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IN SIGHT OF HOME.
 BY KATHERINE E. CONWAY.
 Has shore in sight, the shore's in sight!
 The longed-for light of home I see!
 I sing for very heart's delight—
 And you, my friend, through dark and bright
 I know that you are glad for me.
 It was a stormy voyage, friend—
 And dare I dream the worst is over?
 Dear promises of hapless end
 Dismiss me not; yet heaven defend!
 Ships have gone down in sight of shore.
 I ought to be afraid, I know,
 My wayward past remembering;
 Yet, calmly into port I go.
 Those "Sursum corda" cheers me so?
 How is it I am faint to sing?
 Is it because my mother stands?
 The virgin-mother, fair and wise—
 Just where the waves break on the sand?
 Reaching to me her welcoming hands,
 Lifting to God her praying eyes?
 O, friend, I'm drifting from your sight—
 The home-light brightens momentarily—
 I feel once more your signal-light,
 In answer to my last good-bye,
 And tell me you are glad for me!

A POLICEMAN'S MISTAKE.
 It was a dull, rainy day, toward the end of August—one of those days when earth and sky alike are gray and dreary, and the raindrops pattering against the window sound like human sobs. The clock that hung against the wall pointed to the hour of 3 in the afternoon, and I was sitting by myself in our little inner office, looking out at the expanse of dull, gray wall that formed my only prospect from the not-over-clean window, and thinking. I had read every square inch of type in the newspapers; I had made out all the necessary papers and documents, and now, with literally "nothing to do," I was musing about Kitty Elton, and wondering how long it would be before I should be able to marry her.

Dear little Kitty! She was as sweet and as patient as it was in the nature of a woman to be, but I knew it was a hard life for her in that overcrowded milliner's work-room, day after day and month after month, and I longed to set her free from the monotonous captivity. She was a pretty, blue-eyed girl of 20, with a dimple in her chin, and the sweetest roses on her cheek that ever inspired the pen of a poet. I was no poet, yet I think I understood and appreciated all her womanly grace and delicate beauty as fully as if my heart's thoughts could shape themselves into verse. And it was of this I was thinking when the door opened and Mr. Clenner came in.

Mr. Clenner was our "chief"—a dark, silent little man, with square, stern mouth and clouded gray eyes, which appeared almost expressionless when they were turned full upon you, and yet which seemed to see everything at a glance. He sat down beside me. "Meredith," he said in a quiet, subdued tone that was natural to him, "didn't you say you were getting tired of doing nothing?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Well, I have something for you to do."
 "What is it, sir?"
 "Something that will bring you both credit and friends, if you manage it skillfully. I had intended to go myself, but circumstances happen untowardly, and I shall send you instead."
 Bending his head toward me and speaking scarcely above a whisper, he told me the special business on which I was to be sent. There had been, it seems, a series of very heavy forgeries, lately committed, with a boldness and audacity that fairly seemed to set the authorities at defiance. For some time he had been in doubt as to the exact perpetrator of the crime, but after much quiet investigation and casting hither and thither, he had detected the hidden spring—one Perley Matteson—who had skillfully eluded all pursuit, and was now somewhere hiding in the northeastern portion of the State. His whereabouts had been ascertained as nearly as possible, and it was for me to go quietly up and apprehend him, before he should become aware of our knowledge of all his movements.

I sat listening to all the various details of our plan as they were sketched out by Mr. Clenner. The reward that had been privately offered was high—my heart leaped as I reflected how much nearer it would bring me to Kitty Elton, nor did the enterprise seem particularly difficult to accomplish.
 "Do you think you can do it?" Mr. Clenner asked, after the whole thing had been laid before me.
 "Yes, sir. When shall I start?"
 "Now—within half an hour."
 "Yes, why not?"
 I could think of no sufficient reason except one, which I did not care to communicate to my superior—the longing wish to see Kitty once more before I started.
 "Just as you decide, Mr. Clenner, of course," I said, rising. "If I take the 4 o'clock express I shall be there by daylight to-morrow morning."
 "Yes; and that is altogether the best plan. He will not remain long in any one place just at present, depend upon it, and what you have to do must be done at once."
 All through that long night journey I mused to myself upon the task that lay before me. The house to which I was directed was in the midst of woods, about

a half a mile beyond the village of Drownville—the residence of Mrs. Matteson, the mother of the audacious forger. If help was needed I was fully authorized to call for it upon the constabulary authorities of Drownville, but I expected to need none.
 The rosy dawn was just flushing the eastern sky when I awoke, stiff, weary and jaded, from the train, at the little way station of Drownville.
 "Can you direct me to Mrs. Matteson's place?" I asked of the sleepy station-master, who was yawning behind the little aperture of the ticket office.
 "Matteson—Mrs. Matteson? I don't know her, but I guess likely I can tell you where she lives. Just you follow the main street of the village out about half a mile, and you'll come to a patch of woods with bars at the fence. Go through them bars a little further on, and you'll see a little yellow house, just the last place in the world where you'd expect to see a house. That's where Mrs. Matteson lives."

I thanked my informant, and set out on a brisk walk, carrying my traveling bag. It was quite a distance ere I emerged from the suburbs of the "main street" into a quiet and secluded road, or, rather, lane. The "patch of woods," with the bars, and the "little yellow house"—a cream-colored cottage, literally overgrown with honey-suckles—rewarded my search, and as I knocked at the door a clock somewhere inside struck 7.

A decent-looking, elderly woman in widow's weeds came to the door.
 "Is Mr. Matteson in?"
 "No," she answered quickly, with, as I imagined, rather a confused look. I did not believe her, and asked quietly: "When do you expect him home?"
 "Not at present."
 Apparently she expected me to go away, but, instead, I stepped in.
 "Mother," asked a soft voice at the head of the stairs, "who is it?"
 And then for the first time I became aware that some one had been watching our colloquy from the head of the stairs—a young girl, dressed like the mother, in deep black, with very brilliant eyes, and a profusion of jet-black ringlets.
 "Some one to see your brother."
 She came half way down the stairs, pushing back her curls with one hand, and looking at me with wondrous eyes. Even then her beauty struck me as I stood gazing at her.

"Mother," she said, "why do you stand by and listen to such slanders? It is false! Let this man search the house if he will; my brother is as innocent as I am!"
 No opposition was offered to my search. It was entirely fruitless, however—there was nowhere any trace of the down bird. Nevertheless I concluded to remain there quietly for a day or two, to see what a little waiting might bring forth.
 The same afternoon Clara Matteson came in, as I sat by the piazza window, keeping a quiet watch on all the surroundings.
 "Mr. Meredith," she said, softly, "mother thinks I have been rude to you. She says it was not your fault, personally, that you were sent here—on such a mistake, and perhaps she is right. I am very sorry if I have hurt your feelings."
 The pretty, penitent way in which she spoke quite won my heart, and a few questions on my part seemed to unlock the hidden recesses of her confidence. She talked at first shyly, but afterward with more assurance, of herself, her absent brother and her mother, giving me a thousand artless little family details which I almost dreaded to hear. The twilight talk was one of the pleasantest of my by-no-means universally pleasant life, and I was considerably annoyed when it was broken in upon by the arrival of the Drownville constables who were to watch through the night. At the sound of their footsteps on the piazza floor, Clara rose up and sat down again, confused and frightened.

"O, Mr. Meredith—those men—"
 "Be easy, Miss Matteson," I said; "you shall in no way be annoyed by them. Your privacy shall not be broken in upon, believe me."
 "I know I am silly," faltered Clara, "but oh! it seems so dreadful!"
 My orders to the men were brief and succinct. I stationed them as seemed best to me, and then returned to spend the evening with Miss Matteson. And when I was at length left alone I could not help thinking—God forgive me—

how much more winning and graceful she was than poor Kitty Elton.
 At length an answer came to my report to Mr. Clenner—it was short and to the purpose:
 "Come back—you are only losing time. If the bird has flown we must look elsewhere for him."
 I read the missive with a pang. Clara Matteson's cheek deepened in color as I announced my departure to her.
 "You have been far kinder than we dared to hope, Mr. Meredith," she said as I held her hand in mine.
 "You will think of me sometimes, Clara?"
 The reader will easily see how our intimacy had progressed. She smiled, hung her head, and, taking a pair of scissors from the table, severed one bright black curl from the abundant tresses that hung over her forehead.
 "Keep this, Mr. Meredith, in memory of me."

Was I foolish to press the jetty ringlet to my lips ere I laid it closely against my heart? Clara evidently thought I was—for she had laughed, but did not seem displeased.
 Mr. Clenner seemed annoyed when I got back to the bureau—rather an unreasonable proceeding on his part, for I certainly did all that man could do under the circumstances.
 "We have been mistaken all the way through, it seems," he said, biting his lip. "Strange—very strange—I was never mistaken before in my calculations. Well, we must try again."

I went to Kitty Elton that night. She received me with a sweet, shy sadness of welcome that should have made me the happiest man in the world; but it did not. Clara Matteson's dark beauty seemed to stand between me and her like a visible barrier. When I took my leave there were tears in her eyes.
 "Kitty, you are crying!"
 "Because you are changed, Edward, you do not love me as well as you did!"
 "Kitty, what nonsense!"
 I was vexed with her, simply because I knew her accusation was true. But I kissed her once more, and took my leave, moody, and dissatisfied.
 When I reached the office next morning, Mr. Clenner was not there.
 "He has gone to Drownville," said my fellow detective; "he went last night, 'to Drownville!'"
 I was seriously annoyed. Did Mr. Clenner distrust the accuracy of my reports? Or did he imagine that I was unable to institute a thorough and complete investigation of the premises?
 "It's very strange," I mused aloud.
 "Jones laughed."
 "Well," he said, "you know Clenner has a way of doing strange things. Depend upon it, he has good reason for his conduct."
 I was sitting at my desk two days subsequently, when the door glidd noiselessly open and Clenner himself entered.

"You are back again, sir? and what luck?"
 "The best."
 "You don't mean to say it."
 "Edward Meredith, I knew I could not be entirely mistaken. Perley Matteson is in the next room—half an hour from now he will be in prison."
 "Where did you apprehend him?"
 "At home in his mother's house."
 "But—"
 "He was there all the time you remained there. Ned, my boy, you've made a blunder for once; but don't let it happen again."
 "What do you mean, sir?"
 For reply he opened the door of the private inner apartment, his own special sanctum. A slight, boyish figure leaned against the window smoking a cigarette, with black curls tossed back from a marble-white brow, and brilliant eyes. He mockingly inclined his head as I stared at him, with a motion not unfamiliar to me.
 "Clara Matteson!"
 "Yes," he said, in a soft, sarcastic voice; "Clara Matteson, or Perley Matteson; or whatever you choose to call me! Many thanks for your politeness, Detective Meredith, and, if you would like another look of her—"

I turned away, burning scarlet, while Mr. Clenner closed the door.
 "Never mind, my boy, it will be a lesson to you," he said, laughing. "He makes a very pretty girl, but I am not at all susceptible."
 What a double-dyed fool I had been! I had lost the reward—failed in the estimation of my fellow-officers, and behaved like a brute to poor Kitty—and all for what?
 I went to Kitty and told her the whole story, and, to my surprise, the dear, faithful little creature loved me just as well as ever.
 "I won't be jealous of Perley Matteson, Edward," she said, smiling, "what ever I might be of his sister. And, dearest, don't be discouraged. I'll wait as long as you please, and you will be a second Mr. Clenner yet."
 She was determined to look on the bright side of things, this little Kitty of mine! But I felt the mortification none the less keenly, although, as Mr. Clenner said, it would undoubtedly prove a good lesson to me.

Perley Matteson's girlish beauty is eclipsed in the State's prison—nor do I pity him. The stake for which he played was high—and he lost.—Chicago Inter Ocean.
HOW THEY PLAYED IT ON A DISCOVERER.
 He was on his way home from Leadville, says an exchange. He had on a ragged, old summer suit, a bad hat, and he had been taking his meals about thirty hours apart to make his money carry him through.
 "Yes; I like the country out that way," he replied to the query. "The climate is good, the scenery is fine and some of the people are as honest as needs be. The trouble is knowing how to take the bad ones."
 "I should think that would be easy."
 "Yes, it looks that way; but I had some experience. I am the original discoverer of the richest mine around Leadville. Yes, I am the very man, though you couldn't think it to see these old clothes."
 "Then you don't own it now?"
 "Not a bit of it. I'll explain. I was poking around on the hills and found signs. I collected some specimens for assay, staked off a claim and went off to the assayer's. It was two days before he let me know that I had struck the richest ore that he had ever assayed, and then I hurried back to my claim. Hang my buttons if it hadn't been jumped."

"How?"
 "Why, a gang of sharpers had found the spee, and built up a pole shanty, and hung out a sign of First Baptist Church over the door. True as shooting, they had; and the law out there is that no man can sink a shaft within 200 feet of a church building. They saw me coming, and when I got there were holding a revival. There were six of them, and they got up one after another and told how wicked they had been and how sorry they were, and—would you believe it?—they had the cheek to ask me to lead off in singing. I went to law, but they beat me. Three days after the verdict the First Baptist Church was burned down, and before the ashes were cold the congregation were developing a mine worth over \$3,000,000. You see, I didn't know how to take them."
 "Was there any particular way to take them?"

THE ENGLISH JOKE.
 The average English joke has its peculiarities. A sort of mellow distance. A kind of chastened reluctance. A coy and timid, yet trusting, though evanescent intangibility which softly lingers in the troubled air, and hurls the tired senses to dreamy rest, like the subdued murmur of a horse jacket about nine miles up the gulch. He just be a hard-earned wreath indeed who has not felt his bosom heave and the scalding tears steal down his furrowed cheek after he has read an English joke. There can be no hope for the man who has not been touched by the gentle, pleading, yet all potent, sadness embodied in the humorous paragraph of the true Englishman. One may fritter away his existence in chasing the follies of our day and generation and have naught to look back upon but a choice assortment of robust regrets, but if he will stop in his mad career to read an English pun his attention will be called to the solemn thought that life is after all but a tearful journey to the tomb. Death and disaster on every hand may fall to turn the mind of a thoughtless world to serious matters, but when the London funny man grapples with a particularly skittish and evasive joke, with its weeping-willow attachment, and hurls it at a giddy and reckless humanity, a prolonged wail of anguish goes up from broken hearts and a somber pall hangs in the gladsome sky like a pair of sorletic pants with only one suspender.—Laramie Boomerang.

ONE would have thought, and would have been justified in thinking, that the late President Garfield was surrounded as a patient by every appliance that could possibly be needed. The doctors had a continent to draw upon for anything that would aid his recovery or promote his comfort. Unknown friends had forwarded articles, many of them useful, and any wish would have met with instant attention. This was the situation; but at the supreme moment it was found that two simple, and sometimes necessary, articles were wanting and could not be had. When Boynton went into the President's room upon the summons of Swain he saw at once that the President was sinking fast, and sent for mustard and ammonia. There was not a drop of one or a grain of the other to be had until a messenger had gone to the Elberon. Of course, neither would have availed. The hour was come. But the absence of both illustrates how impossible it is to provide for every contingency in a case like the President's.
 SITTING BULL wears spectacles and wants false teeth.

OUR JUVENILES.
 The Archery Club.
 I'll try the arrow
 And bend the bow;
 The archers are waiting,
 And we must go.
 Our club has offered
 A lovely prize—
 A bow and quiver
 Of monster size!
 The bow of lance-wood
 Is five feet long;
 The feathered arrows
 Are true and strong.
 If I should win it—
 Oh, dearie me!
 The happiest girl
 In the world I'd be!
 We each have a name
 In our "Indian Club"
 Will is our chief-tain,
 "Bub-a-dub-dub."
 I am "Poleblossom,"
 Queen of our race;
 Elsie is "Rosebud,"
 Carrie "Snowflake."
 "Eagle-Eye," "Blackhawk,"
 "Nova-ang-dia,"
 "Thunderclod," "Snowflake,"
 "Up-in-the-sky,"
 Are titles we give
 To Charley and Dan,
 Robert and Eddie,
 Lily and Fan.
 Oh, which of these ten
 The prize shall win?
 I hear them coming
 With whoop and din!
 And now to meet them
 We'll speed away;
 Then I shall tell you
 Who wins to-day?
 —Youth's Companion.

Grandpa's Wolf Story.
 "Grandpa, won't you tell us stories from now till bed-time about what happened a long time ago, when you first came to Indiana?" said a little girl to her grandpa, a few evenings ago.
 So grandpa related to us a story of a young man being pursued by wolves, which occurred in Putnam county, in the early settlement of that part of the country. At that time there were a great many wolves in the woods. The men would take their guns and go to hunt them.
 "One evening," said grandpa, "a party of these men met at one of the houses in the settlement to go wolf-hunting. As they were making preparations for the hunt, in order that they might be more successful, they rubbed a certain kind of oil on the soles of their boots, the scent of which attracts the attention of animals. While doing this a young man, being present, asked them to put some on his boots, only making light of them, which they did. Then they set out on their hunt. This young man had quite a distance to travel that evening through a dense forest in which were no settlements. As he walked leisurely along all went on quietly for a time, but at length his attention was attracted by the howl of a wolf; however, at first it caused no particular alarm. But, before he had proceeded far, he found that the wolves were collecting in quite a large number, and were fast pursuing him. At this he became much alarmed; he knew that before he could reach home, or even get out of the forest, the wolves would overtake him. He saw he must soon seek a place of refuge from the hungry and excited beasts.
 "He quickened his pace from a slow, leisurely walk to a hurried run, yet his pursuers were rapidly gaining on him. He now espied a partially completed hut, in which he thought to take refuge, but on reaching the place the wild animals were so close upon him he had not time to close the door, but sprang upon the joists, for there was no ceiling or loft in the house, but soon found this to be no place of safety, as the wolves leaped fiercely at him. But now he must plan some means of escape, so he seized a board with which he managed to push the door shut; then, slipping a board in the roof, he climbed out and down the outside of the hut. Leaving his enemies trapped in the room, he hastened to the nearest settlement and got help and killed the beasts which had so eagerly pursued him. There were about fifteen of the wolves. He proved more successful than the hunters."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Apprentice's Leap.
 Sunset over London on a fine summer evening in the days of "good Queen Bess"; tall, quaint old houses, with peaked roofs and countless gables, standing up on every side, and the Thames lying in the midst like a broad sheet of gold, save where it was flecked by the dark shadow of London bridge, then a regular street, with houses along each side of it.
 Just above the middle arch rose a house larger than the rest—that of Sir William Hewet, cloth-worker and Burgess of the city of London. The sunset made a glory upon the windows of the old mansion and lighted up the balcony, on which Sir William's baby daughter was crouching and clapping her tiny hands with great glee at the sight of it, and stole into the work-room, where the youngest apprentice, Edward Osborne, was beginning his task by singing the ballad of "Brave Lord Willoughby," which was as popular in that age as "Ab, if I could but have a chance of doing such a deed as that," murmured the boy as he ended.

"Well, well, my brave lad," answered the cheery voice of old Sir William, who had entered the room unperceived, "you're on the right road to it by being diligent at your work. Keep to that, meanwhile, and never fear but the chance of doing great deeds will come all in good time."
 Little did either speaker or hearer guess how soon and in what way those words were to come true. Scarcely had the old knight left the room when the boy was startled by a sudden shriek from the balcony overhead, and by something white flashing past the window. Sir William Hewet's only child had leaped out of her nurse's arms, and fallen headlong into the river.
 The faint splash was instantly answered by a much louder one, and the distracted household, as they rushed in a body to the fatal balcony, saw Edward Osborne's brown curly head far down the shining stream, shooting straight as an arrow toward the tiny white speck that floated a little beyond him.
 "He has her!"
 "No!"
 "Yes!"
 "No, he's gone past. Stay! he's turning again."
 "Hurrah! he's got her at last. Thank God."
 The anxious father's straining eyes were already too dim to see anything clearly, but the joyous shout of the keen-eyed serving-men told him that all was well, and in another moment he was hurrying toward the scene of action as fast as his feet could carry him.
 But the peril was not over yet. Good swimmer as he was, the furious whirl of the current, together with the weight of his own wet clothes and those of the child, was fearful odds against the brave apprentice. Twice his head dropped below the surface, and all seemed over; but he still held the rescued infant above the water with one hand, while struggling for life with the other.
 "Courage, my hearty," said a hoarse voice beside him. "Hold up just another minute, and all's well."
 At the same moment a boat pulled by two sturdy watermen, who had put off from the shore on the first alarm, came sweeping up to the sinking boy. A strong hand caught the child from his flailing grasp, while, in another instant, he was seized and dragged into the boat after her, just as the last remnant of his overtaxed strength gave way.
 "Git her head round, Tom," said one of the boatmen to his comrade, "and pull with a will, for that's the youngster's father running this way, or I'm much mistaken."

Scarcely had the boat touched the wharf on her return, when old Hewet sprang into her like a madman, and, finding his child unhurt, flung his arms round the neck of the half-drowned apprentice.
 "God bless thee, my son!" cried he, fervently. "Let them never call thee a boy again, for few men would have dared as much."
 "Let them call him a hero," said a voice behind him.
 The boy looked up with a start. Before him stood the handsomest man he had ever seen, in a rich court dress, looking down upon him with grave, kindly eyes. It was Sir Walter Raleigh, famous even then as one of the greatest men whom England had ever produced, but destined to become more famous still as the colonizer of Virginia.
 Ten years from that day there was a great merry-making in the old house on London Bridge, and Sir William Hewet, still brisk and cheery as ever, though his hair was now white as snow, sat at the head of his own table, amid a circle of guests, whose names are in every history of England. At his right hand sat his daughter's newly-made husband—a tall, fine-looking young man, whose clear, bright eyes faced that brilliant assemblage as boldly as they had looked down on the foaming waters of the Thames years before.
 "This is the man to whom I have given my girl, fair sirs," said the old knight. "Many a rich man and many a grandee have asked me for her; but I always said, 'Let the best man win.'"
 "And so he has," cried Sir Walter Raleigh, grasping Osborne's hand; "and the fairest lass in London may be proud to bear his name, for I'll warrant it will be famous yet."
 Raleigh spoke truly. A month later, the ex-apprentice was Sir Edward Osborne, esq.; a few years, and he had become Sheriff; and when the Spanish Armada came, foremost among the defenders of England was Osborne, Lord Mayor of London, from whom the English Dukes of Leeds are still proud to trace their descent.—Harper's Young People.

PLEASANTIES.
 A PERFECTLY square man is 'round at the right time.
 Bess think there is no place like comb—honey comb.
 AFTER man came woman, and she has been after him ever since.
 ELECTRICITY in Franklin's time was a wonder; now we make light of it.
 THE difference between a boy and a bee is that a boy's happiest days are his school days, and a bee's are its swarm days.
 A LITTLE boy remarked: "I like grandpa because he is such a gentlemanly man; he always tells me to help myself to sugar."
 WE are told that a man's body is three-fourths composed of water, but it is hard to believe this while looking at a Cincinnati man.—Boston Post.
 OLD proverb: "The darky's hour is just before the dawn," remarked Sambo, when he started out before day-break to steal a young chicken for breakfast.
 It is said that kerosene will remove stains from furniture. It has also been known to remove the furniture, stains and all, with the stove and a red-headed servant girl thrown in oftentimes.
 WHENEVER an enthusiastic fisherman speaks of choice trout as "speckled beauties," all the freckled-faced girls within hearing smother, blush and murmur: "O, the insincere man!"
 MRS. SPRINGERS was boasting of her new house. The windows, she said, were all stained. "That's too bad! But won't turpentine or benzine wash it off?" asked the good Mrs. Oldbody.
 "I've often heard of the fruits of marriage," said Bubbles, when informed that he was the father of twins; "but I most seriously protest against having those fruits presented to me in the shape of pairs."
 A CUCKER lived; a chicken died; His drumsticks and his wings were fried, His feathers by a dealer dried, And, very shortly after, dyed, Soul he had none. Admitting that, How comes it? These upon her hat His plumage—a mortal chicken's—died A glorious bird of paradise.
 "Ah," said a great rascal to a writer, "what a capital story you could make if I were to tell you my life." "Go ahead, I'm listening." "Yes, but you see that which is interesting I can't tell, and that which I can tell is not interesting."
 At the restaurant: "Bah! what a steak. One-half the cooks ought to be sent where they came from." "Yes, but where do they come from?" "Have you never heard that God sends the food and the other gentlemen the cooks?"
 "WHERE is the island of Java situated?" asked a school-teacher of a small, rather forlorn-looking boy. "I dunno, sir." "Don't you know where coffee comes from?" "Yes, sir, we borrows it ready parched from the next-door neighbor."
 Sweet flowers! that from your sunny nook Give welcome to the vernal sun!
 How joyous as each bright eye looks Aloft, doth seem the life begun.
 How eloquent ye seem of days
 When lovelier than your beauties will change,
 And the young daffodils will prance,
 And he up sodded cliffs will prance,
 And get—such verdure on his prance.

The last word received from the adventurous Stanley was to the effect that he was lying at the point of death in Central Africa. "The universal sympathy which his death under such circumstances would excite, would show how different his position is now from what it was when he first became known as an African explorer. Doubts were then cast upon his veracity. It was said that his reports from Livingstone were bogus and sensational; that he had merely skirted the coast and returned to civilization; that he was not much of an explorer after all. Then his science was attacked, his written style, his courage, and finally his humanity. He came out of the trial well. He added to his other exploits the marvelous trip down the Congo, and at last had the pleasure of seeing his fame as an African explorer resting upon a solid foundation. His return to the Dark Continent on a commercial expedition was a wild-goose chase. He must have known that the plan of fixing trading-stations in Equatorial Africa was doomed to failure. His connection with that enterprise is the more remarkable on this account. The New York Times advances a new theory to account for it, supposing him to have been affected by the African fever, which has seized all explorers before him, and has seldom let one go until death. Livingstone's mind was touched by it; and Stanley himself in his last visit to America showed what ravages it had wrought upon him. The theory is ingenious and plausible.
 CARES out from the battlefields of Chancellorsville and Mission Ridge will soon be offered for sale at \$1 each, to raise funds for the erection of a \$10,000 Methodist Church in Chattanooga.