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JNO. E. MUSSEY, Editor & Proprietor. TERMS: $1.50 Per Year, in Advance.

SEASONABLE RHYMES.

The Vacation Season.

Now to the beach or mountains, there to revel
In summer joys, his vigor to restore,
The weary pastor takes his way. The devil
Keeps at his business just as before.

The Merry Maiden.

The sealskin sacque, that erst with pride she wore,
Is now in camphor safely laid away,
And from the sultry city to the shore
With pleasure hastes the maiden fair and gay.
In linen, lawn, or muslin, or piqué,
And ribbons at her throat, a vision fair,
Along the yellow sands where wavelets play
She passes slowly, with a pensive air,
Creating havoc 'mong the hearts of mashers there

The Man Who Complains of the Weather

Again the sun's fierce heat amazes.
And makes him swarthy as a creole;
He used to grumble, "Cold as blazes!"
And now he says "'Tis hot as shool!"

He Catches It.

The small boy bounding o'er the lea,
With cap in hand and shouts of glee,
Pursues the nimble bumble bee.
He catches it; then to the pool
He speeds, his burning hand to cool,
And wishes he had gone to school.

Recognizes a Friend.

And now the watermelon green
In market stalls attracts the eye;
The doctor with a smiling mien
Regards it as he passes by.

Some Words and Phrases.

We take these instances from some notes on language in the Boston *Bacon*:

The word "while" should never be used in the sense of "though." The sentence, "while I shall be glad to meet him, yet I cannot aid him," is not correct. The word "while" should be used as a conjunction denoting time, in the sense of "as long as," or "at the same time

d an adverb, means completely." "He is not mean "moder- "entirely well." "quite a number" a large number" is and the phrase, te pretty," means pretty, not moder- ng.

gnature" has been ed by the phrase, ure." This change l by the idea that neath, and the fact are usually placed f a letter. But the allied to the Latin nd the expression ature" is as good as and seal," or "un- perhaps, "under-

tion is now used in nting and cheering. . Freeman, of Ox- it has a strict and g; it means the r a victory which rst importance, or y a commander not . In such a case ed in state to the fied a sheep, while R'l he was drawn sacrificed a bull. on, then, means a and should not be idents, governors, n command, or the osition.

s admirable book, ntains the state- een Anne's time no used umbrellas, hose avocations to be out, what- er." Even Web- which is not ex- e, remarks "that rd for vocation is

speare he is ry, observ that should never have l. Vocation ne's ing; avocatis a f diversion, the to means the ing e's attention fregu- ment. It is a r's o negotiate loan go f dinner is his a pn. ist" has assume en- meaning. Aben- ears ago it meant- in liturgies such ts. According as te to speak of c, and Mohammedi- Doing the word a ra, or an Episcopo a mass in stands and crams on Prayer Boo

e of "around" fo have original States. Aroun d, means "on all uld not be used e "A Journey ith Gen. G es around the es not. point of "Ame than th ew E the y m ferab an

Proverbs of Sam Jones.

The following are some of the latest proverbs of the Rev. Sam Jones, whose reputation as a revivalist has rapidly spread over a continent:

I would not let my cook go to a german. Dancing is nothing but hugging set to music.

"I have doubts," says one. Well, you just quit your meanness and you will quit your doubting.

If a man hasn't enough religion to pray in his family he hasn't enough to save his soul with.

It's not so much when and where a man joins the church. It's all right, just so he sticks up to it.

Be honest and pay your debts. There are too many men in the church boarding with their wives.

Get in the right attitude and faith will come. Bread is the gift of God, at the end of a plough handle.

Have religion at home, train your children right, and no revival will be needed. Religion is catching.

There is not a man in Chattanooga who doesn't have family prayers that has got as much religion as a goat.

Twelve years ago I consecrated myself to God, and since that time have never had an invitation to a ball.

A man's hates and his likes determine character; a man's affinities determine what he is and who he is.

I got mighty low down, low down indeed, but I never got low enough to be a member of the Georgia Legislature.

There was never a sinner in this town, however hoary headed, who would want the churches done away with.

Do you think a pale, weak looking fellow like me could preach four times a day the year round if I wasn't uplifted by the grace of God.

In certain places they tell you if you want to get into society you must join our church. If you want to go to hell join that church. That is the plain English of it.

If I could have my choice getting into heaven between church, Sunday school, prayer meetings and a good mother, I would take the latter and be sure of the better home above.

There are two kinds of talk we should not indulge—smutty talk and gossip; of the two, though, I would rather be smutty. One throws mud on you, the other stabs your character; one you can wash off, the other destroys you.

Singular Tenacity of Life.

[Pittsburg Chronicle.]

"How little it takes sometimes to kill a man, and then, again, what wonderful tenacity of life some men have," said a red-headed man who was reading the paper.

"That's so," said the others.

"Just listen," said the red headed man. "Here's a brakeman on the Nickel Plate road. The paper says: 'He fell in front of the car which passed diagonally across his body, and lived'"——

"Begosh I knew a painter who fell off a church steeple and got well again," said the cross-eyed man.

"I knowed a man shot a bullet through his heart and lived ten years," said the man who looked like a farmer.

"There was a man in Salem, where I came from, that had four ton of rock fall on him and he's alive yet," said the one-armed man from Salem.

"Ya-a-s," said the red headed man, "Lemme see. Where was I? Oh—'fell in front of the car, which passed diagonally across his body, and lived but a few moments."

The Great Eastern and Noah's Ark.

[New York Sun.]

The exact size of Noah's ark has not been determined definitely, but, according to Sir Isaac Newton, but, calculations, based on his estimate of the length of a cubit in feet and inches, the historical barge must have been 515.62 feet long, 85.92 wide, and 51.56 deep. The measurement tonage of the ark was 18,232. The Great Eastern was 680 feet long, 83 feet wide, and 53 feet deep, and she measured 28,093 tons. Although the Great Eastern was not so well proportioned as the ark she probably had double the carrying capacity, if her coal and machinery were left out of her, because she was made of iron and the ark was a wooden ship.

Having Bad Luck With the Cow.

[New York Sun.]

Amateur farmer (for the summer only)—That cow I bought of you refuses to give down any milk.

Old farmer—That ain't right. She gave twenty-eight quarts a day when I sold her to you.

Amateur farmer—I know she did. At first I had no trouble. I could go out any time and get a glass of milk. But yesterday we wanted a little for dinner and I couldn't get a drop, and to-day it's been the same way. She must be a poor cow.

A Change of Heart.

A western liquor dealer advertises as follows: "Having experienced a change of heart through the blessed efforts of Brother B. and Sister S., I desire to state that to my numerous friends and patrons that at the end of the current month I shall retire from the accursed liquor traffic forever. Until the time my stock on hand will be offered at greatly reduced rates. Come one, come all!"

Rules for Picnics.

Never take food to a picnic.

Take plenty of wholesome food and something to drink it with.

Never go to a great distance.

Never take very small children.

Do not stay long.

Have a hearty meal as soon as you get home.

Suicide Resulting from a Joke.

A telegram from Boston, says: Robert Stinson committed suicide last week at West Stockbridge. He was twenty-three years old, and the son of ex Judge Stinson, of Norristown, Pa. He had spent several summers at West Stockbridge, coming all the way on his bicycle last season. Mr. Stinson met Miss Clara Edwards, of West Stockbridge, and the acquaintance ripened into an engagement three years ago. He was studying law and hoped to be admitted to the bar next spring. He started from home a month ago on a visit to West Stockbridge, stopping on the way at Oswego, New York, where he officiated as best man at the wedding of a college friend. One evening as he was rowing on the lake with Miss Morrow, his friend's sister, she jokingly said that she thought the young lady in Massachusetts had better be informed of his gallantry to the fair ones of Oswego. He replied in the same vein, and at once gave Miss Morrow the address of Miss Edwards, telling her that if she did not see him the next day she had better write at once.

She did not see Stinson the day following, so she wrote the letter. Miss Edwards received it in due time about a fortnight ago and was greatly shocked to read that Stinson had mysteriously disappeared, and that his Oswego friend felt little reason to doubt that he had been drowned in the lake. When she finished this sentence she swoomed and remained unconscious for some time. Her father at once telegraphed for particulars and in a few hours there came a dispatch which read:

"Robert has returned and is alive and well. It was all a joke."

Stinson went to West Stockbridge the next Tuesday. While there he heard so much about his reported disappearance that he became morbid and for the first time in his life took to drink, appearing one evening in the presence of his affianced intoxicated. He was so shocked, upon recovering, at his conduct that he at once purchased a revolver and shot himself.

Graduated at Noon, Married at Midnight

[Charlotte Observer.]

It doesn't often happen that a college commencement nowadays winds up with the flare of Hymen's torch and the tinkling of wedding bells, but that is just exactly the way the curtain was rung down on the Davidson commencement. At noon Thursday, Mr. Isaac Raymond Oeland, of Willford, S. C., delivered his graduating address on "Agnosticism," and had the degree of A. B. conferred upon him. He retained the bachelor part of the degree until midnight arrived, and then he artfully cast it off and took unto himself a wife. After the society halls were deserted of the promenaders and flirtation couples, the lights turned down and the air of a banquet hall deserted had fallen upon the late scene of gaiety Mr. Oeland, accompanied by a few of his young friends, repaired to the residence of Rev. W. P. Williams, where the expectant bride, Miss Annie Withers, of Davidson College, awaited the bridegroom's coming. Mr. Williams performed the ceremony and the newly wedded went at once to the depot where they took the train for their South Carolina home.

Sam Houston's Inaugural.

[Calvert Courier.]

The Texas Congress once took exceptions to President Sam Houston's habit of giving them his message orally, and insisted that he should write them out; that the habit of delivering them orally was highly dictatorial, and lacking in respect for Congress. Houston agreed to conform to their wishes, and, as the next day was the one set apart for the delivery of his inaugural, he made his appearance in the halls of Congress with a roll of paper in his hand tied with red tape and marked in large letters, "Inaugural." He addressed them with the roll in his hand, waving it gracefully that all might see it, and on concluding, handed it with out a bow to the clerk, and strode out of the chamber. On being opened the paper, found to be a roll of blank

A Hot Editor Shot.

Hon. George [illegible], editor of the [illegible] Cunningham, Edi- known throughout the Sentinel and well through the leg[illegible] Va., was shot Virginia, on last [illegible]ston, West man who escaped [illegible]day by a been traced. The [illegible] not yet much excitement there [illegible] caused ton had worked for the [illegible] McCormick, the Republican Revenue Collector. A few ago a Democratic successor [illegible] Cormick was appointed. Dun- ton then received an anonymous note denouncing him as a traitor and warning him to leave town or he might wake up some morning and find himself in hell.

Mathematics.

[Philadelphia Record.]

There was a deficiency in the Internal Revenue Bureau last year. This year, with the same appropriation—$5,150,000—it is expected that an unexpended balance of $500,000 can be covered into the Treasury, and a saving of $1,000,000 is looked for next year. This is practical and intelligible reform—as intelligible as the clinking of coins and the feeling of bank notes.

The Ingredients Satisfactory.

George (after the theatre)—Do you know what this ice cream is made of?

Clara (scraping her dish)—No, George.

George—It's made of skim milk, oleomargarine, corn starch, gelatine, and glucose.

Clara (enthusiastically)—Indeed! What a delightful mixture it is!

An Aged Man's Marriage.

A Baltimore dispatch says: An inquest of lunacy is now pending in Carroll county, which promises to become one of the celebrated cases of the State. Joshua Sellman is a well known farmer, who lives near Westminster. He has a number of large farms, and for twenty years he has been the largest stock raiser in the neighborhood. He is reputed to be worth nearly $500,000. In 1871 his wife died, and the old gentleman appeared to be inconsolable. About a year ago, although he was then eighty four years of age, he married a woman of twenty. The marriage caused great indignation among his children, eight in number, the oldest of whom has reached the age of fifty-six years. Mr. Sellman shortly after his second marriage sold some of his real estate and purchased a house in Westminster, and has been living there since that time. Last year he made a deed to his wife of the town residence, and in January, being desirous of selling a farm of 500 acres, he conveyed it to Chas. T. Reifsnider in trust to be sold. Mr. Reifsnider was to pay to Mrs. Sellman $3,000 of the proceeds in lieu of her dower interest therein. Mr. Reifsnider advertised the property, but before the day of sale arrived some of the children of Mr. Sellman filed a bill in equity enjoining the trustee from selling the property, and praying the court to set aside the deed of the town property to his wife and the deed of trust to Mr. Reifsnider. To this bill the defendant demurred, and the demurrer was sustained by the court. The case was taken to the court of appeals and the judgment of the court below was affirmed.

Yesterday John B. T. Sellman, a son, and Isaac W. Buckingham and wife, son-in-law and daughter of Joshua Sellman, filed their petition asking an inquest to have their aged father declared a lunatic and a committee appointed to take charge of his personal property. The effort to establish the old gentleman's mental failings is not apt to be successful, as he is hale and hearty. He says that he thinks he has as much right to a wife as any one. He is a first cousin of the Carrolls of Carrollton.

Charged With an Old Murder.

A warrant has been issued at Martinsville, Henry county, Va., for the arrest of Peter Goins, colored, who is charged with the murder of George Pannill, a popular citizen, in 1865. Mr. Pannill was found dead in his office. Upon examination it was ascertained that he had been shot, the ball entering his mouth and coming out at the top of the head. A pistol was found upon the floor near him, and his door key was upon the table, the door being locked. It was supposed to be a case of suicide until Saturday last, when Goins' daughter made a statement which led to the issuance of the warrant. It seems that Goins was formerly owned by Mr. Pannill, and having been thoroughly chastised for some rascality swore that he would kill his master. The story goes that he made a key to fit the office door, and that one autumn afternoon, in 1865, he entered the room, where Mr. Pannill was standing with his back to the door. He (Goins) took up a pistol from the table, and as Mr. Pannill turned to face him he fired, the ball taking effect as above stated. He then placed the door key on the table and locked the door with the false key and escaped. The accused lives near the county line between Henry and Pittsylvania counties, in an obscure out-of-the-way mountain fastness. He is said to be a desperate character.

A Timely Warning.

Young ladies of the marriageable age cannot fail to have perceived, if they had read the newspapers, the frequency with which rejected suitors, of late, have killed the obdurate fair one. In this particular the fashion has greatly changed, and altogether to the advantage of males. There was a time when "the dismissed bachelor" went off into some quite spot and hanged himself or blew his brains out, and hard-hearted beauties rather plumed themselves on the number of their suicide victims. But now the case is altered. The Lady Clara Vere de Vere of the period had better look out for herself. Lovers go around and shoot on slight provocation, as before, only they don't shoot themselves. Giving the mitten has become an extra hazardous practice, and young ladies should be very careful how they indulge in it.

The Honest Gambler.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

I suppose the story is old as the hills, but it is just as funny to day as it was years ago when it happened on the Mississippi boat, the excitement was at its height. An emerald sharp had stuffed four aces down his boot for an [illegible] another expert twigged the [illegible] own use. [illegible]ent and equally [illegible] the poker [illegible]d them for his [illegible] the leatherm[illegible]nt arrived and were gone. [illegible]d down into [illegible] hand to stop the [illegible] been cheating here[illegible]ing his [illegible]here's

A Likely Texas Boy.

[Sherman Courier.]

A huge negro boy, hitched to a plough and hard at work turning up the not too pliable soil, was a novel sight witnessed by scores of our citizens yesterday. Those who saw him state that he must have been of almost herculean strength, judging from the progress he was making. He was being driven along in a manner similiar to the treatment given a horse in like work.

A Murderer at Eighty Years.

A special to the New York *World* from Erie, Pa., June 25, says: At West Mill Creek Hugh Brown, nearly eighty years old, has been arrested for murder. He invited Charles Dunn, a Grand Army veteran, to share his shanty until better times came, and Dunn, who is about forty years old, moved over there. This morning Dunn was found outside the shanty with his head severed from his body, his heart cut in twain, and the trunk gashed and hacked with an axe belonging to Brown. The accused says he came home after midnight and thought Dunn was sleeping on the floor, and that when he awoke this morning he saw the pools of blood and found the body as described. He declares the crime was committed before he came home. The assault was evidently committed in the house and the billit of wood which the victim had for a pillow served the assassin for a block upon which to perform the deed of decapitation. The axe passed through the neck and buried itself in the block of wood. The body was then probably dragged outside the door and placed where it was found. Brown has the reputation of being a demon when in his cups. A few years ago he was sent to the penitentiary for shooting Thomas Thornton and previously he had done time for arson.

On Taking Out Your Watch During a Sermon.

[Correspondent Church Messenger.]

This is no small exploit. There are many advantages arising from it. In the first place it will be known that you have a watch. In the second place he will show that the sermon has not very much affected him. Thirdly, it will be a modest hint to the minister that he has about preached long enough and should bring his sermon to a close. Fourthly, it will take up a portion of time and attention so that a part (if not all) of the sermon will pass by as idle breath. Fifthly, it will show what estimate that man puts on the message of grace. Sixthly, it will turn away the attention of others in like manner. Seventhly, it is an act very much in harmony with that passage of Scripture: "When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn? and the Sabbath that we may set forth wheat?" Amos viii, 5.

A Bolt from a Clear Sky.

[Asheville Citizen.]

Our Morganton correspondent gives us the following information. It is singular, and with few parallels. Two or three years ago a drayman was killed at mid day on Carey street, Richmond, by a bolt of lightning shot from a solitary and almost imperceptible cloud. The same year a man in Missouri was killed at the plough by lightning from one solitary and very small cloud.

Our correspondent says: Yesterday about 2.30 p. m. the wire was struck by lightning about 100 yards from the deport, slightly splitting one of the posts. It also entered the office and burnt the instruments, rendering part of them useless. No other damage was done. It came without any warning whatever. The sun was shining and there was no sign of a storm at the time or of a cloud.

Pleading for a Life.

A Chattanooga, Tenn., special of June 23rd, says: The speech of Senator Voorhees in the Johnson trial to day was the most remarkable on record in this section. He began early this morning and finished at 1.20 o'clock, having spoken about four hours. His defense of Johnson is regarded as simply wonderful. He presented every point with great clearness and force, going carefully over the details of the evidence. In making his appeal to the jury the pictures he drew were full of pathos. The vast crowd was still as death except when disturbed by the sobs of some of the auditors. The jurors broke down and wept like children, while the judge allowed large tears to trickle down his cheeks. The scene was the most touching ever witnessed in this county.

An Ambulance for Office Seekers.

[Chicago Herald.]

Even sleeping car porters will have their jokes on the office seekers. Two sad-eyed, breathless men rushed up to a Baltimore & Ohio train that was about to start from Washington and inquired of the uniformed colored man who stood on the steps:

"Any berths left in this sleeping car?"

"This hain't no sleepin' cah."

"It isn't? What is it, then?"

"It used to be a sleepin' cah, but now we calls 'em ambulances."

He Was Honest with His Lawyer.

[New York Sun.]

"If you are innocent," said a lawyer to his client, an old darkey, who was charged with stealing a ham, "we ought to be able to prove an alibi."

"I don' 'spect we kin," the darkey replied doubtfully.

"At what time was the ham stolen?"

"'Bout lebben o'clock dey say."

"Well, where were you between 11 o'clock and mid-night, in bed?"

"No, sah, I wah hidin' de ham."

With Nineteen Rattles.

[Leary Courier.]

Ed Perry, son of our esteemed friend, Judge John O. Perry, of Baker, comes to the front this week with an account of the killing of a champion rattlesnake. The snake was seven feet long, with nineteen rattles and four buttons. Who can beat Ed Perry's story is entitled to the belt." Ed no doubt misjudges; the young rattles for [illegible] rattlesnake never uses [illegible] and his wife never [illegible]ving that on.

The Salisbury Cabinet.

Prime Minister and Secretary for Foreign Affairs, the Marquis of Salisbury.

First Lord of the Treasury, Sir Stafford Northcote.

Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael E. Hicks-Beach.

Lord High Chancellor, Sir Hardinge Gifford.

Lord President of the Council, Viscount Cranbrook.

Lord Privy Seal, the Earl of Harrowby.

Secretary for the Home Department, Sir Richard Assheton Cross.

Secretary for the Colonial Department, Colonel Frederick Stanley.

Secretary of War, Rt. Hon. William Henry Smith.

Secretary of State for India, Lord Randolph Churchill.

First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord George Hamilton.

President of the Local Government Board, Arthur James Balfour.

President of the Board of Trade, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

Vice-President of the Council, Hon. Edward Stanhope.

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of Carnarvon.

Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Right Hon. Edward Gibson.

Postmaster-General, Lord John Manners.

Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Henry Chaplin.

First Commissioner of Works, Right Hon. David R. Plunkett.

Parliament Secretary to the Treasury, Roland Winn.

Parliament Secretary to the Indian Office, Lord Harris.

Secretary to the Admiralty, Chas. T. Ritchie.

Civil Lord of the Admiralty, Ellis Ashmead Bartlett.

The members of the Cabinet proper are Lord Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach Sir Hardinge Gifford, Viscount Cranbrook, Lord Harrowby, Sir Richard Assheton Cross, Colonel Frederick Stanley, Right Hon. William H. Smith, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord George Hamilton, Lord John Manners, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, Hon. Edward Stanhope, Earl of Carnavon, and Right Hon. Edward Gibson.

Fruit Eaters Need no Doctor.

[Rural New Yorker.]

We were struck recently by the remarks of a doctor friend of ours, who said no one thing will do so much to make people independent of the medical profession as the daily free use of fruit. He had noticed that those farmers in whose families fruit was largely and regularly consumed, seldom needed his services. We thought what a pity that every farmer could not be convinced of these truths. It is a deplorable fact that farmers' families do not enjoy that robust health which country air and out door life, with plenty of exercise should give. It is also a fact that living on farms whose rich acres are arching to groan with abundant crops of the varied fruits that very few have plenty, and many never have any fruit, except it may be an occasional apple. The standard food in a majority of farmers' houses consists largely of bread, butter and meat (mostly pork) fried in grease, and where pastry or cake is used it has lard in large proportion in its composition; and this food is eaten at least twice, and, in many families, three times a day, year in and year out. Is it any wonder that they are not more healthy, and that their prevailing diseases are such as indicate an over consumption of greasy food? If fruits were expensive or difficult to raise, there would be some excuse; but there is no part of the country without plenty of varieties adapted to its soil and climate, and just such as are fitted by nature to both nourish and cleanse the body, and no more skill is required to grow them than to grow corn or wheat. Why is it that so few farmers make any attempt to provide an adequate supply of what would add much to their pleasure and save many times its cost in doctors' bills, to say nothing of the sufferings and loss of their dear ones? We entreat you not to let the next season pass without planting a fruit yard. Surely it is better to grow fruit than to be continually dosing with medicine.

The I'm-to-be-Photographed Look.

[Rochester Democrat-Chronicle.]

It is the hardest thing in the world to get some folks into any kind of a natural position, or expression of countenance. They will put a kind of I'm to be photographed look on their faces when they come into the gallery and it generally stays there. Then the way some women! They have an idea that the more colors they put on the better they look, and the result is that when they see their photographs and the curious effect produced by the colors, they'll blame the photographer, though we always tell them beforehand. Nearly all persons look better in a picture than in reality, except those having clear complexions. Some ladies, for instance, would be considered beautiful in side view of their features, while a front view is decidedly disappointing. Of course in photographing them, we take the side view. Some look better with a hat on and some in full out door costume. But there is one thing you may not know, and that is very few ladies look well photographed in white, yet the only pictures many have taken are in their graduation or wedding dresses.

A Great Change.

De Twirliger—Have you seen Jones since he was married?

Ponsonby—No; why?

De Twirliger—He is so changed from the dude he was.

Ponsonby—Sub dued now, I suppose.

Concerning North Carolina.

Mr. Charles H. Wells, writing in the Baltimore *Manufacturer's Record*, in reply to a correspondent asking certain information about North Carolina says:

A correspondent from Hudson, N. Y., writes to know (1) "what are the principal products of North Carolina; (2) where is the Hiddenite gem stone found; (3) is corundum found in large quantities; (4) why is Asheville called the 'land of the sky;' In reply: (1) The principal products are cotton, 400,000 bales; tobacco, 30,000,000 pounds; rice, 5,000,000, and wheat, 4,000,000 bushels. (2) The gem stone is found at Stoney Point, Alexander county, N. C.; address Prof. Wm. Earl Hidden at that place. (3) Corundum is found in great abundance; a company headed by Walter Hamilton, Esq., of New York, is now mining it at Democrat, N. C. They expect to take out ten tons a day. It is shipped to Germany. (4) Asheville is called "in the land of the sky" because the villiage is in the wildest, most mountainous country imaginable, and is very elevated. The name came from a book by "Christian Reid," (Miss Fisher, of Salisbury, N. C.,) entitled "The Land of the Sky." It is a love story, the scene of which is laid near Asheville.

Not an Intimate Acquaintance.

[Arkansaw Traveller.]

"Do you know this woman?" asked a lawyer of a negro who had been summoned to testify before court.

"Yes, sah, I knows her."

"Do you know her very intimately?"

"No, sah, kain't say dat I do."

"How long have you known her?"

"Wall, I got er 'quainted wid her er short time before I married her."

"She's your wife, then?"

"Yas, sah, sorter."

"Thought you did not know her intimately?"

"Dat's whut I jackerlated."

"I don't understand, then, how she can be your wife."

"Wall, yer see, sah, she 'longs ter de church, de singin' s'ciety, de Sisters o' de Sacred Broom, de Daughters o' Ham an' two or three little side shows. Er 'oman whut is kep' so busy, sah, ain't got no time ter fool er roun' home."

Gold Shot.

[Asheville Citizen.]

Capt. Atkinson brought us a shinning pellet of gold about the size of a squirrel shot, the product of a small quantity of ore found on Avery's Creek in this county. The vein from which the ore was taken curiously escaped the usual notoriety. A good while ago, we do not know how long, a man found quartz rock on the creek, rich with metal that he would not believe it had value, classing it as "mundic" the cornish name for iron pyrites. Since the gold discoveries on Boilston Creek, he thought there might be something in his discovery, and returned to the locality, but has not yet been able to identify the exact spot. He obtained some good specimens near by, of which the "shot" is the product. Perhaps a bonanza is in store for some body.

Burglars Torture Their Victims.

Saturday night, between 10 and 11 o'clock, four men went to the residence of James Maynard, an aged farmer, who lives with his sister about three miles from Conneaut, Ohio, and rapped at the door, telling him they had a letter from his brother in Conneaut. Mr. Maynard went to the door, carrying with him a poker. When he opened the door a revolver was presented at him, but he knocked the man down with the poker. All four assaulted him, knocking him down. They bound and gagged him and his sister. The thieves then demanded to know where their money was. They refused to tell and were tortured by being burned with lighted cigars from the hand to the shoulder. The thieves searched the house, but overlooked $950 and a ring.

Lower Rates for Clergymen.

Clerk (to Mr. Isaacstein in back room)—Mr. Isaacstein, der shentlemans who is looking at dot peautiful seventeen tollar coat says he vas a clergymans.

Mr. Isaacstein—Make dot shentlemans who vas a clergyman 20 per cend discound off.

Clerk—Der shentlemans says he vill give five tollar for dot coat, und not a cend more.

Mr. Isaacstein—Let him hav dot coat, Jacob, but dond make no discound off.

A Question for Casuists.

[Hoosac Valley News.]

An old darkey was preaching some time since and he saw one in his congregation asleep, so he began: "You remember when Paul was preaching in de temple a damsel was asleep in the fourth story, and she fell down smashing all ter smashers, and the fragments they picked up twelve basketsful, and whose wife will she be in de resurrection?"

An Unknown Present.

Oh, Harry! What a beautiful birthday present! I am glad to know that you didn't forget me. Pure gold, isn't it?

Harry (her betrothed)—Yes, darling.

And the case is just superb. It isn't a charm nor an earring, for you would have bought me a pair. I never saw anything like it before. What is it, Harry?

Harry—It is a thimble.

Frightening Grasshoppers Away.

[From the City of Mexico Two Republics.]

The people of San Luis Potosi are making war on the grasshoppers in an original manner by shooting fireworks off. The pyrotechnical crusade is succeeding admirably in scaring off the pests.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

—The lance has disappeared from the list of weapons used in the Austrian army. The lancers will be armed with light cavalrymen.

—"Tit-Bits" says: "The song of my mother, which sang so kindly and satisfactorily to the light cavalrymen, the Laporte (Ind.) at the funeral thanks of a mourning relative in

—The Chicago Public Library, the now eleven years old, contains 621 volumes, and has the largest number of readers of any library in the country except that of Boston.

—The Rev. Thomas Harrison, the "boy preacher," who has gone from Louisville to Denver, estimates that he has "converted" 40,000 souls since the beginning of his evangelistic career.

—Prof. Burdon Sanderson, one of the ablest of English physicians, said, in a recent lecture on cholera, that if the disease intended to attack London this year it would long ago have been on the ma

—"Tommy Atkins" is generally accepted now as the typical name for an English soldier, just as "John Bull is for an Englishman," and curious too, the first Guardsman wounded in the Soudan was Sergeant Atkins.

—Coal is said to be an almost unknown luxury to the Chinese of San Francisco. Their mode of cooking is to have an empty oil can serve as a stove, upon which they place their tea kettle or a cooking pot. They start a fire with two or three small sticks of wood, which they add to as they burn, and in this way manage to establish a good degree of heat with but a small expenditure of fuel.

—The London *Truth* gives the following original observations of an astronomy from a sermon of a Welsh curate preaching to an English congregation: "A starr is but a lidl dot in the skyee. So many starrs mek one plannat. So many plannats mek a constellation. Saw many constellessions mek one milkee we. Six milkywes mek one rorriborriallis."

—The Rev. H. L. Haweis writes: "Morning literary work is usually characterized by freshness, continuity of grasp and vigor; night work by fever, excitement and less condensation. This I believe to be the rule, and with exceptions, in speaking thus generally, it is, of course, impossible to deal. Of one thing I am certain, that for all head workers, especially literary men, the following rules will be found golden: To bed before 12; to work before 7; as little liquid as possible, and no smoking before breakfast."

—The *Western Medical Reporter* says that a grocer who had an aged and disabled horse wished to get rid of him by as painless a death as possible, and gave him forty grains of morphine. Having made preparations for the funeral, the grocer proceeded to the stable, where, to his astonishment, he found the horse in excellent spirits and eating his oats with his former habitual haste, so as to be ready for the early trip to market. Opium is said to have been used successfully in India for many years in relieving horses from the consequences of old age and overwork.

—The *Journal of Inebriety* thinks that the cumulative action of alcohol on the brain centres exists to a greater extent than is generally supposed. Many men who drink regularly through the day and seem no worse for it, become intoxicated late at night, although they have not used spirits during the evening. "It appears," says the editor, "that alcohol, like bromide, may remain in the system to some extent without producing any marked action, and then suddenly, from some unknown cause, burst into great activity, producing profound intoxication." The reasons for this do not seem to be definitely understood, though they are thought to be of a combined physiological and psychological nature, and partly due to climatic conditions.

Frightened to Death.

[Hudson Republican.]

Last Saturday evening as a number of men were passing the house of John H. Swarts, about two miles east of Elizaville, Columbia co., they came upon two children, daughters of Mr. Swarts, who were at play. One of the party, against the remonstrance of the others, thinking to scare the girls, threw a large stone, at the same time calling after them in some hideous manner. The children instantly started up and ran. The smallest, named Cora, about 6 years of age, ran but a few steps and, upon examination she was found to be dead—frightened to death.

Hiccoughs for Thirteen Days.

[Lincolnton Press.]

Rev. J. E. Greenhill, of Triangle, has had an experience which he don't care to repeat. About two weeks ago, while he enjoyed his usual health, he was taken with hiccoughs, which continued without cessation for thirteen days when his physician finally succeeded in stopping them. By this time Mr. Greenhill had become so prostrated as to be at the point of death.

A Superstitious Young Woman.

Boston young lady was picking her way in front of a partly finished building when a bricklayer in the seventh story shouted in stentorian tones:

"Mort!"

"Hush!" she exclaimed, with a shudder, at the same time clasping her escort by the shoulder, turning deadly pale. "I thought I hear a voice say 'Death'"

—If common sense [illegible] brilliancy of the sun, [illegible] fixity of the stars.—[illegible] *Herald.*