The Safest

AND most powerful alterative is Ayer's Enrasparitis. Young and bid are alike benedited by its use. For



eases poculiar to children nothing else is so effective _ as this medicine. ble flavor makes It easy to admiri-

"My little boy lead large scrolu-lone ulcers on his

long ulcers on his neck and threat from which he suffered terribly. Two physicians attended him, but he grew continually werse under their care, and everybody expected he would die. I had heard of the remarkable curies effected by Ayer's flarasparilla, and decided to have my laoy try it. Shortly after he began to take this medicine, the ulcers commenced healing, and, after using several bottles, he was entirely cured. He is now as healthy and strong ax any boy of his age,"—William F. Dougherty, Hampton, Ve.

"In May last, my youngest child,

"In May last, my youngest child, fourteen months old, began to have sores gather on its head and body. We applied various simple remedies without avail. The sores increased in number avail. The sores increased in number and discharged copiously. A physician was called, but the sores continued to multiply until in a few months they nearly covered the child's head and body. At last we began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a few days a marked change for the better was manifest. The sores assumed a more healthy condition, the discharges were gradually diminished, and finally ceased sliogether. The child is livelier, its skin is fresher, and its appetite better than we have observed for months."—Frank M. Griffin, Long Point, Texas.

"The formula of Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"The formula of Ayer's Sarsaparilla presents, for chronic diseases of almost every kind, the best remedy known to the medical world."—D. M. Wilson, M. D., Wiggs, Arkansas.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass Price \$1: six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

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WAR FEELING AT HOME.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

The Showman Recomes Captain of a Volunteer Company, and Breathes Forth Threats and Slaughter-He Attends a Public Meeting.

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XIV. THE WAR PEVER IN BALDINSVILLE.



was cheerin to see that gigantic intelleck among 'em onet more. That's what he called me. I like the skoolmaster, and allers send him tobacker when I'm off on a travelin campane. Besides, he is a very sensible man. Such men must be encouraged.

They don't git news very fast is Baldinsville, as nothin but a plank road runs in there twice a week, and that's very much out of repair. So my nabers wasn't much posted up in regard to the wars. 'Squire Baxter sed he'd voted the dimicratic ticket for goin on forty year, and the war was a dam black republican lie. Jo. Stackpole, who kills hogs for the 'Squire, and has got a powerful muscle into his arms, sed he'd bet \$5 he could lick the Crisis in a fair stand up fight, if he wouldn't draw a knife on him. So it went—sum was for war and sum was

The newspapers got along at last, check full of war, and the patriotic fever fairly bust out in Baldinsville. 'Squire Baxter sed he didn't b'lieve in Coercion, not one of 'em, and could prove by a file of Eagles of Liberty in his garrit, that it was all a Whig lie, got up to raise the price of whisky and destroy our other liberties. But the old 'Squire'got putty riley when he heard how the rebels was cuttin up, and he sed he reckoned he should skour up his old muskit and do a little square fitin for the Old Flag, which had allers bin on the ticket he'd voted, and he was

too old to Bolt now.

The next mornin I 'rose with the lark (N. B.-I don't sleep with the lark, tho.

A goak.)

My little dawter was execootin ballids. accompanyin herself with the Akordeon, and she wisht me to linger and hear her sing, "Hark, I hear a angel singin, a angel now is onto the wing." "Let him fly, my child!" sed I, a-bucklin

on my armer, "I must forth to my Biz. I had a seris time gittin into my millitary harness, as it was bilt for me many years ago; but I finally got inside of it tho' it fitted me putty clost. Howsever, onet into it, I lookt fine-in fact, aw-in spirin. "Do you know me, Mrs. Ward?"

sed I. walkin into the kitchin. Know you, you old fool? Of course

I saw at once she did.

We air progressin pretty well with our drill. As all air commandin offissers there ain't no jelusy, and as we air all exceedin smart it t'aint worth while to try to outstrip each other. The idee of a company composed exclosively of Commanders-in-Chiefs, orriggernated, I spose I skurcely need say, in these Brane. Considered as a idee, I flatter myself it is putty hefty. We've got all the tackticke at our tongs' ends, but what we particly excel in is restin muskits.

Our corpse will do its dooty. We go to the aid of Columby-we fight for the

We'll be chopt into sassige meat before we'll exhibit our cote tales to the foe. We'll fight fill there's nothin left of us but our little toes, and even they shall defiantly wiggle! "Ever of thee,"

A. WARD.

" A WAR MEETING. Our complaint just now is war meetin's. They've bin havin 'em bad in varis parts of our cheerful Republic, and nat'rally we caught 'em here in Baldins ville. They broke out all over us.

Posey County is aroused. I may say indeed, that the pra-hay-ories of Injianny is on fire.

Our big meetin came off the other night, and our old friend of the Bugle was elected Cheerman.

The Bugle-Horn of Liberty is one of Baldvinsville's most eminentest institootions. The advertisements are well written, and the deaths and marriage are conducted with signal ability. The editor, Mr. Slinkers, is a polished, skar-castic writer. Folks in these parts will not soon forget how he used up the Eagle of Freedom, a family journal pub-lished at Snootville, near here. The controversy was about a plank read. 'The road may be, as our contemporary says, a humbug; but our aunt isn't build sided, and we haven't got a one-eyed sister Sall Wonder if the Editor of

the Eagle of Freedom sees it?" This used up the Eagle of Freedom feller, because his aunt's head does present a skinned appearance, and his sister SARAH is very much one-cyed. For a genteel home-thrust, Mr. SLINKERS has w ekals. I was fixin' myself up to attend the great war meetin', when my daughter entered with a young man who was evi-jently from the city, and who were long hair, and had a wild expression into his eye. In one hand he carried a port-folio, and in his other paw claspt a bunch of small brushes. My daughter introduced him as Mr. SWEIBIER, the distinguished landscape painter from Philadelphy.

"He is a artist, papa. Here is one of his master-pieces—a young mother gaz-in' admirin'ly upon her first born," and my daughter showed me a really pretty picter done in ile. "Is it not beautiful, papa? He throws so much soul into his work."

"Does he? does he?" said I-"well, I reckon I'd better fifre him to whitewash our fence. It needs it. What will you sharge, sir," I continued, "to throw some

soul into my fence?" My daughter went out of the room in very short meeter, takin' the artist with ber, and from the emphatical manner in which the door slain'd I concluded she was summat disgusted at my remarks. She closed the door, I may say, in italica, I went into the closet and larfed all alone by myself for over half an hour. I larfed so villently that the preserve jars rattled like a cavalry offisser's sword and things, which it aroused my Bersy, who came and opened the door pretty suddent. She seized me by the few lonely hairs that still linger sadly upon my bare-footed hed, and dragged me out of the closet. ingidentally obsarving that she didn't exactly see why she should be compelled, at her advanced stage of life, to open a assylum for sooperunocated idiots.

My wife is one of the best wimin on this continent, altho' she isn't always gentle as a lamb, with mint sauce. No,

But to return to the war meetin'. It was largely attended. The Editor of the Burtle arese and got up and said the fact could no longer be disguised that we were involved in a war, "Human gore," said he, "is flowin'. All able-bodied men should seize a musket and march to the tented field. I repeat it, sir, to the tented field." A voice-"Why don't you go yourself,

you old blow hard?" "I am identified, young man, with a Arkymedian leaver which moves the world," said the Editor, wiping his auburn brow with his left coat-tail: "I allude, young man, to the press. Terms, two dollars a year, invariably in advance.

Job printing executed with neatness and dispatch!" And with this brilliant bust of elekance the Editor introduced Mr. J. Brutus Hinkins, who is sufferin from an attack of College in a naberin' place. Mr. Hinkins said Washington was not safe. Who can save our national cancetle? "DAN SETCHELL," I said. "He can do

it afternoons. Let him plant his light and airy form onto the Long Bridge, make faces at the hirelin foe, and they'll all skedaddle! Old SETCH can do it." "I call the Napoleon of Showmen. said the Editor of the Bugle,-"I call

that Napoleonic man, whose life is adorned with so many noble virtues. and whose giant mind lights up this warlike scene-I call him to order.' I will remark, in this connection.

that the Editor of the Bugle does my job printing. "You," said Mr. Hinkins, "who live away from the busy haunts of men do not comprehend the magnitood of the crisis. The busy haunts of men is where

people comprehend this crisis. We who live in the busy haunts of man, that is to say, we dwell, as it were, in the busy "I really trust that the gent'l'man will

haunts of men before he sits down said I.

"I claim the right to express my sentiments here," said Mr. Hinkins, in a slightly indignant tone, "and I shall brook no interruption, if I am a Soft-

"You couldn't be more soft, my young friend," I observed, whereupon there was

cries of "Order! order!" "I regret I can't mingle in this strife personally," said the young man. "You might inlist as a liberty pole,"

said I in a silvery whisper.
"But," he added, "I have a voice, and that voice is for war." The young man then closed his speech with some strikin and original remarks in relation to the star-spangled banner. He was followed by the village minister, a very worthy man indeed, but whose sermons have a tendency to make people sleep pretty industriously.

"I am willin' to inlist for one," he said. "What's your weight, parson?" I

"A hundred and sixty pounds," he said. "Well, you can inlist as a hundred and sixty pounds of morphine, your dooty bein' to stand in the hospitals arter a battle, and preach while the surgical operations is bein' performed! Think how much you'd save the Gov'ment in mor-

phine. He didn't seem to see it; but he made good speech, and the editor of the Bugle rose to read the resolutions, as foliers: Resolved. That we view with anxiety the fact that there is now a war goin' on,

Resolved, That we believe Stonewall Jackson sympathizes with the secession movement, and that we hope the nine months men-

At this point he was interrupted by the ounds of silvery footsteps on the stairs, and a party of wimin, carryin' guns and led by EERSY JANE, who brandish'd a loud and rattlin' umbreller, burst into

"Here," cried I, "are some nine-months "Mrs. Ward," said the editor of the Dugle-"Mrs. WAND and ladies, what means this extrord'n'ry demonstration?"

"It means," said that remarkable fe-ale, "that you men air makin foels of You are willin' to talk and arge others to go to the wars, but you don't go to the wars yourselves. War meetin's is very nice in their way, but they don't keep STONEWALL JACKSON from comin' over to Maryland and help-in' kimself to the fattest beef critters. hat we want is more cider and less

talk."
"Gentl'men," said I, "that's my wife!
Go in, old pail" and I throw'd up my
ancient white hat in perfeck rapters.
"Is this rell book to be filled up with the names of men or wimin? she cried.
"With men—with men!" and our quoty
was made up that very night.

MIGNONETTE. We striot beside a meadow rift, I charped your hand in mives. The wind came softly from the hill And brought the scent of pine.

The birds sang love; the lever sun Came o'er the poars of most Willi cager feet, and, hastening down, The valley's lips he kissed.

I looked into your happy eyes, Such love light there did dwell, Twas like a glimpse of Paradise, And then your lashes fell;

And then your trembling bands undid The flowers that you were, And, with your levely face half hid And blueling more and more, Upon my coat you planed a spray

Of fragrant mignosette, And said, "This happy, happy day Will you, sweetheart, forget?" Dear heart, since then, still side by side We've trid life's path together, And love, since then, has been our guide In fair and stormy weather,

I look into your eyes divine,

The same love light is there That wondrously did in them shine That summer morning fair. Ah, can I, then, forget the day-The best of memory's store—
When, with your heart, you gave the spra
Of migronette you worn?
—Ingram Crockett in Frank Lesilo's.

A YANKEE TRICK.

As a soldier under two governments I have fought Sepoys, Boers, Hottentots, Maoris, Indians, Malays and civilized white men, but for real, downright ferocity and dogged perseverance I give the medal to the Afghans. Such a thing as cowardice is unknown among them. They are ready for a fight at a moment's notice, and they can stand the cold steel and grape and canister longer than any white troops I was ever opposed to. They are fanatics to the last drop of blood, and when an enemy fully believes that death on the name and eternal rest for his soul, he becomes doubly dangerous.

In the march to Cabul, which won laurels for the British arms only that they might be covered with the disgrace of bad diplomacy, we found the Afghan on his own soil and on battlefields of his own selection, and though we could drive him in every instance. each victory cost us some of the best blood in the English army.

One of our outposts, as the column was encamped in the Coota valley to recruit its strength and bring up supplies, was nine miles to the north, where it correred a strategic point. A detachment of 100 men was kept there for fifteen days, being relieved every five days, and I went out with the last and we had 100 rounds of ammunition for our muskets.

The post was not in the valley, but three different passes, and it was a terribly lonesome spot. It was among companies holding it had used the off in great confusion. great blocks of stone to build a fort. This structure was about 100 feet walls were about twelve feet high. while it was a rude affair as a fort it was a stout and safe retreat in case of a few men being hard pressed.

The blunders made in that historic campaign are too numerous to be recorded. The most impartial historian are agreed that incompetency was the leading feature. We had been at the post two days when the captain in command took fifty of the men for wint he called a reconnoissance up one of the passes to the north of us, and at the same time sent twenty-five men on another fool's errand to the east. We had been put there simply and solely to prevent the enemy from coming down the pass right at our door and entering the valley. What was beyond us did not matter. There was mutter ing among the men as they were marched out, each carrying twenty-five rounds of aurmunition, and they called "farewell" to the twenty-two of us left behind. Half an hour after they had passed out of sight we heard sharp firing to the north and east, and not one single man ever returned to us. They were ambushed in the defiles and slaughtered, just as night have been

On this very same day the main army decided to advance. A courier was dispatched to notify an outpost, but he never reached us, either turning back through fear or having been picked off by some concealed rifleman. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon the natives appeared in large numbers, both above and below us, and then we knew what had happened; indeed, they taunted us with the annihilation of our comrades, and gave us the news that the main column had moved on and deeerted us. An old sergeant, who had passed twenty-two years in the service, was in command of us, and as soon as he fully realized the disaster which had come about he called the men together and said:

"We have no choice in this matter. A thousand men could not push their way down into the valley new to try and overtake the column. We must remain and do what we can."

"But what can we do?" acted a cor-"Die!" replied the sergeant. "That's

what we were sent out here for, anyhow. We are twenty-two to hundreds and thousands. We must kill as many of the devils as we can and then lie down ourselves."

There wasn't a glimmer of hope. We knew the Afghan. In that long one, ten, fifty or a hundred it was puff! bang! and they were left lying dead kee who had fought under almost everas we marched on. If one of our men fell into their hands his head was they yielded up twenty lives for one. Some would follow on after the columa, but hordes would be left behind to harass the outposts left along the line of communication,

It stood us in hand to make good use of the few hours left to us. The Afghans were elated and excited, and showed no disposition to attack that evening, but we knew the morrow would open a siege which might last until there was no longer a man to defend the fort. As there were five days' rations for 100 men, the twenty-two of us had close upon a month's provisions. As for water, there was a spring bubbling up within the fort, and all the preparations we could make consisted in strengthening the position. During the night we built a bomb proof, hauled in a large supply of firewood, and not one of us got a wink of sleep. Day had scarcely broken when we found ourselves surrounded by at least a thousand natives. The first move on their part was to demand a surrender. This was promptly refused, and musketry fire was then opened on the fort. We made no return, but avoided the portholes as much as possible, cooked breakfast, and most of the men slept until noon.

I told you our fort was on the crest of a steep hill. The earth slanted away from it in all directions for about forty rods before there was any cover for an enemy. So far as musketry was concerned, they might blaze away for year and not hurt any one, but we knew they would soon bring up fieldpieces against us. There was only one spot where they could plant the guns battlefield means eternal praise for his to get the proper elevation on us, and that was just opposite the north center of the fort, on a little plateau forty feet above the traveled trail. During the day we backed this wall with other blocks of stone, and made it as secure as circumstances would permit, and when night came the enemy had fired 5.000 bullets at us without inflicting the least damage.

We hadn't the humber to build platforms around the walls, but we had sufficient to build three lookout stations at three corners, and there sentinels took their stations when darkness fell. What we feared was a night attack with scaling ladders, and that was exactly what they were planning for. Instead of taking time to make ladders, however, they made a rush on us about detachment. We were all infantry, I o'clock in the morning with a detail of men, carrying long poles to rest against the walls. The sentinels gave us timely notice, and standing on up among the hills, where it covered | blocks of stone so as to bring us nearer the enemy as he showed up on top of the wall, we tumbled him off with bulthe ruins of an old temple, and the first let and bayonet so rapidly that he drew

That attack was a good thing for us. The enemy gave us credit for three square, crowning a steep hill, and the times our actual strength, and therefore decided to move with more caution Two sides of it were the walls of the in the future, and it gave us the idea not fail to say suthin' about the busy old temple strengthened a little, and that our position could be defended against big odds. During the next day the Afghans kept up a slow and irregu lar fire against us, simply wasting their lead, and all the men, except those on necessary duty, were permitted to sleep. When night came again we discover the cause of their apathy. We plainly heard them clearing away the small trees on the plateau and using the spade, and knew that they were going to plant artillery to use against us. The artillery branch of the Ameer's service was very weak, the guns being of light caliber and the ammunition generally poor, but no one could doubt that if a gun or two was got to bear on ns, and the enemy would keep pegging away, the shot and shell would in time effect a breach.

We had above 6,000 rounds of cartridges, as our slaughtered comrades had left three-quarters of their store behind them, and the sergeant ordered us to man the ten portholes on that side and keep up a steady fire on the plateau. It was firing at random in the darkness, but we doubtless knocked some of them over, and quite certainly delayed the work. When morning chine we could see that they had cleared the ground and begun to throw up a small fort to hold the gans. Our fire had driven them off. During the day they made builet proof screens of boughs and mats and paid us but little attention. When night felt they set up their screens and worked behind thom, and though our fire might have inflicted some slight loss, it did not prevent them from getting two guns in position. They had an earthwork six feet high to protect the gunners, and as the sergeant looked out and saw what had been done be grimly said: "Well, we shall have a few days less

to live. While we were at breakfast the guns opened fire with solid shot. They were only forty rods away, and yet the gunnery was so poor that the first nine shots were thrown away. When they began to strike, however, we realized the damage they night inflict. The stones were but little harder than sandstone, and while too heavy to be hurled down they flaked and crumbled under the impact. We manued the portholes and fired at the embrasures, and in this way we choked though we could not silence the fire. They got the guns trained on one particular spot, and before night came we knew they could breach us in two days more. As darkness closed in their fire was suspended. and bloody campaign neither side bother of the progress they had seed with prisoners. If we captured made, and there was no need of hurry. We had with us a native born Yan-

fing and taken the oath of allegiance to four or five governments, and early in lepped off or a spear sent through him the evening we noticed him overhand-before he could wink twice. They'd ing the pile of poles we had dragged in the evening we noticed him evering have the life of every man, even if for firewood. He at length selected out four or five which had all the spring of American bickory, and then unfolded his idea to the sergeant. It was simple enough, but no one but a Tankee would have ever thought of it. We first haid five short poles on the ground and pinned them fast. Then three feet in rear of them we elevated five other short poles about two feet from the ground on crotches. When the end of a long pole was put over one of these and rested against the one on the ground we had what would have been a spring board, if there had been any board about it. We then nailed box covers to the other ends of the poles, made ropes fast to bend them down, and we had a principle made use of in war 1,600 years ago.

Now, then, pull down the end of the pole, place a stone on the pan and let go, and the spring sends the stone flying sky high, to come down with a crash on somebody's head. In an hour we had the five ready and playing away, there being plenty of broken stone in the fort for ammunition. There was spring enough to the poles to throw a five pound stone sixty rods, and we heard sounds to prove that we drove the enemy from a dozen different positions during the night.

The guns opened on us early in the morning, and then a funny thing took place. It may seem almost abourd to you, but I'm giving you only what was officially reported when I say that with our five spring guns, as you might call 'em, we actually drove the gunners out of that redoubt and silenced their fire. After a little practice we could get just the right spring to send the stone souring away like a bomb, to fall upon their uncovered heads. A jagged stone, weighing from one to five pounds, and falling from a height of fifty or sixty feet, is not to be despised. They tried to get a shelter over them, but with our musketry fire at the embrasures, and our rocks dropping from above, they had to desert the redoubt. Wherever we found a body of the enemy sheltered by rock or thicket to fire on ns we trained our Yankee inventions on them, and they had to withdraw.

After the failure of the artillery to breach the walls, the Afghans sat down to starve us out. The idea was to wear us out as well, and a fire of musketry was maintained day and night. They probably didn't expect to do any great harm by this fire, but they knew it would keep us on the alert and annoy and irritate. It did have that effect and they harraged us further by threats of assault. We on our part kept them dodging with our missiles, and I have no doubt we wounded a good many of them in that way. They couldn't make out what sort of guns we had which fired without noise and threw rocks instead of iron or lead, and this puzzle was what prevented them from carrying our walls by assault.

For thirty-six long days and nights we were cooped up in that fort, not suffering for food or drink, but a prey to constant anxiety, and then the seond main column came up from the coast and sent us relief. In the light in the pass below the fort over 500 natives were killed, and of the dozen captured alive every man of them expressed a desire to see our strange guas before being disposed of as prisoners were They were brought inside and permit ted to inspect them, and their curios ity was unbounded. Poor devils! They were backed against the wall, not twenty feet away, and shot to death even as their faces still expressed wonder and astonishment.-New York

Eural Argentine.

All the country traversed by the railroed lines is devoted to pastoral and agricultural industries, and the landscape, with the exception of the hilly district of the Sierra de Tandil and the Sierra de la Ventang, la always the same bare pampa, with stretches of marshes and small lakes abounding in wild fowl. As for the estancias, towns villages and colonies, when you have seen one you have seen all, and all are

equally unpicturesque. The life, too, has become less fertile in picturesque incidents since the inclosure of the land with wire fences, which makes the management of the herds much simpler, and enables the estancieros to dispense with the guard of mounted ganesics, who are now to be seen only in the very distant interior. At present the majority of the population has no particular character, being composed of Italian and French immigranta, of Basques with red or blue cloth caps, and a few native ganebos with broad belts constellated with silver coins, long ponchos and wide oriental troosers like petticoats, generally black, but sometlines striped with brilliant colors.

Novadays, however, the gaucho is losing his individuality, abandoning his peculiar costaine, and becoming assimllated in dress and habits with the awarms of miscellaneous Europeans who have peopled the modern Argen-tine, and made the hundreds of colonies and towns that have spring into existence within the past ten years. To visit these young centers of so-called civilization is no pleasant task. - Theodore Child in Harper's.

The Truth.

"Just about where was this North river shad caught?" asked the cus-

"Off Wilmington," retorned the absent minded dealer. Harper's Bazar.

A Peret Deck. door gives up one horn, keeps the other and fights a duel with a hunter, but i so happened recently. A gentleman named West, of Lynn, Mass., can tell you all about it. He was hunting to kingsbury and came out upon Thorn Brook, where he paused to rest. All at once he beheld a noble looking deer stalk out upon the brow of the hill above him. He let drive one barrol and the door fell. Hastily he scrambled up to examine his prize and found to his grief that he had shot one handsome horn off close to the animal's head. The deer was apparently dead. Half in reverie he fitted the horn back upon the door's head in order to see how the animal would look when intact.

To his amazement the deer sprang to his feet and, thoroughly madde pitched into his assailant with all the fury of an animal at bay. Mr. West, retaining the disconnected horn in his hand, commenced to belabor the animal, and the battle raged furiously. Is the heat of the melce both tumbled plunk into the brook and this ended the conflict. The deer swam for one bank, while Mr. West clambered out upon the opposite, wet, seared and mad clear through. His clothes were torn and he received several painful bruises, but hung on to the horn. He carried the trophy back to Lynn with him and left a standing offer of \$50 for the mate.—Bangor (Me.) News.

Roumania's Popular Queen.

The queen of Roomania was on a visit to London and staid at one of the West End hotels. It was noised abroad that she intended leaving, and in order to witness her departure a vast crowd of people surrounded the hotel staircase. Our informant formed one of the crowd, and it so happened that he had Just been to Covent Garden, where he had purchased a bunch of

mignonette, of which he was a lover. A few minutes after his arrival the queen of Roumania passed down the hotel staircase, holding in her hands a beautiful bouquet of flowers. Saized with a sudden impulse to present the queen with his bunch of mignonette, our informant stopped forward, and in a rough, though kindly way, asked the queen if she would accept "the mignou-

The queen at once threw away the bouquet of flowers which she held in her hand, took the rough bunch of mignonette, and, kissing it, said:

"Oh, thank you very much. I love it so; it is my favorite flower."-London Tit-Bits.

Is the Manuscript Divine?

June 1, 1873, the city of Bichmond. Mo., was visited by a terrible cyclone. The residence of David Whitmer, the possessor of the manuscript of the "Book of Mormon," was directly in the storm's path. Although the house was almost totally demolished, one room, that in which the book was deposited -being an extension of a porch, consequently not as substantial as the other parts of the house-was left uninjured in the least degree; not a shingle was removed or a single crack made

in the plastering. Like the Athenian watch tower # stood, piled up with wrecks on all sides, itself unwrecked. When the ellizons of the afflicted city learned of the above facts they formed a committee and made a report on the miraculous preservation of the room and its highly valned treasure. The written report of the committee is now in possession of one of the prominent attorneys of the city in which the events related occurred.-Cor. St. Louis Republic.

Herbert J. Crawford mys: "Few cities in the west can begin to compere with St. Louis in the matter of book collectors. Recorder of Voters Willlains has one of the choicest collections in this or adjoining states, and there are books in his library which money couldn't buy. I don't think he knows how to say no when a really valuable and rure book is offered him. Judge Normile is another great book collector. and Judge Lindley is equally fond of choice literature. Capt. D. P. Slattery has a very extensive library, the contents of which are worth many thou-

valuers, and only a greenhorn in the business would think of offering either of them a work of only medium interest. There are in all about fifty genu-ine book cranks in the city."-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How Some Boys Con Fib.

sauds, and Capt. Bryan will always

buy a rare book if it is in fair order.

Fathers Bonacum and O'Shea have

also great reputations as expert book

ford, the pugilist who is in jail for probably fatally wounding David A. Greever, the stockman, is and a "chip off the old block." Potice Surgeon Inen, while trying to entertain the little follow at the police station pointed to his hunting dog as

The 4-year-old son of Charles Citt-

smid: "There's a nice dog. He can catch's ball in his mouth when I tout one to

"That's nuthin'," said the boy: "Two got a dog that will catch up a stick in its teeth and but the ball back."

"But this dog can climb a tree," sa Dr. Ioen, slyly winking:
"That's nuthin," again retorted the
boy. "All the dogs climb trees where

boy. "All the dogs came or all the I live. My dog goes to echool with me and is in the same class." The po-surgeon's breath was taken away he had nothing turther to say. —5