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NEWS GLEANINGS.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., is to have a cotton seed oil mill.

TUSCALOOSA, Ala., will soon have a cotton seed oil mill in operation.

FLORIDA has built 235 miles of railroad during the past year.

SOME 40,000 silk worms are to be distributed in Kentucky.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., will probably sell 10,000 barrels of coal oil this year.

A whiskey bar for Texas is being made in Cincinnati which is to cost \$10,000.

FIRE losses in Putnam county, Fla., worth \$8 an acre two years ago, are now selling for \$25.

THERE are now 121 cotton factories in operation or in course of erection in the southern states.

It is estimated that there are twelve hundred towns west of the Mississippi river, without churches or preaching of any kind.

THE decrease of the public debt for April, \$2,877,022.65, is the lowest figure that has been reported for years.

THERE are 606 deaf mutes in Mississippi, 322 males and 284 females; 318 are white and 288 colored. All are natives of the State except two.

THE Jefferson monument was taken from Charlottesville to Monticello last week. It was mounted on a truck especially made for the purpose, and it required two horses to draw the load.

SEVERAL thousand Georgia and Alabama cattle have been shipped to Texas recently. They will be returned south by way of Chicago with some accessions of tallor, but with few evidences of weakness.

As a good deal of discussion has been had concerning Gen. Grant's pecuniary means, it may be interesting to know the exact truth. The entire property of General and Mrs. Grant yields them an annual income of \$9,000.

THE New York Tribune wants a cover over the East River bridge to keep off the sun and rain. This, with free soda water, ice cream, a band of music and plenty of chairs and settees, would make it a very popular summer resort.

COL. E. R. RICHARDSON says farming operations in Mississippi are seriously interfered with by the buffalo gnats. In Arkansas they fill the air in black swarms and torture the mules and horses so that it is almost impossible to do any plowing.

WHEN the clergyman asked at a church wedding in Henry county, Iowa, if anybody had aught to say why the girl should not be united, a girl arose and said, "I have—he is engaged to me."

There was some confusion, but the ceremony was completed.

THE exports of March exceeded the imports of that month \$16,912,703. The imports are still large, but the better opinion is that there will soon be a heavy decrease in imports. If so, and if we have good crops this year, all talk about panic or hard times may as well be dismissed.

THE Times-Union thus describes Jacksonville since the close of the season: "No base ball; no yachting; no rowing; no fast driving; no gymnastics; mighty little sparking—nothing but drying and the labor of holding up the lamp posts. Can't we start something fresh?"

THE Michigan Legislature, as well as the Pennsylvania and Connecticut Legislatures, last week killed resolutions proposing a prohibitory amendment to the constitution of the State. In Iowa the Supreme Court decision invalidating the prohibitory amendment has postponed prohibitory legislation for some years.

STOMACHERY Advertiser: Now comes the Aniston factory and ships 1,000 bags of cotton goods to China to make baby breeches for the heathen.

The South not only proposes to squeeze the Puritans out of the West, but the Britches out of the East. The South is setting hogwash about this business, and we are glad of it.

BOSTON total abstinence people are now excited against the Rev. Dr. Bartol on account of a sermon of his on the evil of intemperance. He took the ground that the war, as commonly waged, is worse than useless. "Beer is not wrong," he said; "wine and ale are not wrong; rum and whisky and brandy are wrong; nothing purely material could be wrong. Inebriety, inordinate self-indulgence is wrong, be the fleshy appetite for particular meat or drink what it may, and eating or drinking to excess is not the cause of profligacy, murder, theft, arson, house-breaking, or any vice, indecent assault, any more than is the cause of the flock or brood." Dr. Bartol's idea is to educate man that he will take to intellectual enjoyments, and thus lose his appetite for intoxicating beverages.

THE complete independence of man and wife, where property is concerned, is nowhere carried to such a point as among the Indians of Central America. Every day the husband buys his meals from his wife, who purchases from him raw material for the table.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

GEN. STROTHER, Consul General to Mexico, reports a general impetus in mining and other public enterprises in that country, the result of the rapidly-growing railway system.

THE number of graduates from West Point this year will not equal the vacancies in the roll of Second Lieutenants in the army, and the deficiency will be supplied from civil life.

It is reported that one of the largest amounts ever granted in any country as compensation for a railroad accident to one person was recently given in Scotland to an engineer. The loss of a foot was compensated by \$2,250 or \$41,250.

SOME of the best English jockeys are women; daughters of farmers, or of country squires, who have lost their fortunes. They have been accustomed to ride to hounds from their childhood, are perfectly fearless, and their light weight in the saddle makes them desirable as jockeys.

A bill has been favorably reported in the New York Legislature, compelling all makers, proprietors and vendors of medical preparations "affecting the human or animal body," to place upon the label a full and true statement of the ingredients of which it is composed. The sale of all medicines without such a label is made a misdemeanor. If passed, the law will be what the Yankee deacons call very "s'archin'."

THE Farnham type-setting machine has been on public exhibition in the Godwin block on Haynes street, Hartford, Conn., and attracted immense crowds. It both sets and distributes type, and it is claimed, can do the work of five compositors. A syndicate of Connecticut capitalists has purchased the patent, and will soon take measures to bring the machine into practical use.

It appears that British capital is about to be invested in American land to a large amount. A son of an M. P., who now is visiting this country for the purpose of buying land, says that there is an enormous amount of capital lying idle in England, and that syndicates have been formed to invest in this country. Among those investing are Barin Bros., the bankers, Mr. Labouchere, of Truth, Sir Thomas Brassey, civil lord of the admiralty, and many of the banking houses and numbers of large country landlords as well as members of parliament.

A SON of General Robt. E. Lee, the noted southern leader during the civil war, is the president of an educational institution at Lexington, Va., and the desire and taste to aid in the solid and disciplining of the post-bellum generation in the South of which this is an example, has many other illustrations. One of Lee's staff, Maj. McClellan, is similarly situated at Lexington, Ky., at the Sayle Female Institute, and General Kirby Smith is a member of the faculty of the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tenn.; Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's widow controls an Episcopal school in Staunton, Va.

PROF. SPENCER BAIRD, of the National Museum, has acknowledged to General Superintendent Kimball, of the Life-saving Service, the receipt of a remarkable specimen of the whale family, which was captured off the New Jersey coast by a Life-saving crew several days ago. Prof. Baird says the porpoise proves to represent a species never before seen in the United States. It belongs to a group of small sperm whales characterized by the absence of permanent teeth in the upper jaw. Its projecting head and general appearance are not unlike the sperm whale, although in miniature, this specimen being about nine feet in length. It is now being cast in plaster for exhibition at the National Museum.

THE career of female lawyers has not been extraordinarily brilliant in this country. They seem unable to resist the temptation of "sassing" the judge when that authority overrules them. Kate Kane of Milwaukee, who last week threw a glass of water in the judge's face, because he assigned another lawyer to defend a burglar, appeared to think herself governed by sanitary rather than personal motives, because she remarked as she threw it: "Take that, you dirty dog!" She adorned him with other choice names, and was taken howling out of the court-room, declaring she would rot in jail before she would contribute her fine to the court's treasury. She insists that the judge has been trying to drive her from practicing in his court. He seems to have succeeded—for thirty days at any rate—unless she pays her fine.

THE WRITER OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."

A stranger in London, all friendless, alone, I wandered through the city, unheeded, unknown; The lights of the houses shone forth on his face, There were thousands of homes, but for him Aweary and hungry, disheartened and sad, The time had been long since his spirit was glad.

And he sat on the steps at a noticeman's door, And for solace he sang the refrain over and over: "Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home."

He had not a shilling to pay for a bed, When he wrote what in luxury many have said: "Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam; Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home. The words fall of cheer from his sorrows were sprung; A charm from the skies seems to hallow us here; Which e'er thro' the world, is not met with elsewhere; Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home."

Old London looked fair to his eyes growing dim, But the lights of the city no welcome gave him; "An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain; Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again! Toiling the poor stranger, and went on his way; But millions of voices have sung since that day: "The land singing gaily that came at my call; Give these, and the peace of mind, dearer than Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home."

Did it need that one heart thro' deep anguish should yearn That others the truth might more swiftly discern? A triumph of love by the singer was won; Our homes are the dearest for him who had none! We weep for the exile that longed for a home, And yet was compelled as a wanderer to roam; But he had some rapture to banish his pain, As he heard in all lands the familiar refrain: "Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home."

But the toil and the sorrow are over at last, And the journeys and toils of the world are past; America finds him with honors a grave; And England above him the laurel would weave; In all climes and countries the man has his name; And old men and children are speaking his name.

But the best of all is, he no longer shall roam; The homeless, thirst-stricken wanderer at length is at home; "Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home."

—Marianne Farnham.

GODFREY DENYER'S PENANCE.

When young Godfrey Denyer repudiated his signature to a check for a large amount, drawn in favor of his friend Captain Wrake, he did not for a moment anticipate the serious consequences which ensued. His object was simply to gain time to arrange matters with the Captain, for the truth was that he had not the money to meet his draft.

He was so extremely inexperienced and foolish-like that he did not imagine for an instant that his bankers had any cause of complaint in the matter. He thought they would simply return the check to Captain Wrake's agents, with an intimation that there was an informality in it. And he was so staggered and horrified by the amount of the check that he eagerly adopted the suggestion of the clerk who waited upon him from the bank, that the signature was a forgery, by way of temporarily extricating himself from embarrassment. To an ordinary observer there certainly seemed something wrong about the signature, but Godfrey Denyer, bearing in mind the state he was in when he wrote the check, was not surprised that his handwriting should have been eccentric. The transaction took place at a supper party at Captain Wrake's rooms a few nights previously, on which occasion young Denyer dined and had drunk freely, but as to what he had lost, and even how he had found his way home afterward, his memory was a perfect blank.

Godfrey Denyer was a very foolish young man. He was in fact, one of those vain, silly, weak-minded youths whose chief ambition is to lead the life of a fast man about town. Unfortunately he had no near relatives to interfere with his tastes and pursuits, while a small fortune which he had inherited on attaining his majority enabled him for a brief period to indulge in every folly and extravagance. But he was not naturally either vicious or profligate, though he appeared to be taken to be so, and consequently the idea of having incurred a debt of honor which he was unable to pay filled him with dismay. When the bank clerk had left, taking the fatal check away, Godfrey Denyer, at once set forth to seek Captain Wrake, feeling deeply distressed and humiliated, but by no means conscious of the heinousness of the lie he had told.

Captain Wrake was not to be found, either at his chambers or at his club, and after rushing about with feverish anxiety to various places in search of him, young Denyer returned to his own rooms tired and disheartened. A hansom cab was at the door, and as he entered he ran against a rather pompous, elderly gentleman, who at once accosted him: "Mr. Denyer, I believe?"

"Yes," replied Godfrey. "I must ask you to be good enough to come with me to once," replied the gentleman, whose tone and manner were unpleasantly peremptory. "I am Mr. Grantly, the solicitor for Messrs. X. & Co., your bankers."

"What for? What do you want with me?" demanded Godfrey, uneasily. "Mr. Grantly led the way to the cab, and I can't explain to you many minutes," said the solicitor, taking him by the arm.

Young Denyer entered the cab, and Mr. Grantly got in after him, having first given a brief direction to the driver. As they rattled over the stones the solicitor briefly explained that he was going to apply for a warrant against Captain Wrake in connection with the check, as the bank had determined to prosecute.

"Prosecute! What for?" asked Godfrey Denyer, startled out of his senses. "Forgery. It was a most impudent attempt," said Mr. Grantly, curiously.

"But—but Captain Wrake is a friend of mine," faltered young Denyer. "Everything can be explained."

"He will have an opportunity of explaining," said the solicitor, in rather an ironical tone. "I am sorry to hear he is a friend of yours. I am afraid you have been keeping bad company, young man."

Godfrey Denyer was too agitated and confused to continue the conversation. He was not by any means clear as to the purpose of this visit to the police court. The ominous words "prosecute" and "forgery" were ringing in his ears, but he was too bewildered to realize their significance, and he felt less apprehensive on Captain Wrake's account than on his own. He had a vague suspicion that he had somehow made himself amenable to the law in connection with this wretched check, and suspected that the errand on which they were bound had an unpleasant personal bearing.

His uneasy meditation lasted until they reached their destination, and in a dazed state of mind he obeyed Mr. Grantly's request that he would follow him. His request at the police court happened so quickly that he hardly knew what he was doing. To add to his agitation and nervousness, Mr. Grantly's manner was very overbearing, and being a weak-minded lad he helplessly did what he was told, without reflecting. He was sworn and again confronted with the signature to the check. For the life of him he could not summon up courage to retract or qualify his original statement, and as a monosyllable was all that was required by way of answer, he found it easier to say "Yes" to the question put to him than to enter into an explanation. It was not until he found himself alone again, disconsolately wending his way back to his chambers, that it began to dawn upon him how fatally he had committed himself, and how grave a wrong he had done Captain Wrake.

While his mind was wavering between right and wrong an incident happened which afforded him an excuse for adopting the less compromising alternative. In the afternoon he received a visit from a lady who announced she was Captain Wrake's wife. She was young and pretty, but shabbily dressed, with a careworn look upon her pale face. Godfrey Denyer was the more startled at beholding her, because, like more of the Captain's friends, he was unaware that he was married. He knew Captain Wrake as a man of pleasure, a gambler and profligate, and in the poor wife's pinched features and threadbare attire it was easy to read a tale of suffering and neglect. But she had come, nevertheless, to plead for her husband, whom it appeared, had already been arrested; and the sight of her distress and her pitiful allusion to her young family touched Godfrey Denyer's heart and aroused his better feelings.

"What can I do for you?" he said, summoning up all his fortitude. "Shall I go at once to the police and acknowledge the signature?"

"My lawyer says that would be useless, as you have already denied it upon oath," sobbed the poor lady. "But if you would be merciful and not give evidence against my poor husband."

"I will not, I will leave London at once," he interrupted, eagerly, with a strange, feeble feeling of relief.

"Heaven bless you!" cried his friend's wife, impulsively seizing his hand and kissing it.

But Godfrey Denyer hastily drew his hand away for the spot she had kissed seemed like fire. A tingling sensation of shame and unworthiness took possession of him so that he fairly fled from the room. When Mrs. Wrake had left he lost no time in making preparations for his departure. Having packed up a few articles—leaving the bulk of his effects to the mercy of the landlady—he went trembling to the bank and drew out the balance which stood to his credit. The same night he reached Liverpool and the next morning sailed for New York.

Godfrey Denyer remained in America more than five years, and owing to one of those singular chances which read like romance and which usually happen to unworthy persons, he was able to lay the foundation of a large fortune. An American fellow-passenger on the way offered him employment in his business, and Godfrey Denyer at once entered upon a prosperous career and developed an unexpected capacity for his new duties. He not only gained the confidence of his employer but also his affectionate regard, so that he was afforded opportunities for advancement which rarely fall to the lot of a young man.

But he was no longer the vain, foolish lad he used to be before he left England. A great change had come over him, which dated from the day when, sorely after his arrival in America, he learned that Captain Wrake had been found guilty of forgery and sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. Godfrey Denyer's absence had availed no more than the prisoner's eager protestations of innocence to avert an adverse verdict, for independent persons had sworn to the check which was not in the handwriting of the supposed drawer. The news gave Godfrey a severe and painful attack and had a sobering effect upon his character. He conceived it to be his duty at least to provide for the necessities of the poor woman and innocent children whom he had rendered miserable. He had not the courage to return to England and clear Captain Wrake's reputation, but short of that he resolved to make every atonement in his power. With this object he devoted himself assiduously to business, and regularly remitted the larger portion of his earnings to a trustworthy agent who applied the money for Mrs. Wrake's benefit. The poor lady frequently blessed her unknown benefactor, but Godfrey Denyer never dared to disclose his identity, lest the wife of the man he so cruelly wronged should spurn his gifts and thus deprive him of the small consolation he derived from helping her.

At length he was informed that Captain Wrake would shortly be set at liberty, and he then resolved to carry into execution a plan which had been slowly forming in his mind for years past. In spite of the pecuniary sacrifices he had made for his sin, it was not a question of money, for he was prepared to continue his benefactions and to provide Captain Wrake with funds to make a fresh start in life if he would accept any favor of him. But his chief purpose was to return to England and to place himself unreservedly in Captain Wrake's hands. If the Captain would accept no apology or compensation, and insisted on his publicly acknowledging his baseness, Godfrey Denyer was determined to do so, regardless of the consequences.

This resolution had cost him a severe struggle with his moral cowardice, but at length he succeeded in summing up the necessary fortitude for his self-imposed penance. If he secretly hoped that Captain Wrake would be satisfied with some smaller sacrifice, he was nevertheless perfectly sincere in his purpose. He returned to England, looking prematurely aged, with streaks of gray in his hair, though he was barely thirty. But his bearing was calm and resolute, and a shrewd observer would have guessed at once that he had suffered some great trouble which had darkened his young life.

On the day when Captain Wrake was released from prison Godfrey Denyer sent him a request that he would grant him an interview at an inn near the gates of the jail. He felt deeply agitated at the prospect of finding himself face to face with the man who must have been cursing him bitterly for years, and who would now be the arbiter of his fate; but his firmness did not desert him, and when Captain Wrake appeared his purpose never wavered.

To his amazement the Captain hung his head and accepted his outstretched hand without hesitation, but in a very humble manner. Godfrey would scarcely believe his senses, and doubted at first whether it was really his former friend who stood before him. It was, indeed, he, however, though he, too, had aged and much changed in appearance. For a moment neither spoke, and then suddenly the Captain burst into tears and said in a choked voice: "Denyer, don't say a word. I can't bear it. I—I guess now who has been the savior of my poor wife and children. What can I do to say to your noble conduct? You first stand my friend by not appearing against me at the trial, so as to give a poor devil a chance, and then—you set me as guardian-angel to those I have so cruelly wronged. And you, of all others, are the person from whom I had the least right to expect kindness."

"Why," demanded Denyer, hoarsely, with a wild throbbing at his heart. "Why? How can you ask? You know my offense," said the Captain, averting his face.

"Do you mean—do you mean that you were really guilty?" cried Denyer, with a blessed sense of a load being suddenly lifted from his mind.

"God forgive me, yes! I was desperate, your helplessness tempted me, and—and—the Captain paused and hung his head again, while Godfrey Denyer involuntarily gave a long-drawn sigh of relief.—London Truth.

The Pay of Book-keepers.

In this city, where business is widely extended, a book-keeper who has his employer's confidence can keep the latter continually blinded in points of great importance. The merchant will inquire, "How much money have we in the bank?" Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown, give me a general in a correct manner; but he may, by ingeniously altering figures, make a delusive show. It is said that "figures will not lie." Naturally speaking, they will not, but in the hands of a skillful accountant they may be made to do so in a very surprising manner. The book-keeper Mettuchen, of the Ocean Bank, succeeded in robbing the bank of \$95,000 before detection, while the book-keeper Lavich, of the City Bank, obtained \$400,000 of that institution. This, however, was an unusual haul, and will not soon be equalled, but it shows what can be done. If lack of pay could be urged in extenuation, the book-keeper would have a powerful plea. This is always small in proportion to the work required. They are not and never will be paid more than enough to eke out a hard living. Some who have an unusually laborious and responsible position may get what is called a high salary—say \$2,000; but such instances are very rare, and you can hire expert hands at \$1,500. The hardest work book-keeper I ever knew got only \$2,000, and his labors nearly occasioned blindness. He had a very extensive set of books, and his neat hand and immense column of figures were matters of admiration, but it was killing work. In large houses the book-keeper is occupied chiefly with the ledger, and has enough to do to attend to "posting accounts" and keeping the books balanced. He will have his monthly balance sheet, commonly called a "trial balance," ready by the first of the month, and the accurate balance between the debit and credit side will prove that the ledger has been kept correctly. If an error, even of only a dime, can be caught once, and, before the lady could rescind it, it was injured beyond recovery. She put the poor trembling little creature back in his nest, and left it there for the mother-bird to nurse back to life if possible.

It was of no use. The cat's cruel claws and sharp teeth had done their work, and their victim died. A few days after, the lady, seeing and hearing nothing of the other bird, went to the nest, and found they had built a thatched roof over the poor little bird, and there he lay on his back, with his claws sticking up through the straws. They had buried their dead and deserted the nest.—Youth's Companion.

WHEN they build a railway, the first thing they do is to break ground. This is often done with great ceremony. They break the shareholders. This is done without ceremony.

Mr. Spoonydyke and the Dog.

"Look here, my dear," said Mr. Spoonydyke, as he led a large and shaggy dog into his wife's room. "I've got a dog a friend of mine gave me. What do you think of him?"

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Spoonydyke, mounting a chair in dismay. "Is he mad?"

"No, Mrs. Spoonydyke," retorted her husband, "he not only isn't mad, but he isn't a step-ladder either, nor a bird's-eye view. He's a dog, and, if you don't get out of that chair, he'll probably bite your legs off."

Mrs. Spoonydyke sat down on her feet and eyed the brute with some trepidation.

"Why don't he get the hydrophobia," she suggested, by way of a hearty welcome.

"Pray he has," agreed Mr. Spoonydyke; "but, if he has, he's got it in his pocket. Come here, doggie, doggie, doggie!" and Mr. Spoonydyke snatched his fingers persuasively.

"What don't he come when you call him?" asked Mrs. Spoonydyke, deeply interested in the proceedings.

"Because you make such a loud grating noise you scare him," explained Mr. Spoonydyke. "Come, doggie, doggie, doggie!"

"I don't quite like the way his tongue hangs out," objected Mrs. Spoonydyke. "It don't look natural."

"Maybe you don't like the way his tail hangs out either. Here, doggie, doggie, doggie!" and Mr. Spoonydyke snatched his fingers again.

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BITS OF INFORMATION.

THREE attempts have been made to assassinate Queen Victoria.

The theater of Marcellus, at Rome, was capable of seating 20,000 persons.

It has been estimated that 2,000,000 men perished in the wars begun to recover the Holy Land.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON was the oldest man elected President, and Gen. Grant the youngest.

An Italian writer says that 40,000 operas have been written since 1600, of which 10,000 have been produced by the sons of Italy.

It is stated that it takes 200,000 acres to produce half an ounce of the ether, which accounts for the high price demanded for the pure article.

ENGLAND produces more tin than any other country in the world. There are tin mines in Bohemia, Saxony, Spain, Portugal, Malacca and Australia.

WARREN HASTINGS, Governor General of India, was tried by the peers of Great Britain for high crimes and misdemeanors. One of the charges was his acceptance of £100,000 from the Nabob of Oude. The trial lasted seven years and three months, terminating in his acquittal.

The White House was first built in 1792, at a cost of \$233,000. It was not occupied until 1800. It was rebuilt in 1818. Its porticoes were not finished until 1829. Altogether, it is computed to have cost for building, rebuilding and furnishing about \$1,700,000. The whole structure has a frontage of 170 feet and a depth of 68 feet, and its vestibule is 50x40 feet. The garden and park which include the mansion occupy twenty acres. The Cabinet-room, 45x55 feet, is on the second floor. The White House was modeled after the palace of the Duke of Leinster.

The phrase "Speaking for benevolence" originated near the close of the debate on the famous "Missouri Question," in the sixteenth Congress. It was then used by Felix Walker, who lived at Waynesville, in Haywood, the most western county of North Carolina, near the adjacent county of Buncombe, which formed part of his district. The old man rose to speak, while the House was impatiently calling for the question "and several members gathered round him, begging him to desist. He persevered, however, for a while, declaring that the people of his district expected it, and that he was bound to make a speech for Buncombe."

The phrase "According to Gunter" refers to Edmund Gunter, a distinguished English mathematician, who was born in 1581 and died in 1626. He is known as the inventor of the chain commonly used by surveyors for measuring land, and of the flat wooden rule marked with scales on equal parts of inches, chords, etc., and also with logarithms of the various parts, which is used to solve problems in surveying and navigation mechanically with the aid of dividers alone. Hence in the use of the phrase, anything is "according to Gunter" which is done quite right and admits of no improvement.

A LOSBON paper once printed the following in regard to the "origin of the custom of making fads on the 1st of April." "This is said to have begun from the mistake of Noah in sending the dove out of the ark before the water had abated, on the first day of the month among the Hebrews which answers to the 1st of April, and to perpetuate the memory of this delinquency it was thought proper, wherever forgot so remarkable a circumstance, to punish them by sending them upon some senseless errand similar to that infelicitous message upon which the bird was sent by the patriarch. The custom appears to be of great antiquity, and to have been derived by the Romans from some of the Eastern nations."

Rugs.

Now that it is the fashion to dispense with carpets and the use of rugs substituted, the following home-made ones might be found useful in a small bedroom, chamber, or study, instead of the Persian and other expensive bought kinds. Of course the floor should be painted, oiled, or have a matting. For a room that is usually subject to sleep in, nothing can be nicer, as they can be taken up and shaken without any trouble, and they breathe without feeling that they are inhaling dust from carpets at every inspiration.

Very handsome rugs can be made of burlap canvas at small cost. The piece of canvas must be fastened to a stout frame of the desired size for the rug, and then narrow strips of red, green and gray flannel can be "drawn in," in any pattern desired. The border should be of solid color—gray is the prettiest and is a neat finish. Loops must be left on the surface and the whole