# New Berne Weekly Journal.

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**Professional Cards.**

**GEO. M. LINDSAY,**
Attorney at Law,
SMITHFIELD, N. C.
Will practice wherever professional services are required.
References: Hon. A. S. Merrimon, Joseph P. Gulley, Raleigh, N. C.; A. Horne, Clayton N. C. oct29wtf

**LEONIDAS J. MOORE,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
(Office opposite Gaston House.
New Berne, N. C.
Will practice in the Counties of Greene, Lenoir, Jones, Onslow, Pamlico and Craven; also in the U. S. District Court.
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**New Berne Advertisements.**

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MERCHANT TAILOR.

ZANG'S old STAND,
MIDDLE STREET,
New Berne, N. C.
Mar. 30, 6mw

**Ferdinand Ulrich,**
—DEALER IN—
GROCERIES & DRY GOODS
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS,
Ropes, Twines, Paints Oils Canvass, and Oakum.
The place to buy GRAIN SACKS in any quantity and
LORILLARD SNUFF by the bbl.
NETS and SEINES.
Foot of Middle street,
NEW BERNE, N. C.
Mar. 30, 1 y w

**U. S. MACE,**
**Druggist.**
MARKET WHARF, NEW BERNE, N.C.
Also keep on hand full line of
ROPES AND TWINES,
SPIKES, NAILS, CANVASS,
AND ALL KINDS
SHIP CHANDELRY,
PAINTS, OILS and BRUSHES.
April 1-w-6m

HORSES, MULES, PONIES
Wagons, Phaetons, Buggies,
HARNESS, WHIPS, SADDLES,
LOUIS COOK'S CELEBRATED WORK.
GOOD YOUNG STOCK
always on hand, and for sale
LOW FOR CASH.
A. & M. HAHN,
Middle Street,
Opposite Episcopal Church and Odd Fellows Hall. June15w-6m

Small Profits and Quick Sales.
**HACKBURN BROTHERS,**
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
GROCERS
Corner Broad and Queen Streets,
NEW BERNE, N. C.
—JOBBERS OF—
LORILLARD'S SNUFFS AND TOBACCOS
Mar. 30, 1 y

**JOHN DUNN,**
MANUFACTURER OF
And Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Steam refined Confectionery,
CANDIES,
FRESH & CANNED FRUITS,
Crackers and Cakes,
CIGARS,
And all Kinds of Children's TOYS
WAGONS &c. &c.
POLLOCK St.,
April 3,1yw New Berne, N. C.

**WM. LORCH,**
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
CAST HOUSE ACCOMMODATIONS.
Broad St. New Berne, N. C.
dwMar. 1yr.

**DAIL BROS.,**
WHOLESAE GROCERS
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NEW BERNE, N. C.
April, d w 1 y


## WOMAN—GOD BLESS HER.

**Learned Notes About the Fan Ladies, the Probable Origin of Switches and the Hairpin Mystery, with a Catalogue of Topics.**

### TOAST BY MARK TWAIN.

(New York Sun.)

"The toast includes the sex universally. It is to women, comprehensively, wheresoever she may be found. Let us consider her ways. First comes the matter of dress. This is a most important consideration, in a subject of this nature, and must be disposed of before we can intelligently proceed to examine the profounder depths of the theme. For text, let us take the dress of two antipodal types—the savage and the cultivated daughter of our high modern civilization.

"Among the Fans, a great negro tribe, a woman, when dressed for home, or to go to market, or to out calling, does not wear anything at all but just her complexion. That is all. That is her entire outfit. It is the legitimate costume of the world, but it is made of the darkest material. It has often been mistaken for mourning. It is the trimmest and neatest and gracefullest costume that was ever in fashion. It wears well; it doesn't show dirt; You don't have to send it down town to wash, and have some of it come back scorched with the flat-iron, and some of it with the buttons ironed off, and some of it petrified with starch, and some of it chewed by the calf, and some of it rotted with acids, and some of it exchanged for other customers' things that haven't any virtue but holiness, and ten-twelfths of the pieces overcharged for, and the rest of the dozen mislaid. And it always fits; it is the perfection of a fit. And it is the handiest dress in the whole realm of fashion. It is always done up. When you call on a Fan lady, and send up your card, the hired girl never says, 'Please take a seat; madam is dressing; she will be down in three-quarters of an hour.' No! madam is always dressed, always ready to receive, and before you can get the door mat before your eyes she is in your midst. Then, again, the Fan ladies don't go to church to see what the others have got on; and they don't go back home and describe and slander it.

"Such is the dark child of savagery as to every day toilet; and thus, curiously enough, she finds a point of contact with the fair daughter of civilization and high fashion, who often has nothing to wear; and thus these widely separated types of the sex meet upon common ground. Yes, such is the Fan woman as she appears in her simple unostentatious every day toilet. But on state occasions she is more dressy. At a banquet she wears bracelets; at a lecture she wears earrings and a belt; at a ball she wears stockings, and with true feminine fondness for display she wears them on her arms. At a funeral she wears a jacket of tar and ashes; at a wedding, the bride who can afford it puts on pantaloons. There the dark child of savagery and the fair daughter of civilization meet once more upon common ground; and these two touches of nature make the whole world kin.

"Now we will consider the dress of our other type. A large part of the daughter of civilization is her dress, as it should be. Some civilized women would lose half their charm without dress, and some would lose all of it. The daughter of modern civilization, dressed at her utmost best, is a marvel of exquisite and beautiful art and expense. All the lands, all the climes, and all the arts are laid under tribute to furnish her forth. Her linen is from Belfast; her robe is from Paris; her lace is from Venice or Spain or France; her feathers are from the remote regions of southern Africa; her furs are from the remoter home of the iceberg and the aurora; her fan from Japan; her diamonds from Brazil; her bracelets from California; her pearls from Ceylon; her cameos from Rome; she has gems and trinkets from buried Pompeii, and others that graced comely Egyptian forms, that have been dust and ashes now for forty centuries, her watch is from Geneva, her card case is from China, her hair from, from,—I don't know where her hair is from—I never could find out. That is her other hair—her public hair—her Sunday hair. I don't mean the hair she goes to bed with. Why you ought to know the hair I mean; it's that thing which she calls a switch, and which resembles a switch as much as it resembles a brickbat or a shotgun, or any other thing which you correct people with. It's that thing which she twists and then coils round and round her head beehive fashion, and then tucks the end in under the hive and harpoons it with a hairpin. And that reminds me of a trifle. Any time you want to, you can glance around the carpet of a Pullman car and go and pick up a hairpin; but, not to save your life, can you get any woman in that car to acknowledge that hairpin. Now, isn't that strange? But it's true. The woman who has never severed from castiron veracity and fidelity in her whole life will, when confronted with this crucial test, deny her hairpin. She will deny that hairpin before a hundred witnesses. I have stupidly got into more trouble and more hot water trying to hunt up the owner of a hairpin in a Pullman car than by any other indiscretion of my life.

"Well, you see what the daughter of civilization is when she is dressed, and you have seen what the daughter of savagery is when she isn't. Such is woman—as to costume. I come, now, to consider her in her higher and nobler respects—as mother, wife, widow, grass widow, mother-in-law, hired girl, telegraph operator, telephone belloer, queen, book agent, wet nurse, stepmother, boss, professional fat woman, professional double-headed woman, professional beauty, and so forth and so on. We will simply discuss these few—let the rest of the sex tarry in Jericho till we come again.

## QUEER STORIES.

### HE STAGGERED "A LITTLE."

Uniontown Local: Eli Berry, of color, is not only one of the best workers in the State, but is decidedly the strongest in his neck and cranium. In the removal of our office last week Eli was chartered, and he performed the herculean feat of carrying on his head fully 1,800 pounds of type without dropping a single one. We must confess, though, that he "staggered" a little.

### A STIFF COW "TAIL."

Hawkinsville (Ga.) Dispatch: The most aged cow in Georgia—perhaps in the United States—is owned by a citizen of Hawkinsville. The owner assures us that the cow is 100 years old, and is now giving milk. When we mentioned the improbability—in fact, the almost impossibility—of his cow being 100 years old the gentleman assured us that she had belonged to his grand parents, great grand parents and other ancestors, and that there is no doubt that the cow is 100 years of age.

### A WELL-PRESERVED LUNCH.

Hickman Courier: Charles Holcombe has two biscuits baked thirty years ago, and they are well preserved. His mother baked them for him when he was leaving home, November 10. 1852, for a lunch, and enjoined him not to eat them until he got hungry, and Mr. H. conceived the idea of keeping them as a memento of his mother, and has kept them well preserved thirty years.

### A FARMER'S SOFT SNAP.

Warrenton Virginian: Information has reached this place that a rooster belonging to a farmer near Thoroughfare Gap has gone off to live with a flock of wild turkeys. Every morning at daybreak he crows, and the farmer, who knows where his rooster is, is thus enabled to go out and kill a wild turkey every day.

### COLORED CURIOSITIES.

Cynthiana News: The Paris Kentuckian says there is a colored woman had a grown daughter there who has not the sense of smell, and never has had. We have a colored boy in Cynthiana, named Marcus Lee, who has a double head, no forehead, and eyes on the outside of his head, like those of a bullfrog. He is troubled with a keen sense of smell, and so is everybody else when he is around.

### THE CHAMPION GOURD-RAISER.

Miss Mollie P. Crippin, living at Erin Station, Tenn., claims to be the champion gourd-raiser (in numbers) in Knox county. From a single vine the past season she raised 125 gourds. They are of the variety known as the siphon, or dipper-gourd. She also raised several specimens of the Egyptian luffie, or bonnet-gourd, measuring twenty-four inches.

### A CURIOUS COMBAT.

Hickman (Tenn.) Pioneer: Tolbot Wright informs us of a rather singular incident which occurred a few days since. He was riding along when his horse became frightened at an object in the road. Dismounting he found it to be a huge black snake and a large hawk engaged in a deadly combat. The snake was twisted twice around the hawk's neck. Mr. W. soon dispatched his snakeship and took the bird.

### A BLACK RAT.

Paducah News: We were shown this morning by A. M. Leavison a curiosity in the way of a black rat. The rodent, one of medium size, had been captured at Mr. L.'s place of busines in a trap. Besides his black fur, which was as soft and velvety as the hair of a mole, the rat had feet nearly if not exactly the shape of a mole, while there were other indications of a mixture in breed between the two named "critters."

### A YAM TOUGH YARN.

Hawkinsville (Ga.) News: W. G. Clarke, of this county, steps to the front with the biggest potato "yarn" we have heard of this season. He says two gentlemen from this county found a potato in Florida weighing 650 pounds. They bought the potato, bored a hole through the middle of the same attached shafts, and, then buying an ox, they rolled the potato home wheelborrow fashion. Let Mr. Clarke go to the head on "taters."

### A CANINE THAT CROWS.

The Lynchburg (Tenn.) Sentinel learns from Sheriff Joe S. Hobbs that Mr. Wm. Bruce, of Coffee's Creek, has a dog that crows just like a rooster. Some two years ago the dog began to practice this art, just as he heard the roosters, and every morning as regular as could be kept up the practice until now he is an expert crower. He goes through all the motions of a rooster, raising his head and bringing it lower down as he completes his crow. The truth of this statement is vouched for by Rev. Mr. McQueen, Mr. Haslit, Wm. Bruce, and several other responsible gentlemen.

### A Dress with 1,800 Buttons.

It almost seems increeible and had I not had occular proof I should not dare to state it, that a single dress should have on it 1,800 buttons of varying sizes. Ten days were consumed in arranging and sewing on the buttons by a seamstress. On each sleeve there were 100 buttons; on the body, basque and collar 350, and on the skirt 1.350. Those on the skirt were arranged in triangles, squares, crosses, stars and other curious shapes on a foundation of black satin. The dress had a satiny appearance and was very weighty—so much so that it would require a lady of considerable strength to wear it. The intention was to have 2,000 buttons on it, but the entire surface of the dress would have to be covered. The buttons were all black, some round and others flat, and many of them quite expensive. —*Detroit Free Press.*

At Lynchburg, Va., a man named Warren, while drunk, fell a distance of 500 feet over an embankment, but escaped serious injury.

### A Few Isms.

The following are a few isms which the Baltimore Episcopal Methodist publishes for the benefit of readers not versed in the conflicting beliefs of the day:

ATHEISM.

A disbelief in the existence of God. An atheist is a fool; for the Bible says, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." And the reason why he says it in his heart is because said heart is "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." If his head were level he would say nothing of the sort, for reason admits that God is since His works declare Him.

DEISM.

A belief in the existence of God, but a denial of revealed religion. A Deist is, therefore, an infidel. He often declares his belief in natural religion—that is, what man may discover by reason alone. Deism and rationalism are twins.

POLYTHEISM.

A belief in the existence of many gods.

PANTHEISM.

A belief that the universe is God. Spinoza was a pantheist, and so was Hegel, a recent German philosopher. "A strange belief that leans its idiot back on folly's topmost twig."

ARMINIANISM.

Is very nearly the opposite of Calvinism. Its beliefs are (1) conditional election and reprobation; (2) universal redemption, limited in its benefits only by man's act in his failing to believe and obey; (3) regeneration is absolutely essential and instantly follows justifying faith. It is the work of the Holy Spirit, given of God. There is no irresistable grace, and apostatism is possible. Both Calvinists and Arminians believe in total depravity and future eternal punishment.

UNIVERSALISM.

A belief that all men will be finally saved.

UNITARIANISM.

A Belief in the unity of God, as opposed to the orthodox belief of a trinity in unity.

MATERIALISM.

A belief that there is nothing but matter in the universe. What we call mind and soul are to materialists only properties of matter. Of course materialists deny immorality to man. Death is annihilation of existence.

SPIRITUALISM.

The opposite of materialism, originally was a belief that all matter is really spirit, and that therefore the universe is only God's concreted thought. Latterly it means those who believe in intercourse with the spirit world. We suppose the witch of Endor was a spiritualist.

FATALISM.

A believe that all events necessarily happen—that is, are ordained, and can not be altered.

MOHAMMEDANISM

A doctrine of the Mussulmans, who believe in the unity of God, and that Mohammed was his prophet. They are fatalists.

CALVINISM.

The leading doctrines are original sin, particular election and rebrobation, particular redemption, effectual grace in regeneration and perseverance of the saints.

BUDDHISM.

Nominally believed by one-third of the human race, teaches that there have been so far four successive in carnation of Deity, followed by stages of unconsciousness. The highest good is Nirvana, or the state of unconscious repose. The last incarnation was called Guadama, 500 years before Christ, and in after ages another will come to lift men up. Meanwhile its adherents are practically idolators.

Minor isms are almost as plentiful as the leaves of the forest. Most of them like falling leaves, had their day.

### "Heel Religion."

Some people join the minister instead of joining the church. When they discover a stranger in their favorite's pulpit, they sometimes rise up and go out. The old-fashioned Methodists used to say that such itinerant worshippers had "heel religion" only.

A few years ago, as a stranger rose in one of our city pulpits to begin the service, several of the congregation began to leave the church. He was a lame man, and the pulpit was located near the doors.

"Wait a moment, my friends," said the preacher, "till I get my hat, and I'll go with you."

Down he came, limping, hat in hand, and out of the church. This abrupt closing of the service taught the people that there was at least one minister who would not be treated with contempt.

On a certain occasion, the eloquent Dr. E. H. Chapin, being sick, was compelled to ask a friend to preach for him. As the stranger rose to announce the opening hymn, a score of person rose to go out. This clergyman also was equal to such an emergency.

"All," he said, "who came here to worship Dr. Chapin will please leave now; but those who came to worship God will sing the forty-third hymn."

That stopped the exodus.

### How a Coon Caught a Coon.

(Savannah Recorder.

A green grocer named Helmken, on West Broad street, has been bothered greatly at the way his pickles disappeared. He had in his yard a vicious coon, which he placed in a barrel corresponding to the pickle receptacle, and placed it where the preserve barrel stood. One or two days elapsed and no sucker was caught until last night, when a colored man went to the barrel, cautiously raised the lid, and kept his eye on the proprietor. The coon in the barrel immediately seized the colored man's hand and sank his teeth viciously in that member. The negro yelled and started from the place, swearing that he was bitten by a rattlesnake.

## CONKLING CONQURED.

**The Bout Roscoe Had With Jem Mace.**

Hon. Roscoe Conkling, the great resigned, is an adept boxer it is said, and in the days that are gone, never to return, was exceedingly joyous in putting noses and heads upon brother Senators. Having upon one occasion severely punished old Zach Chandler, the latter resolved to get even. Jem Mace, the noted pugilist, happened in Washington, and on the promise of a handsome gift, consented to put on the gloves with Conkling. A number of friends were let into the secret by Old Zach, a and certain even ing, Conkling was introduced to Mace, by Chandler, the latter representing the pugilist to be a lumberman from Michigan. It required but little manoeuvering to arrange a set-to between the New York Senator and the "lumberman." the latter with blunt candor disclaimed any knoweledge of science but added that he was used to "rough-and-tumble fights, and could give and take some powerful blows." Conkling smiled serenly. Here was a foeman worthy of his steel, a veritable puglistic diamond in the rough. He would show the assembled spectators how science conquered brute strength. He removed his coat and vest and tied his suspenders around his waist. They took their places, Chandler acting as referee. Mace's position was one of studied awkwardness. He held up both hands in front of him, and instead of bracing himself with one leg behind the other, both feet were wide apart and nearly on a parallel line. Conkling's movements were the perfection of grace. He flourished his fists rapidly for a moment before Mace's face, and then with a "look out for yourself!" he struck a blow straight from the shoulder. But somehow it fell short. The lumberman in his clumsy, awkward fashion, had, by good luck, it seemed, just moved back far enough to escape it. Conkling laughed, and said in a patronizing tone: "You did that cleverly," A few moments of sparring followed. Conkling saw a good opening and made for it, but the lumberman clumsily avoided it and countered so heavily that Conkling measured his length on the floor. He came up smiling, however, and complimented the lumberman on his extraordinary luck. Not a suspicion in his mind. In the next round Conkling succeeded on planting a few blows on his opponent's chest, but was knocked down at the conclusion with so much force that he was unable to rise for an instant. When he rose to his feet it was plain to be seen he was very angry, but he struggled hard to control his emotions. He was badly used up. His "hyperion curl" had lost its curve and hung limp and soggy on his forehead. His clothes were torn, while great beads of sweat rolled down his face. The spectators were ready to shriek with laughter, but were held in check by old Zach, who promised them still futher sport. He then signalled Mace to "go in." Mace did go in. He pushed Roscoe. He crowded him, he pounded him. He worried him so that at last Conkling dropped into a chair so weak and exhausted that he could no longer retain his legs. Then the pent-up merriment of the spectators broke forth, led by old Zach himself. They hollowed and yelled, and one could have heard them a block. Slowly the truth dawned upon Roscoe that he had been made the victim of a ridiculous practical joke. Calmly he drew off his gloves, quietly he arranged his disordered attire. Meanwhile the laughter continued. He cast a withering glance at his tormentors, and then, with the dignity of a prince, marched down ths stairs. He never forgave Chandler, and would never allow his intimate friends to chaff him on the subject.

### A New Kind Wanted.

We were having a long wait at a railroad junction in Georgia when an old darkey turned up with a basket of boiled eggs and sandwiches. When he had passed around through the crowd he winked me to step aside, and as we sat down on some boxes in the freight house, he began:

"I reckon you's from up Norf?"

"Yes."

Well, sah, I wanted to ax how many kinds of religun you had up dat way?"

"Oh, about a dozen, I guess."

"Cracky, golly!" he whispered, "but dat lets me out! Say!"

"Yes."

"We hasn't got but two kinds down yere—Baptist an' Methodist. 'Cordin' to de Baptist Ize got to forgive de nigger who stole all my hay las' week, an' 'cordin' to de Methodist I can't lick de onery rascal who tied up my ole mule in de scrub an' left him to starve to death."

"And you want a new kind?"

"Zactly, sah—'zactly. I want sunthin' dat'll answer fust rate doorin' a thunder storm to keep de roof on de ole cabin, an' which will arterwards let me cotch an' wollop ole Adams de fust time he mensshuns dat I wut to jail fur thirty days fur habin' one call too much."

I gave him one, and he was so pleased that he wanted to present me with thirty-one boiled eggs and ten pounds of sandwiches.

### Glad He Made the Rule.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

"Uncle Ben," said old Bob, "here's dat $10 what yer lent me above a year ago."

"Brudder Bob, I is greatly surprised at de course of what yerself is now takin'. 'Fore de Lawd I nebber 'spected ter git dat money agin, an' I'd dun thought dat I had gin de money ter yer."

"Ef dat's de case, Uncle Ben, I'll jes' put it back inter my pocket. I always make it a rule neber ter disappoint a man."

Canada is the paradise for lecturers. It is said that fuel is so expensive there that it is cheaper for a man to pay half a dollar to hear a lecture in a warm hall than to stay at home and burn coal.

### River Systems.

(By W. B. Phillips in Educational Journal.)

Suppose you blot out the mountains on the map between Burke County on the south and Ashe County on the north, Alexander County on the east, and Burnsville, Yancy County, on the west. One could easily tell that this section of the State was very high land. How? By observing how numerous are the streams that rise there. It is by means of the drainage system that we judge of the conformation of the land. Given a thoroughly accurate delineation of the drainage of any country, and it would be possible to put on the maps a tolerably accurate mountain system. And this brings me to the main point—the *raison d'etre* of this paper, viz., that the classification of counties by their drainage system aids one very materially in acquiring a thorough knowledge of the State, and so of other States, and counties. Especially is this true of that seeming tangle, the mountains of Western North Carolina. Studied thus the mountain system unfolds in the simplest and most beautiful way. For instance, Cherokee and Clay Counties belong to the same system, viz.: the Hiwassee River system, except the extreme eastern part of Clay, which belongs to the Macon system. Graham County has its own system indeed, but it belongs properly to the Macon system, as its waters run into the Tennessee River in this State. Macon, Jackson, Swain, and Graham have the same system, the Tennessee—Tuckaseege River system. Haywood County has its own system, viz.: the Big Pigeon river system. But Transylvania, the greater part of Henderson, Buncombe, and Madison have the same system, viz.: the French Broad River system. So that the whole south-west part of the State comprising about 6000 square miles, can be divided into four drainage systems, viz: (1.) The Hiwassee, comprising the counties of Cherokee and Clay. (2.) The Tennessee—Tuckaseege, comprising the counties of Macon, Jackson, Swain and Graham. (3.) The Big Pigeon, Haywood County. (4) The French Broad, comprising the counties of Transylvania, Buncombe, Madison, and most of Henderson. It will be observed that in this grouping three rivers of considerable size have been included in the great divisions, viz: The Cheowah, which drains the southern part of Graham County; the Nantehaleh, which drains the eastern part of Clay and the western part of Macon, and the Ocanaluftee, which drains northwest Jackson and northeast Swain. These are subordinate to the great divisions, and can thus be included in them.

### His Uncle is Sick.

A girl might as well be up and down about such things as to suffer herself to be imposed on and have the feeling gnawing at her heart from one year's end to another. The other evening when a certain young man in this city dropped himself down in the parlor alongside of the girl he hopes to marry some day or other she began:

"Harry, New Years' is almost here."

"Yes."

"Three years ago you presented me with a pair of earrings. They were from the dollar store."

"Y-e-s."

"Two years ago you presented me with a pair of $50 bracelets. They were rolled plate and only cost $6."

"Um."

"Last year you placed in my hand a diamond ring. The ring is washed and the stone is from Lake George, and they retail at about $3 per bushel. Harry!"

"Yes, dear."

"Are you thinking of making me a present this year?"

"Of course."

"Then do not seek to cheat and deceive me. Do not throw away your money in trifles and baubles, but buy something that I can show to the world without fear of criticism. Here is an advertisement in the paper of a lady's saddle pony and saddle for only $300!"

Yesterday morning Harry left for Denver to nurse a sick uncle through a case of bilious fever, and he won't be back until after holidays. Still, it was a wise policy on the part of the girl. That very day he had figured with a jeweler on buying an $8 silver watch and having it gold-plated and marked: "18 K—$150—Harry to Susie—1882."

### Victims of the Frost King

(New York Sun.)

Jacob Sell of Adams county, Pa., 75 years of age, was frozea to death a few days ago.

Henry Conover, an inmate of the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, Ohio, was recently frozen to death while in a drunken stupor.

A butcher named Fishady of Conestoga township, Pa., continued on his usual route until his arms, legs, and ears were frozn so that he will die.

David Knox of Florence, Pa., took a number of hot whiskeys before starting on a five-mile walk home. He was found within one mile of his house frozen dead.

George Childs was lost in a snow storm during five days and nights, but survived. He was engaged in putting up a telephone line between Lundy and Tioga and the Yosemite Valley.

After too much drink, Oliver Ashlag of Walcott, Dak., started to drive home in a sleigh. He was found next day in a slough, frozen to death. The sleigh was a wreck and the horse was drowned.

### Fine Shooting.

(Will Review.)

On Saturday morning last, the 23d inst., Mr. John Watkins, of Pender county, while out graning, discovered a covey of nine wild turkeys into which he fired and killed seven. This would be called good shooting for a young and expert gunner, but when it is known that Mr. Watkins is 76 years of age the feat becomes remarkable. He is, however, one of the most active men in the county, being able to stand upon the ground and leap upon his horse with the ease and agility of a young man of only twenty years.

### Great Men's Stomachs.

The power to eat well and to digest well is not an element of greatness, but it is often essential to the success of great intellectual efforts, involving—as in the forum—high and long-sustained feeling, and broad and comprehensive argument. The brain is food digested; and thought, feeling, fancy, will, and expression are possible, in their higher forms, only as the brain is well fed, just as well-fed muscles are essential to a succesful athlete.

Luther had a good digestion, and could go to Worms through as many "devils as there were tiles on the house-tops;" and he was, moreover, as genial as he was heroic, and kept his home filled with joy and song.

Calvin's digestion was exceedingly weak, and no warm sunshine played on the grand, cold mountains of his intellect and his theology.

Robert Hall, the great pulpit orator of England, once exclaimed, "I eat like a hog, and I preached like a hog."

Much in the character of Dr. Johnson is explained by the fact that he was in the habit of taxing a voracious stomach to the utmost.

Carey, the cobbler, who, without any academic education, became the founder of modern missions, the translator of the Bible into forty of the dialects of India, Professor of Sanscrit in the British college at Fort William, and the first Orientalist of his day, besides doing enough other work to immortalize average men, was largely indebted to a vigorous digestion that was never abused.

Says the *Medical News*, speaking of Carlyle, who began early to suffer from dyspepsia, "The gloomy view he took of the constitution of modern society was a reflex of the mental depression due to bad digestion. His railings and wailings over the degeneracy of the times, his hopelessness of any improvement, and his mean opinion of all the literary men and women with whom he came in contact, had their origin in the same morbid state."

### Making a Barrel Around a Bunghole.

(From the Cleveland Leader.)

Mr. Mark L. Deering, mechanical engineer, of this city, has recently taken out a patent for a barrel without staves or hoops, all in one piece. The material he uses to make this seamless barrel is wood pulp. A certain amount of pulp is placed in an iron cylinder, the inside of which is shaped exactly like a barrel. This cylinder is made to revolve by an ingenious arrangement both ways; that is, the ordinary way that a barrel would revolve, and revolve at the same time head over head at right angles, at about 100 revolutions a minute. The centrifugal force of this double revolution throws the pulp equally in every direction, spreading it, so to speak, equally all over the inside surface of the cylinder. After being revolved in this manner for three or four minutes air is then pumped through the bung (which is made tight around the pipe conveying the air) till a pressure of 100 pounds to the inch is obtained. This is done without a cessation of the movement of the revolving cylinder. The pressure of this air squeezes all the water in the pulp through the brass lining of the cylinder, which is perforated with minute holes, and is carried away in the grooves of the iron cylinder. After being revolved for three minutes under this pressure, the two halves of the cylinder are opened and a perfectly shaped barrel is taken out; all complete, with heads in, which is laid aside for twenty-four hours for the purpose of being seasoned, when it is then placed in a drying room, heated by steam to 160 of heat, and kept there for about three days, when it is taken out all finished for the market.

### Sound Sleepers.

"Now blessings on him that first invented sleep!" exclaims Sancho Panza. "It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak." How thoroughly sleep covers a man who is in good health and is quiet in mind, though fatigued in boddy, may be seen from one or two Rocky-Mountain incidents.

A hunter, after a hard day's tramp, made his camp. After eating his supper, he lay down to sleep, using his saddle for a pillow. It being covered with rawhide, excited the appetite of a prowling wolf who drew the saddle so gently from under the sleeper's head as not to disturb him.

In the morning the hunter awoke to find his saddle gone. The tracks of the wolf furnished the only explanation of its disappearance. He followed the trail, but not a sign of hair or hide could be find, and on a bare-back horse he rode into the nearest fort.

A party of trappers were sleeping one night in camp, when an old hunter was awakened by the noise of wolves. The moon was up so that he could see several prowlers hovering near the camp.

Siezing his rifle he shot one, then another, and finally a third, without disturbing his comrades. Dragging the carcasses in front of the campfire, he again lay down, and was soon fast asleep.

A light snow fell during the night; and at sunrise every man roused up, but waited to see who had the courage to turn out and renew the fire.

One man at last jumped up walked towards the fire, and as he saw three wolves sprawling in front, ran for his rifle, crying, "Wolves! wolves!" The whole camp turned out to find three dead wolves.

Where did they come from?" "Who shot them?" "Who dragged them there?" were shouted from one to the other. The hunter explained.

"Can it be possible that we slept so soundly as not to hear three rifle-shots?" exclaimed one puzzled trapper.

"Well, it's lucky for us no Indians are around," said another: "some brave might have killed all of us, without one of us knowing what was going on!"

### George's Love Test.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

"How she must have loved him."

As Myrtle Redingote spoke these words softly to George W. Simpson a blush of maiden modesty flamed for an instant across her pure young face and disappeared silently behind the tiny pink ears that stood like pigmy sentinels on a battlement of rose-tinted flesh, soft and warm, and with beautiful curves whose dimpled outlines would have made even an anchorite resign. George had been telling her that beautiful story of the princess of olden times, who, when her lover was stricken down by a poisoned arrow, knelt by his side, and with her own ruby lips drew from the wound the fatal element. When he had finished the girl gave utterance to the words with which this chapter opens. And then, for an instant, silence fell between them.

George was the first to speak. "If I were wounded by a poisoned arrow, darling, would you emulate the example of the princess?"

The girl's form shook with a sudden tremor, and her head fell upon his shirt front.

"I could not do it," she sobbed through her tears.

"Why not?" asked George.

"Do not press me for an answer," replied the girl.

"But I must know," he said in low, agonized tones.

"Then," she murmured, pressing him still more closely to her, "you are from Kentucky, and I do not care to catch the delirium tremens."

### Fashion Fancies.

Langtry bonnets, gloves and slippers are the rage.

Roman striped silk are used for full dress occasions.

Gilt and amber beads border new French hats and bonnets.

Arabesques of Satouche are the leading jackets and wrap garnitures.

Fancy feathers of every description are the rage for millinery use.

Telegraph, huzzar, electric and royal are four very popular shades of blue.

Royal cardinal jackets are very fashionable worn over black skirts of silk satin, or cashmeres.

Scarlet cloth, with eider-down woven in it, is a light and comfortable fabric for winter undershirts.

Round and oval-shaped brooches are imported now that every lady is supplied with long, slender lace-pins.

White felt poke bonnets trimed with white uncut velvet, white feathers and some gilt braid, are worn by young ladies.

Ruby, very dark plum color, and golden brown are the shades most in vogue for velvet costumes for the promenade.

The coming of the *Jersey Lily* has largely increased the sales in America of the Jersey bodice, whose popularity she long ago inaugurated in London.

### Hunters and Fishers.

(New York sun.)

A pure white deer was killed recently by Mack Lilly at Canisteo, N. Y.

It is estimated that 200,000 deer are annually slaughtered in Oregon and California by skin hunters.

The Town Marshal of Versailles, Ky., pulled his gun out of the wagon by the muzzle, and lost an arm.

As Philip Myer of Indianapolis was shooting birds his gun burst and the breech pin was driven through his brain.

In attempting to drag his gun over a fence Charles F. Smith of Bonsecour, Ga., was shot in the arm and bled to death.

While climbing Big Lick Mountain, John W. Miller of Tower City, Pa., slipped and fell. His gun went off and blew off his arm.

George Dunbar of Ionia had his chin blown off by the accidental discharge of his gun. A doctor has rigged up an artificial chin for him.

William E. Kirk of Locust Valley went hunting on Saturday. He returned with one eye destroyed and his face pitted with shot holes.

Neal Lamont of West Stockbridge, Mass., on returning from a hunt, was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun as he stepped from his wagon.

Frank Whitton of Clyman, Wis., who had never before handled a gun, went hunting and was killed at the first fire, the gun being accidentally discharged.

Andrew F. Simon of Indianapolis went hunting with his son. On their way home the boy's gun was accidentally discharged, and the father lost a leg.

George Bringolf of Hammond, Ind., stood up in his boat to fire at a water fowl, and his gun kicked him backward into the water and he was drowned.

A sawfish caught by E. P. Andrews of St. Augustine, Fla., was fourteen feet in length and had a saw three feet ten inches long. It weighed nearly 800 pounds.

Just as one of a party of duck hunters in a boat near Sag Harbor fired at a fowl, C. G. Haven raised his head and caught the charge of shot intended for the duck.

While preparing for a hunt Sanford Robertson of Coosa county, Ala., held his gun across his knees to fix the lock. The weapon was accidentally discharged killing his 18-year-old daughter.

Two boys, George White and William Devens, of Crawfordsville, Ind., while hunting became so excited at raising a bevy of quail that they blazed away, wounding each other severely.

### Brief Stories of Animals.

(New York Sun.)

A strange bird has been captured in Williamson county, Tenn. It is blue, with snow white beak, and has claws nearly six inches long.

A family in a burning house in San Francisco was roused at night by the screaming of a parrot. In the confusion Polly was forgotten, and the firemen who afterward rushed into the smoke in response to what seemed a woman's screams found the bird dead in his cage.

A Pottsville cat caught a sparrow. The sparrow chirped an alarm call, and in an instant large numbers of the belligerent little birds came to the rescue. They swooped down on puss from every side, and although she tried to give battle she was overcome, and, dropping her game, fled.

A hunter's dog in Plumas county, Cal., seized a gray squirrel as it jumped unhurt from a tree after being shot at. The squirrel caught the dog by the lip, and held so fast that he was unable to shake it off. The dog finally ran to a stream near by, and, plunging the squirrel under water, held it there until it was drowned.

## ALL OVER THE SOUTH.

A hog killed in Rutherford county, Tennessee, weighed 850 pounds net.

The orange crop on the Mississippi gulf coast is unusually good this year.

Miss Ellen McKenzie, a young lady residing in Dooley county, Ga., weighs 375 pounds.

"Bill Arp" is dead at Talbotton, Ga., He was a smile, and had passed his thirty-nine year.

A factory for making illuminating and lubricating oil out of cotton seed has been started at New Orleans.

A hot spring, which wells up through a bed of gravel and clay, has been discovered at Richmond, Virginia.

Work on the channel at Fernandina, Florida, has begun. It is to be made twenty-four feet deep and 300 feet wide.

Eight hundred emigrants from Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee left Chattanooga last week for new homes in the West.

The South has a school population of about 5,000,000, and pays annually over $6,000,000 for common school education.

A lemon grown in Hillsboro county, Fla., is twenty-four and a half inches in circumference and eight inches in diameter.

An unusual amount of cotton remains unpicked in Alabama, owing to that picked and packed is being held by planters for better prices.

The Galveston News says cattle valued at $13,500,000 are now grazing in what was six years ago an absolutely Indian country, in Texas.

At Lake Como, Fla., a novel fight was witnessed between a gander and an alligator, in which the gander was successful in worsting the saurian.

Wm. Graham, aged fifteen years, has been admitted to the bar in Cartersville, Ga. He is probably the youngest lawyer in the United States.

The South Carolina Legislature has passed a bill raising the limit of interest on money to ten per cent. The limit heretofore has been seven per cent.

Mississippi has 1,479 manufacturing establishments, with a capital of $4,627,600. They employ 3,[illegible] persons, and produce goods to the value of $8,495,882 per annum.

Austin *Statesman*: Texas has $2,000,000 lying idle in her treasury. She owes $5,000,000, but her credit is so good that creditors ask $1 for bonds, and she declines to pay a forty cent premium on them.

### Dreadful Violation of Fashion Plates.

A late number of a well-known fashion journal says: "Annie of Austria collarettes are suitable only for matinee jackets. Turkish fez caps." Apropos of these edicts of fashion an incident:

Seated near a couple of ladies at the Grand the other night, we overheard a portion of their conversation thus:

Said one: "You notice that I have an Annie of Austria collarette."

"Yes," responded the other lady. "What could you have been thinking about, my dear, you know they are only worn at matinees."

"Of course I do, and I feel so mortified. I don't see how I came to make such an awful blunder. What in the world will people think? But I am always doing something dreadful. The other day I went down to dinner with my fez on. Just think of it, wearing a breakfast-cap to dinner! Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous in your life?"

And the other lady avowed she never had.

A brutal fellow next to us, who had who had been listening to the conversation turned to us, and, in a voice distinctly audible to the ladies, said:

"Queer what funny mistakes man will make about his hat. You wouldn't believe it, now, but it's a