BILL NYE TO HEN NYE.

HOW TO MAKE A COUNTRY PAPER ACTUALLY RED HOT.

An Editorial on "Mark Antony"—A Proud Father—A Question in Arithmetic—The Peculiarities of Buncombe County Butter—Corn Dodger.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

MY DEAR SON—I wish you would please change the address of my paper to this place, where your mother and I are now staying. I got The Retina all right last week, and see that you are going to enlarge it, so I have sold my hay in order to prepare for the event.

What is your idea for enlarging the paper before the town enlarges? Of course I am no journalist, but I have often thought that if I had been doomed to issue a paper like The Retina, and then answer at the bar of judgment for it, I would not get a power press till the town got a good dark blue hook and ladder company and a postoffice.

I like your editorial on "Mark Antony" first rate. I can imagine how excited the people of your town were when they saw The Retina Saturday morning and read what your estimate of Mark was.

I wish you would incidentally pick up a few others of those old people and weigh them. That is one of the luxuries of running a paper yourself. You can speak right out and walk all over these people. I would like to hear what your honest convictions are in regard to Diogenes. It would be worth almost what I have put into your paper as a silent partner.

A PROUD OLD PAPA.

You can have no idea, Henry, how it swells me up with pride and lofty disdain to know that while I am sleeping calmly under my roof tree, as I heard a man call it once, you are showing up those old frauds like Julius Cæsar and Hamlet and Portcullis and Andronicus and Mrs. Potiphar and other people who have become historical.

That was my idea when I sent you away to that female seminary, or whatever it was, where you went to get educated. I wanted you to come out with a whole lot of thoughts that showed right on their face that they were expensive. I wanted you to be able to tell down at the store how much A, B and C would each have to grind off a circular grindstone four feet three and one-half inches in diameter, with a square hole in the center three and one-fourth inches each way, provided A pays one-sixth of the price of the stone, B one-half, and C the balance, with the understanding that C shall use 5 per cent. more than his share, provided he will turn the grindstone. I wanted you to be able to talk with foreighers in their native tongue the darkest night that ever blew. I desired that you might become a man who could walk up to an Italian as he plays his organ voluntary beneath your casement and tell him in his own musical alarm clock language what you think of him.

So it pleases me to know that you are printing a paper now, so you can show off to advantage what I have invested in you.

BUNCOMBE COUNTY BUTTER.

After a while I want to write a little article for your paper, not so much for the purpose of saying anything, but in order to show the contrast between the polished work of a well educated, smart young man and the crude efforts of a plain man who is entirely unfitted for everything except paternal purposes.

We are having a good time here in the south, enjoying the climate and making experiments with the butter which is produced here. Butter made in the fastnesses of the hills in Buncombe county is mostly of a pale pearl gray, with a pin stripe in it of ultramarine. This does not look badly, and it sets off a hoecake first rate. This butter is not eaten by the people who manufacture it. They are poor sometimes, and have to eat most anything that will sustain life, but they draw the line at this butter.

I went out into the brush last week to buy a load of wood, and I took tea with a gentleman who lives in an open face cottage on the other side of the mountains. I then discovered that these people do not eat their own butter. I did not notice any butter, but they had gravy as a substitute for it. Corn dodger in and of itself will not melt in the mouth, so I looked around for a means of lubricating my own. At that time the warm hearted and hospitable host made the following remark: "Stranger, you musn't be squeamish. Just waller yer dorger in the dope. That's the way we do."

I then proceeded to waller.—Bill Nye in Chicago News.

A Medical Man's Advice.

Under all circumstances, and in all states of health, we are affected favorably by personal contact. Two persons should rarely ever sleep together. The result is now well understood to be devitalizing to one or the other. Vampire natures fatten; their victims weaken. This is quite as true of husbands and wives as of others. It is peculiarly true of children. The exceptions do exist where there is a mutual benefit, but the exceptions are rare. The excretions during sleep are one thing, the absorptions another.

I recently was called to attend a young girl whose symptoms were lassitude, and, as she said, she felt worse after sleeping, and dreaded going to bed. Yet she slept well. I found that her bed mate was a woman of 40 of a peculiarly vampirish temperament. The proper course in this case was a total separation of the victim from the devourer. If the case has been long protracted, and the evil seriously affecting health, send the patient into the country to associate with trees and flowers.—M. Maurice, M. D., in Globe-Democrat.

One of Those Mysteries.

There was an old fellow turning a hand organ on Grand River avenue yesterday when a man and his wife stopped for a moment to hear the music and read the sign hanging on his neck. The sign read: "I have suffered with rheumatism until I have no use of my hands or arms. Please help me."

"Poor man—give him something!" exclaimed the wife.

"Sure he's all right?"

"Why, of course! Doesn't the sign say he has lost the use of his hands and arms?"

The husband dropped a dime into the box, and the pair went on, but they had not proceeded over half a block when the wife halted with a sudden jerk and exclaimed:

"Why—why, how could he turn the crank if he had lost the use of his arms?"

"I dunno," softly replied the man, and then, while the woman gritted her teeth and clenched her fingers he leaned up against a tree box and laughed a haw! haw! haw! until he was tired.—Detroit Free Press.

"The tree of death" is what The Buffalo Express calls the telegraph pole.

THE POETESS OF PASSION

Tells of Picturesque Cuba and its Beautiful Women—Children and Beggars.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the poetess, who paid a flying trip to Cuba some weeks ago in search of health and inspiration, has returned to her native heath with a liberal supply of both and enlarged ideas on the subject of oranges and cigarettes.

"I have had a delightful time," she said, in response to a question put to her about the trip. "We left New York in a blinding snowstorm and arrived in Cuba to find the native women fanning themselves under the tropical trees airily clad in the flimsiest lawns and laces. The change from winter to midsummer was so rapid that it reminded one of the scenes changing on a stage."

"But what was your opinion of Havana?"

"I was very much charmed with my first view of the city as we came into port, from the deck of the Niagara. The sun shining on the limestone walls of the houses gave the illusion that they were wrought out of gold. The sky was a soft, amber color, and the voices in the distance sounded musically to the ear. It was just such a picture as comes to one in dreams—as wonderful, at first sight, as a vision of the celestial city. When we had strolled through the curious streets and inhaled the odors peculiar to the place, we were satisfied that Havana was anything but celestial. A more varied assortment of smells striving for preeminence I have never met with before in my life. The gardens, filled with tropic plants and flowers, were in a blaze of glory, and musical with the tinkle of fountains."

"I found many of the women very beautiful and picturesque. The place where they congregate is Belote, a very fashionable bath, where the Havana ladies, soft eyed and yellow skinned, took their morning bath. Some of them were beautiful as a dream, with pearly teeth and dark, languorous eyes and undulating forms of matchless beauty. Nearly every lady I saw wore a lace mantilla over her head, which only added a piquant grace to the lovely faces that shone out from beneath the filmy folds.

"The beggars of Havana are not the least interesting of the many curious types of people to be met with in that city. There seems to be a larger variety of cripples than is to be found anywhere else, and they are all trying to sell lottery tickets. They invade the hotels sometimes in the midst of a table d'hote. It is not pleasant, you can imagine, to have a beggar served up to you at the same time as the soup. They will linger around until the waiters drive them out with mild profanity and a flourish of white napkins.

"The Cuban children seem to be cradled in the gutter, for go where you will you will find them rolling half nude in the gutters, some of them smoking cigarettes and not unfrequently huge cigars which they can hardly manage. One thing impressed me very much, and that is the way they abuse horses there. I think it would be a splendid field of action for Mr. Bergh and his associates. Stunted mules or ponies are compelled to bear immense panniers, into which are crowded enough things to stock a store. On the mountain sits the lazy peddler, smoking and lashing the poor, emaciated beasts staggering through the dusty streets."

"Did you find everybody smoking in Havana?" Mrs. Wilcox was asked.

"Yes. I never saw such a population of puffers. All day long the incense from cigars and cigarettes ascends toward heaven. Every one smokes—mothers, sons, daughters, babies, patriarchs, morning, noon and night, at meals and between meals, puff! puff! puff!"—New York Journal Interview.

At the Battle of Franklin.

At the edge of the village was a house, in which resided a Mr. Carter and his two daughters. They had remained in the house during the day, and their presence had been respected by our troops. As the day passed, it seemed as if a battle would not take place, so they thought there was no need to leave their home. When the battle came it was so sudden they dared not leave, and they took refuge in the cellar. The house proved to be in the very center of the storm, and the battle raged about it for hours. They afterward said that while the horrid din lasted it seemed as if they must die of terror if it did not cease; but when there was a lull the suspense of fearful expectation seemed worse than the din, and that it was almost a relief when the battle was renewed. The long night ended at last, and with the first light the young women went out to minister to the wounded, who were lying unattended all about. As they climbed the parapet at the rear of the house, on their errand of mercy among the first they found was a young Confederate staff officer, their own brother, mortally wounded, lying, as he had fallen at sunset, at the very threshold of his home.—Chicago Herald.

Simulations of Animals.

S. E. Peal, writing from Assam, notices a singular case of mimicry on the part of a caterpillar, which, when suddenly surprised, erects its head in an attitude that caused the writer to mistake it for a shrew, probably the very animal that preys upon it. The resemblance is caused by two lateral prolongations and a pointed tip to the head; these when lifted in the peculiar attitude assumed simulate ears and a long muzzle, while the mouth parts in profile look like the mouth of a vertebrate. The same writer states that the tiger causes the Sambur deer to run to it by uttering a whistle which only an expert can tell from that of a deer. The eye and nose lumps of a crocodile are so like the lumps of foam that Mr. Peal confesses he has been deceived until he saw the supposed foam sink. He believes this simulation useful to the crocodile in obtaining food.—Nature.

Truffles in England.

Truffles in England are gathered at two periods: the white, which are odorless, and are sold for seasoning, in May; the black, when hard, during a month before and after Christmas, when they have acquired all the peculiar perfume, which frequently, by throwing the hounds off the scent, proves the safety of the fox. The size in England varies from that of a nutmeg to that of a hen's egg. The truffle is never found in low ground or soil covered with decayed vegetation, but where the forest yields light and shade, in open woodland districts, warm yet damp.—The Argonaut.

Use for Old Tomato Cans.

A prominent junk dealer recently received an order for 10,000 old tomato cans. The dealer explained that much of this kind of tin is used for corners and edge pieces on a low grade of trunks, while many people use it for flushings on roofs. The dealer is obliged to melt the solder off, straighten the cans out into flat sheets, pack the pieces in flat bundles for shipment, and only gets about $10 per ton for his trouble.—Iron Age.

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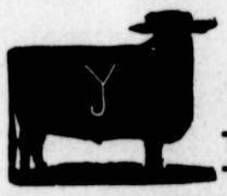
The Price for  Brands is Only

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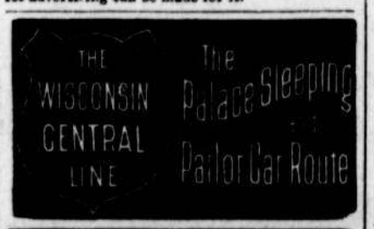

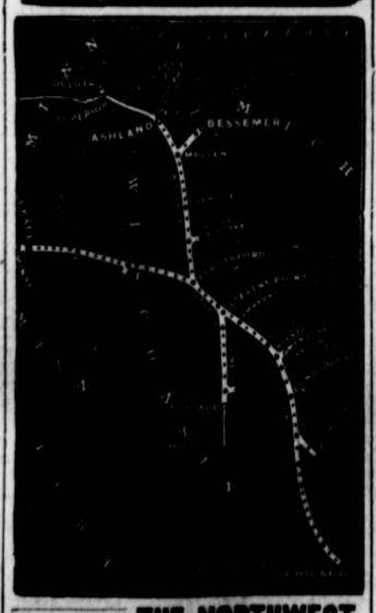

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