THE ROANOKE NEWS.

A DEMOCRATIC

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

PUBLISHED BY

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THE ROANOKE NEWS.

VOL. X. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1881. NO. 29.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.

FOR

RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of **50 Cents**, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,

Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

July 7 1 y.

PROTECTION FROM **MALARIA!** So numerous are the developments of Malaria that people continually suffer from this noxious poison when they least imagine it is lurking in their system.

Chills and Fever, Headache, Intermittent Fever, General Debility, Bilious Fever, Lassitude, Typhoid Fever, Nausea,

ARE THE

PAINFUL OFFSPRINGS OF MALARIA!

and have their origin in a discovered Liver, which, if not regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and death will ensue.

SIMMONS LIVER

REGULATOR,

(PURELY VEGETABLE,)

is absolutely certain in its remedial effects and acts more promptly in curing all forms of Malarial diseases than calomel or quinine, without any of the injurious consequences which follow their use.

If taken occasionally by persons exposed to Malaria

IT WILL EXPEL THE POISON AND PROTECT THEM FROM ATTACK!

As evidence see extract from W. B. Yates' letter, where the Regulator afforded protection from the worst and most deadly type of Malaria to wit: Yellow Fever.

"SIRS: I have stood the storms of four epidemics of the dea the Yellow Fever. I had it the first visitation, but during the other three I used your medicine. I was continually in the rooms of the sick and dying, but I escaped. I have had several to ask me how I escaped; I told the truth it was all owing to the virtue of your Simmons Liver Regulator. If the Fever was to break out again and I had a bottle of your Regulator I would feel as safe as if I was 1,000 miles away.

Memphis, Tenn., 17, 1879.

Having neutralized the poison of Malaria in such extreme cases, it can be relied on as a sovereign specific and antidote in milder forms.

See that you get the Genuine in White Wrapper, with red Z, prepared by J. H. Zeilin & Co.

Sold by all Druggists. Jan 27 1y

NOTICE TO TRAVELLERS.

I am now running a daily mail from Scotland Neck to Halifax. I have a comfortable two horse hack, which leaves Scotland Neck, every morning for Halifax and returns same day. Will take passengers and express packages at reasonable rates. I am also prepared to entertain travelers, promising to spare no pains to make them comfortable.

Respectfully,

W. R. SHIELDS.

Nov 30 tf.

DR. BUTTS' DISPENSARY

Treat all Chronic Diseases, and enjoy a national reputation through their treatment of Chronic Cases.

INDISCRETION EXPOSURE [illegible] of the blood, skin or bones, treated with success, without using Mercury or Poisonous Medicines.

YOUNG MEN who are suffering from the effects of a habit contracted in youth, should call for treatment.

PATIENTS TREATED by Mail and Express, [illegible] Medicine sent free to any address, [illegible]

Persons suffering from Rupture should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a truss. Consultation free, by mail or at office, [illegible]

DR. BUTTS, 12 North 9th St., St. Louis, Mo.

September 16th 1y.

FOR SALE.

The following valuable real estate lying near Tillery's Mill, in Halifax county about nine miles from the town of Halifax.

About 300 acres including steam engine, saw mill and fixtures, gin, gin house and fixtures, adjoining the residence of J. R. Tillery.

Mike Wilkins, that contains about 97 acres.

Pope place containing about 150 acres.

½ interest in Wade H. Tillery tract, the whole containing about 327 acres.

Apply to T. N. HILL, Attorney.

Halifax N. C. july 31tf

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money. Address H. Hallett & Co. Augusta, Me. july 15 1y.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

I have thought it all over, the words I let fall
In that moment of passion I cannot recall;
But alone with my thoughts and my bitter regret
I pray you forgive, if you cannot forget.

I have thought it all over, and tried hard to find
In some act of years a relief to my mind—
A look or a word that would soften regret.
But in vain, so forgive, if you cannot forget.

You knew that my friendship and deep love for you
Were loyal and fervent, unselfish and true;
Then why did you try me, when deep in your debt
For God's sake forgive, if you cannot forget.

God knows all my thoughts, that they're centered in you,
And that in this world would they are but a few
Whose friendship, however, would cause a regret;
Then I pray you forgive, if you cannot forget.

Let the past be forgotten and bury it deep
In the depths of oblivion, and there let it sleep,
And our friendship never be entered by regret;
Once more, then, forgive, if you cannot forget.

BERENICE.

Mrs. Chudleigh opened the door of her cottage and came out into the midst of the gloomy, foaming sea, a wistful, anxious look on her face, was face. Pushing her fair, childish hand to her mouth, she called, "Bennie! Bennie!

Presently there came an answer.

"Yes, mother; I am coming."

And a multitudinous with the answer a sturdy little figure appeared upon the summit of an icy wave!

"Ah, Bennie I have been so anxious, and you are so cold."

"Not a bit; but I took a longer trance than usual. But only see the fishes; they're as clear and rich as butter!" and the sturdy little figure advanced, drawing after him a small sled, heaped with pine knots.

The woman's wan, moonlight face lit up in absolute radiance, and a tenderness that was moreover seemed from her great, blue eyes as they rested on the boy—a sturdy, sunny little fellow, robed and wrapped like an Esquimau, with white hair and an honest, manly face. Ben Chudleigh's own boy!

When they had crossed the threshold she kissed him, parting the fawn locks on his brow. The lad blushed like a girl at her caress, and then fell to unloading his sled and bringing the fire wish faggots.

"There, now, mother," he said, as the ruddy blaze shot up the broad chimney, "isn't that nice? Now you shall sit down and get real warm, and I'll make the tea. I'm such a strong fellow I never get tired."

Bennie threw on fresh faggots and got out his illuminated primer to amuse himself, while his mother did her sewing; but somehow the bright pictures failed to draw their usual interest. His eyes were full of the sea's wild sorrow, and his blue eyes—good, kind eyes, so like his father, wandered furtively to his mother's face. A lovely face, for sad remorse; a face just to be caught alone, when all the rare colors were unfaded, and all that superficial gold, brown and white in its glory, must have been very beautiful. But now, and so it seemed to poor Bennie, sad and a desert nobly so, so full of an unloving remorse.

The lad's eyes filled with tears, and his face grew to mirror his mood, drawing to wonder.

"Mother," he said at last, just the least quiver in his voice, "mother, you'll tell me between you and me how long he went away? I've wanted to know so long."

The mother bent to his side and sat down a swift, burning red shot up into her wan cheeks, and then she let an hard drop fall on the sewing stand, and for a long pause moment said no, the child grew pale with fright and pain.

"Oh mother! poor, dear mother!" he whispered, going to her side and clasping knees and caressing touches on her bowed head. "I'm so sorry! I didn't think it would hurt you so!"

She drew him to her bosom in silence, not still sobbing. His careless question had cut her heart like a knife. "Was it all right when her and father when he went away?" Ah, no! it was all wrong; and now, God pity her! it was too late ever to make it right. The cruel wrong must live through all time, and eternity, perhaps!

How vividly, sitting there in the ghastly glimmer of the firelight, did she remember the last parting, three weary years ago! Bennie was but a wee lad, then, and his father, who had followed the sea all his life, was starting on a long voyage. He wanted a paper of some importance, a promissory note, or some thing of the kind, and came to his wife for it.

Because, his pretty golden-haired, blue-eyed wife of all his treasures and all his money since the first day of their happy marriage, he being a great, careless, loving, fiery-hearted fellow, as sailors usually are. But Berenice was quite busy that morning, getting his outfit in readiness; and the March winds blustered down the cottage chimney, and puffed the smoke and ashes about, and put her out of humor, and perhaps, for all her sweet, child-ways and rare beauty, this prized wife of Ben Chudleigh's was a bit impatient and quick-tempered by nature, or because of too much petting and indulgence; as is oftener the case. At any rate, after a hasty search for the note, she declared that it could not be found and that it had not been intrusted to her keeping.

Ben opened his handsome blue eyes in amazement.

"Why, Berenice" he said, not a bit crossly, only decided, "you know I gave it to you. I always give you things I wish when I go."

"A foolish habit, too, remarked Berenice, spitefully. "Why not take care of it in your self? And you may remember I won't have my neck crowded with any such rubbish," and in the good her words she tossed the papers into the open fire-blazing to the door.

Ben looked down at her a moment in amazed, hurt, pain, with the papers, of which I cannot of trying to make reparation, as no woman's heart yet and so on, the middle months worse.

"I can't look another bit," she said, pettishly, pushing the papers aside with her pretty foot. "I've wasted half the morning already. You bother me so. I wish you were gone."

"I'm going now, then, Berenice. Good-bye."

He did not even turn to look at her, but strode from the room and out into the yard. Bennie was playing before the doorway, and Berenice standing beneath lead him kiss the child and say:

"Good-bye, little one! Be a good boy to mother, don't forget."

That was the last. When, after a moment of stunned bewilderment, she hurried to the door, he was gone.

But he would come back. All day long, sitting with Bennie on her knee, she said it over and over, he would come back, and they would make it up.

But night came, and in the dusk of the March sunset a sailor came up for her husband's sea chest. Berenice was too proud and sensitive to ask a question or send a message, but the long, lonely night subdued her pride. As soon as the sun rose she made her way down to the pier, where his vessel lay, but it was too late—the craft had sailed at daybreak, and her husband was gone.

Month followed month, year drifted after year, and Berenice lived and Benny grew up to a sturdy lad, never forgetting his father's parting command. He was a good boy to his mother; but all his simple, unaffected devotion, so like his father's, could not draw the unspeakable sorrow from her eyes, or the sting of remorse from her heart. And now she sat by the blazing fire, with her thin hands clasped, and such a wistful, hungry look in her great, shining eyes, that poor little Ben felt awed and frightened, and crept away to his bed in the corner, not daring even to kiss her again.

But the child could not sleep. He lay listening to the voice of the winds, as they roared and whistled through the pine hills, and to the ceaseless moan and thunder of the sea, raising his head ever and anon to look at his mother's white, sad face, and wondering in his child's heart, if God and his angels were so good and merciful, why they did not do something to comfort her. A strange, terrible feeling came over him, an indescribable prescience of something to come.

"Mother!" he called, gently, sitting up in his bed. Oh, mother! what is it? I can't tell, but I feel something. Indeed I do mother!"

But she did not heed him. The old sea dog lifted his pointed ears and listened intently; then he arose and patted across to the child's bed, with a look half human in his eyes. Bennie laid his cheek against his shaggy head.

"An-Lis-le," Triton? he whispered.

The dog listened again, then he bounded to the door and began to scratch and sniff beneath it.

"Oh, mother! mother!" called Bennie, in amazed fright.

She arose with trembling hands and a deathwhite face.

"Why, my boy, my darling," she whispered; then she went to the door and opened it.

Triton stood on its hind with his ears erect and his nose to the ground, then he shot off, making great, flying leaps and uttering short, exultant cries. Impelled by something stronger than herself, or her own will, Berenice followed him, and poor, affrighted little Ben was left alone.

On through the wild dark night she went, down to the beach, her sailing and there, standing upon the desolate sands, his black, lonely figure sharply defined against the pale winter sky, she saw the form of a man, with Triton leaping and bounding around him, and never pausing, never stopping to question or wonder, but impelled by a wild instinct, she flew on and gained at the last breathless and sensitive at his feet.

When she awoke to life again she was in the cottage, lying upon Bennie's little bed, with the glimmer of the firelight before her, and Bennie himself was hanging over her, pelting her cheeks with his chubby hands and kissing her vigorously, his blue eyes shining with a look they had never before known. Then a wild, vague hope thrilled through her, and she turned to her feet with a cry that rang above the din of the storm.

"Yes, there he stood, bronzed and worn and changed, but with the same kindly eyes. Ben Chudleigh, her own husband. He held out his arms, but she went down prostrate at his feet.

"Oh, Ben! Oh, my husband! forgive me! I know God has, for he has given you back to me."

And Ben, sobbing like a woman, gathered her up in his strong arms, kissing her lips wildly, as she clung to him like a little child.

BUGGY ELECTRICITY.

HOW A BRUNETTE YOUNG MAN AND A BLONDE GIRL MAY BE UTILIZED.

"Since the electric light has proved a success for lighting large buildings, it has occurred to a scientific man of this city that electricity could be used on wheeled vehicles. He knew by experience that there was always more or less electricity wasted—for instance, when a young couple were out riding, so he experimented. Those who were out on the Washington Bay road last Sunday evening may have been astonished at the amount of gas that shone the whole length of the road as a carriage passed along and they probably observed the flight of the two occupants of the carriage. There could had dropped into a carriage young man had engaged a buggy at a livery stable for the evening, so he loaded the livery man to allow him to experiment on the buggy. The young scientist put a small electric lamp on the lower part of the dashboard out of sight of the driver, and ran small copper wires to the back of the seat. It is well known to the sindest of nature that when a bronzed young man and a blonde girl, who act as the positive and the negative—that is, he is positive he will put his arm around her, and she negatives the arrangement along at first, until she dark—there is a certain electric current established small in its first, but of great power if properly manipulated. You have all felt it, you don't think. It is when you were getting ready or sitting quietly home on the sofa of a rousing room. Well, the wire was placed so that the arms of the young people would touch it. Just as they were passing Polsgrath's, there by the toll gate, they began to sing an, and behold they got to Lockman's the little lamp began to throw out light. It went with the horse's feet and lit up the road for several rods, and the young people were almost as scare shed as the horse was. They thought there was some body following them with a lantern, and they search cued on and the light went on. Every time whole they would get near together and kiss each other shy and sweeze, and immediately the light would blaze up. The girl was real frightened, and leaned on the young man strong on his side of the buggy, and he was a little frightened the first few times that the light flickered when we came out to see he was going to sing if it turned night into day, so he was not lying to her about one horse. He said there were some horses so full of phosphorus that when they get warmed up a little from driving they shed light all around. Together got nearer and the electricity again appeared, and for an hour they rode along in the evening by an night light. The young scientist issued them a number of times in manner begging, but he is so well satisfied with the success produced that he will apply for a patent. The young lady was very much amazed at his electric light, and swore she would say that she did not enjoy the ride she has requested her escort to do so and next time when they go out driving and get a phosphorus horse. The young man was so glad he was to the stable, fully convinced of what was the light of his horse shoes, and he wanted a call on light the next time he took his girl out. They will know what caused the light would they read this. It is going so there is electricity in everything.

FEMALE BARBERS.

Of Fifty Barrels.

There is a female barber in Bradford, and we are not surprised that she has the cut of trade, that men shave who never shaved before, and men who always shaved now shave the more. Why, they just tumble over each other to get her chair, and the lucky man just straightens himself out and puts himself under the manipulation of her hands as if she was a female doctor.

When she runs her fingers around his face and tickles him under the chin with the lather brush, it makes his blood grow hot and his toes tingle while his scalp prickles like an electric lamp. Then when she slips one arm under his head and grabs hold of his off ear, and draws the razor down onward, he feels like paradise opened. It is hard on the nerves, but it's nice. Then she hands his face over toward her and leans forward, hugging his nose up against her, and proceeds to clean the off side of his head.

That is the time when the man calls up all his patriotism and his courage, recites the Declaration of Independence, and dreams of hornets and the bacon of the Old Man of the Mountain, and gets so weak that he takes hair oil, bay rum and a shampoo, and has his hair cut twice.

A MALE CRITIC.—After a man reaches thirty-five and goes beyond it, he is apt to be too critical, and seems a pretty face as coolly as he does a statue or a painting. To my mind the most wonderful, rarest countenance is not mere beauty of regularity of outline, or dazzling complexion, the most beautiful, charming woman in the world is she who has what you call an eloquent face. One that reflects every emotion, as the limpid water shows back the changing cloud, the passing object. Such a face is a never-ending charm; it allures, it fascinates and portrays in turn the feeling of the heart. It is sweetly tender, self loving, sympathetic, and enslaves by its very variety. We can imagine the sharp-eyed sorceress of the Nile, radiant with love, as her mail clad Anthony came within reach of her sculptured arms. Such a face had La Vallere, who held the fickle, fair and false Louis in bondage and defied all other dames of the old regime.—Washington Capital.

GYMNASTICS.

A NEWLY-MARRIED MAN GETTING HIS HAND IN FOR BATTLE.

"Say, stranger, kin I get a fight in yere? he asked, looking cautiously around and wetting his hands in a premonitory sort of way.

"What kind of a fight would you like?" asked the barkeeper, eyeing him gloomily.

"Pistol, knife, fist, tooth, anything. I want to live up to the prevailin' style. Suit yourself, partner?"

"Well," observed the host, picking up a base-ball bat, "how'll this suit you? Like to try something in this line?"

"Haven't yer got a sword, or a cleaver, or a buzz-saw, or something that yer can rely onto if we get close together? Ain't there some weapon that goes more into the gore business?"

"This will do me," replied the barkeeper, walking over the bar and slamming the gaseous visitor against the wall. "Don't need anything better than this," and he banged him across a beer table. "Had enough?"

"I ain't got started yit," said the stranger, as he lifted the barkeeper over the stove. "Don't git impatient. I'll warm up in a second," and he hoisted his antagonist over the bar. "Don't indulge these yer false starts; I'll go under the string for a heat in a minute," and he hurled the barkeeper out by the ear and broke half a dozen chairs with him. "I'll rouse my pooty quick now. Gimme a little time," and he dipped a horseplay on his foe and then pitched him through the back door. "Now I'm feelin' the inspiration. Whoop!" and he kicked his enemy under the porch. "Hi, stranger! Ain't this fruit? Talk about eating vegetables! What's tanh and peas to this?" and he fired the unhappy barkeeper down cellar.

"What was your object in wanting to fight me?" asked the whipped barkeeper, as he crawled out and set the bottle and glass on the counter.

"Yer see, partner," said the stranger, filling the glass to the brim, and holding it between his eyes and the light, "yer see, I've only been married a month, and I wanted to be warmed up to-day for the matinee. There's four bar rooms next here and my house, and by the time I get that potation and that room will be only an appetizer to me. Married man, partner?"

"No," replied the barkeeper, shoving the bottle toward his enemy. "I'm not, but my father was. I know how it is."

DOES NOT WANT TO BE PRESIDENT.

HILL NYE DECLINES THE NOMINATION AND GIVES HIS REASONS THEREFOR.

It is not an enjoyable treat sometimes to be the editor of a paper, and should public opinion ever so much per inland and complimentary tickets to the weight of hand performances, and with to ease and worry. In heartburns and apprehensions, it is more comforting on the whole than being President.

When we were a boy, and sat in the front row among the pale faced boys with checked gingham aprons at the Sunday school, and the teacher told us to live up to our ideals and learn a hundred verses a week so fast we could be considered, we thought that encumbered calm and universal approbation waited upon the man who successfully rose to be the executive of a great nation.

With years and accumulated wisdom, however, we changed our mind. Now we sit at our desk and write burning words for the press that will live and keep warm long after we are turned to dust and ashes. We write heavy articles on the pork outlook, and sadly compose exhaustive treatises on the camel's hump, while men in other walks of life go out into the health-promoting mountains, catching trout and woodticks. Our life is not without a joyous one. We sweller through the long July days with our suspenders hanging to hoop festoons down over our chair, while we wield the death-dealing pen, but we don't want to be president.

Our salary is smaller, it is true, but when we get through our work in the middle of the night, and put on our plug hat and spike-tail coat and steal home through the all-pervading darkness, we thank our stars, as we split the kindling and bed down the family mule, that on the morrow, although we may be lorded by the men we wrote up yesterday, our official record cannot be attacked.

There is a nameless joy settles down upon us as we retire to our simple couch on the floor and pull cellar doors over us to keep us warm which the world can neither give or take away.

We plod along from day to day, aiming good wads of mental pabulum from our burging intellect, never murmuring or complaining when lawyers and physicians put on their broad-brim chip hats and go out to the breezy canyons and the sandy glens to regain their health.

We just plug along from day to day eating a hard-boiled egg from one hand while we write a scathing criticism on the ale transit gloria cucumber with the other.

No, we do not crave the proud position of President, nor hanker to climb to an altitude where forty or fifty millions of civilized people can distinctly see whether I eat custard pie with a knife or not.

Once in awhile, however, in the stillness of the night, we kick the covers off and moan in our dreams as we imagine that we are President, and we wake with the cold sweat or perspiration, as the case may be, standing out of every pore, only to find that we are not President, after all by an overwhelming majority, and we get up and crawl away to the cold water faucet and take a drink, and go back to a dreamless, sinless, sleepless bed.

THE INDIAN HEAVEN AND HELL.

The deceased Indian lies, according to them, a long journey to take to the west. Soon he comes to a deep rushing river, which separates him from the happy hunting grounds. The two shores of this river are connected by a long pine tree, stripped of limb and pebbled, which must be used as a bridge. The good man passes with a firm and secure step across this slippery bridge, reaches the happy hunting grounds, and enters on the possession of eternal youth and strength. His sky is always clear, a cool breeze is perpetually blowing for him, and he passes his time in singing, hunting, dancing, and boundless felicity. The bad man, when he steps upon the bridge, sees the two overhanging shores totter, he attempts to recede, and falls into the abyss below, where the water is rushing with the sound of thunder over rocks; where the air is poisoned by the exhalations from dead fish and other animal bodies, and the water swarms with and round, brings him always back to the same point, where all the trees are withered, and is awakened with hideous snakes and toads, where the dead are hungry, and have nothing to eat where the lifeless have a diseased life and cannot die. The shores are covered with thousands of these unhappy beings, who climb up to get a glance into the happy hunting grounds, but to they can never enter.

BAD THOUGHTS.

Bad thoughts, if cherished, blight virtue, destroy purity, and undermine the stablest foundations of character. They are like rot in timber, like rust in iron. They eat into the man. And when the process has gone on for a while, and there comes the stress of an outward temptation, down they go into a mass of ruin! Suppose out to see, all bright with fresh paint, their sails all spread and streamers flying, and never come back, never reach port. Why? They met a storm and went down, because they were rotten. Under the paint was decay! Just so bad thoughts, vile, impure thoughts and imaginations, rot the manly oak of character, rust the iron of principle, slacken all the stays of virtue, and leaves the man, the woman, to the violence of temptation, with no interior or reserve power to withstand the shock. Bad thoughts fed and fattened are the bottom-vice of society.

There is no argument in Christ's religion equal to a pure, humble, godly life, which is born of his Spirit. Nothing so repels, disgusts, and hardens the unconverted as daily contact with those who profess Christianity only to make it odious. Let us all be watchful; for it is certainly possible to live so closely to Christ, that when men shall see us they shall see Jesus.—T. L. Cuyler.

THERE will be a good many new attractions at our next Fair.

NEWS ITEMS.

The rainfall in England is excessive.

The James river is lower than it has been for fifty years.

A British steamer with nearly 200 persons lost on the coast of Africa.

Congressman Hendrick B. Wright died at Washington City, on the 1st inst.

Mrs. Garfield has been presented with $125,000 in United States Government four per cents.

Dr. Howard, Quarantine Physician of Baltimore, was accidentally drowned on the 5th.

Augusta, Ga., has now in operation 175,000 spindles to her cotton mills, representing an investment of $5,000,000.

An Arkansas man rode three hundred miles to kill the chap who cheated his father in a horse trade. Filial affection can never die in this country.

When the Old Testament is revised and modernized it will probably state that Adam after eating the apple, received word that his resignation would be accepted.

Senator Ben Hill's tongue is again giving him trouble because of his excessive affection, and he has returned to Philadelphia for consultation with his physicians.

Oscar Wilde has been invited to visit Boston. Picture a man who dines on a glass of water and a fly sitting down to a dinner of pork and beans.

It was Franklin who said: "A handsome or a rich widow is the only second-hand article that brings a first class price." There are several such at the different summer resorts.

"Patience on a monument," has been beaten by an Illinois youth, who slept on the grave of his dead betrothed for two hundred nights, and then discovered that it was the grave of an old wag.

It is now said that Marvin, the alleged forger and polygamist, married fourteen women. And yet they talk about the law punishing him! The law can have no terrors for such a man.

Thousands of two millions of five per cent. bonds have been received at the treasury department for redemption under the notice issued by Secretary Windom on the 22nd ult.

Highwaymen in California tried to wreck a train the other day, for the purpose of capturing Millionaire Fair, whom they expected to rob as a hostage until heavy ransom should be paid.

M. Jefferson Davis arrived at Liverpool, Saturday, in the steamer Bernard Hall, from New Orleans. He is not in good health. After a short stay at the Adelphi Hotel he left for London. He declined to be interviewed.

With Miss Fanny Davenport in possession of a new play and a competent stage long, and Miss Lillie Langtry showing on a great lick, there seems to be no end to our dramatic possibilities. The season opens in a very encouraging manner.

The New Orleans *Democrat* says that the slanging nuisance has gone to such lengths and exaggeration. It adds that Governors, having been assaulted on the skin with all sentimentality, shall be law and turn thieves, burglars and murderers loose upon the community.

Sitting Bull says he wants to be free and "go about wherever I please and have a waiter." Pretty soon he will want to part his hair in the middle, sport a single barrel eyeglass, and wear his watch-chain on the outside of his coat. Then he should be given a toy pistol to play with.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says that kumiss is becoming a popular drink, and may supersede lager beer to some extent in the course of time. Kumiss surpasses lager beer. Not if we know it. You can't pass any old Arab mare's milk on us for the real glucose. Not by a jugful.

New Orleans has sixteen steamers engaged in the Mediterranean fruit trade. During the present year they have loaded no less than three hundred and twenty thousand boxes of oranges and lemons, and about twenty thousand more boxes have been brought in by sailing vessels.

Mr. Ludlow, the prohibition candidate for Governor of Ohio, is a manufacturer of cider mills. Yet cider will become "hard," and when in that condition has been known to intoxicate. Mr. Ludlow is in favor of producing a beverage and then prohibiting its use. He may argue that cider has innocent uses.

Congressman Cox writes of the Norwegians: "We saw no beggary, no poor houses or jails; we hear of no crimes of violence. No locks are needed upon doors. Drunkenness is rare. They love music and flowers, and are devoted to their faith and families. They are never idle. Even the girls are knitting while attending sheep and cows."

Advocates of the scheme declare that the proposed canal of the Mississippi valley, called the Ya-ka-Rubber, which is to have cost $20,000 bales of cotton to export, by the closing of the Mississippi river, and by increased railroad rates, of carrying bonds 3,797,997 miles annually, or the whole present production of the whole country.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton survived her husband fifty-one years. Had her life been prolonged three additional years she would have reached a full century. The inscription on the stone which marks her grave is a model of simplicity, and reads thus: "Eliza, daughter of Philip Schuyler, widow of Alexander Hamilton, born at Albany, August 9, 1757; died November 6, 1854; interred here."

The claim of Dr. Hahn that he has discovered fossil animal organisms in meteorites has excited much discussion and an eager interest on the part of naturalists to get at the truth of the matter. It is asserted that those who have examined the microscopic preparations of these remains have become convinced of the genuineness of this discovery. Charles Darwin, the greatest of evolutionists, is said to have wafted from his seat on viewing one of the finest of these specimens, exclaiming: "All mighty God! what a wonderful discovery! Wonderful!" And is it not wonderful? These fossil remains, found in a bit of stone, are a message to us from the regions of space, telling of an exploded world once peopled with these very organisms in life, and proving moreover, that mere is not the only world in which animal forms have existed.

The papers have said so much about Mary Anderson's limbs being attenuated that she told an interviewer her opinion of her own defects. She says: "I am aware of the fact that I would not appear to advantage in the ballet, but God gave me talent and expected nature to do the balance, and if nature made a failure of the part, I am not to blame for it? Is it just to criticise the sin is over which I have no control? Criticise my acting, my voice, my gestures, anything you will, only please don't allude to my limbs." Long ago we advised newspaper men to keep their hands off this subject and to attend strictly to Mary's voice and gestures. We do not care if her legs are like corrugated copper lightning rods and bowed like a parenthesis; her art is what touches us. Her soulful eyes and mouth full of gum are enough to make a man strike his parents.—Vicksburg (Miss.) *Herald.*

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