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## Christmas Carol.

Pile on the Christmas logs  
Higher and higher;  
Cheerily, cheerily,  
Crackles the fire.

Now let the bells ring out  
Merrily, merrily;  
Now let the children shout  
Cheerily, cheerily.

Let no harsh voices sound  
Drearily, drearily;  
Let naught but joy abound  
Merrily, merrily.

Now let home voices sound  
Brimful of meaning;  
Now let bright eyes abound,  
Radiantly beaming.

Let not a note be heard  
Breathing of sorrow;  
Let not a soul bring here  
Care for the morrow.

Pile on the Christmas logs  
Higher and higher;  
Cheerily, cheerily,  
Crackles the fire.

Herald of future bliss  
Joyously dawning;  
Hail to thee, hail to thee,  
Bright Christmas morning.

## A SENSATIONAL PALATE.

The Stuff that Pleases New York Theater-Goers.

The following is the plot in the new play, *Rose Michel*, that is so pleasing New York theater-goers that the seats are engaged weeks in advance. The story of the play as presented is as follows: Louise Michel, the daughter of Rose and Pierre Michel, is an apprentice in the employ of Master Bernard, a wood engraver, with whom she is living. Andre Bernard, the son of Bernard, is her lover. The two young people have formed a most ardent attachment, and the mother of Louise and Master Bernard have favored it. The father of Louise is a miser and brute, and is despised by both wife and daughter. Early in the play Bernard signifies to Rose Michel his intention of consenting to the union of the young people, but couples his consent with certain conditions which relate to the stainless character of Louise's family. He emphasizes this point, and declares that he will never consent to the union of his son with the member of any family which has the slightest stain upon its honor. Rose Michel assures him of the spotless character of her husband, and there appears to be no obstacle in the way of the lovers. When Rose Michel returns to her husband to tell him of the good news which she has learned from Bernard, she finds to her surprise and horror that her avaricious husband has already agreed to sell his child to the Baron de Belleville, a libertine. A quarrel ensues between Pierre and his wife, during which Pierre, realizing that his wife's opposition will create insurmountable obstacles to the consummation of his schemes, suddenly conceives the idea of murdering the baron in order to secure the large sum of money which he knows he will have upon his person. He promises his wife to break his promise to the baron, and succeeds, as he supposes, in getting her off to bed. Immediately thereafter the baron arrives with 100,000 livres upon his person, which have been paid him by the Count de Vernay upon the condition that he will leave France forever, and never again seek to see his wife, who is now living under the protection of the count.

This libertine De Belleville having seen Louise and fallen passionately in love with her, has already offered the father an enormous sum of money to be permitted to carry Louise with him to a foreign land, there to make her in name his wife, but in fact his mistress. He is now present to pay Pierre his money and take possession of Louise. Pierre promises that Louise shall go with him in the morning.

The baron, being wet and fatigued, calls for a glass of punch, which Pierre drugs and offers him. Under its effects the baron is put to bed, and Pierre proceeds coolly to make preparations for his murder. While he is committing the act he is discovered by his wife Rose, and horror-struck, she falls senseless to the ground. Startled by her cries, Pierre rushes into the room, discovers her presence and is about to drag her to her chamber, when she revives and accuses him with terrible fierceness of the murder.

Pierre, seeing that she is determined to denounce him, is about to kill her also, when they are both startled by knocks at the door and the voice of Louise outside calling, "Mother, mother." Bernard having heard that Pierre proposed to sell Louise into degradation, comes with his son Andre and the Baron de Marsan, prefect of the Seine, to demand an explanation. Before admitting them, Pierre makes his wife realize that to denounce him would be to destroy the future of her own daughter and perhaps to kill her. He then leaves her to open the outer gate, saying: "Denounce me if you dare." While he is gone Rose resolves to betray her husband's guilt, but when her innocent daughter enters her resolution is overcome by the strength of her maternal love. Pierre assures the prefect that he never intended to sell his child, but that he gladly bestows her upon Bernard's son. After they are gone Pierre throws the body of the Baron de Belleville into the river that flows beneath the window of his house.

Rose Michel, knowing the guilt of her husband, resolves to give up to her the money which he has taken from the baron's body, and with it she goes to the house of the Count de Vernay, where she secretly places it in the count's secretary, feeling that as the money came from him it should return to him. The body of the Baron de Belleville is discovered, and the Count de Vernay accused of his murder. The circumstantial evidence against him is rendered overwhelming by the discovery in his secretary of the money which he had previously paid him. Rose Michel, horrified at finding an innocent man accused, behaves so strangely as to excite the suspicions of the Count de Marsan, who

becomes convinced that she knows more than she is willing to tell of the murder. This induces him to go with the aunt's mother to the inn of Pierre Michel, where he examines Pierre, his servant Moutin and Rose Michel herself. His suspicions are confirmed, and, after endeavoring by all fair means to induce Rose to tell the truth, he at last resorts to the extremest measure and condemns her to the rack. In the last act we learn that torture has been ineffectual, Rose's love for her child enabling her to conceal the truth. The Count de Vernay is condemned to die, and is to be executed at dawn, but he has one last interview with Rose, who has partially recovered from the effects of the torture. Finding all appeals fruitless, and believing De Vernay innocent, De Marsan determines at the last moment that the count must escape.

Rose pledges her life to the effort, and secures the services of her husband, supposing, as she does, that he will be only too glad to save his second victim. But Pierre, fearing that if the count escapes he will leave nothing undone to discover the real culprit and thus clear his own name, betrays the plot to the guard; and just as the count is about to leave the prison he is arrested, and Rose, discovering her husband's treachery, denounces him in a moment of supreme agony, thus saving the life of the count. They are about to arrest Pierre, when he, breaking through the guard, is about to fly, but is shot by the guard and falls over the parapet of the prison. The Count de Vernay, touched by the heroism of Rose, and grieved for her timely aid, makes an appeal to Bernard which induces him to consent to the marriage of his son with Rose's daughter.

## Uncompromising Honesty.

The other day a man with a gaunt look halted before an eating stand at the Central market, Detroit, says the *Free Press*, and after a long survey of the viands he said to the woman:

"I am a poor man, but I'll be honest if I have to be buried in Paupers' Field."

"What's the matter now?" asked the woman, regarding him with suspicion.

"No one saw me pick up a \$20 bill here by this stand early this morning, but as I said before I'll be honest."

"A \$20 bill—pick up!" she whispered, bringing a bland smile to her face.

"I suppose," he continued, "that some one passing along here could have dropped such a bill, but it seems more reasonable to think that the money was lost by you."

"Don't talk quite so loud," she said, as she leaned over the stand. "You are an honest man, and I'll have your name put in the papers so that all may know it. I'm a hard working widow, and if you hadn't brought back that money it would have gone hard with my poor little children."

"If I pick up money by a stand I always give it up," he said as he sat down on one of the stools.

"That's right—that's honest," she whispered. "Draw right up here and have some breakfast."

He needed no second invitation. The way he went for cold ham, fried sausage, biscuit and coffee was terrific to the woman.

"Yes—I—um—try—to—be—yonest," he remarked between bites.

"That's right. If I found any money belonging to you I'd give it up, you bet. Have another cup of coffee?"

"Don't—care—fido," he said, as he jammed more ham into his mouth.

Even courtships have an ending. The old chap finally began to breathe like a foundered horse, and pretty soon after that he rose from the table.

"You are a good man to bring my lost money back," said the woman, as she brushed away the crumbs.

"Oh, I'm honest," he replied, "when I find my lost money I always give it up."

"Well, I'll take it now, please," she said, as he began to button his coat.

"Take what?" he asked.

"That lost money you found."

"I didn't find any! I'll be honest with you, however, if I ever do find any around here!"

"You old liar! Didn't you say you found a \$20 bill here?"

"No, ma'am. I said that no one saw me pick up such a bill here!"

"Pay me for them pervisions!" she yelled, clutching at his throat.

"I'll be honest with you—I haven't a cent!" he replied, as he held her off.

She tried to trip him over into a barrel of charcoal, but he broke loose, and before she recovered from her amazement he was a block away and galloping along like a stage horse.

## In the Arctic Regi.

Dr. Hayes says that wintering in the Arctic regions is not so terrible a matter after all. He adds: I would observe that the public sympathy becomes very needlessly excited when an Arctic voyager takes the field. The dangers and privations are greatly exaggerated, and it happens sometimes that men are forced to consider themselves heroes whether or no. I have never met with any one who had ever been to the Arctic regions who did not want to go again—sure proof that it is not such a terrible thing after all to sail among the ice floes and icebergs and to winter near the North Pole. It must be confessed that the moral and mental strain of the long winter is a severe ordeal; but this can be alleviated by cheerfulness and good discipline. Traveling with a sledge, through deep snowdrifts and over rough ice hummocks, day after day, with no shelter in camp but a snow hut, when the thermometer is down in the zeros, is most certainly "trying men's souls," but it need not be dangerous. Shipwreck and disasters in various ways may and do happen to "try men's souls," but these cases elsewhere, and so often, that a passing paragraph in a newspaper disposes of them, while the exceptional experience of an Arctic traveler is more striking because of the mysterious nature of his surroundings. We are all awed by the contemplation of what is unknown and which seems inaccessible; but actual experience quickly dispels it. A lion.

## MERRY CHRISTMAS DAY.

Why the Twenty-fifth of December is Celebrated as it is.

Merry Christmas! Was there ever a more Christmas greeting, and will it ever cease to be the most welcome of wishes? In the whole range of the English language there is not another salutation which can be offered with equal freedom. A master can do no less than wish his servant a merry Christmas, and the servant who bids his master "good-bye" as if fearful of presumption, will speak up boldly when he returns his Christmas greeting. And it is so because the simple words have come to be expressive of the spirit of the season. Total abnegation of self and love for your neighbor in the broadest sense of the word is the genius of Christmas-tide. But, strangely enough, says an exchange, the origin of the day and the greeting are alike unknown, for no man can tell when the first Christmas day was celebrated. It certainly could not have been before the birth of Christ—but even that event is not definitely fixed, for all who are learned in such matters are agreed that our era fixes the date from three to five years too soon, and when the year is uncertain it can hardly be expected that the month and the day should be certainly known. Some say that the Savior was born on the twentieth of May in the twenty-eighth year of Augustus' reign. Others put it on the nineteenth of April, while the probability is that the apostles did not know at all what the exact date was. And it is almost certain that they never celebrated the day, for Christmas was first heard of in Egypt, and the first undisputed traces of the celebration of the twenty-fifth of December as Christmas day point no further back than the middle of the fourth century as the time and to Rome as the place. But why should the twenty-fifth of December be the date of the festival, when about the only thing the earliest writers seem to have been agreed upon concerning it was that its proper location was in the spring? Several explanations have been attempted, but none of them seem wholly satisfactory. One is that it was thought most fit that the day of Christ's birth should be celebrated on the "birthday of the sun," as the winter solstice was called, which occurred on the Roman calendar on the twenty-fifth of December. On that day the previously shortening days began to grow longer, and to the early Christians there seems to have been a sort of analogy, which can now be but dimly traced, between the increasing sunshine and the birth of the Son of God. Another and almost more fanciful reason that has been soberly given, is that Christmas was placed on the twenty-fifth of December, in order to give the Christians at Rome a festival peculiarly their own, and thus to distract their attention from the wild excesses of the Roman Saturnalia which occurred at about that date. The truth is that no adequate reason can be assigned for celebrating Christmas on the twenty-fifth of December, as the festival was wholly unknown for some centuries after the apostolic age, and it was then too late to fix dates by memory, and there was very little writing, with any degree of accuracy. But for the purpose of commemoration, any date will do, and since the date and not the right to celebrate this festival is called in question, but little complaint need be made.

## Detroit Free Press Currency.

A Chicago paper has found out that men drink to pass away the time. What do they swear for?

The chap who is quoted as being "as honest as the day is long" had better take a back seat until next spring.

It is proposed in Cincinnati that when a tramp asks for bread to give him—not a stone, but a hammer to break stone with.

"Stick a pin there," says the Philadelphia *Chronicle*. That's played. The old man always feeds of the chair now before sitting down.

Probably one of the most trying times in a man's life is when he introduces his second wife, seventeen years old, to his daughter, who is past twenty.

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* says that public thieves must be locked up. Don't be impatient. The land can't be covered with jails without warning.

If you want to make \$10,000 in a hurry invent an ink for the government which can't be rubbed off of postage stamps. Only 4,000 persons have tried it, and there is every chance of success.

Those claps who are running a lottery at Denison, Texas, would look nice coming out of a creek fifteen or twenty times on a cold morning. All that is needed is for some one to throw them in.

It is wicked to throw dice for turkeys and chickens. We say this knowing that every man in the country who has seen some one else come in and "beat that throw by one" will fall convincingly with the assertion.

## Coal Consumption of London.

The growing wealth and population of London have played, perhaps, the principal part in the wonderful growths of the coal trade. Without citing ancient statistics, I may mention that in the four years ending in 1872, the quantity of coal actually consumed in London increased by more than three-quarters of a million of tons, the total for 1872 being nearly six millions. Another curious fact is that, during the four years in question, occurred not only the increase in gross consumption, but a very notable increase in the consumption per head, and this in spite of the high prices which ruled toward the end of that period. Thus, in the year 1869, when coal was sold retail at about twenty-five or twenty-six shillings per ton, Londoners consumed twenty-seven hundred weight per head; and in the year 1872, when prices varied from thirty-six to fifty-two shillings per ton, they actually burned twenty-nine hundred weight per head of the population!—a convincing proof, if any were needed, that, despite the halo which surrounds the "good old times," and the frantic shriekings of idle people with fixed incomes, the great bulk of the nation is getting better off every year.—*All the Year Round*.

## Intriguing Divorce Lawyers.

Several New York divorce lawyers, too impatient to wait for customers to come to them, have sent out agents to customers. The emissary goes, provided with circulars lithographed in imitation of written manuscript, to an interior city, whence he mails them to wives of drunkards or of such other unpleasant husbands as he can learn about by persistent inquiry. Many of these circulars are in the following language:

Mrs. —, My Dear Madam: I trust I may address you confidentially upon a subject which, we are informed, you are particularly interested in at this time. I have been sent to — by our people, one of the largest law firms in New York, to write to you personally relative to obtaining for you an immediate divorce, which we understand is your desire. We have full power to act in this State, and our many years' experience in this business enables us to go to work at once and procure you a full divorce in half the time required by your own city lawyers and our prices are not as heavy. Besides, we keep it out of the public. We can get you what you want in three weeks, and you need not fear of getting your name in the papers if you don't want it. No matter what the charges are that you may bring against your husband, we can get you a full divorce. And then, instead of living a life of misery, you can once more become a free woman, and do just as you please. We have many years' experience in this business, and all you need to do is to reply to this letter, and state when and where a private interview may be had with you alone, or with some intimate and confidential lady friend of yours. I would prefer, however, that you be alone when we talk about this matter. At least until we see our way clear. I assure you that no one excepting yourself who is known in this city is aware of such a letter as this having been written to you, so you need not be alarmed that your husband will ever know a word about it. He need not know until it is too late for him to do anything that would stop you from getting your divorce. Please reply as quickly as possible. I have written to you plainly in the hope that you will understand everything. Address your letter to the New York post-office, Station D; where I will receive it and return to this place two or three weeks from date, when I will call to see you at your house or wherever else you may suggest in your reply. Write to the firm confidentially and without fear. Put your letter in the enclosed envelope, which is already addressed, and oblige, Yours, respectfully,

The lawyers described as "the largest law firm in New York" are generally represented to be one firm in the city, but this peculiar branch of the divorce business includes several concerns, and the agents are operating in most of the Southern and Western cities. The promised divorces are, it is probable, generally obtained, but in several reported instances the agent has received a retaining fee and never been heard of by the client afterward.—*New York Sun*.

## An Impudent Fellow.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon's new book on America, entitled "The White Conquest," has the following anecdote of a "heavenly Chinese": "You can form no notion of the impudence of these rascals," says a San Francisco magnate, denouncing the Chinese. "Only the other day, in our rainy season, when the mud was fifteen inches deep in Montgomery street, a yellow chap, in fur tip-top and purple satin gown, was crossing over the road by a plank, when one of our worthy citizens, seeing how nicely he was dressed, more like a lady than a tradesman, ran on the plank to meet him, and when the fellow stopped and stared, just gave him a little jerk, and whisked him, with a waggish laugh, into the bed of slush. Ha! ha! You should have seen the crowd of people mocking the impudent heathen Chinese as he picked himself up in his soiled tippet and said: 'Did any one in the crowd stare, drinks all round?' 'Well, no; that heathen Chinese rather turned the laugh aside.' 'Ah; how was that?' 'No white man can conceive the impudence of these Chinese. Moon-face picked himself up, shook off a little of the mire, and looking mildly at our worthy citizen, curtsied like a girl, saying to him, in a voice that every one standing round could hear: 'You Christian! me heathen; good-bye.'"

## Varieties in Fashions.

Dresses fastened behind are growing in favor daily. As these are inconvenient when a lady has no maid, the effect is given by buttoning or lacing cords down the back of the bodice or pelerinae, and concealing the front fastenings by bows of silk.

Nets for the hair are also gradually coming into fashion again. They are made of loosely woven soft braids, and protect smooth knots of hair from the rough autumn winds.

The newest and most dressy suits of black cashmere are trimmed with many rows of steel or silver soutache, or else with one row of wide black velvet braid plaited with silver or gilt.

Gretlots and agrafes of passementerie made of cords and tassels are now used on pockets and down the fronts of sacks and all kinds of wraps. Pockets have come to be indispensable, and these old-fashioned ornaments are revived to beautify them.

## The Winds.

Every one who has attempted, by the computation of thermic or baric wind roses, to arrive at a sharper characterization of the peculiarities of the separate winds, has fallen upon a difficulty that has almost destroyed his interest in such work: which is the perception that, frequently the same wind direction, at the same time of the year, occurs with quite opposite characteristics. This discrepancy has received considerable elucidation from Koppert, who, by a careful use of the synoptic weather charts of Europe, has shown that it makes a great difference whether an outburst wind, for instance, blows outward from a center of high pressure, or is drawn inward to a center of low pressure.

## A Grateful Lawyer.

B. T. Reynolds, of Winnebago City, Minn., having been elected to office, is grateful, and indicates it by a card saying: "Agreeable to promise before election, I shall be pleased to give any person who voted for me (taking their word for it) legal advice free of charge for two years. For any town which I carried, or nearly carried, I will with pleasure prosecute or defend suits, or do any business they may desire for two years free of charge. The consequences in case two of his supporters fall out and go to law.

## What the Coroner Wanted.

Our coroner, Barney Maginn, says Max Adler, called in at old Pestle's drug store the other day, and leaning against the counter, he whispered into Pestle's ear, in a particularly confidential manner:

"Kin you tell me what kind of p'ison kills a man quickest?"

"What do you want to know for?" asked Pestle.

"Well, I just want to know for curiosity. Something that when you give it to a fellow reels him right off. A couple of kicks maybe, and a howl or two, and then lays him out like a lamb."

"There are several drugs which would have that effect, such as—"

"I want it sudden, you understand, and no smell or taste. Something you can just drop a little in his liquor, and he'll roll over and drift off into eternity before it gets to his stomach. Something like that."

"Prussic acid might do that, or corrosive sublimate, or—"

"Well, give me a quart of the prussic acid, quick as you kin."

"Can't do it, Mr. Maginn, until I know what you want it for," said Pestle.

"Why can't you?"

"Because it's against the law."

"Well, if I tell you, you won't give me away on it? Won't blow it round town or anything, will you?"

"I dunno; it depends on what it is."

"I'll trust you, anyway," said Mr. Maginn. "Come closer, so's nobody kin hear. You know Jim Berry, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, Jim's invented a patent life-saving machine for jerking a drowned man out of the water and pumping his stomach out, and I'm going to p'ison Jim before he introduces that there apparatus to the public."

"Mr. Maginn, I certainly shall not sell you prussic acid for any such purpose as that; you must be insane."

"Now look at the thing," said Mr. Maginn. "I make my living by people falling overboard and getting drowned. That's my principal source of income; cut that off and I'll starve to death. Well, now, here comes along a man who wants to bring these remains back to life, and float me out upon a dark and dreary world without a cent. Oughtn't I to kill him? I think I ought. Self-preservation's the first law of nature. Give me a couple of quarts of that there acid, you won't, won't you? Oh, very well; very well, old man. But your time'll come. There'll be some other man p'isoned some day, and then if I don't put the jury up to bringing in a verdict again you and clap you in jail, then my name's not Barney Maginn."

Then Mr. Maginn went out to buy a shot-gun with which to annihilate Mr. Berry.

## A Joke on Henry Clay.

The Carlisle (Ky.) *Mercury* has this story: A relative of Gov. Metcalfe has furnished us with the following incident which will illustrate the habit "Old Stone-hammer" had of playing practical jokes. Some time before the introduction of railroads Gov. Metcalfe represented in Congress a district of which Nicholas county was a part. Mr. Clay was secretary of state under President Quincy Adams. It was the custom to make the trip to the national capital in private conveyance. It was in the days of Mr. Clay's greatest popularity that the two distinguished politicians agreed to travel to Washington in Gov. Metcalfe's carriage; and, all the arrangements perfected, they started together from the latter's "Forest Retreat" home, in this county. While passing through the State of Pennsylvania, Mr. Clay told Gov. Metcalfe that he had received intimations that in a certain town they were approaching he would be honored with an ovation by the citizens. Just before coming to town Gov. Metcalfe, who had all along been driving, suggested to Mr. Clay that he take the lines and drive, as he himself was tired. Mr. Clay readily consented, whereupon the governor took the back seat in the carriage. The honored statesman drove the team successfully into the town and there were met by a large concourse of people. Gov. Metcalfe alighted from the carriage, was cordially welcomed, and replied that he was glad to meet them, etc.; and at this the crowd fairly hoisted him upon their shoulders and triumphantly started with him to the place of reception. Looking back at Mr. Clay, who still sat in the carriage, somewhat nonplussed, the governor cried: "Driver, take those horses to the stable and feed them."

## Hans Andersen's Love History.

It was his long journey through Zealand, Funen and Jutland, that he met a young girl with whom he fell deeply in love, but who, unfortunately, at the time was engaged to another man, and as Andersen never met another woman whom he could love as he loved this girl, he remained unmarried all his life. Many years later, a peasant girl, who had heard about him as a great and world-renowned poet, whom all men honored—and who, I believe, had also read some of his stories—took it into her head that he was the one man she wanted to marry. So she started out for Copenhagen, where Andersen was then living, and went to his house, and told him her errand. You can imagine how astonished he must have been at being told by a young, handsome girl that she wished to marry him. "I should be so very good to you," said she, "and all ways take good care of you." "But, my dear girl, I don't wish to be married," answered he; and she departed as suddenly as she had come.

## How to Prevent Divorce.

A worthy wife of forty years' standing, and whose life was not all made up of sunshine and peace, gives the following sensible and impressive advice to a married pair of her acquaintance. The advice is so good and so well suited to all married people, as well as to those who intend entering that estate, that we here publish it for the benefit of your own house, your married state, and your heart. Let not father or mother, sister or brother, or any third person, ever presume to come in between you two, or to share the joys and sorrows that belong to you two alone. With God's help build your own quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once. Never, no, never, speak of it outside, but to each other confess, and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun still find you at variance. Review and renew your vow; it will do you good, and thereby your souls will grow together, cemented in that love which is stronger than death, and you will become truly one.

## THE BOOK AGENT'S BRIDE.

A Story with a Warning and a Moral.

The town of Horseheads, in New York State, has suddenly become famous as the scene of the elopement of a young lady with a traveling book agent. Such an event is believed to be entirely without precedent, and it necessarily confers as wide a notoriety upon the town in which it occurred, the most elaborate earthquake could have conferred had it swallowed the greater part of the people of Horseheads, having, of course, previously well shaken them.

It would be fruitless to inquire in the columns of a newspaper why the human mind is so constituted as to uniformly desire to kill a book agent. Such an inquiry belongs to the province of psychology—though in no existing textbook has it been fully and properly discussed. The fact that men, without exception, thirst for the blood of book agents is perfectly well established, and we may therefore reason from it, without troubling ourselves to discover whether this impulse is congenital, or is developed by the conditions of civilized life. The meekest man, when summoned to his parlor to meet a determined-looking stranger, who instantly urges him to subscribe for Smith's "Historical History of Art Among the Esquimaux," involuntarily asks himself whether the satisfaction of brainning the man with his own specimen volume would not be cheaply purchased at the cost of the gallows; and the most gentle of housewives, as she violently slams the door in the face of the agent of Brown's "Humorous Travels in the Holy-Land," mentally resolves to ask her brother, the lawyer, whether boiling water is a deadly weapon in the eye of the law.

How was it possible that, in spite of this unanimous sentiment in regard to book agents, one of that fraternity should have succeeded in inducing a young lady to elope with him? Of course, the pair fled secretly in order to escape the indignation and horrified gaze of the public of Horseheads. But by what magic arts did the book agent so completely conquer the natural instinct in regard to boiling water of the partner of his flight? It is idle to suppose that he concealed his true character. No book agent can do that. Even if he had shunned all allusion to subscription books until the very moment when the fair one told him she was his, he would inevitably have replied: "Then let me put you down for five copies of Brown's 'Travels,' with gilt edges and illuminated covers." No! he must have carried on his wooing avowedly under the banner of the "Great Oshkosh Publishing Company," and with his carpet-bag of specimen volumes always at his side. When he urged the sincerity of his passion, he must have read to her the convincing statement that "smart agents can make fifty dollars a day with our new subscription books," and told her that if she would get her parents, brothers and sisters, and acquaintances to subscribe for a volume each, the money would be strictly appropriated to house-furnishing, with the exception of a liberal commission to be paid to her as pin money. Unquestionably he presented her with elegant copies of all the works published by his firm, and when he clasped her to his bosom did not fail to assure her that his heart beat for her alone, although the fact was not perceptible to her in consequence of his carrying his subscription lists in his breast pocket. The girl may have been young, and unaccustomed to admiration. When her lover asserted that he would prefer ten per cent. commission with her as his bride, to twenty per cent. and the exclusive right to the best territory in the county without her, she may have welcomed it as the language of passion and romance. At any rate, she listened to his pleading, and is now that hitherto unknown phenomenon, a book agent's bride.

We need not doubt the reality of the affection existing between this unique pair. The book agent hath eyes and ears like other men, not to speak of a superfluity of cheek and tongue. May he not also have affections and sentiments of a tender and romantic character? Doubtless, he will bind his wife, so to speak, in red silk and plenty of gilt jewelry. It is quite possible that, under the influence of domestic happiness, his fiercer nature may be tamed. He may cease to waylay funeral coaches in order to urge the occupants to subscribe for Robinson's "Comfort of the Afflicted," in gilt cloth, and may spare the solitary widow, whom he would once have scolded to subscribe for ten copies of "Mormon Iniquities." Perhaps the marriage of this book agent may be the beginning of the end of the system which he has hitherto represented, and the time may be near at hand when book agents, tamed and softened by marriage, will abandon their cruel vocation, and the memory of it will remain, as does the memory of the buccanniers, only in blood-curdling stories, bearing such titles as "Red Beard, the Book Agent of the West," or "The Lives, Exploits, and Dying Confessions of the Book Agents of the New England States."—*New York Times*.

## Items of Interest.

Queer inscription on an English tombstone: "Methusalem Cony, aged twelve months."

The Virginia City (Nev.) relief society re-nires at least \$100,000 to provide for the destitute during the winter.

The Utah Mormons number 100,000. In Salt Lake City there are 80,000. There are two Gentiles to ten Mormons.

New Richmond, West Virginia, is shipping walnut logs directly to London, where better prices are obtained than in this country.

New linen may be more easily embrodered by rubbing it over with fine white soap. It prevents the threads from cracking.

One of the most polite gentlemen we ever heard of was he who, on passing a sitting man, raised his hat, and blandly said: "Don't rise, madam."

Bowdoin professors were a little surprised the other morning at seeing three cows patiently looking down at them from a third story window in the college buildings.

These whiskey ring frauds have greatly unsettled our confidence in mankind. The next thing we shall hear is that the men of draw poker and faro are straying from the paths of virtue.

A water spout at Harker's Island, N. C., struck the dwelling of Mrs. Gaskill, a widow, totally destroyed it, killed four of her children, wounded another, and swept the sixth—a baby—away.

The hay crop of New Hampshire is estimated at \$10,000,000, the corn crop, 2,000,000 bushels; oats, 1,500,000; garden crops, \$1,000,000; butter, 8,500,000 pounds; milk sold, 3,000,000 gallons.

A woman was buried in Bath, N. Y., the other day, who weighed before her death three hundred and eighty pounds. Her coffin was six feet long, three feet wide and two and one-half feet deep.

The maddest man in Wisconsin is John Leigh, of Oconto. He was a candidate for member of Assembly, and being a conscientious man voted for his opponent, who was elected by just one majority.

"From what you know of him, would you believe him under oath?" "That depends on circumstances. If he was so much intoxicated that he didn't know what he was saying, I would; if not, I wouldn't."