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To-Day.

Only from day to day The life of a wise man runs; What matter if seasons far away Have gloom or have double suns?

To climb the unreal path, We lose the roadway here, We swim the rivers of wrath And tunnel the hills of fear.

Our feet on the torrent's brink, Our eyes on the cloud afar, We fear the things we think, Instead of the things that are.

Like a tide our work should rise. Each later wave the best, To-morrow forever flies.

To-day is the special test. Like a sawyer's work is life; The present makes the flaw, And the only field for strife Is the inch before the saw.

TROTTIE'S DREAM.

A Christmas Story.

On Christmas eve, 1871, two poor girls, they were employed, and continued their stronger.
way westward towards the Borough, conversing as they went in what manner they should spend the next day. One of them, who lived in Lambeth, said to the other:

"At our house we intend to have a regular jollification, and I mean to spend eighteen pence of the money I've earned during the week in buying a bottle of good rum, to give my father and mother a treat of punch. And very happy we shall be together, for my brother Tom has just come home from sea, and Martha has got a holiday for three days from the shop she works at in Piccadilly. What do you intend doing, Trottie?aint you going to give your people a treat?

Trottie, a pretty brunette, replied that she was rather puzzled what to do.
"The fact is," she said, "we're in a great deal of trouble at home. Father, who works in the docks, has been thrown thing." out of employment through the continuance of the east wind, which keeps the shipping from coming up the channel, and poor John, my brother, who worked in the silk factory, has so sprained his leg that it is probable he will not be able to go to work again for some weeks to come. If it had not been for what I have earned, and mother picking up something at umbrella making, we should be pretty well starved. As it is, the two little ones, Kate and Johnny, are getting so pale and thin for want of nourishment, it quite goes to my heart to see them. Still, I should like to give poor father a treat if I could, for he's very low-spirited, and it would cheer

him up a little, and do him good."
"You'd better do so," said her com panion; "and depend upon it, it won't be money thrown away. It's only fair a daughter should think of her father and

mother's comforts." By this time the two girls had arrived at the corner of Tooley street, in the Borough, and after a very affectionate parting, each wishing the other the compliments of the season, the one hurried southward to her home in Lambeth, and Trottie continued her way onwards over London bridge towards the Commercial road, where, in a by street, her parents resided, thinking as she went over the conversation she had with her friend.

The poor girl was in a state of great indecision. She much wished to purchase the ram, but she had heard her father say it was his intention to take the pledge. He knew, he said, several men who worked in the docks who had done so, and their report was that not only could they perform their work fully as well and with as little inconvenience to themselves as when taking three or four pints of beer during the day, but, in point of fact, found them in better the morning, and went to bed feeling less fatigued in the evening; also that their wives and families were made the more comfortable, on account of the money economized from the public house. Still, Trottie argued, her father and mother had not yet taken the pledge and therefore she would not be tempting them to break it. They could have a happy evening to-morrow, and then be- ket. come teetotallers, if they pleased, the next morning. And then it occurred to asked Trottie. "Let's see if your basher that, suppose they did not, would ket is as well worth having as Mrs. she, in any manner, have made herself | Thompson's." answerable in keeping them from their good resolution? Other thoughts then came into her head. The family larder her basket, and possibly with some was at a very low ebb, and would reason, for her purchases were vastly init not be better to give her mother the money she had earned, to expend in Trottie also felt half ashamed of the exgood nourishing food for the family in- posure, but made no remark. stead of dr nk?

she came to a conclusion. On passing a one as well, but I'm sorry to say we can't flaring gin palace in Whitechapel, which, afford it.' from the splendor of its decorations, probably surpassed Aladdin's palace to have made an effort. It will be hard (with the exception that the quaint Ori- indeed if Christmas night passes off ental magnificence of the latter might be worthy of some admiration, while the execrable taste displayed in the former the bottle," said Trottie's father, joining was worthy of all reprobation), her eye for the first time in the conversation. was attracted by the glare of gas, plate "And not only be happy to-morrow glass, and gilding. She looked at the night, but every night in the week. building for a moment, and found, among I've rarely found any good come of the racks and shelves raised round it and in other labels, embossed in golden letters, bottle, but I've known a great deal of the center; and these were filled with tempting to console him. in the window: "Fine old Jamaica harm. I was never a drunkard, but I objects of a most varied description, Rum, eighteen pence a bottle." The can easily see now that if I'd kept away many of them folded up in cloths, while words seemed to cast a singular spell from the public house altogether, and others were open to the eye, all having over Trottie, and she could not keep her saved my money, we should not be in labels on them, and arranged in the eyes from them.

At last the truth of the proverb, "What is done cannot be undone," came across her mind, and she resolved to enter the gin shop and purchase a public house, and I suspect before next common subject when a noise was make you a fashionable wife, but we bottle of rum. But attractive as the Christmas I shall not have as much heard in one part of the room, which shall be very happy together.' show and finery of the place might have dread of the east wind keeping shipping seemed to proceed from a small cupappeared from the outside, and although from coming up the channel as now." side were even more lavish than on the side, and expressed great regret that she shelf, he found evidently the same pair deavoring to drag her father from the the Detroit police station to secure aid of gloves with as the gilding and appointments on the in- Trottie's mother argued on the other and opened the door, and there, on a exterior, she soon found that she was was not able to obtain the same means as of shoes which had been pledged by the gin shop. He resisted, however, all her in tracing the whereabouts of a family feeling as though the offering were a gin shop. He resisted, however, all her in tracing the whereabouts of a family feeling as though the offering were a gin shop. in a most uncongenial atmosphere. the lodger for their enjoyment the next woman below. The man having inspect- endeavors, and the poor girl cried bit- who had changed locations between two strain of Christmas music. There is There was a crowd composed of women of the lowest character, workingmen (and, slas! some also had their wives with them), soldiers from the Tower, with them), soldiers from the Tower, with them of the lowest character and others for them to a construct the longer for their enjoyment the next day.

The longer for their enjoyment the next day, one cousin whose gift must smell of the day, owing him three dollars.

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The longer for their enjoyment the ne solor, the majority slightly intoxicated, much good as spirits. A good glass of these things," said the man to his com-

the time, caused by the attempt of the barman to push out of the shop a wretched, ragged, drunken middle-aged great energy. Of those present, some took her part; others were for her expulsion. Possibly neither party were much interested in her cause, but simply interfered from love of the fun it

Disgusted with the scene, Trottie left the shop, and went into the street, determining to continue her road homewards. She had not, however, succeeded letters: "Bottle Department." Being somewhat of a determined character, and having resolved that she would carry home the rum, she entered this purchase quietly and unobserved.

somewhat more decent set of customers than in the barroom; but every sound and blasphemous expression used by all her week's earnings to purchase food those she had just left was as audible as for the family, but still there might be if she had been among them. She could hear that the barman was evidently succeeding in turning out the woman, her averaging between twenty and twenty-two years of age, quitted a large biscuit manufactory in Rotherhithe, in which

> Trottie could support this no longer and, before making her purchase, she left the place, at the same time as the woman was expelled from the other door. loudly as ever, totally indifferent to the earnestly advised her to go home, or he

> would be obliged to lock her up.
> "You ungrateful vagabonds!" roared out to the barman and others employed in the shop; "you ought to be ashamed of yourself, for you know you haven't a better customer than me. Why, this very evening I pawned the shoes off my children's feet; and

> Here the policeman managed to drag her away, while poor Trottie, thoroughly disgusted with the whole scene, continued her way homeward, leaving all thoughts of the bottle of rum behind her.

> found all the family assembled; but gloomy indeed was their appearance. The stamp of hunger was on the faces of all, and not without cause, for that day, with the exception of a half quartern loaf, they had eaten nothing. Trottie, when she noticed their expression, was very pleased she had not purchased the bottle of rum. Without making any remark, she drew from her pocket the whole of her week's earnings and placed it in the hands of her mother, who silently kissed her, and then putting on her bonnet, started off for the open-air market in the Whitechapel road, leaving Trottie to converse with the others, and make herself as useful as she could dur ing her absence. After talking a little to her father and brother, and putting the tea things on the table, she sat down and silently reflected on the temptation she had overcome. Presently an up-stair lodger entered the room, carrying on her arm a basket filled with good things for the next day's enjoyment. Trottie asked what she had got, and the woman, opening the basket, showed her many delicacies which she had boughtplums, currants, tea, sugar, meat, vegetables, and other things, including s bottle of rum.

"You're determined to make yourself happy to-morrow," said Trottie, looking at the rum.

"Yes," said the woman: "Christmas comes but once a year, and we may as well be happy as not. My husband works hard enough, and has enough to try his temper, and it would be sad inhealth than before; they rose fresher in deed if he can't make a little merry once a year. Why, we always look for it on Christmas day. I believe my husband would sooner go without half his meat than his glass of rum-and water and pipe after dinner, and another in the

evening. The lodger continued conversing with the family for a short time longer, when Trottie's mother returned from the mar-

"And what have you got, mother?"

Trottie's mother seemed to have some diffidence in showing the contents of ferior to those made by the lodger.

"I see," said her mother to the lodger. Poor Trottie continued onwards in a 'you've got something good there in state of lamentable incertitule. At last that bottle. I should like to have bought

without some jollification. "We must try and be happy without occur again, though, if I can help it.

and some positively drunk. There was brandy is often worth all the physic in panion. a considerable uproar going forward at a doctor's shop put together.'

woman, who screamed and fought with | think that his intended abstinence was occasioned rather by the pain he felt at feet of the child of a drunken mother." seeing their poor circumstances than from any dislike to the liquor itself.

The lodger now left them, and after their meal Trottie and her younger sister

Kate soon went to bed. Although tired with the day's exertion, Trottie did not fall asleep, but continued, in the darkness and solitude of her room, the train of thoughts that had ocin passing the shop, when she saw on a side door, written also in gold embossed She was particularly struck with the words of her mother, and the sorrowful expression of her countenance when she lamented they had nothing whatever in the shape of spirituous liquors to gladdepartment, where she could make her den their hearts the next evening. Now Trottie was a good daughter, and in-tensely fond of her mother, and she be-This, however, was hardly the case, tensely fond of her mother, and she befor she found it filled, though with a gan to consider whether it would be possible to obtain a bottle of rum, and make it a present to her. True, she had given some plan by which to accomplish her object. No doubt her friend, Martha Jones, who accompanied her from the noise, and using more horrible execra- parents were comfortably off, would lend from her next week's earnings. Well she thought she would do it, and then she thought she would not.

to her mind, and that so plainly and dis-When outside the house the tinctly that she thought it must have woman continued her vociferations as been whispered to her. Again the words were uttered, and, if possible, remonstrances of a policeman, who more clearly than before. Trottie was voice, or whether it was merely fancy on her part, when she felt a hand taken hers. She attempted to withdraw her own, but it was impossible. Without any pressure the hand seemed simply to clasp hers, but so cold and clammy was it that she shuddered as she felt it. And then she remembered, some years before, now I've spent all the money I've got when she had seen her little brother, as you refuse to give me credit for another he lay in his coffin preparatory to it being screwed down, that she had kissed nuartern. Oh! you're a precious set of being screwed down, that she had kissed him first on his forehead, and then, takmy soul in any of your bodies for any- ing his hand, had kissed that also, remarking at the same time hew cold and clayey it felt. The hand that held hers at the present moment seemed that of a

dead child's about her brother's age.

"Better go at once," suggested itself

Without being able to understand in what manner it was done, Trottie found a hand leading her through darknes so profound she could distinguish nothing whatever. All, too, was silent around her. Still she went on, gliding swiftly, without meeting with any impediment, or without the dread of doing so. At length there appeared to be a glimmer of light, as if from gas or a lamp, which increased in clearness till she began to notice that there were objects near her. These in their turn became more and more distinct, till she found herself, the dead hand holding her still, behind the counter in a large pawnbroker's shop. To her surprise, neither of the shopmen appeared to notice her; and she turned round to see who it was that held her hand, but she could see neither the hand nor her own. On looking round the shop she found it contained three small compartments. like boxes, each having an occupant, with two of whom the two shopmen were busy completing loans. In the third was a respectable-looking weman, who remained silent till her turn came to be attended to. She kept her head turned somewhat aside, so that her features were not visible, and this was done in such a manner as evidently to show the wish to escape observation; and no one could see her, for, as before stated, the shopmen were busy with two other customers, and Trottie herself felt that she was as invisible as the one who stood beside her and held her hand.

And now it came to the woman's turn to be waited upon, who had so fixedly engaged Trottie's attention.

"What can I do for you, ma'am?" said one of the shopmen.

"I want half-a-crown on those," said the woman, putting something down on the counter, but Trottie could not see what, as the shopman stood between her and the woman.

Taking up the article she had put down, the shopman carried them (a pair of child's shoes) under the gaslight to examine them more minutely.

"Ah, you may examine them as much as you please," said the woman; "they are very little worn; I gave six shillings for them not long ago, and the boy's only worn them on Sundays.'

"Eighteen pence," said the shop-"Eighteen pence won't do," said the

"Take them back, then," said the shopman, throwing them on the coun-

"Say one-and-nine," said the woman "Eighteen pence crnothing," replied judgment. take the money," said " I'll

woman.

The man now proceeded to tie together the shoes and make out a ticket, and the dead hand drew Trottie from the shop.

How it was she could not tell, but, found herself in a room overhead. It A middle aged man, in a state of maud was fitted up in a singular manner, with | lin drunkenness, was crying, and a dirty, the strait we are now in. But it shan't neatest order. There were two men also in this room-one of them an as-Whenever I'm again in work I'll put by sistant in the house, the other a visitor. every farthing I should have spent in the | They were conversing together on some board in the corner. The assistant went nessed another still more painful. A

"Why?" he asked.

Trottie's father, however, although he did not contradict his wife, held to his one pair of the whole of these shoes on own opinion; and Trottie began to this shelf that hasn't been taken off the est chance against him. He had got the over One Hundred Thousand Workmen. companion.

"A sober woman," he replied, "may be in distress, and bitter distress, too, but she will part with everything she has sooner than pawn her children's clothes; while the drunken mother makes no scruple on the occasion, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred before half an hour has passed since she received the money every farthing of it families whose children's shoes are on that shelf. Many a tale of the most heartrending description would be found connected with them, and every portion of the misery endured, the

cally examined them under the light. slop-work here. I can almost tell by the odious influence of that locality. the look of them that the child's mother has never pawned them before. I should like to have seen her when she was in the box offering them, and then I could have told. When I used to be below in the shop I could always tell when

pawned them ;" so saying, he mechani

shoes for pledge whether she was a beginner or an old hand." "How could you know that?" asked

a woman offered a pair of her children's

his companion. "If a beginner," said the man, " she generally turns her head on one side and tries to conceal her face ; if an old hand in doubt whether she really heard a she will brazen it out. Why, these house." shoes have not been worn a fortnight or anything like it."

Trottie's eyes now fell on the shoes as the man was examining them, and it been in such a locality, might have been struck her they were remarkably like her little brother Johnny's, and she re-membered that about a fortnight before a pair of shoes had been bought for him that tempt him in. Why, the man spent out of the last wages her father had earned before he was thrown out of work at the docks. It also occurred to pretty well starving at home." her that the shawl the woman wore strongly resembled the one which her man on the stretcher, and the dead hand mother had on when she went out to market. Her attention, was, however, again riveted to the conversation of the of the house when Trottie noticed a

male drunkards are ever reclaimed," re- woman came nearer Trettie began to

marked one of them. been now in these kind of shops in Ratcliff highway and about Whitechapel for the last five and twenty years, and, you may imagine, have had a good deal of can assure you I've never in my life known a female drunkard reclaimed after once having pawned her children's shoes. I almost look upon it that when once she has pledged her child's shoes she is as completely lost to all chance of reformation as the men we used to read of in former times who sold themselves to the evil one."

"Isn't that carrying the idea rather

too far?" said his companion.
"Not a bit," replied the assistant. "You don't, then, consider it possible for a drunken woman to be reclaimed?" "Not when she's once pawned her children's shoes," said the man, "and there's a very curious circumstance conprejudicially drink will act on a woman's mind than a man's. A man may be an irreclainable drunkard, and to satisfy his propensity for drink will purloin or steal anything he can lay his hands upon, but I never knew a case of a man. although very likely a dozen-times-convicted thief, ever having pawned his children's clothes for the sake of drink. A drunken woman, on the contrary, after once having perpetrated the act, never again hesitates. No, believe me, when once she has done that she is

thoroughly lost. The dead hand now drew Trottie from the warehouse, and after passing through darkness as profound as that she entered when first led from her home, the light began gradually to appear, and objects, as of people passing her in the to her friend Martha Jones, and no rum streets, became distinguishable. Then a glare of light appeared in the distance. and presently she found herself standing near the Whitechapel gin shop in which she had intended to purchase a bottle of rum, and then quitted it in disgust from the scenes she had witnessed. The same noise of shouts, quarreling and laughter which had appeared to her so repulsive, she now heard again, and with the same abhorrence. She would willingly have moved off, but the dead hand ed her forward. She attempted to resist, but the pressure, which had hitherto been light, now became so strong as to be irresistible, and she was obliged to enter the place against her better

The scene here was, if possible, more revolting than the one she had before witnessed. There were more persons in the place, both men and women, and these in a grosser state of intoxication. Language of the most disgusting description was bandied about from one to the other, less in anger or jest than without hurrying or making scarcely any as ordinary conversation. One scene movement, Trottie the next moment particularly attracted Trottie's attention. disreputable-looking woman was at

> "Don't take on so," she said; "you know that'll do no good-you can't cure her that way. "But she'll be dead before I get

home," said the man. "Well," you can't help that," said the woman; "it's very sad, but you can't the good, and his career end in poverty help it. And when she's gone, I shan't and wretchedness.

Turning from this scene, Trottie witgirl about thirteen years of age was enhood of Whitechapel.

this shelf that hasn't been taken off the est chance against him. He had got the wretched man against the wall and was "How do you know that?" asked his pommeling him in the most terrific man-

ner, the poor child screaming violently and begging the bystanders to interfere or her father would be killed. The genius of the place, however, was dominant at the time, and no one offered to render any assistance or to part the combatants; on the contrary, they called out for fair play, the sailors cheering their companion, while those of the workman's party advised him to stand up and show is gone in the gin shop. It would be himself a man. At last the poor wretch very curious to trace the stories of those fell, utterly senseless and exhausted, on the ground, his face covered with blood. Some of the bystanders evidently thought he was dead, and advised the sailor to decamp as rapidly as possible. He took their advice and left the place. fault of a drunken mother. Now as to The landlord of the house then sent for these very shoes," he continued, "I the police, and the poor girl remained can tell the history of the woman who by the side of her father, crying in a the police, and the poor girl remained most pitiable manner. Here, it is true, many offered to console her, but even "You see they're well made; there's no their consolations were mixed up with

"Come, cheer up, my gal," said one man; "your father will be all right as soon as he's got the police to take care of him. Here, take a drop; it'll do you good," and he placed some gin to the girl's lips, but she pushed it away with

At last the police arrived, and the man was placed on a stretcher. One of them then asked where he lived, and the girl

"What a shame !" said the policeman to the landlord, "for you to allow the man to have got so drunk in your

"So it is," said a woman, who now seemed to exhibit some kind feeling towards the girl, and who, had she not considered respectable. "It's a shame,

The policemen now carried off the drew Trottie after them.

They had hardly quitted the threshold wo men.

"I wonder whether any of these fenow held Trottie stationary, and as the "Never," said the assistant. "I've in the pawnbroker's shop. Onward she came toward the gin shop, and just as she was about to enter Trottie found, to her intense horror, that she was no other than her own mother. She implored experience, and beyond that, I belong her not to enter, but her words seemed to a temperance society myself ;-well, I unheard. She then stood before her to impede her way, but her mother seemed to pass through her as if she had been a spirit, and unaware of her presence, and then to enter the gin shop. Trottie, in despair, attempted to utter a violent

> "Why, Trottie, what's the matter with you?" said little Katie, her bedfel-"what ails you to-night? One would think you were being murdered. What's the matter, dear Trottie?"

Trottie remained for some moments silent and motionless; she could hardly believe she was in her home, and in bed with her sister, so vivid and real had her dream appeared. She was inclined to believe she had been sleeping, and nected with it, showing how much more the scenes she had passed through were simply illusions; but then again the dead hand-how could she account for that? She still felt its pressure; her hand was perfectly numb, and then the thought occurred to her that she had been lying on it, and the pressure she had felt was only caused by stagnation glory. of blood.

In a few moments Trottie was fully awakened by little Kate, who passed her arms round her neck, and after kissing her, said : "Dear Trottie, what is the matter with you? Do tell me what made you cry out in that dreadful man-Trottie only kissed her sister, but did not give her any explanation as is wafted over to the present hour, as to the cause of her cry; nor did she to

any one else. No visit was paid that day by Trottie was purchased. Christmas evening, however, could not have passed more happily with the family than it did, had Trottie carried out her determination; and the money the rum would have cost was not only economized, but probably a mischief not less terrible than that which Trottie had witnessed in her dream

What I Have Seen.

An old man of experience says:

I have seen a young man sell a good farm, turn merchant, and die in the insane asylum. I have seen a farmer travel about so

much that there was nothing at home worth looking at. I have seen a man spend more money in folly than would support his family

in comfort and independence. I have seen a young girl marry young man of dissolute habits, and repent of it as long as she lived.

I have seen a man depart from truth where candor and veracity would have served him to a much better purpose. I have seen the extravagance and folly of children bring their parents to poverty and want, and themselves to disgrace.

I have seen a prudent and industrious

wife retrive the fortunes of a family when the husband pulled at the other end of the rope. I have seen a young man who despised the counsels of the wise and advice of

A Great Injustice.

A milk peddler named Drew was at

not commenced to water the milk yet !" old memories.

In a short time the sailor had so great A GREAT RUSSIAN CONTRACTOR.

A Vienna paper says: Dr. Strousberg, who was arrested at St. Petersburg after failing for nearly £100,000, is of Jewish origin, his full name being Baruch Hirsch Strousberg. Born in 1823 in humble circumstances at Neidenburg, in East Prussia, he went to London in 1835, after the death of his father. Here he was received by his uncles, who were commission agents, and was shortly afterward baptized a member of the Church of England. Gifted with great intelligence and energy he more or less educated himself, and

entered journalism.
In 1848 we went to Am-rica, where he gave lessons in German, but finally realized some money by buying a cargo of damaged goods and selling them at a heavy profit. With this capital he returned to London in 1858, and founded several newspapers, but six years afterward he went to Berlin, where he was for seven years the agent of an English insurance company. In 1864, however, Strousberg began to think of improving his fortunes, and having made acquaintances at the British embassy, by this means came to know some English capitalists, with whom he contracted for the Tilsit-Insterburg railway. Within six years Strousberg was making a dozen lines, among others those of Roumania. He had over 100,000 workmen in his pay, and had launched out into other vast enterprises. At Hanover he established a gigantic machine factory; at Dortmund and Neustadt he had smelting works and iron factories; at Antwerp and Berlin he built entire new quarters; in Prussia he bought ten estates; in Poland an entire county; in Bohemia he paid £800,000 for the splendid domain of Zbirow, where he established railway carriage works which employed 5,000

workmen. Meantime he built a palace for himself in the Wilhelmstrasse at Berlin, which in decoration, luxury, and accommodation surpassed that of the emperor himself. In it were to be found works of the first German and French artists-Delacroix, Meissonnier, Gerome, and others. Nor was his charity on a less splendid scale. In winter he caused 10,000 portions of soup to be given daily to the poor, in addition to 2,000 pounds, worth of wood. When the famine broke out in East Prussia he sent whole trains laden with corn and potatoes to his sufsuch a man had his own organs in the press, and was chosen to represent the nation. Yet he took from the Moscow bank, which he founded, 4,308,000 roubles, and it is hinted that his future is not altogether unprovided for. No greater collapse than that of Strousberg has probably occurred in the financial history of the country, save, perhaps, that of Law.

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

We should never play with favor; we cannot too closely embrace it when it is real, nor fly too far from it when it is false.

Humility is a grace that adorns and beautifies every other grace; without it, the most splendid natural and acquired

acquisitions lose their charm. Prejudice lurks in hidden corners of shed its penetrating light, and preju-

dice is the natural foe of magnanimity. Wisdom consisteth not in knowing many things, nor even in knowing them thoroughly, but in choosing and in following what conduces the most certainly to our lasting happiness and true

Sloth makes all things difficult, but tndustry all easy; and he that rises late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon over-

takes him. Far from the crushed flowers of gladness on the road of life a sweet perfume marching armies often send out from heaths the fragrance of the trampled

A pious cottager residing in the midst of a lone and dreary heath was asked by a visitor: "Are you not sometimes afraid in your lonely situation, especially in the winter?" He replied: "Oh, no! for faith shuts the door at night,

and mercy opens it in the morning.' Ingratitude is too base to return a kindness, and too proud to regard it; much like the tops of mountains, barren, indeed, but yet lofty; they produce nothing, they feed nobody, they clothe nobody, yet are high and stately, and look down upon all the world about Switzer

Welcome Christmas Gifts. The usual practice in choosing Christ-

mas gifts, says Scribner, is to start out with a full portemonnaie and come home with it empty, having scoured a dozen book and print and curio shops meantime, to "find enough pretty things to go round." The gift sent to one friend might have been offered with equal propriety to a hundred others. Now everybody (worth remembering at all on Christmas day) has a fancy, or whim, or association, which a trifle will recall and gratify. Now that we have so little money, let us set our brains to work to remember these whims or hobbies, and to find the suggestive trifles. and, to our word for it, we will startle our friends with a more real pleasure than if we had sent them the costliest unmeaning gift. There must be a nice discrimination, too, in assorting these trifles. There are certain folks whom we know to be sorely in need of articles for the wardrobe, and to whom we must therefore give utterly useless folies, because they know that we know it; and there are better folks in like con- you after a fish?" dition, who will receive a collar or a pair one cousin whose gift must smell of the husband you ever saw. If he's eating the numerous factories in the neighbor- "They were new customers, and I had wet eyes, and find them fragrant with to give it a rinse, flop it into the spider,

Items of Interest.

The "king of the pumpkins" in France this year weighed nearly four hundred pounds, and is the largest ever raised in that country.

A voter, praising a favorite candidate at a late election, said : "He's as fine a fellow as ever lifted a hat to a lady or a boot to a blackguard.'

"Mamma, can I have some beef?" asked a little girl at supper table. "No, my dear; but if you eat your bread and milk, go to Sunday-school on Sunday, and keep your apron clean, I will show you a picture of a cow."

Here is a Mormon reason for marrying a Gentile: "Why, isn't he hand-seme! and then he is good, and then and then—I wanted every bit of him to myself! Father didn't like it, mother didn't like it, but I did.

Near Mount Vernon, Ill., a man named Jackson got up before daybreak, and accidentally stepped on the chest of his fifteen-year-old daught or, who was sleeping on the floor. His reight being two hundred and twenty pounds, he crushed in her chest and killed her almost in-

During the late fire at Virginia City, Nev., all the rats in the Ophir and Censolidated Virginia mines were killed by gas. The rats are the scavengers of the

Our Dan remarked to his wife one evening, as he left home for the office : "I'll be back by ten o'clock if I don't meet with any serious pull-back." "It won't be well for you to meet any pullbacks, Daniel, serious or smiling, if I know of it," said his better half, in tones which indicated that she meant it.

A Chinese philosopher rejoicing in the expressive, and, if a truthful appel-lation, the valuable name of "Tin," says: "There was a place set apart in heaven for good wives who could judge a wicked thing as harshly when a man did it as when a woman did it. But it has never been occupied, I believe."

There is a rector in England who, after his establishment in a parish, preached the same sermon to his congregation Sunday after Sunday-a very good sermon, but always the same. At last the farmers sent a deputation to request a change. "Very well," said the rector, "but now let any one of you tell me all about that sermon." Not a person could give an account. "Then," re-sumed the clergyman, "I'll continue to preach it till I'm sure you all know what it contains."

A bold and ingenious swindler in Ohio collected about \$500 by the following process: He made the acquaintance of a dealer in fruit trees under the pretense of wanting employment, and, having learned that a large number of trees had been shipped to a certain point to be delivered in the neighboring country, he went to the place, paid the freight on the trees and delivered them according to the address marked on the several packages, collected the price and dis-

appeared. Captain J. C. Symmes, United States navy, fifty years ago believed that the earth is hollow, and that it is habitable within as well as without. Symmes thought there were openings at the poles; and Count Romanoff offered to help him all minds over which knowledge has not with money in investigating the theory. Symmes patriotically declined to serve Russia. A vessel, according to the theory, would sail into a pole, without apparent change of course, except from the hiding of certain stars or a change of horizon. The main fact upon which the theory depends is the warm air and temperate flora that float southward from the north pole.

The Immigration in September.

Returns made to the Washington bureau of statistics show the number of immigrants who arrived at the port of New York during the month of September, 1975, as compared with September, 1874, is as follows:

September, 1875-males, 4,949; females, 4,400; total, 9,349. September, 1875—males, 8,796 females, 7,584; total, 16,380, a decrease in 1875 of males, 3,-847; females, 3,184; total, 7,031. The principal islands or countries of last permanent residence or citizenship of the immigrants were as follows:

Countries.	1875.	- 1874.
England	2 266	4,544
Scotland	483 -	822
Wales	. 51	46
Ireland	1.716	3,011
Germany	2.598	3.959
Austria	220	.322
Sweden, Norwey and Denmark	780	722
France	295	496
France	166	166
Switzerland	954	1,655
Russia	. 201	2,000

Bread vs. Meat.

Englan

Sweder

France

Experiments made abroad to test the effect of an exclusive bread diet prove that a bread diet alone is very expensive, as a large quantity must be given to supply the daily waste of the fleshy tissues. On the other hand, the addition of a small quantity of meat reduces the cost of support and keeps up the strength of the body. The attempt was made to ascertain which of the several kinds of bread in ordinary use was absorbed in the greatest amount in its passage through the alimentary canal. It was found that wheat bread was absorbed in the greatest amount, then leavened rye bread, then rye bread raised by chemical processes, and lastly, the "pumpernickel," or German black bread. The great nutritious value attributed to bran is denied by the experimenter.

Better than Fish.

They recognized each other at one of the fish stands, and one called out: "Is that you, Mrs. Jones? And are

"And is that you, Mrs. Toddle? And on, I never buy fish." "You don't?"

"No. I have got the particularest,