THE F	AYETTEVILLE NEWS.
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LEE TO THE REAR.

The following poem, by John R. Thompson, appears in the Crescent Monthly for May, commemorative of an incident on the 12th of May 1864, at Spotsylvania Court House, although the writer associates it with the 'Wilderness.' The gallant Ramseur's North Carolinians, and Gordon's Georgians, were the two brigades which stayed the tide on that day :-

Dawn of a pleasant morning in May, Broke through the Wilderness, cool and gray, While, perched in the tallest tree-tops, the birds Were earoling Mendelssohn's "Songs without words."

Far, from the haunts of men remote, The brook brawled on with a liquid note, And nature, all tranquil and lovely, wore The smile of the spring, as in Eden, of yore. bled extracts.'

well says he: "Your name is Arp, I believe, about forty, and the first thing you know that this one was called Jim.

"So called," says I.

says I. "We don't know whether Georgia same shop, and the fair sexes can set tois a state or not. I would like for you to gether in the galleries and mix odors, and state yourself, if you know. The state of I an their seent about promiscuous. We'l the country requires that this matter should give you a full benefit of your Civil Rights be settled, and I will proceed to state,"--- bill, see if we dont. You go on-play are you. Mr. Arp?"

I. "I don't know whether to count the infernal revenue, and obeyin your laws last five years or not. Durin the war your without havin any hand in makin 'em, and folks said that a State couldn't secede, but we are cut off from pension, and public that while she was in a State of rebellion lands; and you sold a poor man's still in she ceased to exist. Now you say we got my county the other day because he could out and we shan't get back again until pay no tax on some peach brandy he still-1870. A man's age has got somethin to ed for his neighbors two years ago: and do with his rights, and if we are not to soon you'l be selling the land for the land vote, I don't think we ought to count the tax, and you're tryin your best to play the time."

"Well, sir," says he; "are you familiar long. See if you dont. Talk about Fenwith the political sentiments of the citizens lians. When the good men of the North of your State?"

of. I will thank you to speak of us as time to get out of the way. You'l subside 'people.'

"Well, sir," says he, "I'll humor your ny that their daddies ever belonged to such obstinacy. Are the "people" of your state." | a party. Excuse me, gentlemen, but I'm "Don't speak of it as a State sir, if you a little excited. Five cents a pound on please. I'm on oath now, and you must cotton will excite anybody that makes it excuse me for being particular. 'Call it a Tax on industry-on sweat and toil. Pro-'section.' " tection tariffs for Pennsylvania and five "Mr. Arp, are the "people" of your sec- cents a pound tax on Southern cottonheart, and go and tell his mother everything tion sufficiently humbled and repentant to and your folks will manage some way or come back into the Union on such terms other to steal the other half. My advice as we may think proper to impose?" to you is to quit this foolishness and begin "Not much they ain't" says I. "I don't to travel the only road to peace. think they are prepared for it yet. They Old Blow couldn't keep up with his wouldn't voluntarily go it blind against garbled extracts. your hand. They say the deal wasn't fair "What makes the President so popular and you've marked the cards and stole the at the South? trumps, but at the same time they dont "Contrast, sir-contrast. The more he care a darn what you do. They've become ain't like your party, the more popular he indifferent and don't care nothin about your in, if you would let nim alone, but you to you, gentlemen, but I was swore to tell be-devil him so, that sometimes he don't the whole truth. Our people aint a noticin understand himself. I dont't think he you only out of curiosity. They don't ex- knew for a while whether his Peace Propect anything decent, honorable, nor noble clamation restored the writ of habeas corfrom you, and they've gone to work dig- pus or not. But do you go on and imgin and plowin and plantin and raisin boy peach him, and that will bring matters to children?" a tocus, I'll bet you'd be in Fort Dela-Right here the man with a memorandum ware in a week and the Southern memscratched down a garbled extract and old bers be here in their seats, and they'll look Boutwell says he: "What do you mean by round at the political wreck and ruin and that, sir? plunder and stealage that's been goin on, ""I'm statin' facts," says I, "You must and they might exclaim, in the language of draw your own inferences. They are rais- the poet. "Who's pin here since I'sh pin gone?" ing boy children. Any harm about that? Any treeson? Can't a body raise boy chil-"Mr. Arp, suppose we should have a war dren? Perhaps you'd like to amend the with England or France, what would the him. Constitution and stop it. Old Pharoh tried rebels do? to stop it among the Israelites, but it didn't "They'd follow Gen. Lee, and Gen. John-

we'll elect seven big black greasy niggers

The other rebel States will do the same in the grave and be at rest, but for the to me.

they sharp that, lies and vermin, and be shampood at the "Never mind, sır," says he. "How old your cards. We are bidin our time. We are payin your taxes and your duties and "That depends on circumstances," says back rations for 1864, and license, and your

devil generally; but you'll cotch it in the

and the South all get together, they'll walk "Got no citizens yet sir that we know over the track so fast that you won't have

into obscurity, and your children will de-

ain't no equality, and you can't make one. you will find that bad little boys are al Old Iron Works was Chairman, and when We'll vote the niggers certain. I'll vote ways called James in your Sunday-school he nodded his republican head old Bout- Tip, and Tip's a head center.' He'll vote books. It is very strange, but very true,

bedside and weep.

ready to leave him.

the pantry, and slipped in there and help- the first thing.

Isn't it sinful to do this? Where do bad respected, and belongs to the Legislature. a stand upon his integrity, and his courage.

Christmas, and you would never come

He didn't have any sick mother, either-a upset on Sunday, and it always storms tion in my choice of words, hardly correct to Congress. We'l do it certain-seven sick mother who was pious and had con- when bad boys go fishing on the Sabbath. in language, and yet I generally carried my "You reside in the State of Georgia, do of them 18 caratestrong, with African musk. sumption, and would be glad to lie down How this Jim ever escaped is a mystery point. Character creates confidence in men

Rome, fight in the fork of two injun rivers." draw seats with, and you can all stick your liety she felt that all would be harsh and have been the way of it. Nothing could Russia, that his personal character was "In the State of Georgia," says he fiercely. legs upon your desks together, and sward him when she was gone. He even gave the elephant in equivalent to a constitution. During the Most bad boys in the Sunday school books the menagerie a plug of tobacco, and the wars of the proude, stoutangee was the are named James, and haven't sick mothers elephant did'nt knock the top of his head only man amongst the French gentry who who teach them to say, "Now I lay me off with his trunk. He broused around the kept his castle gates unbarred; and it was down," etc., and then sing them to sleep cupboard after essence of peppermint, and said of him, that his personal character was with sweet plaintive voices, and then kiss did'nt make a mistake and drink aquafortis. worth more to him than a regiment of them good night, and kneel down by the He stole his father's gun and went hunt- horses. That character is power, is true

But it was different with this fellow. or four of his fingers off. He struck his is power. Mind without heart, intelli-He was named Jim, and there was'nt any- little sister on the temple with his fist when gence without conduct, cleverness without thing the matter with his mother-no con- he was angry, and she did'nt linger in pain goodness, are powers in their way, but they sumption or anything of that kind. She through long summer days and die with may be powers only for mischief. We may was rather stout than otherwise, and she sweet words of forgiveness upon her lips be instructed or amused by them, but it is was not pious; moreover, she was not anx- that redoubled the anguish of his breaking sometimes as difficult to admire the dexterious on Jim's account; she said if he were heart. No-she got over it. He ran off ity of a pickpocket, or the horsemanship of to break his neck, it wouldn't be much and went to sea at last, and did'nt come a highwayman. Truthtulness, integrity loss: she always spanked him to sleep and back and find himself sad and alone in the and goodness-qualities that hang not on she never kissed him good-night; on the quiet churchyard, and the vine-embowered any man's breath-form the essence of contrary, she boxed his ears when she was home of boyhood tumbled down and gone manly character, or as one of our old writ-

Once, this bad little boy stole the key of as a piper and got into the station house which can serve her without a livery."

ed himself to some jam, and filled the ves- And he grew up, and married and raised sel up with tar, so that his mother would a large family, and brained them all with never know the difference; but all at once an axe one night, and got wealthy by all a terrible feeling didn't come over him, manner of cheating and rascality, and now and something didn't seem to whisper to he is the infernalest, wickedest scounacter of the upright man shines forth with him, "Is it right to disobey my mother? drel in his native village, and is universally great lustre; and when all else fails, he takes

NO. 13.

SUCCESS IN LIFE .- Benjamin Franklin across anything like this. Oh, no-you attributed his success as a public man, not would find that all the bad boys who go to his talents or his powers of speakingboating on Sunday invariably get drown- for these were but moderate-but to his ed, and all the bad boys who get caught own integrity of character. Hence it was, out in storms, when they are fishing on he says, that I had so much weight with Sunday, infallibly get struck by lightning. my fellow citizens. I am but a poor speak-Boats with bad boys in them always get | er, never eloquent, subject to much hesitaof high station as well as in humble life. "I can't say exactly," says I. "I live in thing, and youl'I have about fifty of 'em to strong love she bore her boy, and the anx- This Jim bore a charmed life-that must It was said of the emperor Alexander, of ing on the Sabbath, and did'nt shoot three in a much higher sense than that knowledge to decay. Ah, no-he came home as drunk ers has it, "that inbred loyalty unto virtue When Stephen of Colonna fell into the hands of his assailants, and they asked him, in derision, 'where is your fortress?" 'Here,' was his reply, placing his hand upon his heart. It is in his misfortune that the char-

Little by little, as daylight increased, And deepened the roseate flush in the East-Little by little, did morning reveal Two long, glittering lines of steel;

Where two hundred thousand bayonets gleam, Tipped with the light of the earliest beam, And the faces are sullen and grim to see, In the hostile armies of Grant and Lee.

All of a sudden, ere rose the sun, Pealed on the silence, the opening gun-A little white priff of smoke there came, And anon the valley was wreathed in flame.

Down on the left of the rebel lines, Where a breastwork stands in a copse of pines, Before the rebels their ranks can form. The Yankees have carried the place by store Where many a hero has found a grave, And the gallant Confederates strive in vain The ground they have drenched with their blood regain.

Yet louder the thunder of battle roared-Yet a deadlier fire on their columns poured-Slaughter, infernal, rode with despair, Furies twain, through the smoky air.

Not far off in the saddle there sat, A grey-bearded man, with a black slouch hat; Not much moved by the fire was he, Calin and resolute Robert Lee.

Quick and watchful, he kept his eye, On two bold rebel brigades close by--Reserves, that were standing (and dying) at ease, Where the tempest of wrath toppled over the trees.

For still with their loud, deep, bull-dog bay, The Yankee batteries blazed away, And with every murderous second that sped, A dozen brave fellows, alas! fell dead.

The grand old gray-beard rode to the space, Where Death and his victims stood face to face, And silently waved his old slouch hata world of meaning there was in that.

"Follow mo! Steady! We'll save the day!" This was what he seemed to say: And to the light of his glorious eye The bold brigades thus made reply--

"We'll go forward, but you must go back"-And they moved not an inch in the perilous track; "Go to the rear, and we'll send them to h-l!" Then the sound of the battle was lost in their yell.

Turning his bridle, Robert Lee Rolle to the rear. Like the waves of the sea, Bursting their dykes in the overflow, Madly his veterans dashed on the foe.

And backward in terror that foe was driven, Their banners rent and their columns riven. Wherever the tide of battle rolled, Over the Wilderness, wood and wold,

Seasons have passed since that day and year-Again o'er its pebbles the brook run clear, And the fields in a richer green are drest Where the dead of the terrible conflict rest.

say."

"Mr. Arp are not the feelings of your "What would you do with Gen. Sherman?" people very bitter towards the North?"

dows and orphans there we are sorry for; under no such." but as for this here Radical party, they

natural to hate. 'em as it is to kill a snake. negroes?"

pay. He finally caught the dropsy in the son, and Longstreet, and Bragg and old Red Sea. We are raisin' boy children for Bory. My opinion is, that Gen. Lee would the fun of it. They are a good thing to head the Union army, and Gen. Grant would have in the house as Mrs. Toodles would be his chief of Staff, and Gen. Buell would

rank mighty high, and"-----

"Sorry you mentioned him. We'd have

"I beg you pardon, sir, but you'll have to hire him, I reckon, as a camp fiddler, to split the question, or else I'll have to and make him sing "Hail Columbia" by split the answer. Our people have a very fire-light, as a warning to the boys how high regard for honorable men, brave men, mean it is to burn cities and towns and noble hearted men, and there's a heap of make war upon defenceless women and them North, sir, and there's a heap of wid- children. No, sir, our boys wouldn't fight

"Do you think, Mr. Arp, that if the look upon them like they was hyenas a Sbuth should ever hold the balance of scratching up the dead for a livin. It's as power, they would demand pay for their

It's utterly impossible for me to tell the "I can't say, sir. But I don't think the strength and length and height and depth South has lost anything that way. We and breadth of their contempt for that par- got their labor before the war for their ty. They look upon a Radical as-as-as vittels and clothes and doctor's bills, and -well as a beggar on horseback-a buz- we get it now for about the same. It's all zard sailin round a dead eagle-a suck egg settled down that way, and your Bureau dog creeping up to the tail of a dead lion. couldent help it. The only difference is in They talk about hirin Brownlow to abuse the distribution. Some of us don't own as

little boys go to who gobble up their kind wicked any more, and rise up with a light charmed life.

about it and beg for her forgiveness, and be blessed by her tears of pride and thankfulness in her eyes. No: that is the way with enough. He ate that jam, and said it was bully, in his sinful, vulgar way; and he put

ently with him from the way it does to the bad Jameses in the books.

apple tree to steal apples, and the limb dog and then languish on a sick bed for and came down all right, and he was all ready for the dog, too, and knocked him endways with a rock when he came to tear

It was very strange: nothing like it ever happened in those mild little books with maybled backs and with pictures in them of men with swallow-tailed coats and bellon. Nothing like it in any of the Sunday school books.

Once he stole the teacher's penknife, and when he was afraid it would be found out and he would be whipped, he slipped it in George Wilson's cap-poor Widow Wilson's son, the moral boy, the good little boy of the village, the boy who always obeyed his mother, and never told an untruth, and was fond of his lessons and infatuated with the Sunday School. And when the knife dropped from the cap, and poor George hung his head and blushed, as if in conscious guilt, and the grieved teacher charged the theft upon him, and was just in the act of bringing the switch down on his trembling shoulders, a white haired improbable justice of the peace didn't suddenly appear in their midst and strike an attitude and say-"Spare this noble boy, there stands the cowering culprit! I was of blood, turned round, and began to limp passing the school door at recess, and, unseen myself, saw the theft committed! And then Jim didn't get whaled, and the venerable justice didn't read the tearful school a homily, and take George by the hand, and say such a boy deserved to be exalted and then tell him to come and make his home with him, and sweep out the office, and make fires and run errands. They struck off its head, dissevered the and chop, wood and study law, and help his wife to do household labors, and have to the shoulder, and with these spoils, and all the balance of the time to play, and get forty cents a month, and be happy. No, borne on litters, they returned a melanchoit would have happened that way in the ly procession to the village. The above books, but it didn't happen that way to minute details I had from the chief actor deaths by consumption in 1860. This is Jim. No meddling old clam of a justice drop- himself, a stalwart young fellow. The one-eight of the whole number of deaths. ped in to make trouble, and so the model boy George got thrashed, and Jim was glad or five weeks before, and the sun-dried in New England, where it produces oneof it. Because, you know, Jim hated moral strips of flesh still adhered to the ghastly fourth of the whole number of deaths; in boys. Jim said he "was down on milk- trophy on the pole. I wished to have the middle and Southern States one-sixth; sops." Such was the coarse language of brought the bones away, but they gave in the Western States one-eighth. some comfort to the poor old Moonda's But the strangest thing that ever hap- heart. They reminded him that his daughpened to Jim was the time when he went ter had not died unavenged, and I left them boating on Sunday and did'nt get drowned, there.-Once a Week. and the other, when he got caught out in Do not take too much interest in the afand did'nt get struck by lightning. Why, fairs of your neighbors. Six per cent. will do. but will find and acknowledge improvement nothing but the truth, and I observed that and Mr. Stephens, and Gen. Lee, and How- Chief Magistrate, "and I'll fill it out for you you might look, and look through Why is a man in a reverie like a good in health and enjoyment from even a tempothe Sunday school books, from now to next joke? Because he is a-musing.

So you see there never was a bad James mother's jam?" and then he didn't kneel in the Sunday school books that had such down all alone, and promise never to be a streak of luck as this sinful Jim with the

A TICER STORY.

The daughter of a Moonda, or head man of the place, was affianced, in the rude naall other bad boys in the books, but it hap- tive fashion, to one of the young men of the pened otherwise with this Jim, strangely village, and their nuptials were to come off in a few days. One evening the girl with some of her female companions went, in the tar and said it was bally, also, and as was their daily wont, to the brook allaughed and observed that "the old woman ready mentioned to bathe and fetch water A Confederate officer then pressed

it out, and when she and mud it out he de- but a quarter of an hour, when the startwhipped him severely, and he did the cry- shrieks of the women, suddenly broke the ing himself. Everything about this boy silence of the hour, and before the roused was curious-everything turned out differ- villagers could snatch their arms, the girls came flying back with horror in their faces, and in a few words announced the dreadful

Once he climbed up in Farmer Acorn's fact that a tiger had taken off one of their party. It was the Moonda's daughter. didn't break, and he didn't fall and break Her kinsman rushed, but with hopeless his arm, and get torn by the farmer's great hearts to the rescue. Foremost among The remainder were conveyed to a prison these was her intended husband, and close weeks and repent and become good. Oh, by his side his sworn brother allied to him no-he stole as many apples as he wanted, by a ceremony, common among his people, of tasting each other's blood, and swearing to stand by each other in after life, come weal, come woe. . While the rest were fol-

lowing with skill and caution the bloody traces of the monster and his prey, these two dashing on through the dense jungle, soon came upon the object of their search. In a small open space (which I afterward crowned hats, and pantaloons that are short visited) the tiger was crouched over the in the legs, and women with the waists of dead body of the girl, which it had already their dresses under their arms and no hoops begun to devour. The approach of the have that man. hunters roused him, and he stood over the

> carcass, growling defiance at the two men. In a moment an arrow from the bereaved lover's bow pierced the tiger's chest. It struck deep and true, but not so as (in sporting phrase) to stop the dreadful beast, who from a distance of thirty paces, came down with his peculiar whirlwind, and rushed on his assailant. The young man had just time to draw his "kappee," or battle-ax from his girdle, when the tiger seized him by the left wrist. The man leaning well back to gain room for the swing of the ax, drove it with all collected strength of rage and despair into the tiger's forearm, severing the massive bone, and leaving the blade buried in the muscles. The next moment his head was crushed with the monster's jaws, and he fell dead upon the ground, while the tiger, tamed by the loss

AN EVENTFUL CAREER .- A Confederate soldier has just returned home after an absence of more than four years in the service of his country. He joined the regiment of Colonel, or now Major General, Kershaw, in this State; subsequently changed his command; went to Virginia, was engaged in thirty one-battles, and one hundred and twenty-three skirmishes, not including the "rows" on picket: was shot twice; returned to the field; and in the general fall, while making his way home to South Carolin was captured and paroled. twenty others into the service to guard nied knowing anything about it, and she ling voice of a tiger, and the piercing dent Davis, in which service he was captured a second time. Found with a violated parole in his pocket, he was carried, with his comrades, to Hilton Head, where they were tried for their lives. The Military Court failing to agreed, they were sent to New York, tried a second time, and five of their number ordered to be shot, in Springfield Illinois, within sight of the home of Mr. Lincoln, and there remained until the term of their confinement expired. He has had four wives, all of whom are dead, and by each wife a pair of twins, whom he had not seen until his return, since the beginning of the war. Such a man is an embodiment of history-civil, political, military and domestic, and certainly deserves a medal or a monument.

> Columbia S. C. Carolinian. A hard story, this is. Barnum should

PROVERBS .- Don't swop with your relations unless you can afford to give them the big end of the trade. Marry young, and if circumstances require it often. If you can't get good clothes and education, too, get the clothes. Say, "How are you?" to everybody. Cultivate modesty, but keep a good stock of impudence on hand. Be charitable -three penny cent pieces were made on purpose. It costs more to borrow than it does to buy. Keep both eyes open, but don't see more than half you notice. If you itch for fame go into a graveyard and scratch yourself against a tombstone. Two armies generally get along quietly until engaged. Boys, when approaching to manhood, show the least affection, the most love of teasing, the greatest destructiveness, the most selfishness and coldheartedness, just as the coldness and darkness of the night increases two-

Hushed is the roll of the rebel drum. The sabres are sheathed and the cannon are dumb, And Fate, with pitiless hand, has furled The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world;

But the fame of the Wilderness fight abides, And down into history grandly rides, Calm and unmoved, as in battle he sat, The gray-bearded man, in the black slouch hat.

BILL ARP BEFORE THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

To the Editor of the Metropolitan Record:

will evidence. Having seen Dan Rice's testimony before the Destruction Commitit has been surpressed, but I am not to be for we couldn't cotch you." hid out in obscurity? I said a good deal more than I can put down Mr. Editor, and ject of negro equality?" 'at times my language was considered impudent, but they thought that was all the nature and never can in practice. Folks in death. He's good States evidence."

'em, to use lauguage on 'em, like he did a many as we used to, but everybody has got few years ago when he spoke against Pryne. a nigger or two now, and they'll all vote If they do hire Brownlow he'll spatter 'em, em or turn em off. A nigger that wouldent he'll daub 'em all over, and slime 'em and vote as I told him, shouldent black my slobber on 'em about right, and it will stick, boots."

for the pores are open and their morals At this time, the Committee looked at spongy. I'd like to stand off about ten rods one another, seemin to be bothered and asand hear him spread himself. It would be tonished. Garbled extracts were put down worse than a squirt-gun full of cow-slop, with a vim.

satisfaction.

"That's sufficient, sir," says old Bout- witness. I think, sir, his testimony settles would your people renew the fight?" "Not unless they could fight the Radicals tee, I have felt sorter slighted because no all alone, and all the world agree to hands nod and remarked, "Yes, sir, I think we do, mention aint been made of mine, I suppose off.' Even then there would'nt be no fight The scoundrels burnt my iron works."

"What do your people say upon the sub- eral satisfaction.

"They say it's a lie, sir-it don't exist by

better for their side, for it illustrated the were not created free and equal. That paper tells a droll story of the President, by this bad, neglected boy. rebellious spirit-I heard one of 'em say: may be a theoret cal truth, but it's always which it would appear that the President "Let him go on-the ruling passion strong been a practical lie. There's men I give was being shaved, the other day, when the

well swore me most fiercely and solemnly men that vote me, and the grades go up, urally. "Put your hand in my coat pocket the storm when he was fishing on Sunday, to speak the truth, the whole truth, and up, step by step, from my sort to Mr. Davis and pull out one," replied the kind-hearted he was then entertaining about a quart of ell Cobb, and Ben. Hill, and their sort; for when you're done."

and I have no doubt would give general- Mr. Boutwell says he, Mr. Chairman, I think, sir, we are about through with the

MR. EDITOR: Murder will out, and so well. "Ef it was in their power to do so, the question as to what we ought to do with Southern traitors.

The chairman gave me a Republican Whereupon I retired, having given gen-

Yours truly, BILL ARP.

A Washington letter-writer to a Radical the sidewalk to, and there's men that gives barber accidentally tweaked his nose a little When I was put on the stand old Bout- it to me. There's men that I vote, and too hard. "Pardon me," said he, very nat-

fold just before the rising of the sun. Who away. All occurred so rapidly, that the till now ever saw waterfalls caught in nets? surviving comrade had not shot a shaft, but now, maddened, he ran to the retreating brute and sent arrow after arrow up to the feather into its side and neck until it rolled over, dying, within a few yards of the ill-fated young couple. The tiger still breathed as the rest of the party came up. muscle by which the forearm still adhered the mangled bodies of the poor victims torian keeps the ledger.

A fish would not be an emblem of justice. He has unequal scales. Scarlet and vellow are both very good colors for dresses, but bad ones for fevers. It is said that "a fool and his money are soon parted." Men of genius seldom part with that commodityand for the best of reasons. A man may be said to know thoroughly only what he can correctly communicate to others. The editor keeps the world's day-book; the his-

In the United States there were 50,000 event had occurred not more than a month The mortality by consumption is greatest

> Keep your mouth shut when you read, when you write, when you listen, when you are in pain, when you are running, when you are riding, and by all means when you are angry. There is no person in society