

Poetry.

A SOLLUM FAC'

A werry funny f-fellow is de ole plantation mule; An' nobody'll play wid him unless he is a fool...

HOUSEHOLD.

PUFFETS FOR TEA.

Three eggs, one cup of sugar, two thirds of a cup of butter, one pint of sweet milk, three pints of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

CRUST FOR TARTS.

Rub one teaspoonful of lard into three teaspoonfuls of flour and a pinch of salt. Beat the white of one egg slightly.

PLAIN OMELETTES.

Beat four eggs very light. Have ready a pan of hot butter, pour the beaten eggs into it, and fry it till it is of a fine brown on the under side.

ENGLISH PUDDING (HOT).

One pound each of currants, raisins (stoned) and suet, one-half pound of citron, one cupful of molasses, one pint of boiling milk.

CARROT SOUP.

One quart rich, brown stock, one pint carrot, one teaspoon sugar, one teaspoon salt, one-half saltspoon pepper, one small onion, sliced.

HOME MADE CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

Home made charlotte russe is much nicer than that bought at the baker's, and is easy and simple to make.

PLENISHING THE SWEET-MEAT JARS.

Toward the beginning of spring the frugal housewife often finds her supply of jams and marmalades running low.

used in its fresh state, the remainder of the process being the same as for fresh fruit.

Apple marmalade may be made at this season of the year from apples that show signs of decay.

Plum butter may be made of canned plums mixed with cooked apples; half plum pulp and half stewed apples.

Many a busy housekeeper has adopted the plan of deferring her jam and butter making until winter.

NO SCARCITY OF THEM.

Your idea of testing the comparative force of electric currents by hypnotizing a boy and subjecting him to successive shocks is a bold and original one.

ABOUT DECIDED.

A certain clergyman gave it out from the pulpit one night that he had received a call to a wider sphere of usefulness in a larger town.

WHY THE DANCE INTERESTED HIM.

It was at an Old Orchard hotel last summer. A friend of mine whom I shall call Smith had enjoyed himself immensely.

"Excuse me, sir, but what was the name of that last dance you went through—that shottish, I mean?"

"Oh," replied Smith, "that! That was a gavot."

"A gavot! Something new?"

"Oh, not very new."

"Would you just as lief step into the waiting room and show me how you do it?"

Smith, who is a good natured man, complied, and quickly unraveled the snarls of the gavot.

When the lesson was finished the stranger thanked Smith, saying:

"I am very much obliged to you, sir. I'm a teacher of dancing in Portland, and I want to keep up with the times."

SEWING ACHES.

Jessie sat down by her mother to sew. She was making a pillow case for her own little pillow.

"All this!" she asked in a discontented tone, holding the seam out.

"That is not too much for a little girl who has a work basket of her own," said her mother.

"Yes," thought Jessie, "mother has given me a work-basket, and I ought to be willing to sew."

"I have a dreadful pain at my side," said Jessie, in a few minutes.

"My thumb is very sore," she said in a few minutes more.

"Oh, my hand is so tired!" was the next.

Next there was something the matter with her foot and then with her eyes.

"Should I not first send for a doctor?" said her mother.

"The doctor for me, mother?" cried the little girl, as surprised as she could be.

"Certainly. A little girl so full of pains and aches must be ill, and the sooner we have a doctor the better."

"Oh, mother," said Jessie, laughing, "they were sewing aches. I am well now."

I have heard of other little girls besides who had sewing aches and pains whenever their parents had any work for them to do.

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ASHEVILLE ECHOES.

Bill Nye Keeps Us Informed As To How Things Are Moving.

Senator Vance Back from the Holy Land—A Few Society Items—The Great and Only Eber and Other Great Men Nye Has Met.

[Copyright, 1892, by Edgar W. Nye.] ASHEVILLE, N. C., January.—This has been a very gentle and balmy winter for the native tar heeler.

Tropical growths are getting along first rate here if kept indoors, and such subtropical vegetation as the John pine, the jonquil and the horseradish are growing in the open air.

Senator Zebulon B. Vance has returned from the Holy Land with a new story picked up on the Sea of Galilee. It is a corker.

Senator Vance is looking well and returns to his senatorial labors with renewed vigor and a traveled air which we North Carolina people alone lack to make us shine.

He says that Baireuth is pronounced Byroit.

Senator Vance was there during the Wagner imbroglio. I do not know what an imbroglio is, but I think it was that.

He told several stories illustrative of American humor while at Byroit, and, as I understood it, interspersed between the Wagner selections. They were not well received.

He told an anecdote of ex Governor Hoard's, of Wisconsin, regarding an experience he had while in the army.

After a forced march of eight weeks during which the brigade did not touch food, being anxious to close the war, they camped one night at a cross-roads.

The boys tried to get at it, but the officers saw at once that there would be more than enough for themselves.

The following night, after apollinaris and family prayers, it was resolved to try and get the other barrel in order to soothe that vague unrest and uneasiness.

Toward morning Governor Hoard took the auger with a heavy sea t and bored a new hole in the bosom of the night.

Reminiscences of Senator Plumb are so plenty since his death that I venture to call up one of the incidents of his early experience.

He did not strike what he sought, but there was a wild shriek from above, and when the governor pulled the auger out he found on it the fragment of a gray army shirt and a birthmark.

Senator Vance told it better than I have, but when he got through the German friend of Voguer said:

"Um—yah! Vot kain of a story vas dat!"

"That is a humorous story. That is American humor."

"No, my frain; oxoose me. Dot vas not yoomar; dot vas a tam lie."

Senator Vance will, during this session, move the passage of an act authorizing the city of New York to buy the street bonds of the city of Asheville.

The colored people of Asheville each year celebrate on the 1st of January their emancipation from slavery.

Mr. Plum Levi, the barber of the old school who shaved me five years ago and still points with pride to the gory towel which he used on me.

This year the procession was quite large and embraced many of our haughtiest colored people.

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soldier pants. He was the life of the procession, and almost everything he did was mirthful.

Miss Pearl Backus, of Coxsackie, N. Y., is paying a visit to former Blue Run friends and took part in the parade.

She wore a fur trimmed street dress like one her mistress at Coxsackie wore just before Pearl left there.

I had occasion to meet my friend Mr. Franz Eber, of the Lilliputian Company, a short time ago.

He has the air, though, of a successful actor, and the amount of dignity he has considering the small place he has to drap it over makes me laugh.

After I had gone the owner of the theater said to him reproachfully:

"That was Mr. Nye, the great American humorous writer, Mr. Eber. Did you understand the name fully when I introduced you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Eber, with a rising inflection, as he sat down on the chimney of a footlight.

I do not say this to hurt Eber, for he is too great a man to be hurt by newspaper criticism.

I also once met Joseph Cook, who was on his way to his regular work repairing and editing some of the works of God.

So I say that people of prominence should play in one another's hands.

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redder than umbrella juice and a little thicker than stump water.

"It looked badly, but it was a pearl compared to the way it smelled. It smelled like the deluge at low tide.

"Once I went over to try a case before a poor white justice of the peace over thirty miles away.

"Opposed to me as counsel was a man who had been admitted to the bar. I had not. He was rather pompous and hated to try a case before a country justice, but he had to do it.

"Then counsel got so hot that he forgot himself and said things to the court which ought to have remained forever unsaid.

"All right, I will show you," says the court, and thereupon he bit off a piece of tobacco about the size of a prayer book and took down a large fat volume of forms for justices of the peace.

"He wrote on and on till dinner time. Then he glared at the man he was engaged in committing and ate the undemonstrative corn dodger with him meantime.

"I didn't mind the bitterness between the court and counsel, for it was all good for my side.

"Toward twilight, as the frogs in the hollow smote the soft and echoes gloaming with their metallic song, the court closed with the final 'wherof fail not at your peril,' and the commitment was duly drawn.

"Looking over earnestly at it and leaning on the shoulder of the court, I can still see the calm, pale face of counsel as he looked searchingly over the still wet and fragrant document.

"Then firmly and deftly upsetting the big, quart ink bottle over the mighty legal masterpiece, and thereby turning loose upon the horrified night a fragrance so able, so durable and so pronounced that you could tie horses to it, he said:

"There, you overgrown mushrat! You shapeless paunch of justice without its brains; you overgrown and fungus error on the face of nature; you old he mud hen of the swamps; you malarial old intellectual wart on the brow of creation, by the time you can go down on the bottoms and gather your maple bark and bring it home and boil it, and put the caustic fragrance into it for another quart of ink, I will be in another county; and by the time you can draw another mittimus I will be in most any other State which I may select.

"I now bid you adieu, Cauliflower. Au revoir, old Polypus on the membrane of nature, blight upon the great job of creation, farewell."

He then kicked the old mother dog across the kitchen and strode fiercely down the child bordered pathway.

SWIFT JUSTICE IN MEXICO.

Justice is occasionally swift in Mexico. An American while seated in the Plaza de Armes, in the City of Mexico, missed a field glass.

He had not recovered from his amazement when three policemen approached, having in custody the thief, the glass still in his possession.

The American was required to go at once with the officers to the court. Here the prisoner was promptly tried, and in fifteen minutes from the time of entering the court house, he had been sentenced to serve a term of five years in the Mexican army.

NOTICE.

The next meeting of the Alliance Peanut Union of Virginia and North Carolina will be held in Tarboro, N. C., March 9th, 1892.

We hope that every Alliance, interested in the production of peanuts, will be represented.

Fraternally,

R. S. BOYKIN, Sec'y A. P. Union.

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SMALL COURTESIES.

Patent Factors in the Happiness of our Daily Lives.

Life is so complex, its machinery so intricate, that it is impossible that the wheels should always move smoothly and without friction.

But it is the little offices of friendship—the encouraging smile, the appreciative word, the thought of our preferences, the avoidance of our prejudices—which make life easier, and which lessen in a marvelous degree, all its worries and perplexities.

Nothing prevents friction so perfectly as the exercise of what we sometimes disdainfully call the minor virtues.

As though one should be endowed with truth, and yet, lacking prudence and delicate insight and cir-umspection, wound with sharp needle pricks the sensitive hearer.

Do not care to be constantly reminded of our failings. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend," but friends too often show a fondness for the scalpel, and lay bare our pet weaknesses in a truthful but exceedingly uncomfortable fashion.

A gentleman never fails in the small sweet courtesies. Instinctively she respects the feeling of others, and having the golden rule by heart, it is from her heart that all lovely, love-compelling graces flow.

"In her tongue is the law of kindness," and she has the ready tact which takes advantage of every opportunity to render the lives of others happier.

And every morning, with "Good-day," Makes each day good.

Her winning smile and gentle ministrations, her soft voice and unfeigned sympathy, insure her always a ready welcome, and, like the sun, she finds the world bright, because she first makes it so.

The fairy tale of our young days has a peculiar charm and attraction. The courteous, cheerful maiden who draws water for the withered old crone, and who listens to her, and replies with amiability, is rewarded with the gifts of uttering pearls and diamonds; and, in the less romantic German version, Frau Holle bestows gold pieces as the reward of civility and diligence with that delightful prodigality so characteristic of fairy land.

The small sweet courtesies are so potent in their influence upon our daily life, softening its asperities, rounding its angles, and insensibly compelling imitation.

For who could be choleric, or even cold and indifferent, when surrounded by an atmosphere of genial warmth? The little every day and all-day thought for others is not hard to some gracious natures imbued with the rare virtue of forgetfulness; but to those who long for the admiration of their fellow creatures, the practice of the small sweet courtesies can be recommended as an unfeigned means of gaining that approbation.

Mr. Browning expresses it thus: "Was her thinking of others made you think of her."

In his exquisite portrait poem, "My Love," Lowell has translated in the diviner language of poetry the words of our text:

She doeth little kindnesses Which most leave undone of despite; For naught that sets an heart at ease, And giveth happiness or peace, Is low esteemed in her eyes.

—Harper's Weekly.

NOTHING HAPPENS ON A STREET CAR.

"You must see a great deal of human nature in your position," said the young man with the notebook as he boarded a Broadway car.

"Well, I dunno," doubtfully replied the conductor.

All sorts of people ride with you, of course!

"Perhaps they do."

"Men and women of almost every nationality ride up and down here."

"Please, move along up!" called the conductor as he put his head into the door.

"I suppose even rich men often try to beat you out of the fare?" continued the young man.

"Mebbe so, but I never knew of a case," was the reply.

"Don't you observe a very selfish disposition on the part of a large percentage?"

"No."

"Doesn't a mean man act meaner on a car than anywhere else?"

"Perhaps, but I never noticed it."

"Haven't you noticed that women have no regard for each other?"

"No, sir."

"I presume you get a raking ever now and then because you don't stop quick enough or because you carry some one past his street?"

"No, sir; I never do."

"Aren't there any peculiar people who ride on your car?"

"Never saw any, sir."

"Well, I am surprised!" said the young man with the notebook.

"Where do the reporters get all these odd and funny little incidents which are supposed to happen on the street cars?"

"Out of their heads, sir," replied the conductor, as he helped a fat woman up the steps.

"And nothing ever happens on a street car?"

"Nothing, sir—not on my car. I runs from the Battery to Fifty-ninth street and back, and I collect fares and looks after the passengers. Think all, sir. Fare, please."—New York Evening World.