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WISE WORDS.

Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but vanity and selfishness. Let the spirit of humility and benevolence prevail and discord and disagreement would be banished from the household.

The philosopher and lover of man have much harm to say of trade; but the historian will see that trade was the principle of liberty; that trade planted America and destroyed feudalism; that it makes peace and keeps peace.

We often think we are of great importance to certain people; that they must be thinking of us and our affairs; that they watch our actions and shape their course accordingly. In general it is not so; we are quite mistaken.

When we are in company of sensible men, we ought to be doubly cautious of talking too much, lest we lose two good things—their good opinion and our own improvement; for what we have to say we know, but what they have to say we know not.

We must never imagine that it is only the poor and unfortunate who need our services. We have some power for good over all with whom we mingle, and our benevolent desires will multiply and strengthen in proportion as they culminate in wise action.

Real forgiveness is that which we accord to a child who has been naughty and now is penitent. Forgiveness is the right thing from us all to each other. Full of faults and shortcomings as we know ourselves to be, cannot we forgive the like frailties in others?

Moral beauty cannot co-exist with radical effects of principle. The character that is unable to resist temptation or unwilling to cling faithful to duty is no more truly beautiful, whatever be its generous impulses or amiable traits, than a figure which cannot support its own weight. Parts of it may be admirable; but, as a whole, as a unity, it cannot be rightly called a beautiful character, for it lacks the foundation.

General Gordon's Paper Money.

A Gubat letter to a London paper says: "The Mahdi, when Khartoum fell, secured the whole of General Gordon's papers, together with a large number of bank notes issued by the gallant defender of Khartoum. These, we are informed, he is now taking steps to negotiate, and obtain much-needed ready cash by discounting them. As General Gordon pledged England's word to redeem them, it will require some ingenuity to defeat the Mahdi's object. Indeed, it will be next to impossible to detect the notes which the Mahdi has seized and those which have been circulated bona fide by General Gordon himself, especially as all documents are in the hands of the Mahdi. Many of the people from Khartoum who came here in Gordon's steamers hold these notes, which they obtained in a perfectly legitimate manner, and such claims as theirs can scarcely be overlooked. Many natives, moreover, who months ago held friendly and trading relations with Khartoum, have these pieces of paper, and they will certainly look for their redemption. Many of the notes have been bought by the officers here at a far higher rate than their nominal value, as a memento of the hero who is gone. Another relic of the gallant defense of Khartoum, however, is even more sought after than the bank notes, and that is the leaden medals which General Gordon ordered to be struck and distributed to every man, woman and child in the beleaguered city, in token of the bravery they had displayed. Several of these medals were in possession of Gordon's men, but they were so eagerly bought up, not only by officers but by the men too, that they are now at a premium, and at such a premium, too, that an offer of their weight in gold fails to induce the lucky owners to part with them."

A Queer Squirrel Yarn.

Old citizens of Toledo distinctly remember the time when there was an emigration of squirrels in this vicinity. On a certain day a gentleman was on the bank of the Ten Mile creek, when the number of squirrels moving was unusually large. Among the squirrels was one that exhibited such motherly care and affection for her two little ones as to prove a most interesting sight. She reached the bank of the creek where a crossing was to be made. The little squirrels were quite timid about going near to the water, but the mother coaxed them until they seemed to be satisfied to do as she wished. She ran along the shore, and finding a piece of bark about a foot long and six inches wide, dragged it to the water's edge and pushed it in the water, so that only a small part of one end of the bark was resting on the shore. She then induced her little ones to get on the bark and they at once cuddled closely together, when the old squirrel pushed the bark and its load into the steam, and, taking one end of the bark in her teeth, pushed it ahead of her until the opposite bank was reached, where the young squirrels quickly scampered up the bank of the creek, where the mother rested for a few minutes, when the journey was resumed.—*Toledo Blade.*

HUMILITY.

The dew that never wets the flinty mountain,
Falls in the valley free;
Bright verdure fringes the small desert fountain,
But barren sand the sea.

Not in the stately oak the fragrance dwelleth,
Which charms the general wood;
But in the violet low, where sweetness telleth,
Its unseen neighborhood.

HIS ONE GLORIOUS NIGHT.

Mr. Block was bald-headed. Extreme self-esteem had made him bald; for it had prevented him from selling his pictures, except at prices which nobody would pay, and compelled him to make etchings and sketches in the small hours of the night to keep soul and body together. Such severe application and the sleeplessness which it induced had deprived Mr. Block of his capillary adornments. No lotions or magical compounds would restore to him the crown of beauty which he had lost. This was a severe trial to Mr. Block, not because he was vain, but because he was engaged. He had been engaged to Miss Apollonia Schwinger for nearly twenty years, and what is still more remarkable, Apollonia had been engaged to him for nearly twice that period. For she devoutly believed that she had been expressly made for Mr. Block, and that Mr. Block, from the shining hour of his birth, had been expressly destined for her. Mr. Block declared himself in perfect accord with this arrangement, although at times, when he saw how gray Apollonia was getting, he had doubts. But he was a loyal man, Mr. Block was, and moreover he had gotten so accustomed to being engaged to Apollonia that he could not imagine how he should feel if he were not. Beside, Apollonia had her points; she had been decidedly handsome in her day, and at home in Switzerland she had been considered quite a catch. After the death of both her parents she had come to Rome, and after a few modest exploits in art had opened a boarding-house. It was generally understood that an Italian prince had proposed to her, but then there are few flourishing boarding-house keepers in Rome who have not had the chance of becoming princesses; that is, of course, on condition of boarding the prince free. Apollonia could not afford to do this, and therefore she declined. Her first consideration, however, was her tenderness for Mr. Block, from whose genius she expected a greater distinction than that of worldly rank.

It will be observed that Apollonia was a trifle romantic. Art was to her a sacred thing, in the presence of which she would have taken off her hat, if her hat had been detachable. When she visited Mr. Block's studio, as she often did, in the company of a chaperon, she walked on tiptoe and talked in whispers. She believed firmly that the world would some day recognize Mr. Block's greatness, and then she would be rewarded for her long and weary waiting. In the meanwhile she could only pity the world for its purling stupidity in not recognizing Mr. Block. Only think of the splendid gallery Mr. Block had collected of his own works—gambing, peasants, shepherds from the Campagna playing morra, etc.—think of all these radiant works of genius, which might be had for the paltry sum of fifty or sixty thousand dollars! Of course Mr. Block was perfectly right in refusing to sell such gems for five hundred or a thousand francs. She would rather wait until the moment of recognition came, when he would be able, perhaps, to sell them all together to his native city of Berne, to be preserved forever in a separate building, to be called the Block museum. Apollonia wept for very joy when she thought of distant generations deriving inspiration and enjoyment from this museum, and blessing her name because she had upheld and strengthened Mr. Block in his defiance of the world's miserable disregard.

I am very sure that the reader will now expect me to tell him that Mr. Block was a poor artist. No, my dear sir; there you are wide of the mark. Mr. Block was, on the whole, more than a fair artist. He was not a great and shining light, perhaps; but he was far from being a charlatan. He was a little old bachelor, who with conscientious and painstaking industry and respectable talent had devoted his life to art. If, however, you had expressed such an estimate of him in his bearing, he would promptly have knocked you down. He might be too poor to get his dinner, but he was never poor enough to pocket a profitable snub, or to descend from the lofty pedestal on his artistic dignity. He never let Apollonia know that he sometimes suffered want; and he never condescended to visit her in time for dinner. Moreover, in the matter of dress he was extremely particular; when he pawed his waistcoat, he only brushed his coat the more carefully, buttoned it close, and allowed a fragmentary tie of a bright silk handkerchief to protrude slightly from the outer breast pocket, as fashion prescribed. He had bought this many-colored handkerchief twelve years ago, and had cut it up into as many tips as its size would allow, using only one at a time, managing by an artful division of the pattern to give to each tip the effect of a different handkerchief. In spite of all these precautions, however, the rumor gradually spread in the artistic colony that Block was miserably poor. Some discreetly offered to help him, and were told, with polite circumlocutions, to mind their own business. Others, who had perhaps seen him make a dinner off a dish of broccoli and a slice of dry bread, tried in all sorts of underhand ways to make him their beneficiary; but his sensitive pride always detected

disguised charities, and promptly repelled them. In fact, he suffered so keenly from these well-meant attempts to succor him that his friends would have done better if they had permitted him to starve in peace and self-respect.

Apollonia, as I have intimated, had no idea that Mr. Block was having a hand-to-hand fight with starvation. She saw occasionally one of his etchings in the illustrated papers, and naturally supposed that etching was an immensely profitable business. When Mr. Block entered her parlor at half-past eight in the evening and made her the more ceremonious of bows, her old heart fluttered and the tears often came into her eyes at the thought of his staunch and loyal devotion. When, at the end of an hour's discreet and undemonstrative conversation, he arose to take his leave, he usually stooped to kiss her hand, and remarked, "Miss Schwinger, this day has brought us one day nearer to our marriage."

At these words Apollonia's foolish old heart positively ran riot, and her faded old cheeks exhibited a coy little virginal blush.

"The dear good man!" she would say to herself, with a sigh, as she seated herself on the sofa after his departure. And then, for some reason or other, the tears ran silently, one by one, down her cheeks, while the knitting-needles clicked nimbly, and the toe of the stocking grew several inches too long, and shower, no signs of contracting.

It was in the winter of 1879, I think that Mr. Breitkopf, a wealthy manufacturer from Berne, made his appearance in the Roman colony. Mr. Breitkopf, it was rumored, had come to Italy for the purpose of buying pictures for his gallery, and the artists scrambled and fought for his acquaintance like a pack of wolves for a fat sheep. His courier made quite a fortune from artists' fees, and even his dog was made an object of marked attention. Breitkopf, however, took his time before making his investment. He passed by the works of the most distinguished masters with a mere passing glance, and expressed the most unorthodox opinions about everybody and everything. His taste, if he possessed any such organ, was certainly eccentric; and a certain obstinate and self-willed independence, characteristic of the self-made man, inclined him to subscribe to no opinion which he suspected of being en regie. After having passed a month in exasperating the notabilities of the artistic fraternity, Breitkopf one day happened to see the name Anton Block on the door of a rather shabby studio. He inquired of his courier who Anton Block was, and his courier shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say that he was nothing remarkable. That piqued the manufacturer's curiosity. He knocked at the door and entered the studio. Within fifteen minutes he had bought three pictures at five hundred dollars each. Here was actually an artist whom no one had thought worth mentioning to him, and that an artist from Berne, his own native city. It was the blackest envy, of course, which had leagued the rascals together in a conspiracy to keep this great man from his notice. But he would teach the courier-bribers a lesson; he would show them that he was not to be duped. The more he thought of it, the angrier he grew, and the angrier he grew, the more he bought. Three more pictures were transferred to his possession, and two checks, for fifteen hundred and one thousand dollars, to Block's pocket-book.

Breitkopf was in ecstasy; he had discovered a man of genius from Berne—a man who, so to speak, knocked the spots out of all his competitors. He talked of nothing but Anton Block. All the foreign correspondents, who had hitherto studiously ignored the little man from Berne, suddenly discovered what a romantic character he was, and filled columns upon columns with the story of his poverty and his sudden good fortune. Block himself, however, accepted the latter as nothing but his due. He behaved with the most admirable dignity. The only piece of indiscretion which he committed, under the stimulus of a pardonable elation, was to kiss Apollonia on the forehead instead of, as before, on the hand. But Apollonia thought that was so marvelous that she was scarcely surprised at all when he followed it up with the announcement that now he was at last in a position to marry. The only thing that troubled him (though this he did not confess to Apollonia) was the rumors about his former poverty, and the affront to his dignity implied in the efforts of his meddlesome friends to help him. The newspapers, particularly the French, made him furious, and he was consumed with a wild desire to murder some of those romancing correspondents. His regard for Apollonia, however, restrained his wrath, and after some meditation he hit upon another plan, which had the merit of being both ingenious and effective. He sent out superbly engraved cards—all strictly comme il faut—inviting everybody he knew to a grand banquet at the hotel Costanzi to celebrate his engagement with Apollonia Schwinger. He gave the proprietor of the hotel carte blanche, and only told him to get up some thing in the best style he knew, regardless of expense.

It was a very grand assembly which greeted Mr. Block that night in the parlors of the Costanzi. All his meddlesome friends and all his pet enemies were there—Italian noblemen, French and German attaches of legations, artists of all grades of eminence and obscurity, half a dozen monsignori, ladies of lofty birth and gorgeous toilets, and ladies of lowly birth and dowdy toilets—in fact, everybody who had ever done a kind or an unkind deed to Mr. Anton Block, during the thirty years of his residence in Rome, he had honored with an invitation. He felt as happy as a king when he took his seat with Apollonia at the head of the brilliantly decorated ban-

queting board, and he conducted himself with a dignity which would have been becoming an emperor. Apollonia felt as if her heart would burst; it positively danced to the tune of Mendelssohn's wedding march, which the band played as she walked with an ambassador at the head of the procession into the magnificently lighted ball a' manger. And when Block raised his glass and welcomed the company, that same excitable heart of hers shot up into her throat, and remained there for the rest of the evening. She was so jubilant that she feared she would die from sheer excess of happiness.

The banquet went off with brilliant eclat. Everybody was amiable, well-bred and amusing. Great dignitaries, secular and ecclesiastic, made speeches celebrating the host's shining merits; and Mr. Breitkopf, overflowing with enthusiasm, compared him in one breath with Raphael, Leonardo, and Michael Angelo. That was perhaps a little too much, and Block, without conceding an inch of what he had held to be his legitimate due, deprecated his friend's extravagance. He made a positive sensation to the dry wit, neat conciseness, and admirable taste of his reply. Everybody's face shone with delight and admiration; and Block stood, glass in hand, narrowly watching his would-be benefactors, while he spoke, and in his heart he crowed over them, and sipped his triumph like a precious wine, with keen relish, in small delicious sips.

There could be no doubt of it; it was an enormous success. But all things must have an end, and so also a banquet. It was long after midnight when the guests departed; and when at last Anton and Apollonia stood alone in the deserted salon, he suddenly clasped her in his arms and kissed her. He had to give vent to his ecstasy in some way. If she had not happened to be near he might have embraced the waiter.

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" he shouted, and waltzed round the room with her like a madman.

"Mr. Block! Mr. Block!" she cried, in faint remonstrance, "let me go."

"Glory hallelujah!" cried Block, and whirled about with more maddening speed.

"I shall die, Mr. Block," she whispered, sinking into his arms exhausted.

"Do die," exclaimed Block, with wild boyish abandon; "let us both die. We may never have another chance of dying so gloriously."

Then flinging his arms about Apollonia's waist he lifted her up on the table, struck an attitude before her, and declaimed: "Oh happy he whom Death the bloody laurels
In victory's radiance winds about his crest,
Or whom in rapture of swift maddening dances
He finds reposing on his maiden's breast;
Oh, would that I, before the Spirit's power,
Had fallen stark and dead in victory's hour!"

It was a pity, perhaps, that Mr. Block's prayer was not fulfilled. He would then have left a glorious name behind him, and Mr. Breitkopf would perhaps have bought in his whole collection at auction, and founded the Block museum in his native city. Moreover, if Death had taken him at his word, he would have been absolved from the unpleasant necessity of paying the bill for the banquet, which, I regret to say, amounted to \$2,521.30. Block came near fainting when it was presented to him; but quickly collecting himself, he seated himself easily, and without a murmur of protest made out a check for the amount. It was done with such royal sang-froid that the caterer, who had come prepared to haggle, and perhaps to take off thirty or forty per cent., was completely dumfounded. He was about to apologize or justify his charges; but Block waved him off grandly, and seized his palette. But no sooner had the rascal gone than he hastily wrapped one of his pictures in a pillow-case, ran to a pawnbroker, and obtained the fifty francs which were needed to square his account with the bank.

Thereupon Anton Block resumed his genteel and well-disguised fight with his ancient enemy poverty. He represented to Apollonia that, all things considered, it would be rather an unwise proceeding to marry just now, and Apollonia, good old soul that she was, was tearfully and reluctantly persuaded that Mr. Block was right, as always. What particularly impressed her was the necessity of producing as many masterpieces as possible for the post-mortem museum, and it was evident that if Mr. Block was married, he could not devote his undivided zeal and ambition to this sublime cause. To be sure, there was a proposition which trembled on the very tip of her tongue, and that was that Mr. Block might occupy the position in her house which the Italian prince had vainly coveted; e. g., become a free matrimonial boarder in return for the dignity which his illustrious name conferred on the proprietress of the establishment. But the unmaidenly boldness of such a proposal presently rose before her in all its enormity, and she became so flustered that there was nothing left for her but meekly acquiesce in Mr. Block's arrangements. The last agreement, I believe, is that as soon as Breitkopf establishes the Block Museum in Berne their wedding day is to be fixed. But up to date Mr. Breitkopf has kept remarkably quiet. Nevertheless, Apollonia never takes up a Berne newspaper without a feverish little blush and a strange and unaccountable agitation.—*Hjalmar H. Boyesen, in Harper's Weekly.*

A dogmatical spirit inclines a man to be censorious of his neighbors. Every one of his opinions appears to him written, as it were, with subneams, and he grows angry that his neighbors do not see it in the same light. He is tempted to disdain his correspondents as men of low and dark understanding, because they do not believe what he does.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The eyes of a bee contain 1,000 mirrors. The longest legitimate word in the English language is disproportionableness.

Custom compels an Icelander in his native island to kiss every woman he meets.

A violin played near a flock of geese will start them into a grand march about a circle.

A man grows in stature up to his fiftieth year, although the growth is very slow after twenty.

In the time of Herodotus (440 B. C.) chickens were hatched artificially, in underground ovens, which contained six thousand eggs. So you can hardly claim this as a Yankee invention after all.

Turkey took its name from the Turks or Turcomans, which signifies wanderers, and originally belonged to the Scythians or Tartars. It is sometimes called the Ottoman Empire, from Ottoman, one of their principal leaders.

It is said that the largest organ in the world has been built by Walck, of Ludwigsburg, and placed in the cathedral of Riga. It measures in width, thirty-two feet from back to front and sixty-five feet in height. It has not less than 6,836 pipes, distributed among 124 sounding stops.

Harrison Hahn of Wind Gap, Penn., has a two-year-old daughter whose ears are bent forward and grown fast to the face. The girl was deformed when born. Both ears are without the orifice, but deafness is prevented by the girl hearing every sound, no matter how light, through her nose and mouth.

A bridge at Lyons, France, has a stone parapet, pierced at intervals for light, forming a passage which plays the part of a gigantic flute. The rush of the air currents through the openings causes the bridge to emit such sounds of music at different parts of its course that "one might believe it haunted by legions of invisible naiads pursuing the passengers with their plaintive melodies."

Professor Fischer, of Munich, is said to have obtained from distilled coal a white crystalline powder which, in its action on the system, cannot be distinguished from quinine. Its efficacy in reducing fever heat is thought to be remarkable, though one of our wholesale druggists says that the amount of the drug required to produce this effect is so large as to preclude any rivalry between it and genuine quinine.

Why Kerosene Explodes.

Girls as well as boys need to understand about kerosene explosions. A great many fatal accidents happen from trying to pour oil into a lamp when it is lighted. Most persons suppose that it is the kerosene itself that explodes, and that if they are very careful to keep the oil from being touched by the fire or the light there will be no explosion. But that is not so. If a can or a lamp is left about half full of kerosene oil, the oil will dry up, that is "evaporate" a little, and will form, by mingling in the air in the upper part of the can, a very explosive gas. You cannot see this gas any more than you can see air. But if it is disturbed and driven out and a blaze reaches it, there will be a terrible explosion, although the blaze did not touch the oil. There are several other liquids used in houses and workshops which will produce an explosive vapor in this way. Benzine is one, burning fluid is another, and naphtha, alcohol, ether and chloroform may do the same thing.

In a New York shop lately there was a can of benzine or gasoline on the floor. A boy sixteen years old lighted a cigarette and threw the burning match on the floor near the can. He did not dream that there was any danger, because the liquid was locked up in the can. But there was a great explosion, and he was badly hurt. This seems very mysterious. The probability is that the can had been standing there a good while, and a good deal of vapor had formed, some of which had leaked out around the stopper and was hanging in a sort of invisible cloud over and around the can, and the cloud, when the match struck it, exploded.

Suppose a girl tries to fill a kerosene lamp without first extinguishing the blaze. Of course the lamp is nearly empty or she would not care to fill it. This empty space is filled with a cloud of explosive vapor arising from the oil in the lamp. When she pushes the nozzle of the can into the lamp at the top, and begins to pour the oil, running into the lamp, fills the empty spaces and pushes the cloud of explosive vapor, and the vapor is obliged to pour over the edges of the lamp into the room outside.

Of course it strikes again, the blazing wick which the girl is holding, down by the side. The blaze of the wick sets the invisible cloud of vapor on fire, and there is an explosion which ignites the oil and scatters it over her clothes, and over the furniture of the room. This is the way in which a kerosene lamp bursts. This same thing may happen when a girl pours the oil over the fire in the range, or stove, if there is a cloud of explosive vapor in the upper part of the can, or if the stove is hot enough to evaporize quickly some of the oil as it falls. Remember, it is not the oil but the invisible vapor which explodes. Taking care of the oil will not protect you. There is no safety except in the rule: "Never pour oil on a lighted fire or into a lighted lamp."—*Christian Union.*

To make hasty-cup pudding, beat four spoonfuls of flour with a pint of milk and four eggs to a good batter, nutmeg and sugar to taste; butter tencups, fill them three parts full, and send them to the oven. Will bake in a quarter of an hour.

The Bible has been translated into the Zulu language.

JINGLE OF THE PINK.

Fear them prate, prate, prate,
The skater with his mate,
Oh, the skate, the merry, merry skate!
There's many a love—ly story they relate,
As they speed at fearful rate—

'Tis often Cupid seals the fate,
Be sure and save your pate
Ere it shall be too late:
For 'tis so very, very great
To ride upon the merry, merry skate—
'Tis better far than swinging on the gate.
—*Cambridge Tribune.*

He put on the rollers at seven,
And before the clock sounded eleven,
His feet they went flying,
As if they were trying
To kick out the blue dome of heaven.
—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

I want to be a skater,
And with the skaters glide,
A pair of rollers on my feet,
A sweet girl by my side.

He tried to be a skater,
And bravely he struck out.
The doctor says, "In three months
Again he'll be about."
—*Norristown Herald.*

A daring young lady, named Russell,
Thought she'd give roller skating a "tussle."
Her skates were erratic—
Her fall was emphatic,
And—her life it was saved by her bustle.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

If you want a fast friend, buy a porous plaster.—*Call.*

It's a poor skater that won't roll both ways, as beginners speedily learn.—*Boston Courier.*

In these times a man can start a sensation in London by stepping on a parlor match.—*Chicago Herald.*

Will England charge the cost of the war with El Mahdi to the prophet and loss account?—*Boston Globe.*

Is it not contradictory to say that soldiers who fire coolly make it hot for the enemy?—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

The man in Germany who has made and sold 3,000,000 thermometers ought to believe in weather prophets.—*Syracuse Herald.*

When Smithy gave his girl the sack the other day, she took it very philosophically. It once covered a seal.—*St. Paul Herald.*

The breath of winter may be cold, but it is not half so cold as the glance of the man you strike for the loan of half a dollar.—*Biscard.*

An artist who went into the country for the purpose of sketching a bull found there was danger of the bull's catching him.—*Boston Times.*

"Soft words," says a writer of proverbs, "do not scald the mouth." The average dude ought to have a very cool mouth.—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

"Suppose we have no sugar?" suggests an English magazine. Well, then, we don't see how you could successfully run a political campaign.—*Lowell Citizen.*

We agree with a recent writer that "it's all nonsense to say that eating pies is unhealthy." It is trying to digest them that raises the mischief with one's health.—*Boston Transcript.*

It is said that Japanese women have never seen and do not know the use of pins. When a Japanese man's suspender button comes off he uses a shingle nail or a match.—*Graphic.*

Infant terrible: "Say, Mr. Snobby, can you play cards?" Snobby: "Why no, Johnny, I can't play very well." E. T.: "Well, then, you'd better look out, for my says if Emma plays her cards well she'll catch you."—*Life.*

In Boston there's a restaurant where no one asks you what you want, but when you enter there to eat, as soon as you have a seat you hear the sprightly waiter call: "A plate of beans and one fish-ball!"—*Boston Courier.*

A new dictionary of the Chinese language comprises forty volumes. When a Chinese editor gets stuck on the spelling of a word, he has to delay publication for a week or two in order to consult the lexicon.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Mark Twain has invented a shirt that requires no buttons or studs; and now if somebody will get up a sock that won't give way at the heel and toe we don't see why men folks cannot be moderately happy after all.—*Chicago Ledger.*

"Yes," said pretty Miss Snooks, as she came home from a party at 5 A. M., "I was determined to be the last to leave. I hate that horrid Mrs. Blinks, so I resolved she shouldn't have the pleasure of slandering me after I'd gone."—*San Francisco Post.*

We observe with pain that the old form of putting the name of a hotel first is going out of style, and that now they put it "Hotel English," "Hotel Anderson," etc. Soon we shall see such signs as "Butcher Shop Jones," "Gin Mill Schwab," and the like. What is the country coming to?—*Derrick.*

Imposed Upon.

Representative White, of Kentucky, while Speaker of the House, in the Twenty-seventh Congress, was so pressed with business that when he had to deliver his valedictory he got one of those men who are always on hand to make a little money to write his address. It was handed him just a little while before the time he had to deliver it, and he put it into his pocket without reading. When the time came he arose, and slowly unfolding the manuscript, read the address. It was very brilliant, but it was Aaron Burr's famous valedictory to the Senate. The Speaker never recovered from the shock. He went home was taken very ill, and it is supposed he killed himself for shame.