

HER OLD CHARGE IN DANGER.

Aunt Maria's Efforts to Save Her Master From the Telephone.
[New York Herald.]

There is a well-to-do young Southern man in this city who lives in a handsome residence not far from Central Park, and he has among other valued possessions a family of seven children.

He had been "brought up" by an old negro "mammy" some where near Alexandria, Va., and when his wife recently suggested that another nurse be secured for the children his thoughts reverted to Aunt Maria. He decided to bring the old negro here, and in a few weeks she was comfortably installed in the nursery, much to the awe of the Northern born Southrons, who were not familiar with the institutions of a bygone age and who did not quite understand Aunt Maria's authority.

The young man has a telephone in his house, and as the old negro had never heard of that invention she looked upon it at first with wonder and then with suspicion. The jingling bell, receiver and other necessary adjuncts were more than Aunt Maria's mind could master. She would never go near "dat debbil's ting nobow."

Finally, one day last week S. rang up from his office, and after a brief conversation requested his wife to send the old woman to the telephone. A great deal of persuasion was required to make her consent, but she was finally induced to place the receiver at her ear and listen.

"Is that you, Aunt Maria?" inquired S. over the wire. An expression of astonishment spread over the old woman's countenance, quizzically followed by one of awe and another of fear. For several minutes she stood bewildered, and then she shouted: "L. L. Lawd a massa, Mars' Randolph! How you done git down in dar?" Then she decided that he could not be in danger. "Come out'en it!" she cried. "Youse up to some more dem pranks like when yo' was a child. Come out'en it! You'll git hurt. I-se comin' den arter you," and with that she started toward the street door.

Mrs. S. had hard work to keep Aunt Maria at home until she refused to have matters explained, but abjured him by everything not "to go down in dar again."

She has never gone near the telephone since.

Can't All be Thrown on Other People.
[New York Tribune.]

The South is entitled to respect for what it has done for the negro population in the way of education. But there seems to be plenty of room for fresh endeavor. In the pushing city of Atlanta, last week, twenty negro witnesses appeared in a divorce case in the Superior court. Hardly one of them "knew a month in the year" or could tell the time of day by a clock. It is in order to remind our colored friends that the responsibility for such ignorance can't all be thrown on other people.

A Little Too English.
[New York Weekly.]

Young wife (anxious to make some expensive purchases)—My dear—ahem—I presume you know that everything English is fashionable now.
Husband—"So I have heard."
"Yes all the ladies in my set are copying English costumes. It's the fashion, you know, and of course you wouldn't want your little wife regarded as an exception."
"Of course not. By the way, I saw in the paper the other day that all the English princesses are good cooks."
Subject dropped.

A Dainty Chair.
A pretty little old fashioned chair, with a curved back and legs, was sandpapered, painted yellow, and then gilded. A cushion of Nile green plush was tacked over the broken cane seat, being held in place by the largest sized brass headed tacks (as big as a nickel) and the whole finished by a large bow and streamers of Nile green satin ribbon tied to one side.

Valuables Gone.
[Judge.]
"You must have suffered terribly in the big cyclone."
"Yes, everything valuable was totally wrecked."
"Didn't you save anything?"
"Nothing but my wife and the mortgage on the house."

Horse Sense.

"Rest and fat are the greatest enemies of the horse," is a saying of the Arab.

The curry-comb and brush were made expressly for use and not for ornament. The pacing mare Mattie Hunter, is the only mare with a record so low as 2.124, that has produced a 2.30 performer.

An industrious statistician finds by looking over Wallace's list that out of 4,614 trotters in the 2.30 list 676 were bred in Kentucky.

We recall the names of twenty-five trotting horses that within the past thirty years have been sold for the enormous total of \$898,000.—Horseman.

The first two-year-old to enter the list this year is Annoreen, by Cyclone, she having trotted to a record of 2.30 at Springfield, Ill., on June 23rd.

Hal Pointer's heat in 2.14 at Mansfield, Ohio, on June 23, is the fastest heat trotted or paced in public, so far this year, and that was over a half-mile track.

"It takes a mighty heap of religion to hold a man level in a horse trade," says a writer, "more, in fact, than it takes to make him shout at camp meeting."

American trotters continue to do well across the water. At one meeting in Hamburg, Germany, recently thirteen American horses with records better than 2.30 participated.

A horse that was sold last year for \$75 has developed speed, and recently trotted a mile in 2.251, the last quarter in .35, and now the owner has refused \$2,000 for half of this son of Exile.

A well known California horse man has made a wager that Electioneer will have seventy-five in the 2.30 list this year. As he has sixty-eight there now, the chances look rather risky for the other fellow.

Rarus, 2.134, is now twenty-four years old, and it is said will not leave his stall again till he is carried out, for his crippled front feet, which troubled him even in his best days, have now entirely failed him.

The editor of the Kentucky Methodist rises to apologize because he published a list of the Kentucky fair under the impression that it was a list of quarterly meeting dates; and he was seen enjoying the "trois onct."

There are three hundred and thirty-one trotters that have beaten 2.20 up to the close of 1890, and fifty-one of this number have trotted in 2.16 or better. Seven horses have trotted in 2.12, they being Maud S., Jay-Eye-See, Sunol, St. Julien, Guy, Nelson and Stamboul.

That "dead lameness" inflicted on Hal Pointer, a week or so ago by the newspaper reporters, does not seem to interfere very materially with his speed. If "running over a harrow" on the track and "pulling up dead lame" will send a horse over a half-mile track in 2.14 the following week, everybody will be trying that experiment.

A writer in Our Dumb Animals says, that whenever a horse driven by himself has balked, he has got out of his carriage and gone to its fore foot, lifted it from the ground and struck the shoe a few blows with a stone. He has never failed to start a horse in that very simple way, and he has, on several occasions, had balky horses which had exhausted the patience of all former owners.

The Progressive Farmer.

Col. L. L. Polk, it seems, has at last been able to procure an editor for the Progressive Farmer. The new editor is thus spoken of by the Rural Home, a journal something like we might imagine Herr Most would run: To the brethren of North Carolina we are happy to announce, that the Progressive Farmer has secured the services of one of the truest best alliancemen in the State to take charge of the editorial department of that paper. It makes our heart glad, for it will make our cause stronger. Yes, the fearless J. L. Ramsey, of the Salisbury Watchman, and the editor of the Progressive Farmer during the last campaign, will again be at the helm and direct the course of our beloved State organ. He will take charge on the 10th of July. You will get pure unadulterated alliance matter hereafter. He is flat-footed on our demands, not in part but all of them.

A Rich Incident in Which a North Carolinian Figured.

Last week's New York World contained an incident that recalls the career of a North Carolina diplomat of half a century ago, of whom his friends said that he might be able to speak the language of the country to which he was going, out it was certain he never had been able to speak the English language. The World says:

One of Mr. Blaine's last interviews with an office hunting delegation before he left has afforded him as much amusement as any experience of that kind ever did. The delegation was from North Carolina and was presenting Col. Blank, of that State, for a foreign post of some kind. The visitors were full of praise of the Colonel and insisted that he was a most deserving man and must have something good. As a matter of fact the Colonel was a rough and tough old mountaineer who had never traveled and knew little about public affairs. He had spent his whole life at home and was a near neighbor of the old Cherokee tribe of Indians in that State. But he was ambitious and wanted to go abroad in an official capacity.

Col. Blank, of course, accompanied his friends to the State Department. The party bore letters, from several of Mr. Blaine's nearest friends, and on that account met with a cordial reception. There was a secret fear, however, as to how the applicant would appear before the Secretary, and therefore when Mr. Blaine turned and addressed Col. Blank a shudder ran through the whole delegation, the Colonel included.

"And so you want to go abroad, Colonel?" asked the Secretary blandly.

Col. Blank, struggling with a lump in his throat, admitted the impeachment.

"Do you speak German?" The Colonel had to admit that he did not.

"French?" "No."
"Spanish?" "No."
"Italian?" persisted the mercileas Secretary "No."
"What language do you speak, Colonel?"

Col. Blank turned very red, hesitated a moment, and then blurted out: "Cherokee and a little English."

This was too much even for the North Carolinians. Everybody laughed, and at that outbreak of good nature the party withdrew.

Col. Blank was subsequently made a gauger in the brandy country at home, and is well satisfied with his appointment.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtin, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefitted from first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was. Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at T. C. Smith & Co.'s Drug Store, large bottles 50c, and \$1.00

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John Franklin Jones.

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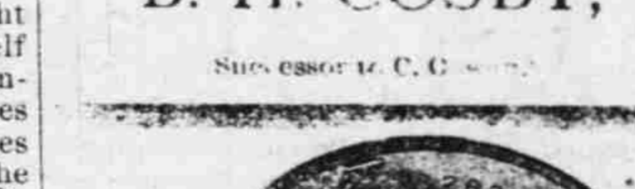
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