

W. M. BROWN, Manager.

OFFICE over the North Carolina Book-store, corner of Fayetteville and Morgan streets, first door south of the State House.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year, - - - - \$2 10
Six months, - - - - 1 05
Three months, - - - - 55
INvariably in Advance.

DIRECTORY.

United States Government.

Clydes S. Grant, of Illinois, President.
Henry Wilson, of Mass., V. President.
Hamilton Fish, of N. Y., Sec'y of State.
Benjamin H. Brewster, of Kentucky, Secretary of the Treasury.
William W. Belknap, of Iowa, Secretary of War.
George M. Robeson, of New Jersey, Secretary of the Navy.
Columbus Delano, of Ohio, Secretary of the Interior.
George H. Williams, of Oregon, Attorney General.
Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut, Postmaster General.

Supreme Court of the U. S.

Morrison R. Waite, of Ohio, Chief Justice.
Nathan Clifford, of Me., Asso. Justice.
Noah H. Swayne, of O., " "
Samuel F. Miller, of Ia., " "
David Davis, of Ill., " "
Stephen J. Field, of Cal., " "
William M. Strong, of Pa., " "
Joseph P. Bradley, of N. J., " "
Ward Hunt, of N. Y., " "
Court meets first Monday in December, at Washington.

S. C. Representation in Congress.

SENATE.
A. S. Merrimon, of Wake.
Mat. W. Ransom, of Northampton.
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
1st District—Jesse J. Yeates.
2d " J. A. Hyman.
3d " A. M. Waddell.
4th " Joseph J. Davis.
5th " A. M. Scates.
6th " Thomas S. Ashe.
7th " W. M. Robbins.
8th " Robert B. Vance.

United States Courts.

The stated terms of the U. S. Circuit and District Courts are as follows:
United States Circuit Court—Eastern District North Carolina—Held in Raleigh first Monday in June and last Monday in November.
H. L. Bond, Circuit Court Judge; residence, Baltimore, Md.
Geo. W. Brooks, District Court Judge, Eastern District; resid. Elizabeth City.
U. S. Marshall, J. B. Hill; off., Raleigh.
N. J. Riddick, Circuit Court Clerk; office, Raleigh.

EASTERN DISTRICT COURTS.

Elizabeth City, third Monday in April and October.
Clerk, M. B. Culpepper; resi., Eliz. City.

NEWBERN, fourth Monday in April and October.

Clerk, Geo. E. Tinker; resi., Newbern.
Wilmington, first Monday after the fourth Monday in April and October.
Clerk, Wm. Larkins; resi., Wilmington.

MARSHAL, J. B. Hill, office, Raleigh.

District Attorney, Richard C. Badger; residence, Raleigh.
Assistant, W. H. Young, Oxford.
U. S. CIRCUIT COURT—WESTERN DISTRICT.
H. L. Bond, U. S. Circuit Court Judge, Baltimore, Md.
Robert P. Dick, U. S. District Judge, Western District; resi., Greensboro.
Robert M. Douglas, U. S. Marshall; office, Greensboro.

Circuit and District Courts in the Western District are held at the same time.

Greensboro, first Monday in April and October.
Clerk, John W. Payne; resi., Greensboro.
Statesville, third Monday in April and October.
Clerk, Henry C. Cowles; resi., Statesville.

Asheville, first Monday after the fourth Monday in April and October.

Clerk, E. R. Hampton; resi., Asheville.
Virgil S. Lusk, U. S. District Attorney; residence, Asheville.
Assistant, W. S. Ball, Greensboro.

United States Internal Revenue.

J. J. Young, Collector Fourth District, office, Raleigh.
P. W. Perry, Supervisor Carolinas, A. C. office, Raleigh.
Charles Perry, Assistant Supervisor, Raleigh.

Mint.

Branch Mint of the U. S. at Charlotte.

GOVERNMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.
Curtis H. Brogden, of Wayne, Governor.
R. F. Armfield, of Iredell, Lieutenant Governor, and President of the Senate.
W. H. Howerton, of Rowan, Sec. of State.
David A. Jenkins, of Gaston, Treasurer.
A. D. Jenkins, Teller.
Donald W. Bain, Chief Clerk.
John Reilly, of Cumberland, Auditor.
Wm. P. Wetherell, Chief Clerk.
S. D. Pool, of Craven, Supt. of Public Instruction.

John C. Gorman, of Wake, Adj. Gen. ral.

T. L. Hargrove, of Granville, Atte. Gen.
W. C. Kerr, Mecklenburg, State Geologist.
Thos. B. Purnell, of Forsythe, Librarian.
Henry M. Miller, of Wake, Keeper of the Capitol.

GOVERNOR'S COUNCIL.

The Secretary of State, Treasurer, Auditor and Supt. of Public Instruction.

INSTITUTIONS.

The University of North Carolina is at Chapel Hill. The Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind; the Insane Asylum and the State Penitentiary are at Raleigh.

Board of Education.

The Governor, Lieutenant Governor,

The



Era.

VOL. IV.

RALEIGH, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1875.

NO. 46.

DIRECTORY.

Secretary of State, Treasurer, Auditor, Superintendent of Public Instruction and Attorney General constitute the State Board of Education. The Governor is President, and the Superintendent of Public Instruction, Secretary of the Board.

Supreme Court.

Richmond M. Pearson, of Yadkin, Chief Justice.
Edwin G. Reade, of Person, Asso. Justice.
Wm. B. Rodman, Beaufort, " "
W. P. Bynum, Mecklenburg, " "
Thomas Settle, Guilford, " "
Tazewell L. Hargrove, of Granville, Reporter.
W. H. Bagley, of Wake, Clerk.
D. A. Wicker, of Wake, Marshal.
Meets in Raleigh on the first Monday in January and June.

Superior Courts.

Samuel W. Watts, Judge Sixth Judicial District; residence, Franklinton.
J. C. L. Harris, Solicitor, Raleigh.

Wake County Government.

Commissioners—Solomon J. Allen, Chairman; Wm. Jinks, A. G. Jones, Wm. D. Turner, J. Robert Nowell, Sheriff—S. M. Dunn.
Superior Court Clerk—Jno. N. Bunting.
Treasurer—David Lewis.
Register of Deeds—W. W. White.
Coroner—James M. Jones.
Surveyor—N. J. Whitaker.

POETRY.

The Poor Man at the Gate of Paradise—A Morning Dream.

BY W. WAYBRIDGE, ESQ.

A poor old man died on one bitter cold day,
And directly to Paradise wended his way;
Saint Peter he met—'tis a dream I relate—
With his great shining keys, keeping ward at the gate.

Now, while standing here, with the Apostle conversing,
The events of his journey to heaven rehearsing,
He sees a rich townsman—the gate is ajar—
Slip quietly by them and in through the bar.

He listens; he hears peals of music arise
To welcome this man to his home in the skies;
But on entering himself, though bright visions fill
His fancy with rapture, all is silent and still.

"How is this?"—turning back to Saint Peter, his guide;
In accents of wonder the poor man then cried:
"When my neighbor went in, sweetest music I heard;
Why is not the same honor on me now conferred?"

"I've kept up the distinction here, please let me know,
'Twixt the rich and the poor that we had down below?"
"Not at all," said Saint Peter; "oh, no, not at all;
Just as brothers we live in this banquet hall;

"But poor folks like you, I am happy to say,
By hundreds pass through the gate every day;
About once in a year comes a rich man along,
Then all Paradise rings with a general song!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

John Harper, the Publisher.

Mr. John Harper, of the well-known publishing firm of Harper & Brothers, New York, died at half-past eight o'clock last evening, of paralysis, at his city residence, No. 234 Fifth Avenue, in this city, at the advanced age of seventy-eight years and three months.

The Harpers' firm originally consisted of James (born in 1795, died in New York March 17, 1869) and John, whose death is above recorded (born January 22, 1797). They were the sons of Joseph Harper, whose occupation was that of a builder and were born and reared on a farm in the vicinity of what is now known as Newton, L. I. Their father was a man of sound common sense, a pious member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to which the sons have always adhered. James and John Harper were indentured apprentices to the printing business by their father, when they were of proper age. Early in the summer of 1817, having just finished their term of apprenticeship at the printing trade, they opened a modest printing office in the second story of a small wooden house on the corner of Front and Dover streets, in this city. When this little printing establishment was announced to the public the business of printing books was in its infancy in this country, and the venture of these young men was looked upon as almost desperate.

By great energy and industry, however, the firm prospered from the first. In a few years they found their quarters too limited and removed to another building in Fulton street, near Broadway. In 1823 a younger brother, Mr. Joseph Wesley Harper, who had learned his trade of them, was given an interest in the house. In 1825 they removed again to Pearl street, near Franklin square, and shortly after to Cliff street, where they purchased two small buildings and materially extended their business. In 1826 another brother, Mr. Fletcher Harper, was admitted to partnership, and the style of the firm was changed from J. & J. Harper to Harper Brothers. This was the origin of what is now the largest book publishing firm in the world. On the 10th of December, 1853, a fire occurred in the building occupied by Harper Bros. through the carelessness of a plumber and property to the value of \$1,000,000 was destroyed. With their characteristic energy they immediately determined upon rebuilding their establishment upon a scale that would have staggered the most prosperous commercial house. The new buildings were finished in 1854 and are the same which are now occupied by the firm. On the 25th of March, 1869, Mr. James Harper visited the store for the last time. On this occasion he was in his usual health, and appeared to be possessed of unusually good spirits. He left the establishment at an early hour, and as was his usual custom, went to ride in Central Park. By an accident he was thrown from his carriage and received injuries from which he died two days afterward. His brother, Joseph Wesley Harper, became so afflicted at the demise of his elder brother that he took sick and rapidly failed in health, and died on the 14th of February, 1870.

After the death of his two brothers John Harper withdrew from active business and the firm was reorganized by the admission of several sons of the original partners. These, after receiving a careful education, several of them at Columbia College, entered the house, each serving a regular apprenticeship in some branch of the business. Mr. John Harper had been in very delicate health for upwards of a year past, being confined to his bed since last July. The last occasion of his being seen in public was during the latter part of the month of May, 1874, when he indulged, at the advice of his physician, in a ride through Central Park. Of his immediate family there remain two sons and three daughters to mourn their irreparable loss.—*New York Herald*, 23d April.

Horace Greeley's Daughters.
A correspondent of the St. Louis Times recently had the pleasure of an introduction to the daughters of Horace Greeley. She grows rhapsodical about them, describing them as both beautiful and accomplished. It was at a reception given some literary and artistic people at the residence of Mrs. Cleveland, the sister of Mr. Greeley. From 3 o'clock till 7 there was a constant coming and going, two rooms and the corridor being all the time comfortably full. It was purely an intellectual feast, there being no refreshments. Mrs. Cleveland, her two daughters (one of them an authoress) and the Misses Greeley were constant in their attention to their guests, conversing in turns with all with admirable ease. The elder Miss Greeley is very pretty; indeed, both of them are charming, resembling their mother, looking more like Italian girls, with their dark eyes, clear brunette complexions and chestnut-colored hair, than like Americans or daughters of the fair and guileless Horace. They were dressed in half mourning, and without ornaments of any description. Neither affects or pretends to be literary, yet are well posted as to books, and have traveled extensively, having made the tour of Europe some seven or eight times.

Some important discoveries of Roman remains have lately been made at South Shields, near the mouth of the Tyne, on the supposed site of an ancient fortification. They consist of a column twelve feet high and a number of Roman coins and other things.

A baby in Milwaukee has been christened "Zero," in honor of the cold Sunday upon which he was born.

Live Stock and Population.

Prof. Thorold Rogers, of Oxford University, England, has made up a curious return of the proportion of domesticated live stock to population in the most prominent countries in the world. It shows the following results:

Great Britain has one cow to every twelve persons, a sheep for everybody, and a pig for every six. France has a like proportion of sheep, a double share comparatively of cows, but only one pig to every six persons.

The Swedes have a cow between three and one-half of them, a sheep between two and three-quarters, and a pig to a baker's dozen.

There are as many sheep as there are Norwegians in Norway, when they are all at home, and two and one-half of them (the Norwegians) are entitled to a cow. They can have only one-eighteenth of a pig each.

Denmark has a cow for three persons, as many sheep as persons, and a pig for four and three-quarters persons.

Prussia, with her usual uniformity, has an equal number of cows and pigs, one to every five inhabitants, besides a sheep apiece all around.

Württemberg has a quarter as many cows as people, a sheep to two and three-quarters, and a pig to every seven.

Bavaria rates the same as Wurttemberg as to cows and sheep, and as much better off for pigs as one-fifth is better than one-seventh.

Saxony has a sheep and a pig for every eight persons, and a cow for every six.

Holland has a cow to every four, a sheep to every four, and a pig to twelve persons.

Belgium, a cow to six, a sheep to nine, and a pig to eight, (which is a Hibernicism.)

Austria has a cow for every six persons, and a sheep and a pig for every five persons.

Switzerland runs up to the Swedish standard on cows—one to three and one-half persons—and has a sheep for five, and a pig for every seven and one-half persons.

We Americans close the list with a cow for every four of us, a sheep apiece, one pig to every one and one-half.—*Rural New Yorker*.

Heavy Hearts.

Trouble is trouble whatever it comes from. One may be foolish to have a heavy heart from a light cause, but who can alter the fact, if it is one? It is not only the beggar on the steps whom we might pity, if we knew all, but the fine lady and the rich gentleman who seem so enviable.

Other things come to some and shun others; with all love does not dwell, and to some poverty seems kin, and to others wealth. But all have sorrow with them ere the first gray hair glistens. The lips may laugh and the heart make moan. Life may be a burthen though the feet dance. You could show me a grave—and you an empty cradle—and you some withered flowers, and an old letter or two; and if you sorrow you suffer, though the cause seem light to others. There may be as much pain in those dead violets as in the grave—and many a woman can match against the lost child of another the dream-child never born.

So the lost lover may give no more woe than the lover watched for, but never coming, until Sister Ann, in the lonely tower, grows gray with waiting and seeing no one. What we have, what we have not, and what we have had, may all be troubles—nay, what we only fear often makes the heart ache; and I often think that if the conventional masks could be lifted at some great assemblage, and the truth were forced out of the lips uttering merry nothings, the air would be full of wailing, and woeful eyes would meet each other, and each would cry to each: "And you also grieve as I do?"—*Mary Kyle Dallas*.

"When I was traveling," said a traveler, "I had a seat with the driver, who, on stopping at the post-office, saluted an ill-looking fellow on the steps with, 'Good morning, Judge Sanders; I hope you're well, sir?' After leaving the office, I asked the driver if the man he spoke to was really a judge. 'Certainly, sir,' he replied. 'We had a cock fight last week, and he was made a judge on that occasion.'"

There are more men ennobled by study than by nature.—*Cicero*.

Two Lovers Cast Ashore on a Desert Isle.

An English newspaper publishes a singular deposition made by one Austin Gray, an Englishman, and the son of a clergyman. The deposition sets forth that Gray and a young lady named Flora Locke, daughter of an officer in an India regiment, took passage for India in a sailing vessel, name not given, commanded by Captain Gark. During the voyage the Captain's admiration for his fair passenger increased daily, and he was continually proposing to marry, while she, with equal perseverance, was declining his offers. The voyage might have terminated happily, with nothing to mar the pleasing monotony of offer and rejection, but for the discovery of Captain Gark that Miss Locke loved Austin Gray.

The skipper offered to marry her once more, but receiving the usual reply, ordered the lovers to be ironed. Next day, by some unkind geographical mischance, they sighted land, which was a barren island. The passengers were put ashore and ironed to the rocks, like a double edition of Andromeda and Perseus. Gark left them his blessing and two days' provisions, upon which, after freeing themselves from their fetters, they subsisted for five days, when "the good ship Albatross" conveniently took them off to India, where "we arrived safely and were married immediately." It was a romantic and uncomfortable adventure, and it true, Capt. Gark ought to be spoken to seriously about it.

The Slanderer.

There is no character more thoroughly contemptible than the slanderer. The slanderer necessarily deals in falsehood and deceit, and will stop at no crime which may tend to gratify his malignant propensities. Nothing is more beautiful than religion, coupled with sincerity: nothing is more revolting to the mind than an affectation of religious feeling, beneath which all is shallowness and hypocrisy. The slanderer seeks the hospitality of an individual—learns all the little secrets and peculiarities of opinion possessed by his entertainer—affects to play with his children—breaks bread with him (a circumstance sacred even amongst savages)—and then departs to commence his work of defamation against the very man who received him as a friend. The slanderer obtains the evidence of individuals under a solemn promise, ratified with an oath in the sight of heaven, not to abuse that confidence, and then he hastens to divulge to his brother-slanderers all he has heard. Hence is it that the slanderer is usually a hypocrite, because he endeavors to conceal his selfishness and malignity beneath the cloak of religion. He is naturally an unhappy man—his conscience is an evil one—and his pillow is covered with thorns. The success of others is galling to him; their misfortunes are by him construed into crime. He is uncharitable in all his sentiments and opinions; his bosom is filled with bitterness and gall.—*Exchange*.

Novel Cure for Love.

A new and amusing cure for love has lately been found effective in a fashionable Parisian faubourg. The son of a wealthy nobleman became enamored of his father's concierge, (door porter,) and determined to marry. The aristocratic papa opposed, but moved at last by the despair of his son, gave his consent with the proviso that the smitten youth should go to sea for twelve months before the marriage. Shortly after his departure, the father, who had previously observed an embonpoint in the young intended, took her under his especial charge, gave her the most nourishing and succulent food and wines, forbade her to take exercise, as unbecoming in his future daughter, and, in fact, staid-fed her to such an extent that when the enamored swain returned from his year's voyage he was horrified to find, instead of the slender, elegant girl he left, an immensely fat woman, as big as two Albions rolled in one. Of course the ruse was successful, and the unfortunate victim of good cheer has been pensioned off.

A SCHOOLBOY being asked by the teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like to have it on the Italian system—the heavy strokes upwards, and the down ones light."

Mechanical Genius.

I know at least a score of men who—though intelligent enough in other respects—do not know how to drive a nail in a workmanlike manner. As boys, they were educated with a view to practicing certain vocations or professions, and mechanical arts were completely ignored by their unwise parents or guardians. Now it is essential to every man—lawyer, preacher, physician, merchant—to know some of the principles of mechanical art, and how to apply them—for no man leads an industrious life without very frequently seeing the use of such knowledge. There are certain mechanical rules that apply to almost every piece of work that man attempts to perform, from the folding of a paper to the matching together of two boards, and the bungling manner in which these things are generally done shows how little idea men have of mechanism. Then, fathers, whether city men or country men, fit up a workshop for your boys. A small set of tools of the best material will not cost much—not more than ten or twelve dollars at most, and they'll soon return to you thrice their value in the good accomplished. Where there is a comfortable workshop supplied with good tools, the boys are seldom known to leave it upon leisure days to loaf in the streets. If nothing else is given them to do, they will be manufacturing wind-mills, sleds, weather-cocks, hand-carts, etc., and every hour thus employed adds to their skill as workmen. Very soon they will be able to make rainy days as profitable as others, repairing or making very many important fixtures about the house.—*Exchange*.

The Empress Eugenie.

An interviewer recently visited the Empress Eugenie for the purpose of learning something of her ideas concerning the status of Imperialism in France. Her Majesty, it appears, was slightly indisposed when the interviewer called. Her Majesty reclined among pillows, decked with a dainty little white lace cap with blue ribbons, and a handsome white dress rich with lace and embroidery, and tied at the throat with a blue tie. A tiny table held a cup of chocolate and a silver tray of bonbons, while another little table held a draught-board with the men in position, which showed that she had been playing. Her Majesty, we are told, "smiled on seeing the interviewer, and, after a talk about the political situation, the interviewer was permitted to retire." "On going out," concludes the writer, "I turned to take a last look of the beautiful empress who had carried all hearts by storm—be they of kings or peasants. She lay back there, her rich golden hair loosely caught under the tiny, coquettish bit of lace and ribbons, the fair fulness of shoulders, and bust half revealed through the embroidery on her dress, and the tower-like strength of her round, white neck, made more marked by the blue tie. The soft, white hands are as plump and dimpled as those of a baby, and her complexion is still delightfully clear and fine. The profile is clear cut and of a high cast of beauty, and her mouth is a marvel of sweetness—and sadness, except when she smiles. She bade me *au revoir* instead of 'good-bye,' and some day I hope to pass another hour with the queenliest queen of all—the ex-Empress of France."

The Worst Punishment.

"You do not look as if you had prospered by your wickedness," said a gentleman to a vagabond, one day.

"I haven't prospered by it!" cried the man. "It's a business that doesn't pay. If I had given half the time to some honest calling which I have spent in trying to get a living without work, I might be a man of property and character instead of the homeless wretch I am."

He then told his history, and ended by saying:

"I have been twice in prison, and I have made acquaintance with all sorts of miseries in my life; but I will tell you, my worst punishment is in being what I am."

Men can steal our money, and rob us of our reputation, but no man can defraud us of what we are.

It is an excellent rule to be observed in all disputes, that men should give soft words and hard arguments; that they should not so much strive to vex as to convince an opponent.

Job Work executed at short notice and in a style unsurpassed by any similar establishment in the State.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One square, one time, - - - \$ 1 00
" " two times, - - - 1 50
" " three times, - - - 2 00

*Contract advertisements taken at proportionately low rates.

American Wonders.

The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, near Lockport, N. Y., where the water from the great upper lakes forms a river of three-quarters of a mile in width, and then being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two columns to the depth of one hundred and seventy feet each.

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, where any one can make a voyage on the waters of subterranean rivers and catch fish that are within eyes.

The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, four thousand one hundred miles long.

The largest valley in the world is the valley of the Mississippi. It contains five hundred thousand square miles, and is one of the most fertile and prolific regions of the globe.

The greatest city park in the world is in Philadelphia. It contains over 2,000 acres.

The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago.

The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is a truly inland sea, being four hundred and thirty miles long and one thousand feet deep.

The longest railroad in the world is the Pacific Railroad, over 3,000 miles long.

The greatest natural bridge in the world is the Natural Bridge over Cedar Creek, in Virginia. It extends across a chasm eighty feet in width and two hundred and fifty feet in depth, at the bottom of which the creek flows.

The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Iron Mountain of Missouri. It is three hundred and fifty feet high, and two miles in circuit.

A German Breakfast Table.

There is no family breakfast table where sons and daughters gather round the board. We look in vain for the damask table cloth, the steaming urn, the symmetrical arrangements of plate and china, that welcome us in the middle-class English household. No trim girls in bright cotton or well-cut homespun gowns; no young men, whose fresh faces tell of tubs and Turkish towels, are here to greet us. There may be a linen cloth upon the table (though even this detail is far from general), and there will be a coffee-pot, and milk-jug, and sugar-basin, set down anyhow anywhere; a basket, either of wicker or Japan, piled up with fresh *Semmeln*, perhaps a stray plate or two; a disorderly group of cups of different colors and designs; no butter; no knives and forks; possibly a plate with a few milk-rolls, of somewhat finer flour than the ordinary; and the breakfast equipage is complete. The first corner will help himself to himself to coffee and rolls, probably eating and drinking like peripatetic philosophers, for there is no inducement to "sit down and make yourself comfortable." If it be winter time, the coffee-pot and milk-jug will be placed on the stove instead of on the table; and the next corner will go through the same formula of solitary feeding, departing as the case may be, for the enjoyment of the post-prandial cigar, or to supplement the somewhat scantily represented "mysteries of the toilet." The last corner will enjoy the dregs of the coffee-pot and the dregs of the milk-jug on an oil-cloth cover or crumpled tablecloth, slopped with the surplusage of successive coffee-cups, and sprinkled with the crumbs of consumed rolls.

Superlative Shiftlessness.

Col. Finnegan was a Florida planter, wealthy and hospitable. Towards the poor he was always kind, and even the shiftless he would not turn coldly away. A man who had often been the subject of his bounty was named Jake Harruff. Jake was a squatter in the woods, where he had a log cabin and a small clearing. Upon his land he sometimes raised corn, and with his gun he captured game. Of the game he ate the flesh, and the skin he traded for whiskey. Long before the winter was over he was sure to be out of corn, in which emergency he would bring his bag to the colonel for a supply; and the supply was generally furnished. One upon a time Jake came with his bag very early in the season, in fact, the winter had just set in. "Why, how is this, Jake?" demanded Finnegan. "Seems to me you are rather early in your call for corn." "Well, Colonel, fact is, my crop failed this year season." "Failed! How is that? I thought it had been an uncommonly good season for corn." "Yass,—I s'pose it has, Colonel, But—y'see—I forgot to plant!"

Two men named Charles H. Miller simultaneously had divorce suits in a New Haven court. A decree in one case was granted. Both Millers took the decision for their own, and remarried, and the Miller who isn't divorced, therefore, has two wives on hand.

When a Western man gets a divorce from a cross-grained and strong-minded wife the papers say "Mr. So-and-so has resigned his position as husband for Mrs. So-and-so."

It is easy enough to make the acquaintance of apple dealers. "Buy their fruits—ye shall know them."