State Library

THE STANDARD.

LARGEST PAPER
—PUBLISHED IN CONCORD.—
CONTAINS MORE READING MATTER THAN ANY OTHER PAPER IN THIS SECTION.

THE STANDARD.

VOL. III.---NO. 14. CONCORD, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1890. WHOLE NO. 118.

THE STANDARD.
WE DO ALL KINDS OF
JOB WORK
—IN THE—
NEATEST MANNER
—AND AT—
THE LOWEST RATES

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

HYMN AND RECITATION.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll!
While the tempest still is high!"
Carelessly a little child,
In the sunshine at her play,
Lisping sang, and sweetly smiled,
On a joyous April day;
Sang with laughter light and droll—
Sang with mirth in each blue eye;
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

"Hide me, O my Savior, hide
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!"
Sang a maiden with a face
Free from look of earthly care,
With a form of faultless grace,
With a wreath of golden hair:
Sang with heart by grief untired—
Sang with no regretful past:
"Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!"

"Other refuge have I none—
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone—
Still support and comfort me!"
Sang a mother while she bowed
O'er her baby as it lay
Wrapped within its shroud,
On a dreary Autumn day;
Sang of hopes forever flown—
Sang of eyes that could not see:
"Leave, ah! leave me not alone—
Still support and comfort me!"

"All my trust on Thee is stayed—
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!"
Faint and weary in the race,
In death's winter evening gray,
With a sweet, angelic face,
Dreamed a woman, far away,
As the feeble twilight fled,
Angels seemed with her to sing:
"Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

Old Dogget is Really Deaf.

Doesn't it trouble you very seriously to be deaf?

That question was bawled so many times into the ear of old Uncle Tommy Applegate at his farm house the other day that the mere asking brought its own answer.

"Y-a-a-s," he replied, at last. "It does bother me—some. T'other day I seen old Mr. Dogget down by the river. Old Doggett's deefer than I be; in fact he's really deef. Well, you see I wanted to warn him agin young Coleman that's runnin' after his daughter Sal. He's an infernal scamp, that young Coleman—he sold me a darn new fangled coffee grinder that he said would grind itself, and if it will it's about all it will grind. Well, he's snoopin' around Sal Doggett and I wanted to warn the old man and so I seen him down by the river and he seen me. I up and says "Hello, how are you?" "What cow?" says he. "I didn't say nothing about a cow," I hollered. "How be you anyhow?" I hollered that at him and then ding me if I could understand what he began talking about. Well we got that straight and I asked him about his wife Matilda and had to holler that forty times and him a hollerin' back at me till about that time I seen the folks all a-comin down to the river from all the neighborin' farms and houses and boats a-puttin out from t'other shore and all p'intin' towards us two because the people never heard such a racket and didn't know what on earth might be the matter.

"Yes" continued, old Uncle Charley. "It must be a bother to be as deef as old Doggett. I made my mind up right then and there that 'fore I'd ever give the public a general impression there was a riot goin' on I'd either tell old Doggett right off what I wanted to say and give him my how d' do afterwards or I'd write to the pesky old fool and tell him in that way what I wanted him to know. But he's so darned deef I suppose I'd have to print a letter. I'll bet he couldn't hear ordinary writin'."

A Beautiful Legend.

After Stonewall Jackson's death, at Chancellorsville, a story became current in the Confederate army which the soldiers loved to repeat over their bivouac fires—that, on account of his extreme piety, when their famous chieftain fell, a detachment of angels left the heavenly gates to visit the battle field and escort the hero's soul into Paradise. The celestial squadron searched the close strewn plain, but without effect. He whom they sought could not be found, and they returned mournfully to heaven to report their want of success. But lo, on arriving they found the spirit of the immortal warrior there already. Stonewall Jackson had made a flank march and got to heaven before them.

North Carolinians who Have Attained Distinction in Other States.

Tarboro Enquirer.

A most interesting article upon this subject recently appeared in the Biblical Recorder, from the pen of Rev. Dr. T. H. Pritchard, of Raleigh. He has taken the pains to collect facts that are an honor to our State and which would be well for our people to know. Dr. Pritchard says:

"Hon. Hugh Lawson White, of Tennessee, who was a candidate for President in 1836, was a native Iredell county. Hon. Wm. Rufus King, of Alabama, Vice President during Mr. Pierce's administration was born in Sampson. John H. Steele, who became Governor of New Hampshire, was a native of Rowan, and a carriage maker by trade. Gen. Joseph R. Hawley, who has been Governor of Connecticut, and is now a member of Congress, was born in Robeson county, and is by profession a printer. Gov. Mosely of Florida, was a native of Lenoir; Gov. Polk, of Tenn., of Mecklenburg; Baylie Peyton, of the same State, and a man of national reputation, was from North Carolina; so was Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer, who fell early in the late war. Chancellor J. L. Sneed, of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, was born in Raleigh; Judge Bragg, of Mobile, and Gen. Braxton Bragg were the sons of John Bragg, of Warren.

Bishop Paine, an honored name among Methodists, was borne in Person county. Dr. Wadsworth, a very distinguished Methodist preacher of Alabama, was born in Craven and Dr. J. E. Edwards, a gentleman of fine reputation in the Virginia Conference, was born in Guilford county.

Of the distinguished Baptists who have lived "abroad" the Dr. says:

"During the past hundred years no State in this Union has produced, in our Baptist Zion, more illustrious names than those of Mercer, Kerr, Brantly, Manly, Mims, Howell and Poindexter."

Thomas Hart Benton was born in Oxford, and not in Orange as Dr. P. says. Mr. Benton told Rev. C. H. Wiley that he was a native of Oxford. His father is buried there not far from the Baptist church. Dr. Pritchard continues:

"Bishop Polk, of Tennessee, was born in Raleigh, and in the main building of the Baptist Female Seminary. The present Bishop of Georgia, John Beckwith, was also born in this city. Bishop Davis, of South Carolina, a man of sainted piety, was a North Carolinian, so was Bishop Hawks, of Missouri; Bishop Greene, of Mississippi; Bishop Freeman, of Arkansas; and a greater man by odds than any of them, Dr. Francis L. Hawks, who died only a few years since in New York, was born in North Carolina, practiced law for some years and entered the ministry in this State.

The Sentinel makes the following additions:

Andrew Jackson was born in North Carolina. James Parton, in his interesting life of "Old Hickory," clearly establishes the fact.

James K. Polk, another President of the United States, was born in Mecklenburg county. Andrew Johnston, another President, was born in Wake county.

To these names may be added others who in their day and generation won a name from home. We mention Gen. Ben McCulloch, born in Halifax; Hon. Meredith P. Gentry, formerly a very distinguished member of Congress from Tennessee; Dr. Thomas Mutter, born in Granville, one of the greatest surgeons and lecturers in Philadelphia, or indeed, the United States ever had; Gen. Joe Lane, of Oregon, candidate for Vice President on the Breckinridge ticket; Edward Stanly, of California; Judge Broom Ridley, of Tennessee, born in Oxford; Maj. John Pelham, so distinguished as an artillerist in the war, born in Person; Hon. Solon Borland, formerly U. S. Senator from Arkansas, born in Bertie; U. S. Senator Allen, of Ohio; Hon. Emmerson Ethridge, one of the ablest men Tennessee ever sent to the U. S. Congress, and Judge Grant, of Wisconsin. Perhaps others can add to the list.

The Goldsboro Messenger, with commendable State pride, carries the investigation still further and gives us the subjoined list:

Hon. Calvin Jones, born in Person, was Chancellor of Western Distict of Tennessee. Hon. Churchill C. Cambrelling, a distinguished member of U. S. Congress from New York. Hon. John Branch, born in Halifax, was Governor of Florida, U. S. Senator, and Secretary of Navy under Andrew Jackson. Gov. Moore, of Louisiana. Wm. Gibbs McNeil, born on the Cape Fear, became a citizen of Massachusetts and was the greatest Civil Engineer of his times. Johnston Hooper, of Alabama, a great humorist, and author of one or more amusing books. Hon. John B. Ashe, member of Congress from Tennessee. Gen. Loring, formerly of the Confederate army, but now of the Egyptian army. Dr. Edward Warren, surgeon in the army of the Khedive. Dr. Lofton G. Watson, born in Granville, and Professor in Transylvania University, Kentucky. He was a great physician. Bishop Otey, of Tennessee. Judge Ochiltree, of Texas. Walker Anderson, Chief Justice of Florida.

Kansas Farm Song.

Klingman, Kan., Democrat.

He sat at his door at noonday, lonely and gloomy and sad, brooding over the price of his corn crop and figuring how much he had. He had worked from early springtime, early and late and hard, and he was counting his assets and figuring out his reward. He figured that it took two acres to buy his two boys new boots, and ten acres more on top of this to fit them out with new suits. To buy his wife a protected dress took 100 bushels more, while five acres went in a solid lump for the carpet on the floor. His tax and grocery bill absorbed his crop of oats, while the interest on his farm mortgage took all his fattened shoats. The shingles on his cowshed and the lumber for his barn had eaten up his beef steers and the balance of his corn. So he sat in his door at noonday, lonely and gloomy and sore, as he figured up his wealth a little less than it was the year before "By gum, they say I'm protected, but I know there's something wrong; I've been deceived and gulled and hoodwinked by this high protection song. They told of rebellious traitors, and held up the bloody rag, and I followed along like a pumpkin and now I am holding the bag. But from this time on I'll investigate, and get the bottom of facts, and I'll bet $4 to begin with that the tariff is a tax.

The New Dictionary.

Merchant Traveller.

Prof. Lookatem's new dictionary will, it is promised very soon be out. The following definitions are from advance sheets of the work:

Receiver—The undertaker for business circles.

Politician—One who hatescapital, hates England, hates everything necessary—before election.

Statesman—A man who marks the full of the moon and can tell when a boom should be planted.

The great American novelist—One in hiding.

Reputation—Something to be tore down.

Pavement—Something to be torn up.

Millionaire—The man who might quit work and go fishing, but doesn't.

Laborer—The man who would like to quit work and go fishing but can't.

Divine—A minister with a salary exceeding $3,000.

Clergyman—A minister with a salary over $2,000 and under $3,000.

Preacher—A minister with a salary under $2,000.

Fisherman—A liar.

Scum—That which rises to the top.

Word—Something to be given—something to be kept.

Egotism—That which makes a pair of twos often win.

An organization has been formed in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in which the members belonging to the gentler sex pledge themselves not to associate with men who use liquor or tobacco. This form of boycott has been unsuccessfully tried before. The truth is that women who wish to lead men from the alcohol and tobacco habits should not avoid the victims. "George Elliot," who hated tobacco, said that a man who loved a cigar would sacrifice any woman for the sake of the weed. This is an epigrammatic exaggeration, but it contains a certain amount of truth. The only way for women to wean men away from evil habits is by personal intercession.

Do you ever receive contributions written on both sides of the paper?" asked a gentleman entreing a newspaper office. "No sir, never," emphatically replied the editor. "All right; I was going to endorse this check to your order, but I don't want you to break your rules." Then he went out leaving the editor in a deep green study.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Sub-Treasury Plan.

Baltimore Sun.

The bill introduced in the Senate by Mr. Vance and in the House by Mr. Pickler for the relief of the agricultural distress is worthy of some attention from the general public as being an expression of the convictions of the Farmers' Alliance, an organization that has recently attained large pryportions of the South. The feature of the bill is the "subtreasury plan." This "plan," which, according to the Washington National Economist, is the creation of the Alliance, embodies principles with which the silver kings have made the country tolerably familiar. The silver men have long been asking Congress to take their silver, store it, and issue therefore certificates of deposit, which shall circulate as money. The certificates were to be to the full value of the silver. Indeed, they were to be for 100 cents for pieces of silver called dollars, worth instrinsically not over 73 cents. The Alliance sub-treasury plan is more modest. It proposes, in brief, that the federal government shall build fire proof warehouses in the various agricultural counties throughout the Union in which farm products may be stored. Upon the storage of any given quantity of produce in such warehouses full legal tender money is to be advanced upon it by the government to the extent of 80 per cent of its value. The rate of interest to be received by the government for these advances is to be 1 per cent. The remaining 20 per cent of the estimated value of the farmer's crop is to be represented by a certificate showing the date of storing, cost of service, amount, value, etc. The advantages of such an arrangement, from the point of view of the Alliance are numerous and solid. It would enable the farmers to establish prices instead of speculators. Consumers and manufacturers would buy certificates as they needed commodities. The market would acquire equilibrium, and the vast fluctuations in the value of farm products would cease. In any case the farmer would buy less heavily than at present for financial accommodation. His market would be near at hand. If the valuer of produce should be an ambitious person, appointed from the locality he is to serve, it is hardly open to doubt that the government quotation of wheat would be an improvement upon that of the New York or Chicago market. The question in each case would be not what the pauper Hindoo can afford to sell for at Liverpool, but what "ought" to be the value of the product of the free American citizen who has political duties to perform and a family to support in a decent manner. If the employes of the government at Washington and elsewhere get full wages for eight hours' work, much more, it is held, should the farmer, the most useful element of our population, be assured a proper return for his protracted term of toil. Such are some of the considerations that may be urged in behalf of "the subtreasury plan," and they may be conceded to be fully as weighty as those upon which the farmer has been compelled for years by the tariff to contribute to maintain high profits for manufacturing capitalists. Undoubtedly the capital in land is as much entitled to protection as capital or iron-making, weaving, spinning, etc. The farmers' best friend must entertain some doubt, however, as to the practical efficiency of the "plan." The valuation of crops would open the door to fraud very wide. When the crops were deposited, as proposed, and certificates issued, what if the syndicate or syndicates should buy them all up? Would not the arrangement supply new facilities for the creation of dangerous monopolies on a gigantic scale? The farmer sells his crops low now, not for love of the middleman, but for want of cash. Would he not, for like reason, be compelled to sell his certificates for a song and be content with 80 per cent of the value of his crop? These are some of the practical questions the scheme suggests. As respects the constitutional and other principles involved, the defenders of the plan can say this much, at least—that it is fully as legitimate as the protective tariff subsidies, and other like iniquities now favored by a great party.

In the Senate Tuesday Senator Vance created a breeze by reading a poetical telegram from Montana announcing the Democratic victories in Butte City, and claiming that it was the result of the Republican theft of Silver Bow township.

A Nice Woman.

I heard a man say the other day that his idea of a nice woman was one who spoke kindly of other women, was a good listener, and, above all, a moderate talker. A nice woman need not be beautiful nor even clever, but she must be kind, sympathetic, and brimful of tact. A nice woman is one who is modest without being a prude, who is polite without affectation. Courteous to her inferiors without patronizing them, and bright and hopeful rather than pessimistic. A nice woman is sympathetic without being emotional; she will restrain rather than give way to tears, remembering that a man will fly her presence as he would the plague if she be given to making scenes. A nice woman is one who dresses neatly and avoids gaudiness or elaborate trimmings; her boots, gloves, and bonnets are always perfection; also her lingerie. The texture of her gown does not so much matter, but it is sure to be a good fit.

A nice woman will never draw attention to her sister woman's bleached hair or roughed cheeks. She will never exclaim:—"Dear me, how young Miss Gray looks tonight, and she's quite thirty-four if she is a day!" No, a nice woman will be nice to everyone about her, and make us feel while we are with her that we are nice too, for she will not thrust our faults upon us, but rather she has the knack of making us forget them. She is a good listener, possesses perfect tact, never recites a long list of grievances, but listens sympathetically to the troubles of others, particularly to the garrulous babble of old people, and she has the art of putting things in a kind and complimentary way that makes people feel at once their ease and in good humor. She never nags at a man for smoking, nor turns him out of the house for three or four days at the spring-cleaning time. Somehow she does it all without making a fuss.

A Fishing Frolic.

There was an exciting time at Wilson's mill pond last Friday evening abont six o'clock. The water had been gradually drawn off until very little remained except that flowing in the channel of the creek. There was one small pond of water where a great many large German carp had collected as the waters were drawn off. Late Friday evening Mr. W. E. Walton, who has charge of the force that has been draining the pond, gave permission to the crowd to make a raid on the big fish that could be seen floundering about in the muddy pool. The water was nearly waist deep and the bottom was soft and miry. About twenty men and boys waded in with seines and nets and a lively time ensued. The water seemed literally alive with fish "as big as yearling pigs" as one of the men expressed it. The fishermen shouted with excitement, ran over each other and fell headlong into the mud and water in the scramble after the big fish. When the fun was over they were as wet and muddy a set of men and boys as has ever been seen in these parts. About two hundred fine carp of the "silver scale" and "leather" variety were caught, ranging in weight from 4 to 16 pounds, besides quantities of smaller fish of other varieties. There were no young carp in the pond. The fishing was continued on Saturday and several other fine fish were caught in the creek below the pond. —Morganton Herald.

How to get THE STANDARD Cheap.

Recognizing the fact that every intelligent man wants to take his home paper, and most probably one other good paper besides, we have made some good clubbing arrangements with several excellent papers.

Do you want a good farm journal? For $1.40 you can get THE STANDARD and the Home and Farm, the price of which is 50 cents. In this way THE STANDARD will cost you only 90 cents.

And last, but not least, we will give you THE STANDARD and the Progressive Farmer, the par excellence of Alliance journals, for $1.80. The latter is one that every Alliance man should take, for it is indispensable, by taking this and your county paper together you save just 55 cents.

For $1.80 you can get this paper and the Atlanta Constitution, the best and greatest weekly in the South, the price of which is $1.00. You get THE STANDARD then for only 80 cents. Isn't that cheap enough?

Are you an Alliance man and do you want the highest weekly authority on questions of political economy, and governmental finance? Send us $1.75 and get THE STANDARD, and the National Economist, the price of which is $1.00. THE STANDARD then will cost you only 75 cents. Could you ask better terms?

Courting Miss Winnie.

Syracuse correspondent.

'The story of the courtship is most romantic Miss Winnie Davis came North some four years ago to visit Dr. Thomas Emory, of the firm of D. McCarthy & Co., in this city. It was her first visit to this old abolitionist stronghold, and she was consequently quite anxions to meet the society of Syracuse. At one of the receptions given in her honor she was introduced to Mr. Alfred Wilkinson. It will be remembered that Miss Winnie received very cool receptions in one or two houses here, and this treatment of the 'Daughter of the Confederacy' is said to have brought her and Mr. Wilkinson in very close relations. He resented the coolness shown her and gallantly championed her cause. The friendship thus engendered between them blossomed into love in due time. Miss Winnie later on went to Europe with a cousin of hers, and is still there. Mr. Wilkinson some two months ago crossed the ocean to see Miss Davis, and spent several weeks with her sightseeing and pressing his suit. When he returned they were betrothed.

"Mr. Wilkinson is a bright and promising young lawyer here, about twenty-eight years of age. His law partner is Mr. Albert Hey. Their business is almost entirely confined to patent cases. Their income is quite fair, but Mr. Wilkinson is not a rich man. It is a love match. The young man, however, moves in the very best society here and stands high in the estimation of the community. The actual time for the wedding has not been set, but it is understood that the date will be in the near future. It is vaguely hinted that there is a no very remote connection between the European trip and the wedding trousseau. Whether or not Miss Davis's friends have been apprised of the coming wedding is not known, but it is believed that some of them at least are still in blissful ignorance of the affair. Among the few friends of Mr. Wilkinson here who know that the wedding is an assured fact there is the greatest surprise. That the representative children of the North and South should thus come together is to them like the reputed lova of God, surpassing all understanding.'"

The Cæsarian Operation Performed Upon a Cow.

Reidsville Review.

Col. Dave Mallory, of Boyd's Mill, called in to see us yesterday, and, as usual, he had for the editor an important item. He says he had a very valuable heifer which has been in an interesting condition for several months. A few days ago the cow was struck with violent pains and it was feared by all that she would not only lose her calf, but that her own life would be endangered. Desiring to relieve the poor animal of her sufferings Col. Malloy sent for Mr. Wright Smothers, an expert surgeon, and it was determined to make a delicate and critical experiment. Accordingly a knife was inserted into her flank and a hole seven inches long was cut. Through this the calf was extricated, and greatly to the surprise all present it was found to be not only alive but kicking. The hole was then sewed up and next morning the heifer had gotten up and was browsing contentedly in a grass lot near by. The cow and calf are both doing finely.

Johnny's Progress in Physiology.

Medical Classics.

The following heretofore unheard of information in regard to breath and breathing was made in Kentucky recently by a school-boy of 12 years who wrote an essay on the subject: We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our kidneys and livers. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys who stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait until they get out in the fresh air. Boys in a room make bad air called carbonicide. Carbonicide is as poisonous as mad dogs. A lot of soldiers were once in a black hole in Calcutta and carbonicide got in got in there and killed them. Girls sometimes ruin the breath with corsets that squeeze the diagram. A big diagram is best for the right kind of breathing."

To expel mosquitoes, take of gum camphor a piece about one-third the size of a hen's egg, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel and holding it over a lamp, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes.—Scientific American.

Stay East, Young Man.

A gentleman writing from Dakota to the Richmond Dispatch makes some pointed remarks as to the folly of young men leaving their eastern home to carve out a fortune in the far West.

"Dakota is a very rich, fertile country, but one wants his garden on the outside of a tin can. Nor verily is it comfortable to retire clad in a fur cap and gloves.

Verily, Verily I say unto you, if you have a friend who has the "Promise Land" (reserved) fever say unto him; Come to Dakota in the month of December and let him stay until May the 1st, and his fever will be low—chilled. Oft in this long winter have I hungered for old North Carolina with her piney old fields and bad roads. No Virginia or North Carolina man in his right mind wants to exchange the best country on earth, taking climate, luxuries, working months, four seasons, agricultural resources, varied, for this God-forsaken, one crop country (and that, too for a success one year in seven), fertile, dry, treeless, and minus home comforts.

'Tis true I have never seen such grit as these people display. Under reverses they have built immense towns with all the imported comforts, hotels, schools, churches, etc., that will put any State in the shade. But what does other it amount to when you take in to consideration the total absence of other perquisites to make life a heaven? Darn a country where a man is forced to put on a fur coat, fur cap, and fur gloves every time he steps out the door. The "Promise Land" is not being filled up. There are few a boomers here, and none en route. Stay home—stay in the South. It is the coming country in this continent—and among them all, stay in Virginia and North Carolina. We have the country, "God's country." We do need the pluck to work. If Virginia and North Carolina would diversify their crops by planting something of everything, (and we can grow them all save the tropical and semi-tropical plants and fruits.) The people would soon need no mortgage and would be free of debt. There is nothing that we cannot beat them at if we only try. As David Copperfield would say, I have "meandered." Just charge this meander and digression to my love for the South, and last but not least, for grand old North Carolina.

Stanly's Centenarian.

Stanly Observer.

Mr. Joshua Burris, aged 62 years, and son-in-law of the late Billy Whitley, whose death occurred the 4th of March last, gave us some incidents in the life of this rather remarkable man, which we deem of sufficient interest for publication. when Mr. Whitley reached man's estate, there was not a church in Stanly, then Montgomery county. With his own hands he assisted in building the first church in the county (Primitive Baptist) near big Bear creek, which church he afterwards joined, and was a member either at Bear creek or at Meadow creek for about 70 years. He was married at 33, his wife being 25. Ten children were born unto them four of whom still survive. Mrs. Whitley died 9 years ago at the great age of 102 years—thus they lived together man and wife for 73 years. Mr. Whitley used tobacco his life long; never had a doctor to call to see him but once, and was never known to take a dose of medicine. In death he was resigned to God's will. His burial services were conducted by Revs. John S. Sell and D. H. Garmon, in the presence, perhaps of 300 persons. Mr. William Burris son-in-law of Mr. Whitley is now 87 years of age. Many years since, relatives of the deceased, either Medlin or Whitley by name, went West, (State, county and postoffice not now known) and carried with them the old family Biole. By events and circumstances, Mr. Whitley is known to have been 115 at his death, but the old Bible is needed to make the figures exact. State papers having a circulation in the State of Florida, Texas, Alabama and Arkansas, will confer a favor by copying the above, as, by this means, the old family Bible may be resurrected.

A sensational marriage took place last Tuesday at Lewisboro, N. Y. The principals are Gould Rockwell, a millionaire and retired business man, eighty-seven years old, and Miss Mamie Louise Delevane, a blushing, rosy checked blonde just out of her teens, whose former home was in Ulster county, N. Y.

Edward Bellamy has earned $16,000 by "Looking Backward." That's better than Lot's wife, who merely earned her salt.—Hartford Post.

PHUNNY PHOLLY.

A milk-shake—Weaning the baby.

Old lady (to street gamin)—"You don't chew tobacco, do you, little boy?"

Little boy—No'm; but I kin give yer a cigarette."

Smart pupil—You say there is hair on all parts of the human body. Now, is there any on the heart?

Professor—Yes, a kind of down. You must have seen people who were down-hearted.—New York Herald.

Parson (returning from church, to small boy with a pole)—"Do you know where little boys go who go fishing on the Sabbath?" Small boy (with pride and animation)—"You just bet I do, and I ain't a-goin' to give the snap away, either.'

Miss Dusky—"Am dem de black stockins' you tole me 'bout buyin'?" Miss Saffron—"Yes dem is de ones, Cicley; an' dey only cos' 75 cents." "Am dey silk?" Not 'zactly, but dey just as good." "An' will dey wash?" "Dat I don't know; I'se only had 'em fo' weeks.

The champion unconscious funny man is out in Avondale, where he is getting the names and statistics for the new Hamilton county directory. Yesterday he called at the house of a young couple who have seen just two summers and winters pass over their heads since the law and the gospel made them one. "How old is your husband?" asked the directory man of the wife. "Twenty-six." "And how old are you?" "Twenty-four." "How long have you been married?" "Two years." Then in the same cold, far-away official tone, he asked the next question on the printed list: "Have you any grown-up children?"

He—"Dearest, if I had known this tunnel was so long, I'd have given you a jolly hug.

She—Didn't you? Why somebody did!"

—Waiter (who has just received the bill) "Beg pardon, sir; but this don't include the waiter!"

Mr. Shaykobs—"Of course it don't, ma tear; but then I didn't eat the vaiter!"

It was at Columbus that a Cincinnati drummer happeend to put up at a table with a number of legislators, and the courtly way in which they addressed each other greatly bored the commercial traveller. It was "Will the gentleman from Hardin do this?" and "the gentleman from Franklin did that." They invariably spoke to each other as the gentleman from whatever county they happened to hail from. For ten or fifteen minutes the drummer bore it in silence. Then he suddenly crushed the statesmen by singing out in stentorian tones to the waiter, "Will the gentleman from Ethiopia please pass the butter?" That ended "the gentleman from" business. —Cincinnati Times-Star.

Veterinary Surgeon (to his new assistant)—"You must take this tube, Pat, fill it with the powder, insert in the horse's mouth, and give a quick, sharp blow."

Vet. (ten minutes later)—"What's the trouble, Pat?"

Pat.—Troth, sir, the horse blowed first."

St. Peter—"Where are you from?" Applicant—"I was a reporter in New York." St. Peter—"Step on the elevator, please." Applicant—"How soon does it go up?" St. Peter—"It doesn't go up; it goes down—slide."

As a lady entered a crowded street car the other night an old man holding a little boy on his lap arose and offered her his seat.

"Oh, no, keep your seat, thank you," replied the lady, "and hold your boy." "Oh, that's different replied the old man, who was slightly deaf." "I had to stand up five days once myself with a boil. I am sorry for you." And he resumed his seat amid the roaring laughter which followed.

A slab-sided, mud-covered granger entered a Broadway clock-store about dusk the other evening, and with a bewildered look, asked:

"Mister, is this where a man kin git a clock?"

"Yes, sir," said the clerk.

"Wall," said the granger, "what be that ticker worth?" pointing to an ornate and intricate piece of time-recording mechanism on the shelf.

"That sir," said the clerk, "is a wonderful time-piece. It is worth $200, and will run three years without winding."

"Great Scott!" gasped the granger, "three years without winding! Say, mister, how long would the blamed thing run if she was wound up?"