

THE CALDWELL MESSENGER.

JAS. C. NUTTY, Publisher.

DEVOTED TO THE GENERAL INTERESTS OF CALDWELL, WATAUGA, ASHE AND ADJACENT COUNTIES.

TERMS: \$1.50 per Annum.

VOL. I.

LENOIR, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1876.

NO. 30.

TRADITION OF CONQUEST.

His Grace of Marlborough, legends say,
Though battle-lightnings proved his worth,
Was scathed like others, in his day,
By fiercer fires at his own hearth.

The patient chief, thus sadly tried—
Madam the Duchess was so fair—
In Blenheim's honors felt loss pride
Than in the lady's lovely hair.

Once (ahorn, she had coiled it there to wound
Her lord when he should pass, 'tis said)
Shining across his path he found
The glory of the woman's head.

No sudden word, no sullen look.
In all his after days confessed
He missed the charm whose absence took
A soar's pale shape within his breast.

I think she longed to have him blame.
And soothe him with imperious tears—
As if her beauty were the same,
He praised her through her courteous years.

But when the soldier's arm was dust,
Among the dead man's treasures, where
He laid it as from moth and rust,
They found his wayward wife's sweet hair.
—*The Galaxy.*

Simson's Mother-in-Law.

BY EMILY R. STEINER.

I shall probably excite a ripple of indignation in the minds of some readers at broaching so delicate a subject as the one in question. Still I am willing to concede that a good mother-in-law is a blessing in any household. To the young husband her advice is golden in value, a calming influence in possible domestic storm or tribulation, a guardian angel to the little folks, and altogether she is a treasure. But a bad mother-in-law is the very demon of a household, and such a one I am about to present for your delectation in this sketch.

Charles Simson is a merchant, and about to unite his destiny with the daughter of a Captain Beyer, dead, or gone to a better land. The bride is a pretty, well-educated, sensible girl, who, since the father's departure into peace, had assisted her mother in keeping up a respectable appearance by doing bits of fancy work, the proceeds of which, added to the little fortune left by the captain, helped them to live nicely, although insufficient to allow them to cut much of a dash in society.

Simson is well aware of his sweet-heart's poverty, but being in good circumstances himself, he is entirely too sensible to estimate a wife's value by her fortune. He wants a wife to satisfy his heart, one that will transform home into a taste of Paradise for him; when turning his tired steps away from business, will meet him with a sprit of domestic cheer, chasing from his brow the dry and practical thoughts of commerce and care, and substituting by the witchery of womanhood an interest in poetry and art.

He loves Charlotte dearly, and not a doubt enters his mind in regard to his perfect happiness with her for his wife. Charlotte's mother is a tall, lean, yes, we might say, an arid sort of woman. She is a descendant of nobility, and although her branch of blue blood is somewhat impoverished in purse and estate, nevertheless the lady looks back proudly upon her pedigree. Nothing but sympathy and necessity could have induced her to condescend to a union with the plebeian and departed captain, who still had many excellent and distinguishing qualities as a man.

The lady has a pair of dark, uncomfortable looking eyes, and her manners and bearing are stately, majestic, rather—a natural consequence of her genealogical superiority.

Simson never ventured confidentially near her, although she invariably received him with kindness, and called him "my son, Mr. Simson." But with his sly and unscrupulous character, he has not realized this as a gentle familiarity on her part. He used to say to himself, "I'm not going to marry the mother, but the daughter," and thus the mother slipped from his mind.

The captain's widow, who impresses her servant with her importance into calling her "my lady," has never made any claims upon Simson, but this never occurred to him until one day when in her and Charlotte's company, looking about for their future place of residence, they found a house that he imagined entirely too large for their little household, and the stately lady with calm decision said: "My son, Mr. Simson will secure this house, as it is quite a suitable one for us. These two rooms will be reserved for myself, the others you may arrange to your own liking." Simson looked at his Charlotte astonished, who returned the look with a blush, replying: "Dear Charlie, my mamma wishes to reside with us, and I should so like to have her. You know it will be so lonely when you are away all day if I do not have her with me." Simson cannot deny an appeal made so tenderly, he thinks "she is right, the old lady is so accustomed to being with her child, her cost will not be considerable, why separate them?" Nevertheless he considered it just a little presuming to select the two most cheerful apartments in the house for her own use.

The situation changes, however, after his marriage; he arranges his room to suit his taste, places the furniture according to his ideas of easy comfort.

He hastens home from business the first evening after they begin house-keeping, feeling joyous and lighthearted anticipating a social evening in their home-like little room, in the company of his charming wife.

At the open door of his room he stands stock still; he must be dreaming—no—every piece of furniture has been

moved, the sofa taken from its snug corner near the stove and moved close to the window, the table in the middle of the room, the chairs backed stiffly against the wall in a row, as if they were sub-officers saluting their superior.

"Charlotte, Charlotte! what does this mean?" he exclaims. "Who has brought about this terrible revolution?"

The wife approached with a loving smile, striving to hide her embarrassment.

"Dear Charles, my mamma thinks the room looks so much better this way."

"Better!" exclaimed Simson. "Why will you freeze on the sofa in winter, over there, and be broiled by the sun in summer. And—my dear—I do not comprehend—I was under the impression this was our own, not your mother's room. I hope I am at liberty to use my own taste and judgment in its arrangement, and I trust she has not constituted herself my guardian."

He is going excitedly to work to rearrange things. Charlotte clutches her arm tremblingly.

"O dear, dear Charles! You will offend mamma! Please, for my sake, leave them just for to-day."

She put her little hands on his cheeks and her rosy lips to his mouth. The tempter has conquered—he clasps her in his arms.

"Well, for your sake, my angel, I will leave them; but I do hope your mamma will please to mind her own affairs, you know, darling."

It is meal time. The mother-in-law sits in and seats herself at the table with silent grandeur. She nips her food. Simson is delighted when the meal is over, trusting the highborn lady will betake herself to her own room, for he is vexed in spite of himself at her remarkable industry during his absence to-day.

Even his wife acts somewhat subdued in her presence.

Good gracious! is it possible? The lady takes a seat on the sofa, draws her knitting out of her pocket, puts on her spectacles, and assumes a position, comfortable and resigned, as if she had taken up her quarters on the cozy sofa for the next year and a half.

Simson stares at the knitting in speechless agony. No doubt of it, the old lady is going to grant them the pleasure of her company the whole evening.

Charlotte takes a chair near her mamma.

Simson measures the room with rapid pace, to aid him in disguising his excessive joy. He lights a cigar; scarcely has he taken a whiff when the lady began to sniff and scent the air, while from under her glasses she flashes a glance at him and then at her daughter.

"Dear Charles," pleaded his confused little wife, "mamma cannot endure smoke."

"You assured me, Charlotte, that you liked me to smoke," he replied.

"I do—but mamma?" she says looking at him so tenderly, supplicatingly.

He is not quite decided whether to sacrifice his cigar or his mother-in-law. He slips to the window, opens it with a bang, but he only throws out the cigar.

With increased rapidity he resumed his march, his blood boiling; an egg could have been poached in it. Truly, this is a promising beginning, not be allowed to smoke in his own house!

The captain's lady glances sharply at him again, then at Charlotte, who does not appear to comprehend until it is renewed with decided impressiveness.

"Dear Charles, mamma cannot tolerate that incessant walking back and forth," the wife implores with a flush of distress on her pretty face.

"Please come and sit down here by me will you?"

Simson bites his lips and grinds his teeth savagely, then exclaims: "Oh, of course! certainly! why not?" He bounces into a chair with such violence that it groans at every joint. Charlotte knows why he is so vexed, and tries to divert him by every conceivable device of her gentle heart until his brow is clear once more under her tender influence, and he no longer observes his mother-in-law's drawdown mouth nor her searching glance, nor the hateful click of her knitting-needles. By and by Charlotte asked him jestingly, what he would like for dinner on the morrow.

The dame's head is suddenly erected.

"Child, you forget that we have already decided on to-morrow's dinner," she said, coldly.

"But, mamma, maybe Charles has some favorite dish," the wife replied, shyly.

"My child, in well regulated families, special wishes cannot be observed, but must be subservient to rules," was the lady's answer.

Simson beat a tattoo on the back of his chair. He had a disposition to ask her if he was her guest, or vice versa; but he restrained, saying, as he caught Charlotte's imploring glance, "I shall not be home to dinner; a particular friend has also invited me to breakfast in the morning. At all events, I shall not be at home."

The clock strikes ten. The knitting is rolled together and Madam Beyer takes her departure with a stately bow. Simson gives a sigh of infinite relief. Charlotte throws her arms around him a moment, then runs and lights a cigar for him, saying, "dear, dear Charles, don't be cross, don't be provoked!" Can a cloud of anger rest on his brow after that? But his last thoughts on going to sleep were of the various stories he had heard about awful mothers-in-law.

The following day he was enlightened about the character of his mother-in-law. She was proud, domineering, sensitive and presuming. She is master, and evidently had an idea that Simson was eternally indebted to her for giving him her daughter. War is declared the very next day between the two. He is anxious to spare his wife, but the mother's presumption is intolerable; but for Charlotte's sake the battle is conducted in silence. When

he found that 10 o'clock was her hour for retiring, he set the clock an hour ahead. She soon discovers this and remains until 11 o'clock. Simson acted as if he did not notice it, but smoked so vigorously that he nearly blinded himself.

The old dame accustomed herself to it nobly. He replaces the furniture to his liking, and every time he comes home, the chairs stand ranged against the wall again, like a line of grenadiers on duty. At the expiration of two weeks the old lady is boss of the establishment. The servant obeys only her, Charlotte is treated like a child in her teens." The old lady commands and the old lady knows everything better than anybody else. The young couple can have no enjoyment without her. If Charlotte desires to visit the theatre, the mamma stands unmasked and uninvited, ready to accompany them. If he decides to walk, she calls a carriage, when he and Charlotte take a walk, she trips along, either beside or after them. The woman has determined to embellish his life. He has lost his appetite because she is at his table. When she turns those great cold eyes on him, the victuals become acid, or tasteless as the case might be.

He might be able to endure this, but in his absence she endeavored her utmost to turn his wife against him. She tyrannized over the poor little woman terribly.

He tries to convince Charlotte that it would be for the happiness of all concerned if her mother would live elsewhere. He offers to pay all her expenses, anything, everything in the power of man, but Charlotte is afraid of her mother and cannot be induced to eject or forsake her.

"If she expressed a wish to leave us of her own accord, then I should gladly reconcile myself to do without her," the wife declares.

Simson takes the hint and immediately sets about the delightful task of making his house as agreeable for the lady as possible, but she has her wits about her, and enjoys her revenge.

She likes the room warm. As soon as he enters every door and window is thrown open. He is ready to freeze to death rather than endure his mother-in-law. The old hen trots out, but returns wrapped in furs. She orders in the very dishes she dislikes above all others, and is compensated for her troubles thus:

She is taken sick. The first day she is forced to keep her bed. He believes himself in heaven, to have the table alone with Charlotte. He is so happy he stays home the whole day. The next morning the doctor is called aside and anxiously asked how his patient is.

"Do not be alarmed, my dear sir. Your mother-in-law will be about again in a day or two."

"You are mistaken, doctor," the poor fellow exclaimed, "you treat her case too lightly. She is ill, very ill; in fact, she is out of her head. Oh, for heaven's sake impress her situation upon her; do not let her leave her room for at least a week or two, or a month. She is sick, the woman is indeed. Tell her so."

Some evil spirit must have whispered his joy to the old lady, for Charlotte was in such constant demand at her bedside after this, that Simson got so tired of taking his meals alone and having no one to talk to evenings that he longed for her convalescence. He knows his mother-in-law detests the sound of music, or practicing on any musical instrument, and he begins to take lessons on the cornet. Morning, noon and night this abused instrument gives utterance to such terrific groans and ear-splitting shrieks that the neighbors threaten to have him arrested for disturbing the peace.

The old lady is furious—but she stuffs cotton in her ears, covers them with ear-muffs, and scents herself so fearfully with musk that the house is intolerable, because she knows the least bit of this perfume makes him sick. The conflict becomes warmer on both sides. If he ventures to bring a friend home to supper, he can be sure there will be nothing fit to eat, or that it will not be served until bedtime. He cannot drive the woman away. His house becomes a hell to him, and he begins to pass his evenings at the club. The second evening he finds his door key missing, has another made, and it likewise vanishes. He bribes the night watchman to sound the hours directly under her windows, and she revenges herself by a noisy quarrel with the servant before his door as he takes his noon-day nap. He is frequently tempted to strangle the dragon, pitch her out of the window, or poison her, but the angelic patience and sweet disposition of his wife hold him in check. He wonders how this angel can be the offspring of such a devil. He observed her spectacles fall one day and he placed his foot upon them until they were ground almost into dust. The following day he found all his cigars had been thoroughly oiled.

Accidentally he discovered that his mother-in-law had a perfect horror of mice. He jumped for joy. In the evening he brings home a box litterally swarming with white mice. He conquered his own disgust for the creatures for the pleasure of tormenting his mother-in-law. He takes one of them out of the box for the purpose of showing the cunning pet to Charlotte. By chance it escapes his hold and rushes for the sofa where the old lady is sitting. With a wild cry she rushes out of the room. He catches the little mouse and kisses it in his extravagant delight. He would have hugged a rat that had driven this woman away. He resolves to follow up his success and become a regular mouse hunter.

The following noon the august dame calls into the room with a cat on her arm. However, Simson is not discouraged. He thinks a cat can dispose of ten mice a day. I will flush home twenty; if she devours twenty I can get forty. He is resolved to sacrifice his fortune, if need be, on mice, and at last succeeds in clearing his room of the

old lady, and Simson permits the dejected little beasts to overrun his whole house. The mother-in-law procures another cat, and scatters poison about, but he daily brings home a new case of mice, and after awhile fetches two rats. It was war to the death with him, if he was forced to scour the sewers of Paris and London to obtain the wherewith to conduct it.

The old lady does not venture out of her room any more, but issues her orders from there to Charlotte and the servant.

His wife complains that the noxious animals are destroying kitchen and larder, even penetrating the clothes-press to build their nests.

"Never mind, let them devour and destroy everything, I will buy more!" He thought it was time enough to begin to exterminate rats and mice when the larger annoyance was extirpated. "I shall not give up until they have devoured us all! Your mamma has destroyed weeks and months of my happiness, and that cannot be replaced."

One day Charlotte informed him that mamma had found another residence and resolved to leave them. He clasped her in his arms and danced around the room like one mad at this information. Sure enough, the very next day the dame departed bag and baggage. Simson straightway buys his wife the finest outfit in town, donates fifteen dollars to the poor, and absolutely goes to church the following Sunday to pour out his gratitude for this deliverance.

Months passed before his mother-in-law honored his house with a visit, and then only because Charlotte was obliged to keep close and guard a little son of tender age. Simson received her with ceremonious pomp. Since then matters seem quite tolerable between them. The captain's widow never remains after eight o'clock in the evening and rarely sits at the table with him. And Simson is happy.

The Celtic Dying out in Ireland.

It is very probable that the use of the Celtic tongue will eventually die out. It is by no means so much in vogue with the rising generation as it was with the former. There are but few persons now, even among the old, who really "have no English," as the phrase goes; although many will pretend that this is the case for purposes of their own. I believe, also, that the peasants would by no means wish their superiors to learn their speech. Nevertheless, they will express approval and admiration of any efforts made in this direction. Both Protestants and Romanists mutilate and distort the Saxon language in the most wonderful manner. They are as fond of long and difficult sounding words as the negroes are said to be. They are even ingenious enough to mount polysyllabic terms, on the spur of the moment, when memory fails to bring forth any compound sufficiently startling. "Oh, Sir, you gave us a very fine allegation to-day," a respectable man said to his clergyman once. Now, if the time had not been immediately after morning service, there might have been some difficulty in discovering that the subject of commendation was a sermon. A maid servant on one occasion angrily called a troublesome child "the most ecclesiastical boy she had ever seen in her life," as the greatest term of reproach she could think of, and the same woman described a Fenian gathering as "a wonderful triangle of people." Then, when one of the gentry was ill in a country neighborhood, there were many inquiries made as to whether he would be likely "to intercede," meaning were there hopes for his recovery. A dispensary becomes an "expensary," the excise service "the outside." To expect is to "inspect," and vice versa. A cypress-tree is a "cypresser," a surprise "a cypress," an inn "an end," and so, ad infinitum. The staple malady and cause of death in Ireland is a pain or stitch in the heart; but the peasants also suffer occasionally from "a great impression," and a "fluency on the chest." The most grateful heart can find no richer or more elegant mode of expressing thankfulness for some favor done than to wish the patron "a blanket of glory in Heaven."—*Argosy.*

The Ancient Cities of Mexico.

In Mexico the Spaniards found all that deserved the name of civilization on the northern continent. There was organized power, there were homes to fight for; there were the wealth, distinction of caste, and highly developed religion which are to some extent comparable with the details of our own polity. The Conquerors first swept all this civilization out of existence, and destroyed every trace of it they could discover. They gave most glowing descriptions of it. The few relics they left for our inspection and criticism are as meagre as those of some forgotten people, the remnants of whose huts and feasts are dredged from a mountain lake. In the popular mind their descriptions are combined with the discovery of highly sculptured ruins in Guatemala and other countries south of Mexico, and it is by adding together all the conjectures to which the sight of these carved stones give rise, and all that is reported of the Mexicans, that the popular notion of the Aztecs has been formed.

But this is rank confusion, for the sculptured buildings of Copan and Palenque were the work of another and probably a preceding race to the Nahuas, of whom the Aztecs were part. The fact that a previous people had better houses than the Mexicans, built grander cities, and faded out before the kingdom of Mexico was founded, of course offers a fine field for speculation.

—*Salary.*

"The excuse of the third man," said Mr. Moody, illustrating the parable of the guests who were backward in coming forward, "was more absurd than any—I have married a wife and therefore I cannot come." Now, why didn't he take his wife along with him?"

Colds.

A cold is simply a developer of a diseased condition, which may have been latent or requiring only some favoring condition to burst out into the flame of disease. That this is usually the correct view of a cold as a disease-producing agent, under all ordinary circumstances, may be made plain by reflection upon personal experience, even to the most ordinary understanding. When the human body is at its prime, with youth, vigor, purity and a good constitution on its side—no degree of ordinary exposure to cold gives rise to any unpleasant effects. All the ordinary precautions against colds, coughs and rheumatic pains may be disregarded and no ill effects ensue. But let the blood become impure, let the body become deranged from any acquired disorder, or let the vigor begin to wane, and the infirmities of age be felt by occasional derangements in some vital part, either from inherited or actual abuses and the action of cold will excite more or less disorder of some kind, and the form of this disorder, or the disease that will ensue, will be determined by the kind of pre-existing blood impurity, or the pre-existing fault of these organic processes. It follows from these facts and considerations that the secret of avoiding these unpleasant consequences thought to spring wholly from the action of cold upon the body has very little dependence upon exposure, but a great deal upon the impure and weak condition of all the vital processes. In other words, with an average or superior constitution and intelligent observance of all the laws of health, men and women could not take cold if they wanted to; they might be exposed to the action of cold to a degree equal to the heat of the field, and with like impunity. But in case of persons with feeble constitutions, and who disregard, knowingly, or otherwise, the conditions of healthy existence, no degree of care will prevent the taking cold, as it is termed. They may really live in houses regulated with all the precision of a hot-house, they may cover themselves with the most highly protective clothing the market provides, and yet will take cold. I don't think the consumptive person lives, or ever will live, even if kept in temperature absolutely uniform and clothed in a wholly faultless manner, in whom the well-known signs of one cold after another will not be apparent. But, on the other hand, there are those who, like the late Sir Henry Holland, of good constitution and living in accordance with the laws of health, may travel, as he did, from the tropics to the Arctic again and again, clad only in an ordinary dress coat, and yet scarcely know what it is to have a cold or sickness of any kind. The truth is, to avoid taking cold from ordinary, or even extraordinary exposure, the vital processes must be made strong enough to rise above the untoward influence of external conditions.—*The Sanitarian.*

A Queer Idea of Heaven.

One of the most practical and intelligent negro servants I have met was cook and housekeeper to some friends to whom I was paying a visit. She could read, write, and sew, and studied her Bible every Sunday. She became very much interested in my travels, wishing to know the names of the various places to which I had been—all of them "Greek" to her. Finding that she read her Bible, I thought she might feel interested to hear about Egypt, the land of the Pharaohs. "Miseus been there?" she exclaimed, her eyes glittering with wonder and delight; "I reckon now, missie been every where pretty near." Then, as if a sudden thought had struck her, "I 'spects missie's been as far as heaven now, and seen all de angels, and tell all 'bout it." Rather nonplussed, I remained silent, and she continued: "Warn't de singing beautiful, and warn't de angels' wings all golden? I 'spects missie knows all 'bout it." On relating this story to her mistress she laughed, and remarked that, like the rest, she could never grasp an immaterial idea, but that as far as every-day life went she was nevertheless the best negro she had ever had, and far more intelligent than the most of them.—*Appleton's Journal.*

The Unfortunate Elephant.

An elephant had been endeavoring to rive the bole of a knotted oak with his trunk, but the tree closed upon that member, detaining it and causing the hapless elephant intense pain. He shook the forest with his trumpeting and all the beasts gathered around him. "Ah, ha, my friend, said a pert chimpanzee, "you have got your trunk checked, I see." "My children," said a temperate camel to her young, "let this awful example teach you to shun the bole." "Does it hurt you much?" said a compassionate gnu: "Ah, it does; it does; it must; I have been a mother myself." And while they were sympathizing with him the unfortunate elephant expired in great agony.

Moral—The moral of the above is so plain as to need no explanation. Talk is cheap.

Pet Birds.

"No one," says a writer on bird-keeping, "who has not a kind heart, thoughtful head, observant eyes, and gentle hand, has the least right to keep birds. One should weigh the matter of keeping a bird as if it were the question of adopting an orphan." If a careless person neglect a cat or a dog, it will make its wants known, and the worst coming to the worst, go out on foraging expeditions, and appropriate whatever it finds to its own use. But the poor neglected bird has no voice to tell its hunger; all its notes are called "singing." It cannot escape from prison to borrow, beg, or steal seeds from its neighbors, and can only beat its little wings against the bars. Therefore those who enjoy keeping birds should make their care a matter of conscience.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Pleasure and sorrow are twins.
Poetry is truth dwelling in beauty.
If religion were hurtful there are few men who would get enough of it to injure health.

There are some kinds of men who cannot pass their time alone. They are the flunkeys of occupied people.

He who reforms himself has done more towards reforming the public than a crowd of noisy, impotent patriots.

Nothing exposes religion more to the reproach of its enemies than the worldliness and hardheartedness of the professors of it.

Praise never gives us much pleasure unless it concur with our own opinion, and excite us for those qualities in which we chiefly excel.

Among all races, the English has ever shown itself most keenly alive to the fear of making itself ridiculous; and among all, none has produced so many humorists.

At Chatham, Eng., recently, some workmen in making excavations on an island, for dock purposes, found a large vessel several feet beneath the surface. She was probably one of the several sunk 200 years ago to impede the Dutch fleet on its passage up the Medway to destroy the dockyard. Seven guns, a quantity of shot, some tobacco pipes, and a coin dated 1653, were among the articles found on board.

There is a rage in Paris just now for old tapestry, carpets, church vestments ancient coats, vests, and ladies dresses, &c. At a recent sale at the Hotel Drouot, a very small embroidered carpet of the seventeenth century sold for 500 francs; a yellow silk bedcover, embroidered, for 410 francs; a white satin chasuble for 300 francs; a hoop dress, time of Louis XVI., for 430 francs; a velvet coat, same period, for 385 francs; a drum, time of Louis XV., for 185 francs.

A regular pooser—a clincher—is the case of an Irishman named Dennis, if true; if not true, the Annual Register must be held responsible. He died at Athenry in 1804, at the age of one hundred and seventeen; he had been married seven times, the last time at the age of ninety-three. He survived the birth of thirty-eight children, two hundred and forty-six grandchildren, four hundred and forty-four great-grandchildren, and twenty-five great-great-grandchildren.

A recent visitor to the Dismal Swamp describes it as having lost none of its characteristics which gave it its name. Bears are not so plenty there as when the region was but rarely penetrated by man, yet they still afford sport for the hunters. Lake Drummond, once believed by the ignorant to be bottomless, is really not in any place more than 16 feet deep. Its water, impregnated with the juices of juniper and gum leaves, is of the color of wine, and is drunk as a remedy by consumptives.

The late Gulkwar of Baroda was supposed to have had the most magnificent coat ever made in India, valued at six lakhs of rupees, which he sent as an offering to the shrine of the prophet at Mecca. But this coat is about to be eclipsed by one lately made for the Maharajah of Puttiala, which a correspondent of the Delhi "Gazette" tells us is "valued at fifteen lakhs, set with precious stones, and fringed about the collar, cuffs, and front with large pearls. The coat will be worn at the durbar of the Prince of Wales."

A venerable talker of twaddle, a society man who has outlived his usefulness, but who still hovers around at receptions and parties, and indulges in small talk at which no one laughs but himself, sat down to a couple engaged in conversation in a cozy corner the other evening, and in his most winning tones said—"Judging from the color of her cheeks, I should say you had been saying some very complimentary things to Miss—, my boy?" "I never deal in compliments," said the "boy," rather gruffly. "Don't you believe it," broke in the fair Miss—"He has paid me a better compliment than you ever paid a lady in all your life. He has been talking to me as though I knew something."

A French connoisseur lately entered a Paris "curiosity shop," and saw a beautiful Dresden vase. Asking the price, he was told £40, "and," said the dealer, "if I had the pair they would be worth £200." M. A. offered £20, and came several days running to renew his proposal, but in vain. One day a man came to M. A.'s apartments to show him some old china plates, and induced him to visit his shop in the Batignolles. To his surprise and delight M. A. saw in an obscure corner of the shop a vase exactly similar to the coveted Dresden, and eagerly secured it for £48, with the assurance that the pair, if forthcoming, would be worth £400. M. A. rushed off to the first dealer, and offered him his own price for the vase. "Ah, sir," said he, "you come too late; I sold it yesterday to a dealer at the Batignolles!"

Some Indian tribes have a custom which some of the grown-up whites, as well as the little ones, could follow. Whenever a member of one of these tribes finds a soft or dangerous spot in a marsh, or discovers some precipice hid by trees or bushes, he puts up in the most conspicuous place a certain sign which is understood to mean "danger near," and so, no matter how many of his tribe may travel that way, none of them ever come to grief. What a blessed thing it would be if we would follow such a custom throughout our lives, and whenever we make a costly mistake, or fall into an error, put up a sign which would warn our friends of the danger and enable them to steer clear of a similar fate. If you think well of this, remember that it is never too early to begin doing good, and that habits for good or evil grow with us, as we wax older and stronger.