

OUR CHURCHES.

St. Michael's (P. E.) Church, Mint St. Services at 10 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday-school at 4 p. m. Rev. P. P. ALSTON, pastor.

M. E. Church, Graham Street. Services at 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday-school at 10 a. m. Rev. E. M. COLLETT, pastor.

First Baptist Church, South Church St. Services at 11 a. m., 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday-school at 1 p. m. Rev. A. A. POWELL, pastor.

Evangelical Baptist Church, East Second St. Services at 11 a. m., 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday-school at 1 p. m. Rev. Z. TAUGHTON, pastor.

Presbyterian Church, corner Seventh and College Sts. Services at 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday-school at 10 a. m. Rev. R. P. WYCHE, pastor.

Clinton Chapel, (A. M. E. Z.) Mint St. Services at 11 a. m., 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday-school at 1 p. m. Rev. M. STADE, pastor.

Little Rock, (A. M. E. Z.) E St. Services at 11 a. m., 3 p. m. and 8 p. m. Rev. W. M. JOHNSON, pastor.

If your paper has a blue cross mark, it will be stopped till you pay up. We cannot continue to send it to you without some money. Please pay up and let us continue it to you.

LOCAL.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The cold snap came Thursday. We had hail, rain sleet.

Mr. Austin Cooper left this week for California to join the many gone before.

Our New England letter came a day too late, but will appear next week.

Mr. Ed Johnson of Concord, was in the city on Wednesday; he leaves for California next week.

The sleet was very bad on pedestrians yesterday. There was about a quarter inch ice on the ground.

We propose to visit Fayetteville and other points east next week. Please be prepared to renew.

Mr. W. P. Mabson brought a party of seventeen from the eastern part of the State and left for California on Thursday night.

Our enterprising citizen, A. W. Calvin, has a factory mania on him just now. He is going to start a factory to be run by colored men. We think he is going to succeed too.

There is talk of a savings bank in this city. We hope it will be organized very soon, and we hope the colored people will save their money and buy land here in the Old North State.

We make mistakes sometimes; we are not working to please any particular person, but if you owe us anything please pass it in before you say too much about us. Dont try to starve us out.

Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, has resigned as Secretary of the Interior so he may be confirmed by the Senate as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, to which he has been nominated by the President.

Eighty five thousand dollars was subscribed in a few minutes one day this week by a party of gentlemen to build a cotton factory. Our city is soon to have two new factories. Such things will build up the city.

The Wilmington Bulletin comes to us this week a full grown paper, six columns. Rev. J. F. Aldridge is editor, J. B. Dudley assistant editor and J. W. McDonald local editor. It has a board of five directors and eleven stock holders. It is issued every Saturday. It ought to be a good and strong paper.

The Southern Recorder says it will drop the names of three hundred subscribers who are too mean to pay their subscription. It says it will publish their names soon so other papers may keep clear of them. That may be a good idea, but we will drop a hundred or so who are not worth the time it takes to write their names. Some folks are too mean to live.

The factory fever seems to be raging in our city just now. We are promised three new cotton factories right away. Two are to be built by the weekly installment plan, while capitalists have subscribed over a hundred thousand dollars to build the other. Let 'em come. Anything to build up the city.

We had a very nice letter last week from our regular Fayetteville correspondent Miss Mary McLean. She has been much missed of late. She has not written much on account of the illness of her father. He is convalescent and we expect a letter from her often now. She has become a recognized part of the MESSENGER staff.

The MESSENGER has so reduced its list as to try to be a cash list. We have been much imposed upon by our readers. The parties we cut this week owe us about two hundred dollars. We cant carry them any longer. There are many good ones in the list, but it is just as hard for us to carry a good man as a bad one for we see no difference only as they pay; each tell us the same and we are only convinced by the cash. Then it would be unfair to cut a poor woman who is unable to pay and allow some fellow with hundreds to run because he has money.

As was expected, a half dozen colored men have been arrested, charged with lynching the half witted white man down in Georgia, for committing an outrage on a colored lady from which she died. So strange that colored men can be found out so soon after committing such a crime when there hasn't been one white man arrested for every hundred colored men lynched, hardly. Colored folks will imitate white men in evil as well as good, and if this lynching business is not stopped, something serious will happen.

To the State Press.

The Star of Zion suggests that we send out no papers unless paid for in advance. We rise to second the motion, and to urge upon all the papers in the State to shut down at once, and let us work together. Send papers to no one longer than paid for; not even your brother, or the President of the United States.

A Good Farmer.

Mr. Oliver Peeler has shown that he is one of the best farmers in the county. He don't only make good crops, but he saves, and judiciously spends his earnings. He has paid for his farm and bought another tract of land. On his farm near Biddleville, last year, he made seven bales of cotton, averaging 475 pounds, on 6 1/2 acres.

This is What They Say.

I know my time is out, but please continue my paper till next week, till the 10th, till next month, &c., and I will send you money. Next week and next month comes and goes, and about one of every forty-nine keeps his promise. Our printer takes none of these for pay, but must have the money. No, we will not continue the paper to you. You can do better without the paper till you can pay, than we can do without the money. Pay in advance, save trouble, credit, &c.

Colored Business Men.

Colored men attempt to do all kinds of business that other men engage in, but their capital being small they go about it on a small scale. They have two great hindrances: They have not had experience to make them the equals of other men in every respect, and they cannot get the backing to start them in any business as poor white men can. Yet it is necessary for colored men to become skilled in all branches of business—mercantile as well as mechanical.

We have a few colored men in business in the most of our Southern towns. Here in Charlotte are a dozen or so colored grocers. They should be well patronized by our people, for race pride, if nothing else. We have here, Messrs. Kennedy, Calvin, White, Rivers, Cunningham, Hayes, Washington, Haughton, in the grocery business; Davidson, the tinner, Hagler, Hinton, Palmer, butchers and many others.

We must learn that the stronger we make our best men the stronger we are as a race; in fact that is the only way we can build ourselves up. We must lay aside selfishness and envy, and while we try to build up ourselves, do all we can to build up our brothers who try to build up themselves.

"Help us to help each other, Lord."

Where do you suppose the Jews here go to buy everything they buy in this town? When we say a negro is this or the other, we are ridiculing ourselves and admitting that other folks are better than we. Be yourself honest, honorable and just and you see others in the same light. Help our colored business men.

The new Washington school, for colored pupils, is completed. It will accommodate 800. Its cost to the city is some \$12,500. The colored people are delighted with it, and well they may be, for it is one of the handsomest buildings of its class in the State. The aldermen have ordered an appropriation for the purchase of furniture for the new building.—Raleigh Letter in Chronicle.

Mme. DEMOREST'S RELIABLE PATTERNS. Are the only ones that will give a perfect fitting garment.

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WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indistinguishably miserable, both physically and mentally? Do you experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "grogginess," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flashes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp biting, transient pains here and there, colic, feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through the great blood-cleansing organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in curing the various diseases, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery CURES ALL HUMORS, from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum, "Fever-sore," or "Cancer," in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great relief is given rapidly, and its benign influence, especially his manifested its potency in curing Tettes, Eczema, Erysipelas, Hells, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Gouty, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE." Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION, which is Scrofula of the Lungs, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this new world-famous remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequalled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for all Chronic Diseases of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy. Sold by Druggists, at \$1.00, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's 300k of Consumption. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

BROTHERHOOD.

Dear brother, let me hold thy hand, And let me speak my heart to thee. For all the beauty of the land, Are all the wonder of the sea, Are hideous to my soul if I Am doomed to dream alone and die.

Men are the feeble links that make The strong, enduring chain of race; Thus I am stronger for thy sake, And for the sake of those who grace My life and all my life has known With something sweeter of their own.—George Edgar Montgomery.

TOM BOXER'S BLUNDER.

Young Tom Boxer was fool enough to be ashamed of his calling. He had inherited from his maternal grandfather a very prosperous and lucrative tailoring business at the West End, which he carried on under the old name of "Pleating & Co." No excuse whatever can be urged for Tom's weakness, as he came of a long line of honest people, and he quite realized that his tailoring business was a very good thing. But he was rather a good looking, gentlemanlike young fellow, and the truth was that his head had been completely turned through associating during his holiday trips, on the continent and elsewhere, with persons of superior social position, who certainly never suspected that he was a tailor. Finding that he was generally taken for a young professional man, or an officer, or, at all events, a private individual of fortune, Tom could not resist the temptation of keeping up the delusion, until he at length became almost morbidly sensitive on the subject of his honest and necessary occupation. When he went away for his summer holiday he always chose some place where he was not likely to come across customers, or people who knew him in town, and laid himself out for making acquaintances among persons of a higher station in life than his own.

This year he decided to spend his vacation at the quietly fashionable watering place of Southdore, having run down for the day to reconnoiter and ascertain that there was nobody staying there who would recognize him. He took rooms at the principal hotel, brought down his dog cart and groom and a couple of horses, and soon succeeded, on the hotel tennis ground and elsewhere, in getting to know all the best people.

Among other visitors at Southdore were a Col. and Mrs. Vaughan and their daughter Mabel, the latter a remarkably pretty girl, as Tom thought. The Vaughnians were staying at the Flagstaff hotel, and were evidently very exclusive and aristocratically unsocial people. The colonel walked on the parade occasionally with the old earl of Piccadilly, who was also staying at the Flagstaff, but seemed to hold aloof from everybody else. It was with considerable diffidence that Tom presumed to scrape acquaintance with the Vaughnians, and in doing so he not only scrupulously refrained from mentioning his occupation, but dropped hints which were carefully calculated to convey a widely different impression of his position. However, he contrived to make himself agreeable to them, and thus gained the privilege of getting opportunities of ingratiating himself with Miss Mabel.

This young lady easily captivated Tom's susceptible heart, and as she soon began to evince a very kindly feeling toward him it was not long before he realized the awkwardness of his position. That life without Mabel Vaughan would be a dreary blank was a conviction which forced itself upon Tom's mind at an early stage of their acquaintance; yet he was instinctively aware that the prize was beyond his reach. The young lady, to be sure, smiled upon him sweetly, and both the colonel and his wife, by degrees, grew quite friendly to him, even when they could not have failed to perceive his attachment for their daughter. In short, had he been differently situated—had that luckless tailoring business been at the bottom of the sea, which Tom, in his frantic perplexity, often enough wished that it were—there seemed no reasonable doubt that he would have stood an excellent chance of being welcomed by them as a son-in-law—a fact which was brought forcibly to his mind by the following significant circumstance:

One day there appeared upon the scene a little pale faced, lank haired, weak kneed young man, who presented himself at the Vaughnians' apartments with a degree of assurance which caused Tom a pang of angry jealousy. He was told afterward that he was a merchant in the city and that his name was Walnut; and, judging by the blushes of Miss Vaughan, the little gentleman was one of her admirers. But Tom's resentment quickly vanished when he witnessed the reception the poor young man received. It was of such a crushing and soul annihilating character that, at the end of five minutes, poor Mr. Walnut took his departure in an utterly limp condition, and went and smoked a pale cigar on the steps of a bathing machine until the next train left for London.

Tom could not help feeling elated by the preference which the Vaughnians, by implication, thus manifested for himself; but the expressions of indignation uttered by Miss Mabel, as well as her parents, at Mr. Walnut's presumption, considering that he was only "something in the city," made Tom more dejected than ever. Mr. Walnut's fate appealed to him as a frightful warning of the treatment which he must expect when the time arrived for making the inevitable revelation about his own business occupation. No wonder that he was inclined to shrink the ordeal, and, as his devotion to Miss Mabel increased, so also did his difficulties and awe of her parents.

But poor Tom regretted very bitterly his fatal procrastination a day or two later, when an ominous incident occurred. He was lounging in the doorway of his hotel one afternoon when a wagonette passed in front of him, laden with a rowdy party of excursionists from the neighboring watering place of Stargate. To Tom's horror, somebody waved his hand at him with a boisterous salutation, and he discovered that he was being hailed by Jack Bruce, a lively young humberdasher, whose place of business was within a stone's throw of his own. Jack, attired in the approved style of Stargate, wearing sand shoes and a yachting cap, looked the personification of jovial vulgarity. Tom did not care for Jack Bruce at the best of times; for Jack, who had a shop in a main

thoroughfare, would dress his own window every morning without the least regard to the feelings of his friends, and was, in short, an individual entirely devoid of delicacy and refinement. At that moment, and in Southdore of all places in the world, Tom felt that he was absolutely loathsome; for to be seen with him would be fatally compromising, while the chances were that Jack would blurt out some professional question about trousers or the new winter patterns loudly enough to be heard by any one standing within a quarter mile radius.

The moment, therefore, that he caught sight of Jack, and perceived him motioning to the driver of the wagonette to stop, Tom turned and fled through the hotel to the outbuildings at the back, where he spent a miserable half hour in an empty horse box. Tom was conscious that his retreat was humiliating, and even mean, but he positively could not face his Southdore friends with Jack by his side, not to mention the risk of coming across the Vaughnians when in such equivocal company.

After half an hour Tom ventured from his hiding place and stealthily made his way to his bedroom, to array himself for an afternoon promenade with the Vaughnians. He felt very much shaken by what had happened, for besides being ashamed of himself, the episode only served to emphasize the fatal obstacle which existed to the fulfillment of his hopes. However, he pulled himself together and started forth, after first glancing cautiously up and down the road, to see if there were any sign of Jack Bruce. But alas for the vanity of human foresight! He had scarcely set foot upon the green when he nearly fell flat on his back, from sheer dismay at coming face to face with that dreadful Jack Bruce, walking with, and talking very soberly and respectfully to, no less a person than Col. Vaughan himself.

Tom turned from red to white and from white to red again, as he stood rooted to the spot, overwhelmed with confusion and amazement, until he suddenly realized that he had not been perceived. To hurry on one side, in the hope of escaping observation, was a quickly executed maneuver; but that unlucky moment of hesitation and uncertainty had defeated his object, for, at the same instant, Jack Bruce caught sight of him, and uttered a shout, which caused Col. Vaughan to look up with a start. Tom, however, was too agitated to stop, so he hastened away, aimlessly, over the cliffs, and never ventured to retrace his steps until he discovered that he had left Southdore a couple of miles behind him.

Poor Tom was dreadfully upset and depressed, for it was impossible to doubt that Jack Bruce would reveal everything to Col. Vaughan. If he could only have stolen by unobserved, his secret might have been safe, for his name would probably not have been mentioned. But Jack had unfortunately recognized and saluted him; Col. Vaughan had also seen him; and it was impossible to doubt that questions and explanations had passed between them. No doubt the colonel was a customer of Jack's, who, innocently and naturally enough, would make no attempt to conceal his friend's occupation. It was now that Tom bitterly repented him of having shirked his obvious duty of informing Col. Vaughan of what he must, by this time, have learned from a third party. In vain did poor Tom endeavor to console or uphold himself with desperate hopes that Mabel Vaughan would be true to him and that the colonel would be merciful. He remembered the fate of the presumptuous Mr. Walnut, and groaned.

Tom slunk into Southdore, hoping to gain his hotel without coming across the Vaughnians. He wanted time for reflection and consideration; in fact, to compose his mind for the ordeal of facing the angry and indignant parents. But some foreboding fate seemed to be dogging his footsteps that day, for who should he run against quite suddenly and unexpectedly on turning a corner but the colonel and his wife and Miss Mabel! Taken unawares, and oppressed by a guilty and craven spirit, he glanced at them falteringly, doubtfully, nervously, and hurried past before giving himself time to uncover. The Vaughnians evidently perceived him, for they showed signs of confusion, but none, alas! of recognition, and Tom painfully realized that he had been cut dead.

It was not until some hours later, after having wandered disconsolately along the seashore in the depths of frenzied melancholy and despair, with a distinctly suicidal tendency, that poor Tom's drooping spirits began faintly to revive from the recollection that, in his agitation, he had omitted to take off his hat to the Vaughnians. Was it not possible that he was himself to blame for what had occurred? Might they not have been affronted at his behavior, and thus let him go by without recognition? The idea passed through the gloom of Tom's depression like a ray of sunshine through a November fog, though its effect was, unhappily, hardly less evanescent. In his heart the poor fellow felt that the hope was wild and delusive, but still he clung to it, and lagged it through the dreary, wakeful night, and resolutely presented it as a shield against the incessant attacks of his dismal forebodings. As early the next morning as he could decently do so he presented himself at the Flagstaff hotel to apologize, to explain, to grovel in the dust, if necessary, at the feet of the colonel, though he had such dire misgivings of the results of his mission that, sickening as the news was, it seemed almost a relief to him to learn that the Vaughnians had suddenly left by the night train the previous evening.

It was remarked by his hotel acquaintances that Tom was very much changed during the remainder of his stay at Southdore. His moods were uncertain, and alternated between the deepest depression and the most boisterous hilarity. He became careless of his personal appearance, drank more than was good for him, and, in short, contrived to diminish very considerably the good impression he had labored to create. He was probably dimly conscious of this, for he cut short his visit, and returned to town somewhat abruptly.

Tom had hitherto always found that getting back to business after the holidays had a wholesome, sobering effect upon him, for the prosaic details of his shop were inconsistent with romantic ideas. But, if he had hoped to forget

Mabel Vaughan, he soon discovered that he might as well have remained at Southdore for all the consolation the change brought him. There could be no doubt about it that he was deeply—nay, miserably—in love, for no other term could be fitly applied to so unpropitious an attachment. In London, somehow, the Vaughnians seemed to Tom to be further away from him, more immeasurably removed from his sphere, so to speak, than at Southdore. Nevertheless, he made wild resolves, in frantic moments, to seek out Col. Vaughan and Mabel at any cost, and might possibly have done so had he known their address. But there were three Col. Vaughans in the "Court Guide," and Tom shrank from the necessary inquiries; while in his lucid intervals he stoutly and wisely determined to struggle with and overcome his infatuation.

Nearly two months had elapsed since his fatal meeting with Jack Bruce before Tom happened to come across that volatile individual again. He naturally felt extremely awkward in regard to him, seeing that Jack had the right to say that he had behaved inhospitably to him at Southdore. However, he at length met him accidentally one day, when Jack's friendly greeting manifested so forgiving a spirit that Tom ventured, not without some trepidation, to ask for news of the Vaughnians.

"Haven't seen the colonel since that day down at Southdore," answered Jack, with his jolly laugh.

"I'm afraid I offended him somehow," said Tom, with affected indifference.

"How was that?" asked Jack.

"Well, I met him just after I parted from you that day, and—and he passed by without taking any notice of me, and the same evening he and his family suddenly left Southdore," explained Tom, turning very red in the face.

"The deuce he did! And had nothing occurred between you? By Jove, I have it!" cried Jack suddenly, with a burst of laughter.

"What is the matter?" inquired Tom, in accents of surprise.

"Depend upon it, the old chap thought I had blown upon him. It struck me he looked precious queer when we met you; and it occurred to me afterward, though I didn't trouble my head about it, that he spoke of you as if he thought you were a swell," said Jack, with increased merriment.

"Didn't you tell him then?" began Tom, reddening guiltily.

"He turned tail and bolted directly he saw me nod to you; just as you did, Tom. Hang it, what does it mean?" cried Jack, beginning to look knowing.

"I thought the colonel had found out that I—!" began Tom, with increasing confusion.

"Were in business?" interrupted Jack. "He didn't find it out from me, and unless you told him yourself!"

"I didn't, certainly," interrupted Tom eagerly, but blushing redder than ever at Jack's humorous glance.

"Sorry I scared the old boy, then; thought it wasn't my fault. I can understand what happened. Believing I had told you all about myself, and that you were a swell, the colonel made a bolt of it rather than face you afterward. I suppose he had been bouncing a bit, eh? Military man and all the rest of it? Hang it, it's as good as a play!" roared Jack.

"But isn't he a military man?" gasped Tom.

"Volunteers, that's all; but holiday time he always comes out strong, and goes somewhere where he is likely to meet swells whom he knows in the way of business," explained Jack, contemptuously.

"In the way of business?" murmured Tom.

"Yes; he is a breeches maker—Vaughan & Tomlinson, Lamb's Conduit street."

"That Vaughan?" exclaimed Tom, with a start.

"Yes; and I say, Tom, I wonder if he'll say 'that Boxer' in the same sort of way when he learns who you are?" said Jack, with a wink.

Tom was so covered with guilty confusion that he naturally could not appreciate the humor of the situation as keenly as Jack Bruce did; but while his friend was indulging in a fresh burst of laughter Tom suddenly grasped the fact that this startling revelation had its bright side. It seemed that there had been a misunderstanding; for, by the light of Jack's explanation, Tom began to realize that the Vaughnians, on that eventful evening, had imagined that they had been purposely slighted by his omission to salute them. Vexed as he was by his own stupidity, Tom experienced a delicious thrill of joyous expectation when he inquired:

"Do you know Mabel Vaughan, Jack?"

"I've seen her—handsome, isn't she? Little Walnut is a lucky chap."

"Walnut!" repeated Tom, with ghastly apprehension.

"Yes. He is a decent little chap; the junior of a firm in the general furnishing line in Tottenham Court Road, Rosewood, Teak & Walnut."

"Well, what about him?" cried Tom in a choking voice.

"Didn't you see it in the paper?" said Jack, staring at Tom. "He married Mabel Vaughan last week."—London Truth.

Prince Bismarck's Son.

Prince Bismarck had just seated himself for dinner and placed his spoon into the soup to begin eating the other day when a telegram from Berlin was handed to him. "The message requires an immediate reply," said he, excusing himself to his guests. "But your soup will get cold," suggested one of them. "It is better it should get cold than that Herbert should grow hot," replied the prince, jocosely, referring to his son, the sender of the message. "He is so diligent about his work," continued the prince, "that if I do not reply right away he will send me another telegram in a few minutes much more urgent than this. He is a stunner at his work, I tell you. Had I been like him when a boy I should have been a very different man."—Chicago News.

Not Dimmed by Time.

Caller (to little Bobby)—Bobby, what makes your eyes so bright? Bobby (after a little thought)—I do, it's cause I haint had 'em in very long.—Texas Siftings.