THE RABBI'S PRESENT.

[Cornhill Magazine.]

A rabbi once, by all admired,
Received of high esteem the sign,
From those his goodness had inspired,
A present of a cask of wine.
But, lo! when soon he came to draw,
A miracle, in mode as rapid
But quite unlike what Cana saw,
Had turned his wine to water vapid.
The rabbi never knew the cause,
For miracles are things of mystery,
Tho' some, like this, have had their laws
Explained from facts of private history.
His friends, whom love did aptly teach,
Wished all to share the gracious task,
So planned to bring a bottle each,
And pour their wine in one great cask.
Now one by chance thought, "None will know,
And with the wine of all my brothers
One pint of water well may go;"
And so by chance thought all the others!

STREET PEDDLERS OF MEXICO.

Catching the Fancy of the Fair Sex—Sellers of Notions Innumerable.

[Fanny Brigham Ward.]

Among the established institutions of Mexico are the itinerant merchants, who continually perambulate the streets, for if the mountain can't come to Mahomet, it naturally follows that Mahomet goes to the mountain. Besides his little tray of goods and the ribbons, laces, scarfs, and embroideries hung over his arms and shoulders, the peddler carries a camp table, which he spreads upon the pavement, and deposits his tray thereon while conducting business between the bars of the windows, for, being a "horrid man," of course he must not go inside.

Apparently the female heart is the same the wide world over, and the delight which these dark-eyed women take in purchasing all manner of trumpery, from silk dresses to ginger-bread horses, is identical with that of their northern cousins who haunt the stores of New York. At all hours of every day, but especially Sundays, in every city and hamlet of Mexico, these perambulating comercientes swarm the streets, offering all imaginable commodities, from a lunch of hot tamales or sweet potatoes to hair puffs and switches. They thrust into your windows and insist upon your purchasing, not only notions innumerable, but the goods of tailors and hardware merchants, milliners and grocers, shoes, jewelry, saddles and harness, chunks of meat, pigs, alive and dead, goats and the poultry, young kids that cry like babies, cages of birds, opals fresh from the mines, and pearls from Pacific fisheries, antiquities from ruined pyramids and buried cities, sometimes of priceless value, which they sell for a few cents because they are old—in short, everything the imagination can conceive.

The fruit peddler bears his figs, bananas, grapes, onions, peppers and potatoes all mixed together in the huge wooden bowl upon his head. The dulce (candy) vender carries his sweets to the sweet on a tray, slung around his neck with a rope of maguey; the milk seller totes his cans upon his back; the water carrier has two enormous jars, one hanging behind, the other before, both upheld by a leathern strap around his forehead; while the petroleum man carries his well-watered stock in a tin box and retails it by the gill, or wholesales it at the rate of $1 a gallon. The baker comes around twice a day, at early morn, and dewy eve, with his bread, which would make excellent cannon balls, in a big basket balanced upon his head. He always carries his precious sombrero, which probably cost him a years earnings, in the basket among the loaves, and if a thrifty fellow he economizes his shoes in the same manner. Meanwhile the air is vocal with other cries. The cake vender shouts in soft-vowelled Castilian, "Garditas! Garditas! Aqui son buenas garditas!" ("Fat little cakes! Fat little cakes! Here are good, fat little cakes.") Carbonero-o-o-o, bowls the coal man. Tortillas de enamadas (curd cakes) interrogates another. Mantequilla! Mantequilla! croaks the half naked creature who thrusts under your nose a pot of odoriferous grease, while the vender of poultry, sauntering along in the sun with his cane cage on his shoulders, sings in sleepy monotone, "Ducks and chickens! Oh, my soul! Good ducks and chickens!"

Insects' Breathing Arrangement.

[Naturalist's Letter.]

If we take any moderately large insect, say a wasp or a hornet, be can see, even with the naked eye, that a series of small, spot-like marks run along either side of the body. These apparent spots, which are generally eighteen or twenty in number, and, in fact, the apertures through which air is admitted into the system, and are generally formed in such a manner that no extraneous matter can by any possibility find entrance.

Sometimes they are furnished with a pair of horney lips, which can be opened and closed at the will of the insect, in other cases they are densely fringed with stiff interlacing bristles, forming a filter, which allows air, and air alone, to pass. But the apparatus, of whatever character it may be, is always so wonderfully perfect in its action that it has been found impossible to inject the body of a dead insect with even so subtle a medium as spirits of wine, although the subject was first immersed in the fluid and then placed beneath the receiver of an air pump.

Puppies Under Glass.

[Chicago Herald.]

It has been found that puppies brought up under different colored lights have had strikingly different characteristics developed. Red puppies were found to be particularly devoid of pugnacity. Blue did not conduce to sweetness of disposition, while green was found to be the most educational color of all. Verdant green puppies exhibited extreme liveliness, cheerfulness and playfulness, accompanied by ease and gracefulness of motion, and were invariably good-natured and kind. Green glass in place of blue panes is recommended for the nursery.

A Natural Ice-Cave.

[Alta California.]

A natural ice-cave exists thirty miles east of Fall River valley, Cal., in the Mount Shasta region. There are huge columns of ice, chambers of ice, and ice hanging from the ceiling like blades of polished steel, forming a picture of grandeur. The residents of the valley haul their summer's supply of ice from the cave.

For Sale.

At A. J. Best's, two milch cows and one yoke of oxen.

Huffstetlers Store,
30-4t Tenn.

Huffstetler Happenings.

Health of our community good.

Corn looks well.

The thresher has been singing.

T. B. Taylor made thirty-five bushels of wheat out of seventy-five dozen sheaves.

P. A. Costner's child is improving

Rev. J. A. Ruble preached here at Carpenter's Campground last Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m.

Caleb Best has purchased a new tin fruit dryer.

W. M. Best is the recent possessor of a fine gray mare.

The family of Mr. Tom Walker is improving.

J. B. WALLDRUPE.

IN MEMORY OF LITTLE EARNEST

Infant son of Cabe and Mary Best age 11 months, departed this life June 17; was sick but a short time. All was done for Little Earnest that love could do. But alas, death calls for its own. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Taylor. The remains of the budding rose were laid to rest in Carpenter's graveyard.

Young mother and father, he is gone.
His dimpled cheek no more will touch thy breast;
No more the music tone
Float from his lips to thine all fondly pressed
His smile and happy laugh are lost to thee:
Earth must his mother and his pillow be.

IN MEMORY OF LITTLE CARRIE.

Who departed this life, June 15. The deceased was nineteen months of age, was an only child of Tom and Kate Thompson. She was a sweet child, with laughing blue eyes and beautiful golden curls. Carrie was very intelligent and a most obedient child. But alas, the angel of Death came this way, and stoled the little jewel from onr midst. Home now seems silent and lonely without her. We hear no more the patter of her little feet or the prattle of her tongue. Funeral services was conducted by Rev. J. A. Ruble. Her remains were laid to rest in Carpenter's Graveyard.

Sweet laughing child—the cottage door
Stands free and open now.
But Oh, its sunshine gilds no more
The gladness of thy brow.
The merry step hath passed away,
Thy laughing sport is hushed for aye.

Cow for Sale.

A nice young Durham cow with a good calf, two weeks old, for sale. Will sell her and calf very cheap Come out and see me; three miles west of Maryville.

W. P. BARNHILL.
28-tf

Perfumers now utilize the scent of the cucumber.

There are twelve wives and one husband under sixteen years living in Batavia, N. Y.

CLIMBING THE SPIRAL STAIRS.

Invisible Architecture in a New England Parsonage.

"Yes," she said, "our children are married and gone, and my husband and I sit by our winter fire much as we did before the little ones came to widen the circle. Life is something like a spiral staircase; we are all the time coming around over the spot we started from, only one degree further up the staire."

"That is a pretty illustration," remarked her friend, musingly, gazing into the glowing coals which radiated a pleasant heat from the many-windowed stove. "You know we cannot stop toiling up the hill, though."

"Surely we cannot, and for myself I don't find fault with that necessity provided its advance in life is not attended with calamity or suffering, for I have had my share of that. Not long since my health utterly broke down. My system was full of malaria. My digestion became thoroughly disordered and my nerves were in a wretched state. I was languid, ate little and that without enjoying it, and had no strength or ambition to perform even my light household duties. Medical treatment failed to reach the seat of the trouble. The disease—which seemed to be weakness of all the vital organs—progressed until I had several attacks which my physicians pronounced to be acute congestion of the stomach The last of these was a desperate struggle and I was given up to die. As the crisis had partially passed, my husband heard of the merits of PARKER'S TONIC as an invigorant in just such cases as mine. I took it and felt its good effects at once. It appeared to pervade my body, as though the blessing of new life had come to me. Taking no other medicine I continued to improve, and am now in better health than I have been for a long time."

[Extract from an interview with the wife of Rev. P. Perry, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Coldbrook, Mass.

30-4t

THE MARKETS.

Corrected With Each Issue.

MARYVILLE.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

CATTLE—	₱ lb 2½ @ 3½
SHEEP—	₱ lb 2 @ 2½
Beef—	₱ lb 5
Mutton—	₱ lb 3a5
Bacon—hams, home cured,	₱ lb 9½
shoulders " "	₱ lb 7½
sides " "	₱ lb 8
Butter—choice,	₱ lb 10
fair,	₱ lb
Beeswax—good,	₱ lb 22
Corn—old,	per bu. 60
Cotton—	₱ lb 9
Eggs—	per doz 5
Peanuts—	per bu 1.00
Fruit—dried apples,	₱ lb
" peaches,	₱ lb
" blackberries,	₱ qt.
Feathers—geese,	₱ lb 42
duck,	₱ lb 25
mixed	₱ lb 30
Lard— in cans	₱ lb 9
Chickens—roosters,	₱ lb 2
hens,	₱ lb 5
spring,	₱ lb 6
Rags—cotton,	₱ lb 1
Sorghum—home product,	₱ gal.35
Wheat—	₱ bu. 85a10
Wool—	₱ lb 30
Peas—	₱ lb 1.00
Beans—	₱ bu.
" colored,	₱ bu.

KNOXVILLE.

Flour, roller process	$5 to $5.50
Wheat, wagons	$1 to $1.05
Bacon, sides, buying	8c to c8¼
Hams	10½c to 10¾c
Lard, leaf	7¾c to 8c
Butter, prime	15c to 20c
Wool, tub washed	25c
Cattle, best butchers	$3.50 to $4.00