Special Requists. 1. In writing on business be sure to give the Postoffice at which you get your mail

2. In remitting mon y, always give both name and Postoffice.

3. Sen I matter for the mail department o a separate piece of paper from any thing for publication.

Write communications only on one ide of the sheet.

WHEN YOU FIRST WHISPERED LOVE 'Twas in the springtime long ago,

Do you remember how the birds

The buds were bursting on the tree We'd just left winter's frost and snow When you first whispered love to me.

Rang out their pensive chickadee When you first spoke those tender words, When you first whispered love to me? A glorious sunset slowly died,

Gray shadows crept o'er land and sea: 'Twas then you drew me to your side, 'Twas then you whispered love to me. The crescent moon rose white and faint, A pallid light gleamed o'er the lea,

The whip-poor-will made mournful plaint, And then you whispered love to me. And now, when birds of spring I hear, The opening buds and leaflets see, I think of that sweet time, my dear,

When you first whispered love to me.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

MUFFINS. -One pint of sour milk, piece of melted butter size of an egg, two teaspoonfuls saleratus, flour enough for a stiff batter.

CAULIFLOWER.—This is a very pretty addition to a jar of pickled cabbage, but it must be put in salt and water for two days first before it is added to the | the air-chamber. cabbage.

TEA CARE. - Four cups flour, four cups sweet milk, two eggs, two spoonfuls cream of tartar, one teaspoonful saleratus, small piece of butter, sweeten if you like.

one gill of sherry. Mix and add one pint of thick, rich cream. Set on ice. whip to a strong froth, and serve in

glasses. CRAIGIE TOAST,-Three eggs, beaten well, one green chili out fine, the inside of two tomatoes cut into small pieces, a little milk and one ounce butter, all mixed together with a little salt, then heated and served on hot toast.

SHRIMP SAUCE. - Take half a pint of shrimps, pick out all the meat from the tails, pound the rest in a mortar with the juice of half a lemon and a piece of butter; pass the whole through a sieve. Make a pint of melted butter; put the meat from the tails into it, add a dust of cayenne, and when the sauce boils stir into it the shrimp butter that has come through the sieve, with or without a table-spoonful of cream.

PORK CHOPS. - Cut some cutlets from a neck of pork, trim them neatly and take off the chine bone; give them a few blows with the bat, and grill them on or in front of the fire; sprinkle them with salt and arrange them in a circle on a dish, with mashed potatoes in the center and the following sauce round them: Put a large piece of butter, rolled in flour, in a stewpan, slightly rubbed with garlie; add mushrooms and a little chopped shalot; moisten with equal quantities of vinegar and broth; add salt and grated nutmeg; strain; boil it up; add a little mustard, stir well and serve.

APPLE COMPOTE. -Peel, core and halve six large apples, trimming them so as to get them all of a size; drop them as they are done into cold water with the juice of a lemon squeezed into it to prevent their turning brown. Have ready a strong sirup (made with one pound of sugar and quart of water) boiling hot; put the apples into this, with the thin rind of a lemon and two or three cloves. As soon as they are cooked-great care must be taken that they do not break-take them out and dispose them, concave side uppermost, on a glass dish; place a piece of current jelly or quince jelly in the hollow of each apple, then well reduce the sirup and when cold pour as much of it as is necessary under the apples.

JOHN DENNIE AND GEN. FLOYD. Early in the late civil war, John Den nis, a full negro, believing himself fired with patriotic zeal, and able to serve his country, besought his master, a Georgian, and obtained permission to accompany a regiment from that State. which was soon placed under the command of Gen. Floyd. The history of the campaign is well known. On the retreat John became homesick, and was allowed to depart. He had become well known to Gen. Floyd and all his command. On his departure he went to take leave of the General, when the following dialogue was had:

Gen. Floyd-"Well, John, you are going to leave us, eh?"

John-"Yes, Mars Floyd; it 'pears like I could do more good at home now dan bein' here, so I thought I'd go home and 'courage up our people to hold on,"

Gen. F .- "That's right, John. But are you going to tell 'em that you left us when running from the Yankees?"

John-"No, sir; no, Mars Floyd, dat I ain't. You may 'pend upon my not tellin' nothin' to 'moralize dem people." Gen. F .- "But how will you get around telling them, John?"

John-"Easy enough, Mars Floyd. It won't do to 'moralize dem people. I'm goin' to tell 'em dis-dat when I left de army it was in first-rate sperrits. and dat, owin' to de situation of de country and de way de land lay, we was a-advancin' back'ards, and de Yankees was a-retreatin' on to us."-Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine.

The Mountain Banner.

T. A. HAYDEN, Proprietor.

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

TERMS-\$2.00 Per A naum.

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

INVENTIONS AND INDUSTRIES.

A Frenchman claims to have discovered a simple method by which bronze is made as malleable as copper or iron. His process consists of the addition of from 1 to 2 per cent. of mercury, which acts mechanically rather than chemically, and produces the desired effect.

An iron company in England is converting the slag from their furnaces into concrete for building and other puposes. A new office has been built, in which the door and window facings and the ornamental parts usually made of stone are made of concrete. A' contract has also been made with one of the railroad companies to furnish slag-concrete flags ready for use for laying down platforms at the stations.

A mechanicat Dunnedin, New Zealand, has obtained a patent for an improved furnace for locomotive and other steam boilers. It is designed with a view of saving fuel, and the grate bars are set out from the tube sheet, to leave an air passage between them. A fire bridge is supported by the grate bars, and is provided with vertical, inclined and horizontal slabs and a flange surrounding

Straw, wood, shavings and af fibrous substances are now used in the manufacture of a great variety of vesses. A New England company are manufacturing large quantities of barrels, baskets, kegs, tubs, etc., from the pulp of these WHIP CREAM.-Half a pound of materials, which is molded and compowdered sugar, juice of two lemons. | pressed into the desired form. | The vesels have no cracks, and, conscauently. cannot leak or sift the contents, and will not dry up or shrink.

Mr. W. G. Bagnall, of Stafford, England, has built the smallest locomotive ever fitted together for actual use. It has a three-inch cylinder and thirteenand-one-half-inch wheel, and its maximum width is only thirty-one inches. It of three-horse power and eighteen inch gauge. It is to be used on some road in South America. Locomotives by the same builder, of the same type, but a little larger, are employed in South Africa, Java and India.

CIGARS WHICH NO LADY WILL OR-JECT TO.

An applicant for a patent for a new style of cigar thus modestly describes

its "attributes:" "The tobacco from which the cigars are made is grown entirely in conservatories, and the cigars are made on mahogany tables by thoroughbred Cubans in swallow-tail coats and white kid gloves. When a man smokes one of these cigars, he walks on air, and dreams that he has a diamond scarf pin and a sixty-five-dollar suit of clothes. and just married rich. It makes the breath sweet, and keeps the teeth white. and will force a moustache on the smoothest lip in five weeks. It permeates the house, window curtains, closets and clothes with the delicate odors and exquisite fragrance of heliotrope, new mown hay, jockey club and white rose. It will fasten the front gate every night, and carry the paper in the morning, chase the cats from the garden, drive the hens to water, and 'hardly ever' fail to make one feel better all over. No well-regulated family can properly keep house without them; for the man who smokes this cigar will never cut wood too long for the stove, never swear when he puts up stovepipes, never step on a lady's train, join a club or go down to the postoffice after

LAPHAM A SCHOOLMATE OF DOUG-

United States Senator Lapham, of New York, was a classmate at Canandaigua Academy of the late Stephen A. Douglas. The academy was at that time one of the leading educational institutions in the State, and young Lapham and Douglas were regarded by the faculty and their fellow students as the smartest scholars in the institution. In debate they were regarded as rivals, and always were pitted against each other. Mr. Lapham occupied a seat at the head of the table in the boarding department and Douglas sat at his right hand. Mr. Lapham was compelled to leave the school for several weeks, and on his return found Mr. Douglas occupying the seat at the head of the table. Mr. Lapham demanded his seat, and Mr. Douglas insisted upon his right to retain it. The faculty finally decided that the two men should argue the case before the scholars, who would sit as a jury. The contestants accepted the situation and made elaborate speeches. The jury decided that Douglas was entitled to the seat. Mr. Lapham, in relating this anecdote, used to say: "This was Stephen A. Douglas' first idea of squatter sovereignty."

WHEN one is at work on arithmetical problems it is well to use a pencil to save the brain. When we see a man scratching his cranium in an absentminded manner, we are apt to think he is carrying to much in his head.

A MILWAUKEE man who compelled the sharer of his joys and salary to drink a half gallon of beer at one sitting has been arrested for malt treating his wife. -Detroit Free Press.

OUR JUVENILES.

The Owl and the Spider, In an old beifry tower, A dry, cozy bower, Dozed an owl by the hour. But the bell's sly old clapper

Was a mischievous rapper, And soon waked the napper. "Mr. Owl, don't you mind him; With cobwebs I'll bind him,

And round and round wind him." Thus up spoke a spider, Strip'd like an outrider:

The owl sharply eyed her, And said: "If he cheat you I'll not scold nor beat you; I'll just merely eat you."

The owl saw her spin Her web, frail and thin, Round the bell, out and in. But, next Sunday morning, Without word of warning.

With a cling and a clang, With a bosm and a bang, The old clapper rang! The owl did not chide her, Rebuke nor deride her,

The bell went a-storming !

But he ate up that spider! Here is a moral, dear children, for you: Never promise a thing you're not able to de -Frank B. Stauffer, in St. Nicholas.

The Little Man Who Had as Many Chil-

dren as a Sieve Has Holes. There was a little man who had as many children as there are holes in a sieve. As he was going to seek his bread he met a beggar who gave him a bean and told him to plant it in his garden, assuring him at the same time that t would grow so quickly that in a short time it would reach the sky. The man sowed the bean, which grew so promptly that soon it hid its head in the clouds: then he climbed up the bean-stalk and knocked at the door of paradise.

"Who is there?" asked the bon Dieu, who came to open the door.

"It is a little man who has as many children as there are holes in a sieve."

"Here is a napkin," said the bon Dieu to him; "take it, and when you want to eat lay it on the table, saying:

Let there come to me bread, wing and roast, That is all I ask here; Let there come to me bread, wine and roast,

To satisfy all the folk here. The little man went down from Paradise all joyous; he gave to eat all his family: then, as he was proud of what he had done, he went to the inn, where he remained over night. Before going to bed he could not help talking:

"I have a napkin; keep the thing quiet, and don't let anybody say to it :

bread, wine and roast To satisfy all the folk here."

During the night the inn-keeper replaced the fairy napkin by another napkin just like it, and the little man took it away with him; but it was no use saying to it as he laid it on the table:

bread, wine and roast To satisfy all the folk here. He saw nothing come. So he climbed up his beautiful bean-stalk again and

knocked at the door of paradise. "Who is there?" asked the bon Dieu. "It is the little man who has as many

children as there are holes in a sieve." "You come rather often, my friend. But this time I will not refuse you. Here is a donkey; you must put a cloth under his four feet and say: 'Donkey. make gold and silver,' and your wish will be fulfilled; but try and be sharper than

you were the first time. The little man, after having tried the virtues of his ass, could not refrain from going with him to the inn, and he talked again:

"Mind you do not say to my ass : Donkey, make gold and silver."

"No. no." replied the inn-keeper: 'we won't say that to him; go to sleep

During the night he substituted another ass for the one that came from heaven, and the poor little man could not have any more crowns. So he went so see if the beanstalk was still there, climbed up it and knocked for the third time at the door of paradise.

"Who is there?" asked the bon Dieu. "It is a little man who has as many children as there are holes in a sieve.' "Ah! it is you again, my friend; you

ome too often : I am sure that you have been to the inn again." "Give me something !" said the little

"Here's a stick; when you wish to make use of it you must say: 'Stick, unfold, but not on me.' This is the last thing I shall give you." The little man went down from

paradise and returned to the inn; before going to bed he said: "Mind you do not say to my stick :

Stick, unfold !"" "Rest in peace," replied the inn-keeper. But as soon as the little man was in bed the inn-keeper made haste to take up the stick and say to it:

"Stick, unfold!"

No sooner had he spoken than the stick began to heat him so that he cried for help. The little man came, and the inn-keeper said: "Little man, pick up your stick!"

"Give me my napkin and my don-The inn-keeper agreed, and when the

little mar, had his napkin and his ass he delivered the inn-keeper by making him

"Stick, unfold, but not against me." | Treaty.

Face to Face With a Leopard. No sooner had we camped than Tommy hurried off to find out where the noisy flocks of iris-crows were perched.

Menito, meanwhile, had watered our mule, and reported that, farther up, the rill was as cold as ice, so I picked up the drinking-cup and accompanied him to the spring. We had followed the windings of the glen for some 500 or 600 yards, when suddenly the boy seized my arm, and by a sort of instinct at the same moment my eyes met those of an animal crouching behind a fallen tree. not more than fifteen paces from where we stood. "Don't stir," I whispered; "that's a panther! The least movement, and he will make a spring."

Menito stood as still as a statue, but felt his finger-nails piercing my skin he began to realize our situation, for even through the gloom of the ravine and the intervening branches of the fallen tree we could see that the animal was getting ready for action; inch by | journals are talking about this, but their inch it advanced its fore-paws and lowered its head. At that moment, as I gripped my hunting-knife, the report of a gun boomed through the glen. Two instants afterward, the panther had vanished-a single leap had landed him on the other side of the creek, and with the second jump he was away and out of sight among the bowlders of a branch

"That was Tommy's shot-gun," said I: "he fired at the rookery, I suppose," for once more the hills were ringing with the croaks and caws of the

iris-crows. Menito made no reply, but still clutched my arm, and, looking into his face, I saw the tears rolling down his cheeks-the first and last time I ever caught him crying. 1 never saw a braver lad of his age, but the excitement for once had overstrained his nerves. Dr. F. L. Oswald, in St. Nicholas.

A Bird that Turns Somersaults. There's a pretty little bird that lives in China, and is called the Fork-Tailed Parus. He is about as big as a robin, and has a red beak, vellow legs, black tail, and red-and-yellow wings. Nearly all the colors are in his dress, you see, and he is a gay fellow.

But this bird has a trick known by no other birds that ever I heard of. He turns somersauits! Not only does he do this in his free life on the trees, but also after he is caught and put into a cage. He just throws his head far back. and over he goes, touching the bars of his cage, and alighting upon his feet on the floor or on a perch. He will do it over and over a number of times without stopping, as though he thought it great fun. All his family have the same-trick, and they are called Tumblers. The people of China are fond of keeping them in cages and seeing them tumble. - St. Nicholas.

A JOURNALIST'S INFLUENCE FORTS YEARS AGO.

A story told by Charles T. Congdon, of the New York Tribune, in his "Reminiscences" of a Boston editor, Richard Haughton of The Atlas, also illustrates the personal influence of the journalist in the old Whig days.

In 1840 Daniel Webster thought the Whigs should nominate him for President. Mr. Haughton, believing that Mr. Webster could not be elected if nominated, favored the choice of Gen. Harrison. It was a bold act to come out against the great man in the city where he was idolized. But the editor was capable of doing more than that-he

To beard the lion in his den, The Douglas in his hall,

Taking a proof-sheet of the article, in which he indicated the course he intended to pursue, he called on Mr. Webster. The great man read the article and flew into a passion. He ordered the editor out of his house, but the command was not heeded. Waiting for Mr. Webster to become calmer. Mr. Houghton set forth the political situation?

"You cannot be President, Mr. Webster," he said, with editorial plainness of speech: "but you can have an office quite as important and honorable; you can be Secretary of State. You know how it will irritate your friends in Boston. I do not ask you to say to them that you approve of it, nor that you disapprove of it. I merely ask you to say nothing."

These were brave words to speak to Daniel Webster, for he was then the dictator of Massachusetts politics. But they were effective in persuading him that silence would be the most dignified course for him to pursue.

Great was the commotion in State Street the next morning, as Mr. Webster walked down it with more than usual dignity. "Mr. Webster, have you seen the Atlas?" "Mr. Webster, have you read that shameful article?" cried one and another of his friends.

"I have not seen the Atlas," he said, bearing himself magnificently; "nor do I care to see it. I suppose that the editor expresses his opinions, as he has a right to do."

Thus the great man, heeding the editor's frank suggestion, took himself out of the way. He became Secretary of State, and thereby was enabled to do his most serviceable act to the republic, the negotiation of the Ashburton WICE EXPERIMENT FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Roll up a piece of paper, a pamphlet, to make a tube about nine or twelve inches long and an inch or so across. Put this tube to your right eye and look through at some object, attentively keeping both eyes open. Now hold up your left hand with its back toward you and bring it very near the lower end of the tube, looking at your hand with the left while your right eye is fixed on something through the tube. If you hit the right position, which you can do, putting the edge of the hand against, not over, the lower end of the tube, you will be surprised to see very clearly the things beyond. It is a very easy, but most surprising little experiment, and will please old as well as young people. You will, of course, wish to know why this is so, why there seems to be a hole where there is none. The scientific explanations would hardly suit youngsters. We usually look at the same thing with two eyes, and the two images make one in our mind. Here we separate the two eyes in an unusual manner, and the mind brings together the circle made by the tube for one eye and the hand seen by the other, and makes one of them. You can vary this in sev. eral ways. If, when looking through the hole in the hand, you stretch out the left thumb so that it will be seen by the right eye through the tube, the thumb will appear to be directly across the hole in your hand. Instead of look ing at your hand, use a card; make a black spot on the card as big as a halfdime, and look at it as before; the black spot will appear to be floating in the center of the hole, with nothing to hold it there. Another variation is to make a round hole in the card of the size of the half-dime; look at this hole with the left eye, so that the real hole will be in the imaginary hole; the hole will appear exceedingly bright, and surrounded by a ring of shadow.

A NARROW ESCAPE. "I tell you, sah, dis partnership bizness am powerful resky," said the old man as he nibbled a green onion at the Central Market. "Las' month I went into partnership wid Cæsar White in de peanut bizness. He furnished de roaster an' I bought de peanuts, an' we was to whack up on profits. Dat Cæsar am a bad man, an' doan' you forgit it. If I hadn't been on de watch fur him I'd bin cleaned out high-sky. What sort of a game d'ye spose he tried to play on

No one could guess, and, finishing the rest of his onion, the old man contin-

"Well, sah, when we come to roas' dem peanuts dat Cæsar wanted me to believe dat de shrinkage offsot all my sheer in de bizness, an' he ordered me to get away from dat roaster an' go home." "An' you went to law?"

"No, sah! I got an inspirashun 'bout dat time, an' I poured de whole bushel into a barrel o' water. In five minits dem peanuts had swelled all my capital back an' gin me a 6-shillin' claim on de roaster beside, an' de way Cæsar gin me \$3 to dissolve partnership an' git out teat any hoss race you eber raw!"--Detroit Free Press.

POISON IN LEMONADE.

"There's a business which ought to be suppressed," remarked an eminent professor of chemistry to a reporter, as the couple passed a stand where "lemonade" was being dispensed from an icecooler which had evidently seen its best

"Why so?" asked the scribe.

"Lemonade," replied the professor in his most impressive manner, "even when made from lemons in a tin vessel with soldered joints, or in a galvanized-iron vessel, will take up the lead from the one and the zinc from the other. A salt is then formed which is very unwholesome, and, when taken continually or in large quantities, absolutely poisonous. This injurious action is considerably increased if citric and tartaric acids are used instead of 'lemons' in making the lemonade. Consequently, the use of such vessels for lemonade should be avoided, especially if the contents are allowed to stand for any length of time.

An overdose of any of these acids is bad,

and they are worse when taken in the

form of lemonade. Nothing would be

likely to give you the cholera quicker

than a succession of those drinks."-

Philadelphia Record.

In the garden two 6-year-old children. a girl and a boy, exchanged vigorous blows and scratches, meanwhile calumniating each other at the top of their voices like Homeric heroes. Mamma interferes, and, after much difficulty. succeeds in separating them. "What in the name of goodness are you up to. you unhappy little wretches?" 'Playing kusband and wife, ma?"

Johnston, in Harper's Magazine, they grounded their arms. - Henry P. two lines to a field on the right, where whose troops then marched between the stely returned it to the Birtish General, -tpemui 'noissimqus s. Amene equ to uen strikes up and they plunge into it.

BELLE BOYD.

During her residence in Washington

"Belle Boyd" formed an intimate acquaintance with President Lincoln, and a friendly correspondence was kept up between the two during a greater portion of the war. On one occasion her letter paper was adorned with the Confederate motto, a snake entwined around a Confederate flag, and the inscription, "Don't tread on us or we will bite." When Lincoln replied to the missive he sent back the motto with "bite" erased and the word "bust" substituted. Broken down in health and bereaved by the loss of her father, who had died in the effort to effect her release from captivity, "Belle Boyd" determined to leave for foreign shores, and in May, 1864, she embarked on the Greyhound at North Carolina as the bearer of important dispatches from Jefferson Davis and Judah P. Benjamin to the friends of the cause in London. In endeavoring to run the blockade, however, the Greyhound was. captured by a United States steamer. "Belle Boyd" was taken to Boston, kept a prisoner for some time, and finally banished to Canada. From there she went to England, where she passed the second epoch of her life. She was married at the aristocratic church of St. James, Piccadilly, received with open arms in titled society, became a widow. and finally, having a natural talent for the theatrical profession, took to the stage. Probably no person in this country has been afflicted with so many "doubles" as this lady. Since her return to America and marriage to Col. J. S. Hammond, an English gentleman, once a member of the celebrated "Louisiana Tigers," she has completely sunk her history with that of her husband. and, with the exception of a few occasions, when she has appeared upon the platform as the talented reader and elocutionist. "Marie Isabelle Hammond." her mind has been engrossed with domestic affairs, Yet, every few months, she is vexed and annoved by coming across an announcement that "Belle Boyd," the ex-Confederate spy, has turned up in some part of the country. Now the pretender is being entertained by some prominent Southerner; again, she is in distress and soliciting aid, Several years ago one of these bogus "Belles" visited Atlanta, Ga., on a lecturing tour, and was denounced by Capt. St. Clair Abrams of

the News, as an impostor. Next morning she proceeded to the office and demanded satisfaction, which being refused she proceeded to draw a couple of Derringers, but was seized before the weapons could be pointed. Since that time she has not turned up in Georgia.

SMOKING CIGARETTES.

It was the American who invented the

patent cigarettes; not so much to save the consumer the trouble of making the article as to get a good chance to adulterate them. There is not a cigarette made in America that any man, boy or woman would smoke if the making and mixture of them could be seen. Every brand makes a loud boast of using ricepaper; whereas any one who takes the trouble to examine the rice plant will see at a glance that there is no fibrous consistence in it to make paper of the sort used in cigarettes. Prodigious fortunes have been made and are making, and millions of people are slowly ruining their digestive organs by inhaling the foul stuff wrapped up in the various brands that claim to be pure. Let any smoker of cigarettes subject his tongue and throat to a medical examination after smoking a package of cigarettes. Vitriol itself leaves no more sinister impression on tongue, throat and palate. If the cigarette were made of pure tobacco and fairly good papers it would be no more harmful than a cigar, which the world has come to agree substantially is not harmful at all. But the greed of the trade enters this like all other enterprises that spring up to supply sudden demand. A package of twenty cigarettes, which may represent an outlay of from 3 to 5 cents, the manufacturer exacts 12 to 16 cents for. There is rarely in a package of twenty as much genuine tobacco as a smoker consumes in one honest pipeful. It may be safely said that, with perhaps one or two exceptions, every cigarette made is a source of violent physical reaction, destructive of vital tissaes and the active principle of lurking and insidious diseases, and that it is better to smoke a pound of tobacco in any other form than the pinch mingled with poison that makes up the ridiculously expensive and utterly worthless article of cigarette that holds the market.-Philadelphia Times.

Some men are so stupid! (Scene: At the Vavasours' dance). Waltzer (to hostess' fair daughter)-"So glad to find you alone at last, Miss Vavasour." Miss Vavasour-"You are-very kind." Waltzer-" Not at all. But tell me, you are not engaged?" Miss Vavasour -"No-o." Waltzer-"Then may I hope-" Miss Vavasour-"Oh! really -Capt, Hawley-you must talk mamma." Waltzer (blankly)-"What about?" Most opportunely the waltz

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Rutherfordton, N. C. P. 0 Box, 15.

PLEASANTRIES. .

Cas a young lady who is everlastingly knitting her evebrows be called indus-

THE only prize the English carried off at the Derby was a surprise, but it was

THE age of discretion-The age when

company airs can be put on or taken off as necessity demands. Who says it is unhealthy to sleep in

feathers? Look at the spring chicken and see how tough he is-

Do nor tell a man he lies. It is vaigar. Say that his conversation suggests to your mind a summer-resort circular. Ir has been definitely settled at last

that the reason why the pig's tail curle is because it's styed when it is young. "Nothing is impossible to him who wills." Nonsense; it is impossible for the man who wills to get ahead of the

WHEN a woman attains the age of 35 vithout accumulating a husband she ensoys attending one funeral more than a

dozen balls. A BEAUTIFUL maid in Carlisle On the back of her neck had a bisle: When her lover forgot,

And hugged the sore spot, Her screams could be heard for a mais. Ir is now believed that the oleomargarine factories put hair in their goods, thes rendering it more difficult of detection than ever.

WHENEVER young ladies learn how to stick a pin in their apren strings so that it won't scratch a fellow's arm there will be more marriages.

"IF you want a broth of a boy, take me." said the Irish sailor to the cannibal King. But the King said he preferred him roasted. He wasn't fond of brothis.

"What can run faster than a good horse?" was the conundrum, and the man who had had some trouble with his creditors guessed it at once: "The THE latest sweet thing for the ladies

is ivory heels on wedding slippers. When the first-born gets old enough to get into mischief the ivory heels should be removed. THE New Orleans Picayune states

that Philadelphians kick against the elevated railways. Jehoshaphat! That beats the best efforts of the Soldene "Pur upon my tombstone," said the dving man, "an epitaph stating that I

was a scoundrel, thief and brute. Then people will think that I was a good man, Epitaphs always lie so." A PARROT in Harlem speaks 250 words. There being less than that number of profane expressions in the English lan-

guage, it is presumable that the bird is something of a polyglot. "THERE goes the celebrated Mr. C .. the lame lawyer," remarked a lady to her companion, as he passed them in the street. "Excuse me, madam," said he

turning sharply, "you are mistaken; ! lame man, not a lame lawyer." "YES, your Augustus sa fraud!" Said Sue to Arabella. "A fraud!" said Belle, "I can't afford

> To hear that of my feller; He's true and tried, and good beside, And delicate and dainty-" "Ah, yes, but then," Miss Sue replied, "He's sort of beau Gus, sin't he?"

CRANES. Cranes of one or more species are found everywhere, with the exception of South America, the Malayan and Papuan archipelagoes and the scattered islands of the Pacific. The common European species, celebrated in all times for its

migrations-So steers the prudent crane Her annual voyage borne on the winds; the air Floats as they pass, fanned with unnumber

was at one time very numerous in the fenny districts of England; so possibly Milton knew the bird. The name is quite wrongly applied to the heron in Scotland and Ireland, while in America and Australia the white egret herons are also called cranes. Old Æsop's fable of the stork being captured in the evil companionship of the cranes, and being condemned to death for thus even asssociating with notorious plunderers of grain, indicates that he well knew the two kinds of birds; far better, indeed, as Blyth truly says, than did that renowned master of mediæval painters. who commits the curious zoological mistake of introducing cranes instead of storks in his world-known cartoon of the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes." In common with many other gregarious birds, cranes always place sentinels as a lookout, while the rest of the flock will trustfully repose, and they likewise leave them on the watch while on their marauding expeditions tocrops of grain.

Ir is now that the young base-ball player imagines that there is no future for him, because he is kept home from a match to rake up the garden-rubbish and get ready for a digging-bes.

DAVID K. CARROLL, a Baltimore manufacturer, who bequeathed several million dollars to his family, placed \$100,000 in the hands of his executors to defend the will in case of litigation.