

Merifly Steamer.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

AN ADVENTURE TAKEN ON WAGON ROADS.

There is a road that runs north and south, and the friends who are passing there are all of them of Northern extraction. They are all of them of the same stock, and they all have been and are high up both in the world and in the wagon roads. They are all of them of the same stock, and they all have been and are high up both in the world and in the wagon roads. They are all of them of the same stock, and they all have been and are high up both in the world and in the wagon roads.

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It seems to me that the people who are all of them of the same stock, and they all have been and are high up both in the world and in the wagon roads. They are all of them of the same stock, and they all have been and are high up both in the world and in the wagon roads.

ward mother for heads of houses and a loving husband and wife with brother and sisters. The editor has seen many kinds of homes in his lifetime, but he never, like he thinks, which is northern, but of all he has seen on his last trip to Hawood he can say this much: "If you can put up with the mode of living you may stay." Having nothing to take things as they come in life we find that life is more easily forgotten with them, continually seek for something we haven't got. A very good illustration to look upon with deep interest is hearing the story of a man who was burned in the way hours of night by a powerful storm which had become exhausted by the weight of the wind, the rain and the sea. The great flames of the sea were extinguished by the water of the ground. There was quite a large family of people with which the man was connected, and he was very much surprised to find that the house, furniture and other things were all gone. The house had been blown down, but he had a large quantity of water all around him, and he was very much surprised to find that the water was not hot at the time. It was a wonder how it was done, yet it was done, and the man was very much surprised to find that the water was not hot at the time.

The occupants, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Davis and their large family were the survivors and were as happy as could be under their sad, burned home, but not stopping there was their plan. "We are going to have a big home some day if not here, in the hereafter." Editor spent the night with his party at this simple home temporarily put up by the father of the family. He was delighted with my visit and asked me to call again in my rounds of editorship. We left Monday for headquarters at Clyde at home of a farmer of good will and ability by the name of Mr. Averall Roberts, which was a pleasing place for the editor and his friends to remain.

The walk from Turkey Creek to the home of this man was quite an adventure to our editor, and his friends, and was done more for exercise than aught else, but as there were ladies in the party we let them ride as the carriage would not accommodate all. We had to divide up accordingly so the editor thought best to go afoot.

THE DICKENSIAN PARTY

The Dickensian party was held at the Vaucliff, some weeks since, with growing success.

Nell is one of Dickens' characters who was the finest that the eye could behold. Mr. and Mrs. Rose had they seen in real life would have smiled to see the example in all its responses would have pleased them greatly. The barn-room in the adjoining place was decked in all sorts of flowers of mid-day life, with taste and refinement. As to the characters of the performers was simply transcendent for there are none like it. The dancing and its motions as well as shape was marvellous and wonderful in itself was much enjoyed by the audience and their remarks that reminded one of public stage introduced to their boots, men, boys, kids, high, deep, were partners to the bird's eye view, were floored together. The high boots, top boots, swords-holders, and army and navy officers with grotesque features was a novelty in itself.

Dancing with all its illustrations of waltz reels and jigs, in such manner that it would have scared a flock of geese should they see it.

Mr. Dryden a noble youth, was calm and peaceful in his dotage. The electric light was in mid-air on a wire connected with the house, was shocked with admiration, performed by the bargains below. As to dress, colors dazzling from the numerous rays of light from the lanterns overshadowing the editor's head while he read his paper the reports of the play. Every color of the rainbow shined among the brilliant draperies of the ladies so charming to our eye. As to the movements in general of the people reminded us like as to excitement first at one thing and then another, here a little, there a little all the evening to be waited upon.

Next refreshments, ice cream and cake made by the fingers of the hands of some, and lovely to the taste. Our musical friend the Rosey-combe was found arm in arm of the bell of her chimes. She was walking and he talking. She with flowing hair down her back, adding to her beauty, while he was made manifold with deep consideration, while walking around the house in the light of the moon. Doubtless and Sam's interest in the play of Dickens' best, and best in their costume some of the best, but fine in character. It was the Dickens to play but yet Peter seemed to rob to pay Paul. As to the conclusion to make the affair complete, the editor saw with difficulty to do justice to all yet from his idea he has covered himself with glory.

Mr. Pickwick was so aroused in his estimation by little Parker as he stood in the room of Mr. Pickwick and asked if he expected to pay the cost of the play at his house? To which he replied that he did not expect to pay one cent, and to see Sam Weller in the supper room. Mr. Perkins comes along and makes his motions in the monkey act, while Sam Weller is busy with all the servants in the country making an ice cream pail, in walks Mr. Tappan and Mr. Snodgrass laughing at the jokes of the people, while Nell stoops beside

the ice-cream box and fills her mouth with water. This is the general ideal of the Dickensian in the house of the Vaucliff.

FINIS. EDITOR.

Doing Without It.

I've found some wisdom in my quest
That's richly worth retelling.
I've learned that when one does his best
There's little harm in failing.
I thought to gather wealth untold
And count my hoard about it,
My wit was foolish being little gold,
But I am rich without it.
I said, "The world shall bear my name
And down the ages shout it!"
I shall not win the battle fame,
I'm just as great without it.
I thought to know philosophy
And teach the world about it,
My plummet will not sound the sea;
My ship sails on without it.
Another thing I've had to prove,
Though much I used to doubt it,
One can't be sure of human love,
But one can live without it.
I saw the world with wine o'ergrown
And bravely fought to rout it,
Some say will see it o'erthrown,
So I can die without it.
I may not reach what I pursue,
Yet will I keep pursuing,
Nothing is won that I can do,
For some growth comes of doing.
But wherefore tell you what I know,
Since you will not receive it?
When you have lived and learned, I know,
You're certain to believe it.
Rev. Charles G. Ames.

The "Coming Man."

A pair of very shabby legs
Inseam'd in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots,
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can—
And, lo! before us stands in state
The future's "coming man."
His eyes, perchance, will read the stars
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light;
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's" kite.
Those hands, those little, busy hands—
So stoic, small and brown;
Those hands, whose only mission seems
To pull all order down—
Who know what hidden strength may be
Concealed within their grasp,
Though now 'tis but a lanky stick
In sturdy hold they clasp?
Ah, blessings on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
Whatever the future hold in store,
God bless the "coming man!"

Love and Thought.

What hath Love with Thought to do?
Still at variance are the two,
Love is sudden, Love is rash,
Love is like the levin flash,
Comes as swift, as swiftly goes,
And his mark as surely shows.
Thought is lumpy, thought is slow,
Weighting long 'twixt yes and no,
When dear Love is dead and gone,
Thought comes creeping in anon,
And in his deserted nest
Sits to hold the crowner's quest.
Since we love, what need to think?
Happiness stands on a brink
Whence too easy 'tis to fall
Whither's no return at all.
Have a care, half-hearted lover,
Thought would only push her over!
—James Russell Lowell.

A Roman's Idea of Happiness.

What makes a happy life, dear friend,
If thou wouldst briefly learn, attend,
An income left not earned by toil;
Some acres of a kindly soil;
The pot unfalling on the fire;
No lawsuits; seldom town attire;
Health, strength with grace, a peaceful
mind;
Shrewdness with honesty combined;
Plain living, equal friends and free;
Evenings of temperate gaiety;
A wife discreet, yet blithe and bright;
Sound slumber that lends wings to night,
With all thy heart embrace thy lot,
Wish not for death and fear it not.
—Goldwin Smith.