

TAKE IT TO GOD.

For the Observer.
Hast thou within a care so deep
It chases from thy eyelids sleep?

Why shall we, children, ever fear?
There is in Heaven an eye
That looks with tender fondness down
On all the paths we try.

C. F. & Y. V. R. R.

Large and Enthusiastic Meetings in Wilmington and New Bern in Regard to the Extension of the Road.

[From the Wilmington Star of the 6th.]

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the citizens generally met last night at the City Hall to discuss the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley R. R. question.

It was moved by Mr. D. G. Worth that Judge O. P. Meares be called to the chair, and it was carried unanimously.

Judge Meares, on taking the chair, said that all were assembled to hear a report of the committee recently appointed, and that it was a most important matter.

He moreover said that this city had the reputation of being the cradle of internal improvements in the past, and wished her to sustain that reputation.

Judge Meares also stated that he, like many others was not in favor of the road at first, but that now he was heartily in favor of it.

The committee, consisting of Messrs. D. G. Worth, J. W. Atkinson, W. A. French, F. Rheinstein and Pembroke Jones, made their report through Col. J. W. Atkinson, as follows:

The undersigned, a committee appointed by a meeting of the citizens, held at the Produce Exchange on the 29th day of September last, charged with the duty of presenting to this meeting the importance of securing the extension of the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad to Wilmington, respectfully report:

It being apparent that earnest effort is now being made to divert this road from its natural outlet to the sea, and place elsewhere the tide-water terminus of this line of railway, it behooves our people to provide themselves with the advantages which follow upon securing to Wilmington the connection with this important State road, and the establishment here of its depots be lost to us.

We, therefore, respectfully recommend the adoption of the following:

Resolved, 1. That we heartily approve the proposed agreement heretofore entered into between the Commissioners appointed by the Board of Aldermen and of Audit and Finance, and the President and Board of Directors of the said Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad Company, viz: That the city of Wilmington should subscribe to the capital stock of the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad Company one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, said subscription to be paid either in cash or in the bonds of the city at par, at the option of the Boards of Aldermen and of Audit and Finance, this subscription to be paid as follows:

Ten thousand dollars upon the completion of the first five miles of the road, beginning at the city of Wilmington, and to pay in like increments, as each consecutive section of five miles is completed; provided, that the last payment of \$10,000 shall be made only upon the entire completion of the road to Fayetteville, the railroad company pledging itself to build a depot within the corporate limits of Wilmington, and to commence work on said road within four months after the ratification of the subscription, and continue said work without interruption until the road is fully completed to Fayetteville.

In exchange for every payment of \$10,000, as provided above, the said railroad company shall engage to turn over to the city an equal amount of the certificates of the capital stock of the company.

Resolved, 2. That the Board of Aldermen and of Audit and Finance be requested to reappoint the five members heretofore in charge of the negotiations with the President and Directors of the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad Company, with instructions to secure, if possible, the renewal of the proposition as above stated in brief, or some similar proposition, this being done, we urge the Board of Aldermen to submit the question of subscription to said Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad to an election of the people according to law, said election to be held as soon as practicable.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

Col. Atkinson, after reading the report, spoke briefly of the importance of bringing the C. F. & Y. V. R. R. immediately, as there were others striving to induce the Legislature to go in another direction, and moved that the resolutions of the committee be adopted. Remarks were made by Mr. B. G. Worth, who stated that he was in favor of a liberal subscription, and there seemed to be no doubt of the road having an early connection in the West.

Mr. Currie, who was called upon, said he had been talking the C. F. & Y. V. R. R. for many years, and was glad to see that many agreed with him. He said that the Western connection was not only easy, but assured. He also spoke of the vast mineral resources and great grazing section that would be brought into direct communication with by the C. F. & Y. V. R., and said what the Baltimore & Ohio railroad was to Baltimore, this Western connection would be to us.

Mr. Currie, in conclusion, gave examples of the energy of Durham, Lynchburg and Richmond in railroad building, and hoped that the good people of Wilmington would pull together and take advantage of their opportunities and secure the extension of the road to this port immediately.

The question was then called for, and the resolutions of the committee were adopted unanimously.

After this it was moved that the same committee be appointed to present the resolutions to the Board of Aldermen and

to the Board of Audit and Finance, and this was also unanimously carried. The meeting then adjourned.

[New Bern Journal, Oct. 5.]

A good number of citizens assembled at the Exchange rooms last night to discuss a matter of very great interest to New Bern.

Mr. George Allen was called to the chair and Mr. J. U. Smith was made secretary.

Stirring speeches were made by Hon. F. M. Simmons, S. H. Gray, J. J. Wolfenden, Jonathan Evans, President Washington Bryan, P. H. Elletier, T. A. Green and others.

Mr. J. J. Wolfenden moved that a committee be appointed to go to Raleigh and submit to the Governor a plan for extending the A. & N. C. R. R. The motion was adopted.

A committee, consisting of F. M. Simmons, S. H. Gray was appointed to correspond with the citizens of the counties of Carteret, Pamlico, Lenoir and Wayne and ask their co-operation in this enterprise.

Moved and carried that a committee of two be appointed to attend a meeting of the directors of the C. F. & Y. V. R. R. and lay before them our plans, and ask them not to determine upon an Eastern terminus of their road until they have considered them.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

She Phosphorized Her Toe.

[Alta California.]

A lady of this city, whose little feet are always daintily shod, is also, unfortunately, the possessor of an obstinate and burning corn upon the smallest toe of her left foot.

Chiropodists had dug tunnels through that corn, yanked at it with nippers, smeared it with stinging ointments, and, in despair, suggested amputation. The corn held the fort, and successfully resisted the assaults of the best razor the lady's husband possessed—used, of course, without his knowledge.

Finally a kind friend suggested that if phosphorus was rubbed on the afflicted toe the corn would succumb. The lady determined to try the remedy, and did so just before retiring the other night, and, to her subsequent sorrow, forgot to tell her liege lord what she had done. The hour of midnight had struck in St. Mary's Cathedral clock, when the husband suddenly awoke, and was somewhat startled to see the flash of a freely at the foot of the bed. Sleep was again asserting its mastery when once more the sheen of that freely caused the husband to open wide his eyes. He could not recollect ever having seen a freely in California, but he could not disbelieve his senses. Again and again he rubbed the phosphorus on the offending toe, banishing all thought of sleep from the now thoroughly aroused and wrathful husband. He determined to end his own misery and the freely's existence simultaneously. He reached out in the dark, groped with his hand about the carpet until he felt his own heavy shoe. He raised the weapon slowly and cautiously, raised himself in bed, and lifting high the sturdy brogan brought it down with vigorous whack on the innocent freely. A wild shriek, an avalanche of bedclothes, and the husband lay sprawling in the middle of the floor, while his wife rolled around the bed, clasping her foot and moaning in anguish. It was the phosphorus anointed toe.

Battle of Bentonville.

Wade Hampton, in an article in the Century for October, after giving a description of the battle, says:

"I am not attempting to write a report of this battle, but simply to give a sketch of its main incidents. I have not alluded to the conduct of any of the troops engaged. I propose merely to give my reminiscences and impressions of an engagement which is memorable as the last general battle of the Civil War, and which, in my judgment, was one of the most extraordinary. Let me begin with the chief of this opinion. The infantry forces of General Johnston amounted to about 14,100 men, and they were composed of three separate commands which had never acted together. These were Hardee's troops, brought from Savannah and Charleston; Stewart's, from the Army of Tennessee; and Hoke's division of veterans, many of whom had served in the campaigns of Virginia. Bragg, by reason of his rank, was in command of this latter force, but it was really Hoke's division, and he directed the fighting. The troops concentrated only recently for the first time, were stationed at and near Smithfield, eighteen miles from the field where the battle was fought, and it was from these points that General Johnston moved them, to strike a veteran army numbering about 60,000 men. This latter army had marched from Atlanta to Savannah without meeting any force to dispute its passage, and from the latter place to Bentonville unobstructed save by the useless affair at Averysboro, where Hardee made a gallant stand, though at a heavy loss. No bold movement was conceived during the war than this of General Johnston, when he threw his handful of men on the overwhelming force in front of him, and no more gallant defense was ever made than his, when he confronted and baffled this force, holding a weak line for three days against nearly five times his number.

As Early Fall Perished.

[Greensboro North State.]

Under this heading, in our issue of July 14th, our crop editor said there would be a killing frost on the light of the moon, which would fall on Oct. 1, and sure enough the 25th brought a frost all over the Piedmont section of this State and Virginia.

This prophecy was based upon the first singing of the katydid—which always occurs ninety days before frost, and as this insect made its appearance some fifteen days earlier than usual, an early frost was predicted. The Dutch signs will do to observe.

The President will Stop in Asheville.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Oct. 1.—A letter received today by the President of the Asheville Board of Trade from Col. Daniel Lamont, private secretary of President Cleveland, says that the President has consented to stop at Asheville while on his way to Washington from Montgomery Ala. He will reach here on Friday, October 21st.

When a young man detects the first evidence of hair on his upper lip he feels elevated, when in reality it is sort of a coming down.

FLIES TURNED INTO STONE.

Remarkable Stories of Petrification Occurring in the Bad Lands of Dakota.

[Milwaukee Journal.]

Dakota is truly a marvellous country. Not only wonderful in mineral and agricultural resources, but it abounds in geological formations that affords constant surprise and study for the student in the most interesting science. The Bad Lands, located seventy miles southeast of this point, have no equal on this continent as receptacle for petrifications of amphibious animals. The peculiarity of the soil transforms flesh into stone, but this power is not only confined to the soil of the Bad Lands, but exists in many localities in the Black Hills.

A case has just come to the knowledge of our correspondent that has never been made public, and proves that many bodies buried in the Hills have turned to stone. The case at hand is that of a little son of Mr. Eugene Holcomb, a prominent citizen of Rapid City. Some years ago the boy died and was buried in a spot not set aside for general burying purposes. When the city grew and a cemetery was selected, Mr. Holcomb had a large monument erected, and the departed disinterred. The family expected when the shovel of the grave-digger reached the casket it would need replacing and had made preparations to that end. The coffin was reached, and as the man endeavored to place a rope underneath to twist it to the surface, he was surprised at its great weight. Thinking it was the most curious, he made several more efforts, but only moved it a few inches, and was compelled to call for aid. Two men succeeded in placing the rope about the casket, and with a hard pull it was brought to the surface. An examination followed, and upon the deceased being revealed it was found that the body had turned, not to Scripture says: "Dust thou art, to dust returneth," but into solid rock. From a gentleman who was present and whose word can be relied upon, it was learned that the parents easily recognized the child. The body had assumed a dark-brown color, the features slightly shrunken, and he compared with the appearance of a mummy. The eyebrows and hair were of a lighter hue, while the hands looked perfect. It was the most singular sight he had ever witnessed, and only the sensitive feelings of the parents kept the matter from the newspaper columns. The boy was again interred, and now rests peacefully in the fact he is now known.

The strange transformation of the body is not the only instance recorded. The few number of dead removed has not afforded an opportunity to learn how common an occurrence this may be, but learned gentlemen tell me that when Gabriel blows his bugle, or the disinterment of bodies becomes necessary in the recovered Hills country, many bodies will be found turned to stone. The other instance related is that of Wild Bill, murdered in Deadwood by Jock and Call ten years ago. Bill was buried on the mountain side, and building of residences compelled the unearthing of his bones. What was the surprise of his friends when the recovered body that the famous frontiersman was a solid stone—petrified. This revelation may appear strange to eastern readers, but here it is an open secret.

The Great Tumble Weed.

[Wichita (Kan.) Journal.]

This weed once grew plentiful through this country and Colorado. When green they present a very pretty appearance and look more like a dwarf tree than a weed. They are very dangerous in case of a prairie fire, and often dangerous in plain wind storms when there is no fire. In case of fire the flames seem to strip the plant of its leaves, and it at once becomes a rolling ball of flaming hurrican, and sweeps the wheel of fire. These revolving wheels of fire will jump an ordinary furrow or fire break and carry the fire into the timber or grass, as the case may be. Nothing can stop their progress but a river. Into these they jump, leaping out into the stream forty, fifty and sixty feet, and go down with a hiss, throwing up a column of steam where they sink.

In Colorado wind-storms these weeds are also a source of much danger. In Middle Park, a few years ago, a party of travelers were suddenly overtaken by a storm. Seeing what they supposed to be a mass of huge boulders in the distance, they made for them, thinking they would find at least a partial shelter. To their surprise, as they approached, the boulders suddenly broke loose and commenced rolling toward them at a furious rate, cutting all sorts of curious capers and gyrating menacingly as they came. At times they would strike an obstruction and bound high in the air, and again striking the ground resume their rapid circular motion. The travelers put spurs to their horses, and it was only by the greatest effort they managed to escape from the track of these monsters. On examination they found their supposed boulders were really immense weeds, which had been torn up by the roots by the wind-storm.

These weeds are so solid that they are a great menace to man and beast under such circumstances. Impelled by a heavy wind, they go with force enough to kill a horse, and a human being is in great danger if he cannot get out of the track of these monsters when they are running before a hurrican or in case of a prairie fire.

About Decapitating.

The Progress Medical publishes a paper by Drs. Regnard and Loye on the examination of the head and body of a convict immediately after his decapitation by the guillotine. The prisoner was calm to the last, and not pale, even when his neck was fixed ready to receive the fatal knife. Two seconds after decapitation the cheeks were still rosy, the eyes wide open, with moderately dilated pupils, the mouth firmly closed. When a finger was placed close to one eye no change of expression took place, but on touching an eye or the tip of the lashes, during the first five seconds, the lid closed just as in life. This reflex action could not be elicited from the sixth second after decapitation. The jaws were tightly clenched and could not be opened by manual force; no similar muscular contraction could be detected in the trunk or extremities. One minute after death the face began to turn pale, the trunk remained flaccid, the carotids continuing to throw out blood remaining in the circulating area. At the end of four minutes the face was quite pale, the upper lids were half closed, the jaws less firmly clenched than before. The knuckles had passed through the lower part of the fourth cervical. These researches show that not a trace of consciousness remains two seconds after beheading; that reflex movements of the cornea can be excited for a few seconds; that the heart may beat for an hour, the auricles continuing to pulsate alone for over half that period; and that, putting aside the reflex movements of the eyelids, the contraction of the jaws, and the jets of blood from the carotids, it seemed in this case as though a corpse had been decapitated, so inert were the remains of the convict. Drs. Regnard and Loye note how calm and free even from physiological death-struggle symptoms is death by the guillotine. There is not even apychnia. In this country we take on ourselves the responsibility of destroying life judicially. That so grave a task should be done as mercifully as possible is self-evident. Hanging is a very different matter from decapitation. Anglo-Saxon sentiment is against the headsman, but surely a contrivance for a more calm et sans agonie might be devised to replace the ill-fated gallows.

Sunset Cox in Egypt.

[New York World.]

"Sunset" delivered a lecture last evening at the Windsor Theatre under the auspices of the Stecker Association. His subject was "Observations upon Turkey," and the crowd which came to listen to him was so large that many had to be turned away.

After Bayne's Sixty-ninth Regiment Band had discoursed a few lively selections President Julius Harburger, of the Stecker Association, introduced Judge Alfred Stecker, who was down on the programme for his greeting, and who was an excellent hearer Mr. Cox that he declined to say anything. The latter came before the footlights in the midst of a storm of cheers. "I feel," he said, "as if I ought to make you a Turkey salam after the hearty welcome you have given me. The Turk, when he bows to a man, picks up the earth. He touches his heart to show the cordiality of his greeting, and his head to indicate the confirmation of it by his brain. Then he loosens his tongue and gives expression to it."

The speaker went through the motions with mock gravity, to the great merriment of his audience.

"I can't in my awkward way," he said, "illustrate the grace and politeness of a Turkish salam. They have many things in common with Americans, and one particular thing in common with myself. They always begin the day at 'Sunset.' I know that my mother-in-law used to tell me that the old Puritans began the day in the morning and ended it at sunset, and I never went back on 'Sunset' when I could help it. There are a great many young men I know of who are interested in politics down in our district who end their day at sunrise."

"It must have struck some of you as being very strange that in going to Turkey I took only my wife with me. But it was all the wife I had, as the fact is, she said of his head when the executioner went to clip it off. The Mahometans are legally entitled to four wives, but my friend the Sultan has 484. He doesn't know them all, but he has their names written on their doors which is just as well when he wants to make a call. I never had a chance to get into a harem and so I can't tell you what the interior is like. No, yes, I did go to a harem once, but I went again in a great hurry; but I won't tell you about that to-night."

"When I was in Thebes I went down in a freshly opened grave, and there on the walls I read the history of its occupant. He was just 4,300 years old, and—he was dead. The figures on the wall showed that he had been an agriculturist, and scales showed that he had brought his harvest down the river and exchanged it for gold. I've got the body now in a warehouse down town, and I had half a mind to bring him up here this evening."

"When I came back from my trip on the Nile I met the Khedive and he says to me: 'Your Excellency'—they always call me that when they see me, although I did not like it—he says: 'Your Excellency, what is the reason that your country has attained a population of 60,000,000 in only a hundred years?' I replied that it was the attraction of our immigration system. 'Have you ever,' he asked, 'had any immigrants out of our country?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'we have had two since I shipped him yesterday. They were mummies.'

"Perhaps I am the only American who ever shook hands with old King Pharaoh of Egypt. He was a little bit dusty, but I shook hands with him just the same. They had him under a glass case, which was raised for my benefit, and there was a history of all his movements, even including those which occurred after his death."

Dying in the Lord.

Francis Ridley Havergal, during her last illness, while suffering intensely from high fever in sweet submission said "God's will is delicious; he makes no mistakes." Bidding one of her physicians good-bye, she asked, "Do you really think I am going?" He answered, "Yes." "To-day?" she enquired. "Probably," was the reply. Then she exclaimed, "Beautiful! too good to be true!" and looking up with a smile, added, "I shall be with my dear Father in Heaven." Later, as the time of her departure came, she nestled down into the pillows, folded her arms upon her breast, saying, "there—it is all over! Blessed rest! Her countenance became radiant with the glory seemingly breaking in upon her soul, and those who watched her thought she appeared as if she was conversing with the King in his beauty. She tried to sing, but after one sweet note her voice failed, and was gone to be with her Lord.

Rev. F. L. Reid of the Christian Advocate, reports the endowment fund for Trinity college as reaching nearly \$30,000. This is a remarkably large collection to be made from the time it was determined to raise the fund. President Crowell, of the College, Bishops Duncanson and Key, Rev. Dr. Bobbitt and others have worked with all their hearts in the matter and with the above success. It seems that the endowment of \$100,000 will be secured much sooner than was expected even by the most sanguine. Educational mass meetings are being held all over the State and about \$1,000 to \$2,500 raised at each place.

How Wallace Wrote.

Gen Lew Wallace has been talking to a reporter. He says he began "The Fair God" when he was 18 years old. Mexico and her history has always had a charm for me. I began this book and then I went to the Mexican war as a soldier and fought over the ground I had thought so much about. When I returned I took up the thread of the story and finished it.

"Ben Bur" is now seven years old and yet I cannot get to sell. That story went very curiously. It did not sell so much the first year as the second. That is something rather unusual, I am told, in a story. The public didn't seem to understand what it was exactly when it was first published. But it is certainly going very nicely now."

"Don't you attribute a portion of its success to the fact of its semi-religious nature?"

"Certainly do. I think a great many people read it who do not read novels generally. You know it is said that a large element of John B. Gough's success lay in the fact that he had power as an actor. People who never thought of attending a theater would listen to Gough with great pleasure."

"Have you ever been in the Holy Land when you wrote your book?"

"No, sir. I finished 'Ben Bur' in the old palace of the Montezumas, at Santa Fe, New Mexico, when I was Governor of that Territory. I worked with a large map of the country before me. I studied every point and carried my characters from place to place in my great care. I read all the books I could get hold of on the nature of the country and the habits of the people, and, finally, when I was Minister to Turkey, I decided to go to Palestine and Jerusalem to see if there were any portions of the book that ought to be re-written."

"Did you find any?"

"I could change. It was just as I wanted it. There were, indeed, some very striking coincidences. I rode out from Jerusalem to Bethlehem and, leaving my horse, walked back. All this ground I had described minutely by studying my map for the geography and studying books of travel for the topography. At a certain point in the book I described the mother and sister of my hero, who were lepers, as taking refuge in a tomb and waiting for the coming of Jesus. When I reached the proper point in the journey, sure enough, there was the tomb, as I had described. I had also described these women as having sat by the wayside on a big white stone. Even the stone was there. The description which I had given of the view from Mount Olives, across the valley of Kedron, was as good as I could have written as I sat there and actually saw it."

Besides a work of extraordinary merit, Mr. Wallace has in Ben Bur, as regards accuracy of detail in historical events, a novel that ranks with the most careful ever written. However, one error has come to our knowledge in book III where a traveler is spoken of as being able to see the smoking cone of Vesuvius in the year 24, A. D. It was as late as 79 before Vesuvius again became active.

The Ears of Engineers.

"Moonlight nights—they are the bane of engineers," remarked a head official of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to a Cincinnati Commercial Gazette reporter. He is a gentleman who knows every branch of railroading.

"I would have thought that the train men would be glad to have moonlight nights," interposed the writer.

"No, sir; all engineers dread moonlight nights; they try the nerves of the engineers to the utmost. Engineers like to run on dark nights. On a moonlight night the trouble with them is no trouble at all—shadows. An engineer, looking out from his engine, sees before him all manner of shadows. He is sure that the shadows across the track is a man, or a rock, or some kind of an obstruction. He doesn't know, and he is kept in a state of nervous excitement all the time. Going around curves, along hillsides, many curious shadows are outlined on the track, and very often an engineer is worked out from his ride that he is scarcely able to perform his duties. Some years ago, when I was going over the main stem of the Baltimore & Ohio one night there was a freight freight in convoys then, or as we call them, in sections. Our train was stopped and I went forward to see what was the damage. Lying in a cut was about the worst wreck I have ever seen. It was a moonlight night and when I got forward I saw the engineer. He was shaking all over with excitement. He was one of the oldest and best engineers on the road and I was surprised to see him nervous, as he escaped unhurt."

"What is the trouble, Tom?" I asked him. I could see nothing wrong.

"It was a rock," replied Tom. "I was coming around the curve when I saw it. It was a big one—big enough to smash a whole train. I reversed the engine to avoid the smash up, and the cars coming down the grade just piled up in the shape you see them."

"I looked around but could see no rock anywhere. The wreck was cleared away that night and there wasn't a sign of an obstruction near the locomotive. We all were curious to find out what had caused the trouble. The next night a railroad man went to the cut, and there in the moonlight he saw a perfect image of a big rock lying across the track. He looked up on the hillside and there was a big rock throwing its shadow down on the track that cost the company thousands of dollars. No, sir; if an engineer wants things to suit him, he don't want moonlight by which to run his train."

Night Air.

[Sanitary Engineer.]

An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul air from within. Most people prefer the latter—an unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the diseases we suffer from, are occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window after midnight in the year, can never hurt any one. In great cities night air is often the best and purest to be had in twenty-four hours. I could better under-

stand shutting the windows in town during the day than during the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make night the best time for airing the patient. One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate has told me that the air of London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night. Always air your room, then, from the outside air if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut—a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired without, every passage from within.

One Tooth of a Dime.

It is almost impossible to attach my importance to one cent, but at the same time it is a very important coin at times, says an exchange.

It will take a circular to California, and it will make you madder than a hatter and a Mareh hare combined when you go to pay your fare on a horse-car and find that you have but four cents and a ten-dollar bill.

One cent is very small, but when it is added to the rate of interest you receive on a stock, it possesses a stern magnificent grandeur that carries you away like a strain of music.

The penny, it seems, was made to put on church plates, and although a man may say it amounts to nothing, he will strike matches and lift mats and crawl about in the straw on a horse car to find the one he drops. It is so small a coin that you have to take off your glove to take hold of it in your pocket, and yet it is so large, when the baby swallows it, the chances of the baby's living are sometimes not worth a cent.

Although one cent is less than ten cents, yet one cent is a great deal larger than a dime. Many a man has gone thirsty all day with four cents in his pocket. For the want of that one cent the four were as useless as the eleven men on a jury who are held on against one.

The Morning Hour.

The best time for Bible reading is in the morning. The mind and body are fresh after the night, and the highest powers of thought may be brought to bear upon the chapter selected. But with most people each recurring morning brings its own pressing tasks. Besides cares, the daily toil and the duties of the household, are the first and most engrossing concerns. Some hours must pass, with many, before they can find time to sit down to quiet reading. Let the plan be honestly tried of taking some words from God's book for the first meditation of the morning. Make for the next month a fair, steadfast trial of the plan of studying the Bible when your faculties are at mental high water mark. You wonder at the familiarity of this or that friend with the Psalms, the Epistles, the Gospels. It has been gained a little at a time, by patient, daily reading—thoughtful and prayerful reading, too, which was lived by the soul as something worth treasuring. We shall all gain immensely in our influence, as well as in our comfort, by giving more of our own unweary thought to the Holy Book. A few tired, sleepy, worn-out moments at night, and these only, are almost an insult to the Master, whom you profess to serve.—Selected.

His "Birdie's" Queer Bird-Cage.

From the New York Times.

He had gone home a little late the week before a little the worse for wear, and was making a manly effort to get to bed without disturbing his silent partner, when his foot caught in something that felt like a bird-cage about his ankles, and he pitched forward until he reached the mantle, which he found with his nose. He uttered an exclamation which transformed his silent partner into a very active one, and compelled an explanation. A light being produced, the wreck of the object that had caused him to fall was brought up for inspection and analysis. It was his first offense, and his wife, therefore, allowed her concern over his mishap to dominate her indignation over the condition in which he presented himself. So she plattered his nose and said the wreck didn't matter; it could be easily replaced. "But where's the rest of it? and what's become of the bird?" he asked. "The bird? what do you mean?" his wife exclaimed. "Why, isn't that a bird-cage?" he inquired. "A bird-cage! ha! ha! Why yes; if I am your little birdie, as I used to be. That's my bustle," she said.

A New Industry.

The New York Truth says: A singular advertisement attracted my attention the other day. It was a call for 10,000 live fleas, to be delivered in parcels of not less than 5,000 each, at a certain address. I found that the man was a flea trader, and gathered these facts: That it takes three months to teach a flea to do anything worthy of public performance; that only one flea in a thousand can be taught anything; that a performing flea usually lives a year, with great care, and that in response to his advertisement he had received in three days one package, estimated to contain 3,000 fleas, and they came from the dog pound. He paid twenty-five dollars for them, and they were very good fleas.

"Dan," said a contractor to one of his trusted employes, "when you are down seeing about the lime this morning I wish you would mention to Dempsey that I would like to have that little bill paid. You needn't press it, you know, but just mention it to him in an off-hand manner."

"Yes, sir."

"I got the money from Dempsey, sorr," said Dan, on his return.

"I am very glad, you merely alluded to it in an off-hand way, I suppose?"

"Yes, sorr; I handed him the bill and told him if he didn't pay it I would let off me hand and give him a wipe in the jaw that he wouldn't forget for a while; and he paid it at wast."

An Iowa girl who was voted the handsomest lady in the county fainted away three times in succession when the joyful news was brought to her. A different man caught her each time.

It's time to start a Know-Nothing party in England, and cry "England for the English!" Polydore de Keyser has just been elected Lord Mayor of London.

Wake Up!

P. T. BARNUM

Says our people like to be humbugged, and such seems to be the case.

Where is the reason in paying 5 cents

for a Spool of Thread when it can be bought at the Racket Store for

2 Cents?

Where is the reason in paying \$1.00 or

\$1.25 for Miller's Shirt when you can buy

at the Racket Store, for