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POETRY.

The Spinster.

She was smart and she was pretty,
And her elders thought her witty,
And she tripped the light fantastic like a fay.

She could read both French and Latin,
And was sweet to print or astin,
And 'twould make your bosom heave to hear her play.

But in single life she tarried,
And she never, never married,
And she'd doubtless be a maiden till she dies.

For she bade a proud defiance to the
Culinary science, and she never
Knew the mystery of pies
—Bualington Free Press.

Disappointing.

He had pleaded long and earnest.
Sued with prayer and sued with
sigh.

But although the time sped swiftly
She had deigned him no reply;
Yet at last her lips were opened,
All his fear and dread were gone,
And he waited for her answer,
But 'twas nothing but a yawn.
—Philadelphia Times.

THE WILKESBARRE CYCLONE.

Peculiarities of the Storm—A Cloud of Electrical Fire.
Wilkeshire Record.

Thousands of our citizens have during the last week viewed the wreck and ruin in the path of the recent storm. They have either counted their own losses or lent a sympathetic ear to those who told of sudden impoverishment or severe financial shock. They have seen the coffined forms, viewed the funeral procession or visited the beds of the injured. They have listened to or read hundreds of thrilling stories of hairbreadth escapes or cruel injury. Amid it all, they have wondered over and over again, "What was it that rushed through our valley like the besom of destruction and did all this havoc?"

There is little evidence of any swift, whirling motion in the direct center of the storm. Buildings were moved from their foundation, but still kept square with them. Few places show any evidence of being twisted. There were doubtless swirling eddies created by the swift flying storm sufficient to twist off branches of smaller size or tear off branches extending horizontally. Indeed it is not apparent that the force of the storm in any quarter was as great as is frequently manifest in the Western country. Out in that region, east of the Rocky Mountains, such a storm frequently sweeps absolutely everything from its path. Not a tree is left standing in the narrow lane for miles. Here we see trees standing that must have felt the full force of the storm. It is apparent, however, that the whirl of the storm did not at all times reach the earth. On South Main street and Franklin it swept the ground, laying low even the weeds and grass. Boardwalks and outhouses were tossed far and wide. Above Hazel street the force was exerted high in air, above the tops of many houses. At Five Points again it swept low, leaving but the floors of many houses. In many places it sucking force drank up the puddles of water and mud to scatter them further on against roofs, walls and third story windows. The upper masses of cloud and dust had a rolling motion rather than a definite whirl.

Minor phenomena were present. Tremendous electric discharges heralded the storm's approach. Many declared that the storm cloud was surrounded by electrical fire. Some think the lower portion of the cloud was illuminated as by a constant flame. Vegetation along its path for a considerable distance either side was scorched as with fire. This scorching was noticed within half an hour after the storm. But for this the appearance of the foliage might be attributed to the pelting it received from dirt and dust, or to the whipping of the wind. At Five Points, many complain that their cotton garments were buried full of holes. Yet a singular fact is, that with three or four hundred houses wrecked, or just when fires were burning for the preparation of the evening meal, not a building took fire. Nor was this because of a downpour of rain, for no considerable rain fell for some time after the cyclone had swept by.

No exact dates have been secured as to the time when the storm reached various prominent points, so its speed of progression cannot be determined. There is evidence to show, however, that it was nearly ten minutes in sweeping over three miles of ground.

Chicago Herald: Colonel Dudley, the blocks-of-five statesman who carried Indiana for Harrison, has withdrawn his liberal suits against a number of Eastern newspapers which published his famous letter revealing the blocks-of-five method of carrying an election. Doubtless he has been favorably impressed by the successful inaction and silence of his friend Quay in that little matter of embroachment.

THE OLD SHOWMAN.

A STRANGE ROW.

Helped the Needy Secretly.

Richmond State.

Rev. Mr. Thompson, of the Park Methodist church of Bridgeport, has engaged in a war upon P. W. Barnum, the venerable showman. Some time ago Mr. Thompson made an attack from the pulpit upon Mr. Barnum for bringing 500 ballet girls from England to this country to travel with his show. Since then bad feeling has existed between the two. Not long since Mr. Barnum, who is one of the Seaside Park Commissioners, gave consent for the Fourth Regiment band to play there Sunday afternoon. This caused Mr. Thompson to make another bitter attack upon the old showman. Then the fight became active. Members of the church became participants, when the fact leaked out that the money to build the edifice had in a large measure come from Barnum. Mr. Barnum has lately been in the Adirondacks, while his ministerial assailant has been at Asbury Park. The Daily Spray, a little paper published at Asbury, recently came out with the following:

"The Rev. George L. Thompson, of Bridgeport, who is at the Fairfield, is pastor of one of the largest churches in his State. He recently became engaged in a controversy with P. T. Barnum over the Sunday band question, in which he completely routed the famous showman."

Every man has some friend who is thoughtful enough to send a marked copy of a paper which has anything personally offensive in it. Some such friend sent the Daily Spray to Mr. Barnum, whose ire was at once vented, and he sends the following for publication:

"If the Rev. Mr. Thompson of East Bridgeport is not playing his old tricks again, and that in a sneaking way, circumstances are much against him. Who was it furnished this false item to the Asbury Park paper except the reverend rascal himself? If there was before any difference of opinion in regard to this man being a true Christian and a faithful preacher of the Gospel, perhaps that item in the Asbury Park paper, were it known to the residents of this city generally, might serve to make the public verdict unanimous."

This shows that the old man is not to be downed. He is eighty-odd years old and has never tasted liquor in his life, or smoked. He is popular in Bridgeport, of which city he has frequently been elected Mayor. Large charities have flowed from his hand. It is to his credit that while he has humbugged the public openly he has helped the needy secretly. On the whole Rev. Mr. Thompson could have found better objects for his vituperation.

THE ALLIANCE.

Richmond State.

As all wealth comes primarily out of the ground, the farmers constitute a most important factor in our industrial and political life. The men who till the soil have not been as prosperous in the last ten or fifteen years as they have deserved, and no one can be surprised at their thinking that the time had come for them to ask, "What is the matter?" and to organize to promote their interests.

The Farmers' Alliance is growing rapidly throughout the country. It is particularly strong in the South and West. In the South we cannot afford to allow the Democratic party to go down or become weakened, and it is with satisfaction that we note the readiness of the Alliance to work inside of the Democratic lines and to appreciate the necessity of keeping up a solid front against the enemy.

The Alliance has some crude propositions in its platform. One of these propositions is absurd—the Sub-Treasury. But from the proceedings and the discussion of the various State and district Alliance it is readily seen that the Sub-Treasury idea will not be pushed.

Another bad feature of the platform is the opposition to national banks. In the national banks the country has the finest banking system of any country in the world. Certainly no previous system in operation in this country has been anything like so good. We are satisfied that the more sensible members of the Alliance will oppose and wipe out this anti-national bank clause. The balance of the objects and principle of the Alliance are all right. The reduction in the tariff and the abolition of trusts are prominent planks in the Farmers' organization, and every Democrat is working on the same platform.

LaGrange Spectator: Scuppernon grapes are in their prime. The sweet school girls are journeying to the town. Choose your companions or else you may be judged by the company you keep.

MEN COMPLAIN OF THEIR BUSINESS DECLINING.

There Can Be Only One Answer.

Lancaster New Era.

Everything in the world around us is changing. Along with all these changes go those things which relate to matters of business. Old methods will no longer answer. With new times, new circumstances, the old is cast away and will no longer serve our purpose. Men complain sometimes that their business is declining, when the fact is it is merely slipping away from them because they themselves are falling behind the times. But we do not hear these complaints from everybody. It would be very discouraging if we did. Bad times are commonly blamed as the cause of the trouble. But is this so? Are the times really bad? Is not the country in really very prosperous? Are not new enterprises of all kinds springing up in every nook and corner? There must be some other reasons. We must look elsewhere for the source of these complaints.

How is it that there are thousands of men everywhere who are prosperous and successful? There can be only one answer. They are live, wide-awake and progressive business men. They change with the times. They live in the present and peer into the future. They have cast the past behind them with its obsolete ways and methods. Instead of complaining and wallowing over the prevailing order of things, they buckle down to work before them.

This is in reality one of the open secrets of success. The man who would be successful and is successful is he who accepts things as he finds them. Once men could sit in their offices and wait for the business which was pretty sure to come along. Competition was not great and it was not absolutely necessary to hustle as men do now. Even when the most active and energetic man went to the front, and made his mark. The successful merchant to-day is the one who throws himself into the bustling, hurrying crowd and pushes to the front. These are times when trade must be pushed, it cannot be waited for as it once was. This, of course, necessitates new methods, more attractive ways of showing goods, showy ways of advertising; in short, everything that will draw the attention of the public. What is more, the business man must educate himself in this direction. As time rolls on these tendencies will develop more and more. They will become an integral part of business activity in all the future. The hand of time does not run backward, but forward. There will be more push and rush and energy in the years to come than now, and he who does not educate himself up to the requirements of the situation will find himself as hopelessly stranded ten or twenty years hence, as the old fogies of twenty and thirty years ago are now. Merchants cannot afford to sit still. They must let the public know what they are doing and intend to do. Don't take down your sign, but hang out others, newer and fresher ones. This is an age of advancement and improvement in all things. Business success awaits the active, energetic man, while the man of old ideas falls further and further away.

A Modern Prodigal.

A short time ago Mr. Crimp, farmer, of Milton, Devon, advertised for a laborer. A wretched, half-starved young man in rags and tatters applied for the situation, and by pleading hard obtained it. Some time after he told his master that he owned an estate in Wiltshire, and that his father was a very wealthy man. He had left home, he said, through an unpleasantness, and he had been wandering about for years, barely earning subsistence. The farmer made inquiries, and visited Wiltshire to find the extraordinary story true. His laborer's father resided in an elegant mansion, beautifully situated. He had long since given up his son for dead, but immediately accompanied the farmer back to Devonshire and there found the prodigal, who would not leave his master until the latter had procured some one to take his place on the farm.

Chicago Tribune: Congressman Mason says: "I favor the principle of reciprocity, but I do not favor the agitation of the question at this time." It is now, however, while there is something left to reciprocate on, or never. Mr. Mason reminds one of that man who was in favor of the Maine liquor law, but opposed to its enforcement.

Detroit Free Press.—And so Mr. Forsker thinks the Force bill an excellent measure. Unless one is a specialist and believes that communications from the land of departed politicians have weight it is not likely that the expression of the extinguished sky rocket of Ohio will carry much influence.

ANOTHER WAR RELIC

GEN. SIDNEY JOHNSON'S LETTER TO THE CONFEDERATE ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

Chicago Mail.

Among the thousands of original manuscripts of personal letters, official documents and war orders at the Libby prison war museum there can be found much unwritten history. In the case containing Gen. Robert E. Lee's acceptance of the command of the Confederate army, his farewell address to the same and his field order, issued at the death of Stonewall Jackson, has just been placed with the original manuscript of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson's address to his army immediately preceding the battle of Shiloh. The paper was copied into the war records just a few months ago, and is as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI COMMONWEALTH, MISS.
April 3, 1862.—Soldiers of the Army of Mississippi: I have put in motion to offer battle to the invaders of your country. With the resolution and disciplined valor becoming men fighting, as you are, for all worth living or dying for, you can but march to a decisive victory over the agrarian mercenaries sent to subjugate and despoil you of your liberties, property, and honor. Remember the precious stake involved; remember the dependence of your mothers, your wives, your sisters and your children on the result; remember the fair, broad, abounding land, the happy homes and families that will be desolated by your defeat. The eyes and the hopes of 8,000,000 people rest upon you; you are expected to show yourselves worthy of your race and lineage—worthy of the women of the South, whose noble devotion to the war has never been exceeded in any time. With such incentives to brave deeds, and with the trust that God is with us, your generals will lead you confidently to the combat assured of success.

A. S. JOHNSON,
General Confederate States Army.

A Prescription That Comes High.

Max O'Neil.

R—Take the hair of a Hindoo,
The nose of a Greek,
The mouth of the English,
The complexion of a German,
The height of a Norwegian,
The feet of a Chinese woman,
The teeth of an African,
The arm of a Belgian,
The leg of an Italian girl,
The eye of a Spaniard,
The grace of a French woman,
And you will have an American beauty.

Please Let This Be the Last.

Emma Garrett.

He. "Will you marry me?"
She. "Alas, I can only be a sis."
He. "That is impossible. I have only shirts and collars enough for my own use."

Augusta New Age.—Poor Harrison has had such a dreadfully unpleasant experience with that elegant cottage at Cape May Point that we should think he'd rather live in Ashanctee.

New York World.—It took Columbus a little over seventy days to discover America. The Chicagoans have been several months trying to discover a site for the Columbus Fair, and the hunt is still on.

New York Herald.—The tariff will be amended when public opinion goes to the verge of revolution, compels amendment, and not before. Then it will be on lines far different from those of Mr. McKinley.

St. Louis Republic.—When Mr. Hour begins to exude the thick amber and peach-tree gum of his senile amoniosities, he will expect the Republican party to set the clocks of the country back to the time when his ideas were comparatively modern.

Baltimore Sun.—A trouble about Speaker Reed's rules for expediting business is that they don't in fact expedite. Here we are in the ninth month of the session and all the regular appropriation bills not yet out of the way! Congress has often done better than this under the old rules and without "counting a quorum."

New York Sun.—Everybody is aware that President Harrison is a firm believer in the necessity of passing the election bill.—Albany Express. Everybody is aware that President Harrison is a firm believer in the necessity of renominating Benjamin Harrison, but who in thunder-and-ten-penny-nails cares a t'centh of a stiver?

Tarboro Banner: Soon the leaves will begin to fall.—The Fair here will be held Oct. 23th, 24th, 30th, and 31st.

FUN FOR THE MILLION.

Half Chaff, Half Laugh.

"You can't keep me in," he yelled, as they dragged him off to a cell. And whether it had any bearing on our corrupt politicians or not he kept his word, for that night he broke out in a rash.

Some barbers are best at cutting hair and other excel in shaving the cheek, but as a rule all are good at the chin.

A man can study both sides of a question without sitting on the fence.—Denver Road.

He wanted the earth all his life and when he got it at last he took it so content He never kicked though twenty tons of stone were piled upon him in his monument.

"Did you notice that man throw the book he was reading away with such a disgusted air?"

"Yes, and it's and an interesting book, 'The Life of munchausen.'"

"Oh, but then it wasn't of any interest to him. He is one of the most wondrous fishermen in the city.

George Washington wore a No. 11 boot. It is hardly necessary to state that he got there with both of them.—Terre Haute Express.

It's stylish for maidens to have the face red

As a sign that they've been to the shore,
But 'twere as easy to get it—though they don't think of that—
At the wash-tub or scrubbing the floor.

Tarred and feathered—fence pales and chickens.

People don't take hunting and base ball sufficiently serious in this country. They are constantly making sport of one and game of the other.

Druggist, however prosperous, always do business on the small scale.—Lawrence American.

The waves skip out and other waves wait in
To kiss the pebble strand:
But the beach is stationary, for
You see, it has the sand.

An old gentleman used to read his paper in front of the monkey cages in the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris. One day a keeper remarked to him: "Here is another monkey dying. They can't live here. The weariness kills them; they don't know what to do with themselves to pass the time."

"You don't say," said the sympathetic old fellow. "Poor things. There!" and he handed the weary monkey his paper.

"Why do you avoid drinking water?"

"Because I believe in letting well enough alone."—New York Journal.

OUR NATIONAL FLOWER.

The golden rod reminds us of Columbus and his nation. The botanists have given it a proper appellation.

For let arbutus, aster and Magnolia away go,
We choose the golden rod because it is a Solidago.

"Who did you hear it from, Nobby?"

"Oh, boy from him of all the people in the world."

"Why?"

"Well, all his waking moments are taken up with talking of himself and in his sleep I believe he talks to himself."

There are some well educated people in the world who cannot remember all the letters of the alphabet. They usually stick on "I. O. U's"—Detroit Free Press

Washington Star: The wings of the Republican party appear to have their flappers very much out of order here lately.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: What do the people who pay the taxes and will have to make up the deficiency think of Republican financing.

Louisville Courier Journal: Speaker Reed will doubtless endeavor to remain in session for some weeks after Congress shall have adjourned.

Louisville Courier Journal: Mr. Blaine knocked the McKinley bill into a cocked hat. Mr. Quay has destroyed the Force bill, and now the New York Tribune is jumping upon the favorite bill of the Grand Army of the Republic calling for a service pension.

It is estimated that during the past two years fully five hundred and thirteen thousand five hundred spindles have been added to the cotton-spinning power of Germany, and that during the same time \$10,000,000 have been invested in cotton mills.

Charlotte Chronicle, 30th ult. The amount of cotton receipts increase daily as the season advances. Twenty-four bales were on the market yesterday, and brought from 10 to 10 1/8 cents.

MARRIED HIMSELF.

HERE'S A FINE POINT.

A Clergyman Can Marry Himself and Thus Save the Fee.

"There are some curious things in the law books," said a gray haired lawyer as they came down the courthouse steps, "It's settled law that a clergyman may perform the ceremony at his own marriage when none is present but himself and his bride, and upon the most solemn judgment fixing the legitimacy of the offspring and the descent of the estate."

"Rev. Samuel Swayne, Beantiah was clergyman of the United Churches of England and Ireland, and on the 27th day of November, 1833, he went to the house of Anne Lyons, in the city of Cork, and there performed the ceremony of marriage between himself and Isabella Frazor using the form of the Book of Common Prayer, but adapting the words to the unique condition of the affair, and using also the wedding ring. They supposed that they were having the wedding all to themselves, but Catherine Coffee was the 'peeping Tom' of the occasion and saw the performance of the ceremony from an adjoining yard, but did not hear the words. The marriage was pronounced as valid as one performed by a minister in holy orders in the presence of witnesses, although it was irregular and clandestine."

"Would such a marriage be valid in Tennessee?"

"Don't know," said the lawyer, cautiously, "but why should it not be if he first procure a license? The statute says no formula need be observed except a declaration in the presence of the minister or officer that they accept each other as man and wife, and all ministers of the gospel may solemnize the rites of matrimony."

"Could a justice of the peace marry himself, also?"

"Certainly, and all the judges and chancellors; they all have this advantage over us common folks, and it would be a mere matter of economy to do it."

"Have you any case in court, or are you about to bring a case on this point?"

"Ah, my friend, don't ask too much. Wait and see."

"Will you notify me and give me a scoop?"

"Yes—if I bring the suit."

Mr. Sullivan Draws the Line.
(Philadelphia Times.)

The debut of John L. Sullivan, Boston's most distinguished citizen, as an actor was an event of more than usual significance. Indeed, the indications are that Mr. Sullivan will prove the reformer of the melodramatic stage. There has been an effort by a number of actors in melodrama in recent years to "look their parts." A sailor it was thought necessary should look the sailor on the stage as well as in the forecastle. The attempt was not always successful. A stage blacksmith it was alleged ought to dress and act like a real blacksmith. It is just here that Mr. Sullivan, the actor, draws the line. Because he is set down in the playbills as a blacksmith is no reason, according to Boston's most eminent citizens, why he should look like a "jay." John L. therefore dressed the part in silk corduroy knee-breeches and patent leather shoes.

This is as it should be, but it needed the courage of Boston's most eminent citizen to assert the propriety. A number of actresses had paved the way for this necessary reform. A blacksmith's wife on the stage was often as prettily attired as a banker's daughter. The actors, however, cling to the absurd notion that a stage blacksmith should wear the begrimed toggery of a real blacksmith. This was too much for Mr. Sullivan's aesthetic taste. He has swept the absurd tradition away with one wave of his powerful arm, winning this great reform in one round. He declined to look like a "jay," and hereafter the stage blacksmith will be as pretty as a picture.

But Mr. Sullivan, the actor, must not imagine that the fight is already won. He has only triumphed in the first round. Before he is finally victorious as the champion of reform he will have to do much hard work. Even now there are people who say that he looks like a "jay" in his silk corduroy knee-breeches and patent leather shoes. It would be a thousand pities if he heeded such envious sneers. All the world wants him as the thing of beauty he was at the outset of his career as an actor. In this city at least we are determined that he shall come to us only as a blacksmith in silk corduroy knee-breeches and patent leather shoes.

Cheerfulness is health; melancholy is disease.

Good example always brings forth good fruits.

State School