North Carolina Gazette.

Published by J. H. & G. G. Myrover, Corner Anderson and Old Streets, Fayetteville, N. C.

VOL. 4—NO. 10.] THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1876. [WHOLE NO. 164.

North Carolina Gazette.

J. H. & G. G. MYROVER,
Publishers.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year (in advance)	$2 50
Six months "	1 25
Three " "	75

CLUB RATES:

10 copies (sent to one address) with an extra copy	$22 50
20 " " " " " "	40 00
40 " " " " " "	75 00
50 " " " " " " and a premium of a fine chromo, value $25	90 00
100 copies (sent to one address) with an extra copy and a premium of a fine chromo, value $40	150 00

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One square (9 lines solid nonpareil) one insertion	$1 00
" " " " " two "	1 50
" " " " " one month	2 50
" " " " " three "	5 00
" " " " " six "	9 00
" " " " " twelve "	15 00

Longer advertisements charged in proportion to the above rates. Special notices 25 per cent. more than regular advertisements.

NEWSPAPERS & PERIODICALS.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
NEW YORK WEEKLY HERALD.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
PROPRIETOR.
BROADWAY & ANN STREET.

POSTAGE FREE.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $2

CLUB RATES.

Three Copies, per annum	$5
Five Copies, "	8
Ten copies, "	15
Twenty Copies, "	25

An extra copy wil be sent to every club of ten or more

Additions to clubs received at club rates.

These rates make the WEEKLY HERALD the cheapest publication in the country.

Terms cash in advance. Money sent by mail will be at the risk of the sender

A generous portion of the WEEKLY HERALD will be appropriated to Agriculture, Horticulture, Pomology and the management of domestic animals. Particular attention will be paid also to the Reports of the Markets

The aim will be to make the WEEKLY HERALD superior to any other agricultural and family newspaper in the country

Every number of the WEEKLY HERALD will contain a select story and the latest and most important news by telegraph from all parts of the world up to the hour of publication

During the session of Congress the WEEKLY HERALD will contain a summary of the proceedings and the latest News by telegraph from Washington, Political, Religious, Fashionable, Artistic, Literary and Sporting Intelligence; Obituary Notices, Varieties, Amusements, Editorial Articles on the prominent topics of the day, a review of the Cattle and Dry Goods Markets, Financial and Commercial Intelligence, and accounts of all the important and interesting events of the week.

The price of subscription, whenever practicable, should be transmitted by Post Office Orders. It is the safest mode of transmitting money by mail.

At small Post Offices in the country where Post Office Orders cannot be obtained, money may be remitted in Registered Letters.

Advertisements, to a limited number, will be inserted in the WEEKLY HERALD.

THE DAILY HERALD.

POSTAGE FREE.

Annual Subscription Price $12—Always in Advance.

☞ Write the address on letters to the NEW YORK HERALD in a bold and legible hand, and give the name of each subscriber, of Post Office, County and State so plainly that no errors in mailing papers will be liable to occur. sept 23 tf

CHOICE PERIODICALS
For 1876.

THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLSHING CO.,
41 BARCLAY ST., NEW YORK,

Continue their AUTHORIZED Reprints of the

FOUR LEADING QUATERLY REVIEWS:

EDINBURGH REVIEW (*Whig*),
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (*Conservative*),
WESTMINSTER REVIEW (*Liberal*)
BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW (*Evangelical*),

Containing masterly criticisms and summaries of all that is valuable and fresh in Literature, Science and Art; and

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

The most powerful monthly in the English Language, famous for STORIES, ESSAYS and SKETCHES,

Of the Highest Literary Merit.

TERMS (Including Postage):

Payable Strictly in Advance.

For any one Review	$4 00	per annum
For any two Reviews	7 00	" "
For any three Reviews	10 00	" "
For all four Reviews	12 00	" "
For Blackwood's Magazine	4 00	" "
For Blackwood and one Review	7 00	" "
For Blackwood and two Reviews	10 00	" "
For Blackwood and three Reviews	13 00	" "
For Blackwood and the four Reviews	15 00	" "

CLUBS.

A discount of twenty per cent. will be allowed to clubs of four or more persons. Thus: four copies of Blackwood or of one Review will be sent to ONE ADDRESS for $12.80; four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for $48, and so on.

PREMIUMS.

New subscribers (applying early) for the year 1876 may have, without charge, the numbers for the last quarter of 1875 of such periodicals as they may subscribe for.

Neither premiums to subscribers nor discount to clubs can be allowed unless the money is remitted direct to the publishers. No premiums given to clubs.

Circulars with further information may be had on application.

THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO.,
41 BARCLAY ST., NEW YORK.
oct 28 tf

ONE DOLLAR
WILL SECURE THE
CHICAGO LEDGER
FOR ONE YEAR.

The LEDGER is the BEST FAMILY PAPER in the United States—ably edited, handsomely printed, containing every week choice completed stories, an installment of an interesting illustrated serial and general reading for old and young, for the farmer, for the housewife and for all classes. Special care is taken to make its tone uniformly chaste and moral. Send $1, and 15 cents for postage, and your address to

THE LEDGER,
oct 5 4t Chicago, Illinois.

GAZETTE COLUMN.

READ IT!

SUBSCRIBE FOR IT!!

THE

North Carolina Gazette,

THE BEST PAPER IN THE STATE!

PUBLISHES MORE GENERAL NEWS AND READING MATTER THAN ANY SECULAR PAPER IN THE SOUTH!!

FOR THE FARMER,

It takes the place of an Agricultural Magazine.

FOR THE MERCHANT AND BUSINESS MAN,

It offers a complete and accurate review of the Markets and business transactions from week to week.

FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER,

It supplies a varied and instructive fund of valuable receipts and general household information.

FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE,

It is full of select literary matter, short stories, sketches, poetry, correspondence, humorous miscellany, &c., &c.

FOR THE GENERAL READER,

It gives at once a compendium of the news at home and abroad, the latest intelligence from all important points both in this country and in Europe; the Legislative, Congressional and Supreme Court proceedings when those bodies are in session, &c., &c.

FOR THE GOOD CITIZEN,

It is sound in politics, Democratic in principle, and Southern in feeling and sentiment to the core.

FOR THE ADVERTISER,

It furnishes a most desirable medium for reaching the people in all the Cape Fear section, being the leading and recognized organ of ten counties in the interior of North Carolina.

It embraces in its columns twelve distinct departments, edited with great care and pains, and meeting all the varied demands of all classes of readers.

One copy one year	$2 50
" " 6 mos	1 25
" " 3 "	75

J. H. & G. G. MYROVER,
Publishers & Proprietors,
Nos. 11 & 12 Anderson Street,
Fayetteville, N. C.

july 1 tf

Home Circle.

"Home is the Sacred Refuge of Our Life."
Dryden.

AN ECCENTRIC PARISIAN.—A correspondent writes from Paris that a well-dressed gentleman of sixty, evidently a man of wealth, drives out every afternoon to the lake on the Bois de Boulogne in a fine victoria, followed by a carriage laden with cooking utensils. Selecting a cool spot under the trees, he stops his carriage, has a rich damask table-cloth spread upon the grass, and servants in livery place a profusion of silver upon it. The service is of the richest sort. The lackeys sit up under another tree and serve this sybarite a most sumptuous repast with iced champagne and everything to be found in the grandest of dinners. He sits there in his dress-coat and white cravat as if in his saloon, unmindful of the hundreds of eyes that gaze curiously upon him. When the dinner is over he retires to another tree, as if to the smoking room, where cigars and coffee are brought to him. Meanwhile the servants pack up the silver. When the cigar is finished, the eccentric diner-out gets into his victoria, without looking at the crowd, takes his ride about the lake and then drives off home. Since the fact became public talk, people are going out to the Bois expressly to see this singular person dine in the open air.

THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND.—Thousands of the tourists who annually visit the western "Garden of England"—for Devonshire well deserves that name—whilst deeply impressed with the general loveliness of the country, nevertheless find it difficult to explain what it is that lends the peculiar character of softness and grace to the scenery. Here is the secret. The whole country is richly and luxuriantly clothed with ferns. The number and variety of the most exquisite forms of these beautiful plants to be found in Devonshire are equaled by those of no other county in the United Kingdom. Devonshire is emphatically the Paradise of the British ferns. There they are in very truth at home. The soil and the air are adapted to them, and they adapt themselves to the whole aspect of the place. They clothe the hill-sides and the hill-tops; they grow in the utmost depths of the valleys; they fringe the banks of the streams; they are to be found in the recesses of the woods; they hang from rocks and walls and trees, and crowd into the towns and villages, fastening themselves with sweet familiarity even to the houses.

IMMODEST FASHIONS.—There are some features in the dress of the present day which every modest wife should shrink from showing upon herself, every careful mother should prohibit in her daughters—things that instead of pleasing the pure sense are a direct or covert appeal to sensuality, and can have no other purpose—ornaments that are arranged so as to attract the eye to portions of the person that should be passed over by the modest gaze; a style that gives a character to the walk like that of the lascivious dances of the East; distortions of the limbs and figure that are injurious to health, and which can have no other recommendation than that they suggest certain ideas as to the female form that are agreeable to the animal called man, looking as an animal on woman. The second French Empire, appealing as it did systematically to everything that was impure and base in man, has effected the fashion of dress to an unusual degree; and very many follow the fashions without thinking anything about them. But it should be borne in mind that ornamental dress is always designed to be effective in some direction. If it produces some effect upon the spectators, it has some appreciable influence upon the wearers. Women cannot wear an impure style of dress, especially one that has in it an element of coarse sensuality, without an injury to her own perfect purity and refinement, which every mother must watch over in her daughters, and every wife guard religiously in herself.

WONDERFUL OPALS.—A magnificent display of opals has been sent by Austria to the Philadelphia exhibition. The opals come from the Government mines in the Carpathian mountains, which extend from six to eight miles, and are 1,000 feet at their greatest depth; 400 men are employed in these mines, which have been worked for five centuries. The rough opals are shown from their growth in crystal form till they decay; but the gems of the collection are the "Kohinoor of opals"—the largest known, and weighing 602 carats—and two exquisite stones, engraved as cameo likenesses of the Emperor and Empress. These portraits were done by an Austrian artist in two years, and are estimated the finest specimens of their kind in the world. It had been considered impossible to engrave upon so soft a stone as the opal, but in both of these heads the lines are as clearly cut as in the finest cameos.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF HOLLAND.—The Amsterdam correspondent of the Pall Mall *Gazette* writes: "For some time there has been much talk about the conduct of the Crown Prince. He lives in Paris, his palace in the Hague is closed, and all endeavors to induce him to return to the Hague have failed. The Prince prefers to amuse himself in Paris instead of performing his duties as the first subject of his royal father. This behavior has created much discontent, but till now silence has been preserved on the subject. To the great surprise of every one, however, Mr. Mock, a well known Conservative politician, the other day, in proposing a toast at a dinner, openly reproached the Prince for going into voluntary exile and for spending on the boulevards the time which ought to be given to his country, over which he will perhaps once rule as William IV. Mr. Mock further expressed his regret that the Crown Prince had not yet given the nation the opportunity to welcome a Crown Princess. This speech and its publication in full in the Conservative *Dagblad* created a great sensation. All the liberal papers are condemning Mr. Mock's language as disloyal, but Prof. G. W. Vreede, of the Utrecht University applauds the speech and adds: "If the Prince does not listen to these words, which were spoken at a banquet, it will become necessary that more emphatic language should proceed from the benches of the Chamber of Representatives."

HOW A GOOD DINNER WAS OBTAINED WITHOUT PRICE.

An elegantly dressed man recently entered the fashionable and very expensive Clarendon Hotel restaurant, in London, and called for a dinner of rare and costly viands, with such choice of appropriate wines to accompany the courses as bespoke him a thorough *bon vivant* of untrammeled means. It was served and done ample justice to by him, and just as dessert was placed before him another man entered the restaurant and engaged in a mysterious conversation with the proprietor.

The last comer said that he was connected with the police, and had come to arrest a person traced there by a dectective. The proprietor repelled with haughty dignity the supposition that anybody liable to arrest should enter his establishment, protesting that none but persons of the highest respectability were his guests.

"Undoubtedly, my dear sir," rejoined the professed police agent, "but I am not in pursuit of a vulgar thief or swindler. The man I seek is a political offender of importance. See, here is his description; read it and see if it is not that of the gentleman drinking wine at that table."

The landlord read. "Yes! Yes!" he exclaimed, "it is indeed that of the gentleman now finishing the last glass of his second bottle of champagne."

"He seems to be a connoisseur in wines."

"It is a pity that he does not confine himself to them and leave politics alone."

"Permit me to make a suggestion," said the visitor. "He has evidently been drinking heavily, and his head is no doubt affected by it. Knowing his precarious position as he does, he will be likely to attempt resistance to his arrest. Perhaps he is armed. At all events, for the credit of your house, it is best that we avoid a scene and a scandal by effecting the arrest outside. Suppose you tell him that his friend Lord Graham wishes to see him in his carriage at the door. Then when he comes out we will nab him."

The landlord respectfully delivered the message as suggested.

"Lord Graham! You don't tell me!" exclaimed the diner as he helped himself to a choice cigar. "What can he want with me? Only to offer me his box at Drury Lane to-night, I presume. Never mind, I will see. I have now only coffee to take to finish my dinner. Be kind enough to order it for me, to be ready when I return."

He stepped to the door and the police agent arrested him "in the name of the Queen," pushed him into a hack in waiting and drove away. After a shilling ride the *bon vivant* and his captor alighted, discharged the hack, and separated, with the understanding that on the succeeding day their comedy should be re-enacted in some other hotel.

BROTHER JONATHAN.—The origin of this term, as applied to the United States, is as follows: When General Washington, after being appointed commander of the army of the Revolutionary War, went to Massachusetts to organize it, he found a great want of ammunition and other means of defence; and on one occasion it seemed that no means could be devised for the necessary safety. Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then Governor of the State of Connecticut; and the General, placing the greatest reliance on his excellency's judgment, remarked, "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." The general did so, and the governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army; and thenceforward, when difficulties arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-phrase. "We must consult Brother Jonathan;" and the name has now become a designation for the whole country as John Bull has for England.

UNCLE SAM.—Immediately after the declaration of war with England, in 1812, Elbert Anderson, of New York, then a contractor, visited Troy, where he purchased a quantity of provisions. The inspectors of the articles at that place were Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman (universally known as "Uncle Sam") generally superintended in person a large number of workmen, who, on this occasion were employed in overhauling the provisions purchased by the contractor. The casks were marked "E. A.—U. S." Their inspection fell to the lot of a facetious fellow, who, on being asked the meaning of the mark, said he did not know, unless it meant *Elbert Anderson* and *Uncle Sam*, alluding to *Uncle Sam Wilson*. The joke took among the workmen, and passed currently; and "Uncle Sam," when present, was often rallied by them on the increased extent of his possessions.

AN AMERICAN PRINCESS.—An American princess is about to be married at Stuttgart to an English gentleman named Heneage. She is no less a person than Miss Agnes Leclerq, formerly of Baltimore, who in 1862 married Prince Felix Salm-Salm, then a brigadier in the Union army and afterwards an aide-de-camp of the unfortunate Maximilian, of Mexico. The romantic adventures of the Princess in Mexico, where she saved the life of her husband after the fall of the empire, have been chronicled by herself in an entertaining book. Prince Felix, restored through her efforts to his position in the Prussian army, fell gallantly fighting at Gravelotte. His widow has since resided in Germany.

WHAT A CORRESPONDENT FOUND.

The Hartford *Times* has one of the best hits on this peculiar class of Bohemians that has appeared in some time, so rich is the joke and so well known are the parties mentioned that it will bear repetition:

It is some time gone by since Adam Badeau, Grant's pupil, married one of two very charming sisters, both petite, pretty, and wonderfully alike in form and feature, though there are three years difference in their ages. Two chaps I wot of laid it out at lunch one day to sell another chap who is that not uncommon man who knows everything, and to whom no news whatever can be told. So the confederates approached the omniscient Jenkins. "Did you know that Badeau had married a very pretty girl, who is scarcely distinguishable from her equally pretty sister?" "Oh, aw, yaas," says Jenkins, "it's the principal talk of fashionable circles" (Jenkins frequenting the "fashionable circles" about as freely as I visit the Sultan's seraglio.) "But," continued the confederates, "did you know that the two sisters were nieces of Eugene Sue and that they were the originals of the orphan twins in "The Wandering Jew," Rose and Blanche? "Oh, yaas, I knew that, though I forgot how they are Sue's nieces, whether his brother married their mother, or their mother—confound it, I'll find out;"—and he actually did—that is, came down next morning with a clear account of the precise relationship. He never "thought to think" that Sue's story opens in October, 1831; so, supposing Badeau's bride to have been only fifteen at the date of the story, those lovely twin orphans "who by a sweet maternal caprice had been called Rose and Blanche," would be a round sixty years old now. Worse yet, Jenkins, being the New York correspondent of a Parish journal, put Badeau's wife and her sister into good French as the genuine Rose and Blanche, of Sue's romance; and worser, it has come back and is now going the rounds of the press in good English in this country. I tell you the story that you may "think to think" before you print and help to pass around this particular sell.

MARRIED COUPLES AND OLD MAIDS.—There is one more picture in the Centennial gallery, says Anna S. H. in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, where all the faces are perfect in their way. It is called the Apple of Discord; I have only a dim memory of some old myth concerning it, but in itself it is a delight and the story may go. Beautiful enough for a goddess is the central figure. Her wealth of burnished auburn tresses ripples back from her white forehead, then descending they make a veil about her lovely form, from which the garments have dropped away. At one side is a cupid, with his cherub face peeping out; on the other there is a dark yet splendidly handsome head, with flowing beard and kingly poise. He holds the apple at which my goddess looks disdainfully. It amazed me to stand and note how the married folks treated this picture. Of course there are many others about it, but the men invariably exclaim at this and their wives almost as invariably give their coat sleeves an impatient twitch, hurrying them on where no beautiful women may be seen. As soon as may be afterward, that man is seen coming back alone to look at his leisure. My sister and I were gazing and criticising when two typical old maids, skinny, skimpy, and vinegar faced, looked at us severely and remarked, "The times are getting awful when women who look like ladies can stand such horrid paintings!"

A PIECE OF STRATEGY.—A bright little girl at one of the fashionable hotels recently surprised the waiter and guests at her table by hurrying in to dinner among the first, and in advance of her mother, and ordering ice-cream, raisins, and other delicacies of the dessert before her soup and meats. The solution of her conduct appeared shortly, however, after the arrival of the mother, who watched with great solicitude the food taken by the child. It was, "Baby, don't eat this," and "Baby, don't eat that," until dessert was reached, when "baby" ordered ice-cream. Being cut down in her allowance by her mother, she took it with such unusual quiet that surprise was manifested, when she naively exclaimed: "I took my dessert first to-day, mamma, so I should be sure and have enough."

AN ACHING HEART UNBURDENS ITSELF.—A correspondent of the Richmond *Enquirer* at Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, thus relieves an aching bosom and a crushed heart: "The flirt is the painted hyena of society; the lamb-fleeced-disguised ravening wolf of the affectional fold. Her fangs drip with the gore of the foolishly fond and true. Like the hideous spectre bat of the Orinoco, she drains the last purple drop from the veins of her spell-bound victim, while her soft blandishments lull him to rest and fill his dreams with dazzling scenes of beauty and felicity. More cruel than the great war god of the Aztecs, she feasts upon the torn and bleeding hearts of her own most frevent worshippers. With savage ferocity she crunches the tenderest feelings and emotions of the human soul."

THE LATE VICE-PRESIDENT'S TWO FIANCEES.—A tall, elegantly formed woman, dressed in the extreme of fashion, Mrs. W——, is often mentioned as having been the intended bride of Mr. Wilson, the deceased Vice-President. No one can dispute this report, as it is countenanced by the lady herself, and will not be contradicted by the gentleman; but, strangely enough, another lady is distinguished by the same report—a Mrs. C——, of Washington. Mrs. W. is at Congress Hall, Mrs. C., at the United States. Each lady, it is said, collected the verses in a collection of verses called "The Changed Cross," which Mr. Wilson read but a few hours before his death; each had penciled some favorite lines, found to be consoling at that trying hour, and to each a message of remembrance and affection was sent by a faithful attendant. All this throws a sentimental interest around these two pretty women, which it is not necessary in such weather to question. Mr. Wilson was a devoted admirer of the fair sex, and appreciated the attentions of a number of ladies who are socially ambitious. A year since he was frequently seen driving with the wife of one of Vanderbilt's "whippers in"—a woman of very humble origin and slender education. When asked what attraction Mrs. Blank could possibly possess for him, he answered: "She is so kind to me that I forget how she murders the King's English." Kindness was the rule of his own life. Even here, in the Babel, the gentle, pleasant-faced Vice-President is remembered and regretted.—*St. Louis Republican's Saratoga Letter.*

VERY PROUD.—The late Lord Alvanley, who was delightfully odd, met the proud Lord of Durham at Aloopa, Prince Woronzow's place on the Euxine, and Durham, who was filled with an amazing quantity of consequence, said, in referring to some scene of English home life: "I was obliged to assert my dignity, for the fellows had found out who I was." The wit looked up and rejoined: "Ah! And who were you?"

Humorous.

"A Little Nonsense, Now and Then,
Is Relished by the Wisest Men" (and Women.)
Joe Miller.

A STRANGER AT THE CENTENNIAL.

Many strangers at the Centennial are not yet aware that they can't get out, even for a moment, and get back, on the same entrance-fee. I saw an old man try it the other day. He says to the gateman:

"I want to go out a minute. You'll know me when I come back, won't you?"

Gateman—Yes; I'll know you by a 50 cent stamp.

Stranger—What! Ain't the money I paid good for all day?

G.—Yes; it's good for all day, if you stay in all day.

S.—But I want a bite teet. It'll cost me 50 cents in here.

G—That's the rule, old man, and you'll have to stand it. But I'll tell you what you can do. You can go down by them palings, and there's some boys outside will sell you a sandwich for 20 cents.

I followed the old gentleman down by the palings to witness his investment. Sure enough, he found an auburn-haired boy with sandwiches, and, taking one through the slats, passed out a 50 cent stamp.

"This is 1876," says the brick-top Arab.

S.—Well I guess I knowed that before. Gim my change!

Arab—This is Centennial year.

S.—(snapping his fingers nervously through the crack)—Here, boy! don't want no fooling. Gim my change right away.

A.—Don't you know this is Centennial year?

S.—Yes, sholy I do. Gim my change, yon owdacious devil.

A.—Don't give any change, Centennial year.

S.—You cussed, infernal, red-headed brat of Satan, if you don't gim me 30 cents, I'll come out there and get a policeman hold of you.

A.—Now, mister, that wouldn't be business. You don't want to come out here and pay 50 cents to get back—just for 30 cents—and if yer was ter do it for spite, where'd I be when you got out? You see, this is the Centennial year. Have to make our jack this year. Now, you go along quiet and nice, and it'll be the same next Centennial.

Finale—Arab performs a short war-dance and yells, "Run here, Jimmy! I've done it to another of 'em!"

HOW HE ROUNDED THE LAKE.—He was a tramp, says the Chicago *Journal*, bound Chicagoward, and as he boarded the couplers at the rear of an incoming engine, just across the line in Indiana, one recent dark and chilly night, he had faith to believe that he had a "soft thing" of it for a cheap ride. But the conductor, with his eagle eye and railway lantern, soon espied the moneyless passenger on his unchshioned and comfortless seat. Did he order him off? No. He had a deeper plot. He let him remain, while on and on went the train, from station to station, until it reached a great tank, where the engine stopped to "water up."

"Now for him," grinned the heartless conductor, as he passed to the front.

"Now for him," he maliciously continued, as he grasped the water-trough from the fireman's hands and directed it over the back of the engine.

"Now for him," he fiendishly grunted, as he heard a Noah's deluge pouring over the head and down the back of the luckless tramp.

All grew still and the conductor ordered his train on its way, convinced that he had drowned the tramp, or at least flooded him so far away that he could never get back again.

But when that conductor drove into the depot in the early morning, there was a surprise in store for him.

"Be you the conductor?" inquired a shivering voice at his elbow, as he stepped on the platform.

"Yes," said he, looking round and gazing upon a be-draggled and cinder-covered man. "Then I want ter ask yer why yer don't run around the end of the lake in comin' inter town?"

"I do," said the conductor.

"Yer do?" exclaimed the man.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Wal, I gosh!" muttered the stranger in a bewildered tone, "blest if I didn't think yer swum through the lake!"

Then the conductor knew that his tramp still lived and was water-proof.

WORDS OF WISDOM.—Standing on the postoffice steps yesterday and looking down on the group of smaller boys who wanted to know why he had plasters on his face and his arm in a sling, he said:

"I don't care whether you are Democrats or Republicans, nor how much you holler on the street, but don't put two ounces of powder into an old dinner-horn and think you've got the biggest cannon in town."

"Did you?" asked a small newsboy.

"Did I? Go up to my house and see the dent in the ground where I came down—see mother's left leg—see my old goat in a corner of the yard, waiting for a New York surgeon to come and pick the powder out of his nose! You move on, small boy!"

Dobbs (who is a jolly old bachelor) and a bright young lady acquaintance were bantering each other about marriage. "Oh," said she, "you'll get married one of these days, I know; and you'd have me now if I would wait for you." "You'd have to wait until my second childhood, then," said Dobbs. "Well, I shouldn't have long to wait," was the quick repartee from the lady.

There was a little gathering the other evening, and some one asked a Raleigh man if he wasn't fond of Mendelssohn. He said he was passionately; but unless very carefully cooked it always disagreed with him.

"Do birds," asks a magazine writer, "die a natural death?" We know of many who have probably died in that way. We shot at them, anyhow.

The Household.

"The way to man's heart, the hungry sinner
Since Eve ate the apple, is a good dinner."

SHREWSBURY CAKES.—One pound of flour, one pound sugar, half pound butter, three eggs, two spoonfuls powdered cinnamon. Mix the butter and flour, add sugar and cinnamon. Mix to a paste with the eggs, roll out thin; cut with a tea biscuit cutter. Rich and most delicious.

SANDWICHES.—Make them of cold tongue, thinly sliced, and tea biscuit, or light bread sliced and cut four inches square, and quite thin—removing all the crusts. Layers of cold ham, spread with a little mustard, give a good relish. Of course use a fair allowance of butter on the bread or biscuit, and put on plates, in symmetrical, pyramid form.

PEACH TAPIOCA.—Steep in warm water two tablespoonfuls tapioca until perfectly soft; stew whole two quarts of canned peaches; when tender, stir in the tapioca; cook about ten minutes longer, then sweeten to taste, and cook slowly about five minutes. To be eaten cold. Prepare in a porcelain kettle.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Put a layer of tomatoes in a deep pudding dish; then a layer bread crumbs, a few thin slices of onions, a little pepper and salt on each layer; fill up the dish, having the grated bread for top layer, with a few bits of butter, and bake about two hours.

PLAIN SUET PUDDING.—Take one pound and a half of common flour, half a pound of beef suet chopped very fine, two eggs well beaten, one pint of new milk; mix. Have ready a bowl well greased; put in your pudding; tie down with a cloth; boil steadily for two hours. Grated lemon peel improves it.

COACOANUT CUP CAKE.—Take three coffee-cupfuls of flour, one of butter, two of sugar, one of cocoanut, one of milk, half a cup of brandy, the juice and grated rind of a lemon, seven eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of the extract of bitter almonds, or about fourteen of the almonds blanched and pounded; this quantity will make two loaves; bake in shallow pans.

MINCE MEAT WITH TOMATOES.—Take cold roast or boiled meat and chop it fine with about an equal quantity of ripe tomatoes; season with an even teaspoonful of pepper, a heaping teaspoonful of salt; spread a layer of bread or cracker crumbs in a pudding dish, put in the mince-meat and tomatoes, spread a thick layer of bread crumbs on the top with a little butter, and pour over a tea-cupful of water. Bake it one hour, and you will have a delicious dish. Cold gravy, mixed with warm water, or a cup of stock, are nice for moistening than water. Butter enough should be used to make the top brown like escalloped oysters.