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THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

POETRY

PRACTICING AND PREACHING.

All of us are fond of preaching
On a very slight pretext,
While our neighbor's faults and failings
Mostly serve us for a text;
And our sermons grow quite lengthy—
Wax to eloquence profound—
As they teem with sagest wisdom,
And in sharp reproofs abound.

But our own "dear imperfections"—
Ah, we do not touch on them!
We would rather teach our neighbors,
And their sins and faults condemn.
As for ours—oh, well, they're trifling,
And in number are so small,
That the unimportant matter
Doesn't fret our minds at all.

We prefer to teach the nations,
And to reconstruct the world!
And we deem our neighbors' morals
Are in such a tangled whirl
That they need our brains to right them
And our tongues advice to give;
For, altho' we may not practice,
We can tell them how to live!

Ah my friends, our doctrines faulty—
Our own selves we need to teach:
Let our neighbors mind their business
While we practice what we preach.
And, in searching *others'* failings,
Don't allow our eyes to roam;
But, when we indulge in preaching,
Let us take our sermon home.

BACKBONE.

When you see a fellow mortal
With his fixed and fearless views,
Hanging on the skirts of others—
Walking in their easier shoes,
Bowing low to wealth and favor,
With abject uncovered head,
Ready to retract and waver;
Willing to be turned or led—
Walk yourself with firmer bearing!
Throw your moral shoulders back;
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the thing that he must lack.
A stronger word
Was never heard
Than this—backbone.

When you see a politician
Crawling through contracted holes,
Begging for some fat position
In the house or at the polls;
With no sterling manhood in him—
Nothing stable, broad, or sound;
Destitute of pluck or ballast;
Double-sided all around;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing;
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things that he must lack.
A stronger word
Was never heard
Than this-backbone.

A modest song and plainly told,
The text is worth a mine of gold;
For many men mess sadly lack
A noble stiffness in the back.

A LEGEND OF THE HELDERBERGS.

BY C. M. A.

In Albany county, north of the Catskills, and but a few miles distant, is a range of small mountains, known in that vicinity as the Helderbergs; they are about three hundred miles in length, running east and west, and their greatest height is 1,200 feet.

Very picturesque and beautiful is the romantic, rocky scenery in summer; large trees of different varieties, clothed with the richest green foliage, climb along the blue cliffs, and thick, dark undergrowth fringes the stony edges; here dark, gloomy-looking caverns abound, that seem only fit for the dens of wild beasts, yawning black and terrible; rough, high rocks ending abruptly in smooth, dangerous precipices, that thrill one with horror at the thought of what a fall would be from their dizzy heights; mountain brooks that leap bubbling and clear as crystal from rock to rock, and rush along in their own impetuous fashion, till of a sudden they take a final plunge over a huge rock, and a wavy, spraying cascade is the result.

Very grand and sublime these mountains appear even in the grimness of winter, when the restless murmur of the brooks are still, and the long icicles cling in glittering pendants from the overhanging rocks; when the trees bend beneath the weight of snow on their branches, and the ice-cased precipices glitter in a thousand colors beneath the sunlight, one would think the climbing, narrow roadway would be impassable then; but the farmers and country people living near or across the mountains do not seem to experience any difficulty in ascending or descending all through the severest winter season.

Many and varied are the quaint old traditions connected with this spot, and wild and improbable though they are, they yet possess a strange fascination, and remind one very often of the beautiful and poetical creations of Washington Irving's "Catskill Legends." The following is one that was told me one winter night, while sitting contentedly around a warm, blazing fire in the broad, old-fashioned, yet picturesque kitchen of a rambling, spacious farmhouse only a few miles distant from those very mountains. Indeed, the wind, filled with thick, driving snow, was whistling coldly and fiercely down from its craggy sides, and as it pattled without the house and fought and rattled against the windows, dying away to a faint moan and then redoubling its fury, it seemed telling its own story of the terrors and dangers of the snow-blocked passes, and of the weird and supernatural spirits that haunt at night the gloomy and shadowed roadways.

It was a wild night in winter; the air was intensely cold, and though but a few flakes of snow fell idly down the dark, lowering sky and fitful, moaning wind gave promise of a more plentiful fall before morning.

Four young men were seated at a table in a small and ill-kept bar-room, engaged in playing cards; the night was pretty far advanced, judging from the clock, whose old-fashioned, burnished hands pointed to 11:30. They were very merry and boisterous—at least three of them were; the fourth, a handsome, broad-shouldered young giant, played silently, and seldom vouchsafed a word to his companions; that something ailed their hitherto genial comrade the others seemed to understand; but they kept their thoughts to themselves, and jested, and laughed, and chaffed one another unmercifully; while the stout, red-faced but accommodating landlord of the little mountain tavern sat contentedly smoking his pipe by the fireside, and internally watching his guests.

Henry Van Dorn was the son of a wealthy farmer, and was better educated than most of the farmer youth in the vicinity; he had a very genial disposition, and was voted a "fine fellow" by all the young people for miles.

Henry had fallen desperately in love with a bright, pretty lassie. From the first time the dark, radiant eyes of Mary Stafford had smiled into his he had loved her, and in his own manly fashion had won her consent to be his wife. But one thing stood in the way of their happiness. Mary wished him to give up card-playing, of which he was passionately fond; and as his parents, good Christian people, would not allow card-playing at home he was obliged to resort to the little inn on the mountain; and the more Mary urged her objections to this habit the more alluring a pleasure did it become, until Henry felt that he could not abandon it.

In the earlier part of the evening Henry had visited Mary, and while there they had quite an argument, which threatened a lull and seriously; Mary said she would not marry a man who would play cards, and Henry had bidden her "good-night" on the spot, and, with eyes blazing with anger, mounted his horse, and, galloping madly up the dangerous mountain road, stopped not until he reached the tavern, where he joined the three young men already assembled and once himself up to the excitement of the cards. But somehow the dark, tear-wet eyes of Mary seemed to haunt him continually and peered up reproachfully into his face from every card in his hand. He lost repeatedly and finally, as the old clock solemnly tolled out the hour of midnight he arose and said:

"Good night, boys; I think I'll go home. It's quite a ride down the mountain, and it's a pretty rough night—and snowing fast," he called back, as he left the room to get his horse.

The young men accompanied him to the door, saw him mount his horse, called a "good night" to him, and ran, shivering, back to their game.

Meanwhile Henry pursued his way along the old, familiar road. He was deep in thought, sorry now for the hasty words he had said to Mary, who he was aware loved him dearly; and a thousand times he wished he could recall them.

Suddenly he raised his head quickly, and looked keenly about him. What could be the meaning of the sound he heard immediately behind him? It was the tread of a heavy foot-step, with the accompanying thud of a cane. He remembered that human feet would of necessity sound very muffled in the soft snow—that in fact, he ought not to hear them at all—and he felt a strange sort of fear thrill through him. All the old stories of spirits and weird beings that were said to haunt the mountain, and which he had always scoffed and laughed at, came vividly into remembrance, and though he tried to banish the unwelcome thoughts by whistling joyously, the merry tune died on his lips, and the sad eyes of Mary Stafford again rose before him.

He looked cautiously over his shoulder into the darkness, and fancied he could see a strange figure moving along toward him, and the echo of the feet and cane grew louder and nearer. He urged his horse rapidly onward, but the fleet-footed animal could not outdistance those uncanny steps, and Henry felt the perspiration stream from every pore, while his horse plunged violently, nearly unseating him, as the eerie thing came along, not three feet distant, walking deliberatily, keeping exactly time with his madly-galloping horse. Though the darkness was intense he plainly saw his companion by means of a bluish singular-looking light that seemed to follow and float about him, and that made Henry shudder as he looked; the figure was in the form of an old man, whose long gray hair streamed from beneath the brim of the largest hat he had ever seen; it seemed to him about three feet wide, circumference in proportion; a long, white beard hung upon his breast, and in his hand he held a heavy iron bar that he used as a cane; and as he walked he lifted it easily and firmly planted it down again with a ringing thump; he did not take the least notice of Henry, only taking care to keep exactly upon an even line with the horse.

Henry remembered having heard of an old man being seen on these mountains, always appearing in a storm—then darker thoughts intruded. Mary was right; cards did belong to satan, and this queer old mountaineer might be his satanic majesty, or else possibly his aid-de-camp.

"I'll outdo him," he muttered, "after I leave the mountain road."

Henry now rode swiftly onward, while his form grew chilly and his hair rose with fright as he saw how wonderfully the old man kept up with him. Gradually the roadway grew wider, the trees fewer, and through the falling snow white patches of cultivated country could be faintly discerned in the darkness. Henry's heart gained more strength; surely this weird comrade would leave him now. But no; still silently, swiftly, and keeping neither to the right nor left, and keeping a grim silence except for the awful echo of step and cane, the old man of the mountain continued his way.

At last they came to a place in the road that branched into two parts. Henry knew this spot well; one branch wound about a mile around a hill, but the other was the shorter way by half the distance, when the two met again. Urging his horse, who obeyed not unwilling to urge, Henry dashed wildly into the short way, he rode as he never did before in his life.

Completely frightened now, he scarcely knew what he was about, and spurring on his perspiring horse to the utmost, he fairly flew over the road, not daring to look about him, and keeping steadily on until the welcome lights and buildings of his father's farm loomed before him. Forgetting, in his fright, his reeking, tired horse, the moment he sprang from its back he entered the house shivering with fear. A little fire still glimmered on the kitchen hearth, and drawing from his pocket a pack of cards, Henry threw them speedily into the blaze, while he inwardly registered a vow never to touch another card as long as he lived.

Henry kept this vow, and many years after, when sweet Mary Stafford had long slept beneath the sod, and he had been years married to another but not dearer lady, he told this story to his children, who clustered open-eyed about him, and who always wept for the pretty lady who died, and also for the handsome, gallant horse that was killed to death upon that memorable night through their father's fear and carelessness.

A Bride's Strange Freak.

Shamming Death that She Might Elope With Her Music Teacher.

[Deadwood Letter to the Pioneer Press.]

A very peculiar proceeding was related to me to-night affecting a gallant officer of the army, brother of a lieutenant at Fort Meade, and one out of which an interesting romance might be woven. I do not care to give the gentleman's name, but will state that he is a nephew of a prominent Union general of the rebellion period and ex-member of congress. A year or so ago he became enamored with a handsome and accomplished Eastern lady, wooed and won her.—Their honeymoon was all that loving hearts could make it, and their future gave promise of great and continuous happiness. The lady was blessed with more than ordinary musical talent, but uncultivated, and to perfect the divine art she was sent abroad by her husband. She visited the various conservatories of the continent and finally located in Paris for two years' instruction. While there she was reported as being very sick, and soon afterward the terrible announcement of her death reached Lieutenant — — by cable. He at once directed that the remains be embalmed and returned to America for burial, which order was complied with; but as the grief-stricken husband was unable to go East he requested a friend in New York to receive the casket and cause its interment in Greenwood. This was done.

Subsequently certain intelligence reached the widower of a character that aroused suspicion and caused him to hasten to the beautiful cemetery overlooking the harbor of New York, where remains were exhumed, the casket opened and found to contain the decaying body of a man. An investigation was was at once instituted and resulted in establishing the fact that the wife had eloped with her music teacher, first causing a report of her sickness and death to be sent to her far a-way home, and in corroboration of it had secured a corpse from the morgue, which was sent as her own, with the result above stated.

Horrible Tragedy in Winston.

On Wednesday the 8th of February a girl, who had been making her home in the neighborhood of Germanton, and whose name is Ida Crutchfield, came to Mr. N. Sapes' in Winstown to work. The next day, and for several days she complained of being sick, but nothing serious was thought of it until Saturday, when she became so much worse that a physician was called in, and upon examining her condition he found that she was pregnant, and that she was also suffering from a deep cold that she had taken. The next day about 1 o'clock she was suffering so much that the physician was called again, who declared the child had been born, because she was delivered of the after birth while he was there. Diligent search was then made for the missing child, but with no success, until Tuesday evening, about sundown the attention of some of the neighbors was attracted by the hovering of buzzards about the lower part of the garden. The search was then renewed with greater diligence, and was finally rewarded by the finding of the infant. Horrible to relate, the poor little thing showed evidences of having been alive. It was perfect in form and appeared to have been buried under a large rut in the plowed ground but had been pulled out by the buzzards, and its right arm and side partially stripped of the flesh, leaving its heart torn and bleeding. The face and head had been fearfully crushed, and disfigured as is supposed by blows dealt with a rock which was lying near; with its left hand it had grabbed a briar or weed which was growing near by, showing that it had struggled while dying. Immediately after the discovery of the body a physician and the town officers were summoned and took charge of it. By this time it was night, and two men put to keep watch over the girl, while three others guarded the body of the child where it lay.

The coroner arrived the next morning, and an inquest and post mortem examination was had. Our correspondent was unable to learn the verdict of the coroners' jury, therefore we are unable to give it as yet, but suffice it to say that the evidence in [illegible] the girl that there will not be any sort of doubt about the verdict.

Dr. W. M. Terrell, the attending physician was put upon the witness-stand, testified as follows: "I was called to see Ida Crutchfield on Saturday evening, February the 11th, and found her suffering very much from cold, and upon examination, found her pregnant; was called to see her again on Sunday at 1 o'clock, and found that the child had been delivered, and the after-birth remained. The child was found and examined and is a full-grown and well developed child, and with proper care would have lived if violence had not been used. The cord that usually has to be cut loose had been pulled lose from the after birth."

The girl bitterly denied having given birth to the child until the body was discovered. She then confessed everything, stating that she went out to the wood-pile on Saturday night between midnight and day, and laid down on the chips, gave birth to the infant, which she declares was a still-born, and carried it in her dress skirts where it was found. She denies striking it with anything, and indeed goes so far as to say that she did not even touch it. She is very sick, and doubts are expressed as to whether she will recover. She is under a strict guard, and is receiving every necessary attention at the hands of Mr. Snipes and his family, who have certainly shown their generosity towards her all through the whole affair. What a world, what a world is this in which we live! Who can imagine anything more horrible than this? Murder is no name for it, and hanging will be but a poor expiation of such a crime. And yet how often are the feelings of our community shocked by similar occurrences in our midst. The law in such cases are none too stringent and should be enforced to the fullest extent. The feelings of the people are thoroughly aroused, and the sentiment is very bitter against the girl. She will no doubt be tried for her life, and all the chances are ten to one for conviction. —*Kernersville News.*

Like a beautiful queen on her throne she seem'd,
Crow'd with her golden hair;
Her brilliant eyes with splendor beam'd
And her face was passing fair.

Her bust had charm'd a sculptor's eye,
And oft that bewitching glancer
As she gazed on the revelers passing by
In the maze of the festive dance.

My soul was burning, with passion I pray'd
My gallant friend, De Meuil,
To appeal for me to the beautiful maid
To dance in the next quadrille.

He smiled and said, with a comical leer;
"Don't ask me again, I beg;"
Then the demon whispered into my ear,
"She's gone—she's a wooden leg!"

Booth and Mrs Surratt.

The disposition made of the bodies of J. Wilkes Booth, Mrs. Surratt, and others of the Lincoln conspirators is unknown to many readers, judging from the frequency with which people write to the newspapers for information on the subject. The following, from a correspondence of the Boston Traveller, on this subject, will be interesting reading to many:

As a newspaper correspondent I had occasion to visit the old Capitol prison in Washington, in February, 1869, to witness the exhumation and rendition to their respective relatives and friends of the remains of the conspirators in the Lincoln assassination. President Johnson was about to go out of office, and he [illegible] permit the [illegible] burial to the bodies of five persons implicated in the death of Lincoln—Booth, Mrs. Surratt, Atzerodt, Payne and Harold. They had been buried in ammunition boxes of common pine wood, six feet long, two feet wide and two feet deep. When the lid was lifted from Booth's coffin his face was perfect with the exception of a small hole about the size of a dime in each cheek. His hair was in as good condition as if he had just come out of a barber's shop. In taking out the body to place it in a handsome rosewood coffin, supplied by his mother, Mrs. Booth, of Baltimore, the head dropped off from the body. Not so with Mrs. Surratt. Her face and form were perfect, and she looked like one in a happy dreamless sleep. Her head adhered to the body in the process of the transfer. Payne's body was greatly wasted, but Atzerodt's was the worst of all; for when the army blanket that covered his remains lifted up it revealed a shapeless mass of blackened bones and ashes, with a bald and separated skull in one corner. Talking of this matter of the Lincoln assassination, I remember asking Andrew Johnson one day when we were traveling through East Tennessee, at a time when he was running for Congressman-at-large against Maynard and Frank Cheatham, why it was that he did not pardon Mrs. Surratt. He was in a communicative mood, and he said: "The [illegible] history of that case has never been told. It was represented in the papers that I refused to see Annie Surratt (the daughter of Mrs. Surratt) when she came to the White House the morning of the execution, asking for the pardon of her mother. The fact is that I never knew it was Mrs. Surratt, because a man named Mazzy, who had general charge of the White House, came to me and said that a crazy woman was down stairs, and wanted to get in and see me, and she wouldn't give her name, but was crying and tearing her hair, and exhibiting all the evidences of insanity."

"But would you have pardoned Mrs. Surratt," I asked, "supposing you had known better?"

"I might have," he replied, in his bluff way; "she didn't do the shooting, but was an accessory to it."

The crowd gathered together on mill day at San Gabriel, Tex., were natives of many different States, and told jokes at the expense of Arkansas "tooth-heels" and others. One North Carolinian got after the Arkansans hot and heavy. With other yarns he told the following: An emigrant preacher went into the Boston mountain region on a prospecting tour. Coming to a four acre corn-patch, he fought his way through a dozen or more hounds and curs to a windowless cabin in its centre, and entering he commenced a conversation with the lady of the house by inquiring into the state of society thereabouts. The woman did not seem to understand his general inquiries, so he began to particularize: "What religion is most common around here?" Still she did not seem to understand. "Are there many Pesbeterians around here?" he asked "I don't know," she said. "My man John has hunted around here right smart for nigh on sixteen years, and I dont reckon he's killed ary one." "Ah, madam!" said the good man, "I am a fraid you live in darkness here." "Yes," she replied, glancing at the unbroken log walls, yes, but John allows to cut out a window next week." This was received with applause, and a true blue Arkansan had the floor for reply. "I was traveling once in the Old North State," he began, "and as I was riding across an opening like, I saw a man some little distance ahead of me, pointing, as I thought, a long gun at something up in a persimmon tree. I reigned up my horse to wait for him to fire. After waiting some time and no firing done I noticed the man did not seem to be taking any sight, but appeared to be shifting his piece from time to time, so I hailed him and asked him what he was up to. "Raising pork for market," answered he without turning to me. I rode up, and that tar-heel had a little spotted shoat tied to a pole, holding it up to eat persimmons."—[*Chicago News.*

Leaf Tobacco.

REPEAL OF THE LAW TAXING PRODUCERS FOR SELLING IT.

The subcommittee of the House Committee on Ways and Means having in charge the consideration of internal revenue matters, gave a hearing Friday upon the bill to repeal clause 6 of section 3244 of the Revised Statutes. This section prohibits the sale of leaf tobacco by the producers to any parties except licensed dealers. Representatives Dibrell and McMillin, of Tennessee, Buckner and Hatch, of Missouri, and Cabell, of Virginia, made arguments in favor of the repeal. They urged that this sweeping prohibition indirectly seriously against the tobacco-growing interests of the country, while it is certain it carries it is no practical profit or advantage to the Government; that there are in the whole country but five licensed dealers under this clause and but one in the great tobacco-growing State of Missouri, and that the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue shows that the entire revenue derived by the Government last year from this source was but $500. As an instance of the hardships arising under this clause of the law, the case was instanced of an old farmer in Missouri, who owed a neighbor thirty cents and balanced the account by turning over some tobacco of his own growing. The transaction coming to the notice of some internal revenue agent, he was arrested for violation of the law, carried a hundred miles from his home, and made to suffer great expense and inconvenience. It was claimed that the effect of this law is to discourage the small producers of tobacco who are unable to find a legitimate market for their tobacco, and that its mischievous effects are sufficient argument for its repeal. John J. Morrin, of North Carolina, representing the interests of tobacco manufacturers of that State, and particularly of the town of Durham, favored the repeal of this clause but deprecated any general legislation upon the tobacco question. He believed that it should be done quickly with as little agitation of the subject as possible. He presented a mass of statistics to show the injury that has been inflicted upon the manufacturers and trade generally by previous agitation of the subject of internal revenue taxes on tobacco. Incidentally he gave an interesting report of the extent of the manufacturing interest of the town of Durham, which he said will this year manufacture about 4,500,000 pounds of tobacco, an amount equal to the manufacture of the State of North Carolina last year.

An Humble Printer.

A Dutchman, sitting in the door of his tavern, in the far west, is approached by a tall, thin Yankee who is emigrating westward on foot, with a bundle hung on a cane over his shoulder.

"Vell, Mr. Valking Stick, vat you vant?" inquired the Dutchman.

"Rest and refreshment," replied the printer. "Supper and lotchin,' I reckon."

"Yes, supper and lodging, if you please."

"I'e ye a Yankee peddler, mid chewelry in your pack to chear der gal?"

"No sir, I'm no Yankee peddler."

"A singin' master too lazy to vork?"

"No, sir."

"A shenteel shoemaker, vat loves to measure der gal's feet and hankles better than to make der shoes."

"No, sir or I should have mended my own shoes."

"A book acient vot bodders der school committees till they do vat you wish choost get rid of you?"

"Guess again sir, I am no book agent."

"Dunder! A dentist, preaking der people's jaw at a dollar a schnag, and runnin' off mit a daughter?"

"No, sir; I am no tooth puller."

"Phenologus, den; feeling der young folk's heads like so many cabbitch?"

"No, I am no phrenologist."

"Vell, den; vat in dunder can you be? Choost tell, and you shall have the best sausage for supper, and stay all night, free gratis, mitout a cent, and a chih of whiskay to start out mit in de morning."

"I am an humble disciple of Faust—a professor of the art that preserves all arts—a typographer, at your service."

"Votsch dot?"

"A printer, sir; a man that prints books and newspapers."

"A man vot printsea noosepapers! Oh, yaw, yaw! ey, dot ish it. A man vot printsch noospapers! yaw, yaw! Valk up! A man vot printsch noosepapers! I vish I may be shot if did not tink you vas a poor miserable dishtrick schoolmaster who works for nodding, and boards round. I taught you vas him.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

SMALL BITES.

Fear is stronger than love.

Agree for the law is costly.

Dying is as natural as living.

Care and diligence bring luck.

Hatred is blind as well as love.

Children are poor men's riches.

Illness always envies industry.

Heaven is worth the whole world.

A danger foreseen is half avoided.

By doing nothing we learn to do ill.

A good example is the best sermon.

Do good if you expect to receive it.

A good friend is my nearest relation.

It is a manly act to forsake an error.

He doeth much that doeth a thing well.

Ignorance is the mother of impudence.

A good conscience causes a quiet sleep.

A man is not good or bad for one action.

Examples are the best lessons for youth.

He that has no charity merits no mercy.

A civil denial is better than a rude grant.

He's a slave that cannot command himself.

In the company of strangers silence is best.

He benefits himself that doeth good to others.

An hour repain is as long as a day of sorrow.

A slow thinks no evil, so easy speaks no ill.

He that guess at too much holds nothing true.

Honest men's words are as good as their bonds.

If it were not for hopes, the heart would break.

He that falls today may be up again tomorrow.

Gratitude preserves old friendship and procures new.

A good cause makes a stout heart and a strong stout.

He is unworthy to live who lives only for himself.

He hath lived ill that knows not how to die well.

All between the cradle and the coffin is uncertain.

Blessings are often not valued till they are gone.

Children are certain cares, but uncertain comforts.

[illegible] this year.

It is a base thing to tread upon a man that is down.

Friendship is the most sacred of all moral bonds.

He that gives his heart will not deny his money.

Alms are the golden key that opens the gate of heaven.

A sweet and innocent compliance is the cement of love.

Industry is fortune's right hand, and frugality her left.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.

Discreet wives have sometimes neither eyes nor ears.

A man in passion rides a horse that runs away with him.

He that does you a very ill turn will never forgive you.

He's my friend that speaks well of me behind my back.

Forget other people's faults by remembering your own.

It often costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them.

A covetous man does nothing that he should do until he dies.

He that after sinning mends, recommends himself to God.

He that is master of himself, will soon be master of others.

Emulation is lively and generous, envy base and malicious.

A father is a treasure, a brother a comfort, but a friend is both.

He that shows a passion tells his enemy where he may hit him.

He hath a good judgment that relieth not wholly on his own.

If you have no enemies it is a sign that fortune has forgot you.

Drunkenness turns a man out of himself, and leaves a beast in his place.

He that can read and meditate need not think the evenings long or life tedious.

Happiness generally depends more on the opinion we have of things than on the things themselves.

An English clergyman declares that "the greatness of the future of nations belongs to the republic of the United States."

It is now believed that the fixed stars were placed so far away in order that the patent medicine man couldn't get there to paint on the rocks.

There is a man in Stanly county who is only about 32 years old that now has his fourth wife. He is what may be called a "munchly" married man.

A man has been sent to the penitentiary for washing stamps so that they might be used again. The government does nothing to encourage cleanliness and economy.

The India rubber of commerce is obtained from many different varieties of the same tree. In the East Indies the common India-rubber plant of our gardens is employed.

All human experience goes to confirm the wisdom of Solomon, who said: "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath wounds without cause? They that tarry long at the wine.