

THE RUGBY NEWS.

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THE MAN WHO CAN'T AFFORD IT.

Hurrah for the man who is able to say
In a manly, unblushing and sensible way:
"I can't afford it," when tempted to buy
What e'er will distress him when pay day is
nigh.
Hurrah for that man, though his ways he
neglect.
He has our profoundest, sincerest respect;
To him, be he ever a friend or a foe,
Unchecked admiration we all have to show;
And well he deserves it. He teaches the way
Of boldly ignoring what people may say
Or think, in a way which concerns
The one, who, for reasons, extravagance
spurns.
We honor him truly, though seedy his clothes,
We love him, though little of fashion he shows,
We trust him unquestioned, though poorer
than clay,
And isn't he happy? Just look in his face
Of care or of worry there isn't a trace,
His conscience is clear, all the riches on earth
Can't give him the joy that right doing is
worth.
No statesman, no ruler, no great soldier brave
Is prouder than he, who is nobody's slave.
I can't afford it, all praise to the man
Who fearlessly says it and lives on the plan.
—Harvey N. Bloomer, in Jury.

AN INDEPENDENT GIRL.

She Came Out Ahead Despite Her
Uncle's Prophecies.

"YOU'LL have to keep house for me, Luana. There is no other way out of the woods," and Ezekiel Roder looked reflectively at his niece, then continued as if the proposition he was making was much better than so slight a girl had a right to expect. "I'll board you and your mother for what you can do. There are only eleven cows and two hired men, so the work will not be unreasonably hard."

He waited for his niece to speak, but she kept silent, and he began to feel a little uneasy as he continued the conversation. He had always found Luana Ormsby very hard to understand.

"Your father couldn't have chosen a worse time to die; he left things in very bad shape, with that Millbury lot under a heavy mortgage, and every thing at sixes and sevens. The lot will have to go back, of course, and you couldn't make your living off the remaining five acres, if you were to be hung for failure to do so. Suppose you sell and put the money at interest; it will buy clothes for you and your mother, and may be you'll get married before you get tired keeping house for me, and—"

Luana turned slowly and looked at her uncle.

"You are very good, uncle," she said, "to take so much interest in mother and me, and I thank you for it, but—I mean to take care of mother and myself."

"Of course! You'll be doing that if you keep house—"

"But I'm not going to, uncle. Deacon Plumb says I can have the school to teach next summer, and—"

"That will be a big thing, won't it?" asked Uncle Roder, sarcastically. "Two dollars a week with the privilege of boarding around! Are you going to ask the Pennfield district to let you take



LUANA LOOKED AT HER UNCLE.

your mother around with you, or do you expect to buy food and fuel with the two dollars a week? You'd better do as I say, Luana. You'll find that it will be an awful strain on you to run the whole machinery without help."

Luana thought of her Aunt Agnes, her father's only sister, who had married Ezekiel Roder, and whose life had been so miserable that she rejoiced when told that she could not live.

"I shall not sell our home," she answered quietly, but firmly, "and I shall teach the Pennfield school. New ways of earning will surely open to me. I presume we shall be poor, but we must learn to make the most of what we have."

"Well, go your own way; I see you've

made up your mind to it, but you need not look to me to draw up your fire wood free of charge," and Ezekiel Roder left feeling that he had done all that could be required of him.

"Well, mother!" said Luana, entering her mother's room a few minutes later. "I've thrown away the chance of a life-time, an opportunity of caring for eleven cows and two hired men, until some one married me!"

"And now what?" asked the mother, smiling.

"Don't know, exactly. There's the school, you know. If we had a little ready money I think I'd be a nursery woman."

"A what?"

"Nursery woman; they say nurseryman when its the other sex they're talking of. I'd like to raise trees. There is a gentleman staying with Mr. Rogers who understands grafting, and—oh, dear! how I wish I could hire enough money to make a beginning. I'd be willing to do washing to pay it back."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Deacon Plumb.

"I came to see if you can not help us out of our trouble, Luana," he said, without taking the proffered chair. "Mother's been taken with one of her bad spells, and we've two hired men—"

"But what can I do with my mother?" interrupted Luana.

"Couldn't Retta stay with her? She's too young to do much, but she'd be willing to wait on Mrs. Ormsby."

"All right; I'll go as soon as I can get ready," answered Luana, and the worthy deacon gave vent to a sigh of relief as he trudged out the door.

"I'm nearly dizzy with delight, mother!" exclaimed Luana, as she hurriedly changed her dress, "for now I think I see my way clear to set up in grafting."

Before Mrs. Plumb recovered from her bad spell there came a rainy day.

"I meant to have set some scions in those natural fruit trees by the lane, if it hadn't rained to-day," said the

deacon as he watched Luana make a dried apple pie.

"Do you know how to graft?" asked Luana.

"Why, yes, child. I've grafted a great many orchards in my day. My hands are a little clumsy now, but I can beat a good many younger men yet, if I do say it myself."

Then Luana told how she longed to go into the nursery business, and asked if he would teach her as payment for the work she was doing for him.

"No," said he, indignantly, "I won't; but I'll teach you for nothing." And then he began to make plans for her, and became almost as excited as a boy.

"The best way is to graft them in the root, Luana," he said. "I've several big apple trees that are in my way when I draw hay to the barn, and I'm going to dig them out. You may have all the roots."

"But the wax and things, don't they cost awfully?"

"Not very much. I'll make a little calculation for you when I'm making mine."

Before Luana began her summer school she had one thousand scions set, and the stocks planted in neat rows in ground which Deacon Plumb had prepared for her in part payment for her work.

"That will do for a beginning," said Luana to herself as she complacently viewed her young nursery. "I can graft all next winter, pack the setting in sand, and set them out in the spring. This work isn't half so tiresome as it would be to care for eleven cows and two hired men."

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Luana, as she came in from her nursery one morning, three years later. "I've just made two sales of trees. The beauties! I almost hate to let them go. One man takes fifty dollars' worth, and my sales to Mr. Newell, who is buying for his neighbors, amount to just eighty-four dollars. I fancy I have taught my last school in the Pennfield district. Our nursery will support us now."

"Have you heard that Ezekiel's second wife is dead?" asked Mrs. Ormsby. "It makes me tremble when I think of the

life we should have led, if we had gone there."

"But we didn't go there," answered Luana, with a ring of exultation in her tones. "We didn't have to, you see, for you had an independent daughter with ideas of her own."

"A daughter worth seven sons any day," answered the mother proudly.—S. Rosalie Sill, in Housekeeper.

UNTIE THE STRINGS.
The First Lesson Learned by a Boy Just Starting in Business Life.

One story of the eccentric Stephen Girard says that he once tested the quality of a boy who applied for a situation by giving him a match loaded at both ends and ordering him to light it. The boy struck the match, and after it had burned half its length, threw it away. Girard dismissed him, because he did not save the other end for future use. The boy's failure to notice that the match was a double-ended one was natural enough, considering how matches are generally made; but haste and heedlessness (a habit of careless observation) are responsible for a greater part of the waste of property in the world.

Said one of the most successful merchants of Cleveland, O., to a lad who was opening a parcel:

"Young man, untie the strings. Do not cut them."

It was the first remark that he had made to a new employe. It was the first lesson the lad had to learn, and it involved the principles of success or failure in his business career. Pointing to a well-dressed man behind the counter, he said:

"There is a man who always whips out his scissors and cuts the strings of the packages in three or four places. He is a good salesman, but he will never be any thing more. I presume he lives from hand to mouth, and is more or less in debt. The trouble with him is that he was never taught to save. I told the boy just now to untie the strings, not so much for the value of the string as to teach him that every thing is to be saved and nothing wasted."—Golden Days.

CONVENTIONALITY.
Society's Laws May Be Severe, But They Are Advisable.

You think the laws of society are severe. You do not believe that conventionalities are a great sword held up, not to strike you, but to protect you, and you shrug your pretty shoulders and say:

"I know I was doing nothing wrong, and I don't care what people say." Now, my dear, you must care what people say; the world is a great judgment court, and usually the innocent and the ignorant are protected by it, though, occasionally, some one falling into the mire of scandal and gossip is brought into the court all bedraggled and disfigured, and the judge, not being able to see the virtue that is underneath, decides against the victim, and all because she did not care what the world said. I wish you would think even of the most innocent things.

Sometimes I fear you think I am a little bit severe, but I have known so many girls who were so thoughtless, yet so good, and who only found protection in the sword of conventionalities. It may hang over your head, as did that of Damoscelos, but it is as a warning. It will protect you from evil speaking, from the making of injudicious friends, and it will insure you much more pleasure than if all the world ran helter-skelter, and became like a wild Irish fair day.

Conventionality protects you, as does the best mother, frowning at and forbidding not only that which is, but also that which looks wrong.—Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies' Home Journal.

An All-Around Lady Farmer.
A North of England woman, who has practically shown what a woman may do in agriculture, died recently near Morebath. Miss Milne lived in Otterburn, but she also owned Howpark farm in Berwickshire and both were farmed under her personal management. At Otterburn, besides ordinary farming operations, she carried on with great success the rearing of pedigree cattle and sheep. Her herd of short-horns invariably occupied a high place in all the local exhibitions and her "Leicesters" were held in great repute. She was a competent judge of horses and reared prize-winning poultry and dogs—in fact, Miss Milne was "an all-around lady farmer," but at the same time the feminine parts of her character came out in her devotion to flowers and horticulture generally. She had a very fine home, garden and extensive glass houses at Otterburn.—London Letter.

—The Summer of 1890 in Europe.—
"What has brought you home so soon?"
"We are not back for good. I only thought it best to bring the children back to town for a few days to get well. They have all caught fearful colds in the country."—Fliegende Blätter.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.
Strange Things That Have Happened to Its Intrepid Editor.

We take the following items from a half-sheet issue of the Arizona Kicker: NOT OUR FAULT.—While we stand ready to apologize to our readers for issuing a half-sheet this week, we at the same time declare it to be no fault of ours.

Last week was one full of excitement to us. Early Monday morning Colonel Stepheo, manager of the Gulliver Silver Lode, called on us in regard to that article denouncing his enterprise as a swindle. He fired four shots and we two, and we lost most of the day in getting a surgeon and assisting to dig the bullets out of the Colonel's left shoulder. He was rattled from the moment he entered the office door. The man who comes to lick the editor is bound to be more or less rattled.

AN EDITORIAL ASS.—Thursday forenoon, just as we were making up the fourth page of the greatest American weekly on the face of the earth, Major Kepling steered a drove of bronchos around to our office to show us what sort of horse-flesh could be raised on wolf-grass.

After we had evinced our admiration the Major offered to bet us twenty dollars even up that we could not stay on the back of a certain spotted broncho over thirty seconds. As that we were, we accepted the def. Because we own a private graveyard and can bulldoze the postmaster, we thought ourselves some pumpkins. We reached that broncho's back. We stayed there just six seconds. We didn't come to for twenty minutes, and at the present writing we fully believe that both arms, both legs and all our ribs are broken. It is needless to add that the Major scooped in our twenty.

AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE.—The news of our assinine adventure spread rapidly over town, and, as was to be expected, one of our enemies determined to take advantage of our physical situation to pay off an old grudge. Cactus Tom, a would-be bad man, who has received several warnings through the Kicker to get, came over and found us on our back and helpless, and he was about to divide us into two equal parts with his bowie-knife, when our female book-keeper, stenographer, typewriter and editorial assistant—all combined in one—raised an alarm, and the boys came in from the Jackdaw saloon and took Thomas out to the usual trysting place and choked him to a better land. While we are not hurt, we own to being considerably upset.

HE CAN NOT ESCAPE.—Wednesday afternoon, after being rubbed down with arnica and replastered with sticking-salve to hold us together, we took a seat with our feet on the stove to direct our half-breed foreman how to make up a page, several people came in, and all had more or less to do with the stove. Just after the last one had departed there was a sudden loud explosion, and the top of the stove hit and smashed the ceiling, while other pieces flew into the grocery, butcher, harness, hardware and millinery departments.

While we were not physically injured, our nervous system received a further shock, and it was seven minutes before we could ask what had happened. Some one of the four or five callers dropped a can of powder into the stove, calculating not only to take our life, but to destroy a great and growing weekly paper. We shall soon learn who is the guilty party. If we can't bring it home to anyone in particular, then we shall go gunning for the whole crowd.—Detroit Free Press.

MERCANTILE HYPOCRISY.
The Kind of Conversation That Can Be Overheard in Any Store.

Merchant (to clerk)—Did you send Hammerton his bill again this week?
Clerk—Yes, sir.
Merchant—What did he say?
Clerk—Said he would be around and pay it.

Merchant—That's what he has said for the last six months. He's the biggest liar in this town. He can never get ten cents' worth on a credit here any more. I reckon we'll have to sue him—sh—here he comes now.

Merchant—Good morning, Mr. Hammerton, glad to see you, sir. Won't you sit down?
Hammerton—No, thank you. I called to settle that bill.

Merchant—What bill—oh, yes. Why, sir, I hadn't thought of it. You see, the collector has charge of the bills and I pay but little attention to them. Thank you (receiving the money and receipting the bill). Call again, Mr. Hammerton.

Hammerton—I am a little pushed for money at present.
Merchant—That makes no difference, sir, none whatever. Whenever you want any thing give us a call. Good morning.—Arkansaw Traveler.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.
—A bashful young man, like corn, turns white when he pops.—Texas Siftings.

—There is nothing in which people betray their character more than in what they find to laugh at.

—"It's a striking picture of my wife; but isn't there a little too much paint on the cheeks?" "No, sir, just like your wife's."—Harper's Bazar.

—Very True.—Cumso—"Does it pay a man to be an inventor?" Banks—"O, yes; but the man it pays is not the inventor."—Judge.

—Always in Hot Water.—Some people are so delicately strung that they perceive a sneer in the most commonplace remark.—Boston Herald.

—It is one of the curiosities of natural history that a horse enjoys his food most when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.—Texas Siftings.

—The man who is in trouble can always see what an easy thing it would have been for him to keep out if he had only thought.—Somerville Journal.

—She—"This parlor is better than sitting on the beach with the hot sun pouring down, isn't it, dear?" He—"Yes, darling; about \$5 a day better."—N. Y. Herald.

—"Talk!" exclaimed Ponsonby, "she can't say a word. Why, I talked to her half an hour last night, and she never opened her mouth—except to yawn!"—Jury.

—Employer—"I regret to inform you, sir, that your salary will be reduced ten per cent. after the 1st. Clerk—"O, that's all right. It's so small now that ten per cent. off won't make any great difference."

—"Hello! Patching up your toga?" asked the light comedian. "No; I am just taking a little lay off," answered the end-man, as he continued to scrape the egg from his costume.—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Did you enjoy it off in the country, Jimmie?" "Did I? Had a bully time. I used to get up before anybody in the hotel and change all the boots and ring the fire-alarms, and I broke nine panes of glass in one week."—Harper's Bazar.

—The following conversation was overheard in a private box at the theater: "Did you not bring your opera glass?" said he. "I did, but I can't use it," said she. "Is it broken?" "No, but I forgot to put on my bracelets."

—All for Ten Dollars:
"Twas at the fair, 'I'll take a kiss," said he.
"All right," the maiden said—in for a caper—
Then took a card and kissed it one, two, three—
And wrapped it up in dainty, tinted paper.

—A Wise Bird: First Bird—"See that dog looking at us? He's a pointer, and a city sportsman is back there with a gun." Second Bird (of several seasons's experience)—"My! my! that dog is in a dangerous position."—Good News.

—Distressed young mother, traveling with weeping infant—"Dear, dear, I don't know what to do with this baby." Kind and thoughtful bachelor in next seat—"Madam, shall I open the window for you?"—Boston Courier.

—Patient Mother (after fifteen minutes of persuasion with Tommy on the subject of paternal deference)—"And you must remember, my son, that your papa is getting old." Tommy (with a missionary training)—"Yes, mamma; don't you think we'd better give him to the orphans?"—Elmira Gazette.

CELESTIAL CHESTNUTS.
Anecdotes and Jests Current in the Flowery Kingdom.

The Chinese have a large volume called the "Book of Laughter," which contains a full selection of anecdotes and jests current in the Middle Kingdom. General Cheng Ki Tong, chargé d'affaires of China at Paris, has recently published a translation of some of these Chinese jests. Many of them are very comical, possessing, even in translation, a peculiarly dry humor, and some of them prove that jokes and anecdotes well known in the West are also classic in China.

There is, for instance, the very familiar story of the nervous man who lived between the two blacksmiths—only in this Chinese version one of the men is a coppersmith! The nervous man tries to induce the two noisy artisans to move, and one day they announced that they have made arrangements to do so. Overjoyed, the man treats them to a magnificent dinner, and after they have partaken of it the blacksmith informs them that he is going to move in the coppersmith's shop and the coppersmith into his.

Less familiar is the story of a worthy old man who was unmercifully beaten at regular intervals by his undutiful son. This cruel treatment did not prevent the old man from lavishing caresses on his little grandson, bringing him man, presents and indulging all his caprices.

One day the old man was asked why he was so very good to the child of the undutiful son who beat him so cruelly.

"Sh!" said the old man, "I'm spoiling him, so that he'll beat his father when he grows up!"—Boston Herald.