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POETRY.

Angel Mother.

The marriage right is over,
And though I turned aside
To keep the guests from seeing
The tears I could not hide;
I wreathed my face in smiling,
And led my little brother
To meet my father's chosen,
But I could not call her mother.

She is a handsome creature,
With meek and gentle air,
With blue eyes wrapt in beaming,
With rich and sunny hair;
I know he gave her
The love he bore to another,
But if she were an angel
I could not call her mother.

Last night I heard her singing
The songs I used to love,
When each dear note was uttered
By one who sings above;
It pained my heart to hear it,
And the tears I could not smother,
For each dear note was uttered
By the dear voice of my mother.

My father in the sunshine
Of happier days to come
Will have forgot the sorrow
That darkened our old home.
Our hearts are no more lonely,
But I and little brother
Will still be orphan children,
God gave us but one mother.

They have removed her portrait
From its accustomed place,
And placed beside my father
A fairer, handsomer face,
They made her dear old chamber
The laundry of another;
But I can never forget thee,
My own my Angel Mother.

Beautiful Mount Vernon.

THE HISTORIC HOME OF GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

OUR FIRST PRESIDENT'S HAPPY DOMESTIC LIFE ON THE BANK OF THE POTOMAC — PILGRIMS FROM ALL LANDS VISIT THE GROUNDS.

New York World.]

Mount Vernon, in Fairfax county, Virginia, the home of Gen. George Washington when he took his departure for New York to be inaugurated the first President of the United States, was then, as now, a beautiful place, and as the home of the first citizen of the Republic one of interest to the entire country. Gen. Washington had inherited the estate from his elder brother, Lawrence Washington, who, with a keen eye for a charming location, had made choice of a commanding elevation on the south bank of the Potomac for a site for his residence. Here he erected a comfortable farmhouse, two stories high, with an attic, and with wings that led off to the servants' quarters. A gallery ran the full length of the house, and a cupola surmounted by a weather-vane crowned the structure. Gen. Washington added to the house after the Revolution, in 1784-85, a large room at either end, and used the one at the north end as a banquet room and that at the south end as a library. They continue to be so designated to this day. The addition, by drawing the house ont, so to speak, improved its appearance, and so drawn out it passed into history. The earliest picture of it, which was made after it became the General's residence, would, except in point of mechanical finish, answer for a representation of it to day. Over the library the General established his sleeping-room, and in this room he died.

The view from the side window commanded the Potomac for miles to the southwest, and in line with this window and the river-landing was built the vault, in which from the day of his death until 1831 the body of General Washington rested. After his death Mrs. Washington established herself in the room her husband had occupied, and for the remaining nineteen months of her life rarely left it. It is said that she would draw her chair up to the side window and gaze for hours on the stone vault, within easy view, where the General's body was deposited. When her own time came the grim messenger summoned her from the same couch her husband had occupied when he yielded up his spirit.

While the mansion-house at Mt. Vernon was a roomy building, and would have easily answered the demands of the family of any Virginia gentleman of private station, it was too small after the Revolutionary War closed for the residence of the great soldier and popular hero who occupied it. It is known that he and his accomplished wife were frequently in straits about making comfortable provision for company. They entertained a great deal and had for their guests the most distinguished people of the times. The name of Washington was the one that every patriot conjured with, and the man who had enjoyed the honor of visiting him at his home and sitting with him at table had something to boast of to the last day of his existence. The name of Lafayette, of course, always heads the list of Washington's guests at Mt. Vernon; but he was, with all his fame, only one of a large number of eminent men who partook of the bountiful hospitality of that household.

There was at times something too much of entertaining there. Gen. and Mrs. Washington were devoted to each other, and were never so happy as when, with the Custis children about them, they were permitted to live for a short time the home life of their own fancy. The household is represented to have reflected at such times every phase of grace and enjoyment. The Father of his Country would then lay aside that pronounced dignity and reserve which on public occasions chilled even the most ardent admirers, and enter with almost frolicsome buoyancy into the light and pleasing pastimes of the sitting-room and the parlor. It was a musical and a reading household. Miss Nellie Custis, the General's stepdaughter, played upon both the guitar and the harpsichord, and the General, who played well on the flute, frequently accompanied her. The family library contained the standard works of English authors and the latest periodicals. They were within an hour's ride of the post at Alexandria, and the General's correspondence brought them the best of the news obtainable. The family, therefore, was altogether self-sustaining in the way of home-provided entertainment.

But General Washington was not content with discharging his duties as a host. He was a busy man at home with the plain, every-day affairs of life. He had one of the largest estates in the Commonwealth, and he gave much of his time to its cultivation. It contained 8,200 acres of land, finely wooded and watered, and the portion under cultivation yielded a large crop. He raised corn, wheat, hay and a small quantity of tobacco, and he used the best farming implements that the times afforded. He owned, and employed on his farm, more than two hundred slaves. He treated them humanely. They were well clothed, well fed and well lodged, and, while he necessarilly exacted of them perfect obedience and hard work, he was at pains to see that they were never abused. But for all the rich land, the regiment of slaves to work it and his own interest in the life of a farmer, General Washington made no money at farming. He was, indeed, something of a fancy farmer, as Horace Greely was nearly a century later. He was fond of experiments, and once his interest was enlisted in a new thing he never counted the cost. His most human, and, therefore, most natural side, was his side as a farmer. The man who never boasted of anything he had achieved as a soldier, or of his importance as the first citizen of his country, was not above crowing over his neighbors, when he went to Alexandria to shop, about the superior richness of the milk his cows gave and the toothsomeness of the beef raised on his farm. He built a flouring mill on his place, and for a time shipped flour to England for sale. He was, when at home, an early riser and fond of the saddle. His horses were the best in all the country round, and he rode to hounds with great relish and success. He rarely failed getting a brush, and he talked more about the number of these he had taken than the English he had vanquished. Indeed, outdoor life in all of its aspects delighted him, and living in a fine country and among a gentle and accomplished people he was placed where everything he desired was within easy reach.

Reflecting on this, one finds it not difficult to believe that Gen. Washington, when he set out overland for New York to take up public station again, he felt a heaviness of spirit which he did not care or try to conceal. It was much like going to prison. Life at Mount Vernon was wholly to his taste. There were the wide fields, the long reaches of shady country roads, the longer reach of the Potomac—miles of water in view in the direction of Alexandria, and miles of it again on the way to the sea—and, best of all, his home life, to be exchanged for political turmoil and contention in the heart of a city. He was, moreover, new to politics, with just enough knowledge of and experience with politicians to make him dread their game. But when the summons came he obeyed it.

The attachment of the Colonial Virginian to his home was one of the striking characteristics of an altogether admirable personality. The ambition of every family was to occupy and control the ancestral hall, and to hand it down unencumbered to the succeeding generation. The Washingtons, who possessed this feeling to a high degree, were fortunate with Mount Vernon. It had but five owners, and every one a Washington, from the year 1743, when Lawrence Washington, George Washington's elder brother, built the mansion house on the south bank of the Potomac, to the year 1856, when John Augustine Washington, jr., transferred the house and 200 acres of the surrounding estate to the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, operating for the benefit and in the name of the people of the whole United States.

Lawrence Washington bequeathed the property to George Washington, who moved there when little more than a lad, in 1752. George Washington, who died at Mount Vernon in 1799, bequeathed it to Judge Bushrod Washington, who occupied it until 1829, when he died. His heir was John Augustine Washington, who died and was buried at Mt. Vernon in 1832, and the property passed from him to his son, John Augustine, jr., then but a lad, who held it and occupied it until, as has just been told, he parted with it in 1856 to forward a praiseworthy and patriotic purpose.

Mr. Augustine Washington, jr., was at Mount Vernon on the day the Prince of Wales made his visit there in 1860. As the former owner of the estate and a descendant of the General, he was called upon to do the honors. When the refreshments were served both wine and whiskey were set before the Prince. The Prince, guessing that whiskey was the appropriate tipple, chose that, but being new to it then, took too big a drink and it gagged him. It was trying on the company to see the beardless heir to the British throne knocked out by American whiskey, but Mr. Washington, equal to every emergency of deportment, came forward with some polite observation and drew attention away from the circumstance.

The tree that the Prince planted at Mount Vernon on that occasion died. An elm tree planted near the same spot by Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, in 1876, still lives, but does not seem to flourish.

John Augustine Wahsington, jr., was killed at Cheat Mountain, Virginia, in 1861, while a member of a party taking observations of the Union lines. He was an adjutant on General Lee's staff, and Fitzhugh Lee, the present Govenor of Virginia, was in his company at the time. He wes only forty-one years old. He was buried near the spot where he fell, and the remains still rest there.

The plans of the Ladies' Association with regard to Mount Vernon were not at once carried out. In the first place there was a lack of funds and public interest. Strange as it may seem at this day, the scheme of buying Washington's old home and preserving it for the people of the whole Union was for a long time whistled down the wind. An effort was first made to induce Congress to appropriate the necessary money, but it failed. Congress refused on the ground that it would be setting a dangerous precedent. Monticello, the Hermitage and other historical places would then be offered to the Government, it was said. No other way remained then but to raise the money by private subscription. This was resorted to, and entertainments of every character were given throughout the country, the proceeds to be devoted to the purchase of Mount Vernon. The sum to be raised was $200,000, the price of 200 acres of the estate, with the Mansion House and the tomb. Of this amount Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, contributed nearly seventy thousand dollars, which he made by lecturing for the cause. A second difficulty occurred by the breaking out of the civil war, which, of course, for five years and more brought matters to a standstill. During the war the premises were in charge of negro servants, who were sufficient for its care. It needed no protection from the armies. It was not only neutral but sacred ground during the whole struggle. The soldiers of the two armies sometimes met there, but always under an implied and respected flag of truce, and not a hostile shot was fired on the premises from first to last of that awful conflict.

Soon after the war closed the Association began to work systematically, and in a few years had restored the premises to their former neatness and beauty, and converted the mansion house into one of the most interesting museums in the world. Relics of Washington were gathered on every hand, and the house now is well filled with articles of jewelry, silverware, furniture and wearing apparel, nearly all authenticated and all admirably arranged for public inspection. The exterior is kept white and clean, and the outbuildings and the old servants' quarters are in like condition. A tall iron fence runs at the base of the hill in front of the house. The utmost care is taken of everything, and as the reward of the labor the patronage is constantly increasing. The institution—if it may properly be called one—is now self-sustaining. The receipts and expenditures are a trifle over $10,000 a year. The whole income is derived from the fee charged to visitors, which is nearly 35 cents a head. The farm yields nothing for sale. The land is worn out and only enough of a crop to supply the premises is planted.

Mount Vernon is controlled by a Regent and a Board of Vice-Regents. The Board meets once a year at Mt. Vernon, audits the last year's accounts and makes contracts and arrangements for the coming year. The present organization is as follows:

REGENT.

Mrs. Lily Macalester Laughton, Washington, D.C., and Torrisdale, Pa.

VICE-REGENTS.

Mrs. Margaret L. M. Sweat, Portland, Me.

Mrs. Cornelius L. King, Bellows Falls, Vt.

Miss Alice M. Longfellow, Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. Abby W. Chace, 141 Benefit street, Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Susan E. J. Hudson, Stratford, Conn.

Mrs. Justine V. R. Townsend, 37 West Thirty-seventh street, N. Y.

Mrs. Nancy W. Halsted, Newark, N. J.

Miss Comegys, Dover, Del.

Miss Emily H. Harper, Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Mary T. Barnes, 1722 H street, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Emma R. Ball, 209 West Grace street, Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Ella B. Washington, Charlestown, W. Va.

Mrs. Letitia H. Walker, Leaksville, N. C.

Mrs. Lucy H. Pickens, Edgefield, S. C.

Mrs. Philoclea E. Eve, Augusta, Ga.

Mrs. Ida M. Richardson, 282 Prytania street, New Orleans, La.

Mrs. Cynthia H. P. Brown, Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. Eliza B. Woodward, Lexington, Ky.

Mrs. Jenny M. Ward, Ottawa, Kan.

Mrs. Elizabeth L. Broadwell, Pike and Fifth street, Cincinnati, O.

Mrs. Martha Mitchell, Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Rathbone, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Mrs. Mary T. Leiter, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Fanny G. Baker, Jacksonville, Fla.

Gov. Frank T. Fleming.

Frank T. Fleming, whom the Florida Democrats have elected Governor, is not only a gentleman of high character and admitted ability but of large experience in affairs and a lawyer of high standing. He was born in the little village of Tanama, Duval county, Florida, on the 28th of September, 1841. Mr. Fleming's grandfather was a Floridian, and his father, Col. Louis Fleming, a native and resident of Florida the greater part of his life, being a planter at Hibernia, on the St. John's river. His mother was Margaret, daughter of Chas. Seton, of Fernandina, and also a native of the State.

Governor Fleming received a thorough business education, and before the late civil war was engaged in active business pursuits. In 1861 young Fleming, who was then only

twenty years old, enlisted as a private in the Confederate army, in the Second Florida Volunteers, which regiment was soon afterwards incorporated with the famous Second Florida. He served with his command in the Army of Northern Virginia until September, 1861, when he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant in Company D, First Florida Cavalry, in the Army of Tennessee. Subsequently he was made a captain, in which capacity he faithfully served until the end of the war, having been engaged in most of the bloody battles which marked the last year of the struggle in Tennessee and North Georgia. Soon after the termination of the war Capt. Eleming began the study or law in the office of Mr. E. M. L. Engle, and in 1868 he was admitted to the bar. He then became a member of the law firm of Fleming & Daniel, with which firm he has continued to be associated up to the present time, earning a reputation for himself not only in his own State but throughout the whole South as an able lawyer and a reliable adviser. Capt. Fleming has been an active and influential member of the Democratic party for a good many years, and his election as Governor was hailed with enthusiasm everywhere in the State.

For Boys to Consider.

Boys, let us commend to you the following, which we find in an exchange:

"What kind of a boy does a business man want?" repeated a shrewd and practical business man. "Well I will tell you. In the first place he wants a boy who does not know too much; business men generally like to run their own business, and prefer some one who will listen to their way, rather than try to teach new kinds; secondly, they want a prompt boy—one who understands seven o'clock as exactly as seven, not ten minutes past; third, an industrious boy, who is not afraid to put in a little extra work in case of need; fourth, an honest boy— honest in service, as well as in matters of dollars and cents; and fifth a good natured boy, who will keep his temper, even if his employer loses his own now and then."

"But you haven't said a word about his being smart."

"Well, to tell the truth," was rather the hesitating reply, "that's about the last thing to worry over. The fact is, if a boy is modest, prompt, pleasant, industrious and honest, he is about as smart as we care about generally"—and that's a fact.

So you see how it is, boys; and perhaps some of you who are not so brilliant, may take courage and cultivate those qualities which shall make you acceptable to business men though you may never shine in the world of letters.

Nicotine Whims of Statesmen.

Senator Hamption has a queer habit. He does not chew or smoke to any extent, but he is fond of pinching off sections of a fine cigar, powdering it in his hands and snuffing it. He will sit in the cloak room where he can see the president's desk and snuff cigars for an hour at a time.

Senator Daniel, of Virginia, also has a nicotine fad. It is to indulge in a "dry smoke." That is, he keeps an unsmoked cigar in his mouth all the time.

Gen. Samuel Thomas, of the Brice-Thomas Seney syndicate, got into this habit as a compromice between smoking and not smoking, and the result was a surgical operation to remove a tumor-like growth that appeared on his lips just at the place where he always held his unlighted cigar. The doctor told him to either smoke or let the whole thing alone, but not to cary an unlighted cigar in his mouth.—Wilmington Post.

Friday Not an Unlucky Day.

1. Columbus left Palos, Spain, Friday, August 3, 1492; he discovered America, Friday, October 12, 1492; he arrived at Palos on his return from his voyage of discovery Friday, March 15, 1493; he arrived at Hispaniolia, on his second voyage to America, Friday, November 22, 1494; he discovered the continent of America Friday, June 13, 1494. George Washington was born Friday, February 22, 1732; he accepted the appointment of General and Commander-in-Chief Friday, June 16, 1775; he captured Yorktown, with Lord Cornwallis, Friday, October 19, 1771, which virtuaully closed the War of Independence. Daniel Webster, Gen. Zachary Taylor, Edward Everett, John Brown (Ossawattomie), George Bancroft, the historian, Henry W. Longfellow, Stephen A. Douglas, Chief Justice M. R. Waite, ex-President Hayes, Gladstone and Charles Dickens were born Friday.

FRIDAY AN UNLUCKY DAY.

Omaha boy: "It's all nonsense about Friday being an unlucky day, isn't it, papa?"

Father: "Who say so?"

"This paper mentions a lot of things that happened on Friday. George Washington was born on Friday—"

"He was killed by the doctors."

"Napoleon was born on Friday—"

"He died a prisoner on St Helena."

"Victoria was married on Friday—"

"Her oldest son hasn't sense enough to come in when it rains."

"Shakespeare was born on Friday—"

"And he is now branded a literary thief, while his fair fame is given to a professional boodler who ought to have been in the penitentiary."

"Bunker Hill was fought on Friday—"

"And lost by the Americans."

"America was discovered on Friday—"

"The people on this part of it are dying of consumption for the want of free wool."

"The Mayflower landed on Friday—"

"The American who cherishes a family Bible which came over in it is laughed at."

"The declaration of independence was signed on Friday."

"And the people it made independent have become the helpless serfs of a pack of partisan wire-pullers, jobbers and demagogues."

Little Things Which Have Made Men's Fortunes.

The New Jersey man who hit upon the idea of attaching a rubber erasing tip to the end of led pencils is worth $200,600, asserts the Pittsburg Press. The miner who invented a metal rivet or eyelet at each end of the mouth of coat and trousers pockets, to resist the strain caused by the carriage of pieces of ore and heavy tools, has made more money from his letters patent than he would have made had he "struck" a good vein of gold-bearing quartz. Every one has seen the metal plates that are used to protect the heel and soles of rough shoes, but every one doesn't know that within ten years the man who hit upon the idea has made $250,000. As large a sum as was ever obtained for any invention was enjoyed by the Yankee who invented the inverted glass bell to hang over gas jets to protect ceilings from being blackened by smoke. A simple thing? Yes, very. Frequently time and circumstances are wanted before an invention is appreciated, but patience is frequently rewarded, and richly rewarded, too, for the inventor of the roller skate has made $1,000,000, notwithstanding the fact that his patent had nearly expired before the value of it was ascertained in the craze for roller-skating that spread over the country several years ago. The gimlet-pointed screw has produced more wealth than most silver mines, and the Connecticut man who first thought of putting copper tips on the toes of children's shoes is as well off as if he had inherited $1,000,000, for that's the amount his idea has realized for him in cold, clammy coin.

The Deadly Greenback.

The last item of news from the laboratory is that the deadliest of bacteria live and multiply on the bank notes that we have. Probably there is not a viler article that we ever touch than a bank note. Carried in the pockets of the most leprous and loathsome, it passes through the pockets of the refined. We would not think of taking a pocket handkerchief that had made any such round without washing and fumigating. We could not be induced to put on the shirt of a tramp, but the money of the deceased and contaminating goes without a thought into our inner pockets. What disease we hug we do not think or care.

The New York Times Building.

The new building of the New York Times just completed is the masterpiece of architectural art in that great city. It is no doubt the finest newspaper building in the world, as the Times says. It prints a large picture of this stupendously high and beautiful structure. It is said to be beautiful in material as in design, and solid in construction. It is thirten stories high, and is fire proof. The material is granite and limestone. The Times gives a long account of it. The greatest triumph was that it was built around the old building, not disturbing it and allowing the great newspaper to continue without molestation or interruption.—Wilmington Star.

An International Ocean Race.

New York World.]

Two old sea-dogs were celebrating New Year's day in a comfortable little grog-shop in the Plaza Mayor, the principal square in Manila. One of them, Capt. Stuart, a Scotchman, was the commander of the John McLeod; the other, Capt. Sewell, an American, commanded the Paul Revere. Both vessels were full-rigged ships, very nearly the same size, and both were noted for their sailing qualities. The two captains were proud of their ships, and each claimed that his was the best. The controversy, at first friendly, became heated. Finally Capt. Sewell brought his fist down on the table and shouted: "I'll race you to New York for anything you want to bet. We can sail from here the same day and we are both bound for same port. What do you say?"

"Done!" said the Scotchman. "Let it be for the best dinner money can buy."

Two days later both vessels had their cargo aboard, weighed anchor and set sail for this country. For a long time they could see each other through their glasses, but when they reached Cape Horn they were driven far apart. Their destination was never forgotton, and all the canvas their ships could carry was crowded on. The horizon was constantly scanned for a sight of the rival ship, but for more than a month without success.

At length, when southeast of Hatteras, they sighted each other. They were almost abreast and about fifteen miles apart. In this position they continued until nightfall. After dark a furious gale came up driving them several miles out of their course. Sail was shortened as little as was consistent with safety, however. For four days the gale continued, during which time neither ship could gain an advantage. At last the weather moderated, but the vessels had lost sight of each other. No time was lost, and both made for the winning post, then only a few hundred miles away. Down the homestretch they came until when day broke yesterday morning they were in sight of Sandy Hook. When Capt. Sewell got out his glasses and levelled them to windward he yelled: "By Jehosaphat, there's the old McLeod and we're not a foot ahead of her."

This was the literal truth. The two vessels were "neck and neck" after a race of 108 days. Captain Stuart saw the Revere about the same time and both ships crowded on every inch of canvas they could carry. Over the bar they came, up through the lower bay, neither having the slightest advantage. Just before they reached the Narrows the Revere got a slant of wind, which the McLeod missed. It was not much, but it carried her ahead and she dropped anchor at Quarantine at 7.10 A. M. The yell which went up from the throats of her crew awoke all hands on shore, who came out just in time to see the McLeod let go her anchor ten minutes later. Thus was won and lost the longest and closest ocean race on record.

Death in the Well.

Statesville Landmark.]

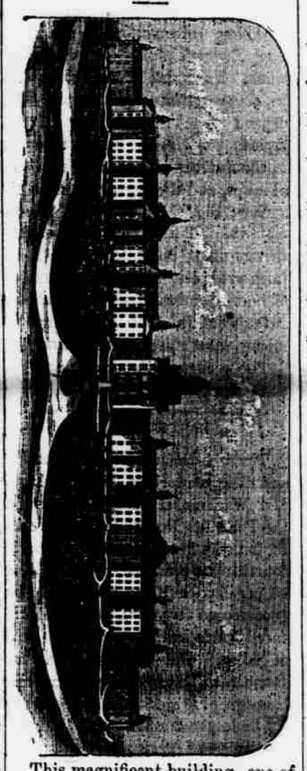
In the North Carolina Medical Journal for March is an article of rare interest and value from the pen of Dr. Henry T. Bahnson, of Salem, one of the ablest and most distinguished members of his profession within our borders, upon "The Public Water Supply of Towns and Cities in North Carolina." He says the deaths in this country every year from diphtheria and typhoid fever out-number many times those occurring during the severest epidemics of cholera or yellow fever, and that the former is frequently and the latter almost invariably conveyed into the system by drinking water. The dreadful epidemics of diphtheria, ten to fifteen years ago, at Company Shops, Charlotte, New Berne and other places in the State, can only be accounted for, says Dr. Bahnson, by the general pollution of the wells. He estimates the mortality from typhoid fever in North Carolina at 500 per year, and says that in the vast majority of cases it results from human excrement finding access to drinking water. Diarrhœa and cholera wait likewise upon impure water, and the amount of diseases and the number of deaths in various forms that it entails upon our State every year, the writer says there are no means of estimating. A prime cause of the impurity of water is the proximity to wells of privies, pig styes and heaps of rotten garbage. The elements of death from these penetrate the earth, percolate through it into our wells and are taken into our systems. Chemical analysis cannot guard us against them, for water pure to-day may be foul with pollution to-morrow, and moreover "water purposely polluted with cholera and typhoid fever poison has been pronounced of good quality by chemical tests."

Died Prisoners of War.

Nashville American.]

According to the report of Secretary of War Stanton the number of Federal prisoners who died in Confederate prisons is 22,576, and, according to the same authority, the number of Confederates who died in Northern prisons is 26,436. Acording to the report of Surgeon General Barnes the number of Confederates held in Northern prisons during the war was 220,000, and the number of Federal prisoners held in Confederate prisons 270,000.

Western Insane Asylum.



This magnificent building, one of the finest in the South, is located near Morganton, N. C., and is ably presided over by Dr. P. L. Murphy, with Drs. Taylor and Ivey assistants.

It is an institution that is doing a grand work, and one of which every North Carolinian ought to be proud.

A Boy's Composition on Water.

Exchange.]

"Water is found most everywhere, especially when it rains, as it did the other day, when our cellar was half full. Jane had to wear father's rubber boots to get onions for dinner. Onions make your eyes water, and so does horse-radish when you eat too much. There is a good many kinds of water in the world: rain water, soda water, well water, holy water, and brine. There is a girl in our school named Waterman. All the boys say, 'Waterman you are,' and then she gets mad. I don't think girls look good when they are mad. Water is used for a good many things. Sailors use it to go to sea on. If there wasn't any oceans their ships couldn't float, and they would have to stay ashore. Water is a good thing to fire at boys with a squirt, and to catch fishes in. My father caught a big one the other day, and when he hauled it up it was an eel. Nobody could be saved from drowning if there wasn't any water to pull them out of. Water is first-rate to put out fire with. I love to go to fires and see the men at work at the engines. This is all I can think about water—except the flood."

A Curiosity in Figures.

A mathematical wonder is the following: It is discovered that the multiplication of 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 by 45 gives 44,444,444,445. Reversing the order of the digits and multiplying 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 by 45, we get a result equally curious—5,555,555,505. If we take 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 as the multiplicand and interchanging the figures of 45, take 54 as the multiplier, we get 6,666,666,606. Returning the multiplicand 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1, and taking 54 as the multiplier again, we get 53,333,333,334—all 3's except the first and last figures, which together read 54—the multiplier. Taking the same multiplicand and 27, the half of 54, as the multiplier, we get the product, 26,666,666,667—all 6's except the first and last figures, which together read 27, the multiplier. Now, interchanging the order of the figure 27, and using 72 as the multiplier and 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 as the multiplicand, we get a product of 71,111,111,112—all 1's except the first and last figures, which read together 72, the multiplier.

Words of Wisdom.

Every day is a litte life—Bishop Hall.

Every hour in a man's life has its own special work.—Sir Noel Paton.

Education is of higher value than than beauty or hidden treasures.—Indian Tale.

There is no road to success but through a clear, strong purpose.—T. T. Munger.

The important thing in life is to have great aim and preseverance to attain it.—Goethe.

It is not what a man finds that does him good, but what he does.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Keep your hands and hearts full of good thoughts, and then bad ones will have no chance to enter.

We ought to be ten times as hungry for knowlege as for food for the body.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The author to read is not the one who thinks for you, but the one who makes you think.—Dr McCosh.

The manly man is one who always finds excuses for others, but never for himself.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Mere dandies are but cut flowers in a bouquet; once faded they can never re-blossom.—Lord Edward Lytton.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The tomato is a native of South America.

Christianity was introduced into Japan in 1549.

The first telescope was used in England in 1608.

We may be ruined by the excessive use of good things.

We should be punctual in preforming every duty.

The greatest of fools is he who imposes on himself.

All is not lost when anything goes contrary to you.

Paper is coming largely into use as a building material.

Queen Victoria's private estates extend over 37,372 acres.

Gladstone's tribute to Washington gives universal satisfaction.

The name Oklahoma, Chickasaw word, means "beautiful land."

In New York one insect caused the loss of $15,000,000 in one year.

Everyone is as God has made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse.

What a fool is he who lets wrinkles conquer him without attacking him.

A New York beef-exporting firm has 300 retail meat shops in Great Britain.

Fortune knocks once at every man's door, but at some doors, oh, so softly?

The hardest man in the world to cheat is the man who is always honest with himself.

The greatest height at which visible clouds ever exist does not exceed ten miles.

It is said that love as a subject never changes, but as an object is always changeable.

The entire circulation of newspapers in the United States last year was 2,959,566,500 copies.

Wise men are never surprised, while fools are always wondering at everything that happens.

It is stated that 1,000 of the 1,800 prisoners in the Missouri Penitentiary are under 20 years of age.

Samuel Jordon, a colored barber of Kansas City, has amassed a fortune of $150,000 in fifteen years.

The sayings of many great men would fill volumes. Their doings could be written on a postal card.

Atlanta will soon have a shot tower and lead manufactory in full blast. The plant will cost $100,000.

The inventor of the "Pig in Clover" puzzle is now receiving, it is said, $100 per day royalty on his invention.

Word reached San Francisco that cholera is epidemic in the Philippian Islands, that of 1,500 cases 1,000 have died.

One of the latest inventions is a three cornered steel nail that will drive easily and will not split the wood.

It is estimated that there are 365 colleges in the United States, 4,856 institutions of learning and 67,718 students in them.

P. T. Barnum, the great showman, announces his intention of retiring from public view. He is a brainy man, and will be missed.

Teacher (to class in geography)—"If I should dig a hole through the earth where would I come out?" Small boy—"Out of the hole."

Kerosene will make tin tea kettles as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from varnished furniture.

The welthiest colored man in the south is a New Orleans sugar planter named Marie. He has an income of $40,000, and is a cultivated gentleman.

The Michigan Legislature is down on the dangerous cigarette. It believes it is loaded. No more cigarettes can be made or sold in that State.

The consumption of peanuts is 3,200,000 bushels a season. They are all raised in Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee, chiefly in the former State.

The total Indian population of the United States in 1886 was 247,761, and the Indians had 202,466 square miles of territory reserved for their own use.

The family of the late Chief Justice Waite, of the Supreme Court of the United States, are in indigent circumstances and are taking boarders in Washington.

Admiral Faragut twenty-five years ago predicted that persons then living would see armour come off war vessels just as it came off of men on the introduction of firearms.

Out of 100,000 people who cross the Atlantic from New York to Liverpool, the loss of life is not as great as among 100,000 who travel between New York and Pittsburg by rail.

Dean Burgon once ended an animated sermon with—"and so Jonah was lodged in the whale's [illegible] where, my dear brethren. leave him until we meet Sabbath."

Probably th[illegible]elly, pet ever ma[illegible] we will by the [illegible] again next too[illegible]

[illegible] most expensive car[illegible]nufactured is that owned Maharajah of Baroda. It three years to make, and cost $200,000. It is made entirely of strings of pure colored pearls, with [illegible] and corners of diamonds.