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**Class Lightly.**  
Wild flowers die when warm close hands  
Their fragile stems too eager seize;  
Hold loosely, child, thy light live wand  
Of joy, that would wave free like these.  
Touch gently the fine fairy things  
That lean their sweet forms 'gainst the  
hour;  
One hush thought bristler bloom from  
wings  
That coyly fan love's silver bowler.  
Clasp lightly what thy heart would keep  
In dearest hope, in dearest fear;  
The soft wind wags the May from sleep—  
What has rough March but April's tear?

## THE MINER'S WEDDING.

Last year, during an extended pilgrimage in the familiar region, I happened into Burradon, England, on a Saturday morning. Long before the first public house was reached, I knew, by certain infallible signs, that it was "pay Saturday." No such boisterous revelry characterizes the "off Saturday."

In addition to the fortnightly peculiarity, there was to-day the additional excitement of a wedding. George Foster had been "walking" with Sallie Lishman six successive "Sunday nights." Last "pay Saturday" he had bought the ring at Newcastle, and to-day the nuptials were to be solemnized at the parish church. In the long "row" of pit-ottages there was no difficulty in discovering the residence of the bride in case. A crowd of urchins surrounded the door, and were glowing with all the optical power at command. Finally, about ten A. M., the procession emerged—seven couples, each lassie "linked" with her laddie, the blushing young bride "linked" with the groomsmen. There was some brave cheering on the part of the miscellaneous mob when the gaudily-dressed party triumphantly paraded up the middle of the street. Parterres of orange-blossoms and furlongs of white ribbon were flaunted in the sunlight; and the silks that composed the dresses of the bride and her maids were of wondrous sheen and brilliant hues. There was more velvet about the groom and his men than I ever remember to have seen on the backs of seven persons before; and there was more watch-chain distributed over the seven velvet vests than I ever expect to see again. Mr. Elijah Lishman, the bride's father, and an old acquaintance of mine, was present in an official capacity, and it did not require a very pressing invitation to induce me to join him. "Old Lish," as he is familiarly termed, and I walked behind and aside from the hymeneal procession. We were surrounded by a motley crowd of tag-rag and bobtail musketeers, armed with shot-guns of every conceivable description and possible antiquity. The pigeon-match gun of to-day marched cheek-by-jowl with the "Brown Bess" that had lain behind the lines of Torres Vedras, or banged away at Waterloo. There were about fifty gunners, besides fourteen men, under the directions of two major-domos, who wore white-satin favors, large as saucers, attached to their coat lappets.

The genius of disorder seemed to permeate every individual in that crowd. The banter, the yells, the purposeless profanity—entirely devoid of malice—were absolutely astounding. A stranger meeting the procession would have assuredly jumped over the hedge, under the impression that he saw a company of escaped lunatics. On two or three occasions Mr. Lishman uttered a fearful imprecation at his own eyes, and requested the crowd to stop their "blarney," but the attention seemed to encourage rather than repress their vociferous imprecations.

When we reached the church, only the seven couples of the bridal party, "Old Lish," and myself, were permitted to enter. The two major-domos would have been admitted; but the old clerk was inexorable. "I've seen you chaps before," said he, "as he slammed the iron-studded door in their faces and locked it."  
"It was almost impossible to obtain silence when the curate took his place behind the altar-rails. The bridesmaids talked and giggled; the groomsmen whispered and nudged each other and their partners. Presently a whisper ran round, "Sallie's bubbling," and shortly after a murmured imprecation having reference to the speaker's eyes, that "Sallie's fainted." Sure enough, she was sprawling on the pavement; but it was a transparent piece of acting that could deceive nobody. Mr. Lishman watched her contortions and her "bringing it" with much satisfaction. He evidently thought his daughter had achieved a triumph; for he remarked directly to his eyes, and indirectly to me, that her poor mother had "bubbled and fainted before her" under like circumstances.

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together?" etc., asked the clergyman.  
Clerk (whispering in George's ear)—  
"Answer 'I will.'"  
George (firmly)—"Aw wull—certainly, sur; aw cum here a-purpose."  
Clergyman (to Sallie)—"Wilt thou have this man?"  
Sallie (immediately interrupting)—  
"Yes, sur."  
Clerk (raising his hand, imploringly)—  
"Hush-h-h!"  
Clergyman (continuing)—"to be thy wedded husband?" etc.  
Sallie (quickly)—"If ye please, sur."  
Clerk (with an offended air)—  
"Answer 'I will.'"

Sallie—"I will, sur."  
Clergyman—"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"  
Mr. Lishman nodded his head at the person, and then winked one eye mysteriously several times.  
The paragoning feat was followed by more cooing and kissing, which was angrily rebuked by the curate. The ring was then demanded, George producing it, neatly secured on the end of a brush-handle. At this, another guffaw was evoked from the six men, and convulsive shivers from the six maids. By this time I could appreciate the clerk's sagacity in keeping the other crowd outside.

When the names had been registered in the vestry, and the usual fee paid, the procession was again formed in the aisle, the newly-married couple "linking" and leading the van. The clerk then turned the key in the rusty lock, and peered out. Instantly the howls and yells of the outside crowd filled the air, and suggested the idea that it was a turbulent riot, instead of a matrimonial rite, that had been celebrated.

Through the church portals the bride and groom emerged. In front of them, just outside the porch door, the "petting-stones" had been greeted. This singular relic of bygone antiquity is composed of three stone pillars, each about thirty inches high. Two are placed upright, about two feet apart, while the third is placed as a cross-piece, connecting the tops of the two. As the bride approached this curious stone hurdle, the two favor-bedecked major-domos darted from each side of the doorway, and very unceremoniously clutched her one by either arm and hoisted her clean over the "petting-stones." Then he on the left kissed her, while the other received "fring-money" from the groom. Simultaneously there was a deafening, indiscriminate volley of jubilant musketry outside the churchyard, that vexed the nerves and the tympanum. The bride and groom then "linked" and marched toward the crowd. Two other pit-laddies jumped at the first bridesmaid, caracolled her over the "petting-stones," kissed her, and black-mailed her partner as before. And so the process was repeated till all the ladies had been hoisted over. Some of the girls struggled, some giggled and jumped, while the seventh, a blushing maid of two hundred pounds or so, stood and submitted to be lifted with sullen resignation. Coarse jokes circulated when two slender pitmen made a frantic attempt to elevate her avoirdupois; but it was a signal failure. They upset the stones, dropped her, took a hearty smack at her lips, and the lifting was over. As each pair left the churchyard, a handful of pennies was pitched into the air, to be scrambled for by the boys, and the way these young ruffians mangled and tore each other was a caution to see.

Amid the firing of guns and the cheers of the crowd, the wedding party entered the "Blue Bell" parlor, while the shooters and their friends entered the kitchen. Half a dozen half-gallon jugs of ale were soon circulating among the uproarious fellows, and the noise, intermingled with occasional musketry, grew fast and furious.  
The men who had officiated at the "petting-stone" rite now entered amid great laughter and approval. They had come for the bride's garters—an extra pair of blue-silk ribbon, worn in the bosom, for the occasion. The men joined their companions, bearing aloft the silken trophies. Before long the procession was again formed, some of the crowd following, others remaining to make a day of it.

When the bride reached her father's home, a female relative met her with a plate of bride-cake, cut into small squares. A white napkin was then thrown over her hat to protect the orange-blossoms, and the plate and cake were pitched over her head, the children scrambling for the pieces of cake.  
After the substantial portion of the wedding dinner had been dispatched, Mr. Lishman rose with a glass in his hand, and said:  
"Ave drink all yer gude healths and Sallie's too, and may all her ducks be geese and her chickens turkeys!" This witicism was followed by uproarious applause; but, unfortunately, it reminded George Foster's uncle of a story, that he proceeded to relate, accompanied by such apparent discomfiture on the part of the author of the toast. Said old Mr. Foster: "When Lijah Lish, there, began to keep coo and hens, he used to watch them eat by the hour together. He kened naught about poultry then; but ye day he bought a deuk (duck) at Newcastle market, and carried it home, proud as a pecker. After putting the new arrival among his hens, he went and got their bait out, and scattered a handful of peas among them. The hens pecked, but the hungry deuk hid its flat bill on the ground, and, running it along, scooped up the grub in the whole-some fashion of a pig in general." Cum, now, said the father, Sallie, to the new bird, 'ye munna slother it in like that.' But still the hungry deuk went on. 'Cum out wi' ye,' cries yer father; 'gan on like the hens—none o' yer filling yerself wi' a shovel like that.' The deuk eat away, however, and Lijah he tracked it under his arm, took out his pocket-knife, and put its bill to a sharp point. 'Then he threw the deuk down, crying: 'There, now, gan on, fair play, one at a time.'"

After dinner the seven couples again

paraded the street—the bride and the groom leading the van. A tremendous volley of old shoes, slippers, and beater-bosoms, was thrown after her as she left her father's house. They now proceeded up the "row" to see the newly-furnished house, preparatory to repairing to the "Cross-Key," where the wedding dance was to be held. There were about thirty couples at the ball. The ladies plied their feet gayly. They double-shuffled; they one-two-three-and-hopped; they executed the "high-cut," and they exhibited the intricacies of the Highland fling. The bonnie pit laddies doffed their coats and jumped and hallooed and beat time, until the perspiration ran from them in trickling streams. The fiddler scraped away at a breakneck pace. His body swayed to and fro, and his foot banged away, marking time, as if he meant to burst a hole in the floor and disappear through it, chair and fiddle and all. At the end of every dance, there were mad cries of "Squeak the fiddle!" when a horrid kind of caterwauling was produced, upon hearing which every Jockey kissed his Jenny.

The wedding ball wound up with "Joan Anderson, or the cushion dance"—a peculiar performance, where there is alternate kneeling by men before women, and women before men, *ad infinitum*, and kissing *ad nauseam*. This poor bride thus was compelled to kiss every man in the room.  
At eleven o'clock, Mrs. Sallie Foster was escorted home by her six bridesmaids, dressed, sewed in a sheet, put to bed, and left. After the bridesmaids left the bride, the groom and his men came along. With many good wishes, they left him at the door. Then they sang some ribald verses, and went home to bed.

## The Fatal "Swirls."

Much has been written of the fearfully grand scenery of the Colorado river. This remarkable stream has terrors out of sight more impressive than its canyon walls, and more dangerous than its rapids:  
The Colorado river is noted for "swirls," so-called. They occur everywhere, but only at high stages of water. A bubble rises from the bottom, and breaks, with a slight sound, on the surface. The water at the point begins a rotary motion, so small that an inverted teacup might cover it. Larger and larger grows the circle, till a surface of forty feet in diameter is in motion, spinning round a funnel-shaped hole in the center, two or three feet across at the top, and coming to a point in the depths below.

Often a large tree, floating down the stream, is caught, and its foremost end thrust in the air twenty or thirty feet, while the other passes underneath, the exposed end to be slowly drawn down again, and to disappear. Three soldiers—deserters from Camp Mohave—passing through the ravine in a skiff, immediately below the fork, suffered their craft to run into a swirl.  
One of the crew, at the first intimation of danger, threw himself overboard beyond the charmed circle; and as he swam away he turned his head and saw the boat spin round, and round until, one end being drawn into the vortex, and the other upheaved in the air, it slowly sank, as it revolved, into the turbid bosom of the river; its human freight to be seen no more; for the Colorado river does not give up the dead—no corpses lodge on its shores.

## Sold His Dog.

Dick Lashbones was the owner of a large dog, which cost as much to keep as two pigs; and the dog was worse than useless, and greatly annoyed Dick's wife. "Blango take the dog!" cried she. "Mr. Lashbones, I wish you would sell him, or do something or other with him. I wonder you keep such a useless animal." "Well, well, my dear," said Dick, "say no more about it. I will get rid of him one of these days." This was intended as a mere "get off on the part of Dick; but, as his wife kept daily dinning in his ears about the dog, he was at last compelled to take action in the matter. "Well, my dear," said he, one day, "I've sold Jowler." "Have you, indeed?" she cried, "I'm dreadful glad to hear it. How much did you sell him for?" "Five dollars." "Five dollars! What! five dollars for one dog? How glad I am! But where's the money, my love?" "Money!" repeated Dick, taking a long pipe lazily from his mouth. "I didn't get any money; I took two puppies at two dollars and a half a piece."

## The Eden Taster.

A Gallic observer observes the following as the only way to deal with lions and lionesses—not to be afraid of them:  
"Look here, I who speak to you I make 'Saida' fetch my whip or handkerchief like a dog. You have been here. Don't believe she acts through affection. 'Saida' loves me not. Off, raising her head to lick my checks, I read in her look a concealed wrath and an indecision possibly fatal to me. It is in those moments that I concentrate all my energy in my eyes—I cease all my will to flow into my brain, and there emanates from me a fascination that must be believed irresistible, and 'Saida' executes herself. If, in that second, I should have the misfortune to exhibit the least apprehension I would be devoured." So speaks Bibel, the fashionable Parisian manager, who has to be bother than a lion in his business.

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

### Deceptive Reports of its Natural Wealth of Production and Beauties of Climate.

I have recently, says a resident of San Bernardino county, California, seen an article from Santa Barbara with this caption: "Personal Experience of a California Paradise on Paper." I have also read an article from the Los Angeles Herald denouncing in the strongest language the foresaid letter, and promising him, should he visit the "Angel City," a ride on the ragged edge of a three-cornered nail to the tune of the "Rogues' March."  
This we call strong language for 1875, and has a strong savour of lawlessness, if not of barbarism. I also consider it good proof that your correspondent told the exact truth—"hit the nail on the head." Stander never makes men wince after such a manner; and we wish to say that our own experience and that of others who have spent some time in southern California goes to confirm all that your correspondent has said.

It is a truth that cannot long be concealed that the world is being terribly deceived in regard to southern California, both as respects its being a paradise for invalids and for fruit growers. I have seen many articles in its praise. All the newspapers here, however much they differ on other points, agree in extolling it in the strongest language, as if it were the "heavenly country" itself; and every poor invalid who reads them thinks that if he can only reach here he will hardly fail of a speedy recovery. As a consequence, many are selling home and homestead at a great sacrifice, and are coming to the "sunset land," and in many if not in a majority of instances are coming here to die.

The winter climate here is indeed very different from that of New England and the Northern States. There are no snow storms, no days of pinching cold. There is much beautiful weather. The beautiful perhaps predominates. But it is not Eden, as many would have us believe. The thermometer has quite a wide range. The nights are often very chilly, while at midday the sun scorches. It is a land of fogs and frosts, and what is equally bad, of fierce "northers," which are as bad to face as a driving storm, raising, as they do, thick clouds of dust that must be as damaging to a consumptive as the worst New England dampness.

We say, therefore, to all invalids who contemplate coming to this "New Italy," take all reports of its marvelous healthfulness at a large discount; otherwise you will be sadly disappointed, as hundreds have already been. Few can afford to die here, and the best place in which to die is home. Think twice before you start for this New Eden. Consider every laudatory account as rose-colored. The probability that you will not be benefited by coming is greater than that you will be.

And that southern California is a paradise for farmers and fruit growers is all moonshine. Nine-tenths of the land, if not more, is mountain and desert. Next to good society the greatest want is water, and not an orange, fig, grape, peach or fruit of any kind can you have without irrigation. And irrigation means money and hard work, and the man who can purchase a good ranch here or fruit orchard of any size can live comfortably without coming here. The foothills and plains are already beginning to turn brown for the lack of moisture, and, remember, that no rain will fall until next fall or winter.

This is also a terrible land. Except a few cottonwoods found on the river bottoms there are no trees but such as the human hand has planted. Whoever, therefore, comes here thinking to make a fortune by raising semitropical fruits or in any honest way without hard work and patient waiting, is sure to be disappointed. Before, therefore, you sell your paternal acres at a sacrifice and come to this famed land, think twice or you will repent but once. Hundreds already here heartily wish that they had remained in the "States," and gladly would they return if they could. An acquaintance, past meridian, who left a good home in the East, thinking from the glowing accounts he had read of the country that he could live here with less work and make more money, says: "Words will not express the greatness of my disappointment." Many of the people feel that the country is actually suffering from the shamefully false statements that are circulated far and wide concerning it. Water is indeed scarce, but truth is scarcer.

We have said nothing in malice of this wonderful country that has given us so much grain and gold. We write to prevent multitudes from being deceived by the too highly colored reports of the climate, and the huge fortunes to be found in fruit raising, which reports are being scattered through all the Eastern and Northern States by interested parties; and if this article shall be the means of preventing any from coming here, without proper consideration and careful inquiry, we shall be glad.

A Michigan paper says: Young man, if you are looking for a wife come to Michigan, the noble Peninsula State, and we'll put you on the track of a young lady who can hunk her fifty bushels of corn per day, yoke oxen, drive harness, teach school, and say with a cross-out saw. She wants to be loved for herself alone.

## That Necklace.

We have no doubt the wife of Lieutenant Fitch thinks it "a little mean" that she cannot have her necklace presented by the Khedive. It is four months it has been at the custom house and there it is likely to be, unless removed by the payment of regular duties. The resolution merely authorizes the acceptance of the present from a foreign potentate. It is by some supposed that the treasury did allow, or that Congress passed a resolution permitting the diamond necklace to be delivered to Mrs. Fitch free of duty. Such is not the fact. It may seem a little odd, but it is nevertheless true that the necklace has not been appraised by our officials. Nor do the owners evince any great curiosity to ascertain its actual value. This is perhaps attributable to discretion, and calls to mind the famous Portuguese rough diamond exhibited in the palace at Lisbon. This diamond, though it is as large as a hen's egg and weighs over 800 karats, has never been subjected to the tests of cutting and polishing, simply because there is a doubt about it. For there are experts in the trade who pronounce it to be merely a very fine piece of chrysolite. Half the charm of the Khedive's present would vanish if this celebrated necklace were tested by the appraiser's ark. The Jewellers' Circular gives an excellent drawing of the necklace, and says of it: "The estimates of the value of these jewels have been exaggerations beyond all precedent, and \$40,000 really represents the most liberal valuation that can be put upon them, the number and size of the diamonds are so counterbalanced by their off-color."  
The Khedive has probably never seen the necklace, and he would hardly be pleased to learn that those who were entrusted with the order in Paris had an eye to quantity rather than to quality in making the purchase. This ornament contains, it is said, about seven hundred and seventy brilliants of all sizes, from a seven or eight karat stone to some as small as one-twelfth of a karat. The aggregate weight of the diamonds is at least three hundred karats; but the quality is what is known as Cape Bywater, a quality of diamonds technically described as being "off color," and they are well paid for at \$100 per karat, cost of setting and all included. The duty at twenty-five per cent. on the jewels would at the utmost only be \$10,000.

It is not in pearl powder, nor in golden hair dye, nor in jewelry. It cannot be got in a bottle or in a box. It is pleasant to be handsome; but all beauty is not prettiness. There is a higher beauty that makes us love people tenderly. Eyes, nose, hair or skin never did that yet; though it is pleasing to see fine features. What you are will make your face ever for you in the end, whether nature has made it plain or pretty. Good people are never ill-looking; whatever their faces may be, an amiable expression atones for all. If they can be cheerful also no one will love them the less because their features are not regular, or because they are too fat, or too thin, too pale, or too dark. Cultivation of the mind adds another charm to their faces, and, on the whole, if any girl is desirous of being liked by the many and loved by the one, it is more in her power than she may believe to accomplish that object. Cosmetics will not accomplish it, however. Neither will fine dresses; though a woman who does not dress becomingly wrongs herself. Forced smiles and affected amiability will be of no avail; but if she can manage to feel kindly to everybody, not to be jealous, not to be cross, to be happy if possible, and to encourage contentment, then something will come into her face that will outlast youth's roses, and gain her not only a husband but a life-long lover.

## What is Loveliness?

It may interest our German citizens, says a Boston paper, to know that a residence of two years in the mother country invalidates their American citizenship under the present treaty. The treaty which was made in 1868 between the United States and the old North German Union provides that each country will recognize the naturalization conferred by the other upon residents of five years. A naturalized citizen returning to his native country is liable for any punishable act committed before he immigrated; if he returns to his native country, without intending to resume residence in his adopted, he is held to have renounced his naturalization. "The intent not to return may be held to exist when the person naturalized in the one country resides more than two years in the other country."

## Rights of Naturalized Citizens.

The younger and as yet unmarried generation of brokers is, perhaps, not quite so properly behaved a body of persons. In fact, a young Wall street broker and a young man are almost synonymous terms. But this fastness of theirs is greatly attributable to the nature of their occupation. Brokerage both in stocks and gold is exciting. A man must be very quick and nervous to get along at all here, and the development of both these characteristics naturally influences the whole of his life.  
A London manager was telling rather a poor anecdote, without much point in it; the members of his company assembled in the green room. Most of them synopsized, they all laughed loudly at the feeble jest—I beg pardon, all but one. The dull dog who refused to laugh, and who looked profoundly miserable, was at last judged by his companion. "Why don't you laugh, Tom?—why don't you laugh? Don't you see the governor is looking at you?" "Let him look, you fool," was the answer. "Don't you know I'm going to leave on Saturday?"

## The Point.

A VERY BAD CHINESEMAN.—Judge Wilson had a case of "very bad Chinese" in his court at San Diego. One Mongolian charged another with stealing several hundred cigars from his store, and denounced the accused in terms something like these: "He very bad Chinese man; he lived in my house two week; he eat my grub, pay me not one dolla; he hummer, no good for work, all same as Mexican man."  
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## THE STOCK BROKERS.

### A Description of a Notable set of New York Speculators.

All the transactions in Wall street, says the Sun, are carried on without any contract except the mere word of a man, and a case of a dispute being brought before an arbitration committee is an exceedingly rare occurrence. True, a city compels people here to be faithful to their word, for if any formality in the shape of a written contract had been introduced, the dealers would not be able to transact one-tenth of the business they transact now. It might accordingly be argued that this kind of honesty is not of a very high sort, since people are honest simply because they cannot afford to be dishonest.

The community of stock and gold brokers is quite a brotherhood. Except cases when some personal quarrel may have taken place, the brokers are all on terms of excellent fellowship with each other. The youngest of them look very much like schoolboys. All sorts of practical jokes are indulged in while business is going on. Very seldom will you hear any one called by his family name; it is all "Jim," "Jack," "Ben," or "Charles," and the moment two fellow workers become well acquainted, there is hardly any service that they would refuse to each other.

Like every other class of men, the brokers may be divided into respectable and vagabond classes. The respectable ones have plenty of money, large offices, several clerks, and always require from a customer a very heavy margin, while the vagabond boys do business in a free lance kind of style, and will satisfy themselves with a guarantee of \$100, where a solid and respectable firm would require \$1,000.

Like the brokers themselves, so also the stocks may be divided into respectable and blackguard ones. The respectable stocks will allow you to sleep quietly at night, but very seldom is there any profit or any fun in dealing in them, while the blackguard stock, though by no means safe things to carry over night, will give you ample chance to gain or lose hundreds of dollars in a few hours. All you can expect to make in speculating in Rock Island, New York Central, New Jersey Central, or any similar concerns is about one dollar a week, unless you lose that sum and have to pay the commission besides; while vagabond stocks will make you lose or win hundreds, possibly thousands of dollars in the same period of time and with the same amount of capital.

The physiological and anatomical condition of the body of brokers is not a very easy subject for investigation, the great brotherhood being composed of members very differently constituted and situated. There are altogether about 1,300 brokers in the Gold and Stock Exchange, and of these barely 500 are in a state to buy to-morrow a new suit of clothes. The vast majority of them are much like brainless barbers or doctors without practice, the only difference being that both the lawyer and the doctor are pretty sure to go onward until they get a start, while the broker is constantly going up and down hill, partly in consequence of the nature of his business and partly because equity-made money is easily gone.

There is a large number of dealers in stocks and gold who are married men of the most quiet and domestic disposition. The other day, for instance, on seeing a man who had never before touched any vagabond stock, buy a few shares of a fluctuating concern, I asked what was the matter with him. "Oh, spring in coming, and I want some flower seeds for my wife's garden," answered he, "so I'm trying to make a few dollars to cover the expense." Another will in the same way buy a few shares of Atlantic and Pacific telegraph to pay the cost of a new dress or a shawl for his spouse.

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## Fashion Notes.

Both cameo and chain stripes and plaids are revived.  
The fashionable bonnet trimming is green white silk, yellow and poppy red. Fuffings are again in favor, often very wide, and most frequently formed by rows of shirring.  
Jet, black silks are preferred to blue-blacks this season, and the blue reps are in greater favor than the heavy cords.  
Soft all-wool de begins to be in favor, and is shown in rough surfaces like camel's hair goods. Price from twenty-cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents.  
A leading style of walking-boot displays a neat kid top, with foxing of French kid, broad French toe, and low heel.

Beaded gossamer are found on suits, with flounces, curves, and tahlir embroidered in the cut braids for trimming.  
New veils are of black thread net, dotted with the finest buttons, and wrought in scrolls, and vines on the edge to match.  
Irish lace made of pure linen thread is imported for trimming summer dresses of linen, batiste, etc. These are insertions to match.

One way of wearing the hair is to save the front, draw it back to the nape of the neck, and let it hang in four or five thick curls.  
Another design for wearing the hair is the Grecian costume, with loose waves in front, strapped with narrow velvet and a small knot low behind.  
Shirring has by no means had its day, and appears on flounces, sleeves, waists and overskirts, after serving as a means of draping the latter garments.  
Evening silks are more beautiful than ever. Pais silver, cream color, delicate pink, straw color, light blue and green are among the various selections.  
Jet fringes are still shown in great variety, and will be used on goods to which they are appropriate, both with and without the passementerie match.  
A novelty just introduced is, the necktie of black or of white tulle, with square or with pointed ends, embroidered with floss and dotted with tiny white silk buttons.

For summer traveling oiled-soled boots will be shown, the advantage of these being that the cork soles are non-conductors of heat, and thus are cooler for the feet.  
Dark blue percales with handsome white lace borders, will be again worn this summer. Some are buying them in preference to the lace-covered, and other designs.  
Embroidered buttons and fancy crocheted styles are used on silk and similar goods, and smoked pearl, metal, horn, wood and tortoise shell are used on costume material.

Street costumes for the present season are always composed of either two materials or two colors, or shades of color. The favorite fabrics for spring wear are undoubtedly silk and cashmere.  
One of the new shapes of bonnets that promises to secure favor is that with a wide halo brim and large crown. The brim is turned up broadly above the forehead, and slopes downward on the sides and back.  
Fringe will be a leading style of trimming this season, and is shown in every grade of quality and an endless variety of styles. Novelties are numerous, among which the silk braided fringes are worthy of special mention.

English thread gloves are finished in precisely the same way as kid, and have the same number of buttons, from two to five. They fit best and smooth. Price from eighty-five cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents.  
The New York Tribune says: The instinct of the class is largely developed in the inhabitants of the sea-girt isle, and the island is a grand and small, the sons of the Conqueror and of Horsa are forced to suppress the miserable little forces and timid hares, which are all the gambit combat. It is surprising to note the zeal and settlement which they can exhibit in such an effort, of their women and brave soldiers, and bold landowners with their dogs, go fearlessly scouring over a country with wild enthusiasm, following a poor little animal not half so dangerous as a good-sized toadst. Englishmen who have instincts, it is true, go over the world in search of starchy sport, from the buffalo of our plains to the tiger in Asia. But those who stay at home must put up with such prey as they have, and to the catalogue of cat, hare and Highland doe they have lately added pigeon, released one by one from a trap, while a sportsman shoots them down at his ease, without thinking so much as the fit of his kid gloves. The idea doubtless originated with some London haberdasher's clerk who could not spare time for a day's shooting, and was eagerly welcomed by those who would fain be Nimrod in reputation, without the risk of even a tumble into a ditch. The Prince of Wales has made it a specialty, as we might say; indeed, he has become known to the world mainly through his conquests at Hurlingham and the Opera Bouffe. But Americans who not only have the "instinct of the chase," but the most abundant and cheapest modes of satisfying it in a many way, are not likely to adopt very generally this pinchbeck imitation of sport.

Baxter Boy.—Old Gent.—"What if you wear them speck for boy?" Footback.—"Oo I puts with shiny shine on gentlemen's boots, it harks me eyes."