One ireb, one insertion One inch, each subsequent insertion... 60

Quarterly, Semi-annual or Yearly con Obituaries and Tributes of respect charged for at advertising rates,

No communications will be published unless accompanied by the full name and address of the writer. These are not requested for publication, Lut as a guarantee of good

All communications for the paper, and hainess letters, should be addressed THE BANNER.

Rutherfordton, N. C.

ARCTIC BIRDS. No writer can visit the Pacific Arctic thout being struck by the amazing number of wea birds he meets with, Gulls, ducks and geese are found in almost-incredible numbers, not to mention the land birds, such as ptarmigan, plever, snipe and so on; but the one that eclipses them all in number is the ank, whose pygopodous family is to noted for its distribution in the Polar as. Puffins, dovekies, guillemot and the little anks, darkening the air in their avriad flight, scream to each other in ceaseless uproar on the rocky cliffs of St. Lawrence and the Diomede islands, to which places they resort and lay eggs on bare ledges and the rifts of rocks. A place much frequented by these birds is at the former island on some detached rocks a considerable distance at sea, their shape being so singular that when approached from a long distance they may be mistaken for a ship under full sail or a tall iceberg. Closer inspection. however, reveals a rocky tower, the counterpart of an immense Vendome column. The lesser auk, the most common object that one meets in this north country, furnishes a constant source of diversion from its awkward movements, which are owing to the posterior position of its legs obliging the bird to sit nearly bolt upright on the ice supported on its heels and tail, the unique picture of comic seriousness. The eggs and flesh are particularly affected as an article of diet by the Esquimaux, who eat oil. Roasted auk has been a common dish at our mess table, but it must be confessed that it is only a short reprieve from salt beef, for after a few days it

From an Arkansas paper we copy the following dramatic account of a deadly duel in Indian Territory : J.T. Carpenter, a Choctaw chief, and Col.

pails on the taste. - Cruise of the Cor-

win-Lieut, Reynolds.

Price, a prominent citizen, became involved in a quarrel at Pine Creek Indian Agency. Parties who were present at a "gathering" say that the first they knew of the quarrel the chief and Col. Price were standing a short distance from the crowd, when the chief exclaimed : "Your blood can alone pay for this." My blood is yours when you are man enough to take it !" exclaimed the Colonel, stepping back and assuming a threatening attitude, "Not now," said the chief, when the crowd rashed to the scene. "A brave man does not shed blood in the face of a mob. Meet me on this spot to-morrow morning." "At what time?" "When the sun shines through the top of that tree," pointing to a tall oak, "stand here, and, when the sun reaches the top, when the shade falls at your feet, look around and you will see me." The two men separated, and the spectators wondered why two of the most talented men of the Nation had quarreled, but no one dared investigate, lest he be considered an intruder. On the following morning a large crowd gathered to witness the contest which every one knew must terminate fatally. The Colonel arrived, stepped upon the exact spot where he had stood the previous day, and looked at the sun. He looked again, and then looked dowp. Again he looked at the sun, and then surveyed the field. The chief was seen advancing. When within a distance of thirty feet of the Colonel he stopped and drew his revolver. The Colonel drew his pistol and straightened himself like a man that suddenly experiences a feeling of pride. Not a word was spoken. The two men raised their weapons. They fired almost simultaneously. The chief reeled. Again they fired. The Colonel fell dead. The crowd rushed forward. The chief fell to the ground. The Colonel's bullet had entered his breast. Blood flowed from his month. The Colonel was shot through the heart. The chief still lives, but without hope of recovery.

THE great gunmakers, Messrs, Krupp, of Germany, have succeeded in perfecting a process which will lead to a material reduction in the expenditure on ordnance for the German navy and army. All the heavier Krupp guns consist of a steel body strengthened by hoops, the thirty and one-half centimetre guns having three tiers of hoops. the twenty-six centimetre and twentyfour centimetre two, and the remainder one tier. The interior of the body, or the bore of the gun, being the part subjected to the greatest wear and tear. becomes rapidly worn out, and hitherto it has been found necessary, after at the very most 1,000 rounds have been fired. to melt up the whole gun on account of the damaged condition of the bore, althrugh the outer parts of the piece were practically as good and sound as ever. Since the construction of these outer hoops is very costly, the idea occurred to one of the members of the firm that it might be possible to localize the melting operation : and this has now been found possible to accomplish by treating the body of the piece with a coldproducing preparation of carbonic acid. which contracts it to sucn an extent that the hoops, expanded at the same time by the application of heat, can be easily removed

Avoid, as much as possible, using cheap envelopes, made of thin paper, es pecially where more then one sheet of paper, or any other article than paper. is inclosed. Being often handled, and even in the mail bags subject to pressure, such envelopes not infrequently split open, often giving cause of complaint against officials who are en firely innocent of the matter.

Deeler String to GREAT LIVE CORT LIVE seems to have been a titch for the Pair of the Pair

T. A. HAYDEN, Proprietor,

A Fainily Newspaper: Devoted to Rome Interests and General News.

TERMS \$2.00 Per Annum

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

QUITE TOO TOO; UTTERLY UTTER, I I were Anglo-Saxon, And you were Japanese We'd study storks together, Pluck out the peacock's feather, And lean our languid back on The stiffest of settees -

> If I were Anglo-Saxon, And you were Japanese, If you were Della-Cruscan, And I were A .- Moresque, We'd make our limbs look iens to Artistic folds and dress in What once were tunics Tuscan In Dante's days grotesque-If you were Della-Cruscan,

> And I were A.-Moresque. If I were mock Pompeian, And you Belgravian Greek, We'd glide 'mid gaping vandala In shapeless sheets and sandals, Lake shades in Tartarean, Dim ways remote and bleak-If I were mock Pompelan,

And you Belgravian Greek. And you were quite " too too," 'Twould be our El Dorado To have a yellow dado. Our happiness to hum at A teapot painted blue-If I wers what's "consummate"

And you were quite " too too." If you were what " intense" is, And I were like " decay," We'd mutely muse, or mutter In terms distinctly utter, And find out what the sense is Of the esthetic lay-If you were what "intense" is And I were like "decay,"

If you were wan, my lady, And I, your lover, weird, We'd sit and wink for hours At languid lily flowers, Till, fain of all things fady, If you were wan, my lady, And I, your lover, weird.

TEASING A BACHELOR.

Sitting upon the edge of his bed, one old and frosty morning, Linn Thompson absently surveyed the prospect, as furnished by his ten-by-twelve room, and the more he surveyed the more perplexed did he become.

Linn could scarcely rival Apollo in manly beauty. What of that? Few of as do. In fact, this morning, Linn's claims in such direction were more teeble than ever; and, to make it worse for this poor old bachelor, his small mirfor, which he unhappily faced, showed him to be decidedly aging.

Sad was it for him to believe it. H was enraged at the evidence before him. "Gad! Last night that saucy Lora Mann, in her most innocent, childish manner, with the bare suspicion of a tear in her levely blue eye, said 'she was so sorry to notice that I was getting to be quite hard of hearing!' The impudence of these youthful belles'is surprising. One consolation, her mother never insulted me in the years of her youth,"

and Linn laughed sardonically. * * * * Linn Thompson had been a fearful lady killer. He had only to look to conquer in his early manhood. Lora Mann's mother had been one of his victims. He had always managed to keep just outside of committing himself. Every young beauty whom he deigned to notice was morally sure she was the especial object of his regard, and wove rosy fancies bout the flirty fellow, which he in no sense was worthy of.

"Girls, let's make all the sport of that nan that we can. Our mothers and our aunts have shed many a bitter tear over the dides he cut up when he and they were young. Now he is old, poor, homely, and nobody cares anything about him. Yet his vanity remains. I eally believe he imagines he could win his way to the affections of the fairest of the fair. Why, he may even think he could lead either of us to the alter!"

"The conceited old goose!" cried fully Green, whose mother had also thought of him with tears.

"Such a homely creature!" said another, surveying her youthful charms in the mirror. "I can't bear to have him approach me. He is to old to live, Why don't he die?"

This conversation took place in the dressing-room of Mrs. Bangs' tasteful our introduction to our hero, dear reader. Descending, Lora Mann had lioated gracefully from object to object, until she found herself close to him. Putting her rosy lips to his ear, she shoutingly inquired after his rheumstism. Purposely interpreting his look of astonishment as indicative of deaf-ness, she assured him, in tones sad as sweet, of her sympathy for his failing sense of hearing, and added that her andfather could hear quite as well as ierself, "and you and he are about the

ocently added. Giggles near and far (he was so deaf, you know) served to embarrass Linn more and more. Mrs. Bangs relieved him by leading childlike Lora to the piano.

me age, I judge," she had also as in-

"You did that lovely," whispered Lily, a little later. Then Lily sauntered near him, just as the musicians began a rely waltz.

"Will you take a few turns with me?" id Linn, who had a great reputation as a partner in a dance.

"I don't like to appear on the floor with so old a partner; why, my papa would not be caught dancing. Ask Miss Snethen to waltz with you. She

is sitting sad and lonely, and would be delighted to, perhaps, though even she, poor old lady, may have her preferences," answired Lily, just then whirled away, smiles all ever her lovely face, by a youth as handsome as herself.

Poor Linn! What did this sort of treatment mean? He rubbed his head in perplexity. He at last made a business of finding out. Although the older iadies-voung when he was-were po litely willing to receive slight attentions from him and exchange the usual amount of small talk, net one of the young ones would trouble her giddy head about him. They let him severely alone; they would neither dance nor sing with him, nor play any of his selections. Even Miss Snethen refused to accept him as a partner-with this excuse, however:

"I think we are too old to make such an exhibition of ourselves. Dancing belongs only to youth and beauty, in my opinion. Mrs. Bangs insisted upon my presence. I'd rather be sitting in my cozy little parlor, with my books and knitting-work."

"Faith! I believe I had-I mean the book part of it, of course," hy impusively added, impressed by the solid good sense as shown in her remark, and which also beamed from her honest, reliable countenance.

"Miss Snethen, you are the best-looking woman here," he added, wondering why he never thought of her as an at tractive woman before.

She laughed low and sweetly, and as if his compliment were comical indeed. "I know just how much I deserve that. Don't think I care because none of these young beaux think of inviting me to dance. They ought to prefer these

Linn seated himself beside her, and soon was embarked on a most agreeable "Lily, did you essay to make a match

when you resigned our ancient flirt to the tender mercies of Miss Snethen?" "Miss Snethen isn't so foolish, Lora. We would accept him matrimonially quite as readily as she. She is one of

those rare, good women, who remains single from choice, I apprehend." "You needn't do anything of the kind She, instead, so immersed herself in the cares and interests of her parents, married brothers and sisters, that she had not sufficient time or thought for a pro-

per 'settling down' for herself." "And nobody thanking her half enough for her self-immolation," put in Mrs Bangs, who had listened amusedly. * * * * * *

But we have left Linn quite too long sitting by the side of his bed the morning succeeding Mrs. Bangs' musicale. He had not slept a moment since his

"I am growing old fast," he soliloquized, giving another look at his reflection in the glass. An old bachelor, baldheaded and long-necked, is not a very attractive object to gaze at. Rising, with a sigh, he finished dressing, and then hurried below, where impatiently awaited him his landlady, who, because of her dependent family, boarded him cheap. She liked him passing well poor woman. She would have liked any other man quite as well who seemed to present a chance for relief, so heavily did her burden of care and labor press

"Did you enjoy the party?" she asked, passing a cup of coffee, anxiety depicted in her care-worn face.

"So so," he rather condescendingly answered. He was rather inclined to repel her conversational advances, deeming her his inferior, socially, and quite realizing her interest in him.

"Once I used to enjoy parties," she said, with a sigh. "Then I was young and happy."

"I want to ask a question," put in Bobby Wright, the widow's eldest hope. and the youth placed an inquiring and much-betreacled face within range of the boarder's eyes.

"Ask away, Bobby" indulgently. · Wall." said Bobby, honestly and squarely, as became an embryo voter, ter the ark with Noah an' all his ani-

"Mrs. Wright, what does this mean?" angrily demanded Linn, rising ; recall-A STREET in Washington is to be called Garfield avenue.

ing painfully the similar treatment of the previous evening. "Oh, Bobby, what have you done, you bad, bad boy? Excuse him, Mr. Thompson, he didn't mean anything by

his ridiculous question, did you, Bobby?" "Yes, I did. I want ter know," doggedly replied Bobby. "He looks like one of Noah's sons. Mebbe he is one 'em. Tell me :" and Bobby looked ready to dig his small fists into his eyes.

"I'll cowhide you first, you impudent boy." Hastily enough Linn departed for the

"Tell me, quick."

office where he was bookkeeper upon a not-generous salary, anger and surprise struggling for supremacy in his breast, Bobby was long in understanding why he was summarily seized, laid across his mother's knees, and treated to a corrective dose of her slipper.

"Thompson, what ails you? Glum,

cross, preoccupied enough are you this proved, and into is the widow had bemorning. " observed a fellow clerk "What do you think of domestic life?" was Linn's astonishing rejoinder. "The happiest kind is the nearest type of heaven we can have on this

come to it some day. Who's the lady of your choice?"
"Oh, bother! I haven't got so far as that. The fact is. I'm sick of second rate accommodations and fare, and land-

mundane sphere, Ah, I thought you'd

"Queer statement, that last." "Why so? I flatter my-"

ladies who make love to me."

"Yes, I dare say, and it's the crying sin of your life. Put it away, trample t under foot. A vain old man is a pitiable affair."

"Old?" haughtily, doubtingly, "Why, yes, old. Why Linn, when I reach my fifties, I shall think I have fairly won that disagreeable, descriptive word. But, I suppose, bachelors never dream they grow old, at least, I never met one who did; although they are

quite apt to know it the minute women begin to grow ancient," Linn maintained a most repelling silence. That evening he concected an advertisement for a wife, which he caused to be inserted in the columns of a leading daily the next noon. Not that he expected or desired any result matrimonial rom the eccentric and hazardous vensare. He did it to kill time, in truth,

He had grown timid about appearing in public, since Mrs. Bangs' musicale, He shuddered to think what he might have to undergo if he were to. Replies came inpromptly and numerously, and in every conceivable style of penmanship. Some were in rhyme, some in tereign tongues; all, however, proving conclusively that plenty of ille, adventurous people were above as well as below the

"Here's a letter you dropped comin' upstairs. I seed it and brung if up," said Bobby Wright.

"Thanks," and Linn flushed as he thought how easily this letter might have exposed him to the ridicule of his landlady. How he blessed Bobby. Now, am't I good boy ?" propounded Bobby.

"You are, that's a fact," and Linn passed the urchin a nickel "An' now won't you tell me if you

went into the ark with Noah?" "Bobby, I've a great mind to throw you out of the window!" anorily."
"I'd druther go down the stairs," im-

perturbably answered Bobby, suiting action to word, departing with a fist in

"Did you give it to him?" asked Mrs. Wright. "Gin him what?" blankly asked

"The letter I saw you pick up." "'Course I did."

"How did you know it was for him?" "Cos, nobody else goes up our stairs." Mrs. Wright was certain her Bobby possessed certain characteristics which a leading political life imperatively de-

"My soul, what lengthy and trashy etters women write," said Linn, consigning a fresh batch to the fire. " Not one of these writers that I can trust. I guess I'll call on Miss Snemen."

He called. More, he did what he had not intended to do when he left home. He made her an offer of his heart, hand and fortune. She declined, for didn't Admiram's wife need her to help toward womanhood and manhood a most unruly set of children? And did not her sisters Amanda and Celia need her services in a similar direction?

"I believe you are too good for this world," said Linn, looking regretfully into the honest face of one who could not be his, because she had to be everybody else's. He imagined that was the only reason.

"Poor man, he meant well enough. Little can he dream how far from my ideal he is." thought Miss Snethen, as she sat listening to his departing foot-

His landlady had busind herself in his absence in writing a letter. This reached him in due season. It invited Kendall residence, on the evening preceding "I o'ny want ter ask yer if yer went in- his soubriquet—to ment her that even stands above the laws of the country. ing at 8 outside the village green, under certain big elm. He would know her by a white bow which she would wear on her left shoulder. And would he speak her name when they met?

"Romantic, by George! Yes, I'll meet you. Kate Carroll, and speak your name, too; that assurance may be doubly sure," soliloquized Linn, quite excited over the event.

The pair met, and held a short, quiteagreeable chat, although the lady would not lift her veil and was quite non-committal. They met a number of times, Linn growing more and more interested. Here was a woman who loved him for himself alone; who did not twit him of his years and faded charms; who owned to the beauty of his conversational powers, and delicately hinted that with such a figure and so much grace, he must be a lovely dancer.

Meanwhile his premises improved. A new carpet and curtains, together with new paper and paint, and a lavish use of varnish upon the furniture, made a very pleasing den. The cuisine also improved, and that dreadful boy, Bobby, was not permitted to come to the table. The little parlor had also been im-

guiled him, to talk about an investment in stocks which a drammer had lately urged upon her consideration.

At last, Carl Kendall grew impatient and declared he must see this charming and most-prudent incognito unveiled, She was sure of his undying regards, so why was she still so mysterious? She agreed to inform him within a day or so where she would drop the mystery forever and forever.

"And name the wedding day?" he ardently demanded. "And name the wedding day," she re-

The following evening, while at tea, Mrs. Wright said: "I would like to

see you on a matter of business in my parlor at 8. "I will be there," coldly, absently, said Linn, thinking of Kate Carroll.

pleasant little parlor, and there, veiled, with drooping head, sat Kate Carroll. "Why! What?" he commenced, going eagerly toward her.

At the hour named, he entered the

"Do you really love me?" she asked. "Better than my life," was his ardent reply, taking her gloved hand.

"And nothing can make you change. "Nothing! Stay-what does all this mean?" he demanded, suddenly remembering that he had not expected to see her in that room, where he had agreed to meet his landlady on business-her business; another investment, very

"Only that if you go back on Kate Carroll the epitaph on your tombstone will be: 'He died because of having advertised for a wife.' Ridicule will be sure to follow you to the end of your days," said Mrs. Wright, lifting her veil, and so ending her masquerading after a husband.

Linn mused. She had told the truth, ridicule would follow him to the end of

"Well, if I must, I must," he ength answered.

"Did you go into the ark?" proounded Bobby, on the wedding night, "Why in the deuce couldn't I have done that and so-" angrily commenced

"And so have escaped the faithful, loving care of a wife wholly devoted to you," interrupted the bride. "Bobby, dear, kiss your new papa!"

The governing forces of Russia are

HOW RUSSIA IS GOVERNED ..

the exception. - New York Journal of very imperfectly understood in this country. Among these governing bodies is, in the first place, the Council of State. Composed of the highest dignitaries of the empire, all appointed by the Czar, this body plays the role of a Legislature. It is supposed that all the laws of the country are framed by it, but, in fact, nothing of the kind ever takes place. The Council is not an assembly of legislators; it is rather an asylum for the ex-Ministers and ex-Generals who, through age and infirmities, have become unfit for active service. If, perchance, an energetic and ambitious person enters this decrepit council he may easily acquire a great influence. Then comes the Governing Senate, the highest judiciary tribunal in Russia. When he created the Senate, Peter the Great left at its disposal the imperial crown itself. But, as Senators were not elected but appointed by tne Czar, they naturally became the obedient tools of the administration, and soon lost all political power. Now the Senate is nothing but a mere wheel in the complicated bureaucratic machine. His Majesty's own Chancellory, formerly composed of the four Sections, must not be overlooked. It is true the Chancollery has lost its prestige (and most of its odium) since the abolition of the Third Section—the Russian Inquisition. But its dreadful power may be resurrected at any time, though perhaps in a new shape. The Chief of the State Police naturally becomes the master of the Czar, and, therefore, he The Minister of the Interior is at present the Chief of the State Police, and therefore the minor Czar-that is, the real ruler of the country. The Committee of Ministers has absorbed the powers both of the Council and the Senate. As the Ministers are irresponsible, each of them is a real autocrat in his own branch of the Government, And, as there is no well-defined limits between the different branches, there is no end of collisions and wars in the administration, and there is no adequate authority to settle rival ministerial pretensions. The Czar, Council, Senate and Ministers can merely issue ukases and orders. whereas the judgment of the ukases and orders is the special function of a strong and well-organized body called the bureaucracy. The Russian bureaucracy is an omnipotent, ubiquitous, omniscient institution. In the Czar's country nothing can be done without the bureaucratic machine, and everything is done in the way prescribed by the machine. The bureaucrats form a caste by themselves, and no individual Minister or Czar can change the traditions and character of this caste. - Philadel to be used in transporting United States phia Telegraph

SHAVING THE PACE. Thirty years ago a few persons of foreign birth appeared in the streets with hair on the upper lip, and were objects of curiosity and sometimes of public ridicule. In 1850 some of the young swells of the metropolis began to wear mustaches, but for some time no clerk would venture to imitate them. In one ease a merchant on Pine street who had just engaged a clerk for twelve months. or during good behavior, discharged him for wearing a full beard, claiming that the adoption of the fashion laid the clerk open to dismissal under the goodbehavior clause to the contract. About the same time a number of leading merchants gave notice that they would employ nobody who wore hair on the upper lip. As late as 1851 the senior proprictor of this paper made his cashier shave off an incipient mustache, and soon after brought his own son under the razor. In the church of Dr. Bethune, on Brooklyn Heights, an elder who was suffering from a lame wrist allowed his beard to grow rather than submit to a barber. The habit, beginning in necessity, continued on account of the increase of comfort which it afforded and the elder flaunted his beard before the congregation constantly. The result was laughable. Many of the brethren called upon the pastor to insist upon doing away with such a scandal as a full-bearded elder. He led them to his library and showed them how some. of the early fathers had pleaded against cutting off the beard. "He turned to Lactantius, Theodoret, St. Augustine and St. Cyprian, who had stoutly contended for the growth of the whole beard. He quoted from Clement, of Alexandria, the assertion that 'Nature aderned men, like a lion, with a beard, as a mark of strength and power.' When one of the visitors asked him how he would like it if the clergy assumed the mustache, Dr. Bethune referred him to a decision of the fourth Council of Carthage (A. D. 252, can. 44), in which it was positively enacted that a cleric shall not shave his beard, and to a statement made by Luther in discussing the subject, that 'all the Protestant martyrs were burned in their full beards." This did not settle the matter, for subse-

Suppose Secretary Blaine and President Garfield's son should appear before the public managing a prize-fight. with Secretary Kirkwood as referee. what a row there would be from Maine to California? This incredible suggestion, however, has a parallel in a recent event among the British nobility. While attending the Goodwood races, their Graces, the Dukes of Portland and Hamilton, found the "Birmingham Pet" and a London pugilist in the sporting circle, and between them made up a purse of \$1,500 for a fight. When the races for the day were over the two Dukes selected a party of choice sports like themselves, adjourned to a hollow about a mile from the course, and there. the ring being made, and the colors of the rival fighters being tied to the stakes, the fight began. For about half an hour the men afforded their noble patrons much solid enjoyment by discoloring each other's eyes, dislocating jawbones and plastering each other's faces with blood-broken knuckles, the London man getting much the worst of it, when that chronic disturber of the gentleman's pleasures at quiet, refined cock-fights. dog-fights and man-fights, the police, appeared. Of course a fight ensued at the ring-side in defense of that fine old British institution, the prize-ring, now threatened with extinction. The constables were countrymen and trained only to cope with rural bumpkins and Noah Claypoles; the Duke's audience easily got the best of the clod-hopper "cops." The constables came back reinforced, but their Graces of Portland and Hamilton had had fun enough for their money, so, throwing a few pounds to pay for the beer for the mob, they ordered the ring to be broken up and the money divided.

quently the ladies of the congregation

put in their protest. But in a few

months a venturesome lawyer let his

beard grow after the manner of the el-

der, and in a little while smooth-shaven

faces were no longer the rule but were

BERT HARRIS camped out in Logan canyon, U. T. About 12 o'clock at night he awoke and discovered that he and his bedding were being dragged down the mountain side by a huge grixzly bear. Harris was almost paralyzed by fear, but managed finally to wriggle out of the quilts drop to the ground and crawl away among the rocks. The grizzly went some distance with the bedding, but, finding that his ex pected prey had escaped, he set up a dismal howl. Harris stayed shivering in the canyon for the remainder of the

A MAGISTRATE St Cornishville, My., acquitted a deliberate murderer on the ground that the deed was done to properly avenge a brother's death.

Five car-loads of dromedaries were recently shipped from Texas to Arizona, mails. dald a return leg in releva i il

by such iving wealth of as resorted

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. The Mountain Banner on

at ov Special Requests Trans [1 .toV 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! The St. Gothard turned is anoitsoffdict rol

4 Write communications only on one Confederate money and indesde shito ob

PLEASANTRIES. Common stiers Lawyers Though stans? Swirce tenders-Hair bink,08 4 ta .diff. A BAD policy-One that has run out." FOOD for the Celestial-A Skye tere?

and will close on the other

When is a gate not a gate? When porcelain in the laint clates " mod as the

An attached couple A pair of oyster Secretary Wind as age elected to shade A none and successful reign That of I Legislature, Wellow Ly Containing.

WHAT better pastime for frogs than teen vears old on the that of de staov THERE is one individual upon whoma!

the letter "s" produces a marked effect It makes Knowles know less. THE hangman would make a good ournalist, because he handles the noose

and always has something ready for the neck's tweak. DR. THOMAS D. SPENCER says a man's pirth is more painful than his death.

This may be so, but we would rather be born twice than die once. - Norristown THE papers tell of a courtship and

marriage brought about by a note written on an egg-shell. It is a most eggs traordinary affair. The two hearts are volkedtogether. A FEMALE seminary has been estab-

lished in Liberia, where gum grows on nearly every tree and beans sell for 10 cents a peck. The steamship company gives reduced rates to emigrants We have seen ladies who were insufferably shocked at the sight of a man in

his shirt-sleeves; and their own arms were bare almost to the shoulders ! Women are strange creatures .-- Reston Transcript. Tourist-"Where is Block island?" Polite American-"In Rhode Island. Tourist-"But how can you put one

ican-"O, that's nothing-we accomplish anything in this country." WEINESS-"But, your Henor, I only wish to say-" The court-"Silence, sir; no more of your insolence, or I'll fine you for sontempt, sir! Nobody can be insolent here except the court and the gentlemanly attorney who is

island in another island?" Polite Amer-

putting the questions.' It is indeed inspiriting every morning to see the crowds of milkmen wending their way toward the city earnestly singing: "Shall we gather at the river?" And how sweet comes the reply from

their lusty throats: Yes, we will gather at the river_ 38 *4.14. The beautiful, the beautiful river-Gather every morn at the river And temper our milk on the sly.

Free Press. "THE Sweet Singer of Michigan" has rone to reside in the wilds of Arizons. The ong dee in the Western literary circles is that this gifted lady will shortly give to the world a more extended effort than she has yet attempted. The title is believed to be "Don Susan: or, the Slinger Slung."-Cincinnati Commercial.

ONG SWIMS BY MEN AND ANIMALS. Referring to the wonderful feats of wimming performed by Webb, the opinion is expressed in Nature that men and animals would sustain themselves for long distances in water much oftener were they not incapacitated by terror or completely ignorant of their real pow-

Some years since the second mate of

ship fell overboard while fisting a sail. It was blowing fresh, the time was night, and the place some miles out in the stormy German ocean. The hardy fellow nevertheless managed to gain the English coast. Brock, with a dozen other pilots, was plying for fares by Yarmoutis, and, as the mainsheet was belayed, a sudden puff of wind upset the boat, when presently all perished except Brock himself, who from 4 in the afternoon of an October evening to were London men-about-town. They I the next morning swam thirteen miles before he was able to hail a vessel at anchor in the offing. Animals themselves are capable of swimming immense distances, although unable to rest by the way. A dog recently swam thirty miles in America in order to rejoin his master. A mule and a dog washed overboard during a gale in the Bay of Biscay' have been known to make their way to shore. A dog swam ashore with a letter in his mouth at the Cape of Good Hope, The crew of the ship to which the dog belonged all perished, which they need not have done had they only ventured to tread water like the dog did As a certain ship was laboring heavily in the trough of the sea it was found needful, in order to lighten the vessel, to throw some troop horses overboard which shad been taken in at Corunna. The poor things, a staff surgeon said, when they found themselves abondoned, faced round and swam for miles after the vessel. A man on the east coast of Lincolnshire saved quite a number of lives by swimming out on horseback to vessels in distress. He commonly rode an old gray mare, but when the mare was not at hand he took the first horse that

offered.