O. Box, 15.

# NEWS GLEANINGS.

here are 271,461 negroes in Kentucky. Tuscaloosa, Alabama, is to have a

street railroad. North Carolina has 26,900 colored

The locusts have appeared in middle Tennessee.

Corn prospects throughout Florida

are very ine. Louisville, Kentucky, has a public

library of 50,000 volumes. A 250 pound turtle was caught on

Pensacola beach last week. Last year Bullock county, Alabama, bought 70 tons of guano; this year she

buys 416 tons. W. H. Pillow has shipped from Pensacola, Florida, this season, thirty-nine

thousand quarts of strawberries. The Goldsboro (N. C.) Advance says berries at five cents a quart, and acres in the fields red with them for picking.

Mr. Alger, of New York, has taken the girl. charge, and will begin and push through water works for Charlotte, North Carc-

cleared \$600 on a small patch of celery during the past winter.

ida, has a field of corn that averages

betwen eleven and twelve feet high and not yet tasseled. The center of population of the United

States is placed in Kenton county, Kentucky, a mile from the south bank of the as he did. In this case he knew differ-Ohio river.

tree in Clay county, Florida, that meas- steps across the boundary line from ured four feet from the ground 251 feet childhood to womanhood; he who had

At Goodlettsville, Tennessee, a few days since, 653 lambs were sold at five in hers, the one spot from which all cents per pound, and were shipped to things henceforth must date. He was a New York by a Bowling Green man.

'It will take forty thousand bushels of corn to run the Dale county, Alabama, some \$60,000 to pay for that article next | you really care for me like this?"

The Tecumsch furnace, at Rome, Ga., is said to be making an average of twenty tons a day, and not to have been cool in

six years. Rev. Dr. S. G. Hillyer has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church at Forsyth, Ga, and received a call from the church at Washington, Ga. This leaves vacant also the Presidency of

Monroe Female College. Nashville, Tennesse, is well provided with schools. Among the most import ant institutions of learning are the Nashville University, Vanderbilt, Ward's Seminary, with its 250 young ladies, Price's Seminary, and Fisk's University, the latter being a colored institution, well endowed, and provided with magnificent buildings.

# "" Going to School."

Class in geography, stand up. Now, who can tell me who was King of the Cannibal Islands 400 years ago? What, can no one answer this gravely important query? Is it possible that you have knowingly kept yourselves in the dark on a point which may one day decide the fate of the nation? Very well; the whole class will stay for an hour after school as a punishment.

The "B" class in geography wil please arise and come forward for trial and sentence. Now then, in what direction from San Francisco are the Mangrove Islands? What! can no one answer? And you boys expect to grow up and become business men, and you girls to become wives, and yet don't know whether the Mangrove Islands are north, east or southwest of San Francisco! shall send the boys up to the principal to be thrashed, and the girls will have

The class in history will now take the prisoners' box, and tell the jury whether sunflower seeds are among the exports of Afghanistan. No answer? None of you posted on this momentuous question? Two-thirds of you on the point of leaving school to mingle in the busy scenes of life, and yet you do not know whether Afghanistan exports sunflower seeds or grindstones! For five years I have labored here as a teacher, and now I find that my work has been thrown away. Go to your seats and I will think up some mode of punishment befitting

your crime. The advanced class in mathematics will now step forward. One of you please step to the blackboard and illustrate the angular rectangle northeast corner of a quadrangle. What! No one in all this class able to make that simple illustration? James and John and Joseph and Henry, you expect to become mer-chants, and Mary and Kate and Nancy and Sarah, you are all old enough to be married, and yet you confess your ignorance of angular rectangular quadrangulers before the whole school! John, suppose you become a wholesale grocer. Do you expect to buy tea and sugar and coffee and spices, and sell the same again without reference to quadrangles? Mary, suppose you go to the store to buy four yards of factory at ten cents a vard. How are you going to be certain that you have not been cheated if you cannot figure the right angle of a triangle? Ah, me! I might as well resign my position and go home and die, for the next generation will be so ignorant that all educated persons will feel themselves strangers and outcasts, -Detroit Free Press,

# The Mountain Banner.

T. A. HAYDEN, Proprietor.

A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Bome Interests and General News.

TERMS-\$2.00 Per Annum.

PUBLISHED AT RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

## WELL, NOT THIS EVENING.

Twas a bright and moonlight evening As they wandered on the shore, And she gently pressed his coat-sleeve, As she oft had done before,

And they talked about his college.
While she charmed him with her looks;
Then she called him very naughty,
Not at all walls are the college. Not at all well up in books.

"Have you ever read," she murmured,
"Squees' Memoir? 1 wish you would,"
"Well, since you 'nsist," he whispered,
"I will try and be so good."

"Take your arm away -you monster!-From my waist, you awful man! That's not what I meant at all, sir!

There, you're breaking my new fan!" "Twas the life of Joseph Squees, sir, And I think you're awful bad!

Am I angry? Take me home, sir, Yes, Lam just fearful mad!" 'Twas a bright and moonlight evening.
As he wandered on the shore;
But no maiden press d his cont-sleeve

# As she used in days of yore.

THE PAINTED FAN. "You won't forget me, little one? said Earl Lysle, in his softest accents, bushels, barrels and hogsheads of straws looking down with earnest eyes into the sweet flower-face, so trustfully uplifted to his own.

"No, I will neverforget you," answered

And the blue eyes grew moist, and the red lips trembled. The promise broke down the last remnant of her strength; the next moment she had burst into Mr. L. O'Neil, of Nassau county, Fla., passionate, bitter weeping.

It seemed as though the branches in the tree above them bent pityingly down upon them; as though the sun lingered During last week, 50,000 pounds of a moment in its tenderest sympathy, ere strawberries were shipped from Chattan- breathing his good night to the world; though the robin checked his notes to listen to the sobs which echoed through the silence of the wood, and stirred Earl J. W. Willis, of Crystal River, Flor- Lysle's heart as it had not been stirred before for many a long year.

He had won the love of many women -won it often for the mere pleasure of winning; sometimes he had won and worn it until it wearied him, but always believing that had the condition been reversed, the woman would have done even ently. When he first met Lena Man-Two men recently found a cypress his hand which had guided her wavering ning she had been a child. It had been wakened her child-heart from its slumber. For what? For this! It had been in his life a summer-idyl, a passing folly; man of the world; she a child of nature,

whose world henceforth was bounded by the horizon of his presence. "Hush, Lena-hush!" he entreated, farmers this year. So they will have passing his arm about her waist. "Do

A passing pride stirred at his ques-"Do you care for me so little that you can not understand it?" she answered.

"Nay! I love you very dearly-so dearly. Lena, that, might I carve out my own desires, and forget my duties, I would never go back to the great city. and the life which has grown wearisome. As it is, I must go; but, Lena, if I may, dear-if I can so shape my destinysome day I will leave it all behind me, and come again, this time to pluck and wear my sweet woodland rose next to my heart forever."

Pretty words were very natural to Earl Lysle: yet even as he spoke these words, he knew that ere another year had run its course, he was destined to lead to the altar his heiress-cousin-a tall, haughty brunette-whose letter of recall now lay in the breast-pocket of his

"But-but if things should go amiss -not as you fancy?'

There was absolute terror in the girl's tones-terror so great that, to the man, it seemed cruelty not to quiet it; and, pesides, his heart was stirring within him to nobler, better purposes.

Perchance he might avow to his betrothed the truth, that, instead of a marriage of convenience, he sought a marrage of love, and ask her to free him rom chains which already began to gall ere they were fully forged.

So he only drew closer to him the girl's slender figure, until the blonde head lay on his shoulder, as he stooped and pressed his lips to its golden crown. "Have no fear, my little one, I will ome back with the first snow."

"You promise, Earl?" "I promise!"

Lena had always loved the summer ather than winter. The leafy trees, the birds, the flowers, the blue sky-all had been to her as welcome friends, to be greeted rapturously, to be parted with almost tearfully; but this year she could scarcely wait for the turning of the foliage, or the southern flight of the

She smiled from her window, as she ooked out one bright morning upon the first frost. She laughed when people said that it would be an early winter.

All her painting-for she possessed great talent with her brush-depicted

winter scenes-snow and ice. But just at the Thanksgiving season her father, a sturdy farmer, was borne senseless, one day, to his home, and died before he recovered consciousness. It was her first real grief. She had lost her mother when an infant. It seemed to her that she could not have and strength to live through it, but that,

as they lowered the coffin into the grave, few flakes of snow came whirling down rom the gray sky, and she welcomed them as heaven-sent messengers of hope. When she came back to the quiet house, through whose rooms the dear. cheery voice would never more echo. she almost expected to find some one waiting for her; but all was still and

desolate. They were dreary weeks that followed the more dreary that she found a heavy mortgage lay on the farm, and that when all things were cleared up. there would be left to her but a few hun-

dred dollars. "He will not care," she murmured 'It will prove his love for me the more.' The week after the funeral, set in the first heavy snow-storm, and the papers told how it had spread from one end of

the country to the other. Lena was almost barricaded in her lonely home, but she sat all day, with folded hands, looking upon the soft,

feathery flakes - watching the drifts mine, what must I do? I leave it all to grow higher and higher-and knew that it was all bringing summer to her heart. The neighbors came to take her in their sleighs, when the sun peeped out again and all the earth was wrapped in its white mantle. They said that her cheeks were pale and her hands fever-

ish, and that she must have more of this clear, bracing air. But she shook her head and refused to go. Could she leave the house, when at any moment he might come? Besides. she had sent to him a paper with the announcement of her father's death, and this must surely hasten him.

But day succeeded day, until week followed week, and still he neither came nor sent her word. The snow-clouds had formed and fallen many times, and each time her heart grew sick with long-

She loved him so wholly, she trusted him so completely that she thought only sickness or death could have kept him from her.

The hours dragged very slowly. Her little studio was neglected. She sat all day, and every day, beside the window, until one morning she wakened to know that the first robin had returned, and the first breath of spring was in the air. He had failed to keep his promise to

That same day they told her that the farm must be sold. Many neighbors offered her a home, but she declined them all.

A sudden resolution came to her. She would go to the city where he lived. Her pride forbade her seeking him, but maybe, if he were not dead, as she often feared, she might one day meet him in

The hope of meeting him-of hearing him-vanished, when she found herself in the great metropolis, and realized its

size and immensity. She had secured a comfortable home with a good, motherly woman, but her purse was growing scanty, and she could not tell how long it might hold out, unless she could find some means of support, when one day, sauntering idly on the street, glancing into a shop-window, she saw some fancy articles, painted by

Gathering up her courage, she went in and asked if there was sale for that sort of work, and if she might be allowed to test her skill.

From that hour all dread of want vanished, and, now that hands were busy, she found less time to brood and think "I want a fan painted," the man said to her, one day. "You may make an original design, but it must be very peautiful.

Lena's heart had been very sad all day, as, at evening, she unfolded the satin, and sat down, brush in hand, to fulfill this latest order. "It is a gift to an expectant bride, the shopkeeper had said; and the words

had recalled all the long waiting, the

weary disappointment, those words might bring. And, as she thought, she sketched, and the hours crept on and the evening grew into night, and the night into morning, and still she bent over her

work, silent, engrossed. The next day, the gentleman who had given the order for the fan sauntered into the store. With an air of pardonable satisfaction, the man drew it from the

"The young artist has outdone herself, sir," he said. "I never saw a more eautiful piece of work, and the design is entirely her own. I-"

But he checked his sentence. The gentleman had taken the fan in his hands, and was examining it with

startled eyes, and face from which every trace of color had fled. Could it be that the word Nemesis was painted upon the satin? No, this was all he saw. On one side was a

woodland scene, while, seated on a log beneath the leafy branches of an old oak, were two figures, one a man, and one a woman. His arm was about her waist. Her lips seemed to move, her whole expression was full of love and trust, and his of promise. A little laughing stream ripppled at their feet. A bird sang overhead.

Where had he seen just such a scene before? He turned the fan on the other side. Summer had vanished. It was winter here. Naught but the fast-falling snow drifting in white heaps upon the

"Who painted this?" he asked, in hoarse, changed tones.

The man gave the name and address. How well he had known it! but how came Lena here? And what was this which stirred through every fibre of his being? Could it be that his manhood might yet redeem him?

With swift steps he walked to house of his betrothed. Stately and beautiful, she came into the drawingroom to greet him, and bent her head that he might touch her forehead with his lips.

"Helen, do you love me?". She had known him for long years, but never had she heard such earnestness,

such real passion, in his tones. It was as though his very soul hung on her answer. Strange, she had never dreampt his love for her was more than friendship, such as she had felt for him. A tinge of color crept into her cheek.

"I have promised to marry you, Earl. You know that I am fond of you, and I highly respect you. Will not this satisfy you?" "No. I want all the truth. Is your heart mine—all mine, so that, to tear me

from it, would be to tear it asunder?" "No, Earl. If it were for your happiness or mine, I could give up my lover and still hold my friend and cousin.' He seized her hand and carried it to his lips more fervently than he had done even in the moment of his courtship. Then, taking the fan from his pocket, he

unfolded it, and told her all the tale of his summer romance. "I thought I could forget her," he said, in ending, "and that when the snow fell and I did not return to her, she would cease to remember me; but see, Helen! She still remembers, and I still love. I do not know what brings her

"I said that I would be your friend. Now, I will be hers as well. Go to her. Earl. Tell her all the truth. Then, if she forgives you, make her your wife. If she is alone in the world, as perhaps she may be, bring her to me. She shall be married from my house, as my sister. I accept this fan, not as a lover's gift, but a pledge to the truer, more honest bond

which henceforth binds us," Lena was exhausted after her sleepless night, and, throwing herself on the lounge in the sitting-roon of her kind hostess, she had fallen into a dreamless

slumber. Long Earl Lysle stood and watched her, until the magnetism of his glance aroused her. She thought that she was dreaming of the fan; but as he stooped and took her in his arms, she knew that

it was reality. She listened silently while he told her all-even his struggle for forgetfulness and his ignorance of his own heart and its demands. She heard that she had sent the paper with the news of he. father's death to the wrong address, that he had known nothing of the long lonely winter to which had succeeded this wonderful, glorious summer-time of

Poor child! She had no room for pride in the heart so filled by his image. She forgot that there was sore need for

forgiveness. He loved her now! Of that she was assured; and after all, the snow had only lain upon the ground to warm the earth and foster the rich, sweet violets, which now bloomed and clustered at her feet.

ready for her to stoop and pluck them. Perhans some women in their pride would have rejected them. She could not; but, stooping, kissed them, then transplanted them to her heart, there to shed sweet fragrance forevermore.

A Leadville Minister. The following remarkable report of Protestant Episcopal life in Leadville was made by the Rev. T. J. Mackay, a missionary in charge of that church, on a recent Sabbath in one of the large churches of that denomination (Dr. Newton's), in Philadelphia. After stating that when he went to Leadville, he found instead of a hamlet, a thriving town, with churches of every denomination, five banks, five daily newspapers, etc., he

"My first vestryman could drink more whisky than any man in the town. Shortly after I made my appearance in the town my parishioners invited me to a church sociable, and upon going I was astonished to see the worthy people waltzing and dancing in the most scandalous manner. To add to this therewire two streets whose entire length were made up of low cance houses. How was I to overcome such a gigantic evil? I secured a hall, had the floor waxed, and after engaging a band of music, I sent out invitations to all the young men of the place to some down and have a dance. I instructed my floor manager-who, by the way made lots of money and skipped-not to allow any waltzing. The result was, after enjoying square dances until 11 delock. the participants quietly dispersed. Some few said: "Wait until the preacher goes, then we'll have a waltz," but 3 was too smart for them-I carried the key of the hall in my pocket, and did not eave until all had departed. Every other week I gave such a sociable, and the results are remarkably good. This har-acter of mission would not do in Philadelphia or Boston, but it will do in Leadville. It may seem ungodly to prectice such a course, but it is the only way to reach these people. When I first went out there the congregation used to applaud me when I was preaching, but I finally got them out of such an unholy habit. No matter who dies, the procession is headed by a brass band. When I buried Texas Jack, the partner of Buffalo Bill, the cortege was headed by a brass band of forty two pieces. Leadville is also a great place for litles. Everybody has a title. Captain is pretty good but to command attention one must be a Colonel or a General. I am a sort of a General. I belong to five malicary companies, and in my capacity as a militiaman I watch over my congrega-

The Decoration of a Room. Crude white is in favor with house wives for ceilings—"it looks so clean."
That is just its fault. It looks so clean, even when it is not, that it makes all else look dirty, even though it may be clean. To paint the flat ceiling of moderate-sized room by hand is simply a waste of labor. It is only at great personal inconvenience that one can look long at it, while, as a matter of fact, no one cares to do so. You see it occasionally, by accident, and for a moment that that casual glimpse should not be a shock to the eye, as it is as well to tint it in accordance with the room. or even cover it with a dispered paper, which will to some extent withdraw the attention from the cracks that frequently disfigure the ceilings of modern houses. What hand-painting we can afford may best be reserved for the pannels or doors, window shutters, and the like, where it can be seen-these doors and the other woodwork being painted varnished, according as we prefer soft-ness of tone or durability of surface. Perhaps it will be best in this instance that the woodwork should fall in with the tone of the dado; but this is not a point on which any rule can be laid down. The decoration of the panels should be in keeping with the wall paper patterns. It may be much more pronounced than they, but still it must not assert itself. One great point of consideration in the decoration of a room is the relation of the various patterns one to another. It may often be well to sacrifice an otherwise admirable design simply because you can find nothing else to go with it. A single pattern, once chosen, will often contral the whole scheme of decoration. Magazine of

THE wish often falls warm upon my heart that I may learn nothing here that I cannot continue in the other here. I have heard nothing from her world; that I may do nothing here but since last summer. But, tell me, cousin deeds that will bear fruit in heaven.

### STOLEN KISSES.

In silence and hush of a dream, With never a sound to be heard But a touch of lips in the gleam

Of the fire, and never a word; The echo will ever repeat

Breaking the silence in twain,
"Stolen kisses are always sweet,

And love is never in vain!" For a kiss would a maiden wake From the charm of a dreamful sleep, And a touch of true love would break The prace that the blue eyes keep. For ever the coho shall greet, Like the song of a ripening rain, "Stolen kisses are always sweet,

And love is never in vain! When hearts and lips bave grown cold, And leve lies but for an hour; When life's romance has been told, And kiss s have lost their power, Then shall soft memory flet, No more a dream to enchain;

Yet stolen kisses are always sweet.
And love is never in vain!

Sandy's Experience with Mint-Juleps. Mr. John Greig, who for the session commencing in 1841 represented the Canandaigua district in Congress (in place of Francis Granger, who resigned to accept the office of Postmaster General), was a well-preserved Scotchman, as well in purse as in person, and very fond of entertaining in a princely man-ner. He had invited a small dinner party in order to entertain a Scotch friend who had but recently arrived in America. The hour named had fully come and passed, but the honored guest had not. Mr. Greig became uneasy and nervous, for the servants had long since reported the courses ready for serving. He went out on the porch and looked down the avenue to see if he could get a sight of his friend, when, lo! there comes "Sandy," much as if he had a hundred ounds or so upon his shoulders—in fact, he was a sheet or two in the wind, as it were. Greig took in the situation at once, and, hastening down the avenue,

met the happy guest, and readily got

him beneath his roof, Although "Sandy"

was glorious, his mental powers were yet steady. He said: "John, I'll tell ye hoo it a' came aboot. While waiting at the hotel for the oor to come, I saw some Yonkees at the bar adrinkin' som'at I coodna tell by sight what its name may be. It was a mixture of sugar and lemon and lumps of ice, and maybe some else, but the barkeeper shook the mixture between twa tumblers until it foamed and sparkled like an aurora borealis; then he put in some sprigs resembling meadow-mint, and then the Yonkees quaffed the liquid through a sprig of rye straw, and they drank wi' a leer, as if it was unco guid. I stepped to the barkeeper and speered to ken the name o' the liquid, when he said it was a 'jollup,' or 'jewlip,' or something like to it in the soond. I telled him I'd tok yun; but, oh, mon, it was no bod to tok! The fak is, John, afoor I kenned what I was aboot, I had made 'way wi' seeven, a' through a bit o' rye straw. Noo, John, if I had but kenned the power o' the thing, and hod quot at six, my heed would no feel as if the pipers and the fiddlers were playing lively reels in it, and a score o' lads and lassies were dancing in glee a' aboot it. Noo, John, if ye be minded ever to try yon Yonkee 'jollops,' tok my advice and be content wi' six at a sittin'. Mind ye, if ye try seeven, ye maun be waur nor Tam o'

Shanter or mysel'; six is quite enough, John."-Harper's Magazine. A Hot-Water River. The great Sutro tunnel, cut to relieve the celebrated Comstock mines at Virginia City, Nevada, of the vast quantities of hot water which is encountered in them, affords an outlet to 12,000 tons every twenty-four hours, or about 3,000,-000 gallons. Some of the water, as it finds its way into the mines, has a temperature of 195 degrees, while four miles from the mouth of the tunnel the temperature ranges from 130 to 135 degrees. To obviate the inconvenience which would arise from the vapor such a vast quantity of water would give off, the flow is conducted through the entire tunnel, four miles, in a tight flume made of pine. At the point of exit the water has lost but seven degrees of heat. Sixty feet below the mouth of the tunnel the hot water utilized for turning machinery belonging to the company, from whence it is carried off by a tunnel 1,100 feet in length, which serves as a water-way. Leaving the waste-way tunnel, the water flows to the Carson River, a mile and a half distant. This hot water is being utilized for many purposes. The boys have arranged several pools where they indulge in hot baths. The miners and others use it for laundry purposes, and arrangements are being made whereby a thousand acres belonging to the company are being irrigated. It is proposed to conduct the hot water through iron pipes, beneath the surface of the soil, near the roots of thousands of fruit trees which are to be planted, and in a similar manner give the necessary warmth to a number of hot-houses to be used for the propagation of early fruits

and vegetables. Oriental Nonsense. Calling on a giddy girl, who has nothing under heaven to do but to follow the fashions. I found her reclining on a lounge in her boudoir. She wore what is called a tea-gown, shaped not unlike a long, loose paletot, with elbow-sleeves, or angel-sleeves, looped and gathered up in two or three shades of colors, flat or at the wrists. The material of the garment was a combination of brocade in gold and silver with silk gauze. Anything more Oriental could hardly be found out of the Orient itself. Over her bosom was a fichu of lace, laid over the shoulders and crossing in front; a bunch of red flowers was fastened at her belt; her abundant black hair was brushed back with a well-counterfeited negligence; the toes of her extended feet were stuck into embroidered sandals, and her stockings were a true flesh-color. A glorious creature she looked, truly, as as she lay there in her studied carelessness of finery. But what I set out to say was that incense was burning at her side. Yes, fragrant smoke was rising lazily from an incinerating pastile in a bronze dish. This is a new freak of the girls. The scent-bottle is put aside, and rooms and clothes are perfumed with incense. If the practice lasts long the cannibal who eats a fashionable girl will find her smoked through and through, like a ham, but a great deal spicier. -New York Letter.

# CALABASH SAM.

Why He Consented to Get Right Up and Take a Little Walk. Two hundred of the leading citizens of Gunnison City, Col., met in convention

on a street corner and adopted the following resolution: Resolved. That a committee of five be appointed to wait upon Calabash Sam, late of Deadwood, and inform him that after sunrise to-morrow this crowd will open fire on him with the intention of furnishing a corpse for our new grave-

yard. The committee of five went out to find Samuel and deliver their message. He sat on a bench at the door of his shanty, a shotgun across his knees and a pipe in his mouth, and he preserved silence while the chairman of the committee read the resolution. Then he

"That means me, does it?" "She does."

"They don't like my stile of carving and shooting, eh?" "That's what they kick on." "Well, I won't go. You haven't got nuf men in the whole valley to drive

Calabash Sam a rod. Return to the convention and report that I'm here for the "I forgot to menshun," continued the chairman, in a careless voice, as he leaned on his gun, 'I forgot to menshun that the convenshun has adjourned. The committee thus finds itself in an embarrassing situation and it sees only one way out of it. Onless you'll agree

to pick up and travel this committee will feel called upon to-to-" "To begin shooting, you mean?" "Exactly, Samuel, exactly? You may have already observed that two of the

committee have got the drop on you." "I see." "Corpses which are riddled with buckshot have a very unpleasant look," continued the chairman, as he rested his

chin on the muzzle of his gun. "Yes, that's so." "And it's kinder lonesome, this being the first plant in a new burrying

ground.' "Y-e-s, it may be." "And so, taking it all around, the committee kinder indulges in the hope that you'll see fit to carry your valuable society back to the Black Hills. You may have observed that three shot-guns, each under full cock, are now looking straight at we. We don't want to bluff, but it's

gitting nigh supper time." "Well, after looking the matter all over, I'm convinced that these diggins won't pan out low-grade ore, and I guess

I'll take a walk." "Right off?" "Right up this trail?"

"Very well. While the committee feels sorry to see you go, and wishes you all sorts of luck, it hasn't time to shake hands. Step off, now, and for fear you ain't used to walking, we'll keep these guns pinted up the hill until you turn the half-mile boulder. Train-march!"

· Journalism Forty Years Ago. The first number of the New York Tribune made its appearance April 10, 1841. Prior to its appearance Horace Greeley published the following in cir-

cular form: "On Saturday, the 10th of April instant, the subscriber will publish the first number of a New Morning Journal

of Politics, Literature, and General In-"The Tribune, as its name imports, will labor to advance the interests of the People, and to promote their Moral, Social and Political well-being. The immoral and degrading Police Reports, Advertisements, and other matter which have been allowed to disgrace the columns of our leading Penny Paper will be carefully excluded from this, and no exertion spared to render it worthy of the hearty approval of the virtuous and refined, and a welcome visitant at the

family fireside. "Earnestly believing that the political revolution which has called William Henry Harrison to the Chief Magistracy of the Nation was a triumph of Right Reason, and Public Good over Error and Sinister Ambition, The Tribune will give to the New Administration a frank and candid, but manly and independent support, judging it always by its acts, and commending those only so far as they shall seem calculated to subserve the great end of all government—the

welfare of the People. "The Tribune will be published every morning on a fair royal sheet (size of The Log Cabin and Evening Signal) and transmitted to its city subscribers at the low price of one cent per copy. Mail subscribers \$4 per annum. It will contain the news by the morning's Southern mail, which is contained in no other Penny Paper. Subscriptions are re-

"HORACE GREELEY, 30 Ann-st." The very first number announced the death of Harrison, and was dressed in the usual form of newspaper mourning, the column rules being turned upside

down. There must have been great labor and anxiety attending that first issue in Ann street, when telegraphs were unthought of, railroads few and far between, steamships few and slow (the President had sailed for Liverpool four weeks previous. and has never since been heard from), and when steam printing presses were in their infancy. The changes of forty

years have been mighty. MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE writes concerning Lord Beaconsfield's audacity: "Some years ago, while he was plain Disraeli, he was at a large dinner, where his wife also was present—an excellent lady, but not distinguished for outward attraction. It happened that her next neighbor at the table was Bernal Osborne, and after the ladies had withdrawn, the latter (who has the manners of a city cabman) broke out in a loud voice: 'Good God, Disraeli, how on earth did you come to marry that woman?" Hereupon ensued an appalled hush, all eyes fixed on Disraeli. At length he said, with a quiet, friged drawl: Partly for one reason which you, Osborne, are incapable of understanding gratitude!'
This completely crushed the vivacious

Osborne." THE man with a scolding wife is over-

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

1. In writing on business be sure to give

2 In remitting money, always give both name and Postoffice.

3. Send matter for the mail department on a separate piece of paper from any thing for publication.

4. Write communications only on one side of the sheet.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

TROUBLE that has been bruin for some time is hard to bear. To step on a man's corn is a bad sign.

Look out for trouble.—Brooklyn Union

Argus. VERY precocious and forward children are not the salt of the earth. They are

too fresh. THE man who picked up a "well-filled pocket-book" was disgusted to find it

full of tracts on honesty. A woman's work is never done, because when she has nothing else to do

she has her hair to fix. THE Syracuse Herald don't understand how, necessarily, a man may be a hatter who makes his influence felt. \* Speech is silver and silence golden. That is where it costs more to make a man hold his tongue than it does to let

him talk. OLD subscriber: "What are you growling about? If you want an article that will cover the whole ground, get a Chicago girl's shoe."-Boston Post. SAYS Henry Ward Beecher: "None

of us can take the riches and joys of this life, beyond the grave." Don't wan't to, sir. We'll take ours this side of the grave, if we can get 'em; the sooner the better, sir. An exchange asks "If kissing is really sanctimonious method of greeting why do not the pastors who practice it ever bestow their labial attentions upon men?"

Because the men are always away, at. their business, when the pastor calls, and there is nobody left to kiss only the women. - Peck's Sun. ANGRY wife (time, 2 a. m.)-"Is that vou. Charles? John husbar me." Angry wife-"Here have I been standing at the head of the stairs these two hours. Oh, Charles, how can you?" Jolly husband (bracing up)-"Standin"

on your head on t'shtairs? Jenny, I'm shprised! How can I! By jove, I can't! Two hours, too! 'Stronary woman!" A NEWSPAPER article asks: "What are the causes of decline among American women?" Well, generally because she thinks the fellow cannot keep her in sealskin sacks, French gowns and fashionable bonnets. When a single man with plenty of "soap" is around there is not any decline among American women

to speak of .- Boston Commercial Bulle-"I've noticed," said Fuddidud, "that the railroads run past all the fences that are painted over with medical advertisements. It's funny," he added, "but it's so. Did any of you ever notice it?" All present acknowledged that it had never occurred to them before-just that way. Fuddidud is more than ever convinced of his profundity.—Boston Transcript.

In one of the hotels at Nice is a beau-

ful American, who lately went to an "at home" in full dress-low-necked, satin, diamonds, etc. On arriving and looking around the room she perceived the other guests to be in demi-toilet. "Well," she said, "if I'd known that it was only a sit around I'd not have put my clothes on."-London Truth. AMERICANS are of a practical nature. When an Illinois farmer who had got rich was visiting Switzerland, they dilated

to him of the beauty of the surrounding scenery. "Yes," he replied, "as scenery it's very good. But it strikes me the Lord has wasted a lot of space on scenery that might have been made level and good farming land." They wanted to lynch him, -Boston Post. THE Chicago street car conductor may not be very civil but he is a man of imagination. The Inter-Ocean tells a story

of a member of the guild who, when a woman wearing a dolman waved her arms to stop him, and then, fearing to be run over by a passing wagon, did not move from the sidewalk but continued her gestures, shouted, "Come, madam, quit flapping them wings and ge aboard."-Boston Transcript.

A Sad Case. Miss Grace Miller is well known as a roung lady of culture and refinement. and as a member of one of Cincinnati's oldest and wealthiest families. Her accomplishments and charms have made her a favorite wherever she is known. For some time past she has been afflicted with a soreness of the eyes that threatened serious trouble, if not permanent blindness, and has been treated by a skillful optician of this city. On a recent evening, as we are informed, after passing a few hours pleasantly with her family, Miss Miller retired. In the morning she did not make her appearance, and her maid was sent to call her. When awakened, Miss Miller said:

"Why, Mary, why do you call me so early?" "It isn't early, Miss Grace," replied the maid. "It is quite late. I am sent. to wake you."

"But, Mary, it is so dark; it must be

quite early. Open the blinds; let in the sun; let me see the daylight." "Yes, Miss Grace," said the maid "the shutters are now open, the sun beams in; don't you see it? Or what is the matter? Can't you see? Do your eyes trouble you?"

"O yes, Mary," replied the afflicted girl: "I can not see. Oh I must be blind," and she gave an agonizing shrick that brought the family to her room. The truth alas! was soon known. In a night almost, Miss Grace Miller had been stricken blind. The case is one of such sadness as words cannot describe. We give the

authority, and can only say that sympathy, the deepest and most sincere, is offered in this hour of great affliction. -Cincinnati Letter.

simple facts as related to us upon good

A Disgraced Daughter. A doting mother in Chicago displayed her solicitude for her daughter's good name by frantically rushing into the station and shouting, "My daughter is disgraced!" True enough, she had eloped with an insurance agent; but had the mother been discreet she wouldn't

LITERARY women are not as a rule. remarkable for beauty. Indeed, it is seldom, unless in the case of a few editors. that beauty of soul is combined with a corresponding beauty of person,

have given it away.