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This tasteful building is designed for the comfort and convenience of the residents of Pinehurst, all of whom are privileged to make use of it.

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How the Wreck of a Steamship In 1852 Was Reported.

The ocean passenger steamer Franklin ran ashore on the south side of Long Island, opposite Center Moriches, at 8 o'clock on the morning of July 8, 1852. There was a dense fog prevailing at the time, and the officers of the vessel lost their bearings completely and did not know exactly where they were when the steamer stranded.

Surfmen and boats were not as plentiful along the coast line in those days as they are now. Several hours elapsed before boats were secured equal to the task of making their way through the surf to the steamer. Until communication was had with the vessel nothing was known about her. Finally a boat's crew came ashore, and the vessel's name and destination were made known. Her commander made arrangements with Sidney B. Topping to go to New York and report the stranding of the steamer to the board of underwriters, whose office at that time was in Wall street.

Mr. Topping at once crossed the bay to the mainland and harnessed up his horse to a light wagon and started for Patchogue, 14 miles away. It was just noontime when he stepped into the wagon. At Patchogue he changed horses and continued his journey to Babylon. Another change of horses was made at that place, and Mr. Topping started for Jamaica. His horse was pretty well winded when that place was reached, and he changed animals and continued on to Brooklyn, and crossing the ferry drove to the underwriters' office in Wall street. It was just 6 o'clock in the evening when he ascended the office steps. He had made the journey of a little more than 70 miles in exactly six hours.

Having reported the full details of the wreck to the underwriters, Mr. Topping drove around to the office of a leading newspaper and furnished the information for publication. He received a check for \$50 from the paper and was told that had he brought a copy of a foreign newspaper from the Franklin they would have given him \$100.

Mr. Topping was postmaster in Westhampton during the war and was a prominent figure on the east end of Long Island. He died in West Hampton at the age of 77. —New York Herald.

IS IT PREJUDICE!

Marriage Is Happiest, It Is Claimed, if the Wife Be Senior.

Every one has his own idea as to what will constitute a happy marriage, but there is one point on which nearly all agree—the wife must not be older than the husband.

People who look complacently on the spectacle of a girl of 16 or 18 marrying a man twice her age are ready to declare it a profanation of the marriage altar if the bride is a few years older than the bridegroom. It would be a curious study in sociology to trace this prejudice to its source. A prejudice it undoubtedly is, for some of the happiest marriages known to the world have been those in which the wife was the older of the two.

Every one who knows his Boswell knows the extraordinary devotion of Johnson to the fat, ugly widow whose manners were execrable and who was nearly twice his age, so the spiteful biographers say. He knows, too, how happy Tetty made Johnson and what a grief her death was to the great man.

The marriage of Margaret Fuller and the Count d'Ossoli was a brilliant success in point of happiness, though sadly brief. Margaret was seven years older than her husband and refused him several times on this ground, but his devotion and persistency overcame her reluctance, and the result of the marriage fulfilled her dream of such happiness. It is said that all who saw them together were struck by the loverlike fondness and exquisite deference of D'Ossoli's manner toward the plain New England woman, seven years his senior, whose only attraction apparently was her great intellect. Mrs. Story says of him: "No service was too trivial, no sacrifice too great. When she was ill, he nursed her and watched over her with the

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tenderness of a woman. Such tender, unselfish love 1 have rarely seen. It made green her days and gave her an expression of peace and serenity which before was a stranger to her."

Disraeli's wife was his senior, yet the marriage was a notably happy one.—Philadelphia Press.

A Practical Reformer.

He had not been in business very long, or he would assuredly have known better than to open his place of business near a somewhat pretentious neighborhood and place the sign "Gents' Furnishing Store" over the door. He observed that a prim looking lady paused and stared at it whenever she passed, and he was pleased to think that she was struck by its artistic qualities.

"It pays to have things done right," he said to his salesman. "The extra gold leaf in that lettering cost money, but it attracts attention."

One day the prim looking lady came into the shop. The proprietor hastened to wait on her and earnestly endeavored to display the affable courtesy befitting the occasion.

"What can I show you today, madam?" he inquired, after bowing several times in rapid succession.

rapid succession.
"I was attracted by your sign," she answered. "I would like to inspect the goods you mention."

"I don't remember having called attention to any special lines in my window."

"I refer to the sign over your door. My sister and I are going to give a series of tableaux vivants. Some of them will depict scenes in the lower elements of society, and we should like to have you furnish us with a few gents for the occasion."

She gazed at his embarrassment with great satisfaction for a moment and departed without further conversation. As she turned the corner the proprietor thoughtfully remarked, "Tom, I guess you'd better hunt up another sign painter and a schoolteacher and have them come and talk this over."—Washington Star.

Large Doings.

On Long Island, a hundred and more years ago, there was fox hunting for three days during the season, and the biography of Catherine Schuyler contains the following apt lines, from the pen of a witty woman whose name, unfortunately, remains unknown:

A fox is killed by twenty men.
That fox perhaps had killed a hen.
A gallant act no doubt is here.
All wicked foxes ought to fear
When twenty dogs and twenty men
Can kill a fox that killed a hen.

—Youth's Companion.

The cravat was originally a large shawl worn around the neck, not for show, but for comfort, by a nation of eastern Europe called Cravates or Croats.