

# THE BANNER-ENTERPRISE

SMITH MEBANE & WILLIAMSON.

"GOD WILL HELP THOSE WHO TRY TO HELP THEMSELVES."

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## ON THE EDGE OF THE MARSH.

IN NOVEMBER.  
Dead sassafras and rusty gold  
Tell the year on the marsh is old.  
Blackened and bent, the sedges shrink  
Back from the sea-pool's frosty brink.  
Low in the west a wind cloud lies,  
Tossed and wild in the autumn skies.  
Over the marshes, mournfully,  
Drifts the sound of the restless sea.

IN JUNE.  
Fair and green is the marsh in June;  
Wide and warm in the sunny noon.  
The flowering rushes fringe the pool  
With slender shadows, dim and cool.  
From the low bushes "Bob White" calls  
Into his nest a rose-leaf falls.  
The blue-flag fades; and through the air  
Far off, the sea's faint pulses beat.  
—Miss A. A. Bussell, in Harper's.

## OUR HOSTESS'S DAUGHTER.

"Come," I said, rising and throwing aside my book—"come, Traverses, we have had work enough for one day. Let us take a sunset walk on the old ramparts, and have our tea at that charming little restaurant under the beeches."

Traverses took a last lingering look at his sketch, then carefully set back the easel against the wall, and we descended the stair from our apartments on the upper floor, where we enjoyed a view of the houseposts of the quaint little town of Neuride, on the banks of the wide and winding Rhine.

"Stop a moment," Traverses said, as we reached the first door. "We will see if there are any letters. I desired the Frau Hansing not to bring them up hereafter, for good woman though she is, her talk is rather overpowering."

We had been recommended to Frau Hansing's lodgings by a fair cousin of my own who was visiting some half-English, half-German relatives near Bonn.

"If you stop at Neuride," she wrote, "my relative, Madame Estorf, desires me to say that you will find excellent lodgings with Frau Hansing, an old and faithful servant of hers, who will make you very comfortable."

And, despite Frau Hansing's love of talking, of which Traverses mildly complained, we had found the promise amply fulfilled, and had so far no cause to regret our choice of lodgings.

The old lady opened the door in answer to Traverses's light tap, and her plump, rosy face assumed an expression of commiseration and sympathy.

"Ah, mein Herr, so sorry! No letters today—though," she added, cheerfully, in her broken English, on which she prided herself. "Likely there will be some more letters one day, to-morrow, and then the Herr shall rejoice to his full contentment to hear from his home."

Over her shoulder I saw that she had decorated her little sitting-room with flowers and evergreens.

"You are expecting company, Frau Hansing?"

"Ah, yes, mein Herr; but it is only my little Bertha—my daughter, who is companion to Madame Estorf. A nice, dear little girl, and my only one."

And the old lady's eyes shone with pride and delight as she thus spoke of her daughter:

"She is with Madame, who is now at Rudesheim, in a visit; and, it being so near, Madame has kindly consented to her coming to us for one week. She is very clever and pretty, is my little Bertha, though it is I who say it; for, was she not brought up by Madame, and in great part with Madame's own granddaughter, the Fraulein Estorf? It was very kind of them to treat my little Bertha so well; but, then, I myself was nurse to the poor little granddaughter when her own mother died. Well, she is a great heiress now, as the Herr knows."

It was true that my Cousin Julia, in describing the family in which she was now staying, had more than once alluded to this Fraulein Estorf. She was granddaughter of the old Madame of the same name, and was the real owner of the estate on which they resided near Bonn, with the handsome chateau and the valuable vineyards adjoining. Beyond this, I knew nothing of the Fraulein Estorf; though the probability was that I might some time meet her, as in this our summer's holiday-trip Traverses and I were slowly making our way up the Rhine toward Bonn—which was, in fact, the objective point of my travels; for I must let the reader into the secret of my engagement to my fair English cousin, Julia.

That evening, returning rather late from our al fresco tea, we observed Frau Hansing's door half open, and the tall, graceful figure of a young girl standing under the hanging-lamp reading a letter.

"That must be Bertha," said Traverses, his artist's eye instantly attracted. "Let us see what she is like."

"Any letters yet, Frau Hansing?" he inquired, peering into the room; and the girl turned around quickly, displaying a lovely, piquant, brunette face, with dark eyes and delicate cherry-red lips.

"Frau Hansing is out," she said, modestly.

"I beg your pardon. You are the Fraulein Bertha?" said Traverses, resolved, as it seemed, to make her acquaintance, and at the same time lifting his hat with graceful courtesy.

"Yes," she answered, with some surprise and also a certain reserve.

"Excess me; but I knew you were expected. And since the Frau Hansing is absent, will the Fraulein be good enough to give me my letters, if there are any?"

I had passed up the stairs, and it was fully five minutes before my friend joined me.

"What a charming little creature is our landlady's daughter!" he said, quite enthusiastically. "Such lovely features, and so much expression! And then

one can see that she has been brought up with cultured and refined people. Really, there is something about her quite magnetic."

So indeed it appeared, judging from the frequency with which, on the following day, my friend journeyed up and down the stairs, at first anxious to receive letters and then on some newly-discovered business which necessitated frequent inquiries at the door of Frau Hansing's rooms. More than once, in passing this door, I beheld him seated on our landlady's horsehair sofa, engaged in an animated conversation with Bertha.

"Do you know," said he, with the air of one communicating an important discovery, "that the Fraulein is as intelligent and accomplished as she is beautiful? What a pity that she is only our landlady's daughter!"

Thus the week passed. For myself, I only saw Bertha in the evenings. She certainly was a charming girl, refined and ladylike, though dressing in a simple bourgeois style, and engaging, as we had opportunity of observing, in occupations not above her station—such as knitting stockings for her mother and assisting the old lady in household duties, even to cooking and cleaning. That she did not do this at the chateau she acknowledged. Her business there was to walk out with and read to the old Madame, even to sing and play for her; and she played uncommonly well; as we had opportunity of observing.

"It is unfortunate," I remarked, "that the girl has been educated above her station. She is superior to marrying a common bourgeois, and is not yet fitted for a higher rank by reason of her family."

"That is true," said Traverses, slowly. "Now, for instance, if I were to think of marrying Bertha, charming and ladylike though she is, my whole family would be down upon me; and, in fact," he added, hesitatingly, "I don't think I could bring myself to take such a step. I shall require good birth in the woman whom I marry."

"Then hadn't you better break off at once with the Fraulein Bertha? It seems to me that you are carrying this matter too far not to give it a serious ending."

"She is going away in a day or two," he answered, rather dolefully.

And she did go. We saw her back into the stage which was to take her back to Rudesheim and Madame Estorf, and, judging from her bright face and laughing adieux, she carried away a heart as whole as she had brought to Neuride. But with my friend it was different, and from the hour of her departure he became restless and dissatisfied. We consequently soon resumed our pilgrimage up the Rhine, stopping here and there wherever we found anything specially picturesque or interesting to afford a subject for our amateur pencils.

It was on September 1 that we reached Bonn. Leaving my friend at a hotel, I lost no time in making my way to the Chateau Rotherberg, about two English miles from the town, where I had the great delight of being greeted by Julia, looking fairer and sweeter, I thought, than I had ever before seen her. Madame Estorf also accorded me a most kindly welcome, and on learning that I was accompanied by a friend, insisted upon our both dining with her on the following day.

When I mentioned to Julia our coming with Madame Estorf's pretty companion at Neuride, she laughed merrily.

"She is the most ardent of little coquettes, that Bertha Hansing," she said. "My cousin has quite spoiled her, and so indeed has the Fraulein Estorf. But she is a good girl, nevertheless, and I don't wonder that her mother is so proud of her."

"Where is this Fraulein Estorf?" I inquired.

"I will introduce you to-morrow. She is not nearly so pretty, in my opinion, as little Bertha," she added, lightly, "but then she is an heiress, and I confess that were I not so certain of your not being of a mercenary nature, I should be afraid to expose you to such a temptation. As it is, I shall insist upon your bringing your friend, since you describe him as so handsome and so fascinating. That will deprive you of all chance of making an impression upon the heiress," she concluded, mischievously.

On taking leave, Julia and Madame Estorf's nephew, a youth on a vacation visit, accompanied me on a private path through the grounds. The scenery was lovely and the view from the highest point of the shaded terrace-way fine beyond description, and so I told Traverses on my return to the hotel.

"I will accompany you to-morrow as far as that point," he said, "as it may aid a subject to my portfolio, but I must decline the Madame's hospitable invitation. To tell you the truth, Elliott, I don't dare expose myself to the possibility of again meeting Bertha Hansing."

I rather approved of the resolution; so on the following day we left our conveyance at the entrance to the grounds and proceeded along the terraced path-way toward the chateau. At the point of view already mentioned was a little round, open pavilion, upon reaching which, imagine our surprise to behold seated there, in a comfortable wheeled chair, old Madame Estorf, and by her side our landlady's daughter, the fair Bertha, reading to the old lady from a French novel.

It was too late to retreat; so we came forward with all possible dignity, and I formally presented my friend to Madame, who, in her turn, quietly remarked: "I think you and Bertha have met before."

Bertha blushed to her fair temples, but glanced up with a demure, half-roguish smile. Even to me she looked more charming than ever, being dressed more richly and becomingly than I had yet seen her.

"This is a favorite haunt of ours," explained the old lady. "But the sun is getting uncommonly warm, and it is high time that Peter should come for me."

Peter did presently appear, and as he leisurely wheeled his mistress home, I walked by her side, leaving Traverses and Bertha to follow.

On arriving at the chateau, Madame, accompanied by her companion, went away to attend to her toilet, she said, and Traverses and I were for a few moments left alone in the saloon.

"It is all up with me, Elliott," he said, in a low voice, but with singular firmness. "It is an unworthy pride, after all, which would lead a man to sacrifice the woman he loves to aristocratic prejudice. I now know that I do really love Bertha; and if she will have me I will marry her. She is a perfect lady in all but birth."

It was no time for remonstrance. Julia's step was in the hall, and afterward Madame Estorf again made her appearance, arrayed in grand toilet for dinner.

"Shall we see the Fraulein Hansing again?" I ventured to whisper to Julia, but Madame's quick ear had caught the question.

"The Fraulein Hansing will not appear at dinner," she said, quietly; "but I will introduce you to my granddaughter, Fraulein Estorf. Ah, here she is, in good time!"

A graceful, elegant girl, richly dressed in silk and lace, stood in the doorway. Could it be possible? This young lady was certainly our landlady's daughter. There were the same regular features, the same roguish eyes, though her manner was now one of more stately dignity.

Traverses stood as if petrified. But the young lady came forward and offered her hand to both of us, with a charming air of archness and grace.

"You have known me before your landlady's daughter," she said. "That was your own fault in the first instance and not mine. I am Bertha Estorf."

It did not take long to explain the mystery.

"The Frau Hansing is my foster-mother," said the young lady, "and when I go to Neuride, as I sometimes do on business for my grandmother, I stay at her house. She was expecting her daughter on the occasion when I met you, but grandmother concluded to send me and allow Bertha to visit her mother later. I did not know of your gentlemen being at Neuride, and since it pleased you to take me for your landlady's daughter, I thought it best to humor you in the fancy. Isn't that sufficient explanation, grandmother?" she added, with a charming smile as she turned toward the old lady.

"Quite sufficient for the present. We were all in the secret, my little English cousin included," she said, glancing at Julia, whose eyes were sparkling with delight through the half-deprecating look which she cast at me.

"You will forgive my deceit, won't you?" she whispered, as we proceeded down the long gallery to dinner. "But it seemed such fun! A real plot, and we read of in novels. And, do you know," she added, lower still, "I think it will end as novels do, in a marriage!"

"In two marriages," I corrected her. And, as it turned out, my prediction was fulfilled.

I and my wife pay a visit every summer to the Chateau Rotherberg, and admire Mrs. Traverses's embroidery and her husband's pictures. And which is the happiest couple perhaps the reader would find it difficult to decide.

## THE BAD BOY IN A NEW ROLE.

HE EXPLAINS HOW HE RECEIVED A BLACK EYE.

Taking the Part of a Girl Who Had Formerly Been His Schoolmate—Defending the Friendless.

The Milwaukee Sun's famous bad boy appears in an entirely new role in the following sketch:

"Ah, ha, you have got your deserts at last," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in with one eye black, and his nose peeled on one side, and sat down on a board across the coal scuttle, and began whistling as unconcerned as possible. "What's the matter with your eye?"

"Boy tried to gouge it out without asking my consent," and the bad boy took a dried herring out of the box and began peeling it. "He is in bed now, and his ma is poulticing him, and she says he will be out about the last of next week."

"Oh, you are going to be a prize-fighter, ain't you," said the grocery man, disgusted. "When a boy leaves a job where he is working, and goes to loafing around, he becomes a fighter the first thing. What your pa ought to do is to bind you out with a farmer, where you would have to work all the time. I wish you would go away from here, because you look like one of these fellows that comes up before the police judge Monday morning, and gets thirty days in the house of correction. Why don't you go out and loaf around a slaughter-house, where you would look appropriate?" and the grocery man took a hair-brush and brushed some loose sugar and tea, that was on the counter, into the sugar barrel.

"Well, if you have got through with your sermon, I will take a little on my horn," and the boy threw the remains of the herring over behind a barrel of potatoes, and wiped his hands on a piece of potato sack. "If you had this black eye, and had got it the way I did, it would be a more precious gem in the crown of glory you hope to wear, than any gem you can get by putting quarters in the collection plate, with the holes filled with lead, as you did last Sunday, when I was watching you. Oh, didn't you look pious when you picked that filled quarter out, and held your thumb over the place where the lead was. The way of the black eye was this. I got a job tending a soda fountain, and last night, just before we closed, there were two or three young loafers in the place, and a girl came in for a glass of soda. Five years ago she was one of the brightest scholars in the ward school, when I was in the intermediate department. She was just as handsome as a peach, and everybody liked her. At recess she used to take my part when the boys knocked me around, and she lived near us. She had a heart as big as that cheese box, and I guess that's what the matter. Anyway, she left school, and then it was said she was going to be married to a fellow who's now in the state business, but he went back on her and after awhile her ma turned her out doors, and for a year or two she was selling beer in a saloon until the mayor stopped concerts. She tried hard to get sewing to do, but they wouldn't have her, I guess 'cause she cried so much when she was sewing, and the tears wet the cloth she was sewing on. Once I asked pa why ma didn't give her some sewing to do, and he said for me to dry up and never speak to her if I met her on the street. It seemed tuff to pass her on the street, when she had tears in her eyes as big as marbles, and not speak to her when I know her so well, and she had been so kind to me at school, just cause a dude wouldn't marry her, but I wanted to obey pa, so I used to walk around a block when I see her coming, 'cause I didn't want to hurt her feelings. Well, last night she came in the store, looking pretty shabby, and wanted a glass of soda, and I gave it to her, and oh, how her hand trembled when she raised the glass to her lips, and how wet her eyes were, and how pale her face was. I choked up so I couldn't speak when she handed me the nickel, and when she looked up at me and smiled just like she used to, and said 'what's getting to be almost a man since we went to school at the old school-house, and put her handkerchief to her eyes, by gosh, my eyes got so full I couldn't tell whether it was a nickel or a lozenge she gave me. Just then one of those loafers began to laugh at her and call her names, and say the police ought to take her up, and he made fun of her until she cried some more, and I got hot and went around to where he was and told him if he said another unkind word to that girl I would mail him. He laughed and asked if she was my sister, and I told him that a poor friendless girl, who was sick and in distress, and who was insulted, ought to be every boy's sister, for a minute, and any boy who had a spark of manhood should protect her, and then he laughed and said I ought to be one of the Little Sisters of the Poor, and he took hold of her faded shawl and pulled the weak girl against the show-case, and said something mean to her, and she looked as though she wanted to die, and I mashed that boy one right on the nose. Well, the air seemed to be full of me for a minute, cause he was bigger than me, and he got me down and got his thumb in my eye. I guess he was going to take my eye out, but I turned him over and got on top and I mashed him until he begged, but I wouldn't let him up. Till he asked the girl her pardon, and swore he would whip any boy that insulted her, and then I let him up, and the girl thanked me, but I told her I couldn't speak to her, cause she was tuff, and pa didn't want me to speak to anybody who was tuff, but if anybody ever insulted her so she had to cry, that I would whip him if I had to take a club. I told pa about it, and I thought he would be mad at me for

## WITH THE APACHE SCOUTS.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE INDIAN ALLIES OF THE FRONTIER.

Physical and Mental Characteristics of the Indian Scouts—How They Live on the March and in Camp.

A New York Herald correspondent has been traveling with the Apache scouts, advance guides of the United States troops on the Mexican frontier, and writing about their peculiarities, he says:

Their chests were broad, deep and full; shoulders perfectly straight, limbs well proportioned, straight and muscular, without a suggestion of undue heaviness. Hands and feet are small and taper, but wiry. Their heads are well shaped, and their countenances often lit up with a pleasant, good-natured expression, which would be more constant, perhaps, were it not for the savage, untamed cast imparted by the loose, disheveled, gypsy looks of raven black, held away from the face by a broad, flat band of scarlet cloth. Their eyes are bright, clear and bold, and, if a little experience enables one to judge accurately, are frequently expressive of the greatest good humor and satisfaction. Uniforms are issued to them, but donned upon ceremonial occasions only. On the march each wore a loosely-fitting shirt of red, white or gray stuff, generally of calico in some gaudy figure, but not infrequently the somber article of woolen raiment issued to white soldiers. This came down outside a pair of loose cotton drawers reaching to the moccasins. The moccasins are their most important article of apparel. In a fight or on a long march it is said that they discard all else, but under any and every circumstance will retain the moccasin. A leather belt encircling the waist holds forty rounds of metallic cartridges, and also keeps in place the regulation blue blouse and pantaloons, which are worn upon the person only when the Indian scout is anxious to "paralyze" the frontier towns or military posts by a display of all his finery. The other trappings of these savage auxiliaries are a Springfield breech-loading rifle, army pattern, a canteen full of water, a butcher knife, an awl in a leather case, a pair of tweezers and a tag. The awl is used for sewing moccasins or work of that kind. With the tweezers the Apache young man carefully picks out each and every hair appearing upon his face. The tag marks his place in the tribe and is in reality nothing more or less than a revival of a plan adopted during the civil war for the identification of soldiers belonging to the different corps and divisions. Each male Indian at the San Carlos is tagged and numbered and a descriptive list corresponding to the tag kept, with a full record of all his physical peculiarities.

The rate of speed attained by the Apaches in marching is about an even four miles an hour on foot or not quite fast enough to make a horse trot. They keep this up for about fifteen miles, at the end of which distance, if water be encountered and no enemy be sighted, they congregate in bands of ten to fifteen each, hide in some convenient ravine, sit down, smoke cigarettes, chat and joke and stretch out in the sunlight. If they want to make a little fire they kindle one with matches, if they have any with them; if not, a rapid twist between the palms of a hard, round stick, fitting into a circular hole in another stick of softer fiber, will bring fire in forty-five seconds. These scouts also paint the face to prevent the hot winds from blistering it; for this purpose they make use of antelope blood, or the juice of the roasted "mescal" (century plant).

The short morning rest of the Apaches was broken by the shrill cry of "Chodlee! Chodlee!" (Antelope! Antelope!) and far away on the left the dull "stump! stump!" of rifles told that the Apaches on that flank were getting fresh meat for the evening meal. Ten carcasses showed that they were not the worst of shots, and your correspondent takes pleasure in asserting that they are not by any means bad cooks. When the command reached camp these restless, indefatigable nomads built in a trier all kinds of rude shelters; those that had the army "dogtents" put them upon frames of willow or cottonwood saplings; others, less fortunate, improvised domiciles of branches, covered with grass, or of stone and boards and pieces of gunnysacks. Before these were finished smoke curled gracefully toward the sky from crackling embers, in front of which, transfixed on wooden spits, were the heads, hearts and livers of several of the victims of the afternoon's chase. Another addition to the "spolia optima" was a cottontail rabbit, run down by these fleet-footed Belshazzars of the Southwest. Turkey and quail, it is asserted by those who know, are caught in the same manner. Meantime a couple of scouts are making bread, the light, thin "tortillas" of the Mexicans, baked quickly in a pan, and not had eating. Two others are fraternally occupied in preparing their bed for the night. Grass is pulled out by hand-fists, laid upon the ground and covered with one blanket, another serving as cover. These Indians, with scarcely an exception, sleep with their feet pointed toward little fires, which they claim are warm, while the big ones built by the American soldiers are so hot that they drive people away from them and beside attract the attention of any lurking enemy. At the foot of this bed an Apache is playing upon a home-made "fiddle," fabricated from the stalk of the American aloes. It has four strings and produces a sound like the wail of a cat with her tail caught in a fence. Enchanted and stimulated by the concord of sweet sounds, a party of six is playing fiercely at the Mexican game of "monte," the cards employed being of native manufacture, of horse hide, covered with barbarous figures and well worthy of a place in any museum of curiosities.

## THE BLACK HORSES.

Have you seen the black horses  
As they stand in their places,  
With the steam of their nostrils  
And the fire of their faces.  
As they shine in their harness  
For their swift, splendid races?  
When they run in the darkness  
How they flame in their going!  
How they spurn earth behind them!  
How the heat in them glowing  
Leaves a trail on the night  
From the sparks they are throwing!

And the hand of the master—  
Perchance you have wondered  
How it kept a firm rein  
While they lightened and thundered  
In the speed of their passage  
As midnight was sun-drenched.

Oh, grand are the horses  
That whirl us, empering  
By hillside and hollow,  
Their vigor declaring  
And grand are the drivers  
Who urge on their daring!

Fly faster and faster,  
Oh, gallant black horses,  
As you fling the hot steam-fumes  
Along your smooth courses;  
Fly faster, for heartbeats  
Shall add to your forces!

And grip the long lever,  
Oh, hand of the master,  
As the brass sames like gold  
In the teeth of disaster—  
While the black horses' snorting  
Comes faster and faster!

—Samuel W. Duffield.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The artist's adieu to his picture—  
"You be hanged!"

According to an exchange, this is the season when the man who can see sermons in running brooks is apt to get and look for them on Sunday. Fish are biting.

A Georgia young lady is raising four acres of onions in order to obtain \$1,500. When she gets through she ought to be able to write a companion piece to Tennyson's "Tears, Idle Tears."

Mrs. Spiggins was boasting of her new house. "The windows, she said, were stained." "That's too bad, but won't turpentine or benzine wash it off?" asked the good Mrs. Oldboy.—Burlington Heralder.

"Shall we wear a silk hat?" was the subject of a lecture by a Brooklyn divine recently. That is a question which no man can answer. Everything depends on which way the elections go.—Philadelphia News.

There is a young fellow in our neighborhood who has been making a daily practice of attempting to sing. "Let me like a soldier die." He seems to crave death, and they do say that one of the neighbors who has a musket is preparing to accommodate him.—Saturday Night.

The height of economy has been reached in Philadelphia. A woman in this city, having worn out the heels and toes of her red stockings, is going to use the upper portions for lining her bonnet. It won't be quite as showy as red sa, but just think how much it saves.—Philadelphia Chronicle.

A woman has been sending bananas to her husband who is confined in jail in St. Louis. They were of a very peculiar kind, and are deserving of the attention of horticulturists. An examination they were found to contain saws and files within their pulpy boms. The impregnation will hereafter be known by its fruit.

"What d'ye leave that deer wide open for?" exclaimed the gentleman in the office of the intruding peddler. "Oh, thought you were want to kick me, 'that ye might want to make it downstairs, and ye wanted to make it convenient for ye, surr." The gentleman was so taken aback that he bought five apples for five cents, passing off a bad quarter in the transaction.—Boston Transcript.

Charley, the three-year-old of the household, stood an attentive and interested looker-on while grandma was paring potatoes for dinner. Presently she made a sign of discontinuing the work with a single potato left unpeeled and unwashed. The little fellow reached into the pan, took it in his unwieldy hand, and turning his bright eyes in an appealing glance to grandma's face, exclaimed: "Take 'im croons off and give 'im buff, too!"

A gentleman, who is said to be "one of the poets laureat of the United States," has written a poem descriptive of a visit to Egypt, in which he says: "Then to the railroad we did go. To take the cars for Cairo; to see the pyramids was our intent, so from Alexandria we went." We never understood before just what was meant by a "poet laureat of the United States," but it is clear from this specimen that the Norristown Herald.

Inquirer—You wish to set Mr. Snaggs and his next door neighbor to fighting. Easy enough. Some dark night just take a load of ashes and old cinder cans and dump them in Snaggs's back yard. He'll lay it to his neighbor and sling 'em over the fence. The neighbor'll be no under than a candidate for office beaten by one vote, and will sling 'em back. Then things will hum; law suits, pulled noses and bloody heads will result, and you can sit back and see 'em.—Boston Post.

An indignant landlord writes demanding the name of the party who first suggested putting coils of rope in sleeping rooms as a protection against fire. He says he provided every bedroom in his house with a coil of rope, and the first night three of his guests lowered their baggage from the sixth story window and skipped, leaving several days' board bill unpaid. He allows that being burned to death is bad enough, but running a hotel for fun is a good deal worse.—Rochester Express.