

Charlotte Home-Democrat.

NEW SERIES—VOLUME XVI.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1886.

OLD SERIES: VOLUME XXXIV.—NUMBER 1752

THE
Charlotte Home-Democrat,
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY
YATES & STRONG.

TERMS—Two Dollars for one year.
ONE DOLLAR for six months.
Subscription price due in advance.

Entered at the Post Office in Charlotte, N. C., as second class matter, according to the provisions of the Act of October 3, 1879.

T. C. SMITH & CO.,
WHOLESALE
AND
RETAIL DRUGGISTS,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
May 11, 1884.

CENTRAL HOTEL,
(Under New Management),
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Newly Furnished and Equipped
In the best style.

Hot and Cold Baths.—Patrons solicited.
Give us a trial. Rates, \$2 and \$2.50 per day.
SCOVILLE & BROCKENBROUGH,
Proprietors.
Feb. 26, 1886.

J. P. McCOMBS, M. D.,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of
Charlotte and surrounding country. All calls,
both night and day, promptly attended to.
Office in Brown's building, up stairs, opposite
Charlotte Hotel.
Jan. 1, 1885.

BURWELL & WALKER,
Attorneys at Law,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Will practice in the State and Federal Courts.
Office in Law Building.
Jan. 1, 1884.

HUGH W. HARRIS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Office, First door west of Court House.
Jan. 1, 1886.

HERIOT CLARKSON,
Attorney at Law,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Will practice in all the Courts of this State.
Prompt attention given to collections.
Nov. 7, 1884.

OSBORNE & MAXWELL,
Attorneys at Law,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Will practice in the State and Federal Courts.
Office in Law Building.
July 3, 1885.

HAMILTON C. JONES,
Attorney at Law,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Will practice in the State Courts, and in all
the Federal Courts in the Western District.
Jan. 8, 1886.

DR. M. A. BLAND,
Dentist,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Office in Brown's building, opposite Charlotte
Hotel.
Dec. 15, 1884.

DR. GEO. W. GRAHAM,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Practice Limited to the
EYE, EAR AND THROAT.
Jan. 1, 1884.

HOFFMAN & ALEXANDERS,
Surgeon Dentists,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Office over A. R. Nisbet & Bro's store. Office
hours from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Dec. 14, 1883.

W. H. FARRIOR,
Practical Watch-Dealer and Jeweler,
Charlotte, N. C.
Keeps a full stock of handsome Jewelry, and
Clocks, Spectacles, etc., which I will sell at a
fair price.
Repairing of Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, &c.,
done promptly, and satisfaction assured.
Store opposite to Central Hotel.
July 1, 1884.

SPRINGS & BURWELL,
Grocers and Provision Dealers,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Have always in stock Coffee, Sugar, Molasses,
Syrups, Mackerel, Soaps, Starch, Meat, Lard,
Hams, Flour, Grass Seeds, Plows, &c., which we
offer to both the Wholesale and Retail trade
at the lowest prices, from the smallest to the
largest.
Jan. 1, 1884.

R. A. LEE, SPRINGS & BURWELL,
Cotton Buyers,
Office in the Chambers Literary Building,
College Street.
Sellers will do well to see us. If we do not buy
our last bid shall be the value of the cotton.
Jan. 30, 1885.

HARRISON WATTS,
Cotton Buyer,
Corner Trade and College Sts., up Stairs,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Oct. 14, 1884.

THE CHARLOTTE
COTTON AND PRODUCE EXCHANGE
CORNER TRADE AND COLLEGE STS.,
Charlotte, N. C.
S. H. PHELPS, Proprietor, member
of New York Cotton Exchange
and Chicago Board of Trade.
J. F. LYON,
Manager.
Dec. 4, 1885.

JUST RECEIVED,
New Lot of Ladies' and Children's BLACK
HOSE, LACES, etc., at
ELIAS & COHEN'S.

Dr. Shaw, writing to the Medical
Times from Water Gap, where poisonous
snakes abound, says that during the past
six years, in which he has followed out a
method of cure for snake bite, he has not
lost a case. He gives sixty minims of
aromatic spirits of ammonia hypodermi-
cally and an ounce of whiskey every two
hours. A large poultice of bruised raw
onions is applied to the wound and renewed
every hour. The whiskey and onions are
continued until the cure is effected, which
is usually on the third day.

SALE OF LAND.
By virtue of a Mortgage Deed made by W.
H. A. Kluks and wife, and registered in Book
88, page 580, in the office of the Register of
Deeds, on the 8th day of January, 1886, we will
sell at the Court House door in the city of Char-
lotte, on Saturday, April 24, 1886, at 12 o'clock
P. M., to the highest bidder, the Tract of LAND
conveyed by said Mortgage, containing 51 Acres,
in Mecklenburg county, one mile from the town
of Matthews, on the Carolina Central Railroad.
Terms of sale, Cash.
J. B. WILLIAMSON,
J. W. HOOD, Mortgagees.

Administrators' Sale.
On Friday, March 12th, 1886, at the Residence
of the late E. C. Grier, in Providence Township,
we will proceed to sell the following Personal
Property, viz: One-half interest in a 12 horse-
power Tabor Engine, one-half interest in Georgia
Cotton Gin, one-half interest in Liddell Cotton
Press, Shaffling, Belling, &c.
Also, 2 Mules, 1 Phonon, 1 Piano and other
household furniture.
Terms made known on day of sale.
J. S. & S. R. GRIER,
Administrators of E. C. Grier.
Feb. 19, 1886.

LAND FOR SALE.
(RE-ADVERTISED).
On Saturday, March 13th, 1886, by virtue of a
Deed of the Superior Court of Mecklenburg
county, I will sell at the Court House door in
Charlotte, a Tract of LAND lying in Berryhill
Township, on the waters of Rocky Sugar Creek,
adjoining the lands of W. B. Spratt, F. Hovis,
and others, known as the "William Kerr place".
The place contains about 50 Acres, and is in a
good state of cultivation.
Terms—One-fourth cash, balance on ten
months credit.
W. K. BYRUM,
Administrator of Wm. Kerr.
Feb. 12, 1886.

Administrator's Notice.
Having qualified as Administrator of A. B.
Springs, deceased, notice is hereby given to all
persons having claims against the said Estate to
present the same at his Office in Charlotte, N. C.,
on or before the 6th day of February, 1887, or
this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery;
and all persons indebted to the Estate are notified
to call and settle their indebtedness.
E. B. SPRINGS,
Adm'r of A. B. Springs, deceased.
Feb. 5, 1886.

SPRING HATS.
1886.
The latest styles of Spring Hats just received.
Call and see them.
PEGRAM & CO.
Feb. 19, 1886.

FARMERS, READ THIS.
We are still in the Fertilizer business, and sell
the following reliable brands:
Navassa Acid Phosphate and Navassa Guano,
Pacific Acid Phosphate and Pacific Guano,
Pure Raw Bone Meal and Genuine German
Kainit.
We have just bought
100 Tennessee Wagons,
And will sell them on as good terms and as low
as any standard Wagon is sold.
This is a good time to buy a
Corbin Disk Harrow
For putting in Oats on clean land, without
plowing first. It is the finest implement ever
put in the field, and we are willing to let any
good reliable farmer put it to any test.
We are Headquarters for Implements, Seeds,
Wagon, Buggies, and General Farm Machinery.
Fresh Seed for Spring Sowing.
J. G. SHANNONHOUSE & CO.
Feb. 5, 1886.

For sixteen years we have been telling every-
body in Charlotte that Pratt's Astral Oil was the
best and safest Lamp Oil in existence—this state-
ment has been verified many times since it was
made—insurance companies all over the land
recommend its use as the best safeguard to life
and property, and its use is increasing.
T. C. SMITH & CO., Ag'ts for 16 years.

Imitations and substitutes for pure Mentholine
have injured its reputation and destroyed con-
fidence in its virtues. As a result of this we now
offer a smaller pure article at 10 cents, called
"Mentholite"—it is a little wonder—relieves
headache, toothache, earache, &c., in a few
minutes.
T. C. SMITH & CO., Druggists.
Aug. 21, 1885.

A fresh barrel of Wolfe Trap Lithia Water
just received at T. C. Smith & Co's—sold by the
glass or by the gallon.

Victory Corn Plasters remove Corns after
five days application—easily and comfortably
worn with shoe.
T. C. SMITH & CO.

Pure Vaseline in 10 cent bottles—best prepara-
tion known for the skin and scalp.
T. C. SMITH & CO.
When we sell a man a Tassell's Punch Cigar
he invariably comes back for more—Sells each
T. C. SMITH & CO., Agents.

WE HAVE
RESUMED BUSINESS
AT OUR
New Stand Opp. Central Hotel,
Where we will be pleased to see our customers
and friends. Respectfully,
THOS. REESE & CO.
June 12, 1885.

PATENTS.
C. M. ALEXANDER,
709 G Street, Washington, D. C.
(Successor of the old firm of Alexander & Mason.)
29 years in Patent practice.
Have secured more than 10,000 Patents.
Refers to Hon. Robt B. Vance of N. C., Asst.
Commissioner of Patents; Hon. H. L.
Mulford of Miss., Assistant Secretary of
Interior; Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn of Ken-
tucky, U. S. Senator.
Reference given anywhere. Send for terms.
Jan. 22, 1886.

The Girl of the Period.
She'd agree and varied knowledge, picked up
at a female college, of quadratics, hydrostatics
and pneumatics very fast.
She was stuffed with erudition as you stuff
a leather cushion, all theologies of the colleges
and the knowledges of the past.
She had studied the old lexicons of Peruvians
and Mexicans, their theology, anthropology
and geology o'er and o'er.
She knew all the forms and features of the pre-
historic creatures—ichthyosaurs, plesiosaurs,
megalosaurus and many more.
She'd describe the ancient Tuscans, and the
Basques and the Etruscans, their griddles
and their kettles and the victuals that they
gnawed.
She'd discuss—the learned chatter—the theology
of Bramah, and the scandals of the Vandals
and the scandals that they told.
She knew all the mighty giants and the master
minds of science, all the learning that was turn-
ing in the burning mind of man.
But she couldn't prepare a dinner for a gaunt
and hungry sinner, or get up a decent supper
for her poor voracious papa, or sew buttons on
his pants, for she never was constructed on the
old domestic plan.
[And she never knows much about the Geography
and Geology of her native State.]
Sleeping in a Cold Room.
Most people, even many intelligent
reformers, have the idea that to sleep in
a cold room is good—essential to health.
It is an error. It is better to have an
open fire in your bed-room. The stove
there is not only by this means constantly
changed, but you will keep the window
open, which will add greatly to the needed
ventilation. But more than this, with the
fire you will have fewer bed clothes over
you, which is a gain, as a large number
of blankets not only interfere somewhat
with the circulation and respiration,
but prevent the escape of heat. In a
room where the skin is constantly emit-
ting. Even furnace or stove heat, with an
open window, is better than a close,
cold room.—Dio Lewis.

Stay Where You Are.
One of the greatest drawbacks to prop-
erty is restive, roving and unsettled
spirit of the people. One imagines that
there is an El Dorado somewhere, or that
some section is more prosperous than his
own, and that he must get to it before he
can accomplish anything. The idea un-
settles him, and if he does not "pull up"
and migrate at once he is forever thinking
about it, and neglects to improve his pres-
ent home and farm. The delusion has been
wide-spread since the war, and much
individual disaster has been the result.
The course of Reuben seems to rest upon
the people. The terrible "Texas fever,"
which swept a few years ago, caused
untold families misfortune, and ruined
many excellent farms and good farmers.
It is a great mistake. Contentment is
the great secret of life. Old Horace
struck the right key when he said:
"Happiness depends not upon place, nor
climate, but upon the state of one's
mind." "Roving stones gather no moss,"
and the experiment of selling out and
moving in the hope of bettering the con-
dition often ends in bitter disappointment
and irretrievable loss. Thousands can
testify from experience, to the truth of
this assertion.
Better stay where you are. If you are
in a good community, and your lands
have bottom, drive down your pegs and
locate. Remember that "there's more to
the man than the land," as old Jones said
on returning from Texas, after terrible
failures, to the old worn-out homestead
he had sold, and found it blooming like a
garden. Right up the old dwelling, re-
new the out-buildings, palings, fences and
barns; spend a few dollars in white paint,
and give the premises an air of cheerfulness.
Cultivate less ground, and make it
richer every year. Make plenty to eat
and some to sell. Turn over a new leaf
and begin anew. Fear God, love your
neighbors, your wives and children, and
don't try to get rich in one year. Teach
your little ones to love their homes.
There is a world of melody and sentiment
in that immortal old ballad:
"Mid pleasures and palaces, wherever we may
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

Our Race in Life.
"Go ahead" was only half of David
Crockett's motto—and not the most im-
portant half. "Be sure you are right!"
precedes. The faster a ship goes ahead
the greater the danger, if there is not a
good watch on the bow and a strong
hand on the wheel. To run well is of im-
portance; to start right is of prime im-
portance. Let us run with patience the
race that is before us, and we shall be
wiser. A great many men lose the prize
by dropping out of the race altogether.
Every man must find his own race before
he begins to run; and a great many
spend their strength in trying to find
some one else's race, and a great many
more in making false starts in one race
after another, and so getting nowhere.
The Jack of all trades is generally master
of none. The world is full of square men
in round holes, and round men in square
holes; and though it is true that a man
can whittle himself off a little to fit the
place he is in, the energy so spent cannot
be spent in life's legitimate work. My
which does me no service while it is in
the repairer's hands. Blessed is the boy
that has a bent; wise the parent or teacher
that can either find one in him or give one
to him. God has a work for every man
that no other man can do quite as well;
and he succeeds best who quickest finds
what that work is and sets himself to do
it. Many a good writer has been spoiled
in his youth by the desire to be a poet,
and many a good housekeeper to make ex-
cellent poet; now and then an excellent
mechanic to make a poor preacher. A race
has been set before me; and it is my duty
to find out what that race is, and run it,
and not waste life in regrets that I can-
not run a different one, or life's energies
in unsuccessful attempts to do so.—
Christian Union.

"My Smoke-House."
A man who lives in Albany, and whose
business is that of a clerk, had lately built
himself a house that cost him three
thousand dollars. His friends ex-
pressed their wonder that he could afford
to build so fine a dwelling.
"Why," said he, "that is my smoke
house."
"Your smoke house? What do you
mean?"
"Why, I mean that twenty years ago I
left off smoking, and I have put the
money saved from smoke, with the inter-
est, into my house. Hence I call it my
smoke-house."

Notice.
In retiring from the Jewelry business, I desire
to express my thanks for the liberal patronage I
have received at the hands of many customers.
I have been in the Jewelry business for many
years and have endeavored to please my
customers. I congratulate myself that in a
large measure, if not entirely, I have succeeded.
The only gentlemen who have been in the
business with me are those who have been
of whom I am proud and a fine watch-maker. I
desire to recommend to the people as in every
worthy of the public patronage.
Very respectfully,
A. HALE.

Copartnership Notice.
We have this day formed a copartnership under
the firm name and style of HALE &
BOYNE to succeed the old firm of A. Hales &
Sons in the Jewelry business. We will occupy
the same stand on West Trade street, opposite
Wittkowsky & Baruch. By strict attention to
business, honesty, and fair dealing and prompt-
ness in our obligations, we hope to merit a con-
tinuance of the patronage bestowed on the old
firm of A. Hales & Sons. Very respectfully,
HALES & BOYNE.
Feb. 5, 1886.

Surgical Instruments.
To supply a need long felt by the Medical
Profession of this section, we have now and will
keep constantly in stock a full line of SURGI-
CAL INSTRUMENTS, warranted of the best
materials and of the most perfect construction.
We are also prepared to give any and all dis-
counts in any of the New York Instrument Cat-
alogs. Give us a call.
R. H. JORDAN & CO.,
Druggists, Springs Corner.
Nov. 13, 1885.

NOTICE.
The firm heretofore existing at Mount Holly,
Gaston county, N. C., under the style of Lewis,
Ryne & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual con-
sent. All parties having claims due against the
firm are requested to present them at once to the
undersigned, and claims not due are requested to
be presented to the undersigned within 30 days
from now.
D. E. RHYNE.
March 5, 1886.

What a Woman Can Do.
(But not much expected from the Woman's
Rights kind.)
A wife and mother, woman can make
the fortune and happiness of her husband
and children; and if she did nothing else,
surely this would be sufficient destiny.
By her thrift, prudence and tact, she can
secure to her partner and to herself a com-
petence in old age; no matter how small
their beginning or how adverse a fate
may be theirs. By her cheerfulness she can
renew her husband's spirit, shaken
by the anxiety of business. By her ten-
der care she can often restore him to
health, if disease has overtaken his
powers. By her counsel and tact, she can
win him from bad company, its temptation
in an evil hour has led him astray. By
her examples, her precepts, and her sex's
insight into character, she can mould her
children, however adverse their disposi-
tions, into noble men and women. And,
by leading in all things a true and beau-
tiful life, she can refine, elevate, and
spiritualize all who come within reach of
her, with others of her sex emulating and
assisting her, she can do more to regen-
erate the world than all the statesmen or re-
formers that ever legislated.
She can do much, alas! perhaps more,
to degrade man if she chooses to do it.
Who can estimate the evils that woman
can do for power to do. As a wife she can
ruin herself by extravagance, folly, or
want of affection. She can make a demon
out of an outcast of a man who might other-
wise become a good member of society.
She can bring bickering, strife, and dis-
cord into what has been a happy home.
She can change the innocent babes into
vile men and even into vile women. She
can lower the moral tone of society itself,
and thus pollute legislation at the spring
head. She can, in fine, become an instru-
ment of evil instead of an angel of good.
Instead of making flowers of truth, purity,
beauty, and spirituality spring up in her
footsteps, till the earth smiles with her
loveliness that is almost celestial, she can
transform it to a black and arid desert,
covered with the scorn of all evil passion
and thus pollute legislation at the spring
head. This is what woman can do for
the wrong as well as for the right. Is
her mission a little one? Has she no
worthy work, as has become the cry of
late? Man may have a harder task to
perform, a rougher road to travel, but he
has none loftier or more influential than
woman's.

In Safe Hands.
Not many years ago, in a small seaside
town far away, stood a cabin inhabited
by a rough sailor, his wife, and a boy
whom they called Davy. The boy was a
dreamy, quiet child, who loved to clamber
among the crags and jutting peaks, and
to watch the white gulls and swift-flying
petrels as they left their sheltered nests
for the open air. Here he would sit for
hours when not employed with hauling in
the nets which old Sailor Jack used for his
fish. Davy was fond of music, too, in his
simple way; and it was probably the
bright, pretty hymns which first drew
him into the Sunday-school, the steeple
of which could be seen from the roadside.
Once having been within the doors he
was not so difficult to go again and again.
Davy soon grew accustomed to the Sun-
day-school rules, one of which was that
every boy and girl should each Sunday
learn, and strive to apply, some short text
from God's word.
Not many weeks had elapsed since the
little Davy entered the school, when one
bright Sunday, as usual, he shyly crept
into the chapel and took his seat in that
part of the room to which he had been
assigned. The text which that day was
selected by the young lady who had
charge of the class was this one: "Hold
thou me up, and I shall be safe."
One by one the boys repeated it, each
giving more confidence in it came to
turn. Miss Ainsworth grew thoughtful
as she wondered on the minds of how
many of her boys these words would leave
any impression. Would they forget them
ere nightfall?
The service ended, Davy went silently
home; but, before long he left the house,
and turned to his favorite haunt among
the cliffs.
How it happened, none can ever tell;
but the cliffs were slippery with seaweed
and mist, and although his tread was
like that of a young antelope, Davy's
foot slipped, and down, down he went,
until his fall was arrested by a projecting
ledge of rock.
Late in the day, as two gentlemen were
walking leisurely along the upper cliff,
they heard, weakly uttered, the words
"Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe."
"I shall be safe." Looking over the rocks,
they saw the little form, weak and faint
with pain. The call for help was prompt-
ly answered, and men with rope were
soon on the spot. Tender hands bore
him to the cottage, and gently laid him
down. But alas for Davy, his flickering
life went out as he still murmured: "Hold
Thou me up."
That night, as Miss Ainsworth listened
to the sad tale, she felt thankfully, while
her eyes were dim with tears, that not in
vain had she striven to implant in the
minds of her boys that text which one of
them had just taken as his prayer for
eternity.—& T.

NEW GOODS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Notwithstanding the reports made by some of
our kind friends of our going out of business
and other absurd rumors, we are prepared to
offer to the trade a full assortment of
SPRING
AND
Summer Goods,
Purchased by our Mr. ELIAS, who is now in
New York, and to offer to our friends and
customers bargains in every Department. We
are daily receiving New Goods, which were bought
low, and will offer inducements to Cash Buyers.
ELIAS & COHEN.
March 5, 1886.

Should you be suffering
with any of the following complaints, Cough,
Cold, Sore-throat, Diphtheria, Frost Bites or
Chilblains, use MULLER'S HORNET'S NEST
LINIMENT.
Feb. 12, 1886.

The Drummer-Boy.
One cold December morning, about
eighty years ago, a party of tourists were
crossing the Alps—and a pretty large
party, too, for there were several thousand
of them together. Some were riding,
some walking, and most of them had knap-
sacks on their shoulders, like many Alpine
tourists nowadays. But instead of walk-
ing-sticks, they carried muskets and bayo-
nets, and dragged along with them some
fifty or sixty cannon.
In fact these tourists were nothing less
than a French army; and a very hard
time of it they seemed to be having.
Trying work, certainly, even for the
strongest men to make four miles through
knee-deep snow in this bitter frost and bit-
ter wind, along these narrow, slippery
mountain paths, with precipices hundreds
of feet deep all round. The soldiers
looked thin and heavy-eyed for want of
food and sleep, and the poor horses that
were dragging the heavy guns stumbled
at every step.
But there was one among them who
seemed quite to enjoy the rough marching
and tramping along through the deep
snow and cold, gray mist, through which
the great mountain peaks overhead loomed
like shadowy giants, as merrily as if he
were going to a picnic. This was a little
drummer boy of ten years old, whose
fresh, rosy face looked very bright and
gay among the grim, scared visages of
the old soldiers. When the cutting
wind whirled a shower of snow in his face
he dashed it away with a cheerful laugh,
and awoke all the echoes with a lively
rattle of his drum, till it seemed as if
the huge black rocks around were all singing
in chorus.
"Bravo, Petit Tambour!" (little drum-
mer) cried a tall man in a shaggy gray
cloak, who was marching at the head of
the line with a long pole in his hand, and
striking it into the snow every now and
then to see how deep it was. "Bravo,
Pierre, my boy! With such music as that
one could march all the way to Mos-
cow!"
The boy smiled and raised his hand to
his cap in his salute, for this rough-look-
ing man was no other than the General.
himself, "Fighting Macdonald," one of
the bravest soldiers in France, of whom
his men used to say that one sight of
his face in battle was worth a whole
regiment.
"Long live our General!" shouted a
hoarse voice, and the cheer flying from
mouth to mouth, rolled along the silent
mountains like a peal of distant thunder.
But the boy who had hardly died away
when the silence was again broken by
another sound of a very different kind—
a strange, uncanny sort of whispering far
away up the great white mountain side.
Moment by moment it grew louder and
louder, till at length it swelled into a
deep, hoarse roar.
"On your faces, lads!" roared the Gen-
eral; "it's an avalanche!"
But before the men had time to obey,
the ruin was upon them. Down thundered
the great mass of snow, sweeping the
narrow ledge-path like a water-fall, and
crashing down along with it came heaps
of stone and gravel and loose, and up-
rooted bushes, and great blocks of cold,
blue ice. For a moment all was dark as
night; and when the rush had passed,
many of the brave fellows who had been
standing on the path were nowhere to be
seen. They had been carried down the
precipice, and either killed or buried alive
in the snow.
But the first thought of their comrades
was not for them. When it was seen
what happened, one cry arose from every
mouth.
"Where's our Pierre? Where's our
little drummer?"
Where, indeed? Look which way they
would, nothing was to be seen of their
poor little favorite, and when they shouted
his name there was no answer. Then
there broke forth a terrible cry of grief
and sorrow, and the men again broke
down without finishing at a line of leveled
muskets, felt the tears start into their eyes
at the thought that the bright face would
never be seen among them.
But all at once, far below them, out of
the shadow of the black unknown gulf
that lay between those tremendous rocks,
came the faint roll of a drum, beating the
charge. The soldiers started and bent
eagerly forward to listen; then up went a
shout that shook the air.
"He's alive, comrades! Our Pierre's
alive, after all!"
"And beating his drum still, like a
brave lad! He wanted to have the old
music to the last!"
"But we must save him, lads, or he'll
perish for death down there. He must be
saved!"
"He shall be!" broke in a deep voice
behind, and the General himself was seen
standing on the brink of the precipice,
throwing off his cloak.
"No, no, General," cried the gren-
adiers, with one voice; "you mustn't run
such a risk as that. Let one of us go in-
stead; your life is worth more than all ours
put together."
"My soldiers are my children," an-
swered Macdonald quietly, "and no father
grudges his own life to save his son."
The soldiers knew better than to make
any more objections. They obeyed in
silence, and the General was swinging in
mid-air, down, down till he vanished at
last in the darkness of the cold, black
depth below.
Then every man drew a long breath,
and all eyes were strained to watch for
the first sign of his appearing, for they knew
well that he would never come back with-
out the boy, and that chance was terribly
against him.
Meanwhile Macdonald having landed
safely at the foot of the precipice was
looking anxiously around in search of
Pierre; but the beating of the drum
had ceased, and he had nothing to guide
him.
"Pierre!" shouted he as loud as he could,
"where are you, my boy?"
"Here, General," answered a weak
voice, so faint that he could barely distin-
guish it.
And there, sure enough, was the little
fellow's early head, half-buried in a huge
mound of snow, which alone had saved
him from being dashed to pieces against the
rocks as he fell. Macdonald made

for him at once; and although he sunk
weak at every step, reached the spot at
last.
"All right now, my brave boy," said
the General, cheerily. "Put your arms
round my neck, and hold tight; we'll have
you out of this in a minute."
The child tried to obey, but his stiffened
fingers had lost all their strength; and
even when Macdonald himself clasped the
tiny arms about his neck their hold gave
way directly.
What was to be done? A few minutes
more, and the numbing cold of that dis-
mal place would make the rescue as im-
possible as him whom he came to rescue.
But General Macdonald was not the man
to be so easily beaten. Tearing off his
cloak, and knotting one end of it to the
rope, he bound Pierre and himself firmly
together with the other, and then gave
the signal to draw up.
And when the old man swung up
into the daylight once more, and the
diere saw their pet still alive and unhurt,
other upon cheer rang out, rolling far back
along the line, till the very mountains
themselves seemed to be rejoicing.
"We've been under fire and under snow
together," said Macdonald, chafing the
boy's cold hands tenderly, "and nothing
shall part us two after this, so long as we
live!"
And the General kept his word. Years
later, when the great wars were all over,
there might be seen walking in the gar-
den of a quiet country house in the South-
west of France a stooping, white-haired old man,
who had once been the famous Marshal
Macdonald; and he leaned for support up-
on the arm of a tall, black-moustached,
soldier-like fellow, who had once been like-
wise the famous Marshal, the drummer-
boy, Pierre.

Learn a Trade.
An item now floating about among the
papers, says the Philadelphia Ledger, is
sufficiently explained in its headline:
"Spoke six languages and nearly starved."
It tells of misdirected education. If the
unfortunate linguist had understood six
trades, or even one, he would have been
in much less danger of starvation, and he
could probably have learned to speak six
languages. Higher education is a very
good thing for those who can afford the
luxury, and is not incompatible with the
kind of knowledge that enables one to
earn a living, but for nine tenths of
humanity the important thing is to learn,
in early life, some trade or calling that will
ensure support, so that, whether they
afterwards learn six languages or not,
they will not be in danger of starvation.

HE ALWAYS GOT CHEATED.—"I never
saw such a man in all my born days!"
exclaimed Mrs. Crimmonbeat to her hus-
band, who had been imposed upon in a
purchase she had requested him to make
for her. "I never knew you to get any-
thing without being cheated." "What,
never?" said Crimmonbeat, chortlingly.
"No, never," emphatically replied Mrs.
Crimmonbeat. "Well, guess you're right.
I have always been suspicious of it since
the day I was married." And then he
opened the window to see how far he'd
have to jump to the ground.

FERRETS, THE RAT CATCHERS.
The following, clipped from the Ameri-
can Cultivator, answers your query.
"Ferrets are of the weasel family. They
were brought from Africa into Europe,
perhaps first to Rome, where they were
used to catch rabbits. The ferret is close-
ly allied to the polecat, or stoat, and the
skunk belongs to the same family. Fer-
rets are used in England not only for
killing rats, but also for catching rabbits.
When used for the latter purpose they
are muzzled and turned into the hole
of the rabbit; at the mouth of which hole
a purse net is placed; the rabbit quickly
leaves it when the ferret enters, and rushes
into the net, which it draws tight and se-
cures itself. When used for rats, the fer-
ret should not be muzzled, as it would be
no match for the rat it brought to bay.
Sometimes an old rat, when cornered by
a young ferret, will make a most terrific
fight. There are few animals so strong in
the jaw, in proportion to their size, as
ferrets. One has been known to catch a
rat by both jaws, and squeezing them flat,
force out both eyes. In England ferrets
are employed by professional rat-catchers,
who travel over the country with them
confined in boxes and accompanied by
quite a number of terrier dogs. British
farmers stake the greatest part of their
grain in yards adjoining the barn, and
which, at this season of the year, are more
or less infested by rats. The farmers pay
the rat-catcher so much for every rat
caught. The professional places the fer-
rets upon the hatch of the stack, through
which these little animals make their way;
the terrier dogs arrange themselves
around the bottom of the stack. As the
ferrets work their way down into the stack,
they drive the rats before them, which
leave the stack at the bottom, and are
quickly caught and destroyed by the dogs.
These terriers make short work of killing
a rat; they give a single bite, and it is
fully dispatched by the dog, when the rat-
catcher picks it up he strikes it with his
club. The ferrets will not leave the stack
while there is a rat left in it. The dogs
are so trained that they never molest the
ferret. It would not be safe to trust them
loose in the barn where they could run
in the walls of the foundation, neither will
they bear much exposure to the cold, com-
ing, as they do from a warm climate, and
being commonly kept in warm boxes. If
ferrets can obtain access to the poultry
they will soon destroy the whole flock, as
they kill them for the purpose of sucking
their blood. If not carefully watched,
they would do the same with infant chil-
dren. The ferret has pink eyes and a
yellow fur; its head and body is about
fourteen inches long, the tail from five to
five and a half inches long. It has a long,
slender neck, with shorter legs than the
rat. If a ferret was turned loose in your
barn the rats would not remain long. You
cannot purchase any dogs in this country
that would work with the ferret; they
could destroy the last and quickly; they
would the rat. It would, guess you're right,
take some time to educate a dog not to
molest a ferret."

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