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### CANNON AIDING.

Whene'er a youthful lover His courting has big gun, Howitzer prizes him to learn That 'tis not always fun.

For instance, when he's planned his siege. And thinks the missile do, The girl's distrustful parent Shows him a trigger two.

And as with much momentum He down the steps doth glide, And on the picket fence doth land,

He feels much mortar-fied. The maiden in the meantime Escapes into the yard, And shrieks, with much emotion, "My pa has struck Petard."

The young man thinks it ever, Ar.d, though he'll not declare it, Concludes, since he can't bullet, That he will have to bear it.

#### MY SPIRITUELLE "SPOT-TER."

One, two, three-yes, I was sure that I had traced a family resemblance in three very different faces, during the same day, and that these faces had repeated themselves at intervals during a period of several days.

It happened in this wise. I was convalescent - recovering from nervous fever, which had rendered my imaginative powers morbid, and so shattered my pervous system that it was necessary to recover it by the mildest means and the slowest stages. I durst not walk out, so I was recommended to ride. Much reading, even of the lightest character, was declared one of the worst things possible for me; so my young friends got up private theatricals for my yet to take a public part in them, it gave me infinite amusement to aid them in their preparations. By degrees I became quite an artist in the necessities cide, at a glance, whether the evebrows required encouragement, or whether the eyes were of a shade to stand a narrow but severe touch of rouge immediately beneath them. I could tell at a single look whether the whiteness of a false complexion was due to flake-white, bismuth, or alternate layers of camphor-ice and powder; and probably no one ever answered more repeatedly the question. "Have I too much on to-night?" That I became the criterion in such matters was one of the piquant recompenses I had for not being in a position just then

to take part in the public performances. I have said that I was interdicted from much walking. This drove me to the city passenger-cars, for I could not afford the daily luxury of a carriage. It is one of my idiosyncrasies -call it a weakness, if you willthat, having once got into a track, it is hard to drive me out of it, Consequently I acquired the habit of riding up and down the same city passenger track-which one is not necessary to particularize-several times a day. Upon one of these occasions I found myself occupying a corner of the car diagonal to one that was in possession

of a lovely, spirituelle blonde! A very fair, pure blonde! And what more exquisite sight is there on earth than that of a white-rose-skinned, violet-eyed girl, with face framed in with rustic entanglements of light-golden hair? This was the style of a beauty that encountered me in that passenger car, and whispered to me that my de tiny was at hand.

It was about 9 o'clock in the morning, and we were alone in the car. She took no notice of me at all, nor indeed of anything but the school book she held open in her lap. I noticed that the conductor looked at her from time to time, with an expression which might have meant a good deal had I in the least suspected the truth, or met a case resembling it before. The young lady stopped the car in the neighborhood of a large red-brick building, which Ltook to be a young ladies' seminary, and got out without betraving a consciousness of my existence, from which I opined that she was afraid of being late for school and didn't know her lesson.

At about 2 o'clock in the afternoon found myself riding up-town in the same car. The lack of other means of amusement had rendered me a close observer, and consequently when the car stopped and a woman's-rights-looking woman got in, apparently a spinster of uncertain age, my looks were riveted upon her, and, in spite of the difference in age, attire, manner and everything which constitutes personality, I ex-

claimed to myself: "Heavens! what a strange family resemblance! I could swear this woman's rights-looking woman was the maider aunt of my spirituelle blonde. Those eyes, that nose, that chin "-and thereupon I sank off into a retrospective revierie which lasted until I found I had been driven six blocks past the paternal residence, and reflected that the dinner had by that time probably grown un-

palatably lukewarm. The mystery was not at an end yet. That same evening at about 8 I took another ride, which was to last me until next morning. Being again the sole oncupant of the car, I was about to solve the problem how great a portion of my secret service of a passenger railway body could repose upon the velvet- company, Her duty is to 'spot' dis-

# The Mountain Banner.

ESTABLISHED 1848.

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

TERMS-\$2.00 Per Annum.

THE UPAS TREE.

No tree has been the subject of so

many ridiculous fables as the upas, and

till quite lately they were popularly be-

lieved. On the faith of a Dutch sur-

geon named Foersche, it was related

that the upas flowed from a unique and

singular tree, which vegetated in the

midst of a frightful solitude in Java,

"the valley of death." According to

this traveler, no living creature could

resist the poisonous vapors which it ex-

haled, and for three or four leagues

around only dead bodies and skeletons

of men and animals were to be met with.

The birds themselves which ventured

into the surrounding air fell to the

ground as if struck by lightning. Crim-

alone essayed the task of wresting its in-

fernal produce from the tree. Many

tried the perilous journey, but very few

We owe the refutation of this fabulous

narrative to Leschenault, a recent French

traveler. This traveler noticed that the

famous poison is furnished by two spe-

cies of trees which grow amid the forests

of Java. So far from exercising a dele-

terious influence upon all that surrounds

them, they are encompassed by a luxu-

rious vegetation, while birds, lizards

and insects lend animation to their

boughs and foliage. The learned

Frenchman, while examining one of

these trees, which he had cut down, had

his face and hands covered with exuda-

tion flowing from the broken branches,

yet he experienced no bad effects. But

when the upas juice is introduced by

means of a puncture, the effect is rapid-

ly fatal. Eight drops injected into the

The story of the "valley of death,"

probably, had its origin in the fact that

there was some locality in this volcanic

country where carbonic-acid gas poured

out from a crack in the earth in such

quantities as to produce the fatal effects

attributed to the tree. The native Ja-

vans use the juice as an arrow poison,

prepared much the same as the South

Americans make their woorara, with

which their blow-gun arrows are enven-

omed. The upas tree belongs to the

bread-fruit family, and grows, in a beau-

A WONDERFUL COW.

In view of the fact that there is at

present a general revival of interest in

everything pertaining to the dairy and

its products, the following from an ex-

change will be interesting to butter-

The American trotter is of recent ori-

gin, and, during the lifetime of compara-

tively young men now living, has re-

duced the record from 2:30 to about

2:10 per mile, or nearly twenty seconds,

or, as our business men would say, over

This spirit of progress has not been

confined to the breeding and training of

roadster horses, but American breeders

of dairy cattle have made equally as

creditable a record; and if breeders on

the other side of the Atlantic have made

careful tests that will compare with the

following we should like to publish their

of Eurotas 2,454, owned by A. B. Dar-

ling, of Ramsey, N. J. During the

test of Eurotas 2,454, which occupied

eleven months and six days (ending Oct.

15, 1880), she made 778 pounds of but-

ter from 7,525 pounds of milk, averaging

one pound of butter from less than ten

pounds of milk. In the month of June,

1880, she made eighty-eight pounds of

butter. The monthly record of Eurotas

2,454 has been exceeded by Lady Mell

second 1,795, owned by Charles F. Mills,

of Springfield, Ill. Lady Mell second

1,795 dropped her calf in March, and

her milk was kept separate, and the

cream therefrom churned by itself, from

the 15th day of April to the 15th day of

June (sixty-one days), during which

period her cream produced 183 pounds

best weekly yields of the above-named

cows have been exceeded by Jersey Belle

of Scituate 7.828, now dead. This cow

twenty-five pounds and two ounces in

one week. The three cows above-

named have the best yearly, monthly

and weekly butter records, and we con-

fidently expect, at no late date, that the

records will be improved. Perform-

ances, and not fancy points, are the

essential matters that attract the atten-

tion of the practical Jersey breeder of

the day, who first inquires as to the

number of fourteen to twenty-pound

cows in the pedigree of the sire or dam

In Rochester is a curious contrivance

for maintaining even temperature in s

store. A thermostat, connected with a

thermometer and clock-work, regulates.

with the aid of electricity, the damper

of a furnace in such a way that the tem-

perature can be kept at any degree de-

that he wishes to purchase.

sired and without variation.

The best yearly butter record is that

100 feet or more.

veins of a horse will kill it directly.

returned from it.

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

cushioned seat without an impingement of my dusty feet thereon, when the car stopped. I heard the conductor exclaim: "All right, aunty," and the next moment there ambled in a middleaged woman, who seated herself, painfully and with heavy breathing, opposite. She wore a thick veil, but my eyes were sharpened by much observation, and, for the second time that day, I exclaimed to myself:

"Heavens! what a resemblance!" and fell back on the old work of comparing eyes, chin and nose with those of my spirituelle blonde of the morning.

Yes; the family resemblance was there—there was no disguising that. If the woman's-rights woman had been the spinster aunt, this woman was the dowager mother. Mixing with it all there was a confusion, a mystery, a con tradiction and defiance, which I tried in vain to understand or remove. Why, of all the faces I had seen that day, these three should flit before me. weaving themselves together, growing out of one another like monstrous heads, alternat ing each with incessant repetition, and mingling their identities like objects reflected infinitely in opposite mirrors,

was the most inexplicable question of all. I dreamed about those faces all that night. They grew out of my bed-posts : they hid themselves in the folds of my mosquito net; they sprouted from my neck and flashed before me like a fabled monster, and when I woke in the morning 'twas as though they had divided my appetite between them, for I certainly had none for breakfast.

So wearisome had grown this constant brooding that, in despair, I went to my doctor, and, conquering my fear of being laughed at, stated the case.

My doctor is an eccentric. He is not of a successful "make-up;" could de- an old fogy. He is a young progressive, with respect for past good, but with greater respect for future better. He believes in phrenology, and he reads the newspapers, consequently be knows a thing or two which more celebrated physicians might search in their books

> He did not laugh at me. He did not feel my pulse. He did not ask me to go through the farce of putting out my tongue. But he felt of my individuality, and then he asked me the very singular question :

"Do you know what a 'spotter' is?" I pondered for a few moments, and then pensively shook my head. I was not excessively green in city life, but I did not know what a "spotter" was, and

"I thought, perhaps, I was a little out of my head," I added, "Sometimes I fancy my fever jarred me there terribly. And I have been so haunted by these three faces. You don't know-'

At this point, for the first time, the doctor interrupted me with a hearty "I do know all, my dear fellow," he said, slapping me on the shoulder.

"Nothing's the matter there," touching my head. "Your being 'haunted.' as you call it, with those three taces, on the contrary, is one of the best proofs that you are all right. Take your customary ride to-day. Ten chances to one but you will encounter the same three faces. When you do, get as close to them as possible, and, if your eyes are not strong enough, borrow a pair of eye-glasses. Report the result of your observations to me, and if, by that time, you don't

know what a 'spotter' is, I will tell I rose to go, with returned cheerful-

"One word more," he said, holding out his hand as I stood on the threshold. "You are not in love with your

violet-eved blonde?" "Ah! She is very beautiful," I answered, turning away: "and I think-I don't know-but I think I am in love,' and, disappearing amid the doctor's merry peal of laughter, I went on my mysterious quest,

It was several days ere I called on the doctor again. When I did so it was with a clear head, but a heart not altogether light. I had pursued my investigations closely in the interim, and was now going to him with the result.

"And what have you to report?" he

"The girl," I replied, "has genuine, unassisted beauty, and I pity her from the bottom of my heart that she is obliged to earn her living in such a way. Her spinster aunt is admirably got up, but I noticed that the way she counts is by turning down a leaf of the book she carries for every fresh passenger that gets in. The old lady is the greatest success of all. She takes her notes by pretending to figure her grocer's account in a greasy blank-book. But they are all three first-class 'spotters,' and do their business well."

"And pray, my friend," asked the doctor, "how did you arrive at a comprehension of the deep significance of

that term?" "My own eager eyes and senses informed me," I replied. ("You are pretty well cured," I heard the doctor mutter half aloud.) "A 'spotter.' usually a female, is an employe in the

the directors of this company. These women, whom I have seen, are all 'spotters,' regular artists in the work." "And how about the family resem-

"The same face," I replied, "bears an extraordinary family resemblance in itself, when seen in a number of clever disguises. I have said these women are artists and do their work well. But there is only one woman in the case My spirituelle blonde is nothing but a spirituelle 'spotter,' and my violet-eyed beauty, my spinster sunt and my dowager mother are one and the same per son. I brushed near her with the eye of a hawk. I saw the paint and patches and powders. It is the best 'make up. on or off the stage, I ever witnessed. But I think one or two of the conductors, from the way they looked at her,

another line." From that hour my convalescence was rapid, and I ride less than formerly in city passenger railway cars.

are a little suspicious; and I suspect my

lady will soon be obliged to 'spot' on

YOU CAN DO YOUR BEST.

President Tuttle, of Wabash College. ciosed his Baccalaureate with words of inspiriting counsel to the graduating class. We commend them to all young men who may chance to read them:

"For several years you have been working for the honors of graduation. As you reach the coveted goal, you meet the crowds of the unemployed. The case is not one to inspire hope. Is there anything you can do about it? There is something you cannot do-you cannot change the fact. In spite of your wishes, the professions are overcrowded, or at least seem to be. But there is something you can do-you 'can do your best!' and that is something.

"A select few do it. Thousands do not. We sometimes speak of aristocracies. Those based on wealth and family are not the noblest of the class. This aristocracy, composed of those who 'do their best,' is the noblest. The professions are not overcrowded with this sort. but with the other. To be this sort of a man-one that 'does his best'-is as easy as to be a Milo, a Michael Angelo, or a Paul. Do you grant it? What then? This. In that difficult but splendid personal trait (if you have it) you have the strong presumption-I had almost said prophecy-of success. The man who 'does his best' has a passport, sealed with the King's signet, to some worthy field. There certainly is a place somewhere for such a man.'

### STAINED GLASS.

In 1870 there was celebrated at Tegernsee, Bavaria, the 900th anniversary of the stained-glass factory there. For a period, a dark age in art, the method of staining was lost, and its revival is thus explained. An Englishman, bargaining at Nuremburg early in this century for some fragments of old stained glass, remarked before one Siegmund Frank, a cabinet varnisher, that there was a fortune for any one who could revive the lost art. Frank took the hint, and got the sympathy of the Government. In 1845 an establishment was opened at Munich, under Mr. Ainmuller, who had been associated with Frank, which has become world famous. Within recent years England has rivaled Munich in this art industry.

SWISS GIRLS HAIR.

Thousands of girls in Switzerland, Germany and Norway devote themselves to the cultivation of their hair as resolutely as a farmer does his crops. Once a year the merchant, very often an old woman, arrives in the village, and a brisk trade is carried on. The Swiss girls make the most, as nature has bestowed on them an abundant crop of the blonde color, which is hardest of all to obtain, and the climate is evidently propitious to its growth. The price obtained depends on the length of the redundant tresses; hair eight inches long is worth 25 cents an ounce, while that thirty-six inches in length will bring the fortunate possessor \$8 an ounce, and in cases of exceptional beauty and thickness even \$35 an ounce may be realized.

A NUMBER of years ago a rich man, as eccentric as he was benevolent, died in Philadelphia, leaving a will, in which he laid a solemn injunction upon his children that so long as they lived they should see the old year out and the new year in at the foot of his coffin. The children are scattered through many States, from Vermont to Nebraska, but they never violate their father's injunction, and last New Year, a few moments before midnight, they assembled, as usual, in the family vault in Laurel Hill Cemetery. Four of those upon whom this grim necessity was laid are dead, and the survivors constitute a strange and mournful group as they carry out their father's solemn behest.

During the year just closed one house in Boston sent to Ireland 14,615 drafts, amounting to \$190,500. Not one of the number exceeded £10, and very few reached that value. The same house sold 1.311 passage tickets, the value of which was \$35,001. Nine-tenths of the money was sent by girls, principally

honest conductors, and report them to THE RACE IS ALWAYS TO THE SWIFT.

Night in a great city. The wind surged and moaned with a mournful cadence through the leafless trees that stood like gaunt specters of the night. ever and anon bending low their withered trunks and great black branches as if in mute appeal to the storm king to not prostrate them forever with his cold, merciless breath.

bright lights of wine bibbers' haunts. and the baleful glare of the oyster saloon fell upon the sidewalk, a young man strode with quick, nervous step and a wistful, haunting look in his eye. At a corner where the crowd of eager. jostling pedestrians was thickest he paused and looked apxiously around. The soft, low tinkle of a bell was heard. Clasping a bruised nickel in his left hand, the young man stepped briskly forward, saying softly to himself: "My heart has not deceived me I am in time."

Adelbert Quirk had caught the semiweekly car on Van Buren street.

In the elegantly-furnished parlor of a handsome residence, a tall and radiantly-beautiful girl sat silently in front of a grate fire, the flames from which leaped lightly up the chimney and cast a ruddy glow on all that came within the range of their lambent beams. Cleopatra McGuire was the only daughter of a father who fairly idolized the proud beauty who presided over his household with such stately grace-his wife having | with his clenched fist, while he is bent fallen into a wash-tub and been drowned | almost double in the attempt to decipher within two years of their marriage.

"Which shall I choose?" said the girl, in soft, mellow tones. Shall it be script, and he ought to throw it away. the strong-limbed Rupert with his proud Saxon pedigree, or Adelbert, who would deck his bride in jewe's? My heart tells me that, with Rupert ever by my side. life would always teem a pleasant dream. I love him with a wild, passionate devotion that time can never change. But Adelbert is rich and powerful: As his wife I should shine in society. Oh, me! Which shall it be?"

Suddenly rising from the fauteuil, she said: "I have decided. To him who gets here first this evening will I plight my troth. Fate shall decide."

The Van Buren street car was slowly wending its way westward. On the sidewalk came with firm tread a sunnyhaired young man-Rupert Gilhooley. Suddenly there fell upon the air the clangor of a bell. Rupert broke into a run. The bridge began to open. He did not. In the rear left-hand corner of that car sat Adelbert Quirk.

Fate had begun work. After crossing the bridge Rupert did not slacken his pace, and was soon well toward the end of his journey, when the pitiful crying of a child attracted his attention. He stopped, and, finding that the little waif had lost its way, waited patiently till a policeman came up, unto whose care he confided the

By this time the bridge was closed, and the car was thundering on its way. the horses lashed into their best speed by the driver, who was anxious to make up for lost time. Just as Rupert gave the child to the policeman the car caught up with him. He had but half a mile to go. Walking leisurely along, he reached the residence of Stuyvesant McGuire, and as the door opened Cleopatra fell into his arms with a glad cry. "Fate has brought you to me, my darling," she said. "You must never

leave me again." An hour later the door-bell rang, and Adelbert Quirk was informed by the hired girl that Miss McGuire was not at

Rupert had outwalked the horse-car. -Chicago Tribune.

In a recent lecture Cougressman (Sunset) Cox savs that while he was on the Nile the boatmen, who were devout Mohammedans, would lose their reckoning, and, not knowing the points of compass, would not know in what direction Mecca lay, toward which they must uredly corrected their bearings for them, and not infrequently had the honor of running a Moslem prayer meeting. They always passed, of course, a vote of thanks for the able manner in which he conducted their religious services. If he had wanted it they would probably have made a dervish of him.

AMERICAN pork men have discovered a new wrinkle in the way of handling pork in Europe. They say there is an unusually heavy demand for pork just now, the orders coming from England. At Liverpool the meat is repacked with English brands, and in this condition finds ready all about him. I may safely say that I sale in France and Germany. When do not believe a physician ever had such asked how this could be, in the face of legal prohibition, a leading operator said: "It has been established by scientine experts that on English brand on American pork will knock the triching higher than Gilderov's kite."

The renew made a fad bull when he went to steal a square and got gourd,

READING THEIR SPEECHES.

It seems impossible for Senators to make speeches any more. They are impelled by some horrible and resistless force to write essays. The idea that any one can be convinced by a speech has gone out of fashion.

The essays are intended for publication in the newspapers and the Record, in order that the author's constituents may Adown a street where gleamed the know that he remains true to his "principles." Many vigorous men have been deluded into adopting the vicious habit, Even Blaine was gradually becoming a captive, and his best friends were wishing that he could be taken back into the House by some fortunate freak of politics, in order that he might again assume his place among the strong men of inals consigned to capital punishment Congress.

The absence of Conkling leaves Edmunds about the only strong man on either side who has enough confidence in himself to get on his legs and talk an hour or two as though he really were talking to the Senate and not to the country. The loss of Conkling is a sad one in this respect. He certainly added to the vigor of the Senate, and visitors to the gallery, who all dislike written speeches, will miss the entertainment which the New York Senator was accustomed to provide for them. Even Beck has fallen into the practice, and reads his speeches. It is impossible for him. however, to suppress his zealous Scotch nature, and it is very funny to see him bouncing up and down and gesticulating his manuscript. Beck can not help the gesticulation, but he can help the manu-At present his performances are very much like those of the dumb orator. A placid man, in whose face there is no expression (because nothing is in view but the face and top of his head) and whose eye can not be seen, utters the word to the accompaniment of poundings and contortions that apparently have no connection whatever with the speaker. It don't do to have a gentleman get excited over manuscript that he can not

read very well. Imagine a man leaning down so that his head almost touches his desk, wetting tiful symmetrical shape, to the height of his thumb and tearing over page after page to find the lost one in which is written the sentence he had begun, while all the while the disengaged hand, closely clenched, is pounding the circumambient air. "I say, sir, etc., etc. I say, sir, etc., etc. Sir, I say, etc., etc. Why do Senators who are members of succeeded in getting across. The car this legislative body, for the purpose, presumably, of attending to the public business, waste themselves in this absurd way? Senator Vest was just saved by timely advice from abandoning oratory to become an essayist. He had an. nounced his intention of making a speech on a certain morning, and then, for the first time in his life, wrote out what he had to say. He privately confessed afterward that, though the essay was a charming piece of literary work, it would have been a dead failure. Some Senator who happened to know the Missouri Senator's gift for speaking, passed behind his desk and noticed the huge

pile of manuscript. "Vest, are you going to be such a fool as to read your speech?" said he.

"Well, I find it's the custom," swered Vest, "and I don't want to insult the Senate by breaking into the established order of things."

"Custom be blowed," said the rude but wise man; "give me that manuscript, and then stand up on your legs and talk to 'em like a man." Upon this the other Senator snatched up Vest's manuscript and carried it off, leaving the Missourian to make an extemporaneous speech.

"Was it as good as the written one

"A sight better," was the confession. - Washington letter,

A PROMINENT hotel on Pennsylvania of butter-ninety pounds of butter per avenue. Washington, sold over its bar, month of thirty days - twenty-one during the past year, 340 barrels of pounds per week, or three pounds per the vicinity of a large body of water. whisky, averaging forty gallons to the day. Lady Mell second 1,795 was 5 Thirty years ago the body of an Italian barrel and eighty drinks to the gallon. | years old when the test was made, and turn their faces in prayer. Having a It aggregated 1,088,000 drinks! This gave during the trial an average of washed ashore on a small island off the compass with him, Mr. Cox good-nat- may, to some extent, account for the eighteen quarts of milk per day. The coast, and the case of Mr. Donaldson, brilliant Congressional speeches which electriy our country constituents through the columns of the Congressional Record. "Old Rye" stimulates has a well-authenticated record of statesmanship, and makes the most profound old political oracles profuse in their exordiums and perorations.

In the Century for December, Dr. Bliss says of Garfield's fortitude "Neither on the day of the dastardly act, nor during the long history of sorrow, agony and death, did he manifest by word or look aught but thankfulness for attention, and kind consideration for a patient before. His calm obedience and cool courage would possibly have secured recovery without scientific aid. had not the injury, as we now know, been fatal from the first."

Some men's noses are like some books: the more immoral they are the more red they are.

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### PLEASANTRIES.

LINES ON A PLUMBER Most modest of men is the piumber-No rival has he save the drumber; Though the world e'er maligns, Yet he never repigns, And thriveth in winter and sumber. Give him but an order to plumb, And his bill straightway reaches a sumb

That depletes your exchequer-

Would equip a three-dequer-And makes you most awfully glumb. PARAPETS-Twins.

NEVER known to get tired-Outstand-

Nor suitable for a clothes line-A ord of wood.

Bound to make a man cross-Getting o the other side of the street.

Ambitious man-"Is there any fixed ule for writing poetry?" There is.

LANDLUBBERS "double the horn" oft-

ener than sailors do, and yet the latter come up groggy. When you are unable to purchase a

set of scales on credit, bear in mind that 'cash takes the balance." IT rains alike on the just and the uu ust-and on the just mainly because

the unjust have borrowed their umbrel-ONE can't be too careful with firearms. boy carried a pistol in his coat-pocket, and one day, while he was in swim-

ming, the pistol unexpectedly went off,

He has no suspicions as to who took it, THE manner in which Connecticut courts and juries are run has provoked criticism from every State in the Union Aman who commits murder in that State has got to own it and prove it before a

jury will believe it. A GENTLEMAN was complaining that he had invested a large sum of money in Wall street and lost it. A sympathizing friend asked him whether he had been a bull or a bear; to which he

replied: "Neither; I was a jackass!" College Professor-"Can we see an intangible object?" Pupil-"Yes, sir." Professor-"Eh? What do you mean? Cite your authorities," Pupil-"Shakspeare, sir. See Hamlet's advice to the players when he speaks of those who saw the air."

READING a list of the names of candidates for the General Court, one gentleman asked another, "Ben, who is this man? I don't seem to recall him to mind." "Why," replied Ben, "you know him. He goes to our church, but he never comes."

"Is there any opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a seedy, rednosed individual of an editor. "Yes, my friend," replied the man of quills, "a considerate carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you. Turn the knob to the right."

Professor (to student)-"You wish me to give you a recommendation? I don't remember ever having seen you at any of my lectures." Student-"Ah, Professor, you evidently confound me with another man who looks very much like me, and who, it is true, has never attended your lectures." Professor-"Yes. ves, very likely.', (Gives him the recommendation.)

No TIDINGS have been received of Mr. Powell, the member of Parliament who recently made a balloon ascension in England, and to the horror of the spectators, floated out over the sea. There have been several instances where men who have approached a similar fate have been rescued, but almost all hope of his safety has been abandoned. In 1874 two French aeronauts, M. Durouf and his wife, were carried out to sea from near Calais, and were not heard of for four days, when they were landed at Great Grimsby by a North Sea fishing smack. which had rescued them after they had given themselves up for lost; and a man named Saddler, whose balloon was blown out over the Irish channel twenty years ago, was rescued by a sloop. Drowning is one of the great dangers an aeronaut runs the risk of, if he ascends in who went up from Copenhagen was found who was drowned in Lake Michigan, will be remembered.

IT is a fact of remarkable interest that during the year nearly half a million European immigrants have landed at the single port of New York. Nearly 200,000 of these came from the German empire, which is fast getting rid of the very best of its laboring people. All of these immigrants bring more or less money; most of them are hard workers, who will contribute by their labor to the wealth of the country, and the great mass of them are honest folk, out of whom American citizens of an excellent kind can be made within the course of a few years.

Col. Forney made no public bequests, but instructed his executors to endeavor to secure repayment by the Government of \$49,000 paid out while Secretary of the Senate on account of the defaloation of a subordinate.