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In the Interests of the Colored People of the Country.
Able and well-known writers will contribute to its columns from different parts of the country, and it will contain the latest General News of the day.
The MESSENGER is a first-class newspaper and will not allow personal abuse in its columns. It is not sectarian or partisan, but independent—denying fairly by all. It reserves the right to criticize the shortcomings of all public officials—commending the worthy, and recommending for election such men as in its opinion are best suited to serve the interests of the people.
It is intended to supply the long felt need of a newspaper to advocate the rights and defend the interests of the Negro-American, especially in the Piedmont section of the Carolinas.

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Address,

W. C. SMITH, Charlotte N. C.

The plan of throwing a bridge over the Straits of Messina, that separate Sicily from Italy, will, when consummated, be one of the most striking feats of modern engineering. The place selected is where the channel is two and one-half miles wide and three hundred and sixty-one feet deep, and two piers will support a viaduct of steel rails to a height of three hundred and twenty-eight feet above the water.

Professor Baird says fishes can live to be 150 years old. We don't doubt this in the least. They are always the largest fishes too. That is the kind that always breaks away from the hook at the very last moment, and never is seen again.

A Chicago paper states that Mrs. Hendricks, widow of the late Vice-President, continues to be annoyed and distressed by the receipt of begging letters, the writers resorting to every conceivable excuse to induce a charitable contribution. She is also besieged with requests for autographs and photographs of the distinguished dead, and with reference to the former she says that she has cut the autographs from letter and papers at her command which can be spared, and she can send no more. There are also demands upon her for souvenirs of Mr. Hendricks. Quite recently, among the oddest demands for charity which have been received was one from a woman professing to be the mother of triplets, who wanted money with which to buy a cow. The woman said in the letter that President Cleveland had contributed toward this object, but he failed to send enough money.

Colonel W. L. Utley, who recently died at Racine, Wisconsin, was "the owner of the last slave on American soil," says a correspondent of the Milwaukee Sentinel. When he was in Tennessee with his regiment, a colored boy escaped from his master and sought refuge in the Colonel's tent. The owner came into camp the next day and demanded the surrender of his property, but Colonel Utley refused to give up the boy. Several years afterward the slave owner brought suit in the United States Court in the Milwaukee District for damages, and secured a verdict of \$1,000, which Colonel Utley paid. "This," says the correspondent, "was the last judgment of the kind. Colonel Utley applied to Congress for relief, and more than ten years after the emancipation proclamation he was indemnified by the government for the money he gave for the boy's freedom."

The reports of the Challenger exploring expedition form perhaps the most elaborate and expensive single work ever published by any government, the net cost to Great Britain having been thus far about \$265,000, an additional \$60,000 having been recovered from sales. No less than twenty-seven large quarto volumes have been issued, illustrated by about 200 full page lithographic plates, some eighty charts and diagrams, and many hundred photographs and wood-cuts. At least seven volumes more will be necessary, but it is expected that the whole work will be completed by March, 1888. The famous expedition which has thrown so much light on the darkness of the deep sea, left England, it will be remembered, December 21, 1872, and returned May 26, 1876, after a voyage of more than 80,000 miles. The party, under Dr. Wyville Thompson, made dredgings and soundings in all the oceans, and secured important collections representing a host of new discoveries concerning submarine life and conditions.

HOME.
Oh! what is home! that sweet companionship
Of life the better part;
The happy smile of welcome on the lip
Upspringing from the heart.
It is the eager clasp of kindly hands,
The long remembered tone,
The ready sympathy which understands
All feeling by its own.
The rosy cheek of little children pressed
To ours in loving glee;
The presence of our dearest and our best,
No matter where we be.
And, failing this, a prince may homeless live,
Though palace walls are high;
And, having it, a desert shore may give
The joy wealth cannot buy.
Far reaching as the earth's remotest span,
Widespread as ocean foam,
One thought is sacred in the breast of man—
It is the thought of home.
That little word his human fate shall bind
With destinies above,
For there the home of his immortal mind
Is in God's wider love.

THE OLD SETTLER.

HE ENLIGHTENS LITTLE PELEG.

"Grandpop," said little Peleg, as he fingered a stiff-sprung patent clothespin, and cast a glance at the old cat that lay snoozing in the splint-bottom rocking chair. "Grandpop," said he, "what are the wild waves saying?"
The Old Settler looked up from the pages of the local paper, in which he was reading an account of a hog-guessing match that had come off over at the Corners. He scowled over his spectacles at Peleg, who fitted the clothespin carefully on his nose and closed his mouth to see how long he could hold his breath.
"I hain't heard no wild waves a yellin' anything very loud lately, ez I knows on," said the Old Settler. "Which wild waves is it th'—M'riar! Whack that young'un on the back or he'll bust ev'ry gizzard he's got!"

Peleg hung on to his breath until his eyes began to bulge out, and his face was as red as his grandfather's nose. He succumbed to the inevitable before his grandmother could give him the whack. He opened his mouth and started his lungs to working again, but left the clothespin on his nose. His grandfather glared at him for a moment, and then said:

"Which wild waves is it th' yer speakin' of?"
"Th'eb that rips and roars arou'nd Coney's Island," replied Peleg, his utterance stopped by the pressure of the clothespin on his nose.

The Old Settler reached for his cane. "Peleg!" exclaimed his grandmother, "take that clothespin offen your nose! Ye gimme a cold in the head to hear ye! What was ye meanin' ter say?"
Peleg removed the clothespin and repeated his remark. "Them that rips and roars arou'nd Coney's Island; that's what I said. What are they saying, grandpop?"

"Coney's Island!" exclaimed the Old Settler. "What in Sam Hill do you know 'bout Coney's Island, or 'bout any wild waves ez mout or ez moutn't be a rippin' an' a roarin'!"
"The new school ma'am from town boards to Bill Simmons's," replied Peleg, "and 't'other night she was telling us 'bout Coney's Island. She's been there lots, and she told us that she could set on the bank down there and listen to what the wild waves was saying all day long. I asked her what they was saying, and she said: 'Oh! much, little boy.' She didn't say how much or what it was, and I asked Bill Simmons if he knowed, and he said he did but wasn't giving it away. 'Go ask yer grandpop,' Bill said. 'If he can't tell you,' says Bill, 'the world's coming to an end.' That's how I come to ask you, grandpop. Can't you tell me?"

"Yes, b'gosh, I kin!" exclaimed the Old Settler, shaking his fist in the direction of the Simmons homestead. "I kin tell ye! Them wild waves is a sayin', an' they're yoopin' it out so's it kin be heard from Coney's Island to sundown, th' the best thing you kin do is to keep shet of that Bill Simmons, or thaz a shingle out thar in the yard th' ll make the properest kind of a paddle, an' if that paddle is made an' used yo'll hef to stan' up for more'n a week w'en ye eat yer slap-jacks an' lasses! That's w'at them wild waves is sayin'. Peleg, an' it's yer poor ol' grandpop th' ts tellin' ye so, b'gosh! 'mighy, an' ye won't listen!"

Peleg sat down by the side of the splint-bottom rocking chair. He said nothing, but thought to himself, as he toyed with the clothespin, that if the wild waves had said all that to the school ma'am, she must have been more than pleased at their remarks about the paddle and the slap-jacks. The Old Settler picked up his paper again. Peleg's grandmother took her knitting and went off to the "settin'" room, and his grandfather, after finishing the account of the hog-guessing—which stated that Pete Hellrigg had won the hog—and remarking that if Pete didn't trade the hog off for a bar'l o' cider the winnin' o' it'd be a lucky thing for his family, ez they'd ben brownin' on sassyfrax all winter, he turned to Peleg and said:

"Yes, my son, that's w'at them wild waves is sayin', an' ez yer gran'mummy hain't in hearin' to git worried at our talkin', I'll tell ye w'at some wild waves done to me wunst. Them waves didn't say nothin', but they jist got up an' done. This happened w'en I were a boy, consid'able many year ago. 'Twere on the ninth day of April, 1822, in the arternoon. I were jist comin' seven year old. Ther had ben a big rain fer two or three days, an' I know'd th' Sloppick Creek must be jist right fer sucker fishin', an' so I sneaked my pap's Chesnut pole an' hoss-ear line outen the barn an' cut cross-

lots fer the big bend o' the creek, w'ich were jist over a raise o' ground from our cabin in the clearin', maybe four or five rod away, but out o' sight, 'cause 'twere in the gully, twenty-five foot lower'n the clearin'. An' speakin' o' sucker fishin', sonny, ye'll see, 'fore I git through with this leetle anecdote, th' th' was suckers in the creeks in them days. Th' hain't none in 'em now, but thuz a many o' one, outen the creeks, an' big un's, too. Wall, w'en I come in sight o' whar ol' Sloppick orter been jist more th'n bilin' owin' to the hard rains, I almos' tumbled back in a faintin' fit. Th' wa'n't no Sloppick thar! The bed o' th' creek were dryer'n a salt herring! Ez fur ez I could see down the creek, a picked chicken couldn't be no barer th'n them rocks on the bottom was. The creek had a fall o' more'n twenty foot to the mile, an' even in low water went down by thar, on its way to the river three mile below, like a peeled henlock log down roll way, an' thar she were, arter all them rains, dry an' empty from bank to bank. Peleg, I were skeert, and I tuck to tremblin' wuss th'n a hungry dog at daylight on a frosty mornin'. I thort the world were comin' to an end right thar an' then. Pooty soon I got stiddy enough to look up the creek, an' then I were skeert wuss'n ever, fer 'bout a quarter of a mile away, in that direction, thar were the creek again! Up stream ez fast ez it could tar! Goin' right up that big grade o' twenty foot to the mile, Peleg, like a train o' keers! W'en I see'd that I jist flopped right down an' waited fer the 'arthquakes an' Gab'riel to come followin' along, acrackin' an' atootin'. I laid thar aw'ile, but they didn't neither on 'em come, an' the creek kep' acclimb'ing up to'ards its headwaters, zif it'd ben sent fer to come back hum an' hadn't no time to spare gittin' thar. It were movin' backwards in a flood more'n 'thirty foot high, ez nigh ez I could judge from seein' the gable end of it, and pooty soon I noticed that th' were a heap o' commotion on the edge of it.

"Wall, says I to myself, gittin' up onter my feet, th' can't be nothin' to hurt a feller in a flood th' doin' its best to run away from him like that," says I, "an' so I guess I'll quit waitin' fer Gab'riel an' the 'arthquakes," says I, "an' I'll jist start arter that creek an' see w'at's a ailin' on it to make it go an' cut up that way," says I.
"So away I dug ez tight ez my legs'd carry me, but the creek had got such a start o' me that it tuck me a good half hour 'fore I ketch'ed up with it. An' ez soon ez I did ketch up with it, my son, I see to wunst w'at were allin' on it. Ye must know, to git the hang o' this, Peleg, th' suckers starts fer the creeks on the fast high water th' comes in the spring, an' th' they gather together by the boat load at the mouths of creeks waitin' fer the flood th' tells 'em things is ready fer 'em up the creek, an' then up they go. That had ben an onus' good season fer suckers to winter over in, an' they had waxed an' grow'd fat, an' gathered in such uncommon big crowds, th' w'en they started in at the mouth o' Sloppick Creek that ninth day o' April, they jist dammed the hull course o' the stream, an' fer a time it had ben nip an' tuck ez to w'ich 'd hef to stop, the creek or the suckers. But in them days suckers had vim an' push in 'em. These fellers at the mouth o' Sloppick had started to git up that creek, an' twa'n't their fault, b'gosh, if it couldn't furnish water enough, with all the rain it 'd had fer a week past, fer 'em to wiggle up on; so they jist put their shoulders to the wheel, an' at it they went, an' shoved the rusin' flood of ol' Sloppick right back with 'em, pili'n it up in a wall thirty foot high, an' kep' in'er a movin' back so fast, steep ez the grade were, th' it couldn't git no foothold, an' had to go. So, of course, ev'rything were left high an' dry ahind that pushin' army o' suckers, an' natur' in them parts were lookin' queer.

"Peleg, when I ketch'ed up to that retreatin' creek, nothin' could be seen on face o' that high wall but snouts, an' tails, an' fins, an' backs, an' bellies o' suckers. They was piled on one another from the bed o' the creek to the top o' the flood, pushin' an' shovin' and crowdin' to keep the ball a rollin'. I see w'at the hull business meant to wunst, an' I pitched right in to do some o' the tallest sucker fishin' th' were ever heered on along Sloppick Creek. I chucked away my pole and duv inter that bank o' suckers an' jist went to minin' fish by the ton. They kep' me on a dead run to keep up with 'em, they was h'istin' that stream up hill so fast, but I grabbed an' clawed right an' left, an' throw'd suckers out on the bank by the wagon load. I strung suckers along the banks fer a mile, an' still the flood went a rollin' up hill ez easy ez pickin' up sticks. The headwaters o' Sloppick Creek was in a swamp almost on the top o' Booby Ridge. Ez I were runnin' long ahind that sucker bank all of a sudden it struck me that if nothin' happened to stop 'em, them suckers'd shove the creek clean through the swamp, the way they was goin', and push her on over the ridge, and then she'd go t'choot down t'other side, and an' wipe Slayorop's clearing offen the face o' creation quick-er'n lightning could melt a tub of butter. I were bound to see the fun, an' if suckers wa'n't the timidest an' skeeriest critters th' t swim, that fun'd a come to pass.

"It had happened, sonny, th' only the other day afore this high o' sucker fishin' o' mine, I had considered it a leetle piece o' duty I owed to the communit' to pitch inter Shadrack Jamberry, ol' Poke Jamberry's boy, an' lam him the properest kind. Conseqently he had a grudge agin me. He lived close to the creek, nearly two mile above our place, at the Fiddler's Elbow Bend. This bend was so sharp th' it ez me an' the suckers an' the creek were comin' to'ards the bend I see Shadrack standin' on the bank, an' he see me. Th' wa'n't nuthin' selfish about me, so I hollered to Shadrack, to show him th' I didn't hev no hard feelin's, to come back an' foller the circus,

an' lay in a stock o' suckers agin a cook famine. But Shadrack wa'n't of a meek an' forgivin' natur' like me, an' so, instid o' takin' the olive branch I offered, he grabs up a couple o' big stuns an' chucks 'em in the water ahead o' me an' the suckers. That skeert the timid fish th' was in the lead, an' they got demoralized an' turned tail. The panik spread to the hull caboodle o' suckers, an' the first thing I know'd I were h'isted up in the air zif I'd ben blowed up in a blast, an' wh-o-o-o! away I were goin' back down stream like a hailstorm in a hurricane o' wind! Thar I were, Peleg, ridin' high an' dry on a big raft o' suckers, an' a gin' sumpin' like a miled a minute boun' fer somehar, but whar I didn't know. Ye orter be very thankful, sonny, th' yer a livin' now, an' not in them days w'en us pioneers was a sufferin' an' a runnin' risks like that, jist to plant civilization an' git it in shape fer folks that's livin' now!"

"I were boosted way up so high by that raft o' demoralized suckers th' ez we tore along to'wards our folks' clearin' I could look right down over the raise twixt it an' the creek, an' ez we come nigher I could see my hard-workin' pap settin' in the cabin door smokin' his corn-cob pipe, and my easy-goin' mammy a choppin' wood to git supper with. Thinks I to myself, I wonder if they'd ever find me when this runaway flood o' billin' waters an' panik-struck suckers comes to a head some's? An' jist then we struck the bend in the creek nigh the clearin'. The bend were 'bout ez sudden ez the angle in a ship-knee, an' w'en the wall o' suckers plunked agin it the bank o' the bend kep' twenty-five foot high an' all rock, 'twere like the comin' together o' two ingines. The body o' the army were fetched up a standin', but me an' the top layers o' the sucker raft was five foot higher'n the rocks, an' as we hadn't hit nuthin' we kep' straight on. We left the water route, an' traveled the rest o' the way by the air line, an' 'fore my good ol' parents know'd w'at hit 'em they was kivered snug an' comfortable in under sumpin' half an acre o' suckers, not countin' me. It took me quite a while to dig the ol' folks out; but they wa'n't hurt anything with mentionin'. My folks wa'n't noways noted fer bein' curious 'bout things, an' all th' t were ever said 'bout that big sucker fish o' mine was this. Mam says: 'Whar'd ye ketch 'em?' In the bend o' the creek,' I says, 'I've alluz heered,' says pap, 'th' the best time to ketch suckers were on the fast flood, an' this makes it good. An' that ended it; but we had fresh suckers, an' salt suckers, an' smoked suckers, an' sucker pop from then on till the nex' Christmas. So ye see, Peleg, that them wild waves didn't say nothin' to me, but they got right up an' done, an'—"

The Old Settler was cut short off in whatever moral he intended to draw, for the dozing cat hurled herself against his stomach by one wild leap from the splint-bottom rocking chair, and with a yell that scared a dog on the opposite side of the road, and brought Peleg's grandmother out of the sitting room on a trot. The cat sank its claws deeper and deeper into the Old Settler, and he joined in the yelling. Little Peleg went quietly out of the kitchen door, and by the time his grandmother had removed a patent clothes pin from the cat's tail he was half way over to Bill Simmons's.—Ed. Mott, in New York Sun.

A Prairie of Pitch.

I have just returned from a trip to the so-called "Pitch Lake," writes a correspondent from Port of Spain, Trinidad, to the Philadelphia Inquirer. Running south down the Parian Gulf to La Brea, some forty miles distant from this port, we there disembarked, and climbing a gentle ascent of 140 feet, we found the lake, a little more than a mile inland. Strictly speaking, there is no lake in the common acceptance of the term, but a level plain, composed of a concrete, though flexible, mass of pitch, covering an area of perhaps 100 acres.

Bushes, patches of vegetation and occasional pools of brackish water diversify the surface here and there, giving it the appearance of a mud swamp. There is no difficulty in walking or wading from one end to the other, for with the sole exception of several places where the pitch is in a state of ebullition in a soft and viscid consistency the "lake" is semi-solid. On it I found chestnut-colored men and women digging out large clods of the asphalt with ax and shovel and loading it upon donkey carts.

Each lump of the asphalt exhibited small cavities, and we were informed by the diggers that they never dig deep enough to find the pitch at all softened. The roughened surface of the pits is exposed to the tropical sun, and within a few days the cavities are full again. From 30,000 to 40,000 tons of the asphalt are dug out every year, each cubic foot of the pitch weighing on an average sixty pounds. It is estimated that there are in the deposit not less than 10,000,000 pounds which, at the present rate of digging, should last fully 8,000 years.

Safe Deposit Companies.

The idea of safe deposit companies, so common and successful, originated with the proprietor of a drinking saloon near Washington Market. The butchers used to bring their tin boxes to him for storage over night in his safe, until finally he could not accommodate them all. Attending an auction sale one day, he purchased a large safe, had it fitted into compartments, and assessed the cost among his patrons. Shortly afterward the first safe deposit company was opened on lower Broadway, one of the promoters having watched the working of the system described. Several attempts have been made to introduce the system in London, but have been unsuccessful excepting as concerns the "city."—New York Times.

DOLLARS BY THE TON.

COUNTING THE CASH IN A UNITED STATES SUB-TREASURY.

What It Means to Count a Million Seven Miles of Silver and Gold Expeditious Work.

A recent issue of the Chicago Herald says: Three very quiet young men working four days this week counting money in the United States Sub-Treasury in the Custom House. It was the occasion of the annual revision of Sub-Treasury John J. Healy's accounts, and the quiet young men were experts sent here by the Government. There were about five million dollars to be accounted for, and they were, to a penny. Has anybody ever given the magnitude of a million an earnest thought? Written out in figures, with the dollar mark in front of it—\$1,000,000—the amount does not look so very big. But, suppose that amount is in silver dollars. It would take the most expert teller 135 hours to count it, and then he would require the assistance of two helpers to carry the coin to and fro. There are about three million dollars in silver in the Sub-Treasury, and to ascertain the exact amount by actual count would take an expert over forty days of ten hours' work each. This length of time would be required were all the coin in dollars, but as a considerable portion of it is in fractional silver, the time actually required would be about sixty days.

Counting \$1,000—"bag and tag," as the technical expression goes—is done by an expert teller in eight minutes by scraping \$2 at a time into his hand until he has made a stack of \$20. In case of half dollars, which, like quarters, are stacked in \$10 piles, the operation consumes eighteen minutes for \$1,000. To the uninitiated the counting is a bewildering proceeding. Two men sit bent over a smooth oak table, and a bag of \$1,000 is emptied between them by one of the helpers. Their hands rush into the pile, forming it into narrow silver or golden bands, as the case may be, from the center toward its teller, and, two at a time, the pieces are raked into the hand. The precious chink, chink, is so overwhelmingly beautiful as to make an ordinary mortal speechless with suspense. There is not a word spoken besides the whispered directions of the supervisors to the helpers. But then actual count of silver is made only when the balance scales on which each bag is weighed indicate a variance in the weight of fifty-nine pounds for 1,000 silver dollars, and fifty-five pounds for \$1,000 in fractional silver. The silver and gold in the Chicago Sub-Treasury, piled up piece by piece, would make a roll of 38,044 feet, or more than seven miles in length. The paper money and other securities, were they all of the denomination of \$5, would only make a pyramid of 58 inches, or 4-5-1/2 feet in height. Still, as there would be \$1,055,452 in such pyramid, one might be satisfied with the smaller pile. Inasmuch as there are stacks of \$10,000, \$5,000, \$1,000 and \$500 bills, not to speak of the larger-sized certificates, one could carry these millions of paper money away in a trunk of ordinary size, while the silver and gold would take up the carrying capacity of twelve railroad freight cars bearing ten tons each.

The coin, as it is received in the Sub-Treasury, is placed in bags containing \$1,000, and coin received in the routine of business is similarly packed. The tellers count one bag in which new and worn coins are mixed in a ratio corresponding with the occurrence of such coin in practical business life. The weight will be about fifty nine pounds, a little more or a little less. This bag, with the money counted, is placed on one side of the balance scales and the other bags are placed against it one by one. The contents of any bag not coming up to the standard have to be counted. In almost every instance it turns out that the lighter weight is caused by wear and tear. The paper money, of course, has to be counted. It is done at a big table all covered with money. Here the currency is first assorted, the denominations being chiefly from \$1 to \$100. Bills for larger amounts are rare, \$10,000 being the highest denomination of any Uncle Sam's evidences of indebtedness. The bills must be assorted and piled together according to their class. Ones and twos may go together, fives, tens and twenties, and fifties and hundreds. National bank notes, greenbacks and gold and silver certificates must be kept separate. There are so many kinds of denominations of money that the teller, in assorting it, covers the whole table.

Inasmuch as the financial policy of the Government is to withdraw \$1 and \$2 bills from circulation, the \$5 bill is the most frequent, and forms the bulk of the tellers' work. There are always 100 bills in one package, no matter what the denomination may be, and 400 new, crisp bills, piled on top of each other, will make a snug little package of one inch in height. Thus, in \$10,000 in bills a man could easily carry \$40,000 in a pocket-book of the requisite dimensions for bank notes. Forty packages of 100 bills are formed into a bundle and strapped and sealed for transportation. New bank notes, direct from the Treasury Department, are not only consecutively numbered but automatically counted by the same machine that numbers them. Still, the accountants who handle these delightful slips of paper are bound to count them by hand, and as they finger the crisp leaves they ascertain by the touch of the paper whether a counterfeit has sneaked in. The bank notes are all of the same size, no matter whether Uncle Sam promises to pay \$5 or \$10,000 for the ornamental piece of paper.

Gold in small quantities has been found at San Diego. It is suspected that the wife of an editor has gone through her husband's trousers' pockets.—Norristown Herald.

OLD-FASHIONED ROSES.

They ain't no style about 'em,
And they're sorter pale and faded;
Yit the doorway here without 'em
Would be lonesomer, and shaded
With a good 'tall blacker shadder
Than the mornin' glories makes,
And the sunshine would look sadder,
For their good, old-fashioned sakes.
I like 'em 'cause they kind o'
Sorter makes a feller like 'em;
And I tell you when you find a
Bunch out whur the sun can strike 'em
It allus sets me thinkin'
O' the ones 'at used to grow,
And peek in through the chinkin'
O' the cabin, don't you know.

And then I think o' mother,
And how she used to love 'em,
When they wuzn't any other,
'Less they wuz 'em up above 'em!
And her eyes, afore she shut 'em,
Whispered with a smile, and said,
We must pluck a bunch and put 'em
In her hand when she was dead.

But, as I wuz a sayin',
They ain't no style about 'em
Very gaudy or displayin',
But I wouldn't be without 'em,
'Cause I'm happier in these poses
And the hollyhaws and nicks
Than the hummin' bird 'at sings
In the roses of the rich.
—James Whitcomb Riley

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The Prince of Wales—The tom cat.
An important question—Is her father wealthy?—Tid-Bits.

The crematory is the burn from which no traveler returns.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.
The fishery question—Did you bring the flask with you, Jack?—Boston Courier.

How to keep the boys at home—induce some of the neighbor's girls to run in often.

"Beware of a man of one book," especially if it is a subscription book.—Boston Bulletin.

That this world is not balanced right is plainly to be seen.
When one man walks to make him fat,
And another to make him lean.
—Danville Breeze

A correspondent wants to know the meaning of "Pro Bono Publico." In a majority of cases it means that the writer who thus signs his newspaper communication is a chronic growler.—Norristown Herald.

"Johnny," said a mother to her son, nine years old, "go and wash your face; I am ashamed of seeing you come to dinner with such a dirty mouth." "I did wash it, mamma," and feeling his upper lip, said gravely: "I think it must be a mustache coming.—Siftings.

That Cupid in blindness must follow his works,
Is a blessing, and not a disaster,
Since it keeps the men from seeing the pimples that lurk
'Neath the maiden's small patch of court plaster.
—Merchant-Traveler

"What a mobile countenance Miss L. has," said a gentleman to a young lady at a social gathering the other evening. "Yes," replied the young woman with an effort to smile, for Miss L. was her hated rival, "she has a very mobile countenance and New Orleans molasses colored hair." And she elevated her little pug nose as high as she could, and found an attraction at the other side of the room.—Elmira Gazette.

WISE WORDS.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.

The first and last thing which is required of genius is the love of truth.

Hidden virtue is often despised, inasmuch as nothing extols it in our eyes.

The reproaches of enemies should quicken us to duty, and not keep us from duty.

Pleasure must first have the warrant that it is without sin; then, the measure, that it is without excess.

Unnatural deeds do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds to their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

Life is before you—not earthly life alone, but life, a thread running interminably through the warp of eternity.

Every beautiful, pure and good thought which the heart entertains is an angel of mercy, purifying and guarding the soul.

Let a man learn that everything in nature, even motes and feathers, go by law and not by "luck," and that what he sows he reaps.

Oh, how small a portion of earth will hold us when we are dead, who ambitiously seek after the whole world while we are living!

As the medical properties of some plants can be added only by distillation, so our good qualities can only be proved by trials.

Great efforts from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest labor is a burden to him who has no motive for performing it.

A Good Sleeper.

A 12-year-old school boy, who had to be called a dozen times in the morning before he came down to breakfast, was roused from his matinal slumbers the other day by a loud clap of thunder, the electric bolt knocking a big hole in the roof of the house, going through the ceiling, splitting open the headboard of the bed, singing his hair, and passing through the floor and out at the kitchen door. The lad partly opened his eyes, faintly murmured: "Yes, I'm coming," and immediately turned over for a fresh snooze.—Norristown Herald.

In London there are 291 shorthand reporters for leading newspapers.