

# CLINCH VALLEY NEWS.

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The London World prints the thrilling news that come of the younger princesses wore, at a certain performance, soiled dresses of cream muslin, with ermine capes that had seen better days. But the shock that this information would give the sensitive reader is softened by the additional record that the Princess Louise of Wales had a fresh and pretty new frock at a certain state ball.

How the whirligig of time changes men and things! At the close of the war Parson Brownlow, then Governor of Tennessee, drove his predecessor, Isham G. Harris, out of the country by offering a reward of \$5,000 for his capture. Not long ago the same Harris, now a Senator from Tennessee, introduced a bill for the relief of the widow of Parson Brownlow, and heartily supports it.

In some of the more primitive settlements of Canada they are ready to laugh at any joke, however old. A humorous lecturer recently appeared in a small back town in Ontario, and in the course of his remarks said that no piano is needed in a house where there is a male infant, because "there is always music in the air." The laughter that followed lasted ten minutes by a stop-watch, and one young man was taken out in convulsions.

Mr. LARKIN, who was for ten years a sort of secretary and intimate associate of Carlyle, says that the open secret of the Scotchman's life was his desire to be a man of affairs rather than a writer. "Little as some of his critics imagine it," says Mr. Larkin, "his heart was sick of perpetually exhorting and admonishing. He longed to be doing something, instead of, as he says, eloquently writing and talking about it; to be a king of kings, or a leader in the practical activities of life, not a mere prophet, forever and forever prophesying."

A FEW days ago, in the presence of and assisted by the Highgate Temperance Gospel Help One Another Society, Mr. William Green, of Bishopwood House, Highgate, England, the President of the society, destroyed his cellar of wine, about 2,500 bottles, valued at £600. In a speech explaining his reasons he said that after mature reflection and earnest prayer he had come to the conclusion that it was God's will that he should part with the contents of his wine cellar. After this address the contents of the bottles were poured into the sewer.

For any number of years, while Judge Davis was on the Supreme bench, and in the Senate, his daily luncheon consisted of two apples, a ginger cookie and a glass of milk, which cost him never more than ten cents, and were always eaten precisely at the same hour, standing before the counter of an old woman called "Dyspepsia Mary," who for years sold pies and cakes in the Senate corridor. She always selected the best apples in her basket for him and laid them carefully to one side; and he got a larger allowance of milk than the other customers, a mug being kept for his special use.

A man named Swindler has been appointed postmaster at Climax, Mo.

## For Instant Use

As a reliable remedy, in cases of Croup, Whooping Cough, or sudden Colds, and for the prompt relief and cure of throat and lung diseases, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable. Mrs. E. G. Edgerly, Council Bluffs, Iowa, writes: "I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a most important remedy for home use. I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lungs, whether in children or adults." John H. Stoddard, Petersburg, Va., writes: "I have never found a medicine equal to

## AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

for the prompt relief of throat and lung diseases peculiar to children. I consider it an absolute cure for all such affections, and an never without it in the house." Mrs. L. E. Herman, 187 Mercer st., Jersey City, writes: "I have always found Ayer's Cherry Pectoral useful in my family." B. T. Johnson, Mt. Savage, Md., writes: "For the speedy cure of sudden Colds, and for the relief of children afflicted with Croup, I have never found anything equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is the most potent of all the remedies I have ever used." W. H. Stickler, Terre Haute, Ind., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured my wife of a severe lung affection, supposed to be Quick Consumption. We now regard the Pectoral as a household necessity." E. M. Breckinridge, Brainerd, Minn., writes: "I am subject to Bronchitis, and wherever I go, am always sure to have a bottle of

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

with me. It is without a rival for the cure of bronchial affections." PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. For sale by all Druggists.

### Mortal or Immortal.

If thou art base and earthly, then despair,  
Thou art but mortal as the brute that falls,  
Birds weave their nests, the lion finds a lair,  
Man builds his halls.

These are but covers from earth's war and storm,  
Homes where our lesser lives take shape and form,  
But, if no heavenly man has grown, what form  
Clothes thee at death?

And when thy need of penalty is o'er,  
And fire has burned the dress, where gold is none,  
Shall separate life, but wasted heretofore,  
Still linger on?

God fills all space: w'aver doth offend,  
From His unbounded presence shall be spared,  
Or deem'st thou He should garner tares, whose end

Is to be burned!

If thou wouldst see the Power that round thee sways,  
In whom all motions, thought, and life are cast,  
Know that the pure, who travel heavenward ways,  
See God at last.

—Francis Henry Wood.

### HOW I PROPOSED.

We were seated in luxurious arm-chairs before the cheerful open fire in Jack's snug smoking-room, enjoying his excellent Havanas, when my host broke the silence which had lasted for several minutes with the surprising question, "Did I ever tell you where and how I proposed to my wife?"

I nodded a negative reply, well aware as I did so that he knew he had not told me, but had preface his tale with an interrogation according to his usual custom. "It's quite a long story," said Jack in a warning tone, remembering my aversion to lengthy yarns as told by anyone but myself.

"Ah! but such a subject," I answered, settling myself more comfortably in my chair, and drawing the box of Havanas conveniently near. "I shall be delighted to hear about it, but what will Mrs. Taylor say to your telling me?" I added, knowing how the partner of my lot would feel on the subject.

"She has positively forbidden me ever to speak of it," said he, laughing, "and I have obeyed her until now—with one or two exceptions—but its too good to keep."

My curiosity was now fully aroused, and as Jack would tell the story, of course I was obliged to listen; and if you think that in repeating it I am acting unfairly, I'll stop at once.

"It was during my second year at Harvard," began Jack, knocking the ashes from his cigar; "how long ago it seems, but let me see, its only eight years. Yes, it was during my Sophomore year, that I accepted Frank Wilson's invitation to spend the Easter holidays with him. He was awfully good company, and I knew that I would be sure to put in a jolly week at his place. Besides, there was another very strong inducement.

"I was in love at that time with his cousin, Helen Wilson, who I had ascertained would be of the party. I believe we used to write to each other. I know I used to write the greater part of my time composing verses about her, many of which, however, I had not the courage to send.

"When I heard that she was to be at X—I was delighted. I determined to go to New York and see if we could not arrange to travel up together.

"When I arrived in that city I went directly to her house; but at the door I learned that she had just left for X—having decided to go a day sooner than she had expected.

"I inquired how long she had been gone, and the servant said about fifteen minutes. Hoping to overtake her, I rushed up to the Grand Central Depot. There was not an instant to lose. Hastily buying a ticket, tore frantically after the already slowly moving train, and, owing to my length of limb, succeeded boarding the last car.

"Panting, perspiring, but exultant, I went through each car, in every seat expecting to find the object of my haste.

"I had gone through all but one when we entered the tunnel, and I was beginning to fear that after all perhaps she might not have taken this train, when, as I was standing by the door, the ray of sunlight which came in through the occasional openings in the tunnel revealed her to me seated alone at no great distance ahead of me.

"My heart gave a bound, and scarcely realizing what I was doing, I rushed up to her, and grasping her hand, said: 'Darling! I thought I had missed you.'

piece of constancy produced no result in my favor. She turned her back upon me, if possible more completely than she had done before. But I would not give up.

"Can't you love me a little? I inquired, tenderly, trying to take her hand. But she snatched it away, and declined either to turn her head in my direction or to answer my question.

"As the train was making a tremendous noise, I thought that perhaps she couldn't understand me, so I repeated my words at the top of my lungs. She made some reply, but I didn't catch it. 'What do you say, dear?' I bawled. 'I don't even know you,' she answered, in what sounded like a shrill whisper, but the tone was in reality a shriek.

"I thought I could not have heard aright, and to convince myself that it was my hearing which was at fault, I planted my glasses more firmly on my nose, and took a closer inspection of her. 'I tell you I don't know you,' she repeated, bringing her foot down on mine with much energy; 'leave me this moment, or I'll—'

"Here the train emerged from the tunnel, and you can picture my amazement, horror, and mortification, when I tell you that I found that the girl to whom I had been screaming out my love was an utter stranger to me.

"Dazed and scarlet, I arose from my seat. 'I beg your pardon, I said, removing my hat, 'I have taken you for someone else.'

"Not observing how my apology was received, I retreated to the smoking-car, where I remained until we reached X—, too stunned even to think.

"When I left the train, in looking about for some sort of conveyance to take me to the Wilsons' place, I found, to my increased embarrassment, that the girl to whom I had so recently offered myself was standing on the platform, apparently waiting for someone.

"That she saw me I could tell from the expression of not seeing me which she immediately assumed. As she would not look at me, I had plenty of opportunity to observe her, and saw that she really did resemble Helen in many ways, notwithstanding she was both fairer and smaller.

"But my object was not to admire her, although I assure you my inclination was; so, finding that there was no hope of obtaining a vehicle, I started on foot, fortunately getting a lift over the greater part of the way.

"Arrived at the house, I was welcomed with much cordiality by my host and his family, and introduced to the other guests.

"I imagine my feelings when, in the course of the conversation, I learned that Frank's sister was expected home from boarding-school that afternoon by the very train on which I had come.

"It was then to her I had been making love, instead of her cousin. My disposition was to turn and run, but I knew I should have to stay and make the best of it, so I smothered my mortification, and when a few minutes later the carriage arrived bringing Miss Wilson, and I was presented to her, I think that of the two she found the situation the more awkward.

"The next day the tardy Helen arrived, and explained how, returning to the house for something she had forgotten, she had missed her train and her escort.

"During the entire week I was impatiently waiting for an opportunity to offer myself to her, but before I could do so I learned that a large diamond ring which she had been wearing for several months was the pledge of engagement to some other fellow; and, to my surprise, discovered at the same time that the knowledge did not trouble me very much.

"I suppose you think that I was half in love with the sister, but assure you I was not. I considered her too young for me, although now I think her just right for me in every particular, and it was not until several years later, when I met her again as a charming young lady, that I realized that I had accidentally proposed to the woman whom of all others I would choose for my wife."—Anna Zerega in Tid-Bits.

### A Dark Cloud on Love's Horizon.

"Now, my darling," said he, "I would ask you to have some oysters to-night, but since the Bs have disappeared from the months oysters are no good; in fact, the scientists say they are hurtful. Of course you would not ask me to treat you to anything hurtful."

"Certainly not, dear John, but there is ice cream, you know."

"I'm aware of it, but, they say that arsenic goes into the manufacture of ice cream."

"All the better, dear John. There is nothing better for the complexion than arsenic."

### APHASIA.

#### Some Abnormal Peculiarities of the Faculties.

#### Men of Culture Who Have Lost the Power of Reading and Writing.

There are four forms of aphasia which may co-exist, or which may be found isolated: (1) the loss of the power of understanding spoken words, or, as it has been named, rather improperly, since the failure is not physical but mental, verbal deafness; (2) verbal blindness, or the inability to read; (3) motor aphasia, or the loss of the power of articulate speech; (4) agraphia (a term invented, we believe, by the English physician, Dr. Ogle) or the loss of the power of writing. An instance of loss of the faculty of understanding spoken words, while that of understanding words written remained is quoted by M. Ballet from Abercrombie. It is that of a gentleman-farmer in Scotland, who recognizing the sounds of spoken-words without understanding their meaning, and who, to make communication with his laborers possible, had a written list in his room of the most ordinary terms. On hearing without in the least comprehending the spoken words, he turned to his written list, and his perception of what was said became clear. Of verbal blindness (as it is called) M. Ballet gives the instance of a French merchant, whom he call M. P., a man of fair cultivation and more or less of a reading habit, who through an accident in hunting lost the faculty of reading. "M. P. understood perfectly everything that was said to him, answered questions with much precision and expressed himself with a certain degree of facility. Moreover, he wrote with ease not only his name and address, but a long letter, and that without any notable mistake in orthography. The interesting fact is that, though he could write, and did it with a certain ease, he was incapable of reading. 'I write,' he said, 'as if with my eyes closed; I don't read what I write.' In fact, he was wholly unable to re-read the words which he had traced a few seconds before." The letters themselves written in this condition were quite equal to those which he had written before the accident befel him.

Of motor aphasia, or the inability to use articulate speech, M. Ballet gives instances of a patient at the Salpêtrière, whose reply to all questions consisted of the word "Macassa, macassa"; of another who could only say "Monomomentif"; of a third who was reduced to the expression "J'ai phophoiqui"; and of a fourth whose vocabulary did not go beyond "Baden abaden badena." The poet Baudelaire could say only, "Cra-nom, ere nom," being in this respect inferior to a very distinguished lady, whose conversational powers extended to though not beyond, the entire phrase of which Baudelaire gave the usual abbreviation. Still more advanced was another lady who repeated at every moment, "Madame, etc. mon Dieu, est il possible, bonjour Madame."

In the earlier stages of the malady proper names are forgotten. An eminent man of science was reduced to designate the person of whom he spoke as "My colleague who invented such and such a thing." Next common nouns disappear. When the Abbe Perier asked for his hat he said: "Give me my—what one puts on one's—." His coat was, "What is worn to be dressed in." Scissors, with another patient, were things one cuts; the window, what one looks through, what gives light. What cannot be said by people affected with motor aphasia can sometimes be sung by them. An officer who could not pronounce the word "enfant" and "patre," whose power of speech were confined to the word "parli" and the letter "b," was capable of singing with perfect articulation the first couplet of the "Marseillaise." A farmer, "du comte de Wil-low dont parle Graves," could not pronounce the names of his wife, and children except by reading them. A striking instance of agraphia is that of a Russian officer, well acquainted with Russian, French and German, who, having been afflicted with motor aphasia as regards subject to agraphia as regards all the three languages though he retained or regained the power of reading and speaking them. A woman being asked to write her name, produced the words, "Samil sicla atri," and gave her address as "Sunes nut to mer lina lina." An English naval officer belonging to the Admiralty, was constrained to add the terminator "dendd" to each word, and to write, "Royondendd navendendd storendendd [sic] belondendd," etc.—Saturday Review.

### The Wood Rat.

The wood rat lays up enormous stores of acorns during or prior to the wet season. But it is a useless provision, as the nuts can be found at any time. A nest recently opened was arranged seemingly in a regular manner as regards apartments; the general shape was dome-like, being formed of sticks and other refuse piled upon each other, so that it was torn apart with great difficulty. Three openings were apparent, leading in from below, and entering the nest proper, which constituted the first story. This was provided with soft mass material of various kinds, showing that the wood rat had an eye for comfort. Immediately above this was an apartment, if it can be so called, filled with acorns, several quarts, as near as I could judge, and above this rose the dome-like top, forming a perfect watershead, a fact proved by the dry nest, that did not show the slightest signs of moisture. The position of the nest varies. In the one mentioned it was on the ground, built up around a tree. Others are constructed in the open greenwood, and still another, in Millar's canyon, is built on a tree six or eight feet from the ground. In some nests the material is undoubtedly the accumulation of years, and might well weigh a ton, and would form two good loads for a cart. Whether the wood rat hibernates I have been unable to determine, but am inclined to think not; the supply of acorns pointing to an active appetite, and I have seen them out within a month. Almost every branch of animals has its representatives among the winter or summer sleepers, and Dr. Abbott, the eminent arthropodologist, is under the impression that he has observed swallows in a chimney in a state of hibernation. As the snakes in southern California and all over the north hibernate in winter, so do the large reptiles in Florida, as the alligators, though this is only in the portions where the cold strikes them, as on the St. Mary's river and about Fernandina.—San Francisco Call.

### A Thoughtful Relative.

There's one young fellow in San Francisco whose ingenuity and forethought fit him for the highest place in politics, if he chooses to adopt that mode of life. I envy him, not so much the ingenuity as the rich female relative upon whom he has made use of it so successfully. She is far away in a distant land, and appreciates, as all people do under such circumstances, the thoughtfulness and kindly attention which are perhaps rarely given to the distant poor. This lady has a passion for strange bric-a-brac, and she prizes a piece that comes from so far away as San Francisco. This young gentleman wished to remember his birthday and send her something. He thought of a piece of rare china, but the price of what he wanted rather appalled him. There was an old piece of broken china that was worth little. His eyes fell upon it.

"Now," he said to himself, "if I send a piece of china through the mail, it will very likely get broken. If I send this it will be taken for granted it was broken in the mail. She'll have it mended, and there you are."

He sent the broken piece, and the rich relative has already sent him several remittances as acknowledgement. All I want is the rich relative. I've got the broken china.—San Francisco Chronicle.

### Alpine Tunnels.

The Alps are at the present time pierced by three long tunnels, two entering Italy from France and Switzerland respectively, and the third connecting the latter with the Tyrol, and called, according to the mountain chains that are traversed, the Mont Cenis, St. Gothard, and Arlberg tunnels. Of these, the Mont Cenis tunnel is seven and three quarter miles in length. Its cost was \$15,000,000. The St. Gothard tunnel is nine and a quarter miles in length, and cost \$42,500,000, the diminution in expense being owing principally to the more rapid progress of the work by improvement in the drilling machines. The Arlberg tunnel is shorter than those of Mont Cenis or Gothard, being only six and a-half miles. Its cost, with the railway, was \$17,400,000. A fourth tunnel, and a most formidable rival to Mont Cenis and St. Gothard tunnels will be the Simplon tunnel, by which the existing line from Geneva to Martigny and Brégg will be carried through the mountains to Duomo d'Ossola, and so on to Pailanzzo or Stresa, on the Lago Maggiore. As this tunnel will be commenced at a much lower level than any of the others, it will necessarily be longer, the rough estimate being twelve and a-half miles, and the probable cost about \$20,000,000.

### A Washington Character.

General Joeg McKibben is a character who is a frequent sight upon the streets of Washington. The general is one of the few men who can truthfully say that during the two years of his service as a member of the house he never made or attempted to make a speech. This is all the more surprising as years ago McKibben was acknowledged to be one of the best political speakers that ever graced the stump in California. Speaking upon this topic the other evening, the general said: "I never knew any good to come out of speech-making but once, and that was when the governor ordered me to remain and take part in the campaign. I had bought a ticket upon the steamer Central America, intending to go to New York. The steamer was wrecked and 600 lives were lost. Among them was Lockwood, one of the brightest lawyers that ever graced the bar. While the steamer was sinking Lockwood was ordered to take his place at the pumps. He replied: 'Those who are afraid can work the pumps, but I shan't.' Then he took off his money bag which was full of gold and threw it into the sea, exclaiming: 'I came to California without anything, and I leave it equally wealthy.'—Boston Traveller.

### The National Game.

Young Man (to dealer in sporting goods)—Have you base ball suits?  
Dealer—Oh, yes, sir. I can furnish you with anything you like in that line.  
Young Man—Well, you can get me up a suit made of chilled steel with little sharp-pointed spikes sticking out all over it.  
Dealer—But, my dear sir, you couldn't play ball in such a suit as that.  
Young Man—Oh, I'm not a player; I'm an umpire.—New York Sun.

### SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The thickness of the earth's crust is believed by Monsieur Faye, the French geologist to be greater under oceans than beneath continents, because the earth's heat has always radiated more freely there.

Salts of copper—usually regarded as very poisonous—have been administered by a French chemist to dogs and rabbits without serious effects, either from large doses or from a long continued regular use of the substances.

Surveys made during the past two years have shown that the river Rhone has cut for itself a channel in the bottom of Lake Geneva, through which it flows, between parallel banks, like an ordinary stream on the earth's surface. The Rhine makes a similar passage through Lake Constance.

An instructive display at the newly-opened colonial exhibition in London is that of the rice of India, which includes ten thousand different varieties, all belonging to a single species. All colors are represented, from black to pale yellow and white. Two species of wild rice are known, only one of which closely resembles the cultivated varieties.

On the Trans-Caspian railroad in Russia, now approaching Merv, it is claimed that about \$800 per mile is being saved by the use of ozokerite, or mineral wax, for ties. When purified, melted and mixed with limestone and gravel, the ozokerite, which is abundant in the vicinity of the railroad, produces a very good asphalt. This is pressed into shape in boxes, and gives ties which retain their form and hardness in the hottest weather.

The botanical gardens of the world, most of them scientific in character, are reported to number 107, of which Germany has 34, Italy 23, France 20, Great Britain and Ireland 13, West Indies six and the United States five. More than half are supported by government and only five per cent. by private enterprise.

A novel locomotive is to be built for trial on one of the French railroads. Seeing that big driving wheels were good for speed, the inventor proposes to build a locomotive with six coupled wheels 8-1-4 feet in diameter. The tender and coaches are to have wheels of the same dimensions, and the calculation is that with such a train a speed of from 72 to 78 miles an hour can be obtained.

### Quickness of Perception.

The following story from the *Pan Monthly* is related of Agassiz, and it is sufficiently characteristic of this remarkably accurate observer to have the merit of probability. We are told that once upon a time the professor had occasion to select an assistant from one of his classes. There were a number of candidates for the post of honor, and finding himself in a quandary as to which one he should choose, the happy thought occurred to him of subjecting three of the more promising students in turn to the simple test of describing the view from the laboratory window, which overlooked the side yard of the cottage. One said that he saw merely a board fence and a brick pavement; another added a stream of soapy water; a third detected the color of the paint on the fence, noted a green mould or fungus on the bricks, and evidences of "bluing" in the water, besides other details. It is needless to tell to which candidate was awarded the coveted position.

Houdini, the celebrated prestidigitator, attributed his success in his position mainly to his quickness of perception, which, he tells us in his entertaining autobiography, he acquired by educating his eye to detect a large number of objects at a single glance. His simple plan was to select a shop window full of a miscellaneous assortment of articles, and walk rapidly past it a number of times every day, writing down each object which impressed itself on his mind. In this way he was able, after a time, to detect instantaneously all the articles in the window, even though they might be numbered by scores.—Scientific American.

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### A Home-Made Barometer.

The following, though odd to some, may be new to others, and will enable the latter to make a simple barometer for themselves: Two drachms of camphor, half drachm of pure saltpetre, half drachm of muriate of ammonia, and two ounces of proof spirits, in a glass tube or a narrow phial, will make a very good weather gauge. In dry weather the solution will remain clear. On the approach of change, minute stars will rise up in the liquid, while stormy weather will be indicated by the very disturbed condition of the chemical combination. Weather Journal.