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A Valentine.
When azure skies confront the day,
And far and near the soft suns shine,
To live and breathe were simple joy—
Perchance one needs no Valentine.
But when the skies are full of storm,
And lost in gloom the days decline,
The lonely heart sobs sad and chill—
The heart that has no Valentine.
And shivering from th' embodied death,
Of space beyond the farthest sign,
The spirit, frozen at its source,
Dreams of no trivial Valentine.
Yet even then the sweet earth throbs
With sunbursts down her ancient line;
The snowflake promises a flower,
The snow-bird hints a Valentine.
Away with care! This fragrant hair
Into true lovers' knots I twine;
Those velvet lips bring Summer now
To me, my little Valentine!
A force of nature, as the moon,
Makes wide eclipse and dim design,
All the great sphere of sorrow you
Shut out from me, my Valentine!
You are a trifle turned of four,
And I am—all of ninety-nine;
But dark and drear as death were
If you were not my Valentine!
—(Harper's.)

AUNT HULDAH'S STORY.

"Do you suppose I'll get a valentine, Aunt Huldah?"
"For mercy's sake, Kitty!" said I, laying down on my lap 't'is vest upon which I was working buttocks, "do you never think or speak of anything but valentines at this time of year?"
Kitty pouted, and shook her yellow braids—the real corn-stalk yellow that matched her blue eyes as perfectly as if some designer in high art had picked them out to correspond.
"Well, aunt, why shouldn't I?" said she. "Just look at those blue birds darting in and out of the old cedar-tree! They're twittering 'St. Valentine's Day,' you may be very sure. Look at the crocus-buds peeping out from under the dead leaves!"
"Well," said I, curiously, "you're neither a blue-bird nor a crocus, so how would it do if you were to go to work on Lizzie Barrow's new dress?"
Kitty was a quick-tempered little thing from her cradle, and she fired up at this rebuke.
"I might have known better than to expect any sort of sympathy from an old maid!" said she, catching up her work-basket, and flying out of the room.
It was scarcely five minutes, however, before she returned, tearful and discontent.
"Aunt Huldah," said she, "I'm so sorry! Please kiss me, and be friends! I didn't mean to call you that—that name!"
"Oh, bless you child!" said I. "I don't mind being called an old maid. I am one, you know, and the truth oughtn't to sting."
"But you are the dearest, nicest, prettiest old maid in the world, Aunt Huldah!" cried the girl, caressingly.
"Fiddlesticks!" said I. "I'm as homely as a hedge-fence, and I know it. Now leave off coaxing and flattering, and go about your business!"
And Kitty obeyed, singing a snatch out of "Love's Young Dream," for she knew that she was forgiven.
Yet the words recurred to me over and over again, as I sat stitching there with the yellow February sunshine streaming through the white-curtained window, and the blue birds whistling to each other outside.
Yes, I was an old maid, 40 last birthday. It was rather absurd of my pretty niece, Kitty, to expect me to sympathize with her on the question of love and lovers. Well, I would make the best of it, I resolved, and to try to be as cheerful as possible.
"What's for dinner, Aunt Huldah?" said Kitty, coming to me at last.
"Pork and beans. You'll find the pork in the brine barrel down cellar; be sure and pick out a nice, small, square piece, and bring the beans to me, and I'll pick them over. It will save you time, dear."
Kitty looked at me, as I sat picking over the white beans.
"Aunt Huldah," said she, "you've got a beautiful profile—you have, indeed! You must have been real pretty when you were a girl. Aunt Huldah, why did you never get married?"
"Because Cupid never came my way," said I, with a laugh. "Here are the beans, Kitty. Get them a-soak as quick as possible."
Just then Betsey, Mr. Chandler's maid, came in.
"Could you lend me a yeast-cake, Miss Darwin?" said she. "I've somehow got clean out of yeast-cakes. And, Miss Darwin—"
"Yes, Betsey."
"That gray cat o' yours has scratched up all Mr. Chandler's seed-lettuce again!"
"You shouldn't have left the cold-frame sashes off, Betsey."
"Well, p'raps we should an' p'raps we shouldn't," remarked the independent Betsey. "But our lettuce, it's a-growin' in our own garden, you know, an' it's no way pleasin' to hev the neighbors' cats a-haulin' of it outer the ground with their claws. And it was only yesterday week the dratted creature"

broke the glass of the dairy-window, arter the pans o' cream!"
"I am very sorry, Betsey," said I; "but—"
"But I'm not!" flashed back Kitty (whose maternal grandfather had come from County Cavan, in Ireland, and who thereby had inherited a strain of fighting blood). "Didn't your Nero break down our prettiest chrysanthemums last fall? Didn't he worry our nicest white kitten to death?"
Betsey took her yeast-cake and flounced out of the room.
"Now she will go and repeat all this to Mr. Chandler," said I.
"Let her!" said defiant Kitty. "It's nothing more than the truth!"
"But he has always been such a pleasant neighbor," said I, piteously, "and Nero is a very nice dog, after all, when he isn't in mischief."
"Well, he wouldn't remain at Elm Lodge much longer, anyway," said Kitty. "If he's really going to marry Miss Poutney, at the Court, it's likely that he'll go there to live. Though it is rather nice, having the minister for a next-door neighbor, the dog to the contrary notwithstanding. Handy in case of a wedding."
"Kitty!"
"I shook my head at her."
"Well," cried the wild gypsy, "how can one think of anything else on St. Valentine's Eve?"
Just then Grayette came in—our great, purring, beryl-eyed household pet, who was dearer to my old-maid soul than I cared to acknowledge, even to Kitty.
"Poor puss!" said I, caressing her with my disengaged hand. "But you will have to go away if you are becoming a nuisance to the neighbors."
And then and there it was that I secretly made up my mind what to do.
The sun set fair and golden, as if it were a spring evening, the stars glistened like dots of fire against the heavens. Kitty came home from the postoffice with sundry significant letters in her bag, and scarcely less significant roses on her cheeks, and presently the light flashed into Mr. Chandler's study-window, on the other side of the fence.
In the summer-time it was hidden in a hedge of lilacs, but the bushes were all leafless now, and I could distinctly see him sitting by his fire, with his hand on Nero's head.
"He is fond of his dog," I thought. "Well, puss shall not make trouble between us any longer. Oh, dear! it will be terribly lonesome when the light doesn't shine these nights any more; when he is married to Judge Poutney's daughter!"
Kitty kissed me oftener than usual that night before she went to bed.
"Dear Aunt Huldah," said she, "we have been very happy here, you and I, haven't we? Even though you are only a poor little 'hand on vests,' and I a dress-maker!"
"Why, of course we have!" said I.
"And we should miss each other terribly, shouldn't we, if—if we were parted?"
"Nonsense, child! What should part us?"
"Oh, I don't know! Something might."
"Go to bed, and don't be silly!" said I, laughing.
Early in the dawn of the next morning, I rose and dressed myself. I had determined to take Grayette over to the Widow Singleton's before Kitty was up in the morning, to make a fuss about it. Mrs. Singleton was fond of pets, and I knew my cat would have a good home there.
And, spite of my Spartan resolutions, a tear splashed down on pussy's gray coat, as I tucked her under my plaid blanket shawl and stepped boldly out into the melting snow, now all pink with the glow of sunrise.
"Poor dear puss!" thought I. "Your little, fussy-lined basket by the fire will never be of any use again! And the cracker saucer that you lapped your milk out of—I shall never bear to look at it any more; for, oh—"
Involuntarily I uttered the shriek, for Grayette had sprung out of my arms, and was arching her back and magnifying every separate hair on her tail, while Nero, on his side of the fence, was barking a shrill series of defiance, and leaping up and down in vain endeavors to get at his adversary and tear her limb from limb.
"Oh, pussy, pussy!" cried I, trying to recapture my feline favorite.
"Nero, sir, behave yourself!" uttered the stern voice of Mr. Chandler, once more recovering his grasp of the chain, which Nero had jerked out of his hand in the suddenness of the fray. "Miss Darwin, I have to make you a thousand apologies for the annoyances Nero has caused you of late, and to thank you for the forbearance you have shown to ward him. He shall never trouble you again. I am going to send him by express to my brother in Wisconsin. We are on the way to the express office now, so that Nero may get the early train."
"Oh, dear!" cried I; "and I am just taking Grayette to Mrs. Singleton, so that she need not scratch up your garden's cats a-haulin' of it outer the ground with their claws, and it was only yesterday week the dratted creature"

Chandler. "I cannot think of allowing such a thing. You must keep her, Miss Darwin."
"Not unless you will promise to send Nero back to his kennel," pleaded I.
"You have been forbearing enough, already," said Mr. Chandler.
"I shall not impose upon your good nature any more," said I, firmly.
Just then the shutters in the upper casement opened. Kitty thrust out her constalk-colored head. Her eyes were sparkling like blue stars. She clapped her hands.
"Oh, I have caught you two, have I?" said she. "So, Mr. Chandler is Aunt Huldah's Valentine!"
"The first you see at the window, the first you meet on the way, shall be your loving Valentine for a year, a month and a day."
Her sweet, saucy voice rang out like a flute on the frosty air.
I stood transfixed with horror at her audacity, my cheeks burning with blushes, my eyes riveted to the ground.
But Mr. Chandler flung the loop of Nero's chain over the fence, and stepped bravely to my side.
"I, for my part," said he, "can wish for no happier fortune, if you, Huldah, will consent."
"But you are in jest!" murmured I.
"I never was more in earnest in my life," said he, taking my hand. "We are neither of us young, Huldah, but I think that it is not the young alone who know what true love means. Nor have I lived your near neighbor for a year without learning to appreciate the sweet selfishness of your character. Dear Huldah, I will be your faithful Valentine all my life, if you will but accept my devotion."
Well, perhaps it is not necessary to say what my answer was. We are to be married as soon as the new rectory is finished, and Grayette and Nero are to be trained to be the best of friends. Mr. Chandler says he will not keep house without Grayette at our hearthstone, and I am really getting very fond of Nero. As for Kitty, she is quite content.
"Because, of course, after the valentine that David Ely sent me," said she, "I shall be married to him very soon, and I couldn't bear the idea of leaving dear little Aunt Huldah all alone. And I take all the credit to myself, because I don't believe either of them would have had courage to say what was in their heads if I hadn't put my head out of the window and sung that St. Valentine's refrain!"
But, of course, that is only Kitty's nonsense. —(Saturday Night.)

The Quaint Coreans.
Although Chinese and Japanese dignitaries have long been familiar in this country, there is enough that is novel in the costumes and customs of the members of the Corean Embassy at Washington to excite great attention at the capital. Their walk is described as a "stately glide," and the Minister especially, although hardly up to the average height, is credited with an unusually dignified gait, set off by "a serene smile." A mass of skirts and furbelows of the richest silks is a leading feature in their garments, rustling as they walk; while their "tall black hats of horse-hair, set daintily on the crown of the head, which is itself topped by the coil of hair," were not removed, it is said, during their preliminary interview with Mr. Bayard. This head-gear, through which the air can circulate, is hardly such as an American would fancy for this time of the year; but then Americans without practice could hardly balance the hats at all. Their features, are of the true Mongolian type, and the visitors seem well pleased with their novel surroundings, and with customs which would doubtless appear more singular had not Americans been for years in favor with the King of Corea. —[Harper's Weekly.]

Remarkable Engineering Feat.
A remarkable engineering feat has just been carried out in China in the face of unusual physical obstacles. This was the stretching of a steel cable of seven strands across the Luau River by Mr. A. de Linde, a Danish civil engineer, aided only by unskilled Chinese labor. The cable is strung from two points 4648 feet apart. The height of one support is 447 feet above the present level of the river and the second support 737 feet above it. The vertex over the water is 78 feet. The Chinese cable is the longest but one in the world. The telegraph air cable across the Kistna has a span of 5,070 feet; two similar cables cross the Ganges, one 2,900 and the other 2,830 feet. A third line of 1,135 feet crosses the Hooghly, and in the United States there is one over the Missouri of 2,000 feet. —[Indian Engineering.]

An Interesting Performance.
Mrs. Cleveland kisses her husband good bye in the railroad station when she comes shopping from Washington to New York. She puts her left arm upon his ample shoulder—and she can't get it around his neck—and with the right draws his face down to hers, kissing it as it were, in transit. —[New York Graphic.]

AROMATIC SPICES.

Every Quarter of the Globe Ransacked for Sweet Savors.

How Pepper, Cinnamon and Cloves are Prepared.

"Don't stand so near the wheel! It weighs two tons and is making 600 revolutions a minute. The suction is enough to draw you in."
So spoke the engineer as a New York Mail and Express reporter looked at the machinery that operated long lines of shafting and belting. The engine works all of the machinery in a great spice mill, one of the largest and best equipped in the country, and located right in the heart of New York City.
Standing on the top floor the superintendent said: "Here are the spices as they come to us. This bin contains mustard seed, this one is full of whole peppers from Singapore, and here we have cinnamon from Ceylon and ginger from Jamaica. There are several bins of each kind of spice, and each contains different grades. The mustard seed is fed through pipes to a pair of large steel rollers on the floor below. These crush it out into small flakes. The first quality of mustard is made by putting these flakes into a long row of iron mortars, in which the flakes are pounded to an impalpable powder by steam trip hammers."
Twenty-five of these hammers began rising and falling at this moment and the noise was so great that all further words were lost. The powdered mustard was shovelled up into screens made of the finest silk and placed in sets of eight on oscillating tables. The second grade of mustard, after being crushed, is placed in bags between hair mattresses in a hydraulic press and subjected to a pressure of 5,000 pounds to the square inch. This removes a large proportion of the oil, and leaves a dry, hard cake, which, when ground, is sold for second-grade mustard. The oil is used by confectioners, and also in place of olive oil for packing sardines.
Long pipes connect with the pepper bins on the top floor, and feed the whole pepper seeds to the mills. These are similar to flour mills—revolving stones. The pepper when ground is picked up by an endless chain of buckets and taken to revolving screens; the coarse parts are returned to the mill, and the fine pepper passes into bins in the packing room below. Cinnamon, allspice and cloves are ground in a similar manner. Herbs, such as thyme and sage, require a special mill. It is a pair of stone wheels that travel around a center, grinding substances on the stone floor. They are enclosed in a tight room so that nothing escapes when they are at work.
In the packing department of the mill two dozen girls are at work making and filling boxes with the different spices. A box-folding machine does the work of ten girls. It takes the flat cardboard, folds and pastes it and turns out a box every three seconds. The automatic weighing machine is a revolving marble table, on which are four sets of scales. The weights are set at one pound on each of the scales, a cardboard box is placed on the scale and a tube from above fills the box until it contains just one pound. When the scale reaches the balance point a valve shuts off the supply until an empty box takes the place of the full one.
Stepping into the office the superintendent explained that the best pepper is the "shot" pepper, as it is heavier grains than the Singapore pepper, which is the second grade, but both kinds come from Singapore. A still lower grade comes from the island of Sumatra. White pepper is the kernel with the shell removed, and though just as fiery it has not the flavor of the black pepper. Pepper is often adulterated with charcoal and buckwheat. The best red pepper comes from Natal and costs fifty cents a pound. A lower grade comes from Zanzibar.
Brown nutmegs from Penang, W. I., are the best. They are in their natural state, and are so full of oil that it will ooze out if an incision be made. The nutmegs kept by most grocers are the lower grades that are put through a sweating process to remove the oil, and are rolled in lime to cover up all the defects. The best cloves come from Penang and are superior. Cheaper grades come from Zanzibar, and are kiln-dried, with much of the oil extracted. Ground cloves are adulterated by leaving in the stems. Pimento, or allspice, comes from Jamaica. The best ginger also comes from the same place, and is bleached white. Borneo ginger is often chalked to make it look like the bleached article. African ginger is dark in color and poor in quality, but it is very much cheaper than the other kind it is most used. Ceylon cinnamon is worth \$1 a pound, and is very little used. Cassia, the outside bark of the tree, is the substance in general use and costs about one-tenth of the genuine article.

The Fountain of Youth.

For the last six years—ever since the foundation of Chamberlain—the Sioux Indians have endeavored to prevent the whites from getting possession of American Island, which lies in the centre of the Missouri river. It was always supposed that their reason was of a mercenary character, and that their object was to cut the timber with which the island is covered, and turn it into the bright, yellow gold which they now covet so much.
But a different reason has lately, and by accident, been discovered. It has always been supposed that when the Spaniards failed to discover the fabled fountain of perpetual youth among the everglades of Florida, the romantic dream ended there and men grew old and gray as of yore. Not so, however, as this narrative will show. On the upper end of this island, hidden by drooping evergreens, and shaded by stately cottonwoods, is a spring. It bursts forth clear and beautiful, and with a murmur as soft as a maiden's prayer glides from its island home into the yellow, gurgling waters of the Missouri. The water retains the same temperature winter and summer, and its volume remains its uniformity throughout the year. It contains, in all probability, the different carbonates, and that is the cause of the youth-retaining qualities which Indians attribute to it.
The secret was let out a few days ago by an old hunter, who was familiar with the Indians and the spring long before this place existed in the fervid imagination of John H. King. They have thrown a sanctity around it, and for years have been in the habit of drinking of its life-giving principles and of immersing the younger members of the tribe in its mystical depths. They imagine that its source lies amid the perpetual fires that radiate from the centre of the earth, and that the fountain is presided over by the father of the Indian race, who is doomed throughout all time to regulate the temperature of the spring for the benefit of those who dread to see the footprints of old time mar their classic features. —[St. Paul Globe.]

Jay Gould's First Love.
At Plattsburg, N. Y., Jay Gould's first love keeps a boarding place. She is elderly and gray haired now and is not strikingly handsome, but in her day she was blithesome and pretty. She was the daughter of a country storekeeper. Jay Gould, after leaving his father's farm, went to work in the store, and promptly fell in love with the rosy-cheeked maiden. But the old man had much higher views of his daughter's future than her marriage with a young man in his own shop would realize. He not only gave young Gould to understand that a marriage was out of the question, but dispensed with his services as well. Jay took his rejection philosophically enough and gave himself up to the work of making a fortune. While he was growing rich and richer and piling million on million, his old love was vainly trying to battle with misfortune. Her father, who had plumed himself so proudly on the ownership of his "general store," failed; the husband whom she took after Jay Gould had gone away brought little to her; and so at the end she endeavored to eke out an income by opening her house to summer boarders. She has a wondrous amount of philosophy in her make-up and very little envy. She is bright, good natured and contented with what fortune has brought—of caught one to say left—her. Some of Jay Gould's relatives spend a few weeks at her farmhouse every year, but Jay himself never goes there. —[Chicago Tribune.]

Verifying Thermometers.
Anyone can verify his instrument at the freezing point by immersing the bulb and tube in melting snow or broken ice up to the top of the mercury column. The mercury, after a few minutes' exposure to the ice, should stand at 32 degrees, or freezing. This method is in use in the United States signal service, where all thermometers are verified four times a year with great care. The errors for other points of the scale may best be determined by immersion in water with a reliable instrument. The water may be gradually heated and the instruments compared at various points as the temperature increases. The water should be constantly stirred and care should be taken not to force the mercury to the top of the tube, thus breaking the thermometer. A common difficulty with cheap instruments is that the tube is liable to slip on the scale, rendering the readings erroneous. In selecting a thermometer the purchaser should see that the tube is securely fastened in its place. —[Boston Transcript.]

Not For the Table.
Servant (in boarding house): "Ah, Mither Dumley, such beautiful ducks came today."
Dumley (excited): "Ducks! You don't say so, Bridget?"
Servant: "Yis, sorr, it's an ile paintin' fer the dining-room." —[Epoch.]

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

At a French agricultural school wheat is soaked in acetate of lead solution six hours before sowing. The seed is said to germinate more quickly, and grow more vigorously than wheat subjected to any other fertilizing treatment.
Sixty lakes can be counted, it is said, from the summit of Mount Whiteface in the Adirondacks. White-face is over 5,000 feet high, and so are Mounts Seward, McIntyre, and several others, but the highest is Mount Marcy, which rises 5,337 feet.
According to the Electrical Review medicine may be introduced into the human system by electricity. The electrodes of a battery are saturated with the medicine and applied locally to the skin. Experiments show that there is an actual absorption of the medicine into the system.
A commission of the Paris academy of medicines finds that hydrofluoric acid, which is highly antiseptic, has a therapeutic action when inhaled. It dissents, however, from the opinion of glass-workers that the inhalation cure consumption, but considers that they may be useful in diphtheria.
A society has been formed in Marseilles to develop the trade in frozen fish, which are now imported into France and Switzerland from various parts of the Mediterranean and Atlantic. A machine evaporating sulphurous acid maintains a temperature of about zero, in which, as experiments has shown, fish can be kept for seven or eight months without alteration.
Three new vessels of the Italian navy—Re Umberto, Sicilia and Sardegna—are each to be provided with engines to develop the enormous force of 32,800 indicated horse-power. Previous to 1881 the greatest power put into one ocean vessel was about 800 indicated horse-power, but the Italians now have two vessels of 18,000 indicated horse-power each.
Glass blowing is an art nearly 4,000 years old, and perhaps much older. Yet there has never been any means discovered of dispensing with the human lungs as the instruments of the blowing. An English company is experimenting with a mould and mechanical bellows, which does satisfactory work at bottle-blowing, but this pretends to attempt only coarse work.
A new theory of the formation of mountains has been offered by Mr. M. T. Mollard Reade, the well-known English geologist. He supposes that the periods of great sedimentary deposit that have preceded the birth of every large mountain range have been followed by a great elevation of temperature, producing expansions of the strata, with consequent forcing up of ridges. Laboratory experiments with the various rocks show that heating would give such results.
The custom of oiling boots and shoes to shed the water is becoming quite common since the shoeblacks find a way to put a polish over the oleagenous coat. Only rubber shoes, however, will keep out the snow water; but to many rubber shoes are objectionable, who take the alternative of wearing the noisome heavy shoes. The cork sole protecting the foot from the damp and chill of the sidewalk is evidently growing in favor. Felt inner soles keep the feet warm but afford no protection against penetrating slush.
Detecting Counterfeit by Feeling.
A bank cashier says that the best way to tell a counterfeit bill is by sound and feeling. "Take a bill firmly between the thumb and index finger of your left hand and pull it quickly through your fingers like this. Now listen to the sound it makes. It is not just like rubbing silk, and neither does it resemble a paper sound closely. It's a noise that is too peculiar to admit of a description."
"Do they make counterfeit paper so like the original that you can't tell the difference?"
You can't tell by looking at it. It is only by the sound and touch. Now listen to the sound made by this counterfeit \$20 bill. You see, that's a slick noise, something like pulling glazed or oiled paper through the fingers. A child could tell the difference between that bill and a genuine one. But look at it and you will think your eye is on something that would pass muster for \$20 worth of groceries."
"Who taught you this business?"
"Oh, my first lesson was given by an old man who had been all over this country and Europe teaching the business. He has in his possession over a thousand specimens of counterfeits. He obtained them from the authorities of the different governments. He has no peer in the business, and every expert in the country owes his knowledge to this old man." —[Kansas City Star.]

Never Tasted Hay.
Lady to clerk—"This tea smells peculiar. Don't it taste like hay?"
Clerk—"I really can't say, never having tasted any hay."
Lady—"I wasn't certain about that." —[Sittings.]

Too Late.

The poet paused and listless dropped his pen. "I'll think no more," he said. "The world is old."
Fis filled with thought, and weary-minded man
Have gleaned enough from all that time has told.
Write no more; all themes are over-wrought
And only wrinkles deck the pale sad brow of Thought.
"Why store the brain, to stoop beneath the weight
Of never-sated reason's cumbrous load?
Only to know the fixedness of fate—
To bear the pain and still apply the goal!
And then, when all the lease of life is spent,
Be more gray than wise, more feeble than content!
Why should we rack of days or years or ages?
Why note the mysteries each moment brings?
Why heed the hoarded wisdom of dead sages?
Why pore o'er histories of fools or kings?
Away with all the past! all ghosts of time—
And all the grinning skeletons in prosaic rhyme.
"I'll rest me here. The soul moss, years for rest;
The vacant mind is fetterless and free.
All things that live, save man, live to attest
Unalterable nature's stern decree:
Then best the boor, who lives and dies serene,
Careless and dull, nor thinks what is, what might have been!"
Too late, too late! The craft once cast adrift
Upon the shoreless sea must rest float;
All points converge and useless every shift
To the blind pilot in each fated boat.
Then spread all sail! catch every wind that blows,
Sail, bravely sail, and sink, and then who knows?
—[Charles L. Page in Overland.]

HUMOROUS.

It is a clothes rub for the wash-woman on Monday.
It is the dry goods clerk who most frequently sales under false colors.
The whale and the school girl are the great sources of blubber in this country.
The man who is slow to express an opinion might just as well send it by freight.
A show spoken of as "a rare entertainment" proved to be a performance not well done.
The reason why some people never grow old is because they do all their growing when they are young.
We often see the words "John Boyle O'Reilly" in the papers, but we never hear whether John has done it or not.
What is the difference between a tube and a foolish Dutchman? One is a hollow cylinder, and the other is a silly Hollander.
Lady to tramp: Poor man, how did you come this way? Tramp: On foot, mum. Don't believe them as accuse me of tryin' to work sympathy just after steppin' off a parlor car.
"I'd like to cuff you, you young rascal!" exclaimed an irate man, who had been a target for the lad's snowball.
"Yer would, eh? Well, collar me first and cuff me afterward, old man!"
"No, sir!" exclaimed old Mr. Get-there to an agent who had ruthlessly invaded the sanctity of his private office; "I won't look at your cyclopaedia; I don't want it; I won't have it. My boys have all got bicycles, and I'm not going to buy anything new for them to break their young necks off for!"

An Old Joke Run Down.
Everybody has heard the story of two duellists, one a big burly fellow, the other a small slender one, and the suggestion of the latter that his size be chalked out on his antagonist, and that the shots outside these marks be not counted—a remark variously ascribed to celebrated people, and most commonly perhaps to John Randolph, on the occasion of his duel with Henry Clay in 1826. The original story comes to the surface now in the first volume of "The Early Life of Samuel Rogers," just published. It occurs in his diary of a trip through Wales in 1860, where he records it as happening at Swansea between two farmers a few weeks before his visit. —[Charleston News and Courier.]

A Moonless Month.
The month of February, 1866, was in one respect the most remarkable in the world's history. It had no full moon. January had two full moons, and so had March, but February had none. Do you realize what a rare thing in nature that was? It had not occurred since the time of Washington, nor since the discovery of America, nor since the beginning of the Christian era, nor the creation of the world. And it will not occur again, according to the computation of astronomers, for—how long do you think?—2,500,000 years. Was not that truly a wonderful month? —[Golden Days.]

Squelched.
The occasional contributor dropped into the sanctum wearily. Seated at the desk was a beetle-browed tramp printer.
"Are you the mule editor?" softly inquired the visiting contributor.
"Nay," answered the apparition, posing a proof slip in his delicately discolored digits. "I am the calf editor. Do you wish to be edited?" —[Washington Hatchet.]