THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

THE BLUE RIDGE BLADE.

J. H. HALLYBURTON, Editor and Proprietor. MORGANTON, N. C., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1880. VOL. V.--NO 41.

Our Little Friend, the Chipmuck.

The chipmuck likes to dig his hole in these dry banks, and you may often hear a rustling in the thick beds of dry leaves loud enough to attract your attention from a distance of fifteen or twenty rods. A cautious approach to the spot will show you a couple of chipmucks chasing each other round and round through the leaves. They will cease from their sports as you come near, but if you sit down quietly they will soon conclude that you are not dangerous, and commence again. They often include the trunk of a fallen tree in their circuit, running along its whole length; then plunging like divers into the leaves, they rush headlong through them, seeming greatly to enjoy the noise and stir which they make. They play in this way for hours. If one stops, the other turns back to look for him, and away they go again. The chipmuck can climb as well as any squirrel, and frequently does so when the coast is clear, but if danger threatens he makes haste to descend. He never can realize that a tree affords him the least security. If you get so near, before he sees you that he dares not come down, he plainly considers the situation to be very serious. Sometimes he will make a desperate rush for the ground within reach of your hand, and as soon as you withdraw he comes down and scampers away, evidently feeling that he has got well out of a bad scrape. Let his large cousins —red, black or gray—depend on trees for safety, if they choose; his trust is in stone walls and brush-heaps, not to mention his burrow. Within reach of these, his easy impudence is in striking contrast with his panic-stricken condition when treed.—*Good Company.*

Autumn Leaves.

An effective method of decorating a wall or panel with autumn leaves is to cover the space to be ornamented with tulle, the meshes of which are as large as possible. This at a distance does not hide the painting or the paper on the wall, and it makes an excellent ground work on which the leaves and ferns can be pinned to form very ornamental designs. Picture scraps are excellent for decorative purposes. Small rooms, and nurseries, especially, papered with them and afterward varnished, afford great entertainment; cornices may be made of them to run around all the wall paper, with about two inches of gold roll between each, and a black bordering. Wooden fire-boards and Holland mats may also be covered with them; these mats should be varnished. Common garden flower-pots can be made ornamental by giving them a coat of paint and then painting on them landscapes, flowers or figures. If you cannot paint, the embossed picture scraps can be pasted on and afterward varnished. Bleached skeleton ferns may be laid on photograph book covers, wooden trays, and blotting books, and varnished. They look especially well on black painted wood; if laid close together they resemble an inleying of ivory. A plain table with one drawer makes quite a pretty writing table by staining it black, and then laying the ferns on a border round the top and around the drawers. The ferns can also be applied to velvet frames, when the whole should be covered with white tulle of the finest and most invisible description. An elegant fireboard may be made in this way.

Agnosticism.

A correspondent writes entreating us to conceal his name, but to let him know "what under the sun" the "agnosticism" and the "agnostics," so often mentioned in the debates of the Pan-Presbyterian Council in Philadelphia, really may be. Our correspondent need not be ashamed of his query. Prof. Huxley claims to have been the first to apply these terms, formerly used to designate a branch of the Donatists of early times, to the doctrines and the "doctrinaires" now so designated. Agnostics are persons who refuse either to affirm, or deny, or accept upon authority the doctrine of the existence of a God, the immortality of the soul, and, in general, anything in theology, psychology or metaphysics the existence of which cannot be scientifically proved or disproved. They are literally "know-nothings" in regard to such matters, and, since they will neither affirm nor deny, they are, or should be, indifferent to them. In practice, however, these anti-believers and anti-infidels are apt to be as hot as if they were baptized Christians or rank heathen.

[Agnosticism and agnostic are defined substantially as above in the supplement to the latest edition of Webster's Dictionary.]—*New York World.*

Whipped for Not Kissing a Homely Girl.

The district school of Barryville, Sullivan county, N. Y., is taught by a young man named Reuben Frazier. George Shik, aged 12 years, was one of his scholars. Shik is a mischievous boy, and the other day he tripped up a girl about his own age as she was passing out of the school-room door. He said it was an accident, but the girl went back and slapped his face. He struck her, and the teacher called him up and flogged him with a stick. Then he was ordered to beg the girl's pardon and shake hands with her. This the boy did. The schoolmaster then said that Shik, to make full amends, must kiss the girl, but this he refused positively to do. His refusal brought him another whipping. Still he said he would not kiss the girl. Then he was flogged for the third time and sent home. Believing that the teacher had no right to insist on their son's kissing any of the girls that attended school with him, and that he had punished the boy unjustly, the boy's parents had the teacher arrested on a charge of assault and battery.

Where Women Were Needed at the Polls.

David Hopkins and Gustave Dettloff were candidates for School Trustee in District No. 1 of New Lots, L. I., at the last election. Mr. Hopkins is a farmer, and was seeking re-election. Mr. Dettloff is connected with an insurance company in this city and is a well-known resident of the town. The friends of Mr. Hopkins, about an hour before the closing of the polls, perceived that there was danger of their candidate's defeat. A consultation was held, and it was decided to utilize the new law giving women the privilege of voting. Accordingly several farm wagons were procured and sent through the district to gather in the farmers' wives and daughters. The wagons returned to the polls with 107 women, all of whom voted for Mr. Hopkins, thus saving him from defeat. It was too late to use a counter-poison.—*New York World.*

"LINGUIST."—*Au revoir* is a contraction of the familiar phrase, "over-the-river," which is synonymous with so-long, ta-ta, see you later, and take care of yourself, old boy.

IN A TIME OF TROUBLE.

As an eagle from the height,
  Looking down upon the lands,
On forests black as night,
  Fair fields and desert sands,

Sees the traveler below
  Losing heart, as, league on league,
Long wildernesses show
  No end to his fatigue,

So Faith, amid her stars,
  Beholding far beneath
The bright or gloomy bars
  In the web of life and death,

Sees weary hearts that deem
  The dark breadth is the whole,
Sees happy hearts that dream
  The bright rays all their goal.

Ah! let this faith be ours—
  That, even 'mid the pain,
Above the present towers,
  And sees the nearing gain;

While, breadth by breadth, appears,
  As from the weaver's hand,
The pattern of the years
  Which God Himself has planned,

A FATAL INHERITANCE.

BY LEIGH L. BROOKNER.

"Is this artist's blouse becoming to me?" asked Drusilla Sterling of her Cousin Lucrece.

"What matter whether a garment becomes you or not? Your attitudes are always graceful and fascinating. If it were for this alone it would be worth while to be the daughter of a dancer. I wonder what Maxwell St. Ives would say if he knew that?"

Drusilla's anger was at white heat, but so great was her self-control that to an ordinary observer she would have seemed perfectly calm. Her voice was unusually smooth and low as she replied to Lucrece's scornful speech:

"Thank you for your compliment, though it is not by any means new for me to be told that I am graceful. As for St. Ives knowing the story of my parentage, I mean to tell him as soon as occasion demands; at present he is too little interested in me or my affairs to care about the story."

Poor Lu felt that her thrust had been without effect. It was rarely she allowed herself to be so bitter, but surely she had occasion. Here was this squint-eyed, pale-faced, ill-born and ill-bred creature, who, by some elfish witchery, had won Lucerce's handsome lover from her.

From the first moment Roy Sebert heard Drusilla's voice he had been ready to follow her through the world. Only two months from England, and already so unfortunate as to have caused an affianced lover to be unfaithful to his vows! It was rumored that a young curate on the other side of the water had committed suicide for her sake.

When her cousin left the room Drusilla sat down before the pier-glass and looked at herself steadily, sadly.

"My fate follows me. I am doomed to make trouble wherever I go. Lu is jealous, and, therefore, unjust. I have never, by the slightest conscious act, tried to win her lover. Yet Roy is handsome, and the temptation has been very strong sometimes."

It was a source of deep humiliation to Drusilla that her mother had been an actress, and, when she remembered her cousin's taunt, she resolved to try and make her more unhappy.

"I will deny myself the pleasure of being amiable to Roy Sebert no longer. If Cousin Lu, with those lovely dark eyes of hers, cannot enchain a lover, we will see what the daughter of a dancer can do!"

She lifted a small green-velvet shade from the toilet table and placed it over her eyes. An intense and unremitting devotion to philosophical studies had made her nearly blind. Certainly, her eyes were not pleasant to look at, and she said, "I certainly wish to shock no one by my hideousness." Perhaps she was also aware that the dark velvet shade would make her forehead the fairer by contrast. She was tall and well developed, not at all the sort of woman one would take to be a coquette. This was what her female friends called her, but the gentlemen without exception denied it.

"She is simply a lovable woman, and wins our interest without effort," said her gentleman admirers.

"She is so artful as to conceal art," said the bitter and unloved of her own sex

One day, as she sat talking to Maxwell St. Ives, the door opened and little 5-year-old Floy said, "Mr. Devine is come."

Maxwell's lip curled, and he remarked: "I did not know this was public-reception day. I will call again."

"Pray be seated, Mr. St. Ives. I have something to say to you when my young friend is gone. Fred is privileged, and comes at any time; you honor me with your presence more rarely."

The caller had for exerse a pair of Drusilla's white kid gloves, that she had left in the village reading-room. She took them with thanks for his thoughtfulness, and as she talked twisted them carelessly in her hands. Fred was pained by this seemingly trival incident. He was romantic and not a little superstitious, for between the palms of the gloves he had placed a dainty blue violet, saying to himself, I will let this blossom be the symbol of my fate. If she places it at her throat or in her hair, if it in any way receives attention or gives pleasure, I shall hope. As she tossed the gloves aside the flower fell broken and unnoticed at her feet. Ah, how different is our dream from the reality. It was the first violet of the year, as it was the first love of his life!

As he arose to go she said: "If you will please take me by the hand I will accompany you to the head of the stairs. I want to scold you a little for something I have heard. With this dreadful shade that I am obliged to wear I cannot find my way without stumbling. Will you excuse me for the merest moment, Mr. St. Ives?"

Now, it was not really necessary for Drusilla to be led about in a house where she was perfectly familiar, but she wished to influence Fred, and knew of no way more certain.

How her soft, magnetic hand thrilled him. Why, her lightest touch was like a caress. She talked very earnestly to him about his growing fondness for cards and wine. Said she had heard such rumors, but would not believe them. Would he promise that the gossip should be without foundation? He would promise anything. He would reform!

Re-entering the parlor, she remarked to Maxwell: "My college boys are so much to me like brothers, I can reprove and admonish them in truly orthodox style without their resenting it. They need some one to scold them a little sometimes."

Maxwell said, in his abrupt, argumentative way: "Fred Devine does not consider himself merely a boy friend he thinks himself a man and comes wooing."

The color crept into Drusilla's pale face: "Hush, Maxwell St. Ives, I will not believe it. My own regard for this lad is so different. I want him to regard me as a friend; I want him to look up to me, and come to me for counsel and sympathy; I want his esteem; in short, I want earnest, respectful, beautiful friendship, instead of fickle, passionate, fatal love!"

She was much excited. All the control she had shown when Lu taunted her was swept away. She had suffered so much through love that she could bear no mention of what had darkened her whole life.

"Whenever and wherever I try to establish a friendship, it is shortly transformed into reckless and despairing love."

All that she said was received in utter silence. Surely he was not man but marble. All this was such deep grief to her, and he did not care. Any other man would have expressed some sympathy; not so this impassive Northerner, who, cynical and bitter, thought it a fine bit of acting. He had been drawn toward her at first, but an anonymous letter had told him to "beware of Drusilla Sterling," that she was an actress by birth, and by education, and utterly without heart. From that time he had been on his guard.

"Pardon my emotion," she said, after a moment's pause. "Pardon me also if I go on to say more of myself.

"I want you to know if there is any sufficient reason in the past why my present should be so full of passion and pain! You have before now accused me of being a coquette! Upon my honor I do not mean to be. What I do I cannot help. It is a deep and sad fatality. Let me tell you the story of my birth that you may judge for yourself how I came to inherit my birthright of sorrow.

"My father was an English artist and married a woman who made her living by singing and dancing at the theaters. She was as deceitful as she was beautiful. My old nurse Jeanette has often told me how mother would say to her: 'The Englishman is an ogre.' But to him she would say: 'You are grand like the gods.' She won him, not because she loved him, but because he was supposed to be wealthy. He loved her with his imagination rather than with his heart. He was very susceptible to beauty and gracefulness, and both were her's to a remarkable degree. The fact that she was married did not prevent men loving her. She died when I was but three days old, and father and Jeanette brought me to England.

"From my tenth year I have been conscious of possessing my mother's fatal fault of fascination. There is nothing I so much deplore, for I have my father's honest English heart, and would win love only where I could return it. Until the last few months I have never known what that word meant. You are still silent. I have lost your esteem by confessing my mother's profession. Oh, Maxwell St. Ives, I trusted you! Are you not still my friend?"

In her earnestness she laid both her little caressing hands over both of his. All his reserve and skepticism were swept away. He pressed her hands like rose leaves in his own, and answered:

"For life—for death!"

Before they parted they were betrothed lovers. Drusilla had some misgivings, and said:

"Can you go to your proud mother and tell her that you have espoused the daughter of a dancer?"

"Drusilla Sterling, I can say anything to anybody. If only you are true to me there is no obstacle to our union that I will not easily overcome. I have given myself to you, body and soul, and God help him who comes between us!"

She felt her heart grow cold as he spoke. Was this love also to prove unhappy? O, it was too sad that in this first glad hour of betrothal there should be a shadow of impending evil. She loved him so! It was cruel that she could not be free from forebodings. At the moment of farewell she sobbed as if her heart were breaking, and he had scarcely reached his home when a note followed him, saying:

"MAXWELL ST. IVES: As I love you I must never see you again. I would only bring you unhappiness. It is my sad fate. Forget me and farewell.

"Yours, with love and regret,

"DRUSILLA STERLING."

It was hardly the kind of letter to send a man the world's width from his heart's desire! No possible combination of words could have been more certain to bring him to her side. No pleading, no tenderness, could have been more potent than this deeply-despondent dismissal.

What would he not venture for her affection! Other men might love her—they must love her if they but entered her presence—but as for Drusilla herself, she should be so sheltered by his devotion, so hedged about by his attentions and tenderness that she could love no one else.

He would not visit her to-morrow nor for many days. He would wait until her mood had changed and she was subdued by a desire to see him. He had some power over her that he knew. But his own will was weakest. He must see her. He must hold her in his arms, if only for a moment. It was evening, two weeks from his last visit. That very afternoon Roy Sebert had returned from a fishing excursion, and at 8 o'clock he found Drusilla alone in the brilliantly-lighted parlor. Never had he seen her so well dressed, she was careless about her attire in general. She had put on her one rich dress, a myrtle green silk, bought, I think, to match her emerald ring and necklace, Drusilla had persuaded herself that Maxwell would visit her that evening. Oh, could she but have known on what a fatal errand, she would never have let Roy lift her hand to examine the quaint device on her ring. Before she could prevent it, Roy had pressed her hand to his lips. She snatched it angrily away, and at that instant the words flashed through her brain, "God help him who comes between us."

At Drusilla's command Roy instantly left the room. He had been gone but a moment when she heard the report of a pistol, and, fearing she knew not what, she rushed into the hall only to find her worst fears confirmed. Roy Sebert lay there upon the floor in a last agony, the blood issuing from a wound in his heart.

Swift as Drusilla had been Lucrece was there before her. She was down upon her knees trying to stanch the blood. Her face was distorted with horror and grief. She was still as death until she found her efforts vain, and, when her lover fell a lifeless burden from her arms, such a shriek echoed through the house as could never be forgotten by those who heard it. Father and mother knew in that instant that their beloved only daughter was a hopeless maniac. Glaring wildly around, her glance fell upon Drusilla, and, regarding her cousin as the murderer of her lover, she sprang toward her with insane fury. It required the united strength of Mr. Sterling and his farm-hand to loosen her hold of Drusilla's throat! O what a night of horror was that! Drusilla lying between life and death, Lucrece raving of her lover, and accusing Drusilla as his murderer.

Only one person knew the truth of the affair; that was John Miller, the hired man. He had been to the village, and, on his return, he saw Maxwell St. Ives standing by the gate, looking toward the house. The man glanced up to find what attracted his attention, and there, plain as day, saw Roy Sebert kiss Drusilla's hand. The next instant Maxwell went rapidly up the walk, entered the house without announcement, and, almost immediately afterward, retraced his steps, mounted his horse, and rode rapidly away.

All this was elicited the following day at the Coroner's inquest, and the fact that Maxwell St. Ives was missing was all that was needed to confirm the verdict, and free Drusilla from any suspicion of direct complicity in the murder. Yet when, after weeks of illness, she came back to reason and life, she felt that she could no longer remain under her uncle's roof.

"I must live by myself," she said, sadly; "I bring sorrow and death into every household I enter."

So it was planned that a cottage should be bought, and Jeanette should be sent for as companion and servant.

I was visiting a friend in the country who told me the story. She said to me, one afternoon when we were out driving, "Would you like to call on Drusilla Sterling? there is the cottage."

It was a beautiful place. There were English roses trained about the low porch. A woman in French cap met us at the door and conducted us into the room where her mistress sat reading. A stately woman, wearing a black dress and a small black cap, that, with its coronet outline marked by tiny pearls, looked like a small royal crown. The eyes were clear and dark, but infinitely sad. Of late years Jeanette had read to her mistress until Drusilla's overtaxed eyes had, by rest and carefulness, become as bright as in youth. Her mouth was large, but curved and sweet. She was so grateful to us for coming; she admitted that her life was lonely at times.

When my friend said, "I have told Miss Brookner your story, and she gives you her love and sympathy," she reached her right hand out to me. I can never forget the clasp of those soft, caressing fingers. By-and-by she was led to talk of the past and of Maxwell St. Ives. A man answering to the advertised description of him had died of yellow fever in New Orleans one year after that summer-night tragedy.

Snow-Shoeing in Norway.

Of all the bodily exercises I know of, there is none in my opinion that can come up to snow-shoeing, as it is done in Norway. Skating is nothing compared to this sport. What can equal the splendid sensation of flying across the deep snow at the rate of many miles an hour, without hardly moving a muscle? And then, going down hill, staff in hand, no exertion necessary other than to keep the balance, while gliding softly but swiftly onward. Unlike the Canadian snow-shoes, these *ski* (pronounced *shee*) of the Norwegians are often fully twelve feet long, curving upward at the prow, and are not broader than three or four inches. Throughout the whole length they are provided with a groove for the purpose of keeping them from slipping when going at an angle down hill. Although by no means slow when used across level ground, it is yet downhill that they are most effective, for their long length and their polished undersurface on the frozen snow cause a speed more like flying than any other motion I know of.

The inhabitants of Telemarken, in the South of Norway, are most efficient *ski* runners, and at the annual competitions at Christiania generally bear off the prizes. At the competition there in 1879, one of these men leaped, according to a local newspaper, a distance of thirty Norwegian *alen*, or fully sixty feet! Into this country it will be impossible to introduce them, as of course there would be little or no opportunity for using them—the snow never lying long enough or becoming sufficiently deep.—*Blackwood.*

Newspapers.

From a newspaper directory published in New York we learn that 9,723 newspapers are published in the United States. Of these journals 1,835 are Democratic, 1,747 Republican, and 122 Greenback. The number of political papers printed in each State and Territory is as follows:

States.	*Republican.*	*Democratic.*	*Greenback.*
Alabama	3	68	..
Arkansas	4	62	..
California	44	32	1
Colorado	13	7	..
Connecticut	22	9	..
Delaware	3	4	..
District of Columbia	5	3	1
Florida	1	15	..
Georgia	3	81	..
Illinois	164	165	17
Indiana	112	86	8
Iowa	184	79	17
Kansas	102	25	5
Kentucky	3	78	2
Louisiana	6	35	1
Maine	19	10	2
Maryland	18	31	..
Massachusetts	37	9	1
Michigan	92	46	12
Minnesota	50	17	2
Mississippi	1	58	4
Missouri	63	142	12
Nebraska	49	11	5
Nevada	6	4	..
New Hampshire	30	13	2
New Jersey	38	34	6
New York	168	130	6
North Carolina	5	52	..
Ohio	156	108	4
Oregon	16	11	..
Pennsylvania	136	124	6
Rhode Island	6	2	..
South Carolina	..	37	..
Tennessee	11	55	1
Texas	4	101	6
Vermont	34	6	..
Virginia	1	53	..
West Virginia	15	31	2
Wisconsin	52	44	2
Arizona	..	4	..
Dakota	13	2	..
Idaho	2	2	..
Montana	2	3	..
New Mexico	1	1	..
Washington	2	..	..
Utah	..	..	..
Wyoming	2	..	..
Total	1,747	1,835	122

EVERY Prince of the Royal family in Germany is taught when young some useful trade for the purpose of sobering the mind and bringing it face to face with the material world and the realities of life, and among the profusion of curiosities and artistic relics which crowd the Emperor William's private cabinet may be seen specimens of book-binding, carving, carpentering and other handiwork performed by his sons and grandsons.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

Hinds is the most populous county in Mississippi.

There are nine cotton seed oil mills in Mississippi.

The cattle drive of Texas this year will reach 400,000.

The State Treasury of Texas contains nearly $1,000,000.

Jasper county, Ala., voted to repeal the prohibition law.

Western Texas is fast being turned into pastures with barbed wire.

Beaufort county, S. C., has 2,438 white and 27,752 colored inhabitants.

The State offices at Little Rock are still heated with blazing pine knots.

There are 2,170 members of the Ancient Order of United Workmen in Tennessee.

The new public school building at Little Rock will be heated with hot water pipes.

A gentleman has recently settled at New Smyrna, Fla., with twenty-two hives of bees, brought from Ohio.

Preparations are being made to light the Eagle and Phœnix Mills at Columbus, Ga., with the electric light.

Of 122 Greenback newspapers in the United States only sixteen are published south of the Ohio river.

S. H. Cox, of Oglethorpe county, Ga., presented the Rev. Mr. Ivey with a plantation worth $4,000.

There is but one member of the forty of the last Georgia Senate returned to the present Legislature.

There are fourteen thousand six hundred and fifty-two more females than males in South Carolina.

The Pratt coal and coke company, five miles from Birmingham, Ala., are getting out 600 tons of coal per day.

The Commissioner of Immigration of Florida thinks that 18,000 people have immigrated to that State within two years.

An elegant new steamer is being built to run on the line between New York, Port Royal, Fernandina and Jacksonville, Fla.

In Nicholas county, W. Va., James Austin, aged thirteen, and George Mastin, aged sixteen, killed during a week's hunt, four deer.

Notice has been given that a bill will be introduced into the next Legislature to increase the liquor license of Telfair county, Ga., to $5,000.

The shipments of cattle and sheep from Southwestern Virginia are now so heavy that it is with difficulty that cars can be procured for their transportation.

The machinery for a Clement Attachment has been received and put in position at Mt. Pleasant, Gadsden county, Fla. It took three cars to carry the machinery to that place.

A sale of $20,000 in Tennessee bonds was made in Nashville at forty-six cents on the dollar, a heavy advance on the rates which have ruled for some time past.

One thousand feet of tubing for the artesian well has arrived in Little Rock, and work will be at once resumed in preparing the well for further boring. The directors believe that a large volume of water will be obtained.

A man in Madison county, Tex., gathered on his farm 1,000 bushels of pecans and sold them in San Antonio for $3.40 per bushel. Just $25 covered the expenses of gathering and marketing, so he realized a profit of $3,400 on the crop.

In Augusta, Ga., a velocipede tournament for the small boys is held every year, the merchants of the city contributing the prizes, which consist of knives, balls and other articles best suited to boys' fancy.

There will be five colored men in the Tennessee Legislature, three from Shelby, one from Tipton and one from Davidson county. T. A. Sykes, the colored member from Davidson, was a member of the North Carolina Legislature.

The Capitol Commissioners appointed by the Georgia Legislature to look into the validity of the title of the city of Atlanta to the City Hall lot, which was deeded some time ago to the State for the site of the State capitol, have held a meeting and decided to accept the City Hall lot.

At Dallas, Tex., Maj. Penn baptized thirteen convicts, old men and women, middle-aged and young people, in the river. Long before the hour arrived for the immersion the town commenced pouring forth its citizens till the banks of the river on either side was a mass of humanity. His meetings are the events of the season.

The hotel-keepers of New Orleans, who have decided to employ white girls as waiters, say they have no trouble in securing them, and say that respectable families apply almost daily for places for their daughters. The girls like the work and give satisfaction, both to employers and their guests.

Three crazy persons, two negro women and a white man, all of Newnan, Ga., passed through Macon Thursday, on their way to the asylum at Milledgeville. Singular to say, all three went crazy through jealousy. The negro women on account of the infidelity of their husbands, and the white man from the same on the part of his wife.

The Knoxville City Council now has pending before it an ordinance providing that manufactories hereafter established in Knoxville with a capital of $5,000 or more shall be relieved of taxation for fifteen years. Atlanta, Chattanooga and other Southern cities long ago adopted this policy, and now have their reward in extensive and paying manufactories of various kinds.

Judge William Cothran was on his way to Lexington, Miss., to hold Circuit Court, when he was suddenly taken sick at Winona and died in a few hours. He was seventy-five years old, and had been Circuit Judge six years before the war. He was elected by the people since the war and was removed by Governor Ames. He was appointed in 1876 by Governor Stone for six years.

The New Orleans Picayune has some statistics showing that before the civil war the South had more taxable property on her rolls than New England and the Middle States combined. After the contest and five years of peace, she had sunk $300,000,000 below the New England States alone. In 1860 forty per cent. of all the real and personal property assessed in the United States was in the Southern States, while now they have only fourteen per cent.

Some English capitalists own 500,000 acres of land in Alabama, on the line of the Alabama Great Southern railroad, which are very rich in timber and minerals and which they intend developing. For the present chief attention will be given to developing the mineral resources of those lands, which are almost boundless, but the farming interests will not be neglected. Arrangements are now making to induce immigration of English farmers, and at an early day a number will probably settle on the lands.

Dellville (Tex.) Times: W. E. Crump, near his plantation on the Brazos river, last week discovered an alligator on the bank, some distance from the water. On riding up quite close it reared up to attack him, when he dextrously threw a strong rope over its head, and wheeling his horse rode quickly off. The alligator followed so rapidly that it were fully a hundred yards before he succeeded in tightning the rope around his neck. After a desperate struggle Mr. Crump succeeded in dragging his prize home, where he dispatched it at his leisure. It measured over ten feet.

A Water-Wheel Story.

Some one tells the following story, which serves to point a moral: "There were two men (in about 1838), Stickpenny and Whewell, who owned a sawmill near Old Town, Maine, in common. The arrangement under which the mill was operated was that each had the mill all to himself during alternate weeks. Stickpenny was a mean, rusty old chap. Whewell was a shrewd, investigating young man. The mill was run by a crude, rough kind of an undershot wheel, that gave very little power for the amount of water used, so that the water was often short. Whewell wanted to put in a new iron spiral-vent wheel, then just coming out, but Stickpenny would have nothing to do with it. He wasn't going to lay out money for any 'such a job as that.' Finally, Whewell said he would pay all the bills, to which Stickpenny at last agreed, 'but provided you put the wheel in in your week.' So the new wheel was put in, and Whewell, being of a mechanical turn of mind, experimented with it, and soon found that by plugging up some of the orifices the saw went through the log faster than when they were all open. So he plugged them up during his week, and always pulled the plugs all out again for Stickpenny to operate with. Soon it began to be noticed that somehow or other Whewell always managed to saw a couple of thousand feet more of lumber in his week than ever Stickpenny could, no matter how the pond was.

"Finally Stickpenny went down to see Whewell about it. Says he, 'Whewell, how is it that you manage to saw more lumber in a given time than I can when my turn comes round?' Says Whewell, 'Don't you know how that is? Waal, I'll tell you. It's because you ain't been treatin' of me fairly in this matter. It's ag'in nature. You can't expect the mill to saw as well for you as it does for them as do the square thing all around.' Stickpenny wouldn't believe that, and went away. But still the mill went on turning out regularly more lumber for Whewell than Stickpenny managed to get out of it; so, finally, the latter came round, and said, 'What's your bill? I'll pay my share.'

"He paid it, and thereafter Stickpenny managed to saw lumber just as lively as Whewell did. 'Well,' said the old fellow, 'I always knew that the folks around here were all ag'in me, but I never thought that the Almighty was;' and he died without finding out the explanation of it at all."

Abolishing Dog Latin.

An attempt has been made on the other side of the water to abolish the dog Latin hieroglyphics used by physicians in writing prescriptions for druggists. It has been asserted that this hideous jargon, together with bad penmanship, has been responsible for more fatal blunders in making up prescriptions than carelessness or ignorance on the part of the druggist. Doubtless in the "cultured" nineteenth century it seems supremely ridiculous to commence directions to a druggist with "R," which is the transformed sign of Jupiter, and, of course, an invocation to that planet to exercise a favorable influence over the subsequent course of the dose to be swallowed. However, most people think the "R" with the down stroke is a contraction for "Recipe," while they do not profess to understand (nor is it desired that they should understand) the cabalism which covers the rest of the sheet: "R. Spir. Scot. ziii. Suc. Dem. opt. zii. Liq. Lim. exp. q. s., ad. zviii. M. et Sol. sec. artem. Sig. Ij coch. mag. sum. intervello brev." Who would suppose that this was only a Hudibrascan method of directing that the patient should take a powerful glass of whisky punch on going to bed? However, the obscurity of the words is just one of the reasons why they are so dear to the practitioner. It is not advisable that crochety or nervous people should always know what they are getting.

"Ella, is your father at home?" said a bashful lover to his sweetheart. "I want to propose something very important to him." "No, Clarence, papa is not at home, but I am. Couldn't you propose to me just as well?" And he did with perfect success.

SLEEPING-CAR TYRANTS.

A Discussion of the Ways and Means of the Colored Porter.

(New York Times.)

Every sleeping-car is nominally in charge of a special conductor, a gorgeous being, with an ornamented cap, who disappears from view when the train starts and is not seen again until morning. The real despot of the sleeping-car is the colored porter, who, as soon as the conductor has gone into another car to make himself comfortable, assumes unlimited authority. The moment it is dark, he puts his passengers to bed. No matter how anxious a passenger may be to sit up until ten o'clock in order to pursue an innocent conversation with a young lady, the porter approaches him and remarks: "We's want to make [illegible] bed, now, sah!" With the abjectness of spirit characteristic of American travelers, the unfortunate man never dreams of disputing the porter's authority, but rises promptly and balances himself uneasily against a neighboring berth while his bed is put in order. The object of the porter in thus requiring his passengers to go to bed early is easily perceived. The sooner they are out of the way the sooner he can go to bed himself. What to him is the wail of the wretched traveler who is thrust into a stifling berth hours before he can by any possibility go to sleep? What cares he for the disappointment of the young man and the young woman who had expected to enjoy each other's society during the evening? He knows that if he orders the passengers to go to bed they will not dare to disobey him, and his own personal comfort is the only object which is dear to him. As soon as the passengers are in bed, the porter takes away their shoes, not necessarily with a view to blackening them, but as a guarantee that they will not get out of bed without permission. These shoes he takes to his private bed at the end of the car, where he spends a little time in mixing them, and then prepares for sleep. As a rule the porter does not snore, because he holds that the duty of snoring properly belongs to the passengers. If, however, as sometimes happens, no passenger volunteers to snore, the porter demonstrates the fearful power of the African nose by snoring with a sustained vigor that no ordinary traveling nose can hope to emulate. Before going to sleep the porter has, of course, closed all the ventilators if it is summer, and stirred up the fire if it is winter, thus making sure that his victims shall suffer from heat and gain as little sleep as possible for their money. What with the heat and the noise the passengers rarely manage to fall asleep before twelve o'clock, by which time the porter, refreshed by his nap, rouses himself and begins his midnight round. He stops at every berth, and, shaking the sleeping passenger, wakes him up to ask him: "Was it you, sah, that was wanting to get out here?" Of course, no one wants to get out, as the porter perfectly well knows, but it is a part of his fiendish system to wake everybody at midnight, and thus prevent them from forgetting their miseries in sleep. When his midnight round is finished the porter returns to his den and takes a sound nap. Long experience has taught him that a passenger who is waked up at midnight will fall asleep again at three o'clock a. m. Accordingly, he sleeps until nearly four o'clock, when he begins with malignant delight the process of getting his passengers out of bed. He informs every one that "We're most there, sah!"—without attaching the slightest meaning to the word "there"—and that "We're waiting to put them beds away now, sah!" The meek passenger, believing that he must be at the point of arriving at the station where breakfast was to be had, dresses hurriedly, spends half an hour in a general shoe exchange with his fellow travelers, and then finds that he has three long hours to wait before he can have any breakfast. At this point he generally loses his patience and uses language in regard to sleeping-car porters which can not be defended by austere moralists; but, nevertheless, when the porter comes to him and demands fifty cents for having mixed the shoes, he pays him without daring to hint that he deserves the most ingenious death that the ablest inquisitor ever invented.

The Law of Entail.

Much misapprehension exists in this country as to the present powers of entail in England. There is no such thing as a law of primogeniture, except in so far that if a man die intestate his real estate would pass to his eldest son, except in Kent, where it would be divided among all his sons. Up to the close of the last century the power of entail was illimitable. It was curtailed in consequence of the extraordinary will made by a merchant named Thellusson, of Swiss origin, who accumulated a vast fortune in London, partly by buying up jewels from French emigres at the time of the great revolution. Mr. Thellusson intended his money to accumulate until it would have reached about $700,000,000. The Government, deeming it undesirable that any subject should possess wealth so colossal, introduced a bill limiting entail to living persons and twenty-one years afterward. This is is not much greater than the power of entail in New York, and almost identical with that in Massachusetts. Many estates in and around New York—the Lefferts, Rhinelander, for example—are entailed. In England hundreds of great properties are completely unentailed, and it is purely the custom, not the law, of the country which will cause them to be transmitted to the eldest son. Men who are very liberal in politics favor the custom, because they think that it keeps up the position of a family, and that were an estate divided up in the next generation none would be better for such division. It is not generally understood here that the law in England permits a man to leave his property precisely as he pleases, and that a Duke can leave all to his footman. The great estates, for instance, of the Duke of Hamilton, Premier Duke of Scotland, were, up to the time of his marriage, absolutely unentailed. This came out of some law proceedings.—*London Times.*

A SMALL boy who lives in Brooklyn, is very fond of drinking coffee at breakfast-time, and his mother does not want him to drink it. He is also fussy about what he eats—saying he doesn't like this or that. Recently his mother, after refusing to give him coffee, was chiding him for saying that he didn't like something that was on the table, and told him he must eat what other people ate. "Very well," said he, with an injured look, "if I've got to take what other people take, bring on your coffee."

CHILDREN, it seems, are imported directly from Italy and sent into the streets of New York to make a profitable business of begging. The choicest importation of this class are blind, lame, and deformed children. One enterprising manager has sent several beggars to Saratoga to test the market there. These incidents illustrate the folly of indiscriminate charity.

PITH AND POINT.

AND now Lady Godiva is said to be a myth—a bare falsehood, as it were.

ACTORS should be watched closely on election day. They are professional repeaters.

SOME one inquires: "Where have all the ladies' belts gone?" Gone to waist long ago.

IF a mule had as many legs as a cockroach this country wouldn't be so thickly populated.

THE bobtailed horse spends his whole existence in lamenting his lack of terminal facilities.

A COMPOSITOR who cannot agree with his wife says he must have taken her out of the wrong case.

WHY is the discovery of the North pole like an illicit whisky manufactory? Because it's a secret still.

IT requires but a short time for a young lady out shopping to learn all the countersigns of the dry-goods trade.

"I cannot think," says Dick,
"What makes my ankles grow so thick."
"You do not reflect," says Harry,
"How great a calf they have to carry."

THE *Eye* says it was a Bloomington man who hit the nail on the head, but he mourned the loss of a thumb by the transaction.

FROM Adam they took a ribbone to make fair woman. Fair woman has been made up with ribbon ever since.—*Bloomington Eye.*

PHYSICIANS now say that the telephone is injurious to the ear. We presume it's the strain of listening and hearing nothing that does the harm.

ONE of the first requisitions received from a newly-appointed railway station agent was: "Send me a gallon of red oil for the danger lanterns."

IN Texas there is a township called Gin, and in it a town called Brandy, and the name of the postoffice is Rummy. No State could ask for anything better.

A VERY disagreeable old gentleman dies. A nephew, charged with the duty of preparing his epitaph, suggests: "Deeply regretted by all who never knew him."

"AIN'T that a lovely critter, John?" said Jerusha, as she stopped opposite the leopard's cage. "Wa'al, yes," said John, "but then he's dreffully freckled, ain't he?"

"I THINK, dear, the dew has commenced falling," he said in his softest accents. "Yes," she yawned, "I've been hoping to hear adieu for some time. He didn't call the next evening.

THE Whitehall *Times* says the fish in Lake Champlain have been so long without water that when it began to rain, for the first time in six weeks, they were seen running about with umbrellas over their heads.

A YOUNG woman in Denver flung herself into a cistern, but she was fished out. A local paragrapher advised her as follows: "Turn from your evil ways." But he won't joke that way when it comes cistern.

A POET asks: "When I am dead and lowly laid. . . . . And clods fall heavy from the spade, who'll think of me?" Don't worry. Tailors and shoemakers have retentive memories, and you'll not be forgotten.—*Norristown Herald.*

FATE of a jilted butcher:

He tried in drink to drown his cares,
And there found no relief;
But daily grew more woe-begone—
You never sausage grief.
At last his weary soul found rest,
His sorrows now are o'er;
No fickle maid now troubles him—
Pork reacher, he's no more.

ONE Sunday night we were sitting out in the moonlight, unusually silent, almost sad. Suddenly some one—a poetic-looking man, with a gentle, lovely face—said, in a low tone, "Did you ever think of the beautiful lesson the stars teach us?" We gave a vague, appreciative murmur, but some soulless clod said, "No; what is it?" "How to wink," he answered, with a sad, sweet voice.

Simple Language in Sermons.

In addressing the multitude, simplicity of language is always highly desirable, there being the danger of the unlearned attaching very different (and sometimes very awkward) meanings to the grand and uncommon words which even careful clergymen may be betrayed into using in the pulpit. One of those, when in his study and in the act of composing a sermon, made use of the term "ostentatious man." Throwing down his pen, he wished to satisfy himself, ere he proceeded, as to whether a great portion of his congregation might comprehend the meaning of the said term, and adopted the following method of proof. Ringing the bell, his footman appeared, and was thus addressed by his master: "What do you conceive to be implied by an ostentatious man?" "An ostentatious man, sir?" said Thomas. "Why, sir, I should say a perfect gentleman." "Very good," said the Vicar. "Send Ellis [his coachman] here." "Ellis," asked the Vicar, "what do you imagine an ostentatious man to be?" "An ostentatious man, sir?" replied Ellis. "Why, I should say an ostentatious man meant what we calls—saving your presence—a —— jolly good fellow." It need scarcely be told that the Vicar substituted a less "ostentatious" word.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Crushed.

A dashing young fellow was very attentive to a young lady who secretly did not favor his attentions, and who was blessed with an observing little brother of only a few summer's growth. The lady's admirer was visiting her when the little chap broke into their presence, and, mounting the dashing young man's knee, said: "Haven't you got a fine room?" "Oh, yes," proudly replied the dashing young fellow, whose vanity was evidently touched by the remark. Seeing, as he thought, in the circumstances an opportunity to make a favorable impression on the sister, he gave his mustache an extra twist, and reiterated his reply with emphasis: "Oh yes, a very fine room." "I thought so," said the young hopeful, musingly. "But what made you think so?" said the young lady's admirer, his curiosity by this time fully aroused. "Because," was the crushing reply, "Sister Mag said your room was better than your company."

Blowing the Horn.

The Athens (Ga.) *Banner* reports that many years ago Athens had a law forbidding the sale of liquors in quantities less than a quart. Whenever a man came along and bought a quart he could not, of course, drink it all, so the bar-keeper would go to the door and blow a blast on a cowhorn, and the loafers all around town would hasten to help the purchaser dispose of his quart. When, by any chance, a gallon was purchased, the bar-keeper would blow a ram's horn, and then the boys would say to each other, "No use to hurry so, he's got a gallon."