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

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

4 Write communications only on one de of the sheet.

THE YEARS PASS ON.

when I'm a wenum, you'll see what I'll do! I'll be great and good, and noble and true; I'll visit the sick and relieve the poor-No one shall ever be turned from my door; But I'm only a little girl now." And so the years pass on.

"When I'm older I'll have more time To think of heaven and things sublime; My time is now full of studies and play But I really mean to begin some day: I am only a little girl now." And so the years pass on.

"When I'm a woman," a gay maiden said, "I'll try to do right, and not be afraid; I'll be a Christian, and give up the joys Of the world with all its dazzling toys; But I'm only a young girl now."

And so the years pass on. " Ab me!" sighed a woman gray with years, Her heart full of cares and doubts and fears, "I've kept putting off the time to be good, Instead of beginning to do as I should: But I'm an old woman now." And so the years pass on.

Now is the time to begin to do right; To-day, whether skies be dark or bright: Make others happy by good deeds of love, Looking to Jesus for help from above; And ther you'll be happy now, And as the years pass on.

THE BLUE SATIN BOOTS.

There was a church fair and festival on hand at Waynesville, and all the young ladies were in a state of feminine

Pretty brown-eyed Jenny Carson had one of the fancy tables. She had also a new dress for the occasion. The seft, shining folds of dark blue silk were draped over the bed, and Jenny was kpeeling upon the floor, arranging the loops of satin ribbon to her taste, when Miss Bell Dorsey, who was Jenny's most intimate friend, burst into the room.

"Oh, what a pretty dress, Jenny! You'll look ravishing in it. You only need a pair of blue satin boots to match it, and then you'll be the best-dressed

girl at the festival." "But-satin boots are very expensive." said Jenny, hesitatingly.

"Oh, well, yes, somewhat. But there's nothing sets off a lady's appearance like nice shoes and gloves. I heard Dr. Chester say he never considered a lady well dressed if she wore ill-fitting boots or gloves," And Miss Bell complacently crossed her own pretty French kids, while Jenny nervously put away the pretty silk.

What Dr. Chester said was beginning to be a matter of some moment to Jenny Carson. She was conscious of a longing for the blue boots : but alas! they were too expensive for her.

Miss Bell presently took her leave, and Jenny, with half her pleasure spoiled, went on with her preparations.

"Well, daughter," said her father at the dinner-table, "do you need any fal-

lals for your fcolic to-morrow?" "Yes, I do need some new shoes, and some gloves," said Jenny.

"You do, eh? Well, what must I give you to buy them with?"

"Whatever you can spare, papa." "Well, here's a \$10 bill. I guess that will be enough. Get a good, sensible pair now, semething to keep you warm this cold weather, and no flimsy things." "Yes, sir. Thank you, papa, I'll do the best I can," said Jenny; but she

blushed, for in her heart she felt very gnilty. However, she did mean to buy a pair of warm kid boots for everyday wear. She hoped to get the blue ones for about \$4, which would leave her enough for

the others, and for the gloves. But when she stood in Turner's store and asked the price of the dainty, shiny things offered her, the clerk promptly

answered \$7, Miss Carson. "Oh, dear! I was in hopes they were cheap," frankly confessed Jenny laying

down the boots. "Indeed, they are cheap," said the nierk. "I assure von, Miss Carson, we

have sold these right along at \$8. This is the last pair, so we offer them for

less. They're very fine. "Yes," admitted Jenny.

" Nothing sets off a dainty foot like a pair of these dainty boots," pursued the wilv clerk, with an eye for his trade. "Very few young ladies could wear so small a shoe-just your size, you see, Poor Jenny sighed, thought of the

thick, warm boots she ought to have, cast a longing look at the blue beauties. recalled what Dr. Chester said, and, silly little puss, for once let her vanity run away with her reason.

"Till take them," she said. the boots were paid for, there was larely enough left to buy her gloves and a

ribbon or two. The next day, the great one, was clear and cold, with a sharp wind. Overshoes would ruin the dainty satin boots, but, luckily for Jenny, the ground was dry. But it was frozen hard, and when she reached the gayly-decorated room of

the new church her feet were like ice. Jenny presided at one of the fancy tables. She made a lovely picture in the beautiful blue silk; her throat and wrists shaded with the softest lace, and the dainty blue boots fluttering in and

out below the plaiting of her skirt, Bell Dorsey was already at her bost, and as Jenny came up she opened her eyes wide and exclaimed : "Oh, my, you blue angel! Did you drop from years, and their circle never having been the clouds?"

The Mountain Banner.

ESTABLISHED, 1840.

the second

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

TERMS-\$2.00 Per Aunum

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

Jenny laughed, and, happening just then to catch a glance from Dr. Chester, who stood near, blushed with pleasure, with the opinion expressed by a physiwhile the gentle heart in her bosom cian, that in all ordinary cases there is throbbed tumultuously.

Jenny had a very busy day of it. There was much buying and selling, and Jenny's table was very popular. But. as the new church was large and not yet finished, it was not very warm. The girls at the table were chilly all day. and by the time evening came Jenny's feet were so numb and cold that she could hardly stand.

A hot supper, however, had been prepared at the hotel just across the street. Dr. Chester waited on Jenny at the table. Glad enough was she to get something warm and be near a fire.

But Dr. Chester, though kind and polite, was not what he had been. He seemed strangely cold and distant, and Jenny felt as if her bright day was spoiled. But girls know how to hide these things, and Jenny was the gayest of the gay. She had to return to her stall again immediately after supper; and oh! how sharply the cold struck her as she stepped out into the night.

Dr. Chesser left her at the door of a small room designed for a vestry, but now used by the ladies as a dressing room. Jewny ran in to put off her wraps, but, while doing this, heard her name spoken in the narrow passage

"It's all settled, I suppose, Doctor, between you and Miss Carson," was what she heard.

"No. Fred. I've seen the folly of that, to-day. The tones, which answered, were the well-known ones of

"You astonish me!" replied Fred. "I don't mind giving you the reason, Fred," said the doctor. "Just look at that young lady's feet, and you will have it. In spite of this cold day she wears nothing but a flimsy pair of blue-silk shoes. I have more than fancied Miss Carson; I don't deny it. But you will see at once that a girl who can so utterly sacrifice her reason to her vanity is not the wife for a poor, struggling doctor, with his fortune yet to make. But enough of this, Let's go in. It's chilly

here. Poor Jenny! Fortunately, there was no one in the dressing-room but herself. She flew to the furthest end and hid her burning face on a pile of cloaks. But, after a brief struggle, she rallied. It would never do to erv. It would never do to go to her table with red eyes. It was a very erect, firm2 mouthed little lady who walked to her table presently, and the heels of the pretty blue boots came down upon the: floor with a sharp, resolute little click; for Miss Jenny had made up her mind to do something very odd.

"I am a little fool," she said to herself, "but I don't quite deserve to lose a good man's good opinion, and I won't either if I can help it."

It was late before she was ready to go home. Just as she was about to start, Dr. Chester, who was her escort, handed her a pair of overshoes, saving, quietly, as if it were a matter of course 'Miss Jenny, please put these on; it is too cold a night for such thin shoes as I see you wear."

Poor Jenny! Her face was scarlet with mortification. She made out to utter a confused "Thank you," and put on the offending overshoes without another word. Then she took the doctor's arm, and they went out together.

Jenny's heart was beating so fast that it almost choked her, but she was as determined as ever. Before ten steps had been taken, she said:

"Dr. Chester, do you think it right to condemn a person for a single fault? "Certainly not," said the doctor, promptly.

"Then, why do you condemn me?" "I don't understand you," said he. "I heard every word you said to Fred Somers to-night," rejoined Jenny,

"Miss Jenny!" He stopped, startled, "I did. I don't blame you, Doctor; I gave you reason to think me only a vain, silly girl. But please hear my defence and how sorry and ashamed l am, won't you?" And then Jenny made her penitent, little confession, ending with, "I don't know what you think of

me now; but, indeed—" "I think you the dearest, bravest little girl in the world, and 'tis I who am the fool," cried the doctor, ardently. And then-but then, I don't know that outsiders like you and I, reader, have, any business to listen.

When Jenny got home she took off the blue boots which had so narrowly cost her a lover, and flung them under her wardrobe, saying:

"Lie there, you blue wretches! But you've taught me a good lesson. I've done with you. I'll buy my wedding boots before long, and they'll not be blue ones, either."

THERE is a remarkable family of seven brothers and two sisters residing within short distances of one another in Oswego county, N. Y., remarkable in point of longevity, their united ages being 672 invaded by death

IS DYING PAINFUL?

Our own observation fully accords little physical pain in dying. A previous correspondent had said that, "as a physical fact in ninety-nine case out of 100, the act of death is suffering and agony which only those familiar with it can understand," To which the physician replies :

"I beg leave as a physician to object very decidedly to this statement. Since I began my novitiate on the battle fields of the South, I have been a frequent observer of the passing out of my fellowbeings, in the army and navy, in large hospitals, civil and military, and in private life, and hence cannot help feeling that what I have seen must be a fair sample of the methods of dying peculiar to our race.

"The result of these sad observations, covering eighteen years, is that the vast majority of persons do not find death 'suffering and agony.' Many suffer more from the various illnesses from which they recover than most do in the article of death. A very large proportion become unconscious and hence pass away without distress to themselves while, as regards those who retain a good measure of intelligence till life is extinct, I have been greatly surprised, considering my early religious teaching, to discern in them almost general indif-

ference to their fate. "I have always supposed that, in spite of apparent mental lucidity, disease clouds the intellect so that apathy becomes the ordinary state of the dving. Of the few deaths I have witnessed the mere onlookers might call horrible, there was good reason to believe the patient unconscious,"-New York Ob-

A MACHINE THAT WOULDN'T SELL.

A Nevada man invented a lying-machine and went round trying to sell 'em. The machine was warranted to trot out a first-class lie on any subject at a moment's notice. Put it didn't sell well. He took it to a horse-trader. Said the trader : " Come, you, get out of this, I tell the truth in my business." The inventor presented it to a lawyer, and he also looked horror-stricken and offended. A fishing party looked hankeringly at it but their language was to the effect that they abhorred untruth. A young man, who was engaged to three different girls, also felt indignant at the offer. At last the disheartened inventor tried an editor. The writer flew mad in a minute. "You scoundrei," he cried, "do you mean to insult me?" "No," tremblingly answered the poor man. "Then what the blazes do you mean by offering me that thing?" ." Why, I-I-thought you might occasionally want to use it in your business." "You wretch, what do you take me for?" "Oh, sir, I didn't mean to insinuate that you were a liar! I don't for a minute think, sir, you could tell a lie!" "That's it!" cried the editor. , "that's what I'm mad about ! You conceited ass, you think you're able to invent a machine that I can't lie all around, and that without an effort. I never was so insulted in my life! Get! !!" Editors are not hypocrites, anyway .- Boston Post.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS. Ducks are reported to be able to fly 1,500 miles at one time, and the pace of the swallow and martin is put down at 900 miles in twenty-four hours. Linnets and other seed-eating birds have been known to settle on the mast and rigging of ships far away from land out at sea. They will take their night's rest on the rigging, and when leaving the ship know exactly in what direction to continue their flight. It is said that the migration of birds will foretell severe weather, and it is well known by the bird-catchers, when the larks and other northern birds appear, that snow and hard weather will follow the flight. These warnings, of migratory birds, though apparently insignificant, may be of vast political and even national importance. If the Emperor Napoleon, when on the road to Moscow with his army in 1811, had condescended to observe the flights of storks and cranes passing over his fated battalions, subsequent events of the politics of Europe might have been very different. These storks and cranes knew of the coming on of a great and terrible winter; the birds hastened toward the south. Napoleon and his army toward the

north. SOME PROGRESS, ANYHOW.

"Shekel, I understand that you are going to get married; is it so?" asked Gabbleblock of his friend, as they sauntered slowly up the street. "Well, that depends," answered

Shekel. "I am trying to get a woman that's an heiress and the owner of a bad cough." "And what progress have you made?"

"Why." said S., with the air of a man who had made a great achievement. "I've found one with a bad

wugh." Gabble was so sympathetic that he insisted on paying for the beer.

THE LITTLE MAN IN THE YELLOW COAT.

Two hundred years ago, almost at the very moment when his soldiers were entering Strasbourg, the Roi Soleil started out from Fontainebleau to take possessian in person of his new conquest. The day before—that is to say, on the 29th of September, 1681-Lonis XIV. had announced to his court, in the presence of the German Ambassador, that he had made up his mind to go to Strasbourg in order to receive the cath of fealty which the treaty of Nimegue gave him the right to exact from the city. It was a coup de theatre and no mistake. But how happened it that the King was so well informed as to the actual condition of affairs at so distant a point?

Well, the story runs as follows: One evening the Minister Louvois sent for a young man who had been recommended to his good graces, and said: "Sir, you will get into a post carriage which you will find at my door. My servants have exact instructions what to do. You will proceed to Bale without stopping, and you will reach there about 2 o'clock to-morrow. You will proceed immediately to the bridge which crosses the Rhing. You will remain there until 4 o'cleck. You will carefully notice all that you may see there. You will then again get into the carriage and, without losing a minute, will return and report to me what you may have seen."

The young man bowed and started at once. The day after, at 2 o'clock, he reached Bale and at once hastened to take up his station on the bridge. Nothing extraordinary attracted his attention. It was market day, and some peasants were passing and repassing. bringing vegetables and taking back their empty carts: A squad of militia passed. Townsfolk crossed the bridge. talking of the news of the day, and a little man, wearing a yellow coat, leaned over the railing and amused himself by dropping stones into the water, as if to create circling eddies, which he watched with a satisfied look. Four o'clock struck, and the Minister's messenger started on his return to Paris. Very late in the evening the young man, greatly disappointed at the result of his mission, arrived at the house of Louvois. The Minister was still awake and rushed

to see his protege. "What did you see?" he asked. "I saw peasants going and coming; a sound of militia passed over the bridge; citizens who walked along discussing the day's news, and a little man wearing a vellow coat, who was amusing himself tian at Work

by dropping stones into the water." The Minister had heard enough, and he hurried to the King. The little man in yellow was a secret agent, and the stones dropped into the water was a signal that all difficulties had been over-

AN ARKANSAS JURY. Down in an extremely rural district of Arkansas an old man was atrested for stealing a hog. The proof was positive, and court was surprised when the plea of not guilty was introduced. The lawver for the defense, a man well known for his trickery rather than his ability, seemed particularly desirous of selecting a jury that would not show partiality in decision. The prosecuting attorney, a young and inexperienced man, agreed to every juryman sclected by the defense, and the Judge, although he might have thought the defense stepped over the bounds of judicial courtesy, said nothing. The arguments were concluded, leaving in the minds of the people 20 doubt as to the verdict, for one of the witnesses, a man whose word no one could dispute, swore that he saw the defendant when he stole the animal. The jury retired, and, after a few moments, returned a verdict of not guilty, in exact opposition to the charge of the

When the court adjourned the Judge approached the lawyer for the defense

and remarked: "Look here, my friend, I never heard of such a verdict. Leannot, as an impartial disseminator of justice, allow so flagrant an outrage to be perpetrated on this community. That man is as guilty as Judas, but, if you will tell me the se cret of the acquittal, I'll allow the ver-

dict to pass." "You see, Judge, some of the jurymen was rather young and some rather older."

"Yes, but what does that signify?" "It signifies that I run in the old man's twelve sons on the jury."-Little Rock Gazette.

PRACTICAL ABITHMETIC. "You can't add different things together," said an Austin school teacher. 'If you add a sheep and a cow together it does not make two sheep or two cows." A little boy, the son of an Austin avenue was the next query, in an incredulous milkman, held up his hand and said : "That may do with sheep and cows, out if you add a quart of milk and a quart of water it makes two quarts of milk. Two seen it tried."-Texas Sift-

> Do what must be done as gracefully as possible.

HOW TO MAKE IE.

Hard water makes the most delicious tea, as it dissolves less of the tannin and gives the cup a more delicate flavor. And even with hard water there is a wide difference between wells located near together. But given the same quality of water, and a difference in the manipulation will make to a sensitive taste a total change in the character of the beverage. There is not one city tea-kettle out of

100 that in its present condition is fit to boil water for a cup of tea. Let our reader go home to-night and inspect his own outfit, and he will verify our statement. He will find the interior of his kettle incrusted with the mineral deposits extracted from the water boiled in it from morning until night of each succeeding day. As the water is 'clean," the cook but empties and fills the kettle, never thinking of the growing crust that must now be scraped off if the kettle is to be cleaned. Water that has stood after boiling will not make a good cup of tea, and yet how often the tired laborer, mechanic, merchant, doctor or lawyer has tried to solace himself with a beverage made from water containing the debris of that which has stood all day on the range, being only filled as often as any addition was needed. Take a clean kettle never used for anything else, fill it with fresh water, the harder the better, boil quickly over a very hot fire, and pour as soon as it boils upon the tea leaves fresh from the canister. Let it stand four or

five minutes, and then drink. How to spoil tea: If the first experienough, or if the pot is partly empty and more is needed, do not put any fresh tea into the teapot, for it will surely be wasted. Tea water will not dissolve the theine from the dry leaves of fresh tea; only pure, fresh water will do that. The addition of tea to the nearly empty teapot will increase the color, but it will not make tea perceptibly stronger in its exhilarating quality. Any one may try the experiment. Put a table-spoonful of tea into a quart of water and let it stand five minutes, or boil it if desired. Then add two more spoonfuls of tea leaves to the same decoction. The color will be increased, but the tea will be little stronger in the active principle so much desired. When more liquid or a stronger infusion is desired, put the additional tea in a cup and pour fresh water on it; after it has stood a few minutes, it may then be put in the pot to good advantage. - Chris-

DICKENS DREAM. Apropos of dreams, is it not a strange thing if writers of fiction never dream of their own creations, recollecting, I suppose, even in their dreams, that they come, and that Strasbourg belonged to have no real existence? I never dreamed of any of my own characters, and I feel it so impossible that I would wager Scott never did of his, real as they are. I had a good piece of absurdity in my head a night or two ago. I dreamed that somebody was dead, I don't know who, but it's not to the purpose. It was a private gentleman and a particular friend, and I was greatly overcome when the news was broken to me (very delicately) by a gentleman in a cocked hat, top boots and a sheet. Nothing else. "Good God!" I said, "is he dead?" "He is dead, sir," rejoined the gentleman, "as a door-nail. But we must all die, Mr. Dickens, sooner or later, my dear sir." "Ah," I said. "Yes, to be sure. Very true. But what did he die of?" The gentleman burst into a flood of tears, and said, in a voice broken by emotion: "He christened his youngest child, sir, with a toasting-fork," I never in my life was so affected as at his having fallen a victim to this complaint. It carried a conviction to my mind that he never could have recovered. I knew that it was the most interesting and fatal malady in the world, and I wrung the gentleman's hand in a convulsion of respectful admiration, for I felt that that explanation did equal honor to his head and heart. - Letters of Charles Dickens.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF DEATH. Take the sunny side of death. Sooner or later it must come to all, and at the days distant Kings and potentates have no refuge from the summons of the dread messenger. Death is the great leveler of man, and dust to dust the heritage of all. Why, then, should we shrink from its contemplation? Why banish it from our thoughts with a shudder? It is not rational to permit death to shadow our lives; nor is it rational to turn in terror from what must as surely come as to-morrow's sun. Those who are suddenly chilled day after day by the thoughts of death either shadow their lives by misdeeds, or reject the philosophy that should make every wellordered life wait serenely for its end. The rational apprehension of the upright man is, not that he may fall too soon in the race, but that he may linger too long, and outlive everything but hope. - Baptist Weekly.

A PROG weighing fifty pounds was killed near New Orleans.

ADVICE TO THOSE USING GLASSES.

Men engaged in literary pursuits

should read most by day and write most by night. It is worthy of note that reading causes more strain to the eye than writing, and that copying work in writing makes a greater demand upon the organ of vision than off-hand composition. Twilight and a mixture of twilight and artificial illumination should be avoided for any kind of work. The pale cobalt-blue tint is the best that can be employed when protection for the eye from intense glare is sought, as in the case of traveling upon snow-fields in the bright sunshine. The green glass that is so often adopted for this purpose is not by any means so worthy of confidence. Reading in railway traveling is objectionable in the highest degree for a very obvious reason. The oscillation of the carriage continually alters the distance of the page from the eye, and so calls for unceasing strain in the effort to keep the organ in due accommodation for the ever-varying distance of the dancing image. The exact fitting of the framework of spectacles to the face and eyes is of more importance than is generally conceived. If the centers of the lenses of the spectacles do not exactly coincide with the centers of the pupils of the eyes, the consequence is that the images in the separate eyes are a little displaced from the positions which they ought to hold, and that a somewhat painful and injurious effort has to be nade by the eye to bring those images back into due correspondence for accurate vision. An incipient squint is apt to be in this way produced. Mr. Carter recommends that people should look to the centering of their spectacles for themselves. This may be easily done by standing before a looking-glass with should then appear in the center of the the female. rim. Fully-formed spectacles are always to be preferred to folding frames, because they permit of more satisfactory adjustment in this particular, and be. cause they are more easily kept in the right position with regard to the eyes. The only advantage which the pebble enjoys over glass for the construction of spectacles is the immunity which it possesses against scratching and fracture on account of its greater hardness,-Edinburgh Review.

EFFECT UPON EUROPE OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA. The voyage of Columbus in 1492 was

in many respects the greatest event

which had occurred in the world since the birth of Christ. Politically and socially it was the beginning of an entirely new chapter in human history, and it wrought effects upon men's speculative thinking which, though perhaps less conspicuous, were not less real or remarkable. In much more than the mere geographical sense was this the discovery of a new world. It was the first in a complicated series of events which four centuries have not yet fully rounded into a period; the foundation of a new Europe in America, in Africa, in Australia and in the islands of the Pacific; the rise of the English race to political and commercial supremacy, and the advance of the English language toward what may become universal dominion; the reorganization of government upon a higher plane than the middle ages had even been able to foreshadow; the renovation of society in the old Europe through countless subtle influences; the permanent triumph of the industrial over the predatory spirit; the successful assertion of individual freedom against the paralyzing absolutism inherited from the Roman empire; the overthrow of sacerdotalism, and the Christianization of the world. It would probably be too much to assert that some of these desirable results might not have been attained, so far as the old Europe is concerned, even if the lands beyond the sea had never been explored and colonized. It is unquestionable, however, that the progress would have been much slower and much more sub ject to interruption. The part performed by England, for example, in the work of European civilization since the age of Elizabeth has been so immensor and so complicated that no elaborateness of analytic description can do it justice. latest it is only a few swiftly-passing Yet England in Elizabeth's time was hardly a first-class power, and but for the colonization of America in the seventeenth century it is difficult to see in what way she would so surely or so soon have gained the commercial supremacy which gave her in the eighteenth the dominion of the ocean, and thus secured her the foremost position in the world. To those-and there are many such in America-who are in the habit of regarding American history as a dry and uninteresting study, it may be a profitable matter of reflection that since the beginning of the seventeenth century it is impossible to follow intelligently the affairs of the old Europe through a sin-

> THE Philadelphia News believes that death lurks in boiled cabbage. Bake 'em if you want to be safe.

gle generation without constant refer-

Harper's Magazine.

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PLEASANTRIES.

PROPER furniture for a doctor's office-Bone settee.

IT is the clean table-cloth that catches the early grease-spot.

AFTER all, the books of Euclid are

rather problematical. A CHICKEN'S neck is like a bell when

t is rung for dinner.

Ir looks suspicious to see a man always take a clove before answering the

telephone. "LAYING down the law"-The Judge

on the point of resigning. "Know thyself" may be an excellent sort of proverb, but some people wouldn't know very much if they obeyed

it implicitly. Ws are told that the evening "wore on." but we are not told what the evening wore on that particular occasion. Was it the close of a summer's day?

"I TAKE my tex' dis morning," said a colored preacher, "from dat portion ob the scriptur' whar the Postle Paul pints his pistol at de Fesians."

It was wrong in Peg, the shoemaker, o say to the doctor who complained that he had made a poor job of that last pair of boots, "Physician, heel thyself." "What is the best attitude for selfdefense?" said a pupil (putting on the

a civil tongue in your head," was the significant reply. "I NEVER argy agin a success," said Artemus Ward. "When I see a rattlesnaix's head sticking out ov a hole, I bear off to the left and say to myself,

gloves) to a well-known pugilist. "Keep

that hole belongs to that snaix." It is announced that baldness can be cured by skin-grafting, but by married men the assertion is regarded as mere the spectacles in their place. If the fit | balderdash. They say the only sure cure is a good one the center of the pupil lies in the amputation of the arms of

A FRENCH writer remarks, "If a lady says to you, 'I can never love you,' wait a little longer; all hope is not lost. But if she says, 'No one has more sincere wishes for your happiness than I.

take your hat." A GERMAN witness in a San Francisco court indignantly rejected the services of an interpreter. He was testifying in the case of a man accused of cutting another with a handsaw, and said: "I seen-myself run dot saw against and cuts hees hand."

A COBRESPONDENT of an agricultural monthly asks: "Why does Timothy run out?" We haven't time to read the editor's reply, but if Timothy is at a theatrical performance, the answer may be very readily surmised,-Norristown (Pa.) Herald.

"FIGGERS vont lie, vill they?" muttered a cockney arithmetician who had just reeled out of an anti-temperance resort and was holding on to a lamp post. Vell, perhaps they vont," remarked an observer, "but I see a figger as vont stand any how !"

VRAH!" he exclaimed with an expression of great disgust, after kissing his wife, "I do believe you have been smoking cigarettes- cheap and nasty ones, at that." "It's only too true," she replied, nonchalantly. "I took them out of the bundle you brought home last night,"

ESOUIMAUX MORALS AND BEAUTY. Speaking of amusements suggests the latest acquired civilized vice among the Esquimaux -- card-playing -- which knowledge they have acquired along with other questionable things from contact with the whale-men. At the stopping places most frequented by whaling ships we have been asked for playing-cards, and the women showed no nicety in their morals. As a rule they are anything but fascinating. In fact, I have seen but one—a woman who came aboard at Cape Prince of Wales-who might perhaps have been good-looking after taking a warm bath. She was voted the Esquimaux belle, and by way of manifesting this fact, she received from appreciative blue jackets numerous chucks under the chin with the same air of gratified vanity that a popular beauty does the attention of half a dozen young fellows at german. To add to their repulsiveness, the females tattoo their chins; their dress is of the most unbecoming style, and the smoky, cetacean, fishy perfume diffused through the atmosphere in their immediate vicinity is anything but agreeable to refined nostrils .- Cor. New York Herald.

WHAT BISMARCK EATS AND DRINKS.

Prince Bismarck has a truly princely appetite. Here is his bill of fare for one dinner : Onion soup with port wine, a saddle of wild boar together with beer; upon this, Irish stew, turkey, chestnuts, all washed down with red wine at discretion; finally dessert, in which pears are conspicuous. The Prince is exceedingly fond of trout and hard-boiled eggs. His favorite drink is said to be porter with champagne, though he has a strong ence to the New World .- John Fiske, in mixedliking for a compound invented by Von Moltke, consisting of hot tea,

sherryand champagne. One must set to work betimes to keep one's self free from passion.