THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE,] "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's." [*Proprietor.*

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TERMS.

☞ Two Dollars for one year, invariably in *advance*; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment be deferred three months. All papers going out of the county to be paid for *in advance*.

☞ Single copies, Five Cents each.

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☞ Announcing candidates—County, Five Dollars—Congressional, Senatorial, or Judicial, Ten Dollars—to be paid in advance.

Church Directory.

Presbyterian, Fayetteville—services at 10:30 and at night; Rev J H Bryson, pastor; Sunday school at 8 A M.

Methodist—services every Sabbath at 10:30 and at night; Rev G P Jackson, pastor; Sunday school at 8 o'clock.

Cumberland Presbyterian—services 1st, 2nd and 3rd Sundays at 11 o'clock A M and at night; Sunday school at 8.

Union Church, Pleasant Plains—services 1st Sabbath each month at 11 and night by the Methodists, Rev W B Lowey, preacher in charge—2nd and 4th Sabbath each month at 11 by the Associate Reformed Presbyterians, Rev J B Muse, pastor. Methodist Sunday school at

A R Presbyrian, New Hope services 1st and 3rd Sabbaths ta 11; Bethel, 2nd and 4th Sabbaths at 11—Rev A S Sloan, pastor.

Methodist, Mulberry—services 3rd Sunday in each month at 11 o'clock and every Sunday night; Rev W J Collier, pastor; Sunday School at 9.

Baptist, Mulberry—services 1st Sabbath in each month at 11; Rev Wm Huff, pastor.

Cumberland Presbyterian, Mulberry—services 1st Sabbath in each month at 11 and night; Rev Jas Campbell, pastor.

United Presbyterian, Lincoln—services every Sabbath at 11:15 A M; Rev David Stran pastor; Sunday school at 10.

Methodist, Shady Grove, (Sheiton's creek)—services 1st Sabbath in each month at 11 o'clock; Rev J. Parks, preacher in ch

Liberty Grove—services 2nd Sabbath at 11 A M; Rev W A Gill, preacher in charge.

Cumberland Presbyterian, Oak Grove, near Flyntville)—services 4th Sabbath in each month at 11 o'clock; Rev A W Sutherlend, supply.

Methodist, Oak Hill—services 4th Sabbath each month at 10 o'clock.

Cumberland Presbyterian, Kelso, Rev W Estill, pastor.

Methodist—services 2nd Sabbath at 10 A M; Rev W B Lowery, P C.

Cumberland Presbyterian, Oak Hill, Rev J B Tigert, pastor.

Prospect, Wells' hill, Saturday before 2d Sunday, each month, Rev B T King, pastor.

Hester's Creek, Saturday before 4th Sunday, each month, Rev B T King, pastor.

Methodist, Flyntville—services 4th Sabbath at 10:30 A. M; Mt. Hermon, Flintville circuit, services 1st Sabbath at 10:30 A M; Macedonia, Flintville circuit, services 3rd Sabbath at 10:30 A M—Rev W H Anthony, preacher in charge.

Missionary Baptist, Norris Creek, (Buckeye)—services 4th Saturday and Sunday in each month; Rev G W Dolby, pastor.

Union, 1st Sunday; Providence, 2nd; Liberty Grove, 3rd; Oak Hill, 4th; Rev W T Gill, preacher in charge.

Shiloh, Methodist, near Millville—preaching on 2nd Sunday in each month at 3 P. M., and on Saturday at 11 A. M., before the 2nd and 4th Sunday, Rev S M Cherry, pastor

Mail Directory.

Fayetteville Post-Office.

Railroad—leaves every day except Sunday at 8:45 A.M.; arrives at 5:40 P.M. Supplies the following offices: Kelso, Lincoln, Flyntville, Oregon, George's Store, Elora, Hunt's Station, Salem, Winchester and Decherd.

Shelbyville stage—arrives Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11 A. M.; leaves same days at 2 P. M. Supplies Mulberry, Lynchburg, Booneville, County Line, Shelbyville.

Huntsville stage—leaves Monday and Thursday at 8 A. M.; arrives Tuesday and Friday at 5 P. M. Supplies Goshen, Hazle Green, Meridianville and Huntsville.

Shelbyville hack—leaves Mondays and Thursdays at 8 A. M.; arrives Tuesday and Friday at 5 P. M. Supplies Norris Creek, Chestnut Ridge, Hawthorne and Shelbyville.

Pulaski horse—arrives every Saturday at 11:30 A M; leaves same day a. 12:30. Supplies Cyruston, Millville, Pisgah, Bradshaw and Pulaski.

Blanche horse—leaves every Friday at 8 A. M.; arrives Saturday at 3 P. M. Supplies Camargo, Molino, Cold Water, Blanche.

Boons Hill horse—arrives every Saturday at 12 M; leaves same day at 1 P M.

Petersburg horse—leaves Saturday at 8 A M; arrives at 5 P M same day. Supplies Renfrow Station and Petersburg.

Money Orders can be obtained at this office upon post offices in all parts of the United States. A list of Money Order offices may be seen on application. Rates of commission for Money Orders are as follows:

Not exceeding $15	10 cents
Over 15 and not exceeding $30	15 do
do 30 do do 40	20 do
do 40 do do 50	25 do

W. B. DOUTHAT, P. M.

County Officers.

N. P. Carter, County Judge.
A. S. Fulton, Clerk Chancery Court.
W. C. Morgan, do Circuit do
P. D. Boyce, do County do
R. T. Holland, Sheriff.
G. W. Counts, W. A. Millard, W. A. Cunningham, Deputy-Sheriffs.
Henry Henderson, Trustee.
B. B. Thompson, Register.
J. H. C. Duff, County-Surveyor.
T. J. Rives, Sup't of Public Schools.
M. M. Dean, Coroner.
N O. Wallace, Ranger.

"I Open School with Prayer."

"Mister, no doubt that you have all the learnin' that's required in a school teacher, but it wants more than learnin' to make a man able to teach school in Cranberry Gulch. You'll soon find that out, if you try. We've had three who tried it on. One lays there in the graveyard, another lost his eyes and left, and the other one opened school and left before dinner time for his health. He hasn't been back since. Now you're a slender build, and all your learning will only make it worse, for all your young folks are roughs and won't stand no nonsense!"

This is what the trustees of the district said to my friend, Harry Flotee, when he made application for the vacant position of teacher.

"Let me try. I know I am slender, but I am tough, and I have a strong will," said Harry.

"Just as you like! There's the school house, and I'll have notice given, if you wants it done," said the trustee.

"I do," said Harry, "and I'll open next Monday at nine a. m."

The notice was given, and there was a great deal of excitement in the Gulch and along the Yuba flats. More than 50 young people of both sexes made an excuse to drop into the tevern to get a sight at the fellow who thought he could teach school in that district, and many a contemptuous glance fell on the slender form and youthful form of the would be teacher.

Eight o'clock on Monday morning came, and Harry Flotee went down to the school house, with a key in one hand and a valise in the other.

"Ready to slope, if he finds us too much for him," said a cross eyed, broad-shouldered fellow of 18. The school house was unlocked, and the new teacher went in to see what he was going to do, though school was not yet called.

Harry opened his valise, and took out a large belt. Then, after buckling it around his waist, he put three Colt's navy revolvers there, each of six barrels, and a bowie knife eighteen inches in the blade.

"Thunder! He means business!" muttered the cross eyed chap.

The new teacher now took out a square card, about three inches each way, walked to the other end of the school-house and tacked it up against the wall. Returning to his desk, he drew a revolver from his belt, and quick as thought, sent ball after ball into that card, till there were six balls in a spot not larger than a silver dollar.

By this time the school house was half full of large boys and girls. The little ones were afraid to come in.

Then the teacher walked half way down the room with the bowie knife in his hand, and threw it with so true a hand that it stuck quivering in the very centre of the card.

He left it there and put two more knives of the same kind in his belt, and quietly reloaded his yet smoking pistol.

"Ring the bell; I am about to open school."

He spoke to the cross-eyed boy, the bully of the crowd, and the boy rang the bell without a word.

"The scholars will take seats; I open school with prayer," he said sternly, five minutes later.

The scholars sat down silent, almost breathless.

After the prayer the teacher cocked the revolver and walked down the floor.

"We will arrange the classes," he said. "All who can read, write and spell will arise. Of them we will form the first class."

Only six got up. He escorted them to upper seats and began to examine the rest. A whisper was heard behind him. In a second he had wheeled revolver in hand.

"No whispering allowed here!" he thundered, and for an instant his revolver lay on a level with the cross-eyed boy's head.

"I'll not do so any more," said the bully.

"See you do not. I never give a second warning," said the teacher, and the revolver fell.

It took full two hours to organize the classes, but when done they were well organized. Then recess came. The teacher went out too, for the room was crowded and hot. A hawk was circling overhead, high in the air. The teacher drew a revolver, and the next instant the hawk came tumbling down among the wondering scholars.

From that day on Harry kept school for two years in Cranberry Gulch, his salary doubled after the first quarter, and his pupils learned to love as well as respect him, and the revolvers went out of sight within a month.

They had found a man at last who could keep school. This is a fact.

A Newspaper Record.

We suppose many people think that the newspaper men are persistent duns. Let a farmer place himself in a similar business position and see if he would not do the same. Suppose he raised 1,000 bushels of wheat and his neighbor should come to buy a bushel, and the price was a small matter of two dollars, or less, and he says, "I will hand you the amount in a few days." As the farmer does not want to be small about the matter, he says all right, and the man leaves with his wheat. Another comes in the same way, until the whole 1,000 bushels of wheat are trusted out to 1,000 different persons, and not one of the purchasers concerns himself about it, for it is a small account he owes the farmer, and of course that would not help him any. He does not realize that the farmer has frittered away all his large crop of wheat and that its value is due him in a thousand little driblets, and he is seriously embarrassed in his business because his debtors treat it as a small matter.

But if they all would pay him promptly, which they could do as well as not, it would be a very large amount to the farmer, and enable him to carry on his business without difficulty. The above comparison is too true of the difficulties that the newspaper man has to contend with.

A Divorced Wife Marries her Attorney.

The citizens of Geneseo, Ill., were somewhat surprised to-day at the arrival of E. C. Graves and his bride, they having been married privately several days ago. The affair was unexpected, and what gives it more than usual interest is that the contracting parties were both interested in the most remarkable divorce suit that was ever instituted in this section, an account of which was published in nearly every paper in this country. Mrs. Green, the bride, asked in the last term of the Circuit Court for a divorce from her husband, on the ground of having married Green against her wishes and under duress. The court decided the marriage null, thereby rendering the child fatherless. E. C. Graves, her attorney, in the case now comes forward and assumes the responsibility of educating the child.

There are all sorts of ways of making money in a large city. An inventive citizen of St. Louis has discovered that a good scheme for the accomplishment of this desirable end is to buy a vacant lot in a well built portion of the city, and proceed to the erection of a livery stable thereon. The property owners of the neighborhood immediately remonstrate, but their remonstrance is in vain unless accompanied by a bonus. The bonus is produced, and the stable is not built; but the enterprising projector moves off and seeks new victims after the same fashion, in another locality.

The Ohio Methodist Conference is considering the conduct of the Rev. Mr. Spencer, of Athens, who frankly confesses that seeing Miss Mamie Welsh asleep, he kissed her until she awoke and screamed.

In a paper mill in Manchester, Conn., is in use an improved machine, in building which the maker says that he followed directions given by the spirit of his dead brother.

A Strange Letter.

[The following was handed to us, with the request to publish it in the OBSERVER, by an active and efficient member of one of our churches:]

Glory to God! Peace on earth, good will to men, being a true copy of a letter written by our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ and found 18 miles from Iconium, 65 years after our Savior's crucifixion; transmitted from the Holy City by a converted Jew, and translated from the original Hebrew copy now in the possession of the Lady Cubas' family at Mesopotamia.

This letter was written by Jesus Christ and found under a large round stone at the foot of the cross, 18 miles from Iconium. Upon this stone was written "Blessed is he that turns me over." All people who saw it prayed to God earnestly that he would make known to them the meaning of this writing. In the meantime came a little child and turned it over to the admiration of all present. On the letter was written the commandments of Jesus Christ signed by the angel Gabriel 98 years after our Savior's birth:

OUR SAVIOR'S LETTER.

Whosoever worketh on the Sabbath day shall be cursed. I command you to go to church and keep the Lord's day holy, without doing any manner of work. You shall not idly spend your time in bedecking yourself with costly apparel and vain dressing, for I have ordained it a day of rest; I will that you keep that day holy, that your sins may be forgiven. You shall not break my commandments, but observe to keep them; written by my own hand and spoken by my own mouth. You shall not go to church alone, but also your men servants and your maid servants.

You shall finish your labor every Saturday afternoon at 6 o'clock, at which hour the preparation for the Sabbath begins. I advise you to fast five Fridays in every year, beginning with Good Friday and continue the four Fridays following, in remembrance of the five bloody wounds I received for you and all mankind. You shall diligently and peaceably labor in the respective vocations wherein it has pleased God to call you. You shall love one another with brotherly love, and cause them that are not baptized to go to church and the holy sacraments, viz: baptism and the Lord's supper, to be made members thereof. He that hath a copy of this letter, and keepeth it without publishing it to men shall not prosper; and if you keep not my commandments I will send my plagues, pestilence and famine throughout your land. Whosoever hath a copy of this letter and keepeth it in their houses, nothing shall hurt them, neither pestilence or lightning shall do them any hurt; and if a woman be with child, and have a copy of this letter about her, and she firmly put her trust in me, shall be safely delivered of her birth. All goodness and prosperity shall be in the house where a copy of this letter shall be found.

A clergyman said he once visited a lady of his parish who had just lost her husband, in order to offer her consolation, and upon her earnest inquiries as to the reunion of families in heaven, he asserted his belief in that fact. When she asked with anxiety whether any time must elapse before friends would be able to find each other in the next world, he emphatically said, "No, they will be united at once." He was thinking of the happiness of being able to offer the relief of such faith, when she broke in upon his meditations by exclaiming sadly, "Well, his first wife has got him then, by this time."

Judge Simmons of St. Louis holds that street crossings are made for the convenience of persons on foot, and that it is the duty of the drivers of all vehicles, including street cars, not only to check their speed when any person is on a crossing, but to stop where there might be the least danger of a collision.

A man in London lately obtained a verdict for ten shillings against a man who sat down on his hat. This furnishes a valuable precedent.

The slightest excess of expenditures over income is poverty, and the slightest excess of income over expenses is wealth.

Choice Poetry.

For the Fayetteville Observer.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY BROTHER.

BY JESSIE FERGUSON BROWN.

Gone! in the radiant flush of youth,—
In manhood's glorious dawn;
How awful seems th' astounding truth,
Alas, forever gone!
Departing forth like fleeting dreams,
Linked with the spirit-land;
How small the lessening circle seems,—
The tiny household band.

O, gracious heaven awhile forbear,
Deal gently with our grief;
Prepare, ye stricken ones, prepare
From high to seek relief;
Is he not sharing with the blest,
A life of joy and peace;
Then rest, rebellious passions, rest,—
Ungrateful murmurs cease.

Tho' hard it seems—almost unjust,
That one in youthful bloom,
So soon should mingle with the dust,—
An inmate of the tomb;
Just as the joyous morn of life,
A dewy freshness wore;
That seemed with every promise rife,
So much it held in store.

So brightly drawn in youthful dreams,
Its sightest joys appear;
Oh! then it is, life sweetest seems,
Whilst all around is fair.
Of age, the sole remaining stay,
Of swift declining years;
And thus so quickly called away,
Ah! what a blank was theirs.

Centered in thee, thou well beloved,
Was many a hope and fear;
Hope that kind Heaven thy ways approved,
Whilst yet a wanderer here;
Fear lest the Tempter's artful miles,
Shouldst lead thy steps astray;
Lured by his fair deceitful smiles,
To shun the better way.

Surely more generous heart than thine,
Ne'er thrilled this mortal frame;
All objects formed by grace divine,
Its sympathies could claim;
So finely strung thy feeling mind,
With sensibility;
Distress was ever sure to find
A ready friend in thee.

Though unprofessed thy christian faith,
Yet firmly I believe
That Jesus with thy parting breath
Thy spirit did revive;
O, grant it thus, almighty God,
Who judgeth not as man;
That we may in thy blest abode
Behold his face again.

He Resisted the Devil.

Richmond Whig.

A colored brother whose eyes were watery, and who had evidently been imbibing experience whisky, was telling his young friend George that he ought to gine too. Said George: "I would, but de temptation to do wrong is too strong for me." "Whar's yer back bone dat ye can't rose up and stand temptation?" exclaimed Brother Peter. "I was dat way myself once. Right in dis yere town I had a chance to steal a pa'r of boots—mighty fine ones, too. Nobody was dar to see me, and I reached out my hand and debil said take 'em. Den a good spirit whispered for me to let dem boots alone." "An' you didn't take 'em?" "No, sah, not much. I took a pa'r o' cheap shoes off de shelf, an' I left dem boots alone!"

They Knew He Meant It.

When a newly married widower passed a crowd who were standing on First-street last week one of the party remarked:

"He waited a long time before he hitched onto his second wife, didn't he?"

The party figured that it had been about four years.

"Too soon, too soon," mused the stranger; "if my wife should die I'd never get married again."

The moisture that gathered in the stranger's eyes engulphed the crowd in a sea of sympathy, and when he bowed his head, and they saw the marks of a rolling pin behind his ear, and observed that several tufts of hair were missing from his scalp, they knew that he meant what he said.

Eben W. Keyers, of Denver, made his wife the legal owner of all his property, so that it might be out of reach of his creditors. The wife separated from him after a quarrel, and refused to surrender a dollar to him. He committed suicide.

Paris subscribed twelve thousand dollars for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers of the United States.

A miser of sixty years old refuses himself necessaries, that he may not need them when he is a hundred.

Sips of Fun.

The saddest words of tongue or pen,
"I'm going to pay but can't tell when."

What is it which, the more you cut it, the longer it grows? —A ditch.

"When there is a will there is a way," says the proverb, and the lawyer adds "to break it."

"Dying in poverty," says our cynic "is nothing. It is living in poverty that comes hard on a fellow."

The loud tones in which some people appeal to reason imply that reason is a great distance from them.

A sign posted up in a Wiscon sin saw mill reads: "The saws are running—no use to touch them to convince yourselves."

Brjzzlszzj is the name of an African King mentioned by Stanley. The *Breakfast Table* says it sounds like a mosquito bite.

A schooner of beer does not seem to be by any means a bottom less depth, but yet many a brown stone front has tumbled into them and been lost.

"What the matter with your eye, Tommy?" "O! it's only been going through an operation at the hands of a knockulist, that's all."

Old Deacon Dobson always boasted that he "was prepared for the worst," and his neighbors thought he got it when he married his second wife.

The phonograph is like the small brother of a young lady. It will repeat everything said in its presence without regard to blushes.

Nothing can exceed the intense affection which a girl ladies out to her father for a day or two before the time when she's going to ask for a new dress.

Widow Doubleton, having read that "parlor matches" are extremely dangerous, has ordered her daughter to take her beau into the kitchen and do her courting there hereafter.

He commenced with 'O! can those lovely eyes of thine'—when she stopped him short and told him she wasn't canning that kind of fruit just then, and wouldn't be coaxed to do it, either.

A Kentucky editor says a neighbor of his is so lazy that when he works in the garden he moves about so slowly that the shade of his broad brimmed hat kills the plants.

"Come, don't be timid," said a couple of foolish snobs to two mechanics; "sit down and make yourselves our equals." "We'd have to blow our brains out to do that," was the reply.

He jumped on board the train
And cried "Farewell, Lucinda Jane,
My precious, sweet Lucinda!"
Alas, how soon he changed his cry;
And, while the tear stood in his eye,
He said: "Confound loose cinder!"

A young man in Hokah, Minn., in a published card calls the attention of a candidate to the fact that he "is owing my mother a milk bill of $8 50, which he has been putting off for three or four years."

We would like for some double-storied modern statesman to tell us why it is that there are certain seasons when a politican can see a horny-handed son of toil clear across the street, and at other seasons cannot see him a foot and a half away.

A widower had five grown daughters who wouldn't let him take a second wife. He gave up the wife but bought a savage dog, and now won't allow a man to cross his door sill. If he can't marry, the girls shan't, he says.

"Why does lightning so rarely strike twice in the same place?" Professor Mortman asked the new boy in the class of natural history. "Huh," said the new boy, "it never needs to." And it is a little singular that nobody had thought of that reason before.

Here is a scene that recently took place on the Providence boat, according to *Puck:* Scene on Deck—Stormy night—Thoughtless friend—"Give it up, Jim: let her go and you'll feel all right." Thrifty New Englander (defiant in agony)—"Let her go? I ain't treatin' Long Island Sound to no $1.50 dinners, I ain't."

A brainless young noodle stopped a gruff old merchant on the street and said: "I have a thought." "Have you?" said the merchant, "I'll go right off and hunt a reporter, and tell him about the accident." And as the old man started off the young fellow was so amazed that he couldn't think of what he thought.

Communication.

Our New York Letter.

The Trial of General Porter—A Reminder of War Times—The Catholic Cathedral and Fair—Sanctified Gambling.

NEW YORK, Oct. 25, 1878.

To the Editor of the Observer:

A vast amount of interesting historical reminiscence is being brought up in the proceedings now progressing at the military headquarters on Governor's Island down in the Harbor, where a commission of army officers has for some time been busy investigating and rehearing the charges on which Gen. Fitz John Porter was, sixteen years ago, cashiered from the United States Army. These charges have reference to Gen. Porter's disobedience to orders from his superior officer Gen. Pope, about the time of the second battle of Bull Run. The names alone of the witnesses for the Government must awaken a host of recollections in many of your readers, for they comprise many, the mere mention of which aroused breathless attention and interest as they occurred in the telegrams, which crowded after each other both northward and southward during these troublesome years. McDowell, Heintzleman, Sigel, Early, Mosby, Pope and Hooker—"Fighting Joe," as he used to be called, but who now drags himself painfully from private life, and almost helplessly paralytic, to tell what he knows of the manœuvers of those awful days. Robert Lincoln too, the President's only living son, has been upon the stand to testify to his father's expressed opinion that such conduct as that of the offending general would have justified a death sentence. Altogether this trial is a remarkable and memorable one. It has now continued for over three weeks and is not yet terminated.

For years, as every recent visitor to New York knows, a magnificent Catholic Cathedral has been in process of construction on upper Fifth Avenue. How much it is costing, I won't attempt to state, partly because I don't know, and partly because it is better to let the imagination run loose about such a grand and reverend pile instead of reducing the imposing mass to decimals. At all events the Cathedral is fine enough to bear comparison with many a European celebrity of similar character, and has swallowed up so much money that the local Catholic hierarchy, albeit a rich and powerful organization, has been a good deal put to it to get together the funds necessary for its completion. As one means of securing money, a grand fair has been organized and is now in progress in the Cathedral itself as a sort of house-warming for the almost finished building.

The most prominent and most profitable feature of the fair is that form of sanctified gambling known as the raffle. Pretty much everything at the scores of richly decorated tables, over which shines the aggregate radiance of fifteen hundred gas jets, is disposed of in this manner, of course thus realizing prices which yield to the cause about 99 per cent. profit. The articles to be raffled for, include all manner of luxuries and necessities, from the straw stuffed doll to a magnificent carriage—not a carriage for the straw stuffed doll, but a "real" carriage. One can try his luck on a barrel of flour, a diamond ring, a passage to Europe and return, good for one year; a dress, a pair of boots, a house and lot, a horse, a billiard table—in fact, on anything the most whimsical mind can suggest.

This fair is one of the biggest things in its way since the "Sanitary Fairs" of war times. It opened on Tuesday evening with a great flourish of trumpets. Such a crowd as congregated in and around the cathedral last night has rarely been seen in New York. Fully twenty thousand tickets were taken by the gatekeepers. From half-past seven until ten o'clock not a foot of unoccupied ground could be found in the vast enclosure, and the ladies in attendance on tables were in some cases wedged up against the side of the stalls and unable to move a foot away without imminent danger of being carried along by the surging stream of people. A lady of some inches and ounces declared on her honor, to a little knot of sympathising friends who were arranging her dress for her when she got out of the cathedral, that from the time she entered until she left she had not put a foot on the ground. The receipts for admission alone, it is thought, must reach $10,000. RADIX.

Things that no Fellow can Find Out.

The observing young man is around and sets the world by the ears, asking why such and such things are. "Why," he asks, "why do we give three cheers instead of four? Why is it that the majority of people use their right hand instead of the left, and cannot help smiling at those who use the latter? Why is it that a man cannot see a bundle of tooth-picks without helping himself when he does not need them at all? Why is it that when any one asks us how many days there are in a certain month, we always say to ourselves:

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November.

Why is it that we turn to the right instead of the left, when the left is far preferable, and if adopted would save many an accident on railroad and highway? The driver always sits on the right of his vehicle; in turning to the right he is farthest away from the wagon he passes, and unless he is an expert, cannot tell how close he comes to the wheel of the man who goes by him; whereas, if he turned to the left side, he could look straight down, and see to the fraction of an inch how close he was approaching an obstacle, and thus avoid it.

☞ There were issued in Memphis the 9th Oct., to 415 colored families, eleven thousand eight hundred and sixty rations; on the same day, to 186 white families there were issued six thousand two hundred and twenty-five rations. The Tuesday and Wednesday preceding there were issued to the destitute in and near Memphis a grand total of 315,987 rations. The *Avalanche* says:

"Never was such destitution known in all time. Twenty-five thousand people are daily fed by the Citizens' Relief Committee. Ten thousand more are fed by the Howards. Thirty-five thousand destitute people are now fed, and many of them clothed, by the Citizens' Relief Committee and Howards. Mainly to the noble generosity of our Northern friends are we enabled to thus provide for our sick, destitute and dying people. If it were not for the great hearts in all parts of the world who have rained money, provisions and clothing upon us, God help us. He would have been our only help. To those kind souls who have come to our rescue in our hour of extremity, we owe a debt that no person who survives the Great Plague will ever forget to pay."

The British missionaries in Africa were the object of severe animadversion by the Explorer Cameron in a speech recently delivered before the Royal Colonial Society in London. He said that many of them were unfit for their work and were despised by the heathen; that some of them told how they had been moved to go to Africa where they drew large salaries, lived comfortably, and drank their champagne; and that, after a few years of this work they retired from it, returned to England, and tell dreadful tales of hardships they had suffered at the hands of the idolaters.

Mr. Hazen of Bowling, Ill., starting on a long journey, hired Mr. Newcomb to watch Mrs. Hazen, as to whom he was jealous. When Mr. Hazen returned, Mr. Newcomb and Mrs. Hazen had eloped together.

A seven-year-old Cincinnati boy, on whose bread his mother would not put butter, went directly to the river and drowned himself.

Newspapers are used in many schools in the West instead of reading books.