overtaken a little mammoth black hound's nest and were in full cry. This horse would give a man health, I think, and take his mind from his other troubles. Visit Asheville, Mount Mitchell, Black Mountain, Buck Shoals, Tichenor and other summer places. Ride blithely over the ice or go tooting along the liquid boulevards from Piggy Back to the Diamond Swamp. You will feel renovated and gay.

In the mountains you will stop over night with a woman who lives plainly, surrounded by her 17 children. The girls are some of them 7 feet high and sleep in their embosomings.

A young foreigner tried to kiss a mountain girl some 19 or 20 years old and of the above height. She did not know what the custom was among the nobility, but she reckoned it wasn't a common thing among strangers in that settlement, so she broke down and drove into the ground a large, beautiful lilac bush with him.

Some of these merry little mountain maids chew tobacco and chop wood in the forest, toting it home on their shoulders as they gayly carol some nocturne from Yonkers.

The tourist will notice that his pink nightdress will attract attention in the family, and neighbors from a distance will come to see how he is resting. The maids are plain. You ride up a little canyon, we would call it west. Here it is a coulee or cove. In California and the Spanish countries of America they would call it a little arroyo, or some such thing.

You reach the head of the gulch toward nightfall. You have heard that there is a cabin there. You can stay there over night. But there is no sign of it after all.

Suddenly you hear the buying of 11 unclassified and pedigreeless dogs. They burst on you as though they would eat you alive, but look at them a moment and their tails are between their legs at once.

A copper colored man now comes forth with a faded plum duff hat on his head and hair and whiskers that look like the inside of a buggy cushion.

He shouts up the bounds' noise and asks you to "light up and tie." You do so. You have read that these mountaineers are profuse in their welcome, and you get all ready to be taken in his great warm arms and borne in and put to sleep in the spare bed, but he does not do so. He looks you over in a manner that reminds you of the way you felt when your wife's father first examined your lack of good points as a son-in-law.

By and by supper comes. Around a big pine table free from napery gather the family, with an outside fringe of dogs. One of these is a mother. She has a little baseball nine of big headed twins. You go there any time in the year and you will find a new set like this of fresh young dogs.

All stand up. In the middle of the table is a dish pan full of curdled milk and a large, thick corn pone. Every one is given a wedge of this coarse pone and a gourd. With the gourd you eat the upright milk and then wipe your whiskers on your coat sleeve. As you take a bite of pone the dog back of you samples your gourd, and when you try to save your milk he eats the most of your pone.

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THE DOG EATS THE PONE.

It is a sort of Saxon method of life and seems to go back to the days of Cedric, only these people own no serfs. The affections are feeble, yet they cling for generations to the same coulee, and the seasons come and go and find them ever poor, ever sad, and ever in voice, too lazy to love or talk or to enjoy—just human germs, mammals that show the early hereditary of nature in trying to create man; the discarded caricatures of humanity who forgot to die with the cave bear and the prehistoric.

As they differ little mentally. They are free from ambition, and their only gesture which shows vitality is a grave movement of the hand toward the ankle in token of anxiety, but they are most generally too late—the fish has flown.

But hope is dawning. Mr. George Vanderbilt has bought another big tract of land near Pisgah. This he owns both north and south of me. Is it possible that he intends to surround me and thus compel me to sell?

Forsyth! But I will not yield. I am like a colored man whose little farm still stands in the center of Mr. Vanderbilt's first purchase and who refuses to sell for 1,000 times the value of his little place. "This has always suited me," he goes on to say, "and his alters will. All my neighbors he sold out and went off, but I've known all kinds of people and never quarreled with one, and unless Mr. Vanderbilt is a mighty quack man I kin get out and bid him. I ain't perticklar."

John's about a whale upon her lot. The whale was heading to the north and spouting fast and free. The skipper said, "To July Fourth, and I can plainly see that he must be a Yankee whale spouting now to be, for all the Yankee nations are spouting same as he."

The whale moved farther northward in an easy, Yankee style, and there gleamed upon his countenance a broad, offensive smile, and the skipper swore, "I'll run him down before I go a mile."

The whale, he didn't seem to care a continental damn, but kept right on his northward course as easy as you please, until the British steamship's prow cut through his starboard side, and then there was immediately a lowering of his pride, and likewise of the whale himself, for down he plunged so deep that he must have waked the mermaids that on the bottom sleep. All bloods to the surface he shot up in awhile, and there was much derision in his 13 fathom smile, but there was more derision in his flukes that waved about, and fatheadless derision in his patriotic spout.

On sailed the ship Ahas and got here yesterday, and the British skipper says that this is all he has to say.—New York Sun.

ONE WAS NOT FOOLED.

And the Dicks' Went Any One Else Taken In Either.

It was in the waiting room of the Third street depot. A lady who was reading a newspaper had the glove off her left hand, and her solitary diamond ring caught the eyes of a score of people. She didn't know anything about that, of course, and was no doubt deeply interested in the news from Siam when a chunky young woman about 30 years of age changed her seat to bring her within speaking distance and asked: "Would you mind about me asking you a question?"

"No! Certainly not," was the reply. "Is that a diamond ring you have on?"

"Yes."

"Will you look at mine and see if it's a diamond?"

"From the depth of a reticule she fished out a stocking, and from its mysterious recesses she by and by drew out a ring with a glass setting as big as a dime. She rubbed the ring on her dress for awhile and then handed it out for inspection and asked:

"There, do you call that a diamond?"

"No, it is not a diamond."

"Didn't cost \$2,000, did it?"

"Oh, no!"

"About 75 cents, eh?"

"That would be nearer its value, I think. I hope you didn't buy that for a diamond ring."

"No, I didn't. My feller gave it to me for an engagement ring."

"I see," said the lady as she turned her head away to smile.

"Said it was a \$2,000 proof of his love."

"Yes."

"But he didn't fool me any. The minute she began to fade out and turn black I threw her over for another feller, and had scart \$500 out of him for toying with a young girl's heart. I didn't spect it had turned to a diamond, but thought it wouldn't do any hurt to ask, and it also sorter struck me that some feller might have played the same gum game on you. If he has, have your dad go for him. Then sort of chaps kin be scart right outer their butes."—Detroit Free Press.

A Black Lie.

Mrs. Johnson Macy, one of the society ladies of Austin, sent the colored boy she has employed about the place to Mrs. Flapjack's boarding house with a note. The boy came back in about an hour and reported that Mrs. Flapjack was not in.

"Did you see her sister?"

"No, mum; she had done gone out too."

"Well, then, did you not give the note to some of the boarders?"

"No, mum; do boarders had gone out too."

"Well, you could have left the note with the cook."

"De cook done left too."

"Well, now you must go right back and see if there is not somebody about the place and give them that note—do you hear?"

The boy hesitated, and the lady asked impatiently: "What are you waiting for?"

"Please, mum?"

"Well, what is it?"

"Please, mum, what street does she live on?"—Texas Sittings.

For Appearance Sake.

Her face wore a stony look, and her breakfast was yet unstarted.

Her lip curled scornfully as her husband helped himself to pancakes the second time.

"Terwilliger!"

Her voice was harsh as her aspect was forbidding.

"If you haven't any consideration for my feelings, why can you not?"

She struggled with a sob and triumphed.

"—have some regard for appearances!"

"My dear!"

Her husband reached for their cup imperturbably.

"I assure you I have the highest regard for appearances."

"For instance," she sneered, "when you kissed the hired girl in the hall last night."

"Certainly. Didn't I exclaim, loud enough for the people in the next three flats to hear me, 'My darling wife, how I love you!'"

She felt herself powerless to controvert his position.—Detroit Tribune.

In Doubt.

He (the bridegroom at the World's fair)—Do you want to go to the Art building, dear?

She (the bride)—Do you?

He—If you do, I do, dear.

She—Just as you say.

He—Well, I don't want to unless you want to.

She—I don't want to unless you want to.

(With soliloquy) Do you want to?

He—If you want to, dearest.

She (sturdily)—Well, let's go!

He—Are you sure you want to go?

She—If you are.

He (timidly)—Well, let's go.

(Exit unobtrusively toward the stock pavilion.)—Chicago Record.

Extinguishing Himself.

When a quite youthful and much petted female named Ruth goes away from home without her mother, she is some how unmanageable, and always on her return is interviewed as to her deport-

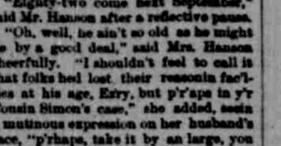
You Cannot Make It Too Strong

For Woods Cannot Express It—So Says Mr. Leach.

Believed in Yonks, But Now Entirely Cured by Dr. Rankin.

One of the interesting residents of Grand Rapids is Mr. J. H. Leach of No. 30 Winter street. He was trapped in this part of the state when Grand Rapids was a village. He is full of interesting anecdotes, but entertaining as they are, not one will excite the vivid interest or draw his simple statement of his cure by Dr. Rankin. There are so many in a similar plight, that a knowledge of where to find one specialist who possesses the skill claimed for him, will be of immense benefit.

The cool air fans one's cheek as with about and laughter we skinn along. Distance counts for nothing. Two, four, six miles we easily cover before breakfast, and with renewed health and vigorous appetites we begin a day of work or pleasure with cheerful thoughts and a clear brain because of an hour's use of our Safety.



J. H. LEACH, NO. 30 WINTER STREET.

He says: "I have suffered intensely for years, I would sometimes almost choke to death with the filling up of my throat and lungs; my sleep was poor, I was troubled with a dull headache, hawking and spitting, sneezing and choking. Every morning I had a terrible time clearing out my nose and throat; it would often nauseate me so much I would be unable to retain my breakfast. The dropping of mucus into my stomach so affected it I could not digest or assimilate my food. I spent several hundred dollars seeking for relief, but was always disappointed. A certificate from Mr. Spraker called my attention to Dr. Rankin. I called on the doctor and was so favorably impressed that I began treatment with him. He has cured me and it has cost me just fifteen dollars, although money was no object at all if I got cured. I am well and hearty now, with every vestige of my disease gone."

References to five hundred cured patients in this city alone.

Dr. Rankin is a graduate of Ann Arbor, and has had years of experience in his specialties.

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Grow thin in two weeks. Stout folks acquire a good form. All the various diseases that cause obesity, such as dyspepsia, rheumatism, nervousness, catarrh, kidney trouble, etc., are cured. No dieting or purging required. It keeps you healthy and beautifies the complexion.

The only safe and absolutely sure cure for obesity is Dr. E. J. Leach's Fat Reducers, Pills and Syringes, which have been proven and tested to be the best of all known means of reducing obesity in the country.

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