

## A SILENT TRAGEDY.

### HEROISM OF A MOTHER IN THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS.

A Longing For the Outside World Crushed Back In Her Heart Because She Did Not Want Her Daughters to Learn of Brighter Things Beyond Their Reach.

There are tragedies in nearly all people's lives, though some may never know them by that name. We find them, too, in most unexpected places, which reminds me that one day I stopped for dinner at a house in the Cumberland mountains so deep in the fastnesses that I had to employ a guide to show me the way to the first road that would take me out to the county road. The family consisted of a man and wife, with six daughters, and a more ignorant lot of people I think I never saw. After the dinner of bacon, beans and corn bread, the man and girls went back to the field, and I talked awhile to the woman before returning my journey. She was a typical mountaineer, tall, angular and callow, but there was a gleam of intelligence in her face, quite unlike the lack luster of the usual woman of the mountains.

"Don't you get very lonely, away off here to yourself?" I asked her as she bustled about the table.

"I reckon I might, if I had time," she replied. "But I don't give myself no time to think about things like that."

"And what about your girls? Don't they want to get out among people?"

"Not ez I ever heard 'em say."

"Do they go to school in winter?"

"No."

"Have they never been?"

"Not yit," this half apologetically.

"Do they have anything to read?"

"They can't read."

"Can't read?" I repeated in surprise, for even though the older mountaineers cannot read and write, as a rule, the younger ones, under a more modern civilization, can.

"No, they can't," she said as if irritated by my tone.

"Are you so far from the schoolhouse that you can't send them?" was my next venture.

"It's two miles, and they could go, but I won't let 'em."

"This was a new phase, and the matter became more interesting.

"Why not?" I asked, with a persistence that was risky.

She stopped her work and turned her face to me.

"Them gals," she said, "don't know nothin' but these here mountains and that that river down there; they don't know what is goin' on in the world outside; they never seen no steam cars nor boats nor telegraphs nor telephones nor fine houses nor beautiful clo's nor gentlemen nor ladies; they don't hardly know their satch, but I do, for I've seen people ez her seen 'em, and they've told me. Many's the night I've gone to bed and cried myself to sleep in the loft that was my bedroom, thinkin' about what that was in the world that I couldn't even hope to get a look at. I got so I could read, and then I read about 'em all, and that made it worse. That was nothin' but mountains and loneliness and silence for me, and I couldn't help myself nohow."

"Then I married Jim, and we come here. Jim can't read nor write, and the pore feller is satisfied, for he don't know no more than the gals does and they're company for each other. The gals might git like I wuz if they learn readin' and writin', and how could they ever git away from this place and go among sich different things? They couldn't, jist the same ez I couldn't, and of I kin keep 'em from knowin' what's away off the mountains aint, nor the lonesomeness, nor the silence I'm goin' to do it and let 'em live and die right here whar they air a heap better satisfied than ther mother has ever been, though they never heered her say nothin' about it, one way nor t'other, and they never will."

The hard lines of determination had come into her face when she began speaking, and I could see they were pressing back the tears of disappointment as she talked to me, and when she turned to her work again she brushed her eyes hastily, while I sat there thinking of the silent heroine and uncomplaining sacrifice of this woman, longing in the solitude of the mountains for the breadth and beauty of the world beyond them, yet never voicing her wish; walking straight through the darkness of ignorance, knowing of the light above it, standing fast with her family about her, as the millions rushed on toward the higher attainments of life, crushing her soul down into its narrow confines and keeping it there, because she realized that for her and for hers this was the earth and the fullness thereof.—Detroit Free Press.

#### Ellenborough's Sarcasm.

Lord Ellenborough was famous for sarcastic speeches to counsel who consumed his time to no purpose. Mr. Preston was a great connoisseur, but not a brilliant advocate. On one occasion, having inflicted on the court an unspeakably dry oration, toward the close of the day he asked when it would be their lordships' pleasure to hear the remainder of his argument. Lord Ellenborough uttered a sigh of resignation and answered, "We are bound to hear you, and we will endeavor to give you our undivided attention on Friday next, but as for pleasure, that, sir, has been long out of the question."—San Francisco Argonaut.

#### Making It Perfectly Clear.

John Anderson of Cedar Springs sends us a wild turkey beard nearly a foot long. John killed the gobbler while he was running 400 yards with his Winchester. That is to say, the gobbler, and not John, was running, and the gobbler was not running 400 yards or any other particular distance, but was 400 yards from John and running, but not running with John's Winchester. In fact, the Winchester was not running at all, nor was the turkey running off with it.—Oxford (Ky.) Banner.

## LANGUAGE OF A DOG.

### How the Canine Dictionary Was Evolved From His Tail.

In the case of all hunting dogs, such as fox hounds or wolves, which pack together, the tail is carried aloft and is very free in movement. It is frequently rendered more conspicuous by the tip being white, and this is almost invariably the case when the hounds are raised color. When ranging the long grass of the prairie or jungle, the raised tips of the tails would often be all that an individual member of the band would see of its fellows. There is no doubt that hounds habitually watch the tails of those in front of them when drawing a covert.

If a faint drag is detected suggestive of the presence of the fox, but scarcely sufficient to be sworn to vocally, the tail of the finder is at once set in motion, and the warmer the scent the quicker does it wag. Others, seeing the signal, instantly join the first, and there is an assemblage of waving tails before even the least whimper is heard. Should the drag prove a doubtful one, the hounds separate again, and the wagging ceases. But if it grows stronger when followed up the wagging becomes more and more emphatic until one after another the hounds begin to whine and give long and stream off in Indian file along the line of scent. When the pack is in full cry upon a strong scent, the tails cease to wave, but are carried aloft in full view.

The moment when the dog most enjoys life is the moment when he sights game. That moment is the time when he wags his tail most vigorously in order to announce his discovery to his fellow dogs. In this way, by the habit of association, he got to wagging his tail whenever he was pleased, and the more pleased he is the more vigorously he wags his tail, so that the wagging of a dog's tail under pleasurable emotion can be traced directly to the time when the dog used his tail as a signal of the discovery of his prey.—Contemporary Review.

#### Petroleum.

The theory that the remains of animals form the raw materials from which petroleum is formed by nature is still held by some prominent scientists. And as to the manner in which the organic substances of those animals became decomposed Dr. Engler sets forth as a primary starting point the fact that such substances consist essentially of nitrogenated material and fat, the former easily decomposed, the latter very stable, as has been well known for a long time, and demonstrated by exact investigations, examples in proof being the wax of calavers in old graves, the fat in the bones of mammals thousands of years old, and the fat on the bottom of the ocean recently found.

Whether and how the fat was decomposed in this long period by the water splitting up glycerol and forming the free acid—for instance, the fat in the bones of mammals—cannot be answered, but both fat and the fatty acids form petroleum when distilled under pressure. One of the many possibilities cited by Dr. Engler, by which the mechanical process of the transmutation of fat into petroleum may have taken place, is that remains of the character in question, wrapped in mud and transported by the currents in the ocean, easily accumulate, and, later on, under the pressure of sedimentary layers or strata—perhaps under the influence of heat, too—are transformed into petroleum.—New York Sun.

#### Various Kinds of Ladies.

The young husband had waited with exemplary patience while his wife made a tour of inspection through the various departments of the store. He counted the number of street cars that passed and scanned the shopping public with interest. Then he turned his attention to the store windows and studied the various bargains. When his wife came out, she said in an apologetic manner: "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long, my dear, but I had to wait for my change an endless time. Has it been awfully stupid out here?"

"Oh, no," said the obliging husband. "On the contrary, I have learned that there are many kinds of women I never dreamed of."

"So you've been watching the women?" she mopped.

"No, but I've been looking in the window, and I find that there are navy blue ladies—you see the sign, 'Navy blue ladies' suits.' And there are pink ladies—observe the 'pink ladies' shirt waists.' There are tailor made ladies—there you see proof of it in the 'tailor made ladies' suits. There are also real ladies, as the placard 'Real ladies' handkerchiefs' testifies. No, I don't count the time lost."

Whereupon his wife said that she did not know what he was talking about.—New York World.

#### The Early Astronomers.

The early astronomers were all astrologers and claimed to be able to predict the future careers of various individuals by "casting horoscopes" showing the position of the planets at the time of their birth. The position and movements of the various celestial bodies were not only supposed to control the destinies of men, but were also thought to bring war or woe, temper or sunshine, upon the earth itself. A man born when the sun was in the constellation of Scorpio was believed to be naturally bent toward excessive indulgence in the animal passions. One born when the sun was in Pisces was predestined to grovel or be a servant, while one whose earthly career was opened when the great luminary was in Aries would be a great scholar and a man known to the world despite all opposing influences.—St. Louis Republic.

#### Pays to Have Friends.

Jinks—I tell you what it is, there is nothing like having lots of friends.

Winks—I presume not.

Jinks—No, sirree. Just as quick as I lose a job my friends all rush around hunting a new place for me so as to save me the trouble of borrowing money from them.—New York Weekly.

## THE VALLEY OF THE GODS.

### Wonderful Grandeur of a California Valley of the Yosemite.

What has been termed a "limited but beautiful rival to the Yosemite valley" is a canyon lying in San Benito county, Cal. Sheep herders and roving Indians have long known of its wild grandeur, but to Professor Gilbert of the Stanford university lovers of nature are indebted for a first account of it. The prediction is made that the craggy Gabilan will in future be included among the scenic features of California. Professor Gilbert says:

"If the Gabilan valley had Yosemite's water effects, it would be fully as beautiful as the world famous California wonder." The nearest house is 14 miles distant, and Tree Pine, the only settlement in the region, is 24 miles away. Flanking the valley tower the peaks of the Gabilan range. Some admirers have made bold to call it "The Valley of the Gods." Its attractions are sky reaching crags, ponderous rocks hanging suspended in gulches and caves of vast extent that are yet to be explored.

The main canyon has an area of five square miles. One of its cliffs, which rises 1,500 feet, is the asylum of great numbers of eagles, which at times cover the face of the crags with the shadow of their wings. Entering the canyon from the northwest runs a natural wagon road under a series of arches formed of bowl-shaped stalactites between the converging walls of the canyon. The smallest of the rocks is 20 feet in circumference, while the largest measures some 1,400 feet. In a side canyon, near the southern end of the valley, there is suspended 300 feet above the braiding of a stream, a mass of rock which is estimated to be as big as a block of six story buildings.

Of the caves there are three that will repay a thorough exploration, extending far into the bowels of the earth and containing pools in which swim a species of trout. Stalactites depend from the ceilings, which in places are 150 feet high. One more feature should be mentioned—"The Thumb," a two splintered crag which rises 1,500 feet from the bed of the valley, but falls short 600 feet of the altitude of a palisade, on whose front lies a natural pathway. The Gabilan valley is distant from San Francisco 136 miles in a southeasterly direction.—New York Post.

#### What They Lacked.

It has been said, we believe, "that a poet is born, not made," but even a poetic birthright does not prevent its owner from occasionally encountering adverse criticism on his early efforts. While Thomas Campbell was prosecuting his studies at the University of Glasgow he occupied apartments with an elder brother, who, though no poet himself, was a most admirable critic, but a severe one.

Mr. Campbell had gone down to the breakfast room one morning, leaving the poet to follow at his leisure. After waiting for some time, he began his meal in solitude. He had nearly finished breakfast when his brother entered with a copy of verses in his hand, which he laid on the table as an excuse for his delay, at the same time requesting Mr. Campbell's opinion of their merit. The reply was quite characteristic of his brother's peculiar dry humor.

"Your lines are admirable, Tom, my boy," said the elder Campbell, after calmly perusing the verses, "but they appear to me to want fire," and sitting the motion to the word the merciless critic committed the paper to the flames. The poet barely succeeded in reaching his apartment, but after a little reflection he threw it into the fire for the second time, acknowledging the justice of his brother's bonnet.—Youth's Companion.

#### Remodeling New Hats.

"Remodeling" of hats is getting to be quite a business. To some people this would seem to be an elegant way of speaking of the finalizing over trimming over, etc., of old or secondhand hats, but such is not the case. The great bulk of hats that are "remodeled" are new ones, or, more properly speaking, are unmade ones. They are not of the up to date pattern and consequently are not salable. The shrewd and businesslike retailer does not keep them too long on the shelf. He prefers to turn them into money, and in order to do this he sends them to a remodeling shop, where they undergo a certain amount of manipulation and are placed back again on the shelves turned into the "latest style" or the "latest fad," just as you prefer to have it. The owner of the hats fails to recognize them when they are returned to him, but he is glad to welcome them. The trimmings have been taken out, and the hats have been placed over on the latest blocks and meet with a ready sale. The expenses attached to the blocking over and to the trimming over is not great.—American Hatter.

#### He Was Known.

A young man at a social party was vehemently urged to sing a song. He replied that he would first tell a story, and then, if they still persisted in their demand, he would endeavor to execute a song. When a boy, he said, he took lessons in singing, and one Sunday morning he went up into the garret to practice alone. While in full cry, he was suddenly sent for by the old gentleman.

"This is pretty conduct," said the father; "pretty employment for the son of pious parents, to be sawing boards in the garret on a Sunday morning loud enough to be heard by all the neighbors. Sit down and take your book."

The young man was unanimously excused from singing the proposed song.—London Tit-Bits.

#### A Unique Souvenir.

A New York girl has a souvenir which is as peculiar as it is valuable. It is the dress shirt of a great artist and was given her by his wife. It was last worn at a stag dinner, during which a host of famous painters present wrote their names on the expense of boom as signatures to the sentence which an enthusiast had first penned there, "We all love."—New York News.

## POISON FROM PEACH TREES.

### The Prussic Acid in This Lethal Killed a Stock of Sheep.

"Taking a drink of this cherry sirup," said a doctor as he quenching his thirst at a soda water fountain, "reminds me of a catastrophe we had out on our farm one summer. You think it strange that a drink of soda water should bring a farm incident into my mind. Well, it is peculiar, but every time I taste any prussic acid, and this cherry is filled with it, I call to mind an incident which cost my father quite a sum of money. My father was a great sheepgrower and took pride in the high grade of stock he raised. He also had a great deal of the farm planted with peach trees, to which he devoted much of his time.

"One summer when I was a boy something went wrong with the trees, necessitating the cutting off of many of the branches. The branches were strewn all over the grass of the peach grove where the sheep were wont to rest in the shade. A short time after this my father lost nearly all his sheep within a day by what seemed to be the result of some poison. He could account for the wholesale slaughter of all the sheep dying with similar symptoms in no way except it was the work of some enemy. I concluded to find out what caused the sheep to die.

"It was my first work in diagnosing, and it became so interesting to me that it influenced me in choosing my profession later. I worked hard to find if the sheep had eaten anything in the shape of a poisonous weed, but failed to trace it to this cause. It suddenly came into my mind that the sheep that had been penned in another part of the farm and had not been in the peach grove were the only ones that had escaped. So I concluded that the poison must be in the peach orchard. I noted the branches of the peach trees which had been cut still lying upon the ground, and something told me that these branches held the secret. I called on a physician to get some information about drugs, for as a boy I knew nothing in the way of deadly things except the 'green vine' and other reputed poisonous plants.

"I asked him if the peach branches could have poisoned the sheep. 'Why, certainly,' he replied. 'They could poison with the deadliest poison known. When a branch of a peach tree is fresh, the leaves contain what we call amygdalic acid, which of itself is not the best thing to take into the system. But let that branch lie in the hot sun, and the chemical action of the heat upon this comparatively harmless amygdalic acid transforms it into the most deadly poison known as hydrocyanic or prussic acid, so, my young friend, you have struck the cause of the death of your father's sheep. They have died of hydrocyanic acid poisoning.' From that time on I became interested in medicine until I graduated a full fledged doctor. I often look back upon the little incident which had a great influence in shaping my career. Now, you don't think the connection between a glass of cherry soda water and the killing of a lot of sheep strained after all."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

#### A Ghost Story.

Here is a ghost story—one of a large class and therefore more likely to be veracious, especially as it first saw the light in a London paper. It has an appearance of strict and even sober truthfulness. There was a certain Captain Blomberg, of some regiment unknown, on active service in America. Five or six of his brother officers, he being engaged on duty 900 miles away, were dining together. The door was opened, and Captain Blomberg appeared, to everybody's surprise. Without speaking, he walked in and sat down in a vacant chair. They all asked him how he came there.

To their questions he made no reply. Then one of them said, "Blomberg, are you mad?"

On this he rose and replied, "When you go back to London, take my son to the queen and beg her to be his protector."

This said, he walked out of the room as he had come in. A few days afterward the news came that he had been killed in action on the very day and at the same hour of his appearance.

It is pleasing to record that the queen, on whose favor the gallant officer may have had some claim, did protect the son, who became captain in ordinary in his majesty's deputy clerk of the king's closet, and was a resident of St. Paul's and vicar of St. Giles, Cripplegate.—New York Commercial.

#### Comparisons of the French.

Some very interesting facts about France are quoted by one of the Paris papers. We are told that one-half of the population of France is dependent on agriculture for a living, one-quarter on industry, one-tenth on commerce, four-hundredths on liberal professions, and six-hundredths on incomes derived from landed property or stock. The number of land owners cultivating their own land is 9,176,000; bankers and merchants are set down at 789,000; manufacturers give employment to over 7,000,000; state functionaries form an army 805,000 strong, and there are 24,000 journalists and men of letters.—London Tablet.

#### Condensed Power.

She—Here I read in the paper that if the force employed by women in lacing their stays and buttoning the boots could be condensed it would more than suffice to drive all the machinery in the factories and the railway engines in the whole of Germany.

He—Good gracious! Why, then the concentrated power of their tongues would be capable of lifting the earth off its hinges!—Westminster Courier.

#### Today's Best.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is today.—Hawthorne.

## ON TOP OF MOUNT ARARAT.

### Nothing But Snow Covers the Peak Where The Ark Was Moored.

Mount Ararat has two tops, a few hundred yards apart, sloping on the eastern and western extremities into rather prominent abutments, and separated by a snow valley or depression from 50 to 100 feet in depth. Thus, in The Century, write Messrs. Allen and Henshelen, the two young Americans who made a bicycle tour round the world.

"The eastern top, on which we were standing, was quite extensive, and 50 to 60 feet lower than its western neighbor. Both tops are hummocks on the huge dome of Ararat, like the humps on the back of a camel, on neither one of which is there a vestige of anything but snow. "There remained just a little trace of the crosses left by Parrot and Chodko as of the ark itself. We remembered the pictures we had seen in our survey books, which represented this mountain top covered with green grass, and Noah stepping out of the ark in the bright, warm sunshine, before the receding waves, and now we looked around and saw the very apex covered with perpetual snow. Nor did we see any evidence whatever of a former existing water, except perhaps the snow filled depression we have just mentioned. There was nothing about this perpetual snowfield, and the freezing atmosphere that was chilling us to the bone to remind us that we were on the top of an extinct volcano that once trembled with the convulsions of subterranean heat.

"The view from this towering height was immeasurably extensive and almost too grand. All detail was lost—all detail, all outline. Even the surrounding mountains seemed to be but the accidental ridges of the plain. Then, too, we could catch occasional glimpses, as the clouds shifted to and fro. At one time they opened up beneath us and revealed the Aras valley, with its glittering ribbon of silver at an abnormal depth below. Now and then we could discern the black volcanic peaks of Ali Ghaz 40 miles away to the northwest, and on the southwest the low mountains then occupied the town of Bayazid. Of the Caucasus the mountains about Ararat are the west and Lake Van on the south and east of the Caucasus are, all of which are said to be in Ararat's horizon, we could see absolutely nothing."

#### Business In China.

English merchants are in a very different position from that they occupied only 30 years ago. Then a person in any of the great firms made a fortune in a few years. Now the volume of trade has not only steadily decreased, but profits have fallen to an almost insignificant level. We have to begin our commercial position and usually find that the Chinese, Indian and Japanese and other cotton goods, taking advantage of their cheapness of labor, are selling at a price which is a large percentage below our own. On the other hand, the volume of our trade is not falling away, and we are actually importing less into China. The Chinese tea gardens have been neglected, and the inferior qualities of cotton compete with the more scientific cotton in India and Egypt. The silk industry has never done anything for the world, but partly apparently from neglect and tradition is still in the production of silk.

An article of import that has had an extraordinary impulse is, however, silk. Formerly the Chinese, limited to their dwelling with the glimmer of a greenish yellow candle or of homemade rushlights. Now, frugal as he is, he almost universally indulges in the electric glow of a kerosene lamp.—Detroit Free Press.

#### A Letter From Henry Clay.

Mr. A. D. Hagans of Kingswood, Va., has carefully preserved a portrait of Henry Clay, which was painted half a century ago. It reads:

DEAR SIR—Your friendly remembrance is respectfully acknowledged, and as a tribute to my correspondence and as constant reminder of my countrymen and friends I must be necessarily very brief. I am glad to hear of your success in your long and arduous life, and wish you a long and happy one. I have been a student of your life and your work, and I am proud to have known you. I am glad to hear of your success in your long and arduous life, and wish you a long and happy one. I have been a student of your life and your work, and I am proud to have known you.

#### Food and Digestion.

One of the biggest mistakes about food which people make is to forget that the true value of food is not in its quantity, but in its digestibility. A pound of food is really more valuable if it is more digestible than two pounds of food that is not. It is a pound of food, but while the rest of it is being digested, and this is a service to us, the cheese is put in the court altogether for ordinary use. We should bear this rule in mind when we hear people comparing one food with another in respect of their chemical value.—New York Dispatch.

#### The Use of Content.

"Do you know," said Dicky Sybil to one of his friends at the club, "Miss Twilkins told me she never really appreciated good poetry until she read the sonnet I addressed to her?"

"Yes," was the answer, "she told me the same thing."

"Did she, though?"

"Certainly. She also remarked that there was nothing like content to settle one in forming an opinion."—Westminster Star.

#### One View of It.

The "game of definitions" produced the other evening this rather clever example:

"Life—A workshop in which we are from the foreman down to the workman, all of us, know that we are in this job here right."—Hawthorne.

## D. LEARY.

### They Looked At Him.

AR. LEARY, JR.,  
1st St.,  
Lynchburg, Va.

## D. LEARY.

### COR. MILL AND PRATT.

## Scheld & M.

### Architects.

### William C. Walker.

### ARCHITECT.

### 138 & 140 STATE ST.

### MANTEL, GRATES AND

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