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THE DOMICILE ERRECTED BY JOHN.

In response to the communication from "The Observer" of the 14th inst., a lady friend of the literary attainments and noted for her correct taste in literary circles, has sent me the "Travesty on the House that Jack Built," clipped from the *Rural Southerner*. The editor of the *Southerner* remarks, by way of preface: "The House that Jack Built" was a familiar memory in the minds of all who were ever been able to read our language. It is remarkable for its strict adherence to the words of Saxon origin. We find the following version of that celebrated nursery tale in the columns of an exchange, which is worthy of perusal as a specimen of writing in which our vernacular Saxon is avoided as far as practicable, and words of Latin origin substituted. The writer, whoever he may be, keeps his mind under strong tension in the effort to drop the familiar words; but at the close he lets the cord of tension and rattles off the good old Saxon in a way that affords relief as well as amusement."

Behold the mansion reared by dedal Jack.
So the mall stored in many a phleoric sack,
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade
The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.

Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,
Grimalkin grim in his quarry glides,
Smulkin grim, that slew the fierce rodent,
Whose tooth insidious Johanna's sackcloth rent!

Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine-fowl's assault,
That vexed the avenger of the stolen mail,
Stored in the hallowed precincts of that hall
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow with crumpled horn,
Whereon the exacerbat'g hound was torn,
Who layed the feline slaughter-bang that slew
The rat predaacious, whose keen fangs ran thro'
The textile fibres that involved the grain
That lay in Han's inviolate domain.

Here walks the forlorn damsel crown'd with rue,
Lacerated spoils from vaccine glands who drew,
Of that cornuculate beast whose tortuous horn
Jessed to the clouds in fierce, vindictive scorn
The braying hound, whose braggart bark and
[strid]

Arched the light spine and raised the indig-
[naunt fur]

Of puss, that with verminicidal claw
Struck the weird rat, in whose insatiate maw
Lay roeking mail, that erst in Joan's court we
[saw.]

Bolied in senescent garb, that seems, in sooth,
Too long a prey to Chronos' iron tooth,
Behold the man whose amorous lips incline,
Full of young Eros' osculatory sign,
T'wixt the roan maiden, whose lact-abundant hands
Drew alabastic wealth from lacteal glands
Of that immortal bovine by whose horn
Distort to realms ethereal was borne
The beautiful cat, vexer of that sly
Ulysses quadrupal, who dared devour
Antediluvian ale in John's domestic bower.

Of these were hisrite honors doffed, succinct
Of spumeous locks, the priest who linked
In Hyman's golden bands the thora unthrift,
Whose means exiguous stared from many a
[riff.]

Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Whose fierce wrath the canine torturer skyed,
That dared to vex the insidious muricide,
Who let auroral effluence through the pelt
Of that sly rat who robbed the palace Jack had
[built.]

The loud, cantankerous Shanghai comes at last,
Whose shouts arouse the shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament
To him who, robed in garments indigent,
Esculicates the damsel lactaryose.

The emulgator of the horned brute morose,
That tossed the dog that worried the cat that
[kilt]

The rat that ate the malt that lay in the house
[that Jack built.]

GREENWOOD CLUB.

Farmer's Dinner—Stirring, Sensible, Practical
Speeches—A Good Time Generally.

[For the Observer.]

SWANN'S STATION, N. C., July 18th, 1887.

MR. EDITOR:—Saturday last at Morris's Chapel, the Greenwood Farmers' Club No. 1 gave an old-fashioned farmer's dinner. The table was 36 yards long, and was well loaded with choice provisions. Upwards of 500 persons were present, and enough carried back home to have supplied as many more. Notwithstanding the intense heat of the day, the thermometer ranging from 100° to 103°, there was a large turnout of the ladies. Before dinner the services were opened with prayer by the Rev. J. P. McPherson, of the Presbyterian Church, and fine vocal music by the Morris's Chapel choir. The Rev. H. W. Graham, of the Baptist Church, was introduced, and made a good, common-sense speech, showing the importance of the farmers coming closer together in order that mutual benefits might be accomplished, &c. &c. The next speaker introduced was Dr. John McCormick, of Harnett, who for about an hour held the audience spell bound. I shall not attempt to report the capital speech of the Doctor, further than to give the material points. He heartily approved the formation of these farmers' clubs. They were not secret organizations, but were open, free, without any initiation fee; they made war upon no college or profession, for the reason that all our Southern people were more directly interested in agriculture than in any other pursuit. He said that these clubs were not political organizations, but were free to admit that if any party held doctrines which worked an injury to the great agricultural interests of the country, then it behooved every farmer, irrespective of his political affiliation, to stand firm in the demand for the repeal of any law which made an unjust discrimination in favor of any particular class of our fellow citizens. He looked with a great deal of interest at the coming of the Farmers' Convention at Atlanta next month. He earnestly hoped that the Convention would be eminently successful, and paid a handsome tribute to the appointments of Gov. Seales. He had reason to believe that such delegates as S. B. Alexander, of Mecklenburg, and D. McN. McKay, of Harnett, and others of like eminence, would inaugurate measures looking to the reduction of the

TARIFF, WHICH IS SO OPPRESSIVE TO THE AGRICULTURAL INTERESTS OF THE COUNTRY.

The Doctor was frequently applauded while speaking. The next speaker was Dr. A. J. Monroe, of Jonesboro, who heartily concurred in every step taken to advance the agricultural interests of the State and country, and especially higher education of the farmer. Next in order after the speech of Dr. Monroe was dinner, which was spread at 12 o'clock.

After dinner the crowd reassembled at the stand and listened to some good music by the choir. Mr. J. W. Scott, of the *Carthage Blade*, was then introduced amidst enthusiastic applause. Mr. Scott said he was not a farmer, but an editor; but for all that was fully identified with the agricultural interests of the country and was embarrassed as to what to say. Dr. McCormick had robbed him of his speech, and he had to get out of his sails; but nevertheless the field was not exhausted, and unlike the judiciary, was not exhausted. Mr. Scott compared the government at Washington to the human heart. In a healthy condition the blood is forced by the heart's action by means of the arteries, to every part of the body, whether great or small. Then the veins carry it back, and after it is acted on by the air, an essential condition, is fit to be returned. There are two great veins or drains on the agricultural interests of the country; the largest is the internal revenue, the next largest is the protective tariff, which is thick black blood, is allowed to stagnate, locked up in the vaults, where it has no business. It needs light and air, and for this cause every industry is paralyzed. Mr. Scott was attentively listened to for about an hour. His speech was a telling one. During its delivery he was frequently applauded. He added a goodly number of subscribers to his paper. The next speaker was Maj. J. W. Scott, of Lemon Springs. Maj. Scott said he had been a merchant, was now engaged in agriculture, and took a lively interest in everything that has a tendency to benefit the farmer. He is a member of Greenwood Club No. 2, and advised that in every club there be a reference committee to settle difficulties among the members of the club. He cited a case where the amount involved was \$2,500, and the cost and the fees amounted to over \$40. They set up a strict watch over all officers; keep up the servants and not the masters of the people. If the servants do not work, cut off their rations. There were too many officers created. In some cities and towns there were cotton exchanges which compelled the farmer to pay a commission to some one to sell his bale of cotton. Repeat all such laws and let these sharpers get their rations in some other way than gouging the farmer. Maj. Scott is a forcible speaker and was frequently applauded. Maj. Scott concluded by giving the good advice to the farmers; urging them to stand united, and not allow any trivial matter to divide them. "United we stand, divided we fall."

Dr. McCormick was then called for to make the concluding speech. He addressed himself to the ladies in his peculiarly pleasant style, and gave the married and unmarried men some good advice, which from the uproarious laughter by the whole crowd, was certainly appreciated. This ended a most pleasant entertainment.

P. S.—The last week has been most disastrous to crops. Unless it rains in a few days, the crops will be irrevocably ruined; not from the length of time since rain, but purely from excessive heat. The temperature for the past week has ranged from 100° to 106°. Should rain come now, not more than half a crop of potatoes, corn and cotton will be made; the stuff is dead.

Twenty-Two Thousand in Gold.

[Charlotte Chronicle.]

Mr. John T. Cramer, of Thomasville, does not look like a very muscular man, yet he yesterday weighed 1,500 ounces of gold to the Mint building in this city. The gold came from the Genesee Mine, at El Dorado, Montgomery county, and represented one month's run (23 days) at the Genesee.

Mr. Cramer arrived here from Thomasville on the noon train and carried the gold in an ordinary hand satchel, which was, however, doubly strapped. After chatting with Capt. Waring for a few minutes, Mr. Cramer announced that he had come to the Mint on business and had brought a little bit of gold to have assayed. Capt. Waring is used to such remarks, as miners drop into the mint every day or so with gold for assay, but a surprise was in store for him. He expected to get a pound or two from Cramer, but when he put his hand upon the treasure-laden satchel, he found that there was business in hand for the assay office. The gold was brought in the little lumps shaped like a pineapple, and when Prof. Hanna had completed the assay, six bars were turned out, the aggregate value of which was \$22,500.

This was the largest single consignment of gold ever received at the assay office here. It represents the business of the Genesee mine, during the month of May, 1887, when twenty-three working days were put in. A total of about 1,350 tons of ore were worked up. The company employs 150 hands, works 40 stamp mills, and the running expenses are \$2,700 per month. The Genesee mine has been organized since June, 1886.

Terrible Destruction.

CHICAGO, July 10.—A *Times* special from Wabash, Ind., says: A genuine hail cyclone passed through the northern part of the county yesterday, doing an immense amount of damage. The storm came from the west, through Miami county, and crossed Lake Erie and the Western Railway at a point between Denver and Peru. Its path through this country was between two and three miles wide and in that space no vegetation escaped. The hail fall was phenomenal. Every where the stones were the size of hen's eggs, and could be gathered up by bushels after the storm. A great number of fine forest trees were broken off and piled up into an interminable mass. Not a field of grain escaped destruction in the pathway of the storm. The corn was riddled and stripped of its ears and silk. Oats were thrashed out and driven into the earth. Apples, melons, grapes and all small fruits and vegetables were cut to pieces and nothing can be saved.

The next United States Senate will stand thirty-seven Democrats and thirty-nine Republicans.

PRIVILEGES TO LAWYERS.

The Extraordinary Favoritism that is Customarily Shown to Attorneys.

A subject of widespread interest is reviewed in the St. Louis Globe Democrat as follows: The observer of current events in our courts and legislative bodies cannot have failed to wonder from time to time how it comes that so many privileges are given to lawyers which are denied to all other classes of citizens. By some curious process of favoritism all the ordinary rules of responsibility and propriety seem to have been suspended for the benefit of this particular fraternity, and to be a lawyer nowadays is to enjoy immunities that amount to practical exemption from restraints which in the case of the great majority of people are supposed to be indispensable to the safety and welfare of society. Hardly a day passes that this fact is not glaringly illustrated. Under the plea of professional privilege the most flagrant breaches of personal right and courtesy are constantly being committed, and the victims of these outrages are expected and required to submit, on the singular theory that a man who contrives to gain admission to the bar is by that happy chance invested with the authority to violate the very laws and obligations which he undertakes to define and enforce.

There are results heaped upon witnesses in common legal proceedings by attorneys pretending to be anxious only to discover the truth, which serve to make a mockery of the dignity and decency that should prevail in the halls of justice. The lawyer would not think for a moment of taunting and provoking a man upon the streets in any such fashion; nor would a man thus insulted in any other place be obliged to forego the right of self defense. Individually and as a body, attorneys are not so numerous as to justify their every day for offenses which are consistently indulged in for the mere purpose of confusing honest witnesses and making the worse appear the better cause; and if the witness asks for protection the judge sagely informs him that the lawyer is a much privileged person, who must be allowed to choose his own methods of examination. There are cases, no doubt, where the bulldozing of men on the witness stand is justifiable, but they are certainly not so numerous that the attorneys should be permitted to assume as a general rule that witnesses are always ready to perjure themselves, and can only be prevented from doing so by systematic rudeness on the part of the questioner.

A still wider and harsher license of insult is practiced toward litigants in the speeches of the lawyers to Judges and juries. The most pronounced slanders are frequently uttered; men's motives are impugned and their acts misrepresented quite as a matter of course. It happens far oftener that the parties to a suit are treated with violent injustice than that they are dealt with in a spirit of even tolerable fairness. The lawyer must make a vigorous and stinging address, and if the material is lacking he proceeds to invent it, regardless of the rights or feelings of the person concerned. In short, it is held that what a private citizen may not do without being knocked down or compelled to pay damages for a lawyer may do with perfect propriety accept a fee for acting as a lobbyist and helping to pass or defeat given schemes of legislation. If an editor, a minister, a physician, or a merchant takes money in that way, we say he is bribed, and the community distrusts and denounces him accordingly. But a man having license to practice law may go into a Legislature or a City Council, and, upon the pretext of being employed as an attorney, do everything in his power to embarrass the proper course of business and to thwart the will of the people, and we are estopped from saying that his behavior is dishonest and mischievous. The courts will not even require him to appear as a witness and tell what he knows about the corrupt appliances which may have been used by himself or others to bring about a particular result. He has only to say that he cannot give such testimony without divulging facts possessed in his capacity as a lawyer, and he is at once excused. The shield of professional privilege conveniently protects him in all contingencies of that sort. No matter how important his testimony may be to the promotion of the public interests, or the detection of actual and monstrous crime, he is allowed to withhold it by merely pleading that he has a client in the case who has paid him a retainer, and whose secrets he is bound to keep. This is called professional honor, and learned Judges readily and solemnly uphold it as such. Possibly it is necessary to grant to a special class so much in the way of privilege to protect the principles and methods of justice, morality and property which are rigidly applied to all other classes; but if so, it has yet to be satisfactorily demonstrated—and the average observer may, therefore, be pardoned for entertaining some doubt upon the subject, to say the least.

Small Manufacturing.

We heartily commend the following from the *Charlotte Observer*: It is one of the great mistakes of the people of the South to think it takes large capital to build up a successful manufacturing enterprise. With many of the very ideas of manufacturing is connected with spindles and looms and bales of cotton, and expensive machinery. In reality large manufacturers of the North and East pay a smaller percentage on the capital invested than many of the smaller ones in which a few industrious men combine the few thousands, or even hundreds which they have saved and carry on safe and profitable business making shoes, or chairs, or mattresses, or any of the thousand articles which find a sale in every country. A list of the different kinds of small factories in the city of Philadelphia would be almost bewildering to the industrious residents of the average Southern town. Philadelphia, when opposed by New York as the commercial center of the United States, would have lost her importance as a city but for the ease with

which the people adapted themselves to manufacturing. By these small manufacturing enterprises she has sustained her position as a city and is to-day one of the largest manufacturing centers in the Union. The South needs more manufacturing enterprises and single ones, however small, will add more to the wealth and prosperity of the country than will a store or brokerage office.

FRESH MUMMIES DUG OUT.

A Wonderful Find in Syria—Jewelry of Great Value in a Tomb.

[Baltimore American.]

The following extract from a private letter of Rev. James S. Dennis, D. D., of Newark, now in Syria, will be read with great interest: BEIRUT, Syria, June 9.—The excavations and discoveries at Sidon still continue with remarkable results. The number of sarcophagi at present brought to light is eighteen, and some of them are most magnificent, and will rank high among archaeological treasures. They are of enormous size, and the sculpture and workmanship perfect preservation. Upon one alone are eighteen almost detached statues, about three feet in height, without a single scratch, and of pure marble.

The most remarkable of them has just come to light last week. It is an ancient Ptolemaic sarcophagus, which had never been opened, and contained a mummy and a large amount of jewelry of great value. The mummy, when unrolled, was found to be the body of a man in middle life, and the state of preservation was astonishing. The features, and, in fact, the entire body were intact; the flesh was tender and yielded to pressure; and teeth, hair and viscera were all in place. Upon the outside of the lid of the sarcophagus is an inscription of seven and a half lines in Egyptian characters, and also one in Egyptian hieroglyphics. The bi-lingual inscription of such an ancient date is elaborate and of great value. We shall have to wait to see if deciphered by the savants before we can know the full value of the statements it contains. The sarcophagus is of black basalt such as comes from Egypt, and it may have been made in Egypt from Sidon. The date of it is, of course, a matter of conjecture as yet. It may be anywhere from 800 to 1,500 B. C., and even older. This strange being, who has been brought forth literally from the tomb of the ages to face the nineteenth century, who is he? What if he should be Ethbal, "King of the Zidonians" and father of Jeebel, or some older king who flourished in the earlier days of "Great Zidon"? It is more than probable that he was a royal or princely character.

The value of this enormous find is roughly estimated as approaching a sum not far from \$800,000. One of the European consuls in Beirut has offered \$25,000 for one of the sarcophagi. It was not accepted, and the Turkish government are looking for the entire lot, and have sent a steamer to transport them to Constantinople.

The discovery of the sarcophagus of Ashmunazar, in 1855, just outside of Sidon, was regarded as an important event. It also had a Ptolemaic inscription of twenty-two lines, and several interesting data were gathered from it. There is a far more marvelous and magnificent upturning of the Sidonian remains.

A Veritable Oil Volcano.

TOLEDO, O., July 9.—Oil men are excited to-legend over the reports of a young oil volcano totally unlike anything in the history of oil wells. The gusher is located in Wood county, near this city. Reports indicate that the oil is flowing in small rivers and flooding the surrounding country; and vast pools of oil are being formed; the flow is still undiminished. The gusher is owned by the Vandergrifts, of Jamestown, N. Y., and Pittsburg, who have been doing their utmost to keep the matter quiet. When the well was plugged the casing, 60 feet in length, was blown out with terrific force, smashing the derrick. For three days it has been impossible to get in the vicinity of the well. Stones, rocks and large quantities of mud are hurled long distances.

The surface of the earth about the mouth of the well has been excavated for rods in diameter, and the derrick lies buried beneath the debris. The well is beyond all control. It is located near the Toledo, Columbus and Southern track, half-way between Cygnet and Merrillville. Oil men are hurrying to the new country, which has just been opened, and it is feared that the discovery will result in the price of Ohio oil down below 20 cents per barrel. It is impossible to estimate the amount of flow of the oil.

Hanged in a Court-Room.

A special from Evansville, Ind., says: "At Union City early in the week a colored man named John Thomas committed a brutal assault on a little white girl. A posse was organized, and after a long search he was found at Humboldt and brought back. His preliminary trial was held yesterday. A large, angry and determined crowd filled the court-room. He was positively identified by his victim. At this point some one in the crowd shouted: 'That's enough. Let's put him where he'll do no more of his devil's work.' Then the entire court-room of men, numbering, perhaps, two hundred enraged citizens, rose to their feet, and with an impulsive rush surged over the posse of officers, swept them aside, and despite their efforts to save Thomas the madman thrice seized the trembling and panic-stricken wretch, in an instant a good rope was produced and a noose, deftly prepared, slipped about the prisoner's neck. Willing hands threw an end of the rope over a beam in the court-room, and then the crowd walked away, leaving the body swinging."

He Had Read the Papers.

[Harpers' Bazaar.]

Farmer Wayback—I want to see yer boss.

Office Boy—Have you a card, sir? Farmer Wayback—Now you go long, ye pert little upstart, an' tell yer boss I want to see him. Ye can't come no three-card monte game on me; I've read the papers.

CLEVELAND'S DANGER.

An Accident to President Cleveland's Train—The Engineer Killed.

A Utica special of Saturday says: The President's excursion train met with an accident on its return from Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad. The train consisted of a parlor car drawn by engine 75, William Riley engineer and John Perrigue fireman. Superintendent Henry W. Hammond was in charge of the train, which covered the run of seventeen miles between Carthage and Lowellville in twenty minutes, and at a quarter past ten P. M., when the accident occurred, was still going at that rate. Lowellville had been left just seven miles behind when the train was struck by a hand-sound as if some one had thrown a hand of gravel against the side of the car.

Mr. Hammond rushed to the door to meet Perrigue, his face covered with blood from a scalp wound and his clothes wet through. The Superintendent immediately pulled the brake cord, but it was found the brakes were set. Opening the door of the coach, a cloud of blinding steam rushed in, striking the train and not till then, by the excursionists that there had been an accident.

It seems that while Riley had his hand on the whistle to blow for Stiles' Crossing the connecting bar to the forward driver on the right hand side of the engine broke and the huge piece of steel revolved and struck the air with terrible velocity. It struck the first, and hearing it, Riley at once divined what had occurred, for with one hand he blew the danger signal and with the other set the brakes. Then he was thrown violently to the other side of the cab on top of his fireman, and, grabbing him round the waist, forced him on top of the tender, the bar meanwhile doing fearful execution on one side of the cab and with the ties and ground over which the engine was still rushing, the wash was made in the boiler and the steam escaped in volumes. As Riley was grasped Perrigue and lifted him on the tender, he either jumped or fell from the engine. After collecting himself with a brave effort and noticing that though the brakes were on the train was running, Perrigue hastened back in the cabin in the midst of the stifling steam, and closed the throttle. The train soon came to a standstill.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S SOLICITUDE.

The Presidential party bore the short delay patiently. Mrs. Cleveland asked if Manager Brown's engineer was hurt, and being informed it was another, she expressed relief, at the same time earnestly and sincerely hoping that Riley was not hurt. The train was delayed three-quarters of an hour. The train men and Superintendent Hammond were commended on all sides for their promptness and coolness. The President took the matter very calmly, and said he thought there was something serious the matter as he saw the clouds of steam. When the express arrived at the scene the President's coach was transferred to it and the disabled locomotive left at Glendale, which was but a short distance south. The train was then run back until the men sent back from the accident were met.

THE ENGINEER KILLED.

They reported finding the body of Mr. Riley on the left-hand side of the track. He was dead. Instructions were given to care for the body, and the train proceeded to Alder Creek, where the President and wife, Rev. Mr. Cleveland and wife and Commissioner Kernan and wife left the car. It was then after midnight.

The dead engineer was thirty-seven years of age and resided in Carthage. This was his first trip in two weeks. He was a well-to-do man, and was accounted among the best engineers in the State. He leaves a wife and two children. Perrigue, the brave fireman, resides at Sackett's Harbor.

Result of Illness.

[From the Scientific American.]

There is as much danger of hurting the brain by idleness as by overwork. According to a writer in *Edith and Work*, Dr. Farquharson argues that intellectual power is lessened by the listlessness in which the well-to-do classes generally spend their days. Under such conditions the brain generally suffers in its health, and although equal to the demands of a rapid existence, is unable to withstand the strain of sudden emergency. So, when a load of work is unexpectedly thrown on it in its unprepared state, the worst consequences of what may be called overwork show themselves. Similarly, a man accustomed to sedentary pursuits is likely to be physically injured by taking suddenly too violent exercise.

As to the amount of mental work that may be safely done, Dr. Farquharson says: "So long as a brain-worker is able to sleep well and to take a fair proportion of outdoor exercise, it may safely be said that it is not necessary to impose any special limit on the actual number of hours which he devotes to his labors. But when it is generally known as worry steps in to complicate matters, when cares connected with family arrangements, or with those numerous personal details which we carelessly ignore, intervene, or when the daily occupation of life is in itself a fertile source of anxiety, then we find one or other of these safeguards broken down."

An Odd Real Estate Story.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

In a real estate office the other day I heard a gentleman relating the experience of an eastern friend of his who many years ago, for a bad (7) debt of \$20,000 was compelled to accept western land of the estimated value of \$5,000. He paid constantly increasing taxes upon the land for a number of years without going to see it. One day his agent telegraphed him, asking what he would take for the land, which had come to be far within the corporate limits of Chicago. The owner figured that taxes and interest, the land had cost him \$30,000 and more in a joke than anything else, not dreaming that the offer would be accepted, wrote a telegram saying that he would take \$50,000 cash for the property. He sent the message, where the clerk inquired the value of the land, the clerk insisted that the sum be spelled out in the message. The office boy rewrote it, and

by mistake wrote \$500,000 instead of \$50,000.

In half an hour came the reply: "Offer of half a million dollars accepted. Make deed and come on and get certified check." The man made the office boy a handsome present for his clerical error, and gave his old-time debtor \$25,000 with which to re-establish himself in business.

FEMININE VIEWS OF MEN.

The Ugly Trowsers that Give His Legs the Graceless Elephantine Shape.

[Dora Wheeler in the Epoch.]

I must confess that I have given little thought to the subject of man's dress, but I can say that I think the present styles of gentlemen's dress are for the most part ungraceful, the cut being bad and the colors cold. The nearest approach to beauty is the uniform of the Prussian officers. The Austrians would have a beautiful uniform. If men, in their ordinary dress, conform to such an attire as this it would be more agreeable to those who have to look at them. As for evening dress, I see no reason why the Court dress—knee breeches, silk stockings, frilled shirt, diamond buckles, and all the rest of such paraphernalia—should not be adopted. It is certainly picturesque and beautiful, and the objection which has been made to it could not hold good were it kept exclusively for evening wear.

The only objection that I could find to such a change would be that everybody would be getting married. The worse looking and most commonplace of men would be vastly improved by such a costume, and could scarcely fail to secure a wife, while those to whom nature has been more generous would be bored by attentions from the fair sex worse than even poor Actor Montague's.

The only bit of beauty or picturesque-ness in men's dress is seen in the tennis court or on the water. There, if one has a nice throat he can leave it bare, with a bright hued scarf twisted carelessly under the broad collar, while the Norfolk jacket and knee breeches give an opportunity for display of well turned legs and broad shoulders. Such suits are very ugly, and frock coats are not much better, but I suppose the ordinary business suit as well fitted for the use that an ordinary man makes of it in the business day as any other that could be devised. It is the evening suit of conventional black that I find so unnecessarily revolting. Why a man when he arranges for a festive occasion should want to look as much like his butler or undertaker as possible is past my comprehension. Why a group of men at a ceremonious evening gathering are as much alike as a row of crows!

White waistcoats are beginning to be seen again. This is a slight improvement, and we may yet see men attired in such a way that the dress shall "proclaim the man."

A "Funny Thing."

"Funny thing occurred down at our house," Christmas, said the brakeman. "I'm away almost every night in the year, but Christmas night I got a lay-off, and staid home with my wife and babies. Next door to us lives one of the stingiest old codgers that ever was. Wheeler is his name, and everybody calls him stingy Wheeler. He is an old chap, who has no children and no friends, and who is said to be worth a good deal of money. I've had a good deal of sickness in my house this winter, and times have been right hard with us. It was mighty little Christmas we had, I can tell you. Well, there's one thing we can say, Henry," said my wife to me, "and that is that the house is not hard to warm. It beats all the way coal does last us here. That half-ton you got a month ago ain't nearly all gone yet."

"That's the way coal lasts when there's nobody to steal it, as we had where we lived last," I replied. "Now there's only one man in the neighborhood I'd suspect of stealing coal, and that's stingy Wheeler. I wouldn't trust that old codger very far."

"Neither would I," said my wife. "That night after we got in bed my wife woke me, saying that she was sure she heard some one in the coal-house. 'I believe it's old Wheeler,' I said. 'So do I,' my wife replied; 'but be careful, Henry, and don't get into any trouble with the old skinflint,' she added, as I hastily dressed myself. Softly I tiptoed out to the coal-house, and, sure enough, there was a man there hard at work with a shovel. It was stingy Wheeler, and he was throwing coal from his bin into mine!"

Searching for Papa.

A lady in the street met a little girl between two and three years old, evidently lost and crying bitterly. The lady took the baby's hand and asked where she was going.

"Doin' to find my papa," was the sobbing reply.

"What is your papa's name?" asked the lady.

"His name is papa."

"But what is his other name? What does your mamma call him?"

"She calls him papa," persisted the little creature.

The lady then tried to lead her along. "You had better come along with me. I guess you came this way."

"Yes, but I don't want to go back. I want to find my papa," said the little girl, crying afresh as if her heart would break.

"What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady.

"I want to kiss him."

"Just at this time a sister of the child, who had been searching for her, came along and took possession of the little runaway. From inquiry it appeared that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly seeking, had recently died, and she, tired of waiting for him to come home, had gone out to find him.

Boys Who Will Not Get Drowned.

[Atholton Globe.]

If you have a boy named Bill, or Bud, or Sam, or Tom, you need not fear that he will be drowned during the swimming season. The boy who has a plug name and whose hair stands up straight like a hazel brush, and who has stone bruises on his feet, is not in danger of drowning. But if your son has curly hair, and if he wears shoes in summer and has a pretty name, you had better let him swim in a wash-bowl.

RACKET STORE.

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LIVE CASH DOLLARS.

Is Growing in Popularity Every Day.

Having gained in a few months a patronage which others have struggled for years to obtain.

Below you will find a Price List which

A CASH SYSTEM

enables us to adopt. Read it carefully and note the advantages that are thereby offered.

Dress Goods, &c.

Figured Lawn 3/4c. up, Victoria Lawn 3/4c. up, Crinkled Seersucker 6c. up, Pique 7c. up, Crossbarred Muslin, Apron and Dress Gingham, Prints, Shirting, Sheetings, Ticking, Curtain Net 10c. a yard up, Mosquito Net, Jeans 10c. up, Towels 4c. up, Handkerchiefs 1c. up, Laces, Edging and Insertings 1c. a yard up, Table Linens, &c.

Notions.

Pins 2c. up, Best Brass Pin 3c. up, Thread 2c. (200 yards), Silk Thread 4c. up, Dressing Combs 2c. up, Tucking Combs 4c. up, Hair pins 2c. per bunch (48), Toilet Soap 2c. up, Garters 3c. up, Garter Elastic 3c. y'd up, Purse 4c. up, Hand Bags, Baskets, Perfumery 5c. up, Face Powder 4c. up, Dress Shields 10c. up, Ladies Gause Vests