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MOTHER, MOON AND STARS.

W. S. LORD.

The moon is bending o'er the sea
As I, my babe, bend over thee;
She rocks it gently to and fro,
As I now rock you, so and so;
The wind, her breath, sings softly, "Dear,
Sleep sweetly now, for I am near."

The stars look down upon the sea,
As I, my babe, look down on thee;
The earth's at rest; they vigils keep,
As I watch o'er thy peaceful sleep.
And through the silence I can hear,
"Sleep sweetly now, for we are near."

Chicago News.

Through Fire.

BY ABBIE C. M'KEEVER.

"Fire, Fire!"

The cry rang out, sharp and piercing, on the summer air, and Joe Garret turned lazily on his pillow, and drowsily wondered where it could be.

"Fire, fire!"

Again that terrible cry. Surely it was near. Yes; the smell of smoke aroused him to the certainty that it was quite near.

"Hello here! Wonder if I hadn't better get up and take a look out! There might be such a thing as prudence in in that move."

And leisurely as was his wont, he arose and approached the window, threw open the blinds, and started back, with an exclamation of intense terror, for the building in which he slept was on fire, and the flames spreading rapidly. The engine had just arrived and began work but it was evident at a glance that the house must go.

Even as he gazed at a distant window in the sixth story a white figure appeared and leaned her golden head far out appealingly.

"Miss Nelson, the poor little dressmaker! Heavens, how can she escape? And there are her little brother and sister also!"

But while his thoughts flew rapidly, he siezed his clothes, dashed into a portion of them, grabbed his watch and rushed out into the hall.

Once when the little baby sister had been lost, he had found her and carried her up to their room. Could he find the way now! He meant to try, hazardous as seemed the attempt.

Yes, he found the door at last, but the stifling air in the passsage rendered breathing very difficult.

In he dashed without ceremony.

"Come he demanded. "Come this way; do not wait at the window; the ladders will not reach. Give me the children!

"You can not carry them both, sir!"

"Yes, I can. Robin, get upon my back. Now cling there for dear life. Here Rosie, my pet – don't cry; let me you in this shawl. Now, Miss Nelson, follow me or we will all be lost."

Out into that narrow passage, now full of smoke, they hurried. What a way it was. On, on they pressed, sometimes almost sinking to the floor with suffocation.

"Oh, I can't hold on, I can't!" wailed Robin, dropping to the floor in a dead faint.

"Give me Rosie," gasped the elder sister; "I can take her."

"You can not, but I can. I will carry both," shutting his lips firmly and snatching Robin up under his disengaged arm.

"You take the lead, Miss Nelson. You know the way to my room door; once inside we are safe; but for Heaven's sake hasten!"

On they pressed once more. Out in the lower hall they found it full of half-clad beings, and the wails of the women and children, accompanied by the roar of the fire, rendered the scene appalling and heart rending.

"Miss Nelson! Oh for pity sake, Miss Nelson, help me! I can't find my crutch."

Janet Nelson turned aside at once and threw her strong young arms about the poor creature who had appealed to her, and, lifting her almost bodily, ran on ard.

The door was reached at last—yes, and the window, for it was only the second story. A ladder was soon placed for them and ready hands pulled them out of that awful sea of fire.

Crack! crash! went the timbers of the building, and louder roared the flames.

"Are all safe?" anxiously inquired Joe, with quick drawn breath

A mother's wild shriek rang out:

"Gracie! Oh, my child! my child!

"A ladder! a ladder!" shouted Joe, and when the ladder was placed against the building, he ran up its rounds with headlong haste.

"They'll both be dashed to pieces—two lives instead of one!"

Floy Nelson covered her eyes and prayed, while her poor little heart stood still with dread—pretty little yellow-haired Floy, she knew her heart at last.

The child stood quite still at that open window. She was about ten years old and her bright eyes regarded Joe's advance earnestly.

Eagerly he snatched her from her perilous position and began to retrace his steps.

"I went back for papa's picture," she explained as they progressed. "That is how I was left up there."

"Yes—yes—but cling to me."

Down, down, as fast as possible but louder and lounder grew the flames, their hot breath almost smothering them. They were within a few feet of the ground when the building fell in with a crash, and Joe and his little charge were flung down on the hard stones with pitiless force.

Hurt? Yes, a little. Grace received a broken arm and Joe a broken ankle, but both recovered, and Joe declared it the luckist fire he ever knew, for it was the cause of winning him a dear little wife—Miss Nelson—who was only too happy in ministering unto him. And Gracie's papa, who was abroad and happened to be rich, sent Joe a present of two thousand dollars.

BUSINESS RULES.

Pay as you go.
Never fool in business matters.
Learn to think and act for yourself.
Do not kick every one in your path.
Keep ahead rather than behind the times,
Use your own brains rather than those of others,
Have order system, regularity and also promptness.
A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.
Do not meddle with business you know nothing about.
Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford, because it is fashionable.
Learn to say no. No necessity of snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectably.
Above all things remember that business success and intemperance cannot go hand in hand.—*Chimney Corner.*

HARMONY IN COLORS.

Red and violet do not accord well.
Black never produces a bad effect when it is associated with two luminous colors.
Green and blue produce an indifferent effect, but better when the colors are deep.
Blue, when placed by the side of orange, increases the latter's intensity, and vice versa.
When two colors accord badly together it is always advantageous to separate them by white.
Green and violet, especially when light, form a combination preferable to green and blue.
Red and blue accord passably, especailly if the red inclines rather to a scarlet than than a crimson.
Orange and green do not accord well. Orange and violet accord passably, yet not so well as orange and green.
While gray never produces exactly a bad effect in its association with two luminous colors, yet, in common cases, its assortments are dull.
Red and yellow accord pretty well especially if the red be purple red, rather than scarlet, and if the yellow rather greenish than orange.
Yellow and green form an agreeable combination. The arrangement of yellow and blue is more agreeable than that of yellow and green, but is less lively.—*Philadelphia Record*

VANDERBILT'S INVESTMENTS.

Mr. Vanderbilt, the New York millionaire, continues to increase the size of his magnificent property near Asheville. His latest purchase is a tract of 600 acres known as the P. F. Potton Swannanoa for which he paid $87,00. The Ashville *Journal* says Mr. Vanderbilt now has the most handsome estate in the South, and asks what he will do with it.

The investment of so much money in lands in that part of the State by so shrewd a business man as Vanderbilt shows that he has great faith in its future growth and development. It was reported at one time, we believe, that Mr. Vanderbilt intended to erect a thoroughly equipped institution of learning there, that, in addition to the excellence of its curricolium should combine the advantages of beautiful mountain scenery, and that of a healthy, invigorating climate. Whether this is true or not is not known. It may be that he will use part of it, or possibly all of it, as a site for a palatial all-the year round home or hotel patterned after the Ponce De Leon Hotel at St. Augustine. He has far more money than the standard oil magnate, who built the former structure is and could easily spend a half dozen or so million dollars profitably and pleasantly in planning and constructing a building of this kind that would be the finest in the world. The building of the Ponce De Leon was the gratification of a whim of its owner, H. M. Flagler; and Western North Carolina possesses advantages of the erection of a similar structure on a larger and more magnificent scale, sufficent to gratify the desire of even a hundred millionaire.

Whatever Mr. Vanderbilt intends to do with the property, however, it is quite safe to say that he bought it because he knows a good investment when he sees it, and expects to receive a handsome profit from the expenditure He expects, if he dos'ent have the misfortune to die soon, to see the section become the principal mountain resort of wealthiest people in the United States. He expects to see its mountain sides dotted with handsome homes and beautifully laid out grounds. He expects to see its railroad facilities increased, communication with the exterior world made easy, and the whole section pervaded with an air of life and industry. If Mr. Vanderbilt doesn't see this himself, those who inherit his property will as the realization of such expectation is only a question of time. Mr. Vanderbilt has doubtless reasoned somewhat in this way himself, and he probably made the investment he has because, amid all the attractiveness of the section, he wanted the finest and largest piece of property for himself.

IN ANSWER TO A QUESTION.

We have been asked for information as to whether the different races of man have a common origin;—as the Asiatics (Moguls), Caucasian (European or white men), American Indians, Africans (including the Nubians, Abyssinians, Poulahs, Negroes, Hottentots, etc.), East Indian or Malayan (Telingans, Malays, and Negridians), Australian (Papuans, Australias), and Polynesians (South Sea Islanders).

We cannot attempt to discuss the theory of unity or diversity of origin of of the races, or rather to give any outline of the two sides of this great question, for it would consume some time in preparation and the subject would not interest the general reader. Indeed a proper treatment of the subject of the unity or diversity of origin of the races includes the great questions which are intimately connected with it, such as the theories of the effects of physical agents in producing varieties in animals and man; the phenomena of hybridization; the geographical distribution, migrations, and affiliations of the species; disputed points in archeology, philology, chronology and physical geography; and the bearings of the results of the studies of men of science in these subjects upon theological opinions of the day. We must therefore dismiss the subject with the simple statement, that so high an authority as Agassiz has given it as his opinion that *the races are not of common origin* in these words, —"that what are called human races, down to their specialization as nations, are distinct primordial forms of the type of man."

LOBELIA FORGIVE HIM.

"Billiger McSwat, remove your arm instantly!"

Great drops of perspiration broke out on the broad, intellectual brow of the young man to whom these words were addressed.

"Have I presumed too much upon the kindness and familiarity with which she has treated me?" he said to himself. "Have I lost her? No, no! It cannot be! It must not be!" And he gave voice the emotions that thrilled his soul:

"Mobelia Grubbs," he said, with the yearning, passionate warble of a young poet tendering the first paroxysms of his muse to a red-whiskered, cross-eyed literary editor, "hear what I have to say first."

Clearing his throat with convulsive energy:

"For the love of heaven, Lobelia, do not not tell me that I have been mistaken in thinking the uniform regard that has marked your conduct towards me during the last six months to be a warmer sentiment than that of mere friendship! Do not crush the hopes that have risen in my breast like a Milwaukee avenue tenement house erected on the contract plan. Be your own gentle, tender, pitiful self, and—"

"Billiger McSwat, remove your arm"

"One moment, Lobelia! Think of the happy, soulful hours we have spent over Dante, Browning and the hen and a half problem! Call to mind the enjoyment, the enthusiasm, the—et—patience with which we have attended lecture after lecture on art! Remember the—"

"Billiger McSwat, remove your arm!"

"And listen to the pleading of your own gentle heart when I tell you of the sorrow that a hasty decision on your part would cost me now. I could not bear it. I came here this evening, Lobelia, oppressed by the news just received that I have lost my only uncle. In the breast pocket of this coat is the letter that conveys the sad news. It is true he was a man of great wealth. He was worth, perhaps, a quarter of a million, and in the letter of which I speak I am informed by his solicitors that I am his sole heir, but—"

"Lost your only uncle? Oh, I am so sorry! Let it be my mission to comfort you, Billiger!"

Gently, forgivingly, the fair maiden beamed upon that sorrowing young man as she laid her beautiful head with its wealth of golden hair tenderly and consolingly on the breast pocket containing the sad letter.

* * * * * * *

And Billiger did not remove his arm.—Chicago *Tribune.*

"MY SMOKE HOUSE."

A man who lives in Albany, and whose business is that of a clerk, said that he had lately built a house that cost him $3,000.

His friends exppressed their wonder he could afford to build so fine a dwelling.

"Why," said he, "that is my smoke house."

"Your smoke house! What do you mean?"

"I mean that twenty years ago I left off smoking, and I have put the money saved from smoke, with interest, into my house. So I call it my smoke house."—*Youths Companion.*

ADVICES FROM SAMOAN represent the natives as quiet; Tomasse will not accept terms of peace without he is recognized as King.

FASHIONS FOR MEN

Elderly men are wearing solid gold bands similar to wedding rings

Men are wearing more jewelry now than they have ever done before.

Very few dudes now wear a silk sash instead of a vest on full dress occasions.

Black pearls and black diamonds are very popular as studs for evening wear.

Subscribe for the REPORTER.

PICKINGS

From the Wilmington *Star.*

All of the New York Exchanges will be closed on Tuesday and Wednesday next, and some of them also on Monday.

The Georgia watermelon crop will exceed that of 1888, by 5,000 carloads, so the rail road managers estimate.

Sir Charles Russel made a great speech, conducted for months a great case, and now charges $50,000 for his services.

The World's Washington special of the 11th inst. says if Blain "is not absolutely broken down he is very badly shaken."

Maj Finger reports that arrangements for holding Teachers' Institutes in thirty five counties have been perfected. Five instructors will be selected to conduct them.

A 900-pound sunfish is small fry, it seems. It grows to 36 feet in length. The liver alone is known to yield 600 or 700 pounds of oil.

In Montgomery county, Va., according to the Roanoke *Telegram*, Mrs. Sarah Barnett has been in bed forty years. She is unable to work, has fair health and good appetite.

Herty won the six days' race, making 550 miles. This is 80 miles behind Littlewood's record. Herty got $1,000, Cartright $4,50, and others less sums. Cartright made 532 miles.

John Adams commended Washington for using rum on his table instead of wine. Uncle George would have neither if now at the head of the country. Customs change.

The Richmond Times thinks that Mr. Samuel W. Venerable, of Petersburg would be the man for the Virginia Democrats to make Chairman of the party. He is a good man for the place, doubtless.

There is another walking match "on" in New York. There are ten contestants. At last report Cartright led with 127 miles, Hegelman second 120 miles. Herty is fourth and is the favorite of the sports.

There are only seven Republicans elected to the 51st House who are anxious to serve as Speaker. Reed Cannon, Burrows, McKinley, Banks, Browne, and another we have forgotten, are all candidates.

We see it mentioned that Senator Ransom is to deliver the Memorial Oration before the Alumni at the University Centennial. If he will give his, nights to it he can deliver a memorable address. He has the precise qualities necessary for such an occasion if he will diligently prepare himself.

In the class just graduated at West Point the South gets two of the first seven. The seven are:

"Eben E. Winslow, Massachusetts; Albert McD'Armit, Iowa; Chester Harding, Alabama; Clement A. F. Flagler, Iowa; Robert McGregor, Michigan; William W. Hartr, Illinois; Edmund W. Blake, South Carolina."

North Carolina has one graduate, Matt R. Peterson, who stood 31 in a class of 48. The South has the honor of furnishing the tail, in the person of E. L. Winston, Tennesse. The time was before the war when the South made a better showing. Our young men must be indifferently prepared surely.

Its well enough to give some of the facts as stated by Col. Wm. F. Fox in his recent book entitled "Regimental Losses in the War." North Carolina led. This is no news to us, but it will be news to the outside world, and a stern rebuke to persistent slanderers. As condensed the facts in part are as follows:

"North Carolina killed, 14,522; Virginia, 5,328; South Carolina, 9,18 , Georgia, 5,552; Mississippi, 5,807. North Carolina also led the list in the number that died of wounds and 20,602 of her sons died of disease to 6,847 Virginians. The sons of other States did more talking, but North Carolina evidently did far the most fighting. Her military population in 1861 was 115,369, but she furnished 125,000 men to the Confederate cause."

Let the ink slingers quit misrepresenting the facts of history.