

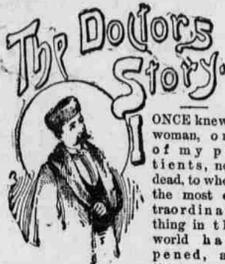
Lawrence Democrat.

"CRY ALOUD AND SPARE NOT."

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The Doctors Story.
ONCE knew a woman, one of my patients, now dead, to whom the most extraordinary thing in the world happened, and the most mysterious. She was a Russian, Countess Marie Baranov, a very great lady, of exquisite beauty. You know how beautiful the Russians are, or, at least, how beautiful they seem to be—with their delicate noses, their sensitive mouths, their eyes so close together, of an indefinable color, a blue gray, and their cold, rather hard charm. They have something wicked and seductive, haughty and melting, tender and severe, utterly charming to a Frenchman. At bottom, perhaps, it is only the difference of race and blood that makes us see so much in them. Her doctor had, during many years, known that she was threatened by a disease of the chest, and endeavored to persuade her to come to France for the winter, but she obstinately refused to quit St. Petersburg. At last, in the autumn of that year, the doctor compelled her to leave for Mentone.

She was alone in her compartment of the train, her servants occupying another. She leaned against the window a little sadly, watching the country and villages as she whirled past, feeling very isolated, very lonely in life. At each station her footman, Ivan, came to see if his mistress had everything she desired. He was an old servant, blindly devoted, ready to obey any order she might give him. Night fell, the train rolled on at full speed. She could not sleep, she was totally unwell. Suddenly the idea occurred to her of counting the money given to her at the last moment in French gold. She opened her little bag and emptied onto her lap the glistening stream of metal.

But, of a sudden, a breath of cold air caught her cheek. She lifted her head in surprise. The door opened. The Countess Marie, in dismay, threw a shawl over the money spread out on her lap and waited. A moment afterward a man appeared, bareheaded, wounded in one hand, panting and in evening dress. He reclosed the door, sat down and looked at his neighbor with a glittering eye, then wrapped his wrist in a handkerchief.

The poor woman felt faint with fright. This man must have seen her counting her money and had come to kill her and steal it.

He still fixed his gaze upon her, breathless, his face drawn, evidently awaiting to spring upon her.

He said, brusquely: "Madam, have no fear."

She answered nothing. She was incapable of opening her lips. She heard her heart beating and a buzzing in her ears.

"I am no malefactor, madam," he continued.

Still she said nothing; but in a sudden movement she made her knees knocked together and the money poured onto the carpet like water from a spoon.

The man stared in surprise at this flow of gold, and at once stooped to gather it up.

She, terrified, rose, casting all her gold onto the carpet, and rushed to the door to throw herself onto the line. But he perceived her intention, sprang up, seized her in his arms and forced her onto the seat, holding her by the wrists.

"Listen to me, madam. I am no thief. As a proof I am going to gather up this money and restore it to you. But I am a lost man, a dead man, unless you help me to pass the frontier. I shall be at the last Russian station, in one hour and twenty minutes you shall be on the other side of the boundaries of the empire. Unless you aid me I am lost. And yet, madam, I have

neither killed nor stolen nor done anything dishonorable. That I swear to you. I can tell you no more."

And, going down on his knees, he collected the money, feeling under the seats, and looking into the farthest corners. Then, when the little leather bag was once more full, he handed it to his neighbor without a word, and returned to his seat in the other corner of the carriage.

Neither moved. She sat motionless and mute, still faint with fright, but recovering little by little. As to him, he moved no muscle; he sat erect, his eyes fixedly looking straight before him, very pale, as though he were dead. Every now and then she threw him a glance, which she quickly averted. He was a man of about thirty, very handsome, with every appearance of being a gentleman.

The train tore through the darkness, throwing its ear-piercing whistles into the night, now slackening speed, now off again at its fastest. Then it calmed its

slight, whistled several times, and stopped altogether. Ivan appeared at the door to take orders. Countess Marie looked for the last time at her strange companion. Then in a voice brusque and trembling, said to her servant: "Ivan, you will return to the count. I have no further need of your services."

Amazed, the man opened his enormous eyes. He stammered: "But—but!"

She continued: "No, you need not come. I have changed my mind, I wish you to stay in Russia. Here, here is money for the journey. Give me your cap and mantle."

The old servant, bewildered, took off his cap and mantle, with unquestioning obedience, accustomed to the sudden whims and strange caprices of his mistress. He walked away with tears in his eyes.

The train started again, racing to the frontier. Then the Countess Marie said to her companion: "These things are for you, Monsieur; you are Ivan, my servant. I make but one condition; it is that you will never speak to me; that you will say no word to thank me on any pretext whatever."

The stranger bowed without a word. Soon a fresh halt was made, and the officials in uniform entered the train. The countess handed them the papers,

and pointing to the man seated in the face of the carriage: "My servant, Ivan; here is his passport."

The train started again. During the whole of the night they remained tete-a-tete, dumb both. In the morning, on stopping at a German station, the stranger alighted. Then, standing by the door he said: "Pardon me, madame, that I break my promise, but I have deprived you of your servant. It is only fair that I should replace him. Is there anything that you require?"

She replied coldly: "No, I do not need any maid."

He went. Then disappeared. Whenever she alighted at a refreshment room she saw him watching her from a distance. In due course they arrived at Mentone.

One day, as I was receiving my patients in my study, I saw a tall man enter. "Doctor," he said, "I come to ask news of the Countess Marie Baranov."

"She is beyond hope," I replied. "She will never return to Russia."

"And this man fell to sobbing; then he arose and went out staggering like a drunken man. That same evening I told the countess that a stranger had been to me to ask after her health. She seemed touched, and told me the tale I have just told you. She added: 'This man, whom I do not know, follows me like a shadow. I meet him every time I go out. He looks at me very strangely, but he has never spoken to me.'"

She reflected, and then added: "Look, there he is below my window!"

She rose from her sofa, drew the curtain aside and showed me the man who had called upon me, sitting on a bench on the promenade, his eyes raised to the hotel. He saw us, rose and walked away without once turning his head. So it was that I took part in a strange and incomprehensible episode; in the love of these two beings who were quite unknown to one another.

He loved with the devotion of a rescued animal, grateful and devoted until death. He came every day to ask me: "How is she?" knowing that I had guessed. And he wept bitterly when he had seen her pass, pale and weaker every day.

She said to me: "I have spoken but once to this singular man, and it seems to me I have known him for years."

And when they met she returned his bow with a grave and charming smile—she so lonely and dying. I knew she was happy to be loved with such constancy and respect, with this exaggerated poesy, with this devotion ready for all hazards, and yet, faithful to her obstinate though high-minded resolve, she absolutely refused to see him, to know his name, or to speak to him. She said: "No, no, that would spoil our strange friendship. We must remain strangers to one another."

As to him, he was of a certainty a kind of Don Quixote, for he took no steps to approach her. He was determined to keep to the letter the absurd promise he had made to her in the train.

Often during the long hours of weakness she rose from her sofa to draw back the curtains and look if he were there below the window. And when she had seen him, always immovably seated on his bench, she returned to her couch with a smile on her lips.

"I should like to see her for a second in your presence," he said.

I took his arm and re-entered the house.

When he was by the bedside of the dead, he took her hand and kissed it, a long, long kiss. Then he fled like a madman—From the French of Guy de Maupassant.

Marino Leyba's Darling Life and Sudden Death.

Marino Leyba was a convict brick molder at the New Mexico penitentiary, sentenced to seven years at hard labor for stealing a horse and attempting to kill the officer who arrested him. He was a Mexican, a giant in stature, and a tiger in disposition, and when in the mood would fight anything. He would kill a man as quick as he would a rabbit.

He was notorious as a horse thief long before the law gripped him. But back of his artistic method of taking the horses and cattle of the ranchers was a dark background of more serious crimes. Col. Potter, an eastern capitalist with large investments in New Mexico, traveled a lonely trail in the Sandia mountains once too often. His body was found, or rather the charred remains, for an attempt had been made to cremate it, with a bullet hole in the head. The murder was charged to a band of robbers which at that time infested the Sandias, and Leyba was known to be one of their number—probably the leader. This was within thirty miles of Santa Fe and Albuquerque, where Col. Potter had many friends. People determined to take the gang, whose operations were around the mining camps of San Pedro, Dolores, and Golden, and organized a posse for that purpose. They cornered the gang in a little Mexican town and swung every one of them from the projecting vegas by lariats—all except Leyba, who was not there.

He organized another band of stock thieves, who carried on their business for two years, with a certain pretended ranchman to "handle the goods." The ranchman quarreled with Leyba over the price of a horse, and became a model of good behavior and industry. He was the best brickmolder in the yard, and whenever a row occurred among the convicts he always helped the officers to quell it. One day Carlos Jacome, a belligerent young Mexican convict, who wore shackles most of the time for bad conduct, started a fight, and with a blow from his fist Leyba knocked him into a helpless heap. At an opportune time the ranchman who had sent Leyba to the penitentiary appeared before the governor seemingly much cast down and conscience-troubled. He apologized for his hand in the affair. His dreams were haunted and his wakening thoughts were bitterness itself. Leyba was innocent and he pleaded for a pardon. The fact was that the business of stealing horses and cattle was languishing in the absence of the alert and daring manager. In the course of time the governor was persuaded and the prisoner got his pardon.

Once more in the wilds of Sandias Leyba lost no time in making himself a terror to the people there. He knew every trail, every rocky canon, the almost impenetrable and silent forest which shielded only the mountain lion and the bear—two animals of ferocious habits to the mining camps and ranches. There were murders and robberies by somebody well posted on the comings and goings along the mountain roads. At first the desperado was seldom seen. Afterwards he grew bolder and appeared in San Pedro, Golden and Cerillas, where he drank and caroused with men who did not care to fight so long as they were unmolested. He was always well armed, fearless, an unerring shot, and his back never turned towards anybody who might be likely to take it for a mark. He had his friends among ex-convicts and other hard characters. And there were many, who would have been willing to put the finishing touch on his career, only that there were so many pistols about and skilled hands to manipulate them that there would have been a wholesale killing.

But this could not last. It hurt these flourishing mining camps, kept investigators out and capital away, and made life too exciting and uncertain. A strong protest went up to the sheriff of Santa Fe county, and he at once commissioned two men as deputies, who were well fitted to carry out their directions, to take Leyba alive or dead. These deputy sheriffs were Joaquin Montoya, an ex-guard at the penitentiary, handy in the use of the knife and pistol, and Carlos Jacome, the victim of Leyba's fist, who had finished his term in the penitentiary.

They were well mounted and each armed with a brace of forty-fives. The middle of the afternoon of the second day they were up in the mountains on a very faint trail running in the direction from which Leyba had been seen to enter Golden. It was twilight under the dense spruce and pine trees, and the bottom of the great canon above which the trail wound was as black as night. Leyba slowly turned the corner of a face lava boulder and stopped—face to face with the outlaw, who sat on his horse not twenty yards away with a cocked pistol in each hand. Their pistols were in their belts and the slightest motion of a hand in that direction would have sealed their doom. But in thinking over the dangerous and highly dramatic situations liable to occur in hunting a desperate man in the mountains they had not overlooked this one.

"How are you, my friend?" Montoya said in Spanish. "We are hunting cattle and are lost. Put up your pistols. We are not here to fight. Where is the Albuquerque trail?"

A little parrying ensued. They succeeded in allaying Leyba's suspicions and rode up to him, one on each side. He put the pistols back into his belt.

"You were foolish," said Jacome. "To think that we were after you. Let every man live in these hard times as best he can. Shake hands!"

HUNTING A DESPERADO.

Marino Leyba's Darling Life and Sudden Death.

Jacome was on one side of Leyba and extended his left hand, grasping Leyba's right. Montoya on the other side clutched his left. Instantly Jacome drew his pistol, and when the smoke cleared away Leyba was dead, shot through the brain, still on his horse and in the grasp of the two men.

They strapped the body to the horse and carried it to Santa Fe. Nobody regretted the killing of the desperado, but there was discussion over the manner in which it was done. Some of the dead man's friends got on the grand jury and managed to have the deputy sheriffs indicted. Jacome got away to Mexico. Montoya was acquitted, and was so overjoyed about it that he filled himself with whisky and lay down in an acquiescent one night. Somebody turned the water on and he escaped drowning only to die a few days later of pneumonia. Leyba was the last of the tormentors of the mining camps and ranchmen of the Sandias.—Chicago Tribune.

SELF DISCIPLINE.

Its Importance as an Aid to Success in Life.

True discipline is what we all need to bring out the best that is in us. Only thus can any one experience the meaning and the blessing of freedom, for without it, though no hand may direct him and no voice command him, his own breast will be a scene of anarchy and confusion, and his life a powerless victim. Perhaps no other power is more important in the pursuit of the various vocations of life. It enables a man to submit patiently to whatever preparation is necessary, to overcome natural repugnances which would hinder his career, to triumph over the love of ease, or the craving for pleasure, which would destroy his hopes of success. Many a man with brilliant talents and fine prospects has been wrecked upon these unseen rocks. He has trusted to his abilities, and they have betrayed him, simply because they were not well disciplined. The dry details of his work weary him, his drudgery he cannot bear, its enforced regularity he despises. Presently, to his surprise, he is distanced in the race by those of inferior powers, but who, by perseverance and self-denial, have used them to a better purpose. Often the authority of the mind is required to make us leave off what is engrossing us, to the exclusion of other duties and interests.

Much of the overwork that is so frequently prostrating men of business and professional life comes from the lack of self-discipline. They know and they admit that they are doing too much; that they need rest and relaxation; that they are not giving what they owe to their families or to society; but they plead that they can not help it, which simply means that they have not that power of command over themselves which would enable them to do what they know to be right. A self-poisoned man has the same control over the various faculties that the practiced musician has over the keys of his instrument, while the undisciplined man strikes at random, never knowing whether harmony or discord may ensue. Not only in the labor of our lives do we need to preserve this authority over self. In our hours of recreation, in our association with our fellow men, in the thousand details of life, its constant presence is necessary. It distinguishes the strong and noble character from the weak and wavering one. It enables us to choose between the different motives which are constantly presenting themselves, and to stem the tide, instead of drifting helplessly down with the current.

Every one has an ideal of life, higher than his actual life result. We should all like to be better, nobler, more just and generous and disinterested than we are. Through self-discipline alone can we climb this ladder and approach this ideal. It is by no chance metaphor that we need rest and relaxation; that higher life, or sinking to the lower. The one implies determination, power, effort; the other merely the absence of all these, the letting go of the moral reins, the abdication of authority over self. Each one may gain it and hold it for himself; for, like every other power, it grows by exercise, and no one who seeks it in all earnestness will seek in vain.—Philadelphia Advertiser.

CARNIVOROUS PARROTS.

A Bird That Feeds Upon the Fat of Sheep.

The kea, or mountain parrot, of New Zealand, a greenish-brown bird, formerly as harmless as others of his class, has developed a carnivorous habit as fastidious as that of epicures. It used to feed on the berries that grew luxuriantly on the hills, but it has changed that simple diet since the multiplication of sheep; perhaps fires, too, made that natural food scarce. It now takes a terrible revenge on its unconscious enemy.

Fasting itself on the back of a poor sheep, perhaps stuck in a snowdrift and savagely tearing away wool, skin and flesh, it plunges its powerful beak into the kidney fat, which it devours, and then, leaving one victim to die in agony, goes off in search of another. Though it is as difficult to feel individual affection for sheep where they are slaughtered by millions as it would be to care for boys in a school, the most unselfish shepherd can not refrain from pitying one of his own flock that he finds in such a condition, and from invoking maledictions on the whole race of keas.

How they found out that kidney fat was such a delicacy can only be conjectured—perhaps in the same indirect manner in which Charles Lamb's Chinaman discovered that young roast pig was good; or saw a sheep devouring his regular supply of food and defending his property with what beak and claws he had, his tongue came in contact accidentally with kidney fat. From that moment the satisfaction of appetite and the gratification of vendetta were united.—U. M. Grant, in Harper's.

DISAPPOINTING DOGS.

Tests of Fighting Qualities That Resulted Most Disastrously.

"A man's pride in his dog is one of those things which often exist without cause and only partially die under discouragement that would kill an Apache," said a keen observer of human nature the other day.

"I remember a farmer who lived near us when I was a boy. He had a collie dog that had been in his family for years, a faithful servant and a brave defender. It had a litter of pups, all of which died except one, and the old man persuaded himself that that pup, though it was not by any means of the purest breed, possessed all the virtues of its mother, magnified and intensified a dozen-fold.

"He came over to our house one warm spring day with the shaggy little pup peeping out of his big overcoat pocket and he began to brag about the good qualities of the animal. We boys were always ready for fun, and we had a little black Spanish hen, with a flock of chickens, that was as cross as two sticks. In order to 'chaff' the old man we told him that his pup was no good and that we had a hen which could 'lick' the dog in two rounds.

"The old man's pride was hurt. He took the pup out of his pocket and followed us outdoors to pit him against our hen. My brother drove the hen and he brood up to us and the old man 'sucked' his pup on to her. The hen thought the dog was after her chickens and with a vicious squawk she dashed around behind him in the twinkling of an eye, and fastening her strong beak firmly in the long hair of his back, began to beat him so vigorously with her wings, and kick up such a cloud of dust and such a 'bobbery' generally, that the pup, though certainly not hurt, became frightened almost out of his wits at the queer attack, and fled, yelping and howling as if for his life, with the hen still holding on to him for a score of yards.

"The old man could not help but join in the laugh we all enjoyed, but he felt so crestfallen that when he went home he drowned the pup that was 'licked' by a hen.

"I remember, too, an uncle of mine, who owned a farm in another part of the state. We boys used to go and visit him occasionally, and when we did he always cautioned us not by any chance to leave open the gate of a big paddock, where he kept a prize thoroughbred boar, of great size and fierceness, with curling tusks and erect bristles. This boar was the deadly enemy of my uncle's pet dog, a fine beast, a cross between a mastiff and a bloodhound, as heavy almost as a yearling calf, and able to knock a man over as easily as to bark at him.

"This dog and this boar used to make faces at each other, so to speak, through the closely built rail fence that surrounded the paddock. The dog would bark furiously at the boar, and the boar would foam at the mouth and champ his great tusks at the dog. They would both race along the fence like mad, meanwhile looking for any hole or break through which they could get at each other and tear one another to pieces. The fierceness of their aspect used to put the whole family in a tremor sometimes, thinking of the dreadful consequences that would follow if a rail some time should be left down or a gate open.

"One day my uncle had caught me in some particularly wicked piece of mischief and had boxed my ears. I resented this assumption of my father's prerogatives so much that I resolved to revenge myself by letting that dog and that boar have a free fight. Accordingly I pulled out an entire rail from one part of the fence surrounding the paddock and lay low to await results.

"Lion, the dog, was away with uncle to the post office at the time, and they both came home together. Lion had had no fun that day and he started to have a little chase with the boar, who was waiting and ready for him. Away they went, on either side of the fence, one barking, the other squealing, and both gnashing their teeth. Uncle began calling Lion off, but the dog paid no heed, and soon uncle's anxious eye caught sight of the missing rail. With a shout he started for the spot, but Lion and the boar were bearing down on it at a fearful rate and would certainly get there before he could.

"A cold sweat broke out all over the old man, and his face blanched as he strained every nerve and muscle to prevent the approaching combat, which if the animals once came together, could not but end in the death of one or both of the valuable combatants.

"But it was no use. The dog and the boar were now rushing along at a furious gait, filling the air with dust and clamor, and scanning with fierce eyes every foot of the fence that separated them. Presently they came to the gate and found themselves at last face to face.

"They stopped, they stared, and then in wild surprise and abject terror of each other, turned tail simultaneously and fled like the wind in opposite directions.

"Uncle Zeke breathed a long sigh of relief, but he never valued either of them half so much again."—N. Y. Tribune.

The Kestrel's Keen Sight.

Wonderful is the keenness of vision which enables a bird, when itself appearing little more than a mere speck in the sky to detect the tiny, crawling mouse, whose somber tints harmonize so well with the ground and the herbage around it. Take a mouse and let it loose in a field of stubble, and, once having lost sight of it, one finds it almost impossible to discover it again. It is so small, so somber of hue and moves with such quiet stealth, that there is nothing to attract the eye, and one can not see it, very often, even while gazing directly upon it. But never does it escape the notice of the kestrel. That wonderful sight, telescopic in its penetration and microscopic in its perfection, detects the smallest insect which creeps upon the ground, and the mouse which ventures from its hole while its vigilant enemy is above it surely and certainly doomed.—Rams Horn.

LOST TO HISTORY.

The Mystery of Mashonaland and Its Inhabitants.

The history of Mashonaland is wrapped in the deepest mystery. That the country has had a history worthy of being known to the world of to-day may be seen from the abundant evidences that a very large area was extensively worked for gold by an unknown people who have left no traces by which they may be identified. The ancient workings, as they are to-day, consist both of shafts and cuttings of various kinds. The shafts are sometimes forty or more feet deep, with tunnels of unknown lengths. The walls of some of these have fallen in and others have large trees growing in them, which show that they were made a very long time ago. On the surface of the ground about the openings of many shafts lie tons of broken quartz which carries a good amount of gold; again at the openings of others no loose quartz is to be seen, yet the work done below the surface shows that immense quantities have been excavated and conveyed to some distant spot, presumably for smelting.

Another mystery in the history of Mashonaland is indicated by the ruins of buildings. There are a number of these in various parts of the country, but the most perfect and interesting are those called the Zimbabwe or Zimbabwe ruins, to be seen about south latitude 20 degrees 15 minutes and east longitude 31 degrees 30 minutes. A very considerable area is covered by the ruins, but those of two buildings are in better state of preservation than the others. One of these is on a high and bold granite hill and is built of granite hewn into blocks somewhat larger than bricks, put together without mortar. The walls as they now stand are 30 feet high, over 10 feet thick at the base, and several less at the top. This building, as well as the other, was circular in form, and seems, from its position and construction, to be a fort. There are slabs of granite protruding from the walls in places containing rough zigzag ornaments.

The other and larger building stands several hundred feet below on rising ground. The walls of this building are also of granite of the same height and thickness as those just described. For about a third of its circumference there is one row of plain ornamental figures at the top. This building was one hundred and fifty yards in diameter and had but one or two entrances. Walls running in different directions stand inside, but the thick bush which has grown up within makes it impossible as yet to learn anything definite of the sizes and shapes of the inclosures made by these inner walls. The most curious part of the whole building is that of the tower, which stands near the outside wall. It is constructed of the same material as the building. This tower is cylindrical in shape up to the height of ten feet, but after that height tapers, and as it stands is a truncated cone. Its diameter at the base is fifteen feet. There is no entrance to the tower, and it appears to be solid throughout. Huge trees and dense bush have grown up in the interior of these ruins, so that it would require considerable time to clear them away in order to get an accurate plan of the building. It is very likely that if excavations were made in and about these ruins articles would be found which might throw light upon the mystery surrounding the history of them. I regret that it was not possible for me to spend more than a single day in making a return journey of thirty miles to visit these ruins.

The old gold workings and the ruins found in Mashonaland led many to believe that Ophi, the kingdom of the Queen of Sheba, whence Solomon is said to have obtained his gold, was in Mashonaland. Sofala, a very old town on the east coast of Africa, is mentioned by many writers as being in the land of Ophi. The Arabs have a very ancient tradition to this effect, and those of Sofala to-day are said to hold to this tradition. The ruins are west of the district of Sofala, and they are thought to have been the palace of the Queen of Sheba. I am at a loss to understand how any one who has ever seen these ruins can incline to such belief. Though they seem to be very old indeed, they do not by any means have the appearance of having been built hundreds of centuries ago. Very few white men have ever visited the ruins, but as Mashonaland is thrown open to the civilized world archaeologists will perhaps examine the ruins, and may be able to tell us to what age they belong.—C. A. Orr, in N. Y. Sun.

Nothing Good to Eat.

Necessaries, delicacies, luxuries—all such words have different meanings in different ears and under different circumstances. When Mr. Seward was in Alaska says his son, the people were naturally very desirous to treat him handsomely.

Some amusement was occasioned at table, one day, by the remark of one of the ladies that they had been much disappointed at obtaining no beef by the last steamer, as all were looking for steaks.

"So we can offer you nothing but the fare of the country, Gov. Seward," she said.

"But that is excellent," answered he. "O, no; we have nothing but venison, and grouse, and wild ducks, and salmon, and trout."

One of the army officers remarked that this reminded him of a mutiny among the soldiers at a Florida fort, against being served with green turtle soup more than once a week.—Youth's Companion.

Forest Wool.

In the highlands of the Grand-Duchy of Baden there are several families of Wald-wollers—"tree wool," as we might translate it, a woolly material prepared from the fibre of fir-leaves. The best of the oil-palm and the bolls of the bombax tree have been successfully used for the same purpose, and the natives of the Philippine Islands prepare from the fiber of the mango a silk-like thread that can be woven into the finest cloth. Some of those trees could possibly be acclimatized in our cotton states and help to redeem the lands worn out by a century of forest-destruction.—The Voice.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"How's that razor I gave you. Isn't it a dandy?" "It is indeed. Pretty and dull."—N. Y. Herald.

"Have you heard the eight-year-old violin virtuoso?" "O, yes. Twelve years ago in Vienna."—Blatter and Bluthen.

"An Oregon man wants to trade a mule for a wife. Some men never know when they are well off."—Texas Sittings.

"At the Seaside—Grace—"Charley had an idea floating in his head the other day." Belle—"No!" Grace—"Yes; the doctor told him it was only water on the brain, though."—N. Y. Ledger.

"Green-Eyed Jealousy—Fannie—"I wonder what makes Harry stare at me so much?" Minnie—"I've heard him say that he is a lover of works of art."—Yankee Blade.

"Suitor—"I have come, sir, to ask you to give me your daughter's hand." Paterfamilias—"Why, sir, when I last saw it, it was in your possession."—Harper's Bazar.

"Ethel (fishing for a compliment)—"I wonder what he saw in me to fall in love with." Clarissa—"That's what everybody says. But men are curious creatures, dear."—N. Y. Press.

"Young Bohrer (diffidently)—"Yes, Miss Lucy, they do say that I am clever at baseball." Lucy (grawling)—"If I should so (yawn) dearly love to see you make a (yawn) home run."—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

"I told Dr. Wray the other day that I believed I was the only living example of his patients." "Was he embarrassed?" "Not a bit; he acknowledged it." "What did he say?" "Said he was sorry to say I was."—Elmira Gazette.

"It Will Be Chilly for Him.—Hunker (who wants to propose)—"Miss Scadds, let us go out on the porch. Shall I get your wrap?" Miss Scadds—"Thanks, but I shan't need it. You might put on your overcoat, however."—Epoch.

"Inquiring Youth—"Pa, what word in our language has been most recently coined?" Pa—"I can't tell you, my son, but if you'll just listen when your mother and I get into an argument you'll hear it. She always has the last word."—Chicago Herald.

"Young lady to clerk at drug store—"Can you give me ten cents in exchange for a dollar?" Clerk (trying to be funny)—"Do you want common sense?" Young lady—"O, no, I wouldn't ask you for what you haven't got."

"One of our exchanges says that a little Boston boy, at whose house there was a new baby, was asked if it was a girl baby. The little fellow hesitated. "I have not made up my mind," he said, "whether it is proper to say girl baby or a baby girl."

Room at the Top.—Ambitious Youth—"Do you know of any way by which young writers like myself can make money in literature?" Magazine Editor—"Um—there is one." "I am delighted to hear that." "Keep a newspaper."

"Crusty Bachelor (after a silent half-hour of piano agony)—"Miss Florella, I should think you would hate to be so far behind the styles." Florella (getting red)—"What do you mean, Mr. Tart?" Crusty Bachelor—"Why, I saw in some fashion paper that now short bangs were all the rage."—Baltimore American.

HOW WE GROW OLD.

Deterioration of the Secretions of the Body.

Anatomical researches respecting the influence of age upon the bodily tissues, have in recent years revealed some very interesting and important facts. It has been observed that in consequence of advancing age, after middle life the capillary vessels of the body gradually diminish in number, through the withering and obliteration of many of these small vessels, until, in advancing age, the number of capillaries, and hence the area, of this portion of the circulation is very greatly diminished. Another change also begins after middle life, which is of still greater importance. Up to about the age of forty years, the pulmonary artery, the large vessel which carries the blood from the heart to the lungs, is larger than the aorta, the vessel by which the blood is distributed to the body in general. The consequence of this excess in size of the pulmonary artery over the aorta, is a high blood pressure in the lungs, and consequently a more complete purification of the blood from its gaseous impurities than would otherwise occur. After middle life, the pulmonary artery decreases in size, and the aorta increases. This fact, together with the increased resistance which the blood meets in consequence of the diminished capacity of the pulmonary vessels, results in a gradually increasing accumulation of carbonic acid gas in the blood, which reacts upon every organ and tissue in the body, lessening its activity, and causing a deterioration of every secretion.—Dr. J. H. Kellogg, in Good Health.

A CONSIDERATE SISTER.

She, Very Likely, Fut Hestler in Her New Little Brother's Place.

An East Side man, the father of a very interesting family, recently had a occasion to throw his shoulders back a couple of notches farther, and lift his head a little higher. It was all on account of a new arrival in his family in the shape of an eleven pound boy. As soon as the nurse thought best, the father called his children about him, knee and surprised them with the startling information that they had a new brother. As he expected, they were all desirous of viewing the new arrival and so the excited urchins were led into the room where the little one lay. As was natural, each one had some comment to make on the appearance of the infant, but the only one worth chronicling was that of a little seven-year-old sister. She stood for several moments, eagerly scanning the baby's features and then turning to her father with a troubled expression on her face, said: "Papa, it is a shame for us to stand here and stare at him in this manner, see how embarrassed he is. His face is simply burning with mortification." The father had to acknowledge that the baby's face was pretty red and taking the child's advice they all withdrew.—Peck's Sun.