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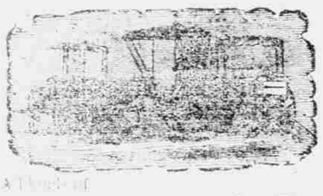

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The Reason.

[Will Allen Dromgoble, in Detroit *Free Press*]

Grandma Gruff said a curious thing—
"Boys may whistle but girls must sing."
That's the very thing I heard her say
To Kate, no longer than yesterday.

"Boys may whistle." Of course they may,
If they pucker their lips the proper way.
But for the life of me I can't see
Why Kate can't whistle as well as me.

"Boys may whistle but girls must sing."
Now I call that a curious thing.
If boys can whistle why can't girls, too?
It's the easiest thing in the world to do.

First you do that, then you do this—
Just like you were fixing up for a kiss.
It's a very poor girl, that's all I say,
Who can't make out to do that way.

"Boys may whistle," but girls may not;
A whistle's a song with the noise knocked out,
Strayed off somewhere down in the throat,
Everything lost but the changeful note.

So if boys can whistle and do it well,
Why cannot girls, will somebody tell?
Why can't they do what a boy can do?
That is the thing I would like to know.

I went to father and asked him why
Girls couldn't whistle as well as I.
And he said "the reason that girls must sing
Is because a girl's a *sing-ular thing.*"

And grandma laughed till I knew she'd ache
When I said I thought it all a mistake.
"Never mind, little man," I heard her say,
"They will make *you* whistle enough some day."

Semilunar Fardels of the Clerical Sex.

The use of the LL. D. is the most droll and incongruous, but the use of the D. D. is the most discreditable. The wild profusion with which the pages of the clergylist of every sect in America are spotted all over with the symbols described by the late Dr. Cox as 'semilunar fardels,' is due not only to the amiableness or the business enterprise of the colleges, but to the small vanity of what George Eliot unsympathetically characterizes as the clerical sex. Here is a curious paradox: that the one set of men to whom this sort of distinction is forbidden, under the command, 'Be ye not called Rabbi,' should be the only set of men in America to seek it, and make much of it, and ostentatiously parade it. The lawyer who should put LL. D. on his tin sign, on his briefs, or at the head of his note paper, would soon find his life made a burden by the wags of the profession. It is only the Christian minister who, being tapped on the one cheek with his accolade, promptly turns the other also. It is well understood that ministers as a class do very much like this kind of thing; and faithfully doing to others as they would that these do to them, are punctilious in bandying complimentary titles among themselves, such as are disused by the good taste and self-respect of more secular men.—Rev. Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon in the *June Forum.*

To Start a Balky Horse.

I was attracted yesterday by a considerable gathering of people in a down-town street, occasioned by a balky horse which even the policeman himself could not persuade to "move on." All kind of plans were tried. First, about a dozen men shoved the wagon behind; but even then, by firmly planting his fore feet, the determined beast managed to resist progression, although I thought the breeching would burst. An old piece of cloth was then carefully tied over his eyes, and, after a short pause, he was gently requested to proceed, but he stood still, and the crowd jeered. Next a rather consequential person came forward, and, standing on tiptoe, so that he could reach the horse's ear, whispered into his ear something which he evidently thought would have an instantaneous and miraculous effect; but the animal was deaf to this siren, and the consequential person slunk off, pursued by the sarcasms of a bootblack. The driver was now in a rage, which vented itself in blows and imprecations. But just as he was passing from this condition into one of stony despair, a quiet young fellow waved him aside, unharnessed the horse, took him out of the shafts, and after leading him across the street and back, reharnessed him and handed the reins to the driver, who now drove off without the least trouble. The expedient was simple but effective, and it suggests what is, I believe, the true philosophy of the balky horse. The effort should be not to overcome his fixed idea of standing still, but to supplant that notion by diverting his attention to something else.—Boston *Post.*

REV. THOS. DIXON.

DISCOURSES ON THE CRUELTIES OF NATURE.

The following is a contribution to the illustrated *Christian World*, from the pen of that gifted North Carolinian, Thomas Dixon, Jr.:

Nature smiles, threatens, curses, and commands, but never weeps. She rises in a thousand forms of beauty and sublimity and receives men's homage, but never stoops to sympathize with a sinning, stumbling child. She knows no sympathy. She has no ear for prayer, no heart to pity, no arm to save. She acts with fearful uniformity through laws as stern as fate, as inexorable as death, as merciless as hell.

The terror-stricken sailor climbs into the rigging of his doomed ship and cries in vain for mercy to the wind that shrieks in demoniac glee through the cordage about him. The wind does not care, the waves do not hear.

The victim who trembles in the grasp of an earthquake uced net pray to mother earth, her only response is an open grave that yawns to be filled, while from the depths of her bowels comes the roar as of a hungry, maddened lion. The storm king in remorseless fury pauses, not for a cry, or groan, or tear, or prayer. The pestilence at whose subtle touch thousands fall, laughs at man's calamity. A single frost might stay the bloody work and bind again the blessed seals that held in manacles the monster's hands. The frost does not come. No! Mothers' hearts lie still! More lives must yet be drained! And for many a morning still the rumbling of that dreaded cart must be heard as at early dawn its driver cries, "Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!" Nature does not care. Over all the bloody fields of our Civil War, Nature never shed a tear. The grass grows only the richer for the blood that has shed. Nature only smiled the brighter from the nutriment of such rare food.

The sunlight steals through the window of the sick room and lights it, but falls on the dung-heap with just as glad a smile, and plays on the burnished coffin lid of the dead with just as merry a twinkle. The sun does not care.

The water slowly rises along that fatal dam on the South Fork, higher, higher, higher, adding every inch ton on ton of pressure against man's weak masonry. Not one jot or tittle of her rights did Nature suspend. Every pound of hydraulic pressure to which she was entitled she remorselessly demanded, until at last with millions of tons gathered in her arms she leaped upon the puny structure, crushed it like a toy, and with the roar of a Niagara plunged down the mountain gorge on her wild mission of death! Shriek and groan rend the air! She does not heed, but lest any should escape, lights up the awful scene with conflagration piled upon the seething flood. No, Nature did not care!

We hear of men sometimes worshiping Nature. Can Nature ever satisfy the cry of the human soul for sympathy and help?

WANTED:—A God of pity! I call the roll of all the Gods of the past. I walk through the majestic temples of Greece and call the roll from Zeus down and hear no response. I walk through the temples of the proud mistress of the ancient world and call the roll from Jupiter down and hear no response. I find grace and beauty, and dignity, and power, and majesty, and patriotism, but no pity. In vain I search, until at last I hear the sweet voice of Jesus of Nazareth as it echoes o'er the hills of Galilee and comes ringing down the ages with its divine message "wet with the tears and winged with the triumphs of the fervor and faith of thousands." "In the world ye have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without the Father's knowledge. "Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." There is mourning in the little home at Bethany and Jesus comes. Hear the broken-hearted sister as she tells the sad story and in her tears turns to him and says, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Jesus wept. See Him, as He stands with head bowed in sympathy weeping with those who weep while the Jews looking on exclaimed, "Behold how He loved him!"

Standing before the awful calamity at Johnstown, I love to think that Jesus bent tenderly o'er the stricken valley of the Conemaugh on that awful Friday night, and that he walks weeping amid its ruins to-day. Over every unmarked grave, in sand heap, burning rubbish, crowded trench, or watery depth, His tears of sympathy fall. By the side of every broken-hearted wanderer over that scene of desolation Jesus walks, ready to cheer and bless. With His foot on the broken sepulcher from whence He arose, we hear Him say, "All hail! Be not afraid!"

We shudder at the thought of men's negligence and nature's vengeance, and that God has left these forces to work their way in the world, but we love to think that no throb of pain is now in vain, and that a loving, sympathizing Father will ultimately bring abusing out of the direst calamities. Even now with our finite minds we see some gleams of light in this sight of woe. As we read of the self-sacrifice and heroism of those hours, we are bound in closer, tenderer sympathies to our fellows—we love our race better, we believe more in its kinship to God, our own lives become broader and deeper as faith and love grow within. And as a generous public, unsolicited, pours its thousands and millions of dollars into the desolate valley, each dollar baptized in tears and sanctified with prayer, we thank God anew for the blessings of a Christian civilization. It is hard to see through tears, but if the stricken ones can only look up, Jesus stands near.

Doing Good.

"There," said a neighbor, pointing to a village carpenter, "there is a man who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very much in public, and he does not try. He is not worth $2,000, and it is very little he can put down on subscription papers. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find it out and give them a neighborly welcome and do them some service.

He is on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor and look after his affairs for him. I believe he and his wife keep house plants in winter mainly that they may be able to send bouquets to friends and invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word to every child he meets, and you'll always see them climbing into his one-horse wagon when he has no other load. He has a genius for helping folks, and it does me good to meet him in the streets.'—St. Louis *Globe-Democrat.*

A Singular Incident.

A correspondent from Louisburg to the *News & Observer* writes:

"A rather singular incident occurred near here a few days since. A negro man apparently died and all arrangements were made for his funeral, but about thirty hours after he was thought to have died he suddenly rose up without any premonitory symptoms and began talking. At the time there were several colored people in the room, and as the play-books say, 'exeunt omnes.' And it is said that they stayed not upon the order of their going but went—some by the door and some by the window. When a portion of them finally came back the negro was still sitting up. He told them that he would die at a certain hour of that afternoon, and sure enough at about that time he did make a die of it."

A Tool Chest Which was at Waterloo.

Mr. I. H. Stradley, of this vicinity, returned a few days ago from a trip to his old home in Buncombe and brought back with him a tool chest which has a history. His father, James Stradley, was an Englishman and a soldier and was with the Duke of Wellington in the great war which involved so much of Europe and which ended with the downfall of Napoleon. This old chest was at the battle of Leipsic and Waterloo and all the other battles of the great war, and was brought afterwards by its owner to America. He landed at Charleston and after a short stay there sought the mountains of North Carolina and died at Asheville three years ago aged 93 years. His son, Mr. I. H. Stradley, has inherited the old chest with its tools and drove through town with it Monday morning.—Statesville *Landmark.*

BILL ARP.

SPEAKS TO THE EDITORS.

SHOWS HE HAS BEEN THERE.

But facts are not compliments, and it is a fact that the press has made more advances within the past half century than any art or science or profession. It has done more for the world's progress in all humanity. It is no longer the fourth estate, but is the first. It is now more potent for good than is the pulpit or the schools. For, without the press, the preachers and the teachers would be helpless. Not a book or a sermon could be printed; not a Bible or a tract for mission work; not a paper for the farm or the fire side. It is curious to think how the world got along without it in the ages past.

* * * * * *

In 1721 James Franklin was a printer and his brother Ben was his devil. The boss of a newspaper was not then called the editor, he was simply a printer or publisher. The name editor came afterwards, and is derived from a Latin word 'edere,' to eat. To make a living by this calling was so precarious that the publisher was generally hungry and was glad to take subscriptions in something to eat. Some of our country editors are still driven to the same necessity. Not long ago I saw in the Camilla Clarion a double-headed, hungry announcement that Brother Underwood would receive for subscription chickens, eggs, possums, ram, lamb, sheep or mutton, pig, pork or swine, and until further orders would take green corn, blackberries, lye soap and inguns. Blessed with the maintenance of thirteen children it is no wonder that he rejoices in the privilege of meandering around with his brethren once a year and replenishing his corporosity.

* * * * *

When there is one good weekly paper in a county town the people will get the editor's honest convictions. When there are two there will be strife and insincerity. What one advocates the other will oppose or condemn. One hotel, and one paper, and one school are enough if they are good and the community should sustain them with confidence and liberality. What a world of gratuitous comfort the weekly gives us. Just think of the homely fireside news that comes from every precinct through the unpaid pens of of Slim Jim and Grinning Jake and Susan Jane and Daisy. Think of the arrival of accomplished men and charming women that are recorded with compliments that gladden the hearts of those concerned, and didn't cost a cent. Think of the lovely bride and the manly groom and all their angelic attendants, and of the officiating cleryman who get five dollars for tying the knot, but the poor editor got nothing but a chunk of cake. What is a marriage without publication and half a dozen papers to send to rejected sweethearts? Think of the long obituaries of departed friends that the editor has to publish free of charge and be thankful. Think of this, and still be calm and serene if you can.

* * * * * *

But when a paper stoops to personal abuse from personal motives it is an outrage upon those who have no paper, and I have thought it would be a good law if when an editor lampooned a man he should be required to give the man an equal amount of space in his own columns to defend himself and reply to the charges. If the editor should call a man a thief or a scoundrel, the man should have space enough in his next issue to say, 'You are a liar, you old dopeared hound; and I can prove that you stole an empty guano sack and used it for a table cloth, you dirty old flea-bitten dog.'

The like of that would keep down a personal rencounter. Just let two men have an equal chance to talk and they will not be inclined to fight. That is the reason why lawyers get along so harmoniously out of the Court House. They expend and exhaust all their wrath in the Court House while the judge and the sheriff are near enough to maintain the dignity and the majesty of the law and keep down a collision. The judge and the sheriff are like the paling fence that is between two dogs as they run up and down the line as though if the fence were not there they would eat each other up, tail and all.

Mothers and Men

A mother habitually indulgent to her children, called her eldest born—a boy of ten—back when he had left her on a street corner. The lad cowered under the severity of eye and accent.

"Never dare to leave me in the street again without raising your hat!" she said. "It is a token of respect you owe to every woman, and never forget that your mother is a woman!"

The reproof was double-barbed. Association with mother and sisters is excellent practice in an exercise that cannot be abated without injury to him who takes the liberty. The fellow who nods a cavalier welcome or farewell to his sister at the window, or in the street, will, with the most gallant intentions, some day, in a fit of abstraction, or when hurried by business into forgetfulness of his company manners, nod as carelessly to some other fellow's sister, and score a point in favor of the rival whose hand, from the force of early habit and long usage, moves involuntarily toward the cap brim at the approach of any woman whose face is familiar to him.

A nod is not a bow.

To nod to a woman is open disrespect.

The mother who carves these two sentences and the import thereof upon the mind of her boy builds so much better than she knows as to merit the gratitude of her sex.

One of the most mortifying experiences of my earlier married life was the visit to our country-house of a distinguished man, than whom the State held none abler of his profession. We had invited several friends to meet him, and the dinner given in his honor passed off smoothly. The lion roared in a perfectly satisfactory manner winning universal admiration. Coffee was served on the veranda, and the evening being cool, the great man called for his hat. He might have asked permission from the women present to resume it, we thought, but orators must preserve their vocal cords from rust. As the chilliness increased we adjourned to the library, where a fire had been kindled. There, in the assembled presence of our choicest neighbors, the great man wore his hat until the hour of separation! The inference, borne out by subsequent discoveries, was inevitable. He was a commoner of the commonalty and vulgar ingrain. It ought to have been impossible for him to commit such a breach of good manners in any circumstances. The varnish of surface—and unaccustomed—courtesy, like other cheap and patent dressing, requires frequent renewal, and cannot be warranted to wear.

As a grateful contrast, I offer another authentic incident. A true gentleman, driving through the country with his wife and children, stopped at a small farm-house to inquire the way. A child on the front seat of the carriage had a view of him as he knocked at the door.

'Papa's talking to a lady,' chirped the little one. 'I can't see her, but I know, because he took off his hat when the door opened, and he is standing with it in his hand.'

The 'lady' followed him to the steps as he returned to the carriage. Her sleeves were rolled up to her shoulders; she wore a shabby calico gown without a collar. Her hair was nakempt, her arms and hands dripped with suds. Her parting directions were shrilly nasal and ungrammatical. The man who appeared beside her was a prince beside a serf, stood with his noble head bared as in a royal presence.

'How could you?' queried the quick eyed occupant of the front seat. 'She wasn't a bit of a lady.'

'She was a woman, my boy; and a gentleman is always a gentleman for his own sake.'

I saw a man who calls himself a gentleman kiss his betrothed the other day, with his hat set immovable on his head as if it had grown there with his growth, and strengthened with his strength!

Fancy a condition of mind and body that could make such a thing possible in a Christian land, and in the nineteenth century.

GUARD AGAINST THE STRIKE.
And always have a bottle of Acker's English Remedy in the house. You can not tell how soon Croup may strike your little one, or a cold or cough may fasten itself upon you. One dose is a preventive and a few doses a positive cure. All Throat and Lung troubles yield to its treatment. A sample bottle is given you free and the Remedy Guaranteed by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TIME WAS PRECIOUS.

A Possum Ridge Courtship and Its Happy Termination.

Old Hobson's fourth wife had been dead a month, when one morning he caught up his horse, saddled him with an old sheepskin furnished with rope stirrups, and mounting rode off down the "hog path" leading to Squire Beeson's in the interior of Missouri. Hobson was in a hurry, but the old horse wasn't and went on at leisure gait.

"Dest sich er jokin' critter," old Sim mused as he kicked and thumped his heels against the old critter's sides. "If er feller's in er hurry he'd best walk."

He thumped and kicked till at last the "critter" broke into a pegging trot, which he held for a dozen yards, then relapsed again into his natural gait, a sort of a cross between a walk and a crawl.

Riding up to Beeson's front gate Sim Hobson "hollosed" two or three times, and then a grizzled, gray, unshorn head was thrust out at the slightly opened door and a voice exclaimed:

"Howdy, Hobson! Git down, git down."

"Hain't time, I reckon, Squire."

"Summat of er hurry, ely?"

"Yes, I'm goin' ter git married, an' I want yer ter go along an' give me."

"Who yer goin' ter marry, Sim?"

"Dunno fer shore yit, but I rather spect I'll jine onto old Miss Skaggs."

"Spoke to 'er erbout it, I reckon?"

"No, not yit I ain't, fer I reckon it'll be all right with her. If it hain't we'll go on down to Miss Thompson's. I know she'll be willin'. Thought I'd take yer long so's to make one trip do jer hev it over. Tain't no use fer fer foolin' erway two days er gettin' married, when thar crop is in thar grass, an' besides, marryin' or wife hunt'n' ain' no mo'n a begin' of er hoss."

"Yer sensible thar, Sim," the Squire said as he led forth his horse, and he and Hobson rode away to Widow Skaggs' domicile.

When they rode in the widow was out on the back yard boiling soap. She knew old Hobson's errand as quick as she noted the fact that he was wearing a white shirt and that his shoes had been freshly dressed with a coat of cold tallow.

"Gerooinin', Miss Skaggs," Sim said.

"Howdy, Hobson," she replied. "I've tuck er notion fer marry'n' erglin." Hobson went on "sta" and the Squire's comp'ny fer one of yer wimmen fer jine mar'ge.

"Right now, ef ease. I fetch the Squire erlong for that purpose."

"Wal, I hain't thought much of it but bein' accust'm'd to the comp'ny o' tringin' thru Squire, I reckon I mant as well marry yet."

"Drive ahead then, Squire," Hobson said; "we're ready."

"Hitch yer hoss," the Squire commanded. "Ain't no git 'round fer fer gettin' tote er turn o' corn fer mill."

"I'm ready," the widow said taking old Hobson's hand, "but hurry up fer that fetched soap's goin' ter boil over."

The Squire went through the ceremony in short order, while the widow kept her eye on the soap kettle to see that it did not boil over.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOW TIGERS EAT.

A Couple of Them Usually Finish a Cow at One Sitting.

A Hindoo expert on tigers gives the following interesting information about the appetites of tigers and their manner of devouring their prey.

"An ordinary sized tiger and tigress will finish a cow or such animal at one sitting, leaving only the head. The tigress begins at the shoulders and eats downward. When their heads come together in the middle of the animal, they know that there is no more left, and so stop eating.

"Before eating the tiger always drags its prey a short distance. After the meal the tiger sometimes lies down by the skeleton, but if there are hills in the neighborhood, it will probably go off and find a cool spot for the nap.

"If any thing has been left, the tigress will return the next night to eat it, but it never makes the second meal on the same spot as the first, always dragging the body a short distance away.

"The tiger can eat half a bullock in two hours. Tigers will also eat each other if it is more convenient than to hunt up other provisions. They are supposed to kill only once in five or six days, and in fact, are probably sleep and doze for several days after they have gorged themselves, but they will kill whenever they get a chance, and it is on record that one tiger killed for fourteen consecutive nights.

"They will wander immense distances at night in search of the easiest prey, and frequently travel miles on that account. The more about the daytime, because the hot ground burns their feet."—*Golden Days.*

Business Is Business.

Railroad President. Did you get the injured passengers in that accident satisfied so they won't sue for damages?

Under Secretary. Yes, sir. The worst injured were drummers, who are used to that sort of thing, and three dollars worth of cheers fixed them all right. The only other one was a man who had his nose broken.

"Eh? What did you do with him?"

"As the accident changed his nose to a very handsome Roman I charged him one hundred dollars for the operation. So, you see, we are ninety-seven dollars ahead."—*Philadelphia Record.*