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" Too Low, and Yet Too High !"

He came in velvet and in gold; He wooed her with a careless grace; A confidence too rashly bold Breathed in his language and his face. While she -a simple maid-replied: "No more of love 'twixt thee and me! These tricks of passion I deride. Nor trust thy boasted verity.

Thy suit, with artful smile and sigh, Resign, resign: No mate am I for thee or thine, Being too low, and yet too high!"

His spirit changed; his heart grew warm With gennine passion; mern by morn More perfect seemed the virgin charm That crowned her 'mid the ripening corn-And now he wooed with fervent mien, With soul intense, and words of fire, But reverence-fraught, as if a queen Were hearkening to his heart's desire. She brightly blushed, she gently sighed, Yet still the village maid replied

"Thy suit resign. Resign, resign! Lord Hugh, I never can be thine : Too low am I, and yet too high !"

(Though in sad accents, wearily):

JOHN AND I.

"Come, John," said I, cheerfully, "it really is time to go; if you stay any longer I shall be afraid to come down and lock the door after you." My visitor rose-a proceeding that always reminded me of the genius emerging from the copper vessel, as he

measured six feet three-and stood looking reproachfully down upon me. "You are in a great hurry to get rid of me," he replied.

Now I didn't agree with him, for he had made his usual call of two hours and a half; having, in country phrase, taken to "sitting up" with me so literally that I was frequently at my wit's end to suppress the yawn that I knew would bring a troop rushing after it.

He was a tine, manly-looking fellow, this John Cranford, old for his agewhich was the rather boyish period of twenty two-and every way worthy of being loved. But I didn't love him. I was seven years his senior; and when, instead of letting the worm of concealment prey on his damask cheek, he ventured to tell his love for my mature self, I remorselessly seized an English Prayer-book, and pointed sternly to the clause, "A man may not marry his grandmother." That was three years ago; and I added, encouragingly, "Besides, John, you are a | should bring matters to a crisis. child, and don't know your own mind."

"If a man of nineteen doesn't know "I would like to know who should. But I will wait for you seven years, if Rachel.

his way of mending matters, "that a pressibly relieved. It appeared to me you-but my feelings toward you are more freedom. more like those of a mother than a

The boy's eyes flashed indignantly : and before I could divine his intention he had lifted me from the spot where I stood, and carried me, infant fashion, to the sofa at the other end of the

to shake you!" he muttered, as he set | 1emain Edna Carrington. me down with emphasis. This was rather like the courtship of William of Normandy, and matters

promised to be quite exciting. "Don't do that again," said I, with dignity, when I had recovered my

"Will you marry me?" asked John, somewhat threateningly. "Not just at present," I replied.

"The great, handsome fellow," thought, as he paced the floor restlessly, "wby couldn't he fall in love with some girl of fifteen, instead of setting tor. his affections on an old maid like me? I won't have him!'

"you say it's down in the family Edna Cranford. Bible, and I suppose it must be so; "And he made you promise this?" up hill, down hill, and so on, until he but no one would believe it; and I was the reply. "The selfish fellow! finally struck a sober trot, and was only woman I shall ever love."

Oh, John, John! at least five mil- how I can give her up. lions of men have said that same thing I glanced at him, and the room breakers raising his hand to slap the fully soft-hearted—and weakly promise sofa.

then and there that I will either keep "Shall it be Edna Carrington or Edjust where he will, and how he will.

Rut the heals kept fix not gather the flower himself, no one was in another sphere of existence.

else would. wrecked themselves by the death of the and I endeavored to be as tender as poswife and mother in a foreign land-one sible, for I really felt sorry for him. of those sudden, unexpected deaths To my great surprise, John laughed. that leave the survivors in a dazed condition, because it is so difficult to

Dante, only that he was handsome; "Rose," he continued-"Rose Darl. ed an extreme high temperature, all and he had such a general air of know- ling : the name suits her, doesn't it? the dread symptoms disappeared as if ference to one with all the virtues and ing everything worth knowing (without She was staying at my uncle's in Mary- by magic, never to return. So simple a homely visage. Men admire all the the least pedantry, however), that I land—that's where I've been visiting, was quite afraid of him. He was eviyou know—and she's such a dear little patient has organic disease of the heart, ly take one to wife if she be possessed dently wrapped up in John, and pa-tient with his sister- which was asking help falling in love with her. And she quite enough of Christian charity un-der the sun, for Mrs. Shellgrove was an she's quite afraid of me, and all that."

a letter on the subject, in which she in-formed me that the whole family were manner than either of us had anticiready to receive me with open arms-s pated. prospect that I did not find at all alluring. They seemed to have set their hearts upon me as a person peculiary fitted to train John in the way he should go. Every thing, I was told, depended on his getting the right kind of wife. A special interview with Mr. Cran-

ford, at his particular request, touched me considerably. "I hope," said he, "that you will not refuse my boy. Miss Edna. He has set his heart so fully upon you, and you are every thing that I could desire in a daughter. I want some one to pet. I feel sadly lonely at times, and I am sure

I drew my hand away from his caress, and almost felt like hating John Cranease and luxury; but I decided I would sheep and lambs, 3,000 oxen and cows, rather keep boarders.

that you would just fill the vacant

cluded to go to housekeeping, and Mrs. oats, corn, and beans. Yearly he gath-Shellgrove was in her glory. She always came to luncheon now in her bonof grain; he sell 45,000 pounds of wool, net, and gave us minute details of all 190,000 pounds of cheese, and furnishes that had been done and talked of about to the prevision or meat markets 5,000 the house in the last twenty-four hours. sheep and lambs, 1,500 calves and 2,family."

"That is very good of you," I replied, shortly; "but I certainly have no expectation of ever belonging to it." Mrs. Shellgrove laughed as though I had perpetrated an excellent joke.

ferent story. duty to marry the family generally?

I locked the door upon John on the evening in question, when I had finally got rid of him, with these feelings in full force; and I meditated while un-

But the boy had become roused at his own mind," remonstrated my lover, es of the night; and next day I received quite a dignified letter from him, telling me that business called him from the you say so-fourteen, as Jacob did for city for two or three weeks, and that possibly on his return I might appreci-"You forget," I replied, laughing at ate his devotion better. I felt inex-

> Time flew, however, and the three weeks lengthened to six without John's return. He wrote to me, but his letters became somewhat constrained; and I scarcely knew what to make of him. If he would only give me up, I thought; but I felt sure that he would hold me to that weak promise of mine, that I

"Mr. Cranford" was announced one evening, and I entered the parlor fully prepared for an overdose of John, but found myself confronted by his father. proached myself for my coldness. "John is well?" I gasped, finally.

kind tones that I felt sure there was something wrong.

What it was I cared not, but poured forth my feelings to my astonished visi-

"He must not come here again!" I I don't want the boy on my hands, and exclaimed. "I do not wish to see him. Tell him so, Mr. Cranford! tell that I "As to your being twenty-six," pur- had rather remain Edna Carrington, as upon the colt, and the colt pushed sidesued John, in answer to my thoughts, he made me promise, than to become ways until he started. A few plunges

don't care if you're forty. You look But, Edna what am I to do without the like a girl of sixteen, and you are the little girl I have been expecting? I am bewilde ed look of that colt was pitivery lonely-so lonely that I do not see fully amusing. Mr. Bob Strader was

before in every known language. Never-theless, when you fairly break down was dreadfully unreal. I tried to sit "Don't do that. Never strike a colt and ery, I relent-for I am disgrace- down, and was carried tenderly to the when you are breaking him. Push

my own name or take yours. For love | na Cranford?" he whispered. "You Let him fall down if he will, but don't is a very dog in the manger, and John need not break your promise to John." strike him." When the colt was taken looked radiant at this concession. It "Elna Cranford," I replied, feeling out of the shafts he was as wet as if he was a comfort to know that if he could that I had left the world entirely, and had been in water, and a child could

A sort of family shipwreck had wafted Mr. Cranford had rather cheerfully sup- was invented by Mr. Strader. John to my threshold Our own house-hold was sadly broken up, and I found fully justified during the visit which I myself comparatively young in years, soon received from that young gentlewith a half-invalid father, a large house | man. I tried to make it plain to him and very little money. What more that I did him no wrong, as I had never natural than to take boarders? And professed to love him, though not at all among the first were Mr. Cranford, and sure that I wouldn't receive the shakhis son, and sister, who had just been ing threatened on a previous occasion,

"Well, this is jolly !" he exclaimed. imagine the gay worldling who has been | do you think of her, Edna?"

unmitigated nuisance. Such a talker! John knew that I wasn't a bit afraid the other day, of a huckster who dis- ing when they can find a beau and have babbling of her own and her brother's of him; but I felt an elderly sister sort played in the market a mammoth and a good time in the parlor. Hence we affairs with an equal indiscretion, and of interest in his happiness, and never treating the latter as though he were an liked him so well as at that moment. face assumed a scornful smile, and affor a girl to train herself on Chancellor And this was the dreadinl news that ter he had studied the professor's form Crosby's pattern. It is only old gentle-They staid with us three years, and his father had come to break to me, contemptuously for a mement, he an- men who have "had their day" and during that time I was fairly persected when his narrative was nipped in the swered. "Esculent! thunder and light- wish to settle down quietly, that seem

LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1874.

So I kept my promise to John, after all, and as Miss Rose kept hers, he is now a steady married man, and a very agreeable son-in-law.

Farming in Italy. Anna Brewster, writing from Rome to the Philadelphia Bulletin, says : "A friend described to me the other evening the type of a veritable Mercante di Campagna dell' Agro Romano, or a Campagna merchant, as they call these remarkable farmers. He took for this t pe a certain Signor Mazzoleni. This gentleman works three farms which lie on the border of the sea between Auctium and Terracina. These farms contain about 50,000 acres of land. On ford. Life with him would one of this vast space are pastured 14,000 American publisher, unsolicited, lately and look to thim, at arl and at arl!"

"One mere to the breech, carry, and beans, Yearly he gathers in from his great fields 52,000 sacks, or meant markets 5,000

190,000 pounds of cheese, and furnishes to the prevision or meant markets 5,000

sheep and lambs, 1,500 calves and 2,000 fraces. Now comes to the prevision or meant markets 5,000

sheep and lambs, 1,500 calves and 2,000 fraces. Now comes the most singular part of this vertiable history. Twenty years ago Signor, Twenty years ago Signor, Twenty years ago Signor, Twenty years ago Signor, the most singular part of this vertiable history. Twenty years ago Signor, the most singular part of the Campagna of Rome, or Argo-Romuno. About 119 families have worked the best lands. The projectors and their agents never live on the farms. The only buildings are the casale, a very modest house, which 700 horses and mules. Signor Maz-Not long after this the Cranfords con- zoleni has 9,000 acres sown with wheat, "It is really magnificent," said she, | 000 fatted beef. This immense under-"Young ladies always deny these prietors and their agents never live on things, of course; but John tells a difthe casale, a very modest house, which I rattled the cups and saucers an- is sometimes the ruins of an ancient grily; and my thoughts floated off not Middle Age fortification, where the to John, but to John's father, sitting agent or master lodges at need; some lonely in the library furnished after my very modest out-buildings for servants, suggestion. Wasn't it, after all my small stables and granary, or barus. There are also some straw huts for the The house was finished and moved workmen and laborers. The cattle of into, and John spent his evenings with all kinds live in the open air. Some of me. I used to get dreadfully tired of the very largest farms, such as the him. He was really too devoted to be farms of the Campo Morto or Conca, at all interesting, and I had reached have not as many buildings on them as that state of feeling that, if summarily as we would see on one of the smallest ordered to take my choice between him of our farms. The mercanti di camand the gallows, I would have prepared pagna are not people of the country, myself for hanging with a sort of cheer- but of the city; they are really agricultural merchants. Their busines consists in establishing a vast fabric of natural products on a given piece of land; they must unceasingly watch so as to make the produce proportionate dressing on some desperate move that to the demand; watch sales, and be ready to profit by the raise, and lose as little as possible by the fall of prices, last. He too had reflected in the watch- throughout the whole perimeter of the Mediterranean. Thus the mercante di the evening sun. campagna, you see, must be at once agriculturist, dealer and banker, and ship owner also; directing at one and the same time the ra sing of cattle, the life-giving flame; every paltry object it. But he didn't mind such a little small maritime expeditions, and his woman does not, like wine, improve the most sensible move that John had business but has built many a family fered as a human being. When the lad as a sort of a coldness, as it were, had absurd; you are a nice boy, and I like quaintance, and I began to breathe with in the Papal States to title as well as

Colt Breaking.

In Kentucky we saw a two-year old colt broke-dead broke-in a half-hour, so that ke worked as amiably as a tables in the drawing-room, the toys in He thinks that by the time he can let a trained horse. The colt had never the nursery, even the cook's darning- full grown omnibus drive over the been bridled. He was attached to a needle and the matches in their box, bridge of his nose, without making him "I could almost find it in my heart should either become Edna Cranford or through astonishingly quick. The and private hates and squabbles. Anbreak-dray is nothing more than a dersen has been emphatically the Enstrong, broad-tread dray, with long chanter of Home, and the work of his shafts, the tail omitted, and a spring youth made childhood for most of us seat between the wheels. The harness was strong, and so arranged over the then, return the gift to him in comfort He looked very grave; and instantly hips as to prevent the possibility of and cheer for his home during the few I imagined all sorts of things, and re- high kicking, and the colt was hitched days left to him. so far from the dray that his heels could not possibly reach the driver. "Quite well," was the reply, in such | The process of hitching was, of course, very delicate, as a colt is excessively ticklish, and is apt to let his heels fly awkwardly. All being ready, one man held the colt and another took the seat and reins. The colt was then let go to plunge as he pleased. The break-dray -which was so broad that upsetting seemed out of the question-was pushed settled him. He went as he pleased, giving directions, and upon one of the have handled him. He had not been If the thought crossed my mind that struck a blow. The dray, we believe,

Hydrophobia.

A French physician, Mr. Buisson, of Lyons, claims to have prevented or have broken her heart; or esle it would notice. His preventive was a Russian for the sex. bath, at 134 and 144 degrees Fehrenheit, for seven days in succession, before the disease declared itself. After the symptoms had developed, a single of Chancellor Crosby to the graduates, "And I'm not a villain, after all. What bath was sufficient. Buisson discover- with reference to marri ge, to avoid the called hence in another state of being.

Mr. Granford was one of my admirative with simpleton: she looked like atat seven
Mr. Tall pale with simpleton: she looked like atat seven
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Mr. Tall pale with simpleton: she looked like atat seven
Mr. Tall pale with simpleton: she looked like atat sevenprofession. When his bath had reach-ed an extreme high temperature, all girl for a wife if she be pretty, in pre-

THE HUCKSTER .- "Is that an esculent?" inquired Professor Hotchkiss, about John. Mrs. Shellgrove wrote me | bud by my revelations, and the inter- | ning, no ! that's a blue-nose potato." | to appreciate this kind of woman.

Hans Andersen,

When the cable dispatch came to the

ffect that Hans Andersen, the Danish one dollar's pecuniary value to him, thim lads that do be ringin' the bill country through, and quite as many except in a single instance when an American publisher, unsolicited, lately bad look to thim, at arl and at arl!" and the probability is there are more lengthening each syllable. "Brother taking brings him in a rental of from in this country could evaporate the forty seconds. has such perfect taste; and he is actually furnishing the library, Miss Edna, after your suggestion. You see, we look upon you quite as one of the Mazzoleni was nothing but a petty of gratitude for the pleasure he has

out-door world thereafter.

childish days in the kitchen and shoe- for the bell to ring. It rang. maker's shop where his father and The old man pulled the spring-

was old enough to tell the stories of sprung u between them. these tin soldiers or old street-lamps, the world would stop to listen, as it alpurer and happier. Let our children,

The Stage Horse Kitty.

The following is one of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's spirited little picture sketches from life during one of his

stage-coach journeys: May I never forget the spirited little jade, the off-leader in the third stage, the petted belle of the route, the nervous, coquettish, mineing mare of Marshy Hope. A spoiled beauty she was; you could see that as she took the pretty head about, and conscious of her shining black coat, and her tail done up "in any simple knot," like the back hair of Shelley's Beatrice Cenci. How she ambled, and sidled, and plumed herself, and now and then let fly her little heels high in air, in mere excess

of larkish feeling. "So, girl ! so, Kitty !" murmurs the driver, in the softest tones of admiration; "she don't mean anything by it; bell and slighted.

But the heels kept flying above the traces, and by-and-by the driver is obliged to "speak harsh" to the beauty. The reproof of the displeased tone is evidently felt, for she settles at once to her work, showing perhaps a little impatience, jerking her head up and down, and protesting by her nimble movements against the more deliberate trot of her companion. I believe that a blow from the cruel lash would

The Women for Wives.

The N. Y. Star commends the advice And the girls know this as well as we do. Catch them in the kitchen cook-

A Bashful Man,

Charlie Johnson is a first-rate fellow, when the cable dispaten came to the effect that Hans Andersen, the Danish only le's terribly bashful. He called poet, lay dying, all literary journalists prepared to write a sketch of his life, or in some good fitting way do honor to the good old man, and a shade of gloom passed into every household in which there had been children to teach the older people to love him. How ever, the obituaries were unwritten and he ears unshed, for the next steamer brought word that the immediate dan errayed himself like a lily of the field, an invalid, had, it was hoped, several pend had, it was hoped, several years of life yet before him. Later another story was told, which we have reason to believe to be true, that Anderson the life canse they eat lard, for their stomachs pend and himself stated that, in spite of the conromous sale of his book in forcing countries, these sales or his wides and field down the street. Bridget went to the door. Nobody there. Old Jones had himself stated that, in spite of one dollar's pecuniary value to him, lads that do be ringin' the bill one dollar's pecuniary value to him lads that do be ringin' the bill one dollar's pecuniary value to him lads that do be ringin' the bill of lower will be leaded to the Legis with the next night word that he immediated and she had it was noped. The statistics of New Zealand for learned the steps; rang the enormous sale of his book in forcing countries, these sales or his wides on the life and then—his courage failed him. He cleared the six steps at one leap and field down the street. Bridget went to the door. Nobody there. Old Jones had himself stated that, in spite of the hold one dollar's pecuniary value to him lads that do be ringin' the bill one dollar's pecuniary value to him lads that do be ringin' the bill one dollar's pecuniary value to him lads that do be ringin' the bill in the late of the legis of the legis of the late of the legis of the late of the mane of doughnets made. Frying League that farmers' wives are stold by the apostles of the Anti-Fr only he's terribly bashful. He called latest movement, and the need for it

he is dust, the little chap who reads the house, after one had gone up the step, "Hardy 'Tin Soldier" will know quite one would be somewhat apt to "notice" their habits, while if they should come dove down into his pocket and inall that the man who tells it to him is above somewhere, telling stories as in a hurry. Then Mr. Jones sat down they would quickly adopt many of the wonderful to other children about his in the parlor; grasped the end of the habits they despise; though it is to be knee. There is, too, a something oddly string and waited for the bell to ring. granted they would retain some worthy contagious, so to speak, in Andersen's Bridget not aware that the old gent had of being retained. genius and character; to the man who set the trap, had a "little something" once has heard his story there is a slight fixed up herself. She repaired to the change in the tone and color of all the kitchen; took the boiling tea-kettle from the range; meandered up stairs His early years gave a strange bent with it; sat down by a window right to his genuis. Andersen spent his over the front door; and waited, too,

mother worked. Outside were the nar- Bridget emptied the kettle-and Charrow, sloping streets of the town of lie-Well, it didn't hurt Charlie much. Odense, smelling strongly of leather That is to say, he was able in a couple and fish, and opening into the waters of of weeks to sit up and have his bed the Skager Rack, which shone red in made; and inside of a month he could get around very nicely on a pair of The boy knew nothing of dwarfs or crutches. To be sure, six of his eye genii to people this scene, but his teeth were never found and his left eye imagination was no less a potent and looked as if he'd run a knot-hole into about him lived for him with a soul of thing as that . still, he never seemed its own, talked, fought, boasted, suf- to care to go down to Jones' afterwards,

Nowad ys when Charlie wishes to experience the estatic delight of a call ways does to a true thing. People long on Miss Jones, he goes out and lays ago believed that mermaids and birds down in the road in front of his house or faries might have adventures; but and lets a back run over him; it's just at the touch of this boy the mirrors and as much fun and not near so far to go. wink, he'll be able to stand another whirl down at Jones'.

A Well-Merited Rebuke. For a place where the varied bumors, characteristics, and moods of human nature are developed and exhibited commend me to a crowded horse-car in a large city. All the petty, mean, and manly traits are shown forth by men and women in these conveyances to their fullest extent. A few evenings ago a lady entered, and by dint of persistent crowding, made her way through the car to the front end. Here a gentleman arose and proffered her his seat. Just as she turned to take it, without so much as thanking him, she concentrated all the venom of a hateful disposition in the remark : "If there were any gentlemen in the car they would road with dancing step, tossing her not allow a lady to go the length of it before giving her a seat." She had not time to get seated before the insolent remark escaped her, when the gentleman who had offered her his seat quickly slid back into it again and quietly remarked : "I think the ladies are all seated." The rebuke was so deserved. and withal so capitally administered, that a murmur of applause escaped from nearly every one in the car, and the crestfallen woman soon rung the

A New Torso.

The Berlin Museum is about to come into possession of a Torso, a headless and armless Torso, but one of great antique worth. It is a female figure, small, life-size. The position of the body indicates a dancer or bacchantin, even if the castinets on the right leg did not positively prove it. The characteristic form, the fall of the light drapery, the execution of parts, particularly a well-preserved foot, all show the finest and most exquisite workman-If it be real Grecian work, and out of which period, has not been decided. No similar statue is known to exist in any of the museums of the present day. The Torso was brought secretly in Rome and no mention of the matter was allowed to be made until it was beyond the clutches of the Italian Government. If it proves to be, as supposed, an original, the museum has secured a cheap prize for the ontlay of 4,000 thalers. The agents of France were treating for it at the same time, but the German agent was fortunate in not deliberating over the matter.

FATE OF KINGS, -Somebody has been summing up the fate of Kings and Emperors, as follows: Out of 2,540 Emperors or Kings, over sixty-four gations, 299 were dethroned, 64 abdicated. 20 committ. d suicide, eleven went mad, 100 died on the battle field, 123 were made prisoners, 25 were pronounced martyrs and saints, 151 were assassina-

The Frying-Pan.

The Anti-Frying-Pan League is the and does; morbid, melancholic men re- of the bay-window, thence into the par- carry on digestion. There are instances turn to the charmel-house and mold as lor; afterwards he went out and slack- where pies made with extremely short to their native place; but the Danish ened the string so as to have it lay flat crust have proved specifically medipoet and his gay, happy kinsfolk never can cease to be to us. He will go out of sight some day, but, long after out of sight some day, but after out of sight some day after out of sight some d

A Neat Revenge.

follows:. An amusing incident occurred the drinkers sixty-four years and two other day on one of the trains from months. Boston to this city. The cars were very crowded. An elegantly dressed woman occupied an entire seat. Her bundles, tain nervous pride that can only be exbandbox, and bag were piled artistically. She was oblivous to the fact that passengers were rushing back and forth to obtain sittings. More than one gentleman drew himself up in front of the imperious dame, and silently plead for the vacant spot. She fanned herself leisurely, lolled in the seat, and evidently thought that things were very comfortable as they were. " Is that seat occupied, madam?" said a welldressed gentleman, very politely. "Yes, it is," was the snapping reply. The man walked on. In half an hour the door opened, and in walked a tall, rough fellow, coarse as a Polar bear. His huge beard was uncombed and stained plode, and the fire fiend ride the gale, illy put on, and smelt of the stable. He was ungloved, and brawny, and town in the glow of the molten pail!" weighed full 200. He ran his eye along the car, and caught the seat on which

our lady was sitting. He made for it. With great deliberation he seized bundle, bandbox, and bag, put them plump into the lap of the lady, and sat down in the vacant spot like one who intended to stay. If looks could have annihilated a man there would have been a corpse in that car about that time. The man seemed very much at home. He whistled; he spit; he stroked his beard; he threw round his huge arms. and chuckled inwardly at the evident rage of the woman. She left the cars the United States steamer Endeavor, at New Haven, and had hardly gone lying at the foot of Essex street, Jersey before the gentleman who was refused City, became temporarily insane in the seat reappeared. To some gentlemen who seemed to take a great inter- pulling out his pocket-book, containing est in the proceedings, he said: "Did \$130, tore it into pieces and threw it you see how that woman treated me?" overboard. He then jumped overboard "Yes." "Did you see how she was and swam under the dock, where for come up with?" "Yes." "Well, that some time he eluded the efforts of those

A Souvenir Extraordinary.

Mark Twain in one of his articles speaks of the lady who treasures a precious slice of bread from which Dickens and so much sought after. If he could had taken a bite. This sounds like the be more of a recluse, if he could live anecdote, which is literally true, and illustrates many people's foolish desire for relics, shows that Twain was hardly him now that he is compelled to write burlesquing in his essay: The last time and speak nearly at the rate the writer that Mr. Dickens was in this country he happened one merning to breakfast at for more "copy." A speech, an article, the common table of the hotel where an editorial, a sermon are thrown off the common table of the hotel where he was stopping. When he had eaten his egg he dropped the empty shell into his egg-cup, and after finishing his breakfast left the table. As soon as he had gone a lady who had sat next him arose, and taking up the egg-cup went arose, and taking up the egg-cup went to trim the rough edges. And this man does an amszing deal of work. He edits a large religious weekly, contributing its principal editorials, writes for the Ledger regularly, is generally ship. The artist selected for his work to the hotel proprietor and offered to at work on some book, is constantly the best finest-grained Parian marble. unwashed egg-cup containing the sermons a week, which are the only broken shell is now kept by her as a sness heard in these parts worthy of souvenir of the great novelist.

> Resuscitation of Drowned Persons. The Massachusetts Humane Society has issued a card with these directions for restoring persons apparently drown-

Convey the body to the nearest house, with head raised. Strip and rub dry. Wrap in blankets. Inflate the lungs by closing the nostrils with thumb and fingers and blowing into the mouth forcibly, and then pressing with hand on tion through insurgent sources reports the chest. Again blow in the mouth the arrival of an expedition under and press on the chest, and so on for Agyilers on the north coast, with 4,000 ten minutes, or until he breathes. Remington and Pesbody arms, six Keep the body warm, extremifies also. Continue rubbing—do no give up so large quantity of ammunition. All the long as there is any chance of success.

ted, 62 were poisoned, and 108 were and hopeful feature of several female by the insurgents since the first year of sentenced to death. Total, 963.

Items of Interest.

Au Arizona girl shot her lover, and

mittee, with the statement that he never allowed himself to take pay for extra services as a member of the Legis-

at a Troy hotel the other day. At dinner, when the waiter presented a bill of fare, the young man inquired, "What's that?" "That's a bill of fare," said the waiter. The countryman took it in dove down into his pocket and inquired, "How much is it?"

As for the comparative longevity of drinkers and non-drinkers, the English life insurance actuaries, whose business it was not to be mistaken in such a calculation, have found that among 1,000 drinkers and 1,000 non-drinkers, taken Burleigh, the New York correspon- at random at twenty years of age, the dent of the Boston Journal, writes as drinkers lived upon an average thirtyfive years and six months, and the non-

San Francisco rejoices over the puritp of its lacteal fluid, and it is with cerperienced by the upright and law-fearing, that the residents of the place probound the following conundrum to all persons that have a suspicion of verdancy atached to them : Why is a San Francisco milkman like Pharaoh's daughter? Because he takes a little

profit out of the water. A Chicago poet, upon hearing that Nilsson was about to erect cow sheds upon her Peoria lots, has burst forth into the following verse: "Christine, Christine, thy milking do the morn and eve between, and not by the dim reand shrick the knell of the burning

This is a bad year for Russian noblemen. One of them in Kentucky, a count, purchased two thousand acres of land there recently and agreed to pay in ninety days (or as soon as his remittances came to hand), \$300,000 for the property. In the meantime he borrow ed ten dollars from the owner of the land, and, subsequently, when the latter was walking out in one of the fields to take a last farewell look at his former possessions, he found the count dead drunk, lying in a corner of a fence.

Thomas Wharton, one of the crew of man is a horse doctor that sat down who were trying to resone him. He beside her. He belongs to Bull's Head, was finally caught and taken to the I gave him a dollar to ride with that station-house, where a dry suit of woman as far as she went." The car clothes was furnished him.

Henry Ward Beecher's Work.

It is almost to be regretted that Mr. regular publication. Several divines have enjoyed the honor of published sermons, but only Henry Ward Beecher has managed to keep up the supply of matter worthy of the type-setter's attention. A large publishing-house lives almost entirely on his brains.

An Important Expedition.

Advises received from Puerto Principe from private sources are of considerable interest. Trustworthy informamaterial was safely landed and commu-nication established with the forces of Prizes for the best loaves of bread, Maximo Gomez. This is said to be the to be made by the students, is a new most important expedition gotten up