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THE DARLINGTON NEWS.

"FOR US, PRINCIPLE IS PRINCIPLE—RIGHT IS RIGHT—YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, TO-MORROW, FOREVER."

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The Man With a Bear.

Among the baggage coming down on a Flint & Pere Marquette train the other day, was a full grown black bear. Bruin had been in captivity for two or three years, and was on his way East for a zoological garden. His owner was allowed to ride with him in the baggage car, and he seemed to think his bear was the greatest animal on earth. He was ready to bet Bruin could out hug and out bite anything human, and was rather disappointed when the railroad men refused to dispute this point with him. He was indulging in his brag when an old man came into the car to see about his trunk. He saw the bear of course but the glance of contempt he bestowed on the animal instantly killed the indignation of the owner, who called out:

'Mebbe you think I'm toting an old hyena around the country?'

'I guess it's a bear,' slowly replied the other, 'but I see nothing remarkable about him.'

'You don't eh? Well, I do! Mebbe you'd like to see him hug that trunk of yours? What he can't silver when he gets his paws around its got to have roots forty feet under ground.'

'I've got a son back in the car—' reflectively observed the old man, and then he stopped and looked at the bear.

'Your son? Egad! Will you match your son agin my bear?' chuckled the owner as he danced with delight.

'I guess so.'

'You do! Bring him in! Trot him out! I'll have him all the show he wants and bet five to one on the bear.'

The old man slowly took in a chew of tobacco, left the car, and when he returned he had his son Martin with him. Martin seemed to be about twenty-seven years of age and a little taller than a hitching post. He was built on the ground, with a back like a writing desk and arms which seem to have been selected from railroad ties.

'Martin, this 'ere man wants to bet five to one that his bear can out hug you,' quietly explained the father as the son sat down on a trunk.

'Yes, that's it—that's just it!' cackled the owner; 'I'll muzzle him so he can't bite, and I'll bet five to one he'll make you holler in two minutes!'

'Muzzle your b'ar!' was all that Martin said as he pulled out a five dollar bill and handed it to the baggageman. The bearman put $25 with it, grinning like a boy in a cherry tree, and in a minute he had his coat off and was ready. Martin removed his coat and paper collar and carelessly inquired:

'Is this to be a square hug, with no gouging?'

'Jess so—jess!' replied the bear man. 'You hug the bear and he will hug you, and the one who squeals first loses his cash. Now, then, all ready.'

As Martin approached, the bear rose up with a sinful glare in his eye, and the two embraced. It was a sort of back hold, with no sell out on the crowd.

'Go for him, Hunyado!' yelled the bear man as they closed, and the bear responded. One could see by the set of his eyes that he meant to make jelly of that young man in York minute, but he failed to do it. Some little trifles stood in his way. For instance, it wasn't ten seconds before he realized that two could play at hugging. Martin's hand sank down in the bear's coat, the shoulder muscles were called on duty, and at the first hug the bear rolled his eyes in astonishment.

'Go in, Hunyado—go in—go in!' screamed the bear man, and Bruin laid himself out as if he meant to pull a railroad water tank down.

'You might squeeze a little bit harder, my son,' carelessly suggested the father, as he spit from the open door, and Martin called out his reserve muscle.

Each had his best grip. There was no tumbling around to waste breath, but it was a stand up, stand still hugging match. Little by little the bear's eyes began to bulge and his mouth to open, and Martin's face slowly grew to the color of red paint.

'Hang to him, Hunyado—I've my last dollar on your head!' shrieked the bear man, as he saw a further bulge to his pet's eyes.

But it was no use. All of a sudden the bear began to yell and cough as a strangle. He was a goner. Martin knew it, but he wanted no dispute, and so he gave Hunyado a lift from the floor, a hug which rolled his eyes around like a pin wheel, and then dropped him in a heap on the floor.

'Well, may I be shot!' gasped the bear man, as he stood over the half-lifeless heap of hair and claws.

'Martin,' said the father, as he handed him the thirty dollars, 'you'd better go back thar' and watch our sachels.'

'Yes, I guess so,' replied the son, as he shoved the bills in his vest pocket, and he retired without another word or look at the bear.

That was the bear they were feeding gruel in a saloon on Randolph street two evenings ago—one man was feeding gruel and another feeling along his spine to find the fracture.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A little fellow rushed into the street recently to look at a monkey that accompanied an organ grinder, who was playing in front of an adjoining block. Never having perused the 'Origin of Man,' he gazed in wonder and admiration a few moments, and then rushing into the house he met his grandmother, to whom he addressed this inquiry: 'Grandmother, who made moneys?' 'God my boy,' replied the old lady in her candid way. 'Well,' said the excitable grandson introjomer, 'I'll bet God laughed when he got the first monkey done.'

Backwoods Sermon.

"Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works." Heb 10, 24

Women, as a general rule, are creatures of contradiction. To provoke one to love is rather a herlean task, but to provoke her to do that which will ultimately turn out for good, is comparatively an easy matter. This known characteristic of the sex, has taught man to study what may be termed the economy of desires, and to take advantage of this contrariety, to accomplish the ends in view.

We have been taught from our earliest infancy to canonize the tender sex, until we have almost come to the conclusion, that the world is held with Saints in Calico and Earth be.

They have concluded to think that if anything is written or spoken that does not elate and set their charms and good works at a premium, that the world is degenerating, and Darwin like, men are fast becoming to represent their progenitors, not only in looks but actions.

Dear reader, Lambkins, your tongues are like refined oil, it finds out the smallest crevice, and instils into man's rusty nature something that tends to make him feel like you conceive yourselves to be, purity purified.

In the language of the text, you are to 'consider one another,' but I am very much afraid your consideration is often very much after the manner in which type is set up a sort of upside down backward fashion which like yourselves never can be properly read until placed before a mirror.

Mrs. Smoothtongue hearing of the delinquency of her neighbor's husband, sets out at once to consult with Mrs. Know-it-all, and to express her sincere regrets that Martha Jane has such a brute for a husband as Pilgarlic Shortcomings; that she always knew that Pil was rather too friendly with those 'stuck up' Toole girls, and had advised Martha Jane time and again not to be so familiar with them.

Mrs. Know-it-all attends next morning the weekly meeting of the Home Heathen Club, a religious society of which Miss Tattler is Secretary, and Miss Stir-it-about is Treasurer, when the Pilgarlic matter is taken up. *Secundum Ordinem* and discussed. *Adamussim.* After a lengthy harangue by the President, Mrs. Delilah Lovetail, it is at last conceded, that the Toole girls are not a bit better than some other characters they know of, the poor fellow a veritable Don Juan, and should be excluded from polite society.

When the truth of the matter becomes known, Pilgarlic had enclosed in a neatly embossed envelope a recipe for the speedy and certain cure of the measles, and sent it to Miss Prudence Toole, whose neice had contracted the disease while attending school, and which note was carried to a *billet doux* by their mutual friend, Miss Curiosity Cimlus.

The Slanderous fire let loose at the Home Heathen (a polite name for this School of Scandal) grew larger and larger, until the whole settlement treated the Toole girls as 'Nobodys,' and Pilgarlic as a full-fledged villain.

Poor, frail humanity, when will the world grow wiser, or in the lingo of the text, learn to 'consider one another,' to consider the feelings that might may be said to preprince the name and character of each other. To nurture in their bosoms those God like principles of Science and Christian Charity. To let the affairs of this world be secondary to that which is to come.

Women in society exert an influence for good or evil, in proportion to the amount of restraint they put upon their tongues. The little everyday occurrences of life should be beneath their notice. They should exert themselves to make the world grow better, not worse, by repeating and commenting upon the scandals, evil reports and hearsay opinions of their associates. An ounce of common sense doctrine, is worth a ton of orthodox sermonizing, and a drop of the milk of human kindness, the oil of say nothing will often still an ocean of discord and dissensions. Remember

Ah, lovely woman, God in mercy gave
Your tongue to slander or to bless,
Since 'tis the devil's means to save
He taught it well the sight of evil
Guard well it then, a moral learn
And every slander from you spurn.

J. P. M.

[*Pickens Sentinel.*

A trio of gentlemanly tramps entered William Wilkins' on a lonely highway in Mississippi and politely asked for his money or his life. He said he'd see them in Asia Minor first, and then he went for them with a big club. They endured this vigorous attack for a quarter of an hour, and when they finally succeeded in taking away his club and getting the creature down, and held a Congressional investigation of his pockets and found only a tiny fish hook, an old pipe and a bit of chewed tobacco, a hunk of corn-bread, a defaced one cent stamp, a nickel with a hole in it, their sorrow over such evidences of Southern demoralization and corruption can better be fancied than described. Wilkins has not yet announced himself a candidate for Congress or constable, but the papers are looking out keenly for his card.

A tramp passing through Battle Creek last week fell into a conversation with Glen Wilson, a colored man, and it soon transpired that he was Glen's old master in Tennessee. Glen took him to a hotel, gave him a good dinner and a dollar in money, and the old man went on a quarter now a tramp, having a great deal the hospitality of his former slave in mind.

Burdette's Mushery.

'Gerald.'—You grieve that your passions are so strong, do you? All right, mix in a little of your morals, which are weak enough to thin them down.

'Little Buttercup' writes: 'How can I mend a crystal goblet that has got a hole punched through its side?' You can't repair it permanently, but if you stick your thumb in the whole when you are using the goblet it will answer for all purposes.

'Mary Ann' says she is 'a weary,' and complains that 'woman's work goes on forever.' So it does, and we are glad of it. But that doesn't affect you. Bless your soul, you don't go on forever; you don't have all the work to do, not even while you live. Man's work goes on forever, too, we hope, but that doesn't fret us a particle. We are not going to stay here and do it all. Bless you, no, we are not going to do our own any longer than we have to. Brace up, Mary Ann, and don't you fret about the work that 'goes on forever.' You're not going on with your work more than forty or fifty years longer, Mary Ann, and don't you forget it.

'Mrs. Bladsoe' wants to know 'which is the quickest way to make ice cream without a freezer?' Buy it in one of those little pasteboard boxes they sell at the ice cream factories.

'Gentle Annie' is in a desponding mood this week. She begins her sad plaint by asking 'Will they forget us when we are gone?' You may bet your sweet life, Gentle Annie, they will. They will forget us so completely they won't even be positive where we have gone.

'Marguerite' asks if 'a woman should marry a man whom she respects and esteems, but does not love, for his money?' Oh, no, Marguerite, no no, not exactly that. You should not marry him for money, unless you can't absolutely get it any other way. But if you do really 'respect' the man, you might love his money, and then you would have all the ingredients for a happy match, anyhow. We wouldn't advise you to marry a man for his money alone; nor, on the other hand, Marguerite, would we advise you to marry a man merely for the sake of his poverty; there is neither merit or novelty in that. But you should marry him, even though he his rich as Croesus, because, by the way, Marguerite, you didn't say that this rich man asked you or wanted you to marry him! How is that, by the way?

'Troy Mint says she is just crying her eyes out, because she is not pretty, and she feels lonely and nobody loves her, and she longs for some sympathetic heart that can feel for her troubles and drop words of sympathy like healing balm into her lovely life.' 'Baby Mine' hush it right up; not a whisper. You scare us to death and we haven't a word of sympathy for you. We are a married man, with a boy old enough, or at least smart enough, to go to college; we are the busy head of a pleasant, happy household, and we are not going to be decoyed off into any sympathetic streaks, not by all the lonely women in America. Dry it up; and the next time you write to this department, tell us how to make water crisps that will last all night and won't straighten out in one hot afternoon. 'Lonely,' are you? Then why don't you go to the socible, where you will meet so many other lonely people that you will feel happy? 'Lonely?' Great guns, and a new circus billed on the fence every week.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Boys Who Learned to Sew.

When the late Admiral —— was a young midshipman he was sent on a voyage around the world in one of King George the Third's ships. He was three years away, and as he grew very fast, he found himself sailing in the Pacific Ocean with hardly a stitch of clothes to his back. His mother, sister of Admiral Lord ——, had taught her little boy to sew, so he got some canvas out of the ship's stores, and cut out and made himself a new suit of clothes; his mother was very proud of these, and when her son was an admiral she used to show them to her grandchildren and tell them the story. Rather more than thirty years ago a lady went to call on another one rainy afternoon; the housewife sat on an island in a lake in Ireland. In the drawing room were two little boys sitting on footstools, one on each side of the fireplace. Probably the visitor looked astonished, for the mother of the little boys said in a low tone, 'Please don't laugh at them; what should I do with them on this island on a rainy day if they were too proud to sew?' One of these boys was a lieutenant in the Crimean war; he fought none the worse because he knew how to use the needle as well as the sword, which he, with his men, was for eighteen hours in the Redan on the memorable 18th of June. The chaplain of an Irish institution had seen, when he was young, the struts to which the French aristocratic refugees were reduced, from having learned how to do things for themselves; and he got a tailor to come into his house and teach his boys how to cut out and make and amend their own clothes. One of the boys is now an old general, but he sews on his buttons to this very day, and when he was on service in one of the small British stations in Asia he not only mended and patched his own clothes, but those of his brother officers. All the men of his regiment knitted their own socks.—*London Journal.*

"That's a beautiful picture of my husband," said a lady to his wife, at the same time pointing to a picture. "Yes," by way of reply was the reply.

A Malay Woman.

White, or light yellow, and interwoven sometimes with flower patterns, more generally with brilliant stripes of Chinese silk, red, yellow, green, or blue, the 'baro,' or blouse, is an essentially national dress, though in the neighborhood of Manilla modified too often into an uncouth resemblance of a European skirt.

Beneath it a pair of white or light-colored trousers are belted round the waist; the feet, usually bare, or protected by sandals at most, are on occasions like this not seldom encased in patent-leather boots of English fashion; the head is protected, not, a flat, mushroom-like hat, of about a foot in diameter, close plaited in gray and black intersecting patterns of tough 'nito' or liana fibre, the circumstance tastefully ornamented with silver bands and flowerets, an excellent and picturesque sun-shade, ill exchanged, though happily but seldom, for the European hat of silk or straw.

The poorer classes wear a like dress but of coarser materials, in which red or orange commonly predominate, and on the head a 'salac t' devoid of ornament.

But while the men's attire, though national in the main, shows occasional tokens of European influence, the women, with wise conservatism, retain their Malay costume unaltered as of old.

Wrapped in the many colored folds of the silken 'saya,' or 'sarong,' and over it a second, but narrower, waistcloth, also of silk, reaching down to the knees, and dark in hue; her breast and shoulders covered with delicate 'pina' texture, while the matchless abundance of her raven hair ripples from under a white snooded kerchief far down her back not seldom to her very heels, a Malay woman could hardly, even did she wish it, improve on the toilette bequeathed by her ancestors.

Silver or gold ornaments are not much in feminine use.

It is true that the Malay type of face is generally too flat for regular beauty, and the eye, though larger than the Chinese, is seldom full sized; but many of the younger women are decidedly pretty, a few lovely, and a habitual look of smiling good-nature goes far to render pleasing the less nature favored faces.

Their complexion is a clear brown, sometimes hardly darker than that of an ordinary South European brunette.

Children all [illegible] or with a light [illegible] covering, mix fearlessly [illegible] the throng; early trained [illegible] good example to good manners, they show less disposition to noise and mischief than is ordinary elsewhere at their age.

The Way a Man Packs.

Mr Bowerman and wife left for the country yesterday. One could tell that their trunks were not over half full, as they were pitched into the baggage car with a crash. They began packing a week ago. When the subject was broached he said he preferred to pack his own trunk, and he didn't propose to take a whole month to do it, either. All he intended to take along was an extra suit, and he could throw that in most any way. Night before last he began work. It struck him that he'd better put in an extra pair of boots as a foundation, and he flung em in and braced 'em in the corners with his clean shirts. The shirts didn't seem to ride very well, and he braced them with two pairs of trowers. Then he stuffed his Sunday coat pockets with collars and cuffs and found a place for it used his white vests for chinking, and the balance of his clothing just fitted in nicely.

The man who takes over ten minutes to pack a trunk is a dude!" said Mr. Bowerman, as he slammed down the lid and turned the key.

Mrs Bowerman has been at it just seven days and seven nights, and when the husband went up stairs at ten o'clock she sat down before the open trunk and with tears in her eyes.

'You see how it is, she explained, as he looked down upon her in awful contempt. 'I've got only part of my dresses in here, saying nothing of a thousand other things, and even now the lid won't shut down. I've got such a headache, I must lop down for a few minutes.'

She went away to lop, and Mr Bowerman sat down and mused:

'Space is space. The use of space is in knowing how to utilize it.'

Removing everything, he began repacking. He found that a silk dress could be rolled to the size of a quart jug. A freshly-starched lawn was made to take the place of a pair of slippers. Her brown bunting fitted into the niche she had reserved for the three hankerchiefs, and her best bonnet was turned bottom up in its box and packed full of underclothing. He sat there viewing sufficient empty space to pack in a whole bed, when she returned and said he was the only real good husband in this world, and she kissed him on the nose as he turned the key.

'It's simply the difference between the sexes,' was his patronizing reply as he went down stairs to turn on the burglar alarm.

When that wife opened that trunk last night—! But screams and shrieks would avail nothing.

'Doctor,' said a lady patient, 'I suffer a great deal with my eyes.' The old gentleman adjusted his spectacles, and with a Socratic air replied: 'I do not doubt it, my friend; but then you ought not to forget that you would suffer more without them.'

A Romantic Applicant.

A man with beer-colored hair and a soft blue eye habed by cardinal lashes, walked into the office of one of the Boston steamship lines about two weeks ago, and approached the cashier, said:

'I have traveled pretty much all over the world; I have dined in the golden cafes of Constantinople; I have sipped wine in the gayest saloons in Paris; I have smoked cigarettes at the graves of Homer, and I have bathed my aching brow in the billows of the blue Adriatic.'

'Well, what of it?'

'What of it?' he said, reflectively. 'I want to go to Boston; that's what of it.'

'Do you want a first-class ticket?'

'Well, I think I do. Do you fancy, my dear sir, that the off-spring of an Austrian count, who can trace his pedigree back to the rebellion, would deign to travel otherwise than in a manner befitting his rank and social station?'

The cashier blushed and apologized, when the nobleman continued;

'Do you set a good table?'

'First class,' responded the cashier 'all the delicacies of the season, as well as wine of every brand. Everything is cooked in the best of style.'

'You delight me beyond measure,' responded the nobleman, with a smile, as he drew a toothpick from his pocket to scratch his neck. 'If there is any one thing in this vale of tears that I like more than another it is an æsthetic meal. I suppose the waiters are polite and attentive?'

'Yes, my lord, they are.'

'Do you have flowers on the table?'

'We have.'

'I like that. My poor mother, the Countess of Hogunpazunk, was always fond of flowers on a dining table and I inherit her commendable weakness. Have you never had any elopements, or suicides, or anything of a romantic nature on your boats?'

'No, sir.'

'Do you ever race with other steamers?'

'No, sir.'

'Then I shall have to say good morning I am an old cavalry charger, and I don't like none of your easy going religious navigation. When I said I want to go on a regular old fashioned, slay-bang, licketty rip fire-the furniture into the furnace and hue, that's the kind of a Mackinaw straw hat I am.'

And then he drew himself up to his utmost inch and walked out.—*Washington Capital.*

A Shabby Umbrella.

Strange how ashamed a man will be of a shabby unbrella—one of those slouchy corpulent affairs, with the bleached out covering divorced from a third of the rib ribs, and a shoe-string clasped around its waist in lieu of the long vanished elastic! How he will hide it as far as possible under his arm, run it up his coat sleeve, tuck it away beneath the folds of his coat, keep it between himself and the wall, and when he gets in the car how careful he is to dispose it in the darkest corner! And if perchance anybody spies it out, how quick is he to head off criticism by explaining that it is the one he keeps in the office—so convenient to have one there, you know; one that you know nobody would steal—ha! ha! Or may be he will go a step further—the lying rascal—and say he borrowed it, and if he didn't return it old Grimshaw would never forgive him—ha! ha! But when the clouds lower and the rain drops begin to patter, who so at ease, so envied so proud and happy, as the man with the shabby umbrella, as he stalks along between rows of unprotected men and women, with his despised umbrel dripping its liquid harvest indiscriminately on the just and unjust? Verily, there is nothing in this life wholly good or wholly bad.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Rule of Life.

Though Christ takes away our sins by his cross, and covers our disobedience by his righteousness, and offers to our weakness his helping-hand through faith, still he accords to his disciples no lower type of religion than that which he himself illustrated; no lower rule of life than that which he himself observed. Nay, rather did he put new life and emphasis into the fundamental law of the decalogue as the law of his own kingdom. For he compresses the ten commandments into that one rule of holy obedience and consecration which he pressed home upon the heart when he said, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and soul, and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself.' Deeper than this we can not go for a foundation of religion; higher than this we can not rise for a standard of life; nothing broader, fuller, more complete, and final, can we have a spirit and rule of consecration. It is the most spiritual conception of religion that the philosopher can form, and at the same time the most simple and practical rule of piety that can be given to a child. This principle, settled within the soul as the one aim and law of its life, is the good treasure of the heart, out of which all good things are brought forth.

A farm laborer at Ardleigh, England, went to the help of a man who was being overpowered by a lunatic in his charge and in danger of being killed. He was absent from work an hour and a half, and was prosecuted by his employer for five shillings damages on account of loss of services, and the court decided against him for not getting permission from his employer before going to the rescue of a man who was liable to be killed at any moment.

Running a Shot-Gun Quarantine.

Messrs. Charles Quentel, Jr., and Henry Quentel, with their wives and several compagnons du voyage, left town yesterday in carriages, with the intention of taking the Louisville and Nashville railroad train at Barlett, and departing for a more salubrious clime. Everything went well until the party neared Barlett; not a single murderous quarantine guard was met with, and hope, that springs eternal in the human breast, lent an additional charm to the beauties of nature so lavishly displayed on every hand. But, as some one, probably Mark Twain, has said, all that's bright must fade. On reaching the bridge this side of Barlett, a solitary horseman bearing the typical shot gun was seen, not approaching, but immovably fixed in the road. When the party drove up, this party of the first party halted them.

'You can't pass,' said he with heroic firmness.

'Wherefore?' was asked.

'Because you can't,' was the response.

'Well, but we will.'

'If you do it will be with a load in you.'

'If you draw that gun you'll be destroyed without remedy,' replied one of the travelers. He drove on; the rest followed. He got no load in him.

When Bartlett was reached, the train was still there, and the refugees were beginning to lay the flattering unction to their souls that all would yet be well, when suddenly a committee appeared barring the way. They said, 'Thus far, and no farther.' 'Twas vain to speak, to weep, to sigh—the incorruptible guardians of the Barlett health were not to be moved.

They said, however, 'If you'll go on to Bond's station (six miles further on), you can get aboard the train there,' and with this the refugees were forced to be content. Then they asked the conductor to take their bagage on there. He said, 'If I do they will eliminate me from off the earth.' So they went on to Bond's station and waited for the train. It came along and was duly signaled, but passed without stopping. The conductor, however, had not forgotten them. He called all the passengers to the window of the car, and exhibited the forlorn Memphians. The scene was enjoyed by all present with a few exceptions. The 'left' then tried to get quarters in the country until to-morrow, when they hoped to get a train; but the inhabitants declared they would'nt take them in if there was millions in it. This was the last straw, and the bright hopes that animated the party in the morning had been succeeded by the bitterness of despair. Memphis was now the only place remaining open to them, and to Memphis they returned, arriving yesterday evening imbued with a monumental disgust at country quarantine.

A Brave and Good Man.

The Rev. William E. Boggs, formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Columbia, is still in Memphis battling with the yellow fiend, nursing the sick and dying. When the epidemic first began Mr Boggs was urged by his friends to leave the stricken city and go to Atlanta and accept a call which had been made to him, but this he positively refused to do, declaring that under no possible consideration would he consent to desert his charge in their hour of peril, preferring to stay with them and share their dangers and hardships. And now this brave and self-sacrificing man of God is in the midst of the doomed city ministering to the physical and spiritual wants of the poor and doing everything in his power to alleviate the sufferings of the destitute and sick. This is indeed a rare example of fortitude and heroism. Not often is it in this era of selfishness and moral cowardice that we meet with such a spectacle, even within the pall of the Gospel followers of that religion which enjoins upon its exponents all the cardinal virtues and aimiable offices of self-sacrificing devotion to the sick. Mr. Boggs will be honored while he lives, and his memory be revered as long as the plague of Memphis is remembered.—*Palmetto Yeoman.*

How to Get Ice Cream.

'It's a dreadful warm night,' said a young married lady to her husband, 'and I wish you would go and get me a quart of ice cream.'

'Me get you a quart of cream?' said the husband. 'Oh, you don't mean it. If you want ice cream go and get it yourself. Before you were married one ten cent plate was all you could eat.'

'Well, then, I'm going home to mother's to live, you brute. Did'nt you promise to love and cherish me? Oh! you mean man. To-morrow morning you can get up and make your own fire. I wont be a slave for you any longer.'

This might have continued for hours if John hadn't rushed out with a tin wash-pan and brought it back full with cream.

The dwelling of the Wines family, at Martinette, Wis., got afire in the night, and the lower part was all in flames before the three children had escaped from an upper room. The eldest, a boy, jumped from a window into a bedquilt held underneath. A younger lad, only eight years old, was about to follow, but the mother saw that a three year old girl was not at the window. 'Run back and get sis,' she cried. The boy returned to his room, but the fire cut him off, and his lifeless body found with the little one's clasped in his arms.

As They Average.

The average boy believes that he may be happy when he is a man, and can do as he likes; the average man finds that he cannot do as he likes, and sighs to think he was not aware of the fact when he was a boy.

The average maiden imagines that most husbands are indifferent to their wives, and that a wife may keep a man a lover until he is old enough to die; the average wife finds it about all that she can do to bear and train her children, cook wash, sew, keep her house in 'half-decent order,' and twice out of three it is her mother who lives sick.

The average teacher imagines that never yet was one so tired as he, nor had a harder lot, and endured it better.

The average parent of the average scholar thinks that in some things the present teacher might be improved on.

The average spinster believes that nobody but herself knows just how to bring up children; while the aged grandmother realizes that most people have to bring up at least two before they can know how to bring up one properly.

The average man or woman who has never had the care of children wonders 'how people can have their houses so cluttered up and budgets in every chair,' and they immagine that a person's bump of order must be small indeed who cannot successfully manage by moral suasion any five boys and girls.

Those who love and have the care of children know that they are not like grown people, but must have both playthings and pets, and physical as well as mental exercise, even though they be a budget in every chair, and muddy footprints on the floor. So it comes to pass that on an average each is happy in his own conceit, and would not change himself, his views, and his lot in life with any man.

P. T. Barnum, of the greatest show on earth has been interviewed in St. Louis and said:

'I believe all people need amusement, and that a circus can be made as pure morally as a church. Now don't start, I'll explain. Shows should be clean morally and physically. That's the kind ours is. We have eliminated everything that could possibly offend the most exacting taste. Why shouldn't a show be such that mothers can safely take their children to see it, and the young man can take his sweetheart with the assurance that nothing indelicate will be said or done? That is Barnum's show. I will tolerate nothing else. There is plenty of fun, but no dirt. I am a reformer in this, and expect to spend the balance of my days in purifying the public amusements of America. I don't care for the money, but I will have clean public amusements. I maintain, too, that it is profitable philanthropy to keep vulgarity, profanity and the poison of indecency out of public entertainments.'

The interview proceeded to this point:

'Circassian girls on exhibition, are they always chaste?'

'Oh, that's a side show matter. I don't know about that at all. We supervise even those entertainments, however, the best we can.'

'You had a bright looking Circassian girl in 1873.'

'Oh, we've had dozens since then. They are not hard to get' [laughing].

'Almost as common as striped, or liver-color, or blotched circus horses, eh?"

'Just about. They are not all imported, you know; but then I really know very little about these Circassian women, you see.'

'As compared with former years, do you think circuses are improving?'

'Oh, yes, physically and morally. We have set them an example. The morality of circus women, I should have said before, is quite as that of the average in other vocations, and I think better with us.'

Of the English writer and lawyer Judge Talfourd, a very delightful story is told. At one corner of Russell square, near his house, an old woman had for several years kept an aple stall where he frequently made a small purchase. Standing at his parlor window one very wet day, Talfourd observed the poor old creature in her usual place, and crouching down wet through with the pelting rain. The sight aroused all his kind and pitying nature. He tried in vain to pursue his literary or legal labor; again and again he went to the window to see the same distressing sight. At last he threw on coat and hat, rushed off into the rain, purchased an enormous gingham umbrella, and brought it back triumphantly and placed it over the old woman. 'Wasn't it a glorious thought?' he was heard to ask. 'The thing actually covered her and her apple-stall, too.'

A Virginia lady writes: And a few words to the girls who may read this. Be careful to whom you write, and what you write. Many a loving, trusting letter is sent by a true hearted girl, and is read by the receiver to a laughing crowd of men, and various remarks are passed about the 'silly girl.' I can conscientiously say, on the other hand, that I have never seen or heard of showing her letters promiscuously, even from a man she did not care for, though they are often shown to one dear friend in strict confidence.

She blushed the color of circus lemonade, and then 'fessed up about making her bangs stick with gum tragacanth.

It is all a mistake. I merely went to Narragansett Pier to see the sea serpent.—Roscoe Conkling.