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WOMAN GOSSIP.

Ad Lydian.
[There are twenty cases of measles in the college, and one in the Annex.—*Adweek*]
Pretty maid of Annex fame,
How did you get the measles?
Was it in the Fine Arts room
Among the busts and cases?
West of the Annex?
The hall of German eight,
Or in Chemistry, perhaps,
Or from a late-to-leave?
Or have you a worshipper—
Some Junior, let me say—
Who caught them from some friend of his
And gave them both away?
I know not, pretty Annex maid,
But if you have a lover,
For his sake and your own I hope
That you may soon recover.
—*Harvard Lampoon*

How Beauty is Rated in Texas.

The young men have a way in Texas of rating the girls as they do cotton. If only moderate in style and appearance she is a good ordinary, if more than usually attractive she is a good middling, but if superior in all the graces and charms, then she is the highest grade—mildling far. Further West, in the cattle region, she is a "long horn" if only of moderate beauty, but a short horn if of superior quality.—*St. Louis Republic*

Story of a Hat.

'Twas at the concert. She came barrelling down the aisle, with that motion of hips and arms peculiar to Boston, which is the quintessence of a homely gait. He had carelessly left a new silk hat in her seat. She sat on it, rose in dismay, reached for her purse and offered him an X. He refused, but requested to kiss her hand. She refused also.

"Then," said he, "I will accept the \$10, and say I preferred it to kissing you."—*Harvard Lampoon*

A Startling Costume.

We trust that none of our American belles will follow the latest freak of fashion exhibited at the races at Nice by a fascinating Parisian actress. This adventurous young lady appeared on the course in a toilet of light-colored Ciel-tienne, embroidered in a most artistic manner with life-sized cats arranged around the skirt. The bodice was plain, with paillets, and at the back the material was so draped that two tabbies came face to face, and seemed to be engaged in mauling each other in the most improved back-yard fashion. The effect was startling, to say the least, and we venture to say that the wearer was eminently successful in creating a sensation.—*New York Tribune*

A Man's Choice.

"Now whoever saw an old-gold rose?" she cried, appealing to the mirror, "or black asters, or brown lilies of the valley, or pea-green chrysanthemums? It's just like a man! Not the least idea of taste! And they'll put anything on to him. Probably some old things they had left over from last year, and then stuck them together on a child's hat, and told Jack it was the latest style! And he believed them, the ninny! It's just like him! Well, he may wear it if he wants to, I shan't."

Jack arrived at this juncture, his face beaming like a bran-new tin pan in the noonday sunshine. Seeing the millinery in the hands of his helpmate, he exclaimed gleefully:

"So you've got it, Mary! A little surprise, you know. It's a stunner, ain't it?"

"I should say it was, Mr. Jack." It was the tone of these words rather than their intrinsic intelligence that caused Jack's face to elongate so suddenly.

"Why, what's the matter, Mary?" he exclaimed in alarm.

"Matter, Mr. Jack!" returned Mary, holding the bonnet out at arm's length, as if it had been a recent occupant of the small-pox hospital. "Matter, Mr. Jack!" she repeated; "I should think you'd ask! Just look at it!"

"Why," said Jack, beginning to lose confidence in his ideas on taste, "isn't it pretty?"

"Pretty!" screamed Mrs. J. With that she let the millinery fall from her grasp, and then dropped all in a heap on the nearest chair, and fell to weeping like a force pump.

It was hard on poor Jack. He had promised himself no end of pleasure as the result of his little surprise. "Mary will be so happy!" he had said to himself. "It will come so unexpected, too! And how she will admire my taste!" Instead of this, that beautiful bonnet lay neglected on the floor, and his wife was on the verge of hysterics!

What was he to do under these distressing circumstances? Do? What would any husband do in the presence of tears?

Mrs. Jack's tears gradually dried, though a great sob every now and then showed the terrible anguish which still raged in her bosom. She dignified her answer to her lord's entreaties, excepting some, thing or other about that "horrid thing," and was about to break out again into fresh weeping, when Jack begged her again to go to the milliner's right off, kissed her hastily and discreetly left her alone with her grief. When the door was safely shut behind him—the truth must be told—he did say something that rhymed with lamb, but it is certain that "lamb" was not the word he used.

It was wonderful how quickly Mrs. Jack recovered from her sorrow. Hardly had the street door closed ere she was herself again. There was now a look of triumph on her face. Hastily putting on her street garments, she shoved the despised bonnet into the band-box, and a minute later was on her way to Plushington's.

It is needless to follow her thither. If you are a woman, you know how a woman disports herself in a millinery shop; if a man, the less you know about such places the better for your peace of mind.

The next day was Sunday, Easter Sunday, and as Mrs. Jack walked down the broad aisle in her new bonnet—the bonnet of her own choice—she was supremely happy. And Jack was happy, too, to see his spouse in so heavenly a frame of mind.

"Well, I vum!" This said Mrs. Jack, as she took her seat; for right in front of her, in the Bangupton pew, there sat Mrs. Bangupton—the recognized leader in the fashionable world—with a bonnet the very counterpart of that "horrid thing" which Jack had sent home, as a surprise to Mrs. J.

This is what Mrs. J. "vummed" about. There were the identical neutral strings; the nondescript roses, chrysanthemums, lilies and asters were all there; the "mean, scrumpy, night-cap" thing; was before her in every particular.

It is safe to say that Mrs. Jack got little edification from the service that morning. Mrs. Bangupton's bonnet was mixed up with the hymns; it was everywhere throughout the creed, collects, prayers; the morning lessons were entirely devoted to millinery; the sermon, from text to finish, was Bangupton and bonnet; and the text was made up of the same ubiquitous elements.

On her way home Mrs. Jack was not so cheerful as when she started thence. On the contrary she was taciturn, sad, not to say morose. Jack saw that something was wrong, but, being a discreet husband, and having yesterday's episode fresh in his remembrance, he said nothing. It was, no doubt, the wiser course.

Upon reaching home, Mrs. Jack flew up the stairs, but not until she was in the solitude of her own chamber did her sorrow find words. Clutching convulsively at the strings of her new bonnet, she pulled it off and then sank into a chair and burst into tears.

"I don't care, there!" This was her only exclamation. She continued to weep and sob for five minutes, perhaps. Then suddenly she dried her eyes, took up her bonnet, scanned it all over, and, with a look of satisfaction rather than of joy, exclaimed:

"Well, I picked it out myself, as if I had rather than have him buy my bonnet!" And no doubt she would.—*Boston Transcript*

Small Talk.

OHIO claims the heaviest woman in the world. She weighs 491 pounds.

A GREAT modiste issues the following directions for a new-style head-gear: "With this bonnet the mouth is worn slightly open."

A MISSOURI girl wrote 2,378 words on a post-card, and then mailed it without any address. The family didn't get any rest that night.

CHICAGO had a "paper party" the other day, with both men and women dressed more or less completely in the fragile material. There were no bad accidents reported.

A VENETIAN glass manufacturer is fabricating ladies' bonnets by the thousands, and selling them, too. The glass will be so happy!" he had said to himself. "It will come so unexpected, too! And how she will admire my taste!"

PIGEONS are now used in Paris as ornaments for bonnets. At last a ray of light appears. When this fashion gets to this country a woman can snap her fingers at the milliners and merely send her husband out to shoot one of the neighbor's pigeons.

A WELL-DRESSED and good-looking young woman entered a grocery store in Quincy, and called for a nickel's worth of eggs. The clerk gave her four eggs, and they were devoured on the spot by the suction process. The young woman then wiped her mouth and walked off.

OR the Princess of Wales, the coming Queen, it is said; "Her tender care and

solicitude for her children are so well known that her example has made it fashionable among titled ladies to affect a fondness for the presence and society of their children, who otherwise would be left to the care and companionship of servants.

At a late fashionable dinner party in New York, the dinner cards were in imitation of fans, and made of different woods, the back being used to form a frame around the edge. On the handles were pretty bows of satin ribbon, and on each fan was painted the name of the guest and an appropriate design by a well-known artist.

MISS BRUNES, of San Francisco, recently sued a barber for the value of a switch he had furnished her. The barber agreed to work over the combings of her own hair, but, as a matter of fact, she claimed, he furnished her with an inferior article. His lawyer asked her if it was not a better switch than she could have got in the city for the same money. "I'll show you, Judge," she answered, with a bewitching smile, "but I will not let him see." She laid aside her hat and draped her head with the switch. "Now, can't you see for yourself, Judge, it doesn't match my hair at all?" His Honor moved back a little, looked over his spectacles around the room, then at the defendant, then at the lovely plaintiff kneeling before him, and stammered out: "The court renders judgment in her favor for \$25."

Feminine Satire.

"TAKE back the heart thou givest," He was a butcher, and she wanted liver. They don't speak now.

"No," said she, "I'm not keeping any servants just now. I have quite enough to do to wait upon myself."

A YOUNG lady attending balls and parties should have a female chaperone until she is able to call some other chap her own.

WHEN a girl has been at school seven years, and spells vacinate "vaxinate," it is the fault of the school system, or of the girl's system?

FASHIONABLE spring bonnets will be provided with step-ladders, so as to allow people to step up to the roof and examine the flowers.

WHY do elderly spinners have a predilection for parrots? Well, they have no man about the house, and they want something round that can swear.

A NORTHERN Country fish-wife went to buy a dress. "None of your gaudy colors for me," she said at once to the man at the counter; "give me plain red and yellow."

A NEW JERSEY woman who has been divorced from three husbands says she feels so discouraged that she doesn't think she'll try marriage more than four times more.

A SCOTLAND woman's roughly planned to fume and bluster and command.—*New York News*. A patient man the Lord did form to stand around and let her storm.—*St. Louis Herald*

THEY were seated on the sofa, where they had been for four long hours. "Augustus, do you know why you remind me of the Chinese?" "No, dear; why?" "Because you won't go."

"The meeting then adjourned sine die."

"O, HENRY, aren't his eyes lovely?" she murmured, gazing into the face of a very homely poodle. "So liquid!" "I thought he'd lick-wid his tongue," replied Henry. The match was broken off—the dog gets all the petting now.—*Harvard Lampoon*

CONJUGAL amenities: "Do you know what month of the year my wife talks the least?" "Well, I suppose when she catches cold and loses her voice."

"Not at all. It is in February." "Why is that?" "Because February has the fewest days."

ESTHETIC young lady—"By the way, Mr. Goswilly, have you read 'Boscom's Science of Mind'?" "N-n-a-w, I'm not reading much, nowadays. I pass my time in original thought." Esthetic young lady (with sympathy)—"How very dreary, to be sure."

POROSITY OF MATTER.

That granite is porous is shown by placing a piece of it in a vessel of water under the receiver of an air-pump and removing the air. Little bubbles will soon be seen rising through the water. These bubbles are the air contained in the invisible pores of the granite. A piece of iron is made smaller by hammering. This proves its porosity. Its particles could not be brought into closer contact if there were no interstices between them. An experiment performed some years ago at Florence, Italy, to ascertain whether water could be compressed, proved that gold is porous: A violent pressure was brought to bear on a hollow sphere of gold filled with water. The water made its way through the gold and appeared on the outside of the sphere. Water will thus pass through pores not more than one-half of the millionth of an inch in diameter.

THE meekest may subdue the strongest foe, if he will keep his place and do his duty.

UPPER MICHIGAN.

Mining regions are proverbially barren and rocky, and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan—at least that portion of it which is so productive of iron and copper—forms no exception to this rule. It is old—older than most of our hills, for it was the first land that was attached to the original Laurentian nucleus about which our continent has been formed. It has, in consequence, always been a favorite field for geological study, and its novel industrial features make it no less interesting to the ordinary traveler.

The face of the country is rugged and scamed and worn. Wrecks not for its mineral wealth it would remain permanently a wilderness. Lumber companies would invade here and there, and retire after having robbed the forest of the pine which is found in a few scattered patches. It would be an empty where the stream of Western migration had led a few Indians and woodsmen to subsist by the methods of primitive life. The land is generally valueless from the farmer's point of view, for the soil is a light drift—too light for wheat—and the climate a winter modified by a season of summer weather too slight for Indian crops to ripen. Hay, oats, and potatoes yield the farmer a fair return, but the climate is so rigorous that the securing of shelter and fuel calls for so large an amount of energy that little is left to devote to cultivation. It is a proof of this that a very inconsiderable fraction of the population attempts to subsist by farming, although the freight from Chicago is added to the price of all the staple articles of production—hay, for instance, being from \$20 to \$25 a ton, and milk 10 cents a quart. Curiously enough strawberries and currants reach a perfection unknown in more hospitable latitudes, a Marquette strawberry resembling in size a Seckel pear; and in flavor a wild strawberry. This is owing, no doubt, to the fact that in northern latitudes—Marquette is about as far north as Quebec—the few summer days have from eighteen to twenty hours of sunlight and after-glow, and vegetable growth is virtually uninterrupted by darkness. Light, the botanists tell us, bears the same relation to aroma that heat does to sweetness. Such strawberries as these must be seen to be appreciated, and must be visited, to be seen, for they are too large, and too delicate to bear travel.

I have spoken of the climate as a winter modified by a short summer. The July and August weather I can vouch for as delightful. Even when the sun is hottest you feel instinctively that there is no prostrating power in it, and the nights are invariably cool. In July the mean daily range was 19 deg., and the monthly range 59 deg., the lowest recorded temperature being 38 deg. Near the lake the presence of so large a body of water, which at Marquette never falls below 52 deg., and on the extreme northern end of the peninsula never below 48 deg., acts as an equalizer, and restricts the range within comparatively narrow limits. This low temperature of the lake water, which is higher than that of any of the streams entering it, precludes the idea of bathing. As a consequence few of the lake sailors can swim, and it would be of little avail to them as a means of saving life if they could, for the most robust man if he falls into Lake Superior dunks and dies in a few moments. The numerous trout streams in the woods are of an icy cold. The snow, which falls to a depth of six or seven feet, melts and sinks into the sandy ground, to reappear from deep-seated springs with a temperature of 39 deg., which is exactly equal to the average annual temperature of the place. The thick forests prevent the sun from warming the ground or the water. And finally the lake is so deep—its bed reaching several hundred feet below the level of the sea—that the summer air has little effect on it before it is again covered with ice. There is no other place on the globe where so large a body of cold fresh water lies at an elevation of six hundred feet above the sea. The air in contact with this deep, chilly water seems to acquire a peculiar vivifying and refreshing quality, quite impossible to describe, but very easy to appreciate. Here must be the great summer sanitarium or cooling-off place for Chicago and Milwaukee.—*F. Johnson, Jr., in Harper's Magazine*

THAT IS THE QUESTION.

Many a bustling, successful business man would delight in living simply in some quiet country village on one-tenth the money he now spends, and without a hundredth part of the worry that is now shortening his life and making him the dullest company at home. But what would his wife say? Many a plain, quiet little woman is utterly fired of the ceaseless labor of trying to make as effective an impression as her richer and handsomer acquaintances. But what would her husband say?—*New York Herald*

THE MAIDS OF ATHENS.

The maids of Athens are not handsome, says a recent writer; they have large, heavy faces, dark hair and eyes, and pale complexions.

POE AND THE ENGLISH POETS.

It is particularly irritating to the Americans to be told that, after so many generations of accomplished and vigorous writers, the poetry of Edgar Poe still remains the most individual poetic product to which the United States have given birth. This is annoying, and they escape it by a direct negation—Mr. Henry James, the typical literary American, even venturing to speak of Poe's "very valueless verses." Such men as Mr. James ask us if we are sincere in preferring these light tones of music to the intellectual force and severity of Bryant, to the humanity of Longfellow, to the wit of Holmes and Lowell. To this there seems an answer which will hardly satisfy any but those who have made poetry their principal study. These will have perceived that in the history of the world what has really preserved the memories of writers of verse has not been intellectual force, or the clear expression of love and pity, or even wit, but a certain indefinable felicity of style; a power of saying things as they never were said before, and so that they can never be forgotten. It is a very remarkable thing that Edgar Poe, who was not a man of much weight of character, or even originality of intellect, yet happened to possess, to a very high degree, this extraordinary gift of style. In this no American poet has so much as approached him, and it is probable that this will preserve his verse, like a rose petal in a drop of glycerine, bound to decay because of its ephemeral and disconnected condition, yet never actually decaying.

Here in England, where every unprejudiced thinker must admit that poetry has flourished since the beginning of the century far more than in America, Edgar Poe has taken his place as one of the fashioners of style. Whether his influence has been altogether beneficial may perhaps be a matter of reasonable doubt. But his influence is not to be doubted. Long ago Mr. Tennyson came under the sway of his music; Mr. Matthew Arnold, in the "New Sirens," and Mr. Rossetti, in more than one piece of structural melody, have felt it; Mr. Swinburne, though he has so thoroughly conquered the notes and made them his own, would scarcely have begun as he did without "Ualume" and the "Conqueror Worm." But the English writer who has most closely resembled Edgar Poe in his mournful and morbid temper, though he wore his ruse with a difference, was the late Mr. Arthur O'Shaughnessy, whose "Fountain of Tears," and "Barcarolle" threw more light on the structure and value of Poe's verses than pages of the cleverest criticism. In France, where the cadence and the verbal felicity were lost, the influence of Poe, which was so strong for a little time, seems to have faded away. We do not hear now of the gentleman who was spending years and years on a translation of "The Raven," and whose version was expected by his friends to be a greater masterpiece than the original. Baudelaire's beautiful paraphrases and commentaries, in which he managed, while retaining the essential characteristics of Poe's work, to infuse a strong quality of his own, will always be of interest to students of literature.—*Pall Mall Gazette*

AUSTRALIAN FASTNESS.

It is not easy to grasp the enormous bulk of the Australian continent—the practically unlimited space within which the colonies have room to grow. The colony of Victoria—the smallest and at the same time the most populous and highly developed of the continental group—is about as large as Great Britain; New South Wales has an area five times that of England, but it is not half as large as Queensland, and only a third of the size of South Australia. Western Australia is even larger and more empty of population; after measuring acres with South Australia, it would have almost sufficient land to furnish out New Zealand and Tasmania, and yet New Zealand compares in area with the British islands, and Tasmania is nearly as large as Scotland. The acreage under crop in the Australian colonies in 1880 was 6,500,000 acres. That is a respectable total; yet it seems ridiculously small when we compare with it the illimitable extent of the land yet lying waste. To take the case of New South Wales, while there are 685,000 acres in cultivation and 17,500,000 acres inclosed, there are 180,000,000 acres, much of it excellent land, still unalienated. Even at the present rapid rate at which the land is being fenced, it will occupy 180 years to dispose of it all. This colony alone contained a hundredth part of the worry that is now shortening his life and making him the dullest company at home. But what would his wife say? Many a plain, quiet little woman is utterly fired of the ceaseless labor of trying to make as effective an impression as her richer and handsomer acquaintances. But what would her husband say?—*New York Herald*

He was a disguised boy. He had exercised great caution, and had finally succeeded in creeping, unobserved, under the canvas into the tent. And he found it was not a crevas, but a revival meeting in progress!

INFANT FOOD.

There are about twenty European preparations styled infant foods, beginning with that of Nestle, and at least twice as many American, all of which profess to furnish a complete nutrition for the infant during the first few months of its existence, while yet the conversion of starch into dextrine and sugar is beyond the capacity of the untrained digestive function. The examination of these with a microscope, assisted by such simple tests as iodine, which turns starch cells blue, and gluten (or albuminous) granules yellow, has engaged the careful attention of Dr. Ephraim Cutter, of Cambridge, and his results will startle most mothers who have relied upon the extravagant pretenses set forth in the circulars of manufacturers. Eliza McDonough, who preceded Dr. Cutter in this field, has been in a measure discredited; but it appears that her assertion—that the starch, so far from being transformed into dextrine, was not sufficiently altered to render the recognition of its source difficult, whether from wheat, rye, corn or barley—was strictly true, and that these pretentious foods are, without exception, nearly valueless for dietetic purposes. All of them consist of baked flour mainly, either alone or mixed with sugar, milk or salts. In some cases the baking has been very inadequately performed, and the doctor found one that consisted merely of wheat and oats whose starch cells were proximately in their natural condition. The general result of Dr. Cutter's examination may be stated in brief terms as follows: There was scarcely a single one of the so-called infant foods that contained a quantity of gluten as large as that contained in ordinary wheat flour. That is to say, a well-compounded wheat gruel is superior to any of them, particularly when boiled with a little milk; and mothers are in error who place the slightest dependence upon them. As respects one very expensive article, professing to possess 270 parts in every 1,000 of phosphatic salts in connection with gluten, Dr. Cutter was unable to find any gluten at all. The thing was nearly pure starch sold at an exorbitant price as a nerve and brain food, and a great remedy for rickets. So all through the list. Sometimes a trace of gluten was present; more frequently none at all. In one case there were ninety parts of starch to ten of gluten; but this was exceptional, and the majority were less than that. Considering the semi-philanthropic pretensions which have been put forth by the manufacturers of these foods, some of them sustained by the certificates of eminent physicians, the report of Dr. Cutter is one of the dreariest comments upon human nature that has recently fallen under the notice of the journalist. But if the revelations he has made of fraud and pretense on the part of manufacturers in this field shall serve to protect mothers from further betrayal, and to rescue infant life from quack articles of nutriment, his work, though giving a tremendous shock to our sensibilities and to our faith in medical certificates, will not have been done in vain.—*New York Times*

VENTILATING RAILWAY CARS.

Everybody who has traveled by rail in winter has suffered from the horrible ventilation, or rather the want of ventilation, of the ordinary passenger car. It is to all a cause of great annoyance and suffering, and to many of serious illness, if not permanent ill health. A gentleman of this city, who travels a good deal, has hit upon an effectual means of relief from the evil. He states it as follows: "When I find the air in the car becoming oppressive, I listen for the locomotive to give the signal of our approach to a station. As soon as I hear the whistle, I take my station at the rear end of the car, and watch for the conductor or brakeman to make his appearance, as I know he will presently do, at the other door in the front end. As he opens the front door, I open the back door. The motion of the train instantly causes the car to be flushed and swept by a flood of outer air. In five or ten seconds—just while the doors are usually open—all the foul air is expelled, and the car is filled with pure, cool, fresh air from without. When the conductor shuts his door, I shut mine, if somebody squalls out for the door to be shut, I promptly beg pardon and shut it. Meantime the business has been done, and all are relieved and benefited. I repeat the trick at every station or two, or as often as is necessary, and nobody so far as I know has ever suspected the design." It works like a charm, and I have escaped, in this way, many a cold and sore throat, and many hours of half suffocation and suffering.—*Indianapolis Herald*

MATTHEW ARNOLD says: "Sanity—that is the great virtue of the ancient literature; the want of that is the great defect of the modern, in spite of all its variety and power. It is impossible to read carefully the great ancients without losing something of our caprice and eccentricity, and to emulate them we must at least read them."

PLEASANTRIES.

THERE are some promising young men who are not careful about keeping their word.

"I see that winter is lingering in the lap of spring. The horrid thing!"—*Susan E. B.*

"I'm being asked, on the failure of a bank, 'Were you not upset?' replied: 'No; I only lost my balance.'

TEACHER to small boy: "What does the proverb say about those who live in glass houses?" Small boy: "Fall down the blinds."

"CHARITY vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up," and yet some men expect a puff every time they give \$1 to an indigent old woman's society.

A RUSSIAN proverb says: "Before going to war, pray once; before going to sea, pray twice; before getting married, pray three times."

A RETURNED East Indian was complimented on his genial disposition and large heartedness. "Yes," he replied, "I need less heart, but more liver."

The Oil City Derrick thus sadly moralizes: "A great many men would rather be a receiver of a defunct insurance company than a door-tender in the house of the Lord."

It does aggravate a man to think that, while his wife isn't afraid to tackle him and nearly yank his head off, she is madly terrified by a cow that she can chase out of the yard at any time.

We look for the support of every old woman in this county when we boldly assert that there are not three members of Congress who know to within three hours when soft-soap is ready to wax.—*Detroit Free Press*

From the album of the Countess de B.: "Men always say, 'If you do not love me, I will kill myself.' Later on we say to them: 'If you love me no longer I shall die.' And, in the end, nobody is buried."

ADMIRATION: "By shimminy, how dot-poy stiches grammar," was the remark of a German when his son called him a "knock-neck, pigeon-toed, seven-sided, glazed-eyed son of a sawhorse."

A MINISTER at Richmond, Va., recently swooned while marrying his old sweetheart to another man. His part of the ceremony made him swoon, what nerve the man who was married must have had to stand up under it.—*Boston Post*

A NOTED physician says many persons, simply by deep and rapid inhalations of pure air, can become as intoxicated on oxygen as if they had taken a draught of alcoholic stimulants. Here is a point for the man who has been walking rapidly home from the club in the night air.

"Well, Andrew," a gentleman remarked to a Scotchman, who, with his brother, was the only remnant of a narrow sect, "I suppose you and Sandy are the only bodies who will get to heaven, now?" "Deed, sir," replied Andrew, shaking his head, "an' I'm no' sure about Sandy."

THERE was a young lady in Worcester so scared by a crowd of a crowd, that she burst out, "Hanna! I'm surprised at your manna! Why don't you behave as you use to?" A QUER young man from Shanghai indulged in a piece of mince pie; His life work is o'er; His farm here no more Will visible be to the air.

At a whale exhibition, a youngster asked his mamma if the whale that swallowed Jonah had as large a mouth as the one before them why didn't Jonah walk out at one corner. "You must think Jonah was a fool; he didn't want to walk out and get drowned," was the quick reply of a younger brother, before the mother could answer.

"THRASHING by steam," murmured a fond mother as she glanced at an article in an agricultural paper. "What git-ups they do have now a days. If I had had one of those steam thrashers for my four boys, my arms wouldn't have been as rheumy as they are to-day," and she dreamily thought of the past as it might have been.

GROUND AIR.

"Ground air," or the air in the soil, has a considerable influence on health. Dr. Pettenkofer believes that the porosity of the ground on which we live is so great that "heavy, towering buildings often stand on a soil which is filled to the extent of a third of its volume with air. This air contains more carbonic acid than that of our atmosphere, as well as deleterious exhalations." When a house is heated to any extent it becomes a draught-fine, and draws such air out from the ground as if it were a cupping-glass.—*Progress*

A MUSICIAN of foreign birth was recently praised for playing of the piano. He was told that his playing was very neat. At once he flew into a rage because he felt that he was insulted. "I beg your pardon," he exclaimed, "but English-speaking people say 'neat' only of neckties."