The Old North State

VOL. V. SALISBURY, N. C., AUGUST 12, 1870. NO. 32.

Lately Much Improved—and the new

Universal Clothes Wringer

Improved with Rowell's Patent Double Cog-wheels, and the Patent Stop, are now unquestionably far superior to any apparatus for washing clothes ever invented, and will save their cost twice a year, by saving labor and clothes.

Southern people who have used them testify as follows:

They save three-fourths of the labor and cost, and pay for themselves both in money and contentment. Let every young lady learn to use them and every married one keep them in her house.

New Orleans Picayune.

"An excellent Washing Machine. We have tried it. The Clothes Wringer is very superior. A good hand will wash a large number of pieces in a few hours."

Raleigh Episcopal Methodist.

"The Machine is no humbug, but a necessity in every family."

Georgetown Kaleidoscope.

"We have one of Doty's Clothes Washers, and our household are in ecstacies over it. They are great economizers of time and labor."

Elizabeth N. C. Advertiser.

"We have one of these excellent machines in use, and we cheerfully commend it for all that is claimed for it."

Rutherford Vindicator.

"After over two years' experience with a Doty, we are assured that it is the greatest help and economizer of time, labor and money we have yet had introduced into our household."

Williamson Smith, New Orleans.

"I have had a Doty Washer in my family for some time. It gives entire satisfaction, and I take pleasure in commending it to the head of every household."—*R. Towers, Jefferson, Texas.*

"I have had one of Doty's Clothes Washers in use for a year, and am perfectly satisfied with it. My family have tried it faithfully and have never known it to fail to accomplish all that it professes to."—*Prof. J. F. Stevens, Concord Female College Statesville, N. C.*

PRICES—A FAIR OFFER.

If the Merchants in your place will not furnish, or send for the Machines, send us the retail price, Washer $15, Extra Wringer $10, and we will forward either or both machines, free of freight, to places where no one is selling; and so sure are we they will be liked, that we agree to refund the money if any one wishes to return the machines free of freight, after a month's trial, according to directions.

No husband, father or brother should *permit* the drudgery of washing with the hands, fifty-two days in the year when it can be done better more expeditiously, with less labor, and no injury to the garments, by Doty Clothes Washer, and a Universal Wringer.

Sold by dealers generally, to whom liberal discounts are made.

R. C. BROWNING, Gen. Agent,
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The Great Medical Discovery!
Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA

VINEGAR BITTERS,

Hundreds of Thousands Bear testimony to their wonderful Curative Effects.

WHAT ARE THEY?

THEY ARE NOT A VILE

FANCY DRINK,

Made of Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits, and Refuse Liquors, doctored, spiced, and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics" "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the Native Roots and Herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the **GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER** and **LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE**, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter, and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters, according to directions, and remain long unwell.

$100 will be given for an incurable case, providing the bones are not destroyed by mineral poisons or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, and Gout, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent, and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

They invigorate the stomach, and stimulate the torpid liver and bowels, which render them of unequalled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Copious Discharges of Urine, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms which are the offsprings of Dyspepsia, are cured by these Bitters.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure and the health of the system will follow.

PIN, TAPE, and other WORMS, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed.

For full directions, read carefully the circular around each bottle, printed in four languages—English, German, French, and Spanish.

J. WALKER, 32 & 34 Commerce Street, N. Y. Proprietor. R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and General Agents. San Francisco, California, and 32 and 34 Commerce Street, N. Y.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver, and all the Visceral Organs.

For Female Complaints, whether in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or at the period of "change of life" these Bitters have no equal; are safe and reliable in all forms of disease.

DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS.

MAGIC

IS CONSIDERED

To be the Greatest and Best REMEDY NOW IN USE

FOR ALL PAINS.

It is becoming more and more popular every day. The demand for it is great.

Prepared and for sale at

DR. POULSON'S Drug Store,
Jan 21—y1 Salisbury, N. C.

$1.000 REWARD.

DeBing's Via Fuga cures all Liver, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Organic Weakness, Female Afflictions, General Debility and all complaints of the Urinary Organs, in male and female.

$1.000 will also be paid for any case of Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles that DeBing's Pile Remedy fails to cure.

DeBing's MAGIC LINIMENT cures Rheumatism, Pains, Bruises and Swelled Joints, *in man and beast.*

Sold everywhere. Send for Pamphlet.

Laboratory—142 Franklin st., Baltimore, Md. apr22-1y

WILLIAM VALENTINE,
THE BARBER,

RETURNS HIS THANKS to his *OLD FRIENDS* and the Public for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him. He now informs them that he has fitted up a new and commodious

Shop, in Dr. Henderson's Brick-Building, Room No. 2,

where he would be pleased to see them. He guarantees to give satisfaction in every case.—He has in his employ of the best Hair Dressers in Western North Carolina. He requests a call from all.

Salisbury, N. C., Dec. 17, 1869. 50—tf

YARBOROUGH HOUSE,
FAYETTEVILLE STREET,
RALEIGH, N. C.

Having no connection with any other Hotel in Raleigh, I shall make the

YARBOROUGH HOUSE,
WHAT IT HAS BEEN,
The only First Class Hotel in the City.

J. M. Blair,
March 18—tf Proprietor.

MANSION HOUSE,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

This well known House having been NEWLY FURNISHED and REFITTED in every department is now open for the accommodation of —THE— TRAVELLING PUBLIC.

Omnibus at Depot on arrival of Trains.
feb 4—5tf H. C. ECCLES, *Prop'r.*

EDGEWORTH FEMALE SEMINARY.

THE NEXT SESSION will commence on the first Monday of September. We make good Scholars good Musicians, and good Teachers of our pupils, and give them a training fitted to make them practical and useful women.

For circulars, address,
J. M. M. CALDWELL,
July 1-2m Greensboro, N. C.

DR. G. B. POULSON,
DEALER IN FIRST CLASS
DRUGS, MEDICINES,
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OILS, DYE STUFFS,
PERFUMERY,
PATENT MEDICINES,
KEROSENE LAMPS,
LAMP FIXTURES,
VINEGAR BITTERS,
PHYSICIANS ORDERS,
&c., &c. &c.

Prescriptions carefully compounded all hours day or night. Prices greatly reduced.
Salisbury, N. C, January 21, 1869. 1y

CLEMMONS' STAGE LINES!
WARSAW

To Fayetteville.

LEAVE Warsaw for Fayetteville daily except Sunday. If you are in Western N. Carolina go to Raleigh and procure a through ticket to Fayetteville for $8; Through Tickets from Goldsboro' via Warsaw, to Fayetteville, $6. Through tickets from Weldon to Fayetteville $10. Through tickets from Wilmington, via Warsaw, to Fayetteville, $6.

CHARLOTTE TO WADESBORO:

Leave Charlotte after trains from Raleigh and Columbia, via Monroe, for Wadesboro' Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Leave Wadesboro', Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of trains and Stage from Wilmington.

Head of Chatham Rail Road to Jonesboro, N. C., daily except Sundays.

Leave head of Chatham Rail Road after arrival of train from Raleigh.

Leave Jonesboro' after arrival of train from Fayetteville.

Clemmons' Accommodation Line

Between Salem and High Point, will charter Stages at all hours "Cheaper than the Cheapest." Office at Butner's Hotel, Salem, N. C.

E. T. CLEMMONS,
Oct. 1; 1869—tf Contractor.

Encourage Home Manufacture!

THE BEST BITTERS MANUFACTURED by any Druggist, Pharmaceutist, or any body else is

NICHOLSON'S
Regenerating Bitters,

For the cure of Rheumatism, Scrofula, Chills and Fever and all diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidney and Lungs, restoring health and vigor to all.

It is none of your Quack Beverages, but excellent Medicine.

PRICE $1.00 PER BOTTLE.

Druggists and all Merchants will do well to address J. M. NICHOLSON, SR.
July 15—1m Yadkinville, N. C.

Charlotte Female Institute,
CHARLOTTEE, N. C.

The 13th Annual Session of this Institution commences the 30th September and continues until the 30th of June, 1871.

An accomplished corps of Teachers has been employed in all branches usually taught in first-class Female Seminaries.

For Circular and Catalogue containing full particulars as to terms, &c., address

REV. R. BURWELL & SON,
Charlotte, N. C.

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Dr E Nye Hutchison, Charlotte, N. C.
Rev Chas Phillips, D D, Davidson College, N C.
Prof J R Blake, " " "
" U Q Richardson, " " "
Ex Gov Z B Vance, Charlotte, N. C.
July 22-2y.

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Editor and Proprietor.

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JOHN RANDOLPH.

Professor Parsons, of Reading, is credited by the Philadelphia Bulletin with the following novel reminisces of John Randolph:

There is no doubt but that he was descended from Pocahontas. He was proud of this. No stranger could be in his company one hour and remain ignorant of it. He was sure to bring it in in conversation some way. He felt that old Powhatan was the lord of all Virginia, and when he died he left his regal rights to his daughter, and that when she died they descended to him, and that he was king of the whole land. There was a "screw loose" somewhere in his mental composition. So long ago as when the first steamboat was put upon the Hudson there was not business enough to keep it employed every day, so frequently it would take excursion parties up the river. On one occasion quite a large party were on board, among them Randolph and a Mr. Schuyler, who was a very modest, shy man, respected by all. While the boat was going on its way Randolph started up went a few paces from a party of ladies, and shouted out, "Mr. Schuyler! Mr Schuyler! will you do me the favor to come here!" Mr. Schuyler left the party and approached him. "Mr. Schuyler, look here"—placing his hand on his ear—"what do you see?" "Nothing," replied Schuyler. "Look at that ear—what do you see?" "Simply an ear." "Don't you see Pocahontas there?" In order for Schuyler to get away he finally said, "I think I do see a little of it." Mr. Schuyler related this to Parsons. It is believed that the aboriginal descendants of the country left a peculiar mark upon the lobe of the ear, which always marked such persons. He made a visit to England and behaved quite strangely while there. The English were at loss to account for his eccentricities. They ascribed them to three things—first, that he drank upon the sly, or was all the time tipsy or that he was insane; thirdly, that it was due to American peculiarities. Our narrator was told this by an Englishman, when he remarked he preferred not to have him think it the latter of the three. Pocahontas married Rolfe—which is the same word as Randolph Randolph's grandfather had a perfect right of Rolfe's if he choose it. While in London he saw fit to dress in the Randolph clad; he carried sword, pistols and dirk; had his leg bare to the knee, just like an old Scot. Once at a theatre, two young men, from his strange dress and other cause, smiled at him. He turned to them and said, "Let him who smiles at tartan beware of the dirk," at the same time brandishing his dirk.

The Washington officials became very tired of him. They feared him, and in order to get rid of him, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia. He refused to accept, unless permission was given him to spend some time in Italy for his health. This was granted, as would anything to have got rid of him. He went to Italy, stayed some time there—went to Russia and remained one month; then went to England and made quite a long stay before returning home.

The reason why he left Russia was this: While he was there, and before he had been presented to the Emperor, some one undertook to teach him the presentation etiquette of the court. It was very simple. The Minister was to enter the door and bow, at the middle of the room bow again, approach the Emperor and bow, and then the Emperor would meet him and enter into conversation He was indignant at the idea of any one attempting to teach him, and said: "Don't you think I know how without you showing me?" The day for the presentation approached. He entered the room and bowed very low—came to the middle of the room, stopped, and again bowed—he then came nearer, took off one gauntlet and threw it on one side of the Emperor, and then the other on the other side of the Emperor—then he pitched his hat off in front, threw off his mantlet—threw off his sword and fell on his knees. The Emperor was perfectly astonished, but being a well educated man, knew how to act under such circumstances. So he approached, lifted him up and conversed with him. His reception did not come up to his ideas, so, being disgusted with Russia, he left in a month.

He had an unbounded admiration of Marshall, who was the only man who could at all control him. When Marshall was 74 he was in the Convention, and an attack was made upon the Judiciary. He made his greatest efforts in its defence and triumphantly saved it. Randolph speaking of this speech said: "It was a Gibraltar, and every answer was a pistol shot against the solid rock. Randolph died of consumption. It is said that when he was lingering—after he could not speak a word—that he wrote upon a card "Remorse;" this idea has generally gotten abroad. The truth, however, is that he was attended during his illness by a man by the name of R. Morse and he, for some purpose wrote his name.

He was a man of immense knowledge especially of little things not generally known by other people. He once said he could bound every county in England, tell all of its towns, in what part of the country they were, name the course of every river, and the counties through which it flowed

Our narrator dined one day with Mr. Otis. It was past the hour named. All the company had arrived; still dinner was kept waiting—waiting for Randolph. In he came, about a half hour after the time. Dress in those days was peculiar; no one thought of going to a dinner party with the clothes he wore every day. He came in with his buckskin pantaloons all spattered with mud; he had on hip-top boots; still retained his hat; had his riding whip in his hand. He made no apology to Mrs. Otis—merely said: "As it was a pleasant day he had lengthened his ride." He sat at Mrs. Otis' right, while our narrator sat to the right of Mr. Otis, at the other end of the table. During the dinner he called out to our narrator in a loud voice: "Mr. P——! Mr. ——!" "Sir!" Mr. P—— replied. "Was it ignorance on the part of your forefathers or what was it, that led them to put Norfolk south of Suffolk!"

In England, Norfolk is where the north folk live, and Suffolk where the south folk live. Mr. P did not know it at that time. When he came home he found, after diligent inquiry, that Suffolk was named first—it was settled by immigrants from Suffolk, who gave it the name of their old, as did the Norfolk people who afterwards settled Norfolk.

MR. DAVIS' GREAT BLUNDER.

Referring to the failure of the Confederate army to march upon Washington after the first battle of Manasses, "One Who Knows" writes to the Louisville Courier:

"There is a significant clause in General Johnston's letter, now published by the Clarion. "After a conference at Fairfax Courthouse with the three senior general officers you announced it to be impracticable to give this army the strength which those officers considered necessary to enable it to assume the offensive. Upon which I drew it back to its present position." The army had been menacing Washington. The senior Generals alluded to were Johnston, Beuregard and G. W. Smith. They had reconnoitered the entire country. They had discovered a spot above the city, and had prepared the methods of crossing their army. There were no defences around Washington.—McClellan had his army on the Virginia side, disciplining them; had taken no artillery there, and was drawing rations of three days at a time from the city, leaving all his supplies therein. These Generals sent for Mr. Davis. They said: "Take from Norfolk, from Charleston, Pensacola, and other places which are not even threatened, twenty thousand troops and send them here to hold our camp and cover our absence. We will march in the night, and the dawn of day will find us in Washington, which will fall without a shot being fired. McClellan without provisions or artillery, must surrender, and the war will be over." The plan was magnificent; it was feasible. It would have established the Confederacy.

But Mr. Davis would not listen to it, and he left that camp foredoomed to be the instrument, more than the Federal armies, of the non-success of the southern people.

This statement coincides with the belief of many of the best men in the South.

THINGS NO LADY CONFESSES TO.—Old Bozbury says: You can never, by any accident, get a lady (be she young or old) to confess that she laces tight. That her shoes are too small for her. That she is ever tired at a ball. That she is as old as she looks. That she has been more than five minutes dressing. That she blushes when a certain person's name is mentioned. That she says a thing she doesn't mean. That she is fond of scandal. That she—she of all persons in the world—is in love. That she hasn't the disposition of an angel or the temper of a saint—or else how could she go through one half of what she does? That she is ever in the wrong.

An attorney presenting a copy of a writ to an auctioneer, apologized for his unfriendly visit, as he was merely performing an unpleasant duty of his profession. "Certainly not," said the auctioneer; "you must attend to the duties of your profession, and so must I do mine," and instantly knocked him down

FIFTEEN YEARS A CAPTIVE WITH THE INDIANS.

A Wanderer meets his Wife at the Grave of her Second Husband.

From the Findlay (Ohio) Courier.

Some fifteen years ago there lived in the northern part of Portage township a young married couple by the name of William and Annie Clarkinson. They owned a little farm and made enough to keep themselves comfortably in the world, and were apparently happy. William was handsome and well educated, having graduated with honor at an eastern university. He did not like the honest but humble occupation of farming. Wealth accumulated too slowly following the plough; he wanted to make money by thousands of dollars. So the farm was sold. Mrs. Clarkinson went to live with her parents, and William started for the golden State of California, with the expectation of "picking up" a couple of million dollars in a couple of years.

For a few months Mrs. Clarkinson occasionally heard from her husband, either directly or through some of the neighbors with the same train with which her husband was going. Then there was a long interval, during which no word came.—After a time there were rumors that the train had been attacked by Indians and every one killed. This was at last too truthfully verified by one poor fellow who was found by another party a few days after, with just enough life left to tell how the train had been attacked one dark night, and before any could recover from the surprise all were killed and scalped, and the Indians rode triumphantly away with their booty.

For three years, Mrs. Clarkinson mourn for her dead husband. After the lapse of time she married again and moved to Wood county. For nearly twelve years she was as happy as a kind and affectionate husband and two beautiful children could make woman At the end of that time (which carries us up to the 1st inst.) affliction again cast its mantle over her. Death claimed her husband, and again she was a sorrowing, weeping widow.

She follows weeping to the grave; she hears the sad, solemn words, "Dust to dust and ashes to ashes"; the earth falls with a dull, dreary thug upon the coffin as the sexton slowly covers up all that remains of him whose spirit has gone before to the other world.

The widow raises the black veil and looks around. As she does so, she meets a pair of eyes fixed intently upon her.—She starts—memory rushes back fifteen years, and brings up the picture of her first husband. There can be no mistake 'tis he! The recognition is mutual.—There is a scene; the widow and wife faints; the bronzed stranger explains his relation to the woman, and all repair to the house of her who ten minutes ago was a widow, but now again is a wife. Then Mr. William Clarkinson tells how he was not killed by the Indians at the time of that sudden onslaught on the plains, but was taken prisoner by the Blackfeet, and carried far away among the mountain fastnesses, and during all those long years had been forced to be a slave for his cruel captors.

He had finally escaped, and during his flight through mountain gulches he discovered a rich gold deposit. How he had written back to his old friends but could get no answer. He then went back and worked the gold mine which he had discovered. He grew rich, and longed to again visit the home of his youth and happiness. He had got off the cars at Pittsburg and taken the stage to Bowling Green; had hired a buggy there, and was driving to his old home when he overtook the funeral; a strange impulse induced him to follow; the widow's person seemed stranely familiar, and she drew aside her veil he recognized her as the wife he had bidden adieu to fifteen years before, and whom he had thought to be dead.—They now live happily together.

SHUN AFFECTATION.

There is nothing more beautiful in the young than simplicity of character. It is honest, frank, and attractive. How different is affectation! The simple-minded are always natural. They are at the same time original. The affected are never natural. As for originality, if they ever had it, they have crushed it out and buried it from sight, utterly. Be yourself, then, young friend! To attempt to be anybody else is worse than folly. It is an impossibility to attain it. It is contemptible to try! But suppose you could succeed in imitating the greatest man that ever figured in history, would that make you any better? By no means. You would always suffer in comparison with the imitated one, and be thought of only as a shadow of a substance—the echo of a real sound—the counterfeit of a pure coin! Dr. Thompson aptly compared the heartless imitator—for such is he who affects the character of another—to the Empress of Russia, when she did the freakish thing of erecting a palace of ice. It was splendid and conspicuous while it lasted. But the sun soon melted it, and caused its attractions to dissolve into common water, while the humble stone cottages of her subjects stood firm and unmarred! Let the fabric of your character, though ever so humble, be at least real. Avoid affecting the character of another, however great. Build up your own. Be what God intended you to be—yourself, and nobody else. Shun affectation.

PROVERBS OF THE BILLINGS FAMILY.

PRESENTED BY JOSH BILLINGS.

Don't swap with yer relashuns unless ye ken afford to give them the big end of the traid.

Marry young, and if circumstances require it, often.

Don't take yer terbacker box out in kompany.

If you kant git gud clothes and edikashun too, git the clothes.

Say how are ye! to everybody.

Kultivate modesty, but mind and keep a good stock of impidence on hand.

Be charitable. The sent pieces was made on purpose.

Don't take ennybody's advice but yer own.

If a man flatters yu, yu kan kalkilate he is a roge or yure a fule.

Keep both ize open; don't see more'n half you notis.

Don't martifi the flesh tew much; 'twant the sores on Lazzarus that sent him to heaven.

If yu ich for fame, inter a graveyard and skratch yourself against a tume stun.

Beggars don't have tu advertise for runawa dogs.

'Tis a long lane that never turns,' and 'tis a good mill that alwas dus.

Young man, be more anxus about the pedigre yur going to leave, than yu are about the one sumbody is going to leave you.

Sin is like weeds, self sown and sure tu kum.

Nature is nature, you kant alter the krook of a dog's tail much, and preserve the length of it.

I wud sa tu all the young men, "go in," and to all the old fellers, "kum out."

About as sure a way tu git rich as enny I no of, is to git inter det for a hundred thousand dollars, and then go to work and pay oph the det.

Filosophers tell us that the world revolves on its axes, and Josh Billings tells us that full half the folks on the arth think tha are the axes.

N. B.—These are proverbs hev stood for more'n a hundred years, and hain't gin out yet.

IKE AFTER THE OPERA.

Since the night when Ike went to the opera he has been, as Mrs. Partington said, crazy, and the kind old dame has been fearful lest he should become "non pompous mentus, through his attempt at imitating the operations." The morning after the opera, at the breakfast table, Ike handed over his cup, and in a soft tongue sang:

"Will you, will you, Mrs. P..
Help me to a cup of tea?"

The old lady looked at him with surprise, his conduct was so unusual, and for a moment she hesitated. He continued in a far more impassioned strain:

"Do not, do not keep me waiting,
Do not, pray, be hesitating,
I am anxious to be drinking,
So pour out as quick as winking."

She gave him the tea with a sigh, as she saw the excitement in his face. He stirred it in silence, and in his abstraction took three spoonfuls of sugar. At last he sang again:

"Table cloths, and cups and saucers,
Good white bread, and active jaws, sirs,
Tea—gunpowder, and souching,
Sweet enough, but not too strong."

"What do you mean, my boy?" said Mrs. Partington, tenderly.

"All right, steady, never clearer,
Never loved a breakfast dearer,
I'm not bound by witch or wizzard,
So don't fret your precious gizzard."

"But Isaac—" persisted the dame.—Ike struck his left hand upon the table and swung his knife aloft in his right, looking at a plate upon the table, singing—

"What form is that to me appearing?
Is it mackerel or is it herring?
Let me dash upon it quick,
Ne'er again that fish shall kick—
Charge upon them, Isaac, charge!"

Before he had a chance to make a dash upon the fish, Mrs. Partington had dashed a tumbler of water into his face to restore him to "conscientiousness." It made him catch his breath for a moment, but he didn't sing any more at the table, though the opera fever still follows him elsewhere.

The chairman of an Iowa vigilance committee, who was instructed to duck an obnoxious citizen, thus reported to his constituents: "We took the thief down to the river, made a hole in the ice, and proceeded to duck him; but he slipped through our hand and hid under the ice. All our efforts to entice him to come out failed, and he has now retained his advantage some hours."

A veteran was relating his exploits to a crowd of boys, and mentioned having been in five engagements. "That's nothing," broke in a little fellow; "my sister Sarah's been engaged eleven times."

A few miles from Nashville there is an old negress who is one hundred years old. She says, "De Lord done forgot to call for me."

A learned doctor has given it as his opinion that tight lacing is a benefit to mankind, inasmuch as it kills all the foolish girls, and leaves the wise ones to grow into women.

Contentment is a pearl of great price and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise purchase.

A BALLOON DUEL.

Perhaps the most remarkable duel ever fought took place in 1808. It was peculiarly French in its tone, and could hardly have occurred under any other than a French state of society. M. de Grandpre and M. le Pique had a quarrel, arising out of jealousy concerning a lady engaged at the Imperial Opera, one Mademoiselle Trevit. They agreed to fight a duel to settle their respective claims; and in order that the heat of their angry passion should not interfere with the polished elegance of the proceeding, they postponed the duel for a month—the lady agreeing to bestow her smiles on the survivor of the two, if the other was killed; or at all events, this was inferred by the two men, if not actually expressed. The duelists were to fight in the air. Two balloons were constructed, precisely alike. On the day denoted, De Grandpre and his second entered the car of one balloon, De Pique and his second that of the other, it was in the garden of the Tuileries, and amid an immense concourse of spectators. The gentlemen were to fire, not at each other, but at each other's balloons, in order to bring them down by the escape of gas, and as pistols might hardly have served for this purpose, each aeronaut took o blunderbuss in his car. At a given signal the ropes that retained the cars were cut, and the balloons ascended. The wind was moderate, and kept the balloons at about their original distance of eighty yards apart. When about half a mile above the surface of the earth, a preconcerted signal for firing was given. M. le Pique fired but missed. M. de Grandpre fired and sent a ball through Le Pique's balloon. The balloon collapsed, the car descended with frightful rapidity, and Le Pique and his second were dashed to pieces. De Grandpre continued his ascent triumphantly, and terminated his aerial voyage successfully at a distance of seven leagues from Paris.

CRICKET INVASION OF NEVADA.—The State of Nevada is suffering from an invasion of crickets. Myriads of them, it is said, have entered the eastern portion of the State, carrying dismay and destruction before them. The Elko *Independent* says: "They evidently come from Utah, the home of the cricket, grasshopper and polyagmous Mormon, and are endeavoring to cut or eat their way through to the green valleys of Truckee." Vegetation along their pathway is utterly destroyed. But they are not considered an incurable pest. Although they appear in prodigious numbers they travel slowly, and their advance is retarded by vigorous opposition. "In 1850," remarks a Nevada paper, "for a distance of twenty or twenty-five miles, in Utah, the whole face of the country was so densely covered with crickets—large, fat, clumsy, wingless fellows—that the wheels of the emigrant's wagon became almost clogged with the crushed carcasses of these insects. As their course could easily be traced, it was manifest that they had not traveled far, and winter probably overtook them before they swept over a very wide scope of the country. They advance steadily, however, and multiply a hundred and fifty fold each year. Hence, crickets, now that they have entered the State may, be expected for some years to come."

SILENCE AS A FINE ART.—People may say as much as they please in praise of brilliant conversation, but there is nothing after all, that is as safe and effective as silence, judiciously regulated. Occasionally you meet with a clever, genial sort of a man, apparently as frank as the open day. You are charmed with him, and gladly communicate your ideas upon every subject arising in the conversation. You think at the time that he is unreserved and free, but after he leaves it occurs to you that you can recollect nothing that he said. He has probed your innermost feelings, all the while impenetrable himself, like the man in the "Iron Mask."—These men are dangerous enemies and the best of friends. They can keep their own secrets, and yours also. They can, if they wish, expose the indiscreet expressions which fall from your lips, in what you think is confidential entercourse.—Talleyrand, Napoleon, all great men, diplomatics and statesmen have mastered this art of silence. The finest talkers in the world may cultivate it with marked advantage. It is a fine art. Perception and tact are required to make proper use of it. Nine times out of ten a brilliant finish of silence, in conversation will suggest more to the mind than a fusillade of words. We suggest more to our belles and beaux the propriety of paying some attion to this fascinating art.

TRUTH.—The consciousness of truth nerves the timid, and imparts dignity and firmness to their actions. It is an eternal principal of honor which renders the possessor superior to fear; it is always consistent with itself, and needs no ally. Its influence will remain when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.

A Ritualistic Wedding in St. John's Church, East Hartford, Conn., makes some small stir. The Eucharist was administered, the wedding ring blessed, and the sign of the cross made over it and over the elements when administered; a procession was headed by a crucifix with a silver cross; lighted candles were employed, and white satin crosses and embroidery decked the ushers and rector.