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#### " For Thoughts."

A pansy on his breast she laid, Splendid and dark with Tyrean dyes; "Take it; 'tis like your tender eyes, Deep as the midnight heaven," she said.

The rich rose mantling in her cheek. Before him like the dawn she stood Pausing upon life's hight, subdued, Yet triumphing, both proud and meek.

And white, as winter stars, intense With steadfast fire, his brilliant face Bent toward her with an eager grace, Pale with a rapture half suspense.

"You give me then a thought, O sweet!" He cried, and kissed the purple flower, And bowed by love's resistless power, Trembling he sank before her feet.

She crowned his beautiful bowed head With one caress of her white hand; "Rise up my flower of all the land, For all my thoughts are yours," she said.

#### PANSY'S LOVER.

Pansy was our youngest. There was no special merit in that, and, of itself, it was no reason why she should be the pet of the family. But she was also the prettiest. Nobody ever denied that there was beauty in the Tremaines and the Gordons. Mamma had been a very rose among girls in her day, and at fifty Judge Tremaine was a stately, handsome gentleman, whom all women admired and fell in love with much oftener than would have been convenient under other circumstances.

Why all this hereditary beauty perversely concentrated itself in Pansy, I don't know. I suppose it was only a part of the total depravity of things in general. At any rate, Pansy was lovely, and we all adored her.

The pretty creature knew it before she could speak plain, and graciously allowed herself to be set up on a throne, and worshiped by a troop of loving sub-

When she grew to womanhood, and all the young gentlemen we knew fell into an orderly procession, and followed her up and down to do her homage, it was quite a matter of course; but when one of them actually had the audacity to propose, our indignation and amazement were equal.

"The wretch!" cried Delia.
"How dare he?" sobbed Sue, in a

"He-he isn't a wretch! And why shouldn't he dare?" cried Pansy. "What?"

"Good heavens!" "The child is angry, as true as you live!" said Sue, in a maze of slow in-

credulity.
Angry? Pansy's cheeks were as scarlet as pomegranates, her lovely eyes swam in tears, and when she could brush them wildly away, an outraged soul looked forth upon the amazed

brush them wildly away, an outraged soul looked forth upon the amazed group.

"Why shouldn't a man want to marry a girl, and why shouldn't he ask her? Do you suppose I'm never going to be married?" and with this the sheetightnings of her eyes were drowned out by a passionate rain of tears.

"They were the observed of all observers. Miss Axminster must have felt her early triumphs renewed—until Pansy appeared.

"Then he loves mc!" she suddenly exclaimed at the end.

"But he has disgraced himself and us all, and you must never think of him again!" cried Sue.

Pansy did not hear her. A smile

We were all of us on our knees in an until Pansy appeared. instant—the rest metaphorically, I lit-

erally.
"Don't, dear, don't! It was only that we grudged you to anybody, darling. That's all."
"As if grandma should long for the

brightest of the Pleiads to do her knit-ting by! Such presumption!" cried Delia, who was the poet of the family. Mamma leaned back in her rockingchair, and wiped her eyes disconsolate-

"Do you mean, Pansy, that you would go away from us all with this young Vandermeyer?" she said, in a pathetic voice.

But Pansy was not in a pathetic mood The queen had come to her own, and the little heart was full of a sweet triumph. "Oh, no, mamma, not with him. I

don't like him; but there's somebody else," and the delicious blushes chased and delightful; won mamma by his each other across the fair flower of a face. "She says there's somebody else,"

echoed Delia, appealing to me.
"Pansy," said Sue, severely, "do
you mean to say that somebody else

has been proposing to you? Pansy kindled again. "Oh, Sue, be quist! As if she was Mr. Kennan came again. He linger-to blame. Who is it, dear? Won't ed two weeks in Rexford. By the end

you tell your own Kittykins?" Pansy resisted. Not even the absurd name which she had dubbed me in her babyhood unscaled her confidence.

Mamma wept softly. I implored, for. The child came, weeping like a clia was tragic, Sue assumed the role culprit, accusing herself of treachery Delia was tragic, Sue assumed the role of outraged friendship. Pansy held out ten minutes. Then she surrendered at her remorse, could hide the fact that discretion.

"If you must know-but you needn't blame him-it's Tom Gordon. There! and she fled from the room.

"Tom Gordon!" We looked at each other blankly. 'Et tu, Brute!" said Delia, raisng

her eyes to the ceiling. There was where it hurt. Tom Gor-

don was our pet cousin, who had come and gone among us all these years in the sweetest fashion of brotherly intimacy. And now he could do us this

"After all," sighed mamma, "I suppose the child must be married some | Papa had a theory-a curiously senti-

We pondered over the sorrowful fact in silence-we girls. But mamma was mamma had never thought Tom's im-

apt to think aloud. "I suppose it might as well be Tom as any one," she added. Then, after a tage, and pursued his suit. It was depause, "I always thought he might cided that Tom should be written to. marry one of you, but I never thought

"Of course it would be Pansy," spoke up Sue, sharply, and then she turned, and went swiftly out of the room.

Dear Sue! She was twenty-five, and the prince had not yet come to wake her out of the dream of maidenhood. It was rather hard. Papa was not rich; we had not been brought up to any profession; it was weary work, this igno waiting, and Sue had a high spirit Does anybody know any more such households of girls, who wait and wait and see the swift years go by-the cras years which steal away bloom, and eauty, and youth, and leave them only the ashes of disappointment?

Three wretched days passed, and But that is not the point. I am teiling Pansy's

We all cried a little, more or less, in knew what his love for Pansy was, he secret, and then we all accepted Tom said. If it could serve her best by giv-Gordon as our future brother, and next ing her up—why, then, he gave her up. Christmas, Tom came down, elate and Pansy cried a little. But love is seleager, all his bright, brave young man-hood irradiated with this new sweet hope. Work? Wouldn't he work? danced again, and nobody could resist

Anything to win Pansy. He was in the law, creeping up slowly into a lucrative practice; but, oh, he would be patient, so patient, if Pansy would wait for him.

And Pansy smiled and looked distractive hard, and sure to distinguish himself; later, that he had gone to Europe on

Some law business.

I think Pansy scarcely noticed this news. Max had urged a speedy maringly lovely, and we all agreed that Tom would have been incredibly stupid not to have fallen in love with her.

But we asked this question at first riage, and we were all frantically busy on only with doubtful, sorrowful eyes, and the trousseau.

But one day Sue, looking up from the afterward with hesitating lips—did Pansy love Tom? Did she love him as the woman should love the man whom gravely:

"Kitty, did you ever think that all our petting had made Pansy a little— just a little—selfish?"

she chooses out of all the world, as our

good Tom Gordon deserved to be

Tom, dear fellow, had, I think, some struggling doubts. I have seen him look at Pansy with such longing, hungry

eyes, that my heart ached for him.

But, whatever his doubts, he said noth-

ing, and we all kept the same painful

Mrs. Moneybags, besides sending cards, came over herself to invite us, and be-

cause of the blue blood she was obsequi-

was patronizing.

or them.

radiant.

ous, and because of the banker's she

"I want all your girls to come, dear Mrs. Tremaine—all!"—and she looked

around upon the alarmingly large fami-

Mamma returned the smile very faint-

y, and we bowed our visitor out, with

"It will be so splendid," she murmur-

The end was, that all went, Sue includ-

She had come late, with papa, and

the room, in her shimmering white gar-

ments, I shall never forget.

A low exclamation of delight and sur-

I half turned; it was one of the stran-

gers who spoke, a distingue, stylish-looking young man, who had set all the young ladies hearts in a flutter when,

twenty minutes before he had made his

entree. Handsome he certainly was. Why did I shrink and shiver a little

when presently I saw him lead Pansy

out upon the floor, and watched his fine

dark eyes fairly scintillate with admira-

was the old, old story.

Mr. Kennan called, was gentlemanly

Pansy sat almost silent, the sweet color

flickering in and out of her cheeks.

But when he was gone, and they all

of that time the denouement came.

passionate love for her, and when papa demurred demanded that she be sent

toward Tom. But not all her tears, all

"I thought I loved Tom-poor Tom."

An utter dismay fell upon us all when

she faltered. "But I did not know what love was."

this tragid denouement of Tom Gordon's

pretty romance became known to us.

Many a long, tearful consultation we

had, but the hard, painful facts could

Pansy herself was firm as a martyr.

"I'll marry Tom if you say so," she said with a great sob, "But I love

Of course, then, it was all over.

mental theory for a grave lawyer of fifty

-that girls should marry for love, and

pecuniosity was quite what her darling

observed. Mr. Kennan saw his advan-

But who would break this bitter news?

Pansy came winding her soft arms

"He loves you better than any of them," she said softly.

I kroke away from her angrily.

"And you would make him hate me!"

But who can resist fate? If a hateful

ing was to be done, I somehow always

I wrote the letter to Tom. I dare say

thed for him almost to breaking, and

the very intensity of my feelings chilled

was cold and hard, for my heart

not be changed.

around my neck.

got thrast into the breach.

I cried.

Max.

Why need I linger over the tale? It

prise broke from some one near me.

loveliness !"

tion?

a rose.

earts very full of indignation.

ed, under her breath.

white, silent Winter came on.

I smiled, with tears in my eyes. Dear, generous Sue! Who so slow to accuse others as those who are themselves the salt of the earth?

The bridal-day came on apace. The preparations were splendid. Max lived like a prince, and it seemed as if he thought nothing too good for Pansy.

It irked us to rest under the obligation of so many manufactures. The golden Autumn passed, and the. tion of so many magnificent presents, Rexford began its usual career of mild dissipation. A few little initiatory and we all declared we'd rather live on bread and water for a year after the parties, and then Mis. Moneybags fairly.

marriage than to do so.

Papa was quite of the same mind, and so he diminished his modest forinaugurated the campaign with a grand The Moneybags lived in a magnificent honse in the most aristocratic tune to buy us finery, and decorate the house for the wedding.

Max was to be busy in town till the quarter of the town. They had no family, but a large account at the bank-

last minute, only coming up to lunch with us the day before. er's, and an immense admiration for-blue blood. Now, poor papa had ever so much blue blood in his veins, but no account at all at the banker's; so We were all ready then, and Pansy

was in a flutter of excitement. When the noon came she tripped down to the station to meet him.

We had all gathered in the diningroom fifteen minutes afterward, when she came in with a face whiter than death, and trembling from head to foot. She had a slip of paper in her hand, which somebody took from her just as she dropped fainting on the floor. It was a telegram. Two brief, bely-group with a pitying smile, adding "Poor things, it will be such a chance wildering sentences.

"The wedding must be postponed. Countermand the invitations, and wait for my explanation."

Papa went straight to town by the next train. "Pansy shut herself up away

"I shan't go, for one!" cried Suc, angrily, and then by chance glanced at Pansy. The girl's face was absolutely from us. We huddled together, a miserable group, all the afternoon. At dark the awful suspense was broken by the still more awful truth.

Max Kennan was a defaulter, and had ed; and it was splendid. Mrs. Money-bags had had sense enough to put the arrangements into the hands of decora-tive artists from town, and the effect from the city. The papers rang with it, for the amount was almost fabulous, nd the position of the culprit a very

was superb. The good woman's face shone with complacency. But her great attraction, which quite overrun her simulation, which quite overrun her simulation, which quite overrun her simulation.

"Tell her gently," he sobbed, when "Tell her gently," he sobbed the

Pansy did not hear her. A smile

the picture she was when she entered flashed across her face. "He hasn't deserted me!" she cried. and then broke into a tempest of sobs. She cried a long, long, time in mamma's arms, and then said, weakly, that she would go up-stairs, and would we be "Good heavens! what a vision of

good enough not to disturb her again that night. We sat together till late, going over the wretched facts. When at last we retired, I was strangely nervous. I longed to go to Pansy, but dared not. Once I fancied I heard a slight noise under her window, then a confused murmur of voices. I opened my window, which looked from the same wall. All was white, silent, and moonlit. Perhaps the ripening peaches had tempted some

pilfering boys. The air was dewy and fresh. I closed the window quickly, and went to bed, and the rest of the night passed in confused dreams.

graceful deference, and papa by the With the early daylight I awoke, came display of keen business-like qualities. to an instant comprehension of the blow which had fallen upon us, and rising hastily, went with light steps to Pansy's

broke out into praises of him, steady crimson settled there, and burned like There I stopped short, in fright and amazement, and involuntarily cried out. The room was empty, the window open upon a little balcony, and a glove, dropped just outside, showed the way she went. He proposed for Pansy, declared his

Not a word, not even a short note. None of us will ever forget that day. Toward night came a letter, mailed from New York. We must forgive her, she She had been married to Max, and before we read the words should be

on the ocean. adequate sense of the wrong she was

Well, all life's woes are lived over. somehow. It aged papa a good deal, and mamma's roses never came back. But in a year we were peacefully happy, seldom speaking of Pansy, and then

is if we had lost her by death. Tom Gordon returned, and came to see us. He was changed-graver, sterner, a little of the old boyish bon-

homie gone. Thinking so one day as I watched him, my eyes suddenly filled with tears. "What is it, Kitty?"

"The old wrong," I whispered.
He came to me suddenly, and took me in his arms. "Will you make it up to me, Kitty? That is what I came here to ask.

His voice trembled with tender passion, and then I knew how long and dearly I had loved him.

And Pansy? She came to see us once

at Geneva, when Tom and I were around it, God knows.

They lived a romantic life, from one European capital to another. Everywhere the story would finally

creep out, and then came shrugs and slights that drove them away. And so I fancy that though he had plenty of money, Max Kennan found that the way of the transgressor is hard.

A bill making profane swearing a then the answer came—a few calm, strong words; but the good, tender heart struggled through them. We he Georgia Legislature. Veins of Superstition.

We laugh at that lower order of people who believe in the supernatural, and boast that we are free from the shackles of superstition. But, after all, how few there are who are wholly free from these shackles! Who is not ambitious to commence a new year well, for instance? "I must be at my well, for instance? I must be as my office early to-morrow morning," says a friend. "It is the first day of the new year." "I have met with a loss," says another. "Had it occurred yesterday I should not have cared so much; but on the first day of the new year ! It is a bad omen." And so the wheel turns.
Again, when our grandmothers told us that that the dropping of a table-fork, or the falling of a dish-cloth, or the passage of a person through the house going in at one door and out at another, or the crowing of a cock on the doorstep, is a "sign" that the family is to have company," we have often laughed in our sleeves and said nothing, for fear that we might be set down as heretics in the good old lady's memor-andum-book. Yet we have puzzled our brains not a little to prove that none of these things were "signs." We have felt a little delicacy about winding a ball of yarn through a knot-hole after hearing how the old maid felt the yarn pull, and on asking who was there was answered by a gruffvoice, "The Devil." Novertheless, we had some faith in the testimony of others, and thought that if our neighbors did not see the shade of a friend coming across the field on the very hour that he died in a distant city, nor did not see blood on the doorstep, nor hear the "death watch" tick in the fireplace, then it was equally strange that they should say so. If no one was talking about us when our ears burned, and no good luck awaited us if we sneezed before breakfast, and no crying was done before night on the day when we sang a tune in bed before rising, why, we might be exceptions, and the signs hold good as a general rule. To be sure, we had sat on the dining-table, and had carelessly placed three lights in a row, before we thought of getting married, yet, as we afterward did so, our theorizing favored the signs. Our dog howled toward the east on the night our dearest friend died, and so he did in every other direction, for we had given the poor

animal no dinner nor supper; yet we felt that we had somehow made a mis-take when an old lady said that if she had been present she should have look-ed out and ascertained if he faced toward the east. Now one would think it an easy matter to preve that all these things are not signs; but it is not so, because so many people testify in their because so many people testify in their

favor. Yet there is a necessity for this proof, for the trouble borrowed on proof, for the trouble borrowed on account of "signs" has been the cause of death in many a household; and when we think of the weary, wan faces which flushed at every "sign," and then suddenly dropped out of life's

pathway, we begin to hate superstition with keen intensity. Still their lives proved the signs to be true, as the

monomaniac who thinks he has consumption is sure to die of it. Here, again, the weight of the evidence is on the side of superstition. Now we appeal through this mere suggestion of the subject, to all readers, are these signs we talk of every day, true? or are they not true? Who can prove either they not true? Who can prove either they not true? proposition?

# The Murderers' Plea of Insanity.

The public have often been asked to believe that sane men do not commit murders, and ingenious counsel have repeatedly saved their clients from the infliction of the extreme penalty of the law by interposing the plea of insanity at the outset of the criminal proceedplea through all the successive steps of exception, appeal, re-argument, re-trial, and petitions for the exercise of Executive clemency. These efforts are too often crowned with success. Several instances of the kind have occurred during the past two or three years, and the men whose deeds of blood should have consigned them to the gallows, are pursuing their avocations unmocome in contact. The plca of insanity been out of his mind, and he afterward

The law which suffers this wrong to is essential to the well-being of society that sufficient safeguards for human life be provided by the act of the legislative authority; and the constant mul-Nowhere did the brief letter showany | tiplication of murders, followed by the interposition of the usual plea of insanity and consequent irresponsibility, proves that the danger of our present methods is not to be regarded lightly. A simple amendment of the law of homicide would meet and conquer the difficulty. If, in a capital case, the prisoner interposes the defence of insanity, the jury, if they acquit on that ground, the community would no longer be in terror of a repetition of his bloody work; the majesty of the law would be -a little faded and worn, but beautiful and fascinating still. She had made her choice. Whether she was happy in vindicated; and the dangerous classes would pause before incurring the serigree less terrible than that of death.

> A Peoria man arose the morning after a storm and found his dog kennel buried | the way. under a drift as high as a church. He worked for half an hour to dig his dog out, and then went down town and told his clerks what he had done, adding, "A merciful man is merciful to his But after he lad left home

### Growing Old.

We see visions and dream dreams. of pathways. Alas! how does experi-ence disappoint us, and show us the vanity of human wishes, as we find one idol after another rudely shattered or wisely withheld! Our thoughts are now mainly in the past, and we are busier with memories than with hopes. We treasures of time and talents we have wasted. We think less of our merry

of our life is fixed, and our occupations and associations promise to be in the future very much what they are now. Do we notice how much more rapidly each succeeding year seems to pass away? Cannot we remember how, in our childhood, the term of a year ap-peared interminable, and we thought we come so engrossed, that holy-days and holidays are alike invaded; and after all is done, how much is left unfinished, how many schemes remain untried?

"It is the solemn thought connected with middle life," says the late eloquent F. W. Robertson, "that life's last business is begun in earnest; and it is then, we be the three Presidents in the reign of Darius?

The ignorance of men and women and children, nominally Christian, of a great many characters and events portrayed in the Sacred Scriptures, is simply deness is begun in earnest; and it is then, in the Sacred Scriptures, is simply dependently between the cradle and the plorable. You cannot find a carpenter plorable, that a man begins to marvel that without his rule in his pocket, you will need the days of youth go by so half enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feelday of the year is past, and every day that follows is shorter, and the light fainter, and the feebler shadows tell that nature is hastening with gignts. we thought as children. But now there

that nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her wintry grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the number of the unwelcome truth featers itself them. the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man is no longer going up hill, but down, and that the sun is always westering, he looks back on things behind. When we were children,

contribute to this result. than his first, if he will look on, and not back."-Tinsley's Magazine.

# Taste in Dress.

It is well to follow the mandates of Dame Fashion to a certain extent, when they are not injurious to health or absolutely opposed to good taste. It does not show good sense to persist in ings, and by holding steadily to that wearing garments so old-fashioned as to attract attention; neither is it sensible or in good taste to adopt the extreme of a fashion, especially if that fashion is, to say the least, of doubtful beauty. For example, many ladies are apparently unconscious of the ridicule to which they expose themselves by their absurd use of monstrous paniers. This addition to dress can scarcely be called "a thing of beauty" in itself, lested by the law, and apparently as and when affixed in its appointed place sane as those with whom they daily it sometimes produces a most ludicrous effect, and often positively deforms the having been accepted by a jury as a human figure. Why can not ladies of condonement for murder, the murderer really good taste show it by following walks abroad, though declared to have fashion in such moderation that they can be distinguished from those who, remains at liberty, to repeat his crime at any moment when he pleases to do so. blindly to adopt every style, or to follow blindly to adopt every style, or to follow the dictates of their dress makers? exist needs immediate amendment. It | Especially for the street should such one conspicuous. A true lady never in different directions, well defined desires to attract the gaze of rude eyes aqueducts and ditches. The soil is a in public places.

Professional Experts. The Saturday Review, in an article upon the professional experts who testify upon questions of insanity, uses the following forcible language: "It is often said that lunacy is spreading. We do not know how that may be; but at any rate there is one form of insanity should be required to bring in a special which is evidently getting worse and verdict announcing the fact; and if the worse, and that is the morbid delusions precious metal in the days of old. This murderer be absolved from the death of the mad doctors themselves. They penalty for that reason, the Court seem to be very much in the position of beau brothers, known in this vicinity, should be empowered to restrain him the poor gentleman who thought that thenceforth. With consequences thus all the people in the world were mad and from the self-same shafts first sunk punitory and restraining, the plea of except himself. There is nothing by the ancient inhabitants of this Contemporary aberration would cease to be which their morbid and distempered tinent. The lode did not prove as rich effective for the final release of the imaginations will not pervert into evilas it was hoped it would, and the Narcriminal. Escaping the gallows, he dence of raging lunacy. Their conduct would be compelled to pass the remain- betrays all the familiar indications of der of his days in strict confinement mental disorder-suspiciousness, brood- gion Green once had occasion to remove within the walls of a Lunatic Asylum; ing over one idea, violent language, exaggerated expressions, repetitions of In taking away the roots he observed unmeaning phrases. It is time perhaps that immediately under where the tree the peace and order of society should be turned against themselves. If a grand experts, their evidence against each

it was crawling in Nashua, N. H., and the neighbors saw his wife and daughter shoveling paths through the snow, and carrying in coal.

remainded there, though scorened and blistered, until persons came into the room and rescued the child. And somehody poisoned that dog the other day.

## Making Honest Politicians.

The departure of youth manifests itself as unmistakably in the habitudes of the mind as in the gray hair and failing strength. In youth, we live in the function of politics."

A great many people, both men and women, profess to have a "perfect horton of politics." They look upon the modes by which government is carried modes by which government is carried. A great many people, both men and on as a game in the hands of shrewd, We build castles of enchantment, which unscrupulous, daring men, who have we furnish and people with a vivid imagination. We picture the fairest bride, the fastest friends, and the most flowery are impelled by love of lucre, of posi-

dream not so much of conquests to be achieved as of the golden opportunities republic is responsible to a greater or now passed beyond recall, of the rich treasures of time and talents we have And more, that it is the duty of every individual to have a hand in this matter companions and the favorable impressions we make than we do of the contemporaries who are one after the other passing away from us; less of our conquests in love, now that smiles are of the cradle to inculcate lessons of truth, of honesty, civil and social, scarcer than kisses were then, than of and of Christian charity, which is some whom we have slighted in that "Peace on earth and good will to men." olden time. Have we ever noticed, in forming one of an assembly of people a thousand times in Fourth of July and in our youth, how every one seemed similar orations, that the Bible is the influences than young men. when we look around us, how greatly do the young seem to preponderate!

When we remember the rose-tint of romance with which the freshness and vividness of every new impression timed. romance with which the freshness and vividness of every new impression tinged our early days, and now find that existence is no longer a dream, but a reality, and that there is so little to look forward to, is it any wonder that we cast a lingering look behind? The character of our life is fixed, and our escenations. teach them when tempted to go astray to reply, "How can I do this great wick-edness and sin against God?" There is in every man's house a perfect antidote much prated about. Did Joseph in Egypt attain and retain his eminence at the Court of Pharaoh by bribery and chicagonay? His atomic follows: chicanery? His story is full of lessons left a will bequeathing to his widow could compress into that great space almost any amount of work and play? But as we get older, how is it that, with all our industry, time seems too short for the work we take in hand? We be ments that make statesmen great. Was the likely to inspire her with ments that make statesmen great. Was it by trickery that Daniel became third.

Chicanery? His story is full of lessons of political wisdom and sagacity, of the rope with which he had committed suicide; feeling, perhaps, that nothing would be likely to inspire her with play and the play and th ments that make statesmen great. Was it by trickery that Daniel became third

every man act his part in it well and honestly, and do what he can to make could give it to me." It is needless to others conduct in the same manner, let say that the chap got his ten cents. him train his sons to imitate the demigods of this nation-Washington, and Jefferson, and Patrick Henry, and Chief Justice Marshall, and John Jay—men whose social and political lives were equally stainless.

Men and women of high virtue are no more the result of an accident than the raising of eighty bushels of shelled corn to the acre is an accident. Miracles do brought forth abundantly; that ground had been carefully prepared; it was not hard like the wayside, weedy or without depth of earth, but mellow, moist, pulverized, and fertilized. Thus with moral soil. Our greatest divines, our noblest statesmen, our most eminent philosophers and scientists, are the blossoms of generations of culture and intelligence, of morality and virtue.

# Remains of Aztec Civilization.

The Tulare (Cal.) Times of January 11 has the subjoined sketch :-

P. D. Green informs us that in the vicinity of Tehachipi there are numerous and varied remains and evidences of ancient Aztec civilization. There costumes be discarded as will render are on the sides of the hills, running firm cement, which does not wash away. In these ditches, there are giant oak trees growing, as large and evidently as old as those of the surrounding forests, showing that the ditches must have been constructed hundreds and, perhaps, It would have been easier for the poor thousands of years ago. One of these leads to a silver bearing

ledge on which shafts had been sunk, and from the bottom of which shaftdrifts run in different directions, showing that the aborigines had mined for the old mine was rediscovered by the Narwho worked for a considerable time in beau brothers finally abandoned it. In ness enough to conceal for a time this running a water ditch through this rea venerable oak tree.

that the weapons which they use against had stood the soil was different from the cement surrounding—that it partook of the nature of vegetable mould and commission de lunatico were held on the debris, being very soft and easliy penetrated. Following down, an ancient other would probably be sufficient to shaft was easily traced, and on removing justify their all being locked up out of the debris was most clearly defined, the shaft was easily traced, and on removing walls remaining perpendicular, intact and solid. At the bottom of this shaft the skeleton of a man was found, imme- that the value of the invention consists, placed himself between his master's diately underneath and covered by a The inventor has for many years been child and the open grate toward which it was crawling in Nashua, N. H., and ancient fire. The tree growing over remainded there, though scorched and this shaft was evidently hundreds of

## Items of Interest.

Des Moines, Ia., has got a second-hand street car, and is looking out for an opportunity to buy a track that will fit it at auction.

A patriotic Bostonian is deeply in-dignant because nobody in Detroit will give him a dollar for a genuine sword from Bunker Hill.

An infant child of Mr. James Wood, of Lansingburg, N. Y., died last week from the bite of a rat, inflicted while it was sleeping in its cradle.

Charleston papers itemize a resident of that city who has actually read the Bible all through. He did it for a bet, in a little over two days and a half.

A Wisconsin man who lately fell headforemost into a well forty-six feet deep with three feet of water in it, and stayed there an hour, is getting well. The Elizabeth Herald thinks an aged

couple of that city odd because they are both well educated, both get drunk, and allow their pigs and hens to live in the same room with them.

The question is being debated, "Why not have Old Men's Christian Associa-tions?" That's so. Old men sometimes stand more in need of controlling Sydney Smith once commenced a charity sermon by saying: "Benevo-lence is a sentiment common to human

nature. A never sees B in distress without asking C to relieve him." A Baltimorean who was refused a night's lodging in a station-house the other evening immediately secured the desired accommodation by going out and throwing bricks at a railway

What a glorious thing it would be if all women were rich. Now there is that rich Ohio woman who cheerfully pays her little \$50 fine every time she feels

Germany proposes a school reform in the matter of using slates. It is urged that they are noisy, hurtful to the eyes,

A hint: A Hartford toper appealed to every father and mother in the land to contribute to this result.

Standard him. "Well," said the percentribute to this result. Instead of keeping out of politics let me, couldn't you lend that gentleman

A Canadian farmer has devised a new dodge. He took a load of very poor hay to the residence of a gentleman in Ottawa, and imformed that gentleman's wife that he had been directed to leave the hay in the yard and receive from her \$20 in payment. She supposed it was all right; but the husband, on his return, was disgusted to find that he had a load of hay that he did not want not happen in this nineteenth century.
The seed that was sown in good ground
The seed that was sown in good ground
wife had inside for it three times as much wife had paid for it three times as much as it was worth.

Henry Boykin, colored, of Columbus, does not rejoice in the best of reputa-tions. His evidence in Court was impeached, and several negroes swore that ne had an immense quantity of truth in him, as he never let any out. One negro said he had heard another negro say he was "the grandest of liars;" another, that "he wouldn't trust him the width of his door;" another, that "he was the liar of Georgia;" another, that "his reputation for falsehood was national;" another, that "he was a'fore day coon liar."

Routine and tape (red) are as predominant in Halifax, N. S., as elsewhere. A lady of that city desired the removal of a dead cat. Upon inquiry, she was in-formed that she must tell the senior al-derman of the ward, who would tell the mayor, who would tell the health inspector, who would tell a policeman, who would tell the dead-cat man, who would come and carry away the animal! All this would take time, and possibly the cat still remains upon the premises. woman to have buried it at once.

Mrs. Sherman, the female potentr under sentence of death in New Haven Jail, has been visited by the Rev. Mr. Goodsell, who reports that she appears to be a person born with no moral sense whatever, with not the slightest idea of right and wrong, and yet not to be a person of loose habits, deep passions, or of libidinous tendencies is hard to believe that a person with intellect enough to conceive the idea of administering poison, and with shrewdin moral sense. If she did not know that the deed was evil why did she try to hide it?

A novel invention is now on exhibition in San Francisco, by which an intense heat may be obtained at a trifling cost. It consists of burning streams of hydrogen and oxygen gases, by which a degree of heat is produced unattainable by ordinary means. It is in the application of the principle of the oxy-hydrogen flame and the manner of eliminating the hydrogen from disintegrated steam engaged upon the problem of atilizing the hydrogen contained in water, and producing a heat that should be the most intense known, and at the same time not exceed in cost the heat-producers now in use.