THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE. TERMS—$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XIV. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1885. NO. 19:

ADVERTISEMENTS.

RED FRONT.

I have just received a fine lot of candies, fruits, cakes, nuts, bananas, oranges, apples, lemons, raisins.

—ALSO—

CANNED GOODS.

Just received a new lot of canned goods such as Beef, Chicken, Tongue, Turkey, Ham, Sardines Salmon, Peaches, Tomatoes, Corn, Peas, &c.

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I receive every week a fresh supply of

Sugar Cured Hams
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Breakfast Strips,
Butter,
Lard,
Sugar,
Coffee,
Flour,
Cheese,
Crackers,

And everything else that may be generally found in a first-class family grocery store.

JAMES W. PIERCE.
jan 1 1y Weldon, N. C.

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Good canvassers can make $100 to $200 per month by canvassing for the "DIVOUAC" (the "Evening" Southern monthly magazine) 30 Per Cent Profit. Regular price, $3 (Super-royal edition $4) a copy; $3 annually on basis of $2.70. Specimen Copies, 20 cents each.

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THE NEW SOUTHERN MAGAZINE.

This magazine contains in its initial number some notables paper:

Southern Ghost Stories, by Geo. W. Cable, opens in the story with a new field. These stories are those told in the negro quarters, and have remarkable more than passing interest.

The Battle of Franklin, by Major G. W. Cunningham, is a vividly graphic account of one of the most important battles of the war. It is accompanied by maps showing the field of battle, drawn from an official source.

The Battle of Nashville, by Major Cunningham, is a similar paper, with maps showing the field of battle, and the movements of the two armies.

At West Point Before the War, by General J. M. Wright, describes the peculiar characteristics of some of the men who have since become famous. It is full of interest, and will be widely read.

A Red-headed Family, is an attractive short-hair paper by Maurice Thompson.

A winter idyll, by Maggie Wm. Davis, describes a campaign in East Tennessee that has been strangely neglected.

Confederate War songs, by Paul H. Hayne, contains short sketches of the most prominent writers of the South, with personal incidents and critical observations which should be illustrative of the war period and which add largely to the interest of the stirring war lyrics that are introduced in the article.

While Life in the Seventies, by Will Wallace Harney, is a story of pioneer life in Florida. The characters are strong, and the dialect authentically given.

The Escape of General John H. Morgan, is the first of a series of papers by Chief Justice Bruce, descriptive of the military operations in the Northwest in 1863 and 1864. The escape from the penitentiary of General Morgan and some of his comrades, an episode of romantic interest, was planned by Captain Bruce, and carried out under his personal direction. After this he and Captain Cochrane were assigned to duty in the Northwest, and their experiences will be faithfully described. The escape of General Morgan was merely the prelude to what followed. It is safe to say that no war papers will excite more eager interest than those by Judge Bruce.

The poetry of this number is contributed by Harper and C. M. B., and is fully up to the magazine standard.

"Sahwanee" is a collection of camp stories and character sketches.

1885.

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Aims to cover the whole field of progressive journalism. No subject is too great for it to discuss intelligently and without bias, and none too insignificant to escape its notice. It lays the world tributary to its wants, and everywhere its agents may be found, alert to gather the particulars of all passing events and send them by telegraph up to the last moment of going to press. It is a brief and abstract chronicle of the time and contains all that is worth knowing in the history of the world for the past twenty-four hours.

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THE TIMES,

TIMES BUILDING, PHILA.

[Published by Request.]

A PRAYER FOR MY HUSBAND

BY R. O. H.

My heart is weighed down with sorrow
And my eyes are filled with tears
Oft times I am weary and restless,
When I think of the coming years.
Thoughts come of my prayer unanswered
And they fill the hours with woe,
My heart is crushed with anguish,
While the moments ebb and flow.

I sit alone in my chamber
And recall full many a page
Which to my human eyes seems wasted,
And my soul sinks in deepest despair.
I rise to read my bible,
I turn its precious leaves,
I seek for God's sweet promises,
Which so to through Christ he gives.

And as I read the blood-bought words
Of Christ's death on the cross,
I feel He would not die for me
Then let my prayers be lost.
And as I from the page rise
I shrink from unbelief
And peace and faith come stealing back
Ashamed of doubt or grief.

My soul is filled with sweet music
Even though the sky is dark,
I feel He leads me by the hand
His glory filling my heart.
Faith whispers that he'll hear my prayer
And bring my love to him,
That though He leads him thro' long ways
By paths so drear and dim.

That all the time He watched him
Although He slides His face
That He knows best the day and hour
In which to give His grace.
But that He'll give it in the end
And answer my first prayer,
For His mercy sends me every step—
I breathe it in the air.

O God, my Father, every day
I'll lift my voice to thee,
To save my darling from all sin
And make him pure and free.
Oh! lift the burden from his heart,
Let him feel a child again,
And that Christ's redeeming blood
His wasted each guilty stain.

ROSA'S ENGAGEMENT.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Pitcher, "what are our gals so dressed up for? Ain't it washing-day?"

"Hush father!" said his thrifty wife. "They're expecting company. The Widow Robins is coming to wash to-day."

Mr. Pitcher whistled softly.

"Phew-w!" said he. "In my young days we didn't hire a woman at seventy-five cents a day when we had good, stout arms of our own."

"Things change, father," said his wife, hurriedly.

"Not always for the better, though," remarked the good farmer, as he got into his one-horse wagon and drove away.

"Dear me," said Rosa, "what a start that gave me!"

"Just like pa!" said Fanny. "Always comes in when we least expect him!"

"He's out of the way now," said Mrs. Pitcher, peeping over the top of the big geranium in the window. "And he won't be back until dinner time."

"Do you suppose he'll be along soon?" said Rosa.

"How is a body to tell?" retorted Fanny, rather impatiently.

"Oh, Fanny, I'm afraid!" faltered Rosa. "You take my place, won't you? He'll never know that it wasn't you who wrote the letter.

"Rosa, what a child you are!" said Fanny, with the calm superiority that belonged to her two years of seniority. "Don't you see that it will never do for you to change your mind now?"

"I wonder if he's handsome?" observed Rosa, with a little, excited giggle. "Ma, there's the apple-sauce boiling over on the stove! It will be horrid to have the house filled with the smell of cooking."

"Burnt apple sauce never yet hurt anybody," said Mrs. Pitcher, as she made haste into the kitchen, where the Widow Rollins was just getting the clothes into the boiling water.

"Oh, dear!" said Rosa. "I am in such a twitteration! I almost wish, Fanny, we hadn't answered that advertisement.

"It's too late to think of that now," said Fanny. "There he comes this minute!"

"Where?" cried Rosa, divided between her extreme curiosity to see the man who had advertised for a wife in the columns of the Fairview county Journal, and the instinct that bade her flee to the nearest convenient closet. "He is handsome!" whispered she.

"And he has got his valise with him!" said Fanny.

"La!" cried Mrs. Pitcher. "I wonder if he expects to be asked to stay?"

"Isn't he dressed genteel?" said Rosa, all in a glow with excitement. "Ma, you can go to the door, I feel as if I couldn't stir a step."

The Misses Pitchers' had, in a way, taken the thread of fate into their own hands. In a neighborhood like that of Fairview Centre, where there were at least five girls to every eligible young man, they felt that it was necessary to bestir themselves in order to get married.

And thus considering, Rosa, the younger, had boldly answered a matrimonial advertisement.

Mr. Pitcher was kept in ignorance. The girls were morally certain that "pa" would disapprove of their new departure—perhaps even go so far as to forbid it, up and down. "Ma," on the contrary, rather liked the romance of the thing.

"If the young man is in earnest," said she, "and I can't see any reason why he shouldn't be, it may be an excellent settlement for Rosa."

At the sound of footsteps on the door stone, Fanny fled precipitately. Rosa sank, panting, on the haircloth sofa, and Mrs. Pitcher hastened to answer the knock.

"Does Mr. Pitcher live here?" said a tall young man, with sandy hair, a moustache to match, and pale blue eyes vailed behind spectacles.

"He does," falteringly answered Mrs. Pitcher. "Please to walk in. My daughter is in the parlor.

"Perhaps," said the young man, hesitatingly, "it might be well to explain to you that I—"

"No explanations are necessary," said Mrs. Pitcher, growing more and more florid. "She quite understands. Please to walk into the parlor. • You'll find her there."

Rosa, sitting exactly in the centre of the haircloth sofa, looked not unlike a mouse in a trap.

The young man set down his valise and bowed stiffly.

"I hoped to see you well, miss?" said he.

"Pretty well," stammered Rosa.

And there followed an awful silence. Rosa could have jumped out of the window if it hadn't been for the big geranium. She would have taken refuge through the door if she had not been inwardly certain that Fanny was in hiding back of the hinges.

She could not go up the chimney like a draught of air; neither could she vanish into a crack of the floor. So she sat there and trembled.

The young man, after portentously clearing his throat, began to unfasten the buckles of his valise.

"I have something here which I should like to show you," said he.

"He has got some credentials as to character," thought Rosa; "or perhaps it is an engegement-ring. Oh, I hope it's a nice one!"

"Are you fond of cooking?" said the young man. "But I needn't ask. Every New England girl is that."

"I like it pretty well," said Rosa, much marveling at the question.

"You read a good deal, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes!" said Rosa, brightening up a little.

"Exactly," said the young man. "Well, I have here the very thing that will suit you. Your next neighbor below—Mrs. Slatterly—has taken two copies of it, and it was she who recommended me to call here. A complete cookery book, with all the recipes in poetry and illustrated throughout, at only one dollar a volume. A souvenir alike worthy of a parlor table or the kitchen dresser, or even of a place in a young lady's boudoir. And as for literary excellence—"

His tongue was unloosened at last; he was sufficiently voluble now.

Rosa started to her feet.

"Are—are you a book agent?" she cried.

"That's my business, miss," acknowledged the young man, unwrapping several differently-bound volumes of the "Complete Cookery Book, In Verse." "Will you do me the favor to look at this book?"

"No, I won't!" excitedly cried Rosa.

"I only ask a trial, to convince you that—"

"Let me go!" cried Rosa, blindly rushing to the door. "I—I am not well! I think I'm going to faint."

The book agent picked up his spectacles, looked blankly at the blue, red and green volumes of his stock in trade, and began slowly to replace them in his valise.

"I don't believe I shall make a trade here," said he to himself. "The people are queer. I hope I haven't got into a private lunatic asylum."

And he opened the front door and out of the house, just as Rosa ran sobbing down the grape vine path in the back garden, directly into the arms of a tall young giant, who was coming up from from the river, with an overcoat on his shoulder.

"Rosa," said he, I've come here to ask you to pardon me. It was I that advertised. I did it just for a joke. But when you answered it—"

"Jotham Ellett!" cried Rosa, nearly choking with wrath. "I'll never forgive you in this world—never!"

She struggled to escape from his grasp but in vain.

"Now, Rosa, don't be vexed," said he. "You will forgive me—you must! And you shall marry me, too. There!, I always said I couldn't pluck up a spirit to ask any girl to marry me; but somehow this matter seems to settle itself. No, you shall not go till you've said yes. You're the very girl I've always wanted. And you don's know what a deal of store I shall set by you, Rosa, dear!"

"Don't tell pa about the advertisement, then," whispered the fast relenting Rosa.

"I won't tell a living soul," declared Jotham.

The book-agent went on his way, making tolerably good sales that sultry July day, while Jotham and Rosa sat happily under the grapevines, and the Widow Rollins hung out the flapping sheets and towels on the lines, and sighed to think of the days when she, too, was young. And Mr. Pitcher was well pleased when he came home and learned the news of his daughter's engagement.

"Jot Ellet is a good fellow," said he.

"Rosa couldn't do better."

"But it isn't half as romantic as I thought it was going to be when Rosa answered that advertisement," said Fanny sorrowfully, in the seclusion of the back kitchin.

"NO ONE TO LOVE."

The Author of This Song a Lover Who Wouldn't Run From Bullets.

[*Washington Letter in Boston Traveler.*]

I heard a curious story yesterday in regard to the well-known song:

No one to love! none to caress!
Traveling alone through life's wilderness, etc.

The author of this song lives here in Washington and he boards at a hotel within a square or so of the White House. He is now a man of perhaps forty and he wrote the song many years ago. He was in love with a beautiful girl and the day was fixed for their marriage. In the interval between the engagement and this day the war broke out and the young man enlisted. He was on the field when the time approached for his wedding. It was on the eve of a great battle, and that the first battle in which the young man was to take part. He wrote to his sweetheart asking her to postpone the day of the marriage until after the fight. This she refused to do and said if he did not return and keep his part of the engagement she would consider the engagement off. The young man preferred to trust to luck in regards to the engagement to being considered a coward in running away from his first battle and remained on the field. His lady love, however, was so piqued at the refusal that she persisted in her rejection of his suit and married another man. Inspired with the feeling of the desertion the rejected wrote the song which has had such a wide run.

He not only wrote the song, but he remained true to his first love and for some time, the story goes, he has been living here with his mother. Not long ago, however, his love's husband died and since that time he has renewed the acquaintance of the widow, who, though older than when he went to the war, is still charming. The old flames has, it is said, revived in the fair widow's breast and there is a fair prospect of a match.

A BRIDAL FREAK.

The Funny Couple That Drove Around the Streets in Wedding Garments.

[*From the Baltimore American.*]

The sight of a blushing bride, in full bridal costume, sitting in an open buggy on Baltimore street, met the eyes of all passers-by yesterday afternoon. The bride who looked old enough to know better—wore a wreath of orange blossoms and smilax and veil, while her hands were encased in white kid gloves and her feet in white kid shoes. At her bosom she wore a large bunch of orange blossoms. The white contrasted greatly with her raven black tresses, which fell in ringlets about her neck. Her husband wore a full suit of store clothes and a straw hat. He had great difficulty in steering the poor horse and the buggy looked as if it would fall to pieces. The bride and groom rode up and down Baltimore street, much to the amusement of the crowds on the street, and in vain tried to find a photographer who would take them. At last they found one near Gay street. When the groom found the place he had much trouble in getting the horse and buggy up to the curb, and at last had to get out and lift the buggy into position. Then he lifted his wife out, and she stood on the pavement in all her bridal glory and finery, the observed of all observers; but she did not mind that and seemed to care more for the safe disposal of a bandbox and a lace shawl than the crowd who watched her. The couple went into one gallery, but there they could not be taken large enough and so they came down again and went into another. The groom put on his white kid gloves, and they had a perfectly "scrumptious time" sitting for their picture in bridal costume. Several plates were used before a good negative was secured, because the groom insisted upon kissing the bride every time the photographer's back was turned. After the "ordeal" the bride took off her orange blossoms and veil and opened the bandbox and got out a white bonnet and put it on. Then the couple left. The groom went into the middle of the street and, after taking off the steamboat hawser that tied the horse to the hitchingpost, turned him "off" so the wheel would not dirty the bride's white dress, and the lady, unassisted, hopped into the buggy. He followed her, and soon the vehicle and its precious load went down the street and out of the city towards Philadelphia.

A magazine writer says the Indians are increasing in number. This must be an error. Not nearly so many Indians are stood in front of cigar stores to-day as there were twenty-five years ago.

The composer of "Put me in my little bed" announces that he got ten dollars for writing that interesting lyric and hints that it was not enough. It was not enough. It was not; he ought to have got ten years.

IT EVEN HAS THE COLIC.

CARPENTER NICHOLS FURTHER EXPLICATES HIS COSMIC THEORY.

Still Very Sure, After Discussion With College Professors, That This Good Globe Breathes, Eats, Digests, is in Love With Venus and Has a Mouth One Hundred Miles wide.

Henry Nichols, or, as he now calls himself, "Professor" Henry Nichols, has been at different times a sailor, a real estate speculator, a grocery-man, a farmer and a street-car conductor. At present he is established as a kind of carpenter in a little frame house in the extreme upper part of the city. No one, perhaps, would ever have known Prof. Nichols or his wonderful cosmic theory if the *Atlantic Monthly* had not first unearthed him from his obscure retreat among the desolate goat pastures of Fordham. In the only house on the marshy block that stretches along Third avenue from One Hundred and Seventy-second to One Hundred and Seventy-third street, the Professor employs a happy existence in odd jobs of carpentering and by lecturing to his friends of his discovery. Public lecturing he has tried without pecuniary success, and now he threatens to write a book. He has the open countenance of the average American working-man and, though not well educated, expresses himself in good English.

"My theory," said he yesterday when spoken to on the subject, "my theory will mark as great a revolution in the world's history as did the theories of Galileo, Newton or Columbus. It is simply the belief that the earth on which we live is a living, breathing creature, an organism of flesh and blood, of bone and sinew, of muscle and brain. It has respiratory organs and digestive apparatus like any other living being, it entertains likes and dislikes, and passes through the ordinary phenomena of birth, growth, maturity, decay and death."

"How do you know your theory is a true one?"

"I have talked with scientific men, with college professors and with astronomers, and not one was able to meet my arguments."

"And your proofs are"——

"Well, take the tides, for instance. Every living creature breathes, doesn't it? The bigger he is the less frequently he breathes. A man will take breath twenty times a minute, while an elephant, or even a horse, breathes much less frequently. The mastodon used to breathe only once in five minutes. So the big earth breathes only once in twelve hours, or twice a day. You can tell when it takes breath by the tides. Twice a day all over the world they recede and advance. You may ask Why doesn't the land move as well as the water. Because if you will look at the map you will find that the United States, Canada and all of Europe correspond to the upper part of the earth's body, while the water represents the abdomen or flexible parts. Of course the softer or less bony parts yield to pressure more readily."

"Then the mouth of this world of ours you would place at the North pole?"

"Exactly. If I am successful in raising a fund of $60,000 I shall go to the pole and prove that an opening a hundred miles wide exists. I shall find that the earth feeds upon star dust, stray meteors, lost comets, and perhaps some etheric substances of which we know nothing at present. The ice and snow about the pole go to prove my theory. As in winter you see men with their beards covered with frost and snow from their congealed breath, so the earth's warm breath freezes."

"Is it's breath warm, then?"

"Look at Vesuvius and answer the question yourself, or at the hot springs of Little Rock, Ark. Volcanoes are running sores on the earth's body, eruptions, pimples, or a kind of monster measles. Earthquakes are the throes of our planet in the pains of colic or of disease."

"Then what relations have men with the sphere on which the live?"

"Men are but parasites," said the Professor, with calm contempt. "As a dog supports vermin, so the earth supports us. The trees and verdure on its surface correspond to hair or fur on other animals."

"And how long will this creature live?"

"As an elephant lives longer than a man and a whale longer than an elephant, so it will be ages and ages before the earth dreams of turning gray. But the earth is middle-aged and it is a good thing for us that it is. It is settled in its round of duties. It moves on its axis with the regularity of clockwork. It is like some staid, old bachelor who never varies from his daily tasks. Now and then when certain planets with whom the earth is in affinity, or when Venus, whom the earth loves, is in conjunction, a great tidal wave rises up. Astronomers predict this month in advance, but they do not know the cause. It is the earth sighing for love. Well is it for the poor parasites who live upon its surface that the fires of its youth have burned low, or our staid old planet might go sailing off into space on a midnight escapade, even as now and then you see a comet go whirling through space."

For Metalic cases and wood coffins of al sizes, styles and prices apply to E. A Cuthrell who will sell them on best terms. Orders by letter or telegraph promptly filled.

HOW TO EAT POSSUM.

A Georgia Darkey Details the Method of Preparation and Dispatch.

[*From the Talbotton Ga. Era.*]

Yer look at de possum an' smack de lips, fer'e be big, fine fellow. Den yer takes 'em an' go rite back hum, an' jess fo' yer get ter de door yer take yer axe 'andle an' put 'em cross 'e ne'k an' brake 'e ne'k by pullin' ob 'e tail. Den yer tek 'im in 'ouse, an' de ole 'oman done left great big fire-place heap full hickory ashes. Yes takes de shubble and open big hole in dem piles er ashes an' drops dat possum in dar, an' wen yer take 'im outer dar de har des pull off des as easy, an yer put 'im in some hot water an' scrapes 'im wid er case-knife, an' he cams clean. Den yer takes out der intrals, hang 'em up an' wash 'im good, den yer salts 'im down an' puts 'im away twel Monday morning. Monday morning cum, de ole 'oman tek 'im out an' parbile 'im good, den she git 'bout pek er taters and den slices dem taters an' piles 'em all over 'im, an' den she bakes 'im twel de grease run all fru dem taters. Den she takes 'im out an' puts 'im in de big dish and sets 'im on de dinner-table, wid de taters pile all ober 'im. Yer cum ter dinner fum de fiel," an' yer walks in an' sets down ter de table, but yer doan eat dat possum den!

No, sah, doan yer eat 'im den! Arter dinner yer des takes 'im on' de taters an' sets 'im up in de cupboard. Bimeby yer comes home fum de day's hard work ter yer supper. Youre mity worn out, for yer been wokin in de fiel hard all day. Yer sets down outside de cabin do' an' takes yer pipe an' smokes. 'Fore long Sam says: "Daddy, supper reddy." But yer des set dar; yer doan go in. Yer wait twel de ole 'oman and de chillun git fru eatin' an' de chilun go off ter bed. Den yer knocks der ashes out yer pipe an' goes in. Yer moves de leetle squar' table front de fire an' puts yer cha'r close up dar by it. Den yer goes to de cupboard and gits de possum and taters. Yer puts 'em on de table. Yer tells de ole 'oman ter go out an' locks de do'. Den dar yer is. You an' de possum all by yerself together. Yer frows de ole hat on de flo', takes yer seat in dat cha'r by de table and gibs yer sole ter yer God!

CLOCK-MENDING TRAMPS.

THE DEVICES BY WHICH THEY PRETEND TO EARN THEIR MEALS.

[*Erie Dispatch.*]

"All the old ways are played out and it takes an artist to live fat like we used to. I really believe the chickens roost higher than they did in the good old days. Oh, times is getting awful!" The fellow retired to a cave of gloom, metaphorically speaking, as he gave way to the flood of memories of the time before tramp business had been prostrated by overproduction. "A man has to either steal or work some fake, like mending umbrellas or mending chimey—that's about as handy as any.

"Oh, there ain't much to it. All a man's got to carry is some samples, which must be straight, and some Persian cement—glue, water or anything to hold the dishes together till the man gets out of the neighborhood. You tie up the dishes with string and tell 'em that they must let 'em alone at least twenty-four hours to dry, which gives you time to skip. I run out of glue water once and I cemented my dishes together with molasses, which I got out of a farmer's pantry. It was pretty much the same.

"Cleaning clocks is another good fake, only it has been worked to death. One of us goes ahead and tinkers up the clock, taking it partially to pieces, tickling it up with a feather and ann'inting it with ile or lard or something. I always, when I'm on the tramp, carry boa constrictor ile or yak ile for the purpose. Its cool ile or lard, just as it happens. When I comes to put it together if I don't know exactly where all the wheels go I do the best I know how, and if there is any overflow of wheels without holes to put 'em in, as is usually the case, I jest quietly slip 'em in my pocket.. I then hand-spike the hands ahead a half-hour and tells the folks it is unhealthy to turn them back and that they had better wait until the time comes as pointed by the clock before they start it running. This saves disarrangin' the innards, I tells 'em. That half-hour lets me out, and I goes if the clock don't."

SNAKE WITH A BULL-DOG'S HEAD.

[*W. Va. Pioneer*]

R. W. Eastham arrived Sunday from Davis, in the upper part of this county, and reported the capture of a wonderful animal near that place a few days ago. The animal was caught in a steel trap and was dead when found. It had the head of a bull-dog and the body of a snake, except that it was very thick for its length, and its body was covered with deep-red fur. Its entire length was about five feet and the circumference of its body some twenty inches. Its teeth were partly like a dog's, partly like a snake's. Mr. Eastham had with him the lower tusk. It was about two and a half inches long, protruding from the animal's mouth and was curled like a sheep's horn. The tusks of the upper jaw went backward like snake's teeth and were about one inch long. The animal had no legs. It was supposed to be a water animal like an otter. There is nothing to indicate that it ever had legs.

FASHIONS IN JEWELRY.

NECK-PINS AND BRACELETS—ARE BRACELETS TO SUCCEED RINGS AS ENGAGEMENT TOKENS?

[*From Town Topics.*]

Jewelry that is a copy of the antique is coming in fashion. The designs in lace pins are novel. One pin, composed of very fine Etruscan gold, represents a Greek holding a spear of diamonds; another of Roman gold shows an old coin and is circled with valuable rubies. Bracelets that are narrow and made of rolled gold are most fashionable. They are seldom without jeweled ornamentations of some kind. There is a greater variety in "engagement" bracelets than ever before. Is the bracelet becoming more fashionable than the ring? Only diamonds, rubies and pearls are used on these bracelets, as they are the precious stones that betoken good luck. The sapphire and emerald are thought by superstitious people to bring bad luck to a bride if given to her before or at her wedding. After it has occured it does not seem to matter.

Bracelets of braided gold, no matter how narrow, are now never worn. Women who possess them are having them melted up and made into the more stylish "snake" or other ornament for the wrist. Silver jewelry is as popular this summer as usual, but it is now seldom worn with ordinary evening costumes. Many of the new buckles for long wraps and belts of one kind and another are made of silver this year. The metal is treated so as to look antique and the designs are heavy and handsome. In the more expensive buckles onyxes are set, with admirable effect.

TEMPTATION.

[*S. S. Times.*]

The serpent has found its way into all the eden of this world. Never, until this mortal puts on immortality of sinning. No where can a man go that temptation will not find him. Temptation possesses a free pass on all the railroads, a free berth on all the boats, a free entrance to school rooms and play-grounds—and even to the churches. Little escape, for example, does the reforming drunkard find in boarding the express train that, with every moment, puts another mile between himself and his old saloon haunts. Old evil associations he indeed leaves behind, but not the old evil thirst, the old fierce temptation, that shares his seat in the train, his state room on the boat, and lists only when he halts. Temptation finds the hermit in his ascetic retirement as readily as though he mingled with the crowd. Temptation climbs the high and lone and guarded wall of the convent as well as the latticed arbor of the pleasure seeker. Temptation pays no heed to warnings of "no admittance," be such warnings moral, legal or ecclesiastical. Temptation's every power for evil is in this constant presence, which leaves not an unguarded moment or movement of the soul untouched. Then what? Then we must be vigilant. If temptation insists, we must resist, and must persist in resisting. If the evil is watchful in attack, we must be watchful in defense. And, above all, if temptation tempts us with the sublimest of temptations—discouragement in the struggle—let us lean hard on the divine promise that our temptations will never be beyond what we are able to bear. God's help would have made Canaan the land of rest for the Israelites, if they had had faith, even while they found it a land of many conflicts. God's love will give us rest amidst our inevitable struggle—if we will rest upon that love.

THE MODERN DICTIONARY.

A

Bank—A very explosive body.

Bit'ter—Whiskey with a straw in it.

Blaine—A blotch; a sore—See James G.

Boot-jack—Instrument for throwing at cats.

But'ter—A substance now absolete—See oleomargarine.

Boot—A machine sometimes used for elevating obnoxious persons.

Bed-time—A time of which a spooney young man is totally unconscious.

Ba-na'na—A vegetable telescope—inasmuch as it sometimes enables one to see stars.

Bounce—What the rejected lover or the fellow that doesn't pay his board gets on a grand scale.

C.

Can'nibal—A person who feeds on missionaries.

Car'bun-cle—A beautiful gem, generally worn on the back of the neck.

Can'di-date—The fellow who slaps you on the back and asks you to have a drink just before the election, and at no other time.

A lady at Toronto got to laughing over some amusing incident and could't stop. Finally a doctor was called in, and he could not quiet her. But at last a friend thought to remark that the lady's mouth looked very large when she laughed, and that put a stop to her mirth.

An absent-minded professor was sitting at his desk writing one evening, when one of his children entered. "What do you want? I can't be disturbed now." "I only want to say good-night." "Never mind now, to-morrow morning will do as well."

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