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Prescriptions Carefully Filled.

Paul Augustus Blake.
Said he had a beautiful home,
And I'm bound to have who has,
I'll say,
For I'm tired of apron strings
And such tantalizing things,
So this chap will try his wings
As a man.
But he makes one great mistake,
This Paul Augustus Blake,
In the step that he did take
On that day;
For he, living at the "Hub,"
Joined in very noisy club,
Where they used to call him "Lub."
When away.
He drank hard every night,
And was out in such a plight
That his name in black and white
Led the van.
And when friends would mourn sincerely
For the one they held most dear,
He would cry "Don't interfere;
I'm a man!"
Like the famous "red, red nose,"
Were his eyelids and his nose,
And quite seedy grew his clothes
Day by day.
"Fill the bottle, and get me out,
And the bottle, and get me out,
Shunned his presence on the street;
So they say.
Though our poor, unblushing Paul,
"Thinking up against the wall,
I'm sure, full six feet tall—
Nature's plan;
Though his age, now forty years,
And I tell you with tears,
He has never, it appears,
Been a man!"
—Mrs. M. A. Kilder, in *Temperance Banner*

A SARCASM OF FATE.
A very elegant looking letter lay in little Minnie Velsor's hands, a letter that bore a delicious perfume of violets—a letter addressed in a fine, flowing hand and the envelope of which was stamped with an intricate monogram, that unless Minnie had known she could never have deciphered as Mrs. Paul St. Eustace Carriscount's initials.
The girl's small, pretty hands grew just a trifle cold and trembling as she took up the letter to open it because so much, oh, so much, depended upon what was in the letter, because it meant either a new, independent life, in which she would not only earn her own living, but very materially assist in taking care of the dear boys of five and seven, or it denoted her to the old tiresome routine, out of which Minnie felt at times she must fly.
Mrs. Velsor looked up from a stocking she was darning, and said nothing, seeing the nervous glow in Minnie's eyes. Then, with a little, half-desperate laugh, the girl tore open the thick satin envelope.
"It's almost like an ice-cold plunge bath, but here goes, mamma!"
She hurriedly read the short, friendly note, and by the quick tears that gathered in her eyes, and the smiles that parted from her lips, and the flush that bloomed like red roses on her cheeks, it was quite plain that the news was good news.
Then she dashed the letter on the floor and rushed over to her mother, and kissed her, laughing and crying at the same time.
"Oh, mamma! Mrs. Carriscount has given me the position, and she wants me to come immediately—to-morrow! I think! Five hundred dollars a year, and she assures me I must make myself perfectly at home in her house; and she says I am to have a room to myself, and to eat with Pauline and Pauletta, in the nursery. Oh, mamma, it will be just glorious! Aren't you glad, delighted?"
Her blue eyes were dancing, and her cheeks glowing like a rose leaf.
Mrs. Velsor's sweet, sad voice was in such odd contrast to her child's eager animated tone.
"How can I be delighted to have you go away from me, dear? Besides, I am so afraid you will not realize my vivid anticipations. The outside world, which seems to you so rose-colored and golden, will not be what you think."
"Oh, mamma, what a Job's comforter you would be! But how can I help being happy—perfectly happy, except being away from you—in New York, in a magnificent house, among people of wealth and distinction, and with their two sweet children my own care? Mamma, I will ride with them, and I am to make myself perfectly at home, the letter says, and you remember what a charming lady we thought Mrs. Carriscount was when she was visiting Doctor Mansfield last summer."
Mrs. Velsor sighed softly. It seemed so cruel to pour the chill water of disappointment on Minnie's bright hopes.
"Well, dear, perhaps I am growing cynical as I grow older. Certainly you deserve a fair fate, and now, to descend to matters of earth earthy, suppose you see if the beans are boiling dry."
The third day thereafter—a day fragrant with the smell of frost in their air—a day when the leaves sailed slowly, steadily down through the tender, gold atmosphere and the hush of mild October was over all the earth and sky, Minnie Velsor went away from the little cottage where she was born and had lived, into the world waiting to receive her—all her girlish hopes on blast-dead wing, all her rosiest dreams bursting in londest realization.
It was a splendid place, Mrs. Paul St. Eustace Carriscount's palatial residence on Fifth Avenue—a house that seemed to Minnie's fancy like a translated bit of fairy story, with its profusion of flowers and lace draperies, its luxuries and elegance, of which she had never dreamed, and of whose uses she was equally ignorant.

Mrs. Carriscount received her with a charming graciousness and patted her on the shoulder, and told her she hoped she would not let herself get homesick, and installed her in her beautiful little room, with its pink and drab ingrain carpet and chestnut suit, and dainty curtains at the windows.
Then Minnie made some trifling little alterations in her toilet, and proceeded to take literal advantage of Mrs. Carriscount's invitation to make herself at home in the great, beautiful parlors below, where she made a charmingly sweet, little picture, as she sat nestled in a huge silken chair, at the color of the roses on her cheeks, and at which Miss Cleona Carriscount looked in astonished, imperious disdain, and Mr. Geoffrey Fletcher in undisguised admiration, as the two entered the room at the furthest entrance.
"By Jove what a lovely girl! Who is she? Miss Carriscount?" he asked in a tone of unusual interest.
"Cleona's eyes looked unutterable anger from Minnie to Mrs. Carriscount."
"What on earth is she doing here, mamma; is she crazy?"
Her sharp, cutting tone was distinctly heard, as she intended it should be, by Minnie, who flushed painfully as she rose, venturing just one glance at the laughing beauty's face, and Mr. Fletcher's eager, admiring eyes, whose boldness started her.
"I am sorry to have made such a mistake. I thought Mrs. Carriscount meant I was to sit here a little while. Please excuse me; I will not come again."
Her voice was sweet, and just a little nervous, and she instantly crossed the room followed by Cleona's cold, cutting words, every one of which brought a sharp thrill of mortification and pain to her.
"Be careful you make no more such mistakes, girl. Your place is among the hired help, not in the parlors. Be good enough to remember that."
And even Geoffrey Fletcher's callous heart gave a thrill of sympathy at the sight of the scarlet pain on the sweet, young face.
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"Wait—just a moment, please! I was so surprised, Mrs. Fletcher. Pray sit down, you are in trouble, and if I can be of any service I know the doctor will be glad to assist you."
Mrs. Fletcher's lips quivered a second, as she turned her pitiful eyes on Minnie's sweet, happy face.
"I am in need of work, but I do not expect it of you. You can only despise me and hold me in hatred and contempt for what I did to you. But that or something else has come home to me."
"I do not hate or despise you, Mrs. Fletcher. God has been too good to me for that. Stay! Doctor Lethbridge will endorse my forgiveness, I am sure, and we will make you as happy as we can. We will forget all that was unpleasant and start anew. Do stay and teach my little girls, Mrs. Fletcher."
And Cleona sat down, overcome with passionate tears, while the doctor, with an indulgent smile, and a nod of the head to Minnie, left the two women alone, under the strange circumstances into which the sarcasm of fate had led them.
Meant Him.
When a railroad passenger hears the whistle sounding an alarm it is his first impulse to look out of the window, but this impulse is always restrained by second thought, except in the case of foreign travelers. A few days ago an old man and his wife were passengers on a Lake Shore train, and as the section men were making repairs on the line in various places the whistle was sounded pretty often. The old couple were fully alive to every "toot," and each time the old man would stick his head out of the window.
"Does it mean anything, Samuel?" asked the wife every time his head came back, but he could give her no satisfactory explanations. A traveler he found them finally warned the old man that he ran a risk by sticking his head out, but at the very next toot he was at it again. He wore a plug hat which looked fully twenty years old, and its loss would be nothing great. Preparations were quietly made behind him, and everything was all ready when next the whistle sounded.
"I wonder what's on the track now?" queried the wife, as he moved around unheeding.
"I dunno," he replied, "I believe we've run over as many as a dozen men since we left Toledo."
"Do look out and see what it means," she continued.
"Ount his head, his face toward the engine, and a smart rap with a cane from the next window knocked his hat off and sent it flying into a swamp. He pulled back with such a rush that he almost went over his wife into the aisle.
"Land a star! but did it mean anything?" she cried, as she grasped him.
"I should think it did!" he yelled.
"It meant that I was a durned old fool, and have got to go bare-headed all the rest of this summer!"
The hard-hearted conductor refused to stop the train and recover the hat, and at the first of a not discussion the bare-headed victim brought his fist down with shivering force and exclaimed:
"Was, now, I want you to understand that if there is any law in this land this 'ere railroad has got to move its fence-corners back. 'Sposed them rails had given me a wipe on the jaw!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I remember my own governess days so well, dear," Minnie said one day to her husband, when they were discussing the feasibility of securing one. "I feel as if I never could be kind enough to any one in such a position in my house. And yet all the happiness of my life resulted from my position in Mrs. Carriscount's family."
And she looked the great unutterable love she had for him, and Dr. Lethbridge kissed her lovely upturned face tenderly.
"Then I will take this widow lady, whom Allison recommended, shall I, Minnie? He says she is of good family, and in very reduced circumstances. Her husband was a miserably drunken fellow, and she has to support both herself and her invalid mother. It would be a charity, I suppose; but of course we must also look to our own interests."
But the decision was to employ the widow lady Allison so confidently recommended, and a day or so afterward an interview was arranged.
"It was just at the dusk of a winter's afternoon that the servant announced to Dr. Lethbridge and his wife that the lady wished to see them in the parlor—the lady whom Mr. Allison has sent—and Minnie and her husband went down to meet her—tall, pale, bearing the unmistakable traces of misery and sorrow on her face—Cleona Carriscount.
Minnie gave a little exclamation of astonishment.
"Is it possible? Miss Carriscount?" she interrupted quietly.
"Mrs. Fletcher—Mrs. Geoffrey Fletcher. And you are little Minnie Velsor. I had no idea—I had no idea—I had forgotten Dr. Lethbridge's name—of course I cannot have the position. It would hardly be natural that you should wish to befriend me."
Mrs. Fletcher turned toward the door, her face pale and piteous, her voice bitter and wailing.
Dr. Lethbridge looked sternly after her, but Minnie shot him an appealing glance before she stepped toward the departing woman.
"Wait—just a moment, please! I was so surprised, Mrs. Fletcher. Pray sit down, you are in trouble, and if I can be of any service I know the doctor will be glad to assist you."
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Gathering Salt.
Cheshire has long been noted for its salt springs, but these are of mild quality compared to the brine springs that rise in the rock-salt localities. This natural brine supplies the best salt for the power engine, and conveyed into the pans prepared for it. Under these pans, when full, fires are kept burning day and night, and the brine is boiled until it is in a thick scum, remaining for an instant on the surface, and then sinking slowly to the bottom. Standing off a raised ledge beside the pan was a shaggy, foreign-looking man, stripped to the waist, and perspiring at every pore, who held a long-handled rake, with which he drew to the edge of the pan the salt which lay in masses over the bottom. Having raked together a considerable quantity of salt, he took another tool not unlike a giant spade, perforated with holes, with which he lifted the salt from the pan. The quality of the salt varies according to the time at which it is "drawn" or lifted from the pan. The finest, or what is called "butter salt," is drawn when the brine is at boiling point, the pans being drawn two or three times a day. The coarser salt is left much longer at a lower temperature, being drawn in some cases, two or three times a week, and in the case of "fish" or preserving salt only once or twice in a fortnight. A morsel of soap or glue is added to the heated brine to assist in the purifying of the salt. The coarser varieties are never packed in tubs, but loaded straight from the shed on to the barge, or filled into specially prepared sacks. The finer salt is carried into the drying-room, which is kept constantly at a temperature trying to ordinary human nature, and here it is formed into neat blocks and packed for exportation. This being clean work, much of the packing of the salt is done by nearly blind women and girls. The coarser salt is carried loose to the barges on the river.—*Unwers' Magazine.*

Bird's Nests.
Doctor D. G. F. Macdonald writes: The time of year has arrived when woods, coppices and hedgerows are searched for bird's nests by lynx-eyed urchins and professionals. Every likely tree, shrub, bush and tuft of grass is closely examined, and when a nest is discovered it is at once pillaged of eggs or nestlings with a shout of triumph! Surely it is a pity that thousands of eggs should be taken away to be "biown," and put on a string like beads, rendering them practically valueless. Surely it is wicked to capture fledglings that soon die for want of proper food. Surely it is cruel to leave their disconsolate parents to mourn over the cold, deserted nest, since birds sorrow as keenly, as deeply and sincerely as any man or woman who ever lost children. Poor little birds! The very sylvan beauty of their homes fades before the dimming away of their grief. No doubt evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart. Allow me, then, to ask those who desire to protect the eggs and callow broods of our pretty little feathered friends to be on the alert and do all they can to save them. Blackbirds, thrushes, finches, larks, jinnets and robins will repay us with notes of thankfulness. They will charm our ears with grateful and pious songs. Let us watchfully protect them from the ruthless hands of the spoiler.
A young man boasted that he had a well-stored mind, whereupon a young lady murmured: "What a pity we can't find out where he stored it!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"The Dark Horse."
The origin of the term "dark horse" is explained in a matter-of-fact way by the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. Once upon a time there lived in Tennessee an old chap named Sam Flynn, who traded in horses and generally contrived to own a speedy nag or two, which he used for racing purposes whenever he could pick up a "soft match" during his travels. The best of his flyers was a coal-black stallion named Dukey Pete, who was almost a thoroughbred, and able to go in the best of company. Flynn was accustomed to saddle Pete when approaching a town and ride him into it to give the impression that the animal was merely "a likely loss," and not a flyer. One day he came to a town where a country race-meeting was being held and he entered Pete among the contestants. The people of the town, not knowing anything of his antecedents, and not being over impressed by his appearance, backed two or three local favorites heavily against him. Flynn moved among the crowd, and took all the bets offered against his nag. Just as the "flyer" was being saddled for the race old Judge McManis, who was the turf oracle of that part of the State, arrived on the course, and was made one of the judges. As he took his place on the stand he was told how the betting ran, and of the folly of the owner of the strange entry in backing his "plug" so heavily. Running his eye over the track, the judge instantly recognized Pete, and he said: "Gentlemen, there's a dark horse in this race that will make some of you sick before supper." The judge was right. Pete, the "dark horse," lay back until the three-quarter pole was reached, when he went to the front with a rush and won the purse and Flynn's bet with the greatest ease.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.
Fashion Notes.
Japanese pongee is a summer novelty. Shirring grows more and more fashionable. Cheese cloth dresses are worn again this summer. Children's collars nearly cover their shoulders. Small children wear shoes matching their ribbons. Even the drooping brims of hats are lined this year. Garden shawls of India muslin are trimmed with lace. Ladies' riding-hats are of glossy dark silk this season. White lawn jackets are substituted for dress waists. Stocknet mitts are more fashionable than those of lace. India muslin is trimmed with gold lace and made into ties. Bugs, flies and beetles form the border on some kerchiefs. Heavy box-plaited flounces to the knee are much worn. Soft-tinted blush roses make the prettiest flower bonnets now. China satin is a light variety of Lyons satin. It drapes admirably. Belts of yellow satin ribbon are worn with lace sacks and tunics. Ladders of bows are used to fasten the tails of coat blouses together. Lace mantles are now drawn together and fastened high on the left side. Egg plums and gooseberries are used to trim some Tuscan straws. The embroidered lisle thread stockings are worked in Irish convents. The princess effect is the prevailing style of full dress summer toilets. One feather is considered sufficient trimming for a Tuscan bonnet. Muslin embroidery stitched on net is used for cravats and toilet covers. Dark trimmings on light dresses or light on dark are equally fashionable. Riding habits for summer are of dark gray or navy blue or dark brown cloth. Ironclad lisle thread hose are the proper thing to wear at the mountains. White silk sunshades with white lace covers are only meant for carriage use. Long linen mantles are worn for dusters by ladies who object to the ulster. Panier and back draperies of Surah silk are frequently added to fustic costumes. Lisle thread gloves with buttons are more fashionable than those with elastics. Soft twilled silk squares with floss embroidery on the edge make pretty kerchiefs. Black Spanish lace sleeves are de rigueur with black summer toilets of ceremony. White or cream nun's veiling and Surah make an admirable combination toilet of ceremony. The population of Ireland, which has been generally increasing since the beginning of the century, is now rapidly falling off by emigration. The summer traveling dress for brides is of Chuddah cloth of coachman's drab or biscuit shade, made up over a silk skirt of the same color, and trimmed with drab or biscuit Surah silk. Elaborate double trains and high-waisted Medici collars of pearls or crystal beads are adopted for bridal dresses, when the wedding is "at home," in the evening, large, and an occasion of full ceremony. **News and Notes for Women.** Miss Longfellow, the poet's eldest unmarried daughter, is described as a clever young lady, with a strong, clearly marked face, much resembling her father's. She sat in the state dining room at Mount Vernon the other day wearing a gendarme blue dress with broadened ribbons, a curiously beaten gold pen, confining the lace at her throat and a broad, black hat. The smaller the husband, the bigger the bundles his wife makes him carry. Mrs. Margaret Dodson, of Houston County, Texas, is seventy-four years old and has fifty-one great-grandchildren living. A Georgia lady, not yet forty (so she told the census man), has buried four husbands, and on the thirteenth inst., married her fifth. A New York correspondent tells an interesting story about four women who go to dinners and receptions to talk and to help the hostess entertain her guests. The price for their services is \$25 an hour. Mrs. Elizabeth Bowman, who died at Coryton, Ind., a few days ago, was 104 years of age. When she was a girl her father moved into the country of the Shawnee Indians and she witnessed many encounters between the pioneers and the roiskins. In no court, says *London Truth*, are more beautiful women to be seen than in England; but it is to be regretted that more pains are not taken to teach graceful walking. Even in a ballroom, skirt with high heels and tide back whisks, the art of progression is far too much neglected by Englishwomen. The length of time that that Snifkins girl will spend over a five-cent plate of ice cream, when in company with her Charles Augustus, while at home she'll go through two complete editions of pork and beans in half that period, is a subject worthy scientific investigation. —*McGregor News.*

The Revere.
"I will return," the swallow said
"To my old nest once more;
My home beneath the spreading eaves
Of your gray cottage, framed in leaves,
Awaits me as of yore."
She sped across the scented land
One blue and breezy day;
But where the house was wont to stand
A heap of ruins lay.
"I will return," the rover said,
"To my old love once more,
So true she is that well I know
The heart that held me long ago
Awaits me as of yore."
He came, when south wind sighing past
O'er fields of cowslip gold,
But underneath the trembling grass
Her heart lay still and cold.
—*Sarah Downey.*

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.
Straw hats show which way the wind blows.
Is a clothing store a coterie, a pantry or a vestry?
In England all the nobility live in their castles.
A sweeping change—Buying a new broom.—*Wagon.*
The fisherman who catches no fish has no fish to clean.
The sparrows are little thieves, but they don't do the robbing.
The present American flag was adopted by Congress in 1777.
The first Sunday-school in New England was established in 1812.
Flour is sold in the Skagit mines at the rate of \$30 for a fifteen-pound sack.
A beautifully young girl is confined in the Vermont State prison for horse stealing.
Two Virginia Baptist ministers have been pastors in the same churches more than forty years.
It is not difficult to do good, for the means are constantly clustering about every man's lips and hands.
A void tedious circumlocution in language. Words, like cannon balls, should go straight to their mark.
It is now said that the remains of A. T. Stewart have never yet been found though a belief to the contrary has prevailed for some time.
The Marchioness Tseng, wife of the Chinese ambassador to England, is a petite, plump, rather pretty person. The marquis is a man forty-two years old, and an accomplished scholar, taking a lively interest in art, science, and literature.
The Church Missionary society, the greatest of all missionary societies, has 408 clergymen in its foreign fields, of whom 218 are Europeans. Its communicants number 28,510. Its receipts the past year were \$1,108,615, the largest amount ever received by any missionary society.
Lookjaw is one of the most terrible diseases to which mortals are exposed. A California exchange asserts that no one need be in danger of such an attack from wounds caused by rusty iron. The worst case of inflamed wounds may be cured by smoking the injured part with burning wool or wooden cloth.
Kate Field says that George Eliot is about sixty years old, with sandy hair and blue eyes. She is neither gray nor wrinkled; owing to her high cheekbones, she has an equine look. She has no children, lives a very secluded life, is bashful, abstracted, low-voiced and lovable. She has an independent fortune and receives the world every Sunday afternoon.
A Dakota man has an old Indian relic in the shape of a perfectly formed skull, with an arrow-head shot into the eye and piercing the brain.
Rats.
Rats are a great pest in every city and town, and, indeed, everywhere in this country. It seems nearly impossible to get rid of them, and any method that promises to secure this most desirable and is worth trying. Somebody recommends covering stones, rafters and every part of a cellar with ordinary white-wash, mixed with yellow ochre, putting coppers in every crevice or cranny where a rat may get, and scattering it in corners on the floor. He has tried it repeatedly, and the result has been a general retreat of both mice and rats, not one of which had at last accounts returned. It is said that a coat of this yellow wash, given each spring to a cellar, will not only banish those vermin, but will prevent fever, dysentery or typhoid. Everything estab should be carefully secured against the ravages of rats, which are so intelligent that they will soon abandon premises where they get next to nothing to eat. The rat we are most troubled with is the brown rat, much larger, stronger, fiercer and more ravenous than the black rat, which has almost entirely disappeared, having been driven off or exterminated by the more formidable species. The brown rat is frequently called the Norway rat, from the erroneous impression that it came from Norway, which country it did not reach until it had become abundant in Britain and America. It appeared first at Astrakhan in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and gradually spread over Western Europe, whence we have derived it. It was once known as the Hanoverian rat, because the British Jacobites were pleased to believe that it came in with the house of Hanover.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.
Fashion Notes.
Japanese pongee is a summer novelty. Shirring grows more and more fashionable. Cheese cloth dresses are worn again this summer. Children's collars nearly cover their shoulders. Small children wear shoes matching their ribbons. Even the drooping brims of hats are lined this year. Garden shawls of India muslin are trimmed with lace. Ladies' riding-hats are of glossy dark silk this season. White lawn jackets are substituted for dress waists. Stocknet mitts are more fashionable than those of lace. India muslin is trimmed with gold lace and made into ties. Bugs, flies and beetles form the border on some kerchiefs. Heavy box-plaited flounces to the knee are much worn. Soft-tinted blush roses make the prettiest flower bonnets now. China satin is a light variety of Lyons satin. It drapes admirably. Belts of yellow satin ribbon are worn with lace sacks and tunics. Ladders of bows are used to fasten the tails of coat blouses together. Lace mantles are now drawn together and fastened high on the left side. Egg plums and gooseberries are used to trim some Tuscan straws. The embroidered lisle thread stockings are worked in Irish convents. The princess effect is the prevailing style of full dress summer toilets. One feather is considered sufficient trimming for a Tuscan bonnet. Muslin embroidery stitched on net is used for cravats and toilet covers. Dark trimmings on light dresses or light on dark are equally fashionable. Riding habits for summer are of dark gray or navy blue or dark brown cloth. Ironclad lisle thread hose are the proper thing to wear at the mountains. White silk sunshades with white lace covers are only meant for carriage use. Long linen mantles are worn for dusters by ladies who object to the ulster. Panier and back draperies of Surah silk are frequently added to fustic costumes. Lisle thread gloves with buttons are more fashionable than those with elastics. Soft twilled silk squares with floss embroidery on the edge make pretty kerchiefs. Black Spanish lace sleeves are de rigueur with black summer toilets of ceremony. White or cream nun's veiling and Surah make an admirable combination toilet of ceremony. The population of Ireland, which has been generally increasing since the beginning of the century, is now rapidly falling off by emigration. The summer traveling dress for brides is of Chuddah cloth of coachman's drab or biscuit shade, made up over a silk skirt of the same color, and trimmed with drab or biscuit Surah silk. Elaborate double trains and high-waisted Medici collars of pearls or crystal beads are adopted for bridal dresses, when the wedding is "at home," in the evening, large, and an occasion of full ceremony. **News and Notes for Women.** Miss Longfellow, the poet's eldest unmarried daughter, is described as a clever young lady, with a strong, clearly marked face, much resembling her father's. She sat in the state dining room at Mount Vernon the other day wearing a gendarme blue dress with broadened ribbons, a curiously beaten gold pen, confining the lace at her throat and a broad, black hat. The smaller the husband, the bigger the bundles his wife makes him carry. Mrs. Margaret Dodson, of Houston County, Texas, is seventy-four years old and has fifty-one great-grandchildren living. A Georgia lady, not yet forty (so she told the census man), has buried four husbands, and on the thirteenth inst., married her fifth. A New York correspondent tells an interesting story about four women who go to dinners and receptions to talk and to help the hostess entertain her guests. The price for their services is \$25 an hour. Mrs. Elizabeth Bowman, who died at Coryton, Ind., a few days ago, was 104 years of age. When she was a girl her father moved into the country of the Shawnee Indians and she witnessed many encounters between the pioneers and the roiskins. In no court, says *London Truth*, are more beautiful women to be seen than in England; but it is to be regretted that more pains are not taken to teach graceful walking. Even in a ballroom, skirt with high heels and tide back whisks, the art of progression is far too much neglected by Englishwomen. The length of time that that Snifkins girl will spend over a five-cent plate of ice cream, when in company with her Charles Augustus, while at home she'll go through two complete editions of pork and beans in half that period, is a subject worthy scientific investigation. —*McGregor News.*

The Revere.
"I will return," the swallow said
"To my old nest once more;
My home beneath the spreading eaves
Of your gray cottage, framed in leaves,
Awaits me as of yore."
She sped across the scented land
One blue and breezy day;
But where the house was wont to stand
A heap of ruins lay.
"I will return," the rover said,
"To my old love once more,
So true she is that well I know
The heart that held me long ago
Awaits me as of yore."
He came, when south wind sighing past
O'er fields of cowslip gold,
But underneath the trembling grass
Her heart lay still and cold.
—*Sarah Downey.*

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.
Straw hats show which way the wind blows.
Is a clothing store a coterie, a pantry or a vestry?
In England all the nobility live in their castles.
A sweeping change—Buying a new broom.—*Wagon.*
The fisherman who catches no fish has no fish to clean.
The sparrows are little thieves, but they don't do the robbing.
The present American flag was adopted by Congress in 1777.
The first Sunday-school in New England was established in 1812.
Flour is sold in the Skagit mines at the rate of \$30 for a fifteen-pound sack.
A beautifully young girl is confined in the Vermont State prison for horse stealing.
Two Virginia Baptist ministers have been pastors in the same churches more than forty years.
It is not difficult to do good, for the means are constantly clustering about every man's lips and hands.
A void tedious circumlocution in language. Words, like cannon balls, should go straight to their mark.
It is now said that the remains of A. T. Stewart have never yet been found though a belief to the contrary has prevailed for some time.
The Marchioness Tseng, wife of the Chinese ambassador to England, is a petite, plump, rather pretty person. The marquis is a man forty-two years old, and an accomplished scholar, taking a lively interest in art, science, and literature.
The Church Missionary society, the greatest of all missionary societies, has 408 clergymen in its foreign fields, of whom 218 are Europeans. Its communicants number 28,510. Its receipts the past year were \$1,108,615, the largest amount ever received by any missionary society.
Lookjaw is one of the most terrible diseases to which mortals are exposed. A California exchange asserts that no one need be in danger of such an attack from wounds caused by rusty iron. The worst case of inflamed wounds may be cured by smoking the injured part with burning wool or wooden cloth.
Kate Field says that George Eliot is about sixty years old, with sandy hair and blue eyes. She is neither gray nor wrinkled; owing to her high cheekbones, she has an equine look. She has no children, lives a very secluded life, is bashful, abstracted, low-voiced and lovable. She has an independent fortune and receives the world every Sunday afternoon.
A Dakota man has an old Indian relic in the shape of a perfectly formed skull, with an arrow-head shot into the eye and piercing the brain.
Rats.
Rats are a great pest in every city and town, and, indeed, everywhere in this country. It seems nearly impossible to get rid of them, and any method that promises to secure this most desirable and is worth trying. Somebody recommends covering stones, rafters and every part of a cellar with ordinary white-wash, mixed with yellow ochre, putting coppers in every crevice or cranny where a rat may get, and scattering it in corners on the floor. He has tried it repeatedly, and the result has been a general retreat of both mice and rats, not one of which had at last accounts returned. It is said that a coat of this yellow wash, given each spring to a cellar, will not only banish those vermin, but will prevent fever, dysentery or typhoid. Everything estab should be carefully secured against the ravages of rats, which are so intelligent that they will soon abandon premises where they get next to nothing to eat. The rat we are most troubled with is the brown rat, much larger, stronger, fiercer and more ravenous than the black rat, which has almost entirely disappeared, having been driven off or exterminated by the more formidable species. The brown rat is frequently called the Norway rat, from the erroneous impression that it came from Norway, which country it did not reach until it had become abundant in Britain and America. It appeared first at Astrakhan in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and gradually spread over Western Europe, whence we have derived it. It was once known as the Hanoverian rat, because the British Jacobites were pleased to believe that it came in with the house of Hanover.