

THE ANSON TIMES.

R. H. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

We Proudly call ours a Government by the People.—Cleveland.

TERMS: \$2.00 Per Year.

VOL. II.

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1886.

NO. 31.

ANSON TIMES.

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All Work Warranted.

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Anson Institute,
WADESBORO, N. C.
J. J. BURNETT, A. B. } ASSISTANTS
J. W. KILGO, A. B. }
Miss M. L. MCCORMICK }

The Spring Term begins Monday, January 14th, 1886.
TUITION—In Literary Department, \$2.00
and \$4 per month.
Instrumental Music, \$4 per month.
Vocal Music, \$4 per month.
Use of piano for practice 50 cents per month.
Board, \$10 per month.
Contingent fee, \$1 per year.
For Catalogue apply to the Principal.

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MORVEN, N. C.
JAMES W. KILGO, A. B., Principal.
The Fall Session begins on the 3d of August 1885, and runs through five months.
TUITION, PER MONTH.
Primary, \$2.00
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For further particulars address the Principal.

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MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Stoves, Tin-ware, Sheet-Iron

HOLLOW WARE.
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HOTELS.
When you go to Charlotte be sure to call on
S. M. TIMMONS,
FOR
Fine Mountain Whiskies

Old Charlotte Hotel
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
YARBROUHOUSE,
RALEIGH, N. C.
PRICES REDUCED TO SUIT THE TIMES
CALL AND SEE US.

A RAINY DAY.

Now just take a peep at the window and see—
Oh, dear me!
How cloudy and dark, and how dreary and gray!
What a day!
The rain seems to frown
As it comes pouring down;
And the wet, muddy earth looks as cross as the sky.
So do I.
How could I expect to be happy and gay,
Such a day!
When things are as dull and as still as a mouse
In the house.
Oh, dear, if I knew
Of something to do!
The world looks as if it were having a cry.
So am I.

If only the sunshine would smile out again;
And the rain,
And the dark, gloomy clouds, and the mist,
And the gray
Go away—
Why, then you would see
How merry I'd be!
If only the sun and the weather would try,
So would I.
—*Sydney Dayre, in St. Nicholas.*

THE SQUIRE'S WIFE.

Squire Clover listened in silence, but with a quiet smile upon his lips, to his old cronies' yarns of their various haps and mishaps in their younger days in trying to get possession of the girl of their choice.
But after they had all spoken he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and, proceeding to refill it, said:
"Ay, neighbors, ye've told some pretty queer stories, but I'll warrant I can tell one that'll match 'em. I rather guess 'twould astonish those acquainted with my quiet, modest-looking wife yonder to know how it was that I thought of taking her for better or worse."
"Now, David," expostulated Mrs. Clover, both reddening and smiling as she met her husband's quizzical look. "Why will you tell that silly story? If you hadn't cared to take me, you could have let me alone."
"Ah, sure it is easy talkin'," said the squire, shaking his head with demure gravity. "But when a girl—an especially such a pretty one—flies directly into a fellow's arms, what else can he do? That's what I'd like to know!"
Laughingly declaring that "she'd stay to listen to no such nonsense," Mrs. Clover gathered up her work and ran away, and her husband, after shaking his jolly sides with silent laughter, until some of those present were fearful that apoplexy would be the result, gradually recovered himself and proceeded to satisfy the curiosity he had aroused thus:
"I was a poor boy, as perhaps you know, with notin' but a pair of stout arms and broad shoulders to push my way in the world with; but I had a brave heart, an' wasn't afraid of work, an' on the whole, ain't no ways dissatisfied with what my hands have brought me."
"The summer I was twenty-one I went to work for Sue's father."
"Mr. Bean was a well-to-do farmer, and Sue his only child. He wasn't any ways stuck up about his property, but he set a great store by Sue, an' as he knew that some day she'd have as good a farm as there was in the county, naturally expected that the man who got her would be able to give as much as he took."
"So I had no more idea of ever bein' Sue's husband than I had of flyin', and yet the very first time I set eyes on her I knew, as well as I know now, that no other woman would ever be to me what she was."
"Remember the day just as well as if 'twas yesterday. I had seen Mr. Bean down to the village the night afore, an' 'twas agreed that I come the next afternoon."
"When I come to the house—an' 'niece looking house it was, with a broad piazza each side on't—I was dubious as to whether I had better go in the side or back door. I finally concluded to take the latter."
"As I passed by the kitchen window I heard a voice singin', as sweet and clear as a robin's, an' on lookin' in I saw Sue standin' by a table, kneadin' bread, an' I never see a prettier plecter afore or since."
"Ah, lads, yemay talk about girls at the plannin', but they ain't half so much to my mind as the one I saw at the moidlin'-board; the flour she was siftin' no't any whiter than her round, uncovered arms, and with as bright a bloom on cheek as 't'ip as the roses that were clambering over the porch."
"Wal, arter starin' at her pretty face as long as I dared to—quite unbeknown to her—I knoked at the door."
"Come in!" sang out a voice that set my heart to beatin' like a sledge hammer.
"Liftin' the latch I walked in."
"Is Mr. Bean to home?" I stammered, colorin' as red as a beet, as Sue turned her black eyes on me."
"Yes, father's somewhere about. He'll be in in a minute. Won't you take a seat?"
"In goin' across the room, I stumbled over a pail, which so flustered me that I sat down in a chair where a large gray cat lay curled up asleep, and who, spittin' an' clawin' at me, spang out of the window."
"I could see by the dimples that came round Sue's pretty mouth that she had heard work to do to keep from laughing outright. But she didn't try to take any notice on it, and pretty soon old Mr. Bean came in, an' then I began to feel more comfortable."
"They were real nice sort of folks, who treated their help like their

How Rachel Came to Marry Jacob.

This true story comes from an old seaboard town in Maine:
Jacob loved Rachel, but Rachel wouldn't suit him. Jacob labored on, pressing his suit at intervals, and after each rebuff telling her he was bound to win her yet, and convince every one she cared for him as much as he believed in his heart she did.
"Very well," cried the indignant Rachel, with a toss of her head, "keep right on till you make folks believe that, and when you do I'll marry you!"
Jacob did persevere, but with small success; and at last began to lose courage. About this time another suitor of Rachel's arrived home from sea, bringing with him, among other exotics, a parrot of gorgeous hue which he presented to Rachel, who forthwith had the bird suspended from the sitting room window, whence she looked out afterwards when her work was done. For a day or two after his elevation to this dignity the parrot remained marvellously quiet, only casting an eye about as if taking in his new situation. On the third morning, however, no sooner did the neighbors begin to stir than he electrified each passer by with the announcement:
"Rachel's gone on Jacob; no chance for John!"
Of course, the more laughter this raised the more vociferously the bird proclaimed the news. It spread like wildfire, and the parrot's audience steadily increased. Rachel, meanwhile, went into hysterics, but however much this incommoded the family it made no impression on the parrot, who, although threatened and beaten and relegated to darkness, waxed more and more furious with desire to spread his knowledge.
Jacob kept out of the way for a while, but there was no lack of couriers to bring him information of the other fellow's discomfiture and the parrot's heroic defence of his cause. At last Rachel's father appeared, wearing on his weather-beaten face an odd mixture of frown and grin.
"Look a-see-here," he said, "between that bird's screenin' an' folks a cacklin', that gafs a most out o' her head. There's nothin' for you to do but go over there and try to fix up things as well's ye can. Folks can't always tell."
The upshot was Rachel married Jacob, who sticks to it that it was the penetrative wisdom of his rival's parrot that did the business, and denies to this day all knowledge of the way the parrot came by his speech.—*Boston Record.*

LADIES' COLUMN.

What Astonished the Young Man.
"I am a designer and an artist and something of an inventor," said a young man who stood on the corner of State and Madison streets one sunny afternoon last week, "and I am familiar with the vast possibilities in arrangement and combination of colors and forms. But of all the exhibitions of variety I ever saw this takes the bark off the tree. I never saw anything like it. For an even hour I have been standing here, lost in amazement."
"What do you mean?" inquired the Herald rambler.
"Why, the women's bonnets. Set I have seen 10,000 women pass this corner this afternoon, and not one of them wore a bonnet or hat or headress of any sort like any other woman. I have a quick eye for such things, and if there had been two or three I should certainly have noticed them. Once in a while you see one that in some respects resembles some other one, but upon close comparison you find that they are quite unlike. The marvel to me is, as it must be to any one who gives the subject a moment's thought, how so many things as simple as most of these bonnets are can be made with such an endless variety. What designers these bonnet-builders must be—wonderful, truly wonderful."—*Chicago Herald.*

Eccentricities of House-Cleaning.
I once knew a brisk woman who used to loosen her carpets in the last of February, so that she might take advantage of the first warm day, and whisk them out before the gaze of an astonished world. There was a tradition in her family that carpets should be up and stove down by the middle of March, and unless positively frozen up and snowed under, she fought it out on that line. She and her family are long since dead, as might be expected, sacrificed not by cleanliness, but by a silly pride and an insane desire to be more "forehanded" than her neighbors. I have noticed that these women who are so forerunners by their house-cleaning are apt to be forerunners in their deaths. They seem to fancy there is some merit in thus forcing the season, and they plunge into the good work with all the enthusiasm of the ancient martyrs, laying up coughs and colds and treasures in heaven. So many women clean house according to tradition, instead of common sense. They learned in their youth that spring begins in March, and in March they will clean house if they kill themselves and their families in the attempt. They remind me of that imprudent young man who attempted to scale the Alpine height, refusing to listen to sensible advice, and shouting "Excelsior!" to all inquiring friends. These women, amid the snow and biting winds of a lingering winter, will expose life and limb, or at least fingers and thumbs, and backs, to get ahead of their neighbors and have their house cleaned first; they go pecking away up the wintry Alps, in a lame, rheumatic, but determined procession, waving their tackhammers and scrubbing-brushes, and shouting "Excelsior!" till they disappear in a cloud of dust. They pay no attention to good advice, nor do they heed the roar of the awful avalanche of dust and dirt, and carpets, and stoves, and sleet that they bring down on their devoted heads; on they rush, and down from the cold, damp shades of their fireless, sunless parlors come the last faint echo of their cries.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Life Studies by Lige Brown.
The pocket is a poor savings bank.
Even a tramp can accumulate real estate.
The "watch" word to bankruptcy—"tick."
Don't argue with a fool, or the listener will say there is a pair of you.
Spiders are affectionate little creatures. The females eat up their lovers.
When the poet sang of something that was "strong without hands," he probably referred to butter."
Solomon had lots of wisdom, but he didn't know anything about the convenience of a hip pocket.
The teacher who makes his scholars "smart" is not always the one who imparts the most instruction.
The heroism that can wear old clothes until 't'be to buy new is said to be the most lonely feeling on earth.
It is said that a vigorous motion of the jaws will cure nose bleed. No wonder the women folks are seldom troubled with that complaint.
Dio Lewis says a man needn't sneeze unless he wants to. He most generally wants to, though, by the time the sneezes goes fairly on deck.
Before Boston goes entirely crazy over her female barbers she ought to pause a little between beans and ruminate upon the trouble Samson got into by letting a woman cut his hair.
It is a well-known fact that a woman can never hit the thing she throws at, and yet the world is full of blue-nosed fogies who do not believe that everything has been ordained for the best.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Products of the Desert.
In the land of the Apaches all nature seems to have become spinescent. Mesquites and wild rose-bushes, with an undergrowth of brambles, cover whole hillsides. Cactus thickets make the ravines almost impassible. Mesquites and cactus appear to have a marvelous adaptation for drawing moisture from the arid soil; but the chief secret of their survival is perhaps their armature of thorns, enabling them to maintain a much-disputed claim to existence. Near Cerritos, in the Gila valley, a plantation of eighteen thousand young chestnut trees were destroyed by gnawing and browsing "vermin" in a single year. Cabbage there could be raised only in a rat-proof hot-house, but the mala mager, a vegetable porcupine without any visible leaves, can freely expose itself on the open prairie. The animal concomitants are equally safe. Tarantulas, centipedes, and steel blue hornets multiply undisturbed. Rattlesnakes thrive like wrigglers in a mill-pond. Coyotes (literally sand-dogs) survive where Dr. Tanner would perish. Nay, like their congeners, the jackal and the hyena, they seem naturally to gravitate toward the barest regions of the habitable earth, to regions apparently unable to promise them either shelter or food.—*Felle's Owl.*

The Maryland State constitution prohibits ministers from becoming members of the legislature.

Henry Watterson.

The editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal is one of the best known newspaper men in the country. "Warp" says of him in a recent Washington letter to the Cleveland Leader:
Henry Watterson is one of the most versatile of newspaper men. He is a good musical critic, can write a brilliant editorial on the spur of the moment, and has the capacity for an immense amount of work, and the sight of one eye is entirely gone. The other is very nearsighted, and when he writes or reads he gets his head very close to the paper. Much of his reading has to be done for him, and his wife assists him a great deal in this way. He has an amanuensis in writing at night. He uses in his own writing a thick glazed paper and a pen, and he writes a scrawl almost as hard to read as that of Greeley. Special printers have to be kept in the office who can read his copy and his manuscript is often chopped up after it has been set up and carried about as a curiosity. When Henry Watterson reads he uses a magnifying glass. When he works he takes off his coat and goes at it with a vim. He is a bundle of nervous activity. He thinks fast, goes on the trot and steps hard. He has fits of laziness in which he writes nothing. At such times he chats with his friends and enjoys himself socially. He likes a good dinner and can play a good game of poker, though he enjoys the game for its excitement and not for the money involved. He has lectured some and very successfully. He talks well, holds his hands at his side as he speaks, and one of his favorite gestures is throwing back his head and brushing up the lock of hair which falls down upon his forehead. He has written some books, and he once said that he started out in life as a writer of romance emulating Thackeray. His working habits some time ago were to wake about ten in the morning and take a cup of coffee in bed. He would then write two hours, after which he would take a sponge bath, dress and breakfast. This would be at one o'clock. At three he would go to the office and look over the organization of the paper. At ten o'clock at night he would return and run the paper through to press. Henry Watterson's illness may be somewhat due to overwork. He has worked too fast and eaten too fast during his lifetime. At times he has gone for two whole days without any sleep, and during the first three months when he was building up his paper he did not average four hours of sleep out of the twenty-four.

Reporting in Detail.
In an article on New York city newspaper reporters, published by *Youth's Companion*, F. Marshall White says:
When a great accident occurs in the city, such, for instance, as the crash on the East river bridge after it was first opened to the public, when thirteen persons were killed, a number of reporters are sent out to work on the case. Each reporter is detailed to give only one portion of the account that shall appear in the next morning's paper.
For example: When the East river bridge tragedy took place, one man was directed to obtain such information as would enable him to give the introduction to the sketch, and a general description of the tangled scene at the time of its occurrence. Another's work ended.
Another reporter was detailed to ascertain minutely the cause of the accident. This he was to do, and nothing more.
A third was sent to the police station, where the dead were carried, to describe the sad scene there. Another reporter was detailed to visit the hospitals where the wounded were, and to ascertain late at night their condition and chances for recovery.
Among five or six other reporters was divided the list of names of the dead and wounded who had been carried to their homes; and that list, which comprised names from all over New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City, was absolutely verified by a personal visit to the home of each victim. Two reporters were sent out to interview as many eye-witnesses of the tragedy as could be found, and to give each man's description of the scene as it appeared to him.
The different sections of the article were then given to the city editor, who joined them together in their proper sequence. In this way each paper the next morning had a long and a reasonably accurate description of the tragedy.

The Schooner John G. Whittier.
A new schooner for the Gloucester (Mass.) fisheries launched recently, was christened the John G. Whittier. The poet acknowledged the compliment by sending the owners the following lines:
TO A CAPTAIN BOBSER.
Luck to the craft that bears his name
Good fortune follow with the golden spoon,
The gaudy hat and tarry pantaloon,
And who'er her looks shall out-
shine
Cock, hawk, and mackerel quarrel for her
Shipped with her crew, whatever wind may
blow
Or tide delay, my wish with her shall go,
Fishing by proxy. Would that it might
show
At need her course, in lack of sun and star,
Where jellies threaten and the sharp reefs
are.
Lift the blind fogs on Antioch's lee
And Avon's rocks; make populous the sea
Round grand Meram with eager fluky
swarms.
Break the long calms and clear away the
storms.
—*John G. Whittier.*
OAK KNOLL, 3d mo., 23, 1886.

Father and Son.
A few days ago a fine old British soldier, residing in Canada, but widely known and respected in two hemispheres, entered the prisoners' dock in a court room and stood beside a handsome young man charged with forgery. "Colonel," said the public prosecutor, "do you know the prisoner?" "I do; he is my only son," was the reply; then the stalwart figure and dauntless heart that had survived more than half a century of campaigning gave way, and the old colonel fell dead—killed by a degenerate son. The denouement was more sudden than is common, but only in this respect did the tragedy differ from hundreds that have been enacted in New York, and more that are now having their dismal course.—*New York Hour.*

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Queen Victoria's personal household, in which there are 1,000 persons, costs nearly \$2,000,000 a year.
It was once customary to swear by the beard. In the reign of Elizabeth of England, dyeing the beard was a fashionable custom.
A race of hairless Americans is threatened. It has been estimated that already one half the adult men of American birth living in our cities are bald, and baldness is extremely liable to be propagated in the male line, and to appear a little earlier in each successive generation.
One of the first appeals of one nation to another, was in the twelfth century; and in the thirteenth century we find the good king, St. Louis of France, chosen arbitrator between Henry III. of England and his barons. In 1596 Edward III. made an appeal to "all Christendom" against John of France, as if a certain bond united all European people.
The largest circus in Paris accommodates only 7,000 people, while one in ancient Rome could hold over 150,000, where from 100 to 400 lions were let loose at a time. Augustus filled the arena once with 3,200 wild animals, and one Probus got up a free fight between 1,000 wild boars, 1,000 stags, 1,000 rams and 1,000 ostriches, and the occupants of the upper galleries the gods—the right to shoot arrows and javelins into the melee.
The "Great Tun," of Heidelberg is one of the wonders of that romantic town, and is preserved in the cellars of its half ruined castle. It is thirty and a half feet high, and twenty-three feet in diameter, and holds 51,920 gallons. It cost fifty thousand dollars. It was last filled in 1780; and in view of the five hundredth anniversary of the university, which takes place this year, the municipality will fill it with "wine of good quality, to be sold at a remarkable price."

The Shah's Harem.
A letter from Teheran, Persia, to the *London Globe* says: Most of the ladies of the harem have small separate establishments, but all live in the palace, the doors and windows of their rooms looking out into a large quadrangular court. Some wives occupy suites of apartments, others have only one or two rooms. The shah's harem, like other well-conducted establishments of the kind, is shrouded in mystery, and the European ladies who have occasionally visited it cannot tell us much. These ladies visit the harem on certain holidays, when every inmate is gay and happy, and they therefore see only the bright side of harem life. There is, of course, a dark side; but of this nothing certain is known to the outer world, and the members of the harem are discreet, and do not blab. The shah is said to be a kind master, and his wives speak of him with affection and respect. Extraordinary precautions are always taken to prevent males from getting in side, and the European ladies who visit the harem are, on entering, examined by eunuchs, who also inscribe the names of the visitors and those of their attendants. In spite of the great precautions taken, it has once or twice happened that a man has smuggled into the harem, and I lately heard a story of a laborer having been found on the roof of the women's apartments. He was advised to affect madness—which was hardly necessary, as fear had already made him idiotic—and it was explained that he had got into the harem through an underground water canal, in which he had been working. It speaks well for the shah that the man was let off scot-free; in former times he and several women would have been executed there and then. It occasionally happens that the shah comes into the women's apartments on a visit. He then asks who the visitors are, what their age is, and makes some observations on their looks. He is not very complimentary; and some time ago a lady was horrified at being told by his majesty that she was old, ugly and lean. The shah also occasionally asks other indiscreet questions, and makes some cynical remarks. Every wife has a separate allowance varying from \$200 to \$2,000, and often receives presents exceeding her allowance in value.

Railroad Tie Plantations.
Hon. R. W. Phipps, forestry commissioner of Ontario, in a letter from Southern Kansas to the *Toronto Globe* writes:
"One railroad board here, knowing that the growing of wood, when set about in earnest, is neither a slow nor difficult task, has established in Kansas the largest artificial plantation of forest trees in North America. These railway gentlemen themselves gave out the contract for planting over a square mile of land with young saplings of the catalpa and alantans; and their president, observing the success of their experiment, and impressed with its probable excellent financial results, has had planted at his own expense, as a speculation, as much more. These are situated near the little town of Farlington, Kan."
Palmetto cockades, which were worn in the Southern States, were made of blue silk ribbons, with a button in the center bearing the image of a palmetto tree. They were also called secession cockades. Secession bonnets, made by a northern milliner in Charleston, were worn by the ladies of that city on the streets immediately after the passage of the ordinance of secession.
The total effective force of the British regular army is 201,000.

To Titles of Nobility.
It may strike the superficial observer of Oriental usages as peculiar that in the Ottoman dominions there are no titles of nobility, no aristocracy or inherited titles. The sultan himself is no more, in the light of the Koran, than his meanest servant. The lowest slave to-day may become grand vizier to-morrow. In fact, many of the present ministers have arisen from the humblest walks and avocations to their exalted positions. "Our poets of the East," says Saladin, to the lion-hearted King Richard, "say that a valiant camel-driver is worthy to kiss the lips of a fair queen, when a cowardly prince is not worthy to salute the hem of her garment."
A Georgia farmer, who was carefully raising a nice litter of Berkshire pigs, couldn't account for the disappearance of all but three. One day he heard one squealing shrilly in the air, and saw a big buzzard sailing off with it. The farmer shot the buzzard, and buzzard and pig both fell to the ground dead.

THE PRESIDENT'S DESK.

The President's desk in the early morning presents a queer sight. When the Chief Executive lays aside his Havana to go to work, there are upon the table all sorts of things. Papers of every description, pertaining to almost every known subject under the sun, are there, and the writing on the envelopes is a study. People resort to every means to reach the President's ear and eye, and present their claims after their own style. "Personal" is always written on letters addressed to the President, but nearly all of his mail is gone through by Colonel Lamont and the under-secretaries, and the really personal or important letters sifted out and laid on the President's desk, and those are legion. His desk is always neatly arranged in the morning, but it presents a sorry appearance when the day's work is done. The President receives a good many papers from callers during the day, and these he lays on his table. He is a quick worker, and in an hour generally has everything in order, and a majority of the cases either disposed of entirely or properly referred.
One of the most pleasant yet difficult duties he has to perform is appraising the general craze. Doorkeeper Loeffler generally has a dozen or so autograph albums lying on his table. When the President comes to his office in the morning Loeffler takes in his little load, and if the President appears to be in a good humor he lays them on the table, and the President, with a laugh and some remark about the craze, writes his signature nearly always this way:
Grover Cleveland,
March 27, 1886.

When the books have all been signed Loeffler takes them to his desk and keeps them until they are called for. The President sometimes varies the way of writing his autograph, occasionally following the date by "Executive Mansion" or "White House," but never putting "President" before or after his name.—*Washington Post.*

Reporting in Detail.
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Cock, hawk, and mackerel quarrel for her
Shipped with her crew, whatever wind may
blow
Or tide delay, my wish with her shall go,
Fishing by proxy. Would that it might
show
At need her course, in lack of sun and star,
Where jellies threaten and the sharp reefs
are.
Lift the blind fogs on Antioch's lee
And Avon's rocks; make populous the sea
Round grand Meram with eager fluky
swarms.
Break the long calms and clear away the
storms.
—*John G. Whittier.*
OAK KNOLL, 3d mo., 23, 1886.

Father and Son.
A few days ago a fine old British soldier, residing in Canada, but widely known and respected in two hemispheres, entered the prisoners' dock in a court room and stood beside a handsome young man charged with forgery. "Colonel," said the public prosecutor, "do you know the prisoner?" "I do; he is my only son," was the reply; then the stalwart figure and dauntless heart that had survived more than half a century of campaigning gave way, and the old colonel fell dead—killed by a degenerate son. The denouement was more sudden than is common, but only in this respect did the tragedy differ from hundreds that have been enacted in New York, and more that are now having their dismal course.—*New York Hour.*