

ODDS AND ENDS.

It will require 60,000 cars to haul off the Kansas wheat.

California sent 3,500,000 pounds of honey to Europe last year.

Missouri has set apart \$2,000 for wolf scalps for 1889 and 1890.

The black spot just discovered on the sun is 24,000 miles wide.

Any man may commit a mistake, but none but a fool will continue in it.

Utah women are moving to regain the suffrage, which Congress took away.

The Bible society has issued, up to date, a total of nearly 50,000,000 Bibles.

London consumes 10,000 tons of ice daily during its very brief hot season.

If a man were his own enemy what hard stories he could tell on himself.

There is a company organized in England which insures you against burglary.

The Hartford (Conn.) Theological Seminary has opened all its classes to women.

King Humbert, of Italy, squandered more than \$100,000 during his four days' visit to Berlin.

A Japanese student has captured the highest honors from 493 graduates of Michigan University.

The Americans in Paris subscribed \$10,000 in a single day in aid of the Pennsylvania flood sufferers.

A good name is to be prized above great riches; as Shakespeare says, "It is the immediate jewel of the soul."

Human beings are still sold in the famine stricken districts of China. A child under 10 brings from \$1 to \$1.50.

The cat population of Great Britain is over 7,000,000, and almost 4,500,000 kittens annually enter the world.

"Quills are things that are sometimes taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another."

A Birmingham colored preacher preached a powerful discourse on the subject: "Are we sons of God or gossips?"

There are over 800,000 more widows than widowers in England. In France for every 100 widowers there are 294 widows.

In the Sydney courts it has been decided that no Sunday newspaper can sue for advertisements, the contract being illegal.

A man at Hawkinsville, Ga., has been married twice in the same trousers. They are forty years old and he still wears 'em.

A Confederate home has been incorporated in Missouri. It will shelter Confederate veterans, their wives, widows and orphans.

The Cherokees of Indian territory have just built a \$300,000 seminary for girls. And yet people say that the Indians cannot be civilized.

"Man," says Bacon, "is 'certainly of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is an ignoble creature.'"

The wearing of gold watches by members of the Baptist church of Harrisburg, Va., is prohibited. Any person wearing one will be expelled from the church.

"That is a pretty pocketbook you have. Where did you get it?" "A present from my wife." "Anything in it?" "Of course. The unpaid bill for the same."

No man for any considerable period can wear one face to himself and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be true.

The antiquity of dolls has lately been proven at Rome, where there was found in a sarcophagus, containing the skeleton of a young girl, a wooden doll with jointed arms and legs.

The possessions of Trinity Church, in New York, foot up to \$140,000,000. Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, its pastor, has a nominal salary of \$12,000, but really receives just as much as he wants.

It is estimated that the land contained in Central Park, New York, which originally cost \$2,000,000, is now worth over \$100,000,000. The maintenance of the park is said to cost \$400,000 a year.

The Fall River Journal says: Do not swear. There is no occasion to swear outside of a printing office. It is useful in proof reading, and indispensable in getting forms to press, and has also been known to assist in looking over the paper after it is printed, but otherwise it is a very disgusting habit.

THE STANDARD.

POETRY.

One night I met a testy friend Whose best girl I had kissed; Before I could my act defend He hit me with his fist...

Across the Sea.

THE NORTH CAROLINIANS ABROAD A Few Remarks About Sea-Sickness.

LIFE ON SHIPBOARD AND WHAT SORT OF A SHIP AND SHIP LOAD IT WAS—THE LANDING IN SCOTLAND AND JOURNEY TO GLASGOW.

Correspondence Statesville (N.C.)

"Jimmie, porridge is riddy," were the first words which greeted my ears this morning. Jimmie repeats the refrain through the submarine corridors of our ship.

This veracious journal begins Saturday, July 13th—the sixth day out from New York. Great Jupiter! how my mind has unfolded since we left! How my stomach has yielded up tribute!

The sea as revealed to us is utterly destitute of life; the buffaloes of the deep have gone West, I suppose. We have seen nothing except the inevitable Mother Cary's chickens and a few gulls.

The fare is varied and plentiful, but foreign in its outward appearance. Their coffee is not as our coffee, is all the comment I'll make, for I feel myself growing a little shakier again.

The order of the meals is, porridge at 7 A. M.; breakfast at 8:30; lunch, 1 P. M.; dinner, 5:30—a constant game of win and loss.

This is our eighth day out. The fog has enveloped us for four or five days and much retarded our speed. Boat stopped entirely for three hours one night.

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have been off the "Banks," as it is called, Newfoundland, and have been enveloped in a dense fog. The coarse whistle of our ship has been blowing incessantly at short intervals all the while to avoid collision and the ship-men have been constantly on the look-out night and day for icebergs.

Prof. Winston has been the worst sufferer among the men; so far he has made but a few brief visits to the deck; has been in his berth almost constantly for six days. We have a bride with us; poor misguided woman! One look at her shows she'd give her kingdom, husband included, to be on land again.

Since writing the above I've just made another contribution to the waves—small, but like the widow's mite, it's all I possessed. I shall proceed now on an empty stomach. I have not stated before but will now, that when this company is in good health it is one of which North Carolina should be proud, and I will add, while my stomach is still calm, that it does no discredit to America.

I feel it an honor to be enrolled among the lists, the Uriah Heep of the crowd. The sea as revealed to us is utterly destitute of life; the buffaloes of the deep have gone West, I suppose. We have seen nothing except the inevitable Mother Cary's chickens and a few gulls.

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at about 5 o'clock by the cry of land! I arise with more alacrity I have known myself to and go on deck, and there on our right, about a mile away, is the coast of Ireland. We come closer and the green, well-laid out fields appear. These, we are informed, are the crofts or small farms. The first house we see seems to be a church with a clustering of white houses around. The bluffs are all covered with green moss and are about one-half the size of the Brushy mountains as seen from Statesville. We see already the appropriateness of "Emerald Isle."

This will be a day of great interest to us. Giant's Causeway is in view, and we will for several hours sail along the north coast of Ireland, and this afternoon we will enter the mouth of the Clyde and proceed to Glasgow with castle and heather in view. Four bloody Irishmen in a small skiff have just passed us, waving their hats and shouting us welcome we take it. We return the salute; the first inhabitants we've seen. The Irish fields are becoming beautiful green squares. We pass the Irish coast and soon the rugged coast of Scotland appears, which becomes more beautiful as we approach. We enter the Clyde and proceed up its beautiful and populous banks until we reach Greenock, where upon giving a signal the custom house officers, ten or a dozen in number, come out to meet us. We immediately surrender and they in a very orderly, polite way, go through our baggage. We are then put ashore and board the curious cars. The carriages are as long as ours but open on the side instead of the end; there are five doors on each side admitting to as many apartments; these hold six persons, three on a side; the doors are shut and tickets collected at point of destination.

We are off for Glasgow. The first thing I notice is the Scotch-broom growing wild along the track, carrying me back to my grandmother's yard. On and on we fly through the daintiest fields with stone hedge or wire fence full of the greenest vegetables and the whitest hay you ever saw—nearly as white as my shirt; the neatest houses and prettiest land, rolling and swelling like the waves. On we speed, somebody head us! Tar Heels in the land of Burns! No wonder he wrote immortal verse with such a home. Here we are at Glasgow in one of the finest hotels any of us ever saw. Brass bedsteads! I guess we can stand it till morning. I pull out my watch with New York time and find it just five hours slower than this time. The buildings, everything here, has a finished, substantial look. So here we rest, Mr. Editor, and you and your tired readers. GLASGOW.

A JUDGE'S SHORT COURTESHIP.—The shortest courtship I ever heard of was that of an eminent jurist. He was on his way to hold court in a town when he met a young woman returning from market.

"How deep is the creek and what did you get for your butter?" asked the Judge.

"Up to the knee and nine-pence," was the answer as the girl walked on. The Judge pondered over the sensible brevity of the reply, turned his horse, rode back and overtook her.

"I liked your answer just now," he said, "and I like you. I think you would make a good wife. Will you marry me?" She looked him over and said: "Yes." "Then get up behind me and we will ride to town and be married."

She did get up behind and they rode to the court house and were made one. It is recorded that the marriage was a pre-eminently happy one.

TELL MOTHER HOW IT WAS.—A story came from Switzerland a year ago of a mountain guide, whose name was not preserved. He, with two others, was leading a party over one of the most precipitous passes of the higher Alps. The men, as is usual, were tied to each other by a long rope. As they scaled the wall of ice they slipped on the edge of a frightful chasm. This man was at the end of a rope. Without his weight there was a chance for the others to regain their footing; with it there was none. He cast a glance down at the dark abyss, filled with fathomless snow, then drew his knife from his belt, saying, quietly, to the man next him: "Tell mother how it was, Joe." He cut the rope and fell, never to be seen of mortal man again.—Youth's Companion.

Mrs. J. N. Kellogg, wife of the attorney-general of Missouri, has been made assistant attorney-general. She was admitted to practice in the supreme court eight years ago.

Mrs. W. E. Gladstone. To Mrs. Gladstone, the wife of William E. Gladstone, the "grand old man," doubtless owes much of his success. She has been to him a wife and a helpmeet, in the fullest sense of the word, and she has made of him what a true wife should of her husband—an idol. It is she who looks after his physical welfare, sympathizes with him in his little cares, and it is she who mixes the egg-flip, which is the subject of so much ridicule, with which he regales himself during protracted debates in Parliament.

Mrs. Gladstone is the daughter of the late Sir Stephens Glynn, and from him inherited Hawarden Castle, the family seat of the Gladstones. The old castle, of which but the ruins remain, dates back to the remotest antiquity, but the new castle

was built in 1752, and it is this part, with the additions made thereto, that is occupied at present. In 1839 Mr. Gladstone was married, but it was not until the death of his father-in-law that he came into possession of Hawarden, but such was the admiration of Sir Stephen for Gladstone that he had an addition made to the castle, in which the young couple lived when at Hawarden. This addition was called the Gladstone wing.

Like her husband, Mrs. Gladstone is wonderfully robust for her years, and her hair contains but few grey strands, whilst her face is almost free from wrinkles. Like many English women of the last generation Mrs. Gladstone never knew how to make herself attractive as far as dress goes, and it has been said that she is the worst dressed woman in the United Kingdom. Her features, although they betoken the true wife and affectionate mother, are somewhat coarse.

Of the three sons of the couple, Herbert, the second, who is cut out for a political career, looks much like his father, whilst the elder, W. H., looks like what we would suppose his mother looked like in her youth. The youngest son, Stephen, is rector of the church at Hawarden.

Mrs. Gladstone celebrated her golden wedding week before last. She and her husband received congratulatory messages from all parts of the world. She was also the recipient of valuable presents, the Royal family of England leading the way.

Mrs. Gladstone is, of course, an enthusiastic Liberal, and has many a time, especially in the east end of London, made nice little public speeches. Lately she has become president of the Liberal Ladies' League, an organization which works upon the same lines as the Primrose League, favoring, of course, liberal principles and home rule.

Learn a Trade. National Publisher and Printer.] A good trade is something which bank failures or commercial panics does not destroy.

It is a passport to all countries and climates. Something which can be carried in our hands and hands. A demand note which passes current everywhere.

The one thing that cannot be learned in an academy or college in the land. A strong crutch upon which to lean.

The very friend of our youth who will not desert us in our old age or affliction. The only language which is understood by the people of all races and climes.

It is beyond the possibility of defeat at any time—years enhance its value. The only property which cannot be mortgaged or sold.

It is a calling which can be declined or taken up at pleasure. Something about which neither friends nor kindred can quarrel.

Unless you are perfect you have no right to talk about your neighbor's faults. If you are perfect you won't do it.

A Garrulous Woman. Atlanta Constitution.] NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 20.—If anybody was ever surprised, Mrs. Flavia Canfield was to-day, when she saw printed in the Nashville papers a private letter she had written a friend in Topeka containing some remarkable statements.

THE FOOLISH LETTER. The American this morning printed the following: We publish below, from the Topeka, Kansas, Capitol, a letter from one of our most cultured visitors, the wife of President J. H. Canfield, giving the impressions made upon her by her visit South. It will be seen that the impressions are hardly what might be termed favorable, but as we are publishing so much favorable comment it is but fair that those who look with less partial, or more prejudiced eyes, should be given a hearing. The writer, we believe, has made quite a number of friends during her stay among us, and there will probably be some surprise on learning that her opinions are, to say the least, very uncomplimentary and her feelings not of the kindest nature. The letter is as follows:

We came by way of St. Louis, and covered Missouri, part of Illinois and the whole of Kentucky. I was rather disappointed in the looks of the Sunny South so far as I have seen it. Kentucky, seen from our car windows, seemed very much like Missouri; unkempt and uninteresting, the towns are small, poverty-stricken and dirty. At the stations the people were sunburned, sad and stolid creatures, men chewed tobacco, women wore sunbonnets, and negroes were plentiful, ragged and dirty. Tobacco warehouses were conspicuous in every place we passed through; miles and miles of swampy roads, and seldom saw a well-kept and prosperous-looking farm. It is quite possible the railroad passed through the worst part of the country. It often does. Nashville is beautifully situated on the Cumberland river, and has a population of 100,000 people.

Yesterday we went to the largest church here, a Methodist one. The minister was an invited guest of the one in charge, and much to my surprise he gave

A FINE, LIBERAL SERMON, a regular Simon-pure Unitarian sermon. I have been told that they are very old-fashioned in religious matters in the South, maintaining a strict orthodoxy. A Unitarian church does not exist here. Imagine my surprise, then, to hear his sermon. But, as I say, the man was a stranger, and I don't think his discourse was relished by the congregation. There were no responsive faces around me. His one thought was: "Religion is a simple thing; follow the truth as it is revealed to each soul and imitate Christ." He was odd and "Beechery" in some of his illustrations and expressions. "If you think heaven is going to be recruited from the amen corner of the Methodist Episcopal church alone you will be mightily mistaken." "We should not make forms and ceremonies a part of ourselves, but wear them as we do our clothes, ready to lay them aside for better ones when they are outworn. If we wear them like our skins we are sure to become hide-bound, and a

HIDE-BOUND CHRISTIAN is no better than a parchment-dried old Pharisee. "The Jew is bound by the clip theory; the Baptist has the dip theory; Presbyterians have the grip theory; Episcopalians have the tip theory; Methodists have the hop and skip theory, and they are all apt to wear these theories like their skins, till they are hide-bound." Much of his discourse was smooth and eloquent, and think of his quoting Emerson and Tennyson! A Methodist minister in the South!

In the afternoon we took a "dummy" street car and went to the outskirts of the city, to a pretty park six miles out. Thousands of people were enjoying the cool breezes under the trees in a very quiet way. We saw no drunken people all day. When we returned we took another "dummy" line to see West Nashville and the suburbs in another direction. The train had two cars, one for whites and the other for blacks. Several

COLORED GIRLS, well dressed and quiet, got into the car we were in while we were waiting for the time to start. The conductor told them they must go in the next car. They left the train with indignant faces, and did not go at all. I discussed this incident with a Southern woman who sat next to me in the car. "Those girls ought not to have been allowed to enter the car," she said. I asked her if the colored

people often demanded equal rights of this sort. "Oh, no," she said, "as a rule the negroes are right obedient." "They know they have to be," she added. So you see the color line is drawn sharply and is sometimes resented. We will see more of this no doubt at the meetings go on. The race question is the question of our time, I believe. The blacks are increasing faster than the whites. It is only a question of time when they will outnumber the whites two to one. They are strong and sturdy, they are being educated and they have the ballot. What is to hinder them from having the power in their hands some day? May I then be in some convenient corner in the sky to look down on the spectacle of

BLACK HEELS ON WHITE NECKS. "Cursed be Canaan" will do now, but it won't last forever. Well, our trips to the parks showed us the people of the middle South, or rather the working people of a Southern city, taking a holiday. Tonight after supper Mr. Canfield and I walked to the State House and walked through the grounds by moonlight. We passed many solidly elegant houses. There is much wealth here. The capitol is on a hill overlooking the city. It seemed very massive and imposing to me to-night. Seen by daylight I have no doubt it would not look so fine, but would appear dingy and uncared for, as everything else in the South does. I had a call from two Southern women to-day; wives of members of the local committee.

THE DIALECTS, as given in novels, are not at all exaggerated. I rather like the soft voices, the invariable drawl and the absence of r's. I am inclining this long letter on you to-night because my husband is late in coming in, and I am waiting for him. I hope you will be able to wade through it all. I have a flickering light and a scratchy pen, both drawbacks to good letter-writing.

I am in a depressed state of mind because I have just finished a dreadful book, a novel by Florence Frick Kelly, whom my husband is interested in as an ex-student of Kansas university, and one he thought promising.

I have read the book because of this interest in her. "Frances" is the name of it. It is weak and vile. No other word will do. I am ashamed and disgusted that a Kansas woman should do this thing. What is the matter with women novelists nowadays? It is as if they had discovered that indecency was in demand and nothing else in the literary market would sell.

I hope to see Craddock's mountaineers and the Mammoth cave before I go home. Yours, affectionately, FLAVIA CANFIELD.

Mrs. Canfield was overcome, and had had to be taken to her room, where she has been crying all day. Since her arrival she has been the recipient of a great deal of attention, and had made many warm friends. She prepared the following card this afternoon:

SEE TAKES IT ALL BACK. "A private letter of mine was published in the Topeka Capital, of Kansas, and republished in this morning's American. No line of that letter was intended for publicity. It was written in an idle hour, immediately after reaching the city, as one intimate friend would chat confidentially with another. This statement should mitigate, somewhat, the just resentment of a generous people, who may see in this letter the illbred criticism of a guest upon her hosts. I can only say, in extenuation, that they appear far more severe in print than I felt, and were simply the unweighed and exaggerated utterances of private conversation. No words can fully express my regret at the occurrence. Hoping that this brief explanation will have some weight in the minds of those whom I have had the pleasure of knowing here, I am, respectfully, FLAVIA A. CANFIELD."

Mr. Canfield called the directors together this afternoon and tendered his resignation, which the directors declined to accept, saying that they could not, in any justice, hold him responsible for the statements contained in the letter.

GOOD TO HAVE A MOTHER.—An exchange remarks that "mothers have trained our Presidents and Statesmen." True. They were fortunate in having mothers. They would have had a difficult time if they had never had a mother. The only man who ever made a success in life without the training influence of a mother was Adam, and he felt the need of one before his career closed.—Wilmington Star.

The Kissing Habit. A writer in Good Housekeeping vigorously condemns the kissing habit, and calls for its abandonment in this wise: "This kissing habit has been carried to its greatest extreme among English-speaking people, and the people of other blood are often greatly amazed and amused by the universality and cheapness of the kiss among the English nations. It is not necessarily an argument in its favor, however, that it is thus found to be an accompaniment of the highest civilization, for it may be promptly retorted that vice and crime also increase with civilization, and that even civilized and refined peoples often keep alive barbarous practices inherited from savage ancestry. The kiss, in its proper functions, has a fine significance, and may be made the vehicle of the purest emotions, the honest expression of legitimate feeling, a greeting fall of genuine, voluntary sympathy and love. The kissing habit is an abuse and a misuse. It has brought the kiss into disgrace and made it vulgar, cheap and hypocritical. Be it the province of this generation of refinement and education to rescue it from its degraded estate and restore it to its natural elevated and elevating place and use in the social economy."

A SAILOR'S WONDERFUL ENDURANCE.—All experience of suffering at sea can hardly have furnished an instance of greater endurance than that of McGarry, one of the survivors of the Alaskan, was buffeted six days on a frail raft, over which the sea was continually breaking, till he was thrown ashore on the beach near Cross Bay. Probably not one man in a million could go through that ordeal and live. Without food and without drink, save as he could catch a few drops upon a piece of board as the rain fell upon him; continually in the water or drenched by the waves, while obliged to use all his strength to hold on to his raft with his benumbed hands and chafed and weary arms; carried into the surf after six days and nights spent like this, thrown ashore, then carried back and again thrown ashore on a breaker that left him on the beach still retaining strength enough to crawl to a place of succor and safety—the story presents an example of endurance and fortitude that excites wonder and probably never has been surpassed.—Portland Oregonian.

GEORGE WASHINGTON FARMS.—General Washington possesses 10,000 acres of land in one body, where he lives; constantly employs 250 hands, keeps 24 ploughs going all the year, when the weather will permit; sowed in 1781, 600 bushels of oats, 700 acres of wheat and prepared as much corn, barley, potatoes, beans, peas, &c.; has near 500 acres in grass and sowed 150 with turnips. Stock, 140 horses, 112 cows, 235 working oxen, heifers and steers and 500 sheep. The lands about his seat are all laid down in grass; the farms are scattered around at the distance of two, three, four or five miles, which the General visits every day, unless the weather is absolutely stormy. He is constantly making various and extensive experiments for the improvement of agriculture. He is stimulated with that desire which always actuates him—to do good to mankind. In 1786 he killed 150 hogs, weighing 18,500 pounds, for his family use (exclusive of provisions for his negroes,) which were made into bacon.—From an Almanac of 1790.

TIGHT LACING.—Miss Oakley, an artist who has devoted years to the study of dress, thus writes in her book entitled "Beauty in Dress": "Any woman is too tightly dressed who cannot raise her arms straight above her head and clasp her hands; who cannot stoop to tie her shoe, or pick up a pin, without heightened color. Tight lacing unrelentingly indulged, like a painless poison, saps the beauty, the grace, the brains, the life from its unfortunate victims. Tight lacing is not only a hideous stupidity, it is a crime—a crime that casts a heavy burden upon the next generation, and renders the present one incapable of its duties. It makes all the movements of the body angular and stiff. It totally ruins the digestion and the circulation, and consequently the complexion, which we all know is one of the greatest of feminine charms. It injures the sight and the color and the expression of the eye."

Danville, Va., is going to build a tabernacle for the use of evangelists.



Mrs. W. E. Gladstone.