

# THE RICHMOND

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

TO DEMOCRACY WE PIN OUR FAITH.

\$1.50 per Year. In Advance.

VOL. III. NO. 16.

ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND CO., N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1885.

WHOLE NO. 618.

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Will practice in Richmond, Robeson, Anson and Moore counties.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
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## HAMLET THIRIVES

THE PEOPLE ARE HAPPY.

## J. W. PARKS

Sells Dry Goods, Groceries, Shoes, etc., 80 LOW that the market has ever seen. Before buying, call and see my stock of

RY GOODS GROCERIES HATS,  
BOOTS, SHOES, CUTLERY, MEAL,  
FLOUR, MOLASSES, BACON, SHIP STUFF,

And almost everything needed by the people. Be sure to call and see me before buying. My prices will be 25% below the market. J. W. PARKS, Hamlet, N. C.

## THE BARNES HOUSE,

ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

The table will always be supplied with the best the market affords.

TABLES:  
Dinner with room, per month, \$12.00  
Dinner with room, per week, \$3.00  
Dinner with room, per day, \$1.00  
Single beds, per night, 50 cents  
J. W. BARNES, Proprietor.

The Editor at Home.

The joys of editing a country newspaper are many and compensating. But

—as in everything else—they are unequally distributed. Now here is Editor Ford, of the Baraboo (Wis.) Democrat.

He has within the last three months been hanged in effigy and had a flag stuck from his office at the instigation of his vile contemporary. But the royal diadem of his delight is described in a column editorial, led piece, under the title of "A Pleading Announcement," from which the Journal quotes: "To-day we have the satisfaction of announcing to the public that the mortgage has been lifted, and the Democrat office is not encumbered with a dollar's indebtedness. To accomplish this we have labored with unceasing toil, day and night. Indeed, we have worn ourselves almost entirely out, buried ourselves in all society, and lived in our office like a hermit, in order that we might once more call ourselves a free man. Five years of the hardest labor of our whole life have been spent in Baraboo, while Mrs. Ford has almost lived in the office with us during that time. Long, long ago, and dreary the time seems to us now; but daylight has at last dawned upon us, and when we leave our office at 6 o'clock in the evening and return to our pleasant little home, find our coal-house full of coal, our wood-house full of wood, cellar full of vegetables, our drawers, replete with our own cutlery, put our feet on the centro table, take Francis Woolfolk Ford on one knee and Daisy Bransford Ford on the other, and listen to them while they sing that soul-stirring hymn—

I want to be an angel,  
And with the angels stand;  
A crown upon my forehead,  
A harp within my hand,  
No more our tribulations, and think  
After all, there is some happiness in "old."

## DISSATISFIED.

An old farm-house, with pastures wide,  
Sweet with flowers on every side;  
A restless lad who looks from out  
The porch, with woodbine twisted about,  
Wishes a thought from in his heart:  
Oh, if I only could depart,  
From this dull place the world to see,  
Ah me! how happy would I be!

Amid the city's ceaseless din,  
A man who round the world has been,  
Who, mid the tumult and the throng,  
Is thinking, ritching all day long,  
Oh, could I only tread once more  
The field path to the farm-house door;  
The old green meadows could I see,  
Ah, me! how happy would I be.

—DUBLIN (Ireland) Times.

## A LONDON ADVENTURE.

Three years since I had occasion to pass a few weeks in London. I am about to relate an adventure which befell me at this time, which came very near having a very serious termination. I can not even now think of it without a shudder.

I was wandering my way in the early part of the evening toward Drury Lane Theatre, a famous temple of the drama, known the world over, when my attention was suddenly drawn to an appeal for charity made by a figure crouching on the doorway of a house.

I looked at the applicant. He appeared to be an elderly man attired in a manner which bespoke the extreme of destitution. His coat was soiled and ragged. From beneath a shocking hat I could see gray locks stealing out. His form was bowed, and I judged from his general bearing that he must be at least 60 years of age.

"A few pence, sir, for a poor old man," he whispered. "I am cold and hungry. I have had nothing to eat since yesterday."

My compassion was stirred. Had he been in the prime of life I could have passed by his petition unheeding. But age and infirmity make poverty a pitiful spectacle.

"Are you, indeed, so poor?" I asked, stopping before him.

"I am too feeble to work," he said. "I depend on what gentlemen give me. Yet I should not care so much for myself, but my poor child—I am obliged to leave her at home sick while I come out to beg."

I was on the point of giving him a shilling when an instinct of caution stepped in.

"After all," I thought, "he might be an impostor." In that case I should grudge the shilling, small as it was, which I intended to give him. But if things were really as he said, I should be willing to bestow on him a larger sum.

"How am I to know whether your story is true?" I said, stepping in the act of drawing a shilling from my pocket. "How am I to know whether you have a sick child, as you represent?"

"If you will come home with me," he said, in a tone of subdued eagerness (I remembered this afterward), "I will convince you."

"Perhaps he makes this offer," I thought, "feeling confident that I will not accept it. He shall find himself mistaken this time. I am resolved for once to satisfy myself, and if it is as he says, he shall have a crown instead of a shilling."

"Where do you live?" I asked, after a moment's pause.

"About a quarter of a mile from here," was the reply.

"Lead on, then," said I. "I will accompany you home and satisfy myself whether your story is correct. If you are needy as your appeal to be I will do what I can to help you."

The old man was profuse in his protestations of gratitude. In fact, he seemed so willing to comply with my request that again there was a revulsion of feeling, and I felt ashamed that I had questioned his honesty. I inwardly resolved to make it up to him.

It was a dismal night. The air was misty and damp, and the occasional street lamps revealed a disagreeable neighborhood. On either side I saw wretched tenement houses. At the doors were gaunt faces, sometimes wearing a fierce, almost desperate look. I felt that I should not like to pass through these streets at a late hour of the night. Yet it is only fair to say that London is tolerably well governed. The police are numerous, and so far as my experience extends, are polite and attentive to strangers. Considering how great an amount of poverty and utter destitution there is in the great city, it furnishes a matter of surprise that the harvest of crime, great as it is, should not be even greater. Yet doubtless, as the incident I am relating serves to show, there is many a secret crime committed that never sees the light and never becomes known to the authorities.

My glance fell thoughtfully upon my guide. He was toiling along, apparently with difficulty, a little in advance of me, and from time to time looked back to see if I were following him. Once when he looked back I had my watch out—a valuable gold chronometer—from which I was endeavoring to ascertain the time by the light of a neighboring street lamp. Perhaps I was imprudent in making a display to so suspicious a neighborhood. My guide looked at the watch greedily.

"Poor fellow!" I thought. "Every evidence of wealth and comfort must not doubt fill him with envy." I don't know why it was that no suspicion of his feebleness would have led me to smile with contempt at the thought that he could possibly do me any harm.

Still he hobbled on.

We had by degrees got a considerable distance from the place where I first encountered him. I thought that I should be late for the play, and thought

of passing and dismissing him with a gratuity of half a crown.

"Are you far from your room—from where you live?" I asked. "We must have gone half a mile instead of a quarter."

"That is the house," said he, pointing to a wretched building only a few steps distant.

"In for a penny in for a pound," thought I. "I will see this adventure through, even if I am late for the theatre."

My guide entered the house, and I followed him up a rickety staircase—rather up three—until we reached the fourth story. It was pitch dark all the way. When he had mounted to the third landing he fumbled at the door and opened it. I followed him in.

"Stop a moment, kind gentleman, and I will light a candle," said the old man.

I stopped, and in a moment the dim light of a farthing dip illuminated the apartment.

I had scarcely time to take a hasty glance at the room and its appurtenances than the old man stepped behind me and closed the door. There was a click audible. It fastened as it closed. What did I see? Of course I expected to see a miserable den, with broken down furniture and every evidence of the direst destitution and wretchedness. Instead of this my gaze rested on a room comfortably furnished; a Kidderminster carpet, not much worn, covered the floor. There were a few neat chairs, a mahogany table and a comfortable bed.

"You have deceived me," said I, sternly, turning upon the old man. I turned as I said this, but what was my bewilderment at perceiving that the old man had disappeared and in his place there stood before me quite a different personage.

The gray hair, the bowed form, the marks of age had vanished. My guide was no longer old and decrepit, but a man in the prime of life, strong and vigorous. His gray wig, for it was a wig, lay on the carpet, whether he had carelessly tossed it.

"You seem a little surprised," he said, in a mocking voice; "strange miracles sometimes happen nowadays."

"What does this mean?" I asked, in bewilderment.

"What does it mean?" repeated the man, coolly. "It means that I will trouble you for that watch of yours. It appears to be a valuable one," he continued with bold impudence. "I will take the liberty to borrow it of you for an indefinite period. Just now, unfortunately, my watch happens to be at the jeweler's, so that I am unable to be on time in my business."

"You are an atrocious villain!" said I, indignantly.

"Oh, no doubt, you're quite welcome to call me so. We're all sinners, you know!"

The man's insufferable coolness and impudence quite took away my breath. I felt that a discussion could do no possible good. He had me in his power, and of course that gave him the entire advantage.

"Let me out!" I exclaimed, advancing toward the door.

"Not yet," said he resolutely, displaying a pistol. "Not till you have complied with my very reasonable demands. Do that and you shall go freely, and not a hair of your head shall be harmed. Come, what do you say?"

What could I say? How was I, single handed and without a weapon, to contend with this man, my equal in strength and armed with a pistol? This makes the weak equal with the strong. If I only had that pistol—if I could only snatch it from him. But that seemed impossible. He was watchful and wary. Should I make the attempt and fail he would probably kill me without mercy. Yet that attempt I meant to make.

A lucky thought came to my assistance. I was something of a ventriloquist and had been from my youth—that is, I could throw my voice to another part of the room so that some one else might seem to be speaking. No sooner did I think of this than I resolved upon my plan.

"Well," said he impatiently, "have you decided?"

"Wretch!" said a voice just behind him.

He turned suddenly, and at that moment I snatched the pistol from his grasp.

"Now it is my turn," said I exultingly. "Open that door or I fire."

He looked at me in stupefied surprise. I repeated my command.

He advanced a step toward me.

"Make the slightest attempt to retake this weapon and I fire."

He glared at me with a look of baffled ferocity, and looked undecided.

I repeated my order and he sullenly opened the door.

I passed through, backing out warily, ready to fire at the slightest movement showing intent to assault me. I should have felt no hesitation in doing so. The man was a desperate villain, very likely a murderer, and I felt that I should be justified. But he seemed to have given up his enterprise as bootless. He went back into his room and slammed the door.

I made my way out into the street and hurried to the theatre, first removing the charge from my weapon. It proved to be a valuable one, and I decided to retain it as a "contraband of war."

## WIT AND WISDOM.

A RABBITAL REM.—"Not out!"  
The rule of three—a triumvirate.  
ROBBING THE MALES—a church fair.  
SMALL CURRENCY—sewing society goes.

The moonstone—an engagement diamond.  
TALK is cheap, except through a telephone.  
The best coat-of-arms for America—manure.

The letter 'h' usefulness to pneumonia is about like that of the husband of a boss milliner.

"A ring around the moon is a sign of bad weather." A ring around the eye is generally a sign of a squall.

"What is laughter?" asks a scientist. It is what you don't hear when you find your wife sitting up for you after the club.

A cold climate is hard to bear, but it makes men robust and active. People in very warm countries lead a rather shiftless life.

A young lady at a ball the other evening referred to her gentleman escort as an Indian. "For," said she, "he is always on my trail."

Brides now go to the altar with the left hand uncovered. This means that when the husband comes home late he will be handled without gloves.

COLORFUL WOMAN—"Boss, kin I get do job ob cleanin' out dis deah bank?"  
President—"No! you are too late. The cashier has already attended to that."

"Press on! achieve! achieve!" sings Ella Wheeler in her last poem. This sounds as if she was counseling a Chinese laundryman to sneeze while ironing.

He—My dear, the most extraordinary thing happened when I came home this evening. She—What was it? He—Why, my slippers were both in the same place and just where I left them.

The great perennial power of a good pastor over his flock is heart power. Nine-tenths of the people in any congregation are only to be reached through their affections. Sympathy is power.

SAY everything for vice you can say, magnify any pleasure as much as you please, but do not believe you have any secret for sending on quicker the sluggish blood, and for refreshing the faded nerve.

"HAVE you weak eyes?" said a lady to a gentleman who had just been whooping and sneezing. "But I scow and things so thoroughly that the glitter of them hurts my sight."

When a visitor at the Carlisle Indian School asked a young Cheyenne girl if she was a member of a church, she answered, "Not much; just a little."

There are hundreds of other chorb members similarly affected.

You can't blame a wife for losing her love for a husband who persistently stays away from home. As she cannot get him into the house even, it follows naturally that she should not be able to get him out.—Boston Traveler.

They had recently been and got married, and had just returned from their honeymoon. He: "I wonder why so many people stare at us, my dear?" She: "No doubt they are wondering what I could have done in you."

LIFE, like war, is a series of mistakes; and he is not the best Christian nor the best general who makes the fewest false steps. Poor mediocrity may secure that, but he is best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes.

A HATTER sees one of his debtors pass him by in the street without any recognition of his existence, and straightway became as mad as a hatter. "Curse the fellow!" he says, "the night, when I bowed to him, he gave at least had the decency to lift my hat."

"YOUR age?" asked the judge. "Thirty-five, your honor," replied the woman. "But you were thirty-five the last time you were here, three years ago." She—"And does your honor think I'm the woman to say one thing one day and another thing another?"

## Two Heroes.

The Portland (Ore.) News says: There are some interesting side points relative to Funk's poor, starving babies, who wandered away in the hills of Mehama Sunday morning. They were not found till Monday noon. A shepherd dog and his household favorite followed and guarded them during the long, dark hours when the rain came unceasingly down. No doubt the faithful creature protected them from the many wild animals in the deep woods. But the heroic act of the older child, who the wires failed to correctly record, remains to be added. He took his own little coat from his shivering body and put it on his weaker brother, saving him from freezing, while he endured, in a cotton shirt, hours after hours, the keen blasts of that mountain storm. Think of this from a child but six years old, and let any who can say he is not as much of a hero as any of the full-grown Spartans of old of whom the classics so eloquently tell.

The state of affairs in Dublin, N. H., is somewhat interesting, owing to the difficulties experienced by the Sale of man in disposing of the income of a fund of \$2,500, which was given to the town some time ago with the provision that the interest should be annually distributed to the poor inhabitants of the place. The interest is now about to be distributed, but there are no takers, as quite a number of persons to whom offers have been made decline on the ground that their property is so compromised.

## GENTEEL, BUT A TRAMP.

A RESPECTABLE VAGRANT AND HIS MEANS OF SUPPORT.

Not such an Amazing Work as it is Supposed to Be.

Speaking of Melville's book on the Lena Delta, the Literary World says: Sliding is never an easy matter in Siberia. The dogs are quarrelsome, and very difficult to manage, as the following description will show: "Away we went with the dogs in full cry, all yelping, snapping, biting, and scolding each other from behind, those in front turning round to fight back, until some one were drawn off their feet and dragged along at a fearful rate; Vasilii, yelling at the top of his voice, coaxed, scolded, and anatomized by turn, until at length, by dint of twisting and rolling over, the team became entangled into one living mass of vicious flesh. To pacify and disentangle the crazy canines, Vasilii leaped upon them with his iron-pointed guiding staff, and the only astonishing thing to me was how the poor, brutes could live under such a heavy beating. It is true some of them, after receiving a severe blow on the snout of the back, did drop their hind legs for a few minutes; but in the end it did not seem to check their desire to bite and fight. Yet they were considerably more tractable after this, their first beating, and ran along at a more even pace, following the leaders, who in turn were guided and governed by Vasilii's word of command: 'Tuck! Tuck! Tadnok, tadnok Sto! sto!' (right, right; left, left; stop! stop); and a general chuckle of encouragement."

The dogs, moreover, are so ferocious that if they meet a team of reindeer they will at once attack and kill them. On one occasion Mr. Melville was proceeding by dog-sledge when he encountered a team of dogs. His driver at once drove off the road into a wood, stationing Mr. Melville with a huge stick to prevent the dogs from following. They came on in hot pursuit, despite the efforts of their driver, when a stout blow from the stick caused the leading dog to turn round and attack his neighbor, and in an instant the whole team was embroiled in a "free and easy," while the deer team made their escape.

Roller Skating Rink.

The Cleveland Leader says: stylishly-dressed young lady, whose features were concealed by a thick veil, entered the downtown office of a prominent physician yesterday afternoon, and with some show of nervousness, requested an audience with him. The doctor, who was in his private office, and the attendant removed her veil, remarking she did so, "I wish you would tell me

in the dimly-lighted room the physician was unable to find anything wrong. Stepping to the window, the lady said, pointing to the rosy cheeks and chin and the little creases about the corners of her eyes: "Do you see that? My face looks as though I had been working in a coal mine." Closer inspection showed the physician that the dimples and creases as well as the larger pores in the lady's face were filled with a dark, grimy substance. "I have scrubbed and worked at that until I am tired, but cannot remove it. I am satisfied it is not dirt," she continued, evidently judging from the physician's look that he was about to tell her to take a bath.

"I understand," said the doctor with a smile; "the roller rink again."

"What do you mean?" she asked, troubled tone.

"Nothing but roller skating is all. It is not!"

"The skating to a reports conversation is the second me with a similar conversation."

"What is the cause of it?"

"Why, you see, the dust from the floor of the rink is very fine and penetrating, and when it settles on the skin, dampened with perspiration, it at once finds its way into the pores."

Saved From a Life Sentence.

The last proceedings have finally been held in the famous Mack murder case, which took place July 14, 1878, in Jonesville, Wis. Mrs. Mack, charged with murdering her husband, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to the State prison for life, but the Supreme Court granted her a new trial, and on the second trial the jury disagreed. Since then she married the principal witness against her, which renders his testimony worthless against her. She made an application to have her husbandman relieved by giving her own bond in the sum of \$8,000, which was granted. She having married the State's most important witness and the other witnesses being widely scattered, it is not likely that the case will ever be called.

African Explorations.

Serpo Pinto, the celebrated African traveler who started for Central Africa last year from Mozambique, came near starving to death not long after he began his march. He and his comrade, Lieut. Cardoso, were stricken with fever in a district where famine prevailed. They could buy little food, and being unable to be removed, their party was reduced to sore trials. The Government heard of their distress and sent a relief party, who then sent them to ample food supplies in the famous district. Pinto is in his inner Africa one of the equipped parties that ever

the Color Line in Massachusetts.

Judge Parmenter, of Boston, Mass., gave a decision in the case of Richard S. Brown, a well-known colored man, against Joseph Hayes, Treasurer of the Winslow Skating Rink, fixing Hayes sixteen dollars and costs. Brown visited the rink with two children, but was not allowed to purchase admission tickets. Upon demanding the reason for this discrimination, Brown was forcibly ejected from the premises.

## STRAY BITS OF HUMOR.

FOUND IN THE COLUMNS OF OUR EXCHANGES.

The Fireman Rejoiced—On the Roller Skates—Put on Record—He was Indignant—Found his Boss, Etc.

A FIREMAN who rejoiced.

"What caused you to leave the fire department, Jim?"

"Oh, I got sick of it."

"What was the trouble?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I worked four years to get on, and then I got right off again. It wasn't what I thought it was. I'd watched the boys working lots of times, and I'd been around visiting them at their houses. I kinder thought I'd like it. When I got my appointment I felt that I was fixed for life. The second night after that an alarm came on for us about eleven o'clock, and out we went. When we got to the fire, which was in the collar, the captain made me go down and hold a lantern. The thermometer was about twenty-five below zero, and just as I started to go up the back stairs a stream hit me in the mouth and knocked me down so quick that I couldn't tell what struck me. I lay there senseless with the hose playing on me for a little while—long enough for me to freeze fast, any way, and when I tried to get up I couldn't. I was all covered with icicles, and the whiskers of me were frozen so stiff that I couldn't get my mouth open to yell. I began to think I was done for, when one of the boys stumbled over me, and getting a lantern, found out who I was. When he had to chop me out with axes, and when I walked off I looked like a snow man. That sickened me of the fire department, and I resigned the next day."—Chicago Herald.

When two lady friends enter a street-car together they generally go through with a funny little formula for the saving of each other's credit for generosity and for appearances generally. "Now mind, I've got the change," says one as they halt the car. "Have you? Well, so have I. I can pay the fare," answers the other. By this time the ladies are seated, and both begin to fumble leisurely in their satchels for that change. "Now, I'll pay," exclaims one, and she fishes out a dollar bill and looks helplessly around for some man to pass it up. "I want change, anyhow." The money is passed up to the box, and in the meantime the other lady quietly deposits two nickels in the box. "Oh, you mean thing!" cries the street-car guest. "Never mind, I'll pay coming home," and then they fall to talking of

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ANOTHER ONE PUT ON RECORD.

When I was at Washington I said to the engineer of the little building at the foot of the Monument:

"You have a mighty tall chimney for such a small factory."

He silently chalked a mark on the board wall behind him.

"What's that for?" I inquired.

"You are the 17th person who made that remark," was his answer.—Detroit Free Press.

ON THE SEATER.

"What is the cause of it?"

"Why, you see, the dust from the floor of the rink is very fine and penetrating, and when it settles on the skin, dampened with perspiration, it at once finds its way into the pores."

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THE EDITOR AT HOME.

The joys of editing a country newspaper are many and compensating. But —as in everything else—they are unequally distributed. Now here is Editor Ford, of the Baraboo (Wis.) Democrat. He has within the last three months been hanged in effigy and had a flag stuck from his office at the instigation of his vile contemporary. But the royal diadem of his delight is described in a column editorial, led piece, under the title of "A Pleading Announcement," from which the Journal quotes: "To-day we have the satisfaction of announcing to the public that the mortgage has been lifted, and the Democrat office is not encumbered with a dollar's indebtedness. To accomplish this we have labored with unceasing toil, day and night. Indeed, we have worn ourselves almost entirely out, buried ourselves in all society, and lived in our office like a hermit, in order that we might once more call ourselves a free man. Five years of the hardest labor of our whole life have been spent in Baraboo, while Mrs. Ford has almost lived in the office with us during that time. Long, long ago, and dreary the time seems to us now; but daylight has at last dawned upon us, and when we leave our office at 6 o'clock in the evening and return to our pleasant little home, find our coal-house full of coal, our wood-house full of wood, cellar full of vegetables, our drawers, replete with our own cutlery, put our feet on the centro table, take Francis Woolfolk Ford on one knee and Daisy Bransford Ford on the other, and listen to them while they sing that soul-stirring hymn—

I want to be an angel,  
And with the angels stand;  
A crown upon my forehead,  
A harp within my hand,  
No more our tribulations, and think  
After all, there is some happiness in "old."

FOUND HIS BOSS.

A plumber and his wife were on their way to church.

"Why did you bow so low to that gentleman who just passed?" she inquired.

"He owns a roller-skating rink," the old man said.—Inquire.

THE EDITOR AT HOME.

The joys of editing a country newspaper are many and compensating. But —as in everything else—they are unequally distributed. Now here is Editor Ford, of the Baraboo (Wis.) Democrat. He has within the last three months been hanged in effigy and had a flag stuck from his office at the instigation of his vile contemporary. But the royal diadem of his delight is described in a column editorial, led piece, under the title of "A Pleading Announcement," from which the Journal quotes: "To-day we have the satisfaction of announcing to the public that the mortgage has been lifted, and the Democrat office is not encumbered with a dollar's indebtedness. To accomplish this we have labored with unceasing toil, day and night. Indeed, we have worn ourselves almost entirely out, buried ourselves in all society, and lived in our office like a hermit, in order that we might once more call ourselves a free man. Five years of the hardest labor of our whole life have been spent in Baraboo, while Mrs. Ford has almost lived in the office with us during that time. Long, long ago, and dreary the time seems to us now; but daylight has at last dawned upon us, and when we leave our office at 6 o'clock in the evening and return to our pleasant little home, find our coal-house full of coal, our wood-house full of wood, cellar full of vegetables, our drawers, replete with our own cutlery, put our feet on the centro table, take Francis Woolfolk Ford on one knee and Daisy Bransford Ford on the other, and listen to them while they sing that soul-stirring hymn—

I want to be an angel,  
And with the angels stand;  
A crown upon my forehead,  
A harp within my hand,  
No more our tribulations, and think  
After all, there is some happiness in "old."

FOUND HIS BOSS.

A plumber and his wife were on their way to church.

"Why did you bow so low to that gentleman who just passed?" she inquired.

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