

AN INCIDENT AND ITS LESSONS

We had occasion once to go to a neighboring railroad depot to meet some friends who were expected by the next train. Our horse being somewhat nervous, was stopped at a safe distance, and we sat quietly in the carriage, leisurely contemplating surrounding scenes and objects. A colored stripling of about twelve years passed by and inquiringly said: "Waitin' fur de train to go by?" "Yes."

"Whese-ew, de kyars won't come in fifteen minits yit!" He evidently thought we were traveling, and had halted for the train to pass. He was disposed to make light of the caution which had prompted us to stop so long before train time. He supposed he had found a very simpleton, and that it was his prerogative and his duty to enlighten us. He passed by, but in a few moments returned. He was interested. He had found a case. "Dat fifteen minits done gone now, and de train ha'n't cum yit!" We were amused, but dismissing the lad with thanks for his interest in our welfare, we fell into this train of reflection: How exactly illustrative is this little negro of the very many far more intelligent persons who think they understand the affairs of neighbor better than neighbor understands those affairs himself, and who criticize neighbor's management and volunteer advice to him, which would be very good under certain conditions, but which is in reality extremely ridiculous. If he occupied the same standpoint his neighbor does, he would see the same thing in the same light and would conduct the same affairs in a similar manner.

Lesson first: Every man understands his own business best, and has the privilege of conducting it in the way that seems to him best, if it do not interfere with the interests of others.

Lesson second: Before you give advice, acquaint yourself thoroughly with all the surroundings.

Lesson third: Be not hasty to criticize the actions of your fellows; they may be right and you wrong.

Lesson fourth: Those who criticize you or who advise to a different course in any affair, are not necessarily your enemies. They may think they are rendering an excellent service, and may be prompted by the best of motives.

ARCHBISHOP HOWLEY.

He was a very bad spunker. With a most delicate and almost fastidious taste as to style, he was always making corrections in his speaking as some writers do on their manuscript, a fatal fault in a speaker, and one which occasionally led the good archbishop into fearful bathos. Thus, presiding at an anniversary of the Clergy Orphan Girl's School at St. John's Wood, he delivered himself thus:

"No one can see—(corrects himself)—can look upon—these respectable-looking girls—(corrects himself)—these nice-looking girls—(corrects himself)—these good girls—(corrects himself)—these female girls—." Here there was a suppressed titter, under cover of which the speaker hurried on to the conclusion of his sentence, not recorded. He used to rub his hands anxiously together whilst speaking, as if he were washing them. I have seen him twice, and once saw a bishop imitate him to the life. There is a story that he used to bewail his own nervousness as a speaker, and that one of his chaplains recommended him to shut himself up in the Addington dining room and address himself to the chairs, imagining people in them. "How did your grace get on?" he was asked after the first experiment. "Well, you see, I think I got on very nicely at first, but all at once I caught sight of that high-backed chair there in the corner, and he looked so formidable that he put me out, and then I broke down."

he was asked after the first experiment. "Well, you see, I think I got on very nicely at first, but all at once I caught sight of that high-backed chair there in the corner, and he looked so formidable that he put me out, and then I broke down."

JOHN RANDOLPH IN CONGRESS.

Ben Perley Poor contributes to the April "Century" an anecdotal, richly illustrated, paper on "The Capitol at Washington," from which he quotes the following:

The despot of the debates for many years was the eccentric John Randolph, who would ride on horseback from his lodgings in Georgetown to the Capitol and enter the house, wearing a fur cap with a large visor, a heavy great-coat over a suit of Virginia home-spun, and white topped boots with jingling silver spurs. Striding down the aisle, followed by his brace of pointer-dogs, he would stop before his desk, upon which he would deliberately place his cap, his gloves, and his riding-whip, listening meanwhile to the debate. If he took any interest in it, he would begin to speak at the first opportunity, without any regard to what had previously been said. After he had uttered a few sentences (and had drunk a glass of porter, which an assistant door-keeper had orders to bring whenever he rose to speak), his tall, meager form would writhe with passion; his long, bony index-finger would be pointed at those on whom he poured his wrath; and the expression of his beardless, high-cheeked and sallow countenance would give additional force to the brilliant and beautiful sentences which he would rapidly utter, full of stinging witicism and angry sarcasm. So distinct was his enunciation, that his shrill voice could be heard in every part of the hall; his words were selected strictly grammatical, and the arrangement of his remarks was always harmonious and effective.

The recently famous word "dude" has been in common use in the little town of Salem, N. H., for the last twenty years. The people there apply the word to those bucolic swains who aspire to be the village fops. All such conceited and brainless young men are spoken of as "dudes," the word being pronounced in two syllables. How the word became transported to the metropolis, and why it attained such a sudden popularity, are questions that a philologist alone perhaps can fully solve.



Principles, and not men, is a Masonic axiom, and any deviation from it is demoralizing.

Pandering to the ambition of those who aim and strive for popularity is un-Masonic, and instead of encouraging the political dodgers and electioneering ticklers to gain their end, the brethren should manifest their disapprobation in the strongest possible manner.

Lorenzo Dow, with all his whimsies and eccentricities, was a true Mason, and in the time that "tried men's souls" (1826-36) he did yeoman-service for the Order. Wherever he went he was ready to meet the Masons, lecture them, pray with them, defend them before the public.

One of the most important offices of a Lodge, Chapter, or Commandery is that which is filled by the Tyler, Guard, or Sentinel. He is to know and welcome the brethren with becoming Masonic fellowship and grace. He is to see at a glance the sojourner, and cause him to feel at home, until the committee approach him for the service of examination. He is to anticipate all arrangements for the comfort of the occasion; and it is wonderful to what extent his presence and tone are available for the pleasure of all who enter the outer doors into his apartment. It is an important office, and the officer is a brother of great influence. A Tyler has "purchased to himself a good degree." To no officer should the brethren pay more respect, and by that respect paid, a good and efficient officer will be educated. —Masonic Review.

I regret to see by the papers that Bro. Wm. H. Allen, LL. D., so long President of Girard College, has been constrained, by the infirmities of age, to resign the position he has held with so much honor for ten years. Brother Allen is one of those men to whom we would that God would vouchsafe a perpetual youth. What plummet can sound, what geometry can measure the good which that man has done in all the long years he has labored as the head of Girard College? At the eternal Bar thousands will "rise to call him blest." His name will go down the long vista of time as "the orphans' teacher," "the father of the fatherless," grouped within the marble walls of Girard College. In common with all who know him, I express my regret that "the infirmities of age" should compel this good Mason and Christian gentleman to lay aside any of those charges he has held so long and with such distinguished honor. In a future paper I propose to recall some recollections of the famed institution, established by the posthumous benefaction of Brother Stephen Girard. The Centennial at Philadelphia, among its other national benefits, conferred this—that many thousands of visitors saw for the first time the marble dome reared upon the foundation of the great bequest of Girard,

THE BOOK OF BOOKS!



Table showing names of Mrs. Hesse, Dr. ... The New American ... is the best ...

and learned to his Masonic attachments of forty years the whole is due.—Rob't. Morris, LL. D.

A WITTY JUDGE. Readers of Shakespear have always enjoyed the wit of "Portia," in the Merchant of Venice, by which she saved "Antonio" from the knife of "Shylock." The pretended judge affirmed the right of "Shylock" to his pound of flesh, but added, should a drop of blood be shed in taking it, his life would be forfeited. A California judge has shone equal wit.

A hard character, well-known as a thief, was indicted for entering a miner's tent, and stealing a bag of gold dust. The theft was proved. He had been seen to cut a slit in the tent and reach in and take the bag. A bright thought occurred to the counsel for the defence.

"How far did he get when he took the dust?" "About half-way in, as he reached over," said the wit-fless. "May it please your honor," said the shrewd lawyer, "I shall demand the acquittal of my client. The indictment is not sustained. He did not enter the tent. Can a man enter a house when one-half of his body is in, and the other half out."

The jury and judge were equal to the emergency. The verdict of the jury was, "Guilty as to one-half of his body, and not guilty as to the other half." The sentence of the judge was, "Imprisonment for the guilty part of two years. The prisoner may leave the other part behind, or take it with him." The sharp lawyer was outwitted.

The Masonic Orphan Asylum of Oxford, North Carolina, now cares for 150 orphans. Up to December, 1881, 628 orphans had been admitted. The Grand Lodges of Connecticut, California and New Hampshire are moving in the direction of establishing Masonic homes, and the Craft in Pennsylvania have likewise taken the initiative in this laudable direction. The Masonic Widows and Orphans Home, of Louisville, Ky., since its incorporation in 1867, has received nearly 300 beneficiaries, and its disbursements in the same time have been \$316,600. Last year it expended some \$9,345. The 15,000 Masons of Kentucky are doing well for the cause of Masonic Charity.—Masonic Review.

Queen Victoria has twenty two grand-children.

C. D. H. FORT, M. D. SURGEON DENTIST, OXFORD, N. C.

I have permanently located in the town of Oxford, N. C., and respectfully tender my services to the citizens of the place and surrounding country upon the most reasonable and satisfactory terms. Office over Grandy & Bro's store.

ABSOLUTELY THE MOST LIBERAL OFFER EVER MADE. THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER. It is a large eight-page, forty-column Illustrated Paper, size of Letter. Every number contains charming stories, tales, sketches, poems, etc. ...

MOSELEY'S Is the place for ladies and gentlemen to take refreshments. Oysters and Ice Cream. Call and see what is in store, as we cater to first-class trade, and furnish families, pic-nics and parties at short notice with all the delicacies of the season.

LUTHER SHELDON, DEALER IN SASHES, DOORS, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, BRACKETS, STAIR RAILS, NEWELS, BUILDERS' HARDWARE, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty AND BUILDING MATERIAL OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Norfolk Fertilizer AND INSECTICIDE! \$15 PER TON. Delivered at any of the Depots in Norfolk or Portsmouth. Manufactured by STYRON, WHITEHURST & CO., NORFOLK, VA.

Whitehurst & Hunter, SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, PUTTY, & C. No. 139 Water St., and 16 Nivison St., Norfolk, Va.

EDWARDS & ROGERS GENERAL Hardware Merchants OXFORD, N. C. We keep on hand a well selected stock of HARDWARE of every description, embracing CROCKERY AND GLASS-WARE.

STOVES, COOKING AND HEATING. POCKET AND TABLE CUTLERY, WOODEN AND WILLOW-WARE, Guns and Pistols, Cartridges, Ammunition AND SPORTING GOODS. We invite attention to our stock of SEWING MACHINES, OILS, NEEDLES AND ATTACHMENTS. We also carry a heavy stock of Paints and Oils, BRUSHES AND VARNISHES, Lamps and Lamp Goods.

SCHOOL BOOKS, SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS, ALFRED WILLIAMS & CO., Raleigh, N. C.

REASONABLE AND RELIABLE! The Valley Mutual Life Association of Virginia. For particulars address GEORGE C. JORDAN, State Agent, No. 6, Mahler Building, Raleigh, N. C.

One Thousand Dollars Will cost upon an average as follows: At 21 years of age, \$6.25. At 30 years of age, \$7.20. At 40 years of age, \$9.50. At 50 years of age, \$12.50. At 60 years of age, \$20.00.