

# The Roanoke News.

SPACE	One M.	Two M.	Three M.	One Y.
One Square,	3 00	8 00	14 00	20 00
Two Squares,	5 00	10 00	20 00	30 00
Three Squares,	8 00	15 00	30 00	40 00
Four Squares,	10 00	18 00	36 00	50 00
Fourth Col.,	15 00	25 00	40 00	55 00
Half Column,	20 00	30 00	50 00	65 00
Whole Column,	30 00	45 00	75 00	100 00

VOL. VIII.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1879.

NO. 18.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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### STOLEN.

Now, Tom, I know you kissed me,  
For I felt it on my cheek;  
I was lying on the sofa,  
But was only half asleep.  
When I heard you come in softly,  
And I thought I would not speak,  
But I really know you kissed me,  
For I felt it on my cheek.  
Now, please do not deny it,  
For you see, I don't much care,  
For I know that I looked lovely,  
With the roses in my hair;  
And I'm sure I cannot blame you,  
It was not so very wrong,  
To steal one little treasure  
You have coveted so long.  
Yes, Tom, you are forgiven,  
As it is your first offense,  
And no one could be angry,  
If possessed of common sense;  
And perhaps I might forgive you,  
Were you penitent and meek,  
Should you kiss me on my lips, dear,  
Instead of on my cheek.

### A RAILWAY JOURNEY.

Upon a sunny morning in early June,  
The post-boy rapped at the door  
Of Judge Marston's dwelling and left a letter  
For his pretty daughter Hattie. Now  
This letter was nothing remarkable  
Of itself, not being a love-letter, and not  
even coming from a gentleman  
correspondent. It simply bore a Western  
post-mark, but it set little Hattie  
Marston all in a flutter after she had eagerly  
perused its contents; and, with it in her  
hand, she hastily sought her mother,  
who was superintending dinner.  
"Oh, mother! a letter from Cousin  
Lizzie, from Cleveland. Uncle and  
aunt wish her to write for me to visit  
them next month. There is a gentleman  
of their acquaintance coming east  
in a week or two, who will call for me  
—a Mr. Farlow—who, Lizzie writes, is  
the son of an old college friend of  
uncle's and father's. Lizzie has told  
him about me, and he politely offers to  
be my traveling companion on his re-  
turn. What a grand opportunity it will  
be! Won't it, mother? You know I  
have been wishing to go West for a  
year or more; and father is so much  
engaged that he cannot accompany me.  
I can go, can't I, mother?" said Hattie  
eagerly.  
"Wait, and see what your father says.  
I know we have long promised you a  
Western visit; and now, if the judge  
thinks it best, and this young man is a  
proper escort, I shall be willing for you  
to leave us for a while. When your  
father returns to dinner, you can read  
the letter to him, and see what his opin-  
ion is."

At dinner, Judge Marston, with his  
dignified mien, silvery hair, and frank,  
genial countenance, was met by his  
daughter.  
"What is it, Hattie? what has hap-  
pened?" he inquired, as he noted her  
eager, flushed face, and the open letter  
in her hand.  
"Oh, father! a letter from Cousin  
Lizzie, wishing me to pay them a visit.  
I will read it to you, and shall expect  
you will gladly say that I may go forth  
with." And Hattie proceeded to read  
aloud her cousin's letter. "There,  
father, what do you think? May I not  
go?" she inquired, excitedly, as she  
finished reading.  
"Why, what a girl, Hattie! so eager  
to leave your old father and mother!"  
said the judge, teasingly—and with a  
strange young gentleman, too! I don't  
know about trusting my Hattie to the  
care of this handsome friend of Cousin  
Lizzie's. Who knows what might come  
of it, eh, Hattie?" and the judge laughed  
provingly.  
"Don't talk so, father!" said Hattie.  
"You forget that Lizzie says his father  
is an old friend of yours, and that he  
is also one of the ablest lawyers of Cle-  
veland."  
"Well, if Robert Farlow inherits any  
of his father's qualities, he is a noble  
young man. His father was my most  
intimate college friend, and many a  
scrape did he save me from white there.  
I should like to see the young man right  
well, and hope he has the same traits of  
character which distinguished his father.  
You can write your Cousin Lizzie that  
you and mother and I give our consent,  
and that she may expect 'our plume' at  
the appointed time," and the judge  
turned to his dinner.  
Two weeks later, Robert Farlow  
arrived in W—, and stopped at the vil-  
lage hotel. On the evening after his  
arrival he called at Judge Marston's,  
with a letter of introduction from the  
judge's brother, Mr. Marston, of Cle-  
veland.

A frank, manly bearing—like that of  
his father in youth—quickly won the  
judge's favor; and he cordially proffered  
the hospitalities of his house to the  
young lawyer during his stay in the  
place, remarking laughingly to his  
wife—  
"I have no fears, now, of intrusting  
Hattie to his care."  
And Hattie, what did she think of  
her escort? Ah, methinks if the pillow  
whereon she pressed her golden head  
could tell tales, it would speak of a  
strong prepossession in the young law-  
yer's favor.  
A week later, and the westward train  
bore Hattie Marston and Robert Farlow  
among its passengers. It was some-  
thing new for Hattie to travel, having  
never been farther from home than a  
neighboring boarding-school, and every-  
thing was fresh and delightful to her.  
The varied scenery of lake and forest  
delighted her, and her fresh, childish re-  
marks pleased her companion, who had  
hitherto been accustomed only to the  
society of fashionable ladies. He dis-  
covered in her a true child of nature,  
whose unbacked guilelessness at-  
tracted and gratified him.

As night drew on, poor Hattie be-  
came tired of asking questions and look-  
ing from the window. She gradually  
grew silent; and after many vain efforts  
to keep her eyes open, they uncon-  
sciously closed, and she was really fast  
asleep, while a gentle hand drew her  
head down against a manly shoulder,  
and tender eyes, in which beamed a  
new light, gazed upon the sweet face  
nestling there in quiet peace and secur-  
ity.  
The succeeding two days and nights  
were similar to the first to our travel-  
ers, save that the manner of Robert  
Farlow grew more tender and thought-  
ful for his charge. On the third eve  
they arrived at their journey's end, and  
Hattie was safely transferred to her  
uncle's house.

"But you cannot go until the last of  
next month, Hattie," said her uncle.  
"For I shall not be able to go East until  
then, and your father cannot come for  
you now."  
"But I must go, uncle! I have made  
you a long visit already. I can go in  
charge of the conductor, and shall ar-  
rive safely; never fear for that," she re-  
plied, stoutly.  
"Hattie, homesick? why, child!" said  
her aunt, looking at her scrutinizingly.  
"Well, I don't much wonder at it, for I  
expect Lizzie would be if she were on  
East. But try, dear, and content your-  
self until your uncle can go on with you.  
I shouldn't feel right to have you go  
without a companion."  
"Hattie, dear you mustn't go a step  
now; so don't say another word about  
it," said her Cousin Lizzie. "Here we  
have just begun to enjoy ourselves, and  
you must take this freak into your head  
to return home. I shan't allow it! So  
don't give it another thought, but con-  
tent yourself to remain until uncle  
comes for you; and then, of your own  
accord, you do not wish to remain long-  
er, why, I won't say another word  
against it. Will you, Mr. Farlow?"  
said Lizzie, turning to that gentleman,  
who had just entered.  
"Against what, Miss Lizzie? What is  
it I am expected to influence your  
cousin in favor of? I must know the  
case in question before I give my de-  
cision," he answered, smilingly.  
"Oh, of course!" answered Lizzie.  
"I did not realize that but that you were  
here just now, when Hattie made known  
her intention of returning home immedi-  
ately. Now, what we want, is, that  
you should try your powers of persua-  
sion in behalf of her remaining until  
her father comes for her, which will be  
only too soon for us to lose her."  
"I hardly flatter myself that anything  
I can say will have the desired effect if  
you all have failed," he answered; "but  
if on the contrary, your cousin wishes  
to go, perhaps I might be of benefit to  
her on the journey, as the duties of my  
profession call me to New York next  
week. If she will again accept my es-  
cort, I shall be too happy in render-  
ing it."  
"Just the thing!" said Mr. Marston  
and Lizzie in a breath; the latter con-  
tinuing, with a smile lurking in the  
corners of her mouth.  
"Well, Hattie, if you are determined  
to go, why, you can have your old  
traveling companion!"  
Poor Hattie blushed, and murmured  
under a few words in thanks; and then,  
pleading a headache, retired.

A week later found our traveling  
companions upon the return route.  
Hattie still maintained her old reserved  
manner; and Robert Farlow despaired  
of obtaining her love; so he wrapped  
himself in a reserve equal to her own.  
But accident was destined to place that  
happiness within the young lawyer's  
grasp, which, otherwise, would never  
have been given him.  
It was the last night of their journey.  
Hattie had sunk into a deep slumber,  
unbroken by the jolt of the cars or the  
hoarse breathing of the engine. She  
slept, and the eyes of the young lawyer  
rested upon her with tenderness beam-  
ing from their depths. He felt that the  
time was fast passing when he would be  
obliged to yield his lovely charge to her  
parents, and found himself unconsciously  
wishing that something might occur to  
prolong their journey. This desired  
"something" came.  
A sharp, shrill whistle, a sudden crash  
mingled with loud shrieks—told that a  
frightful accident had occurred to the  
train; and Robert Farlow felt himself  
whirled rapidly down a steep embank-  
ment. Unconsciously, at the first jar,  
he had grasped the sleeping girl in his  
strong arms, and with her clasped to his  
heart, had been borne down amid the  
crashing seats of the car. Very fortu-  
nate it was that they had taken passage  
in the last car, and in the rear of that;  
otherwise, neither would have been saved  
the sad fate of mangled limbs met by so  
many of their fellow-passengers.

Five minutes after that terrible crash  
of the two fiery engines that came in  
collision, Robert Farlow, with pale face  
and one hand bleeding and crushed,  
arose from the ruin around him, with  
Hattie still clasped to his breast. Faint  
and stunned from the shock, moments  
had passed before he recovered his  
senses; but awakening to a realization  
of his situation, he rose with his uncon-  
scious burden, and stood out in the clear  
moonlight.  
A crimson mark stained Hattie  
Marston's white forehead, and her eyes  
were closed, while the moonbeams  
showed the otherwise deathly pallor of  
her face framed in her loosened,  
golden hair which floated around her.  
"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Robert  
Farlow, as he gazed upon her and saw  
that she did not revive. "Oh, Hattie!  
my beloved, my angel, is dead!" he  
cried, passionately, as he pressed his lips  
to hers in a first long kiss.  
The lips of the young girl trembled  
at the pressure of his, and her eyelids

slowly unclosed, while she murmured  
softly—  
"Where am I? Am I dreaming?"  
and she paused in confusion, putting her  
hand to her head.  
"No, you are not dreaming, dearest  
Hattie! It is true that I love you  
better than life—that I would gladly  
meet death, if thereby I might save you  
a pang!" he answered, tenderly and  
rapidly.  
"But where am I? and what is the  
matter with your hand? There is blood  
upon my face, too!" she said, as she  
put her hand to her head.  
"We have met with a fearful accident,  
Hattie," he answered, "and many are  
seriously injured. I was afraid, at first,  
that you were; but, thank God, it is  
not so! My hand is slightly injured,  
and the blood must have touched your  
forehead, for there is no wound there.  
You are not harmed. Oh, how thank-  
ful I am that you are safe!"  
It was a strange place for an avowal  
of love, there, at the midnight hour and  
in the moonlight, with the sound of the  
sufferers still in their cars. But a mo-  
ment they lingered; yet that was suffi-  
cient for Robert Farlow to read an  
answer—and only in the eyes of his  
companion, but in her few spoken  
words.  
"You have saved my life, Robert—  
henceforth it shall be given to my pre-  
server!" Then they turned to assist  
the unfortunate sufferers around them.  
A few hours of detention and they  
were again on the road, and arrived  
safely the next nightfall at Hattie's  
home, where they were tearfully wel-  
comed by her parents, who had just  
read the news of the accident.  
A month later, a wedding was cele-  
brated at Judge Marston's mansion;  
and when Hattie again left the home of  
her girlhood for another Western jour-  
ney, it was as the wife of Robert Far-  
low.

### CUT AND RUN.

Henry Clay came out of the Capitol  
at Washington, one day, saw a frightened  
dog in the street, vainly striving to  
dodge the attacks of a sportive goat, and  
gallantly, in spite of his years and office,  
seized the goat by the horns. The woman  
thanked him warmly and sped hur-  
riedly on. Mr. Clay would like to  
have moved on also—but the goat had  
his own views about the interference with  
his innocent amusement. As soon as  
the woman's deliverer loosed his hold on  
the two horns, the animal rose majesti-  
cally on his hind legs and prepared for  
a charge. In his own defence Mr. Clay  
now took the animal as before by the  
horns, and thus for a time they stood,  
while a crowd of street boys gathered  
around, immensely amused at the un-  
usual spectacle of a Senator and a goat  
pitted the one against the other on a  
public street. As long as Mr. Clay held  
the goat by the horns, all was well  
enough. But the moment the quadruped  
was free came a fresh preparation for  
a charge. "No boy offered assistance,  
but after a while one ventured to sug-  
gest, 'Throw the Billy down, sir.'" Mr.  
Clay at once accepted and adopted the  
report of the committee, and tripping  
the goat up essayed to pass on. Before  
he could fairly turn away, however, the  
goat was up in lofty preparation for a  
new charge. Mr. Clay gave his enemy  
the floor or the pavement once more,  
and keeping him there, turn to his new  
adviser with the question, "And what  
shall I do now?" "Cut and run, sir,"  
replied the lad.

### HE WOULD BRAG.

A party of young men traveling in  
Europe had among them a citizen of our  
great republic who was so thoroughly  
patriotic that he could see no excellence  
in anything in the Old World as com-  
pared with his own country. Mountains,  
water-falls, churches, monuments, scenery,  
and all other objects of interest were  
inferior to what the United States could  
show. His companions became some-  
what tired of his overweening boasting,  
fulness, and determined to "take him  
down a peg." The party spent a winter  
in Rome; and one evening, having all  
things prepared, they induced their Yan-  
kee friend to join a drinking bout, and  
so managed that they kept sober while  
he got gloriously drunk. Thereupon  
they took him into the catacombs, laid  
him carefully down, with a candle with-  
in reach, and retired a short distance  
out of sight to wait for developments.  
After a while their friend roused up,  
having slept off his first drunken stupor,  
and in a state of some astonishment, be-  
gan endeavoring to locate himself, at  
the same time muttering: "Well—hic—  
that's little strange, Wonne—hic—  
where am I, anyhow?"  
He got out his match, lighted his can-  
dle, and began to study his surroundings.  
On each side were shelves filled with  
grinning skulls, and niches filled with  
skeletons, while all about were piled legs,  
arms, ribs, and vertebrae—a ghastly  
array, and altogether new to him.  
He dodged to the skulls on one side  
with a drunken "How do do—hic?" and  
on the other with "How d'ye feel—hic—  
anyway?" took a look at his watch, and  
once more at his surroundings, got on  
his feet, took off his hat, and holding it  
above his head, remarked, loud enough  
for his friends to hear: "S all right; s  
—hic—ah-hic. Morsing of the resur-  
rection, by jingo!—hic. First man on  
the ground—rah for the United States!  
Allers ahead. Bah for me specially!

### SOME CURIOUS AVERSIONS.

The Secretary of Francis I. used to step  
up his nostrils with bread if he saw a  
dash of apples, to prevent an otherwise inevi-  
table bleeding at the nose. A Polish King  
had an antipathy to both the smell and  
sight of this wholesome fruit, and a family  
of Aquitaine had a hereditary hatred of it.  
A Flemish damsel was sadly troubled by  
an uncomfortable aversion to the smell of  
bread. Cheese, mutton, muck, and amber-  
gris have been so repugnant to some nasal  
organs as to send their owners into convul-  
sions.  
Griety, the composer, could not endure  
the scent of the rose, neither could Queen  
of Austria. The mere sight of the Queen  
of flowers was too much for Lady Henage  
benedictine woman to Queen Bee; indeed  
Kensington Ditch reverts that her cheek  
became blistered when some one laid a white  
rose upon it at the sleep. Her ladyship's  
antipathy was almost as strong as that of  
the dame who fainted when her lover ap-  
proached her by wearing an artificial rose  
in his button-hole. A violet was a thing  
of horror to the eyes of the Princess de  
Lamballe; tansy was abominable to an earl  
of Barrymore; Sealiger grew pale before  
the water cress; and a soldier, who would  
have scorned to turn his back on a foe,  
fled without shame from a sprig of rue.  
A poor Neapolitan was always seized  
with a fit upon attempting to swallow a  
 morsel of fresh meat of any kind, and Na-  
ture then condemned him to vegetarianism  
—a sner affliction than that suffered by  
Gaius Cæsar, whose heart palpitated violent-  
ly if he ate a pig in a park dinner, or by  
the lady who could not taste of beer with-  
out her lips swelling to uncomfortable di-  
mensions. Dr. Prout had a patient who  
declared honest mutton was as bad as po-  
son to him. Thinking this was all fancy,  
the doctor administered the obnoxious  
meat under various disguises, but every ex-  
periment ended in a severe vomiting fit.  
Another unlucky individual always had  
a fit of the goat a few hours after eating  
fish and a Const of Arras; never failed  
to go off in a faint if he knowingly or un-  
knowingly partook of a dish containing  
the slightest modicum of olive oil. A still  
worse penalty attached to lobster salad in  
the case of a lady, for if she ventured to  
taste it, at a dancing-party, her neck, be-  
fore she returned to the ball-room, would  
be covered with ugly blotches, and her  
peace of mind destroyed for that evening.  
According to Burton, a melancholy Duke  
of Muscovy fell instantly ill if he looked  
upon a woman; and another authority was  
seized with a cold palsy under similar pro-  
vocation. Weirich tells of a nobleman  
who drew the line at old ladies, which did  
not prevent him from losing his life in con-  
sequence of his strange prejudice; he, be-  
ing called from the supper-table by some  
mischievous friends to speak to an old  
woman, he fell down directly he beheld  
her, and died then and there. What an old  
woman did for this old hater, an eclipse  
did for Charles d'Escur, Bishop of Lan-  
gres. It was his inconvenient custom to  
fast at the commencement of a lunar  
eclipse, and remain insensible as long as it  
 lasted. When he was very old and very  
indolent an eclipse took place. The good  
Bishop went all as usual, and never came  
to again. Old John Langley, who settled  
in Ireland in 1851, cherished an antipathy  
quite as obstinate, but had no idea of  
dying of it. By his last will and testament  
he ordered his corpse to be waked by fifty  
Irishmen, for each of whom two quarts  
of aqua vite were to be provided. "In  
the hope that getting drunk, they would  
take to killing one another, and do something  
toward lessening the breed."—Chambers'  
Journal.

### THE HUMAN MANUFACTORY.

A man may eat and drink heartily all  
day, and sit and lounge about, doing  
nothing, in one sense of the word, but his  
body must keep hard at work all the time  
or it will die. Suppose the stomach refuses  
to work within ten minutes after a hearty  
dinner; the man would die in convulsions  
in a few hours, or cholera or cramp-colic  
would rack and wreck him. Suppose the  
"pores" of the skin—meaning thereby the  
glandular apparatus with which they are  
connected—should go on a "strike," we  
would in an hour be burning up with fever  
or "oppression" would weigh down the  
system and soon become insupportable.  
Suppose the liver become "mild," ap-  
petite would be annihilated, food would be  
leathred, torturing pains would invade the  
"small of the back" and the head would  
ache to "bursting." Suppose the kidneys  
"shut up shop," and dangers more imminent  
sufferings more unbearable and death more  
certain would be the speedy and merciful  
results. If the workshops of the eye should  
"close" in an hour we could not shut or  
open them without physical force and in  
another we would be blind; or of the tongue,  
and it would become as dry as a bone  
and as stiff as steel. To keep such a com-  
plication of machinery in working order  
for a lifetime is a miracle of wisdom;  
but to "work them" by the pleasures of eat-  
ing and drinking is a miracle of benefi-  
cence.—Heath and Home.

### A STEP TOWARD FORTUNE.

About forty years ago, a poor woman,  
living in Philadelphia, managed to eke  
out a miserable existence by selling mis-  
cellaneous candy. One day, her candy was  
accidentally burnt. The woman was des-  
pairing. The loss was a serious one in a trade  
whose profits were counted by pennies.  
She was quick-witted, however, and ready  
with expedients. She cracked soft waf-