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## THAMES VALLEY SONNETS.

BY DANTE G. ROBERTS.

### WINTER.

How large that thrush looks on the bare thorn-tree  
A swart of such, three weeks ago,  
Had hidden in the leaves and let none know  
Save by the outburst of their ministry.  
A white flag here and there—a snow-dry  
Of last night's frost—our naked flower-beds hold;  
And for a rose-dew on the darkening moor;  
The hungry redbreast gleams. No bloom, no bee,  
The current shudders to its ice-bound sedge;  
Nipped in their bath, the stark reeds one by one  
Flash each its clinging diamond in the sun,  
'Neath winds which for this winter's sovereign  
Shall curb great king-mast to the ocean's edge  
And leave memorial forest-kings o'erthrown.

### SPRING.

Soft-lit is the new-year's lambing-fold,  
And in the hollow haystack at its side  
The shepherd boy gazes, wide-eyed,  
At the ewes' traveling call through the dark coil.  
The young rooks cheer 'mid the thick caw of the  
old.  
And near unpeopled stream-sides, on the ground,  
By her spring-egg the moon-blossom is found,  
Where the drained flood-larks' nest is found,  
Whose breath shall soothe you like your dear one's  
hand.

## THE PRACTICAL JOKE.

"It will be jolly good fun," said Tom Hurd, laughing vociferously, "jolly good fun. It's capital to play a joke on a green fellow like that, he takes it in so."  
Tom Hurd was the practical joker of the school.  
Practical jokes were his joy, and now he had concocted one that was to cap the climax and make him a shining light among the fun-loving boys. Pale, little Jack Redburn, whose mother was a clergyman's widow, who loved her only child with an absorbing tenderness, which he returned in a way few of the great boys could understand, was to be the victim.

Harry Pratt was going to New York, where the mother lived, and Tom Hurd had instructed him to send a telegram to Jack, to the care of Professor Lawton, bearing these terrible words: "Your mother is dead. Come home."  
Yes, and Tom had given Harry the money for this telegram and had written it out for him.  
"It will kill two birds with one stone," said Tom. "Fancy Jack and the professor going off together in the gig, and finding the old woman alive and jolly! We'll have a half-holiday, and catch up as I have managed it. It's jolly fun! And to see how they'll come back after it! Old Lawton furious and little Jack full of the story—ha, ha! It will be fun!"  
"But it will scare him so," said one small boy.  
"You hold your tongue," said Tom. "What's the fun of the joke if it didn't?"

And so Harry pocketed the telegram and bidding good-bye to his friends, departed.  
It was noon, next day. The boys were playing in the school yard. Little Jack sat perched upon the gate, looking out along the road. He was talking to his chum, Will Sparrow.  
"Six weeks to vacation," he said, "and then I shall have six more with mamma. I shall go out with her to see things, and in the evening she will take me in her lap as if I were a baby. I love to be mamma's baby still. It is nice—nothing is so nice as that, though the boys laugh at me for it. Well, what can that be driving so fast? If it should be mamma come to see me!"  
He jumped down from the gate post and ran out into the road; but the vehicle that approached held only one young man. It was the telegraph messenger; they all knew him. He asked for Professor Lawton, and stood waiting for his coming with a grave countenance. When he came he whispered something in his ear, before he handed him a large yellow envelope.

"It's our telegram," whispered Tom.  
"New for fun," said Tom.  
Professor Lawton took the message with a countenance full of trouble. He walked into his study, and in a minute more Mrs. Lawton came out into the garden, and approaching little Jack took him by the hand and led him into the house.  
"We'll see the gig brought out soon," said Tom. "It's working finely."  
The jokers grouped about the porch. One or two looked very much scared, but Tom was in high feather. They listened, but heard no sound for a long time. Then there arose a faint, long-drawn moan. A woman's scream followed it. Then came silence. Tom stopped laughing. One of the boys began to cry. All felt a strange terror come over them.

In a moment more the study door burst open and Mrs. Lawton appeared. "One of you boys—Tom Hurd, you," she cried, "you are the largest—run for Dr. Blair. Don't let him lose a moment. Run."  
"What has happened?" asked Tom.  
"Don't stop to ask questions. Go," cried Mrs. Lawton.  
And Tom, without his hat, started off. It was a long run to the doctor's, and he was breathless when he reached the door. He could not talk to the doctor as he drove back in his gig; he could only say something dreadful must have happened. And when the doctor hurried into the professor's study he waited outside, trembling and trying in vain to hear what was going on.

Mr. Barker, the assistant, came around the house after awhile, and said there would be no school that afternoon, and that the boys must make no noise whatever.  
The practical jokers had no wish to do so. They sat silently on the porch, until at last the study door reopened

and the doctor came out, with the professor following him.  
"It is a terrible thing," he said, slowly; "terrible. I have known sudden shocks to produce death very often, when the heart was affected. Ah, dear me!"  
"Please sir," cried a dozen boys' voices at once, "won't you tell us what has happened?"

"That telegram was from poor Jack Redburn's home," said the professor. "His mother is dead. He was a delicate boy, and the doctor says—"  
"Ah, yes!" said the doctor. "Yes, yes—dropped dead at once, didn't he poor fellow?"  
"Dead!" cried the boys.  
"Dead!" cried Tom Hurd. "Oh, doctor! doctor! no, no, no! Save him! save him! It's a joke—a wicked joke. His mother is alive. I sent the telegram. Tell him that; it will bring him to. Tell him! tell him!"

"Dead people can't be brought to," cried the doctor. "Are you speaking the truth?"  
"Oh, yes," cried Tom, groveling in the dust. "Oh, yes, Oh, God forgive me! Will I be hung? O try to save him, doctor!"  
"Thomas Hurd," cried the professor, "stand up; don't grovel there. Do you mean all this? Did you really send a lying message to a widow's only son to tell him she was dead?"  
"Yes, sir," said Tom. "Oh, I am so sorry. I wish I was dead. Can't something be done? He may not be quite gone. Oh, pray, pray, try."

"Why did you do such a thing as this?" asked the doctor.  
"Only for fun," answered Tom.  
"Do you think it fun now?" asked the doctor.  
"I'm a murderer!" said Tom. "Oh, hang me! hang me!"  
"Do you think the law would allow us to do it, doctor?" asked the professor. "I should like very much to risk it."  
"Please do," said Tom, seriously.  
He dropped on the steps as he spoke, and, lying on his face, began to moan: "I've killed him! I've killed him! I've killed him!" in a way that was terrible to hear.

The professor looked at the doctor. He slipped back and opened the door, and out ran a little slender figure, that knelt down by Tom, and whispered: "Don't go on so, Tom; I'm alive."  
Tom lifted up his head, and saw little Jack Redburn, and gave a scream, and caught him in his arms, crying: "Oh, he's alive! he's alive! he's alive!" over and over again.  
"Yes, he's alive," said the professor; "and Tom, your telegram was never sent at all. I caught Harry Pratt at his trick and dragged a confession from him; and I arranged that a message about nothing should be sent through the telegraph, in order that you might see it arrive. The doctor was in the plot, and if any one has been the victim of a joke, it is you."

"But, young man," said the doctor, "if it had been sent, that message of yours, it might have ended in a very tragic way. It is evident you don't know how strong a boy's love for his mother may be, or you would not have fancied it a joke to use it as a means of torture; and you do not know how dangerous such a shock might be to any one, especially to a delicate little fellow like that."  
"It was very cruel," said Jack; "but I guess you didn't think, or you wouldn't have done it."  
Tom had risen, wiping his eyes.  
"I am so thankful, that I don't care what happens to me," he said. "I do serve what I've got, and I certainly shall never play a practical joke on any one again as long as I live!"  
And Tom kept his word.

## Zouaves.

In my account of the review held by Marshal MacMahon last month I remarked on the absence of the Zouaves. I was not then aware that there were no longer any in France. Since the war they have returned to their original duties, which were those of colonial troops. The empire imported them into France as it did the Turcos—those Sepoys of Algeria. When these corps were introduced into the imperial guard it became necessary to have regular soldiers to keep up their strength, and so line regiments of Zouaves were brought into French garrisons to serve as a nursery for the Zouaves of the guard. The late war did a good deal to dissipate the exaggerated prestige of those semi-oriental troops. As for the Turcos, after Forbach and Woerth they were reduced to a handful. Their European drill and discipline made them formidable to the Arabs, and their desperate valor and ferocity rendered them ugly opponents even to regular soldiers. But their value was greatly diminished by the introduction of long-range rifles. Excellent skirmishers, their cat-like agility and speed and ferocious onset also made them terrible in a bayonet attack when, regardless of death, they charged home to break a line or square. But when such charges are to be made upon troops carrying rifles that kill at a thousand yards, and fire six times in a minute, the chief utility of the half-savage Turcos was gone. It was unlikely that either he or the Zouaves will again be seen figuring in a European war.—Paris Letter.

"See," said a sorrowing wife, "how peaceful the cat and dog are." "Yes," said the petulant husband, "but—just tie them together and then see how the fur will fly."  
—A Pennsylvania baby is said to have inherited the eyes and nose of his father but the cheek of his uncle, who is an insurance agent.

## NOTES ON ENGLAND.

Kacy American Critique on English Manners.

Kate Field writes in her "Republican notes on England" in the St. Louis Republican: "Now it is perfectly true that many Americans are exceedingly careless in their speech. They do talk through their noses; but it is also true that this dreadful habit is an English inheritance and not a matter of climate. The native American's voice is guttural. It was our pilgrim fathers who brought over the wine known in England as 'Suffolk singing,' which to-day, though banished from London salons, may be heard in the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Cambridge. If our ancestors were named Massachusetts counties after their old homes had good ears for music they would have left their noses behind them, and their descendants would not now be twanging through life to the disgust of England's aristocracy. Now nasality has so permeated the atmosphere of New England that its people do not realize the affront they put upon their own vocal organs. Yet in spite of hereditary taint, the most musical English in the world is spoken by cultivated Bostonians. This fact upsets the theory of climate; so too does the other fact that New England produces a peculiarly rich contralto singing voice of which the consummate artist Adelaide Phillips, her sister Matilda Phillips, and Louise Cary, and Antoinette Sterling are ever notable examples. The Puritans are not alone to blame for the defects in our speech. The negro has been our bane in more than one respect, and southerners draw and flatten their vowels because their sable nurses did so before them. Nevertheless, often cultured southern planter will often speak English without the slightest accent over the continent their vocal peculiarities, and until parents appreciate that most excellent thing in man or woman, a sonorous voice, and rear their children carefully, Americans will suffer under the imputation of being the worst toned people.

I was first startled by the absence of what can only be expressed by the French word complaisance. American politeness is more nearly modelled upon French than English manners. The aim of an American in decent society is to give as little offense as possible, to say pleasant things even at the expense of unvarnished truth, and to place himself, as well as those with whom he converses, in the most agreeable light. The typical Englishman indulges in no such sentimentality. There is much more of the brute about him. He makes no effort to please, but if you please him he will bank in that pleasure as a lizard banks in sunshine, and once your friend can be relied upon. He delights in chaff. American society had rather tell a pleasant lie than an unpleasant truth. In England the natural and universal impulse—with exceptions, be it understood—is to say whatever comes uppermost, especially if it be something disagreeable. Yet the expression is the unconscious as to leave no poison in the society nurses against us what it calls Americanism that forty millions of people should dare to invent words fills John Bull with unspeakable horror. Our audacity in thus defiling the well of English is only equalled by our vulgarity of tone, all Americans, according to John Bull, speaking with a nasal twang. "Yes, all Americans, you expected," exclaimed a very clever and big-hearted Englishman one evening while entertaining me at his own table, "all Americans have a dreadful twang. They all talk through their noses." This gentleman had a very decided nasal tone. "Perfectly true," chimed in one after another, all good-naturedly, but all in earnest.

One generation can undo the evil of 250 years. As for knowing anything about us, apart from our always being rich and always talking through our noses, of course the majority of the English upper classes do not; and when it comes to geography! "Know anything of American geography?" "Know we don't," exclaimed a very old member of the commons. "Why is it not recorded in the last war between England and America our government sent out water for our fleets in the great lakes, in complete ignorance of the fact that the water of these lakes is fresh? Apart from the few Englishmen who have traveled in your country, I assure you that our knowledge is confined to a faint perception of the existence of New York and Boston. But then we are not too well studied in any geography. I'll wager that before the war with Russia you that before the war with Russia were greatly interested in a safe wager, Lady Blank?"  
"I am sure it is," replied our hostess; "even now I don't know where it is."  
"Not long ago I called on the Duke of Argyll, the secretary for India," said a distinguished Indian to me. "The duke bears himself with gracious dignity and received me most courteously. There was a map of India hanging up in the room to which the duke turned, and pointing to a large desert, asked me what sea it was! This, from the Indian secretary, struck me as amazing. I should think that before the English knew not one state from another, though I have been asked whether there were not many Indians in the vicinity of Boston, though an intelligent traveler like Edmund Dicey declares that we have no singing birds, that all Americans have long necks and no Americans have curly hair, there is one city on this continent with which every Englishman is familiar, and that is Chicago. The great fire advertised

Chicago on the banks of the Ganges, and gave it a European prestige that no other American city can rival, unless it succeeds in being totally destroyed by some devouring element.

## Actors and Auditors.

A singular phase of the theatrical existence is the passionate fondness evinced by members of that calling for attending entertainments themselves. Apostles of most other professions and trades gladly sink the shop when they are fairly out of it. The lawyer off duty does not frequent the courts. The editor is not continually hanging around other offices when confined in his own. Doctors do not rest themselves by visiting the patients of other doctors. But the actor or actress, of high or low degree, when not directly busied on the glaring side of the footlights, is sure to be found in the auditorium. The most persistent theatre-goers in the world are theatrical people.

Mrs. Chanfrau reached Chicago one afternoon last week. She had traveled straight through from New York, and after a twenty-four hours' rest, was to push on to San Francisco. But she was one of the audience that night, and sat the play through. Her business manager passed all of the same evening at the Academy. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Adams arrived in that city three or four days before that gentleman's engagement was to begin. They attended the theatres every night and matinee, and were among the most eager and attentive of the spectators.

It is so always, everywhere. The wife of a theatrical manager may be seen in the audience night after night, month in and month out. A shoemaker's wife does not follow her liege to his shop every day. Clergymen's wives are not regular companions of their husbands on pastoral calls—it might be prudent if they were. The actor of a regular company, when not cast for duty, can invariably be seen in the front of the house or that of a rival establishment. And the puzzle of it all is, they grow as excited, often, over the fortunes of the players as the greenest of the auditors. They guffaw with the comedian, scowl with the villain, and rub away a sheepish tear or two at the woes of the distressed maiden. One would think that the work on the stage would seem the dearest of routine to them, but it does not, else are they better actors when looking at a play than when performing in it.

Notable performers never lose an opportunity of witnessing their great contemporaries. Booth is a frequent visitor to the theatre when Pechter and Adams play. Mrs. Bowers chases after Charlotte Cushman every chance she can get. Salvini was an earnest student of Booth's Iago in Baltimore, and applauded unstintedly. Indeed, the most lavish, as well as the most discriminating of applause comes from professional actors and actresses in the audience. The numbskulls who are always rattling their brass and perspiring members of the dramatic or operatic calling. You do not hear actors hawking when Joe Jefferson, in plaintive broken English, wonders if "dere is anybody alive round here?" Clara Louise Kellogg waits until her sister song-bird has finished her aria before breaking in with applause.

This love of attending places of amusement, on the part of amusement people, is one of the best proofs of the permanent attractiveness of the stage. They never tire of a seat in the audience, fully as they understand the reality of all that is enacted on the boards. How, then, can the casual theatre-frequenter ever weary of the entertainments which, to them, have so much of veritability? Critics may affect bias, and wonder at the veridancy which can eternally accept the crude sham as real. But what are they going to do with the life-long disciples of the calling, who make as enthusiastic spectators as the rawest bumpkin in the audience?

## The Real Chinaman.

Bret Harte, in describing a Chinaman in a sketch in Scribner's, says: "I want the average reader to discharge from his mind any idea of a Chinaman that he may have gathered from the pantomime. He did not wear beautifully scalloped drawers fringed with little bells—never met a Chinaman who did; he did not habitually carry his forefinger extended before him at right angles with his body, nor did I ever hear him utter the mysterious sentence, 'Ching a ring a ring chaw,' nor dance under any provocation. He was, on the whole, a rather grave, decorous, handsome gentleman. His complexion, which extended all over his head, except where his long pig-tail grew, was like a very nice piece of glazed brown paper muslin. His eyes were black and bright and his eyelids set at an angle of forty-five degrees; his nose straight and delicately formed; his mouth small and his teeth white and clean. He wore a dark blue silk blouse, and in the streets, on cold days, a short jacket of astrakhan fur. He wore also a pair of drawers of blue brocade gathered tightly over his calves and ankles, offering a general sort of suggestion that he had forgotten his trousers that morning, but that, so gentlemanly were his manners, his friends had forbore to mention the fact to him. His manner was urbane, although quite serious. He spoke French and English fluently. In brief, I doubt if you could have found the equal of this pagan shopkeeper among the Christian traders of San Francisco."

—A French scientist claims to have discovered an insect which makes its home in the middle of cigars.

## OLD ROSSUM, THE BEAU.

What Col. Sparks Knows About this Historic Individual.

From a Southern Paper.

Noticing in the columns of the Sun-Enquirer, a few days ago, an article from Maj. Calhoun, in which allusion is made to Col. W. H. Sparks, of New Orleans, now in this city, as the author of this well known and popular old song. I called his attention to it. The following letter is in reply to my inquiry, Col. Sparks is, perhaps, as well if not better known than any other man of the old regime of aristocracy and wealth, for which the great southwest became so famous anterior to the war. He is the author of a highly interesting book entitled "Reminiscences of the War."

The colonel is now over seventy-five years of age; but still retains his health, constitutional vigor, and great mental strength to a remarkable degree. He numbered as his personal associates and companions of the long ago such personages as Daniel Webster, Calhoun, Gen. Jackson, John Bell, Slidell, and most of the statesmen of note who flourished in those times. In conversation the colonel is unsurpassed, and his familiarity and acquaintance with all the prominent men and public incidents of a half century back make his society really charming. He, together with his excellent and talented lady, have been spending the summer at the Kimball House, and the two have been the center of great attraction for the number of intelligent guests who daily throng their parlors. But I give you Col. Sparks' own word, together with the original "Rossum the Beau."

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 21, 1874.

MR. W. H. MOON: My Dear Sir— I am obliged to you for the little paragraph from the Columbus paper ascribing to me the authorship of this song, once so popular throughout the country.

It is very true, I wrote the lines I send you, and they are the first that were ever sung to the air which became famous.

I will give you a brief history of the writing, and of the man who inspired them. When I first went to the west, in 1826, I was some time in selecting a domicile. Why—it is not necessary for me to state, as the reason and causes for delay will form a theme for a chapter in the second volume of the "Memories of Fifty Years."

Finally I located in Mississippi and commenced the practice of law. It was in the winter of the noblest race of people I have ever known. Among these were two equally remarkable but very unlike. One was a schoolmaster who was quite old, and who had been forty years in that neighborhood, over forty years. His name was James Rossum. He was peculiar in his habits. On Monday morning, neatly dressed and cleanly shaven, he went to his duties in the old school-house, where two-thirds of his life had been spent, and assiduously devoted himself to the duties of his vocation until Friday evening. On Saturday morning he arrayed himself in his best, and devoted the day in visiting the ladies of the neighborhood. He was a welcome guest at every house. This habit had continued so long that he had acquired the sobriquet of "Rossum the Beau." The other's name was Cox, who was a rollicking good fellow, and the best vocalist I ever knew. He was in song what Prentiss was in oratory, and they were boon companions. Both died young.

Cox was frequently at my office, and upon one occasion while he was there Rossum walked by the door, and his age was apparent in his walk. Cox looked at him, and after a pause turned to me and remarked in quite a feeling tone, which he could assume at pleasure, and its eloquence was indescribable. "Poor old Rossum! some of these sunny mornings he will be found 'dead,' when he shall have a noble funeral, and all the ladies will honor it with being present, I know."

Soon after he left the office, and being in the humor I seized the ideas and wrote the following doggerel lines.

Soon after Cox returned, and I handed them to him. He got up, walked and hummed different airs, until he fell upon the old Methodist hymn tune, in which they have ever since been sung. I have always considered Cox more entitled to the authorship of the song than myself.

Hundreds of lines have been written to the air, by as many persons, and almost as many have claimed the authorship of the lines; but this is of no moment. I claim no merit for my lines, but everything for Cox's singing them. I have seen him draw tears from the eyes of the old and the young:

Now, some, on some soft, sunny morning,  
And stand them at the foot of my coffin,  
The first thing my neighbors shall know,  
Their ears shall be met with the warning—  
Come bury old Rossum, the beau.  
My friends then so neatly shall dress me  
In linen as white as the snow—  
And in my new coffin shall press me,  
And whisper: Poor Rossum, the beau.  
And when I'm to be buried, I reckon,  
The ladies will all like to go;  
Let them form at the foot of my coffin,  
And follow old Rossum, the beau.  
Then take you a dozen good fellows,  
And let them all staggering go;  
And dig a deep hole in the meadow,  
And in it toss Rossum, the beau.  
Then shape out a couple of dormicks,  
Place one at the head and the toe;  
And do not fail to scratch on it—  
Here lies old Rossum, the beau.  
Then take you these dozen good fellows,  
And stand them all round in a row;  
And drink out of a big-bellied bottle,  
Farewell to old Rossum, the beau.  
W. H. SPARKS.

—A New York doctor figures it out that an average woman will shed a barrel of tears in forty years.

## FACTS AND FANCIES.

—The wicked sea. "It ain't so much the biting, if only the plaguy thing wouldn't keep getting up and sitting down all the time." Exactly.

—Of a miserly man who died of softening of the brain, a local paper said: "His head gave way, but his hand never did. His brain softened, but his heart couldn't."

—"Can you do the landlord in the 'Lady of Lyons'?" said a manager to a secdly actor. "I should think I might," was the answer. "I have done a great many landlords."

—Boys will be boys. At Alton, Ill., a preacher asked all Sunday-school scholars to stand up who intended to visit the wicked, soul-destroying circus. All but a lame girl, stood up.

—An enterprising reporter in Arkansas, who was lately sentenced to the state prison for horse stealing, applied to his employers to be continued on the journal as penitentiary correspondent.

—The Detroit Free Press man has just returned from Saratoga. He says: "The Saratoga belles merely taste food at the table, but see the waiters to bring a square meal up the back stairs."

—A "three-card monte" expert is reported to have offered the directors of the Union Pacific railroad a bonus of \$10,000 per annum for the exclusive right to play his little game in their sleeping cars.

—Little Johnnie is dead, but before his spirit was wafted to the angels he requested that a watermelon vine might be allowed to wander at will over his green grave, that it might be a warning to future generations.

—"Pa, who is 'Many Voters'?" asked a young hopeful of his sire. "Don't know him, my son; why?" "Cos I saw you sign his name to that letter you got the other night askin' you to run for alderman." "Sh-h-h, my son, here's a nickel; go and get some candy."

—A Miss Ralkestraw, of St. Oswald's Grove, Manchester, has recovered £100, breach of promise damages from Joseph O. Nottingham, a Portsmouth engineer. This is the sort of thing Joseph used to send her during his five years' courtship:

I ask not if the world unfold  
Fairer form than thine,  
Tresses more rich in glowing gold,  
And eyes of a sweeter shine.  
It is enough for me to know  
That thou art fair to sight;  
That thou hast looks of golden glow,  
Which angels envy might.

—A Kentucky crusader confessed the other day that she had kissed sixteen men, and thus drawn them from the intoxicating bowl. She gave the names of the men, however, and their wives are now inquiring with much anxiety whether whisky drinking is as bad as it is generally supposed to be.

—The pounding of the stomach for the cure of dyspepsia was the cause of a good joke the other day. Two men were describing what they had done to cure themselves. "Do you knead your stomach?" "I—I—couldn't get along without it!" responded the other, in the last stage of astonishment.

—In one of the Cape towns a young scholar, the first day of school, was asked her name by the teacher, and replied. Her father's name was the next question, and she did not know his first name. The teacher then asked her, "What does your mother call him?" "Yon Jackass," said the child.

—A miss, upon whose flaxen curls the suns of fourteen summers had shed their fervor, came home the other afternoon, weeping as if her heart would break, and meeting a playmate, exclaimed, in a paroxysm of grief, "O, Dora, we were engaged to be married, and Charley's got the measles!"

—A lady sitting in her parlor, and engaged in the dreamy contemplation of the monstache of the young gentleman who was to escort her and her sister to a musical festival, was suddenly awakened by an ominous whisper in a juvenile voice at the door, "You've got Ann's teeth, and she wants 'em."

—The cash sales of the grange co-operative store at Los Angeles, Cal., amounted to over \$10,000 the first month. They act as middlemen for all farmers, both buying and selling. A new paper mill is to be started, the capital to be furnished by the Grange, and the water power donated by the city.

—A gentleman of Lake George, after having his handkerchief for half an hour or more at an unknown lady, whom he discovered at a distant point on the shore, was encouraged by a warm response to his signals to approach his charmer. Imagine his feelings, when on drawing nearer he saw that it was his own dear wife whom he had left at the hotel but a short time before. "Why, how remarkable we should have recognized each other at such a distance?" exclaimed both in the same breath; and then they changed the subject.

—Rev. Dr. Cuyler writes: Say what we may of the rapid growth of our American towns, the monster cities of the British metropolis always overwhelm me. London now contains 3,600,000 people! It almost equals Paris, New York and Brooklyn combined into one. You can drive fifteen miles on one of its diameters. When, in my college days, I once went out to pay my respects to Joanna Baillie, the eminent authoress, who lived near Hampstead Hill, I walked clear out of town and over open fields. I am now staying at the hospitable house of our friend, the Rev. Newman Hall, who resides on the same Hampstead Hill, in the midst of compactly-built streets,