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Selected Story.

LEONORA BROWN.

THRILLING ADVENTURE OF A MINNESOTA GIRL WITH INDIANS.

On the border of Green Lake, in Minnesota, there lived a sturdy, white-haired frontiersman named Walter Brown. He was one of those adventurous spirits ever to be found in the van of advancing civilization—always courting the free, wild air of the prairie, and rejoicing in the profound depths of uninhabited forests. But the country grew more and more thickly settled, and Walter Brown became uneasy. His wife had borne him a daughter, the third or fourth year of their residence at the head waters of the St. Croix, whom he called Leonora. She was a good girl, and the idol of her father. He purchased a rifle for her when she was but twelve years of age, and took the utmost pains in teaching her the use of it. She was brave, and steady of nerve, and very soon acquired wonderful skill as a shot; and the number of prairie chickens, partridges, and wild water-fowls and other small game, she managed to shoot each day, was really large. Occasionally she would shoot a deer, and one eventful morning, by a lucky shot through the eye into the brain, she killed a bear.

When she came home with the news her father could scarcely credit her; but knowing her perfectly truthful nature, he danced about the house for joy, and seizing her upon his shoulders and insisted upon carrying her all the way to the spot where the dead brain lay.

Thicker and thicker flowed the tide of emigration into Minnesota and Wisconsin—following the navigable rivers as a matter of course—and more uneasy and "crowded" felt Walter Brown. At length his wife died. Leonora was then sixteen, and engaged to be married to a handsome young trapper by the name of Watson, who had joined her father in business.

The death of the mother made it necessary to postpone the wedding; in the interim old Walter decided to move into Northwestern Minnesota. Neighbors were settling too near, and hunting and trapping were bad. As the young man had proved up, pre-empted and improved a quarter section of land near Taylor's Falls, then beginning to grow rapidly, he did not wish either to abandon or sell it just then, and, persuading Leonora to agree to write to him when she got settled, he bade her an affectionate goodbye.

Brown lived at his new home for three or four years in peace and quiet, finding good trapping and hunting grounds, when all at once young Watson arrived and renewed the proposal of marriage with Leonora. The old man had about determined to move no more, and had accordingly located and pre-empted several thousand acres of land about him; and learning from Watson that he had money enough to do likewise, proposed that he should go down to St. Paul and buy land warrants with his money, and take up all the land around he could "swing," and he might then marry Leonora, and they two would go to work, and after building plenty of stabling, etc., would get on a good stock of cattle and sheep, and try and lead a quiet pastoral life for the rest of their days.

To this proposition the young man heartily assented, and, after returning from St. Paul, he and old Walter took their axes and went bravely at work in the woods, felling trees for building purposes. It was agreed at first that they should build a new hewed loghouse for the united family, as Walter had only put up a small single-roomed cabin; and then the wedding was to take place, and the two men were to resume their work.

While thus busily engaged, the Sioux war broke out. It was the habit of Leonora to take her rifle every morning and shoot prairie chickens for the table, while her lover and father were hard at work on the new house. Watson had brought her, as a present from St. Paul, a light and handsome revolving rifle, of which she was immensely fond, and with which she became so expert that she could shoot a duck or a prairie chicken on the wing with almost absolute certainty.

One morning as she was strolling about the lake, rifle in hand, she noticed three canoe loads of Indians paddling along the opposite side of the water, steadily and stealthily approaching the spot where her father and lover were at work. She did not immediately apprehend any tragedy, but some unaccountable way, she felt impelled to remain and watch their motions. She therefore concealed herself behind the top of a fallen tree, and observed their movements, which grew more and more suspicious. There were two Indians in each canoe, and after they had paddled steadily to a point where a thick, over-hanging birch tree afforded concealment for their canoes, they disembarked, and crept carefully and noiselessly forward until they were within a few feet of where the two unsuspecting men were chopping. Suddenly, with a yell which made the forest ring, and which echoed and re-echoed across the broad, still lake, they sprang upon their victims and bore them to the earth.

Leonora, trembling with excitement and apprehension, expecting nothing less than to witness the horrible butchery of her father and lover at once. But this did not seem to be the purpose of the Indians; for, tying the arms of the captives behind them, they took them to the canoes, where, taking the old man into one and the young man into another, they shoved boldly out in the lake and paddled rapidly down toward where the house stood. Leonora divined their intent instantly.

"Ha!" she said to herself, "they design capturing me, too. They deem that an easy job, perhaps!" and her eyes danced and her face flushed with anger. "See! there is a third canoe, which they no doubt suppose will contain me. This villainous work has been carefully calculated; but you bad savages, you have mistaken your girl this time! Nora Brown has been taught more things than to cook a venison steak! Oh, dear, dear father, your Nora will soon show you how bravely she can succor you, and how your instructing her in the use of the rifle has saved you this day. And you, too, darling Harry Watson, have won a longer lease of your precious life by presenting me this splendid revolving rifle. Six bullets for six ruffians! Miss one of them? Ah, if I should, there is my knife! No, Nora, you must, will not miss one of them."

The girl now stealthily crept through the underbrush up the bank to the prairie above. She knew that, to reach the house, the Indians would have to pass across a broad, flat field where there was no shelter for their persons. She did not think they would hesitate to do this, because, having the two men, they would hardly expect any resistance from a single girl. About thirty rods to the right of the path, a cattle-yard had been erected by her father, and in one corner of the fence stood an immense elm tree. Inside of this yard climbed Leonora, and behind the big elm she concealed herself.

A few minutes more proved she was right in her conjectures. The Indians after having tied stout rawhide thongs around the feet of their prisoners, laid them down in the bottom of the canoes, and taking their guns with them, strode gaily and laughingly along toward the house, without attempt at concealment.

Leonora's heart grew as hard as a stone, and her nerves, which had fluttered a little before, now grew as firm as steel. She had put fresh water-proof caps upon each nipple of her rifle, and, resting the barrel upon a rail of the fence, she drew a sharp bead upon the foremost one; but, as her finger curved to press the trigger, she heard what actually seemed to be a voice whisper:

"Not yet, Nora."

She paused, and then, as by inspiration, flashed this thought into her mind:

"Wait till they get nearer the house, then shoot the hindmost one first."

She obeyed the impression, and let them come on a few yards nearer. Suddenly, she thought came again:

"Now's your time!"

Clapping her face to the rifle breech, she trained the death telling tube steadily upon the chest of the rearmost Indian for an instant, and fired.

The bullet sped true to its mark, and the burly Indian merely threw up his arms and fell dead—the rifle ball having gone directly through his heart. A clap of thunder from a clear sky could not have so utterly astounded the remaining Indians. Wildly they looked in every direction, to see from whence came the fatal shot, and the next instant bang went Leonora's rifle again, and another of their number dropped dead.

But they saw the smoke of the last shot and caught a glimpse of the shooter. At once they comprehended their peril. They could not hide, and their only show for life was in rushing to the tree and tomahawking their presumptuous foe on the spot. Instantly sounding the war-whoop, they bounded forward; but with notes half uttered, another of their number bounded into the air, and fell back to rise no more. Leonora had fired again.

The remaining three rushed on, but again the brave girl's rifle rang like the knell of doom, and a fourth savage fell headlong to the ground. The terror of the remaining two was painful to behold. They stopped short in their onward course, and, uttering the most fearful screams, discharged their rifles at the tree in the wildest and most unavailing manner. Again that relentless rifle blazed, and another of the remaining two sank to the ground as the bullet went crashing through his brain.

Immediately the one left threw down his gun and cried out:

"No shoot me! No shoot me! Me give up!"

Leonora had drawn a bead on him, but now that he seemed so perfectly in her power she lowered her rifle, and, stepping from behind the tree, climbed the fence briskly, and commenced approaching the savage.

The surprise and indignation of the Indian at the sight of the girl was intense; and, forgetting his supplicating cry, he put his hand behind him and drew forth his tomahawk to throw at her.

Leonora's eyes were sharp as an eagle's. She saw the treacherous move, and just as the bright blade of the hatchet gleamed for the throw, she raised her rifle and shot the faithless scoundrel dead in his tracks.

With the speed of the deer she now bounded forward to the lake. Harry Watson shouted—

"Glory hallelujah! I know it was Nora," and the father cried for joy, as her little form appeared on the bluff rise in hand. Quickly she descended to the canoes and unbound the two men, who embraced her and cried over her, in the most extravagant manner.

But they felt that they had no time to lose; and hastily gearing up their teams, and loading up their valuables, they set out for Minneapolis, where they arrived safely, and where Nora Brown and Harry Watson were immediately made one flesh.

Old Walter Brown and Harry Watson both did good service in the Indian battles which followed; and, when the savages were finally exterminated, they all went back to their old homes on Green

Lake, where they now live. They have one of the largest stock farms in the State; and Nora, though a happy wife and mother, clings to her revolving rifle, and yet occasionally uses it to keep herself in practice.

Miscellaneous Articles.

Gen. Robert E. Lee.

The great crises of the world's progress are sure to develop or bring forward great central characters, men of exceptional power and genius, round whom not only men but events naturally group themselves. Such an one, beyond all doubt, is the man whose name we have placed at the head of this article. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the nature of the moral responsibility which he assumed in accepting the command of the armies of the Confederacy, it is hardly to be presumed that many men, even at the North, are still so blinded by the bitter feelings engendered in the great conflict that they fail to discern and acknowledge the remarkable ability of the chieftain whose single name and individual force so long sustained a sinking cause. Hardly in the gathering clouds of the closing scenes of his military career is the strength and dignity of General Lee's character obscured. Even those who fought against him, and we are among them, cannot withhold from him a certain amount of respectful admiration.

Our object at this time, however, is by no means to prepare a eulogy upon the great Southern leader and champion. In previous articles we have tried to point out the fact that more than a few of the representative men of the North were silently but assuredly awakening to the truth of the position which the Imperialist so boldly assumes, and it is our belief that the stronger and clearer minds among our Southern fellow citizens are not wanting in a similar perception. We have therefore selected General Lee as a name sufficiently prominent to point our moral.

From the day when he surrendered to General Grant, accepted the failure of the political enterprise for which he had sacrificed so much, his position has been one of silent and dignified acquiescence in the result of the war; but it is not to be gathered from this that he fails to comprehend those results in all their length and breadth. It may rather be believed he clearly perceived the drift of public affairs, and is contented, like thousands of others of our best and wisest, to wait in peaceful patience for the inevitable developments of the future.

Conscious that the old republic has ceased to exist, the sagacious leader sees no reason for trying to persuade himself that the country can continue forever in its present transition state, but calmly waits for the future in the attitude of a man who will assume no responsibility for that which he cannot prevent. And in all this Gen. Lee and those who imitate him, are acting well and wisely. Their course can give no offence to any, while it tends to allay those partisan prejudices, which, if fostered by the jealous watchfulness which their too speedy return to public life would cause, might hereafter interfere with their patriotic usefulness in the better days to come.

Still in pondering the great events in which they have been partakers, such men must at times be struck with the vast difference between that which they attempted, and that which they accomplished: they attempted simply to divide the Union, and they determined the fact that a Republic was no longer possible in America; refusing longer to be governed by the Constitution, they enabled the country and the world to see that the Constitution no longer governed anything; in defending "State rights" they secured the abolition of even State lines, and they may now, as they consult together over the past and the future, say to one another, "we indeed failed, but a great work has been done, nevertheless. Let us wait."

That General Lee has no very high opinion of our existing institutions must be evident to all, who have watched his course; nor can even the most rabid idolater of the caucus form of government blame him, if he refuses to shut his eyes to the hope of better things which is held out to him by the greater national strength and industrial freedom which the Empire will guarantee.

We have simply presented General Lee as a representative man, a prominent type, but there are others not so, of whom we shall speak hereafter.—*Imperialist.*

Success.—The successful man is not necessarily the man to be envied—not always the happiest man. Human nature cannot have its own will long without becoming deteriorated by it. We are appointed to struggle, and in struggling our highest life is developed. The time will come when the laws of our present condition will cease, and when we shall be able to bask in the sunshine of success without danger to our vitality, or enervation of our virtues. Till then it is our wisdom to accept our lot and make the best of it—to seek for our enjoyment in our work rather than what the work produces—to till the soil, and dismiss all needless anxiety about the harvest—to be more concerned that we should be right than that we should succeed; in a word, to bear ourselves like well-disciplined soldiers, with whom strict obedience is the most sacred of obligations, and who are thereby absolved from responsibility as to results. Then, so far as success is vouchsafed us, it will not disconcert us. Thus living, our life will be its own success.

—Six million barrels of beer were brewed in this country last year.

A Historic Warning.

In 1848 a republic was organized in France. At the head of it the people were so infatuated as to place as President, Louis Napoleon, a man with no previous reputation, nor identified in sentiment with any of the political organizations of the country. He was chosen simply because he was the representative of a great military name, which captivated the public. His first move at the head of the government was suspicious. He consulted no one. He held little or no intercourse with any of the leading political chiefs. He made a Cabinet of warm and attached friends, who had always been devoted to him in the darkest moments of his checkered career. In the army, navy, and treasury he placed men who were not known as republicans, but were notorious Napoleonists! He was a silent and taciturn man, who acted before he spoke. He came into office with many professions of devotion to the Constitution. He promised to enforce all the laws of the Republic; good, bad and indifferent. He cultivated the good will of his favorite officers in those commands where they could render him, in an emergency, the greatest service. Those officers who were too good republicans to be reliable for his personal schemes he sent off on distant service, or retained them without command. He early discovered in the law a stumbling block in the way. It had been provided that a President of the Republic could not be re-elected. His friends, in his behalf, made an effort to repeal this law. The French Congress was against it, and the law had to stand. In a short time there came the denouement. The President made his coup d'etat. His creatures swarmed in the War, Navy, Treasury and Police Departments. He controlled the army. The Congress was arrested and dispersed at the point of the bayonet, and Louis Napoleon, by the work not of a single night but of years of patient and artful plotting, placed on his head an Imperial Crown. His firmest adherents were the men of money—the great capitalists of Paris—who were exceedingly fearful that if they did not have a strong military government there would be the terrible thing of repudiation. The alliance between the sword and the "money-bags" subsists to the present day. The sword collects the interest on the national securities, and the national securities maintain the sword in its place. We have drawn this as a historic warning at the present time.—*Eric Pa. Observer.*

A WOMAN'S DREAMS.—She sat alone in the moonlight, her beautiful cheek resting upon her hand so white and dimpled. You could tell as you looked at her, that her thoughts were far away, and that she was thinking of something beautiful. Her eyes were wistful; her lips were softly pressed together; the dimples in her cheeks had died out, and only the dimple in her chin remained—that little rosy cleft, the impress of lovely figure. She was less glowing than at times, but none the less lovely. I thought to myself, as I looked at her, that she was nearer Heaven than we coarse mortals, and I longed to know whether her pure heart turned itself. I approached her, she did not hear me. I spoke, she did not answer. I touched her softly on the arm; she looked up and smiled, a faraway smile, such as an angel might have given. "You are thinking very intently," I said. She answered "yes," in a subdued tone of voice, as though that which was on her mind was too holy for discussion. But I persisted. "Will you tell me what your thoughts were?" I asked.

She shook her head. "You could not understand," she said. "I could try." I am coarse and rude I know, but I could strive to comprehend." She smiled sweetly, but still with that faraway look in her dark eyes. "No, not coarse," she said, "but you are a man. It is so different with men; were you a woman you would understand at once. Now perhaps you may smile, may laugh at me." "Believe me, no," I whispered. "I adore the beautiful, the true, the pure. Let me know your sweet thoughts." She gave me her hand. "I will tell you," she said: "I thought of nothing else all day. Last night I lay awake thinking of it. I am sure I must be right; but if I am wrong, oh! if I am wrong, Edgar, I tremble to think of it." "You cannot be wrong," I said. She gave me her other hand. "You think not? she said; "ah! but you cannot be so good a judge as a woman, I think—I believe." "Yes, yes," I whispered, bending nearer; "yes, Angeline." "I am almost sure," she said, in accents softer than the ripple of falling water, "almost sure, Edgar, that the blue fringe will look better on my new walking suit than purple velvet. Don't you think so?"

AFTER DINNER NAPS.—Many persons are in the habit of sleeping for half an hour or an hour immediately after dinner. This is a bad practice. Ten minutes sleep before dinner is worth more than an hour after. It rests and refreshes and prepares the system for vigorous digestion. If sleep is taken after dinner it should be in a sitting posture, as the horizontal position is unfavorable to healthful digestion. Let those who need rest and sleep during the day take it before dinner instead of after, and they will soon find that they will feel better, and that their digestion will be improved thereby.—*Herald of Health.*

"Do you think, Doctor," asked an anxious mother, "that it would improve little Johnny's health to take him to the springs and let him try the water?" "I don't doubt of it, madam." "What haven't a doubt of it, madam." "What springs would you recommend, Doctor?" "Any springs, madam, where you find plenty of soap."

To Young Men.

It is easier to be a good business man than a poor one. Half the energy displayed in keeping ahead that is required to catch up when behind will save credit, give more time to business, and add to the profit and reputation of your word. Honor your engagements. If you promise to meet a man, or do a certain thing at a certain moment, be ready at the appointed time. If you have work to do, do it at once, cheerfully, and therefore more speedily and correctly. If you go out on business, attend promptly to the matter on hand, and then as promptly go about your own business. Do not stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted. No man can get rich by sitting round stores and saloons. Never "fool" on business matters. If you employ others, be on hand to see that they attend to their duties, and to direct with regularity, promptness, liberality. Do not meddle with any business you know nothing of. Never buy any article simply because the man that sells it will take it out in trade. Trade is money. Time is money. A good business habit and reputation is always money. Make your place of business pleasant and attractive; then stay there to wait on customers.

Never use quick words, or allow yourself to make hasty or ungentlemanly remarks, to those in your employ; for to do so lessens their respect for you and your influence over them. Help yourself and others will help you. Be faithful over the interests confided to your keeping, and all in good time your responsibilities will be increased. Do not be in too great haste to get rich. Do not build until you have arranged and laid a good foundation. Do not—as you hope to work for success—spend time in idleness. If your time is your own, business will suffer if you do. If it is given to another for pay, it belongs to him, and you have no more right to steal than to steal money. Be obliging. Strive to avoid harsh words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path; more miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than by stopping to kick. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond. Ask, but never beg. Help others when you can, but never give when you can not afford to simply because it is fashionable. Learn to say no. No necessity of snapping it out dog-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully. Have but few confidants, and the fewer the better. Use your own brains rather than those of others. Learn to think and act for yourself. Be vigilant. Keep ahead, rather than behind the time.

Young men, cut this out; and if there is folly in the argument, let us know.

THE FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS.—In Thatcher's Military Journal, under date of December, 1777, is found a note containing the identical "first prayer in Congress," made by the Rev. Jacob Duché, a gentleman of great eloquence. Here it is—an historical curiosity:

O Lord, our Heavenly Father, high and mighty King of kings, and the Lord of lords, who dost from Thy throne behold all the dwellers of the earth, and reignest with power supreme and uncontrolled over all the kingdoms, empires and governments! look down in mercy we beseech Thee, on these American States, who have fled to Thee from the oppressor, and thrown themselves on Thy gracious protection, desiring to be henceforth dependent only on Thee. To Thee they have appealed for the righteousness of their cause; to Thee they look up for that countenance and support which Thou alone canst give. Take them, therefore, Heavenly Father, under Thy nurturing care.

Give them wisdom in council and valor in the field. Defeat the malicious designs of our adversaries; convince them of the unrighteousness of their cause, and if they still persist in sanguinary purpose, Oh, let the voice of Thine own unerring justice, sounding in their hearts, constrain them to drop the weapons of war from their unrevoked hands in the day of battle. Be Thou present, O God of wisdom, and direct the councils of this honorable assembly. Enable them to settle things on the best and surest foundation, that the scenes of blood may be speedily closed, and order, harmony and peace may be effectually restored, and truth and justice, religion and piety prevail and flourish among Thy people. Preserve the health of their bodies and the vigor of their minds; shower down upon them and the millions they here represent, such temporal blessings as Thou seest expedient for them in this world, and crown them with everlasting glory in the world to come. All this we ask in the name and through the merit of Jesus Christ, Thy Son our Saviour.—Amen.

SUCCESSFUL MEN.—Amos Lawrence said, when asked for advice: "Young men, base all your actions upon a principle of right, preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon the cost." A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince of New York, says: "No abilities, however splendid, can command success without intense labor and persevering application." Rothschild ascribed success to the following rules: "Be an off-handed man; make a bargain at once. Never have anything to do with an unlucky man or plan. Be cautious and bold." Edward Everett said: "The world estimates men by their success in life, and success is, by general consent, evidence of superiority." The Bible says: "Seest thou a man diligent in business? He stands before kings; yea, he shall not stand before mean men." Franklin quoted and verified this.

Tattlers.

Every community is cursed by the presence of a class of people who make it their business to attend to everybody's business but their own. Such people are the meanest specimens of depraved humanity which an all-wise Providence permits to exist on this cursed earth. It is well known that almost every person is sometimes disposed to speak evil of others; and tattling is a sin from which very few can claim to be entirely exempt. But the object of our present article is to speak of that distinct class of tattlers who make tale-bearing the constant business of their lives. They pry into the private affairs of every family in the neighborhood. They know the exact state of one neighbor's feelings towards another; they understand everybody's faults; and no little blunder or misdemeanor ever escapes their vigilant watchfulness. They are particularly well-posted upon everything connected with courtship and matrimony, know who are going to marry whom, and can guess the exact time when it will take place. They watch every movement of parties suspected of matrimonial intentions, and if there is the slightest chance to create a disturbance, excite jealousy, or "break up" a match; they take immediate advantage of it, and do all in their power to keep people in a constant state of vexation. They glide quietly from gentleman to lady, from mother to daughter, from father to son, and in the ears of all they pour their dark, bitter whispers of slander and abuse, and at the same time pretend to be the most sincere friend of those they talk to. Their black and nauseous pills of malicious slander are sugar-coated with smiles and honeyed words of friendship.

Tattlers are confined to no particular class of society. They belong to all classes, and operate in all. We find them in the rich and poor—"upper ten" and the "lower million," in the church and out of it. They are people who have no higher ambition than to be well informed in regard to other people's private business, to retail scandal to their neighbors, and exult in fendish triumph over the wounded feelings and bruised hearts of their innocent victims. They seem to take to tattling from the promptings of a natural instinct, and they prosecute it with an energy that would do infernal honor to their great leader—the prince of darkness himself. Our contempt for such graceless creatures knows no bounds, and we can find no words in which to express their infamy. What punishment they deserve we cannot know; but God knows, and as sure as his eternal justice reigns, they will receive a retribution proportioned to the magnitude of their offences against the law of God and the interests of humanity.—*Exchange.*

THE LAST REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.—The death of the last soldier of the American revolution in this country having been some time ago announced, (whether correctly or not we are unable to say,) our consul at Birmingham wrote to the London Times to inquire if any survivor of those who fought for the crown still remained alive, and he now states the result, in a note to the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, as follows:

The third day after this was published, a response appeared in the Times from a gentleman in Bath, who stated that a drummer who served in the Sixty-second British regiment in the war of the revolution was still living in that town, at the age of one hundred and five years; that he was very feeble, and unable to feed himself; that his pension was only six pence a day, but that no argument could induce him to go to the union or poorhouse, though he would there probably have more and better food than the poor people who took him in could afford to supply him with. His name is Johnathan Reeves, and whether he is the last surviving British soldier that served in the revolutionary war is not yet certain, for others still living may yet be announced in the Times, as some interest seems to be excited in the subject.

A VALUABLE SECRET.—A laundress gives us the following recipe for doing up shirt bosoms. And ladies who desire to make home happy; will do well to try the experiment. It will be found a sovereign antidote to that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart—an ill-ironed and ill fitting shirt bosom. "Take two ounces of white gum arabic powder—put into a pitcher, and pour on a pint or more of water—and having covered it, let it stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork and keep it for use. A table spoonful of gum water stirred in a pint of starch made in the usual manner will give to lawns, either white or printed, a look of newness when nothing else can restore them after they have been washed.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—Thousands are using it. Sulphate of iron five grains; magnesia, ten grains; peppermint water, eleven drachms; spirit of nutmeg, one drachm; to be taken twice a day. It acts as a tonic and stimulant, and thus, in a measure, supplies the loss of the accustomed liquor, preventing, at the same time, the mental and physical prostration which follows the sudden breaking off from stimulating drinks.

A young girl being bantered one day by some of her female friends in regard to her lover, who had the misfortune to have but one leg, replied: "Pooh, I wouldn't have a man with two legs—they're too common!"

—Three things only are essential to happiness, namely,—something to do; something to love; something to hope for.