THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

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is the only paper published in Wolfe County, and circulates largely in the counties of Lawrence, Wolfe, Morgan, Powell, Menifee, Magoffin, Breathitt, Elliott, Estill, Floyd, Perry, Pike and Knott, the latter eleven being without a newspaper of any kind. THE HERALD is, therefore,

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The table is supplied with the best in the market, and first-class accommodation will be furnished for man and beast.

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JAMES H. COLE, Proprietor.

Patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Table always supplied with the best in the market. Stable attached.

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FIRST CLASS. RATES REASONABLE.

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SO OLD, YET SO NEW.

I told you my story last night, love,
Where blossoms hung sweet as the May;
But as stories like this ne'r grow old, love,
I'll tell you my story to-day:
"I love you, I love you, my darling;
I love you, I love you, most true;
And this is my story so old, love;
And this is my story so new."

A tiny bird swings in the branches;
His fond little heart is aglow;
His yellow breast swells with its song-tide;
He's telling this story, you know:
"I love you, I love you, my darling,
I love you, I love you, most true;
And this is my story so old, love,
And this is my story so new."

We sat hand in hand, but this morning,
Your sweet head was bent like a flower,
And you whispered to me the same story
Far richer than gold as a dower:
"I love you, I love you, my darling,
I love you, I love you, most true;
And this is the story so old, love,
And this is the story so new."

We'll wed at the kirk in the spring-time,
When fair are the blossoms of May,
And tell the same story together,
That we have been telling to-day:
"I love you, I love you, my darling;
I love you, I love you, most true;
For this is the story so old, love,
And this is the story so new."

—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in N. Y. Ledger.*

MONOMANIACS.

Persons Mad on One Subject and Otherwise Sound.

Starting on a Sacred Journey to Jerusalem—Commanded in a Dream to Starve Himself—A "Dumb" Man Speaks—A Would-Be Suicide and a Numerical "Crank."

There is something so singular about the developments of monomania, and the strong tenacity with which it clings to the mind, that emotions of wonder are excited by the mere contemplation of them, and to witness them is to be impressed with sensations of unmixed astonishment. Cases of this sort are set down to a greater or lesser extent in our medical journals. A case we recently noticed was of a peculiar nature. The subject was a citizen of Western New York—one of a family distinguished for intelligence, some of which have been identified among the first projectors of those stupendous works of improvement that have made the State a marvel to the nations. The gentleman in question was something of a disputant in polemics, though a layman. Like Paul at Athens, though without a tithe of that great apostle's unction or power, "he disputed daily in the market with them that met him." By degrees he ceased to obtrude his verbal disquisitions upon his neighbors and fell into a habit of walking along the street and wearing a look of wisdom as if unutterable things were brewing in his mind. At last his malady began to be apparent. He rose every morning precisely with the sun, slept in a room which faced the orient, and had his bed so disposed that he could receive on his pillow the first smile of the great luminary. The wonderful design which he conceived at last came to light. He had become a monomaniac on the subject of Mount Zion and Jerusalem. Upon all to whom he spoke he tried earnestly to impress the fact that the Savior was still living incarnate at Jerusalem, that he had received direct intelligence from Him and was about to visit the Holy City to obtain a personal interview. Animated with this sublime hallucination he disposed of a fine estate and converted nearly all his chattels into cash. He had a family, an amiable circle, consisting of several sons and daughters, intelligent and accomplished. The remonstrances and even ridicule of the former, and the bitter tears of the latter, were unavailing. Oddly enough, he would never converse or dispute on the subject of his mission after the eleventh hour in the morning. Some computation of Jewish time, which he considered vastly important, led to this resolve. He was a magistrate, but no consideration could induce him to attend to any professional duties until after eleven; previous to which his whimsical skill as a quodlibetarian was exerted potently, to the chagrin of all his friends and to the weariness of every one who fell in his way. After the probation ended his lips were sealed on that theme, and he was as sane, agreeable a person as the village could show. No symptom of a disordered mind exhibited itself. He performed his duties as a citizen, husband and father with strict propriety. In conversation he was mild and pleasing, somewhat ready of wit, and altogether, to appearance, as sound in mind as any of his compeers. The sacred journey, however, was not lost sight of. Having positively determined on going to the Holy City, he turned all his money into notes, leaving a sufficiency for his family, and, on one fair morning in May, departed for the land of his heart, accoutred with knapsack and cane, staff and scrip.

He reached New York in ill health, and held many interviews with clergymen—but always before eleven o'clock a. m.—on the subject of his mission. Singular to relate he never seemed to know or think of his intention after that hour. He could not imagine what object brought him to the city; he had forgotten, he would say, when asked, "and must sleep before he could remember." In the meanwhile his family were deploring his absence, and the village was without a judge of the law, the shoemaker of the place being the only citizen on the bench. The monomaniac engaged passage in a ship bound for Beirout, and was within a day or two of his embarkation when he received a letter from his wife imploring him to return and stating (by the advice of a physician) that she was desirous of accompanying him to Jerusalem. He was overjoyed at the proposal, for he would cheerfully have taken his whole household. But a plan was forming under his own roof to break up his delusion and restore him to reason. He reached home in better health than when he left it. His wife warmly favored his enterprise, and wondered, seemingly, at her former opposition to his will. In the meantime a systematic attack was made upon his malady through his corporeal senses. Laudanum was regularly infused into his coffee at breakfast, and he was soon in the unavoidable habit of sleeping through the entire forenoon. This practice was cautiously, but perseveringly continued until the wild train of Oriental imaginations was broken up in his brain, and he became again sound in intellect, mingling with his fellows as before "clothed and in his right mind." He is yet living, and laughs as heartily as any one can at the delusion of which he once, to use a legal phrase, "stood seized and possessed."

Another instance was that of a recent occurrence in an interior town of Pennsylvania. A respectable citizen, by trade a cooper, residing in one of those picturesque and beautiful suburbs of Philadelphia, after a course of deep reflection on metaphysical subjects, was found at last to be affected during his slumbers with a kind of tremor, indicating an unhealthy action of the mind. By day, however, he was apparently well, conversed rationally and attended to his employments with the usual promptitude. By degrees he began to evince on one subject a trivial alienation of intellect. He contended seriously and with the greatest earnestness that a man could bring himself, by solemn meditation and communion with his Maker, to a condition in which, even on earth, his physical wants might be forgone and the ordinary nourishment of mortal life be dispensed with altogether. This delusion increased in his fancy until he announced one morning at breakfast that he was then taking his last meal for the space of the following fifty-two days—a number corresponding with the amount of weeks in a year. At first his family were utterly incredulous as to his intention; but they soon found to their sorrow that his purpose was too deeply fixed to be shaken or frustrated. He declared with great soberness that God appeared to him in a dream, commanding him to abstain from all earthly food for the space above mentioned, promising to sustain him under his self denial with heavenly manna, and declaring that when his probation expired he should be translated to glory, like the prophet of old, without the taste of death. This revelation he most potently believed, and acted accordingly. For a few days he was able to attend to his mechanical avocations, but he grew feeble by fasting, and having taken nothing save water since entering upon the fulfillment of his resolution he was compelled to take to his bed. There he would give directions to his workmen touching their employments, and conversed cheerfully and rationally with all who approached him. The usual circumstance of a man gradually wasting away his life by voluntary starvation soon became extensively bruited through the place, and the monomaniac had, consequently, no lack of visitors. Growing daily weaker he yet kept open house for his friends, and no one who called went away without the refreshment afforded by creature comforts nor, strange to say, without a full belief of his sanity. On the twentieth day the deluded martyr became so feeble as to be scarcely capable of speaking. He was implored to abandon his foolish resolve, and reference was made to his increasing weakness and an argument showing the mental deception under which he suffered. But he persisted against all entreaty, and would have perished in a few days had not a physician advised that the water which he drank should be filtered through a vessel containing a little rice and some grains of gum-arabic. This partially sustained him, and the regimen, unknown to himself, was continued.

Between forty and fifty days had now elapsed since he began his famishing practice. He shrank not a jot from his purpose, although his flesh had fallen away, his hands become long and bony, flecked with shriveled blue veins, and his cheeks hollow and haggard. His eye still retained its cheerfulness, and he would say in a faltering voice as he surveyed his attenuated limbs: "God has done this." No *Superstitious* in his cell, with beads and cross, wearing his knees in genuflexions and lacerating his back with stripes, was ever more demented than this simple mechanic in his lofty determination. Every word he uttered when he could be prevailed upon reluctantly to speak of himself or his condition was full of hope, determination and confidence. He cared very little about conversing on the subject of the extraordinary abstinence, did not seem to consider the presence of so many friends as an unusual occurrence and was evidently more fond of speaking on any other theme than on that of his singular delusion. Seven days at last remained of his painful trial. He became more buoyant in spirit as the time of his appointment drew near to a close; yet he seemed far less anxious about his exit from the world than with respect to the state in which he should leave his temporal affairs. When four days were left him he was reduced to a mere skeleton, but his mind remained firm, and his hallucination waxed strong within him. Ignorant of the occult means by which he had been kept alive, he attributed everything to supernatural agencies. At this time, contrary to all expectations, he began to be melancholy. There was an ebb to the high tide of hope with which his mighty effort had hitherto been sustained. No one could rightly account for the singular depression of his spirits when so near the goal of his desires, with the bright prospect of its speedy attainment. Three days now remained for the completion of our subject's fasting ordeal, when he became so infirm as to lose his power of utterance. Dreadfully alarmed, his friends determined to avert his seemingly impending death by stratagem. Gentle narcotics were mingled with the water he drank, and forty-eight hours of almost uninterrupted slumber fell upon him. On the morning of the last day he awoke. Preparations had been made by his family to inform him, when his slumber was broken, that he had survived his time, and also to place food by his bedside. When told that he had slept his period, he was surprised and techy. He then asked for the food; it was given him sparingly; but so weakened were his digestive organs that the gastric juices refused their office, and before sunset on the fifty-second day of his suicidal fast he was a corpse—the victim of a wild and fatal monomania.

The vagaries of persons partially insane are utterly incomprehensible. Their malady, without doubt, is akin to that which afflicts the hypochondriac, if, indeed, it be not identical with it. To understand the latter disorder a slight analysis of its properties, or characteristics, is necessary. The hypochondres is considered one of the most notable of the inward or organical departments of the human system. It contains on the right the liver and on the left the spleen, from which the hypochondriacal malady is derived. The upper and lower parts of this region are called, from the custom of the Arabians, epigastrium and hypogastrium. Near this department of the body, the lungs—the organs of the voice—the source of breath—the town-clock of the body, as Melancthon calls them, perform their office. Thus the animal spirits, when depressed, find vent in heavy sighs and perturbation of the heart.

The instance is known of a monomaniac who, under the care of the elder Rush, fancied himself a painter, and resolutely refused, for a long space of time, though possessing fine organs of speech, to utter a word. The doctor one day entered his apartment and found him sketching on a slip of paper a beautiful rose—for he had by long practice acquired much skill in the pictorial art, and was proud of the accomplishment. A thought struck the lamented physician that he could surprise him into voice by dispraising his labors, and he resolved to try. "You are painting a very handsome cabbage there, my friend," he observed to the monomaniac. "Cabbage! My old gentleman—does that look like a cabbage? Fool!—that's a rose—and a good one, too!" Ere long the patient was well. His train of silent thought was broken, he abandoned his colors and was restored to his home.

Another gentleman went to the same institution in the full belief that he had been ordained by Divine Providence to end his days in that asylum by suicide. He chose his apartment and sent for Dr. Rush to come to him with all speed. When he arrived, he desired to know whether one kind of death would not be preferable to another, and which was the easiest, alleging his intention to depart this life as soon as possible. He was in no trouble; had been somewhat too studious; but was easy in his circumstances, and his position in a social point of view was sufficiently happy. His physician remonstrated with him against self-destruction, and, desirous of humoring his delusion, offered himself to cause his death. He suggested bleeding as the easiest and least painful mode of effecting the object. Placing the patient in a warm bath, therefore, he opened a vein. It is well known that the mere puncture of such an artery will not cause death; since blood enough will not flow. The maniac surveyed the rush of the vital current from his arm with evident satisfaction; but as the stream decreased his delusion seemed to diminish with it. He attempted to speak, but could not, and sank gradually into syncope. The next week he was consigned to his family sane and well.

Another example of monomania is furnished in the person of a wealthy Cuban, who has been passing the summer in New York. He seems to have gone mad on the subject of figures, for on every topic not incumbered with numerals he speaks with an ease and gentlemanly propriety which would astonish every one. But speak respecting time or space or numbers and his intellect is off in a tangent among squares and cycles, planets, billions, trillions, sextants and terms, negative, positive and mean. He has wasted a fortune in printing wild, incomprehensible handbills in support of his system and is still journeying over the country boring the people with his harmless theories.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

COLTS IN WINTER.

How They Should Be Fed, Cared For and Trained.

It is necessary in order to have a colt grow into a well-developed horse that special pains should be taken to have him kept thriving during his first winter. If foaled late in the season, he should have an extra ration in case the mare's milk is not sufficient to keep him in good flesh. Skimmed milk will answer for this, and a little oat-meal or cotton-seed meal should be mixed with it, the amount to be given depending on the age and size of the colt. From a pint to a quart of meal will be sufficient for a colt six months old, according to his size, colts of the heavy draft breeds requiring more than those of smaller frame. Oats, too, may be provided for colts, from one to four quarts per day, the amount depending, as in the case of the meal, on the size and development of the colt. One or two quarts of bran per day will be found a good additional ration, which will maintain a healthy condition of the bowels, and keep them free from worms. The colt should have clean, comfortable quarters, with a dry yard in which to exercise, and, when it can be so arranged, the stable should open into the yard, so the colt may pass out and in at will, except in stormy or very cold weather, when the door should be kept closed. During the winter is a favorable time to handle the colt, teaching him to lead quietly, if he has not already learned this, and by occasionally placing harness on him, accustom him to wearing it.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

Sample of Texas Childhood.

Little Mamie, aged ten, had just returned from a children's party.

"Did you dance with Tommy Fizzletop?" asked her mother.

"No, I didn't. He asked me a dozen times to dance with him, but I refused him. I just let him suffer."

"You refused to dance with him? Why did you act so impolitely?"

"Because I had my reasons. I don't know what the little six-year-old fellow means. I wonder if he thinks I am going to compromise myself. If he thinks I'm anxious to encumber myself with the cares and responsibilities of matrimony, he is very much mistaken."—*Texas Siftings.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Memorial windows should be made of green glass. This suggests a way of keeping memory green.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Poet: I send you my poem, but perhaps mistook in not writing a refrain to it. Editor: No matter, we'll do the refraining for you.

—Ottar of roses is now selling at $119 a pound, and a great deal of suffering among poor people is expected this winter in consequence.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Nothing makes a miser feel his impoverished condition so much as to travel a little and thus discover that there is much of the earth he can never hope to possess.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Boarding-house landladies are as much afraid of strangers who do not pay in advance as the average woman is of a gun. They are so liable to go off without a moment's warning.

—It is said that a man who eats onions always keep a secret. This is partly due to the fact that the man who eats onions is rarely allowed to get within whispering distance of his fellow men.—*Chicago Mail.*

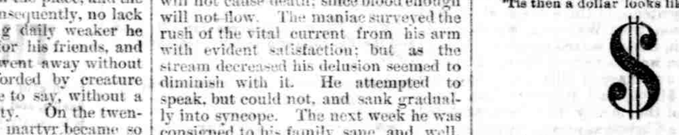
—A man sued another for a note. Two lawyers on each side were engaged, a score of witnesses were summoned, a jury empaneled, and several hundred citizens crowded the court-room, as the parties were conspicuous citizens. The court opened and the note was produced. A close examination showed it not to be due under eight months. Court adjourned.—*Boston Budget.*

—"Father," he asked in his childish way, "suppose you owned a silver mine way out in Nevada, and you was afraid it would spoil in hot weather?" "Spoil! How?" "Well, I don't know how, but the boys all say you had to use salt to carry it through, and I was going to ask——" "That's enough, sir. It's already four minutes beyond your usual bedtime. You can go to bed and let the boys say on."—*Wall Street News.*

—"My dear," said an old man on his daughter's wedding morning, "a new and untried life is before you. You are putting away forever the light and careless existence of girlhood and taking upon yourself the serious responsibilities of the wife. Do you feel that you will approach the matrimonial altar to-night impressed with a full knowledge of the solemn vows you there will take, and—" "Of course, papa; how absurdly you talk," replied the young woman. "But we are to have a rehearsal this morning at ten, and I must not keep them waiting. Good-bye, papa."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Then and Now.—

When you are young, how well you know
A little money makes great show.
Just fifty cents will cause you bliss—
'Tis then a dollar looks like this:



But when you're old and bills come due,
And creditors are dunning you,
And every cent you spend you miss,
'Tis then a dollar looks like this:

8

—*Chicago Tribune.*

BABY COULD TALK.

A Year-Old Conversationalist Whose Flow of Language Is Simply Marvelous.

Many infants talk at a surprisingly early age. Instances have been known of babies yet in their swaddling clothes who could discourse on all manner of topics. To be sure, the drift of their remarks had to be interpreted by a fond mother, but no one would dare to say that baby didn't talk.

I myself heard a year-old child say a great many things one day recently. I was calling on a friend whose baby was just a year old.

"Can he talk any yet?" I asked.

"Talk!" exclaimed the fond mother, with an injured look. "I should think so! He can just say everything. Can't you, ducksy daddle?"

"Boo, boa, bee, yee, ya," screeched baby, growing black in the face with the effort.

"Hear him!" cried the fond mother. He said: 'I guess I can talk.'"

The information surprised me a little, but I discreetly held my peace.

"Now, tell the gentleman your name," says baby's mamma, coaxingly.

"Boo, hoo, da, da, boo."

"Charles Edgar Jones, just as plain as anything could say it, you little sweet!" cries the triumphant mother.

My surprise increased.

"Now tell mamma who you like best in all the world."

"Boo, baa, bee, da, da!"

"How cunning!" I exclaim. "'Da, da' means 'papa,' don't it?"

"Mercy, no! Didn't you hear the little olessing say as plain as could be that he 'liked the gentleman best?' He means *you!*"

I am flattered, of course, and amazed at my own stupidity. I thought I was familiar with the "King's English," but the English of this little King is new to me.

"Now say 'Sing a song o' sixpence,' for the gentleman."

"Yee, yee, boo, boo, baa!" splutters baby.

"No, no, deary," says mamma, reprovingly; "that's 'Little Bo Peep.' Now say the other."

"Boo, boo, bee, *ya, ya!*"

"That's it! That's it, you blessed old pretty boy! I *knew* you could say it! And to think the gentleman asked if you could talk any yet! I guess he won't ask it again."

I guess, too, that I won't. Either that baby or I can not speak the English language in its purity, and I am averse to displaying my possible ignorance.—*Toledo Blade.*

—A committee of eminent physicians has been appointed by the International Medical Congress, which lately met in Copenhagen, to inquire into the causes of cancer, and to investigate particularly the supposed association between the disease and the use of certain foods, the influence of worry and a depressed state of the health in producing the malady, and the extent to which it is hereditary. A report is to be made at the Washington meeting of the congress in 1887.

NOT YET.

SHE.

Yes, the violin I played
Long before you came to woo,
But I ceased when we were wed,
For the practice, mother said,
You'd taboo.

She was wrong, my own, my best!
You have bought a violin
For your wife—she is blest,
Now, I pray you, get a rest
For my chin.

HE.

Ask not that, love, I entreat,
For I listen and rejoice
When you speak—'tis joy complete,
For like music low and sweet
Is your voice.

When Love's sun is in the west,
And to quarrel we begin:
When your tongue becomes a pest,
Then, I'll try to find a rest
For your chin.

—*Boston Courier.*

FILLING A LONG-FELT WANT.

The "Father's Delight," or "Olman's Combination Sofa-Clock and Spiral Beau-Bouncer."

The three accompanying illustrations fully and fairly depict the operation of this happy invention, which is destined soon to find a useful place in every well-regulated household. Speaking of this ingenious device the *Pittsburgh Bulletin* says it can be

I.

PREPARING THE "BOUNCER".

set to any hour from 7:30 p. m. to 1 a. m., and is guaranteed to do the work of two bull dogs, a shot-gun, and a pair of double-soled boots. Before use, the sofa should be properly aimed, and the window nearest the loaded end be left wide open. This will save repairs to the window-frame, sash, etc.

II.

ALL UNCONSCIOUS OF TIME'S RAPID FLIGHT.

III.

A GENTLE HINT THAT IT IS "TIME TO GO"

A Pertinent Excuse.

Said Judge Noonan, of San Antonio, to a convicted malefactor:

"It has been proven that you burglarized a house, stole a ham and forged another man's name to a note."

"May be so."

"You have also been sailing under the false names of Smith, McMullen, Goodrich and Perkins while you were committing your crime."

"Well, Judge, you didn't expect me to allow my own honest name to be mentioned in connection with such villainies and dragged through the mire."—*Texas Siftings.*

Not Afraid of Catching It.

Old Snaggs the other day was stricken down by small-pox. When it became known a man appeared at his residence.

"I understand Mr. Snaggs wants a nurse," he said, "and I called to apply for the position."

"Do you know what ails him?" said Mrs. Snaggs.

"He has the small-pox, hasn't he?"

"Yes. Have you ever had it?"

"Never."

"Indeed. Then how is it you are not afraid of the disease? It's contagious, you know."

"Yes, I know it is. But I never caught anything in my life. Up to last week I was a member of the Cincinnati police force."—*Sam, the Scaramouch.*

A Billings Reminiscence.

R. W. Hanscom, of this city, says that he happened to be in Skowhegan in 1869, when the late Josh Billings lectured there.

The morning after the lecture was rainy, and mud was ankle-deep in the streets.

Josh glanced dubiously out of doors and then asked Hanscom: "Have you any rubbers?"

"No," said Hanscom.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Josh. "I'll flip a cent to see whether you or I shall take the other on his shoulders and wade across the street from the hotel to the shoe store and buy a pair for both."

Hanscom agreed. The cent was tossed and he won. Josh took him "pig-back" through the mud to the shoe store and bought rubbers for both.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

A Favorable Symptom.

Judge Peterby's wife almost talks him to death.

"How is your wife coming on?" asked a friend.

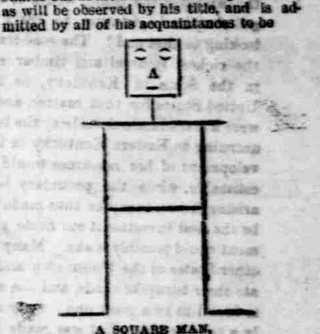
"Splendid; she has caught such a fearful cold she can't talk."—*The Judge.*

ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM.

What Has Been Accomplished in This Line by an Enterprising Pennsylvania Weekly.

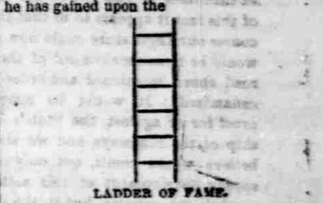
The great success of the metropolitan journals in the new departure of illustrating their columns by the delineation of prominent men and matters with a fidelity to both art and nature never before combined has so stimulated one of the *Republican* staff that he is unwilling to have that publication any longer classed with the non-progressive and old-fogy newspapers that cling to the old ways. He has accordingly, when on his rounds in search of news, equipped himself with a sketch-book, and as occasion offered has picked up some little things which, after careful execution in the hands of an expert engraver, retained for this special task at great expense, are here reproduced for the benefit of our readers.

It is with pleasure that we present this morning to the many readers of the *Republican* some account of a most agreeable visit recently made to the extensive and fertile farm of Farmer Toprider, which is situated on the banks of the overflowing Willow-Wallow Creek, in Taraxacum Township. The owner of this garden-spot of nature, whose portrait we give below, stands out at the summit of his profession, as will be observed by his title, and is admitted by all of his acquaintances to be



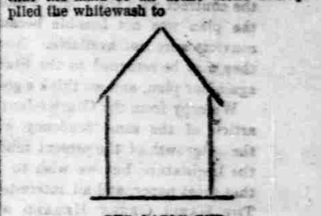
A SQUARE MAN,

whose fondest ambition is to turn a straight furrow and to retain the proud position that he has gained upon the



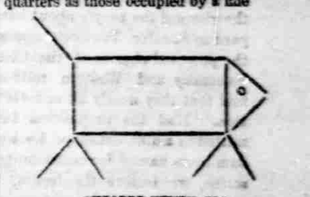
LADDER OF FAME.

The neat appearance of his farm building quickly attracts the eye, and it is at once apparent to the most casual observer that the hand of an artist alone has applied the whitewash to



THE GABLE END

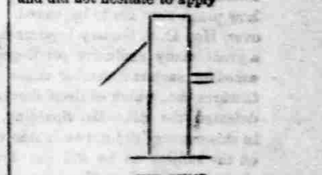
of his well-filled barn. It is, however, in the live-stock department that he shines preeminent, and as we wandered at will among his sleek-coated Jerseys and well-groomed horses we sighed forth the aspiration that should it be our lot at the close of this existence to assume animal shape, we desired nothing better than to be assigned to such quarters as those occupied by a fine



CHESTER-WHITE PIG,

which was industriously engaged in stowing away a quantity of Farmer Toprider's prime corn.

After spending some hours very pleasantly inspecting the farm and its accessories, during which we sought for information and did not hesitate to apply



THE PUMP

to Farmer Toprider, who most kindly responded to our interrogatories, we were invited to the house and feasted upon some of Mrs. T.'s noted handiwork in the shape of an elegant

APPLE-PIE.

This closes an interview which will always be connected with pleasant memories in the future, and lead, we trust, to many more occasions of the same character.—*Westchester (Pa.) Republican.*

African Malignity.

Jim Webster was heard to express himself very strongly in regard to the honesty of Sam Johnsing.

"You seem to have a prejudice against him," remarked Colonel Yerger.

"Dat's whar you am mistaken, but I can't spress how much I hates him."

"You seem to hate him like poison."

"Wusser den dat. I hates him so dat when he dies I'se gwinter tend his obsequious burial."—*Texas Siftings.*

Lost His Mind.

"Old man Pennybunker has married again."

"You don't tell me so."

"Yes, and he has married a right young girl, forty years younger than he is."

"Well, I declare. His other wife only died six months ago, and he went on so at the grave that I expected that he would lose his mind."

"Well, you see your prediction has come to pass."—*Texas Siftings.*