TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Special Requ sts.

- 1. In writing on business be sure to give the Postoffice at which you get your mail-
- 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

MOONLIGHT, OR MORNING?

BY CELESTE M. A. WINSLOW. Feebly a light creepeth in at the casement, Doubtful if yet it shall linger or flee,

Clasping night's tendrils with dim interlacement, Waking a duli, dreamy wonder in me; Is it the moon, in the wide west delaying. Sending faint, flickering farewells ere straying, Or, the first rays for a new day's adorning?

Ah, drowsy night, is it moonlight or morning? Into my heart chines a brightness uncertain-Youth's dreams are dim, and the skies overcast Is it a ghostly hand lifting time's curtain, Bringing pale beams from the moon of my past?

Or a fresh joy bursting forth into sweetness, Wakening wan life to a new day's completeness-Golden beams, chasing lost silver with scorning, Tell me, O, Love, is it moonlight or morning? Softly a light stealeth over my spirit,

Pressing the dusk of drear sorrow away: Is some rare earth-joy returning to cheer it, Filling my soul with a prayer for delay? Or, a far-glammering gleam of new glory, Passing the light of earth's moon-silvered story-Rays of remote bliss, in beautitul warning ; Say, watching soul, is it moonlight or morning?

I HOW IT WAS DONE.

Church Torrington was perhaps the greatest coward in New York.

Don't misunderstand us, gentle reader-physically speaking our young hero was as brave as Bayard, as dauntiess as Cœur de Lion. But it was where the fair sex was concerned that Mr. Torrington became a poltroon. A gentle glasce from a pair of blue eyes was enough to throw him into a cold perspiration at any time,

As one by one the companions of his boyhood and early youth vanished out of the path of bacnelorhood and entered into the promised land of matrimony, Church Torrington viewed them with a not unenvious mind.

"How the mischief did they muster up courage enough to do it?" was his internal reflection.

And Harry Leslie, a wag of forty, who always had a knack of finding out everybody else's weak points, said :

"All of that set are married except Church Torrington, and he'll be a bachelor all the days of his life because he back window-it opened on a blind alley, hasn't got the courage to ask any girl to . . have him. I don't know, though, either," he added reflectively. "Wait till leap year comes round again; there may be a chance for him then."

Nevertheless, in the face of all these obstacles, Church Torrington was in

Miss Violet Purple was as pretty and blooming a little lassie as ever tripped down the sunny side of Broadway under a thread-lace parasol on a June afternoon. She was very plump and rather small, with soft blue-gray eyes, eyebrows like twin arches of jet, shining chestnut hair like white velvet, just flushed with the softest pink on either-

And she had a way of carrying her head piquantly on one side, spoke with the slightest possible of lisps, always wore a rose in her hair, and was altogether precisely the sort of a girl a man's fancy was apt to conjure up when he thought of the possibility of a wife to cheer the gloom of his solitary home.

Violet Purple was born to be married -you couldn't think of her as an old maid any more than you could think of strawberries without cream, or a satin slipper without a dainty foot to fit it; and, whenever she thought of the probability of the catastrophe, a face like the mustached physiognomy of Mr. Church Torrington outlined itself through the misty vapors of her day-dream.

But Mr. Church was so dreadfully bashful-he wouldn't propose-and poor little Violet was nearly at her wits' end what to do in this dire perplexity. A firl of any delicacy can't very well ask a nan to have her, and Violet had done everything else. She had smiled sweetly upon him, given him rose buds out of her ball bouquets, sent him embroidered cigar cases, and returned a gentle pressure when he had ventured to squeeze her hand at parting; and what, we ask the reader, could a girl do more?

And still, in spite of all this, Mr. Torrington persisted in keeping his love to himself. In vain Aunt Sarepta took her up stairs, and left the drawing-room free to twilight and the lovers-in vain Violet put on her prettiest dresses and curled her hair, with a special eye to Mr. Torrington's taste.

Old Mr. Purple--whose name was not a bad description of the general hue of his face-began to wonder "what in the world young Torrington meant by coming here so much and keeping better men away !" and binted very broadly at the propriety of Violet's being more gracious to a certain banker, a friend of his, who was supposed to be especially attracted by the blue gray eyes and the jet arched brows.

And little Violet took to crying at night on her lace-edged pillows, and Aunt Sarepta, a tall, spare, maiden lady, who had only recently come up from the country to take charge of her brother's household, scarcely knew what to do.

"Violet," quoth the aunt, "what ails

- you ?" "I don't know, aunt."
- "How long has Mr. Torrington been visiting here?"
- "I don't know; about three years."
- "Does he care for you, Violet?" "I don't know, aunt," she replied, blushing and rosy.

The Mountain Banner.

ESTABLISHED 1848.

A Family Newspaper; Devoted to Home Interests and General News

TERMS-\$2.00 Per Annum.

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

"Do you care for him?" "I don't know, aunt," she said, blushhg still more deeply. "Then why on earth don't he propose,

and have done with it." "I don't know, aunt!" This time in

a sort of despairing accent.

Miss Sarepta Purple set herself to untangle this Gordian knot of circumstances as she would a "snarl" in her skeins of mixed wools; and when Miss Sarepta set herself about a thing, she was generally in the habit of accomplish-

"I'll go and see him myself," was the result of a long day of meditation on Miss Sarepta's part ; "and I wor't let Violet know about it."

Mr. Church Torrington sat in his leather covered easy chair, looking out a difficult case in Estoppels when his clerk announced "a lady;" and, turning abruptly around, he encountered the gaze of Miss Sarepta Purple's spectacled orbs.

He colored scarlet as he dragged forth a chair, and stammered out some incoherent sentence or other-for was not she Violet's cant?—the aunt of the fair damsel whom he worshiped afar off and

"Thank you," said Miss Purple, depositing herself on the chair as one might set down a heavy trunk-"I've come on business."

"Indeed!" "Because," said Miss Purple, edging her chair a little nearer that of the

young lawyer, "I think it's time this business was settled." "What business?" ole, with a belligerent toss of her head

"as if you do not know well enough what I am talking about-why getting married, to be sure!" Mr. Torrington grew a shade or two paler. Was it possible that this ancient maiden still contemplated the probability of matrimony? Had she then selected

him for her victim? He looked at the which led nowhere. He glanced at the door; but Miss Purple's gaunt form effectually debarred that means of egress. No-there was nothing but to sit still and face the worst that fate had in store

"You see," went on Miss Sarepta, "I am not blind if I am getting into years, and I can see as well as anybody what you mean by coming so often to our house. But still I think you ought to have spoken out like a man. I'm willing, and I don't suppose my brother will object, as you seem to be able to keep a

"You-you are very kind!" stammered Mr. Torrington.

"Is it to be yes or no-about the marriage, I mean?"

"I shall be most happy, I am sure!"

fluttered our miserable hero. "Spoken like a man! It's what I knew you meant all the time," cried Aunt Sarepta, rising to her feet, and actually depositing an oscular demonstration, meant for a kiss, on Church's forehead. "I knew I should like vou!" Church stared. This was not exactly etiquette; but the whole matter was really so strange and unprecedented that

he hardly knew what to think. "And when will you come round to brother Jacob's and tell the folks all about it-for I suppose you'd like to tell them yourself? This evening?"

"Y-yes, if you say so!" "It's as good a time as any, I suppose. Of course you won't mention that I said should seem unstudied." "Naturally enough!" thought poor

But he promised, with a faint smue, and parted from Miss Purple, almost shrinking from the vigorous grasp of the hand which she unhesitatingly be-

stowed upon him. No sooner was Church Torrington alone than the full horror of his position rushed upon him. What had he done? To what had he committed him-

"It serves me right," he muttered, grinding his teeth, "when I could have won the love of the sweetest little fairy the sun ever shone on. It was simply idiotic of me to allow a middle-aged termagant to take possession of me, as though I were a cooking-stove or a second-hand clock! She will marry me. and I shall be a captive for life, simply terrible scrape for a poor fellow to get into! But there is no help for it now. If I were to back out, she'd sue me for a breach of promise. If I were to go to Australia, she would follow me there as sure as fate! I'm a lost man!"

And Church Torrington proceeded inexorable Sarepta. And, behold! as he knocked at the

door. Miss Purple herself opened the door, and mysteriously beckoned him in. "I saw you coming," she said, in a low, eager tone. "I've been on the look-out. Excuse me, my dear, but I really feel as if I must kiss you once more. We're going to be relations, yor

know." "Relations! I should think so!" groaned Church Torrington, taking the kiss as a child would a quinine powder.

"Then go in," she said, nodding mysteriously toward the door beyond. "Go in-where?" stammered our be-

wildered hero. "Why, to Violet, to be sure!" "To Violet! Was it Violet that you

"To be sure it was! Who did you

suppose I meant—me?" This last suggestion, hazarded as the wildest improbability by Miss Sarepta, called the guilty color up into Church's

"Miss Purple, pardon me," he said: but I've been a stupid blockhead. Don't be angry, as you say we're going to be relations."

And he took the spinster in his arms and bestowed upon her a kiss which made its predecessor appear but the shadow and ghost of kisses-a kiss which sounded as though Mr. Church Torringcon meant it.

"Do behave yourself!" cried Miss

"Yes, I'm going to," said Church, and he walked straight into the drawingroom, where little Violet was dreaming over an unread book of poems. She started as he entered.

"Mr. Torrington, is it you?" "Yes, it is I," said Church, inspired with new courage. "Violet, darling, I love you-will you consent to be my wife?"

"Are you in earnest, Church?"

"In extrest? It's what I've been waiting to say to you for the last six months, but I have not dared to venture. Come, you will not send me away

"What business?" echoed Mrs. Pur- without an answer. Say yes, darling." "Yes," Violet answered, so faintly that only true lover's ears could have discerned the faltering monosyllable. And Church Torrington felt as if he were the luckiest fellow in all the great metropolis that night.

> When Aunt Serepta came in, looking very unconscious, to light the gas, Church insisted upon another kiss, greatly to that lady's discomposure.

"For you know very well, Aunt Sarepta," he said, "you set me the ex-And Aunt Sarepta did not look very

So they were married with all due flourish of trumpets, and Violet docs not know to this day how instrumental the old maiden aunt was in securing her

THE IDIOT EARL OF DRUMLANRIG. Connected with the Duke's residence in Queensberry House, against which the whole fury and maledictions of the mobs were directed at the time of the Union, there is a tale of awful mystery and horror. His eldest son, James Earl of Drumlanrig, is simply stated in the old peerages "to have died young." It is now proved, however, that he was an idiot of the most wretched kind, rabid and gluttonous as a wild animal, and grew to an enormous stature, as his leaden and unornamented coffin in the family vault at Durisdeer attests at this day. This monstrous and unfortunate creature was always confined in a groundfloor room of the western wing of Queensberry House; and "till within these few years the boards still remained by which the windows of the dreadful receptacle were darkened to prevent the idiot from looking out or being seen."

On the day the Treaty of Union was

passed all Edinburgh crowded to the vicinity of the Parliament House to await anything to you about it? I'd rather it the issue of the final debate, and the whole household of the Duke-the High Commissioner-went thither en masse for that purpose, and perhaps to prevent him from being torn to pieces by the exasperated people, and among them went the valet whose duty was to watch and attend the Earl of Drumlanrig. Hearing all unusually still in the vast house, the latter contrived to break out of his den, and roamed wildly from room to room, till certain savory odors drew him into the great kitchen, where a little turnspit sat quietly on a stool by the fire. He seized the boy, took the meat from the fire, stripped and spitted him, and he was found devouring the half-roasted body when the Duke returned with his train from his political triumph, to find dire horror awaiting him., "The common people, among whom the dreadful tale soon spread, in because I was too much of a noodle to spite of the Duke's endeavors to supsave myself. Oh, dear, dear! this is a press it, said that it was a judgment upon him for his odious share in the Union. The story runs that the Duke, who had previously regarded his offspring with no eye of affection, immediately ordered the creature to be smothered. But this is a mistake: the idiot is known to have died in England, and to have survived straight to the mansion where dwelt the his father many years, though he did not succeed him upon his death in 1711, when the titles devolvee upon Charles, a vounger brother. - Cassell's Old and

HEART AND BRAIN. Don't let us be afraid of enthusiasm. There is oftener a lack of heart than brain. The world is not starving for need of education half as much as for warm, earnest interest of soul to soul, We agree with the Indian, who, when talked to about having too much zeal, Miss Sarepfa patted him on the shoul- said : "I think it is better for the pot to boil over than not to boil at all."

MEXICAN BANDITTI.

Highway Travel as It Was Refore the Open-

ing of the Railrand.
[Cor. of the New York World.] The road from Mexico city to San Juan del Rio used to be the worst part of the journey to the interior when one was obliged to travel by daligence, and was the part most infested by Highway robbers, These highway robbers are by no means extinct as yet, but with the railroads one hears much less of them. When I arrived in this country for the first time, some nineteek years ago. I had the pleasure of being robbed two or three times both on the road to San Juan del Rio and on the goad to Vera Cruz, I am glad of it new, as being robbed on the highway by the genuine Mexican bandit is a sensation soon to be a thing of the past, and I like leaving the track occasionally and leing shaken up by new emotions. I was doubly shaken at that time, I remember, by the awful motion of the diligence, and my fright at meeting the "campaneros," as they call them.

It is a picturesque sight to see a band of Mexican "banditti" galloping down a mountain path on magnificent horses; their large Mexican hats, trimmed with gold and silver, shading their faces; their pantaloons buttoned cown the side with large silver buttons, their pistols in their belts behind, their swords at their sides and their scrapes-a sort of plaid of bright and variegated colorsartistically thrown over one shoulder and hiding their entire face with the exception of one eye, which glares ferociously on the unfortunate passengers of the diligence they are about to rob. Their Captain gallops at their head and shouts imperiously to the driver of the diligence to stop. Ir one trip in which I encountered them there was a lady among the passengers who were a handsome diamond ring rather tight for her finger. In her fright she could not get it off, and one of the brigands said to his leader: "Captain, the lack cannot get her ring off. What are we to do?" To which the ungallant Mexican Fra Diavolo answered very coolly, Cut her fin-

You can easily imagine the cold shudder that ran through us all Fortunately she at last managed to get the ring off, and we were not forced to witness an amputation. In another journey a more amusing incident occurred. There was a Bishop in the diligence, and they robbed him of his ring. When they had got through their operations, and taken everything of value we had they knelt down and asked the Bishor to give them his blessing. He told thera it was impossible to bless them without his ring, hoping in that way to get possession of it. They returned him this ring and he solemnly blessed them, but when he had done so they again took his ring and galloped off with it, leaving his Grace in

the middle of the road exclaiming: "Bandidos perversos ! they have robbed me even of my blesting!" Robberies on the Vera Priz road at that time were of daily occurrence, and, as the brigands possessed hemselves of the passengers' clothes, have often seen, from my balcony it the Hotel Iturbide, men and women prive maked An Englishman said to min once: "I generally travel with two or three copies of the London Times. You know it is a very large newspaper, and in case of those confounded blackguards taking all my clothes, by Jove! the Fines might

HARD WORK "What is your secret of success?" asked a lady of Turner the distinguished painter. He replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work."

be useful."

Says Dr. Arnold, "The rifference between one boy and another is not so much in talent as in energy." "Nothing," says Reynolds, "is denied

well-directed labor, and nething is to be attained without it." "Excellency in any department, says Johnson, "can now be attained only by the labor of a lifetime; it is not

to be purchased at a less Lirice." "There is but one niethod," said Sydney Smith, "and that is hard labor; and a man who will not say that price for distinction had better at once dedicate himself to the pursuat of the fox.' "Step by step," reads the French proverb, "one goes very far."

HE was a great bore, and was talking to a crowd about the coming election. Said he: "Jones is a good man; he is capable, honest, fearless, and conscien. tious. He will make the very kind of an officer we need. He once saved my life from drowning." "Do you really want to see Jones elected?" said a solemnfaced old man, "I do, ndeed; I'd do anything to see him elected." "Then never let anybody else know that he saved your life." The meeting then ad-

LAST year 113,400,000 hares of stock were sold in the New York Exchange, beside 43,000,000 shares of mining stock, and \$387,000,000 of railroad bonds. The recorded dealings in Government bonds were \$36,663,000, and is State bonds \$49,700,000-par value.

ETIQUETTE OF THE NAPKIN.

The law of the napkin is but vaguely understood. One of our esteemed metropolitan contemporaries informs an eager inquirer that it is a bad form to old the napkin after dinner; that the proper thing is to throw it with negligent disregard on the table beside the plate, as to fold it would be a reflection on the host, and imply a familiarity that would not benefit an invited guest. But the thoughtful reader will agree with us that this studied disorder is likely to be a good deal more trying to a fastidious hostess than an unstudied replacing of the napkin in good order beside the visitor's plate. For, when the dinner napkin is laid aside, there is the fruit or dessert napkin to replace it. Fancy the appearance of a pretty decorated table with heaps of rumpled linen disfiguring the symmetrically arranged spaces betwixt the sherry, champagne and burgundy glasses-to say nothing of the elaborately-decorated China and silver bouquetieres! It could be construed as nothing less than gross ill-breeding to fling the voluminous napkin of modern use among such crystalline and argentine beauty. The proper thing is to fold the fabric with unestentations care and lay it on the left of the plate far from the liquids, liquors and coffee, and thus testify to the hostess that her care in preparing the table has been appreciated. The true rule would be to endeavor to leave the original gracious finish of the table as distinct when the dinner ends as when the soup was served. The napkin has played famous parts

was said of Beau Brumtael and the magnificent George, Prince Regent, that they could make the uses of this peculiar luxury as potent in the graces of a social symposium as Cleopatra the gorgeous wealth of Ormus or Ind. It was one of the points admired in Marie Stuart that, thanks to her exquisite breeding in the court of Marie de Medici, her table was more imposing than the full court of her great rival and executioner, Elizabeth. At the table of the latter the rudest forms were maintained, the dishes were served on the table, and the great Queen helped herself to the platter without fork or spoon, a page standing behind her with a silver ewer to bathe her fingers when the flesh had been torn from the roasts. At the court of the late empire Eugenie was excessively fastidious. The use of the napkin, and the manner of eating an egg, made or ruined the career of a guest. The great critic, Sainte Beuve, was disgraced and left off the visiting list because, at a breakfast with the Emperor and Empress, at the Tuileries, he carelessly opened his napkin and spread it over his two knees, and cut his egg in two in the middle. The court etiquette prescribed that the half-folded napkin should lie on the left knee, to be used in the least obtrusive manner in touching the lips, and the egg was to be merely broken on the larger end with the edge of the spoon and drained with its tip. The truth is, luxury and invention push table appliances no far that few can be expected to know the particular convention that may be considered good form in any diversified society. The way for a young fellow to do is to keep his eyes openwhich, unless ne is in love, he can doand note what others do. If he be in love, all departure from current forms will be pardoned him, for, as all the world loves a lover, all the world excuses his shortcomings,-Philadelphia

MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON is 65 years of age. She wears her snow-white hair arranged in little puffs on each side of her forehead, with a band of lilac satin tied behind them, dresses neatly and becomingly, and has a matronly, motherly appearance. She has reared seven children; her youngest daughter is now studying mathematics in the University of Paris. Miss Susan B. Anthony is four years younger, but looks older.

In his eulogy upon the late Senator Carpenter, Senator Edmunds stated what was not generally known, that Carpenter and he were boys together, and afterward met "when we were both very young and studying law at a small school-house situated in the heart of the mountains, to contend through a whole day and night for the rights of our respective clients in a very small affair, before a farmer Justice of the Peace and a jury of six."

BEATING the devil round the stump : Was there ever a better example of the witty and concise form of expression common to the real Western American than the answer of the grim man of the Sierras, who, when asked about the character of a neighbor, sententiously replied: "Mister, I don't know much about him, but my impression is that he'd make a first-class stranger."

Two Rockingham (Va.) girls, belonging to respectable families, engaged in a duel with shotguns a few day ago. After one exchange of shots the bloodthirsty damsels were prevented from continuing

SAMUEL JOHNSON'S PENANCE. During the last visit which Dr. Johnson made to Lichfield the friends with whom he was staying missed him one morning at the breakfast table. On inquiring after him of the servants they understood he had set off from Lichfield at a very early hour, without mentioning to any of the family whither he was going. The day passed without the return of the illustrious guest, and the party began to be very uneasy on his account, when, just before the supperhour, the door opened and the Doctor stalked into the room. A solemn silence of a few minutes ensued, nobody inquiring the cause of his absence, which was at length relieved by Johnson addressing the lady of the house in the following

manner: Madam, I beg your pardon for the abruptness of my departure from your house this morning, but I was constrained to it by my conscience. Fifty years ago, madam, on this day, I committed a breach of filial piety, which has ever since lain heavy on my mind, and has not till this day been expiated. My father, you recollect, was a bookseller. and had long been in the habit of attending - market, and opening a stall for the sale of his books during that day. Confined to his bed by indisposition, he requested me, this time fifty years ago, to visit the market and attend the stall in his place. But, madam, my pride prevented me from doing my duty and I gave my father a refusal. To do away the sin of this disobedience. I this day went in a post-chaise to -, and, going into the market at the time of high business, uncovered my head and stood with it bare an hour before the stall which my father bad formerly used. exposed to the sneers of the passers-by and the inclemency of the weather; a penance by which, I trust, I have pro-

pitiated Heaven for this only instance. I

believe, of contumacy toward my

father,"-Boswell's Johnson. MAN MILLINERS. Man milliners have been regarded in Paris the proper persons to arrange how women should be dressed for more than a dozen years. Grenville Murray, in his latest "Round About France" paper, says that while there may be female modistes quite as tasteful as the man milliners, the man milliners do not think so; it is they who originate the fashions which modistes do no more than copy, and theirs is the undoubted faculty "of charging double what they would venture to do were they women." He relates that there is a great artist in millnery, who shall be nameless, but whose reputation is world wide, who "will not condescend to work for everybody who comes beseechingly to his warehouse.' He affirms that his artistic self-esteem will not allow him to dress a lady who would not be likely to do full justice to his brilliant conceptions. A lady once admitted into the happy circle of this man's patrons, he "scans her with the eye of inspiration," and decides offhand what he wishes her to wear. Her own choice in the matter is not consulted. When a lady has given many and cogent proofs of knowing what styles and colors are best suited to her face and figure, then and not till then does he deign to receive her orders. Ladies who rule their own households with a firm hand "are as mild as cherubs in the presence of the Olympian milliner." He is cold and peremptory, but, to do him justice, he is not overbearing. Strolling about his saloons, with a notebook and a gold pencil in his hands, "he stops to bow courteously to customers who enter, and either passes them on with a wave of the hand toward the trying-on rooms, or else retires with them to small mirrored chambers, where the mysteries of the

new toilets are discussed." SUGAR.

The yield of amber cane in the Northern States will not average over ten to twelve tons per acre, A Louisiana planter reports of the yield of six leading plantations in Louisiana for the year 1879, that the number of tons of cane per acre varied from seventeen to twenty-three, averaging a little over nineteen. The number of pounds of sugar made from a ton of cane varied from eighty to 122, averaging a little over 100. The average was over 2,000-pounds of sugar per acre, beside the molasses, In dry Egypt, the cane averages twentytwo tons per acre; in Brazil twentyfive to thirty tons per acre; in Cuba, thirty to thirty-five tons per acre; in Barbadoes, thirty-six tons per acre. Two tons of sugar per acre is a common production in the tropies. In many regions the production is much more than

THE South Carolina Legislature has passed an act by which the burden of fence-building is taken from the cropraisers and put upon the owners of stock, according to the usage in the older Northern States.

YELLOW-FEVER is having is sweet will with the circus men in Cuba, this winter, Sebastian, Cook and Stickney, well-known bare-back riders and animal trainers, have been carried off on the ASVERTISING RATES.

One inch, one in ert on.

Quarterly, Simi-annual or Yearly con trac's will be made on liberal terms.

Obitabries and Tributes of respect

No communications will be published une fress of the writer. These are not requested for publication, but as a guarantee of good

A'll communicatio's for the paper, and busi en letters, should be addressed to THE BANNER.

Entherfordton, N. 6

PLEASANTRIES.

A NEAR-SIGHTED man calls his spectacles his eyedols.

"Boyce will be Boyce," remarked a young lady of that ame, as she rejected a suitor for her hand.

he wished for dinner, replied, "An appetite, good company, something to eat and a clean napkin." It has been said that a chattering lit-

An old gentleman, being asked what

tle soul in a large body is like a swallow in a barn-the twitter takes up more room than the bird.

A MAN sometimes forgets, before he has paid, whether he has paid or not; but after he has paid, he never forgets that he has paid. Man is naturally a

THERE is no accounting for tastes on this terrestrial sphere. A Frenchman's shrug is considered of no particular importance, while a Turkish rug is regarded with admiration the world over.

I po wonder, murmured a Philadelphia woman, how us females, when we become angels, will manage without hair pins. You will have to get along with 'airy pinions then, my dear.

A Prof. Gunning, up in Michigan, is lecturing on "After Man, What?" A Fort Wayne editor, who has been there, rises to remark that it is generally the Sheriff or some woman, -Hawkeye,

Indignant boarding mistress-"Why. what are you there for?" Fat boy on table-"Mr. Howlett put me here. He says it's his birthday, and he wants to see something on the table beside hash!" WE often hear of a woman marrying a

man to reform him, but no one ever tells about a man marrying a woman to reform her. We men are modest, and don't talk about our good deeds much. -New York Times. Ir is not strange that the Atlantic should be rather ugly occasionally, as it

is so often crossed. - Commercial Bulletin. It should draw a lesson from its sister ocean, who, though often crossed, is always of a Pacific disposition, THE best sermon in the world never yet reconciled the proud man, trying to curl his feet up and out of sight under the pew, to the painfully obtrusive and

evident fact that the wife of his bosom

had used his blacking brush to polish the kitchen stove. A TIDY young lady, short of stature. married a man six feet four inches tall. She explained to her friends that he would be so handy to have in the house; he could light the chandelier in the parlor and hang pictures without getting on the chairs and soiling them with

TYNDALL's theory that heat is simply motion in another form must be true. Strike a piece of iron and it becomes hot. Strike a man and he immediately boils over. There is, however, one exception to the rule. Strike a warm friend for a short loan and he at once

HOW AN AFRICAN EXPLORER LOST

HIS BRIDE.

becomes as cold as an iceberg.

A certain famous African explorer was once the victim of one of those extremely distressing hitches which amount to the complete and final separation of these who would otherwise have been united for better, for worse. He had fallen deeply in love with a young Greek maiden whom he met in Crete. He afterward declared that never, before or since, had he beheld so sweet and beautiful a creature. Having sought out the American Consul, he revealed to him the state of his heart. The Consul, who had himself married a Greek lady, bade him not despair, took him forthwith to the house of his inamorata, and presented him to her mother, who was a widow. The negotiations were conducted successfully; at the end of a week he was an accepted lover, and in a fortnight the day for the wedding had arrived. All this while he had seen the young lady once a day, always in the presence of her mother, and on the day before the intended marriage he had been permitted for the first time to take her hand and imprint upon it a chaste salute. The hour appointed for the wedding found the bridegroom dressed for the ceremony and awaiting the happy moment. There enter to him at this juncture three Greeks, whom he has never seen before, and an interpreter, who introduces them as brothers of the bride-elect. They produce a parchment, which the interpreter explains. It is a deed of settlement, which binds the bridegroom to pay so much a year to the mother and to each brother, and so much to his wife, and to disburse the first installment on the spot. In vain the unlucky traveler explains that he is worth nothing and cannot pay. The brothers look daggers, the interpreter frowns, and the scene closes with the arrival of the Consul, who with difficulty gets his protege out of the clutches of his importunate would-be relations, and ships him off to Athens. He never saw his beautiful Grecian maiden again .-

In Vanderbilt's bedroom are silver

Chambers' Journal.

bath-tubs.