

# THE CHARLOTTE MESSENGER.

VOL. III. NO. 44.

CHARLOTTE, N. C. SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1887.

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Single Copy 5 cents.

## 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 contribute to its columns from different parts of the country, and it will contain the latest General News of the day.

THE MESSENGER is a first-class newspaper and will not allow personal abuse in its columns. It is not sectarian or partisan, but independent—dealing fairly by all. It reserves the right to criticize the shortcomings of all public officials—commending the worthy, and recommending for election such men as 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.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS:

(Always in Advance.)

One Year.....	\$1.50
6 Months.....	1.00
4 Months.....	.75
3 Months.....	.50

Address,..... 40

W. C. SMITH, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

### Improving Farm Homes and Grounds.

The immediate surroundings of farmers' homes generally are far from being as attractive in appearance as they can easily be made. Indeed, the rural front yards are, as a rule, much less beautiful and interesting than those of people in the same general circumstances in towns and cities. In the latter, lawns are well cared for, and choice ornamental trees, shrubs and flowers, are much oftener met with than about country homes. There is no valid reason for this. Such embellishments are not more easily acquired in the city, but just the reverse. The farmer has teams, implements and manures for putting the house grounds in the best condition for ornamental treatment; labor is quite as cheap as in town, while sodding a lawn costs far less in the country. Trees and plants are as cheap to the farmer as to any one, while in many places some of the best kinds for ornament can be had from the woods for the digging.

There may be points in which life on the farm lacks the attractions common to town life, but in charming home grounds the farmer is certainly to blame if the city dweller excels him. It is often wondered why country life has not charms sufficient to hold the boys to the farm, and that they grow up longing for the city. If more attention were given to making their home surroundings more cheerful and attractive for the sons and others of the family, there would be less heard of this trouble. And in all such work every proper effort is sure to be seconded by the wife; while nothing is more natural than for the children to be enthusiastic helpers in this work. Such improvements of course require some outlay, but this can hardly prove otherwise than a good investment. Every dollar judiciously spent in this way will soon be returned many fold in the increased valuation of any place, should it be desirable to sell, to say nothing of the greater happiness and love of home that will thus be inspired.

Now that long evenings are at hand, this subject should receive due consideration. Plans may be drawn up for an improved arrangement of walks, drives, flower beds, shrubbery, borders and other matter. Every detail of these can be decided upon, and entered upon a map, long before winter is over, so that when spring opens the work can go on intelligently and to the best advantage.—*Elias A. Long, Architect, in American Agriculturist.*

### A Practicable Scheme for Saving.

Four hundred Harvard professors and students formed a co-operative society nine months ago, and opened a store, where books, sporting articles, stationery, fuel, pictures and clothing were either kept in stock or sold by sample. The price of everything was five per cent. above wholesale cost and members could buy, but on no other terms than cash down. They also paid \$2 a year. The experiment has thus far been highly satisfactory, and no reason for failure in the future is apparent. There is no capital at risk, the five per cent. and yearly dues cover the expenses, and the members, now increased to 636, get their supplies at an average of twenty per cent. less than they would have to pay elsewhere. A novel branch of the business is the sale of second-hand books and furniture, by which students get pay for their discarded things, instead of throwing them away.

### A Frontier Humorist.

Away on the extreme Western frontier, in the foot hills along Green River, Gen. Forsythe, of Sheridan's staff, found a humorist during a tour of inspection: He came upon a solitary station-keeper who lived in a hut containing four stalls for animals and a combination parlor, kitchen and sleeping apartment six by ten feet in size. Over the door, outside, were in huge letters: "Hotel de Starvation; 1,000 miles from hay and grain; 70 miles from wood, and 15 miles from water."

The walls of the room were decorated with pictures cut from police publications. Over the door, inside, in charcoal letters a foot in length, were the words, "God bless our home," and in another place, the notice: "Wanted—A nice young girl for general housework. Apply within."

### Bitter-Sweet.

There comes a time when even grief grows weary,  
And eyes for want of tears must cease to weep;  
When life for want of light is scarcely dreary,  
Because the shadows are so very deep.

We grow forgetful of the sun's existence,  
And find protection in eternal night;  
Hope does not mock us with its mad persistence,  
Nor gage our gloom with its deceptive light.

Remorse has seasons when it sinks to slumber,  
And sweet, dead days of bliss are lived again;  
So real seems pleasure that we do not number  
The intervening days of woe and pain.

The sin remembered seems well worth the sinning,  
For that one taste of rapture that it brought;  
And broken bubbles seem well worth the winning,  
When triumph with such precious joy was fraught.

There is no hell without its glimpse of heaven—  
Brief moments when a common source supplies  
Delight as rare as that to angels given,  
And peace as perfect as the saved ones' price.

—Flora McDonald.

### NIXIE.

Nobody would take little Nixie Markham for a heroine, nor would one suppose that little quiet figure possessed nerve enough to save hundreds of lives by her prompt action, but this was the way of it: It was a hot summer afternoon, and the most absolute quiet reigned over the little railroad station of Parkertown, up in Northern New England, on these sweltering July days. Not even the customary loafers were around, and only at train time was there any show of life.

The down-train was due at 5:10, but until then, as the sensational writers say, "all was quiet as the grave."

Nixie was the station agent's daughter and only child. She was 15, although so small she looked three years younger, and was usually quiet as a mouse—"not much zip to her," as the country folks said. In spite of the current opinion, however, she had, except the small portion of time which the little country town set apart for the school season, spent nearly all of her time in the ticket-office with her father, picking up, letter by letter and word by word, the sounds of the Morse instrument; and, finally, one day she astonished her father by taking a telegram by sound, giving him a neat "copy."

From that day Nixie was installed as telegraph operator, and the indulgent father often said "Nick could run that office just as well as he could himself"—which, considering that Mr. Markham was considered by the boys "a plug operator," might be called a doubtful compliment to Nixie.

Well, this particular afternoon we are talking about, the aforesaid "plug" sauntered into the depot with trouble enthroned on his majestic brow.

"Nick, I'm summoned on a jury case up to the Centre Village this afternoon. It's too late to get anybody here, even a sousing there was anybody to get. What are we going to do about it? S'pose you can 'tend the concern alone until I get back—probably by 6?"

"I guess so, father," replied Nixie. "There won't be much of anything to do. Likely there won't be many passengers for the down train this hot day, and I hope I know enough to sell a ticket or two if there are."

"Well, see that those boxes go by express. The waybills are ready and in the drawer—guess you'll get along all right"—and off he went, leaving Nixie mistress of the situation—which phase meant more than you might imagine, that very particular day.

At first she felt her newly-acquired importance somewhat and stepped briskly around, dusting the musty little office and watering the few plants in the window, but there being absolutely nothing to do and no one coming near, she dropped into inactivity and listened to the click of the telegraph instrument, which to her was as companionable as the talk of near friends would be. As the afternoon passed drowsily along the heat and stillness overcame her, and dropping her flaxen head on the desk before her, she was soon—as one of the good ladies of Parkertown was wont to express it—"in the arms of Morphine."

Afterwards, the first thing she could remember about it, a voice seeming to come from her dreams said: "Taint likely she is left here alone, and asleep, too."

"No," responded another evil voice, "the old man's prob'ly 'round somewhere—but," in a lower tone, "come on, let's go 'long. The down train 'll be along and we'll just lay 'em out."

Nixie was wide awake enough now, but she had presence of mind in her small body, and realized that safety lay in keeping still.

"How far is it up there?"

"Sh! Keep mum. Do you want to knock the hull thing in the head, and yourself too?" And then the girl's quickened hearing caught the sound of heavy footsteps passing by the window and on up the track.

Nixie waited until she couldn't hear the footsteps and then cautiously turned and looked out of the window. There they were—two miserable-looking tramps hastening up the track. She recognized them at once as two men who had been discharged from a construction-train that had been at work down the road. What should she do? O, if she could send for her father! But there was no one anywhere near, and, besides, by the time he could get home it might be too late—for it was evident that the desperate wretches were bent upon revenging themselves of their foolish wrongs upon the innocent. She looked at the clock. Half-past 4! She ran out and looked around the lonely

station. No living being in sight, one called once, feebly, but what was the use. If she sent for her father she had no tangible explanation to give or real reason to make him hurry home—only she was sure there was harm coming to the down train—that long crowded express filled with mountain tourists. But she must do something.

The men had disappeared around a slight bend in the track. Nixie ran in, locked up the office, snatched a hat from a nail in the corner, and then hurried up the track until she arrived at a slight curve. Then she "made haste more slowly," for there were the men. Stepping behind a clump of bushes she watched them. They had stopped and were doing something, she could not at first see what, to the track. Pretty soon up came a rail, and in a minute more it was thrown down a steep ledge within four feet of the track—where the whole train must be precipitated in less than an hour if something could not be done to warn them. Nixie saw it all now, and for a moment stood, her eyes dilated with horror, while she saw the soundrels shake their fists toward her way and heard an imprecation. Then they passed on and Nixie, growing cold in the sudden extremity, turned and sped toward the depot.

The rail had been removed on a curve which was shaded on the west side by a high bank so that at half-past 5 it was quite dark there, and as the train always came in on a down grade they came at full speed. So Nixie thought to herself, "I'm so glad I came, for now I'll hurry and telegraph to Stratford before the train comes by, and then we'll see, Mr. Tramps, how your little scheme comes out."

She reached the office and looked at the clock. Five minutes to 5! and the train left Stratford at 5:03. Well, eight minutes was more than plenty of time if she could "raise" Stratford. She grasped the key. "Sd-sd-sd," clicked the instrument. Never before was there so impatient an operator on that line. With her eyes on the clock, which seemed then, if ever, to say "forever—never—forever," she kept up the call. Somebody on the other side "broke her" twice, but she gave all the danger signals she could think of and kept on. The moments kept on—one, two, three, four, five—slowly pealed the old clock—each stroke an agony to the girl.

Meanwhile the agent at Stratford could not operate at all, and the boy who told and who served as general chore-boy about the place, had gone to the cows, and there was no one to answer the call on which so much depended.

A few minutes and it was too late, and Nixie was in a new dilemma.

Nixie closed the key in despair. She did not know the train signals, but seized the red flag under the old desk and ran for dear life—literally the dear lives of her fellow-creatures. Not until she got to the wrecked place did she remember that she must go beyond the curve to stop them or she would be of no use. Already she heard the approaching train rumble in the distance. Faster, faster she sped round the curve straight on up the track. She could see them now coming in. On they rushed, the great engine bent on destroying its precious freight. Nixie stopped in the midst of the track and frantically swung her red flag, but still the monster rushed toward her, showing no abatement of speed.

Meanwhile the engineer and fireman had seen the slight form of the girl and the fireman stood aghast to see the engineer so utterly regardless of her.

"Stop, man!" he shouted; "don't you see the girl?"

"Yes," said the half-drunk engineer. "Why don't the little fool get out of my way? I'll teach her," and made no movement to stop.

Nixie waited with a sinking heart—O, why did everything go against her? Was it the will of God that this dreadful thing must happen? The engine was close upon her and she ran up on a jutting rock by the railroad still waving her scarlet flag—but just as the engine came alongside of her she heard the sharp click of the call-bell in the engine and saw the fireman push the engineer aside and reverse the engine. The conductor, who had just seen her and excitedly pulled the bell-rope, jumped off and came toward her. But the reaction was too much for poor Nixie and she could only gasp out: "Round the curve," and then she was a white heap, with no sense of anything.

Passengers rushed out, and, after some had been to the curve and seen what the little girl had saved them from, no lady in the land could be so loyally waited upon as she was when she had been lifted into the car and told modestly her little story. It was some little time before the track was ready for the train to proceed, and, when Nixie got out at her own station, many kind hands pressed hers in farewell, and the conductor left something in her hand, too, just as the train left, saying: "You are the bravest little woman in the State."

Not until she had been in the office a good half hour with her father, who had got home from his lawsuit and wondered what made the train late and where Nixie had gone to, and told him all the story, did Nixie think to look at the packet. Then she read a note: "Will Miss Eunice Markham accept the accompanying from the friends she so bravely saved Aug. 23, 1880?"

The note was wrapped around \$500 in bank notes.

"O, papa! now you can pay off the mortgage on the house," cried Nixie, and the father said:

"I declare, Nick, you get higher wages as agent than I do!"

The Superintendent of the Q. & L. Railroad Company came down to Parkertown that week, and soon after there was a vacancy in one of the best offices of the company in a neighboring city

and Mr. Markham was tendered the situation. He accepted, "so Nixie can have the schooling she wants so much," he said; and to-day Miss Eunice Markham is one of the most promising pupils in the high school of that city. But more than ever is she the pride of her father's heart, who never tires of telling of the afternoon "his girl was station agent."

But, after all, you would never take her for a heroine.

### Hotels in the Yellowstone.

My return journey to the Mammoth Hot springs was hurried, but it gave me an opportunity of learning something about the way in which the park employees live. At nightfall we reached the only camp within thirty miles to find that a party of visitors had just arrived, and that there was no chance of accommodation. In this dilemma—and it was so dark that we could hardly see two rivers through which we passed—our indefatigable guide recollected that a mile and a half distant there was a log cabin belonging to a wheelwright in the service of the company. He dashed off to ascertain if we could have friendly shelter for the night, and speedily brought word that we might have supper and a blanket on the floor. No weary guests could have received a heartier welcome, and, immediately the wife heard that one member of our party of four was a sick lady, she showed the kindest attention. The sleeping apartment occupied by the hard-working couple was remarkably simple. A canvas screen was stretched across one end of the cabin, and a rough straw bed was to them the softest couch. The little house really boasted two rooms, but one was for the storage of lumber and provisions. The cabin itself was given up for our use. Certainly the company having control of the park take care that their workmen be properly housed and protected, both from the extremes of climate and the wild animals, which in winter time prowled around human habitations in search of food. Every chink was sealed that the only ventilation was through the open door. A supper and breakfast were provided far better than any we had tasted for days. Fresh coffee was ground and served equal to that in a Parisian cafe, and there was an abundance of fresh eggs, milk, cakes, and bread. For the hospitality we were only asked 75 cents each—less than the price of a single bad meal at many other places we had entered. In one respect the good nature of these worthy people was inconvenient. The night being cold, a fire was kept up in a stove, until at last we could scarcely breathe, and a large hunting dog, unaccustomed to seeing strangers lying on the ground, deemed it to be his duty to keep strict watch. In the morning he manifested less suspicion in our movements, and listened with a kind of personal interest to his master, as he related some of his adventures with wild animals which infest the park. When he exhibited his rifle and the skull of a fine bear—one of the ornaments of the cabin—the dog evidently meant us to understand that on these shooting excursions his intelligent aid was of some importance.

The wheelwright had had no experience of the depths of winter in the park, as he and his wife had come from Canada early in the spring. At that time they had to obtain provisions from a distance of 120 miles. Nearer than that, prices at the squatters' huts and tents were about famine quotations. Nor did they expect to remain at their present comfortable quarters during the coming winter. All traffic through the park is then out of the question. To be stationed here when the snow has blotted out the trails and paths, when the rivers are swollen to torrents and the ice on the hills renders them impassable, must be as cheerless an existence as that of a light-house keeper on some lonely island, where the storm-tossed waves forbid all approach. The light-house keeper, indeed, would have the advantage. He would not be cut off from all chance of rescue. During a calm he could receive supplies, and vessels are constantly passing in the distance. But these high mountain ranges and desolate alkali plains are as forbidding as the arctic regions to man. Soon after the end of September, when bad weather duly commences, all those who have been busy ministering to the wants of tourists and hunting parties pack up and hasten away. A few hunters and squatters may be heard of now and then roaming about certain parts in search of game, but the park is practically abandoned.—*Cor. Lon. Tel.*

### Salt in Salt Lake.

It was noticed that the reading desk of the Tabernacle was hung in black. The visitor asked if any one were dead. The reply was that it was done in memory of the elders in prison. The gentleman took a bath in Salt Lake. The water, he says, is much more salt than that of the ocean, so much so that the attendants warn visitors not to swallow it, as it burns the tissues of the throat. It was very easy to keep afloat in the waves, but very hard to get into an upright position. A trip on the steamer on the lake was taken, and the captain said he could make but three knots an hour because of the great resistance of the water. It was reported that there were no fish in the lake, but the visitors filled a bottle with the water and found two little fish in it. Very beautiful and bright crystal formations were found along the edge of the lake, looking like pure rock candy. Some of the sage bushes, upon which the water flowed, were covered with this crystal formation.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Alexander Dumas, the younger, is now in his 63d year and his hair is silvery white.

### MISSING LINKS.

The farmers of Butte county, Cal., propose to plant olives extensively next spring.

Dudes need not fear the decline of the standing collar. It is as universal as ever in "Lonnion."

An Augusta, Ga., lawyer has defended forty-three men charged with murder and cleared forty-one.

Advertisements for wives are inserted in western papers by miners at Red Gulch, Indian Territory.

A young lady at Deseronto, Canada, attracts attention by promenading the streets with a cigarette between her teeth.

George Francis Train gives his autograph to everybody who asks for it, and predicts that it will sell for \$10 in five years.

Mrs. Hannah Easton has left to Charleston, S. C., the sum of \$400,000 for the purpose of "making old age comfortable."

A great religious revival is sweeping over northern New Brunswick. It is said to be unequalled in the history of the province.

The public has paid for Appleton's "American Cyclopaedia" in its various editions, including annual supplements, nearly \$15,000,000.

Gifts at wedding anniversary receptions are now understood to be discouraged by people "who do not have to live on their friends."

Garabed S. Azhdarian, an Armenian, is making his way through Amherst college by selling Oriental embroideries, scarfs, etc., sent him from home.

Two men of Philadelphia wet a load of slate so that it looked like coal and then sold it to an unsuspecting citizen, who thought he was lucky in buying it for \$4.50.

Pierre Lorillard favors a legacy tax of ten per cent on all fortunes exceeding \$200,000, which, he says, would not oppress the heir, and could not be regretted by the dead.

Statistics in the New York Herald show that deaths by alcoholism in this country have decreased during the past fifteen years from a ratio of 111 to 45 in each 1,000 from all causes.

Jay Cooke, now 65 years old, is described as still an active worker and man of affairs. He has an office in Philadelphia directly over the banking house he conducted during the war.

Mrs. Campbell-Praed, at a recent reception in New York, seemed to an American man of letters as having just stepped out of one of Du Maurier's society pictures in *Punch*, so patrician was her air.

A glass as hard as any cast metal, and not more expensive than cast-iron, is stated to have been produced by Mr. Siemens, of Dresden. Experiments are being made to determine whether it can be used for rails on railways.

A quilt containing 3,162 pieces of calico has just been completed by Mrs. Mattie Wooten, of Viola, Tenn. No two pieces in the quilt are alike, each one having been taken from different pieces of calico. It required several years to gather material for this work.

King Humbert of Italy has been presented with an enormous wreath of bronze, surmounted by a golden star, in recognition of the bravery and humanity displayed by him during the cholera epidemic in Naples. It was paid for by popular subscriptions limited to 1 cent each.

It is more than doubtful whether the Boston Metaphysical club will be revived. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has too many calls upon her attention and her strength to direct its course, and there seems to be no other woman with sufficient mental equipment and personal influence who is willing to take up the work.

A festive bachelor, sixty years old, hairless and toothless, will have to pay \$14,000 for trifling with the affections of a demure maiden of about forty-five living at Portland, Ore. He refused to come to the scratch, so she sued him for breach of promise and the jury awarded her the above amount.

A winsome centenarian, whose handsome face has but few wrinkles and whose intellectual faculties are still undimmed, is Mrs. J. Witherspoon Smith of New Orleans. Her husband was a grandson of John Witherspoon, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and one of her nephews was John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky.

The celebrated shop called the Bon Marche, in Paris, has a "band" or orchestra composed of 250 of the men and women connected with the establishment. The other evening, writes a correspondent, they gave a concert in the huge halls of the store, and eminent artists like M. Faure, of the Grand opera, were among the singers. There were no less than seven thousand people in the audience.

Several months ago, in a mill at Tatro, Conn., a 14-year-old boy was caught in a shaft and whirled around several times. His right arm was torn from the socket with such force as to send it a distance of fifteen feet, his left leg suffered a compound fracture and bone comminuted, his right knee was dislocated and fractured, and he was otherwise fearfully bruised, and yet he is alive and well.

Queen Victoria has conferred the title of "Highness" upon the Battenburg baby, because, being the offspring of a morganatic marriage, he inherits neither rank nor precedence from his mother, and is not born royal. The new "Highness" is likely to do very well in life, as it is no secret that the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Beatrice are to be the principal heirs of the queen's immense fortune.

### WIT AND HUMOR.

When a Boston wife puts a postscript to her notes her husband catches on. N. B.—Notabena in the house.

"No, sir," said the practical man, "no bric-a-brac on the mantel for me. It's a nuisance. Where's a man to put his feet?"

It takes four rat-skins to make a pair of slippers, with the understanding that the slippers are not to be sold in Chicago or St. Louis.

"Always go to bed on a cracker or crust of bread," says a hygienic writer. Most people would prefer to go to bed on a clean sheet.

Boy (with feeling)—I'm an orphan, and father's broke his legs and is in jail, and mother's in an insane asylum, and if I go home without any money they'll lick me.

"The first umbrella appeared in England in the year 1777." It is not stated when the umbrella disappeared in England, but it is safe to wager that it was also in 1777.

"McSwilligen, have you read the new story, 'A Cry in the Night'?" asked Podsnap. "No," replied McSwilligen, "being a married man, my children supply me."—*Oil City Derrick.*

So you don't know what Burdette means by a "macadamized pike," eh? Just you tackle a pike that is about six days caught and eight days cooked on a railroad lunch-counter, and you will know.

The humorous market is dull. We quote coachman jokes, prime, at 5 to 6 cents per million; ice cream jokes, no demand; bank cashier jokes, weak at 1 to 1½ cents per ton; choice plumber jokes in demand at \$1 to \$2 per ton.

The man who prayed for those who sit under the "drippings of the sanctuary" was a near relative of another who besought the Lord to "prop up de brudder and sister with the preparations of de gospel."—*Harper's Bazar.*

The man who drove a mule in a race and won in remarkably quick time understood mule nature. He kept tugging at the reins and shouting, "Back, back, you brute!" all the way round the course, and the mule went ahead for all he was worth.

"The wisest of all sayings," said some one one night at the old Fielding Club, "is the old Greek maxim, 'Know thyself.'" "Yes," said Charles Kenney, "there's a deal of wisdom in it. Know thyself; but," he added, "never introduce a friend."

A reporter in describing the turning of a dog out of court by order of the bench, says: "The ejected canine, as he was ignominiously dragged from the room, cast a glance at the Judge for the purpose of being able to identify him at some future time."

"Mother," said a little girl, who was engaged in making an apron for her doll, "I believe I will be a Duchess when I grow up." "How do you expect to become a Duchess, my daughter?" "Why, by marrying a Dutchman, to be sure," replied the little girl.

A Lewiston family recently received a visit from a well-known clergyman. In the family is an active little girl of 3 years. She listened very attentively while grace was being said, and at its conclusion she looked up in the clergyman's face and said: "Taint pretty to talk so at the table. My papa don't."—*Lewiston Journal.*

Strangers are surprised to see New Orleans policemen in full uniform drinking at bars with hoodlums, and smoking cigars on their beats while on duty. The New York policeman sneaks around to a back door to get his smoke and drink; but he has some style about him when he walks his beat.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

One of the Japanese students, while out for a stroll, was accosted by a sophomore with the inquiry: "What's your name?" The gentleman from Japan answered politely, giving his surname. "Oh," rejoined the questioner, "you hee-hee don't have but one name, I see." "What was the first name of Moses?" was the reply.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

The Greely expedition cost the Government \$762,996. Don't want to appear parsimonious and mean in these matters, but couldn't it be arranged to starve a few men and freeze them to death a little nearer home and at less expense? A winter's sojourn in a "spare room" of a Michigan farmhouse would accomplish the same result, and we'd learn just as much about the North Pole.

Just starting on their wedding trip: Young wife—"I am afraid, dear, that our trip to Montreal and Quebec will be very expensive." Young husband—"It may be a trifle expensive, but just think what a delightful time we will have!" Just ending the wedding trip: Young wife—"What a delightful time we have had, dear!" Young husband—"Yes, we have had a pleasant enough time, but just think what an awful expense it has been!"—*New York Sun.*

A charming young girl, accompanied by her octogenarian great-grandmother, who is all that the name implies, enters a Paris dry goods store. "How much is this ribbon?" she asks of the polite young clerk, who has bounded eagerly over several stools to reply upon her. "A kiss a yard!" replies the young man gallantly. "Give me ten yards, then. Grandma'll pay you—she always settles the bills when we go shopping."

More than 60,000 New Yorkers live at hotels, and there are 100,000 strangers in town every night.

George Alfred Townsend, says New York journalism, is going to seed.