What is it, Kate?" I asked her. Is there aught that I can do?" And, as she stood there blushing, "Shall I read

that note for you?" "Tis a letter from ould Ireland," and she

blushed a deeper red, "An' if ye'd plaze "-she faltered, then out the room she fled.

What's wrong with Katie, I wondered, her tions are so queer But patiently I waited, knowing well that soon

I'd hear.

"Come in!" I quickly answered, as I heard a timid knock. And wondered why her fingers seemed to tremble on the lock.

Her cheeks were red as roses, and again as white The pretty blushes to and fro.

She had the letter in her band, and a bunch of cotton soft : With trembling voice at last she spoke (but after failures oft)-

"Tis a letter from ould Erin; it's me can't rade a word. An' if ye plaze," she by Pat McCord." "Shall I read it, Kate?"

about to ask the same, For 'tis me can niver !

But, your riv'rence won't be angry; 'tis a love letther, shure, An' Patrick writes so tinderly, he wouldn't like that your

Ears should hear at all, at all. is as dape as Lake Killarney and as boundless

as the sea! So, if your riv'rence plazes (it's me don't loike to shpake What's on me moind; there's no offince intended), would you take

This cotton, when you rade An' Patrick's love he'll tell to me, but you will

I assented to her wish, stopped the cotton in my Read the tender missive to her, which called forth both smiles and tears.

'Twas an honest, manly letter; spoke of love both deep and true, And of how his Katie darling-but that's not for

me nor you. Said Kate: "I'm thankful to yez. An' your

blindfold your eyes ?" So Patrick got his letter, which I managed slow to write.

Could you now wrotte to Patrick, an' let me

And Katie vowed, "Of niver a word his riverence got sight,"

FOREST PRESERVATION.

A Sporting Fisherman's Observations MIDDLEBURY, Vt., June 1, 1885 .- Nowhere in the country is there a more beautiful or a more inhospitable lake than Lake Dunmore. It lies under the west side of a lofty part of the Green Mountains, the great pile rising abruptly from its eastern shore, while all around it is the unbroken forest; except only at the northern end, where on a clearing stands a small hotel. There is nothing lacking here for the full satisfaction of the eye, and nothing to mar the perfect pleasure with which one-

sits and looks at lake, lake shores and But I could not get even a feed for my horses, much less luncheon or lodgings for enterprises in this county are too numerous ourselves. We lingered a half hour ento mention in a short article. One at the joying the scene, then plunged into the foot of the great Roan mountain is worthy orest road which leads along the foot of of particular mention. S. B. Searles & the mountains northward, and entering Co., Glen Ayer, N. C., are shipping an the Middlebury and Ripton road three or average of eight thousand feet of cherry tively. "Why does he stay away so long!

plateau of farm lands lying on the moun- other is being let down on the other side, kill him; I'm sure it will." tains. The road from Middlebury ascends an engine at the top steadying movements to this plateau, crosses it for about three of the cars. This same company have a knew what he meant—this was fever talk. miles, again ascends the eastern ridge, and then descends to Hancock. Toward the the gorges of the mountain, where the logs but not enough to be false. eastern side of the plateau (it should are loaded on the tram cars and brought "I tell you he's hungry; eastern side of the plateau (it should rather be called a rolling plain), stands the Breadloaf Inn, one of the most luxu
Another new firm, P. M. Smart & Co., rious places of summer repose in all the north country. On a large farm, abundantly stocked with animals of the renowned breeds, stands what may be called a large farm house, grown into a rambling, picturesque house, with cottages and ample accommodations for I don't know how nany guests. The Breadloaf mountain which gives name to the inn rises behind t. A sparkling trout stream comes down from the north and another runs in the meadow in front of the house from the east. Nature has done all that is needful here for beauty, and Mr. Battell, the proprietor, who owns many thousands of acres of forest lands hereabouts, loves nature so well that the timber will never be cut from any of these hills so long as he can prevent it. In this he has the admiring sympathy of all lovers of nature, and all who are thoughtful enough to look to the future good of the country. These magnificent hills, clothed to their summits with forests in whose colors every hue of the rainbow is seen as the sun swings over them, are too glorious possessions to be sacrificed for the few dollars which the

timber on them would fetch. The common argument which is used to justify the wholesale destruction of timber, is that it is needed for building and other purposes. If every State would for- In his court King Charles was standing on his bid the erection of wooden houses anywhere, there would be small harm done, and there would be resulting good beyond stimate in a few years. This country furnishes everywhere ample material for buildings, more fit, more enduring, and more beautiful in result, than wood. This material would be abundant and cheap when men were obliged to use it. The universal prevalence of wooden houses in our country, due to the abundance of the material, is an ugly feature, especially as the houses grow old. Even the most expensive wooden houses become shabby in ime, and are very costly to keep in repair. Many Vermont farmers are using slate for house and barn roofing. If they would build stone houses, as some are doing, they would have permanent and handsome homes. I am perfectly aware of all the arguments in favor of wooden houses, and they are many, but as between cutting the timber which remains on our northern mountains, and stopping the use of wood for house building, there is no choice.

Raleigh

Remister.

The timber should not be cut. For the

vast injury to the whole country which is

produced by denuding the mountains of

has been often discussed in these letters.

The Connecticut River, given over to the

turn the current into the central channels.

The melting snows, no longer held back

of rock, growing drier year by year. If

there was ever an instance of killing the

goose that lays the golden egg, it is in

this method of treating our northern for-

ests. In hundreds of valleys, where water

was abundant in former years, the water line in the ground is now below the reach

of ordinary wells. The tendency is to-

ward that condition which in a century or

two will compel a resort to irrigation for

ordinary agricultural purposes.
Living as I do at Lonesome Lake, among
my grand old trees, and loving them indi-

in this age. The dollar is the argument.

Special honor is due to Mr. Battell and

all other Vermont men who look on the

forests as among the most valuable pos-

sessions of the Green Mountain State, val-

uable if kept, valueless if cut away. I

weeks enjoying this mountain home.

Lumbering in Mitchell.

Baltimore Manufacturer's Record.

through dense forests.

so fur, nuther.

head a golden crown

Wanted his Money's Worth.

[New York Times.]

"One hundred and forty-four miles."

tryman at the Grand Central station.

"An' how much does it cost?"

"One dollar and forty-four cents."

The Uses of the Comma.

[Vapid Vaporings.]

Fifty courtiers entered walking on their hands

were jewels bright Set in rings of gold and silver what a rare and splendid sight

Four and twenty noble ladies proud and fair

and ten feet long Were their trains that flowed behind them borne

In a bow'r of fragrant roses the musicians now

Blowing trumpets with their noses they inhale

One bright tress of hair at parting and she wishes

both looking very promising for the sea-son.—Monroe Enquirer.

by pages stout and strong

cuts off her head

she was dead

"How fur is Albany?" asked a coun

BAKERSVILLE, June 12, 1885 .- The new

We remained over two golden days at

on New England hills.

Hampshire.

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1885.

A POT OF SWEET-WILLIAM A Truthful Story of the Great City.

their forests is incalculable. This subject [Nym Crinkle in New York World.] About a month ago a pot of "sweetwilliam" not yet in flower was carried up timber-drivers, has become a canal. Reefs to the fifth floor of the big tenement house at No. 127 East Twentieth street, and placed on the window-sill of a back room that overlooked some scorching tin roofs, in the spongy mosses of the forests, and a sparl of "clothes lines" and a perspecthe spring rains, are hurried swiftly down in freshets which destroy property in the lower country. The freshets are utilized tive of chimneys and mephitic gas-works. I should never have known of it if a kind-hearted old saint, who is always pokto bring down every spring the timber from thousands of acres, where no pine ing about in these places, had not spoken to Dr. Hamilton about it one day as we wood will ever grow again. The summer stood talking in front of the Coleman

comes, hot and dry, with low water in the rivers, which were formerly full all the By the way, we had been talking about summer from the slow drain out of the Dr. Hammond's "Lal." He had remarked dark shades in the upper country. The natural reservoirs, which thus gave out that Bunce said it sold like hot cakes, and I had replied that like hot cakes there was slowly their reserves of water, are gone, indigestion in it, and I wondered why an and all the water comes down with a rush author who had such a fund of experiafter every rain. Manufacturing compaence in New York life should have gone nies everywhere have found it necessary to all the way to Colorado to find an imposmake artificial reservoirs to take the place sible character when the actual was under of the lost natural reservoirs. Hills that were once forest-covered are bleak masses

Just then up stepped my old friend in black and bugles and wanted the doctor to go and see a poor dear girl-that was her phrase-in Twentieth street.

There is nothing a doctor has to fight more grimly than promiscuous sympathy, unless he conscientiously believes that medicine is martyrdom, and as a rule be I suppose Dr. Hamilton would have

smiled affably and evasively and then forgotten it all if Black and Bugles hadn't said something about a pot of sweet-william. And this is the way she said it: vidually, knowing them by their several features, and considering them as personal friends, I am tempted to use the argument "The poor dear is dying there for want of care and food. She's been living for a week off a pot of sweet-william in the winof sentiment. But sentiment is nowhere

A yellow cab rattled up, and five min-Therefore it becomes us, who desire to utes later the doctor and I were slinging preserve our forests, to make plain to farthe mud in Twentieth street. mers (who control legislation whenever I spare you the tenement-house. This they see their interests affected) that there one is no worse, no better than the rest. is more money for them, for their farms It may have a few more people in it than the law allows, but it is built so that it and their children, in preserving than in cutting away the timber which now remains will not fall down.

> The rest of it is hackneyed. God forgive us that the misery of it and all the wretched, broken hearts of it should be hackneyed, too.

It doesn't need to be retouched. "I know what this is," I said-"desothe Breadloaf Inn. We drove up to a late room, sick woman in bed, deserted by

beautiful little pond in the deep forest on her lover; no work; careless life; improvithe mountain, where Mr. Battell has a dent habits; penitent and pitiful endboathouse and boats, and where trout are regulation style." said to be abundant. But the snow water But there was the Pot of Sweet-Wilwas still trickling through the woods, and liam! Yes, that was not the regulation the water was icy and we got no trout. I style-certainly not the dietetic style. took a dozen with a fly in a brook close by True enough, there she was on her back. the Inn and put them back for the benefit | But a married woman this time, and there

of some of those who will be in a few sat her boy husband holding her thin hand and looking into the veins of it. He got up like a gaunt wolf, his eye Then we drove down the mountain to Middlebury. The Ripton gorge, up which | gleaming, when we came in. Two or we had come and down which we went, or three words of explanation sat him is worth coming to Vermont to see. The down sullenly on the foot of the bed. road winds down the side, while a torrent He was a handsome fellow, not over summit is far over Bake Champlain, his mouth that he did not come out of

bounded by the Adirondack range. The the gutter. forests, now in full follage, cling to the But the woman! That ghost there in lighted at sight of grand holes where the Very white and frail, with that awful flood pours milky white over rocks and weariness and sadness in her big eyes that tails out black and deep under moss-cov- even the fire of the fever could not overered precipices. The drive from the come.

Breadloaf Inn to Middlebury will take | Even this is the old story and the old rank for grandeur and beauty, combined details. The cool, quick skill of the physician

and alternating, with any drive in all the got hold of her. In a few minutes the husband had gone for the needed medicine, and the doctor had her alone. Science was groping for the mischief. I walked to the window and there stood the pot of sweet-william-a little bunch of it in a common carthen jar, but very green and

"Where is Charley?" she said plainfour miles from the lake, we went up a lumber per day. This lumber is taken He doesn't know how dreary it is here. magnificent gorge of the hills to Breadloaf from the mill and drawn directly up the Poor boy! poor boy! O my poor Charley! Roan mountain by a tram railway; while Do you think he'll come back here ? Why In the town of Ripton there is a great one loaded car goes up the mountain an should he? You don't know him-it will The doctor looked sidewise at me.

> tram road running three miles into one of Just enough delirium to be disconnected, "I tell you he's hungry; can't you see it in his cheek ? A man cannot go without Another new firm, P. M. Smart & Co., food like a woman. Why don't you let out together in that suspiration. are getting out cherry, curled poplar, me be and attend to him? I shall be all mountain mahogany and walnut. These right presently. But his heart is breaking. found he had knocked down the pot of me be and attend to him? I shall be all and other companies are a great help to- Is that you, mother? Did you bring my sweet-william, and in his last agony had ward settling up this heavily timbered sweet-william? You'll have to explain to country. Trees that cost days of hard these gentlemen; I don't want them to them. work to cut and burn up are now bought laugh at me. Tell them it was a girl's by these firms and paid for and taken whim. It grew in my garden. How cool

away. We are also greatly benefited by it was there by the brook! Are we there the help given toward making roads now? Charley, Charley—my poor darling, are we back in the garden? "O, I know; put it on the chair here by my side and shut the window; the dreadful sounds drown the music of the water." I made a motion to obey her. The doctor motioned me to keep still.

nurse; wasn't that what she said? O, "How long does it take to git thar ?" want a drink." "Three hours and twenty-five minutes * There was a tumbler of tepid Croton on the mantel. The doctor put the mocking fluid to her hot lips as with one arm he lifted her head tenderly. Then she fell "Gosh! a dollar an' forty-four cents for over in the semi-unconsciousness of weakridin' less'n four hours. Why, up in Verness, and he put his head down on her

mont I kin ride half a day on a railroad breast and listened. fur less money than that, an' not go near "Typhoid symptoms," he said, as he came over to the window, and, lifting the flower-pot, looked at the budding plant. As he did so the woman murmured Charley, don't let them take the plant away, will you? and don't forget, before you go, to speak to the children in the hall: tell them there is a sick lady in here, And his royal brow was wrinkled in a most porand they will kill her with the noise."

So far this is the history of a thousand. able destiny of life lurking here that gives us pause. The story, the story of it, come back again, old and worn and sodden with

Don't you know we got it out of Charley bit by bit. Modest scraps, dropped with quivering chin ? Pieced together it was-I tell you, the same old thing. A thread- blush. bare romance, like an old garment, with this bit of sweet william stuck into it.

I stood at the window and looked out at the great throbbing city-every street See the Queen how sad and tearful as the King | rich with charity and pity, and yet the pitiless sun fell on it with blinding cruelty, and the wearisome wheels of life ground out their discordant noises, and hope and faith and love together were struggling An unusual large crop of cotton has and perishing like this little plant-all been planted. And corn and cotton are round us.

he say ?" You will have cheap reflections in spite of yourself sometimes.

Here was this boy, married a year. Now think of what fate can squeeze into a year. Somewhere there was a cool garden where the sweet-william had been growing for

They did their cooing there. Don't you know as well as I do that he had ambition and she had faith, and nothing must do but he must come here to make his brave fight. And all she knew was she was strong, and she wanted to be with him. But of course you don't know it as well as I do-for you haven't looked into their

twenty years, and that's where he got this

This is what I've got to tell you.

Somebody got hold of that boy very quickly, slapped him on the back out there in the hall and blew a gust of morning air through him. It wasn't me. "Brace up, old fellow. The worst is over. We'll have you out of this in a New York wants just such stuff as We are looking for it all the time. The night is passed, 'pon my word it is.

Here, come along with me." "Wait just a moment," said Charley. Then he went back on tip-toe and got down and kissed his ghost, and said over all the brave things he had been saying so

"Do you hear me, Lily. We're all right now. I'm going out for a little while-I'll be right back. I've got work promised. Don't look that way at me. This time it's sure. The doctor says he'll pull you through, and we're going to be happy now. Do you know what I'm say-

ing to you? Then that awful weary look. She had heard this so many times, and always the same hungry boy coming back. The most appalling thing in this world for affection to see disease killing the

nterest of love itself. 'Yes, I know, Chapley," she said; " know. I sha'n't worry, and when you come back this time I'll be better. I feel 'Thank God," he said, and kissed her,

and rushed out. It was a June day. The city smelt of

roses, for the Decoration holiday was just It was all fixed. Friends turned up all over. Work in plenty. He was away middle of the night seated on the floor of | read from II. Samuel, vi., 14, 'And David down in Vesey street and his heart sang. her room surrounded by bureau drawers danced before the Lord with all his might. vance you two weeks' salary. You'll need You can pay me back, you know, when you get on your feet."

was lying there in Twentieth street. He sessed only one doll, but had a hundred was so impatient to get back that he could dresses for it and several bushels of penny hear his heart beat while his friends were talking to him. Some one gave him a big bouquet. 'Take it up to the sick wife, old fellow."

He leaned out of the window in amaze-

a d-d sight faster." But no cab could go so fast as the boy's coming-I'm coming." Then he pictured mild monomania as to suggest the idea he knew the gentleman as a liberal custhe gladness on her white face when he that the impulse is governed by some tomer, and had, no doubt, already settled and appointed a committee to wait on the told her. He knew exactly how he would precipitous sides and seem to lean over the grip of a fever. Evidently she did not get his arms about her and hold her tight and almost meet above the dark depths in come out of the earth at all-must have and tell her what they could do now, and which the water thunders. Sometimes the road descends to the level of the road descends to the level of the like a palpitating fog of woman, to find in her eyes and the old smile play round

And then he wanted to jump out and run ahead of the lumbering vehicle. In a minute it was cautiously opened and Black and Bugles came stealthily out into the hall and closed it behind her. "One moment, my boy," she said.

"Is she worse?" The woman turned her head and her hand caught the bugles in her dress mechanically "No-I think she is better-calm your-

He dropped the bouquet out of his limp hand. He was staring at her. "But I must wake her. I've good news. It will cure her. I'm not excited.

She's going to get well. What's the matthe room. It was darkened. He ran against a chair, and something fell to the floor. He threw the blinds open spas-

modically, and rushed to the bed. One look was enough. She was dead! With a great groan he sank down by her side, and love and hope and faith went of barrels. It sounded queer to hear him When Black and Bugles came in she

When One is of Age.

[New York Journal of Commerce * * * If our correspondent means that he was born on the fifth day of November, then it is legally certain that he attains his majority at the moment the clock strikes twelve midnight on the third of that month. "A person is of full age r motioned me to keep still.

"She said she'd send a doctor and a 21st year." Parsons on Contracts, volume 1, section 294; 2 Salk 625; Conn. Dig. Infant A; Bool v. Mix, 17 Wend. (U. S. Supreme Court), 119, and a host of other authorities, so that it is without dispute. The decision is founded on very ancient authority, which established the principle that the law recognizes no parts of a day. Therefore if a man is twenty-one when the last day of the year has ended, he is 21 when it begins. This was the rule of the old Roman law, and antedates by many years the Christian Era. It was the recognition of this rule which made the old law writers, in speaking of a year, put it as a year and a day. Their theory was that in law the last day ended when it began, and hence it took legally a year and a day to round out one revolution of the earth around the sun.

Finding one's Fortune.

[New York World.] "My dear," said a father to his daugh-

was fond of you." "He was, papa," and the girl hid her face on the old man's shoulder. "I promwould wait for him for years if necessary." "I have a letter from him."

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed. he-er-has-he-oh, tell me, what does

PEOPLE WITH HOBBIES. Pancies that Approach Insanity.

[New York Sun.] "Are you troubled with a hobby?"

asked a wearied-looking physician of the "I have hardly time to do justice to one," replied the latter; "my present object is to discover in what light hobbies are regarded by the modern medical man." "Ah, that is a different matter. A man with a hobby," said a well-known physician to the reporter, "is apt to be a nuisance; that is, he may become one if his hobby carries him too far. I have treated some bad cases of hobby during the past twenty vears."

"Do you mean that you have treated hobbies medicinally?" "Not directly. The hobby affection is often a symptom of some mental troublemild or severe, as the case may be-but it is not a disease in itself. I have often had cases, however, in which an excessive manifestation of the hobby influence constituted the most marked symptom of a real nervous trouble. Some of these cases are very interesting, and have attracted my attention even in those mild and often amusing aspects of eccentricity which do not call for professional treatment. We

must remember that hobbies are favorite pursuits carried to excess, and do not necessarily indicate mental disorder. But even in cases where they really arise from disturbed mental conditions I have known them to be beneficial in their effects. Some neuralogists have asserted that a mild monomania may afford an excellent outlet for that excess of psychic force

which might, in some temperaments, give rise to serious nervous troubles. "I am now treating a young woman who has the harmless hobby for 'fixing bureau drawers,' as it is called, and she is said to do it very well; but the passion has become so strong that it interferes with her education and social duties. Women often ask each other to inspect the various things which go to make up their dress and toilet paraphernalia. This young woman does not hesitate, even at a first visit, to ask of her new acquaintance the privilege of reranged hundreds of times, but have never | milk diet. In time he was cured. But he only thought of one thing-it | yet been worn. When a child she pos ried, but one day her lover took her to call she became so absorbed in assorting the

brought her to me. "The desire to work at some occupation at a time; through the noisy children; his obliged to work hard. A master who main with him for three or four days, and | hobby had saved him from real evils." leave feeling very much refreshed in mind and body.' This queer individual was blown up one day while blasting rocks, and, although he did not turn out to be seriously injured, concluded to seek my advice. I prescribed a course of vigorous horseback riding, on a trotter, and the man has given up his vagaries. The hobby for doing unnecessary work takes various forms, and occurs at all ages of life. I once knew a child who commenced to sweep and dust when she could barely walk. He made a sudden bound, and was in wealthy gentleman up town labors furiously for weeks at a time in making musical instruments. He can turn out a fiddle capable of producing the most monstrous queaks known to mankind. I was once nsulted in the case of a rich man who had a pet idea concerning the construction

driving down hoops at midnight in his splendidly furnished house. "The origin of these eccentricities is supposed to lie in heredity. I have often found, however, that it depends upon fallen on the tender buds and crushed some excess in mental or muscular activity. One of the most curious of my cases was that of an elderly maiden lady from Boston, who occupied herself constantly in making sets of baby clothes. She could have no possible use for them, but insisted upon keeping the articles, though she was otherwise very generous in giving things away. The amusement was harmless of comment and some ridicule, and this is why I was called in. Her friends seemed to fear that her reputation would suffer. The lady did not know why she made the articles. Suddenly she changed her fad to fan painting, and all was well.

"Some years ago a lady came to me account of a mania she had for samples of woven fabrics. She did not want to be cured of her hobby, for she did not seem to recognize it as a malady; but her desire to get these samples was accompanied by a feeling of great excitement, which she said was slowly wearing her out. A longcontinued course of tonic sedatives brought her around. A curious result of her hobby is seen in the fact that at present she always goes to Philadelphia to do her shopping. she says she cannot withstand the horri fied looks of the dry goods clerks whom she had formerly worried for samples. The desire for these samples was certainly uncontrollable when I first saw her, for she could not resist snipping a good-sized piece out of a handsome plush table cover in my office. One of her friends told me that she ter, "how long ago was it that George cut a piece of elaborate trimming from a Jackson went West to seek his fortune?" wedding dress of her sister's. Hobbies "Just a year," the girl replied, with a seemed to run in the family. Her brother was once arrested for complicity in a bank "Was there anything between you and robbery, because a few days before the George? I sometimes thought that he crime he had made desperate efforts to procure an automatic safe lock similar to that used in the bank. The man had a give down any milk. mania for locks, and had spent a small ised George when he went away that I fortune in securing them of various pat- twenty-eight quarts a day when I sold her I shall have several men making barrels on

"I once knew a man who wished to keep "He wants twenty dollars to get home every few minutes. He was married four couldn't get a drop, and to-day it's been city."

each wife died. The man was fond of going to the theatre, and one night after the performance he astonished an actor friend by telling him the exact time of his en-

trances throughout a five act play But his chief amusement was a horse race. He never bet and did not care which horse won, but knew the exact instant at which every horse made his miles and quarters. This man tried to cure himself of this habit by going without a watch, but he lost so much time through looking into stores every block or two to see what time it was, that he had to keep on wearing his "A very studious young man who once

advised with me had an obstinate desire to possess articles of women's clothing. He never masqueraded in them, and had no especial acquaintance with their mysteries, but had, every three or four months, a consuming desire to purchase some article of female attire. His father was on the point of disinheriting him on account of this weakness, but the young man's habits were so good that the old gentle-man believed at last that his boy was suffering from a monomania of obscure origin. The fancy was afterward attributed to a dream in which the young man imbibed the notion that some curious quality in women's apparel was to bring him good fortune. His mother remembered that he commenced when very young to hide away some of her clothing. The fancy gradually died out and the young fellow made an enviable reputation as a lawyer.

"I had a curious case last year of a minister who was afflicted with an imperious passion for clog dancing. He had a queer impulse to dance jigs, even on the most

solemn occasions. His only explanation -which he gave me with tears in his eyes -was that 'it seemed to relieve his mind.' His brother, who was a somewhat rough Connecticut farmer, begged me to give his brother 'something strong for it, or he would lose his job.' 'Only last night,' he explained, 'my reverend brother excused himself from the company at his house, and five minutes later I found him down stairs in a corner of the room, looking mighty solemn, and putting in a little pri vate jig on the dead quiet.' It appeared also that a deputation of his parishioners arranging her 'things,' and she will often had waited on him to inquire into this spend half a day at it. Her mother tells habit. I learned that on this occasion the me that she has frequently found her in the old gentleman took down his bible and and piles of frills and gimeracks. Some | This silenced the deputation, but the good of these articles, the mother says, were old man felt the need of advice. I recompurchased months ago, and have been ar- mended him to saw wood and adopt a "Of all the hobbies, that for tinkering

with edge tools seems to be the most powerful. My door bell was rung violently at gewgaws. She was engaged to be mar- 2 o'clock one morning, and I was conducted in a carriage to a hotel in this city on her future mother-in-law, whereupon known as a popular hostelry for honeymoons. A distracted bride awaited my some one said, and thrust him into a cab. old lady's things that she could not be coming and conducted me to their apartpersuaded to return to the parlor where ment. Here I found the husband deeply ment and beckoned at the driver, "My her lover was. He, after dancing attend- interested in mending a piece of furniture God, man, are you going to walk all the ance on her whims for three hours, became he had broken by accident in the afterdisaffected and married another girl. The noon. He had hired a lot of carpenters' And the man said, with an oath: "He fact did not disconcert my patient in the tools and a gluepot, and, utterly ignoring was going as fast as the law allowed and least, but her friends became alarmed and the tears, persuasions and threats of his Republicans, a reorganization of the Cabdressing himself in very old clothing, put holstery. I gave the wife a sedative, and chosen with reference to the war, and had find in the way of digging. He told me an hour. I learned afterward that their cided to select a new War Minister, they he always chose a cross and exacting boss. 'I enjoy having my foreman pitch into the lady told me herself that her queer | change the whole seven Cabinet Ministers. Up the four flights of stairs, two steps me,' he said, 'and delight in feeling bridegroom had turned out to be an excel- They therefore earnestly advised him to lent husband. 'He has his cabinet-mak- make a clean sweep and select seven new hand on the knob. The door was locked. doesn't swear once in a while becomes uning attacks now and then,' she said, 'but men and so restore the waning confidence popular with me, and I leave him at the end of the day. If, however, he shows wise woman believed, and rightly so, in with patient courtesy, and when the Scnthe proper amount of brutality I will re- my estimation, that the man's harmless ators had concluded, he said, with a char-

IN THE PENITENTIARY.

The Convicts and Their Way of Life.

The number now there is 265. Of these 62 are white men, 7 white women, 180 colored men and 16 colored women. All the women are employed in the washing and make all the clothing for the other convicts. Among them we noticed some real respectable looking white women. In the shoe shop are about 40 men, most of them the longest-term prisoners,

and they make about 200 pairs of shoes a day. They use the most improved machinery and do good work. The hospital wards reflect much credit upon their management, and we venture the assertion that a sick convict has better attention than one-half of the citizens of the State when they are sick. Most of the inmates of the hospital are broken-down convicts sent back to the penitentiary from the railroads, and many of them too late for any chance of recovery. The building and grounds are conveniently supplied with an abundance of pure water.

Sarah Wouldn't, and She was Right

[Detroit Free Press.] There was a wedding tour in this direcion the other day, and the happy couple were accompanied by three others. It was a sweet spectacle to see the four pairs promenading up Jefferson Avenue, with hands clasped and a taffy-like smile spread over every face, and hundreds of pedestrians stopped to gaze and admire. The porter of a wholesale house wasn't quite satisfied with what he could see, but complimented the liberality of Parkman, stopped the last couple and inquired :-"Is it a case of love ?"

"You bet!" replied the young man. "Are they extremely happy?" "Jest a-biling over, sir."

"Why don't you and this gal follow "I'm perfectly willin', but Sarah kertunks on me. I've asked her over twenty

imes to have me, but it's no go." "Never! never!" she firmly said, as she rolled her cud of gum to the other side for expenses, and then can't see the man with the lemonade nor the boy with the peanuts, I wouldn't hitch to him if I had to go out and set a bear trap to catch a part-

> Having Bad Luck with the Cow. [New York Sun.]

Amateur farmer (for the summer only) -That cow I bought of you refuses to Old farmer-That ain't right. She gave

Amateur farmer-I know she did. continually informed as to the time of day. first I had no trouble. I could go out any taker. No consideration of the rules of politeness time and get a glass of milk. But yeswould prevent his taking out his watch | terday we wanted a little for dinner and I | comes to advertising for the good of the | stitious friend who asks us the prophetic

may be made at the office of the

NO. 70

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S WAY

Of Getting his Way; as he Always Did. [New York Tribune Reminiscences.] One day when he was alone and busily engaged on an important subject, involving vexation and anxiety, he was, by some mischance, disturbed by the unwarranted intrusion of three men who, without apology, proceeded to lay their claim before him. The spokesman of the three reminded the President that they were the owners of some torpedo or other warlike invention which, if the Government would only adopt it, would soon crush the rebellion. "Now," said the spokesman, "we have been here to see you time and again; you have referred us to the Secretary of War, to the Chief of Ordnance and the General of the Army, and they will give us no satisfaction. We have been kept here, waiting till money and patience are exhausted.

and we now come to demand of you a final reply to our application." Mr. Lincoln listened quietly to this insolent tirade, and at its close the old twin-

kle came into his eve. "You three gentlemen remind me of a story I once heard," said he, "of a poor little boy out West who had lost his mother. His father wanted to give him a religious education, and so placed him in the family of a clergyman, whom he directed to instruct the little fellow carefully in the Scriptures. Every day the boy was required to commit to memory and recite one chapter of the Bible. Things proceeded smoothly until they reached that chapter which details the story of the trials of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace. The boy got on well until he was asked to repeat these three names, but he had forgotten them. His teacher told him he must learn them, and gave him another day to do so. Next day the boy again forgot them. 'Now,' said the teacher, 'you have again failed to remember those names, and you can go no further till you have learned them. I will give you another day on this lesson, and if you don't repeat the names I will punish

'Oh,' said the boy, 'here come those three infernal bores! I wish the devil had them! Having thus received their "final an-

you.' A third time the boy came to recite

and got down to the stumbling-block,

when the clergyman said: 'Now tell me

the names of the men in the fiery furnace.'

swer," the three patriots retired. A CABINET-FULL OF SKUNKS. The skill and success with which Mr. Lincoln would dispose of an embarrassing question or avoid premature committal to a policy advocated by others is well known. He knew how to send applicants

away in good humor even when they failed to extract the desired response. A story told of him after General Cameron's retirement from the War Department, which I have never seen in print, illustrates this habit. Every one knows that Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet was chosen chiefly from his rivals for the Presidential nomination and from considerations largely political. But the exigencies of the war demanded, in the opinion of many good auxious wife, he was enjoying the exercise | inet based on the special fitness of each of his hobby in full measure. The land- member for the great work in hand. Of roars in the deep ravine hundreds of feet below. The outlook westward from the was easy to see in his eye and the curve of ling," he was saying over and over, "I'm condition in life is so frequent a form of so long as he refrained from hammering; publican Senators. After the retirement of General Cameron they held a caucus wholesome natural law. I had a wealthy in his mind the price he would charge for patient a year ago who had a habit of his 'glued-up' carpet and damaged upthat inasmuch as the Cabinet had not been

acteristic gleam of humor in his eye: "Gentlemen, your request for a change of the whole Cabinet, because I have made one change, reminds me of a story I once heard in Illinois of a farmer who was much troubled by skunks. They annoyed his household at night, and his wife insisted that he should take measures to get rid of them. One moonlight night he loaded his old shotgun and stationed himself in the laundry and sewing room, and do all the yard to watch for the intruders, his wife remaining in the house anxiously awaiting the result. After some time she heard the shotgun go off and in a few minutes the farmer entered the house. 'What luck had you?' she said. 'I hid myself behind the wood-pile,' said the old man, ' with the shotgun pointed toward the hen-roost, and before long there appeared not one skunk, but seven. I took aim, blazed away, killed one, and he raised such a fearful smell that

> concluded it was best to let the other six With a hearty laugh the Senators retired, and nothing more was heard of Cabinet

THE INDUSTRIAL REVIVAL And an Industry that does not Revive.

[Arkansaw Traveller.] At a recent industrial celebration, when it was desired that the business men would, with gaily decorated floats, illustrate the numerous interests of the city, there occurred a scene of such solemn character | begs the loan of it a dozen times a day." that to write of it makes the pen wriggle in imagination of a human shudder. Silas Parkman is an undertaker. When

he was requested to contribute to the fund | sex ?" necessary to the organization of the parade, he cheerfully complied. The manager and declared that if every business man were like him, the city would put on a dress coat of such attractive hue that capital for investment would be drawn from

that cannot be properly represented by a years, believe it would be becoming to float."

"It is a pity," the undertaker replied. "Yes, it is almost a shame. Of course | ancient rounder got hold of the secret and your line of business is useful to a commu- made all the rest hopping mad to learn it. a moment. "When a man takes me to a circus and crawls under the canvas to save without you, but you know very well that wanted to blush he'd jab a pin into his leg your awful profession admits not of pomp | and keep his mouth shut." and parade." "I underscand."

"Of course you do. I felt a delicacy in approaching you at first, but remembering that you have always been-in short, you are a man who wants to see the city pros-

"Yes, I am that kind of a man. Say you are going to represent your business, are you not ?"

"Of course. The cooperage business, you know, can be appropriately presented. an extensive float. Oh, I'll do my part." "I don't doubt it," replied the under-

Raleigh Register.

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RALEIGH REGISTER.

Second Floor of Fisher Building, Favetteville Street, next to Market House.

people from the surrounding country. and, fortunately, several hundred northern editors on a tour of free lunch and bad wine, stopped in the city long enough to see the industrial cavalcade. The procession was formed in the suburbs of the city. During the arrangements no little curiosity was occasioned by the appearance of an immense float covered with canvas. When the man who had it in charge was asked what business it represented and why he did not remove the covering, he answered both questions by remarking that it represented a very inportant indus-

try and that it would be unveiled in time. The procession moved. Just as it turned into a crowded street, where thousands of people, including the visiting editors, were assembled, the covering was removed from the mysterious float. What a sight was revealed. On a platform, trimmed in black and decorated with the dread-inspiring plumes of the undertaker, were hree coffins. Several men, employed to conduct the details of the business, went hrough solemn manœuvres. Each man was dressed in a shroud, and, "turn about," one of them would lie down and pretend to be dead. The others would put him into a coffin and lower him into a box arranged under the float. When all the coffins were filled, a general resurrection would take place. Even this was not all. A black placard bore, in white let-

ters, the following inscription:-"Silas Parkman, undertaker, buries people at all hours, compelled to on account of a rush of business. When sick people know that they are to be buried by Parkman, sweet resignation settles upon their faces. Hurrah for Parkman!"

The visitors were thunderstruck; the ditors were horrified, and many of them declared that the awful exhibition was an insult to the northern press. The manager, galloping up to the eerie float, ex-

"Get out of this procession, you wretch "I reckon not," replied a man who took off a set of gray whiskers, revealing the features of Silas Parkman. "Yes you will. You have insulted our

visitors-you have ruined our city. Capitalists who came to witness the parade declare that they wouldn't live in such a 'My dear sir," replied the undertaker, 'I don't want them to live here. I don't want any one to live here. I want them heavily for this privilege, and no one can prevent me from driving around the streets.

Here, Andrews, it's your time to die." "I'll have you arrested!" howled the manager. "Oh, I reckon not. I paid for the priv-

ilege of showing the growth and prosperity of my business." It was useless to argue with Parkman, so the other business men, disgusted because he had the most attractive show, withdrew, leaving him in possession of the entire field. Each one of the northern editors wrote up the disgraceful affair, and a committee recently appointed by the city council estimate that the damages to the municipality will amount to about five hundred and thirty-seven thousand dol-

TRUE AS PREACHING!

A Looking-Glass for Man's Vanities.

[San Francisco Alta.] "Who buys them?" asked a reporter in Kearney street notion shop, pointing to a lot of tiny pocket-mirrors, with nail-

cleaners, toothpick and comb all com-"Men, sir-vain men-are the pickersup of these unconsiderate trifles.'

"Pretty men?" inquired the reporter. The salesman grinned. "It don't matter much how they look," he said. whether they are apes or Apollos; they want a pocket-mirror all the same. They retire every hour or so to some secret place to admire themselves. Talk of the vanity of women! Indeed! It pales, sir: it fades away into insignificance by comparison with the admiration the majority of men have for their own mugs. Why, there are some half a dozen who, entertaing a great respect for my critical judgment of physical beauty, step in here every day to inquire how they are looking. Then it is, 'Am I pale to-day, Jim?' or 'Do you think my color is too high, Jim?' or That left eyebrow is growing a trifle heavy; don't you think I'd better have it too high, my friend is off to the barber's for a dab of powder, or-but this is a dead secret-we accommodate him in this shop. If he is too pale we tinge him up. It's

wonderful, positively wonderful.' "But there are different degrees of vanity among these male beauties, are there

"No, sir; there is but one degree and that is the superlative, but there are different degrees of candor. Some are modest and will declare that their moustache and beard are always getting tangled. Now, there's a good-looking blonde railroad agent on Montgomery street who bought a six-by-four mirror from me the other day, which he keeps in his breast-pocket. He is a glutton about his personal beauty, he is; but a real estate man, a fair, stout young person, whose office is near him. has found out that he has this glass, and Then, as a matter of fact, you have more customers among gentlemen for those pretty little articles than among the other

"Five to one, sir; the percentage of those who carry pocket-mirrors is small among ladies, but eight out of every dozen men have one stowed away in the vest pocket. Why," continued the notion man. some big, smirking fellows-business men-have come in here and asked me if all parts of the country.

"I regret very much," said the manager, "that your business is of a class who have not known a blush for twenty them if they could flush up like a moss rose when a girl glances at them. The

> "What did the mouth have to do with "Because the pin would make him feel like swearing, and keeping back the blasphemy was the effort that suffused his cheek. That's the true business, s'help

It was Cato and not Aristotle who had such a disdain for omens. On being asked if he did not fear some impending evil because the Rats had gnawed his Hose, he replied that it was not such a strange thing; but he would have been startled, he said, if his Hose had eaten the Rats! We com-"I am always in the front rank when it | mend this view of the case to our super-

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meaning of a not unusual incident in his own life."—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.