BLUE RIDGE BLADE.

J. H. HALLYBURTON, Editor and Proprietor. MORGANTON, N. C., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1881. VOL. VI.--NO. 1.

The Isle of Man—The Isle for Women.

There are corners of the world from which we seldom hear, but when we do, we hear something worth while. Such is the Isle of Man, chiefly notable hitherto among the ladies for cats without tails; henceforth to be remarkable among women suffragists for women with all their rights. Geographically the Isle of Man is equi-distant from England, Ireland, and Scotland. Politically it enjoys home rule. Socially it is quiet and conservative. Industrially it furnishes various metals, minerals, and agricultural products. Politically it has furnished, in its limited area, its share of a possible solution of a great problem. Its Legislature has widened the suffrage to householders of both sexes, under the same conditions. The *Woman's Suffrage Journal*, an English periodical, rapturously proclaims: "Thus the House of Keys, probably the most ancient popular assembly in the world, has been true to its tradition of resisting encroachment on liberty by taking measures to secure the exercise of political rights by women as well as by men, and by asserting the principle of free government for the whole, and not merely for the half of the people."

The House of Keys is the popular branch of the Manx Legislature, the other House being the Governor and Council. The franchise measure was introduced by the Governor, in the old style, conferring the right of voting on the male inhabitants. The House of Keys amended it by stricking out the word "male," by a vote of five to one. It is said there is no doubt that the new law will be concurred in so far as the Manx-men are concerned. The acts of the Legislature require the sanction of the Crown of Great Britian before they become operative; and, if Queen Victoria withholds her approval, the "half of the people" will declare that she is no true women.

The area of the Isle of Man is 180,000 acres, the population about 55,000. One might think if there's peace to be found in the world, the heart that is humble might hope for it there. It has a revenue of about £50,000, and its annual Government expenses are some £10,000 less. Nevertheless, the island has a very respectable debt of about £150,000. When the women get into the Legislature, as they naturally must, they will have this debt reduced or, if not, know the reason why. The kingship or lordship of the Isle of Man is of military descent, but the lordship was sold to the British Crown in 1765, and the Governors are now appointed by the Sovereign of Great Britain. The Manxmen make their own laws, and impose their own taxes. The institutions of the Isle date back to 940, and the House of Keys antedates the British House of Commons. The local historians claim a long record of independent legislation and conservation of popular rights of which they properly are proud. With the women on their side they will be prouder still. Yet something is due to their insular position, and to their—insignificance—we might say, but for fear of the ladies.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Portrait of Uncle Sam.

In personal appearance, Uncle Sam is a tall, bony, healthy-looking man, apparently of 45; for, though born in 1776, he bears his age well, and seems to be getting younger every day. He loves to brag of his establishment, and puts himself on such an equality with the people that a train of hangers on are always at his elbow. There are always at his table a number of gray-headed old fellows, who were his companions in youth, and of whose services he continually speaks. He loves to boast how Tom Such-a-one saved his life at Bunker Hill, and how Dick Somebody whipped a fellow that assaulted him at Eutaw. He often, too, wipes his eyes when he looks at the picture of a tall General, hanging up in his parlor, who, he says, whipped a fellow named Pakenham, who once tried to take away one of his girls and a cotton bale. On these occasions Uncle Sam will become greatly excited, and, taking off his cocked hat—which, he says, was the gift of his old friend George Washington—will swear he has the best land in the world, and can out-run, out-jump, and whip any man on the hill. In truth, these are but eccentricities of a character which is so mixed up with generous virtues as to be excusable. Though inclined to peace, he can sometimes play the braggart, and is one of those who, while he will give his life in the way of friendship, in the matter of bargains will stickle on the ninth part of a hair. At any attempt upon him of this character, he will shoulder his cane and act out as many maneuvers as a half-pay Lieutenant of infantry. On the whole, he is one of those who will cudgel his best friend in a cause in which he is engaged, and embrace his bitterest enemy in whose conduct is observable the smallest principle of magnanimity and honor.—*Southern Literary Gazette.*

His Best Points.

A young man who is not very bright, but likes to affect the sporting character, recently bought a horse, and he thinks he is the handsomest horse in the United States. The young man was showing the animal to a man who really knows something about horses, pointing out all the animal's good points. When he got through praising the beast, the other spoke up and said, "All you say about the animal is so, but you have omitted two of his very best points." "What are they?" "Well, in the first place, nobody is ever going to steal the animal from you, and, secondly, if any body should steal him, you would have no trouble in overtaking him on foot."—*Exchange.*

GERTIE'S GLOVE.

Slips of a kid skin deftly sewn,
A scent as through her garden blows,
The tender hue that clothes her dove,
All these—and this is Gertie's glove.

A glove but lately doffed, for look—
It keeps the happy shape it took
Warm from the touch! What gave the glow?
And where's the mold that shaped it so?

It clasped the hand, so pure, so sleek,
Where Gertie rests a pensive cheek,
The hand, that when the light wind stirs,
Reproves those laughing locks of hers.

Your fingers four, you little thumb!
Were I but you, in days to come,
I'd clasp and kiss and keep her—go!
And tell her that I told you so.

A GIRL'S FANCY.

BY EDWARD J. SHRIVNER.

It is a quiet summer afternoon, and the valley in the Catskills where we find ourselves lies in perfect stillness; the skiff that monopolizes the little lake moving gently along without a ripple to make pretense of barring its progress. Brownfields is a delightful place, but if it were not for the visitors with whom the Peters fill their house in the summer, lonely enough to be called wild. With the Peters and their friends, and with the groups of workmen that Mr. Peters' forges have gathered in the valley, we have little to do; but will turn again to look at the fisher-boy, the sole occupant of the skiff.

Jimmie Gordon is ambitious, and for the son of an Irish workman—the foreman at one of the shops—is well educated and refined. Mr. More, a city clergymen who spent some of his vacations at Brownfields, was struck with his quick native shrewdness, and, taking an interest in him, loaned him books, talked with him, helped him orally while in the mountains, and afterward by correspondence; and Jimmie's own intelligence and earnest application have done the rest; so that when we meet him as Mr. Peters' fisherman, he not only intends, with a true American sanguineness, to rise, but is far better equipped for the battle he has enlisted in than many even who start on a good deal higher plane. Meanwhile he attends strictly to business, and to-day, when we find him on the lake, has finished his fishing for the day, and is idly sculling about, thinking of that better fortune that he has resolved shall be his in time, and wondering in what shape the

Miss Etta Larton does not in the least look like a Fate as she comes down the hill-path with her cousin, George Larton, and their mutual friend, Harry Ellis; in fact, we are very much inclined to agree with George when he thinks of her to-day as much more of a Grace; but if she is not a Fate herself she is certainly a notable instrument of their will. They are all three stopping with a large party at Montrose, the nearest apology for a town, and this full four miles away. Miss Larton, however, "goes in" for walking as the proper thing in the mountains, and rather against the will of her escorts, has covered the whole four miles on foot, and is still fresh and ready for adventures when she enters the little Brownsfields valley. Rather dark, of medium height, and in sturdy good health, shall be the whole of her personal description; and for her "state in life" it will be enough to say that she is the only daughter of the richest man in Cleveland, and so of course spoiled, but withal, very fascinating, as Cousin George can testify. She is given to whims, and just now the fancy that strikes her is to have a row on the clear little lake that is so invitingly laid out below, so that the one duty of her obedient companions is to find the ways and means; not altogether an easy task, seeing that all the boats are carefully locked up, except the one that Jimmie and his fish use with not the best effects as to cleanliness. Still, as it is the only one, it must be had, and Jimmie, in response to Larton's request, immediately rows up and takes the party, Miss Etta in the stern and in full view of the handsome boatman.

Is there such a thing as love at first sight? Surely; and before the trip around the lake is finished, Etta is completely conquered by the blue eyes of this Irish fisher-lad. On his part he felt the natural attraction toward a lovely girl that any man would; but never expecting to see her again any more than other chance visitors who have happened to row over the lake, he hardly thinks of her as more to him than a beautiful picture. If for a second anything further had entered his mind, he would instantly have dismissed it as an absurd crying for the moon. But Etta is not used to giving up her whims so easily. No sooner had she discovered that she liked his looks than she made up her mind to see more of him; and when Jimmie, after explaining all the surroundings of the lake, lands them, and somehow impresses on them the conviction that he is not the sort of person to fee, she takes her cousin aside, and persuades him a little against his will to try and make a return for his politeness by asking him to the hop at the Montrose hotel the next week.

And now opens the new era in our hero's life. He is quite good-looking enough and "nice" enough not to seem out of place in a frock-coat; and by careful use of his own and brother's best clothes, he is able to appear at the hotel quite correctly attired for a country hop, and so far from finding Etta's infatuation vanished as suddenly as it was born, she seems worse than before. Going to meet him as he enters the room, with an eager, bright smile, she quickly exclaims:

"Then you haven't failed us?"

"Why, no; surely I wouldn't miss such a chance as this." And then, suddenly reflecting that it would be best to modify this, he adds, "and of seeing you."

A quick flush of pleasure comes to her face at this first sign of admiration from him, and all her habitual coquettery comes to abet the curious folly that has taken such a hold on her.

"No," said Jimmie, "I enjoyed my row too much the other day not to come to this hop. Do you know that I have lived by that lake all my life, and never knew how beautiful it was before last Friday?"

"Then this is really your home? We were wondering whether you belonged here, or were only a visitor."

At this palpable attempt to pump him he was silent for a moment; but thinking it best to seem candid, he answered: "Yes, I was born and raised here." Then, smilingly, "I'm only a country boy, you know. You may be sure, though, not too much of an one to thank you for your kindness to me."

Little as he yet understands the full extent of his influence over her, and thinking that she only takes some such interest in him as Mr. More has, he yet feels that he must not shock this rich young lady with the full truth about himself—that he is only a poor workman's son; and, to avoid more inquires, at once asks for the dance just commencing. When the couple follow this up by another, and still another, the Larton party begin to talk; but all look on it as a flirtation in which Etta is amusing herself at this country boy's expense; and Mrs. Larton, an easy-going woman, not especially reluctant to see Etta—who is only a stepdaughter — get herself into scrapes, makes no attempt to interfere.

George Larton alone gains a little clearer sight from his intense jealousy, the natural result of his long and painful suit. Rather dissipated when very young, the father's consent has only been won after a most earnest siege and renewed proofs of reform; and when at last obtained, has by no means brought with it Etta's love. At thirty he is not even on trial, and has a morbid hatred for any man who seems to be receiving the least favor.

Hurrying across the room to claim the next dance, which is due him, and he is doubly infuriated at Etta's quiet refusal.

"O George! I am very sorry, but I forgot you, and have promised this to Mr. Gordon."

"as this will be his last chance of seeing you; but I wish particularly to speak to you at once."

A little scared at his manner, she takes his arm pettishly, and turns away with him, saying:

"The next shall be yours, then, Mr. Gordon."

"Etta," exclaimed George, "you positively must not dance with that fellow again. I am acting in place of your father now, and cannot see you flirting publicly with a man not a fit associate for you, and becoming the talk of the entire room."

"Very well; I consider 'this fellow' a fit associate for me or for you, and as I never was kept from doing what I pleased by people's talking, you won't frighten me in that way."

And so he has killed his own hopes. Rousing all her feminine and individual perversity, the only result of his protest is to see her spend the most of the evening with Jimmie; to see him brought up to Mrs. Larton, and capturing her as effectually as her daughter with his sunny blue eyes and sturdy, handsome face, to hear him invited to Cleveland!

In the midst of it all Jimmie's heart is beating very fast, and his head swimming a little; but he comes through it triumphantly, and leaves for home that night with strange, new hopes of securing the wished-for wealth by an easier and a quicker route than he had even dreamed of before. That he is purely mercenary it would be hardly fair to say; for most men can be flattered into a liking, if not into love, and Jimmie certainly can hardly help being flattered. Very few young men exist but are a little inflated by the evident liking and even admiration of a pretty and attractive girl; but when there is so great a difference in social position, in wealth and every thing else as in these two, we must look for more age and experience than Jimmie had to keep his head from being turned. Being turned, it is easy to see why it should fancy it was the heart, and almost to think itself in love as easily as Etta has been.

And now we will drop the curtain for a few weeks, to raise it again during the early fall in Cleveland. In the cab that is driving up Euclid Avenue we find our hero, the same boy whom we met on the lake at Brownfields, still intent on his object, though no longer with a dreaming indefiniteness. The time since Etta left Montrose for home has by no means been spent idly. She, for the first time in her life, has found a whim to which she is constant; and in the correspondence which she grants him has, instead of dulling her interest in this latest notion, added fresh fuel to the flame.

Jimmie, seeing now just how things stand, has been vigorously making preparations for appearing before Mr. Larton creditably. His first step is to borrow a little money his father has laid by, and the next to hire desk-room and an office-boy in New York, where he puts up a sign as "Broker in Iron," this being to give color to the character he intends to assume of being an agent for Mr. Peters. And now, with all his arrangements completed, he is driving up to Etta's home, not yet cured of all his palpitations, but with considerably more self-possession.

He feels very tremulous again as he enters the door, and as the footman with a gentle persistence, takes him to his room rather reluctant, since he cannot see what "fixing" he needs, and almost gives way when he finds himself in the most elegant room he has ever seen. Dressing and suddenly discovering that he is utterly at a loss as to where to go and what to do, his usually good luck brings Etta to his rescue on her way down stairs. Helped by the same good angel he struggles through his dinner; escapes a danger in not knowing what wine to drink by suddenly becoming totally abstinent; is fortunate enough to be drawn into a conversation on iron, and by adroitly using the little knowledge picked up at the forges and in his reading, to gain credit for knowing a great deal.

And so the days go on, Jimmie's luck favring him steadily until he has won Etta's pledge of her love, her stepmother's good will, her father's esteem. Her Cousin George had gone to California, disgusted, as soon as he got home from the Catskills, and Mr. Ellis, who is the only person besides Etta that knows anything of Jimmie's real position, is South on a long trip.

On a lovely September morning the lovers are standing at the lakeside, watching the bright sunlight that sparkles in innumerable diamonds on each little wave crest, while a great, lumbering schooner creeps lazily along with an occasional flank of its boom against the mast, and the cool swish of the water, that seems to grow deeper and darker and colder as the shadow of the hull falls across it. All around is the dazzling sunshine, that here and there flashes white from a sail trying to coax motion from an air too hot and tired to stir into a wind.

"Dear," said Etta, suddenly, "do you know that papa goes to Europe to-morrow for six weeks?"

"No, I hadn't heard a word of it. It must be a very sudden move."

"Very. He only made up his mind last night."

"You are not going too, as you thought you would on his next trip?"

"No, I can't get ready."

"Etta," says Jimmie, after a moment's pause, "have you the courage for a bold step while he is away?"

"No—oh, no!" cried the frightened girl. "I can't do it. Why don't you ask for his consent?"

"Because I would never get it. He will only give you to a rich man, and that I am not, but I am all you have to help me alone. It rests with you, and if you can't agree to this, we may as well give up all our hopes."

"Wait until to-morrow, and I'll try and answer then." Turning quickly to the carriage behind them, she adds: "We will go home now, and I will think until the morning. No, you mustn't talk to me!" imperiously, as he commences to speak.

Very charming she looks, with her little, haughty air, but very commanding, and her lover very wisely leaves her to the balancing of duty and inclination, of prudence and self-will, that is so sure to turn in his favor. All through the evening and the next forenoon she is the usual bright fairy that her father worships; but hardly has the carriage left the door when she turns to Jimmie, who is standing behind her, with the words—

"I will go with you to-morrow!"

Poor little lips! How white they are, and how they quiver! Jimmie Gordon really loves her, and is very earnest in the ambition that first prompted him; but for a few moments he wavers in his purpose, so cruel in its sacrifice of this victim to a destiny so uncertain. He can hardly be blamed for the utter selfishness of his plan when we think of the, to him, tremendous value of the prize, and the training that has never taught him his intentions are wrong simply because it has never held up to him the possibility of them; but still he cannot help feeling his responsibility in stealing a defenseless girl from her home, and doing it by means of systematic deceit toward both her and her father. Only for a few moments does this last, and he clasps in his arms this trembling frame, so lovingly, even in its terror, clinging to the manliness that she sees in the fierce triumph shining out of his eyes.

The next day all the soft beauty has gone out of Nature, and her stormier mood seems aroused by the unnatural betrayal of hospitality and deliberate deception instead of being allayed by the happiness of the lovers. The water the forty-eight hours before spoke only of the Simpole side of life with its lazy accent, now lashes itself to wake to the coming storm. The gentle lapping of the waves is changed to an uneasy rush and hoarse whisper; their bright diamond points give way to a dull, leaden hue that is only harkened by the white caps gleaming with their continuous energy as far as the eye can reach. As our runaways fly along on the railway to Rochester, they see the storm-rack

"Come rolling in ragged and brown,"

and in that sheet of spray and rain and wind, each movement overtaking and hiding another and another sail, they think they see a shadow of the darkness lying before them and forbidding a glimpse of their future.

Of this part of their story there is little to tell. If we were to follow them we would see them on the wedding-tour, happy in the present, and thinking little of any trouble to come. Then came the return of Mr. Larton, his grief at his daughter's flight and anger at her husband; his inquiries too late, about Jimmie by letters and even detectives, with the reports of mortal turpitude and bad reputation that the detectives feel bound to give him to justify their use and their pay; and finally comes the day when, under the influence of these reports, of his hurt pride and disappointed affection and spurred on by his wife's cautious encouragement, he writes to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, waiting for his answer in New York, that they shall never enter his house.

We will pass over the receipt of this letter, with its message of sorrow to Etta, of anger and bitter disappointment to Jimmie; over the brief year after the marriage, while they live modestly on a few thousand dollars that Etta had in her own bank account at the time of the elopement; over the awful day when, this giving out, a letter begging pardon and reconciliation is replied to with:

"DEAR SIR—Your favor of the 28th received. My letter to you of a year since fully covers the question upon which you touch. Please consider our intercourse and correspondence closed.

"Yours truly, HENRY LARTON."

And the storm-rack closed down over them, driving into their very souls the mist and cold.

The little girl born a few weeks before this is their only child, and its babyhood knows only hardship; but when, at five years old, she begins to delight her father with a miniature of Etta Larton that trouble has so quieted and changed into Etta Gordon, she has a father who is a man, instead of the selfish, lazy parasite the forgiveness by Mr. Larton would have made him. His old friend, Mr. More, long before this had got him a start in a clerkship with a very small salary; but meeting one day Mrs. Peters, who had always been fond of him, she persuades Mr. Peters to secure him another lift, by which he improves himself; so that, six years after his marriage day, he finds himself beyond the reach of want, although still a poor man. As the little family sit on this evening, a cheerful circle, though with the cloud that recollection still casts over them, a visitor comes. So changed is he from the Henry Larton of old, that Etta pauses before she flies to his arms.

"My daughter," says this white-haired man, "I am a widower again, and have come to ask you if you will come back to me."

"O papa! I love you still, and I pity you; but I have a husband and a child."

"My dear," smiling, "I don't want to separate you from them. Can't you bring them with you?"

"Excuse me, sir," interposes Jimmie. "I cannot 'be taken' by my wife now: and, Mr. Gordon, I do not want you to come for your sake, but for mine; and if the reports of your business capacity are true, I think I shall get the better of any bargain I can make with you. I have learned, in short, that you have brains, as well as a handsome face, and am prepared to be proud of my son-in-law."

Let us leave them here. This, our Jacob served his apprenticeship for only six years, and that after he got his Rachel; but it served him in good stead, and like Hopeful in the story book, he found his fortune when he had truly earned it.

Not to Be Coerced.

Calling early one hot morning in the summer of 1859 at the residence of Stephen A. Douglas, in Washington, I found him earnestly engaged in conversation with a Northern Senator, a supporter of the administration of James Buchanan, who was endeavoring to secure his vote in favor of a candidate for an important office, whose nomination was to be sent to the Senate on that day.

At this time Mr. Douglas, by his refusal to support the "Lecompton Constitution" for the Government of the Territory of Kansas, which he considered a fraud, and an insuperable obstacle to the future prosperity of the Territory, had incurred the enmity of Mr. Buchanan and his Cabinet advisers. From them he had, according to his own statement, experienced annoyances and persecutions which had aroused all the bitterness of his nature.

He listened attentively to the appeal of the Senator, and, waiving a direct response, proceeded to speak of the treatment he had received from Buchanan and his subordinates in office. As he proceeded he became terribly eloquent. The blood mounted to his temples, and his whole frame quivered with rage.

When Mr. Douglas had ceased speaking, the disappointed Senator rose to depart. On reaching the door which opened upon the hall, he exclaimed, with a menacing look:

"Sir, if you vote against my candidate, I will vote against every friend of yours whose appointment is sent to the Senate for confirmation!"

Exasperated anew by this remark, Mr. Douglas literally rushed across the room with uplifted hand, and, standing before the speaker, rapidly snapped his fingers within a few inches of his face, exclaiming at the same time:

"Sir, I care not that for you or your threats, and if you thought to intimidate me you had better have stayed away from my house!"

The Senator, evidently deeming it useless, or, perhaps, unsafe, for him to reply, made no response, but quickly left the house, and Mr. Douglas resumed his seat.

At this moment the door was thrown open and Mrs. Douglas, one of the most beautiful women that ever graced Washington society, entered the room. All traces of anger had vanished from the face of her husband, who greeted her in tones of gentleness and affection which betrayed the deep devotion of his heart.—*Youth's Companion.*

WHEN a man asks a favor of a newspaper office, and states that he has been a subscriber for a number of years, a denial becomes an impossibility. The argument is clinched, and he can have the entire establishment for the asking.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE man whose lager went the wrong way said he had an ale in his coughin'.

WOMEN'S hearts and violins are very much alike. It takes a beau to play on either of them.

JOB had patience, but then Job never tried to back a carriage into a narrow shed on a dark night.

AN exchange says: "The butchers of Baltimore are very handsome." That is when they are dressed to kill.

WE would like to inquire if the man who sat with bated breath got a bite? If so the plan might be at once adopted by our ignoble army of tramps.

A NEW book is out entitled "Links in Rebecca's Life." Rebecca was probably a sausage maker's daughter. What an eventful and mysterious life she must have led!

"I PRESUME you understand my business," said the census-taker to the acrobat. "I merely wish to know your occupation." "Oh, yes, I tumble," replied the acrobat.

ON the order slate on the door of a carpenter shop in this city a passing pedestrian discovered the following: "Cum to —'s Licker store a Dore to fies."—*Rochester Herald.*

SENIOR asks professor a very profound question. Professor—"Mr. W—, a fool can ask a question that ten wise men could not answer." Senior—"Then I suppose that's why so many of us flunk."

EXTRACT from a letter from Angelina: "Dear Henry, you ask if I return your love. Yes, Henry. I have no use for it, and return it with many thanks. By-by, Henry."—*Boston Transcript.*

AN impertinent fop made fun of an old farmer's large nose, mouth and chin, but the old farmer silenced him by saying, "Your nose, mouth an' chin all had to be made small so 'at there'd be material left for your cheek."

"MOTHER," said a little girl, who was engaged in making an apron for her doll, "I believe I will be a duchess when I grow up." "How do you expect to become a duchess, my daughter?" "Why, by marrying a Dutchman, to be sure!" replied the little girl.

"I HAVE left all my fortune to my wife," said the old miser, "I regret my death will be some one to regret my death when I am gone," said the husband.

"Is dot so," asked a Galveston bankrupt of a friend, "dot Schwindelmeyer hash failed in pishness?" The reply was in the negative, whereat the bankrupt said enthusiastically: "I am tam glad Schwinglelmeyer vash an honest man; den der vash too mooch competition already is dish bankrupt pishness?"—*Galveston News.*

AN Irishman knows how to pay a compliment, but he does not always put it in the right place. A beautiful young lady happened to shudder, and afterward said, referring to the old adage, "Some one is walking over my grave." Patrick could not lose the chance to say something very polite, and so he replied: "Oh, my lady, I only wish that I were the happy man!"

Monkey Shooting in Gambia.

The mere fact of slaughtering monkeys will probably not cause any great degree of pleasure to any one aspiring to the title of sportsman, though at the same time a man choosing to kill as many as possible might yet not consider himself altogether wanton in his sport, for the monkeys may be termed vermin. They are a great nuisance to the agriculturist, and cause much loss, especially in the ground nut plantations, where they frequently pick the seed out of the ground almost as soon as it is planted. To shoot the dog-faced monkey is easy, but to make a bag is quiet another matter. You may knock him out of a tree, or you may bowl him over on the ground, but you will not find him on the spot where you feel sure you saw him fall. Dead or alive, his companions carry him off, and pursuing monkeys on foot is not a game which man is adapted to play successfully. The most likely way to secure a specimen is to take a little boat and pull gently along close into the bank, just after sunset, at which time the monkeys frequently collect in the branches of trees overhanging the river; thus one may be shot so that he falls into the water, whence his friends are powerless to rescue him. The great drawback to this method of aquatic stalking is that in the upper river, and especially at the close of the day, the mosquitoes fairly swarm, coming down on one in clouds, and making shooting a matter of great determination and endurance. Certainly it is very easy to say that such and such game may be shot by lying out at night; and this necessitates an amount of exposure against which most Europeans are not proof, to say nothing of the attacks of the above pests, though they may, to a certain extent, be balked by wearing over the hands and face bags made of some light material—leno, for instance. Perhaps at some future date monkey skins may become of commercial value, and when they do the Gambia will be able to flood the market, and the ground nut growers will rejoice.—*London Field.*

A LITTLE boy, having heard a missionary tell how the natives of South Africa live, on going home said, "Ma, I wish I was a little South African boy." "Why, Georgie," exclaimed the mother, "whatever put such an idea into your head?" "'Cause their mothers don't wear slippers," said little Georgie.