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Love's Glasses. WHAT HE SAID.

He said: " How beautiful, my love, From earth beneath to heavens above ! There's not a rock with lichens browned, And not a field with sunshine crowned, And not a note all nature through, From whispering pines to ocean blue-Not even a mote which swings in air Up toward the bending heavens there, That is not beautiful!

WHAT SHE SAID. There's not a thing the landscape through, From sauds we beat Beneath our feet To where the mountains heave in view, That is not beautiful;

And all for you!

WHAT I SAW. A scene almost ma e up of blanks; Nothing but rocks and sand; A dull brown waste, O'er which the crow himself makes haste And yet, I mused : "Perhaps 'tis wise To look abroad through lovers' eyes, If they may show that round us lies Beauty like that of Paradise."

HE TELLS A STORY.

Arsene Houssaye Gives us a Characteristic Sketch of Parisian Life.

And now, my dear readers, says Ar-sene Houssaye in a letter to the New York Tribune, let me tell you a story of another friend of mine, who was an ass, but not a savant. His name was Pierrot.

The frost was silvering the trees of the park Monceau with dull white powder, like the head of a marquis of the old regime. It was in front of the rotunda, and nine o'clock in the morning. The sun hung in the fog like a globe of fire, but east forth no beams. The wind was cruel to the poor world. People walked rapidly along the Boulevard de Courcelles; women veiled their faces and men drew their heads inside their collars. It was a day when a lover's sigh would have frozen in the air.

I was hurrying by like everybody else. A female ragpicker, pale and famished, led by the bridle a poor little donkey, which seemed a hundred years old, and which dragged a poor little cart, full of the rubbish of the street: rags, broken bottles, torn papers, worn out skillets, crusts of bread, the thousand nothings which are the fortune of ragpickers. The woman had done good work since midnight, but the ass was ready to drop. He stopped short, as if he had made up his mind to go no further. His legs trembled and threatened a fall. He hung his head with resignation, as if awaiting the stroke of death.

The sight touched and arrested me. A man would have cursed and beaten the poor beast to rouse him; the woman looked at him with an eye of motherly pity. The donkey returned her look, as if saying: "You see it is all over. I have done my best for you night after night, because I saw your misery was greater than mine. You have treated me well, sharing your bread with me, and your neighbor's oats, when you could steal any; but I am dying at last."

The woman looked at him and said gently: "Come, come, dear Pierrot, do not leave me here." She lightened the load by taking out a basket of broken bottles. "Come, now," she said, as if talking to a child. "You can get along nicely now." She put he shoulder to the wheel, but the donkey did not move. He knew he had not the strength to walk to St. Ouen, his wretched home. She still coaxed him. " How do you think we can get on this way, Pierrot? To be sure, I could drag the cart. But I can't put you in it, and you would be ashamed to be dragged after it." The donkey raised his ears,

I was going to speak to her, when she ran to the nearest wine shop. The ass followed her with anxious eyes; he seemed fearful that he would die without his mistress. He was so little you would have taken him at a distance for a Pyrenean dog. He had grown gray in the harness. A few tufts of gray hair remained here and there on his emaciated body. He looked like a mountain burned bare in many places. His resigned air showed a mind free from worldly vanities. He was far past the age where one strikes attitudes. He was almost transparent in his leanness. But his face was all the more expressive. It had something almost human in its intelligence and goodness. Why had he it the evolation of a former life passed in luxurious orgies?

The ragpicker soon returned, bringing a piece of bread and a piece of The ass turned and showed his teeth, like old piano keys. But although it was his breakfast time, he had no more strength in his mouth than in his legs. She gave him the sugar. He took it as if to oblige her, but dropped it again, and the same with the bread.

"What shall I do?" said the ragpicker. She thought no more of her cart. She was full of anxiety for her friend Pierrot. "Pierrot!" she cried Two great tears came to her She took his head in her arms and kissed him like a child. The caress did what nothing else could do. The ass roused himself and brayed as in his best days. I feared it was only his swan song. I approached and said to the woman: "You seem to be in trou-

"Oh," she said, crying, "if you knew how I love this beast. I saved him from the butchers four years ago. In those days I had only a hod. I have raised seven children with my hook.

my friends passed by and asked me what I was doing. "I am making a new friend." "He may be witty, but he is not handsome." "I find him admirable, and I would like to see you in his place. He has been out since midnight. Here, you want to help me in a on the list of medical directors, and is work of charity?" "With all my the nephew of William Pinckney and

heart." "Very well. Let us buy this ass and put him on the retired list. This good woman will take care of him." The ragpicker looked at us severely, fearing we were laughing at her. But when she saw the shine of the Louis d'or, she smiled. " How much did Pierrot cost?" take good care of this one." I gave my card to the woman and said good-bye to her and the donkey. The miracle was complete. The ass started off in high spirits, the woman pushing the cart from behind.

That evening the poor woman came to me in tears. I understood at once. "Ah, sir, he is gone!" "Poor Pier-"Ah, sir, he is gone! "Foor Pierrot." "Yes, sir, we got to St. Ouen one way or another. But when he came in sight of our hut he fell on his knees. I tried to raise him, but this time it was all over. My children came running and crying. They talked to him and kissed him. He looked at them so sadly as to break our hearts. I tell you, there are lots of people in the world not worth half so much as poor Pierrot. Think of it, he wanted to die at home after finishing his day's work." Like a soldier who dies after firing his last cartridge. The ragpicker opened her hand, and I saw the money I had given her in the morn-"Here are your hundred francs,

I do not know whether I most admired her or the donkey—the ass who did his duty to death, or the woman more delicate than our charity.

The Law of Murder in England.

The law relating to murder being still considered unsatisfactory in England, Sir John E. Wilmot has submitted a bill to Parliament which provides as fol-

lows: 1. The crime of murder shall be divided into offenses of the first and secfer death. 3. Any person convicted of murder in the second degree shall be punished with penal servitud for life, or for any period not less than seven years, or with imprisonment with hard labor for any period not exceeding two eat. A humorous officer said that soonyears. (This clause has in view certain er than see his turkeys starve he would cases of infanticide.) 4. The degree of feed them on the table dessert. A few murder shall be found by jury upon the facts submitted. 5. Murder in the first degree is the killing, with deliberate malice aforethought, a human being in the peace of the king or queen regnant. 6. It is murder in the first degree when death has been caused by the wilful act of any person committing or attempting to commit a felony, or when assaulting any government officer in the execution of his duty. 7. It is murder in the second degree where a verdict of murder is found by the jury, but not in the first degree. 8. Infanticide is murder of the second degree in all cases where the death of a child is caused by the wilful, unlawful and malicious act of the mother, provided such act has been committed at the time of birth or within seven days. 9. In trials for infanticide the jury may return a verdict of concealment of birth. 10. In any trial for infanticide it must be proved that the child was living.

Buying a Farm.

When business is depressed and times are hard, city people are apt to wish themselves settled in the country, and seriously think of buying a farm. It is the universal panacea for pinched pockets and metropolitan misfortunes. Let a merchant fail, and the first thing he proposes is to save money enough out of the wreck to buy a farm. If a broker suspends, if a financier's pretty bubbles break or float away in the air, if a lawyer's clients withdraw their patronage and leave him without briefs-in short, if anybody experiences a business collapse, he immediately turnshis thoughts country ward, and as the last and unfailing resource proposes to buy a farm. It is assumed that anybody can run a farm, as anybody can edit a newspaper, and it is also taken for granted that a farm is a sort of horse that not only takes care of himself but feeds and clothes his rider. It does not seem to occur to any of these men that farming is a business requiring special knowlbeen condemned to such suffering; was edge, experience, and skill for successful management, and that the average city man is quite as much out of place and at his wits' ends on a farm, after he has bought it, as he would be at the head of a manufactory or in command of a man-of-war.

Usury in France.

A man who was tried in Paris the other day for usury combined the occupations of shoemaker and money lender. He bought up vast quantities of shoes delivered to the French armies during the war, and these he assigned at fictitions prices in any numbers he chose to designate among his young plied were about two hundred pairs of shoes. "I do not know what to do," the victim piteously observed, "with that veritable magazine of shoes." They were put down by the money lending shoemaker at twenty-five francs a pair, and the debtor got some one to dispose The latter is gone and one other, and clared that for 20,000 francs lent in small less to avert the evil, he may at least leveled his gun and threatened to my eldest daughter was taken away a pair. Another young man of family defortnight ago. My worst grief was that sums, he had to sign acknowledgments moderate its effects to some extent. The shoot us dead if we moved; and we

A New Way to Fatten a Turkey.

Gath writes: One of the most agreeable entertainments of an epicurean kind which is given at Washington is that of Dr. Ninian Pinckney, who stands second brother of Bishop Pinckney. Dr. Pinckney's quarters are at the Washington navy yard, and he is celebrated for feed-ing turkeys on English walnuts—admin-istered whole, shell and all, without cracking. A few weeks ago I had the pleasure of attending a dinner given by this hospitable Epicurus. A turkey re-"Ten francs." "Well, you go back to the abattoir and buy another ass, and markable size, and of flavor not equaled markable size, and of flavor not equaled by the most delicate capon. Before we put the knives into this dish for Dives, another turkey was brought up to the door, and the process of feeding him was achieved.

Fourteen full, large walnuts, whole, were put in the wonderful fowl's bill, and slipped down the gullet by the fingers outside. As the first walnut went down, the turkey looked up with one eye in a baffled sort of way, as if wondering whether he was assisting a comedy or going to execution. At the third walnut he turned up both his eyes, as if now assured that it was not the intention to kill him by starvation. At the fifth walnut, his inquisitiveness was unbounded, and he wore the look of a man who had been reading a thrilling story, and had suddenly bumped upon the words: "To be continued in our next." Continued it was; and, after the seventh walnut, Sir Turkey gave up the conundrum, closed his eyes resignedly, and when the fourteenth walnut had slipped down his gullet, and they were all rattled by the hand, so as to produce from the bird's interior a sound as of a macadamizing job going on there, his expression was plainly to be read: "Gentlemen, you know what this is for and I presume that your consideration for myself will enable me to reflect upon the performance with the eye of faith.' It takes about three weeks to fatten a turkey in this way, for the animal, unlike the mills of the gods, grinds exceedingly small, but very fast. He unwhen all dergoes considerable digestive wakefulness, but the secretions come to his rescue; the shells are melted down, and of the animals died, but the majority survived and p.oved to be palatable beyond all previous experience. I mention tell you. He always whacked up, too, this matter for the edification of gourmands, who want to know what a turkey is capable of. Senator Anthony was delighted both with the docility and delicacy of the respective birds of freedom which had been brought before us. The experiments made with turkeys are said | work up the farmer fairs from that time to demonstrate the fact that fourteen walnuts is the limit which a bird can stand, and that less than eight will not produce the flavor attainable.

Insect Statistics.

In 1782, says the London Times, the caterpillars of the brown tail moth were so numerous as to defoliate the trees of a very large part of the south of England. The alarm was so great that public prayers were offered in the churches that the calamity might be stayed. The poor were paid one shilling per busnel for collecting caterpillars' webs, to be burned under the inspection of the overseer of the parish; and four score bushels were collected daily in some parishes. But, on the other hand, the benefits derived from the labor of some insects should not be overlooked; some species feed only on noxious weeds, and others prey on still more noxious insects. One of the greatest friends of the agriculturists is the family of ichneumon flies, which lay their eggs in the bodies of living caterpillars, in which they are hatched, thus destroying them; although the caterpillar, after being "ichneumoned," has still a vorocious appetite. The caterpillars which feed on the cabbage eat twice their weight in a day; the lavæ of some of the flesh flies eat a much larger proportion than this. The productive powers of insects vary very much. Some lay only two eggs; others, such as the white ant, 40,000, 000, laying them at the rate of sixty a minute. The queen of the hive bee is capable of laying 50,000 in a season; the female wasp, 30,000. The majority of insects, however, lay but about 100; in general, the larger the insects the fewer eggs it lays. Most insects have two generations in a year; some have twenty; others take seven years from the time the egg is laid until their death in a perfect state. But probably not above five per cent. of the eggs laid become perfect insects. Our insectivorous birds are diligent in destroying the larvæ of insects, but they will not do all that is required; hand labor is also needed.

Injury to Wheat.

The present season is exceptionally mild, and although those who dwell in clients. To one unhappy youth he lent towns and cities may congratulate them-3,000 francs, and he compelled him to selves upon what they may term a favorgive a note for 45,000 francs' worth of able winter, yet the farmer views it with goods supplied. Among the goods sup- apprehension. The usual protecting covering which shields the wheat from constant changes of temperature, so gry that we ventured to go to a cabin in detrimental to the tender plant, is entirely wanting. A succession of frosts and thaws in place of a steady moderate went in. By Jerusalem! There sat the cold may result in the destruction of our very fellow we had confidenced in the most important crop, and one which can- morning, his gun across his knee. He of them for him at six or seven frances a not be replaced or replanted as a spring had been out hunting for us and crop can. While the farmer is power- determined to find us if possible. He I had to take one to the foundlings—I had eleven in all—four of them died at the breast It's no new to the state of the st had eleven in all—four of them died at the breast. It's no use; you can't have good milk when you work in the streets a large fine. my consolation. He was better company than my husband. He never got drunk, and never beat me and I never got drunk, and never beat me and I never got drunk, and never beat me and I never got drunk and never beat me and the never got drunk and never beat me and the never got drunk and never beat me and I never got drunk and never beat me and I never got drunk and never beat me and I never got drunk and never beat me and I never got drunk and never beat me and I never got drunk and never beat me and I never got drunk and never beat me and never beat me and the never got drunk and never beat me and never got drunk and never got drunk and nev pany than my nusband. He never got drunk, and never beat me, and I never heat him. Did I Pierrot?"

Strang Carbolica has not been seen in that part of the has not been seen in that part of the heat him. Did I Pierrot?"

Strang Carbolica has not been seen in that part of the has not been seen in th years. The Roman Catholics have water. A top dressing of coarse manure, of a fellow getting beaten at his own

THREE-CARD MONTE.

A Noted Player Tells a Reporter all About the Game and the Manner in Which it is

"So you don't know anything about three-card monte, eh? Now, just wait a minute and I'll show you something. Here are three business cards, all alike. I'll take the plain side of them, and on this one I'll mark a large round spot with a pen. Now, watch close. I take this card so, and place it on the table. This is the one with the mark on it. I put the two others on either side of it. and you can turn it up now and look for yourself."

The reporter did so. Sure enough, the middle card had the spot.

"Now, again, I take up this card slowly, and throw it over in the place of the other, and transfer the one on the left to the place of the one on the right, and the marked one is now on the left instead of being in the middle, isn't it?" The reporter thought that such was the case, and remarked that there was no doubt about it.

"Pick it up and see," said Slippery

The reporter turned over the card. It was a blank. He also turned the middle, with a like result, and found the marked spot on the last card to the

"There," said Ned, "you see if you'd had \$1,000 bet on that, you'd been left,

wouldn't you? "I'll show you," said he. "I take this card with the spot on it, and bending it like the others, put it in my fingers. I make a motion as though I were throwing it out, but I merely shove it quickly down, and throw out the next card to it. You keep your eye on the one thrown out, thinking it is the one which is marked, or in a regular way, the ace, and there you get left again. Now let me show you." And in a few moments it was so well explained that happened that the bill had been offered the reporter had hardly any trouble in by a political opponent. Diogenes had picking up the proper card. Then the operator smutted the corner of a card a little and gave an illustration of that

When all this was fully explained the tion concerning the mode of living by sounding words were puffed in spread-

"You see," said Ned, "I used to be pretty well up in the business, although I was young in years. Red John first ject, started out with me. I suppose I've attended nearly every county fair in the country with that fellow. He first had me into business as a capper, and I worked into his hands well, I can you bet. Always honor among thieves, you know, and honor among the chaps we were, too. Had to be, or we couldn't

one season I left New York in July, to on. I had two cappers, and right good fellows they were. They would drive me in hundreds of greenies, and then I used to soak 'em. Tell you how we used to do it. We'd go into a fair ground, and get license from the officers to run a jewelry case. Receiving permission, brass jewelry in it, and under pretense of shouting for sales brought up the crowd. Soon as we got them together, out came a board, and down I went on the ground, pretending to have a little fun all to myself. Pretty soon a coun-

" What you got thar?' "Of course I answered him in a way lead him on. "'Oh, just a little game with some

fun in it. "His curiosity being excited, his next equest was to see a little of it, and as that was just what I wanted, I drove my opening wedge by throwing the cards a little, letting him pick out the ace every

"Boss, I'll bet you a quarter you can't pick out the ace. "'Done,' says he, and he threw down

on my string, I remarked:

twenty-five cent shinplaster. "He wins, of course; I allow him to win again, and again. Then he feels elated; puts down \$10, and wins again; \$20, and still wirs. If I think he has win, and the man is busted. Two years ago I got hold of an old preacher, who had just married a couple, and got \$5 for it. I got his money, and he went about through the grounds all day looking at the watermelon stands and lem-

onade booths so long ngly that towards evening I returned him his money and told him to pray more and gamble less in the future.' "I suppose you have had adventures in your time," suggested the reporter.

"I just have. About as lively a time as I can recollect was on the Chattanooga and Nashville railroad. Two or three of us were together and were working a train out to a little place from Chattanooga. We struck a greeny, and soon fleeced him out of a thousand dollars. When the train came to the first station after this we jumped off, and thought we'd run back to Nashville on the next train. Unfortunately for us, the man we had skinned lived there, and he made such a fuss that the citizens got after us and ran us into the mountains. We staid up there waiting for the next train, and at last got so cold and hunthe hills. When we got to the door we heard voices. Finally we knocked and

the card he picks it up every time. He can run on in this way and burst the bank. I know a man who is now a merchant in Middlebury, who had his bank broken in this way, and went into a more certain business."

"Where did you make your last ven-

hat, and he squealed. The passengers went crazy. They locked the doors, jerked down a section of the bell rope, and were going to hang me, whether or no. They had the cord around my neck, but I begged so that they changed their mind, and, stopping the train, took me out, tied me to a sapling, and let me remain there. If it hadn't been for some hunters passing that way, I don't know how I ever would have got out. Since that time I've been out of the business, and mean to stay out."

A Point of Order.

Diogenes Shute lived in one of the mountain towns. At town meetings he made big speeches, and in the village lyceum he argued right lustily.

At length Diogenes reached the summit of his great ambition. He was elected to the State legislature, and went down and took his seat. It was a stupendous advance. Only one thing remained: He must exhibit his powers of oratory. He believed he should sur-prise the august assembly when he did the water to get the lifeboat afloat.

After an hour's fruitless endeave

By-and-bye the occasion came. A bill was before the house for changing, or amending, the pauper laws. Diogenes thought he knew something about pau-pers. He had been himself reared in poverty, and had fought his way out. the lifeboat was launched once more, Let others do as he had done. It so and at last succeeded in getting along-

Finally Diogenes gained the floor. He spoke grandiloquently. He seemed reporter proceeded to get some informa- a huge pair of bellows, from which high ing terms, while his long arms gyrated

The members wondered what the point

could be. "The gentleman will state his point said the speaker. of order," said the speaker.
"I think, sir," returned the member,

pointing his long, bony finger toward have run the business. But finally I our orator, "that it is entirely out of have run the business. But many 1 order, in a deliberative body, for a wind- the others; at night she was wet through mill to run itself by water !

A Norman Solomon.

A commercial traveler journeying through Normandy halts at a village inn and orders an omelette, to be made with six eggs, for his breakfast. He is suddenly called away on business and dewe'd set up a jewelry case with a little parts without eating the omelette or paying for it. Twenty years elapsed before ten English miles. Who those ship journeying through Normandy again he wrecked people were was unknown to reappeared at this particular inn. The landlord is still alive. "I owe you something for an omelette," begins the commis voyageur. "Made with six fun all to myself. Pretty soon a country fellow would sit down near me and with a vengeance!" "Well," pursues the commercial traveler, "here are six
""What you got thar?" On the wall hangs teen francs; that will be pretty good interest on the prime cost of the omelette.' "Sixteen francs!" repeats the aubergiste, disdainfully; "I want 1,600,000 francs, twelve sous and two liards.' "How so ?" asked the debtor, aghast at men and women like those who on that the demand. "Just in this wise," an- icy January night flew to the rescue of swers mine host. "Those six eggs would have produced so many chickens; crew. time. When convinced that I had him by selling those chickens I should have been enabled to buy two pigs; by selling so many pigs I should have been able to buy so many cows, thence so many carts, horses, farms, houses and so forth. And I intend to sue you for 1,600,000 francs before the tribunal at Caen." The case is duly tried and for a while matters look dismally for the commercial traveler. when the judge-he is a Norman judge any more down goes \$50. This time I and a very wary one—intervenes. "I wish," he says, "to ask the plaintiff one question. Were those six eggs broken in order to make them into an omelette? "They were," says the plaintiff.
"Then," adds the judge, "there is an end of the case. The remunerative career of the eggs ceased as soon as they were put in the frying pan. Verdict for the defendant."

A Wonderful Pair of Boots.

While sitting around a good warm fire at a hotel, a few evenings since, a social party amused themselves by cracking jokes and telling stories. One gentleman of the party, whose silver locks had seen the frosts of eighty winters, related the following: His father bought a pair of boots, and wore them on Sundays, holidays, and once a week to prayer meetings, and on general training days for forty years. Then gave them to his eldest son, who wore them all one winter; they then de-scended to himself, and he wore them constantly for two years. The representative of the press who was present thought he would reduce the actual wear of that pair of boots to days, which he has done with the following result: Worn by the father fifty-two Sundays forty

year to prayer meeting for forty years. 2,080 Worn by the father five holidays a year

BATTLING WITH THE OCEAN.

A Village of Heroes-Men and Women Saving Lives-Bravery of a Little Girl.

The following account is quoted by the London Times from the Stockholm paper, the Dogens Nyheter, of a "It was on the Ohio and Mississippi road, near Olney. I used to work that road back and forth pretty thoroughly. One day I got an old fellow's watch and chain, all his money, and even his plug hat, and he squeeled. The percentage.

On the fifth of January last, at five in the morning, the steamer Gustave, Capt. A. O. Anderson, went ashore, in consequence of the fog and the set of the current, at the little fishing village of Cresswell, on the coast of Northumberland, five English miles north of the town of Newbiggin. The sea was breaking heavily, and the vessel struck violently at every wave. The discharge pipe burst very shortly, and the vessel drifted helplessly among the breakers, which now broke over her. Two of the boats were stove at the outset, and the third, which it was contrived to launch, and in which three men were lowered, was injured, and carried away by a sea and cast ashore in the midst of the breakers. Every one in this little village—men, women, children—hastened, on witnessing the misfortune, down to the lifeboat station, and at three o'clock the lifeboat was got afloat, and manned by thirteen out of the fifteen male inhabitants of the village. Only two old fishermen were now left on shore, and the women, who had to wade well into

After an hour's fruitless endeavor to get on board, the lifeboat had to come Crain insisted that no one else should on shore again, and a message was sent to the nearest lifeboat station, Newbiggin, to fetch a rocket apparatus, with which to attempt the rescue of the crew. The tide was rising, and at half-past four side of the steamer and saving the crew. Several of the men had by this time been more or less injured by the breakers, but all were able to get into the lifeboat, and the last of all the master, who left his fine and hitherto fortunate steamer with deep emotion. On shore the shipwrecked men were received in the most friendly manner; whatever the poor people had they placed at their disposal; the crew were sheltered in the fishermen's huts, and the owner of a saved, but much injured by the water.

"Mr. Speaker, I rise to a point of rder!"

"A touching incident of the shipwreck deserves especial mention. The writer of this heard of it on the following day.

"Young man," said the judge, "did you steal that piece of hardware?"

"No sir," replied the prisoner, "I don't and was attracted to the spot by cries for help and of pain. On hurrying to the place whence the cries proceeded, he was received by a venerable couple—the steersman of the lifeboat and his wife. "It is poor Bella," said he; "she was not satisfied with being in the water like for six hours, and has now got one of her attacks of cramp on returning from Newbiggin." It was this little pale fisher girl who, wet through on a cold night in January, had rushed along the beach, wading through several bays by the way, and at length had reached the next lifeboat station to obtain assistance for the shipwrecked people, and to accomplish this feat she had been compelled to go her; to what country they belonged was

all the same to her; it was a question of human life that might be rescued by her means. I opened the family Bible, the a silver medal, awarded to the father for saving life. Everything in that little hamlet bore witness to a long struggle

against the ocean. Fortunate the country which possesses the Swedish steamer Gustave and its

A Lawyer's Rejoinder.

The San Francisco Alta says some time ago a novel rejoinder was made by a distinguished attorney in that city to a snit brought to recover money, and for which he had given three notes. Like many others in those days, he at times had a passion to "buck the tiger" in the old "El Dorado." One night he made a large winning at the game and had stacked up before him large piles of twenty-dollar pieces. Among those who were present in the room was the sired to train his son for a detective he party to whom the attorney had given his promissory notes. "You have got porter. That beyond any any other more money there than you owe me, so business, says this detective, is the pay me," said the holder of the notes. business that makes stupid men smart, The attorney, without saying a word, ordinary men able, and capably men placed all the money before him on one brilliant; and, he adds, that what an experienced reporter cannot detect is card and lost, then turning around to experienced reporter the man he said: "I'll never pay you not worth detecting. a cent." On the following day suit was commenced against the attorney, to which he made the following answer, filed on March 9, 1858:

In the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California.—John Doe, defendant, John Roe, plaintiff: The said defendant, for plea and answer to the complaint of the said plaintiff in this behalf, says that he never intends to pay the said plaintiff "a red" of the sum of money claimed in said complaint or of two other notes held by said plaintiff unless and until (should such unlooked for event ever herring; they were numerous and happen) the said defendant shall have large, and caused great commotion more money than he knows what to do among the fishermen, a number of whom with or how to dispose of otherwise; set out in boats to try and capture one and should the said plaintiff succeed in or more. But the whales showed fight, getting said money otherwise or sooner and drove the fishermen back to the the said defendant will be glad to be shore, capsizing one boat, the crew of advised thereof. Therefore the said which were saved with difficulty. After defendant (in lieu of the usual prayer for disporting themselves triumphantly in judgment in such cases) says "lat her the bay for a while the victorious whales

JOHN DOE (in proper person). A few years after the attorney left San Francisco for a trip to the East, and Central America

Items of Interest.

There are nearly 80,000 Europeans in

Egypt. Practiced coasters in Nevada are using sled with but one runner.

Two hundred and fifty thousand gallons of beer are sold in London daily. There are now more French workmen in Berlin than there were before the war.

A Pittsburgh man has sued a dentist for \$2,500 for pulling out the wrong A wife at Xenia, Ohio, offered her

husband a divorce if he would buy her a sealskin cloak.

The Swiss federal council has decided that the civil marriage law does not forbid marriage with a deceased wife's A Boston journal, in announcing that

an actress would play "Nell" in the drama of "Nell Gwynne," put an H in the wrong place. If you have any friends or relatives in

Philadelphia, now is the time to drop them a line, saying you'll be on to see 'em next summer. A great revival has been in progress

in Fairfax, Vt. It suddenly collapsed, however, when the minister forbade the boys going home with the girls. "Hard Times—Forty-eight Hearts that Beat as Twenty-four!" That's the way the Lancaster (Pa.) Gazette heads

a list of two dozen marriage licenses. A report of an Illinois hanging says: The sheriff did not wish to conduct the execution, as he was Orain's cousin, but

hang him. Some unknown parties placed a piece of poisoned meat in the yard of nearly every dog owner in Fort Valley, Ga.,

and thirty-seven dogs were afterward found dead. It is related that two young ladies in Marysville, California, presented their clergyman with a turkey stuffed with dollars. His wife will take the stuffing

out of that turkey. According to the ninth semi-annual report of the Massachusetts Catholic Total Abstinence Union, just issued, there are now seventy-four societies,

with 6,820 members, in the State. A New Bedford woman cheated a junk

business; chickens and coal is my line."

The Erie car shops at Elmira, N. Y., are crowded to their utmost capacity, in turning out passenger cars to meet the extra demand during the centennial year. The men are working nine hours

Don't wax your walnut staircase when you give a party. Too many people forget the waxing process and come down via the back of their neck and spinal column, and they don't like such whicks

as that Turkey has fifteen immense ships of war, which cost nearly \$2,000,000 apiece. They lie idle in the Bosphorus all summer, their only use being to fire salutes every Friday when the suitan

goes to mosque. Prof. Edward A. Freeman was fold when at Ragusa that "every pretty girl is carried off as a matter of course," and asserts that it was a specially foul outrage of this kind which led to the Herzegovinian insurrection.

A Frenchman, who has lived in America for some years, says : " When they build a railroad, the first thing they do is to break ground. This is done with great ceremony. Then they break the stockholders. This is done without ceremony."

The bill introduced into the Pennsylvania Legislature, making it a penal offense to point a gun at a person in fun is all right; but we would prefer to see a law enacted making the crime of whistling in an editor's sanctum punishable with death—some pleasant, casy death.

A young printer having occasion the other day to set up the well known line: "Slave, I have set my life upon a cast!" astonished the proof reader with the following version :

"Slave, I have set my wife upon a cask!" An old detective says that if he dewould first make him a newspaper re-

The Chinese watch the pearl mussel closely, and when it opens its shell in-sert pieces of wood, hard earth, or little images of their gods. These irritate the fish and cause it to cover the substance with a pearly deposit, which hardens and forms an artificial pearl. This sort of pearl making is carried on to a great extent at Ning-po, and the articles thus obtained are considered very little inferior in value to the real.

A school of whales recently entered the Dowry Voe of Shetland in pursuit of moved off majestically.

A New Bedford man and his wife went to a neighboring town to get the body of their dead daughter. They put the cofmet his death on the ill-fated steamer fined corpse in their wagon and started for home, where a funeral was t but stopped at the first taverp and drank.