

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

Devoted to the Protection of Home and the Interests of the County.

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WISDOM

BY JOHN D. WOOD.
A kindly, pleasant, gentle face,
And tender, loving, glowing eyes,
A rounded form of wondrous grace,
Carved by the artist of the skies;
A withering voice that tells a tale
Of nothing which could speak of sin;
But, mortal, who can pierce the veil
Which hides the soul that dwells within?
Cold, stern and pale, with sunken eyes
And hollow mournful, grinding voice,
Which causes wonder and surprise
That such a being can rejoice;
A face whose features surely give
The thought that it is void of sin,
But who shall know while we may live
The throbbing heart that burns within?
It matters not how late the face,
Or if the voice be soft and low,
And trained to grace the royal place
Instruction opens in the glow,
So pure and true within the breast
Beats a fond heart that truth can win,
To tell to him that knows best
The longings of the soul within.
—Chicago Ledger.

The Anatomy of an Oyster.

Every oyster has a mouth, a heart, a liver, a stomach, cunningly-devised intestines, and other necessary organs, just as all living, moving, and intelligent creatures have. And all these things are covered from man's rudely-inquisitive gaze by a mantle of pearly gauze, whose wool and warp puts to shame the frost lace on your windows in winter. The mouth is at the smaller end of the oyster, adjoining the hinge. It is of oval shape, and, though not readily seen by an unpracticed eye, its location and size can be easily discovered by gently pushing a blunt bodkin, or similar instrument, along the surface of the locality mentioned. When the spot is found your bodkin can be thrust between the delicate lips and a considerable distance down toward the stomach without causing the oyster any pain. From this mouth is, of course, a sort of canal to convey food to the stomach, whence it passes into the intestines. With an exceedingly delicate and sharp knife you can take off the "mantle" of the oyster, when there will be disclosed to you a half-moon shaped space, just above the muscle, or so-called "heart." This space is the oyster's pericardium, and within it is the real heart, the pulsations of which are readily seen. This heart is made up of two parts, just as the human heart is, one of which receives the blood from the gills through the network of blood vessels, and the other drives the blood out through the arteries. In this important matter the oyster differs in no respect from other warm or cold-blooded animals. And no one need laugh incredulously at the assertion that oysters have blood, but it is, nevertheless, blood to all oyster intents and purposes.

In the same vicinity, and in marvellously proper positions, will be found all the other organs named. But it is very proper to be incredulous about this mouth and organs fact. At first glance it would seem that they are utterly useless, for the mouth cannot snap around after food, and the oyster has no arms where-with to grab its dinner or lunch. True, apparently, but only apparently, for each oyster has more than a thousand arms, tiny, delicate, almost invisible. But each of them is incessantly at work gathering up food and gently pushing it into the lazy mouth of the indolently comfortable creature. The gills are the thin flaps so notably perceptible around the front face part of the undressed oyster, below the muscle.

A Wisconsin Hermit.

One Ole Nelson, who now resides near Sturgeon Bay, Wis., in the northern part of that county, was several years ago quite well to do, but he got mixed up in several law suits, which caused a steady drain upon his pocket-book, until he was reduced to the most abject poverty. He then went to his present place of abode, built himself a rude hut, isolated from any neighbors, where he lives alone in dirt and filth. He never works, but picks up his food in the woods in the summer, out of which he leaves enough to last him through the winter. He never changes his clothing until they actually rot from him. He will not even wear his fire-wood into stove length, but takes long sticks as he finds them, puts one end into the stove, and as fast as it is used shoves it in further. Recently one of his neighbors kindly volunteered to clean out his hut, which is said to be as filthy as a hog-pen, but he positively refused to allow them to help a particle in that respect. —Grand Rapids Eagle.

A California Story.

[San Francisco Correspondence Baltimore Sun.]
Pigs run at large in Kern County, and become wild, knowing no owner. This dry year has made forage scarce. Unusual collections have been noticed, seemingly in council, and pigs in pairs have been seen to have by different routes, now supposed to be prospecting parties, because lately there has been a general stampede in the direction of Buena Vista Lake. Into this lake all plunge daily, and fish for clams that strew the bottom, under cover of nearly two feet of water. Their multitudinous snortings are heard after they emerge from clamming to get air. This bivalvar diet is relished, and a fat slaughter is in preparation.

MANY Roman Catholic missionaries are undertaking journeys into Africa.

A Dietetic Cure for Diabetes.

All starchy food must be wholly avoided. Oysters and clams may be eaten raw or cooked without flour. All soups in which there is no flour, rice, vermicelli, or any of the prohibited vegetables. Fish of all kinds, and meat of all kinds except liver. Beef and mutton are the best, but tripe, ham, tongue, bacon and sausages, are safe for those who like them. Poultry and game of all kinds, but no sweet jellies or sauces with them. Salads, including lettuce, cucumbers, water cresses, and cabbage. Celery, asparagus and tomatoes are rather to be avoided.

Potatoes, beets, carrots, turnips, pumpkins, peas, beans, and corn are prohibited. Cauliflower, string beans, and mushrooms, soured apples, cut in quarters, dipped in beaten eggs, rolled in cooked gluten, and fried in very hot fat, make a good substitute for potatoes.

All kinds of tart fruits, especially peaches and strawberries with cream, but no sugar, may be freely eaten.

Milk in moderation, cream, butter, buttermilk, and all kinds of fresh cheese, especially Neuchatel, are to be eaten.

Positively no sweet cake, no bread of ordinary flour, and nothing that contains sugar or starch. The gluten flour from which starch is wholly excluded, may be purchased for twenty-five cents a pound, and from it bread, rolls, pancakes, fritters, mushes and puddings (without sugar or molasses) may be made and freely eaten. No pastry should be touched unless made from the gluten flour.

Nuts are allowed, and in any quantity or shape are highly recommended.

Coffee and cocoa with cream (glycerine if liked, but no sugar), may be drunk in moderation. Tea is not desirable.

No spirits or malt liquors, nor sweet wines; all the sour wines, claret, Burgundy, Rhine wines, etc., may be taken, and the claret is especially recommended for every dinner.

Eat slowly, drink chiefly at the close of the meal, and not much between meals; take cold or tepid baths in the morning, and exercise afterward, and stick to the diet the year round.

We know a lady who was suffering from diabetes, with an intolerable thirst, night and day, that nothing would alleviate. She had an interview, over a year since, with Mr. C. C. Waite, of the Windsor Hotel, who himself adopted this regimen after consulting the best physician in Europe, and she followed his example. Her disease was at once arrested, her thirst wholly relieved, and she enjoys very comfortable health, which fully pays for the self-denial at the table. —New York Courier-Journal.

English and American Farming.

A London paper gives an interesting and very careful comparison between English and American farming. In England, one acre yields on an average thirty bushels of wheat, while in America it yields on an average only thirteen. The American farmer must consequently cultivate two and a half acres in order to produce the same quantity of wheat as the English farmer raises in one acre. How is it, then, that the American farmer can, nevertheless, not only compete with the English farmer, but even beat him in his own market? The answer which first presents itself to this question is the enormous difference of rent in England and America, but this difference is nearly, if not altogether, obliterated by the cost of transportation from the western fields to the English market. The real advantage which the American farmer has over the English lies in the cheapness of cultivation. While the American soil needs little if any manure at all, in order to yield an average harvest year after year, the English farmer must apply a heavy quantity of costly artificial manure to the soil every year, if he expects to have an average yield, and a similar cheapness reappears at nearly every point of the cultivation, except that of labor. In the settlement along the Red River, in Northern Minnesota, a plow may run through the soft alluvial soil for miles in a straight line without encountering a stone, a tree, or a hill, a feature to which England does not offer the faintest approach.

In the Great Tunnel.

A Vienna correspondent, writing about the St. Gothard tunnel, says: "Those who went into the tunnel before it was entirely pierced, all tell of their delight in having got out of it again unscathed. It seems that the heat, the bad smell, the mud, and the noise of the machines are simply unbearable. Of the work-people one-third were always on the sick-bed, and great numbers of the horses fell a sacrifice to the difficulties that had to be contended with. A great deal, it is true, still remains to be done, but from the moment the opening was made by dynamite, air began to pass through the tunnel, and although it may not yet be the most healthy place, still it will be supportable. The calculations of the engineers were right to two metres, the length of the tunnel being 14,918 metres instead of 14,920, as they calculated. When the opening was made every one stood awe-struck, and an Italian, Angelo Chissia, was the first who passed to the other side. The tunnel will take a little more than half an hour to pass through the tunnel."

It is estimated that this year the colleges and universities of the country will turn out one thousand new ministers of the gospel, two thousand new doctors, about one hundred of them women, and three thousand new lawyers. It will be seen from this that the world, the flesh, and the devil have greater attractions for the rising generations than the church.

The Way They Churn in Texas.

I thought that I had seen a good many kinds of churns before I came down here (says a New England Yankee, writing from Texas)—crank churns, dasher churns, and "chemical churns." But I will now describe a mode of churning butter that will, I think, make New England folks open their eyes. Commonly, they do not make much butter in this country, and the settlers here come to get along without it; but, by the time I had been at the post two or three days, I began to want some butter on my bread.

M— had a herd of twenty-five or thirty cattle, which he kept for beef. He had a number of milch cows, and was bidden to set the milk for four hours, and the next morning told Lizado, or "Liz," as we called him, to churn. They had done such a thing as to churn butter before, it appears. Liz went out and brought a bag of raw hide, about as large as a common meal bag. How clean it was inside, I am sure I do not know, but he turned the cream into it, and poured in new milk enough to fill it two-thirds full, and then he tied it up with a strong strip of hide.

M— stood with a broad grin on his face. I was already too much astonished to make any remarks. Liz now carried the bag out of doors, and then got his horse. Taking his lasso off the saddle, he made one end of it fast to the cream bag, the other end, as usual, being attached to a ring in the saddle. This done, he jumped on the horse and tacked spurs to him. Away he went, and at the first jerk that bag went ten feet into the air, and fell with a splash, close up to the horse's heels. At the next jerk it went higher still. He soon went out of sight, with the bag dancing after him. Sometimes it hit down alongside the horse, and sometimes it struck slap on the animal's rump. M— was convulsed with laughter—at me, I suppose; for I must confess that this upset all my previous ideas of butter-making. In the course of twenty or thirty minutes Liz came back, the horse looking pretty hot, and the bag very dusty.

"Es mautica" (butter's come), said he. Ed untied the churn, and, sure enough, there was a good homely chunk of butter in it; and it proved to be very decent butter, too. I asked if that was the way they always churned. They said it was, and Ed declared it was "a dale asier than turpin's crank." So I respectfully submit the "method" to all our good people up North. Everything needed for it is a sole-leather bag, a clothes-line and a horse.

An Enterprising Woman.

Some days ago a curious case, illustrative of the length to which a deep yearning for emancipation from the conjugal yoke will carry ladies of resolute and enterprising temper, was tried at Lille. The wife of a Belgian officer had instituted proceedings before the High Court of Tournai some months previously, with the object of obtaining a divorce from her husband. Failing to bring her case to conclusion as she desired, and highly irritated by the "law's delays," she happened one day to notice a newspaper paragraph in which Monsieur Loreclan, fencing master, resident at Lille, was enthusiastically praised for his extraordinary dexterity with the small sword. Forthwith she traveled to Lille, sought out M. Loreclan and offered him a handsome sum of money to make her husband's acquaintance, pick a quarrel with him in such sort as to provoke a challenge, thus securing the choice of weapons, and then, by the exercise of superior skill, deliberately slay him. Loreclan struck a bargain with her, received 800 francs on account, and actually started for Tournai to execute his homicidal mission. On the road to the station, however, he dropped into a cabaret which he was in the habit of frequenting, and finding several of his intimate acquaintances assembled, "stood treat" to such purpose that, his tongue being unloosed by "potations bottle-deep," he confided his enterprise to all present. His arrest, as well as that of his fair client followed these revelations, as a matter of course, and both parties to this sanguinary bargain were tried for conspiracy to take life. The lady was sentenced to a month's imprisonment and 100 francs fine, but Loreclan was acquitted. —London Telegraph.

The Power of a Cyclone.

The London Times says: In discussing the two cyclone which visited the Bay of Bengal in October, 1876, Mr. Elliott, meteorological reporter to the Government of Bengal, incidentally gives some idea of the cyclone forces which are developed by such storms. The average "daily evaporation" registered by the Fergal instruments in October is "two inches." The amount of heat absorbed by the conversion of this amount of water daily over so large an area as the Bay of Bengal is enormous. "Roughly estimated," said Mr. Elliott, "it is equal to the continuous working of 300,000 steam engines of 1,000-horse power." A simple calculation will show that it suffices to raise aloft over 45,000 cubic feet of water in twenty-four hours from every square mile of the bottom of the bay, and transport it to the clouds which overhang it. When we extend the calculation from a single square mile to the area of the whole Indian Gulf, the mind is lost in the effort to conceive the force which, in a day's time, can lift 50,000,000 tons! Yet it would be easy to show that such figures fabulous as they seem, do not adequately represent the cyclonic forces of a single storm.

"FAREWELL, my home," sang the barber, as he saw a thief making off with it.

The Courteous Lawyer.

You recognize the courteous lawyer at once. He places a chair gracefully for his client, whether the client is an elegantly attired lady in sealskins and diamonds or a clumsy bumpkin in homespun and flannel. He smiles sweetly at his opponent, and bows to the jury in a deferentially familiar way. He pays the fees to the clerk before he has the trouble to ask for them, and draws the bills out of his pocket book slowly, one by one, as gently as he would lead a belle from her carriage to the ball-room. His bow to the opposing counsel as apology for having come into the courtroom contemporaneously with his Honor, he handles a witness as though he was the frail golden setting and his testimony the gem he was trying to remove. His tones are carefully modulated, and he appeals for a reply to the kindly sensibilities of the witness. "Be so good" is the captivating exordium, and "thank you" is the palliative peroration. If he wounds with a question, he binds up the sore the next moment with the liniment of politeness. To his opponent he overflows with generous waivers and admissions, and if by chance he interpolates a remark, he does it as though he was putting a bouquet in his adversary's button-hole. He thinks he understands the court, he hopes he does not misapprehend his learned friend. He trusts the witness knows what he means. In addressing the jury, he unobscures his appreciation of their intelligence and ability. He lays his arguments before them with respect amounting almost to reverence, as though they were proprietary offerings to a deity whom he wished to placate. To the court his whole demeanor is redolent of respect. The court is most honorable; the judge most distinguished. He is, in short, so filled with human consideration for everybody and everybody around him, that he finds excuses for the jury that beats him and for the court that consorts him. It is true, he has been known to revile an adversary in private, to curse surreptitiously, and to sneer at the judiciary in the social circle. It is also true that he can wrench a fee from a client in a ruthless moment and take a snap judgment when he thinks it safe. But these little trifles only show that he is human, and he knows that men are not apt to believe that a head with such a halo of politeness around it can have for its pedestal a cloven foot.

Three Man-Eaters.

Dr. Swan, the surgeon of the Pacific Mail Steamship Colima, which arrived in this port a few days ago from the isthmus, reports an incident on the ship worthy of mention. He states that while the Colima was lying at Acapulco, on the trip up, she anchored one day close to the steamship China. Some of the hands on the latter baited a hook and caught a shark of the man-eater variety about fifteen feet long. The shark was pulled up and cut open, and in the belly was found a human arm entire, just as it had been torn by the devouring monster from the shoulder. There were also found in the maw of the shark the heel and toes of a human foot. The remains had evidently been swallowed but a short time. The arm was the left, and upon it were plainly visible the initials in India ink, "A. H. C." About ten days previous to the taking of the shark a sailor from a British brig then lying in the harbor, while under the influence of liquor, fell overboard and was to be seen floating upon the body a short time before his capture. San Jose Joe, the monster shark of San Jose de Guatemala, was recently seen by the captain of the China. This shark has for many years been the terror of the coast from San Jose de Guatemala to Punta Arena. He has been so frequently seen that he is as familiar to the mariners of that coast as its most perilous headlands. He is said to be over forty feet in length, and is extremely ferocious, human kind being his favorite prey. Capt. Scabury, of the China, is ready to swear to forty-two feet and over, having once seen Joe passing behind his vessel, which is forty-two feet in the beam, and the head and tail of the shark extended past either side of the vessel. The captain of the South Carolina, and Capt. Witeberry, of the testimony also to the shark's being over forty feet long. In the last few years "Joe," as he is known all along the coast, has devoured half a dozen men, and some years ago the Guatemalan Government offered a reward of \$500 to any one who would kill the devourer. He has been shot a couple of times and harpooned three, but survived these assaults and still roams his old haunts looking for his favorite morsel.

Speaking of sharks report has just come to hand setting forth the information that one of his family, evidently a first cousin to Joe as he was thirty feet long, and probably weighing five tons, was caught at Soquel beach on Friday, being the largest ever caught on that coast. It was a species known as the basking shark. —San Francisco Chronicle.

In the backwoods of Presue Isle County, Wis., is a town that has just elected its first Justice of the Peace. Like the rest of the residents, he is a rough lumberman, and the first case brought before him was that of a notorious brawler. The Justice readily found him guilty, but as the man had no money to pay a fine, and the town had no jail, the matter of punishment was puzzling. After mature thought the magistrate laid aside his ermine, rolled up his sleeves, and descending from his desk, gave the culprit a sound beating.

A PRIZE of \$100 has been offered by the Royal College of Physicians, London, for the best essay on hydrophobia.

ADVICE TO LADIES

Who are Compelled to Travel Alone in the Cars.

I. Be sure you know where you want to go before you get on the train.
II. When you purchase your ticket you will have to pay for it; no use to tell the ticket agent to "charge it" and send the bill to your husband. And if he says the price of the ticket is \$2.95, don't tell him you can get one just like it of the conductor at the other store for \$2.50; he won't believe you, and he may laugh at you.

III. Never travel without money. It requires broad views, liberal education, keen discernment and profound judgment to travel without money. No one can do this successfully but tramps and editors.

IV. Beware of the commercial traveler.

V. Don't give a stranger your ticket and ask him to go out and check your trunk. He will usually be only too glad to do it. And what is more, he will do it, and your trunk will be so effectually checked that it will never catch up with you again. And then when the conductor asks for your ticket and you relate to him the pleasing little allegory about the stranger and your baggage, he will look incredulous and smile down upon you from half closed eyes, and say that it is a beautiful romance, but he has heard it before. And then you will put up your jewelry or disembark at the next station.

VI. If you are going three hundred miles, don't try to get off the train every fifteen minutes under the impression that you are there. If you get there in twelve hours you will be doing excellently.

VII. Call the brakeman "conductor;" he has grown proud since he got his new uniform, and it will flatter him.

VIII. Put your shawl-strap, bundle and two paper parcels in the hat-rack; hang your bird-cage to the corner of it, so that when it falls off it will drop into the lap of the old gentleman sitting behind you; stand your four house-plants on the window-sill; set your lunch-basket on the seat beside you; fold your shawl on top of it; carry your pocket-book in one hand and hold your valises under the seat and hold your handbag and the rest of your things in your lap. Then you will have all your baggage handy, and won't be worried or frustrated about it when you have only twenty-nine seconds in which to change cars.

IX. Address the conductor every ten minutes. It pleases him to have you notice him. If you can't think of any new question to ask him, ask him the same old one every time. Always call him "Say," or "Mister."

X. Pick up all the information you can while traveling. Open the window and look forward to see how fast the engine is going. Then when you get home you can tell the children about the big cinder you picked up with your eye, and how nice and warm it was, and what it tasted like.

XI. Don't hang your parasol on the cord that passes down the middle of the car. It isn't a clothes-line. It looks like one, but it isn't.

XII. Keep an eye on the passenger who calls the day after Monday "Chevaday." He can't be trusted a car's length.

XIII. Do not attempt to change a \$20 bill for any one, if you have only \$5.25 with you; it can't be done.

XIV. If you want a nap always lie with your head projecting over the seat, into the aisle. Then everybody who goes up or down the aisle will mash your hat, straighten out your frizzes, and knock off your back hair. This will keep you from sleeping so soundly that you will be carried by your station. —Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.

The Richest Woman in America.

The richest woman in America, and indeed, excepting royalty and Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the richest in the world, is Mrs. E. H. Green, the wife of the Vice President of the Louisville and Nashville Road. She was a Miss Robinson, and her father was a whaling master at New Bedford. He owned a fleet of ships known as the Blue Line of whalers, and from his profession was known as "Blubber Robinson." He died when his daughter was a mere girl, and left her a fortune of about eight millions. He lived slenderly and prudently, and gave the management of her affairs to Mr. John J. Cisco. As her tastes were simple and her wants few, she was able to transfer her enormous income almost every year to the body of the fortune itself, and it has now accumulated to more than \$27,000,000. Her husband, Mr. Green, was a very rich man when she married him, and has been successful since. It is said by one who should know, that the income of this couple is \$2,500,000 a year. Mr. Green is rather large in stature, quiet reserved, sagacious, and of modest habits. He is about 47 years of age, and she is about 43.

The richest young ladies in New York are the Misses Garner, the daughters of Commodore Garner, who was drowned under a yacht that overturned a few years ago. He made his death was able to leave his daughters four or five millions each. Added to this, they are charming and beautiful young ladies.

A TEN-VOLUME dictionary of the ancient language of France has just been sent to press and the first volume is out. It has cost the compiler thirty years' work and \$70,000. The government gives \$30,000 toward it and receives 200 copies for distribution among the public libraries and colleges of France. This work deals chiefly in words found in the literature of the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

There are 6,000 Indians in Nevada. Boston is the head center of the cotton waste trade of the country.

The population of Belgium on December 31, 1879, was 5,476,938.

A WESTERN coroner recently had, in one day, three cases of did-not-know-it-was-loaded.

The evil that men do lives after them. Cows likewise do not give oleomargarine until they are dead.

The other night, in a Missouri town, a thief, being caught in a man's cellar, explained that he was there to get out of the way of a cyclone.

The Canadian Senate lately rejected, by a vote of 32 to 31, the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister or a deceased brother's wife.

It is now fashionable in France to have a pet tiger. These pets have thus far shown that they would as soon eat a Frenchman as anybody else.

A WISCONSIN clergyman preached on the sin of attending to money matters on Sunday, and when the deacon passed the contribution plate not a person would put a cent in it. And somehow the preacher didn't feel flattered at the effect his sermon had produced.

A CENTENARIAN ex-soldier, who recently died in a Russian village, continued his business of tailor until death, though he had been blind for forty years. His sense of touch was so acute that he could distinguish different bank notes. He used to thread his needle by means of his tongue.

At Kernevel, in Germany, the other day, just as a religious procession was entering the church, the bell hung in the tower, weighing half a ton, came down with a tremendous force, crashing through three floors on its way, and fell at the feet of the man who headed the procession bearing the banner. A moment later and a fearful catastrophe would have been the result. As it was, no one was hurt.

With William Black, the novelist, the writing of stories is a business. He is shrewd, practical and quick. He has a second wife. At Brighton he has a beautiful house which overlooks the ocean. He makes about \$25,000 a year from his writings. He does not depend upon a publisher for a percentage; he gives one to a publisher. Black was born in Glasgow, and is in his fortieth year. He went to no college, and his journalistic work was on the London News.

THERE is a long grade on the Terre Haute and Logansport Railroad, in Indiana. A heavily-loaded freight car broke loose from a train and started down this incline. It gained a frightful rate of speed, and was going in the direction from which a fast passenger train was soon to come. A dreadful collision was quickly sent in pursuit of the runaway. The chase was most exciting. The engineer, by forcing a speed of sixty miles an hour, finally overtook the freight car, fastened to it, and drew it in a reverse direction, just in time to prevent a disaster.

"CLOSED on account of a wedding," is a familiar sign in Paris. It was to be read three weeks ago on the shutters of a jeweler's shop in the Faubourg Montmartre; but as no signs were shown of the establishment being opened again, the neighbors grew suspicious, and communicated their fear to the Commissary of Police, who finally entered the shop and found it despoiled of the whole stock of jewelry, said to have been worth \$100,000. The jeweler and his wife had disappeared, leaving a multitude of debts unpaid, some of which, being for goods supplied, are of considerable amount. The absconding tradesman had paid no rent, and had not even defrayed the expenses of his shop furniture.

Touching Incidents.

A singular and beautiful incident happened in Jacksonville, Fla., not long ago. The little daughter of a resident of that city was in the habit of daily feeding a nightingale, which would come to the house every morning to receive its food. Not long ago the little girl sickened and died, and as she lay in the coffin the nightingale flew through an open window into the room, sang one of its most beautiful melodies, and departed. An hour later it was found in the front yard, having evidently perished from grief at the loss of its young friend. —New York Post.

A precisely similar incident happened in Chicago last winter. An old man had been in the habit of throwing fire-wood, boot-jacks, and what furniture he could spare at an old tom-cat that came around about two o'clock every morning. One day the old man died, and as he lay in his coffin the cat came around and uttered one of the most defiant melodies. A minute later it was found dead in the back yard, having evidently died of grief at the loss of its head, which one of the mourners had blown off with a shot-gun. There can be no doubt that history repeats itself. —Chicago Tribune.

FRESHMAN—"Please, sir, did I pass in—?"
Professor—"Well, no; I'm sorry to say you didn't quite come up to the mark."

FRESHMAN—"Thank you, sir" (and starts out, smiling all over, as if highly delighted).

Professor—"Excuse me, Mr. I'm afraid you misunderstood me. I said you hadn't passed."

FRESHMAN—"Oh! I don't care anything about that. I've won my bet all the same." —Yale Courant.

The mark of cane—dust on the unruly school-boy's jacket.