

The Hillsborough Recorder.

C. N. B. & T. C. EVANS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

WE KNEEL TO NONE BUT GOD

(TERMS--\$2 50 A YEAR, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE)

New Series--Vol. 3, No. 106--

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., FEBRUARY 14, 1872.

--Old Series, Vol. 53

NEW RICH MOND ADVERTISEMENTS

Book & Stationery Supplies

FOR THE FALL TRADE--The undersigned have commenced receiving and will have on hand during the month, full supplies of Books, Stationery, Pens, Portfolios, and Miscellaneous Merchandise, which can be accommodated with all they want in books as well as Stationery of every description upon as good terms as they can be obtained anywhere.

They are agents for the University Series of School Books, adopted for use in most of the counties of the State.

Orders promptly and faithfully filled at the lowest figures.

WOODHOUSE & PARHAM.

FULL FALL STOCK JUST RECEIVED & IN STORE

To Country Merchants:

I am manufacturing daily my infallible Crush Sugar, Steam clarified Plum Candles, warranted better than any made in the U. States for wholesale purposes. I have on hand the largest stock of Confectioneries, Fruits, Segars, Tobacco Canned Goods and Sauces I ever had at any one time. I buy all my goods from first hands, New York or Boston Importers, or purchase them at cargo sales through brokers for cash, and can sell all goods as low as New York Jobbers.

Don't you believe that I can be undersold anywhere. Give me a call or send for a price list.

LOUIS J. BOSSEUX,
Wholesale Confectioner,
1412 Main St., Richmond, Va.

JOHN A. RICHARDSON, JOSEPH A. BELL,
UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.
Gaston House
NEWBORN, N. C.
RICHARDSON & BELL, PROPRIETORS.

The above named persons have formed a co-partnership and leased this well known Hotel, which is now open for the reception of Guests. The house has been thoroughly renovated, and important improvements made and making.

The travelling public will find good rooms, a table supplied with the best market affords, and polite and attentive servants. Terms moderate.

YARBOROUGH HOUSE

RALEIGH N. C.

SITUATED on the Principal Street in the center of the City, convenient to all the Public Buildings, Banks, Business Houses, &c.

Accommodations equal to any Hotel in the South.

C. W. BLACKWELL, Proprietor.

WILKERSON'S WAREHOUSE

MILTON, N. C.

For the Sale of Leaf Tobacco,

SITUATED near the Bridge on Country-line, with splendid light and ample accommodations for men and beast.

Prompt attention given to the interest & comfort of Planters and their teams and the highest prices for Tobacco guaranteed. Bring us the "weed."

J. C. WILKERSON, J. C. STEPHENS, J. M. COVINGTON, Proprietors.
Nov. 29th, 1871.

MANGUM MALE ACADEMY

FLAT RIVER, ORANGE COUNTY, N. C.

This Institution, located within one mile of the late Hon. W. P. Mangum's residence, and in honor of whom takes its name, will resume its exercises on the 22d of January and continue 21 weeks.

It is desirable and very important that Pupils should enter promptly at the beginning of the Session.

All Pupils will be considered as entering for the entire Session unless by mutual agreement to the contrary.

BOARD can be obtained within a half mile of the Academy at \$6 per month.

TERMS:

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.....\$15.00
HIGHER ENGLISH.....\$20.00
"with scientific LANGUAGES 22.50

Parties desiring further information will please address

A. H. STOKES, Principal,
Flat River, N. C.
Jan 3. or. 1872.

HUGHES' ACADEMY

THE Fifty-eight session of my school will commence Monday, Jan 8th, 1872, and continue twenty weeks.

The course of studies will embrace everything necessary to enter our best Colleges and Universities.

EXPENSES.....\$25.00
BOARD, including Room, Fuel, Wash, 50.00
No extra charges, and deductions will be made in cases of protracted illness.

For further particulars address,

SAMUEL W. HUGHES, Principal,
Cedar Grove, Orange County, N. C.
Dec 18th, 71

KOSKOO

THE GREAT
BLOOD AND LIVER MEDICINE
FOR
HUMORS IN THE BLOOD,
SCROFULA, DYSPEPSIA,
LIVER COMPLAINT,
RHEUMATISM,
KIDNEY AFFECTIONS,
SKIN DISEASES,
DEBILITY,
GENERAL BAD HEALTH, ETC.

Boys and Girls Wanted.

WANTED at Scrapshaw Cotton Factory, Two or three families consisting of Boys & Girls. Each Family to furnish at least four hands--one or two boys aged from fifteen to eight years, with one family. An early application with good reference will insure employment.

JAMES NEWLIN & SON.

GRAVES' WAREHOUSE,

DANVILLE, VA.,
FOR THE SALE OF
Leaf Tobacco,
Salesroom 100 by 70 Feet, with
NEARBY ENCLOSURES.

Prompt attention to the interest and Comfort of Planters and their Teams.

FARMERS' WAREHOUSE,

DANVILLE, VA.

THIS new and commodious Warehouse was opened on the 1st day of November last for the sale of Leaf Tobacco. The accommodations will be equal to those of any Warehouse in the State. We have a good Wagon yard with stalls for horses and a house for the accommodation of our patrons.

Every attention will be paid to the interests of the farmers, and a trial is solicited.

F. J. STARRS,
J. T. BRIGHTWELL.

Jan 1. of

Crockery, Glassware &c.

KELLOGG & GIBSON,

IMPORTERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

China, Glass & Earthenware

AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS

We have now in store of our own importation, and purchased direct from the manufacturers, the largest and most complete stock of Goods in our line that has been offered in this city since the war. Rich Decorated, Gold Band and White, French China, Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Fine Cut, Pressed and Common Glassware, Lamps and Fixtures, Looking Glasses, Silver-Plated Goods of best quality, Fine Table Cutlery, Block Tin and Spunware Ware, Patent Ice Pitchers, Fruit Jars, Stoneware, at manufacturers' prices, &c., with every variety of Common Goods, suitable for the country trade.

We guarantee to sell goods as low as they are sold by any respectable house in this country. Country dealers will save money by giving us their orders. Before you purchase call and see.

KELLOGG & GIBSON.

Wholesale Shoe House of

BOTTINORE, MARROW & CO.,

Atlantic Block, Nos. 120 & 122 Main St., NORFOLK, VA.

WE beg leave to call the attention of our customers and the trade generally to every respect, to the quality and under our own supervision, thereby securing a handsome profit to our customers, and placing us on a footing with the manufacturing establishment in the Country.

Our business being exclusively Wholesale and Jobbing, we supply Merchants only, and are prepared this season to offer the trade great inducements.

All goods of our own make are equal to any made work and are warranted to every respect. We have a large stock of Goods, which we will call and examine our extensive stock.

We guarantee satisfaction in quality and price, and ourselves to sell the same class of Goods at lower prices than they can be obtained in N. York, or any other Northern market.

BOTTINORE, MARROW & CO.,
120-122 Main St., Norfolk, Va.

RICHMOND & DAN. RAIL ROAD.

On and after December 1, 1871, GOING WEST.

Train No. 2 (through passenger) leaves Richmond daily (except Sundays) at 9:45 A. M.; leaves Danville at 11:30 A. M.; arrives at Greensboro at 1:20 P. M.

Train No. 6 (Lynchburg passenger) leaves Richmond daily at 9:45 A. M.; arrives at Lynchburg at 5 P. M.

Train No. 11 (through mail and express) leaves Richmond daily at 2:45 P. M.; leaves Danville daily at 4:15 P. M.; arrives at Greensboro daily at 5:15 A. M.

GOING EAST.

Train No. 1 (through mail and express) leaves Greensboro daily at 7:50 P. M.; leaves Danville daily at 9:15 P. M.; arrives at Richmond at 1:20 P. M.

Train No. 9 (through passenger) leaves Greensboro daily (except Sundays) at 11:20 A. M.; leaves Danville at 1:27 P. M.; arrives at Richmond at 3:21 P. M.

Train No. 10 (Lynchburg passenger) leaves Lynchburg daily at 6:20 A. M.; leaves Burkeville at 11 P. M.; arrives at Richmond at 1 P. M.

Trains Nos. 2 and 11 connect at Greensboro with trains on the North Carolina railroad for all P. A. stations.

Train No. 6 connects at Burkeville with train on the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio railroad for all points southwest and south.

THROUGH TICKETS to all points south and southwest can be procured at the ticket office in Richmond, and R. F. WALKER, Agent of the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio railroad, No. 1225 Main street, Richmond.

JOHN B. MACMURDO,
General Freight and Ticket Agent.
T. M. R. TALCOTT, Engineer and Superintendent.

IF you wish to buy a handsome BONNET, Ladies HAT or misses or child's flat call on

ISAAC OETTINGER.

Fashionable Millinery Establishment

No. 48 Fayetteville Street, Raleigh, N. C.

his stock of Ribbons, Sashes, Lares, Velvets, Satins, Silks, (for trimming) Ladies Furs, Hoods, Breakfast Slaves, Childrens and all sorts of chair covers, Velvet and other cloths, cannot be surpassed. His prices are moderate and orders from a distance will meet with prompt attention.

His stock of Clothing, Shoes, Boots, Pines Goods and Dress Goods are offered at and before OETTER, in order to have his store fixed up for regular

Millinery and Ladies Furnishing Store.

Persons visiting our next State file would find to their advantage to call at 48 Fayetteville st., Oct. 18.

Raleigh, N. C.

VERY CHOICE STanzas.

Madam put this in your Husband's watch-case.

Speak kindly, gently to thy wife,
She knows enough of sorrow;
Oh seek not from such petty ill,
An angry word to borrow.
For in her heart there's treasured love;
Oh, prize his god-den worth!
One gentle word, one smile of thine,
Can ever call it forth.

When thou art harsh, and stern and cold,
And from thine own dear home
The sunshine of domestic love
In sorrow seeks to roam,
Upon her heart thy cold words fall
And chill life's tender life;
Then, oh, amidst thy trials all,
Speak kindly to thy wife.

Speak softly, kindly to thy wife;
She may have left a home
Of cherished love, and to thine own
But scarce as far have come.
Though five or ten have told the tale,
But thou hast shared its strife--
Whenever thy footsteps homeward turn,
Speak kindly to thy wife.

Speak kindly, gently to thy wife,
She may be growing old,
And soon ye both may gathered lie
In shadows of the mould.

Str, put this in your Wife's mirror.

Have faith in thy husband, confide in his vow;
Should he speak unkindly, be true to him now,
Though 'e'en in this anguish thy bright hopes are dim,
Whatever awaits thee, be faithful to him.

Have faith in thy husband, nor seek from thy home
A help for thy sorrow which sometimes may come;
Mid all thy dejection trust not in another;
But let us have faith and be kind to each other.

Have faith in thy husband, and when he is tried
By trials and crosses, come stand by his side,
And try with affection to lighten his heart;
There, 'e'en if thou failest, 'is acting thy part.

Have faith in thy husband, thy own home within,
What'er be his coldness; true kindness may win;
Though 'e'en in thy sorrow thy fond hopes are dim,
Yet still he may love thee--be faithful to him.

The Fate of a Printer.

Died yesterday, Feb. 3 in Bellevue Hospital, Thom. C. Woodard.

From the New York Sun.

Last Christmas night a Sun reporter was eluded by the arm in Chatham street. The night was rainy, and there was a heavy fog. "You are just the one I want to see," said a white-faced man in a hollow voice. His cheeks were sunken, his hands the fever of consumption.

"I am dying with consumption," he said, "and I want you to get me into a hospital. I can't eat anything. Nothing will stay on my stomach. And I am cold all the time. It seems as though I never could get warm. The doctors say it's of no use--I never can get well. I'm gone," and he added, with a feeble attempt at a smile, "all I want is to lay down in some hospital where I can get warm, keep warm, pass in my checks, and die. It won't be long."

THE MORNING OF LIFE.

The sick man was Thomas C. Woodard, familiarly known among the printers of New York as Tom Woodard. He was born in Suffolk, Va., and learned the printing business in Nansemond county. He began life as a journeyman printer in the office of the *Christian Sun*, a weekly newspaper published in Suffolk by the Rev. W. B. Wellons. He had a good school education, and improved it wonderfully while in this country printing office. With general literary matters he became thoroughly conversant. The news of the day was always at his fingers' ends. He was a brilliant conversationalist, handsome in face and figure, and dressed in exquisite taste. As his intellect gradually developed he wished to see more of the world. He came to New York in 1857, and soon secured a situation in the *Tribune* office. He came here an honest, hard-working, good-natured country boy. A splendid type-setter, he made plenty of money. Everything was new to him. He visited the theaters and operas, and within a year conversed on theatrical and musical matters like a veteran New Yorker. Clearing from twenty-five to thirty dollars in four or five days on the *Tribune*, the remainder of the week he spent in making himself a man about town. Having acquired a competence he left the printing business, to which he did not return until his means were entirely exhausted. Two years afterwards he was again "ubbing" on the *Tribune*. The days of type-setting had returned, and with them days of gloom. The gay silk necktie, the glossy beaver, the frilled shirt bosom, the velvet-collared broadcloth coat, the patent leather boots gradually faded away; the gay, fascinating conversation-alist became a moody wreck, death was fast treading on his heels.

"Well, I'll see if I can't get you into Bellevue Hospital," said the *Sun* reporter on that foggy Christmas night.

A PRINTER'S HORROR OF BELLEVUE.

"No, no," Tom answered, clutching his thin coat collar about the neck. "Don't send me to Bellevue. My God, I always had a horror of Bellevue. You know when Ben Glasby went there what he said about the way they treated men there. But I thought you might get me into St. Luke's, or some one of those religious hospitals, where the Episcopal or Presbyterian run the hospital, and would take good care of a fellow--keep him warm until he died. Somebody was telling me of a printer that died up in St. Luke's Hospital and he

was treated just as though he was at home--good kind motherly women took care of him. That the kind of hospital I want to get into."

"Where are you stopping now?" asked the reporter.

"Up on the top floor of the New England Hotel," was the answer. "They're very kind to me. I told them I didn't have any money, but they said it didn't make any difference. But the room is cold and chilly. You've no idea how cold it is! (coughing violently.) 'I haven't been warm in a month.'"

"This is an awful night for a man in your condition to be out of doors," said the reporter.

"Well the doctor you know, he's very good, and I haven't got anything to pay him. He said there was no use of talking; that I'm gone anyway, and that I'd better get into a hospital right away, so as not to die at the hotel. If I've got to peg out, why I might as well die at the hospital as at the hotel, and save the hotel folks all that trouble, for they've been very kind, you know."

THE BOWL OF CHICKEN SOUP.

Reporter--Can't you eat something, a bowl of beef tea, calves foot jelly, chicken soup, or something of that kind.

Tom--I can't eat. You see that's what the doctor says is all the trouble. Nothing will stay on my stomach, my stomach is weak. Here yesterday a clerk in the hotel--he's a good fellow--he brought a bowl of chicken soup up to my room and left it for me. But I couldn't keep a mouthful of it (again coughing) on my stomach. After he's being so kind I didn't like to hurt his feelings by making him think that I hadn't eaten it, so I stuck the chicken soup under the skirt of my coat; this way (putting his wasted hand under his coat) and stole out along the entry and threw the soup into the sink. Tom (a sad smile) I took the empty bowl down to the clerk and thanked him, and it did him as much good as though I had eaten it, you know."

Here poor Tom was seized with a bad fit of coughing, at the end of which he again clutched the collar of his buttonless coat about his neck, and told the reporter that he had heard that John Keyser had a private hospital for people who had no one to attend to, and asked if he could not be sent to it.

He could get him in there. The reporter said that he thought he could, and if he would call at the Sun office on the following day he would see what could be done. After giving him some money the reporter shook hands with him, and Tom's tottering form was quickly lost under the foggy night.

IN JOHN KEYSER'S HOSPITAL.

Two days afterward Tom called at the Sun office. The reporter gave him a letter to Agnes Nicol, the matron of Mr. Keyser's hospital, in Avenue D. The sufferer went there with a light heart. The next day he returned to the Sun office very much downcast.

"Don't do," he said. "They only take certain cases. Wait till I get my breath--it's awful getting up those stairs--and I'll begin at the beginning and tell you all about it. You see I went there and I rang the bell, and a woman opened the door and showed me into the sitting room. I gave her your letter, and told her all about it. She said I'd have to be examined by a doctor, and she sent me up stairs for a doctor. While I was waiting for the doctor, I took a look around, and everything was as nice and clean and comfortable as a first-class hotel. Oh, if I could only have got in there, I'd have been all right. Well, by and by, they showed me up stairs to the doctor. It was in a cold room. He made me pull off everything--stripped me to the buff--and sounded my lungs every way. I reeled and was fit on my feet--it seemed so to me it was so cold. Well, finally he looked me in the face kind of sid like, and said it was of no use, they couldn't take me. He said this was an incurable case, and the hospital was not for incurable cases. He said if there was only the slightest chance for a hope that I could get cured he would take me into the hospital, but as there wasn't, he couldn't, you know. Well, I left you that kind of look the breath away from me. Then he said there was a hospital for incurables up in Westchester somewhere and he gave me a letter to Mr. Cammann or something else, down in Wall street, who was the superintendent, asking him to do what he could to get me in there. Well, I dressed myself, and he took me down stairs down by a big heater, and told me to warm myself before I went. And I sat there until I got warm. It was the first time I had been warm in six weeks, and it was an awful cold day out now. I set there for more than an hour warm as toast, and was just getting into a kind of doze--that's another thing the matter with me, I can't sleep nights--when a woman came in with a nice thick woollen undershirt on her arm and a pair of woolen socks, and told me she would show me a room where I could put them on (coughing.) I've got them on now. You don't know how much warmer they make a fellow feel. And the next day I went down to Wall street. Cammann is a ban-

ker or a broker or something. I went into his office, but he wasn't there. So the clerks told me he would be in a few minutes, and I walked up to a red hot stove and got warm. I was rather ashamed at first on account of my clothes, but nobody seemed to notice me, and I got kind of easy, when Cammann came in. He read the doctor's letters, and then said he was sorry, but the institution was full and more than full. They had applications almost every hour. When I told him I was a Tribune printer and had friends on the Sun he was very kind and wrote my name down on a little book he pulled out of his pocket. He said he would let me know as soon as there was a vacancy, but (sadly) I guess he'll forget it, and that will be the end of it."

IN BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

Here Woodward set for some minutes in silence. After another fit of coughing he said, "If you'll give me a letter to the Commissioners I'll go to Bellevue Hospital, I'll try it anyhow. I never hear anybody speak of Bellevue but what I can imagine a lot of men in a large room cutting up dead bodies."

Some further conversation ensued, after which the reporter gave him letters to the Hon. James B. Nicholson, the Hon. Owen Brennan, and the kind-hearted Warden He departed. A week afterward the reporter received a letter from him. The following are extracts:

"I am treated with the greatest kindness and consideration. Warden Brennan is one of the best men I ever saw. I am warm, and never cold now. It makes a big difference in a man's feelings to be warm all the time. I can eat a little, too. I had coffee and beefsteak this morning. It was good, but the beefsteak was tough, what?"

Nelse Young (the Coroner) was through here yesterday. He saw me and stopped and talked with me a long time. It did me good in the hospital, for it made the attendants think I was somebody.

Warden Brennan calls me the 'Sun's' patient. Haven't heard from Cammann lately. Very nervous!

DEAD!

Other letters were received, all speaking in the kindest terms of Warden Brennan and his attendants.

Other letters were received, all speaking in the kindest terms of Warden Brennan and his attendants.

A CURIOUS STORY.

The telegraph last week announced the death of General Wm. Thompson, formerly a quartermaster under General Jackson, and at one time an immensely wealthy citizen of New Orleans. Poverty-stricken and broken down, he died at the Bellevue Hospital, New York, where he had been taken in a starving condition by the police. It is related of him that, engaging in business in New Orleans after the close of the war of 1815, he amassed a fortune of \$11,000,000.

Commenting upon the intelligence of his death, the *Washington Chronicle* says: "The announcement, which seems incredible, must excite a feeling of regret, added to utter amazement, among the many who remember General Thompson as a wonderful specimen of vigorous old age. His well preserved energies of mind & body, and a certain venerable grandeur of physique which rendered him noticeable everywhere, and 'the old man eloquent,' are matters of history pertaining to our own country and Europe during the past sixty years. Not a trace of senility marred his memory or bedimmed the power of his firm black eyes. Gen. Thompson was for many years an officer and quartermaster under President Jackson. A thoroughly patriotic man, an unusually observant man was Gen. Thompson, 'with a heart open as the day to melting clarity.' He witnessed the review of the troops of Spain by Napoleon the I, and had seen the crowned heads and great generals of each country of a past generation. Gen. Thompson was regarded as wealthy, and his family among whom were two famously beautiful daughters, received every luxury at his hands. Conjecture is defied by the statement of his miserable death. That he may, in sudden decadence of mental or physical forces, have fallen into fatal sickness among strangers, or that he wandered in delirium upon the streets when unprovided with money and died of weakness are the two most probable surmises. How truly said the crazed Ophelia, 'We know what we are but we know what we may be.'

A PERPETUAL SMILER.

There is a man opposite to whom I have very often the discomfort of sitting and who is always smiling. Smiling in the abstract, or even a habit of smiling, is not a reasonable ground for enmity. But this man's smile is a fixed and perpetual smile that never waxes or wanes, but at all times and under all circumstances, conditions, and weathers, remains the same, as if it had been painted on its face, by a country sign-board painter. It is also a vague and indefinite smile, which, apparently, has no reference to anything in particular,

but is, I suppose, in some way connected with the contemplation of life in general. At first I thought it indicated merely a sort of stolid content with life, but there is a certain perplexity of expression joined with it which is inconsistent with that view. It is the kind of smile a person is apt to put on when told a story, the point of which is given in some language of which he is ignorant; and I incline to the view that having long puzzled over the problem of life he has at last arrived at the suspicion that there is a joke of some sort at the bottom of it, and that he wears this perpetual smile as a good provisional expression of contentment, which will not commit him too far in case it should turn out to be no joke. At any rate, there it is, an eternal fituous, and exasperating smile.--*Corahill Magazine*.

A DISCOVERY ABOUT CORN.

In this thinking and observant age, new ideas and discoveries are constantly being made known, many of which, if true, are never after heard of, while others pass into the treasury of established fact, when their merit has been proven. We have just met with the following paragraph in an exchange:

An intelligent and reliable farmer, who has for many years been making experiments with corn, has discovered an importance and value in replanted corn which is quite novel and worthy of publication. We have always thought replanted corn was of little consequence, but this gentleman says it is of so much consequence he replants, whether it is needed or not--or rather he plants two or three weeks after the crop is planted about every fifteenth row each way. He says: If the weather becomes dry during the filling time, the silk and tassel both become dry and dead. In this condition, if it should become reasonable, the silk reverts and renews its growth, but the tassel does not recover. Then for want of pollen the new silk is unable to fill the ovule for which it was designed. The pollen from the replanted corn is then ready to supply the silk, and the filling is completed. He says nearly all the abortive ears, so common in the corn crops, is caused by the want of pollen, and that he has known ears to double their size in the second filling.

is stated, was out hunting in the Virginia forests, accompanied by his favorite hound, Governor. A heavy storm of rain and mist coming up, he lost his way, his powder was rendered useless, and, to add to the perils and inconveniences of his situation, he found that he had not his pocket compass with him. In this sorry plight he wandered in circles, as people do who are lost in the bush, wetted, weary, hungry, for he had no food save wild berries. He was almost exhausted, when a happy thought occurred to him. Taking his pocket-flask and his powder-flask to his dog's tail, he fastened his long sash round the animal's neck, holding one end in his hand. Then he planted a tremendous kick in the dog's lumber region. The animal was so completely surprised at this treatment that he stood for a moment paralyzed, then wheeling about he struck a bee-line for home.

It is a curious but undoubted fact that any sudden alarm or attack will quicken a dog's perceptive faculties, renders more subtle his scent and powerful his memory, and induce him, like Marco Bozaris, to strike for his home. So the dog fled, and Washington followed desperately, over stumps, through bog, into briars, until finally the sash gave way. With one tremendous yell Washington scented still further the frantic animal, the terrible banging and clattering of the flask at his heels added to his speed, and in a moment he was out of sight. After a hearty laugh at the incident, he leisurely marched in the direction the dog had taken. It was easy to do so by observing the moss side of the trees, the direction of the longer branches, and the other signs with which an experienced hunter is acquainted. It was long, therefore, before he reached a clearing and was once more in safety. But, he adds, the dog, once faithfully attached to him, could not to the day of its death endure his presence or even hear his voice without relapsing into an agony of terror.--*Parton's Life of Washington*.

At a public 'Tea Party' recently held in one of our country towns, where 'sentiments were in order, a timid bachelor was bold enough to remind the ladies that leap year was upon them, by offering the following: Three long dreary years I have waited for this, Now if you'll pop the question, I'll say yes. To which the lady promptly responded as follows: The man without courage to do his own wooing, May do his own washing, and baking, and sewing.

The bachelor looked despair.

In Cincinnati about 3,000 persons, or one in every 24 of the population, cannot read or write.

Nebraska has an editor so lazy that he spills his wife.