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THE IBON GAYS.

SY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

[Read by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes as a response t the Breakfast extended him in Boston by an array diterary celebrities on the event of his 70th birth Where is this pairiarch you are kindly greeting? Not unfamiliar to my ears his name,

Nor yet unknown to many a joyous meeting In days long vanished—is he still the same? Or, changed by years, forgotten and forgetting, Dull-cared, dim-sighted, slow of speech

fi o'er the sad, degenerate present freiting, Where all goes wrong and nothing as it ought. Old age, the gray beard! Well, indeed, I know

Shrunk, tottering, bent, of sches and ills the prey; a sermon, story, fable, picture, poem, Oft have I met him from my earliest day

In my old Æsop, toiling with his bundls— His load of sticks—politely asking death. Who comes when called for—would be lug or to the And, and (Ecclesiastes, or the preacher)—
Has he not stamped the image on my soul.
In that last chapter, where the wors-out leacher
Sighs o'er the loosened cord, the broken head?

Yes, long indeed, I've known him at a distance. And now my lifted downlatch shows him her I take his shrveled hand without resistance. And find him smiling as his step draws near

What though of gilded bawhles he becaves us, Dear to the heart of youth, to manhood's prime; Think of the calm he brings, the wealth he leares us, The hearded spoils, the legacies of time

Alfars once flaming, still with incense fragrant, Passions' uncesy nursling rocked asleep. Hopes anchor faster, wild desire less vagrant, thire's flow less noisy, but the stream how deep.

Still, as the aliver cord gets worn and slender, its lightened task-work tugs with lessening strain, Hands gets more helpful, voices grow more tender, esothe with their softened tones the similarous

Youth longs and manhood strives, but age remembers.

Sits by the raked up ashes of the post,

Spreads its thin hands above the whitening embers

That warm its creeping life blood till the last.

Dear to its heart is every loving token.
That comes unbidden era its pulse grows cold,
Era the last lingering ties of life are broken,
Its lations ended and its story told.

Ah, when around us rosy youth rejoices, For us the soros-laden breezes sigh, And through the chorus of its jocund voices Throb the sharp notes of misery's hopeless cry.

As on the gauzy wings of rancy flying.

From some far orb I track our watery apher.

Home of the struggling, suffering, denbung, d.

The silvered globule seems a glistening tear.

over,

And misry day-dreams blend in sweet confusion
The wintry landscape and the summer skies.

So when the iron portal shuts behind us,
And life forgets us in its noise and whirl,
Visions that shunned the glaring moonday find us,
And glimmering stacight shows the gales of

I come not here your morning hour to addlen A thorping signin, leaning on his staff -I, who have rever deemed it sin to gladden, This rather strong with a wholesome image

If word of mine another's glocen has brightened, . If hand of mine another's task heatightened. It felt the guidance that it dares not claim.

But old my could sixters, old my brothers, ... These thank sown snow takes hint of toil's rehere;
here feether pulses hid me leave to others.
The tasks once welcome: evening asks for choine; evening asks for peace.

Let me not yex the too long sufferly Though to your love untiring still behold.
The curies tells me—covers up the fire.

And now with grateful smile and accents effectful

Thanks, brothers sisters-children-and farewell

THE ENDING OF A FEUD.

The feud between the Kentucky families of Reynolds and Garth had its origin some time previous to the great civil war; but that strie of section against section, State against State, and brother against brother, added fuel to its fire and intensity of its bitterness. When the war broke out the Reynolds

family ranged themselves on the side of

the Rebels, and the Garths, probably for no better reason than opposition to their old enemies, espoused the Union cause. It is not to be supposed that either of the families cared much, if anything, for the principals involved in the contest, the Reynolds tribe seeing in the struggle a protext for devoting themselves to the destruction of the Garths, and the Garth tribe finding in the war an excuse for the extermination of the Reynolds. Thus it happened that no member of either family was regularly enrolled in any army, but all the Reynolds and all the Garths preferred to serve their personal ends by engaging in a style of warfare which was generally regarded as illegitimate. They called

of bushwhackers. They carried on the business of bushwhacking to their mutual extermination, if not to their entire satisfaction. thoroughly was the work of the bullet and the rope done, that there were left of the two tribes at the close of the war only Phil Reynolds on the one side, and John Garth and his daughter Lottie on

emselves guerrillas and partisans, but

other people gave them the designation

the other. It was then supposed that one or the other of the two male survivors would terminate the feud by completing the extermination of one family or the other, but the general expectation was

John Garth, finding himself obnoxious in the neighborhood because of his alleged Union sentiments, quitted Kentucky, and crossed the river to take up his abode in Indiana.

John Gerth made an end of his exile within a year. His property was going to waste, his old neighborhood had settled down to a condition of reasonable quietude and toleration, and he returned to his farm, accompanied by his daughter Lottie, then a tall and hand-

some girl of eighteen. It was then believed that the feud use of those farinaceous powders or pay the penalty of having their fair skins transformed into hides.

The origin of these living organisms would be at last fought out to a fatal termination, but no immediate conflict occurred between the survivors of the

hostile families. Phil Reynolds and John Garth both went armed, but that was the custom of the country, and the care with which they avoided each other exceeded the eagerness with which they had sought a neeting during their bushwhacking days.

At last, as Reynolds was returning from the mill, he met Garth in a narrow path on the side of a bill, and a glance at their faces was enough to show that the fatal hour had come.

Neither was willing to make way for the other, and the first words that broke from their lips were those of abuse and recrimination. After a little of this wordy warfare they drew their pistols

and opened fire. When all the chambers of their revolvers had been discharged, the result of the action thus far was seen to have asked the terrified patient, when he had

en fatal to Reynolds' mule and Garth's swallowed the draught.

corse, while the two men were slightly wounded.
They renewed the fight on foot, clinching and wrestling for the mastery.
Then farth slipped and fell, his antagonist falling upon him.
With a yell of triumph Reynolds

drew his knife, and prepared to wipe out all scores with a death stroke. At that moment Lottie Garth came riding up the hill, and with one glance she took in the details of the scene, and realized her father danger.
Without pausing to dismount, she im-

plored Reynolds to spare the life of the rostrate man. Her tearful eyes, her outstretched arms, and her agonizing accents, might have melted a heart of stone, but they could not change Phil Reynold's heart

He only saw in her appearance another cause for triumph, a chance to inflict another pang upon his hated adversary.

With one sure and powerful stroke he drove his heavy knife to the heart of the man beneath him, and John Garth's fighting days were ended.

Lottie Garth shook and bent in her saddle like a sapling in a strong wind, and it seemed as if she would fall from horse; but she recovered herself. and fiercely faced the murderer as he

rose from his bloody work.
"Phil Reynolds," she said, and her voice rang out on the mountain air as clear as a silver bell, "you have murdered my father, though I begged you to spare his life. As sure as God lets me live I will kill you for this deed!"

Reynolds was fairly cowed for a

moment. Perhaps he felt the enormity e his crime; perhaps the words and tone of the orphan girl cut him to the quick. He made no reply, but picked up his pictol, and hastily began to load it, as if ne meant to complete the work of exter-

minating the Garths, and at the same time to get rid of a witness. But Lettie turned and galloped away, and was soon out of his reach or sight. Lottie Garth did not expect that the slayer of her father would be punished by law, and he was not. He was ar-

rested and held to bail, but was never brought to trial. The teeling was that such a feud must have such an ending, and that it was a matter of little consequence whether Reynolds killed Garth or Garth killed Reynolds, though there was more sympathy with the latter than the ormer, on political grounds.

The girl gave her testimony at the nquest, saw that her father was properly buried, and then bade farewell to her few friends in the neigborhood, after putting the Garth farm in the hands of an agent to be disposed of. It was understood that she had returned to Indiana.

It was some six months after the death Join Garth that a stranger made his appearance in the settlement. He was a boy, beardless and with curling locks, but active, intelligent, and able bodied. He said that his name was Ben Selie that he was from Barren County, that and that the recent death of his mother had left him an orphan, with his own way to make in the world. Just then se wanted farm work, and he easily found it in the settlement, as he was neither afraid nor ashamed to work.

He proved to be a good harvest hand, and made himself useful in that specialty several farmers, but finally accepted the offer of Phil Reynolds, who proposed o give him a home for the winter and a small allowance of money, in return for

his services. I'hil Reynolds was overjoyed at the juisition of his new farm hand. The x-bushwhacker was a lonely man, and e lived alone, with the exception of such chance negro servants as he could pick up, and they had peculiar ideas of ndependence since their emancipation. Ben Sellew professed and proved him self to be capable not only of doing field work, but of preparing the meals and keeping the household in order. As he offered to make himself generally useful for a small stipend, he was a god-send to Reynolds.

The stranger from Barren County did is work well. He was active and willng. To use a word peculiar to that egion, it would be hard to find a more biddable" boy. Phil Reynolds had ot been so comfortable and so well cared for in years, and he regarded Ben the date of the state of the st the Reynolds' farm, until the owner was taken sick, about a month after Ben Sellew had accepted his employment. It was a strange illness, and the neigh orhood doctor could make nothing o t. The sick man complained of unaccountable pains, and became so weak that he was obliged to take to his bed. The physician, unable to make a satis-

factory diagnosis of the case, dosed his patient with various drugs, by way of experimenting upon their effect, and the symptoms became aggravated, until Reynolds sank into an apparently hopeess decline.

Ben Sellew attended him with the utmost faithfulness, preparing all his food and giving him all his medicine, and he showed the deepest concern when a medical consultation had decided that there was no hope for Phil Reynolds. Ben was charged with the duty of break ing this sad news to the sick man, and he did it tenderly. "If there is anything on your mind,"

said the boy, "perhaps you had better clear it off." "I have been a hard case," replied Reynolds," but there is only one thing that really bothers me. I killed John Garth when his darter was beggin' for

his life." "I have heard of that, and I think you might have showed a little mercy there."

" Did he show any mercy when he shot my brother?" asked Reynolds. Did you show any mercy when you sanged his son?" answered Ben Sellew. Well, it's all done and gone. That gal of Garth's swore that she would kill me, and I know she meant it. I've been ookin' for her ever since, but I reckon she will miss her chance."

"Don't be too sure of that," said the boy, as he left the room. Ben Sellew went out to find the negro man—the only person then on the place besides himself and Reynolds—to send him to the nearest town for some wine which the doctor had ordered. The messenger was soon jogging along upon his favorite mule. As the nearest town was some ten miles away, and the roads were bad, he could not be expected to

return under four hours. It was dark when the boy went back to the sick man's chamber, where he lighted a lamp, and mixed a dose of

"Take this," said he, as he put the ass to Reynold's lips. "It will be the glass to Reynolds' lips. last dose you will need." 'Have I got to go off so soon as that?'

"So the doctors say." "Send for a parson, then-any kind o a parson."

"Can't do it. Jake has gone away.
I will be your parson, and you shall have as good a chance as you gave John Garth. His daughter swore that she would kill you. Phil Reynolds, and she has done it."

"What do you mean?"

It is an old saying, "Whom first we love we never wed," and this, though not strictly true, may be applied to Scott, Byron, George Washington, and many other men of note. It is interesting to observe how poets generally present their love matters to the public.

The personal experience of such men "What do you mean?"

"I am Lottie Garth." "Then you have poisoned me! I am When the negro man returned, he found Beynolds dead in his bed. He called in the neighbors, and they discovered a paper pinned to the dead man's breast, on which these words were written.

ten:
"This man killed John Garth, and John
Garth's daughter has killed him."
The boy from Barren County had disappeared, and it was not thought worth tie Garth. The feud had at last burned out for lack of fuel.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

ecalling an Incident of Years Ago—Free ing to Death Up the River. writer at Equinunk, Pa., relates the following and story: Raftmen, returning from down the river, bring news of the death of Mrs. Jacob Moser, of Mosertown, Northampton County, which recalls the frightful work of a

winter night fifty-two years sgo, by which the deceased was made a window. It is a reminiscence of the days when ransportation between Philadelphia and Easton was by Durham boats, a style of craft unknown to this generation.

One day in January, 1828, Jacob Moser, his brother-in-law, Jerome Miller; his brother, Rinaldo Moser, and a cousin named Cortright, were running a Durham boat from Philadelphia with a cargo of whisky. Jacob Moser was a powerful man of thirty; Miller was about the same age, and Rinaldo Moser and Cortright were lads of eighteen. Night was approaching when they were in the vicinity of Bristol, and they were caught in a violent storm of wind and sleet. Unable to make a landing on either shore, they ran their boat on a small island. As it grew dark the storm increased in fury, and it was bitter cold. People who remember that night say that it was the most fearful one ever known on the river. The mercury stood clow zero and the wind blew a gale. The storm had commenced with rain, and, as the cold increased, the rain was rozen into great pellets of ice, which he wind hurled about with tremendous force. To this awful war of the elements the four boatmen were exposed, with not a scrap of wood on the island with which a fire might be kindled, and nothing to shelter them from the storm. They attempted to keep warm by run-ning up and down the island, and, after rel of whisky from the boat and setting it on fire. This happy thought inspired barrels. Then the appalling discovery was made that there was not a match in the possession of the party. From that moment Jacob Moser lost his heart. He

would not make any further effort to keep warm, and for a long time his brother and Miller dragged him about the island, endeavoring to keep his blood in circulation, all to no purpose, for at the end of an hour he was beyond all hope, and they were dragging a frozen corpse between them. When the discorpse between them. covery was made that there was ne matches, young Cortright knocked the head of a whisky barrel in with a stone, and let himself into the liquor up to his chin. Miller and Rinaldo Moser coninued to fight all night long against the terrible death that assailed them. When daylight appeared they were discovered by other boatmen, and a rescuing party started after them. At the sight of the boat approaching, the wonderful nerve that had kept Rinaldo Moser alive through the fearful night, deserted him, and he fell to the ground unconscious. Jerome Miller, although his hands, ears, and face were frozen as white as snow and his feet were so stiff that he could scarcely move, never lost consciousness. Cortright's face and ears were terribly frozen, the latter so badly that they dropped from his head. The cold had

not penetrated where the whisky covered him, but from his neck down he was one immense blister, the liquor burned him so. The three survivors of the awful night and the dead body of its victim were removed to Bristol and subsequently to Mosertown. Rinaldo Moser's legs were amputated at the thigh, as they were so terribly frozen that it was impossible to save them. He lived, and became one of the most robust, men on the river. He took up his residence with his sisterin-law, the widow of Jacob, and for forty-nine years supported himself and her ferrying people across the river and by fishing. He became known as the

'Legless Ferryman," and no character was better known than he was from one end of the river to the other. He was a most expert oarsman, and had few equals as a scientific fisherman. The facility with which he got around on his legless body was wonderful. He died in December. 1876, aged sixty-six years. Jerome Miller and Cortright both recovered, but both met tragic deaths soon afterward. Miller was drowned in 1829 in the Delaware, and some years

afterward Cortright was burned to death in New Jersey. Jacob Moser left two rons. One of them was drowned in the Lehigh River a few years ago, and about the same time the other was drowned in the Delaware. The death of their mother emoves the last survivor of the singularly fated family. She was about seventy-six years old.

THE decision of Judge Ball, at Zanesville, covers ground of importance to trades unions and employes effected by them. The Judge holds that such a union as the Glassblowers' Association, which undertakes to say who shall and who shall not work in a given shop or factory, is in conflict with the laws of the State and of the United States, and enjoins its members from interfering in any way with non-members, or even enbe premises where they are at

"Do not kick every one in your way. is the advice to a young man given by one of our exchanges. No, sonny, don bick every one in your way. It is best to only kick a few-the little fell we for intance; they can't girk back. Never kick those big six-feeters with should ers like a brown stone froat. It might be dangerous. Pass them by in siler! scorn, and when you are far enough his burial, and a gran away, throw a brick at them.—Derrick served to all attendants.

Scott's First Love. [Once alWook.]

The personal experience of such men will crop out. Scott, for instance, fell deeply in love, in early life, with a girl of aristocratic family, and as he was then merely a poor barrister, there was no prospect of success. His father, knowing this, and being desirous to bring the matter to a close, suggested to the parents the propriety of terminating the acquaintance, and this was done in the acquaintance, and this was done in the least painful manner. The lady was the only daughter of Sir John Stewart, of Forfsteehire, and she afterward married Sir William Forbes, the noted Edinh, rgh banker. As Scott was a well-educated young man, of line personal appearance and agreeable manners, there could be but little reason for giving the banker vectorance accent giving the banker preference, except his wealth and social rank. Scott felt this keenly through life; in "Rokeby" he revives the episode at some length. Matilda, the heroine of the poem, represents the object of his love, who there rejects a poet in faver of one or higher rank, and this scene becomes doubly interesting as a picture of Scott's early experience. In 1811 Lady Forbes died; but she lived long enough to see the once penniless barrister the first poet in Scotland. Her death was deeply felt by Scott, for, although he had been married for twelve years, the old flame was not extinguished. "Rokeby" appeared next year, and Lockhart says "that there is nothing wrought out, in all Scott's prose, more exquisite than the contrast between the rivals for the band of the heroine." Six years afterward Scott wrote thus to Miss Edgeworth: "Matilda was attempted for the person of a lady who is now no more, so that I am flattered with your distinguishing it." As this took place nearly twenty years after the disappointment, it illustrates the tenacity with which the author held to his first love. When Lady Forbes died, Scott was so affected that he called on her mother, and both fell to weeping over the sad affair. It is a curious incident in domestic history to see a man carrying his first love so tenderly through life while married to another woman to whom he always showed great attachment. Scott evidently made Matilda the ideal or dream-wife, who accom-panied him to the last. Having reovered from the worst effects of his disappointment, he met a French girl, whose father had saved both life and fortune by fleeing from the dangers of the Revolution. At the time referred to Miss Carpentier (or Carpenter) was an orphan, and to her Scott transferred his au hour's incessant exercise in that way, the appeared, as has been said, much which rendered but little relief, one of attached to his wife through life, and however, intellectually and physically nferior to the Scottish ladies of that family may, in some degree, be ascribed to so unfavorable a union.

Plantation Proverbs.

Dem w'at eats kin say grace. Ole man Know-All died las' year. Better de gravy dan no meat 'tall. Tater vine growin' while you sleep. Hit takes to birds fer ter make a nes'. Ef you bleedged ter eat dirt, eat clean

Tarrypin walk fast 'nuff fer to go Empty spose house makes de pullet W'en coons take water he's fixin' fer

Corn makes mo' at de mill dan it does Good luck say: "Op'n yo' mouf an' shet yo' eyes. Nigger dat gits hurt wukin oughter show de skvars. Fiddlin' nigger say hit's long ways

ter de dance.

Rooster makes mo' racket dan de hin r'at lay de aig. Meller mush-millon hollers at you from ober de fence. Nigger wid a pocket ham'kcher' better be looked arter. Youk'n hide de fire, but w'at you

gwine do wid de smoke? Rain crow don't sing no chune, but vouk'n pen' on 'im. Ter-morrow may be de carridge drivers's day fer plowin'. Hit's a mighty deaf nigger dat don't hear de dinner horn. Hit takes a bee fer ter git de sweet-ness out'n de hoar hound blossom.

The luture Center of Commerce and

Ha'nts don't bodder longer hones'

folks, but you better go 'roun' de grave-

Culture. As Mr. Gladstone has thought that shift from London to New York, so M Littre, the famous French lexicog rapher, thinks that the center of ture will move from the Seine to the banks of the Hudson. This gentlemen is of opinion that the ruling language of the future will be Anglo-Saxon, and i chief seat of learning will be in the United States. As regards population that race comes first; its numbers in a generation or two will probably reach 400,000,000 of the human race. After then comes the Chinese, equal in nurber, but, as a static people, unworthy to rank with Western races as a factor is the world's development. After the Anglo-Gaxon, as governing races, M. Littre puts the Russian, and then the Spanish, to whom he concedes in the fu ture the greatest part of the South American continent. The capacity for expansion of the United States and Russia may possibly menace the independence of old European states; but in this respect, M. Littre argues that the security of human life individually which has followed in the wake of civil ization, will also be accorded to the States, and that Russia and America. unlike the ancient Babylon and Egypt, will develop without injury to the nations upon whose frontiers they may

A Strange Burial. The funeral of Mr. Basil M. Yates, at Chatham, N. C., the other day, was very peculiar, and his own directions were observed very minutely. The coffin was seven feet long, three feet wide and eighteen inches deep. In it were placed a feather bed and pillow, on which the corpse was laid, dressed in a nest suit of home-made jeans, with his hoots placed at (not on) his feet, and his hat resting on his hands, which were crossed on his breast holding a pair of gloves. An im ense crowd attended his burial, and a grand dinner was

A Visit to Cambetta.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune recently had an interview with the French President, and we copy below his description of the salon at the When I was in the salon I had time to when I was in the edon I had time to note the alterations which have been made in the upholstery since I went at the beginning of last summer to pay a visit at the Palais Bourbon. A long perspective of open doors was before me, and my curiosity prompted me to explore it to the end. The first time I had been at the Presidency of the Champer, the whole suite of salons facing the garden and the quai was in silk damask, with carpets of a uniform matter wan a uniform chocolate ground. pa tern on a uniform, chocolate ground. tat the end nearest to the foreign Walls and ceilings were done up Walls and ceilings were done up record deatin of this color, like the inside of a jewel casket, and it was fur-nished with low easy-chairs, couches and pour in the same stuff. It was explained to me that in the time of the Duc de Morny, the natural half-brother of the late Emperor by the maternal side, this room was sacred to the Em-press Eugenie, who, when she came to balls at the Presidency, was received there by the lady of the house and a small group of women of official rank. When her Imperial Majesty had exchanged compliments with the select few admitted to her presence here, she took the arm of the Duke, and followed the Emperor, who led the Duchess into the ball-room. Eugenie wished the blu chamber upholstered with light sapgreen like her own sitting room at the Tuileries, but the Duchess de Morny resisted her pretension in this very sturdily. The hair of the Duchess de Morny was very fair and beautiful. It was flax gilded by feeble autumnal sun-beams and not sufficiently ardent to look to advantage standing out from a light-green background which suited the more auburn shade of Eugenie's tresses, which were also thickly overladen with gold powder. The Duchess, therefore, in justice to herself, insisted on the blue, which is favorable to a pale blonde, provided her complexion is fair. It suits lilies whether they are intermixed or not with roses. I had these details from an old man-servant at the Presidency, now on the retired list, who had been behind the scenes there from the time of the first Napo-leon's corps legislatif. "I assure you,"

he said to me, "that the upholstery of this room was a cause of heart-burnings in the highest places and very near being fraught with consequences of Eu-ropean import. If the czartoryskia had not been Royalists they would have had the Empress on the side of the Poles when that people revolted eighteen years ago. It required all the tact and influence of the Duc de Morny to keep influence of the Duc de Morny to keep her Majesty quiet. She wanted to have says—"It's a world of bliss fenced in empire, was resolved to be mistress in her own house, and would not put up a pleasure which no rancoring of malice with the green hangings, which would can destroy; it is proof against malig-beside the Empress." | guinsry c. and smiles upon its most san-This servant also showed me the marks of the Shah's greasy head and

hands. The latter members after repasts, which were generally taken in the blue drawing room, were wiped on the backs of luxurious arm-chairs, though table napkins had been amply provided for the Emperor of Emperors by the French Government. "This dirt," observed the old domestic, "is ignoble. M. le President intends to have it all cleaned and done up again." And in my ramble through the long suite of drawing rooms I found that Gambetta had done as the servant said he would. The gilded arm-chairs in the state rooms are covered with velvet of the pale moss tinge now fashionable with damasks. and with Beauvais and Aubusson tapestries. Double-pile carpets of a neutral tint, which gives value to the splendor of the furniture, is on all the floors. This furniture was brought from the Garde Meuble, or State Pantechnicon. As to the luxurious temple to Beauty at the end, it is now done up with pink and pearl-gray satin, and lighted with a polychrome Venetian lustre

I had been pacing up and down some time when the man Francois came in and said that M. Gambetta had just telephoned to him from a committeeroom for me to be taken into the study. where I would find books and newspapers to enable me to pass another half-hour without being too much and at length entered a snuggery at the bored. I was taken from salon to salon end of the palace nearest to the Chamber of Deputies. A desk table was cov, ered with a litter of books and documents of all sorts, and three wastepaper baskets which were before it were stuffed with letters which had been cast into it. Gambetta's chair-an office chair in leather-was at the center of the table and with its back to a fire, in which burned gigantic logs. 'I took up the "Memoires of Madame de Remusat." the commercial center of the world may the leaves of which were cut and the margins covered with pencil annota-tions in a hand which I at once recognized. Gambetta's estimate of the moral character of Napoleon I always knew to be a low one, however great his knew to be a low one, however great his will cure. The cure of sleepleseness will cure. admiration for his brain power. I was curious to know how he was impressed by the revelations made by the confidential lady of honor of the Empress Josephine of the domestic crimes of Josephine's imperial husband. curiosity was doomed not to be satisfied. In a few moments a door flew open, and Gambetta, mopping his forehead with a pocket handkerchief-a sign that he had been talking a great deal-entered and advanced toward me, excusing himself as he did so for not being able to get away sooner from the budget committee.

Skate-Mounted Soldiers. A corps of skaters, a force peculiar to

the Norwegian army, has been lately reorganized and consists now of five companies, each one hundred and ten men, which, in time of war, can be rewith rifles, and can be manuvered on ice or over the snow-fields of the mountains with a rapidity equal to that of the best trained cavalry. The skate-they use are admirably adapted for traveling over rough and broken ice or frozen snow being six inches broad and between nine and ten inches long. In zig-zag course, tacking up the mountain side as a ship does against a head wind.
As an instance of the speed at which they can go, it is mentioned that last rived at Drentheim at 9:80 in the evening of the same day, having consequently accomplished one hundred and

PACTS AND FANCIES POR THE FAIR

TRAINS are very plain this seas

THERE are three Japanese lady stuents at Vassar. Two sizes of buttons are used for most costumes.

BRIGHT tints take the lead in nearly all of the mixed goods. House polonaises are made quite than sience bouffant, and are really long basques.

LADYBUGS of red enamel are the last charming substitute for buttons. Or fifty members elected on the Lonion School Board, nine are women. NECETIES of a narrow band of fur heart is credulity. fastened with a bright satin bow are pretty.

Young women should set good examples, for the young men are always llowing them. THERE'S many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and not a few between the

first kiss and the Ming. A PHILADELPHIA woman owns the argest colored diamond ever brought to

IT was wittily raid of a beautiful French literary lady, that she had but one fault—a husband. IF woman had the ballot what would a belt or big enough for a bustle. QUEEN VICTORIA'S gift to Mrs. Nellie

Grant Sartoris was a miniature of her royal self set in precious stones. A WETZEL country girl says one hug worth a dozen love letters. They cannot be introduced as evidence in

breach of promise suit, either. According to some of the English fashion plates, we are threatened with a revival of the "waterfall" style of arranging the hair.

IT is said that the fashion of turning down one corner of a visiting card was originated by Gen. Schenck in a fit of absent-mindedness.

GIVE a girl long eyelashes and smallhands and she will put up with No. 6 feet and marry all around a curly-headed girl wearing ones and a half.

THE daughters of General Sherman refuse to dance "the German."—Floating Item. Are they equally conscientious about walking Spanish? WHAT did the young lady mean when she said to her lover, "You may be too late for the train, but you can take a

BEFORE marriage a girl frequently calls her intended "her treasure," but when he becomes her husband, she looks upon him as her "treasurer."

You may meet with twenty men in the day who stutter, but you never heard of the woman who had an impediment in her speech.

her own way everywhere and in every with girls." Where is the man that thing. But the Duchess who was a Rue- won't repent now? A CONSCIENCE void of offence is an

inestimable blessing, because it gives

Mr. Yost and His Nine Doctors. Cairs : Ill. Argus Several days since Mrs. Yost received a dispatch from Hot Springs saying that her husband was dead. She hastened to Cairo, sorely stricken with sorrow, expecting to receive his body here. Here

husband was not dead. These different disnatches confounded her, and she hastened on to the Springs to find out because they put up more said than they his condition for herself. There the can carry. contradictory telegrams were explained to her. To all appearances her husband was dead, and he was laid out as a dead person. But after the lapse of several nours it was discovered that the body did not grow cold as it should. A consultation of physicians was held, there being nine in council. The majority insisted that Mr. Yost was dead, but one, a Dr. Reed, insisted that he was not dead. In deference to this opinion two galvanic batteries were applied to the body, and immediately it began to show signs of life. Bringing the dead back to conscious life was a slow process, but was eventually accomplished, and Mr. Yost has been gaining ever since, until he is now able to partake of a fair

meal, converse, write, etc., and he ap-

pears to have a better prospect for re-

covering his health than he has had for

some months. " ... fry for Rest. A physician says that the cry for rest has alway . been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is im, ortant, but it is of saer harder to obtain. The best rest co zes from see nd sleep. Of two men or momen, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy, and officient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peavishness, uneasiness. It will restore vigor an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weak body It will cure headache. It will cure i broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Inrequires a c ean, good bed, sufficient exercise to produce weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, and not too warm room, a clear conscience, an avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous -who pass sleepness nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep; otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it sadly im-

THE earthquake of Li-bon, in 1755; was felt over a surface of 16,366 000 square miles, or over a twelfth part of the earth's surface. Such extensive shocks are generally attributed to volcanie action. Observers at the centre of the area perceive a vertical oscillation; the movements become more oblique on going from the centre, the waves being propagated with a regularity which is seventy skaters belonging to the land-webr. The men of this corps are armed quakes of non volcanic suntries. Dr. This sing, a discussing some of the Swiss earthquakes, considers the amount of in rganic matter that is brought to the surface by mineral springs. It has been estimated that a single spring in Laukerbad, annually brings about 8,500,000 pounds of gypsum to the surface, a quantity sufficient to lower a ascending steep slopes, the men take a surface of 1 200 square yards more than 5) feet in a century. In the valley of the Viege there are not less than a score of gypatierous springs, each of which carries off annually about 260 yards of winter a messenger dispatched from mineral. If we think of the thousands of fountains, and the immense duration of fountains, and the immense duration of their flow, we may form some idea of the importance of the transformation caused by their waters, and the violent

THOUGHTS FOR SUNDAY.

Good character is above all things A GRAIN of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

NOTHING overcomes passion mere HE who has nothing to do has no business to live.

You will never lose by doing a good

WANT of good sense is the worst of all poverty. THE only disadvantage of an honest

IT costs more to avenge wrongs than to bear them. A GRAND safeguard for doing right is

to hate all that is wrong. WE are apt to consider an act wrong because it is unpleasant to us.

HALF the ills we hoard in our hearts are ills because we hoard them. By being contemptible we set men' minds to the tune of contempt. HAPPINESS and unhappines are quali-ties of the mind not of place or posi-

WE have little pity for others until she do with it? It isn't long enough for we are in a situation to claim it our A LEAF, a sunbeam, a !andscape, the

ocean, make an analogous impression on the mind.

A WISE man may be pinched by pov-erty; but only a fool will allow himself to be pinched by tight shoes. It is by attempting to reach the top at a single leap that so much misery is produced in the world.

Ir thy conscience smite thee once. it an admonition; if it smite thee twice, tis a condemnation. WHEN gratitude has become a matter

reasoning, there are many ways of escaping from its bonds. THE man who can hold his tongue longest in controversy is the one who will come out successful in the end. l o not be dogmatic in your assertions,

strongating to yourself much consequence r those who over-eat and those who half-starve were to strike a balance, the world would be well-fed.

No one can be happy without a friend, and no one can know what friends he has until he is unhappy. THE most terrific storm of real woe in

foam as high as his lips. A MAN may practice sin for years and never know that he possesses a conscience until his sins are found out.

"Too late," and "no more" are the moureful sisters, children of a size ending about ten inches below the where are they never consile. except the bravery they might bestow in behalf of their neighbors. Onorn is the sanity of the mind, the

on the mountains that rise before us.

realth of the body, the prace of the ity the security of the State CANCING bigotry and corresping criticism are usually the product of olders she received another dispatch saving her | was bilities and a puellanimous will THE reason that so many people up

set and sink in the stream of life i

can carry. THERE is no saying shocks us so muc as that which we hear very often, the a man does not know how to pass his

time. Don't despise the small talents; the are needed as well as the great one A candle is sometimes as useful as the

MAINTAIN dignity without the ap pearance of pride: manner is something with everybody, and everything with

Rebuked.

On one occasion a Californian being re

seived by Mr. Carlyle, with his habitual denonciation of the great II public endured it calmly to the end, and then berved: "to ahead, Mr. Carlele. like to hear you abuse the United States for it seems to do you good, and if doesn't do us a bit of harm. You've had a good deal to say of wind hage. I confer- that we're pretty windy on the other -ide, but we can't come up to you over there. Now, you impress me as the biggest windbag-you say you like car dor-I have ever seen. If we should take the wind out of your fifty odd volumes, what would be left of them! They are all wind and you know it. I don't blame you for writing them, how-ever. You made your wind pay, and if you had any common sense, and were fifty y-ars younger, you would surely make, if you'd come and live with us. a pretty good American. You've expressed your views of my country, and I've expressed my views of you. I suppose we're about even. Do I owe you anything, Mr. Carlyle? If I do, I'll pay you." The author is reported to have smiled grimly by way of response, and to have said afterward that the Californian was the least uninteresting American he had ever seen

The Oregon Way. A certain young man in Oregon fell in love with a beautiful young lady resid-

ing near Port Townsend. His passion being promptly reciprocated, marriage was seen proposed but the young lady's parents would have none of this. The father and a belligerent uncle threatened to do the young Romeo serious persona, injury in case his attentions to him fiances were continued, and forbade him ever again entering the premises. The roung lady is represented as having been sitterly persecuted on occount of her refusal to discountenance the dis-carded suitor. The young man becoming aware of this fact determined at once to consumate the nuptials. Accordingly, procuring a license and the services of the necessarily constituted authority, and withal a good Winchester rifle, he repaired at once to the abode of the young woman's parents. En-countering the father and the irate uncle in the yard, he bade them "hands off." declaring that they had threatened to do him personal injury and that in the eyes of the law he would be fustified in doing serious execution with his rifle in case they attempted to execute them, and right there, before the gase of the two astonished belligerents, with one eye fixed on them, the other on the fair one by his side, and with one hand clutching his rifle and the other grasping that of twenty miles in eighteen and a half superficial oscillations to which they his affianced, the nuptial knot was tied, when the happy couple departed

Now Julius loved a pretty girl, And when he wished to please ben, He grabbed her up in both his awas, And shrieked, "See Julius seise be —Stubenedis.

WAIFS AND WHIES.

loor properly.

If a man really wants to know of how fittle importance he is, let him go with his wife to the dressmaker's.

WE are hanging up pictures every day about the chamber walls of our hearts that we shall have to look at when we

from every one.

Laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through.

Laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through.

Pin this to your sleeve and it will save many inquiries. All the Rage, a new comedy by Will D. Enton, dramatic critic of the Chicago

success upon a staircase built from tim-ber furnished by others fallures.—

Whitehall Times.
A MILKMAN makes an excellent canhands without experiencing fatigue. FORMERLY, when great fortunes were

made by business, business is war.
SUNSET, one of the new colors, is described as a mixture of orange and lemon with a purple gloss. If it only had a dash of green in it it would seem

and in every community persons are to be found who delight in being opposed a man's heart rarely flings its froth and to everybody else.

Bessie Tunner, the heroine of Theo-

ONE of the correspondents writes about a gown with half short sleeves Cretice off has been introduced into school in Galveston, Texas, as a dis-

an hi- throat for smoking, and a girl trubbed on her lips for swearing. WOMEN somehow get over cuttlish stigms that med never outgrew. Some men relebrate the aniversary of every includery as long as they live, while women quit doing so almost as soon as they grow up.

men cower, and grows stronger where man faints and over the wastes of wordly for une, sends the radiance of its uenchless fidelity like a star in heaven. LAND-STEWARD to tenant-farmer-"Well, Giles, what are you going to win here?" Farmer—"Ain't 'zactly made up my mind, sir; but if we could put in a few ste wards and land-agentsthey seem to thrive best on the land

arts and manufactures All the gold THERE is nothing to charming as the innocence of children. "Mamma." said a five-year-old, the other day "I wish you wouldn't leave me to take care of

THERE is nothing so certain, we take it, as that those who are the most alert in discovering the faults of a work of MI-S PAYNE, of St. Paul, became a

secret smoker. When two gentlemen

called she hurriedly thrust a lighted

man is talking to her, for fear he n THE Binghamton Republican says: "Among the curiosities at the Parish Aid Loan Exhibition is the pipe smoked by the Six Nations at their last council nire in Oneida Castle." A pipe that has been smoked by six nations must be

emb called down a perfect shower of cor com, along with a pair of gold

MISS JENNIE BURDICK, the pretty eighteen year-old lass who several years ago eloped with a Russian naval officer from San Francisco is now wearing aplows weeds at St. Petersburg. Her husband left the navy, and died at a French port while in charge of a visce! and to the United States, where the buried him and then returned to re Russian capital.

THE fate which dogs Kate Claxton and the Two Orphans seems as remorsestout policeman succeeded by sheer force in pressing them back into the sudience room, where by the appeals of the ushers and actors they were finally quieted without serious damage result

JULIUS CARAD.

And when her mother horwed near And as whow he did squrees her; She dried the quickly flowing team, And yelled, "Oh, Julius, case her! —Syracuse

The old man also bent his pride
And begge: him to release her"Oh, no," the ardent youth replied
"She's such a jewel, you see, dr."
"Buylab Sunos

"Toff racket stop," the uniden said,
"For mo 'tis just the cheese, str;
While I it is their's being squeezed,
Never shall Julius case, str."
— Hobits Gate

Pages in blue and scarlet are now required in order to open a New York

THE most fashionable jewelry is al-ways that which costs the most money.

Times, will shortly be produced at Haverly's Theatre, Brooklyn. A MAN can only rise to the pinnels of

didate for office. Practice with the pumphandle enables him to shake made only in war, war was a business: but now when great fortunes are only

In all waters there are some fish which have to swim against the stream;

dore Tilton's nocturnal ramblings, is not sick, nor is she starving, but she is try-Wir learn to climb by keeping our ing to act in one of the Union Square eyes not on hills that lie behind; but (New York) traveling companies.

mary agent. A boy had it poured

No language can express the power and beauty and heroism and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not where

nowadays!"-London Fun. ONE-THIRD of the gold that is mined goes to wear and tear, one-third goes into circulation, and one third into the in the world would make a pile only twenty-five feet wile, forty-five feet long and twenty-five feet high.

baby again. He was so bad that I had to eat all the sponge cake and two jars of raspberry jam to amuse him." genius, are the least touched with its

cigarette into her pocket, and was soon ablaze, receiving burns that were almost fatal. A YOUNG lady of New York, who is partially deaf, in in the habit of answering " yes ' to everything, when a gentle-

nice and strong. Freat Clos dancers in San Antonio. Tracare on inagnetic that the tract in teleplars from the pockets of e ager ators A few nights ago, at the authorite, that city Miss Ada New

heart of

less and stubborn as the ancient furies. In Baltimore a fight in the vestibule of the theater occurred during the matibrought on a panic. The word "fight;" was mistaken for "fire" when the audience rushed for the door crowding and trampling upon each other, shriek-ing and crying. Luckily they were nearly all ladies and children and a

THERE is a closes connection between