

THE BLUE RIDGE BLADE.

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WHOLE NUMBER 174.

EXPECTATION.

We rode into the wooded way;
Below us wide the shadow lay;
We rode, and met the kneeling day;
We said, "It is too late."
The sun has dropped into the west;
The mountain holds him to her breast—
She holds and kisses him to rest,
For us it is too late.
To see, and then to wonder how
The glory passed on the bough,
While planting grass-tops wait.
When to the miracle came on,
A roadside tent—a moment gone—
And far the sun low lying shone:
The forest stood in state.
Transfused spr. laid the silent space,
The glaucous asp the silent space,
And touched us, swept from face to face.
We cried, "Not yet too late!"
But one who nearer drew than all,
Lensed low and whispered: "Suns may fall
Or flash; dear heart! I speak and call
Your soul unto its fate."
Tread bravely down its evening slope;
Before the night comes do not grope!
Forever shines some sun, I swear,
And God is not too late.

Mr. Delmayne's Ward.

"Something must be done," said Mrs. Charles Delmayne, decisively, "that girl is getting more reckless every day."
"What can be done?" asked Mr. Richard Delmayne, looking helplessly at his sister-in-law; "we cannot shut her up in a convent."
"No, but we can find her a husband and get her settled."
"But she is so young."
"She will be nineteen in May, and married at that age. It is a great pity that you were obliged to receive her into your household, Richard. A guardianship over a girl like Dorothea, was a great responsibility for a bachelor to assume."
"I suppose so," was the reply, "but I could not refuse the dying request of a friend."
"At first I entertained hopes that she would improve by remaining with us," said Mrs. Delmayne, plaintively; "but she is wilder than ever. I am kept in a perpetual state of nervous excitement, for I never know what madcap pranks she will play next. I thought it disgraceful enough when she donned a suit of Dick's clothes and went out on the night of the skating-party, but this last is still worse, if possible."
Mrs. Delmayne folded her plump white hands and settled herself comfortably in a luxurious easy chair, and prepared to enjoy her favorite pastime, which consisted of

for I was soon startled by a snore—he had gone to sleep, his head hanging over the chair, his wig awry, and his mouth wide open. Now, you must admit that the temptation was strong, and you know I am no saint."
"No," he assented.
"Well," continued Dora, "a happy thought came to me, and I ran up stairs and got an old red wig that Dick used to wear when he belonged to the dramatic club, and having removed the squire's nicely-dressed, black wig, and substituted the red one, I had to stuff my handkerchief into my mouth to keep from laughing; you can't imagine how comical he looked. Well, I tried, and then I went to the piano and gave an awful thump with both hands. He gave a sudden start and straightened up; I gravely inquired how he liked the piece—"Charming!" he said. He looked at the clock, saying he had passed a delightful evening tearing himself away. If you could have seen those fierce red cheeks around that sanctimonious face, you would have enjoyed the joke as well as I did."
"Dot," said Mr. Delmayne, looked gravely at his mischievous ward, "I don't know what to do with you; I believe I must find some one to take the responsibility off my hands. Mrs. Delmayne thinks you are old enough to marry, and—"
"The old cat!" interrupted Dot.
"Dora," said her guardian, "you must not apply such a disrespectful epithet to my sister-in-law. I cannot allow it."
"Did I apply it to your sister-in-law?"
"I was speaking of her."
"And I spoke of an old cat."
Her guardian devoutly converted a smile into a yawn.
"Yes," he continued, "I must find a nice young husband for you."
"I don't want him very young."
"Oh, I don't object to Squire Ponsouby's age at all, if you don't."
"Ponsouby again!"
"Who then?"
"My dancing-master. He is French, has lovely teeth and eyes, and I think he is fond of me," she said, demurely, "because he presses my hand, and sighs, 'oh, so sadly!'"
"The jacksnapper!" he shall not darken these doors again!"
"Then, there's Whitney's head clerk. I am sure he admires me."
"Clerk!" disdainfully.
"Well, there's the German music-teacher at the academy. He is a jolly old bear."
"Dot!" sternly.
"I beg your pardon; he is good enough, but I am afraid I am not good enough to become a step-mother to his five children."
"Decidedly not," he acquiesced, with a smile.
"Then," said Dot, with a despairing look on her saucy face, "I will not have old Ponsouby, and there is nobody left but—you."
Then, suddenly realizing the enormity of her heedless speech, she darted from the room.

wonder I never thought of that. I believe I am rather fond of the little monkey, after all. How desirable the house would be without her! Not quite nineteen—just half my age; I fear I am too old, but since she has put the idea into my head, I think I'll try my fate."
The tea bell aroused Mr. Delmayne from his reflections. "I must mention this subject to Helen, when I have time," he said, "Mary, direct forward little chit!" cried madam in dismay, as Richard thus ruthlessly destroyed her air-cast. "Richard, you must be mad! A man of your age to think of marrying when he has such a comfortable home, and all his wants attended to. Should you take such a step, Richard, a great grief would befall me. You will find a child at the head of the household, for I shall not remain to be dromieered over by a saucy, independent girl."
Dot stood by the window in the despondent twilight, awaiting her guardian, who had been absent several days on business. Suddenly she was aroused from a deep sleep by a well-knocked footstep, and she ran eagerly to the door to meet him.
"Well, little girl, what have you been doing during my absence?" he asked, as he seated himself before a glowing grate and warmed his chilly fingers.
"Oh, dear!" cried Dot, "I have been shocking! I can't remember one half the wickedness I have committed. You must apply to madame for details. But to business. Did you find a husband for me?"
"Yes," answered her guardian, composedly, "but whether you will be suited remains to be seen. I shall be compelled to marry him whether I am suited or not," replied Dorothea, merrily.
"Not by any means," answered Mr. Delmayne, gravely.
"Oh, that is very commonplace. You are not at all like the cruel guardians in books, who choose the wretched wards to marry the men they select for them. I am quite disappointed."
"Oh, very well," said he, "if you wish to assume the role of a tyrant, I will do so with pleasure. The person I have chosen will, I am sure, try to make you happy; but remember, there is no appeal from my decisions."
"It is really going to be romantic after all!" cried Dot, clapping her hands. "When my fate is to be presented to me? If he had only sent his photograph my happiness would be complete."
"I believe I have it," said Mr. Delmayne, coolly producing his pocket-book.
Dot, becoming rather quiet, as he carried on the face without a smile, held out her hand for the carte-de-visite, and beheld his own handsome face thereon.
"Well!" he said, drawing her to his side, and trying to look into her greenest eyes.
"Dot, did her shining head for a moment on his shoulder, then, looking up with a charming color, she said, frankly:
"I have no wish to appeal."

It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting article and then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such cheats and simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain honest terms as possible, to induce people to give them one trial, as no one who knows their value will ever use anything else.

The maple sugar harvest in New Hampshire the present season is valued at \$240,000.
—An Webster, the last descendant of John Bunyan, died lately in England, aged 84 years.

How Mildness Subdues.

Tom's sister Nell was pretty, and a year older than Tom, and wanted to show her authority over him. Tom was rough and awkward, and just at the age when a boy reverts all meddling with his rights. He would put his hands in his pockets, his chair on Nell's dress, and his feet on the window-sill. Of course they often quarreled.
"For pity's sake, Tom, do take your hands out of your pockets!" Nell would say, in her most vexing manner.
"What are pockets for, I'd like to know, if not to put one's hand in?" and Tom would whistle and march off.
"Tom, I don't believe you've combed your hair for a week."
"Well, what's the use? It would be all ruffled up in less than an hour."
"I do wish, Tom, you would take great boots off the window sill, and almost he sat with both hands plunged in his pockets, Bess, with a book or picture, would nestle down beside him, and almost before he knew it, one hand would be patting her curls, while the other turned the leaves or held the pictures. If she chanced to see his feet on the window-sill, she would say, "Just try my ottoman, Tom, dear, and see how comfortable it is to the feet;" and though Tom occasionally growled in a good natured way about it being too low, the boots always came down to its level. When ever his hair looked very rough, she would Tom liked so well that it was a temptation to let it go rough, just for the pleasure of having her comb it. Yet for the next three days, at least, he would take special pains to keep every hair in its place, simply to please little Bess.

As they grew older, Bess, in the same quiet, loving way, helped him to grow wise and manly. If she had an interesting book, she always wanted Tom to enjoy it with her; if she was going to call on any of her young friends, Tom was always invited to go with her.
"I can't understand," said lady Nell, "why you should always want that boy forward at your elbow! He's rough and awkward as a bear."
"Some bears are as gentle as kittens," said Bess, slipping her arm through his, with a loving hug, while "the bear" thought warm glow at his heart as he walked hard to be courteous and "gentle as a kitten" for her sake.

Buying Buttons.

Philadelphians, declared that the counter over which buttons are sold is the best place in the world to study some of the inexplicable ways of the gentler sex.
"Through buttons," he said, "go but a short way toward rendering the life of a man agreeable, yet to the opposite sex they seem to be necessary to absolute felicity. If you would learn how they purchase the little articles, step this way." Behind a counter were four attendants, and their utmost to answer a thousand-and-one questions and wait upon at least a dozen customers at the same time.
The customers all wanted buttons; all were in a hurry; not one of them had decided upon any particular style or pattern or price; and each and every one expressed a desire to see the whole stock at once, and wondered how in the name of goodness they could not get a dozen buttons or so without waiting all day.
The way it is done is this:
A lady rushed breathlessly up to the counter, and, while waiting for the saleswoman, began to claw over every box within her reach, just to get an idea of styles. Presently a young lady snatches an opportunity from a fat, fussy customer to ask what she wanted.
"Thank goodness, you have come at last," said the purchaser; "I have been standing here an hour. I am in a very great hurry. Please show me some buttons."
"What style?" inquired the attendant.
"Let me see what you have."
"Oh, this is your whole stock, is it?"
"Goodness gracious! seventy-five styles."
"No. Those are too large."
"It's really too bad; those are too small."
"Yes; something like that; only more showy."
"I can't understand it. I'm so easily pleased, too."
"That's too high. The idea! one dollar a dozen."
"Why, really! so you did show me them before."
"Well, I never! Did I say they were too small? So I did."
"Yes, but I want something real showy."
"You really confuse me with so many patterns."
About this time the fat, fussy customer glared at the saleswoman, who glided over to where she was digging down to the bottom of a large box. The young lady protested on her sacred word, for the fourth time, that she did not know how many buttons was necessary for the front of a princess wrapper for a young lady of eighteen, very large for her years.
Customer No. 2 discovers the absence of the saleswoman and ejaculates, "Well, I never! I wonder when I am to be waited on; I declare I will go right out."
"Show me something for a gross-grain street-dress."
"O goodness! how horrid!"
"They are entirely too common."

Haven't you got something rather sort of—

"There is something I like that box."
"To be sure. The same saw. How ugly!"
"Why in the name of good don't you get new styles?"
"What a poor selection!"
"Rubber buttons, girl! are mad!"
"Oh! I did see this style!"
"How much for this style?"
"Ah, yes! I remember you say \$1 a dozen?"
"I want them for a gross-grain dress."
"That is something like it, too large, though."
"So it is."
"Oh my!"
"How much better than the box?"
"Don't they?"
"Hum."
Once more she clawed the entire stock, remarked that New York was the only place to buy but, and said it was no matter, as she had wanted six, and dounced out.

A Delayed Fee.

After Bijah had told him to make himself at home, and after he had left a pound of mud on the wack and green carpet, he began:
"I didn't have a thing eat all day yesterday, while every body else had turkey, chicken and goose."
"Do you toll or spig-have you a habitation?" queried the landlord.
"I'm looking for a place in a bank, and I'm half starved," answered the man.
"Well, you ought to have had a dinner," observed Bijah, as he unlocked the cupboard. "Here is part of my feast, and I shall cheerfully set before you."
He placed before the man a plate of cold turnip and a slice of breakfast bacon well done, and told him to draw man as he waded the luxuries away.
"I'm hard up for cash and my clothes are old, but when I come down to billed turnip and lean pork, I want to be considered a jekal!"
"Isn't that what I eat good enough for you?" shouted Bijah, as his ears relented up.
For answer the man reached out his black paw and brought it down "slap" on the little mound of turnip, causing the provisions to jump clear off the plate. What followed no human being will ever know. The next scene opened with the man licking the plate in the blindest manner, having previously bolted down both turnip and bacon.
"I'm a good mind to make you eat that India-rubber cat!" growled Bijah as he put up the plate.
"Don't sir—please let me git out of this!" stammered the terror-stricken man.
"The idea of you finding fault with such a dinner as that! Why, you'd growl about mince pie, unless both crusts were sweetened with white sugar worth seven cents a pound! When I had you doubled up under the table there, I was a good mind to break your neck!"
"I am glad you didn't," sighed the fellow; and there being no reason for longer detaining him he was allowed to depart.

A Lawyer Bulldozed.

A lawyer had a case on his docket, in which, among other things, he wished to prove that his client had no money, and to that end he cross-questioned one of the opponent's witnesses as follows:
"You asked my client for money, did you not?"
"Well—yes, sir."
"Answer promptly, sir. Let us have no hesitation. You asked him for money—now what was his answer?"
"I don't know as I can tell."
"But surely you remember."
"Yes, sir."
"Then out with it. What was his answer?"
"I'd rather not tell."
"Ho! ho! You are on that tack are you? You won't tell?"
"I should rather not, sir."
"But I should rather you would! So, sir, if you do not answer my questions promptly and truthfully I'll call upon the court to commit you for contempt."
"Well, if I must tell tales out of school here if he couldn't lend me half a dollar, and he told me he could not."
"And you believed him, did you not?"
"Yes, sir; for he said you had robbed him of every cent of his ready money, and if he didn't get out of your hands pretty soon his wife and little ones would come to—"
"That will do, sir. You can step down off the stand."

The Headless Cumins.

In the parish of Edinkelle, a place towards the centre of Morayshire, in the northern part of Scotland, there is a romantic and fearful chasm, supposed to have been at one time the bed of the river Divie. It has two entrances at the upper end, and the ancient courses which led the river into these successively are easily traceable. The lower extremity of the ravine terminates abruptly about forty feet high above the Divie, that flows at its base. This spot is one of a very interesting nature. Its name Gaelic signifies "the Hollow of the Heads"; a name originating, it is said, in the following transactions. Near the upper end of the ravine there is a curious cavern, formed of huge masses of tall crags, that cover the bottom of the place. It enters downwards like a pit, and the mouth, which is no more than wide enough to admit a man, is not easily discovered. Here it was that the brave Allister Bane secreted himself after the Battle of the Lost Standard. At this time the Castle of Dunplai was besieged by Randolph, Earl of Moray; and Allister Bane, who could no longer head against him in the open field, contented himself with harassing the enemy. Knowing that his father and his garrison were reduced to great want, he and a few of his followers disguised themselves as courtiers, and, driving a parcel of horses, yoked in rude sledges, laden with sacks, they came to the edge of the glen where Randolph's beleaguering party lay, and pretending to be peasants carrying meal from the low countries to the Highlands, they entered their protection from one Allister Bane, of whom they were afraid. Their prayer being granted, they unloaded their sledges, and took care to leave their sledges at the brink of the precipice, so that on a given signal agreed on with the garrison, they tumbled sledges, sacks, and all into the glen below, and the garrison making a sallie at the same time, whilst the bore of a sack on his back, whilst the pretended peasants sprang for their homes, and were out of sight before the astonished sentinels of the enemy had well given the alarm. Randolph was so provoked on learning who the author of this trick was, that he set a price upon his head. A certain private piqued Cumins to betray his master's lurking place. His enemies hurried to the spot to make sure of the game; but when they saw the small uncouth-looking creature, they paused in a circle around it. One could descend at a time and the death of him who should attempt it was certain; for the red glare of the Cumins' eyes in the darkness, showed that he had wound up his dauntless soul to die with the courage of a lion

Vesuvius.

The best ascent is made from Resina, a town at the base of the mountain, and within easy driving distance from Naples. A toilsome drive from Resina (one can ride horses, or donkeys if preferred, but a carriage is the easiest means) over a steep and circuitous road, in many places cut through solid beds of lava, brings you to the observatory, about three miles of the way up. Here you are obliged to leave carriages, but donkeys can go about a mile further to the hermitage, at the base of the cone. Now comes the tug in earnest; over about fifty degrees, over loose cinders, which slide from under the feet of most toilsome and exhausting climbing to reach the top; the crater, the very mouth of the De.vil's domain; all around you the masses of cinder and scoria are smoking and giving off sulphurous vapors. The interior of the crater presents surfaces of rich and variegated hues, the bright yellow color of sulphur largely predominating. The form of the crater is constantly undergoing changes. For example, the circumference being several miles in extent, is not the real crater of to-day, for a new cone is now forming within this old crater. This one had no existence six months ago, but is already piled up to a height of nearly 200 feet. At irregular intervals of from one to three times per minute the crater of this new cone vomits great quantities of red-hot stones and scoria high into the air, which fall upon the sides of the cone and keep it plugging it up. From its side flows a constant stream of red molten lava. The terrible sublimity of this volcanic action has to be seen to be appreciated; the most graphic of descriptions must fall short of conveying an adequate idea of the stupendous forces of the burning, fuming crater of Vesuvius. What was most astonishing to the writer was the near approach one can make without danger, for we did not stop on the brink of the old crater where the ashes were even hot enough to cook our eggs in five minutes, but went down into it, walking over immense masses of cooled lava, and approached to within six or eight feet of the red-hot flowing stream. But we did not stay there long; it was quite too uncomfortable. If the ascent will bear to climb for while it took us an hour to get down, besides, I am almost knee-deep in the loose, stinging cinders. As we were going down how we pitted those who were puffing and scrambling to reach the top.

Two girls, daughters of an English country doctor, were once out for a walk together. It was an autumn afternoon, sunny and pleasant. They were accompanied by their little dog, named Jack, who was a clever little terrier, and more than once had proved his claim to be considered, as indeed he was, their protector while out walking. Their father often said he felt "quite happy when Jack was with them, and he was sure no harm could come to them." The two girls pursued their walk merrily. The fine afternoon tempted them to go further than they ought, however, and by the time they turned the dusk had fallen, and they were afraid they would be late for tea. One of them proposed to take a short cut through a wood with which they were well acquainted, having often gathered blackberries in it on a summer afternoon. The other agreed, and so they arrived at the edge of the wood and prepared to enter it. "All the same time I am rather afraid," said Dora, the younger of the two; "there have been several robberies in the neighborhood, and I saw some very odd-looking men pass our door to-day, besides, I am wearing my new watch which papa gave me six o'clock now, and we must be late. Be sure no one will wish to harm us." "I wish I were as certain as you are. But what's the matter with Jack?" Just as she had said this, Jack advanced toward them, and planting himself in the middle of their path, sat down and whined. "That is odd," said Dora. "I never remember him doing that before." The other girl de- rided her fears, and attempted to pass the dog; but he caught her dress in his teeth, and held her so firmly that she hardly dared to set herself free. One more effort she made, but Jack was resolute; so at last, seeing how determined he was to prevent their further progress, she gave up trying. "Well, well, you stupid little brute!" she said angrily, "I suppose we must go all the long way round." So the two sisters abandoned the idea of taking the short path through the wood, and went home by the safe high-road. When they arrived, how grateful, how unutterably thankful did they feel to their little protector, whose intelligence had been so far superior to theirs, and had saved them despite themselves. A man had been found in the wood shortly after they had left it, murdered and robbed. It was conjectured by the tramps who had passed through the village in the morning. Thus Jack had preserved his mistress from meeting perhaps a similar fate. Their gratitude, it is needless to add, was profound toward their little four-footed protector, who, we are glad to hear, lived to a good old age.

The Impetuous Pheasant.

Among the Pheasants the Impetuous pheasant is one of the noblest species. He lives among the mountain heights of the Himalayas, soaring the lowlands, where he has never been known to descend. Of the color of this gorgeous child of the forest it is difficult to give an idea. Bronze green, iridescent gold and purple, radiant as if seen through a golden haze, compose its princely costume. On its head it wears a tuft of glistening green spirals, broad at the top, each one delicate and airy as might be a fairy's parasol. During the winter months the snow and cold drive these birds to congregate in flocks in the most secluded forest nooks of the mountains. Here the hunter may surprise them, and feast his eyes—if, indeed, he have an eye for beauty—on their won rous and glistening plumage. As the approach of spring they scatter and ascend to the higher lands, where thousands of feet above the sea, they pass the warm months in undisturbed seclusion. The monials are easily kept in cages, and unless subjected to a heated atmosphere, they take confinement easily. The first living specimen was brought to England by Lady Imper, hence the English name of the bird. It is necessary to provide the cage with a corner of retreat, for there are seasons when this shy, sullen creature would apparently prefer death to the gaze of man.

BRIEFS.

—The number of swine in the United States is 34,768,200.
—Bananas have ripened this spring in Austin, Texas, the plants having stood out all winter.
—The loss of trade in the Monongahela Valley by the recent strike of coal miners is estimated at \$1,000,000.
—New Hampshire, Kansas, Minnesota and Colorado now give women the right to vote at school elections.
—Bordeaux exports nearly half a million casks of spurious liquors annually.
—The present cotton crop is one of the largest ever raised in the South; it will not top to over five million bales.
—The tax on armorial bearings is annually.
—The Grand Lodge Knights of Honor of Pennsylvania, will hold their next annual session at Pittston, Pa.
—There are 480 patients confined in the New Jersey State Lunatic Asylum, near Trenton.
—The contributions in Massachusetts for the families of Gloucester's lost fishermen, aggregate \$20,000.
—The London police have received orders to arrest any person seen dropping orange peel in the street.
—On the 1st of March the total number of poor in London was 89,529—45,013 workhouses and 44,516 outside, though receiving help.
—Cornell University has 403 students of both sexes attending the university, and only about 350 young men, against about 700 when the experiment began.
—King Humbert, of Italy, has a face to which no picture does justice. He has a remarkably kind and sad expression.
—The Lehman foundry at St. Petersburg has the portable printing press which was captured from Napoleon on the retreat from Moscow.
—The last census of Paris shows that the population is composed of 1,754,000 Catholics, 32,000 Lutherans and Calvinists and 23,000 Jews.
—The world averages an annual product of 681,000,000 pounds of tea. China produces 600,000,000, Japan 40,000,000, India, 35,000,000, and Java 6,000,000.
—In the hollow of a tree sixty feet from the ground, P. W. White of Fenner, N. C., found in a thriving condition a gooseberry bush about a foot high.
—The Sing Sing (N. Y.) prison earned in March \$18,558.12. The expenses were \$16,228.16, leaving a profit of \$2,229.96.
—Seals have become quite plenty in the lower Connecticut river, and some have been seen as far north as Rocky Hill, ten miles below Hartford.
—The death is announced of Admiral Smith one of the few survivors of the *Titanic*.
—The Duchess of Marlborough unveiled the Balfour Memorial Window in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, on the 29th of March.
—Stamford, Conn., rejected the charter granted by the last Legislature incorporating the place as a city by a vote of 408 to 67.
—The insolventess of Toledo, Ohio, amounts to about one-fourth of its taxable property, and its annual tax rate is about four per centum.
—Almost all the places of amusement in Boston, a city of about four hundred thousand inhabitants, are within a circle the radius of which is little more than one hundred yards.
—A weather record, kept in the northern part of Vermont, shows that there have been 129 days of sleighing this past season, and that 42 inches of snow have fallen.
—The honey crop of San Diego county, Cal., in 1878, was more than 757 tons. San Diego county produced more honey than all the rest of the State taken together.
—Dr. Jacob Dampman and wife, of St. Mary's, Chester county, Pa., are believed to be the oldest married couple in that section of the State, having lived in wedlock for a period of 63 years. Dr. Dampman is 89 years of age and his wife 86. They have had 10 children, 51 grandchildren, 63 great-grandchildren, and 1 great-great-grandchild.
—A San Francisco humor, who offered to sell his vote for \$500 to save the prisoner, a woman, from the penalties of her crime, has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment in the State Prison.
—The New York Evening Post has already started a "Fresh Fund," for sending sick and debilitated children of that city to the country for brief vacations. The sum of \$3150 has thus far been subscribed.
—Complaint is made in Gettysburg about raising corn in the portions of the Gettysburg battlefield that have been set aside as monumental of the great combat on Culp's Hill. Many of the old bullet marked trees have been converted into fire wood.
—General R. E. Lee's portrait, painted by the southern artist Guerry, was exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition, and the State of Texas offered for it \$5,000. It was, however, returned to Greenville, Ga., where it was accidentally burned.
—The rice fields on the Cape Fear river, near Wilmington, N. C., which have lain idle and grown up with weeds since the war, have been reclaimed and planted this season by several energetic parties, who expect to raise at least 200,000 bushels of rice in the next five years.
—A gentleman while trying on a pair of gloves in a store at Brackton, Mass., found a gold ring inside, on which was inscribed the owner's name, that person having tried on the gloves previously and the ring having slipped from his finger in drawing his hand.
—The Sultan lately gave a reception to a corps of Sisters of Charity sent to his army by the Queen of Saxony, on which occasion he thanked them for their courage and devotion, and presented each with a medal. Coffee and sherbet were served, and Osman Pascha presented each with \$250.

Expectation.

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Below us wide the shadow lay;
We rode, and met the kneeling day;
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When to the miracle came on,
A roadside tent—a moment gone—
And far the sun low lying shone:
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Transfused spr. laid the silent space,
The glaucous asp the silent space,
And touched us, swept from face to face.
We cried, "Not yet too late!"
But one who nearer drew than all,
Lensed low and whispered: "Suns may fall
Or flash; dear heart! I speak and call
Your soul unto its fate."
Tread bravely down its evening slope;
Before the night comes do not grope!
Forever shines some sun, I swear,
And God is not too late.

Mr. Delmayne's Ward.

"Something must be done," said Mrs. Charles Delmayne, decisively, "that girl is getting more reckless every day."
"What can be done?" asked Mr. Richard Delmayne, looking helplessly at his sister-in-law; "we cannot shut her up in a convent."
"No, but we can find her a husband and get her settled."
"But she is so young."
"She will be nineteen in May, and married at that age. It is a great pity that you were obliged to receive her into your household, Richard. A guardianship over a girl like Dorothea, was a great responsibility for a bachelor to assume."
"I suppose so," was the reply, "but I could not refuse the dying request of a friend."
"At first I entertained hopes that she would improve by remaining with us," said Mrs. Delmayne, plaintively; "but she is wilder than ever. I am kept in a perpetual state of nervous excitement, for I never know what madcap pranks she will play next. I thought it disgraceful enough when she donned a suit of Dick's clothes and went out on the night of the skating-party, but this last is still worse, if possible."
Mrs. Delmayne folded her plump white hands and settled herself comfortably in a luxurious easy chair, and prepared to enjoy her favorite pastime, which consisted of

wonder I never thought of that. I believe I am rather fond of the little monkey, after all. How desirable the house would be without her! Not quite nineteen—just half my age; I fear I am too old, but since she has put the idea into my head, I think I'll try my fate."
The tea bell aroused Mr. Delmayne from his reflections. "I must mention this subject to Helen, when I have time," he said, "Mary, direct forward little chit!" cried madam in dismay, as Richard thus ruthlessly destroyed her air-cast. "Richard, you must be mad! A man of your age to think of marrying when he has such a comfortable home, and all his wants attended to. Should you take such a step, Richard, a great grief would befall me. You will find a child at the head of the household, for I shall not remain to be dromieered over by a saucy, independent girl."
Dot stood by the window in the despondent twilight, awaiting her guardian, who had been absent several days on business. Suddenly she was aroused from a deep sleep by a well-knocked footstep, and she ran eagerly to the door to meet him.
"Well, little girl, what have you been doing during my absence?" he asked, as he seated himself before a glowing grate and warmed his chilly fingers.
"Oh, dear!" cried Dot, "I have been shocking! I can't remember one half the wickedness I have committed. You must apply to madame for details. But to business. Did you find a husband for me?"
"Yes," answered her guardian, composedly, "but whether you will be suited remains to be seen. I shall be compelled to marry him whether I am suited or not," replied Dorothea, merrily.
"Not by any means," answered Mr. Delmayne, gravely.
"Oh, that is very commonplace. You are not at all like the cruel guardians in books, who choose the wretched wards to marry the men they select for them. I am quite disappointed."
"Oh, very well," said he, "if you wish to assume the role of a tyrant, I will do so with pleasure. The person I have chosen will, I am sure, try to make you happy; but remember, there is no appeal from my decisions."
"It is really going to be romantic after all!" cried Dot, clapping her hands. "When my fate is to be presented to me? If he had only sent his photograph my happiness would be complete."
"I believe I have it," said Mr. Delmayne, coolly producing his pocket-book.
Dot, becoming rather quiet, as he carried on the face without a smile, held out her hand for the carte-de-visite, and beheld his own handsome face thereon.
"Well!" he said, drawing her to his side, and trying to look into her greenest eyes.
"Dot, did her shining head for a moment on his shoulder, then, looking up with a charming color, she said, frankly:
"I have no wish to appeal."

Buying Buttons.

Philadelphians, declared that the counter over which buttons are sold is the best place in the world to study some of the inexplicable ways of the gentler sex.
"Through buttons," he said, "go but a short way toward rendering the life of a man agreeable, yet to the opposite sex they seem to be necessary to absolute felicity. If you would learn how they purchase the little articles, step this way." Behind a counter were four attendants, and their utmost to answer a thousand-and-one questions and wait upon at least a dozen customers at the same time.
The customers all wanted buttons; all were in a hurry; not one of them had decided upon any particular style or pattern or price; and each and every one expressed a desire to see the whole stock at once, and wondered how in the name of goodness they could not get a dozen buttons or so without waiting all day.
The way it is done is this:
A lady rushed breathlessly up to the counter, and, while waiting for the saleswoman, began to claw over every box within her reach, just to get an idea of styles. Presently a young lady snatches an opportunity from a fat, fussy customer to ask what she wanted.
"Thank goodness, you have come at last," said the purchaser; "I have been standing here an hour. I am in a very great hurry. Please show me some buttons."
"What style?" inquired the attendant.
"Let me see what you have."
"Oh, this is your whole stock, is it?"
"Goodness gracious! seventy-five styles."
"No. Those are too large."
"It's really too bad; those are too small."
"Yes; something like that; only more showy."
"I can't understand it. I'm so easily pleased, too."
"That's too high. The idea! one dollar a dozen."
"Why, really! so you did show me them before."
"Well, I never! Did I say they were too small? So I did."
"Yes, but I want something real showy."
"You really confuse me with so many patterns."
About this time the fat, fussy customer glared at the saleswoman, who glided over to where she was digging down to the bottom of a large box. The young lady protested on her sacred word, for the fourth time, that she did not know how many buttons was necessary for the front of a princess wrapper for a young lady of eighteen, very large for her years.
Customer No. 2 discovers the absence of the saleswoman and ejaculates, "Well, I never! I wonder when I am to be waited on; I declare I will go right out."
"Show me something for a gross-grain street-dress."
"O goodness! how horrid!"
"They are entirely too common."

Haven't you got something rather sort of—

"There is something I like that box."
"To be sure. The same saw. How ugly!"
"Why in the name of good don't you get new styles?"
"What a poor selection!"
"Rubber buttons, girl! are mad!"
"Oh! I did see this style!"
"How much for this style?"
"Ah, yes! I remember you say \$1 a dozen?"
"I want them for a gross-grain dress."
"That is something like it, too large, though."
"So it is."
"Oh my!"
"How much better than the box?"
"Don't they?"
"Hum."
Once more she clawed the entire stock, remarked that New York was the only place to buy but, and said it was no matter, as she had wanted six, and dounced out.

A Delayed Fee.

After Bijah had told him to make himself at home, and after he had left a pound of mud on the wack and green carpet, he began:
"I didn't have a thing eat all day yesterday, while every body else had turkey, chicken and goose."
"Do you toll or spig-have you a habitation?" queried the landlord.
"I'm looking for a place in a bank, and I'm half starved," answered the man.
"Well, you ought to have had a dinner," observed Bijah, as he unlocked the cupboard. "Here is part of my feast, and I shall cheerfully set before you."
He placed before the man a plate of cold turnip and a slice of breakfast bacon well done, and told him to draw man as he waded the luxuries away.
"I'm hard up for cash and my clothes are old, but when I come down to billed turnip and lean pork, I want to be considered a jekal!"
"Isn't that what I eat good enough for you?" shouted Bijah, as his ears relented up.
For answer the man reached out his black paw and brought it down "slap" on the little mound of turnip, causing the provisions to jump clear off the plate. What followed no human being will ever know. The next scene opened with the man licking the plate in the blindest manner, having previously bolted down both turnip and bacon.
"I'm a good mind to make you eat that India-rubber cat!" growled Bijah as he put up the plate.
"Don't sir—please let me git out of this!" stammered the terror-stricken man.
"The idea of you finding fault with such a dinner as that! Why, you'd growl about mince pie, unless both crusts were sweetened with white sugar worth seven cents a pound! When I had you doubled up under the table there, I was a good mind to break your neck!"
"I am glad you didn't," sighed the fellow; and there being no reason for longer detaining him he was allowed to depart.

The Headless Cumins.

In the parish of Edinkelle, a place towards the centre of Morayshire, in the northern part of Scotland, there is a romantic and fearful chasm, supposed to have been at one time the bed of the river Divie. It has two entrances at the upper end, and the ancient courses which led the river into these successively are easily traceable. The lower extremity of the ravine terminates abruptly about forty feet high above the Divie, that flows at its base. This spot is one of a very interesting nature. Its name Gaelic signifies "the Hollow of the Heads"; a name originating, it is said, in the following transactions. Near the upper end of the ravine there is a curious cavern, formed of huge masses of tall crags, that cover the bottom of the place. It enters downwards like a pit, and the mouth, which is no more than wide enough to admit a man, is not easily discovered. Here it was that the brave Allister Bane secreted himself after the Battle of the Lost Standard. At this time the Castle of Dunplai was besieged by Randolph, Earl of Moray; and Allister Bane, who could no longer head against him in the open field, contented himself with harassing the enemy. Knowing that his father and his garrison were reduced to great want, he and a few of his followers disguised themselves as courtiers, and, driving a parcel of horses, yoked in rude sledges, laden with sacks, they came to the edge of the glen where Randolph's beleaguering party lay, and pretending to be peasants carrying meal from the low countries to the Highlands, they entered their protection from one Allister Bane, of whom they were afraid. Their prayer being granted, they unloaded their sledges, and took care to leave their sledges at the brink of the precipice, so that on a given signal agreed on with the garrison, they tumbled sledges, sacks, and all into the glen below, and the garrison making a sallie at the same time, whilst the bore of a sack on his back, whilst the pretended peasants sprang for their homes, and were out of sight before the astonished sentinels of the enemy had well given the alarm. Randolph was so provoked on learning who the author of this trick was, that he set a price upon his head. A certain private piqued Cumins to betray his master's lurking place. His enemies hurried to the spot to make sure