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WAR FEELING AT HOME.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

The Showman Becomes Captain of a Volunteer Company, and Breathes Forth Threats and Slaughter—He Attends a Public Meeting.

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XIV.
THE WAR FEELER IN BALDINSVILLE.



SOON as I'd recovered my senses, I went over to the village. The president was glad to see me. The schoolmaster said he was cherishing to get that gigantic intellect among 'em once more. That's what he called me. Like the schoolmaster, and allers send him to school when I'm off on a travelin' campaign. Besides, he is a very sensible man. Such men must be encouraged.

They don't get news very fast in Baldinsville, as nothin but a plank road runs in there twice a week, and that's very much out of repair. So my nabers wasn't much posted up in regard to the war. Squire Baxter sed he'd voted the dimocratic ticket for forty year, and the war was a dam black republican lie. Jo. Stackpole, who kills hogs for the Squire, and has got a powerful muscle into his arms, sed he'd bet \$5 he could hit the Crisis in a fair stand up fight, if he wouldn't draw a knife on him. So it went—sum was for war and sum was for peace.

The newspapers got along at last, chock full of war, and the patriotic fever fairly bust out in Baldinsville. Squire Baxter sed he didn't believe in Coercion, not one of 'em, and could prove by a file of *Eagles of Liberty* in his garrit, that it was all a puffy lie, got up to raise the price of whiskey and destroy our other liberties. But the old Squire got putty riley when he heard how the rebels was cuttin up, and he sed he reckoned he should skorn up his old musket and do a little square fight for the Old Flag, which had allers bin on the ticked he'd voted, and he was too old to Bolt now.

The next mornin' I rose with the lark (N. B.—I don't sleep with the lark, tho'). My little dawter was execootin ballads, accompanyin herself with the accordion, and she wisht me to linger and hear her sing. "Hark, I hear a angel singin, a angel now is onto the wing."
"Let him fly, my child," sed I, "p-buckles on my armer, 'I must forth to my Biz."
I had a seris time gittin into my military harness, as it was built for me many years ago; but I finally got inside of it, tho' it fitted me putty close. However, once into it, I lookt fine—in fact, aw-inspirin. "Do you know me, Mrs. Ward?" sed I, walkin into the kitchen.

"Know you, you old fool! Of course I do."
I saw at once she did.
We air progressin pretty well with our drill. As air all commandin officers, there ain't no jealousy, and as we air all exceedin smart, it fains wot while to try to outstep each other. The idee of a company composed exclusively of Commanders-in-Chief, originated, I s'pose I skurooly need say, in these Brans. Considered as a idee, I flatter myself it is putty heffy. We've got all the tactics of our kumpany, and what we particarly excel in is resista muskies.

Our corps will do its duty. We go to the aid of Columby—we fight for the stars!
We'll be chopt into assaige meat before we'll exhibit our oote tales to the foe. We'll fight till there's nothin left of us but our little toes, and even they shall defiantly wiggle! "Ever of thee,"

A. WARD.
A WAR MEETING.
Our complaint just now is war meetin. They've bin havin 'em had in varius parts of our churlish Republic, and natrally we caught 'em here in Baldinsville. They broke out all over us.

Posey County is aroused. I may say, it's on fire. That the pre-hay-ories of Injanny is on fire.
Our big meetin came off the other night, and our old friend of the *Bugle* was elected Chieerman.

The *Bugle-Horn of Liberty* is one of Baldinsville's most eminent institutions. The advertisements are well written, and the deaths and marriages are conducted with signal ability. The editor, Mr. Slinkers, is a polished, sharp-tongued writer. Folks in these parts will not soon forget how he used up the *Eagle of Freedom*, a family journal published at Snooville, near here. The controversy was about a plank road.

"The road may be, but our arm's in bald's head, and we haven't got a one-eyed sister Sall. Wonder if the Editor of the *Eagle of Freedom* sees it?" This used up the *Eagle of Freedom* feller, because his arm's bald's head, and he's a kumpany member, and his sister SARAH is very much one-eyed. For a general home-thrust, Mr. Slinkers has few equals.

I was fixin' myself up to attend the great war meetin, when my dawter entered with a young man who was evidently from the city, and who wore long hair, and had a wild expression into his eye. In one hand he carried a port-folio, and in his other paw clasp'd a bunch of small brushes. My dawter introduced him as Mr. SWENNER, the distinguished landscape painter from Philadelphia.

"He is a artist, papa. Here is one of his master-pieces—a young mother gazin' admirably upon her first-born," and my dawter showed me a really pretty picture done in ole. "Is it not beautiful, papa?" He throw's a match into his pipe. "Does it matter to you, whether I or Mr. Diller, the artist, introduced

our fence. It needs it. What will you charge, sir?" I continued, "to throw some soul into my fence?"

My dawter went out of the room in very short meeter, takin' the artist with her, and from the emphatical manner in which the door slam'd I concluded she was summat disgrast at my remarks. She closed the door, I may say, in italics. I went into the closet and larfed all alone by myself for over half an hour. I larfed so vidently that the preserve jars rattled like a axce and officer's sword and things, which it aroused my Berny, who came and opened the door putty sudden. She seized me by the few lonely hairs that still linger sadly upon my bare-footed head, and dragged me out of the closet, incidentally observing that she didn't exactly see why she should be compelled, at her advanced stage of life, to open a assym for appearance's sake.

My wife is one of the best wimmin on this continent, altho' she isn't always gentle as a lamb, with mint sauce. No, not always.

But to return to the war meetin'. It was largely attended. The Editor of the *Bugle* arose and got up and said the fact could no longer be disguised that we were involved in a war. "Human gore," said he, "is flowin'. All able-bodied men should seize a musket and march to the tented field. I repeat it, air, to the tented field."
A voice—"Why don't you go yourself, you old blow hard?"

"I am identified, young man, with a Arkymedian leaver which moves the world," said the Editor, wringin his aquarum brow with his left coat-tail. "He lude, young man, to the press. Terms, two dollars a year, invariably in advance. Job printing executed with neatness and dispatch. And with this brilliant bust of elegance the Editor introduced Mr. J. Brutus Hinkins, who is sufferin from an attack of Colic in a naberin' place. Mr. Hinkins said Washington was not safe.

Who can save our national capotee? "Dax Sarcastic," I said. "He can do it afternoons. Let him plant his light and airy form on the Long Bridge, make faces at the helipia folk, and they'll all skeedaddle! Old Sarcastic can do it."
"I call the Napoleon of Showmen," said the Editor of the *Bugle*. "I call that Napoleon a man, whose life is adorned with so many noble virtues, and whose giant mind lights up this warlike scene—I call him to order."

"I will remark, in this connection, that the Editor of the *Bugle* does my job printing."
"You," sed Mr. Hinkins, "who live away from the busy haunts of men do not comprehend the magnitude of the crisis. The busy haunts of men is where people comprehend this crisis, who live in the busy haunts of men, it is to say, we dwell, as it were, in the busy haunts of men."
"I fully trust that the gent'lman will not fail to pay suitable about the busy haunts of men before he sits down," sed I.

"I claim the right to express my sentiments here," sed Mr. Hinkins, in a loud and defiant tone. "And I shall brook no interruption, if I am a Softmore."
"You couldn't be more soft," my friend, I observed, whereupon there was cries of "Order! order!"

"I respect I can't mingle in this strife personally," said the young man.
"You might incline as a liberty pole," sed I in a silvery whisper.
"But," he added, "I have a voice, and that voice is for war." The young man then closed his speech with some striking and original remarks in relation to the star-spangled banner. He was followed by the village minister, a very worthy man indeed, but whose sermons have a tendency to make people seep pretty industriously.

"I am willin' to enlist for one," he said, "What's your weight, parson?" I asked.
"A hundred and sixty pounds," he said.
"Well, you can enlist as a hundred and sixty pounds of morphine, your duty bein' to stand in the hospitals arter a battle, and bein' perform! Think how much you'd save the Gov'ment in morphine."
He didn't seem to see it; but he made a good speech, and the editor of the *Bugle* rose to read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That we view with anxiety the fact that there is now a war goin' on, and

Resolved, That we believe Stonewall Jackson sympathizes with the secession movement, and that we hope the ninemonths men—
At this point he was interrupted by the sounds of silvery footsteps on the stairs, and a party of wimmin, carryin' guns and led by BERRY JANE, who brandish'd a loud and rattlin' umbrella, burst into the room.

"Here," cried I, "are some nine-months wimmin!"
"Mrs. Ward," said the editor of the *Bugle*.—"Mrs. WARD and ladies, what means this extr'ordin'ry demonstration?" "It means," said that remarkable female, "that you men air makin' fools of yourselves. You are willin' to talk and urge others to go to the wars, but you don't go to the wars yourselves. War meetin's is very nice in their way, but they don't keep SWENNER JACKSON from comin' over to Maryland and helpin' our country to the latest best critter. What we want is more older and less talkin' Gent'lmen," sed I. "that's my wifed and Go in, old gal!" and I throw'd up my ancient white hat in perfect raptures.

The name of the book to be filled up with the names of men or wimmin? The chief, "With men—with men!" and our quoby was made up that very night.

A. WARD.
Merit Measured by Success.
The wonderful popularity of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) is the natural result of the tests to which the public has put it. The merits of the medicine have remained the same, but the knowledge of the people with respect to its remarkable curative properties has increased until now there is a demand for it wherever the English language is spoken. S. S. S. was first offered as a specific for contagious blood poison. For that it was, and is, truly a specific. But it is now regarded, wherever its virtues are known, as a true specific for all forms of blood disease. Whole columns could be filled with testimonials to this effect.

A North Carolinian Probably the Biggest Man This Country Ever Produced. B. W. L. Holt in Richmond Dispatch.

In quoting Mr. Oglesby in your issue of the 16th on "Southern Thinkers," you say: "He mentions, by the way, that the largest man that Sussex county ever produced was Miles Darden, who weighed 1,000 pounds," and that you would like to know something more about Mr. Darden, and especially if the weight given is correct and how long he lived.

Mr. Darden has two nephews living in Sussex county—Mr. R. C. West and Mr. W. B. West—who are prosperous and highly respected farmers, and one niece—Mrs. I. T. Harris; also one niece living in Surry—Mrs. Tom Atkinson—and one in Prince George—Mrs. Richard Johnson.

One of Mr. Darden's great-nephews kindly furnished me today with a notice of Mr. Darden cut from the *Wilmington Journal* after his death and pasted in an old memorandum book, a copy of which I send you. The article is headed "The Heaviest Man on Historic Record," and is as follows:

"Miles Darden, probably the largest man on record, born in North Carolina in 1738, died in Henderson county, Tennessee, January 23, 1837. He was seven feet and nine inches high, and in 1845 weighed 871 pounds. At his death his weight was a little over 1,000 pounds. Until 1843 he was active and lively and was able to labour, but from that time was obliged to stay at home or be hauled about in a two-horse wagon. In 1839 his coat was buttoned around three men, each of them weighing more than 200 pounds, who walked together in it across the square at Lexington. In 1850 it required thirteen and a half yards of cloth one yard wide to make him a coat. His coffin was eight feet long, thirty five inches deep, thirty-two inches across the breast, eighteen inches across the head, and fourteen across the feet, and twenty-five yards of black velvet was requisite to cover the sides and lid. He was twice married and his children are very large, though probably none of them will ever reach half the weight of their father."

Mr. Darden moved from North Carolina to Southampton county, Va., where he live several years, and then moved to Tennessee. His relatives and old friends in this section, while they had not seen him for many years previous to his death, do not think his weight exaggerated by Mr. Oglesby.

City and Country.
Youth's Companion.
According to the new census more than eighteen million, two hundred thousand of the people of the United States reside in cities and large towns of eight thousand inhabitants or more. Of the total population of the country twenty nine per cent. live in these large places.

We may say, roughly, that seven-tenths of the people live in the country, and three-tenths in cities. The proportion of city population is constantly increasing. In 1860 only sixteen persons out of a hundred resided in these larger places; in 1870 there were twenty-one; in 1880 twenty-two; and in 1890 twenty-nine.

The number of towns having eight thousand inhabitants increased during the last ten years from two hundred and eighty-six to four hundred and forty-three. There are no less than forty-seven such towns in Massachusetts, and almost seventy per cent. of the population live in them.

It is evident, not merely from these facts but from common observation, that the cities are drawing heavily upon the country, and that the proportion of the people who devote themselves to agriculture, the basis of all industry, is steadily diminishing.

This is a melancholy fact. Everything that it is possible to do to counteract the tendency should be done. Great as the country is and varied as are its resources, the products of the soil are of many times greater importance and value than anything else.

Moreover, as cities grow and agriculture declines political and social evils increase. City life is vastly attractive to young people who have passed their childhood amid rural surroundings, but for the pure joys of a peaceful life the country is much to be preferred. So have sung the poets since the world began, and so the universal experience of the human race teaches.

Six and Dreams.
She sits and dreams of knights of old (Her mother at the wash tub scrubs).
And maidens fair with lovers bold,
Whom arms for one with wealth untold
Whom arms her fragile form might fold,
And prove the princess of love;
She sits and dreams of knights of old (Her mother at the wash tub scrubs).

The Best Remedy.
Every ingredient employed in producing Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly pure, and is the best of its kind it is possible to buy. All the roots and herbs are carefully selected, personally examined, and only the best retained. So that from the time of purchase until Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared, everything is carefully watched with a view to attaining the best results. Why don't you try it?

English Sarsaparilla removes all Hard Sores or Calloused Ulcers and Blisters from Sores. Blood Spavins, Curbs, Zittens, Swenney, Ship-Sores, Bites, and Swellings Throat, Coughs, Etc. Save 50¢ by use of the Sarsaparilla. Write for the most wonderful English Cure for Sores. Sold by McLean, Druggist, Wadesboro.

SAVED BY A MOUSE.

The Remarkable Presence of Wit of a Louisville Girl.

A young society man, who moves in the younger circles, told the town talker of the Louisville Commercial something out of the usual run the other day. He said that he attempted to kiss a pretty girl, and just as he got his arm around her slender waist and was about to kiss her she said that if he dared she would scream.

No wishing to have a scene which such an action would cause, he withdrew his arm and resumed his seat at the other end of the sofa.
"Oh, I thought you were a braver man than that," she said.
She, however, obstinately refused to let him kiss her, but she likewise threatened to scream if he should attempt it.

He thought he would profit by his former experience, and said no at attention to the warning.
He kissed her—she screamed. Her mother came in and demanded an explanation.
The girl came to his rescue, however, and said a mouse was in the room, and she had screamed as it ran across the floor.

Real Estate as an Investment.
National Real Estate and Investor's Guide.
Real estate is the best property in which money can be invested. To understand this statement it must be remembered that security is worth something—risks must be paid for; that there is real value as well as a fictitious, and that too often the latter is the standard of judgment. Men in discussing this subject usually talk about improved and unimproved real estate, but this makes little difference; in either case it is the best place for money. Cashiers may default, stocks rise and fall—the property remains intact. When the great law of demand and supply is more thoroughly understood in its relations to landed interests then will they boom. If property pays in the city of New York, where an acre is worth \$15,000,000 and the buildings on it as much more, why do not villages and farm properties pay? They do, when the same skill is applied to the management of them. But to build a ten thousand dollar house in a town where the demand is for ten dollars a month rent, or where rents are abundant to build a shanty in an undesirable place, or in any town to build a badly planned house, is simply to court loss. Or, for the farmer to produce stuff that brings him either into competition with cheaper land, or to market it in a bad shape is to fail. And because these things are done the whole class of property is blamed, and mismanagement decides the value. Landed property of any kind pays as well as any other. The man who has carefully invested in real estate and lost is a party who cannot be found. Some people complain about property they bought several years before—"ain't worth half as much as it was then,"—but barring the fact that they may have paid fictitious prices for it, buy it of them at their purchase price if you can. Wherever it may be, it takes little to keep it and requires no more attention than one chooses to give it.

Saving Her Boy.
Detroit Free Press.
I think when a boy has become an habitual loafer he is then ready for something worse, and I was greatly worried to find my boys come slipping in very quietly about the time the stores closed for the night; so I just resolved to try and make a pleasant place to spend the evening than the aforesaid stores.

Our best room had hitherto been kept sacred to the use of visitors and for the Sabbath; but after thinking the matter over very seriously, I started the fire, arranged everything as nicely as though I were looking for company, and then just let the boys have it. So far the plan has been a great success, for although I have never said a word to them about it, they took right up with it, and now spend their evening at home reading, playing (for they are all three musical), and besides being better for the boys, it is better for us.

Now, sisters, just between ourselves of course they'll spoil the carpet, and it's a real pretty carpet too, and I have been so careful of it. But I mean through God's help to have my boys all grow up to become good men, and if it is going to take a pretty room and a pretty carpet to help do it, why I am very glad I have them, that's all.

"Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers," was a line of alliterative nonsense, that the children used to say. Nowadays they can practice on the Perfect, Painless, Powerful Properties of Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pills. It will impress a fact, which will be useful to know. These Pills cure sick headache, bilious attacks, indigestion, constipation, and all stomach, liver and bowel troubles. They are tiny, sugar-coated pills, easy to take, and as a laxative, one is sufficient for a dose. No more groans and gripes from the old drastic purgatives! Pierce's Purgative Pills are as painless as they are powerful in their effects.

He Got His Dollar.
New York World.
A strapping young man sat in the Erie depot, across the Hudson, the other day waiting for his train. He had twelve eye-stones in a bundle on his right hand, and a cuckoo clock in a box on his left. As he was looking around the waiting-room he gave a sudden start. Then he started some more. Then he rose up and walked over to a flashily dressed man about forty years old, whom any one would have spotted as a fakir, and asked:

"Don't you travel around with a load of powder?"
"No, sir," was the sharp reply.
"Wasn't you up in Elizabeth last Fall?"
"No, sir!"
"Yes you was, and I'll bet on it! You are the same durned feller, and I know it!"
"Sir! What does this mean?" demanded the other.
"It means that I was in Elizabeth last Fall and bought a box of your tooth powder. You changed a five dollar bill, and darn my hide if you didn't hornswaggle me out of a dollar!"

"No use, old fellow! I knowed ye the minute I got eyes on ye. Same big diamond pin—same red necktie—same nose, bumped up in the middle like a circus camel! I want that dollar!"
"This is outrageous! I'll call a policeman!" shouted the fakir.
"Call and be durned to ye, but I'll lick ye first! You either come down with that dollar or I'll wallop ye till you can't hold'er!"
"Look here!" replied the other in much milder tones, "you are mistaken. It was my cousin who was in Elizabeth. He is dead now."
"Then I'll take it out of you!"
"He is dead, as I remarked, and rather than have any blot resting on his fair scutcheon I will pay you the dollar."

"That's all right! I don't know anything about scutcheons, but I've got to have that dollar or pull hair! I've bin lookin' for your bump backed nose all over the face of the earth. And I've laid awake nights thinkin' how I'd make ye holler like an Injun if I ever got my paws on ye!"
He was given a dollar, and the fakir disappeared at once, and the young man explained to those about him:

"I'm almost sorry he give up so soon. I was just achin' clean down to my toes to lick him all over a forty-acre lot!"

In The Dark.
The Table.
The hall was dark. I heard
The rustle of a skirt.
"Ha-ha!" thought, "I'll catch
You now, my little bird!"
Softly I sallied forth,
Resolved when I had kissed her
That I'd make her believe
I'd thought it was my sister.
The deed was done. Oh, bliss!
Could any man resist her?
Apology was made—
Alas! it was my sister!

Time Wasted.
A farmer's son up in the country conceived a desire to shine as a member of the legal profession and undertook a clerkship in the office of the village pettifogger at nothing a week. But at the end of his first day's study he returned home.
"Well, Tobe, how'd yer like the law?" asked his father.
"Taint wat it's cracked up to be," answered Tobe. "I'm sorry I learnt it."—Brooklyn Life.

Feeling All the Time.
New York Weekly.
Mr. Hayseed (arriving at city hotel): I s'pose I kin hear the gong here when it rings for dinner, can't it?

Clerk: We have no gong. We have breakfast from 6 to 11, dinner from 12 to 6 supper from 6 to 11.
Mr. Hayseed: Jehosophat! How am I to get time to see the city?

A box of Ayer's Pills has saved many a fit of sickness. When a remedy does not happen to be within reach, people are liable to neglect slight ailments, and, of course, if serious illness follows they have to suffer the consequences. A stitch in time saves nine.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.
[The following beautiful poem we see going the rounds of the press attributed to Henry Ward Beecher. We have before read it several times and published it more than once, but never saw its authorship credited to the noted preacher until after his death. We do not think Mr. Beecher wrote the poem. In a volume containing choice selections of poetry and prose in our possession these lines appear with the name of F. K. Crosby as the author.—Editor Gold Leaf.]

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering care—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind with loving thought,
Some kindly deeds the icy hands had wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Tears on which the willing hand had sped.
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully.
The eyes that met me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way,
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So, I might rest forgiven of all to-night.

Oh, friend I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow,
The way is lonely—let me feel them now.
Think gently of me, I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

Rhymes of the Merry Months.
New York Sun.
The old poem of the days of the month, entitled "Thirty days hath September," has been changed in the New York public schools, so that the charm and beauty of its defects have vanished, and it is now correct and commonplace. As it stood for a century or more it ran:

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November,
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one;
Excepting leap year, that's the time
When February has twenty-nine.

The version peculiar to New England would have done so far as correct rhyming goes. That version ended with these lines:
Except the second month alone
Which has but twenty-eight in fine,
'Till leap year gives it twenty-nine.
But the form in which it is taught in the public schools is neither more correct nor as simple. This is the part that has been subjected to modern improvement:

All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February alone,
Which has but twenty-eight,
And every fourth year one day more.

How Can That Be?
Over the mantle-piece of an old inn, in Lincolnshire, England, may be found this old quiz:
A man without eyes saw plums on a tree,
Neither took plums nor left plums.
Pray how can that be?
The answer just below the riddle is this:
The man hadn't eyes, but he had just one eye.
With which on the tree two plums he could pry.
He neither took plums, nor plums did he leave,
But took one and left one, as we man conceive.

A Strange Case of Discipline.
Baltimore Sun.
One of the most remarkable ecclesiastical cases in modern times is reported from America, Ga. Mr. J. J. Duke, a prominent member of the Hardshell Baptist Church, recently put up a lightning rod on his new \$10,000 residence, and thereby deeply pained his religious brethren by his evident distrust of the beneficence of Providence. They said that he was endeavoring to interfere with the will of God, and the whole congregation, headed by the pastor, came to his house and labored with him to take down the blasphemous and faithless rod. Mr. Duke declined, whereupon an ecclesiastical court was convened and charges preferred against the offending member for interfering with the will of God.

Put to Sleep by Lightning.
St. Louis Republic.
Liza, Ohio, May 31.
One is attracting attention in this town. Ella Ragan was sitting during a thunder storm last Thursday, when some object in the room fell over her and she remained as a wakened person.

Sarsaparilla belongs to the emulax family of plants, and is found very generally over the American continent; but the variety that is richest in medicinal properties is the Florida root, of which the famous Ayer's Sarsaparilla is made.

A flower that frost cannot wither is the true blossom.

NEWS NOTES.
Rev. Sam Jones, in an interview, estimates the number of conversions under his preaching at 150,000 to 200,000.

A man was recently fitted out with two glass eyes, a complete set of false upper and lower teeth and an artificial nose in a New York hospital.

Montana is larger than the Empire of Turkey. Texas is larger than the whole Austrian Empire by 30,000 square miles, and New Mexico is larger than Great Britain and Ireland together.

The record of thieving in places of trust for the year to date is given as embracing the names of 160 men and the sum of \$4,240,000. The present month has been a particularly bad one—furnishing no less than \$2,579,000, or more than one half the total stealings of the five months.

A female passenger on the Santa Fe Railroad threw her child from the window of the toilet-room of the car as the train passed over a bridge near Cimarron, Kansas. The conductor saw the body sink beneath the water. The woman could give no account of herself.

Among the arrivals at the barge office in New York recently was a little old woman of wood. It was an automaton figure of an old lady knitting, and the most curious part of it was that it was actually a knitting machine. It ran by clock work, and