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THE BANNER,
Rutherfordton, N. C.

THE CHESS-BOARDS
My little love, do you remember,
How we were so fondly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtained away from the snowy weather
When you and I played chess together
Obscured by each other's eyes?
Oh, still I see your soft, white hand,
Hovering warm 'o'er queen and knight,
Brave pawn in valiant battle stand,
The double castles guard the wing,
The bishops bent on distant things,
Now, sliding through the night,
Our fingers touch; our glances meet
And falter; fall your golden hair
Against my cheek; down the field
Your Queen
Bides slow, her rook all between,
And checks my instance,
Ah me! the time has passed,
Deposited in its divinity:
I fall many a move, since then, have we
Mid life's perplexing checkers made
And many a game with fortune played
What is it we have now?
This, this at least of this hour;
That never, never, nevermore,
As in those old still nights of yore
(We were so fondly wise)
Can you and I that out the skies,
Start out the world and winter weather,
And, eyes exchanging warm with eyes,
Play chess, as then we played together!
—Lucy Meredith.

A QUEER STORY.
Some of the Perils of Railway Traveling in Great Britain.
The crime of Lefroy caused the greatest agitation in England concerning the system of traveling by railway. Mr. Labouchere took advantage of the excitement to publish a remarkable story illustrating the perils of that system. It is drawn from real life, and records the adventures of Rev. Jude Gloam, a shy young clergyman, who had taken a glass more than usual at supper, and of Miss Avis, an equally shy young lady, whom he accosted on the train.

It is the curse of shy men that, getting so little practice in conversing with women, they never know where to stop when, peradventure, they do get a chance of talking. It is by shy men that the rudest things are habitually said and done through sheer inexperience. Mr. Gloam had no idea that he was transgressing the proprieties. He thought he was making himself very polite and agreeable.

"I say, Miss—Avis," stammered the Rev. Jude, with a leer, "supposing there were a piece of mistletoe in this carriage?"
No answer from the girl, but her eyes opened wide, and she shrank up, trembling, in her corner of the carriage.

"I—I think there is a piece of mistletoe!" continued the foolish man, pointing to the lamp in the ceiling, for he meant to be facetious.
The girl was now fairly frightened, and moved from her seat to the further corner of the carriage. She had heard of drunken ruffians insulting ladies in railway carriages, and she set down her reverend companion as being drunk, and possibly a ruffian. No doubt his clerical garb was only a disguise.

"What are you running away for?" asked Mr. Gloam, and he rose to follow her with an unsteady gait, caused not so much by tipsiness—for he was not regularly tipsy—as by the oscillation of the train. But to the affrighted girl who saw him stagger it looked as if he were dangerously inebriated.
"If you approach another step, sir, I shall scream!" cried she, starting up, with all the color fled from her face.

"What for?" asked the Rev. Jude, and, putting his hand out to steady himself, he quite unintentionally rested it on her shoulder. The movement of the coil which this apparent assault caused the girl to make threw Mr. Gloam off his balance, and he plumped into the seat from which she had risen. This only increased the girl's fright, and, wildly opening the window of the carriage she screamed "Help! Help! Murder!"
In an instant Mr. Gloam was sobered. The girl's shrieks cleared all the fumes of wine from his brain and showed him in what a desperate position he had placed himself. "For God's sake, don't scream like that," he implored, "you'll ruin me," and seizing the girl by the waist he wrenched her from the window.

"Help!" she gasped as she fell on to one of the seats and struggled to regain her footing.
"Miss Avis, for God's sake let me explain," entreated Mr. Gloam, seizing her hands; but the horrible fear which was now legible on his face made him a more dreadful object to look at than before, while the violence he used to restrain the girl robbed her of all presence of mind. Disengaging herself from him, she tottered toward the nearest door and tactically turned the handle. A blast of cold night air flew to the carriage, and a shower of sparks from the engine was seen flying by. Mr. Gloam made a grab at the girl to draw her back. She eluded him, and, screaming louder than ever, tried to step on the footboard. Then there was another faint shriek and all was silence. The door, swinging forward by the impetus of the train at a curve, closed of its own accord. The girl had slipped and was gone.

himself whether he was not in the midst of a nightmare. If our train had stopped at that minute he would have been unable to crawl out, and anybody who had seen him must have suspected him of a crime. During a quarter of an hour the poor wretch could neither stir nor think lucidly; he could only moan and tremble. What first recalled him to himself was the sight of the things which the poor girl—no, y dead, beyond doubt—had left in the carriage. There was a shawl, a traveling bag, a novel; and on the floor a small gold watch without a chain.

The sight of these articles stirred in the unwilling murderer the sense of self-preservation. He caught them up one by one and fringed them out of the window into the dark, after which he crept on his knees and looked under the seats to see if anything else had been left. He found nothing. Piteous as his agony of mind then was, he saw the necessity for composing himself, and sat down again trying to reflect. Had any of the passengers in other carriages heard the girl speak? Had any one seen her fall? If so, he was a lost man. He would be arrested at Birmingham, and in due time he would be hanged or sentenced to penal servitude for the better part of his life. How would his story be believed? And if it were believed how would it justify him? The public outcry against him would be all the greater, as he was a clergyman; and, now that he had thrown the girl's things out of the carriage in the first moment of his panic, the evidence of criminal intention would seem complete. "Why did I throw the things out?" faltered Mr. Gloam, speaking to himself; and then he groaned again: "My God, what shall I do?"

It was between Leamington and Birmingham that the girl had fallen out of the train. As the express neared Birmingham the tension on Jude Gloam's nerves was such as few men ever experience. Within five minutes he endured an amount of terror and anguish enough to spread over a lifetime; yet he had the craft to see that all his chances of escaping unsuspected might depend upon his behavior when the train stopped. He must alight quite coolly; he must not run, nor appear anxious to get away; he must control his terrors, though his heart throbbed to bursting.

The train glided into the station; the porters ran along the platform opening doors; one of them opened Mr. Gloam's carriage. "Any luggage, sir?"
"Yes, I have some luggage," said Mr. Gloam, and he stepped out, shaking in every limb, but apparently sedate and calm, as it behoves a clergyman to be. Next moment he was mixed up with the throng of people who were forging for their trunks and portmanteaus.

Nobody paid any attention to him. No one talked about shrieks having been heard during the journey. The passengers all attended to their own business, and left him to his. Mr. Gloam's business was to collect a portmanteau, a box and a hamper; having done this, he turned to ask a porter to call a cab for him, but, as he was about to speak, his words froze on his tongue, for he saw standing beside him a girl who was the very image of Miss Avis.

If the girl had looked at him she must have noticed his confusion, but she was glancing toward an elderly gentleman and lady who were walking toward her.
"Here's her box, papa, but I've not seen her pass," said the girl to the elderly couple.
"We have looked into every carriage," said the gentleman addressed as papa; "but she hasn't come. I suppose she missed the train."
"But how comes her box to be here?"
"Wasn't there a change of carriages somewhere between this and London?" suggested the elderly lady. "I think there's a change at Didcot. Perhaps she got out there and afterward entered the wrong train."
"How very provoking!" exclaimed the girl.

"I dare say you shall find a telegram when we get home," said the elderly gentleman; "but we must ask the stationmaster to take care of Mary's box when she comes to claim it."
Mr. Gloam had glanced at the box beside which the girl stood, and he saw on it a card with the name "Miss Mary Avis." The miserable man shrilly as the father, mother and sister of the poor girl with whom he had traveled passed him. Then he helped the porter to lift his portmanteau and walked with her to a cab. He had a six-mile drive before he could reach his parish of Rorleigh, which was on the outskirts of Birmingham. However, the drive was accomplished in safety, and that night was spent by Mr. Gloam, sleepless, in his new parsonage.

The body of Miss Avis was found dead on the line early on the following day, and afterward her traveling-bag was discovered twenty miles further down the line. But for this discovery of the bag the poor girl's death would have been attributed to accident, as it was, when it became demonstrated that somebody must have had a share in her death, nobody accused the Rev. Jude

Gloam. Nor was anybody else accused. The porter who had put Mr. Gloam into the carriage at Oxford had not noticed that there was a young lady in the compartment, and, simply owing to this slight fact of non-observance, the story of Mary Avis' death was fated to remain a mystery.

It became known in time, however, to one man to whom Mr. Gloam communicated the facts in writing some five years after they had happened. He, the rector of Rorleigh, ended his letter by saying: "I have lived in a purgatory of remorse and sorrow ever since that awful night, and am thankful to think I shall soon be rid of my load." He was lying when he wrote this of a decline, brought on by overwork in his parish; and he left behind him the reputation of being the most earnest, zealous, kindest and also the saddest rector whom the people of Rorleigh had ever seen.

THE WHALEBONE TRADE.
The whale is the largest fish that swims in the sea and it is probably the most useful. It is, of course, captured for its oil, but there is a part of its body which commerce has made an extensive use of to the enrichment of many men. In the upper jaw of the whale are thin, parallel laminae, varying in size from three to twelve feet in length. These are called whalebone, and all above six feet in length is called size bone, a quality which commands the highest price. Whalebone once brought a very high price, especially when hoopskins were more in fashion than they are today. The Dutch formerly received \$3,500 for a ton of whalebone, but since 1763 it has never brought anything like that price. In 1815 it brought \$450 a ton, in 1834 from \$530 to \$545, and 1844 it varied from \$1,090 for Southern to \$1,550 for Northern bone. As the whale becomes scarce of course whalebone will rise in the market, and at present the Dutch and the Scotch whalers are doing a very poor business. The Americans also complain, and now that this is the case the inventive genius of man is trying hard to find the best whalebone. This is obtained from Greenland whale. From the mouth of one of these monsters from 2,000 to 3,000 pounds are often taken. The manufacture of whalebone into articles of use and ornament is not so extensive as one might imagine. It is principally confined to New York and Boston, four manufactories being in the former and three in the latter. When the raw whalebone is first received at the factory the hair is cut off the slabs. They are then soaked in water until they are soft, after which they are scraped of all the gum that adheres to them. They are next put in a steam box, where a workman straightens them with a knife; they are finally polished, and are then ready to be made use of for any purpose that the dresser may see fit. Whalebone is principally used nowadays in the manufacture of whips and corsets. Umbrella frames used to be made altogether of whalebone, but since its scarcity and high price steel is mostly used for this purpose. Whalebone hats and whalebone ribbon have just come into vogue. The former look very beautiful and are very comfortable on the head. Whales, like seals, do not get time to grow, for they are slaughtered mercilessly, young and old, in the pursuit of wealth. The old ones are often killed before the young are able to take care of themselves, and the result of this cruelty is a loss of thousands and thousands of whales and seals in a year. Mankind will have to be more thoughtful in the work of slaughter if it wishes to be better compensated by these animals, and the whale must be let alone for a few years if the ladies are to have fine corsets and the gentlemen fine walking-sticks and riding-whips.—Brooklyn Eagle.

TALKING STARS.
Astronomers divide meteors into several classes—serial meteors, as winds, tornadoes, etc.; aqueous meteors, as fogs, rain, snow, hail, etc.; luminous meteors, or those due to the action of elements in the air, as rainbows, halos, parhelia, mirages, etc.; electrical meteors, as lightnings, auroras, etc.; and igneous meteors, as shooting or falling stars, star-showers, bolides or fire-balls, aerolites or meteorites, etc. In present usage, says Prof. Newton, the term meteor is generally limited to the last group, or to the igneous meteors. The meteorites are all evidently fragments, not separate formations. They are, says the same authority, in the heavens, to some extent at least, grouped in streams along the orbits of known comets, and hence have a common origin with them. The continuity of these streams, the double and multiple character of Biela's and other comets, and the steady diminution of comets in brilliancy at successive returnings, seems to argue a continuous breaking up of the comet into fragments by some cause, probably by the sun's heat. This view is strengthened by the fact that the meteoric iron and stones bring with them carbonic acid, which is known to form so prominent a part of the comet's tail. It is now universally admitted that igneous meteors are caused by small bodies which have been traveling about the sun in their orbits, but now come into the earth's atmosphere, and, in general, burn up. The stony meteorites have in general the shape of broken fragments of stone. The outside is usually covered with a thin, black crust, which is evidently due to a melting of the surface in the atmosphere. There have been found at various times and places fused iron masses that are assumed to be of meteoric origin, because their peculiar form, their peculiar composition, and their peculiar crystalline structure are like those of the iron masses that have been seen in several instances to come down from meteors. Shooting stars are seen on any clear, moonlight night; they leave behind, many of them, a bright cloud of phosphorescent light; the meteors and their trains have various colors—white, green, blue, yellow, scarlet, etc.; the duration of the flight is generally less than a second of time, but the brighter ones may last several seconds; the meteorites contain no elements, so far as we know, which have not been found on the earth, but these elements are compounded differently from terrestrial minerals; sometimes they reach the earth, and again are consumed in their course.

STUPID TEACHING.
There is a vast amount of humpbug in the system of common-school education, and it is not strange that many parents are adopting the plan of having their children instructed at home, where they can carefully watch the child's training and see that what time is devoted to instruction is turned to good account. A disgusted father writes to a Philadelphia journal saying that the other day he heard his little girl sobbing over a rule which she was trying to commit to memory, in the following words, to-wit:
"Rule for short division, rule dash one write the divisor at the left of the dividend, semi-colon, begin at the left hand, comma, and write the quotient beneath, period, Paragraph 2. If there is a remainder after any division, comma, regard it as prefixed to the next figure, comma, and divide as before, period. If any partial dividend is less than the divisor, prefix it to the next figure, comma, and write a cipher in the quotient, period. Paragraph proof period dash multiply the quotients by the divisor, comma, and add the remainder, comma, if any, comma, to the product, period."
After reading these painfully idiotic paragraphs the amazed parent made inquiry and found that the pupils—children under 10—were required to study rules in this way in order that they might be able to write them out and "point" them, not correctly, but according to the book.
"I also found," he adds, "that if a comma was left out, though the sense remained unchanged, the pupil suffered as much in loss of marks as though she had committed a vital blunder. Thanks to home instruction, my little girl understands the rules of arithmetic, but she cannot learn them by rote in this parrot fashion, and suffers accordingly. Can we have nothing done in this matter to relieve our children from utterly useless memorizing, that leaves them at the end of a few years with weakened minds and no taste for study? I got a letter the other day from a man who had graduated from a university. He could neither write nor spell correctly (spelling goes 'gose'), and yet at school a few years ago, he could glibly recite all the rules of grammar, and was by no means an indifferent pupil."

THE WHEELING INTELLIGENCER notices, as a curious feature of the mortality statistics of this year, the large number of deaths from what are known as zymotic or fifth diseases. The last quarterly report of the health officer of that city shows that out of a total of 212 deaths from all causes 108 came under the head of zymotic disease.

IN IOWA, ILLINOIS AND WISCONSIN many farmers are purchasing cows, and giving extensively into the dairy business, going as a reason that there is a greater profit to be expected than in raising grain.

IT IS NOT SURPRISING to find the unlearned in things medical unable to understand that brain development, which of course is generally a matter of heredity, determines character. Such, however, is, and must needs be, the fact. Whether the mind is something outside matter which acts through or by the brain, as a musician may use a musical instrument, or whether, as some think, what we call mind is simply brain function, it should be manifested on consideration that upon the quality and conformation of a man's brain must depend his mental capacity; and, consequently, also his characteristics both intellectual and moral. We are not disposed to urge specialities of development as excuses for conduct because, given an average degree of intelligence and fairly strong will power, the individual is clearly responsible for his actions; but it must not be forgotten that his instincts of right or wrong, and the facility of judgment with which he distinguishes between good and evil, will be acute or dull in proportion as his brain is developed.

The mind is in a large sense the character of a man, and as directly dependent on the physical growth of his brain as the speed of a race-horse is dependent on its muscular development. This is not sufficiently recognized, and because it is not we never now and then find silly remarks in print such as the following: "The convulsions of the brain may have something to do with the difference between mediocrity and genius, but at present they are not recognized in the law courts, and it is difficult to see how they can be;" with such weak and wide moral reflections as that "It would be scarcely satisfactory to a pick-pocket to have his brains (sic) examined, in order to prove to those he left behind that he really could not help being a thief!" And yet the facts are sufficiently plain and simple, so plain and simple that any one should be able to understand them.—Lancet.

GARFIELD AS A FRIEND.
The world likes to hear of the personal ality of its heroes—their habits, tastes, peculiarities, likes and dislikes. I may be pardoned, therefore, for speaking of things in connection with the dead President, which would be of trifling interest, if not an impertinence, if said of one not widely loved and honored. Gen. Garfield had a warm, affectionate nature. The people he liked were very dear to him. He took them to his heart and gave them his full confidence. He would often sit down beside a friend and throw his arm over his neck, or put his hand on his shoulder or knee, as the natural expression of his liking, or in walking would place his arm through that of the friend. He had a way of calling an intimate friend or comrade "old boy" or "old fellow," and once, when Col. Rockwell thanked him for some kindness, he said, putting his hand on his friend's shoulder, "Old boy! the ties of friendship are sometimes stronger than those of blood!" By the courtesy of Col. Rockwell I am also enabled to include here one of Gen. Garfield's most characteristic letters. Col. Rockwell says:
"On the Sunday preceding the election I had sent him a little expression of my confidence in his success, closing, as I remember, with the stanza from Goethe:
"The future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow,
We press still thence;
Naught is hidden in it
Dawning or event."
"To this, on the eve of election, he sent the following reply:
"Mexico, Ohio, Nov. 1, 1880.
"DEAR JARVIS: The evening mail brings me your letter of the 31st, and I take a moment in the lull before the battle, to say how greatly glad I am for all the earnest and effective things you have done for me. Whatever may be the issue to-morrow, I shall carry with me, through life, most grateful memories of the enthusiastic and noble work my friends have done, and especially my fruitful classmates. The campaign has been fruitful to me in the discipline that comes from endurance and patience. I hope that defeat will not sour me, nor success disturb the peace which I have sought to gain by the experience of life.
"From this edge of the conflict I give you my hand and heart, as in all the other days of our friendship. As ever yours,
"J. A. GARFIELD."
"Col. A. F. Rockwell, Washington, D. C."
—E. V. Smalley, in the Century Magazine.

SPOTTED TAIL'S JOKE.
One day Capt. Lee was talking with Spotted Tail and others about honest people and the keeping of one's word.
"There's no such thing as an honest man," said the Captain, jokingly. "There used to be, however. In former times honest men always used to have a bunch of hair growing in the palm of the right hand. I don't see but a few bunches in my hand."
Spotted Tail stepped up to him, and, shaking hands with him, said:
"How! How! I used to have a great big bunch of hair in the palm of my hand, but it has all been worn off by shaking hands with the whites."
Many preachers seek to impress their hearers with the fact that life is short, but forget it in their sermons.

IT IS A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND of the Norwegian. Amilias was the village blacksmith, and under the spreading chestnut treekin his village smithophiken stood. He the hot iron hammered and sjud horses for 50 cents all round pease. He made tin helmets for the giodds and stove-pipe trousers for the hjeross. Mimir was a rival blacksmith. He didn't go in very much for defensive armor, but he was lightning on tiron, it should be manifested on consideration that upon the quality and conformation of a man's brain must depend his mental capacity; and, consequently, also his characteristics both intellectual and moral. We are not disposed to urge specialities of development as excuses for conduct because, given an average degree of intelligence and fairly strong will power, the individual is clearly responsible for his actions; but it must not be forgotten that his instincts of right or wrong, and the facility of judgment with which he distinguishes between good and evil, will be acute or dull in proportion as his brain is developed.

One day Amilias made an impenetrable suit of armor for a second-class giodd, and put it on himself to test it, and boastfully inserted a card in the *Svenska Nordorfraviskjkanaheldepstetenskyrordovusaken*, saying that he was wearing a suit of home-made, best-chilled, Norway merino underwear that would knock the unnumbered saw-teeth in the pot-metal cutlery of the ironmongery over the way. That, Amilias remarked to his friend Bjorn Bjorinsson, was the kind of a Bjorinsson he was.

When Mimir spelled out the card next morning, he said, "Bjij!" and went to work with a charcoal-furnace cold anvil, and A. T. Hay's isomorphic process, and in a little while he came down street with a sjvazard that glittered like a dollar-store diamond, and met Amilias down by the new opera-house. Amilias but-tomed on his new hjarrom, and said:
"If you have no hereafter use for your old chjyese-kjaise, strike!"
Mimir spat on his hands, whirled his skyvaard above his head, and fetched Amilias a swipe that seemed to miss everything except the empty air through which it softly whistled. Amilias smiled, and said, "Go on," adding that it "seemed to him that he felt a general sense of cold iron somewhere in the neighborhood, but he hadn't been hit."
"Shake yourself," said Mimir.
Amilias shook himself and immediately fell into halves, the most neatly-divided man that ever went beside himself.
"That's where the boiler-maker was away off in his diagnosis," said Mimir, as he went back to his shop to put up the price of cutlery 65 per cent. in all lines, with an unlimited advance on special orders.
"Thus do we learn that a good action is never thrown away, and that kind words and patient love will overcome the hardest natures.—Burlington Hawk-Eye.

The bindings of books in galleries perish from heat, and the higher the books are above the floor the more active is this destructive agency. Leather is an animal tissue, and will not, like linen, cotton, paper and other vegetable substances, sustain without injury a higher temperature than we find agreeable to live in. Books cannot live where men cannot live. They are more nearly allied to us as congeners than we are wont to suppose. In excessive heat the leather of bindings slowly consumes and its life departs. The sulphurous residuum of gas combustion is also said to be injurious to bindings. Books should, therefore, be shelved in the coolest part of the room, and where the air is never likely to be over-heated, which is near the floor, where we ourselves live and move. In the private libraries of our residences a mistake is often made in carrying the shelving of our book-cases so high that they enter the upper and over-heated stratum of air. If any one is skeptical on this point, let him test, by means of a step-ladder, the condition of the air near the ceiling of his common sitting room on a winter evening, when the gas is burning freely. The test is simply insufferable.

Gov. PREPERS, of Missouri, has been surprising all his friends by refusing to drink when invited. Three months ago he "swore off" in New York-city, and though he has "drank enough to float a Mississippi steamboat," he says never again will any alcoholic liquor pass his lips. His quitting drink was brought about by a singular circumstance. He went to visit his sister in New York, and when she prepared a room for her distinguished brother she placed a decanter of whisky in it. The next day she noticed the liquor was unostended, and asked him the reason. He did not tell her; but he afterward told a friend that when he saw the whisky in his room he thought to himself, "Does my sister think I have such a love for whisky that it is necessary to keep it in my room? Does anybody think it? If they do, they will never think so again, for I will never drink another drop." From that day to this he has not touched drink, and his mastery of himself has so pleased him that last week he broke off chewing tobacco.

The butter, cheese, egg and milk business in Montgomery county, Pa., is said to be worth \$40,000,000 a year.

PROULIA PATRONYMIC.
"Bearup & Carrarar are gasfitters in Grand Street, New York.
Christian Angel was arrested at Detroit for refusing to support his family, and Christian Whuson for burglary.
Mr. Kansas Nebraska Bill lives at Saybrook, Ct. Mr. Bill was born in the time of the Kansas-Nebraska excitement, about 1853 or 1854, when the Kansas-Nebraska bill was everywhere discussed, and his father, James A. Bill, named him Kansas Nebraska. He has a brother, Leecompton Constitution Bill, and another, Jefferson Davis Bill.
Michael Sir Shepherd lives at Ilford, England. When his mother was bidding, "Name this child," she curtsied and replied: "Michael, sir," and Michael Sir it was. An old Irish song records a parallel case, where a dog, answering to the name "Dennis," was making himself too busy at the christening, and had to be checked by the mother, with the result described:
"What's his name?" says the priest: "Down, Dennis," says she;
So Down Dennis's Bulgruddey they christened me.
Doctor Willard Bliss is the name of Dr. D. W. Bliss, who attended President Garfield. He was so christened after Dr. Willard, who presided at his birth at Auburn nearly fifty years ago.
The Rev. Ebenezer Bholanath Bhoese has been appointed curate of St. An-drew's, Bethnal Green, London.
The Rev. William Napoleon Barley-corn has been sent to Fernando Po as a missionary by the English Primitive Methodists.
Mr. Arthur Wellington Waterloo is an ex-army surgeon in England.
Mr. Eldersley Clinton Lorlard de Clements takes a laundry at Detroit.
Miss Pauline Castle Garden, aged 24, was picked up in the rotunda of Castle Garden on the night of the Fourth of July, named by Supt. Jackson, and sent to the refuge on Ward's island.
Messrs. Numa Zembia and Adamant-ine Johnson are residents of St. Louis, Mo.
Miss Mazin Grace Brooks is a resident of Kansas City, Mo., her pious mother having named her (by ear) out of the hymn-book: "Mazin grace, how sweet the sound!"
Dr. Theodore Ledyard, of New York city, used to be Dr. Theodore Ledyard Smith, but obtained permission from the Court of Common Pleas to drop the last name. He gave as a reason that "it is his ambition and hope to become master of his profession, and to build up and establish a distinct individuality in his practice, and he fears that because of the great number of doctors named Smith that name will hinder him in his object."
The late Mr. Lewis Hamilton, of Kentucky, left five children—Mr. London Judge Hamilton, Master Southern Soil Hamilton, and Misses Avenue Belle, China Figure and Hebrew Fashion Hamilton.

MEXICAN ADOBE HOUSES.
One of the many distinctive features of a foreign people to attract a stranger on entering New Mexico is the adobe (dobe) castle of the native. The architecture of the Mexican adobe is simple and primitive, being constructed of clay and molded, to suit the convenience and taste of the owner. In the rural districts of the Territory, by which is meant all parts outside of the half-dozen or so commercial centers, these mud houses rarely, if ever, exceed one story in height, and are constructed very much after the pattern of the backwoodsman's shanty, with flat roof, earth floor, etc. In the three principal towns of the Territory—Santa Fe, Albuquerque and Las Vegas—the adobe very often assumes an imposing appearance, in some instances reaching two and even three stories in height. The clay being susceptible of a smooth finish, the surfaces of many of these modern adobes is designed in imitation of granite, brick or such other pattern as may best suit the fancy of the owner. To each adobe, in town or country, is attached a plaza, either rear or front. The well-to-do Mexican farmer or town citizen constructs his residence close to the design of a barrack or corral, with a wall, from twelve to fifteen feet high, surrounding an area of ground sufficiently large to meet the requirements of his household. The only entrance to this inclosure is by a gateway.
The several apartments of the family are arranged within and around the inclosure, without other opening than a door leading to the plaza or court-yard, where a structure of mud from three to six feet high, and bearing a close resemblance to a bee-hive serves for a bakery and other kitchen purposes. By this style of architecture the Mexican senior not only draws the line of caste, but is protected from severe snow and sandstorms that sweep over the Territory at irregular intervals. These mud structures are said to be very comfortable—warm in winter and cold in summer. It is claimed by the natives that a properly-constructed adobe can be used with comfort for seventy-five or even 100 years.

Missouri has a weekly newspaper which has suspended and been revived thirteen different times. That's what might be called trying out a course.