A HUSBAND'S RIGHTS.

Are Clearly Defined by a Progressive Legal Decision.

A peculiar, though perhaps just, decision has just been rendered by the Supreme Court of North Carolina. In May, Horatio J Mickle took up his residence near Guilford Courthouse, and, shortly afterward, became acquainted with Widow Sanders, who kept a boarding-house. This acquaintance soon ripened into love, as the novelists say, or at least it seemed so, for Mickle called upon the widow one evening and declared that if she did not promise to marry him, his body, fatally mutilated, should be soon laid away in the unsympathetic soil. The widow was tender-hearted and generous. She had never caused the death of any one, and, at her time of life, did not feel disposed to begin a course of such cruelty. She was married to Mr. Mickle. He brought his valise over to her boarding-horse, lighted a cob pipe which he found in a cigar-box on the mantlepiece, and at once began to make himself thoroughly comfortable. At dinner time he paid a high compliment to the widow's cooking by eating it in an unrestrained manner. This pleased the widow, undoubtedly, for it was the highest praise which any one could bestow upon her art, but as the days passed—as the perfumed dew began to fall from the roses in the garden of the honeymoon—she became less joyous, for her bills had materially increased. One day she hinted to Mickle that it was time he were doing something. This deeply wounded his sensitive heart, and, turning to his wife, he said:

"Polly, must I conclude, with other thinkers, that marriage is a failure? Are you going to shut out the sunlight and let dark shadows convince me that the holy ordinance of matrimony has accomplished its mission and is therefore without that Divine force given to it by our ancestors?"

She was moved. "Forgive me, dear Horatio," she replied. "It was only a momentary fret. It shall not occur again."

"Polly, please see that it does not."

A few weeks passed. The dew was all gone from the roses. In truth, the roses were withering. Another largely-increased bill had been sent in. Polly spoke to Horatio. Tears shone in his eyes.

"Polly," said he, "am I to understand that the bright star of marriage has forever set?"

"Yours has unless you get something to do; I'll give you a pointer on that."

"What would you have me do, sweet creature?"

"Hustle; get out and hustle."

"Hustle!" he exclaimed. "Why, did I not drive up the cows yesterday evening? Mermaid of the ocean of my soul, how would you have me hustle?"

"I'd have you chop cord-wood—do something to lessen my bills."

"Why, do you not know that chopping cord-wood would greatly increase my appetite?"

"But it would bring in more money."

"Yes, but not enough to make up the difference. I know myself better than you do, Polly."

"Then you must be disgusted."

"Alas, you will drive me insane."

"No, but I am going to drive you away from here."

She did. He sued her, not for a divorce, but for board. The lower court decided against him. He took an appeal. The Supreme Court decided in his favor. The following is an extract from the decision rendered by the Chief Justice.

"The court holds that when a widow is fool enough to marry a loafer, that, in case she keeps a boarding-house, she must at least grant him table-board, and that when she finds herself unable to do this, he shall, if so inclined, be granted a divorce."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

ORNAMENTS FROM FUNGI.

A Newspaper Man Explains How They May Be Made.

"What do you propose doing with that rubbish?" asked a lady of a friend who had just returned from the country.

The rubbish alluded to was a basketful of fungi, which are usually found on the trunks of old trees and stumps, and out of which many very pretty and curious ornaments are made. Occasionally the fungi grow to be sixteen inches in diameter, and, these large specimens made odd little shelves for bric-a-bac by straightening one side and fastening them to the wall by screw eyes. The small sizes are really prettier for ornaments, and form, when decorated, charming little souvenirs of the woods, and serve to refresh the memory of many happy times spent in the country.

The fungi are generally of a light gray tint, beneath which is dark brown, and by carefully removing parts of this surface with a sharp-pointed instrument, the brown is exposed in beautiful contrast to the natural surface. The better sort of fungi to collect are those showing a surface of four or five inches. Sketch on each with a soft lead pencil any pleasing design suitable for a little etching, owls on a branch, a bit of landscape, the head of a dog or a horse, all are easily done and are very pretty. This done, then go over the pencil lines with a darning needle or a sharp-pointed penknife, scratching off the surface in the fine lines to give the etched effect and show the dark, rich brown beneath. When it becomes necessary to shade, make the scratches broader or closer together to produce a darker effect: This pleasant and profitable enjoyment is easily done, and it is very fascinating.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Daniel Hand, of Guilford, Conn., gave $1,000,000 to the American Missionary Association, the interest to be used for the education of negroes in the South.

—The *Japanese Gazette* says that "Buddhism can not long hold its ground, and Christianity must finally prevail throughout all Japan. Japanese Buddhism and western science can not stand together. They are inconsistent the one with the other.

—It is a peculiarity of sin that it makes the sinner insensible to its evils. As a surgeon administers chloroform to his patient and then amputates a limb, so Satan deadens the sinner and takes away the best part of his manhood, and the sinner knows it not.—*United Presbyterian.*

—The popular preacher who draws his sermons from fiction may for a time draw people to listen to his fancies. But the preacher who draws his sermons from the Book of books is the one who draws souls to the Saviour and salvation. It resolves itself into the question: What is the preacher after, crowds or converts, fame or faith, reputation or regeneration?—*Standard.*

—No man is kept from study by lack of time; yet no excuse for a failure to study is more common than that of lack of time. A man who studies all the time he can study, often wants more time than there is; and if there were more time, he would use it. But the man who refuses to study because he has no time, would not study if he had nothing to do but to study.—*S. S. Times.*

—What the Bible will be to one's soul depends on the attitude of his soul toward the Book divine. If he believes it to be the Word of God, and devoutly reads and studies it as such, it will be to him the Book of books. If, on the other hand, he is a caviler or a skeptic, he will not be charmed with the Bible, and will hardly read it at all. There is a vast difference between these two attitudes of the mind and heart.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—Success in the Christian life requires absolute promptness. Promptness in performing any religious duty makes it easy; while delay makes it a cross, and the longer the delay the heavier the cross. Promptness is also a remedy for idleness, and idleness is one of the Christians' most dangerous foes. In no place is promptness more needed than in resisting temptation, for unless we firmly withstand the tempter at the very outset, we are almost certain of defeat.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness.

—Good sense should be the test of all rule, whether ancient or modern; whatever is incompatible with good sense is false.

—There are many hours in every man's life which are not spent in anything important; but it is necessary that they should not be passed idly.

—Ordinary work will be well done only when conscience is put into it. A high regard for the moral sense is not equivalent of genius, but it comes pretty near it.

Proud hearts and lofty mountains are always arren.

Though the speaker be a fool let the hearer be wise.—*Spanish Proverb.*

It is always bad for the truth when a liar speaks it.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Submission is the footprint of faith in the pathway of sorrow.

To restrain the senses is to gain heaven.—*Tamil Proverb.*

Books are embalmed minds.—*Bovee.*

Those who bestow too much appreciation on trifling things become generally incapable of great ones.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

He who is slowest in making a promise is apt to be the most faithful in the performance of it.