

UNIFORM EXAMINATIONS

WILL BE GIVEN IN MAY THIS YEAR—THREE TO BE HELD THIS SUMMER.

West Virginia is experiencing a scarcity of school teachers. Because of the great commercial prosperity and the low wages received in the teaching profession, a great many teachers have gone into some other business. During the school year just closing several counties did not have teachers enough. As a result of this scarcity, State Superintendent T. O. C. Miller has decided to hold three more teachers' uniform examinations this summer. In each county of the State the examinations will be held, the first one on May 26 and 27; the second on July 21 and 22; and the third and last one on September 15 and 16.

The uniform system is proving a success and, although there are not so many teachers, the standard is higher, and the class of teachers better than before.

REAL CHARACTER FOR THE PIKE

From the Kansas City Journal.

One of the real characters on the Pike at the St. Louis Fair will be old Mark Davis, of Macon, familiarly known there as "the left-handed fiddler." Old Mark is a coal black negro of the "befo de wah" type. He is supposed to be about 80 years old. When he was a little pickaninny he began to show a liking for music. One Christmas eve his master crept into the child's mother's cabin and left him just such a violin as he had longed for, but had never seriously hoped to get. The little black boy took to the fiddle like a duck to water, and has been scratching it and other similar instruments most of the time since. He has "fiddled" for dances in every town and village and in many schoolhouses in central Missouri, and everybody in that part of the country knows the old fellow. Mark's invitation to St. Louis read as follows:

"We want you to be our guest at the Old Plantation. You will have a separate room in a nice little cabin; free transportation, free board, free tobacco, free washing, free doctoring. All you will have to do will be to bring your old fiddle along and keep it squawking from morn till eve, and have a good time. Sing if you like, and no one will be allowed to throw bricks at you. Your donations will run up into the hundreds of dollars, and your life during the Exposition will be one glad, sweet summer song. Will you come?"

They say at Macon that it took his three grandchildren and all his neighbors to keep the old man from getting on the train and starting for St. Louis at once when he received his letter. His regular "profession" is sawing wood, and he has given it up and is devoting all his time to tuning and scratching his instrument, in preparation for his engagement at St. Louis.

Jeanne D'Arc.

Goddess of battles, with the maiden sword
And blameless banner, when to France
availed
Not all her gallant manhood, helmeted
and mailed,
To drive from off her soil the alien
horde,
That over pasture, hamlet, vineyard
poured,
You with your unarmed innocency
scaled
The walls of war, and, where man's
might had failed,
Crowning, enthroned the Anointed of
the Lord,
And should France yet again be called
to scare
stranger from her gates, and hurl
back thence
that would violate her frontiers
fair,
Eretricious sycophants of sense,
The pure heart and patriotic
prayer,
more would prove her rescue
and defense.
red Austin in the Independent.

Will Go to Atlantic City.

Mrs. Thos. C. Miller and daughter, Miss Pauline, will leave on Monday next for a month's sojourn in Atlantic City, before returning to spend the summer at Mountain Lake Park. Mrs. Miller's many friends will be glad to learn that her health is being rapidly regained, and hope to see her fully restored when she returns here next fall.

Read the West Virginian. It has the latest news.

DREAM WARNINGS.

Queer Tales of the Truth of Voles That Speak in Sleep.

An English family a few years ago had strange experiences with dreams. The daughter of the house, a bright, merry, cultured girl, came down to breakfast one morning in a depressed frame of mind. She had had a wretched dream, she said. She had seen herself and her fiance in the water, and, as it seemed to her, they both were drowned. The family rallied her upon permitting an idle dream to affect her waking thoughts. Was not her fiance one of the best swimmers in that part of the country and amateur captain of the lifeboat crew? Surely he was never born to be drowned. The young woman threw off her apprehensions and, when her sweetheart called later in the morning, told him her dream in the best of spirits. "We'll soon falsify all that," he said. "I've come to take you yachting." The proposal was a complete surprise, but she acquiesced, and they set forth. With them were two young men, both expert swimmers. They got out into the middle of the lake, when a terrible squall suddenly swept down upon them, overturned the yacht, and all four were drowned.

Though he bore her loss with fortitude, the father of the girl grew so melancholy that his health became affected, and his doctor ordered him to travel. So he made a trip across the Atlantic. The night before he reached New York he was tortured by dreams concerning one of his sons. In the morning he wrote to his family, imploring them to exercise the greatest caution during his absence. "Pray tell me to be careful when out in his boat," he said, mentioning his youngest boy. The moment he reached port he had his letter posted. When it reached England the son whom he had mentioned was dead and buried. A comparison of times showed that at the very hour the father was writing his note of warning the young man was battling for life in the water and was drowned before the ink upon the page was dry.

A farmer living at Lapford, England, dreamed thrice in succession that he saw a pit dug in one of his fields and some of his property cast into it. At the third time of dreaming he got up, dressed and went out. He heard the thud of a spade and caught sight of a man digging by lantern light. The digger fled at his approach. It was a grave upon which he had been at work. By its brink lay a huge knife. On his way back the farmer met one of his maidservants. She had had a quarrel with the man to whom she had been engaged, she said, but he had prevailed upon her to meet him for the last time at 2 o'clock that morning, when he had something to show her. "This is what he had to show you," said the farmer, leading her to the grave.

Language of Straw.

The observer who comes from the north of England will find that at one time servants wishing to be hired used to go into the market place of Carlisle with a straw in their mouths. Anderson in his Cumberland ballads says: At Carel I stuid w' a strae' i' my mouth, The weaves com' roun' me in clusters; "What weage dost to ax, canny lad?" says yeen.

The ancient practice of placing a straw between the ears of a horse which was for sale is a variant of the same custom. Then in feudal times possession of a fief was conveyed by giving a straw to the new tenant. If the tenant miscondacted himself the lord dispossessed him by going to the threshold of his door and breaking a straw, saying as he did so, "As I break this straw so break I the contract made between us." Another obvious use of the sign language of straw was its display at a wedding when the bride was a widow.—London Chronicle.

The Tooth of a Rat.

One of nature's finest implements is the tooth of a rat. Its edge is as hard and sharp as the finest steel. The rat keeps in constant practice. To gnaw off the legs of a living bird does not come amiss, and to destroy the soles of elephants' feet is one of its records. Some years ago the elephants at the London zoological gardens were observed to be very restless, could not keep still and appeared tender about the feet. The authorities invoked the aid of Frank Buckland, the naturalist. He traced the circumstance to rats. At night they stole from their runs and as the elephants slept calmly nibbled and tore at the huge feet. The quicks had been eaten completely off the mighty nails and the flesh beneath tunneled. Apparently similar tricks had been resorted to in the case of the hippopotamus, for several times rats were found where the creature had turned in his sleep and crushed his small enemies beneath his flanks.

Disraeli's Patience.

In Herbert Paul's "History of Modern England" is this picture of Disraeli: Of finance or of any other business Mr. Disraeli neither knew nor cared to know anything at all. Literature and the showy side of politics exhausted his interests in this subliminary sphere. He lived in the house of commons, and he lived for it. His fund of patience seemed to be inexhaustible. He sat through the longest and dreariest debates without betraying by any outward symptom that he was bored. Alert and wakeful, especially when he seemed to be asleep, he was ready at any moment to take advantage of a situation or of an individual. Nothing escaped him which did not require research for its recognition, and, though in those days his speeches were often inordinately long, his flashes of epigrammatic wit enlivened them.

Friday, May 13th, Summer Hat opening at Stemples.

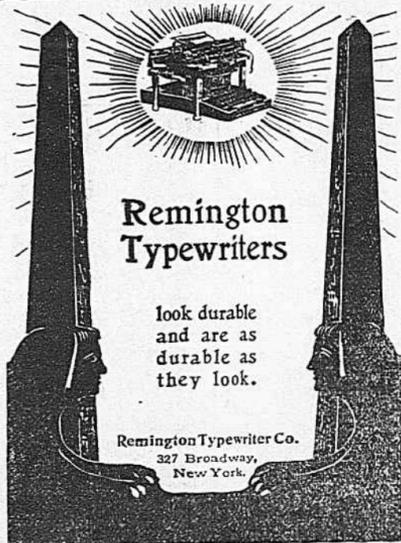
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WEST POINT TEST SEVERE

It is Said That Few Candidates Will Pass Examination.

NEW YORK, May 11.—The examination of candidates for West Point, conducted at Fort McHenry last week by a board of examiners appointed for the purpose, was conducted on Saturday. The papers of the 32 candidates will be forwarded to West Point and there passed upon. It is said that the number of candidates to enter the Military Academy on June 15 will be small, as the showing made was very poor in most cases. Some of the candidates, it is said, dropped out finding the questions propounded too formidable to grapple with.

Dr. F. Watkins Weed, of the University of Maryland, a contract surgeon in the United States Army with the rank of first lieutenant has been ordered to Fort McHenry, to succeed Assistant Surgeon Edward R. Shreiner, the post surgeon, who has obtained leave of absence. At the expiration of his leave Dr. Shreiner will be sent to another post.

COMPLAINT

HAS BEEN FILED AGAINST THE MISCELLANEOUS DISTRIBUTION OF GARBAGE.

There are always some people who are willing to sacrifice the health of the whole county if by so doing they can gain a few cents or save a little time.

The City of Fairmont built a crematory on the Barrackville road, in order that all the filth and garbage might be burned without injury to anyone's health. A man is kept there all the time and the work is done well. But some of the people who are supposed to haul the garbage to the crematory think that they have special privileges, and unload their wagons along the public road between the city and the crematory. It is not known who the guilty parties are, but if they are caught at such work something will be done. Several loads have been scattered along the roadside and the people who travel the road are putting in a complaint.

Mr. George Moss Gump, a prominent young business man of Waynesburg, Pa., came to Fairmont yesterday to visit his half-brother, Mr. M. C. Brant, whose illness we have frequently mentioned. Mr. Brant is a little better again to-day.



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Everybody Needs Refrigerators...

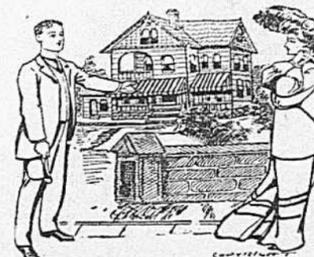
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