

THE DEMOCRAT.

THE DEMOCRAT PUBLISHING CO., PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—\$1.50 PER YEAR.

VOLUME I.

SCOTLAND NECK, HALIFAX CO., N. C. THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1885.

NUMBER 24.

THE FAMINE.

All along the meadow-land
The wheat and corn,
And up the orchard croft
And in among the wheat;
And where the corn was standing green,
And where the oats were white,
Day after day, day after day,
And through the dreary night,
The driving flood came down and down,
Until in sore despair
The people cried, "Go stay the tide
And let His winds blow fair."
For night was gathering on the wheat
And mid the corn,
The oats hung down in rotting brown,
The rye-fields bent forlorn.
But day by day the lowering cloud
Poured forth their floods, until
The evil spell of hunger fell,
And famine had its will.
Then rose a cry that went to heaven
And opened all its doors,
And hurrying forth from South, from North,
And up from distant shores,
The agents of the Lord came swift
To succor and to save—
With corn and wheat, the ships sailed fleet
Across the ocean wave,
Then ceased the wailing cry of woe,
The flood note of despair,
And hand clasped hand from strand to strand,
And curses changed to prayer,
Then knit the tie of brotherhood,
And love sprang into birth,
Where men and spears had come between
These nations of the earth.
—New Perry, in Youth's Companion.

THE LOUIS D'OR.

When Lucien de Hem had seen his last banknote raked in by the croupier, and risen from the roulette table where he had just lost the shattered remains of his fortune, collected for this last effort to retrieve his previous losses, he felt a strange dizziness stealing over him and thought he was going to fall. Mastering himself, however, he sought with unsteady step and dim eyes, one of the leather benches of the gambling hall and threw himself upon it. For a few moments he stared blankly about this claustrophobic gambling house, in which he had wasted the best years of his youth. He realized that he was ruined, lost. It occurred to him that he had had hope in one of the drawers of his bureau, the ornate pistols which his father, General Hem, then simple captain, had distinguished himself in the attack upon Zante; then, overcome with fatigue, he fell into a deep sleep.
When he awoke his mouth was dry and parched. He glanced at the clock. The hands marked on the dial a quarter to twelve. He was seized with an irresistible desire to breathe the night air. Rising, he stretched himself and looked out into the darkness. The snow crystals sparkled like diamonds when the light fell upon them. A muffled figure passed with a quick step and disappeared in the shadows. An ironic play of his mind brought before him the picture of his early life. He saw himself, quite a little child, stealing down to hang his stockings in the chimney corner.

At that moment old Drovski, the classical Pole, one of the fixtures of the place, clad in a threadbare cloak ornamented with beads and wreaths of olive, approached Lucien and mumbled through his stained, gray beard: "Please lend me a five-franc piece, sir. For two days I have not budged from the circle, and for two days the seventeen has not come out. Laugh at me if you will, but I will eat my head off, on the stroke of midnight, that number does not appear."
"Do not do that," said Lucien, "I am a doctor. He had not even enough in his pocket to satisfy this trifling demand, that the habitues of the place called the "Pole's dollar." He passed out into the vestibule, put on his hat and peevish haste, and descended the stairs with reverent haste. During the four hours that Lucien had been in the gambling hall the snow had fallen abundantly and the street was white.
The ruined player shivered under his furs, and quickened his pace, but before he had proceeded many steps he stopped suddenly before a piteous sight. On a rude bench, placed, as was formerly the custom, near the monumental doorway of a mansion, a little girl of six or seven, merrily clad in a tattered black dress, was seated in the snow. She had fallen asleep there in spite of the cruel cold, and all unconscious of the falling flakes that were softly kissing her white lips and closed eyes, weaving with a magic hand a pure white robe around her little form. Her attitude betrayed fatigue and grief, and the poor little head and delicate shoulders were pressed into an angle of the wall against the cold stones. One of her wooden shoes had fallen from her hanging foot, and was lying ruefully before her.

With a mechanical gesture Lucien's hand sought his pocket, but he remembered that a moment before he had not been able to find even a one franc piece in some forgotten corner, with which to tip the attendant at the gaming house. Move! however, by an instinctive sense of pity, he approached the little girl with the purpose of carrying her to some place of shelter for the night, when, in the fallen snow, his eye fell upon something bright. He leaned over. It was a louis d'or. Some charitable person—a woman, no doubt—in passing had seen the shoe lying before the sleeping child, and had put there, with a discreet hand, a royal coin, that the poor little abandoned one might still preserve, in spite of her misfortune, some confidence and hope in the bounty of Providence.
"A louis!" It represented several days of rest and wealth for the beggar girl, and Lucien was on the point of raising her to tell her this, when he heard near his ear, like an hallucination—the voice of the Pole—murmuring again the words: "For two days I have not budged from the circle, and for two days the seventeen has not come out. I will eat my head off, on the stroke of midnight, that number does not appear."
Then this young man of twenty-three who had never before failed in point of honor, conceived a frightful thought. Glancing around he made sure that he was quite alone in the deserted street, and, stooping, with trembling hand, he stole the louis d'or from the fallen shoe.

Then running swiftly, he returned to the gambling house; he reached the top of the stairs in four bounds, with a blow of his fist he opened the cushioned door of the cursed hall and entered at the precise moment when the clock sounded the first stroke of midnight, threw the stolen louis on the green cloth, and exclaimed: "Full on the 17!"
The 17 won. With a turn of his hand Lucien pushed thirty-six louis on the red. The red won. He let the seventy-two louis remain on the same color. The red appeared again.
He still continued to double the stakes, ten, thirty, always with the same good luck. He had regained, in a few turns of fortune's wheel, the few miserable 1,000-franc notes, his last resource, that he had lost at the beginning of the evening. Now, piling up 200 or 300 louis at a time, and relying on his fantastic run of luck, he was in a fair way to regain the fortune that in such a few years he had squandered. He still played. He still won. The blood boiled in his veins; he becomes intoxicated with good fortune; he throws, haphazard whole handfuls of golden louis upon the table with a gesture of certainty and disdain.
But in spite of the wild feverish excitement of play, a red hot iron was piercing his heart. He could not divert his thoughts from the little beggar girl asleep under the snow—the child whom he had robbed.
"She must be in the same place! Certainly she must be there! In a moment; yes; when the clock strikes one; I swear it, this is the hour; I will carry her to my own house; I will bring up, give her a dowry, lover her as my own daughter, cherish her always, always!"

But the clock struck one—the quarter—the half—the three-quarter. Lucien was still seated at the cursed table. At last one minute before twelve, he looked quickly at his watch, and in a loud voice: "The bank is broken, gentlemen; enough for to night."
With a bound Lucien was on his feet. Thrusting rudely aside the players who gathered about him, and who were regarding him with a look of envious admiration, he went out quickly, rushed down the stairs and ran to the stone bench. At a distance, by the light of the gas, he perceived the little girl.
"God be praised," he cried, "she is still there!"
He approached and seized her hand. Oh, how cold it was! Poor child! He took her in his arms to bear her away. The child's head fell back, but she did not wake.
How one does sleep at this age!
He pressed her to his heart to bring back the warmth to her little body, but filled with a strange uneasiness, he was on the point of kissing her eyes in order to draw her from that heavy slumber, when he perceived with horror that her eyelids were half open, exposing the eyeballs, dimmed and fixed in a glassy stare. A terrible suspicion flashed through his mind; he put his mouth close to the mouth of the child; not a breath escaped. While, with the gold pieces that he had stolen from this homeless child Lucien had won a small fortune, she had frozen to death. The most frightful anguish choked his utterance, and with the effort he made to cry out he awoke from his dream on the leather bench of the circle, where he had fallen asleep a little before midnight and where the servant, being the last to go, toward five in the morning, had, out of kindness of heart for the poor orphan, placed her behind him in one of the steep streets of Kosha saw him give alms to a little Spanish child asleep under a doorway, and had the bad taste to examine his gift. He was astonished at the generosity, for the poor Lieutenant Lucien de Hem had put a louis d'or in the hand of the little girl.—From the French of Francois Coppée.

The Burro.
Apart from the Indians and the Mexicans, these animals are the most characteristic and ubiquitous objects in New Mexico. The shaggy little brutes range from the size of a small Newfoundland to that of a mammoth. They are practically impossible to overload them. They will carry all that can be piled on their backs. I have frequently seen a solid heap of wood gliding mysteriously into town, with no apparent motive power, but I knew that somewhere underneath the pile there was hidden a burro. When released from their burdens they will immediately set to work with diligence and gusto picking up a living in the midst of stones and dry cactus, where any other animal would starve to death. Joe proceeded to attach them by a wonderful series of knots to the supporting posts under the house. I watched him curiously as he tied knot after knot, and at length ventured to inquire whether burros usually employed their spare time in performing juggling tricks.
Joe regarded me with a smile which was compounded of one part of good-natured contempt, two of superior knowledge, and three of genuine amusement.
"Wal," he said, you are summat of a tenderfoot; that's so. Why, a burro is a born devil."
"Do you mean to say that a burro can undo one of those knots with his teeth?" I asked.
"I don't profess to say what he does it with. He may do it with his tail for all I know, but if you will learn me a knot that a burro can't undo, if you give him time, I will tell you thanks. Why, the father of all evil is not a patch on an old jack burro for infernal cleverness and mischief."—Harper's Magazine.

The number of mules attached to the hearse denoted the respectability of a funeral in Rio Janeiro.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

Peace Restored.
"I guess we'll have some peace at our house now," remarked Johnnie, who was calling at the house of a friend.
"How's that?" asked the lady of the house. "Has the baby been sick?"
"Oh, no; the baby cries about two-thirds of the time, but that's nothing. He's all right."
"But what did you mean by saying there would be peace at your house hereafter?"
"Why, you see, ma's left the church she did belong to and joined the one where pa goes."—Oil City Journal.

Of What She Thought.
"Pway, Miss Hattie," hisped a slim to a young woman sitting idly in the sun, "of what ah you thinking, don't you know?"
"Nothing, Mr. Montmorenci, absolutely nothing."
"Indeed, Miss Hattie, don't you know—ah—don't you know—now, weally, I battahed myself that I occupied youah thoughts, Miss Hattie."
"So you do, Mr. Montmorenci," and the fair one sat idly in the sun, while Mr. Montmorenci went off to the horse trough to cool his heated brow.—Merchant-Traveller.

A Moving Tail.
"Here, boys," called a man. "Come here and catch this rat. Biggest rat you ever saw run under that pile of lumber. Throw it over here. Now we'll get him."
Three or four men went to work and moved an enormous pile of lumber, but did not find the rat.
"The owner of that lumber will be mad," said some one, addressing the man who had called the boys.
"No, he won't. I am the owner."
"Why, you must indeed be an enemy to rats, going to so much trouble to catch one."
"I didn't see any rat."
"Then why did you let the boys tear down your lumber?"
"Oh, you see I wanted it moved."—Arctian Traveller.

A Worthless Animal.
Farmer Diggins had a horse to sell, and at the market he commenced to dilate on the animal's good qualities.
"How much will you give for him?" shouted Diggins.
"Forty dollars," yelled a voice.
"Won't do," said Diggins.
"Ten dollars," shouted a wall-eyed man.
"He's worthless," cried another.
"Who said he was worthless animal?" howled Diggins. "Twas you, you looper-ed rail-chopper."
"I didn't say any such thing, you mule-backed lump of clay," replied the man.
"I only said he was worth less than forty dollars, and now, blamed if I don't think he is worthless."
Diggins traded the horse for a side of bacon before the close of the day.—Carl Prentiss's Weekly.

Cure for Infantile Bawling.
Two Dallas ladies were overheard talking over the fence as follows:
"What is the matter with your baby? I don't hear it cry any more."
"I have cured it of bawling."
"Do you give it soothing syrup with opium in it?"
"No, I don't give it any medicine at all. I have adopted an entirely new plan."
"What is it?"
"When it begins to cry I smear the tips of its little fingers with molasses; and give it a few feathers to hold in one hand. Its attention becomes aroused and it picks off the feathers with the other hand. The feathers stick to the other hand, of course, and the little angel whines and bawls until she is completely absorbed with the feathers that it forgets to cry."—Texas Siftings.

Marrying a Chemist.
"I am determined my daughter shall marry a chemist, and if I had it to do over again I'd marry one myself."
"Well, that's the last idea I ever heard of. What in the world put that notion into your head, Mrs. Yumley?"
"Because a chemist can make a living easier than any other man, and if a body has one of them in the house, there's never any cause for worrying about what you'll have for dinner day after to-morrow."
"How do you make that out?"
"Why, here it is cold print, it for a religious paper, too. Read it for yourself."
And she reads:
"By the aid of chemistry horse beans can be converted into article of diet superior to beef, and delicate biscuits, fancy pastry, as well as ordinary bread, can be produced from saw dust and wood shavings, plus a little leguminous flour. Excellent sugar can also be made from old shirts and rags."
"There, now then; don't you see I'm right? With a chemist in the family and a carpenter-shop in the neighborhood, who more does a body want to be comfortable and happy?"
"Yes, to be sure; but I believe I'd take my coffee clear, though."—Chicago Ledger.

Advice to a Would-be Dramatist.
"Now listen to me," said Josephus to Ptarixmander, "the first thing you want to do when you start a melo-drama is to get up a high-toned polished villain. You want to give him fine clothes and a pair of watch-chain, patent-leather boots, a big watch-chain, and a brand-new three-dollar-and-ninety-cent silk hat. Then he must have a face that a blind man wouldn't trust in a railroad tunnel after dark. In melo-dramas the villains always dress well, but look like devils. Then you want to provide him with a victim. A beautiful girl, nursed in the lap of luxury and fed on caramels, fresh from the mint, is what you want. Then he must have as Henry Hilton and as proud the editor of a Kansas newspaper. Then she must have a poor but apparently dishonest lover, and a stuck-up old pa, who doesn't go much on the aforesaid lover. The lover ought to be a horse-car inspector or an elevator-boy—something that will make him great intellectually and vice versa financially. His apparent dishonesty arises from the frequent disappearance of lead pipe from the

building in which he works just about the time he goes home. The villain, who has an office in the same building, gets on to this, and tells the girl's father that Robert, the young man, is plotting to become a plumber and ruin him. The old man naturally trembles in his boots, and goes in with the villain to put up a job on the young man. The villain then steals a little lead pipe himself, and going by night to the young man's room on the East river shore at Williamsburgh—there's a splendid moon-light view of the city for you—sews the pipe up in the leg of the young man's dress trousers. Then with a detective in his boots, and goes in with the villain to the two ponces upon him just as he is struggling to get his feet through the leg of the trousers. The accusation is made, and the young man, feeling the lead in his trousers, says:
"Great Heavens! it is fate!"
Then they led him away to his dungeon on the island. The girl, under pretence of visiting the insane patients, comes to see him, and there's a chance for a big live scene, ending thus:
"Jerusha, you do not—can not believe me guilty of this foul crime?"
"No, Robert, I love you, and I believe you are guiltless." (Throws herself upon his bosom.)
"Then they are torn apart by ruthless minions of the law. That night Robert escapes and goes to fight the mahdi in the Soudan. Big scene of boats ascending Nile cataraacts—new sensation, never done before—and chance for daisy effect in the desert. Robert rescues from the murderous fire of the Arabs a Canadian naturalized bank cashier, who confides to him the fact that he—the cashier—was the partner of the polished villain in the robbery of the bank in New York where they both worked. Robert buys his discharge and hastens back to New York, arriving just in time to haul the proof of the villain's villainy into his face at the foot of the altar, and prevent his marriage with the girl. The old man weakens, and, finding that Robert never stole any lead-pipe, and never was likely to become a plumber, being only a corporal, gives him his blessing, the girl, and three millions of trade ducats. How's that for a melo-drama as long as you live."—Puck.

Wales and the Parisians.
A London letter says: The Prince of Wales is used to being made warmly welcome wherever he goes, but nowhere, perhaps, so much as in Paris. He is so largely and universally popular in the French capital. The ardent and red democratic toilers his rank and overlook his royal descent because breakfasted into his face an English and Scotch and prevent his marriage with the girl. The old man weakens, and, finding that Robert never stole any lead-pipe, and never was likely to become a plumber, being only a corporal, gives him his blessing, the girl, and three millions of trade ducats. How's that for a melo-drama as long as you live."—Puck.

It is certain that a great amount of fetishism prevails in China. Near Peking, a few miles from the walls on the east, is an enormous tree, which fell more than two centuries ago, and which has been there ever since. It is called the divine tree, and a temple has been erected for its worship. The people believe a spirit lives in or near the tree, and should be worshipped from motives of prudence. The immense size of the tree is the result of the spirit's energy. It is believed it could not have grown so large without a divinity.

The mouth of the Mississippi has cost millions from first to last. It is a greedy mouth, and will swallow great gulches about as rapidly as they can be printed. With all the money spent on this great stream, it appears that there is now imminent danger of the deflection of the river into Bayou Atchafalaya, by which it would reach the gulf very much sooner than at present. This would ruin New Orleans, leaving her high and dry as the island town, and some of the richest territory of Louisiana would also be permanently submerged.

Osman Bey, the favorite chamberlain of the sultan, followed an Ottoman practice of choosing a mechanical trade in early youth. The sultan's printer, the sultan's printer, and he acquired such a liking for it that it became a favorite amusement even during his court career. With the view of encouraging the printing of Turkish works, he set up at great cost a large printing office, with the best machinery and employing two hundred men. For its work he was paid \$20 in the job, Turkish works, he set up at great cost a large printing office, with the best machinery and employing two hundred men. For its work he was paid \$20 in the job, Turkish works, he set up at great cost a large printing office, with the best machinery and employing two hundred men. For its work he was paid \$20 in the job.

Russia has more soldiers and more ships of war than any other country in the world. In her standing army there are 780,000 men, and she has 358 ships in her navy. It costs \$125,000,000 a year to keep her military establishments on their peace footing, and her military authorities say they can place 2,900,000 trained men under arms in war time. The English standing army is 182,000 men. This includes the English regular troops serving in India. The English war office authorities profess to be able to put 624,000 well-dressed and effective British troops in the field if called upon to do so. This does not include the Indian auxiliary forces, which would swell the total British forces at home and abroad to over 1,000,000 men. It costs England 800,000,000 a year to keep up its regular army. In 1853 there were 52,000 Irish soldiers in the English army; now there are only 31,000. In 1853 a great number of Irishmen from the Tipperary, Armagh, Kilkenny, and other Irish militia regiments volunteered for active service, and were sent to the Crimea. The English navy contains 283 ships. But while the Russian navy contains more vessels than the English navy, it must be remembered that England spends three times as much on her navy as Russia spends on hers.

The ties and wood fuel used by the railroads of the United States cost annually about \$25,000,000.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Prussia is carried out so strictly in the Prussian army, that not a soldier has died of smallpox since 1875. If the same system could be applied to the whole population of Europe, it is believed that that disease would disappear in five years.

Every Italian member of parliament deadheads it all over Italy, and, wonderful to relate, is entitled to a compartment to himself. Consequently, if several are in a train, there is apt to be a difficulty about seats. Italian parliaments are never prorogued—only adjourned.

Telegraph wires have to be renewed every five or seven years. The Western Union Telegraph company exchange about one thousand tons of old wire for new every year. The new wire costs from seven to eight cents per pound, and for the old about one-eighth of a cent a pound is allowed.

The estate of Schonhausen, presented to Prince Bismarck on his recent seventieth birthday, is in a very good condition at present, its former ruinous state having disappeared, although at the same time two million marks was a large price to pay for it. Prince Bismarck's total net possessions now amount to about ninety English square miles, of which two-thirds are forest land.

Paralysis, colic, goat, rheumatism, kidney disease, blindness and insanity may all come, it seems, from drinking water with lead in it. Under these circumstances, a simple test for discovering the presence of lead in water may well be useful. It consists of adding a little tincture of cochineal, which, if there be the least trace of lead in the water, will color it blue instead of rose.

A very curious article of export was recently made to New Zealand. It consisted of a consignment of "bumble bees." At present clover does not "seed" in that country, though it grows readily, because it is believed there are no bumble bees to fertilize the flowers. The importer hopes to remedy this difficulty by the introduction of bumble bees; but why this later instead of the more useful honey bee, our informant omits to state.

Qu'Appelle, so often mentioned in the dispatches in connection with the Riel insurrection, owes its name to the following pretty incident: A Metis, peddling his canoe down the river in the trade town, and some of the people believe a spirit lives in or near the tree, and should be worshipped from motives of prudence. The immense size of the tree is the result of the spirit's energy. It is believed it could not have grown so large without a divinity.

It's astonishing," said a tough old dog fancier, the other day, "ow fashions in lap dogs comes an' goes. 'Ere I am, been in the business more'n thirty year, an' I've seen a dozen breeds of ladies' lap dogs rule the roost in turn. First there was the King Charles; an' an' for a lazy, worthless set o' curs they take the cake. The fatter, oilier, an' curly-pated they was, the more their missuses was willin' to stake on 'em. Then come the greyhounds; not the English ones as kin run a hare down, nor the racin' dogs like Arthur Chambers is tryin' to introduce, but the reg'lar 'Egypian' stay-in-the-sun-an'-shiver breed. Nobody ever knowed what they was good for, barrin' the ladies as owned 'em and fed 'em on lump sugar. Then there come the black-an-tan; and a gamer, wirier little cuss never worried a rat nor then there black-mouthed, pop-eyed, bulgy-eyed dogs. They was, wot with stuffin' an' pumpin' on 'em, the only sign o' game they'd show, arter belongin' to some of them sassity ladies for six months, ud be to crawl under a chair an' stick their teeth in a gemman's leg.
"Then come the pug; good fur nuthin', most on 'em; great feeders, an' lazy as the Dickens. A lady bred me one, an' she says to me: 'Mr. Arkins, this pore dog o' mine 'as lost 'is appyite; do you think you can cure my Fido?' I looked the brute over, an', so, there wuzn't nuthin' more the matter with him than over-feedin'." Leave for I knowed there was \$20 in the job, just locked! Mr. Fido up in the cellar, with a tomato can full of water, an' not a thing to eat. In three days the lady was back, and says she: 'Mr. Arkins, my pore dog's appyite restored?' 'Yes,' says I, 'I think it is.' So I borrowed a plateful o' fine shavin' from the carpenter, next door, an' when Fido came down up the cellar steps I just poured a little gey on them shavin'. It would ha' done yer heart good to see Fido bolt the mes, shavin's an' all. Appyite restored? You'd better believe it was."

Some years ago a story was current of a woman who applied at one of our hospitals for treatment of a nervous affection. After listening to a recital of her symptoms, the doctor made her shut her lips upon a clinical thermometer. Upon removing it, the patient exclaimed, "Why, I declare it has done me good already." The doctor humored her delusion, and refrained from any other treatment than a few more applications of the magical glass tube. She was soon cured. A parallel case is now cited by the Philadelphia Medical News, a hysterical patient having been cured by magnetism. The magnet was of wood, but capped with metal so as to seem cold to the touch. These cases remind us that a large proportion of such ailments are imaginary, and will often yield to imaginary remedies.

all the important events was in possession of the bazaars hours and days before it reached the government, notwithstanding the fact that the latter often took special measures to insure the rapid transmission of the news. The natives themselves place implicit confidence in the news carried by the secret mail, and do not hesitate to act upon it. The Spectator suggests the employment of carefully laid "stages," but no European has ever seen a "stage" in operation or discovered any of its machinery. If runners are employed, the fact has never been disclosed—and yet the news has been transmitted on a scale so large that an ordinary method must have inevitably been discovered. On one occasion, when the government had made special arrangements for the transmission of news, the secret mail beat the government horses and carriers twelve hours. The names of India which they can be prevailed on to talk about the matter, say that the secret mail is based on a system of thought-transmission, which is as familiar to them as the electric telegraph is to Europeans.

It is said that the City of Mexico is slowly but surely sinking into Lake Texcoco, and if means are not taken to prevent such a calamity, it will be under water in about fifty years. Humboldt's measurements, taken early in this century, gave the lake a depth of sixteen feet ten inches, and now it is nowhere more than six feet eight inches, while careful observation in the last twenty years shows that the bottom of the lake has risen uniformly one and a half inches a year, and is now but nine feet below the level of the principal streets of the city. This seriously impedes drainage, the fall of the sewers being too slight to produce a proper flow of refuse matter even in dry weather, while in the rainy season, when the streets are sometimes flooded from the lake, it is completely checked. The ground on which the city stands is therefore saturated to within two or three feet of the surface with decaying matter, poisonous gases rise, and thousands die yearly from malarial and malignant fevers. Ten years ago, when the population was about 260,000, the annual death rate was three per cent, or 8,000 persons, and this percentage has doubtless increased with the increase of the place. Little attention being paid to sanitary improvements. The city suffered from five great inundations from 1553 to 1630, and in 1789 a drain 12 miles long, 100 to 130 feet deep and 200 to 300 feet wide, which had occupied 100 years in construction, was completed. The efficacy of this does not seem to have been tested. It is now urged that large sums be expended in draining Lake Texcoco dry and carrying off the surplus moisture of the valley of Mexico to save the ancient city of the Aztecs from destruction.

Fashions in Dogs.
"It's astonishing," said a tough old dog fancier, the other day, "ow fashions in lap dogs comes an' goes. 'Ere I am, been in the business more'n thirty year, an' I've seen a dozen breeds of ladies' lap dogs rule the roost in turn. First there was the King Charles; an' an' for a lazy, worthless set o' curs they take the cake. The fatter, oilier, an' curly-pated they was, the more their missuses was willin' to stake on 'em. Then come the greyhounds; not the English ones as kin run a hare down, nor the racin' dogs like Arthur Chambers is tryin' to introduce, but the reg'lar 'Egypian' stay-in-the-sun-an'-shiver breed. Nobody ever knowed what they was good for, barrin' the ladies as owned 'em and fed 'em on lump sugar. Then there come the black-an-tan; and a gamer, wirier little cuss never worried a rat nor then there black-mouthed, pop-eyed, bulgy-eyed dogs. They was, wot with stuffin' an' pumpin' on 'em, the only sign o' game they'd show, arter belongin' to some of them sassity ladies for six months, ud be to crawl under a chair an' stick their teeth in a gemman's leg.
"Then come the pug; good fur nuthin', most on 'em; great feeders, an' lazy as the Dickens. A lady bred me one, an' she says to me: 'Mr. Arkins, this pore dog o' mine 'as lost 'is appyite; do you think you can cure my Fido?' I looked the brute over, an', so, there wuzn't nuthin' more the matter with him than over-feedin'." Leave for I knowed there was \$20 in the job, just locked! Mr. Fido up in the cellar, with a tomato can full of water, an' not a thing to eat. In three days the lady was back, and says she: 'Mr. Arkins, my pore dog's appyite restored?' 'Yes,' says I, 'I think it is.' So I borrowed a plateful o' fine shavin' from the carpenter, next door, an' when Fido came down up the cellar steps I just poured a little gey on them shavin'. It would ha' done yer heart good to see Fido bolt the mes, shavin's an' all. Appyite restored? You'd better believe it was."

Imaginary Ailments.
Some years ago a story was current of a woman who applied at one of our hospitals for treatment of a nervous affection. After listening to a recital of her symptoms, the doctor made her shut her lips upon a clinical thermometer. Upon removing it, the patient exclaimed, "Why, I declare it has done me good already." The doctor humored her delusion, and refrained from any other treatment than a few more applications of the magical glass tube. She was soon cured. A parallel case is now cited by the Philadelphia Medical News, a hysterical patient having been cured by magnetism. The magnet was of wood, but capped with metal so as to seem cold to the touch. These cases remind us that a large proportion of such ailments are imaginary, and will often yield to imaginary remedies.

Courting by Note.
Greensborough has a certain young gentleman who has lately been enchained in the silken fetters of Cupid, and thoughts of the fair enchantress constantly fill his mind. He has a special book in which during the week he notes down the thoughts which occur to him about his lady love. When Sunday comes he visits her, armed with the note book, and proceeds to read therefrom the most tender expressions which have occurred to him from time to time. This can really be called courting by note.—Savannah (Ga.) News.

A Great Wash Day.
We have just had a mi-careme such as Paris has not witnessed for several years, says a recent letter from the French metropolis. During the afternoon the boulevards were thronged by eight-sevenths that were once only move at a snail's pace. The mi-careme is the great festival of the washermen and washerwomen. Some of your readers may ask what men have to do with the wash-tub. In France they claim their right to wash and scrub just as women claim their right to vote and to shoot their enemies. Both sexes batter your linen to pieces, burn it with sulphuric acid, and grind off your buttons, in perfect amity. But on the mi-careme there is not a man nor a woman who would condescend to do a wash-tub. In the world of soap and soda it is the day of days. Then you must expect to see your buxom laundress attired as a Juno in a cavalcade with her husband as Jupiter or Apollo by her side. In the evening the washhouses are turned into ballrooms.

An Oakland, Col., boy has calculated that there are 508,000 beans in a barrel. This information should be of some value to a Boston.

THE ROBIN'S NEW LAY.

A bird on a bough chirped a mournful lay,
Te-wit, te-wot, teo-woo!
And his mate came not in the livelong day,
Te-wit, te-wot, teo-woo!
What will lone birdie do?
Above his perch hung an empty nest—
Te-wit, te-wot, teo-woo!
She cometh not, and the sun sinks west,
Te-wit, te-wot, teo-woo!
The wind sweet blossoms blew.
The blown blossoms fell in the singing stream—
Te-wit, te-wot, teo-woo!
Like a shower of pearls flushed in a dream,
Te-wit, te-wot, teo-woo!
His song less mournful grew!
"Why should I grieve for a missing mate?
Te-wit, te-wot, teo-woo!
There are other loves in the hedgerow gate,
Te-wit, te-wot, teo-woo!
I'll pine no more for thee!"
He plucked his heart from the empty nest—
Te-wit, te-wot, teo-woo!
And flew with to a new mate,
Te-wit, te-wot, teo-woo!
"No grave through grief for thee!"

PUNTING PARAGRAPHS.

They call a cyclone "she," in the west. The men know well enough to which gender the greatest storms belong.—Siftings.
"Rents are high this year," sadly murmured the tramp as he borrowed a pin with which to hold his coat-tail together.—Pittsburg Chronicle.
You can't make the wife, who has asked her husband for some money without receiving a response, believe that silence is golden.—Boston Post.
The wise doctor who knows on which side his bread is buttered is willing to pay a big rent for an office next to a skating rink.—Fall River Advertiser.
You may talk of the signs of the weather. Of the coming days you may sing, but sitting down on a red-hot stove is a sign of an early spring.—Goshen Mountaineer.

A correspondent writes to ask us what a holocaust is. The principal use of this word is to make an item about the burning of a stable read sorter high-toned.—Siftings.
The hot weather will greatly help the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. When it is hot he can sit down and sweat without ever lifting a hand.—Piquette.
The new domestic sash she has no objection to going out to take the air, but she kicks abominably if she is asked to take the air when she goes out.—Boston Transcript.
Lugging a twenty-pound baby around the room from midnight until the roosters crow will crush out the divine afflatus from the bosom of the most soulful poet.—New York Journal.

It is said that the bee can draw forty times the weight of its own body, and after you have seen a bee lift a hundred and sixty-pound man off his feet you will believe it.—Boston Bulletin.
A tin cup containing a number of old Spanish coins was recently dug up by a farmer in Baldwin county, Ga. This is the kind of a cup that "cheers," if it doesn't inebriate.—Norristown Herald.
A lamb can distinguish its mother's cry among a hundred similar sounds. It is the same with a boy, but he seldom pays the same attention to it that he does when his father speaks.—Graphic.
Don't hurt the poor conductor, for he is not to blame; although the train ain't loaded, it goes off all the same.—Merchant-Traveller.

Victor Hugo was very much affected, it is said, at a sonnet addressed to him some time since by Lord Tennyson. Some friend must have held him while another read the poem to him.—Norristown Herald.
"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" There is no definite proof in the world for it unless it be that he has humbugged his wife into thinking there isn't another man in the world like him.—Pittsburg Telegraph.
A man reads a book for entertainment and instruction. A woman skips all the nuggets of wisdom and skims impatiently through the volume to find out whether the dark skinned misanthrope married the blue-eyed consumptive.—Chicago Ledger.

Quida says that the love of a girl should not be begged, but conquered. That's the way they do it in Africa. The swain gets behind a tree, and when his best girl comes along he clubs her and carries her home on his shoulders.—Detroit Free Press.
"Try to avoid debating with people," says Mr. Spurgeon. The reverend is correct. Nothing in a boy, but he seldom pays the same attention to it that he does when his father speaks.—Graphic.
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