A Painful Position.

A man with a painful expression of countenance sat on a goods box.

"Are you ill?" some on asked.

"No."

"Have you lost anything?"

"Never had anything to lose."

"What's the matter then?"

"I'm sittin' on a wasp."

"Why don't you get up?"

"Wall that wuz my first impulse, but I got to thinkin' that I wuz hurtin' the wasp as badly as he wuz hurtin' me, an' I concluded to sit here awhile, 'specially as I am tired. I thought too, that I ought to be thankful, for this is about the easiest sent I have had lately."

"What have you been deing that is so painful?"

"Servin' on a jury in a prohibition town."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

Lieut. Gen. D. H. Hill, Confederate States Army, was invited to repeat his address on "The Confederate Soldier" in Baltimore on the evening of Memorial Day in that State, June 6. In response Gen. Hill, who is president of the Military and Agricultural College, Milledgeville, Ga., writes that his subject will be the "Old South," an address he had previously delivered, and says: "Since the war our 'late enemies' have discovered a new island or a new country, which they have named the 'New South.' I have some acquaintances but no friends in this freshly discovered region. I wish to be entirely conservative and loyal in my talk consistent with the theme."

The total number known to have perished in the mining disaster at Nanaimo, B. C., is 189, of whom 82 were Chinese and 107 whites.

Children

Often need some safe cathartic and tonic to avert approaching sickness or to relieve colic, headache, sick stomach, indigestion, dysentery and the complaints incident to childhood. Let the children take Simmons Liver Regulator and keep well. It is purely vegetable, not unpleasant to the taste and safe to take alone or in connection with other medicine. The genuine has our Trade Mark "Z" in red on front of wrapper. J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Praying With Children.

The loving instruction of a mother may seem to have been thrown away, but it will appear after many days. "When I was a little child," said a good old man, "my mother used to bid me kneel down beside her, and placing her hand upon my head while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back, by a soft hand upon my head. When a young man I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations; but when I would have yielded that same hand was upon my head, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the happy days of infancy; and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart, a voice that was obeyed: "O, do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against God."

Rich Men With Poor Memories.

It is very singular indeed the effect of money on memory. Jay Gould can tell all about the mouse trap he invented when a boy, but he remembers nothing about Black Friday, his speculations in gold and his manipulation of telegraph stock. That is because he was poor then and rich now. C. P. Huntington can tell all about his youthful struggles, but remembers little or nothing of the means he employed to get certain railroad schemes through Congress only a short time ago. Charles Francis Adams can talk for hours about his grandfather, who was President, but he can hardly remember a thing about his illegal practices of the railroad of which he is the chief executive officer. Most unfortunate man!—*Post Express.*

Spotted His Man.

A small boy reported to the district attorney's office during the present term of court at Asheville, claiming to have been summoned as a witness in behalf of the United States. No subpœna could be found among the papers to show that he had been summoned. The boy insisted that he had been summoned. The district attorney remarked impatiently, "Who summoned you anyhow?" The boy replied, "Guess it must have been a revenue officer; he was drunk."—*Asheville Advance.*

Butter Test.

There is a qualitative test for butter so simple that any housewife can put it into successful practice. A clean piece of white paper is smeared with a little of the suspected butter. The paper is then rolled up and set on fire. If the butter is pure the smell of the burning paper is rather pleasant; but the odor is distinctly tallowy, if the butter is made up wholly or in part of animal fat.

Divided.

I

An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;
We two among them wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Crowds of bees are busy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

Flusheth the rise with her purple favor,
Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring,
'Twit the two brown butterflies waver,
Lightly settle and sleepily swing,

We two walk till the purple dieth
And short dry grass under foot is brown,
But one little streak at a distance lieth
Green, like a ribbon, to prank the down.

II

Over the grass we stepped onto it,
And God He knowth how blithe we were!
Never a voice to bid us eschew it:
Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair!

Hey the green ribbon! we kneeled beside it,
We parted the grasses dewy and sheen;
Drop over drop there filtered and slided
A tiny bright beck that trickled between.

Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sung to us,
Light was our talk as the faery bells—
Faery wedding—bells faintly rung to us
Down in their fortunate parallels.

Hand in hand, while the sun peered over,
We lapped the grass on that young-ling spring;
Swept back its rushes, smoothed its clover,
And said, "Let us follow it westering."

III

A dappled sky, a world of meadows,
Circling above us the black rooks fly
Forward, backward, lo their dark shadows
Flit on the blossoming tapestry—

Flit on the beck, for her long grass parteth
As hair from a maid's bright eyes blown back;
And, lo, the sun like a lover darteth
His flattering smile on her wayward track.

Sing on! we sing in the glorious weather
Till one steps over the tiny strand,
So narrow, in sooth, that still together
On either brink we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever
On either margin, our songs all done,
We move apart, while she singeth ever,
Taking the course of the stooping sun.

He prays, "Come over"—I may not follow;
I cry, "Return"—but he cannot come:
We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow;
Our hands are hanging, our hearts are numb.

IV

A breathing sigh, a sigh for answer,
A little talking of outward things,
The careless beck is a merry dancer,
Keeping sweet time to the air she sings.

A little pain when the beck grows wider;
"Cross to me now, for her wavelets swell:"
"I may not cross," and the voice beside her
Faintly reacheth, though heeded well.

"No backward; ah! no returning;
No second crossing that ripple's flow:
"Come to me now, for the west is burning;
Come ere it darkens;"—"Ah, no! ah, no!"

Then cries of pain, and arms outreaching—
The beck grows wider and swift and deep:
Passionate words as of one beseeching—
The loud beck drowns them; we walk and weep.

V

A yellow moon in splendor drooping,
A tired queen with her state oppressed
Low by rushes and swordgrass stooping,
Lies she soft on the waves at rest.

The desert heavens have felt her sadness;
Her earth will weep her some dewy tears;
The wild beck ends her tune of gladness,
And goeth stilly as soul that fears.

We two walk on in our grassy places
On either marge of the moonlit flood,
With the moon's own sadness in our faces,
Where joy is withered blossom and bud.

VI

A shady freshness, chafers whirring,
A little piping of leaf-hid birds;
A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,
A cloud to the eastward snowy as curds.

Bare grassy slopes, where kids are tethered
Round valleys like nests all fern-lined;
Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops feathered,
Swell high in their freckled robes behind.

A rose-flush tender, a thrill, a quiver,
When golden gleams to the tree-tops glide;
A flashing edge for the milk-white river,
The beck, a river—with still sleek tide.

Broad and white, and polished as silver,
On she goes under fruit-laden trees;
Sunk in leafage cooeth the culver,
And 'plaineth of love's disloyalties.

Glitters the dew and shines the river,
Up comes the lily and dries her bell;
But two are walking apart forever,
And wave their hands for a mute farewell.

VII

A braver swell, a swifter sliding;
The river hasteth, her banks recede:
Wing-like sails on her bosom gliding
Bear down the lily and down the reed.

Stately prows are rising and bowing
(Shouts of mariners winnow the air),
And level sands for banks endowing
The tiny green ribbon that showed so fair.

While, O my heart! as white sails shiver,
And crowds are passing, and banks stretch wide,
How hard to follow, with lips that quiver,
That moving speck on the far-off side!

Farther, farther—I see it—I know it—
My eyes brim over, it melts away:
Only my heart to my heart shall show it,
As I walk desolate day by day.

VIII

And yet I know past all doubting, truly—
A knowledge greater than grief can dim—
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly—
Yea better—e'en better than I love him.

And as I walk by the vast, calm river,
The awful river so dreaded to see,
I say, "Thy breadth and thy depth forever
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

—*Jean Ingelow.*

He Went to the Circus.

"No, my son, you can't go to the circus," he replied as he put on his hat.

"But, why father?"

"Well, in the first place, I can't fool away my money on things like that."

"Yes but I have enough of my own."

"And in the next place it is a rough crowd, the sentiment is unhealthy and no respectable person can countenance such things."

"But fah—"

"That's enough, sir. You can't go! I want you to enjoy yourself but you must seek some more respectable amusement."

An hour later a curious thing occurred in the circus tent. A boy climbed to the top flight of seats and sat down beside a man who had just finished a glass of lemonade and was lighting a cigar. He had his hat pushed back on the back of his head and seemed to be enjoying himself hugely. It was father and son. The father had gone straight to the ground from dinner and the lad ran away. They looked at each other for a half minute, and then the boy got in the first blow by whispering:

"Say father, if you won't lick me, I won't tell ma you was here!"

The father nodded his head to the agreement and the great spectacular parade in the ring began.

The members of Pickett's Division Association has been anxious to erect a monument at Gettysburg to mark their heroic charge. They have visited the battle field with this end in view and naturally desire to place their monument at the point within the Federal lines that the division reached. After consultation with the Gettysburg Memorial association, however, they have decided not to put up a monument at Gettysburg. So we learn from the Richmond *State.* It appears that by a law of the Memorial Association which that association has no power to infringe, it is especially provided that no Confederate monument shall be erected within the lines of the federal forces. That is the whole of it. Some bloody shirters have made much of the incident in the hope of fomenting bad feeling but it remains that the best of feeling has always prevailed and still prevails between the northern and the southern associations. Strong friendships, indeed, have been made between their members. As the *State* puts it: "Gettysburg Association controls the battlefield. It has a right to make its own rules and regulations. And the ex-Confederates, if unable to agree to all these regulations, have a right to keep away. That is just what they have done."—*News-Observer.*

The W. N. C. R. R. Company has had a great deal of trouble with the caving in of the Swannanoa tunnel and it has been decided to arch it over with masonry. A large number of hands are at work and the brick are being made at Morganton by Messrs. John H. Pearson & Company. There are three brick yards actively at work at Morganton which furnish employment to a considerable number of mechanics. —*McDowell Bugle.*

Little Dot: "What does Mr. Nice fellow go to your house so often for?"

Little Dick: "He wants to marry Nell."

"Is they engaged?"

"No."

"Did he say he wanted to marry her?"

"No."

"Then how do you know he does?"

"Oh! he acts so like a fool."

They Die Together.

Munich, May 13.—Another tragedy has just been enacted at Lake Starnberg. Two young ladies of Munich, Baroness Anna and Baroness Louise, of Guttenburg, rowed in a boat to the spot where King Ludwig, of Bavaria, met his death, and deliberately threw themselves into the water and were drowned. Next morning the boat was missed and a search was made. The bodies were found lying in soft clay.

Richmond and Danville Railroad Co.

Western North Carolina Division.

CIRCULAR NO. 488.

Gen'l Passenger Dep't., Asheville, N. C., May 6th, 1887.

The following Passenger Train schedule between Asheville and Spartanburg, is hereby announced, to take effect May 8th, 1887:

TRAIN NO. 53.

Leave	Asheville	11 50	a. m.
"	Asheville Junction	11 40	"
"	Arden	12 06	p. m.
"	Fletchers	12.16	"
"	Hendersonville	12.42	"
"	Flat Rock	12.55	"
"	Saluda	1.10	"
"	Melrose	1.38	"
"	Tryon	1.58	"
"	Londiunas	2.10	"
"	Campobello	2.23	"
"	Inman	2.38	"
"	Campton	2.46	"
Arrive	Spartanburg	3.20	"

TRAIN NO. 52.

Leave	Spartanburg	3.50	p. m.
"	Campton	4.09	"
"	Inman	4.14	"
"	Campobello	4.29	"
"	Londinnas	4.41	"
"	Tryon	4.52	"
"	Melrose	5.14	"
"	Saluda	5.29	"
"	Flat Rock	5.53	"
"	Hendersonville	6.07	"
"	Fletchers	6.31	"
"	Arden	6.43	"
"	Asheville Junction	7.04	"
Arrive	Asheville	7.10	"

Daily except Sunday.

JOS. L. TAYLOR, G. P. A.

TURK A. G. P. A.

Richmond & Danville Railroad.

Western North Carolina Division.

General Passenger Dep't. Asheville, N. C., Nov. 6, 1886.

Condensed Schedule, taking effect Nov 7, 1886.

WEST. Read Down.				Read Up.	EAST.
4 35 p m	Leave	New York	Arrive	3 20 p m	
6 59	"	Philadelphia	"	12 55 p m	
9 42	"	Baltimore	"	10 03 a m	
11 00	"	Washington	"	8 30	
5 15 a m	"	Lynchburg	"	2 00	
7 45	Arrive	Danville	Leave	11 40 p m	
2 30 a m	Leave	Richmond	Arrive	5 30 a m	
7 30		Danville		11 20 p m	
9 43	Arrive	Greensboro	Leave	9 50	
5 00 p m	Leave	Goldsboro	Arrive	11 20 a m	
1 00 a m		Raleigh		6 50	
9 00	Arrive	Greensboro		3 47 p m	
11 20		Salisbury	Leave	8 06	
6 45 p m	Leave	Charlotte	Arrive	12 30 a m	
8 01	Arrive	Salisbury	Leave	11 00 p m	
11 30 a m	Leave	Salisbury	Arrive	6 18 p m	
12 39 p m	Arrive	Statesville		5 08	
1 44		Newton		4 07	
2 15		Hickory		3 40	
2 38		Connelly Springs		3 05	
3 30		Morganton		2 25	
4 23		Marion		1 25	
6 02		Black Mountain		11 51 a m	
6 47		Spart. Junc.		11 09	
6 55		**Asheville**		10 51	
7 38		Alexander's		10 16	
9 39		Hot Springs		8 20	
10 00		Paint Rock	Leave	8 10	
5 10	Leave	" "	Arrive	6 50	
1 10 a m	Arrive	Morristown		3 13	
4 46		Knoxville	Leave	1 45	

MURPHY BRANCH.

8 00 a m	Leave	Asheville	Arr	5 00 p m
10 13 p m	Arr	Waynesville		2 45
11 55		Sylva		12 11
12 05 p. m.		Webster		12 00 m
1 40		Charleston		10 30 a m
3 04		Bushnell		9 19
4 29		Jarretts.....	Leave	7 45

75th Meridian time used East of Paint Rock.
90th " " " West " "

Trains on Murphy Branch run daily except Sunday.

Through Pullman Sleepers on south bound train leaving Salisbury at 11 p m. for Atlanta and New Orleans.

Through Pullman Sleeper on north bound train leaving Salisbury at 8 06 p m. for Washington.

Pullman Sleeper on same train from Greensboro to Richmond and Greensboro to Raleigh.

*Does not leave Goldsboro Sunday night.
‡Does not leave Greensboro Saturday night.

JAS. L. TAYLOR, G. P. A., Washington, D. C

W. A. Turk, A. G. P. A. Asheville, N. C.