BILL NYE'S NAVY NOTES.

HE PRATES OF THE GOOD SHIP MINNESOTA AND HER MISSION.

The Sprightly Young American Who Enters the Navy With or Without Parents. Adorned With Ornamental Illustrations Gleaned from Many Sources.

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At the time of this writing the United States steamship Minnesota lies at the foot of Fiftieth street, North river. She is housed over for the winter, and looks like the trim little craft in which Noah defied the long wet spell and saved his allied show to delight and astonish nations yet unborn. She is one of the United States training ships designated by the secretary of the navy for the purpose of enlisting and forwarding recruits for the service who are between the ages of 14 and 16. These youth mostly hope to be admirals as soon as they can get a move on their mustaches. Some of them, I regret to say, are disappointed.

SIGNALING FROM THE SHORE.

It was my good fortune not long ago, in company with Commodore Roeder, who may be seen on pleasant days walking the poop of the Pulitzer building, to visit the Minnesota and watch the examining board engaged in the arduous task of selecting proper young men for the service, and forwarding sound candidates to join them that do go down to the sea in ships.

Dressing myself daintily in fine fatigue dress, with hectic necktie and high silk hat, and with hair thrown carelessly back to about the time of Queen Anne, I joined the commodore, and we rode together up Ninth avenue on a palatial train of elevated cars, each of which had a blase air, like that you notice on a spring morning when you ride a mile or two through clover meads and blooming peach orchards and then suddenly step into a nice air tight sleeping car. Did you ever, oh! dove eyed reader, with the delicately chiseled Graeco-Roman nose and also delicately chiseled pocketbook, enter a sleeping car just as it was waking up? Didst ever ramble up and down a meadowy brook at early dawn, crushing the heather, and the sweet fern, and the bull frog for an hour, and then, flushed with success, unjoint your rod and, with the dew and the daisies clinging to your high boots, catch an early train and step quickly into the great Snore Works of a through car? Did you ever [illegible] the rough, warm hand of ever wide[illegible] the way station at 5 Uncle Eben at[illegible] the memory of o'clock a. m., and wit[illegible] tansy and timothy and mignonette and fresh fried cakes and cherry blossoms, blunder harriedly, while your eyes were a little moist from the parting, into the funky aisle of the sleeping catacombs, where you would think Gabriel could hardly get a bugleful of fresh air?

Well, that is how an all night elevated train strikes me occasionally. It gives me heart failure and a keen neck pain which some day will drive me to the use of creme de menthe.

Fiftieth street is a pleasing locality on the hill where the cathedral and Vanderbilt property are; but a few blocks away, where she bathes her neglected feet in the North river, you can get a flat very reasonably if you do not care much about environments. It is rather a rocky neighborhood, musical with the bleat of the nanny goat, reeking with the blended odors of passe New York—odors that take one back to the malarial summer following the flood, or the days when Pharaoh and his hosts began to swell up and float ashore.

Stale beer, overstimulated asparagus beds, ill ventilated hotbeds of vice, poorly corked all night rum holes, cast off clothing, cast off children, old and damaged marriage ties, unsecured and nondividend declaring bonds of wedlock, purple nosed politicians, dignified and greatly overestimated billy goats, mud, ooze, slime, pestilence, frog works, stench and one long, piercing, wailing cry to heaven for soap, salvation and Street Superintendent Beatty, mark the locality.

In strong contrast to all this came the clean and glistening decks of the Minnesota, and the trim and well fed officers who welcomed us. We went down to the wardroom, where I removed my beautifully dimpled high hat, and we sat down to breakfast. At the head of the table sat Lieutenant Commander E. S. Houston, commanding; on his right sat Pay Inspector J. E. Talfree, of the delirious signature. Next to the F. E. Spinner of the navy came Chaplain S. D. Boorom, a gentle looking warrior as ever manned a menu or ponliced a sin sick soul. Then came Assistant Surgeon James F. Keeney, who has to examine the boys who apply and scrutinize them for physical blemishes. On the left of the commander sat Lieut. A. B. Speyers. He was pleasantly situated next to me. Then came Commodore Roeder, and next Ensign J. L. Purcell.

I rather like the rough sea fare we had. Shall I tell you, gentle reader, you sweet thing, you—shall I tell you what we had? Yes, I fancy I hear you say, with a mellow ripple of laughter. Well, then, I will tell you, provided it does not go any further.

At first we had broiled fresh mackerel—at least I think it was. Yes, broiled mackerel raised on the place. Then lamb chops, with nice browned potatoes cut in triangular hunks, also hot rolls. We did not have any horse doovers. Sometimes they have huitres, but not always. Poissons are used quite commonly, especially when company comes on board. Releves occur on Tuesdays and Fridays. We had cafe noir, also sliced oranges with crushed cocoanut on to them, also grown on the grounds. Vins consisted of Phillip Best's Burgundy and frapped Crotonne Sec. Then cigars and speeches followed. I spoke on "Free Coinage and Free Lunch, the Richly Upholstered Goal Toward Which We Are All Gayly Hastening Toward." I spoke from mere thoughts, so did not occupy much of the time. It was in every way a corker.

Other speakers followed, but space will not admit of an extended reference to their subjects or the remarks which were made. (Having made several excellent speeches at Delmonico's this winter which have not been reported fully, I refer above rather pleasantly to this one.)

After our cigars we went above, and the examination of recruits began. We happened in accidentally while Dr. Keeney was engaged in examining a youth. The young man was arrayed in the same style in which Diana appears in the great painting where she is represented as waiting to be surprised while bathing. She, however, wears a large policeman's star on her forehead. This young man had no star. He had on his breast, however, a very good study in India ink of Washington crossing the Delaware, and on one flank the burial of Sir John Moore. The doctors have to make memoranda of all marks and brands found on these applicants and transmit them to Mr. Tracy, who is making a collection of them.

Some of these lists read like the catalogue of the Louvre; others read like the record of stock brands for Sweetwater county, Wyoming. Birth marks also have to go in. So the description might read something like this:

Name, Michael Doorlinger; residence, Long Island City; age, 15 years; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 138 pounds; eyes blue, hair red, complexion sallow, with olive green dapples on it; respiration normal, with tendency to raw onions in excessive quantities; pulse regular, vision average; birth marks, huckleberry on pit of stomach, raisins on left flank; other marks, Goddess of Liberty in India ink on forearm, portrait of $3 shoe man on withers, Union Jack over pancreatic region, bar—V bar brand—on quarter, panorama of engagement between the Merrimac and Monitor on pectoral region; admission twenty-five cents.

The secretary of the navy states distinctly that no allowance will be made for the traveling expenses of applicants, whether accepted or not. This seems rather tough, especially where the applicant is accepted, for he may be at once ordered to make a long voyage, and unless he can get a rate on transportation his salary, which consists of $9 a month and emolument, would be insufficient. Possibly, however, the beautiful, heaven born interstate commerce law permits sailors to ride free from port to port if they are friendly to the administration.

These boys enlist to serve as apprentices until they are of age, when they may, if still moral and free from the use of profanity, enlist regularly and have their trousers laced up the back for years to come. Minors must not try to enlist under eighteen without the consent of their parents or guardians. Some boys get pro tem. parents to come and give their consent then; when the ship sails the real parent, with a light running, noiseless hoe handle, comes down to the foot of Fiftieth street and threatens to knock a large chunk off the jib of the war ship or kick her in the waist if the officers do not return his child.

No minor person under fourteen, or insane person or idiot (who is not related in any way with prominent people), or female person, whether unavoidably so or not, or deserters from the army or navy, or life convicts who are detained by state prison authorities, or Mugwumps over eighty-five years of age not taxed, or ruptured orphans over eighty years of age, may be permitted to enlist under the provisions of section 1,420 of the revised statutes of the United States.

NYE HURTING THE SHIP'S TIMBER.

Applicants must be able to read and write, but, if well, strong and bright, will not be required to read Browning and explain same while not under the influence of liquor.

Shipping articles consist of the consent of parent or guardian, together with a plug of fine cut chewing tobacco, a New Testament and a marine glass holding three pints.

Boys who have been convicted of a capital offense will not be accepted unless they can cancel their debt of execution without loss to local bankers.

Recruits are at once, upon their acceptance, made to bathe and visit the barber. Some have to do this before they can be examined. After the bath, new birth marks, Swiss sunsets in India ink, tattooed Raphaels and gayly romping goddesses of Liberty emerge from the mist of cathedral yard and revel to the astonished surgeon new and beautiful designs in tattoo and home decorations.

The boys are questioned and sworn in on the starboard side and examined physically on the port side—on the port side of the ship. If you do not know which is the port side, you may easily detect it by asking the officer of the day or the commanding officer. The wash room and barber shop, containing three chairs, are up one flight, abaft the foyer.

Dr. Keeney said he had some odd experiences with color blind boys on examination. One applicant was rejected on account of color blindness who turned out to be a manufacturer of colors in a silk factory. After further investigation it was shown that his trouble was in distinguishing primary colors. After that he would name the slightest change in shade with great accuracy, like "pink No. 20," "green No. 15," etc., clear down to a fraction, but he couldn't be relied upon to tell plain green from blue.

When first received on board the training ship the boys receive an outfit of clothing valued at $45. This amount has to be refunded if the wearer does not serve out the term of his enlistment, as the clothing very rarely fits the admiral or heads of bureaus at Washington, and so is practically worthless.

Apprentices are gradually transferred to seagoing vessels as they become proficient in the course of preparation to be laid down by the bureau of navigation.

Upon the expiration of his enlistment the recruit will, if recommended, receive an honorable discharge and continuous service certificate. Upon reenlistment within three months from the date of discharge he will be entitled to three months' pay and the freedom of the Atlantic ocean and an increase of $1 per month, which he may invest in government bonds or cover into the United States treasury, receiving silver certificates for same; or he can, through some reliable broker in New York, negotiate for a nice, large watermelon.

The engineer came on board before we left, and after examining the place where the engines used to be retired to his apartments for much needed rest. The gunner was not on board, but by good luck I did not know it while I was there, and so felt comparatively secure. While walking aft I thoughtlessly ran my umbrella through one of the timbers of the ship, but fortunately did not spread it.

The Minnesota is a very old ship, and, like the acting of James Owen O'Conor, somewhat rotten. Unlike his stage work, however, it was not always rotten.

Peace and gentle, eternal slumber to the brave old ship! She has won the quiet dock and comfortable repose that come in the twilight of an honorable life.

Thanking the officers for the pleasure and delightful hospitality of the day, I met the ship's carpenter to hammer out the places where my high hat had buckled to, and, shaking hands all around, we take our lives in our hands and start up Fiftieth street for home. Here it was, along this street, that the Minnesota's Japanese steward was held up by a gang and made to treat the west side. I think things have come to a fine pass when our navy is forcibly held up within half a dozen blocks of the cathedral and made to buy rum for a total stranger.

And yet that is West Fiftieth street, looking west as even in the broad glare of day. What must it be in the darkness? I thought as I wailed up through the opaque atmosphere and the choppy pavement that I would hate to leave anything out over night in that neighborhood that I cared anything about. Especially my motives, unless I expected to find them impugned the next morning.

Bill Nye

A Talented Salesman.

Fair Customer—Is this real antique?

Furniture Dealer—A—er—modern revival and—er—evolution of an ancient court style, madam.

Fair Customer (doubtfully)—What kind of wood is it?

Dealer (impressively)—Wood! Madam, this is the wood that poets have raved over when alluding to the music of nature. It is the wood that first greeted the eyes of the weary Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock as the mighty trees, rich in verdure, bent beneath the snow. It is the wood that even now attracts invalids to the forests where it grows. It is pine, madam — genuine pine. — New York Weekly.

It Seemed Strange to Her.

Wife—You don't tell me that Professor A has been struck dumb!

Husband—Yes, last night. And he was master of seven languages.

Wife—Is it possible? And was he struck dumb in all seven?—Texas Siftings.

Not Much Ahead.

"You must lose a good many dollars a year by that man," was remarked to a Woodward avenue grocer as a citizen went out after "picking" at grapes, figs, apples and other things.

"Well, I dunno."

"Is he a good customer?"

"No; a very poor one."

"Then all he eats is dead loss?"

"Not altogether. There are offsets."

"How?"

"Well, all the boys are onto him. In the last year we stole three umbrellas and two pairs of gloves from him, and you see he has gone out and left a chicken in that parcel, which we will at once proceed to cabbage. If he thinks he is getting ahead of us that's all right."—Detroit Free Press.

Caught.

"Hi! Somebody bring a light! I've stuck my toe in this blamed trap, and there's a rat at the other end biting it like thunder."—Munsey's Weekly.

Some Revised Anecdotes.

Dr. Johnson's Tribute to Reynolds—Dr. Johnson's ready wit has become proverbial. "Good morning, Oliver," quoth he to Goldsmith one morning, meeting the modest author on the Strand. "Whither away?" "To Sir Joshua's," replied Goldsmith. "And wherefore, O modest Noll! do you seek Sir Joshua?" queried Samuel. "To have my portrait painted." "Just my luck!" retorted Johnson, like a flash. "I've lost my bet." "Have you a bet?" said Goldsmith, with a show of interest. "Yes. I bet Garrick five bob you would not be immortal; but, by the gods, if Reynolds paints you I've lost." Goldsmith smiled weakly and passed on.

Garrick's Estimate—Garrick, upon being asked whether or not he thought Hamlet crazy, replied that he really did not know, but judged he might be if he ever saw himself played by Barry.

The value of this witticism is somewhat destroyed by the suspicion of its having been inspired by professional jealousy.

Dumas and Monte Cristo—"Dumas," said Balzac, "if you were writing Monte Cristo over again would you do it again as you did it first?" "Not exactly. In the main it would have been the same." "In what respect would you have altered it?" "In no respect—I should have augmented it." "And how?" "By sending the count to the United States senate for a term. He was rich enough, heaven knows." It was this jest that enabled Balzac to realize why Dumas was considered worthy to associate with the immortals.—Puck.

His Part.

It is related by an actor who overheard the conversation that a few mornings since Mr. Barrett left the Players' club earlier than usual to go to the theatre. Mr. Booth had ensconced himself with a pipe and newspaper, and looked at his companion in surprise.

"Whither now, Larry?" asked the great tragedian.

"To rehearse," answered Mr. Barrett, as he fastened another button.

"To rehearse? Are you always rehearsing?" queried Booth. "It seems to me you are doing more of it than usual lately."

"Well, you see, we have a new piece on Saturday."

"And pray, what is the name of it?"

"'Romeo and Juliet.'"

"Come now, Larry," laughed Booth, "and what part do you play?"

Mr. Barrett appeared for an instant dazed. "What part do you suppose?" he said.

"Pray, how should I know?" answered Booth very seriously. "Is it the nurse?"

Barrett left the club in three mighty strides.—The Theatre.

A Hopeless Apprentice.

The chemist to the boy (in the laboratory)—What, wretch! You tell me you drank up, yesterday, all the prussic acid in that tumbler, and the first drop didn't kill you!

The boy (frightened)—No, sir; it didn't. But it wasn't my fault. I didn't know it was prussic acid.—Paris Figaro.

A Bracer for a Wearied Brain.

An exhausted dude ordered "a stiff sarsaparilla" at a Broad street pharmacy last night, saying in explanation of his state that he had been "umpiring a game of tiddlywinks."—Philadelphia Record.

THE SHOWMAN AT HOME.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

Artemus Takes Part in the Celebration of the Completion of the Atlantic Cable—The Squire's Wife Shows Temper. Artemus Visits a Spiritualistic Circle.

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III.

CELEBRATION AT BALDINSVILLE IN HONOR OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

BALDINSVILLE, INJIANNY, Sep. the onct, 18&58.—I was summund home from Cinsinnaty quite suddin by a lettur from the Supervizers of Baldinsville, sayin as how grate things was on the Tappis in that air town in refferunse to sellebratin the compleshun of the Sub-Mershine Tellegraph & axin me to be Pressunt. Lockin up my Kangaroo and wax wurks in a sekure stile I took my departer for Baldinsville—"my own, my native lan," which I got intwo at early kandle litin on the folleria night & just as the sellerbrashun and illumernashun ware commencin.

Baldinsville was trooly in a blaze of glory. The Tavern was lit up with taller kandles all over & a grate bon fire was burnin in frunt thareof. A Transpirancy was tied onto the sine post with the follerin wurds—"Giv us Liberty or Deth." Old Tompkinsis grosery was illumernated with 5 tin lantuns and the follerin Transpirancy was in the winder—"The Sub-Mershine Tellergraph & the Baldinsville and Stonefield Plank Road—the 2 grate eventz of the 19th centerry—may intestines strife never mar their grandjure." Simpkinsis shoe shop was all ablaze with kandles and lantuns.

A American Eagle was painted onto a flag in a winder—also these words, viz.—"The Constitooshun must be Preserved." The Skool house was lited up in grate stile and the winders was filid with mottoes amung which I notised the follerin—"Trooth smashed to erth shall rise agin—YOU CAN'T STOP HER." "The Boy stood on the Burnin Deck whense awl but him had Fled." "Prokrastinashun is the theaf of Time." "Be virtoous & you will be Happy." "Intemperunse has cawsed a heap of trubble—shun the Bole," an the follerin sentiment written by the skool master, who graduated at Hudson Kollige: "Baldinsville sends greetin to Her Magisty the Queen, & hopes all hard feelins which has heretofore previs bin felt between the Supervizers of Baldinsville and the British Parlimunt, if such there has been, may now be forever wiped frum our Escutchens. Baldinsville this night rejoices over the glorious event which sementz 2 grate nashuns onto one anuther by means of a electric wire under the roar in billers of the Nasty Deep. QUOSQUE TANTRUM, A BUTTER, CATERLINY, PATENT NOSTRUM!"

Squire Smith's house was lited up regardlis of expense. His little sun William Henry stood upon the roof firin orf crackers. The old Squire hisself was dressed up in soljer clothes and stood on his door step, pintin his sword sollumly to a American flag which was suspendid on top of a pole in frunt of his house. Frequently he wood take orf his cocked hat & wave it round in a impressive stile. His oldest darter, Miss Isabeller Smith, who has just cum home from the Perlinsville Female Instertoot, appeared at the frunt winder in the West room as the goddis of liberty, & sung "I see them on their windin way." Booteus 1, sed I to myself, you air a angil & nothin shorter. N. Boneparte Smith, the Squire's oldest sun, drest hisself up as Venus the God of Wars and red the Decleration of Inderpendunse from the left chambir winder.

The Squire's wife didn't jine in the festiverties. She sed it was the tarnutest nonsense she ever seed. Sed she to the Squire, "Cum into the house and go to bed you old fool, you. Tomorrer you'll be goin round half-dead with the rumertism & won't gin us a minit's peace till you get well." Sez the Squire, "Betsy, you little appreciate the importance of the event which I this night commemorate." Sez she, "Commemorate a cat's tail—cum into the house this instant, you pesky old critter." "Betsy," sez the Squire, wavin his sword, "retire." This made her just as mad as she could stick. She retired, I cum out agin pretty quick with a po[illegible] Bilin hot water which she thr[illegible] over the Squire, & Surs, you [illegible] your sides larfin to see th[illegible] jump up and holler & run into the house.

Doctor Hutchinsis offiss was likewise lited up and a Transpirancy on which was painted the Queen in the act of drinkin sum of "Hutchinsis invigorater," was stuck into one of the winders. The Baldinsville Bugle of Liberty noospaper offiss was also illumernated, & the follerin mottoes stuck out—"The Press is the Arkermejian leaver which moves the world." "Vote Early." "Buckle on your Armer." "Now is the time to Subscribe." "Franklin, Morse & Field." "Terms $1.50 a year—liberal reduckshuns to clubs." In short the villige of Baldinsville was in a perfect fewroar. I never seed so many peple thar befour in my born days. He not attemp to describe the seens of that grate night. Words

He pawsed a minit and then sed, "Air yu aware, Sir, that the krisis is with us?"

"No," sez I, getting up and lookin under the seet, "whare is she?"

"It's hear—it's everywhares," he sed. Sez I, "Why how you tawk!" and I gut up agin and lookt all round. "I must say, my fren," I continnered, as I resoomed my seet, "that I kan't see nothin of no krisis myself." I felt sumwhat alarmed, & arose & in a stentowrian voice obsarved that if any lady or gentleman in that there kar had a krisis concealed abowt their persons they'd better projuce it to onct or suffer the konsequences. Several individoouls snickered rite out."

"Sit down, my fren," sed the man in black close, "yu miskomprehend me. I meen that the perlitterical ellermunts are orecast with black klouds, & boden a friteful storm."

"Wall," replide I, "in regard to perlitterical ellerfunts I don't know as how but what they is as good as enny other kind of ellerfunts. But I maik bold to say thay is all a ornery set & unpleasant to hav around. They air powerful hevy eaters & take up a right smart chans of room." The man in black close seemed to be as fine a man as ever was in the world. He smilt & sed praps I was rite, tho it was ellermunts instid of ellerfunts that he was alludin to, & axed me if I was my prinserpuls?

"I haint got enny," sed I—"not a prinserpul. Ime in the show biznis." The man in black close, I will hear obsarve, seemed to be as fine a man as ever was in the world.

"But," sez he, "you hav feelins into you? You cimpathize with the misfortunit, the loly & the hart-sick, don't you?" He bust into teers and axed me ef I saw that yung lady in the seet out yender, pintin to as slick a lookin gal as I ever seed.

Sed I, "2 be shure I see her—is she mutch sick?" The man in black close was appeerently as fine a man as ever was in the world ennywhares.

"Draw closter to me," sed the man in black close. "Let me git my mowth fernenst yure ear. Hush—SHESE A OCTOROON!"

"Wall, whot upon arth duz she doo it fur?" I inquired.

"She kan't help it," sed the man in black close. "It's the brand of Kane."

"Wall, she'd better stop drinkin' Kane's brandy," I replide.

"I sed the brand of Kane was upon her—not brandy, my fren. Yure very obtoose."

I was konsiderbul riled at this. Sez I, "My gentle Sir, Ime a nonresistanter as a ginral thing, & don't want to git up no rows with nobuddy, but I kin nevertheles kave in enny man's hed that calls me a obtoos," with which remarks I komment fur to pull orf my extry garmints. "Cum on," sez I—"Time! hear's the Beniki Boy fur ye!" & I darnced round like a poppit. The riz up in his seet and axed my pardin—sed it was all a mistake—that I was a good man, etsettery, & sow forth, & we fixt it all up pleasant. I must say the man in black close seamed to be as fine a man as ever lived in the wurld. He said a Octoroon was the 8th of a negrow. He likewise statid that the female he was travlin with was formurly a slave in Mississippy; that she'd purchist her freedim & now wantid to purchiss the freedim of her poor old muther. He sed he knowed the minit he gazed onto my klassic & beneverlunt fase that I'd donate librully and axed me to go over & see her, which I accordinly did. I sot down beside her and sed "yure Sarvant, Marm! How do yer git along?"

She bust in 2 teers & said, "O Sur, I'm so retchid—I'm a poor unfortunit Octoroon."

"So I larn. Yure rather more Roon than Octo, I take it," sed I, fur I never seed a puttier gal in the hull endoorin time of my life. I pittid the Octoroon from the inmost recusses of my hart & hawled out 50 dollars ker slap & told her to buy her old muther as soon as posserbul. Sez she "kine sir mutch thanks." She then lade her hed over onto my showlder & sed I was "old rats."

Sez I "Marm, I'm trooly sirprized."

Sez she, "git out. Yure the nicist old man I'vé seen yit. Give us anuther 50!" Had a seleck assortment of the most tremenjious thunderbolts descended down onto me I couldn't hav bin more taldn aback. I jumpt up, but she ceased my coat tales & in a wild voise cride, "No, He never desart you—let us fli together!"

Sez I, "not mutch we wont," and I made a powerful effort to get awa from her. "This is plade out," I sed, "whereupon she jerkt me back into the seet. "Leggo my coat, you scandalass female," I roared, when she set up the most unarthly yellin and hollerin you ever heerd. The passinjers & the gentlemunly konductur rusht to the spot, & I don't think I ever experiunsed sich a rumpus in the hull course of my natral days. The man in black close rusht up to me & sed "How dair yu insult my neece, you horey heded vagabone. You base exhibbitter of low wax figgers—yu woolf in sheep's close," & sow 4th.

I was konfoozed. The konductor kum to me & sed the insultid parties wood sefile for $50, which I immejitly hawled out, & agane implored somebuddy to state whare I was prinsipnlly, & if I shood be thare a grate while myself ef things went on as they'd bin goin fur sum time back. I then axed if there was enny more Octoroons present, "becawz," sez I, "ef there is, let um cum along, fur Ime in the Octoroon bizniss." I then threw my specterculs out of the winder, smasht my hat wildly down over my Ise, larfed highsterically & fell under a seet. I lay there sum time & fell asleep. I dreamt Mrs. Ward & the twins had bin carrid orf by Ryenoserhosses & that Baldinsville had bin captered by a army of Octoroons. When I awoked the lamps was a burnin dimly. The onprinsipuld Octoroon & the miserbul man in black close was gone, & all of a sudden it flasht ore my brane that I'de bin swindild.

The Modern Method.

"Was their match a case of love at first sight?"

"Not exactly. It was a case of marriage at first sight."—Puck.

Willing to Oblige.

Mr. John E. Gett (at an amateur musicale)—What's he singing?

Miss Van Clef—"Let Me Like a Soldier Die."

Mr. Gett—If I had my gun with me he should be gratified!—Puck.

Not Needed.

"Do you keep burglar alarms here?" she asked of the owner of the shop.

"Yes'm."

"Are they sure to go off?"

"They are."

"Kill the burglar every time?"

"Why, no. A burglar alarm is not expected to kill a burglar."

"What, then?"

"To alarm the household."

"Oh, that's it? Well, our household has been alarmed every single night for the last twenty-seven years, and I can't see that we really need a burglar alarm. Sorry to have taken up your time, but you really ought to make them kill the burglar."—Detroit Free Press.

Beneath Contempt.

Mr. De Broker—I am a defaulter, and I want you to defend me.

Great Lawyer—Certainly, Mr. De Broker. I'll get you off all right. Have no fear. How many millions is it?

Mr. De Broker (with dignity)—Sir, I am short only a few thousands, and I hope to pay that some day.

Great Lawyer (to office boy)—James, show this vile scoundrel the door!—New York Weekly.

Unjustly Reproached.

Old Gentleman—Aren't you sorry now that you didn't work for your money like other people?

Convict—I've worked hard for all the money I ever made, sir.

Old Gentleman—I thought you were here for counterfeiting?

Convict—So I am. I made $2,000 in tens and twenties, and I've done ten years at hard labor for it.—Detroit Free Press.

The Usual Way.

Mrs. Greathead—What kept you so late at that meeting?

Mr. Greathead—I had to draw up a long set of resolutions for publication complimenting Mr. Bullhead's great efficiency as a member of the board, and expressing our heartfelt regret at losing his invaluable aid and counsel.

"Of all things! Why, you and the rest have been fighting for the last three months to get him out of the board."

"Yes; but to-night he resigned voluntarily."—New York Weekly.

A Case.

New Office Boy—Dere's a man outside as says he's got 'r case he'd like ter show yer. Shall I tell 'm ter walk in?

Lawyer Seedy—A case! Do I want him to walk in? No, boy; tell him to fly in, and you want to be quick about it too! A retainer means the first dinner I've had for a month. Begone!

Apparent Client—I have here, sir, the most complete comb case on the market, which I will sell for the small sum of a dime.—Judge.

He Was Weary.

The porter of a Pullman palace car stood outside the Third street depot the other day, leaning against a porch column with his arms folded. Two colored men coming down the street caught sight of him and halted, and the first observed:

"Some folks would reckon he owned dat big depot."

"But he doan'."

"No. He doan' eben own de railroads."

"Nor he doan' own de kyar on which he runs."

"No."

They were silent for a minute or two as they looked across at him, and then the first remarked:

"He doan' eben own Misser Pullman."

"No."

"All dere is about it is dat when de train is about to go out Misser Pullman comes down an' says, 'Gawge, I wish you be second boss in dis kyar to Buffalo an' back, an' I'll gin you fo' dollars.' An' Gawge goes wid de kyar, an' den comes back an' leans up against de kaper, an' wants eberybody to take him for de biggest man in Detroit. Shoo! It makes me tired."—Detroit Free Press.

A Well Matched Couple.

A convict at a French penal settlement, who was undergoing a life sentence, desired to marry a female convict, such marriages being of common occurrence. The governor of the colony offered no objections, but the priest proceeded to cross-examine the prisoner.

"Did you not marry in France?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And your wife is dead?"

"She is."

"Have you any document to show that she is dead?"

"No."

"Then I must decline to marry you. You must produce some proof that your wife is dead."

There was a pause, and the bride prospective looked anxiously at the would-be groom. Finally he said:

"I can prove that my former wife is dead."

"How will you do so?"

"I was sent here for killing her."

And the bride accepted him notwithstanding.—Texas Siftings.

No Testimonial.

Advertising Agent—Your pardon for intruding, madam, but I understand that you have been sick and are now perfectly well, and that during your illness six bottles of Dr. Curem's elixir was bought at the corner drug store.

Madam—Yes. The nurse who came to take care of me got sick, and ordered the bottles for herself. I did not take any of it.

"Humph! Can I see her?"

"She's dead."—New York Weekly.

Put None but Cooks on Guard.

Young Husband (wife at church, girl away)—Let me see. She said as soon as the water boiled to put the meat in. I wonder how a fellow can tell when it does boil?—Puck.

The Truant Strand.

'Twas only one wee wavelet
From some sweet woman's head;
A blonde and curling truant—
A strand of golden thread.

It lay athwart his shoulder,
Like bright silk finely spun;
In graceful curves it nestled,
And glinted in the sun.

It told of amber tresses,
And eyes of violet blue,
Lips like bow of Cupid,
And cheeks of rosy hue.

Unconscious of its presence,
He wandered home to tea,
And there within the portal
Stood "wifey" all aglee.

Within a little second,
Ere her he could embrace,
Her dark eyes flashed their feeling,
A cloud burst o'er her face.

With woman's quick perception,
The tress had caught her sight—
She went for him like blazes—
Her hair was black as night.

—Edward A. Oldham in Drake's Magazine.

Drew the Line There.

The shoemaker's daughter (dressed for promenade)—Now adieu, papa, I must go over to the conservatory.

Father—Ah, but wait a bit and I'll go along with you part way.

Daughter—Father, what possesses you to suggest such a thing? Think of my social position.—Fliegende Blatter.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

A CONDENSED REPORT OF THE NEWS FROM OUR CONTEMPORARIES

Kingsboro postoffice in Edgecombe has been changed to Penelo.

It is said that a rich gold mine has been found near Cary, Wake county, on the land of Mr. Yates. The report is, that it is very valuable.

Gus Robbins the colored postmaster of Windsor, has been displaced from his office for shortage in his postoffice money, of several hundred dollars.

The Baptist State Sunday School Convention was in session in Raleigh last week. N. B. Broughton was elected President. The attendance was about 30

The New York World says that Joe Burks, of Panther Creek, N. C., claims to have eaten 138 eggs at one sitting. He is either a great egg eater or a great liar.

Olin, the oldest son of W. G. Collins of Cedar Rock, had the misfortune to lose two of his fingers, by the bursting of a gun, while out shooting one day last week.—Franklin Times.

The Chatham Record says: The most peculiar process that we have ever seen issued by any court is a summon issued by a magistrate of this county against a dead person. This summons commands the constable "to summon Louisa Jordan, deceased, and heirs to appear," etc. The constable not being able to serve the summons wrote on the back of it the following return; "Returned not executed for the reason that it appears from the face of the summons that the defendant has gone to that land from which no traveller returns and this official doubts the jurisdiction of the court as to the subject matter. Besides we are told that between us and the defendant there is a great gulf fixed so that they which would pass from thence cannot."

TAKE BOTANIC BLOOD BALM FOR ALL SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES.

The Best Household Medicine.

Once or twice each year the system needs purging of the impurities which clog the blood. From childhood to old age, no remedy meets all cases with the same certainty of good results as

BOTANIC BLOOD BALM.

W. C. McGauhey, Webb City, Ark., writes. "B. B. B. has done me more good and for less money than any other blood purifier I ever used. I owe the comfort of my life to it."

P. A. Shepherd, Norfolk, Va., August 19, 1888, writes: "I depend on B. B. B. for the preservation of my health. I have had it in my family now nearly two years, and in all that time have not had to have a doctor."

Write for illustrated "Book of Wonders," BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga. Sent free.

WOULD YOU LIKE A NICE GARDEN?

If so, raise PERFECT VEGETABLES with POWELL'S SOLUBLE PHOSPHATES For GARDENS

Which are clean and inodorous. Put up in suitable quantities for *small and large gardens*. No trouble to use. Not expensive. For sale by general stores, Druggists and Seedsmen. An interesting circular telling how to make a good garden, sent Free.

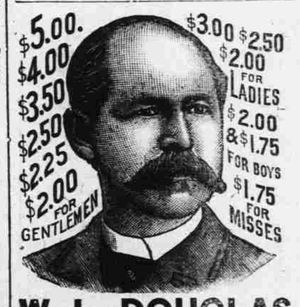
W. S. POWELL & CO. Chemical Fertilizer Mfrs. Baltimore, Md.

44,000 PIANOS AND ORGANS

Placed in Southern Homes since 1870—Twenty years' successful business—sales over Six Million Dollars and yearly increasing. Why? Because the Country is flooded with Cheap, Inferior Instruments, built to SELL—NOT TO USE and the public has found out that WE DON'T SELL THAT KIND

Our Instruments lead the world. Our Prices, LESS than factories. Terms, Easiest. Methods, Fairest. Inducements, greatest, and we pay freight. Write for Free Catalogues and Circulars explaining fully—all in plain print. Easy to buy from us.

LUDDEN & BATES Southern Music House, SAVANNAH, GA.



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E. R. GAY.

FOUTZ'S HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS

NO HORSE will die of COLIC, BOTS or LUNG FEVER, if Foutz's Powders are used in time.
Foutz's Powders will cure and prevent HOG CHOLERA.
Foutz's Powders will prevent GAPES IN FOWLS.
Foutz's Powders will increase the quantity of milk and cream twenty per cent., and make the butter firm and sweet.
Foutz's Powders will cure or prevent almost every Disease to which Horses and Cattle are subject.
FOUTZ'S POWDERS WILL GIVE SATISFACTION.
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THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY. PRICE 25¢
Salvation Oil "Kills all Pain." Try it! Only 25¢.

SOMETHING NEW FOR TOBACCO BEDS.
POWELL'S SOLUBLE PHOSPHATES
For tobacco beds, supplies plant food in proper forms, and insures a good, supply of healthy plants. Kills flies, worms and insects. Put up in quantities sufficient for ordinary size beds, price $1.50. No trouble to use. For sale by general stores, Druggists and Seedsmen. Send for circular. W. S. POWELL & CO., Chemical Fertilizer Manufacturers, Baltimore, Md.

BABY ONE SOLID SORE

Tried Everything without Relief. No Rest Night or Day. Cured by Cuticura Remedies.

My baby, when two months old, had a breaking out with what the doctor called eczema. Her head, arms, feet, and hands were each one solid sore. I tried everything, but neither the doctors nor anything else did her any good. We could get no rest day or night with her. In my extremity I tried the CUTICURA REMEDIES, but I confess I had no faith in them, for I had never seen them tried. To my great surprise, in one week's time after beginning to use the CUTICURA REMEDIES, the sores were well, but I continued to use the RESOLVENT for a little while, and now she is as fat a baby as you would like to see, and as sound as a dollar. I believe my baby would have died if I had not tried CUTICURA REMEDIES. I write this that every mother with a baby like mine can feel confident that there is a medicine that will cure the worst eczema, and that medicine is the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

MRS. BETTIE BIRKNER, Lockhart, Texas.

Cuticura Remedies

Cure every humor of the skin and scalp of infancy and childhood, whether torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents, save your children years of m