

# THE WESTERN VINDICATOR.

RUTHERFORDTON, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER 18, 1869.

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apr12-14

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jan11

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fe21-17

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apr12-14

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I AM now prepared, at my old stand in Rutherfordton, to furnish the public with Tinware.  
I have secured the services of a No. 1 workman, enabling me to fill all orders.  
REPAIRING done at short notice.  
Tinware sold by retail or wholesale.  
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**Piano for Sale.**  
A GOOD PIANO for sale low for cash.  
Apply to  
EDITOR VINDICATOR.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### Book Farming.

[From the Southern Cultivator.]  
SPARTA, GA., Feb. 24th, 1868.

**Editors Southern Cultivator:** Some men are born generals, some mechanics, some orators, some farmers—some adapted to one profession and some to another; but the great mass of men have to read, study and practice, to become efficient in any calling they may select, and if they apply themselves faithfully and do not rise above mediocrity, they should quit that business and try some other. Whatever has been accomplished by man can be done again, and ought to be done better, with all the accumulated knowledge of the past before us.

What is book-farming? It does not mean to take a book in your hand and go to the field, but it means you should read and study everything that you can possibly bring to bear on farming, and store it away in your head. But be sure to master the subject, and learn the true plan. This is the science of agriculture. Study bad practice as well as good, and learn of the latter the errors that you may avoid them. Read books until you become so perfect in theory, and in the use of tools and manure, that you will have confidence and the nerve to act, and act at once—do not lose time running about to your neighbors, to see when to do a thing and how to do it. Do not let frost or wet or dry weather cause you to doubt or dally. Fortify yourself with books before you begin—such books as will teach you everything necessary to your success; and do not forget that you can learn something from almost every profession.

Book-farming means for the farmer, just what book-learning does for the physician. The medical student must read all the books and attend all the lectures, and the dissecting rooms, until he can pass, then take his medicine and instruments, go out to practice, and test his knowledge. So with book-farming. You must read and study, not only agricultural books, but all books that will apply in any way to that profession.

You need the knowledge of a general, to enable you to discipline your laborers to come to time—to move all at once—to know when to charge and when to retreat. You need the knowledge of a banker, when your money is made, to know how to invest it, (and this is a very important point. You want the knowledge of a book-keeper that you may keep your accounts correctly. In this, many farmers fail—their debtors and creditor accounts—get in debt and become bankrupts before they are aware of it. You must have some knowledge of mechanics and machinery, or you will never know how to keep implements and machines in order or use them; and if the farmer is ignorant, how can he instruct the laborer? You should even have a sufficient knowledge of law to know how to keep out of the courts. You should have some knowledge of commerce and trade, for you have to buy and sell. You should learn from the merchant order and punctuality. This is no small item in a life-time business.

How is all this to be acquired? By reading and hard study, and making an application of the knowledge acquired. Knowledge is power, in agriculture as well as other things; and how are you to get knowledge? Only by reading, study and application. With knowledge you can use the hand as well as the tongue, more effectively.

You must learn the use of tools. A man that has a perfect use of tools, can do double the work one can who knows nothing about their use. Railroads and steamboats have brought men together, and have furnished a partial remedy for want of books.

Messrs. Editors, can you tell what the farmer is now gaining by the use of manures, and by the knowledge received through agricultural papers? Or can you tell what is lost to Georgia by not taking the agricultural papers, and keeping up with the improvements of the day? By reading agricultural papers, each farmer may learn and practice all the improvements of every farmer in the State. Who would not subscribe and pay for an agricultural paper, for such a reward as that?

No man has a right to put his light under a bushel. Farmers, come out and let your lights shine! If you can not afford to give it away, by contributing to the *Southern Cultivator*, put it in book-form and sell it. If you have improved tools, take out patents for them and sell the rights, or give them to the public.

Young men, read, practice and qualify yourselves for one of the noblest of callings. Do not commence where your fathers did, but where they are now, and where the best farmers in the State are, and being young, active and vigorous, make every effort to surpass the best. Be assured there is much to learn yet.

Messrs. Editors, call on all the farmers to subscribe and pay for your paper, and contribute to it; and at given periods, condense all the matter, put it in book-form for the use of the present and future generations. Do not think you have a single reader that would contend that if all the agricultural books were sealed up, and all the agricultural papers stopped, and associations of farmers abandoned, that agriculture would advance much this generation. It would certainly fall back during the next. Agricultural reading (especially monthly papers) begets a

## ANOTHER SCANDAL.

### Why Charles Dickens Separated from His Wife—His Own Statement.

[From Boston Folio.]

The great novelist professes his letter as follows: "You have not only my full permission to show this, but I beg you to show it to any one who wishes to do me right, or any one who has been misled in doing me wrong." We therefore take the pleasure in presenting his statement to our readers:

"Mr. Dear Sir:—Mrs. Dickens and I have lived unhappily together for many years. Hardly any one who has known us intimately can fail to have known that we are, in all respects of character and temperament, wonderfully unsuited to each other. I suppose that no two people, not vicious in themselves, ever were joined together who had greater difficulty in understanding one another, or who had less in common. An attached woman servant (more friend to both of us than a servant), who lived with us sixteen years, and is now married, and who was, and still is, in Mrs. Dickens's confidence and mine, who had the closest familiar acquaintance of this unhappiness in London, in the country, in France, in Italy, wherever we have been, year after year, month after month, week after week, day after day, will bear testimony to this.

"Nothing has, on many occasions, stood between us and a separation, but Mrs. Dickens's sister, Georgina Hogarth. From the age of 15 she has devoted herself to our house and children. She has been their playmate, nurse, instructress, friend, protectress, adviser and companion. In the manly consideration towards Mrs. Dickens which I owe to my wife, I will merely remark of her that the peculiarity of her character has thrown all the care of the children on some one else. I do not know—I cannot by any stretch of fancy imagine—but what would have become of them but for this aunt who has grown up with them, to whom they are devoted, and who has sacrificed the best part of her youth and life to them.

"She has reason, and is reasonable, and she has courage, and she has courage to prevent a separation between Mrs. Dickens and me. Mrs. Dickens has often expressed to her sense of her affectionate care and devotion in the house—never more strongly than within the last twelve months.

"For some years past Mrs. Dickens has been in the habit of representing to me that it would be better for her to go away and live apart; that her always increasing estrangement made a mental disorder under which she sometimes labored; more, that she felt her self unfit for the life she had to lead as my wife, and that she would be far better away. I have unfortunately replied that she must bear our misfortune, and fight the fight out to the end; that the children were the first consideration, and that I feared they must bind us together in appearance.

"At length, within these three weeks it was suggested to me by Forster, that even for their sakes, it would surely be better to reconstruct and rearrange the unhappy home. I empowered him to treat with Mrs. Dickens as the friend of both of us for one and twenty years. Mrs. Dickens wished to add, on her part, Mark Lemon, and did so. On Saturday last, Lemon wrote to Forster that Mrs. Dickens 'gratefully and thankfully accepted' the terms I proposed to her. Of the pecuniary part of them, I will only say that I believe they are as generous as if Mrs. Dickens were a lady of distinction and a man of fortune. The remaining part of them are easily described—my eldest boy to live with Mrs. Dickens and to take care of her; my eldest girl, to keep my house, both my girls and all my children, but the eldest one, to live with me in continued companionship of their Aunt Georgina, for whom they have all the tenderest affections that I have ever seen among young people, and who has a higher claim (as I have often declared, for many years) upon my affection, respect, and gratitude than anybody in this world.

"I hope that no one who may become acquainted with what I write here can possibly be so cruel and unjust as to put any misconception on our separation, so far. My elder children all understand it perfectly, and all accept it. There is not a shadow of doubt or concealment among us. My eldest son and I are one as to it all.

"Two wicked persons, who should have spoken very different of me, in consideration of earned respect and gratitude, have (as I am told, and, indeed, to my personal knowledge), coupled with this separation the name of a young lady for whom I have great attachment and regard. I will not repeat the name—I honor it too much. Upon my soul and honor, there is not on this earth a more virtuous and spotless creature than that young lady. I know her to be innocent and pure, and as good as my own daughters.

"Further, I am quite sure that Mrs. Dickens, having received this assurance from me, must now believe in the respect I know her to have for me, and in the perfect confidence I know her in her better moments to repose in my truthfulness.

"On this head, again, there is not a shadow of doubt or concealment between my children and me. All is open and plain among us, as though we were brothers and sisters. They are perfectly certain that I would not deceive them, and the confidence among us without a fear.

## IN THE GOLD MINES.

[Written for the Western Vindicator.]

BY R. A. A.

Far down 'mid the rocks in the ravine deep  
Where the snake and the lizard day-dog  
keep;  
Where the green-leaf'd boughs half shut out  
the light,  
And the gnarled old roots have woven tight;  
Where never a sound but the trickling rill  
Disturbeth the weight of the silence chill—  
There alone, all alone, from the grey of dawn  
'Till the sombre twilight drifteth on,  
I search—keenly search for the scales of gold  
That covertly lie 'neath the forest mould.

What if the day seemeth long and drear?  
What tho' the night bringeth no one to cheer?  
Though lowly my cabin, and frugal my store,  
Though bronzed, and in rags, and oft wary  
and sore,  
I care not for solitude—laugh at fatigue,  
And my song peals along the ravine as I dig,  
And my hopes grow big, and my heart grows  
bold,  
As nightly I gloat o'er my glittering gold;  
For I know that far off in a cot by the sea,  
A loved one is watching and waiting for me.

Then why should I care that the valley is still?  
That the wind shrieks sadly and cold o'er 't  
hill?  
I hear not; I heed not; I ask for no more  
Than the clink of my pick—the clink of the  
ore.  
There is joy in that sound—awake or in dreams  
There is hope in each ray of the golden gleam;  
For oh! it is there not in a cot by the sea,  
One watching and waiting with welcome for  
me—  
Watching with eyes that oft sparkle in tears—  
Waiting with love unchanged in long years?

**Autumn.**  
There is a glory on the earth to-day,  
There is a spirit in the changing trees,  
There is a soft, low murmur in my heart,  
And on the breeze.  
Sweet Autumn sheds a gentle influence now,  
The world is clad in beauty and in light;  
The sunshine shimmers softly through the  
trees,  
And all is bright.

Some spirit has made love to every flower  
That breathes its love out on the passing breeze;  
Some magic hand has thrown a witching garb  
Upon the trees.  
For all the blossoms blush—they seem rare  
gems  
From the bright land of dreams. In earth-  
ward flight,  
Some seraph's wing has swept the trees and  
left  
gleams of light.

Above us bends the silent, cloudless sky,  
And o'er its depth a lone bird wings its flight;  
Seen for one moment—then, like glided hope,  
It fades from sight.  
The spirit of the wind has struck his harp,  
But altered is the music of the lay;  
The notes are wailing, and the burden is  
'Passing away.'

We love to linger out. The deep, blue sky  
Seems nearer now than when the summer's  
here;  
The rustling leaves a melting murmur cast  
Upon the ear.  
Yes, there is music in the fallen leaves;  
They breathe the spirit of the mighty past;  
They wake a cord in each heart as they sigh,  
'Bright days fly fast.'

[From the New Orleans Picayune.]  
**Our Baby.**  
One more little life  
Its duties to fulfill;  
To conquer and subdue,  
One more human will.  
One more little heart  
To love through weal and woe;  
Two more little hands  
Kind blessings to bestow.  
Two more little feet,  
To shun the paths of sin;  
To choose the narrow road,  
And learn to walk therein.  
One more little tongue  
To lap the praise of God;  
One more little form  
To lie beneath the sod.  
One more spirit bright  
To swell the throng above;  
And one more cherub voice  
To sing Redeeming Love.

New Haven has a machine that cuts  
100,000 slate pencils a day.  
Dexter, it is said, can be trotted a  
mile in two minutes.  
The Paris mint is issuing five-frank  
postage stamp bills.  
Count Kurovski, of the Polish Lan-  
cers of the First Empire, has died in  
Paris, aged 105.  
The proprietor of the Revolution is  
cruelly stung by a pantaloonaic.  
A Cleveland paper acknowledges the  
receipt of a bouquet of fresh flowers,  
out in California.  
The Spaniards are said to be gaining  
ground in Cuba—chiefly in the shape  
of grave-yards.

Parton, who abominates wine and  
segars, eulogizes Mrs. Stowe's fine taste  
and feeling.  
The rumored adoption of knee-  
breeches by polite society has raised  
the price of false calves.  
Governor Bullock, of Georgia, is  
called "His Bovinity" by his opponent.  
From Maine to Texas is now super-  
seded from Florida to Alaska.  
A New York clothier has put in his  
window a placard announcing that he  
is in want of "thin coat makers."

Toxan papers say that more cotton  
will be raised in that State this season  
than can be saved.  
Prince Arthur has been seeking after  
"a-moosement," but nary moose did  
he succeed in bagging.

## Kissing the Baby.

It was once the lot of the writer to  
dwell in the white tents of Camp Har-  
rison, in Georgia, in the lower part of  
the State, where families are always  
far between, and much more so in war  
times. For long weeks we had not  
seen a woman or a child.

At last the railroad through the  
camp was repaired, and in the first  
train there was a lady, with a wide-  
awake, blue-eyed, crowing baby. Some  
hundreds of rough soldiers were around  
the cars, and Capt. Story, of the 57th  
Georgia Infantry, was the biggest and  
roughest among them, if we may judge  
of the tree by its bark.

The lady, with the baby in her arms,  
was looking from a window, and he  
took off his hat and said, "Madam, I  
will give you five dollars, if you will  
let me kiss that baby." One look at  
his bearded face told her that there  
was nothing bad in it, and saying, with  
a pleased laugh, "I do not charge  
anything for kissing my baby," it was  
handed over. The little one was not  
afraid, and the bushy whiskers, an  
eighth of an ell long, were just the  
playhouse it had been looking for.

More than one kiss did the Captain  
get from the little red lips, and there  
was energy in the hug of the little  
round arms. Then other voices said,  
"Pass him over here, Cap," and be-  
fore the train was ready to move, half  
a hundred men had kissed the baby.  
It was on its best behavior, and kicked  
and tugged at whiskers, as only a hap-  
py baby can. It was an event of the  
campaign; and one giant of a moun-  
taineer, who strode past us with tread  
like a mammoth, but with tear-dimmed  
eyes and quivering lips, said, "By  
George, it makes me feel and act like  
a fool; but I've got one just like it at  
home."

Southern young men should note  
of the dissections, with their fatal re-  
sults, that prevail among the Cuban in-  
surgents. Jealousy of the foreigners  
brought about the assassination of two  
Generals, deprive Jordan of his inde-  
pendent command, and necessitate a  
complete re-organization of the insur-  
gent force. Foreigners are wanted  
only as much food for powder—to  
stop a Spanish bullet that might other-  
wise reach a Cuban patriot. For such  
service Americans will do very well,  
but Generalships are for Cubans.  
These are the plain facts of the dis-  
patches in Saturday's issue, given out,  
too, from Cuban sources. In connec-  
tion with this we quote the following  
from a letter of H. M. Wolters, late  
Major on Gen. Jordan's staff, written to  
El Cronista, of New York:

There is not an American at the  
present time enlisted, under the insur-  
gent flag, from Gen. Jordan, the Amer-  
ican leader, down, who if he could get  
away would not willingly embrace the  
opportunity.

The Americans are the only ones who  
will meet the enemy in open combat,  
the Cubans always firing one shot and  
then retreating to the bush. Col. War-  
ren, of Brooklyn, who went out on the  
Perritt, having lost all his men, and  
wishing to return to the United States,  
made an application to the President,  
C. M. Céspedes, but he refused him  
point blank, giving as his only reason  
that he did not want an American to  
leave the island, once he came on it.  
Gen. Quesada, the insurgent chief, said  
in my presence he would as soon care  
for an American as a dog, as he only cared  
for them for fighting purposes, without  
the least expectation of ever rewarding  
them with any position, civil or military,  
in the directorship of affairs in the fu-  
ture, if the cause should be successful  
they are battling for. I have seen  
wounded Americans left on the road-  
side or battlefield to die of their wounds,  
when at all times and in nearly every  
instance the Cuban was cared for.

Now, let the impetuous young filibuster  
look before he leaps.

**Married Twenty-seven  
Cents Worth.**  
In Virginia, where the law fixes the  
marriage fee at \$1, there is a reminis-  
cence of a couple who many years ago  
called on a parson and requested him  
to marry them. "Where is my fee?"  
said the functionary. The parties who  
were to unite their fortunes did so at  
once, and found the joint amount to be  
twenty-seven cents. "I can't marry  
you for that sum," said the irate old  
gentleman. "A little bit of service  
will go a long way," suggested the  
male applicant. "Ah! no," said the  
parson; you don't pay for the size of  
the pill but for the good you hope it  
will do you." The lass, intent on mar-  
riage, began to weep, but the parson  
was inexorable, and the couple turned  
sadly to depart. Just then a happy  
thought seemed to strike the forlorn  
maiden, and she turned and cried  
through her tears: "Please, sir, if  
you can't marry us full up, won't you  
marry us twenty-seven cents worth?"  
We can come for the rest some other  
time." This was too much for the  
parson. He married them "full up,"  
and they went on their way rejoicing.

Mr. Johnson, Conservative, was elected  
to the Legislature from the county of  
Alexandria, Va., yesterday. In  
July this county went Radical by 125  
majority. Mr. Johnson's majority in  
the town and county is 69.

Samuel Portue, a negro member of  
the N. C. Legislature, was on trial for  
larceny in Washington. He was ac-  
quitted.

## FIGURE HEAD RELIGION.

The Mont-  
gomery Advertiser, on this head, says:  
A gentleman from Autauga told us day  
or two ago that out on Mulberry Creek  
the negroes have changed the churches  
into temples devoted to Venus. Another  
from Shelby tells us that there the  
negroes build fires and dances around  
them, worshipping the images which  
their imaginations picture in the flames.

Another tells us that a negro informed  
him that we cannot get religion until  
we die and are buried three days, and  
return from the dead in another shape.  
This confused idea results from the fact  
that the negroes no longer listen to  
white preachers. It is plain to what it  
will lead. Human sacrifices would be  
the corollary. We must get back to  
a white man's government, or we will  
have Dahomy at our doors. Radicalism,  
negro suffrage and figure-head  
religion are necessary concomitants.

**HISTORICAL REMINISCENCE.**—Writes  
the Bay St. Louis (Miss.) correspondent  
of the St. Louis Times, under date of  
September 14:  
At the distance of a few miles west  
of Bay St. Louis, between it and St.  
Joseph's Island, is the locality where  
the powerful English fleet that came in  
1814, under Admiral Cochrane, to as-  
sist Gen. Packenham in taking New  
Orleans, met and destroyed the Ameri-  
can fleet under Commodore Ap Jones,  
after a desperate and gallant struggle.  
The remains of the ill-fated gunboats  
still lie here on the bottom of the shal-  
low sea, and the only remaining monu-  
ment is a large 24-pounder that did  
good service in that naval action on  
board the American gunboat Seahorse,  
and which lies now within three hun-  
dred yards of my front door in seven or  
eight feet water.

**HUMILITY.**—A farmer went with his  
son into a wheat field to see if it was  
ready for the harvest. "See, father,"  
exclaimed the boy, "how straight  
these stems hold up their heads. They  
must be the best ones. Those that  
hang their heads down I am sure can-  
not be good for much." The farmer  
plucked a stalk of each kind and said:  
"See, here, my child. This stalk that  
stood so straight is light-headed and  
almost good for nothing, while this  
that hung its head so modestly is full  
of the most beautiful grains."

According to a French observer, a  
section of a trunk of a tree is not a cir-  
cle, but an ellipse, the transverse axis  
of which is usually in a direction east  
and west. More accurate observations,  
by the help of the compass, gives the  
interesting result that this axis forms the  
same angle with a true east and west  
line that the plane of the elliptic does  
with that of the equator, and the con-  
clusion is drawn that it is the rotation  
of the earth that exercises this influ-  
ence upon the form of a tree.

**Humorous.**  
A store in Denver City conquers in  
this sign: FyNe KUT 2 bak O.  
A little girl describes a fan as "a  
thing to brush the warm off you with."

Why can Americans who color their  
hair never become rebels? Because  
rather than wear "the gray" they'll  
dye.

The first question that disturbed man  
was the woman question, and it  
bids fair to be the last.

A New York druggist says he has  
prevented many a suicide by putting  
up cream of tartar for arsenic. Unfor-  
tunately it is too often vice versa.

One of Brigham Young's daughters  
tried to slope with a young gentleman,  
but was ruthlessly dragged home by Mor-  
mon policemen.

"Papa, what is humbug?" "It is,"  
replied papa, "when mama pretends  
to be very fond of me, and puts no  
buttons on my shirt till reminded of  
it a dozen times."

A petty punster whose ears will  
double be clipped by the new mayor,  
says that New York city is now gov-  
erned by Oakey Hall, Tammany Hall,  
and Alcohol.

A little boy on being asked to what  
trade he would wish to be brought up,  
replied: I will be a trustee of the  
poor, because ever since papa's been  
a trustee we've had pudding for dinner.

The man who knew a bank whereon  
the wild thyme grew, is now in search  
of a bank where he can get time on  
his obligations. He expects to find it  
"when the snows homeward fly."

"Why, Sanbo, how black you are!"  
said a gentleman the other day to a  
negro waiter at the hotel. "How in  
the name of wonder did you get so  
black?" "Why, look here, massa, de  
reason am dis: de day dis chile was  
born am de was an eclipse."

"How is your husband, my dear?"  
asked one lady of another.  
"Oh, he's in a very bad state," was  
the reply.  
"And pray, what kind of state is he  
in?" persisted the other.  
"In State Prison."

**EARLY TRAINING.**—A Hartford four  
year old, saw his parents preparing for  
church, and asked them to take him  
with them. He was told that he was  
too little and must wait till he should  
grow bigger. "Well," returned he,  
"you'd better take me now, for when  
I get bigger, I may not want to go."  
They saw the point; he was taken.