

	1 w.	2 w.	3 w.	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	1 y.
1 inch.....	1.00	2.00	3.00	5.00	10.00	18.00	35.00
2 inch.....	2.00	4.00	6.00	10.00	20.00	35.00	65.00
3 inch.....	3.00	6.00	9.00	15.00	30.00	50.00	95.00
4 inch.....	4.00	8.00	12.00	20.00	40.00	70.00	130.00
5 inch.....	5.00	10.00	15.00	25.00	50.00	85.00	160.00

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### The Lost Kiss.

I put by the half-written poem,  
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,  
Writes on: "Had I words to complete it,  
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"  
But the little bare feet on the stairway,  
And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,  
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,  
Cry up to me over it all.  
So I gather it up—where was broken  
The tear-faded thread of my throne,  
Telling how, as one night I sat writing,  
A fairy broke in on my dream,  
A little inquisitive fairy—  
My own little girl, with the gold  
Of the sun in her hair, and the dewy  
Blue eyes of the fairies of old.  
'Twas the dear little girl that I scolded—  
"For was it a moment like this,"  
I said, "when she knew I was busy,  
To come romping in for a kiss!  
Come treading up from her mother,  
And clamoring there at my knee  
For 'One little kiss for dolly,  
And one 'little kiss for me!'"  
God pity the heart that repelled her  
And the cold hand that turned her away!  
And take from the lips that denied her  
This answerless prayer of to-day!  
Take, Lord, from men's memory forever  
That pitiful sob of despair,  
And the patter and trip of the little bare feet,  
And the one piercing cry on the stair!

### BARBARA'S GUEST.

"Company for dinner!" cried little Barbara, in despair. "Oh, Lisette, what shall we do?"  
It was a sunny day in early July, with the great clusters of tiger-lilies all in blossom in the garden, the cherries beginning to turn crimson on the trees, and the roses flinging their subtle fragrance on the air, as if they fancied themselves blooming in some Persian vale. The thermometer stood at eighty in the shade. Squire Dulcimer's hay-makers were dotting the sides of the distant upland, and all the windows of the little cottage were wide open, to admit whatever stray whiffs of cool wind might be roaming athwart the blue air. And little Barbara had ripped her muslin dress apart, and was sitting, Turk-fashion, on the floor, considering how best she might combine the breadths into something more modern, when Lisette, her sister, came flying tumultuously upstairs, like the wild little sprite that she was.  
Barbara was small and dark, with blue-black braids of hair, large, solemn eyes, a crimson dot of a mouth, and the prettiest round, dimpled chins. Lisette was tall and slender—a sort of human lily, violet-eyed and transparent-skinned, with shining yellow curls, gathered into a net, and a sweet, bird-like voice, not unlike that of a linnet. And these two girls, with their little brother Benny, were all that the old doctor had.  
He had married late in life, this odd, eccentric disciple of Galen, and lost his wife when Benny was a baby; and ever since the young things had grown up by themselves, like the wild roses on the edge of the woods.  
"Do!" repeated Lisette. "We must go down and set the table, that's what we must do."  
"But there's nothing in the house for dinner!" cried Barbara, tragically clasping her hands, as she rose out of the whirlpool of pink muslin on the floor. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! Why don't people stay at home when they aren't wanted? Who is it, Lisette, anyhow?"  
"I'm sure I don't know," answered Lisette. "Some traveling book agent, I suppose, or some slabby genteel medical man, from nobody knows where, who thinks he is entitled to come here just because papa is an M. D. I only caught sight of the back of his coat, but it had a dreadfully seedy look."  
"I do think papa is too bad," sighed Barbara. "I was going to have the whole day for dressmaking, so as to look decent at church next Sunday, for Mr. Dulcimer and his sister are coming back, and one doesn't want to look like a native Patagonian. And I was going to give papa bread and cheese, and a glass of home-made root-beer. Papa don't care what he eats. But he's so particular about his guests. And I sent the last dozen of eggs to the store to exchange for three spools of sewing silk and a paper of needles, and told Benny to carry the pot of chicken soup to poor old Mrs. Gumbo, who is sick and poor, and all alone in the world!"  
"Charity begins at home," dolorously quoted Lisette. "Couldn't we catch a few?"  
"As well try to catch a savage zebra of the wilderness," said Barbara. "One would think they were every one of 'em trained racers, by the way they run."  
"A meat-pie?" suggested Lisette.  
"There is no meat to make it of," said Barbara, meekly.  
"There's the remains of day before yesterday's steak," said Lisette. "We might mince it up fine, and—"

### "Oh, Lisette—dear Lisette!"

cried Barbara. "I'm so sorry, but I gave the steak to a tramp, yesterday, between two slices of bread and butter. He looked so hungry, and he said he had had nothing but raw turnips to eat for two days. And when I was looking for white roses, this morning, I saw the two slices, with only one mouthful bitten out of each, fung into the bushes. And, oh, Lisette, there was a black bottle beside them. And I'm afraid he wasn't a nice, honest tramp!"  
"Then that settles the meat-pie business," said poor Lisette. "Couldn't we make the white pigeons into a fricassee?"  
"My white doves into a fricassee?" almost shrieked Barbara. "Oh, you cruel, cruel, heartless, marble-souled thing! Why don't you talk of making me into a fricassee, and done with it?"  
"Barbara, don't speak so loud!" said Lisette, energetically. "We'll send to Widow Millett's and borrow her dinner!"  
"What?" said Barbara, fairly astounded by the magnitude and originality of her young sister's idea.  
"Send Benny," said Lisette. "Tell her we'll return it next week. Write a note, and say that papa has invited a gentleman to dinner, and that we haven't a mouthful fit to eat in the house, except bread and cheese. Mrs. Millett is an excellent cook; she always has something nice. And you will see that this will help us out of our dilemma."  
"Yes!" sighed Barbara; "but there's my muslin dress. Why couldn't the man stay away until I had modeled it over, like the plate in the fashion magazine?"  
"Never mind the fashion magazine," said Lisette; "but run and set the table as fast as you can. And be sure that you put on the very best cups, and remember to turn the cloth so that the darned spot will come under the tea-tray!"  
And downstairs sped little Barbara, with cheeks as rosy red as cherries, and black braids breaking loose from their pins in a confusion of shining jet; while the guest, sitting composedly out upon the porch, had had full time and opportunity to comprehend the entire situation.  
"I seem to have arrived at an inopportune season," said he to himself. "I am sorry now that I accepted good old Dr. Bloom's cordially-proffered hospitality. But I am rather too substantial to vanish down into a crack and too real to float up in a puff of vapor, like the geni in the children's story-books; so I must remain here and abide until the end of it. But I'm glad they aren't going to make little Miss Barbara's pigeons into fricassee."  
Three minutes afterward, when little Ben, the youngest of the family, rushed whistling out with a covered basket, he was deftly intercepted by the stranger.  
"Where are you going, young man?" questioned he, in a low voice.  
"To the Widow Millett's," said Benny; "with a note."  
"Don't go there," said the stranger. "Go across the woods to the hall, instead—it is but a few steps further—and give this card to the old house-keeper there. And hark ye, Tommy—" "Benny, sir, please," explained the lad.  
"Benny, then—don't let your young ladies know that you haven't obeyed their orders. I'll make it all right with them, and here's a silver dollar for you."  
Benny darted away, with his face all smiles; and just then up came the old doctor himself, apologizing for having been so long in finding the dusty old volume which he carried under his arm.  
"But I always lose track of time when I get among my books," said he.  
Barbara had just come downstairs, after a hurried toilet, which had added a pink ribbon bow to her dress and a cream-colored rose to the heavy black braids of her hair, when she found Lisette in the little dining-room.  
"Barbara," cried Lisette, "just look here! Is it enchantment that has been at work?"  
For upon the table was spread a collation of cold boiled ham, sardines glistening with their fragrant oil, chicken salad, iced sponge cake, white grapes and strawberries as large as lady apples. And a slender roll of French bread was cut in slices on a napkin in the center of the board, while half a dozen pates de foie gras, in their little metallic cans, stood opposite.  
Benny's big eyes, watching them from behind the lilac bush that shaded the window, grew preternaturally bright as he noted their amazement; and at the same moment the doctor shuffled in, all unconscious of his carpet slippers and carelessly buttoned dressing gown, and ushered his guest into the presence of his daughters.  
"Here's Mr. Dulcimer, Lisette," said he. "Barbara, little girl, here's our neighbor, the young squire. Dulcimer, let me present you to my girls—Blonde and Brunette, as we sometimes call 'em, ha, ha, ha!"  
And in the midst of their consternation and perplexity, Lisette and Barbara were obliged to assume the part of

### gracious and undisturbed young hostesses.

They all enjoyed their impromptu lunch in spite of the mystery that surrounded it; and when Mr. Dulcimer returned to the hall, they all walked half-way through the woods with him.  
"Do you know, Mr. Dulcimer," said Barbara, with sparkling eyes, "I fancied you a haughty aristocrat, who wouldn't notice his humble neighbors at all!"  
"I hope you are disabused of the idea now," said the young squire, smiling.  
"Oh, entirely!" said Lisette.  
"And, believe me," said Mr. Dulcimer, holding Barbara's slim, brown hand in his second or so longer than was absolutely necessary, "I should never have forgiven myself, if, through any law of stern necessity, I had eaten up your white doves in the shape of a fricassee."  
And he disappeared into the woods, leaving Barbara and Lisette looking with amazement into one another's eyes.  
"Lisette!" cried Barbara, breathlessly, "is it possible that he could have heard what we said?"  
"He certainly has," Lisette made answer, with a comic gesture of despair.  
And then Benny was called into the witness box, and made to own up that the elegant luncheon came direct from Dulcimer Hall, and things seemed worse than ever.  
"We are rightly punished," said Barbara, bursting into tears, "for our inhospitality. And I never—never shall forgive either myself or Mr. Dulcimer!"  
But she did. She forgave both the criminals before the young moon, now hanging over the hills like a thread of silver, had widened into its full shield of luminous pearl.  
"We are friends," she smilingly acknowledged, to Mr. Dulcimer.  
"So far so good," said the young squire. "But may I not hope that one day we may be something more?"  
And Barbara blushed celestial red, and said "she did not know."  
So Mr. Dulcimer leaves the solution of that problem to time. But it is more than probable that the question will be settled to suit him.  
**A Journalist.**  
Journalism, being the most liberal and progressive of callings, presupposes necessarily a relative degree of enlightenment among those who follow it. The journalists, as a class, must be men not only of a broad general culture, but wide-awake, observant minds, incapable of intellectual stagnation. It is this universal wide-awakeness, this quality of alertness and progressiveness joined to a culture rather broad than deep, that gave to men of this class their peculiar aptitude for society, and renders them the delight and ornament of the circle in which they move. A journalist may be shallow, but he cannot be ignorant; he may be superficial, but he cannot be narrow; and he must, of necessity, be a man of extensive general information and enlightened ideas. Of course there are exceptions to the rule, for there will be quacks and pretenders in every profession, but whatever deficiencies he may possess, a practical journalist, even of the most moderate pretensions, is rarely or never that *deus in nomine* of polite society expressly termed, in feminine phraseology, "a poke" or "a stick." He always knows the latest slang—perhaps he even invented it; he can tell everything that is going on everywhere a great deal better than the people who live there; he has always seen the latest new play and can tell all about the coming prima donna before anybody else has heard of her; knows what new pictures will be on exhibition at the academy, has read the last new novel before it is well out of press—in short, he knows something of everything, and is never at a loss for conversation. The slight professional stiffness that clings to men of purely literary callings, as the clergy and authors, for instance, is rubbed off the journalist by constant contact with the world. He is not merely a writer and a student, but generally something of a politician, and a practical business man besides. Beginning his career usually as a reporter or correspondent, and working his way by successive stages to the editorial dignity, he often adds to the refining influences of literary culture the advantages of extensive travel, and a wide experience of men and things. He is a better balanced man every way than the purely literary character, who usually sacrifices the practical too much for the contemplative. For the promotion of a full, healthy, vigorous, intellectual life, with nothing of the bookworm moldiness about it, there is no calling comparable to the higher orders of modern journalism.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

### TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The fortune of the late John Burnside of New Orleans, the rich old bachelor, has grown by examination to \$8,000,000, instead of \$5,000,000, as at first estimated. But the crop of claimants grows faster than the fortune. He had no relatives at all when he died a short time ago, but now there are scores of them, and they are still popping up like toadstools. Philadelphia has furnished three and there are several of the largest wards to hear from. A town which cannot furnish a Burnside now deserves to be cut off from the least interest in the large floating estates of this country and of Europe.  
Mrs. Samuels, the mother of the James boys, whose exploits in the Western country have excited them an infamous notoriety, looks upon her sons as heroes. She lives about four miles from Kearney, Clay county, Mo., and always appears in Kansas City promptly after the commission of a conspicuous crime. A few hours after the recent train robbery, in which her sons are supposed to have participated, she arrived there in accordance with the predictions of the police, anxious to hear all the news and talk about her "boys." She affirms that Jessie and Frank are dead, and therefore could not have been engaged in the robbery; but not the least confidence is placed in anything she may say.  
Some curious statistics of suicide are published in a German paper, from which it appears that, contrary to the general belief, the number of suicides in London is relatively much less than in other European capitals. In Leipzig, the "Chimborazo of suicide," as it is called by a German professor, the average number of suicides from 1875 to 1878 was 450 per million inhabitants; in Paris, it was 400; in Vienna, 285; in Berlin, 280, and in London only 85 per million. Another popular notion, that suicides are more frequent in November than in other months, is also incorrect; the greatest number of suicides occurring in May, June and July. Those who are tired of life or are destitute of the means of supporting it, usually hang themselves; while those who commit suicide for shame, remorse, or unrequited affection, take poison or use firearms. The proportion of men to women who commit suicide is as four to one.  
Christian families in Constantinople are prohibited from hiring Mussulman women as domestic servants, but recently the mother of Sir Alfred Sandison, the chief interpreter of the English mission there, hired a Turkish girl as cook. Feeling run high against the girl and it was not many days before she died under suspicious circumstances. Sir Alfred notified the police of Pera, who discovered that the cook had been insane and had probably committed suicide. She was then buried, although the Christians of the town of Yenekeni, where the interment took place, strongly protested against a burial without examination. The minister of police heard of this, caused the body to be exhumed and entered upon an inquest at which it was found that the girl had met her death by violence. It was impossible to prove that she had been murdered by her aggrieved co-religionists, though this is strongly suspected. At all events the affair has caused great excitement, and every endeavor is to be made to get at the bottom of the mystery.  
Of late years there has been much discussion as to whether vaccination is really a safeguard against smallpox, and the following statistics which have been published by Dr. Buchanan, the medical officer of the London local government board during the present epidemic of the disease in the English metropolis, will be found to be valuable data from which the question may be argued intelligently on both sides. During the past year 1,532 persons of all ages died in London of smallpox, and of these 325 were certified to have been vaccinated and 637 not to have been vaccinated, while the facts about vaccination are not stated in 570 of the cases. Estimates made by the Metropolitan Asylums board in 1872 give the London vaccinated as nineteen times more numerous than the unvaccinated. According to this, out of 3,810,000 inhabitants given in the unrevived census of 1881, 3,620,000 have been vaccinated, and the unvaccinated class numbers 190,000. Applying the mortality from smallpox at all ages to these classes, it is found that the rate of smallpox mortality for the twelve-month among the vaccinated is but ninety per million, while among the unvaccinated it reaches the enormous figure of 3,350 per million.  
Sitting Bull surrendered at last and one of the most troublesome Indian chiefs of the present generation is harmless for the present at least. The telegraph announces that he arrived recently at Fort Buford with 150 followers and has been received and placed under close guard by the commandant of the fort. Bull and his band were nearly

### starved, and the pangs of hunger more than any immediate danger of capture were doubtless the compelling motive to surrender.

Sitting Bull has been called the Sioux Napoleon, from the bold leadership he has shown, but his ability and bravery have undoubtedly been overrated. His vindictive ferocity, however, it is hardly necessary to say, has never been exaggerated. Since 1869 he has been the pest of the Montana border land, and during that time has been engaged in numerous raids upon the white settlers, his band being the most powerful and dangerous on the plains. The most famous of the deeds of the band are the long though ultimately unsuccessful siege of Fort Pease in 1875 and the Custer massacre June 25, 1876. Since the latter date he has been a fugitive, and made his escape into Canada, where he and his followers lived quietly and safely for a time. But his band has been weakened by desertions, until now, with a few adherents and reduced by poverty and starvation, he is but the wreck of his former self. For the present he will be kept a close prisoner until a determination in his case is reached.  
**Wind and Weather.**  
At a recent meeting of the Farmers' club of the American Institute, Mr. A. J. De Voe, of Hackensack, N. J., sent the following ten short rules by the use of which a person can stand beneath his own vine or fig tree in any part of the Northern Hemisphere (north of latitude fifteen) and for hundred of miles around him he can form an accurate opinion how the wind and weather are progressing.  
1. When the temperature falls suddenly there is a storm forming south of you.  
2. When the temperature rises suddenly there is a storm forming north of you.  
3. The wind always blows from a region of fair weather toward a region where a storm is forming.  
4. Cirrus clouds always move from a region where a storm is in progress toward a region of fair weather.  
5. Cumulus clouds always move from a region of fair weather, toward a region where a storm is forming.  
6. When cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the north or northwest here will be rain in less than twenty-four hours, no matter how cold it may be.  
7. When cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the south or southwest there will be a cold rain storm on the morrow if it be summer, and if it be winter there will be a snow storm.  
8. The wind blows in a circle around a storm, and when it blows from the north the heaviest rain is east of you; from the south, the heaviest rain is west; from the east, the heaviest rain is south; from the west, the heaviest rain is north of you.  
9. The wind never blows unless rain or snow is falling within one thousand miles of you.  
10. Whenever a heavy white frost occurs a storm is forming within one thousand miles north or northwest of you.  
**Two Historical Incidents.**  
Whether from a medical or a political point of view, few historical crimes have better merited attention than the first attempt upon the life of William the Silent, founder of the Dutch republic. A pistol shot, fired by a half-crazed Spaniard named John Janreguy, traversed Prince William's face and throat, causing an effusion of blood which seemed to make his death absolutely certain. No regular surgical appliances being at hand, two of his friends relieved each other for several hours in keeping their thumbs pressed upon the wounded artery till help could be obtained, and this simple device actually saved the prince's life for the time being. More akin to President Garfield's case in the universal interest which it excited, although widely different in other respects, was the murder, as it is now held to have been, of Count Mirabeau, the famous popular champion of the earliest days of the French Revolution. The moment his illness was noised abroad the people closed the street against carriages with their own hands, shut the theaters and roughly handled more than one party of ball-goers. Thousands upon thousands jostled each other round the bulletins, and Mirabeau's doctors were literally crowded off their feet whenever they appeared. "All France," it was enthusiastically said, "attended the funeral; and the zeal of some admirers went further still. 'A fine day, my friend,' said a man to the hackman who drove him. 'Too bad that it should be,' growled the fellow, 'when Mirabeau's dead.'"

### LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

**Womanly Modesty.**  
Man loves the mysterious. A cloudless sky and the full-blown rose leave him unmoved; but the violet which hides its blushing beauties behind the bush, and the moon when emerging behind a cloud, are to him sources of inspiration and pleasure. Modesty is to merit what shade is to painting—it gives boldness and prominence. Nothing adds more to female beauty than modesty. It sheds around the countenance a halo of light which is borrowed from virtue. Botanists have given the rosy hue which tinges the cup of the white rose the name of "maiden blush." This pure and delicate hue is the only pain, Christian virtue should use. It is the richest ornament. A woman without modesty is like a faded flower, diffusing an unwholesome odor, which the prudent gardener will throw from him. Her destiny is melancholy, for it terminates in shame and repentance. Beauty passes like the flowers of the albe, which bloom and die in a few hours; but modesty gives the female charms which supply the place of transitory freshness of youth.  
**News and Notes for Women.**  
Poppa, wife of Nero, used a mask to protect her complexion from the sun.  
The chair of Greek language and literature in the University of Kansas has been filled for three years by Miss Kate Stephens.  
It has been averred that a lady with a diamond ring will scratch her nose, in a given period, four times as often as any other woman.  
In San Francisco a handsome Italian woman of eighty, with silver hair, is a professional beggar, notwithstanding that she owns three houses, for which she receives \$180 a month.  
The mother of the Sultan Abdul Aziz has addressed a letter to the Sultan Abdul Hamid thanking him for having forgiven her son and purified his name and dynasty from the stain of suicide.  
The Empress Augusta, of Germany, is a woman of great courage and patience. For many years she has suffered tortures of intense pain from a wearing disease, and has borne it with a remarkable energy, firmness and quietness.  
At the Bagshot fancy fair, in which royalty shared so active a part, a young gentleman took a fancy to a certain article and remarked to a lady at the stall that it was very pretty. She assented, adding: "My mother sent it." "Really," softly resumed the customer. "Why, let me see; I almost think I must have met your mother. Her name is—?" "The Queen," replied the "saleslady."  
**Fashion Notes.**  
Striped grenadines are the most stylish.  
Finger rings are not worn in the street.  
Handsome parasols are edged with Spanish lace.  
Very little jewelry should be worn with summer toilets.  
It is the height of fashion to hang a piece of old faded tapestry on the wall.  
Fantastic figures are embroidered in bright colors on artistic and fancy lawn tulle costumes.  
The main skirt composed of two plaitings, falling one over the other, is as old as the hills or thereabouts; say about fifteen years old.  
Mulle and batiste dresses in pale tints of color, trimmed with imitation Valenciennes and Flemish point and Valenciennes laces, make lovely afternoon and evening watering-place toilets.  
Artistic parasols have sprays of egg-lantine, daisies, golden rod, straggling insects, and sometimes birds painted as if falling or flying, as nature, over the gorges on the outside, sometimes encroaching on the lace border or fringe, while the linings show shaded effects in full, delicate tints of blue, green, rose cream, pearl and pure white.  
**THE HOME DOCTOR.**  
When a mustard plaster is not wanted to blister, mix the mustard with the white of an egg.  
To remove substances from the eye, make a loop of bristle or horsehair, insert it under the lid, and then withdraw slowly and carefully. This is said to be never-failing.  
A very weak stomach which refuses to assimilate any other food may sometimes be taught to do its work properly by a diet of skimmed milk; one-half pint taken every four hours, with some lime-water if necessary, is the amount prescribed.  
A French surgeon says the simple elevation of a person's arm will stop bleeding at the nose. He explains the fact physiologically, and declares it a positive remedy. It is certainly easy of trial. Or a strong solution of alum water, snuffed up the nostril, will cure in most cases, without anything further.  
To cure bunions, use pulverized saltpeter and sweet oil. Obtain at a druggist's five or six cents' worth of saltpeter; put into a bottle with sufficient olive oil to dissolve it, shake up well, and rub the inflamed joints night and morning, and more frequently if painful.

### Froed Mothers.

If all the mothers of all the birds  
Should happen to meet some day—  
In stable or stall,  
Or where or when,  
No matter—and one should say:  
"Which are the brightest and best of birds?"  
"Which would be each proud mother's words—  
Robin or skylark, wren or crow?  
"Mine are the sweetest birds I know!"  
If all the mothers of all the girls  
And boys were to meet some day—  
From some grand  
Or St. Lepold,  
No matter—and one should say:  
"Whose are the sweetest girls and boys,  
Spite of their rough tricks and noise?"  
"I know a mother would whisper true,  
Mine are the darlings!"—meaning you.  
**PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.**  
The name Silence appears in the new Boston directory. It must belong to one of the masculine gender.  
A firm advertiser: "Bathing Suits." We knew that long ago. It suits the majority, especially in summer.  
What does a woman care who wrote the declaration that made us free, so long as she can get a bustle for fifty cents.  
"Giant" paper has an article on "Buffalo Thirty Feet High." That last rain seems to have done a heap of good.—*Peck's Sun.*  
It was a funny little boy who, when he saw a dairyman feeding his cows salt, said he thought they didn't salt the butter till after it was churned.  
"A man who had tried nearly everything and failed became a shoemaker and prospered. He said he was bound to be successful at the last.  
An exchange thinks that the funniest thing concerning a picnic is thinking about it before you start. The next funniest thing is congratulating yourself when it is over.  
A man can drive a hog four miles along a country road with broken-down fences, and keep his temper; but when it comes to putting on a pair of kid gloves—that's too much.  
"Hi! where did you get them trousers?" asked an Irishman of a man who happened to be passing with a remarkably short pair of trousers. "I got them where they grow," was the indignant reply. "Then, by my conscience," said Pat, "you've pulled them a year too soon!"  
She was dashing and fiery, and when she said her father was a broker and was connected with one of the leading railroads in the country, all the men at the watering-place were after her. They didn't discover until the end of the season that her paternal relative broke the trains.  
**How a Girl Saved a Train.**  
A late issue of the Ogden (Ja.) Reporter says: On last Wednesday night, when O'Neil, Donahue and Olmstead went down to death, a noble girl, but fifteen years of age, was watching for the safety of those whose duty called them out over the railroad in the fearful storm. Kate Shelly, whose father was killed on the railroad some years ago, lives with her mother just on the east side of the river, and nearly opposite where the engine made the fearful plunge and Donahue and Olmstead lost their lives. Miss Shelly and her mother heard one crash, and, realizing what had happened, Kate took a lantern and started for the wreck. Her light soon went out, but she felt her way through the woods and fallen timbers to the edge of the dashing waters that covered the drowned men. She could hear above the roar of the storm the voice of Wood, the engineer, who had caught in a tree top. She knew that the engine, with its load of passengers, was nearly due. She, a young girl, was the only living being who could prevent an awful catastrophe. The telegraph office at Moingona or Boone was the only place where she could notify the officers. To Boone was five miles over hills and through the woods, and before she could get there the express would have passed. To Moingona was only a mile but between here and Moingona was the Des Moines river, ten or fifteen feet above its natural height, and to cross this she must pass over the railroad bridge, fifty feet above the swollen waters. She must cross this bridge, 400 feet long, with nothing but the tide and mill, the wind blowing a gale. Not one man in a thousand but would have shrunk from such a task. But this brave girl gathered about her her flowing skirts and on hands and knees crawled over the long bridge from tie to tie. With the blood from her lacerated knees staining her dress she reached the shore, and ran the remaining half-mile to the telegraph office. Breathless, and in broken accents, she told her story and fainted in the arms of the bystanders. The wires were set at work and a more horrible disaster was averted.  
A doctor recently approved a friend for his too liberal use of abstinence.— "Beh!" said the latter, "I've drunk of it since I was a boy, and I'm sixty." "Very likely," replied the doctor; but if you had never drank of it, perhaps you would now be seventy."