THEODORE HOBGOOD,

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Platonic.

knlew it the first of the summer-I knew it the same at the end-That you and your love was plighted, But couldn't you be my friend ?-Couldn't we sit in the twilight, Couldn't we walk on the shore, With only a pleasant freindship

To bind us, and nothing more? There was never a word of nonsense Spoken between us two, Though we lingered oft in the garden Till the roscs were wet with dew : We touched on a thousand subjects-

The moon and the stars above : But our talks were tinted with science With never a hint of love. "A whelly platonic friendship,"

You said I had proved to
"Could bind a man and ough,
The whole long see folly,
With mover a though their youth."
Though bounders said, my lady,
What wopled have known me truth? If Mone what my said heart prompted Mone down on my knees to you, And told you my passionate story There is the dusk and dew : My burning, burdensome story,

My story of hopeless loving-Say, would you have thought it wrong? But I fought with my heart and conquered-I hid my wound from sight; You were going away in the morning,

And I said a calm good-night, But now, when I sit in the twilight, Or when I walk by the sea, The friendship quite "placenic" Comes surging over to me, And a passionate longing fills me For the roses, the dusk and the dew-

Hadden and hushed so long,

For the beautify, summer vanishedmo onlit talks and you.

A MAN-HATER.

"That girl?" Leslie Morgan turned to his companion with a prolonged stare of incre-

"I tell you it is true," persisted his informer. "Wilna Barrington is known as a man-hater; to have a heart imperwious to all offers of hand and fortune doesn't look like it, does she?" with a musing glance in the direction indicated; "she is not the child she seems, though; look at her, Leslie; how old do you take her for?" Leslie Murdock looked.

He saw a little, rounded, babyish figure, petite to childishness, robed in a creamy white lace falling over a short, white satin petticoat, two tiny slippered feet, the full, perfect, pearl-white arms, the supple, dainty, dimpled hands were decorated with an ornament of no sort, and the face as coldly white as the face of the sleeping dead, was lighted by a pair of scornful, velvety, pansy purple eyes that never smiled. The straight, decisive lips were ripe with scarlet sweetness, but a world of mocking sar-i casm lingered about them that contradicted the childish face and form; the bronze, waving hair, in whose gleaming threads so many lives lay tangled, curled softly about the blue-veined temples and broad and white forehead, and was knotted in heavy braids at the back of the graceful head with a translucent pearl arrow.

Leslie Murdock drew a quick breath, with his very heart on his lips. "Eighteen, perhaps," he said, at last "possibly twenty."

"She is twenty-seven," said Ralph Henderson, "and she hates the whole race of man with desperate fierceness. She never smiles; no one ever provokes a gleam of sunshine in her perfect face; no one knows her story, but it is guessed that some one long since broke her

"Curse him !" Leslie ground his teeth as he breathed the words, and Ralph Henderson looked at him in astonish-

"You, too?" he questioned, the least "No, to?" Leslie Murdock was himgain easy, gracious, self-possessed; Ralph, it makes my blood boil to

see such injustice as is revealed to me eachday, as I penetrate society secrets. od Prince Greatheart," said Balph, ng, "I'm glad some one cares. Shall sent you to the princess?" and with more interest than he was wont to this world-weary man of thirtypon whose brow and upon whose

rrow had laid the chilly fingers, eaded the luxuriant black curls he temples with silver, followed wit mistress, without a glow of con-

sousness that she was receiving the derential salutation of the lion of the eyning, a man widely known in the of er world, and whose arrival had creand no little sensation. Apparently she had not the slightest

vas no pique or constraint in Leslie furdock's manner. His was a nature o grand and true, so broad and sunny,

He felt an interest for which he could ot account in this strange, girlish jaws of the demon. ounding wit and cutting sarcasm; hose slow velvety voice held an under-

s not a glimmer of consciousness in the silent lips and resigned her; that he ing waters. Nearer and nearer the little the silent lips and resigned her; that he ing waters. Nearer and nearer the little bark came to the perilous rocks; once trification of wood or stone, for all "Island Home" was a smoking ruin.

was new, and Leslie Murdock liked ened, charred heap. He had grown amusedly weary of "You wanted to see me?"

women who fluttered under his slighed word and tone. He noticed, in a set, vay, that no smile ever curved r most decisive lips, even during glancing brilliant repartee, and sused because mirth. Evidently shen, and it deshe was society's deference to its manded obedience Murdock's heart, graphed to the city for made.

edicts, and Lears of contact with which all the siled to make aught but the world e sufferings of its weary tender of for her. one sudden resolve to be her friend

she accorded him; there was not a shade am going to accept it, provided, when or tinge of interest in her manner, though you know why I am a man-hater, you weary sorrow. they read and talked and sang together still wish to give it to me." every day. Infinitely worthy of his "It is as deathless as my love," said most reverential thoughts, he found her Leslie, softly. "Tell me why, little more charming in conversation; she friend." filled the void that every life craves, however replete in its own resources, to the conclusion of all else.

of his being, he felt the want of her to form. I will trust you with what no almshouses, for the most part, shelter have and to cherish for his own, to mortal but my dear uncle, Ralph Barthe unbappy and guiltless poor, whom teach that love was no myth, to melt rington, knows and loves me for." that tey coldness that enveloped her.

of her wonderful eyes checked him fully, as Leslie turned white, "I am not have come from vine-covered cottages, whenever he essayed any word that now, thank Heaven. When I was fifteen or tidy rooms up one flight of stairs in could reveal the wild love of his heart, I ran away from boarding-school with tenement houses with a big Bible on the and that each hour "grew with its Leon Fontaine. No matter all he did; table and a pot of flowers in the win-

him her society; she even seemed, in my innocent baby, died of cold and vating, ennobling association, that drew | the Potter's field." them, through the medium of books and song, into intellectual converse with the giant minds of many long since passed into the infinite beyond, leaving only phantem ghosts of vanished genius.

He was reading those passionate, longing heart words from "Infelicia":

The storm wind is lifting its arms to the sky Friend of my heart, draw near to-night, And if you love me, answer me, oh, answer

He gave her a quick, stealthy glance. such a look of mortal agony as the white face bore! He could not endure t; he sprang to his feet. "Miss Barrington," he pleaded, "do

you intend always to merit your title of man hater?" "Yes, Mr. Murdock;" the violet eyes

met his in infinite scorn, the voice was even-toned. "Would nothing convince you that conor and truth and manhood exist in

this life, that love is not a demon to mock and torment you?" "No, Mr. Murdock;" there was not a sign to indicate that the words had touched her; "shall we go on?"

"Oh, Miss Barrington!" Leslie Murdock's book dropped unnoticed, "don't so wrong yourself. I may never hope for your dear favor, I may only struggle blindly against my own folly, and I love if you still wish, never any more." you as I never expected to love mortal woman, with no hope of return! As well ask a star to shine on my bosom; but what can have turned a heart to adamant that I could swear was once warm and loving to be companion to such womanliness as I find in you? I do not seek to penetrate it, but by that great love, I implore, give me a place in your heart-let me be your friend."

Wilna put up her hand faintly to ward off the tender, passionate words as if they were a blow. The first flush he had ever seen covered her face, succeeded by a death-like pallor. She turned from him steadily and

withdrew the hand he had taken gently. "It is impossible," she said, softly. "I may not be even a friend?" he questioned, bitterly.

"No," she said, "I do not even want friend of your sex. Shall we resume our reading?" He gazed at her in mute wonder; hurt

to the heart as he was, he could not

Pride, too, held place in his heart. "I will bide my time," he told himself. "I shall win her confidence some

ing to go away and forget.

"That I at my years should-great an impression. heavens!" He sprang up wildly, with a suffocating sense of smoke about him. The wide halls were filled with it. It

writhed about him in curling wreaths, to the hue of death? blinding and choking him. For the next hour he battled furiously, warm and tender, that all the flattery half delirious in his mad efforts to save and sophistry of an admiring world had the life he loved, unconscious of the ailed to sway his majestic intellect or brave workers on every hand who urn from its perfect poise his manly struggled to save the terror-stricken pleasure seekers, and this gem on the

He only knew that at last, faint and creeping slowly up, and the dashing sea weary, he held the death-like form of spray wrenched her quivering form. hand and arm were hanging useless from last in lonely despair, she crouched, the torn sleeve from which he had shivering, against the cold rocks, waitne of mocking sadness, and whose crushed the fire, a broad line of scarlet ing to die, eadth and power of intellect amazed lying pitifully across its marble white "Oh, love lying pitifully across its marble white- "Oh, love!" she cried, faintly; "in d enchanted him. ness, where a tongue of flame had Heaven you will know."
Wilna Barrington could talk as few touched her as he had fought his way. Hark! Was it fancy? men he had ever met could, and there He knew that he kissed hungeringly tant gleam of lights came over the toss-

notice she paid, though she was re-ring attention from one who, possi-in the dim future might merge into. Then the daylight blossomed across the sky as peacefully as it had ever done, flushed the dancing blue ocean beyond,

Leslie Murdock halted on the threshold of the little cottage, overgown with morning glories, whose sanded floor glistened with whiteness and labor,

"Don't," he entreated, seating himself beside her, while the housewife's simple song reached them as she worked cheerily. "You are still weak; my bringing them to land, with the inky

"I don't know why I should," said Wilha, the stern pallor of her face growing no less; but you have shown me the the pains to see the inside of an alms-Insidiously creeping into every fiber truth I never dreamed dwelt in human house, there is get a prevalent idea that

"Did you think I ever was married?" He dared not speak; the steady glance she questioned. "Was," she said, scorngrowth and strengthened with its but he drank, gambled, tortured me, dow, or even frem luxurious homes destrength."

broke my heart—for I did have a heart olated by commercial panics. As a mat-She favored him in that she granted then—starved me till my little child, ter of fact, the great majority of Ameriher own silent way, to enjoy this ele- hunger in my arms, and was buried in

Two tears dropped here from eyes that burned like a fierce white flame, then she was ice cold and distant as

"I could not bury her," she said. with a husky sob, and Leslie Murdock, his whole soul on his lips, cried passionately: "Don't distress yourself; your con-

fidence is sacred; come to me." His arms were opened to her, his tender, worshiping eyes wooed her, but

she put him, steadily, gently aside.
"No," she answered low," "not there; let me finish. Leon died by his own hand in a den of wickedness, infamous in itself, a shame to his manhood and an insult to me; then I must have starved, but Uncle Ralph found me, pitied, me, loved me. I have hated all men; I loved to distrust and distress them 'till now_'

"And now?"-Leslie Murdock's voice was winning and sweet—"my own love, my wounded dove, come find refuge upon my heart and let me teach you how love can atone for all the heart pangs. As Heaven is my witness, you shall never regret it."

With infinite sadness she shook her "No." she said solemnly, "I shall never be any man's wife. Your friend,

In vain he reasoned, pleaded and besought her; she was more sweetly winning than he ever knew her, but a rock could not have been more inflexible. When, at last, he bade her good-bye,

he said, softly: "Dear little friend, I will help you bear your burden. Bless you for your confidence. Good-night." He kissed her hand reverently and

One year, two years. The season was at its gayest at the old summer resort. "Island Home" had risen, phœnix-like, from its ashes, and was more beautiful and tempting, more sought after than ever. Wilna Barrington was there, with a new, softer light in her face, less stern and cold than two years before. How true a friend Leslie Murdeck had proved. Only once had he, while teaching her anew the sweet lesson of belief in life and humanity, asked her love, and received the old answer:

"I shall never marry." She missed the old companionship. The inexplicable mystery was there; Every nook in the beautiful summer rebe it what it might, he could only yearn | sort brought suggestions of that happy after, pity and love the woman who had time, the sweetest Wilna could rememsaid to him may as gently as she could ber of her whole life. As the loss grew and shadow of sad years looking from longing, to wish for him until she

held sway too long. life he will never know."

face, upon which years had left so slight at last. 'I did not know how late it

What was it that blanched her cheek

would sweep her from her frail foothold out into the world beyond Oh! it was cruel. Life was sweet, and there was that cold, merciless water

Hark! Was it fancy? A shout, a dis-

almost lost!" he was saying as he sheltered her shivering form. "I was com-ing back to you, and ch, to find you thus!" His voice broke, but two wet clinging arms were about his neck. "Once by fire, once by flood! Love, it is not in vain; you are mine."

"Yes, Mr. Murdock, they have telegraphed to the city for uncle, and I The voice was trustful, her passionate, clinging touch never faltered in the

ag up within him. "If she will let cheerily. "You are still weak; my bringing them to land, with the may friendship you scorned once; do not blackness of storm and night about them broken by silver angles of sugry nothing in the icy demeanor to indicate humble me with the boon of your gratithem, broken by silver angles of augry tude. I saved you because I could not lightning and ominous numble of thundred The summer days flitted by like sunbeams, each more perfect than the preceding.

Lealie saw Wilna Barrington daily.

The solemn eyes met his, sadly sweet, with no promise of a smile in them.

"Now you are minet." the war friend-she accorded him: there was not a shade. I saved you because I could not help it."

The solemn eyes met his, sadly sweet, with no promise of a smile in them.

"Now you are minet." the war friend-she accorded him: there was not a shade.

I saved you because I could not lightning and ominous fumble of thunder, borne ever tossing, marky waves, held close to the heart of long her own. Wilns Fontain Carried away, and with his passionate, neartiful away, and with his passionate, neartiful away, and with his passionate, neartiful away.

Inmates of Almshouses.

The popular expression about the pauper class is a queer mixture of indifference and sentimental pity. While not one in a thousand has ever taken and followed faster until it has chased them to this last refuge -people who almshouse not because of unmerciful disaster, but because of very common vices. Between half and two-thirds of

them are of foreign birth. Any one who has visited many almshouses or talked with the men who know most of paupers will recognize the same old story. "Paupers," said a plain spoken almshouse keeper to a convention of Pennsylvania Directors of the Poor-"pauper; though not criminals, are, so far as my knowledge extends, largely from the lower classes of society: most of them being ignorant, and many of them possessed of all the low and mean instincts of human nature, with scarcely a redeeming quality." writer once asked the stewart of a large city almshouse if he had many persons come to him who had formerly been prosperous, and had, through disease or been reduced to seek public plp. He four tons. said, "Never," then added, Well, yes, them was one man; he had seven herses, and he may taken sick, and sold one hors after mother.

another man who was said to have consider ole property, but he drank." I saked him if he had many applicants who had been decent, industrious, laboring people, and had come there from any other cause than disease or old age. He enswered emphatically, "Not one." This man spoke from an experience of nine-

teen years. Probably, it is a liberal estimate to put down one-tenth of the paupers as people deserving of sympathy; the other nine-tenths are in the almshouse because they have not wit enough or energy enough to get into prison. Such people do not have a hard life in the almshouses. The squalor does not disturb men and women who have known nothing else; the immortality is a temptation; and even in the worst kept houses there is usually plenty to eat and little to do; in any case, they have not the heavy and irksome task of thinking for themselves. -Atlantic Monthly.

In a Mexican Market.

In a letter from the City of Mexico, descriptive of a Mexican market, occurs the following: In going through this market one Sunday morning, I jotted down the different varieties of fruits and vegetables as I saw them, on the margin of a newspaper; and here is the list, transcribed as it ran on there: First, after passing the dealers in fried meats, who were constantly dishing out scraps of pork and shreds of beef sizzling in fat, to dirty "leperos" in sombreros and serapes stationed at the gate, you enhave granted his request, with the gloom upon her she began, with heart-sick counter the fruit stalls and the vegetable stands. There are limes, fragrant as was her old lover. A mistake had kept as heartily as they do the long-handled her luminous eyes and pleading for for- shrank back, abashed and fearful at any grown in West Indian gardens, but them apart for half a century, but when this painful, new experience. Yet she without their plumpness and flavor; Fletcher left Asheville a few days later was not willing to surrender; pride had | they perfume the air in their immediate | Mary Burt Howe, for that was the hervicinity, despite the sewage odors and "Oh, for death!" she prayed, "for in the flaunting of vile garments that smell to heaven. Close by are pears,-She had climbed Promontory Rock to here are two zones brought close to-Files Barrington rose with the pergrace and courtesy of which she old, restless longing upon him, he walked moonlit paths till long after mid- loneliness at heart. None guessed what peculiar to the country—shaddocks, left her home in Maine. Going to Bos- that the laundress, having been invited night, then, wakeful, he lay, determin- lay beneath the serene, marble-white mangoes, bananas, plantains, oranges, ton, she shipped as stewardess on a ship to a christening, a dance or a bull-fight. -all from the "tierras calientes," or hot bound for Liverpool. The vessel was has pawned his clothing to get money "I must go," she told herself, rising and pineapples that lie in heaps on the and after many adventures at sea in an If Mr. A.'s linen suffers this fate he pavement; these last are very dear, ap- open boat and among friendly Indians need not be alarmed; patience alone is owing to the great expense of transpor- civilization. tation over two hundred miles of railroad; babies not from the "tierras sweetheart to the ship on which she earned enough to come out square with The waves had risen till every avenue calientes"—who keep decidedly cool sailed, and, hearing of the loss of the and comfortable, whether lying kicking vessel, always mourned her as dead till had been cut off. In a few hours they on their mothers' mats or peering from the North Carolina papers gave him a the rebozas in which they are confined happy surprise. after all, when dreary death stared her in to their mothers' backs; melons, peaches, the face. The thought of that tender wooden bowls, buckets, mats, babies; seaside, "Island Home," from the angry love she had so slighted came to her, poultry, fish, babies; lattuce, babies, crockery, babies at the breast : tomatoes. most disconcerted him; whose conbrastion sparkled with little gleams of ments burned and darkened. One fair the moan of the waves answered her. At "My own, my priceless treasure, cluding babies, of mother earth.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS. There are from 4,000 to 5,000 species of

well-known birds. The minor scale was derived from the song on the cuckoo. A race-horse will clear from twenty to

fwenty-four feet at a bound. Grasshoppers are known in the books fabrics. by a Greek name which means "murmurer." It is settmated that 350,000,000 bricks

were used for building purposes in New York city last year. After Harvey published his discovery of the circulation of the blood, no medical man who then had reached the age of forty ever avowed his belief that Harvey was right.

The first porcelain manufactory ever established in the United States has re The ware is made of kaolin, of which quality superior to that of the imported earth is abundantly found in Louisiana by European houses. and Texas.

Hiddenite is the name of a new gem of the emerald class, of a beautiful clear green color, and worth about the same as a diamond. It has been found only of the stuff is set at the back of the in Alexander county, N. C.

In 1854, in the Bay of Bengal, Capt Kingman passed for thirty miles through the middle of a large patch of sea white with tiny creatures, whose diameter was less than that of a hair, 300 of whom placed in line would not make an inch in length. Thirty miles of animal-

Strychnine is the extract of a plant found principally in the tropical parts of Asia and America. "Strychnos nux vomica" is found in different parts of India. It grows in sandy soil attaining the size of a tree, but short, crooked and called the lowest classes, and seek the The fruit is of the size of a St. Michael's orange with a bitter astringent pulp with to finish the ends of skirt draperies in foreign count once, 1865; a foreign from three to five seeds. The pulp may the back. They should be heavy or baron twice, 1871 and 1879; a foreign be eaten but the seeds are poisonous. their effect is altogether bad. The most poisonous species of strychnine is a climbing shrub of Java.

Owing to the great improvements which have been made of late years in the construction of railroad tracks and of railroad cars, the quantity of freight now regarded as the maximum load of a car is much greater than formerly. Once the limit was 20,000 pounds: now the average of the different classes of freight, as determined by the weights of 50,000 cars weighed during a period of six weeks by the Western Weighing Association, was from 23,750 pounds for machinery to 29,925 for ore, the maximum in most cases exceeding 30,000 pounds. Of ore there is even occasionally carried in a single car as many as

After Many Days.
A remarkable romance is related by a Moornhead City (N. C.) correspondent. About fifty years ago a prepossessing pur and corn color are among the young woman appeared suddenly in a newest favorites. The fan and handsmall mountain village near Asheville kerchief pouch often matches the bon- ness and escorted him to the secrice and obtained work in a farmer's family. net in color and material. If the entire She called herself Mary Burt, but gave no further clue to her origin. Her tasks of the bonnet are often the same as the were so skillfully performed, and she could sing a song, dance a reel and tell a story so well that she became a village

Fifteen years later the mystery surrounding her was forgotten. Having declined more than one good offer of marriage, she settled down as a goodnatured old maid, became the beneficent "aunt" of the neighborhood, and finally was persuaded to take charge of a country school near by.

After several years of teaching her nearly learned by heart.

mit's story in the Asheville Citizen not weeks. In fact, the women of the lower long ago brought a solution of the mys- class seem to have no idea of the lapse tery. The article was copied into a of time, for they stop a dozen times a Vermont paper, and attracted the atten- day to smoke and gossip, yet they are, tion of Robert Fletcher, a prominent after all, good, harmless souls. Mexcitizen of that State, and Fletcher soon ican families who have been in the after visited Asheville, sought the editor United States and American colonists of the Citizen, and together they went also have bought tubs, washboards and to Miss Burt's house.

The hermit did not recognize the Vermonter, but she soon learned that he mit's full name, accompanied him as his

When Miss Howe and Fletcher were young they were engaged to be married. lands, whence also come the cocoanuts wrecked on the North Carolina coast, to buy finery for the festive occasion. proaching prices asked in New York, on land Miss Howe found her way to necessary. The woman will then pledge

The Hippopotamus. Dr. Emil Holub, in his book on "Seven" Years in South Africa," gives peppers, babies on the half shell (of a the hippopotamus a very bad name. The beets, squashes, babies prospecting for nourishment; "hen-fruit," artichokes, babies lean and emaciated; birds, brats, will fly at it with ungovernable fury. If, children, pumpkin-seeds, babies fat as however, the object is immediately with-Heaven you will show.

Heaven you will show. a post-office contract; Indians, with drawn from his view he forgets all about

FOR THE PAIR SEX.

Watered silk is revived. Now is the season for flower bonnets. There is a revival of old Chantilly

Pastion Notes.

The small cap-shaped bonnets are freuently cut out on the side so as to how the cars. The new large fans with heavy sticks

are kept together when closed by steel rings that slip over the top. Old English fabrics are in demand, such as flowered satteens, tambour muslins, dotted muslins and Chalis foulard.

Flounces of black crope lisse are put under lace flounces to make them hang Clainsborougu me anoth felt are being prepared for the autumn

Lace and Paris muslin are taking the place of satins and brocades for wedding A Surah bow made of the whole width

belt on the newest short skirts. Shirred scarfs of India mull are now wound around the throat, mantilla fashion. They are edged with a deep rufile of Miricourt or point Nemours

Rough-and-ready straw hats are often dorned with rich and delicate laces and handsome ostrich plumes, and are domes of all the great churches it St.

Light dresses sometimes have their full sleeves drawn into a small compass at the wrist by a ribbon run in and put has won once, in 1788; a royal cuke, through evelets.

Hats and Bonnets. The advancing season has shown that the predicted change to larger hats is gradually taking place. Each new importation contains larger and more elaborate shapes than the last. They are almost covered in many instances with ostrich plumes, as many as twelve and fifteen ten-inch plumes being placed on the outside and inside of some of the handsome Panama straw wide brimmed hats. Few of these have other trimming besides the plumes and silk pompons. Bonnets of handsome straw and of silk are still trimmed with tinsel lace and flowers. Crape of the most delicate tints is fashioned with Spanish lace, flowers and plumes, making a most beautiful headdress and very becoming. Velvet is also introduced effectively with these materials, but they lose their lightness by the mixture. The lighter tones of yellow cream sulphur and corn color are among the costume is of white the artificial flowers natural bouquets on the corsage, fan, pouch and that carried in the hand. Rustic hats of mull are also ornamented for a short ramble with natural flowers.

-New York Herald. Mexican Washerwomen.

A correspondent in Mexico writes

The Mexican women, like their most remote ancestresses, persist in washing on a stone-"losa de lavadera"-on their knees at the side of a stream, or if at home, still in the same positions on the whole character seemed to change. She | identical stone slab, with cold water and became moody, melancholy and fond of very little soap-often with only a solitude. Purchasing a lovely and lonely saponaceous herb called "zacate," and spot among the mountains, she had a they rinse in a wee bit of a "batea" rude log hut built, and there she lived | which is little else than a small "dugwithout any companionship but that of out" or rude tub. Owing to this slow her dog, cat, cow and chickens. Her process every family of four or five only book was the Bible, and this she persons must have two or three laundresses, and even then it is difficult to The publication of this woman her- get clothes returned under two or three even had washing machines brought here, but to no purpose. These Aztec women detest the "modern helps" quite "Yankee broom." As to punctualitywhy these laundresses have no idea what it means. For example, an American (they impose more on us than on their own people) may give a wash-woman his linen. Three or four weeks may elapse and it is not returned. He Mr. B.'s clothing and redeem Mr. A.'s Robert Fletcher traced his runsway from the pawn-shop until she has all her customers. I heard of a case where a laundress loaned the clothes of an American to a family in which there was a case of small-pox that the mother might pawn them to get medicine for a sick child.

> A Connecticut farmer "advises the raising of peacocks," not for their musical voice, but for their many-eyed plumage. They are as easily raised as turkeys, and, while the art decorative oak of slightly larger size, the lower end mania lasts, "there's millions in 'em."

Smith says consists of wishing to put a.

Che Sunny Some

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Nine men have been hanged in Arkansas by lynchers within a month. The present money circulation is the United States, paper and specie, ex-

ceeds a billion dollars. The dome of the West Point, N. Y., observatory is to be made of paper. It will weigh 4,000 pounds.

There are 226 missionaries in New York city, and the number of calls they make in the course of a year on the nick and poor is estimated at 800,000.

Gen. Tom Browne says that "when the Naval Academy Board unanimensly voted the use of tobacco an injurious habit, which ought not to be tolerated among cadets, every member of it had a nigar in his mouth."

Baron Rothschild, of Frankfort, has any paid for a silver gilt cup of great artistic for a silver gilt cup of \$100. 000. Just think of a cup World 000, and a silver one at that,

Brick making along the Hudson is most important industry. One gard last year made 18,000,000 bricks. In this yard 120 men are employed and a large number of horses. The total produc-tion of eight brick yards is 2,000,000 bricks per week.

It is a curious fact that Russia, our of the poorest of civilized countries, pickes a greater parade of wealth in one respect than any other European State. The worn upon all occasions except those requiring full dress.

Light dresses sometimes have their quarter of an inch thick.

Out of 101 Derbys, a Prince of Wales York, in 1816 and 1822; other dukes, Little tassels or small balls are used | ten times; lords, twenty-two times; a prince in 1875, and an American sovereign in 1881. Other winners save been English commoners.

The Imprisoned Czar.

A Berlin correspondent of the Logion

Times sends another curious account of

the Czar's mode of life in his palace at

Gatschina. There was no relaxation in

vigilance. The palace was strictly guarded and watched. A short time ago two of the young grand dikes, cousins of the emperor, were stopped in the grounds by a Cossack, who threatened to spear them if they advanced. A friend, who had occasion to visit the castle to see an official, reported that as soon as he left the railway station and took the direction toward the palace, he felt conscious that the eyes of the palice were following him; but it was only when he was about to cross the bridge over the castle most that he was actually stopped. Here the police officials were all officers. They ascertained his busigate of the palace, the only one which was allowed to be approached. He at once found himself in the police effice surrounded by officers. His passion was taken, his description, the time day and business were all duly notes an a book, which the chief of police is supposed to examine every day. An officer was then sent to inform the official in quired for, while the visiter was lien by the police. On the officer returning with a message that the official could be seen, he was escorted by a police officer down the long corridors to the room of the person he wished to ree. All the way Cossack sentinels, with drawn swords, were tramping up and down. It can readily be imagined that no official of the palace, however ligh he may be placed, is particularly overjoyed at present by the visits of his friends. The visitor was therefore exhorted for the love of heaven to confine his conversation to the merest commonplaces, and not to stay too long. Ween he got to the train on his return jourgey he felt heartily glad and fortunite, though he could not shake off the censation that the police were still at his back. Looking out of the windows of the corridor into the courtyards, of which there are four within the castle walls, he saw innumerable stacked of piled muskets, denoting the presence of a large force of infantry, and on the open place in front of the palace were picketed the horses of about a squadron of cavalry. Persons whose business calls them daily to the palace and who are well known are rigorously searched. For example, a priest employed in the service of the imperial chapel was laisly subjected to such a close inspection that even his cigarettes were not overlooked. A Cossack officer was stationed at each of the doors of the sleeping apartments of the emperor, the empress and lair apparent during the night. The last named complains continually of the straint put upon his movements since his father's accession to the throne. He is not allowed to go out riding in the park, which particularly annoys ham. None of the officers or court officials are allowed to be away from the palace more

A Horn Book.

The following account of a horn bank

than two or three hours at a time, che

all are obliged to be in before nine in

recently found when pulling down an old house at Newbury, Berks, may interest some of our readers. It consists of a page of letter-press which measures two and seven-eighths by two and oneeighth inches, mounted on a piece of of which is shaped as a handle. It is covered with a sheet of transparent horn, London Truth, speaking of rewards of merit to generals, says: "Our generosity is much like the charity which Sidney with small nails. The letter-press, which is surrounded by an ornamet