County Observer. rance

Established in 1878.

HILLSBORO, N. C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1887.

NEW SERIES-VOL 9 NO 2

A Fragment.

BY K. TEMPLE MORE.

Gent word flashing, eyes were shining, to lang rous prace were swajed. the 8 fairy visio in tanked on half afraid. ministrated and quivered, me singer's voice, so sweet. provine glided rafters,

wirs la ling at her feet. . gleaned in slience forward, I ripe red lips apart,

a laise gold hair a-quiver

the throbbing of your heart. three so www.white then flaming hotly,

- starry eyes ashine, white fingers shyly creeping, trembling, into mine, Not a nells there, that night, dear,

e set in the is of perfushed lace, But would give her rarest jewels For the good of your tuce. were twan of a your first opera, day wonder that your heart, amy down, should throb and quiver

at the master-touch of art! CHOOSING A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

BY RUTH RANSOM.

elt's of no use," said Mrs. Dashwood plaintively. "I can never learn to like that girl. And if Felix marries her I shall be wetched !"

Felix Dashwood, a, tall, hand-ome young man, of three or four and twenty, and in dismay at his mother.

"Dearest mother," said he, "what is the from de with Madeline? I am sure sie is all that is sweet and loveb !"

Fig. x Dashwood had committed a fault that is not uncommon to man. He was fraing to make his mother see pany, the medium of his own eyes. He had fallen de perately in love with a ming beauty, prop -I to her in the foughtent of the m-m at, and brought arrhome to Dashwood Hall to receive the numbernal blessing. And Ma eline. Westford, as theoretical and inexperimonth as was he himself, had never doubted but that Felix's mother would one er as tenderly and devotedly as E v in i done.

Sie was a pretty, blue-eved girl, with ad pedimple in her check, lips as red as outal, and a profuseness of burnished golden hair, which floated over her similars like a cascade of vellow

May I call you mother?" said Madeline prettily, when, she first came to Dishwood Hall.

"Containly," said Mrs. Dashwood, stiff; "But don't you think your hair would be neater put up in a net?"

"All the girls at self of wore it so," said Madeline, who was just graduated from Madame Estelle's semin ry for young ladies. "And nobody sees a net

"Those long, trailing dresses, too," said Mrs. Dashwood, critically eying the far-shaped train of Madeline's cream-colored serge dress. "In the country here we mostly wear our skirts

of a walking length." M deline looked doubtfully down at the lovely dress, with its flounces and

"I have always worn trains," she said: "and doesn't it seem almost a pity to cut them off?"

"Just as you please," said Mrs. Dashwood, chilling visibly.

Made ine did not enjoy her visit to Das wood Hall half so much as she had expected; and M s. Dashwood inward v determined that of all daughters inlaw whom Felix co. d possibly have seleafed Mos Westford and the least satisfactory. Buf it is ver occurred to her that she did not quite fathom all the depths of Maleline's character; nor that she was looking for a woman's malured virtues in a girl of seventeen, just out of a boarding-school. . .

"I don't approve," said she stiffly, refigir's who lie on sofas, and read poelly all day, instead of trying to learn a little housekeeping; and as for needlework, all the Kensington stitch and Siew lipatterns in creation won't take the place in my estimation, at leastof good plain stitching and stockingdarning. Madeline Westford and I can hever, never become congenial!

"list, mother-To Felix Dashwood's infinite amazemost however, the conversation was here interracted by Madesine herself in broffending cream serge dress, with the lovely, county tresses of gold framig but flushed face, and a new glitter

"I don't mean to be a listener," said the, what I was talf ashep in the shady drawing room, and when I heard my own name I couldn't help sitting still for a moment, and perhaps it is just as w. I I have feared this for a long lam amite certain of it now. don't like me, Mrs. Dashwood?"

The frank, said the frigid matter, the grade of the frank that the frigid matter than serry, said Madeline, softly. "I small lake liked you to love me. And you do not wish me to marry Fe-

If you wish me to answer sincerely " said Mrs. Dashwoo !- "no."

leen I won't marry him," said deline, pulling of the little turquoise to gwitch Fe is had given her for an "agagement ring in those bright, sweet days which seemed so long -ah, so long and of will marry no man whose nother is not ready to take me into her he ct of hearts!"

Stathe engagement was broken off, At : Madeline went home again.

Don't feet. Felix," coaxed she. "It's a deal better for you, if you can get us d to the idea. If ever I have a hother-ing aw. I mean that she shall love me con so dearly !"

To Mrs. Dashstood's surprise, Felix took this overthrow of his heart's dearest hop a very coolly.

"I had hoped that you would learn to love Madeline," he said. "Indeed, I he not know how any one could help it. But if you can't why, there's an end of

the matt T! Within a few days Mrs. Dashwood received a letter from Cousin Thespia, a Young lady from the West. Cousin | Dear papa."-Burdette.

Thespia was coming to Dashwood Hail,

to get acquainted with her unknown relations. The old lady's heart leaped up within her. "Per aps Felix will take a fancy to Thespia, said she to herself.

And she made haste to refurnish the little blue boudoir, fill the tiny conservatory with fresh flowers-for the chill November days were beginning to gloam across the horizon now-and lay out a programme of amusement for the promised guest. V

Cousin Thespia came, a black-eved girl nearly six feet high, who laughed like a peal of bells, talked all the slang of the modern young lady, and declared openly that she found the East unutterably slow.

"I shouldn't have come here at all if I hadn't an idea of going on the stage," said he. "I suppose it's the best place to study up and get new ideas."

"My dear," said scandalized Mrs. Dashwood, "why on earth should you go on to the the stage?" "Because I like it," said Thespia in-

differently.

Apparently Cousin Thespia liked Felix Dashwood also. She followed him out even to the stables - horses, she declare l, were her delight; she chatted with him in the long, fire-lighted dusks; she sang dashing ballads to the piano for his especial delectation-ballads to at were widely different from poor Madeline's dreamy nocturnes and soft s nat s; she openly declared that "he was very nicest fellow she had met in the one previous. since she crosse! the Big River." Poor Mrs. Dashwood's maternal

heart sank within her. "Felix," she said, on one of the rare twill hits during which Mr. Dashwood was not monopolized by his loud-voiced cousin, "I do hope you won't become interested in Thespia Clifton."

"Mother," said he, "your counsel comes too late. I am already intere-te-t.' as you call it, in my cousin

"Felix," she almost screamed, "you are not engaged?"

"Yes, mother, I am engaged. Was not that the very thing for which you Mr. Dashwood burst into tears.

"A girl who laughs like a plow-boy," said the "a girl who is determined to go on the stage-a girl who suggests improvements in one's very stables, and calls us Eastern ladies 'an awful sight too slow! Felix, Felix! you will break

my heart!" "It seems to me, mother," said the young man, with a shrug of his shoulders, "that you are very difficult to please. Madeline Westf r I did not suit you, and this young lady from the

Mrs. Dashwood lifted her hand deprecatingly, and began to shed a few fee-

"Felix!" she sobbed; "oh, Felix! I have been so foolish! If this girl were only gone-if you were only re-engaged to Madeline-I think I should be quite, quite happy again! For indeed I did not know how sweet, and womanly and perfect dear Madeline was until-"Until it was too late," quietly ut-

tered her son. "But here is Thespia. Let her speak for herself." Miss Thespia Clifton came in like a

gust of wind, dragging one of the house dogs by the collar. "He's lame, I think," said she noisilv. "I brought him in to look at his

foot by the lamplight. Eh? What! Mrs. Dishwood erving! Why, what the dickens is the matter with you "Thespia," said Felix gravely; "my

mother wishes to ask you a few ques-"The catechism, eh?" said Miss Clifton, comfortably scating herself. "Well,

drive on, consin Dashwood. A fair field and no favor, eh?" "Is is it true," whimpered the old lady, "that you are engaged?"

"Of course I'm engaged," nodded the fair Amazon. "And, what's more, we are to be married in April." "Married !" gasted the poor old la-

dy. "Oh, Thespia, Thespia, give up the mad idea! You are not suited to him. Your tastes do not agree; you never, never would make him happy!" "How do you know?" blurted out Thespia. "You never saw him in your

"Never saw him!" echoed Mrs. Dashwood. "Never saw my own son!" "But it isn't your own son!" said Thespia, indifferently, "It's Major that I'm engaged to. Your Eastern | bons, false hair and wigs. men can't hold a candle to him."

"Thank heaven!" cried poor Mrs. Dashwood; "thank heaven!" "So I say," remarked Miss Thespia, who was now busied in examining the setter-dog's foot.

"And now," faltered Mrs. Dashwood, with avelted face, "if Madeline would only forgive you, dear Felix-"

'I am engaged to Madeline as closely as ever," said Dashwood. "I loved her 'oo dearly ever to give her up." But-but - will she ever pardon

"Try her and see," said Felix, laugh-

Madeline came back the next day, all smiles and sunshine, and ran into the old lady's wide-open arms. "Dear, dear mother," said she, "I

shall be so glad if you will only love me with all your heart."

"Indeed, indeed I will!" said the old lady, joyously. "Of all daughters in the world, you shall be dearest to me."

For Mrs. Dashwood had arrived at the conclusion that it is a disastrous now living, was, like many of us, retithing to meddle with the current of true sent on the subject of age, and his youth-

"Papa is so kind," said Miss Binabroad; the took us all to Europe last summer, and as for shopping expenses he gives me blanc insinge at all the stores and never grumbles at the bills.

MISSING LINKS.

New York is said to be the third German city in the world.

Germany has a population of 46,840,-600, against 45,234,000 by the census of

The chewing gum yearly used by a certain family of eight persons in Minnesota costs \$150. The average cost per scholar of the

text-books in the South Carolina schools is \$9.46 a vear. A sailors' chapel is to be built in New

York by money left by W. H. Vanderbilt for that purpose. It is said by a competent authority

than women do for bonnets. An Arkansas man whittled a bullet out of a plug of tobacco and shot it

through the body of a wildeat.

The Homestake Mining Company, of the Black Hills, D. T., is the largest in the world, and employs 3,600 men. Door-knocks of the old-fashioned kind

are once more appearing on the doors of fashionable New York residences. Several Alabama papers want the state legislature to pass a law requiring

fore voting. The Woman's Missionary Society of the Presbytery of Erie raised \$2,000 more for missions in the past year than

At Atlanta, Gac, has been formed an association of young ladies who are sworn to do everything in their power to abolish the "parlor-beau" fashion.

The editor of a Georgia paper says liberty is always pictured as a woman because liberty to survive must be vigilant, and there is no blind side to a indifference to his surroundings. No

The 600 French army cats whose duty it is to eatch mice in the clothing store-houses, are to have their rations reduced, since they have become too fat

Parties will shortly engage in excavating lands about White Plains, N. Y., in search of treasures that are supposed to have been buried there years and

The Indian women of the Lower Brule agency have their weekly sewing circle, interchange local news and tell stories about absent sisters, just like white women.

A citizen of Rockland, Me., has a brierwood pipe which he found embedded in a large mass of salt at the bottom of one of the water tanks of the old frigate Sabine.

The Boston Pilot thinks that the first dealer in any staple commodity who makes the announcement "No English goods sold here" will find himself overwhelmed by a surprising run of trade.

Two lighthouse keepers on the North Carolina coast quarreled about the color of the sea and did not exchange another word for three months, when both were discharged by the govern-

An artist's idea of desolation-the miners' deserted cabins in places near Pittsburg where old mines or oil wells have been abandoned, doors wide open, window panes broken, and rooms A Minnesota man says that Indians

don't get drunk because they like liquor, but because they think it an honor. If this is true, the average red man takes great pains to disguise his dislike for fire-water.

In Wyoming county, New York, the fruit evaporating industry has completely died out. For awhile much money was made in the business, but so many people went into it that a decline

In 1880 there were 625 Indians in Maine, of whom 312 were males and 313 females. Every able-bodied Indian in the state has a dog, and every Indian who is not able-bodied has two, says the Lewiston Journal.

The fiber of the pita plants, which grow in great abundance in Honduras, is used by the natives for various purposes. It is converted into thread for sewing boots and shoes, and into nets, fishlines and cordage. The finest and most costly hammocks are also made of it. Small quantities which have been sent to this market have been manu-Miles Keatly, of Leadville, Colorado, factured into handkerchiefs, laces, rib-

New York reporter a colored lady, attired in the latest devices of fashion, purchased a brilliant and planked down \$240 without a murmur. "Some of our best enstomers are colored people," said the jeweler ... When they have money they wear good clothes and good jewelry. Diamond earrings are set off better on a dark background, and the colored ladies understand it.

The Callicoon (N. Y.) Echo has the youngest compositor on record. She is only 9 years old and sets type easily, but can not empty her "sticks." "Incredible as it may seem." says the editor of the Echo, with little typesetter often sets from one to four stickfuls from our manuscript, sometimes correcting a slip in our grammar or spelling, and is never as happy as when sitting at the case "helping papa."

A well-known doctor of divinity, not ul grandson was, like other children. curious about the same subject. At the table one day out burst the quesdon: "Grandfather, how old are vou?" How plainly I hear the familiar, deliberate accents: "Why, Eddie, I am more than 60." What! More than 60 and not dead yet?"-Boston Record.

Rattlesnake and Rat.

"I was fortunate not long since in capturing, without injury, a very fine specimen of the rattlesnake species of reptilia. Wishing to study the habits of this species, I did not take the usual precaution of extracting the poison faugs, but placed him in a large, strongly-built, wipe cage. From the day of his imprisonment he exhibited the utmost indifference to his surroundings. All day he would lie coiled up in one corner of his cage, taking no notice of

my presence unless touched by a switch. "It seemed as it the switch had some peculiar effect upon the reptile, as, on being i melied by it, his rattles instantly sounded, and he became the most perthat men spend more money for hats | feet embodiment of rage that I have ever

"To supply the reptile with food, I obtained several common toads, which-I had noticed served for food for some species of snakes, and of course I expected they would prove dainty morsels for his majesty the rattlert. When placed in the cage the toads saowed no signs of fear, nor did the snake take any notice of them. I thought this might be caused by a loss of appetite on the part of the rattler, so I determined to let the toads remain in the cage for a every man to produce a tax receipt be- day or two, and note results. But the rattlesnake did not touch them, and in a short time they were jumping upon the snake's body, and even perched themselves on his head, without exciting the slightest resentment at their presumption. In fact, his lordship's head seemed to be a favorite resting-

place for the toads. "Afteritwo or three days had passed I took the toads from the cage and gave them their liberty. I next obtained a large rat. The snake in the meantime had maintained his attitude of placid sooner was the rat placed in his cage than it exhibited every appearance of fear. It crouched in a corner as far away from the snake as the cage would permit, and remained there trembling

and wat hing its enemy. "The snake, how ver, on the appearance of the rat, exhibited the first signs of animation that I had noticed since his imprisonment. His head, slightly elevated, vibrated from side to side; every muscle of his body seemed in a quiver of expectance; the rattles gently vibrating, kept up a low, monotonous sound. The whole appearance of the snake recalled vividly many of the stories of snake-charming that I had

heard or read. "Just when the snake was in this attitude the rat opened the tragedy by suddenly, with great swiftness, springing across the cage and upon the snake. Without pausing a second it sprang back and resumed its original position in the corner. The snake gave a slight start as if surprised when the rat struck him, but his attitude for the moment

was unchanged. "Gradually, however, the movements of the snake ceased, and in a brief time after the rat struck him he fell on his side and died without a struggle. An examination of the reptile showed two wounds through the back of his head, corresponding with the teeth of the rat. I could not find the heart to kill the rat, but gave him the right to life and liberty, which I thought he had well earned." - Youth's Companion.

When a Kansas editor takes his affidavit that he saw a grasshopper light down on the back of a robin and lift him two feet high, in an effort to earry him off, it is simply one solitary instance of the wonderful richness of the soil of that State. Next year they are going to tame the grasshopper, and use him to hunt rats.

A Portrait of Henry Clay.

Mr. Clay was talf and broad-shoul-

dered without being bulky or fleshy, and when at all excited was of stately, and commanding presence. Though his long limbs were loosely put together, yet his manner was neither awkward nor uncouth, nor even embarrassed; on the contrary, it was easy and natural, and wholly unpretentious; it was the easy, nonchalant air of a man accustomed to the ways of the world, and conscious that he was at least the peer of the foremost in every crowd in which he happened to be. Indeed, my own opinion is that he was never in the slightest degree, even in his early youth, awed by the presence of any one; he never seemed to feel, and my belief is he never felt, that he was ever at any time in the presence of any one While a jeweler was chatting to a superior to himself. And therefore he was not only strikingly at ease, but at home, wherever he was, whether among his neighbors or strangers, whether at a social gathering, or at the bar, or as the speaker of the House of Representatives, or on the floor of the Senate; and in my judgm at he would have felt equally at home at a conference with kings and emperors. He seemed to have not only an instructive con- , them un it I sent back and got or- anecdotes begin to flow in. A New sciousness of his own strength, but of | ders to charge and capture the whole his own special capacity for leadership. | lot." Therefore he would take the lead to himself as if unconsciously, whatever the occasion, and as namedly and as gracefully as if it were his birthright; and few there were, if any, who ever seemed to be surprised that he had taken the place for which nature appeared to have designed hom. Indeed, without any appearance of self-assertion on his part, and as if unconsciously to himself, there was a something in his presence and manner that gave him an authoritative air, and made him for the time the central, the commanding figure of the group about him. - From Reminiscences by his Executor in the December Century.

> The editor of London Punch has fourteen daughters. No wonder the poor man can't see anything funny in having to bonnee fellows away from the front gate. It's too much like work.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"Pa, why is a girl called a belle?" asked Clara. "O. I guess it is because of her tongue," unfeelingly replied the old man. - New York Sun,

The children are always up to little expedients to help them out of a tight place. Little 6-year-old, one of these chilly nights, tumbled into bed without paying that strict attention to his evening devotions which his mother had taught him. "Why, my dear, von didn't sav your prayers, did you?" "You're right, I didn't. I said 'em twice last night, so I wouldn't have to." -Hartford Post.

"Isn't it awful!" exclaimed Bella, looking up from the newspaper; one hundred Cossacks lost." "Quite a hardship, no doubt," responded Clara. languidly; "but then you know how much worse it would be had they been Newmarkets. Cassocks, you know, haven't been fashionable for some time."-Boston Transcript.

Gentleman (in a furnishing store) -Collars, please, tifteen and a half inch. Clerk (a dashing young man) -Collars, sir? Yes, sir. Now there are two popular styles, sir; the "Apollo" and the "Belvidere." I wear the "Apollo" myself, sir. Gentleman (very much impressed)-Is that so? Clerk-O, ves, sir. Gentleman-Well, give me half a dozen of the 'Belvidere.'

Mr. Isaaes had enticed Mr. Treustein into his Chatham street store and was trying to sell him a pair of trougers when there was a great shaking of the building, and Mr. Treustein fled, shouting: "Earthquake! earthquake!" "Come back!" called out Isaacs. "Come back! That was no earthquake. That was nothing but Jacob up-stairs letting down the prices on summer goods."-American Hebrew.

The New Orleans Picayune thinks it is funny to see the meeting between a smart drummer and a hotel clerk who wears a diamond pin. The clerk knows the drummer does not own the earth. though he acts as if he did; and the drummer knows that the clerk does not own the hotel; but neither of them will give up and acknowledge that they do not amount to much, collectively or

They had been sitting for a long time in silence. Suddenly she woke up from a reverie and said: "It is an age of progress after all, George. "Yass," he replied, after drawing the head of his cane from his mouth, "but what led you to make the remark?" "Well, not much," she gurgled, "but I saw in this evening's paper that you can buy wedding-rings on installments."-Boston Courier.

"Papa," said little Jimmie Briefless, "what do you wear when you go to the court-house vour law suit? "O, no, my son," replied the good barrister, kindly. "That is the suit a man puts on when he goes naked. Only the clients wear that." And he walked benevolently on his way, sharpening his talons as he went with what, Reginald? With himself, then light of head; he was an old file, he was. - Burdette.

Miss Winthrop-"How do you like our beautiful city?" New Yorker-"There are some things I like." Bunker Hill monument?" "I don't care much for that." "Boston Common?" "It's nothing compared to Central Park." 'Our-ah! culture and refinement?" "That's not it." "What is it you admire so much in Boston?" "The twenty-two trains a day by which you ean leave town." - Texas Siftings.

"What do you want?" shouted a citizen of Fort street east to a person knocking at his door at midnight. "Want er (hic) come in," was the drunken reply. "Now you skip, you loafer. Police! Police." "Zactly, my friend," said the drunkard, as he sat down on the steps. "I've been drunk offen 'nutf to know I can't outrun 'em, and I'm going to sit here and wait. Shorry to disturb you, old fel, but wish you'd wake me up when'er wagon comes."-Detroit Free

A Selfish General.

One night in the spring of '62 General Richardson, who then commanded a brigade, took it into his head to inspect the picket line. Coming upon a reserved picket of about thirty men, under command of a captain of the Second Michigan Infantry, the general saw fit to interrogate as follows:

"Captain, in case of an alarm by the advance picket, what would you

"Send off a reinforcement at once." "And if the tiring continued?" "I should move up with the remainder of my force."

"And suppose a whole company of the enemy should press forward?" "We'd whip them." "But if it was a regiment?"

"Well, suppose a brigade should was so much interested in the election move down on you in battle line?" "I'd order a charge, spMt the column in two, and whip both haives in

At midnight the brave captain was relieved from further duty on picket. He was very indignant, and considerably puzzled, but after thinking the mat a over for a while, he said to a wouldn't get, in the State, Davis cried:

"S' I've struck it! Old Rich was tv." At another time he told a lawver afra. my company might gooble the who was very auxious to go on with a whole Confederate army and to row him | case in the absence of the counsel on out of a summer's job! If that ain't the other side, "We'll go on if you say selfishness, fuen I'd like to know what so. But I ought to tell you that in such

Calina's mistress, one day las week. "Yes, madam; and the worst of is, as man insisted on going on when the othlong as this doesn't change, w can' er side wasn't there, and singular as it expect any thing better!" .

HIS FIRST SPARKING. Disastrous Ending of an Indiana Courting Match.

In early times there lived in Indiana a man by the name of George Boone, a descendant of the celebrated Daniel Boone. He would have stood well in those days when there were giants in the land, if there ever were such. He was near seven feet high, with large bones and muscles; his hands were large and his feet were of extreme size in length, breadth, and depth. The following anecdote was one Boone used to relate himself, with evident relish, after he became one of the State Senators.

I was about 18 years of age, when, for the first time, I took it into my head to go absparking. One of my neighbors a few miles off had a pretty daughter

that, I thought, would just suit me. It was late in the fall, and the weather pretty cold; still it was too early to put on shoes, for those primitive times. When Sunday afternoon came I dressed in my best butternut colored suit, made some six months before, but soon found that the pantaloons reached only just below the knees, and my coat stretched over me as tight as an eel-skin dried on

a hop-pole. I started barefoot, wading the creeks and muddy bottoms till I reached the house. The family were about sitting down to supper, and invited me to eat. Sally sat by my side. They had mush and milk, and plenty of it. The old lady, who was dishing out the pudding. told me to pass my bowl. I reached out my hand with the bowl; but I had made no calculation of the size of the table, the space between the big milkpitcher and the bowl, nor the width of my hand. With all my embarrassment, I struck the milk-pitcher in some way and upset it, and out went the milk over the table, Saliv, and myself. She jumped up and went, shaking with laughter, into the other room. I saw that all was lost. I saw nothing more

When the clock struck 10 the old lady "Mr. Boone, won't you wash your

feet and go to bed?" "Yes, ma'am," said I. "Here is an old iron pot-all I've got

that's fit." said the old lady. I took the pot and found it so small that I could only get my feet into it by sliding them in sideways. But I got them in. The water was hot and I soon found them swelling tighter and tight-

er; I couldn't get them out. I said nothing, though the pain and anxiety were so great that the sweat rolled down my face.

The clock struck 11. "Mr. Boone, are you done washing your feet?" sleepily inquired the old

"What did this pot cost? I've got to break it." I groaned. "A dollar. "Bring me the ax."

the pot in pieces, handed the old lady a dollar, opened the door, and started for I never went there again .- Youth's

She brought it. I took the ax; broke

Companion.

You Can Do Your Best. President Tuttle, of Wabash college, closed his baccalaureate with words of inspiriting counsel to the graduating class. We commend them to all young men who may chance to read

"For several years you have been working for the honors of graduation. As you reach the coveted goal, you meet the crowds of the unemployed. The case is not one to inspire hope. Is there anything you can do about it? There is something you cannot do -you cannot change the fact. In spite of your wishes, the professions are overcrowded, or at least seem to be. But there is something you can do-you 'enn do your best!' and that is some-

A select few do it, Thousands do not. We sometimes speak of aristocracies. Tuose based on wealth and family are not the noblest of the class. This aristocracy, composed of those who "do their best," is the noblest. The professions are not overcrowded with this sort, but with the other. To he this sort of a man-one that "does his best," - is as easy to be a Milo, a Michael Angelo, or a Paul. Do you grant it? What then? This. In that difficult, but splendid personal trait (if you have it) you have the strong presumption-I had almost said prophecy -of success. The man who does his best" has a passport sealed with the king's signet, to some worthy field. There certainly is a place somewhere for susen a man.

Ansodotes of David Davis.

Mr. David Davis, being now in the "I d form a line of nattle and check | Line of a brief Presidential career, the York Iribane writer remembers that while on the bench in Illinois, Davis of Lincoln that it of en filled his mind to the exclusion of other business. During the course of an argument a lawyer happened to say: "And now, your Honor, the matter rests in this State." The last word roused the Judge from his revery. Still thinking of the vote he hoped Douglas would get, or rather "State! State! he won't carry a couneases I always think it my duty to look out for the side that is, not represented "What borrid weather?" exclaimed by counsel. We had a case of that sort in Terre Haute the other day, where a may seem, we beat that fellow !"