The Benton Record.

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THE MAN WHO "HADN'T TIME."

Illustrative of a Great Many Men.

Bangs was a pure American. And when I say Bangs was a pure American, I mean that his parents and grandparents were produced on this soil. Whether he had more remote parents Bangs had never had time to ascertain.

He entered this world on business, and meant to make the most of his term.

Ready for college on his twelfth year, he charged through that institution like a mad bull, carrying the honors on his horns.

Bangs had made up his mind what line of business he would pursue, in that early period circumstances obliged him to waste in his mother's lap. So he made a flying trip through the States, gathering force as he went, and landed plump in an editorial chair, where he began to scribble before his coat skirts fell from the breeze. "Life is short," said Bangs; "have no time to waste in tomfoolery of any sort. Business is the word."

It is a historical fact that Bangs married. Whether he caught his bride "on the fly," or took her in a business way as part pay for his paper, from some overloaded papa, ask me not. He certainly never wasted any time in courting. I cannot imagine Bangs lingering under a window touching a light guitar. I cannot imagine love letters written by lightning. I cannot quite see him in my mind's eye with one leg bent in supplication and the other rushing off for a marriage license.

Let us merely state the case as it appeared. Yesterday there was no Mrs. Bangs. To-day, presto, Mrs. Bangs there is. She must have been an amiable woman—though Bangs never had time to ascertain whether she was or not—for she offered no opposition to that electric fluid, Bangs; and she made an excellent mother for his little telegrams. The only drawback to their felicity was that Bangs saw so little of his family, he had occasionally to seek a fresh introduction.

It was a beautiful and instructive sight to see Bangs in his office. Bristling with quills, he suavly entertained a caller; scratched a leader with his right hand, and squibs on his brother editors with his left; "simultaneously and at the same time" scanning his favorite politician's speech and stamping applause with one foot while he dismissed a bad typo with the other.

He went through his morning mail like a buz saw. Z-z-z-zizzle! A cloud of letters and envelopes—stamps settling on replies like swallows on a barn—it was disposed of. He would peruse Mrs. X. Y.'s effusion on the "Matrimonial Martyr, whose broom was sweeping her to her tomb. Who called all the women in the land against that tyrant, MAN, to stand until his buttonless wristband wave in melancholy o'er her grave!" And with his other eye Bangs would devour the Hon. M. C.'s letter relating to some important public movement, while in the same breath he would yell, "Confound that woman! I wish her husband would kill her!" and chuckle, "Fine, sir, very fine!"

Indeed, saving time became somewhat of a hobby with Bangs. He never went to church without wanting to poke the minister and whip up the choir. When he went home to dinner he always regretted that he wasn't coming back at the same time. At the table he took his first course at one mouthful, his second at the next, dessert in one cheek and coffee in the other, and then bolted for the street door like Phaëton, leaving a milky wave of napkins behind him.

No living bore, not even life insurance agents (with what pleasure I write that, since one of those wretches comes dunning me for my "premium" this night,) not even his mother-in-law, ever laid possessing hands on a minute of Bang's time. No train kept him waiting; for if he wasn't put through on time by rail, he got himself sent by telegraph.

When Bangs had to attend a party, he made compliments and pumped "locals," with the same breath. He once saved time amazingly in his own family by burying three children at once:

[illegible]gs had so well invested his days in public emoluments and plums generally were coming to his hand; his future looked rich, and his time more precious than ever; when Old Time himself turned on his young rival. He saw Bangs outstripping him. Old Time said to himself, "Now here's a fellow—looks very nearly as old as I do. If he lives to be three-score, he'll look like my grandfather, and he'll be wanting more days and nights than I can furnish. This will never do!" said Old Time. So he spied out Bangs' weak places and dealt him some sharp blows.

Bangs lay on his bed and dictated to the doctor while planning out his office-work for subordinates.

"I want you to give a powder, sir, which will bring me to my feet instantly."

"Gunpowder, perhaps," suggested the Doctor.

"Not any shooting, if you please, Doctor. No, not gunpowder. Let it be a pill if you prefer. I only stipulate that you cure me without wasting my time."

"Sir," said the doctor, "you must lie here and rest, neither doing nor thinking; simply being. You must rest or you will die. You have used yourself up shamefully, sir. You have destroyed without building up—you—"

"But I can't waste time that way," groaned Bangs, deciding on what subject to cram Quills for that next editorial, laying out the heads for his weekly essay for the Washington "Trombone," and coming to a mental decision about the "Election Laws."

"Then, sir, all I have to say is that you must wast time or Time will waste you."

Which Time did; for he grew so indignant at Bangs trying to improve the wakeful hours of the night by planning a political campaign, that he came back bringing Death with him, and they gave Bangs a rap on the head which finished him. It must have been a blessed after consideration to the time saver that his soul lost no time in separating from his body, but went up straightway like a champaign cork.

"Our beloved friend and honored fellow-citizen whose remains lie before us," said the minister, "was cut off in the very prime of his days. His life was a busy one. His peculiar virtue was careful economy of time. He probably accomplished more work in his short life of thirty-nine years than most men do in the long probation of sixty. He never let a moment run to waste," said the minister, impressively.

American Girls at Milan.

Mrs. Lucy H. Cooper writes that an English lady in Milan once said to her: "The American and English girls who come to Milan to study behave as no respectable or even decent Italian girl ever thinks of doing. They dine together in little groups at the caves, and go to the theatre in the same manner, unchaperoned and unescorted; they walk the streets alone in showy attire, laughing and talking loudly, and all these things, harmless enough in themselves, give the inhabitants the worst possible opinion of them. The Italian women, particularly when unmarried, live in almost Oriental seclusion, so it may be imagined what idea they are likely to form of these young girls. Many of them are fresh from the country villages, and are quite intoxicated by the brightness and gayety of Milan. They want, poor children, to have a good time, never pausing to think whither that good time may lead them."

The Wages of Fast Living.

The Boston *Traveller* of Saturday preaches this little sermon: "Less than a year ago two young men moved in some of the best social circles of this city, each the center of a coterie of admiring friends. They entertained freely, dressed extravagantly, drove elegant turnouts, frequented fashionable resorts, and lived in the most princely style. A few days since one of them paid his creditors 3 cents on a dollar, and to-day the other after lingering in the Charles street jail for months, was sentenced to the House of Correction upon the charge of conspiring to defraud his creditors. His downfall has been most ignominious. His wife, it is understood, has left him, his friends have long since abandoned him, and, worst of all, his ill-gotten money, for which he sold his good name and his high position in society, has been thrown away in a vain effort to escape his richly merited punishment. Young men will do well to consider the end of the two careers of fast living."

Where Do They Go?

Satan isn't half as smart as one would suppose, or he would not tempt a man to a capital offence, as he never gathers a sinner legally murdered at the end of a rope. The holy men snatch all of these from his clutch, and, cleansing them with saving blood, send them to the kingdom where they are provided with wings, harps and white robes. But Satan may make something by it, after all, for he always gets the victims, who, being cut off suddenly, have no time to get the priestly certificate to glory. Perhaps he would rather have the soul of the innocent murdered or outraged victim than that of the murderer or outrager. At any rate the Christian scheme of salvation peoples heaven with scoundrels, while the poor, the just and the innocent, cut off by villainous outrage and murder, are sent forward without prepayment by priest or parson, goes straight to hell as the flight of a bullet through mid air.—*Seymore (N. Y.) Times.*

The Girl of the Period.

She has nothing else to do, poor girl, but dress. It takes two-thirds of her time. The rest is devoted to shopping, sleep and to company. There's not a trace of wear nor neglect about her from the tips of her heels to the end of that last new ostrich feather. It's all spick and span new, glossy bright and just out of the band-box. It costs pa a good round sum yearly. There isn't an hour of the day but some portion of that dress demands her attention. Monday she was looking at spring material; Tuesday, the same: Wednesday was the day of final selection; Thursday she hunted for trimmings; Friday she bought them; and the day's mission for Saturday was with the dressmaker. The are two more of trying on and fitting, at least. Recollect this is but one article of that fearful, wonderful, admirable make-up. There are shoes, corsets, bonnets, hats and gloves all the time on the stocks or being looked after as being built by contract.

A Morphine Eater's Pet.

A lady offered $100 reward for the recovery of a pet white rat, in the Syracuse *Courier* Saturday. The reporters learned that she was a morphine eater, and on a visit to her father, a respectable gentleman of Syracuse. The drug was taken to allay pain. After her arrival, Friday, when under the influence of opium, the pet rat fell out of the bosom of her dress, where she was in the habit of carrying it, and was killed by market men. The lady says she can not sleep till she has another pet rat, and has started for New York to obtain one. Her father says the rat was perfectly tame, and devoted to its mistress, who is rational upon all other subjects except this pet and morphine or opium. She says she was robbed of valuable rings while under the influence of the drug, but added: "I can buy more rings, but will give $500 to regain my darling rat."—*Utica Herald.*

How a Chinaman Plays the Fiddle.

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* thus describes the operation: At one of the Chinese laundries on Chestnut street last evening quite a crowd gathered to hear a musical soiree within. A middle-aged Mongolian was playing a Celestial fiddle, a queer-looking, two stringed instrument something like an exaggerated pipe. The bow, of the most archic description, was hung inside the strings, so that the music was drawn from below by raising the bow, a perfectly logical way for an antithetical Chinee to harmonize. The melodies, what there were of them, were simple and even sweet, that is, they might be sweet if they were played on a sweet-toned viol. The thing seemed to be all keyed above the bridge. One of the pig-tailed auditors was carried away by the air back to the sandy banks of the Per Ho, and, throwing a nimbus of spray about him, from out his mouth, caroled forth a Chinese madrigal to the huge amusement of the crowd.

Afraid of Himself.

Last evening Mayor Megraw, of Allegheny, was visited by a respectable looking man who asked to be placed in the lock-up, as he feared he was losing his mind and would do himself harm. He stated that on Saturday his wife had told him there was some rent due on the house, which angered him so that he made use of an oath, something he had not done for many years.

This so troubled him that he believed he was becoming insane. When he crossed the bridge he could hardly withstand the desire to leap into the river, and for fear he might hurt himself or a member of the family, he was careful to put all sharp instruments beyond his reach. His honor conversed with him for some time, and he talked so rationally that he hesitated about placing the man in the lockup. Finally, however, he granted the man's request, in so far as to lock him up in the Hospital Department.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

Queen Victoria is said by the London correspondent of the Hartford *Courant* not to understand the quality of Gaëlic piety. While staying at Loch Maree she wanted to go one Sunday to a little island in the center of the lake; not one of the Highland boatmen would pull her over, in view of Sabbath breaking. But it happened that a tourist wished to cross at the same place, the fare being two shillings. The boat was tied up for a dry Sunday, but he found the boatman and offered him thrice his fee, which the canny Scot sternly and piously refused, for it was the "Holy Sabbath, ye ken mon!" "Then," said the "mon," "I will give you ten shillings and sixpence." "Ah, weel!" answered the Scotchman, "I will na' brak the Sabbath for twa shillin' nor sax shillin', but I'll tak' ye ower for ten and sax," and the tourist was wafted across.

After a Norwich clergyman had patiently listened for half an hour to the honeyed pleading of a book agent, a man rang the door bell and was politely shown into the parlor. The clergyman finally escaped the first interviewer, and with a sigh of relief passed into the parlor. "Perhaps," said the strange man, rising, "I have taken you away from an important engagement." "No," said the clergyman, "I was not sorry to be released. I was engaged with a book agent, and was in fact glad to get away." "I beg pardon," said the gentleman, with the accent of sorrow and humiliation in his voice, "I am a book agent myself and perhaps I might be able to sell you the life of———." He didn't sell the book, however.

SIFTINGS.

It is now thought that Mt. Vesuvius has the black vomit. Peace to its ashes.

"Sit still my hart, sit still!" exclaims the bold hunter on the mountain top "and let me get a pop at you."

They are equally disastrous: A colliery explosion to the miners and a cholera explosion to the minors

There is not a drop of water in the moon. This explains why the wicked man who fished on Sunday was banished to that dusty orb.

During a recent dedication at Kingston, the Marquis of Lorne planted a Scotch birch sprout. He was moved by recollections of his boyhood.

A young man down town returned home so frequently with a brick in his hat that his anxious parents have thought it best to order him a stovepipe.

The expenses of getting decently buried are such that really there is very little pleasure in dying at all unless you are in comfortable circumstances.

The grave legal question is likely to arise between now and October as to how we are going to fix things to marshal the voters up to the polls on election day.

Robert Ives, an American playing in "Pinafore" at Bath, England, has been drowned. An American tar should avoid venturing in a foreign Bath.

Hayti has the yellow fever, but in compensation for this she has the blessed privilege of firing upon her Senate when dissatisfied with its action.

It is reported that Mr. Barnum, of Connecticut, has been invited by Mr. Tilden to assemble a "Happy (political) Family" for his circus next year.

A Chicago man has published a book telling how to be plump at pleasure. You don't need a book to tell how to be plump. All that is requisite is to get fat.

The new blasting apparatus is composed of one mother-in-law, one—but no matter—that will answer for experimental purposes without the other ingredients.

President Hayes will remain in Washington during the present summer for the purpose of repairing the fences that have been pretty badly sat down on by the late Congress.

Some facetious person inquires if spirits ever get drunk. If they do not, in the name of common sense what becomes of all the spirits distilled and taxed by the Government, to say nothing about the crooked article they make at Peoria?

Down in the Indiana swamp districts when they read that the duty had been removed from quinine they gazed smilingly into each others' eyes through tears of gladness, cordially extended their trembling digits and exclaimed: "Shake!"

Philadelphia is agitated over the subject of serving ice on Sunday, the city authorities having prohibited the dealers from delivering to customers on that day. This may be an ice arrangement for Philadelphia, but it would not be thought nice out here.

The last words of William T. Marshall, who committed suicide at Grand Rapids, Michigan, were: "My impression is that when a man leaves this world his goose is cooked." This language leaves a disagreeable impression, for it requires an exceedingly hot fire to cook a goose.

Richard Grant White reports English Grammar as dead. We knew that a number of Members of Congress had been trying to murder it. Now let them hang on a sour apple tree—unless they put in a plea of insanity, in which case send them to Congress for life.

One of the luxuries of the late Khedive was that he could go out to the Cairo markets before breakfast and lay in a supply of plump and toothsome wives for the day, or at a pinch, order in a supply for a week. This custom does not suit the views of his successor, the present Khedive, who is doubtless appalled at the idea of a string of mothers-in-law stretching out to the crack of doom. He therefore prudently confines himself to one wife.

Add to the power of discovering truth, the desire of using it for the promotion of human happiness, and you have the object of our existance. This is the immaculate model of excellence that every human being should fix in the chamber of his heart; which he should place in his mind's eye from the rising to the setting of the sun; to strengthen his understanding, that he may direct his benevolence, and to exhibit to the world the most beautiful spectacle the world can behold—comsumate virtue guided by consummate talents.

Mr. Burdette, the humorist of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, thus compares the relative merits of the Eastern and Western Revolutionary relics: "I remember in 1876, when we had the great Centennial tea-party at Burlington, that I saw more Revolutionary relics in Union Hall than I have seen in all New England, and they were better relics, too. Those I saw in Old South Church were very old, battered and faded, and altogether shabby looking, while the Iowa relics had a bright, fresh modern look to them, and was much pleasanter to contemplate."

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