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THE

Charlotte Messenger IS PUBLISHED

Every Saturday,

AT

CHARLOTTE, N. C. In the Interests of the Colored People

of the Country.

Able and well-known writers will contrib ute to its columns from different parts of the country, and it will contain the latest Gen-"THE MESSENGER is a first-class newspaper

and will not allow personal abuse in its col-nums. It is not sectarian or partisan, but independent dealing fairly by all. It reserves the right to criticise the shortcomings of all public officials—commending the worthy, and recommending for election such means in its opinion are best suited to serve the interests of the people.

It is intended to supply the long felt need of a newspaper to advocate the rights and defend the interests of the Negro-American, especially in the Piedmont section of the Carolinas.

retired Quaker family, and I enter at once upon 'my career.'"
"But Helen! my friend," urged Jack, look at the obstacles you must meet; the opposition you must encounter. The world is not ready to accept women physicians. And, after all, is not a woman's noblest, truest 'career' found in her home? In the hearts of husband and children?"

children?"

And she had said: "Of the great mass of women, Yes. But it is not given to all women to be happy and useful in their own homes; and to such must happiness, or at least content, come through, work switch to their the total.

through work suited to their talents. I cannot see my way clear to become the 'happy wife' of a 'happy husband' whom I do not love, but I do believe I have ability to make quite as able and conscintious a physician as the average half-educatied young man turned loose upon the community by our medical colleges at the 'Ides of March' each year. Yes, Jack, there lies my 'vocation.' Don't try to turn me from it."

And Jack had gone out to Calcutta.

And Jack had gone out to Calcutta, and had never returned. The years had sped on quickly enough, each bringing its work, its cares, its disappointments and its rewards.

appointments and its rewards.
And as Helen Graves, sitting alone in the twilight to-night, looked over the intervening years that lay spread like a panorama between this night and that, long years they seemed, and the number of them eighteen—something formidable to think of

and take me back to clacutta with him. But my years of study and preparation lay behind me then, and the future, with its hopes and ambitions, stretched before. Ah, Jack! I wonder if, after all, your vision was not clearer than mine?

What have I gained, and what lost? To-

child, calling 'Mother,' and it outweighs

woman, the keen-eyed surgeon, bowed her head upon the window-sill, and the hot tears flowed fast.

"The way has been hard, and I have trodden it alone. Alone!"

ears came faster.

odden it alone. Alone!"

And at the repetition of the word the

And so absorbed was Dr. Helen Graves

And so absorbed was Dr. Helen Graves in her dejection and misery, that she had not heard the entrance of a stranger, whom Margaret had admitted, and was only aroused from her reflection by hear-

ing a strange, deep voice saying:
"Pardon if I intrude, madam, but I

was directed to wait here to see Dr. Helen

low, and let fall the heavy curtains.

Her soft footfalls diminished in the listance and Dr. Helen Graves turned

She saw only in him a stranger, come probably to summon her to a sick wife

As she stood under the chandelier, the

As she stood under the chandelier, the ight revealed to him not the Helen of sighteen years ago, but a mature, womanly face, with firm lines of character, yet withal crowned with a tender sweetness—the dark eyes a little red with weeping, and the dark hair, now plentifully sprinkled with white, turned loosely back from the fair forehead, a tittle disordered, but lending. I think

loosely back from the fair forehead, a little disordered, but leading, I think in the eyes of the grave, bronzed man who stood before her, an additional

The voice seemed to touch a chord of

nquiringly to her visitor. She saw only in him a

or child.

And Dr. Helen Graves, the self-poised

through work suited to their talents.

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

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W .C. SMITH. Charlotte, N. C.

Better than a Vote

They strolled together through the grove, And as they lingered on they way, In fervid tones he told his love, That summer day.

His ardent vows she, trembling, heard, Her cheeks with brightest blushes dyed, And as her glances sought the sward She softly sighed.

"Speak, darling, speak," the lover said;
"Oh, say my pleadings are not vain!"
She answered not, but hung her head
And sighed again.

'That you are diffident and shy,"
He said, "those downcast looks denote;
You will not speak? then you and I
Will take a vote.

'It is an easy thing to do;
A ballot, sweetest, cast with me,
Che question being, shall we two
United be?"

Again she let her lashes fall;
Then murmured with a charming air:
"Dear Jack, why need we vote at al!,
Why can't we pair?"

A SELF.-RELIANT WOMAN

Helen Graves sat at her window, alone Helen Graves sat at her window, alone, and gazed without looking into the regions of space that opened before her. The space was narrow, extending only to the opposite side of Chestnut street, but her vision was not hemmed in by walls of red bricks, and shutters of white wood, and docustors of white weekle. and doorsteps of white marble.

Indeed, I do not know that her vision

was turned outward at all, for introspec-tion showed upon her face, in her very attitude, had there been any one there to

But she was alone, and it was twilight,

But she was alone, and it was twilight, and her thoughts ran riot.

"My birthday! Forty years of my life gone, and what have they brought me? Has it, after all, been life, or only existence? Has it paid? What has it brught me? Have the rewards been equal to the sacrifice?"

Swiftly her thereby transd bealt.

equal to the sacrifice?"

Swiftly her thoughts turned back to an evening in the far-away past—how long ago it seemed to-night—when two roads had lain open before her, and she must choose between them.

Two roads! And at the head of one steod brave Jack Merton—the good friend of years, who had helped her through the tangled maze of settling up her poor dead father's involved estate. and secured for her the few hundred dolhars that could be saved from the wreck. At the head of one, I say, stood Jack, with honest eyes that could always meet

"Helen, my loved one, here lies my way. Walk with me in it, and my willing arm shall gladly lift you over the stony places; my eye search out for you and lead you in the brightest paths. Come

with me, my love, my own."

And as he held her hand and pleaded manfully for the love she could not give, she had turned aside her head to hide

her tears, and had given answer:
"Jack, my friend, my brother, I should wrong you beyond measure were I to say from gratitude what love does not prompt. I cannot marry you, nor would you for one moment wish it, could you see my heart. I do not love you as your wife should love you as your see my heart. I do not love you as your wife should love you—as you deserve. It could only end in unhappiness for us both; in the end we should come to realize our mistake, and should vainly beat against our prison-bars. Look for one who can love you as you need, and let our ways divorge "

And Jack had answered:

"Helen, I had hoped, in the new life that is opening out before me, to have you by my side. I had come to tell you to-night that business of our firm in India to-nighthat business of our firm in India necessitates the presence there of one of our house, to remain perhaps for years. It has been decided that, as the junior member of the house, I should go. I have loved you long, Helen, and had fondly hoped you could return that love. Your father's death has left you poor, for three thousand dollars—all you have left from the wreck—can never be invested as as to bring you even a bare supnot the wreck—can never be invested as as to bring you even a bare support, and you must see your little principal constantly diminishing. I cannot leave you here like this. Come with me, Kelen, my love, my wife! "The voice seemed to touch a chord of long-ago hermony.

"It would not be right, Jack! I do not love you as I should love the man I "It needed but another look to convince"

should marry, but rather as a friend, long tried; a brother, if you will. You ask me what I sha!! do? I had proposed to tell you to-night, had not this happeaed. When in Philadelphia, last week, I made arrangements, after a careful computation of the cost, to enter upon a course of study in the medical college for women, and hope and intend to fit myself for the practice of medicine among women and children. I shall study hard there, and live economically, and have made an estimate that the money I have will support me through my college course, and give me a year of hospital study in Paris, before entering upon my work here. The Dean of the College—a noble woman—has but just returned from a two-years course of study under Madame La Chapelle in Paris, and from her I have obtained close estimates of the cost of living there, as well as of my necessary expenses in Philadelphia prior to going there. Through her aid I have secured board in a quiet, vetired Quaker family, and I enter at once upon 'my career.'"

"But Helen! my friend," urged Jack, "Hor so glad you have come! It was all a mistake!"

And the roads that had been so long diverged at length led up to a glad convergence.—Frank Leslie's.

The word swoon means the same as the medical term syncope. It is due to the failure of the heart to send the necessary supply of blood to the brain. It may be partial, or complete. In the latter case, the person suddenly turns done upon 'my career.'"

"But Helen! my friend," urged Jack, "Greyuse the exition of the heart." The word swoon means the same as the medical term syncope. It is due to the failure of the heart to send the necessary supply of blood to the brain. It may be partial, or complete. In the latter case, the person suddenly turns pale, and soon falls, with a loss of consciousness and an apparent stoppage of the pulse and heart. The breathing too, is either imperceptible, or occurs only in occasional weak sighs. The patient, to the ordinary observer, may seem to be dead. Of course the action of the heart has not ceased, but it is feeble. This condition may last only a few moments, or it may continue for hours. It generally ends in recovery, beginning with slight movements of the features and hands and deep sighing. The pulse becomes more distinct, and the heart beat stronger. Color and warmth return, and consciousness is gradually restored and consciousness is gradually restored in full.

and consciousness is gradually restored in full.

Among the causes are organic disease of the heart, especially fatty degeneration, extreme heat, combined with impure air loss of blood, or impoverished blood (as in anæmia); the reflex action of certain conditions of the stomach or other organs on the heart. More or less of these causes are sometimes combined. Some persons faint from very slight causes—an unpleasant sight or odor. We have known persons to faint easily and often, and yet enjoy good health to extreme age. But when fainting is due to organic disease of the heart, or to loss of blood, or to extreme heat, it may prove speedily fatal unless soon relieved.

In its treatment, lay the patient flat or the back. This favors the flow of blood the brain. We had a friend who could generally enticipited an attack, and check

the back. This favors the flow of bood the brain. We had a friend who could generally anticipate an attack, and check it, or cut it short, by at once taking a recumbent position. Never allow one whe has fainted to be lifted into a sitting posture, or to have even the head raised. It the fainting is due to excessive loss of blood, this, of course, must be arrested Meanwhile manage to place the head Meanwhile manage to place the head lower than the rest of the body. The heart, too, should be stimulated with some form of alcohol, aumonia, ether, or cologne-water. In all cases, secure the purest air, and loosen the dress, especially about the chest and neck.

A writer in the Lance' says that in many cases a person accustomed to faint from slight causes may avert the attack by applying heat to the head.—Youto'. Companion.

Obeying the Letter.

of them eighteen—something formidable to think of.

Eighteen years! And the girl of twenty-two who stood at the other end of the long vista, saying her tearful good-by to Jack, seemed to her to bear little relation to the Helen Graves who sat with wide-open eyes staring into nothingness across Chestnut street.

"Eighteen years! Jack was twenty-seven then! Now he is a middle-aged man—married probably. I wonder what he has grown to be like. Let me see! How many years since I heard from him? Fourteen, I do believe. Yes. Not one word since the old days in the Rue de Clichy, when I was almost ready to come home and begin upon the new life. Poor Jack! how he urged then that I give up my purpose, and let him come on to Paris and take me back to Calcutta with him. But my years of study and preparation to the late with the word with the future with In "a government of laws and not of men," as the Constitution of Massachusetts puts it, the people strenuously insist that the forms of law shall always be observed. A long while ago, the Burghers of Stralsund, a city of North Germany, were made indignant by seeing a notice, signed only by the Governor, posted on the Rathhaus, ordering every What have I gained, and what lost? Tonight let me be honest with myself and weigh it fairly. I am called a 'successful woman.' Well, as the world goes, I suppose I am. My practice requires the greater part of my time. I live in my own house in a fashionable quarter—am driven in my own carriage to make my professional visits. I have my home my sevents money—and the

posted on the Rathhaus, ordering every one passing through the streets at night to carry a lantern.

As the streets were not lighted, the object of the Governor was to secure public safety and convenience. But the burghers were angry that he should issue the order of his own motion, instead of transmitting it, according to custom, through the town-council.

So on the first night after the publica-

my home, my servants, money—and the friends which success brings to one. Even my brother-surgeons admit my skill, and commend the steadiness of my hand. But am I happy? Oh, Jack! you were right. In the other balance put a husband's love, and the voice of a little So on the first night after the publica-tion of the mandate, the citizens who went out into the streets, and an unusual anterns, but put no lights in them.

The next morning another decree came from the angry Governor, ordering that each lantern should be furnished with a candle. When night came, the candles were in the lanterns, in strict compliance with the order, but not one of them was lighted, and again the Governor's purpose was defeated.

Another order was then issued, com-

manding that each lantern should con-tain a lighted candle. The citizens tain a lighted candle. The citizens obeyed, but hid the lanterns under their coats. Upon this, the Governor became furious, and ordered the citizens, under penalty of punishment, to expose lighted lanterns to view. The burghers again did just as they were bidden, but provided wicks so tiny that the light thereby produced was no bigger than that of

a glow-worm.

The Governor then yielded, and communicated his order through the town-council. From that time the streets were properly lighted by numerous lanterns. Moreover the burghers had won the victory finally, and thereafter all orders went through the process of approval.—Youth's Companion. Graves."

Choking back a ghost of a sob, Dr. Helen said, simply and gently:

"I am Dr. Graves. Pray be seated, while I ring for lights."

Margaret entered and turned on a lood of light; then closed the open window, and let fall the heavy cuttains.

The Mice and the Cat.

A number of Mice once held a conven-A number of Mice once held a conven-tion for the purpose of adopting means of defense against a Cat that was making, herself very pervasive in the neighbor-hood, and finally decided to put a bell on the monster. A committee appointed for the purpose straightway put a brass bell on the Cat while she was taking an evening nap. But thereafter the sound of the bell was so terrifying that no mouse could sleep when the cat was anywhere could sleep when the cat was anywhere in the vicinity, even when there was no real danger; and, finally, the alarm became so general that the neighborhood was entirely cleared of mice, and the Cat held possession of the field.

Moral—This Fable teaches that an inspect of devisions a part kind of general

ventor in devising a new kind of cashould make allowance for recoiback-action.—Life.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

While a man in Clinton, Pa., was pre-paring to go to bed he was struck by a thunderbolt and had all the clothing stripped from his body, leaving him un-harmed.

A large ball to the thumb in a be hand promises a leaning to all sorts of self indulgence; but in an artist's hand it indicates love of color and gifts of ex-pression by means of color alone.

An accident in a Melbourne foundry

led to the discovery that plunging iron castings into a mixture of treacle and water softens the metal to such a degree that it can be worked as readily wrought iron.

A slave could be bought for about seventy-five cents in ancient Rome. This was at the time of the conquest of Great Britain, and one single Roman family owned as many as 400 slaves. Among them were some well-educated and superior people. Some were doctors, some were tutors to the children and some were artists. were artists.

Some of the monasteries in England in the eighth century were presided over by ladies. There was a famous one at Whitby in York-hire which was ruled by the Abbess Hilda. She belonged to the royal family. She trained up many clergymen, and no less than five bishops. Cadmon, the first English poet, dwelt in her abbes.

The first light ever hoisted over the

her abbey.

The first light ever hoisted over the Capitol at Washington, in 1847, was a lantern on a raast towering about one hundred and fifty feet above the dome. The mast was secured by heavy iron braces. The lantern was surmounted by a ball and weather vane. With the glass in the lantern it weighed about eight hundred pounds. It contained large burners, and when lighted it illuminated not only the entire Capitol grounds, but all the higher portions of the city.

The Chinese have the following legend about the invention of the fan: "The beautiful Kau Si, daughter of a powerful mandarin, was assisting at the feast of lanterns, when she became overpowered by the heat. She was compelled to take off her mask. But, as it was illegal to expose her face, she held her mask before it, and gently fluttered it to cool herself. The court ladies present noticed it, and in an instant a hundred other hands were waving their masks. This was the birth of the fan, which to-day takes the place of the mask in China."

The vane, or weathercock, must have been of very early origin. An old Latin.

The vane, or weathercock, must have The vane, or weathercock, must have been of very early origin. An old Latin writer calls it triton, evidently from an ancient form. The usual form on towers and castles was that of a banner, but on ecclesiastical edifices it generally was a weathercock. There was a symbolic reason for the adoption of the figure of a cock. The cross surmounted by a ball, to symbolize the redemption of the world by the cross of Christ: and the cock was by the cross of Christ; and the cock was placed upon the cross in allusion to the epentance of St. Peter, and as a re-ninder of the important duties of repent-ence and Christian vigilance.

Origin of Pockets.

The origin of portable property has bee connected by a daring philosopher with the origin of pockets and the decline of primitive religion. The argument, though fallacious, is sufficiently clear and

among the Hebrews of Leaticus took the shape of the penalties and disabilities of "unclean" persons, acted efficaciously enough while men were under the stress of early superstitions and mere more or less naked. But faith went out and clothes came in. With clothes came pockets. With pockets came the idea of partable property and the legal punish. portable property and the legal punishment of theft.—St. James's Gazette.

Growing Old.

It is the solemn thought connected with middle life that life's last business is begun in earnest: and it is then, midday between the cradle and the grave, that a between the cradle and the grave, that man begins to marvel that he let the day of youth go by so half enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling; it is the sensa-t on of half sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is past, and every day that follows is snorter, and the light fainter, and the feebler shadows tell that Nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcorae truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man is no longer going up-hill, but down, and that the sun is always westering, he looks back on things behind. When we were children we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. There is a second youth for man, better and holier than his first, if he will look on, and not look back.—F. W. Robentson. tell that Nature is hastening with gigan

. The Most About Women.

"Mr. Dusenberry, you're nothing but a bundle of conceit, so you are. You don't know half as much about women as

you think you do."

'I've an analytical turn of mind, my dear. I know how to use my eyes. I always see what is going on."

''Oh, you do, ch? Well, what do you generally see about women?"

"The men, my dear."—Call.

SWEPT BY A HURRICANE.

AN UNSHACKLED FURRY LET LOSSE UPON THE PRAIRIE.

Vivid Description of a Wind Storm Upon the Western Plains—A Mighty Besom of Destruction.

Upon the Western Plains—A Mighty Besom of Destruction.

We were encamped on the open prairie, seventy miles from the nearest range of hills, with not a tree or bush in sight as far as the eye could range. A few rods to the east was a dry ravine, perhaps six feet deep. It was one of those queer freaks of the prairie, beginning nowhere, ending nowhere, and not to be seen until one rede into it. It crooked and turned like the trail of a serpent, but one looking across the prairie saw nothing but a dead level.

Night shut down as soft as a whisper, and the stars came out and looked cheerily down on the faces of the men who rested after a hard day's work. There was not wind enough to turn a feather. There was no sign in the heavens that danger menaced. At midnight the wakeful sentinel felt a gentle puff of wind lifting his long hair, and from some distant point the bark of a coyote was wafted to his ears. Ten minutes later the grass about him was bending to a breeze, and the unsecured flaps of the tent began to whip. One of the sleepers was aroused to make things secure, and he was none too soon. Away off to the west was heard a mighty rushing as the grass swished in the wind, and dozens of dark forms skurried past the tent in the direction of the ravine. The animal life of the prairie had become aroused.

Not in puffs, but with a front like a

animal life of the prairie had become aroused.

Not in puffs, but with a front like a wall the wind came out of the west, increasing in strength every moment. An hour after midnight the sentinel could no longer stand against it, and the sleepers had been aroused to hold the tent in place by main strength. A quarter of an hour later it was picked up as the human breath blows a feather away. Men shouted and screamed at each other, but the wind took the words from their lips and whirled them away unheard. Blown along like so many puppets the band fell into the ravine for shelter, followed two minutes later by all the horses. The alarmed animals crowded up close to their human friends, and then all lay down for further security. The wagons were heard rushing away to tumble into the ravine further down, and now and then saddle or blanket or cooking utensil flew over the ravine or fell among the fugitives.

Afar up the mighty mountains a vial

fugitives.

Afar up the mighty mountains a vial of wrath had been uncorked. Through the gloomy canyons—down the awful precipices—over the pine-clad slopes rushed a hurricane in search of victims. It leaped down from mountain to foot-hills with the roar of an angry sea, and it left the foot-hills for the level prairie bent on terrible destruction. Across seventy miles of level it dashed at us with the fury of a tidal wave. It grew with its fury, and at 2 o'clock no living thing could have faced it. At 3 the storm-swept prairie kept up a continuous trembling as if a volcano was about to storm swept prairie kept up a continuous trembling, as if a volcano was about to break forth near us. At 4, when daylight broke, the air was choked with grass torn up by the roots, and the roar was appalling. Men clung to each other and to the grass, and now and then, as the roaring died out for a few seconds, the frightened horses neighed their terror. When the wind blows sixty miles an hour it is a hurrcane. It was blowing harder than that to tear up the strong prairie grass out of the soil. When the wind blows seventy miles an hour great trees are uprooted and barns are blown down. It was blowing harder than that to swoop up and though fallacious, is sufficiently clear and admits of being stated briefly.

Before clothes were in common wear, how did man assert and maintain his right in arrow heads, flint knives, shells, bone fish-hooks and the other objects which, if clothed, he would have carried in his pockets? New Zealand and the South seas generally furnish the answer. The owner, if he had the mana, or spiritual power, tabued his property. He let it be known that a curse would fall on any one who meddled with it. This plan worked very well, and still works, in New Zealand, where a slave native in the King's country would die at once lifefer than touch any article belonging to a rangatira, or gentieman, and therefore them. As the roaring died out for a few seconds, the frightened horses after we seconds. It was blowing harder than that to tear up the strong prairie grass out of the soil. When the wind blows sixty miles an hour it is a hurricane. It was blowing harder than that to tear out the strong prairie grass were exhausted by the desperate struggite to prevent being scooped up bodily and carried out of the ravine. If it were so with us, sheltered from the fury as we were, how must it have been with those exposed to its full force! A great wolf, from whom the life was beaten out, rolled down among us. The bodies of dozens of coyotes and rabbits, in which every bone seemed broken, dronned into the ravine. The wagons dropped into the ravine. The wagons were caught up at daylight, whirled in the air for a moment, and then disappeared forever. Even the iron axies were not to be found. Two or three objects which no one could make out tumbled over the bank below the horses. Some hours later we found them to be mauled and

pounded and bone-broken bodies of buffaloes. At 5 o'clock the climax was reached. It appeared as if the earth rose and fell under us. One of the horses struggled to his feet, and the next instant he vanunder us. One of the horses struggled to his feet, and the next instant he vanished in the east. The force of the wind bruised and pained. A rock weighing tons, blown, perhaps, from the foot-hills, plowed down one bank and rushad up the other to continue a plaything for the wrath. Our breath came by gasps. The air chickened till it became twilight. Half an hour later the wind began to lull, the rearing to die away and the sky to lighten up, and at 7 o'clock we were searching the pra'rie in hopes of recovering some one article belonging to what had been a well-stocked camp. On the prairie we found absolutely nothing. In the ravine a couple of axes, two or three saddles, an iron kettle and portions of harness. The mighty wrath had hungered for our lives, and, failing to get them, had vengefully sought to rob us of our all. Fire had not swept the prairie—an army had not marched over it—a flood had not been let loose. It had encountered a worse enemy. A howling, roaring, grinding hurricane had made it a desert on which a hare might search in vain to satisfy its hunger.—Detroit Free Press.

vain to satisfy its hunger. - Detroit Free

Two souls within one fair Firm league of love and prayer,
Together bound for aye, together blest

A world of care without.

A world of love shut in.

—Dora Fernwell.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

One kind of egg plant-A chicken For the baby there should always be

slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

Does it not seem strange that we should employ contractors to enlarge buildings?—Rambler.

Knowledge is not always power.
Every thief knows that there is plenty of money in the banks, but how is he to get at it?—Call.

With all his experiences, his business and in conversation the barber is not always acquainted with the parts of speech.

—Boston Budget. Polite, but absent-minded bather (to triend up to his neck in water): "Ah,

Jones, very glad to see you. Won't you sit down?"—Life. An English champion pigeon shot annonness that he "will shoot any man in America for \$1,000." Let him take a pop at Apache Chief Geronimo.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Landlady—"The coffee, I am sorry to say, is exhausted, Mr. Smith." Boarder Smith—"Ah, yes, poor thing; I've no-ticed that for some time it hasn't been

very strong."-Siftings. rery strong."—Sitings.

Teacher—"How many elements are there?" Little Boy—"Water, fish, earth, air and—" Teacher—"There isn't any other element, is there?" Little Boy—"Oh yes, there is; there's the lawless element in Chicago.—Siftings.

ment in Chicago. — Siftings.

A young man in Gainsville, Fla., sent 75 cents to a fellow in New York, who advertised "How to make money fast." He received from the New Yorker the valuable information: "Take a paper bill and make it fast to something with paste." The young man now feels that life is a delusion. — Savannah News.

A lead history (100 the Hill.)" Rendent.

ife is a delusion.—Savannah Nevs.

A lady living "On the Hill," Rondout, whose clock had run down the other night, asked a neighbor's little girl if she knew how to tell the time of day. "Yes, ma'am," replied the child. "Well, then, will you just run into the house and seswhat time it is for me?" "Oh, I don't know how to tell that way. I only know how when itstrikes," was the reply."--- Kinaston Freeman. Kingston Freeman.

'Yes, braking is pretty hard work and we don't get much fun as we go long," said a Chicago freight brakeman to a reporter, as his caboose stood by the station waiting for orders; 'but there's a new craze on among the boys which gives us a good deal of sport. It's freight train baseball.

"Baseball on a freight train."

"Yes, sir: and it's great fun, too. We

"Baseball on a freight train."

"Yes, sir; and it's great fun, too. We don't do any batting, but we're great or dielding. The head brakeman stands ou the front car, the rear brakeman in the middle of the train, and the conductor gets upon the caboose. Then we play pitch, with the fireman for referee. There ain't many errors, now, let me telyou. An e-ror means a lost ball, and sman that lets it go away from him has to ouy a new one. The feller that makes wild throw, or the one that fails to stop a fair-thrown ball, is the victim. The raze has run so high that I'll bet there in't a dozen crews running out of Chicago that don't carry a stock of baseball along in their caboose.

Tne Blarney Stone.

Blarney, "town of the sloe tree," h ptriple attractions, writes a New York Times correspondent from Ireland. The care the large tweed woolen mills, belonging to a brother of Father Prout, which are the large tweed wooden mick, belonging to a brother of Father Prout, which employ about 800 hands, and are models of definess and dispatch. Their products ought to find favor in the United States they please the natives, Italians, Manchester statesmen, poets and other persons who are not expected to care for them. The bathing establishment and cure is perfect for well people who wish to enjoy good food and a sight of the groves of Biarney at a comfortable distance—too near to make them a walk, too far to stroll into them. Then there is Blarney Castle, with the stone especially meant for London cockneys and rubbishy persons of that kind. Cork people take pride in never having kissed the Blarney stone, and spend much wit on the tourist who invariably attempts the exploit. As a matter of fact few of the townspeople have failed to do it. the townspeople have failed to do it-but, knowing how ridiculous they looked, they prevaricate rather that own up. As the stone is in the battle ment, low down and three feet out, with sheer descent from the tower unpleasantly obvious, and as one must lie flat over this space with little to cling to, and then turn the head about to reach the stone with the lips, the feat needs agility, and is, perhaps, impossible for those whe are nervous.

He Had Time to Go Fishing

"Dear me, Berown, you are not look-ing well."
"I am very busy, Jeones. Hardly have time to breathe."

time to breathe."

"Why don't you take a vacation? I always take about six every year. My business doesn't occupy all of my time I don't let the customers bother me."

"Ah, yes, Jeones; but you don't ad vertise, and naturally are not bothered by customers."—Life.