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AUNT HANNAH.

A Story Told in Rhyme by J. T. Trewbridge. She is known to all the town, in her quaintly. Till her hasting mother met her, pale and fashioned gown,

And wide bonnet-you would guess it at the distance of a mile; With her little sprigs of smilax, and her laven-

der and lilacs. Snowy naphins and big basket, and serenely simple smile,

She is just a little queer; and few gentlefolk, I fear, In their drawing-rooms would welcome that

benignant, beaming face; And the truth is, old Aunt Hannah's rather antiquated manners

In some fashionable circles would seem sadiy out of place. Yet there's something quite refined in her

manners and her mind, As you presently discover; and 'tis well enough to know, Everything that now so odd is in the bonnet and the bodice

Was the very height of fashion five and forty years ago. She was then a reigning belle; and I've heard

old ladies tell How at all the balls and parties Hannah Amsden took the lead;

Perfect bloom and maiden sweetness, lily grace of rare completeness, Though the stalk stands rather stiffly now the

flower has gone to seed. She had all that love could give, all that makes it sweet to live-Fond caresses, jewels, dresses; and with

eloquent appeal Many a proud and rich adorer knelt-in metaphor-before her; Metaphorically only does your modern lover

If she heeded, 'twas because, in their worship,

their applause, Her perfection was reflected, and a pleasing music heard;

But she suffered them no nearer than her goldfiuch or her mirror; And the hardly held them dearer than her

pier-da e or her bird. But at last there came a day when she gave her heart a way-

If that right'y be called giving which is either choice nor will,

But a charm, a fascination, and a wild sweet All the fresh young life eutgoing in a strange

ecstatic thrill.

ardent glauce. He was reither young ner handsome, but a man of subtle parts,

With an eye of such expression as your lover Finds an excellent possession when he goes a-hunting hearts.

It could trouble, it could burn; and when first Breathed the holy exalation of her life and he chanced to turn

That fine glance on Hannah Amsden, it lit up with swift desire. With a sudden dilation, and a radiant admira-

And shot down her soul's deep heaven-like meteor trailing fire.

How was any one to know that those eyes had But the bodice, and the bonnet with the wonlooked just so On a hundred other women, with a gaze as

bright and strange? There are men who change their passions even | So she still goes up and down on her errands oftener than their fachions,

And the best of loving always, to their mind, is still to change. Nay, it was not base deceit; his own conquest

seemed complete They were soon affiauced lovers; and her opening life was filled With the flush of flame-lit fancies, morning's

rosy-hued romances, All the dews of hope and rapture love's delicious dawn disti ed.

Home the country maiden went; and a busy All in bridal preparations, blissful troubles

happy woes ; Fitting dresses, filling presses, little crosses

Those preliminary prickles to the hymeneal Never since the world began, course of true love smoother ran :

Not an eddy of dissension, nor the ripple of a doubt. All the neighbors and relations came with kind

congratulations, And a hundred invitations to the wedding

feast went out. All the preparations thrived, and the wedding

day arrived Pleased but pens ve moved the mother; and remedy for severe toothache, when apthe father with a smile

Broad and genial as the summer, gave a wel-All things turned on golden hinges; all went merry for a while.

And the lovely bride, arrayed all in laces and of thirty grains of bicarbonate of soda brocade. Orange blossoms in her tresses (strange as now the story seems),

Quite enchanting and enchanted, in her chamber blushed and panted, And but one thing now was wanted to fulfill

her darling dreams. For the clergyman was there, to unite the

happy pair, And the guests were all assembled, and the company sat dumb :

And the banquet was belated, and the maid was still unmated. And the wedding waited, waited, for a coach that did not come.

Then a few began to sneer, and a horror and a recommended, but which, if applied fear Fell on friends and anxious parents; and the by burning the gum than already exists addressed "To any living member of bride, with cheek aflame,

All too rulely disenchanted, in her chamber paced and panted :

And the one thing still was wanted; and the one thing never came.

Glassy smiles and feeble chat—then the parson took his hat, And the wedding guests departed, glad to breathe the outer air :

Till the last farewell was taken, kind word Indian affairs wants Congress to give him an appropriation to enable him to offered, kind hand shaken : send a large delegation of our aborigines to the Centennial exposition. And the great house stood foresken in its shame and its despair.

A RURAL ENOCH ARDEN.

With a firmness justified less by hope, perhaps,

All her misery, all their pay, Hannah bore

And she saw the superscription, and shrieked

"Frederick!" and grew faint.

With quick hand the seal she broke, and she

And a terror seemed to hold her, and her cheek

In her chamber once alone, on the floor she

And the white moon, white and holy, to her

And looked in upon the lowly, wretched lady

Why the I tter was delayed, what the poor ex-

Mattered little there to Hannah lying on the

'I was his heart that had miscarried; for some

In a fortnight he was married, and she never

Came the glorious autumu days-golden hills,

And still Hannah kept her chamber with her

All the neighbors and relations came and offer

Spite of all that they could say, Hannah

Came the dull days of November, came the

Or the cold bright constellations pulsing in

For a twelvemonth and a day so poor Hannah

Came once more the fatal morning, came the

dread hours that had been :

All the auguish she lived over, waiting, wailing

Then the new dawn shone about her, and

All her soul bleached white and pure, taught

Taught by serrow to know sorrow, and to

Sweetly pale where peace had kissed her-

patient Hanuah chose her part.

And around her, like a fragance in the halo

But the rising generation soon began to call

For her self-forgetfulness even extended to

Milliner and mantuamaker never crossed

Kept their never changing fashion of the

And sometimes a schoolgirl titters, or an

Or a vilage our barks at her; but to her 'tis

Among all the sick and poor there is nobody so

Of a welcome-and a blessing; and who sees

Coming round some poor man's trellis with her

Or big basket brimmed with bounty, soon

For her pleasant words, addressed to the needy

Are so touching and so tender, full of sympa-

By the time your smile is ready for the simple,

It is pretty sure to tremble in the balance

A Toothache Remedy.

hospital, London, has recently success-

fully used bicarbonate of soda as a

p.ications of chloroform, either external-

ly to the cheek or to the ear, or placed

on cotton in the decayed tooth, failed;

and when carbolic acid, applied as last

mentioned, also proved inoperative.

Pledgets of cotton, soaked in a solution

in one fluid ounce of water, gave almost

instant relief. Dr. Duckworth considers

the contract of acid saliva with the de-

caved tooth; and therefore it is impor-

tant, in cases of odontalgia, first to de-

termine whether the saliva had an acid

reaction. If this be the case, then a

Cases of toothache are such common

that there seems every reason for the

truth of the above author's conjecture.

carelessly, is liable to produce more pain

The United States commissioner of

in the tooth.

been thought of before.

Dr. Duckworth, of St. Bartholomew's

-Harper's Magazine.

forgets that she is queer ;

You may fleer or you may flatter-such deep

To do good was her delight, all her study day

And the preacher preached up patience, and

new toy he had tarried;

shame and her despair;

remembered her in prayer.

Amsden pined away.

winter, wild and white:

and watch the weather,

the pallid night.

pined away.

for her lover.

sweeter dawn within.

by suffering to endure,

lately missed her-

and night ;

her dress ;

her threshold more ;

drons bow upon it,

faded years before.

through the town;

urchin stops to grin,

peace her soul is in.

her once appear.

and distressed.

thy and cheer,

dear old lady.

with a tear.

dainty pots of jellies,

little matter-

round a saint,

bind the bleeding heart,

Lonely, listless, hours together she would

chamber bar climbed slowly,

With her bridal gear about her-all that idle,

But a sudden ashy paleness all her fair

neither breathed nor spoke,

than pride.

without complaint;

face overspread;

lay like stone,

where she lay.

cuse he maden

moon-lit floor.

esw him more.

cerulean baze-

ed consolations.

grew cold and colder

breathless, with a letter,

The Astounding Story of a Dead Farmer's Return-James Swingle's Mysterious Disappearance---The Midnight Cry of Murder-Discovery of a Skeleton---Marriage Complications.

The death of James Swingle, two miles from Silver Station, Pa., says a letter from that place, saved his family from the consequences of most serious business and social complications.

The Swingle family is one of the wealthiest in this section. James Swingle was a farmer and had lived on the And her icy fingers rattled on the paper as farm where he died for thirty-five years. Twelve years ago his wife died, and a year and a half afterward, being sixty years of age, he married a young woman who had lived in his family for several years. She was twenty-two years old. He had six children, all older than his second wife, and three of them married. She being an estimable woman, however, the match was acceptable to all. Old Mr. Swingle was a prominent man in the township, a devout member of the Baptist church and a man gener-

ally respected. In the fall of 1865 Mr. Swingle purchased an addition to his farm for \$1,800. One rainy evening in October of that year he left home with the above sum of money, telling his wife that he was going to the station to pay it to Wiltsey. He did not return that night, but the fact created no uneasiness, as he occasionally remained over night in the village. Not appearing the next day, however, inquiry was made for him at Silver Station. He had paid the money for his purchase and received his deed, and had been seen to mount his horse about nine o'clock in the evening, and although it was very dark and stormy, start toward home. At that time there was an organized gang of desperadoes in this region, whose exploits in horse and cattle stealing and other depredapeople. They were under the lead of a years and came back to California, tions had made them a terror to the man named Jim Smith, and it was be- where he lost it all. Thinking that he

blacker crimes than stealing horses. Farmer Swingle had mysteriously dis- refused to enter into any details of his appeared it was stated by several that ten years' absence until he recovered two of the worst members of Smith's from his illness. gang-"Feeny" Gowan and a Frenchman named Dubois—had been seen at to his native place created a still greater the station that night, and it at once be- sensation than his disappearance had. came the general belief that the farmer He was taken at once to his old home, had been waylaid by them, robbed and and the excitement again prostrated him murdered, and his body hidden in the upon a bed of sickness. The changes This theory was given a still woods. stronger foundation by the statement of Mrs. Mary Mosher, a widow lady, who 'At a city ball, by chance, she first met his Now a pale and placid sister in the world that occupied a house in a lonely place on the road about midway between the station and the farmer's. She appeared in the village in the midst of the excitement caused by the supposed murder, and said that somewhere about twelve o'clock on the night in question she was awakened by the sound of voices in the road in front of her house. She got up and looked out, but it was so dark she could see nothing. As she was return ing to bed she heard the cry "Murder!" repeated twice; then the sound of groans, and footsteps hurrying away down the road. Afraid to go to sleep again, with the cries ringing in her ears, Mrs. Mosher awaited the return of day, confident that it would reveal to her the mutilated corpse of a murdered man-a victim, no doubt, of Jim Smith's gang of cutthroats. As soon as it was light she looked out, but saw no evidence of a murder. Going out into the road, however, she discovered signs of a strug-

gle, and several pools of blood. This story settled any doubt that might have existed as to the murder of the farmer, and armed bodies of men hunted the woods for miles, seeking the supposed murderers and the body of the murdered man. The feeling of the public agai st the Smith gang was so intense that the leader left the vicinity, which resulted in the breaking up of the organization, no member of which has ever been seen hereabouts since. The day after the disappearance of the farmer his horse was found tied in the woods near the road, about half a mile from his house. The search for his body was kept up for weeks, and large rewards were offered for any information that would lead to traces of his murderers, all to no purpose. The matter at last ceased to excite any interest in the community, and was almost forgotten save by his family and immediate friends, when a circumstance occurred which brought it again forward as a

popular topic. Some eighteen months after the farmer's disappearance a man named Gable, while fishing in Topee pond, on lands belonging to the Swingle farm, a mil or so from the house, discovered the skeleton of a man lying on the west shore of the pond. A cabin which had been long known as a rendezvous of the Smith gang stood about a quarter of a mile from the spot, in a dense part of the woods. Gable made his discovery known, and the remains were gathered up by the farmer's family, they believing that they were his, although there was nothing found fixing their identity. They were buried in the family gravethat very frequently the pain is due to | yard, and a stone setting forth the cir cumstances connected with Swingle's death was placed at the head of the grave. An administrator of the estate of the deceased was appointed, and his property equally divided among the simple alkaline application, as above children. The homestead fell to the stated, is the most efficacious neans of lot of the old farmer's widow, and the youngest son, also named James, continued to live there and superintend

accompaniments to disordered stomach operations on the farm. In 1869 he married the widow of his father, and the couple were living in un-Doubtless on the same ground is due ruffled ease with three children that had the efficacy of ammonia, so frequently been born to them, when in the early part of last month the young father was given a letter at the village post-office the Swingle family." The letter was Bicarbonate of soda is found in every postmarked at Cleveland, Ohio. Open-

and trembling hand, but it resembled specimens of the old farmer's writing of years ago. The family was divided in their opinion of the letter, some believing it to be the work of some one who was playing on their feelings, and others were certain that it was genuine. All agreed, however, that, in the latter case. the return of the old man would result in consequences the end of which it was impossible to foresee and involve them all in complications it would be impossible to evade. The marriage of the son James would be illegal, and his children illegitimate; while the dispositions that had been made of the old man's property might lead to most disastrous litigation. It was finally decided, however, that one of the family should proceed to Cleveland and investigate the matter, and one of the sons started at once for that city.

Arriving there, he searched the lodging houses—as indicated in the letter and finally found one where there was a lodger by the name of Swingle. The old man lay on a mattress on the floor of a meanly-furnished room, and, although greatly changed, was at once recognized by his son. When the latter made himself known the old man was nearly beside himself with joy. He was very ill with fever, and became delirious soon after the arrival of his son, and it was some days before he could be removed to better quarters. Three weeks passed before he was in condition to be taken home, and during that time he could be induced to say but little about his strange disappearance. He said that he left while under the influence of an impulse which he could not control, and after traveling about for a few days he was ashamed to return, and resolved to go West with about \$3,000 he had with him and invest it in some way, and after he had increased it sufficiently to return home and surprise his family. He went to California, and from there to Aus-

tralia, where he made \$115,000 in five lieved by many that they were guilty of was drawing near his death, he determined to return home, and was taken When it became generally known that sick with the fever at Cleveland. He

> The return of the supposed dead man were kept from him. His unfortunate wife took her place at his bedside, and occupied the painful position of one striving by kind care and nursing to restere one whose convalescence would destroy her happiness and honor, and that of the father of her children. The younger James Swingle was almost crazed at the situation of affairs, and it was for a time necessary to keep him under strict surveillance, as it was feared be would take his own life. So complicated were the family affairs that it is not strange, when the physician attending the old farmer announced that it was impossible for him to recover, that they felt a sense of relief at the verdict. He died as stated at the com-

> his return had subjected every member of his family. After the farmer was buried, the marriage ceremony between his son and his widow was again performed, the

mencement of this letter, and never

knew the agony and suspense to which

sympathy of the whole community being with them. The skeleton that was found at Lake Topee again became a subject of speculation after the reappearance of Swingle. Ten years ago the section was a great resort for cattle dealers, who went through the country buying up stock. A drover named Gibson made frequent visits here, and men with good memorie; say that he was here about the time that Swingle was missed, but has not been here since. The theorists have settled it that it was his cries of murder which the Widow Mosher heard on that notable night, and that he was murdered by some of Smith's gang and his body carried to the pond and thrown in, it subsequently being washed up where it was found.

Ancient and Modern Prisons. Most Americans who have traveled in Europe have seen the dark cells built in the foundations of the Doge's palace at Venice, or those peculiar boxlike structures in the town halls of Ratisbon, Nuremberg, and other places, where prisoners were formerly penned in smaller quarte than the dens of animals. They are entirely dark, with but one small opening, a ceiling only six or at most seven feet high. No bed was supplied the prisoner, and no one entered his cell for any purpose whatever. What confinement in such a pen must have been can only be imagined from a r . port made by the surgeon-general upon the hygiene of the United States army. The cells in the guardhouse at Madison barrack, Sacketts Harbor, N. Y., are nine feet six inches high, and eight feet eleven inches by four feet in area, and he describes them as follows: "The cells have no ventilation whatever, and there is no light, except a narrow spot that appears at an aperture near the ceiling, twelve inches by three inches in size. They are dark, cold, damp, and gloomy, and in them a prisoner is smothered and punished in a chilly stony den in a style worthy of the dark ages. The exhalations of a man in a single night accumulate in sufficient quantity to nearly extinguish a lighted candle set on the floor. In them a man is not only deprived of his liberty. light, and his life's breath, but his own effluvia turn upon him as a poison. Happily they are seldom occupied.

A Bloodthirsty Judge.

I am very sick and penniless among for that purpose. I would like to meet strangers. I was on my way home when in your lawless taken sick. Some of you come to me at strangers. I was on my way home when taken sick. Some of you come to me at once and I will explain all. I am at a sailor's lodging house by the lake.

James Swingle.

The letter was written in a cramped

you some time when in your lawless moods you are fixed for killing. I'd teach you a lesson you would not forget as long as you live. I now sentence you to two years, with hard labor, in the pointentiary."

you some time when in your lawless moods you are fixed for killing. I'd that, I can tell you."

Glad of it." said John. "It's just as well to have ideas somewhere about your head, you know," and he paused to to two years, with hard labor, in the pointentiary."

The letter was written in a cramped

Character in Handwriting. BATHING AND BURNING.

Benares, the Holy City of the Ganges---Its Funereal Pyres and Monkey Temple. The correspondent of the London Telegraph writes as follows: In view at this moment are thousands of natives bathing in the water, lapping it, washing their clothes—if a waistcloth can be called "clothes"-and taking up a vesselful of the sacred water for the benefit of their friends. The water is not bright or clean. It might, were it not so sacred, be called very dirty. And there are just now, at any rate, some thousands of people bathing in it continually. But it is the holy river, and the worshipers of the Ganges fill their mouths with the water, lave in it, drink of it, quite happily. Every dip they take, every drop they swallow, washes off moral uncleanliness. To us strangers the sight is amaz-

ing. Under the shadow of temple and mansion alike, troops of men, women and children are coming down the steps. A short prayer, a momentary uplifting of the hands, a certain, or rather uncer-tain, rolling of the eyeballs, and then a plunge into the river. All along the bank, huddled together against the landing stages, in the stream up to their necks, clinging to the bamboo posts to which boats are fastened, every devotee is happy, each ready to pay for a garland of yellow flowers, each ready to make the most of a liberation from the ill deeds of the past. While thinking about this unwonted scene, the boatman attracts attention by

a touch on the arm, to say we are opposite the burning ghaut. To be burned at Calcutta or Bombay may be a satisfactory contemplation for the dying native; but to be placed on the funereal pyre at Benares, to be first of all washed in the Ganges, and then to have his ashes thrown into the sacred river, is indeed a happiness. As we look on the shore, the boat being drawn close to the edge, curious sight meets our eyes. In a little space, fashioned somewhat after the shape of an amphitheater, are three burning heaps of wood. Looking down upon these, quite thirty feet high above the pyres, and enveloped in the smoke, are some forty or fifty men and women, perched on the steps like so many rooks, looking complacently down while the remains of their relatives are being con-

Down at the water's edge, partly in the water, indeed, are two human bodies. One is that of a woman, the other of a man; each is wrapped in white linen. Very little ceremony is needed, but that little is observed. The fire pile has been prepared for the reception of the corpse be burnt. The body is therefore placed by the side of the river and then dipped into the water, so that all the sheet is covered. Lest there should be any doubt about this, however, a vessel water is twice emptied over the head of the corpse before it is removed, and then the two men in attendance, lifting the body, place it upon the pyre; logs of wood thrown to them by assistants are laid on it; light, dry chips placed beneath; a torch is fetched, and the light applied; there is a blaze, and-of

the rest nothing need be said. Benares is a holy city; it is notable in many other respects. Were nothing more to be seen, the observatory, its golden temple, its sacred well, and its strange bazaar would give it the title to be ranked among the most notable places in the world. But it has, in addiof the Ganges, long groves of treesorange, citron, plantain, and palm-and the most singular monkey temple in the world. On arriving at the temple we were supplied with a plate of parched peas and a number of white sweetmeats, of which it was said the monkeys had many times signified their approbation. and, thus furnished, we entered the temple. Up in the neighboring trees, on the walls and the roofs of houses, in the roads chasing luckless children, and on the fronts of the shops, these creathey were mischievous was also undoubted, for now and then they would hurl stones or pieces of wood at passersby with an aim by no means to be despised, or would lean over the wall and quietly snap off the turban of some and call not only the monkey, but the monkey's sister and mother—the apthing he could do would be to buy another puggaree as quickly as possible. Our entry to the temple was a signal for animals. They tumbled down from the minarets of the temple, they came over the walks by scores, they wriggled through holes and crevices, and rushed in at the doorways. Fortunately, they were peaceably inclined, and as the stock of sweetmeats and peas was large, and their hunger not great-for they are fed on an average fifty times a day by pilgrims and worshipers-they were content to take what was thrown them, and, filling their cheeks as full as possible, make off.

Suggested by James Parton's Marriage I married a widow who had a grownup step-daughter. My father visited my house very often, fell in love with tions were the most agreeable in town? my step-daughter, and married her. So If she would establish, for instance, a my father became my son-in-law, and big soup digester on the back of her my step daughter my mother, because range, and insist that all bones or scraps she was my father's wife. Some time father's brother-in-law, and my uncle; for he was the brother of my step-daughdaughter, also had a son; he was, of the ivory keys .- Scribner. course, my brother, and in the meantime my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time,

Many people laugh, says a writer in an English magazine, at what is called graptomancy, or the art of judging characters by handwriting, and yet all acknowledge that handwriting does indicate something. Every one allows a difference between a man's and a woman's hand. We hear people speak of a vulgar hand, a gentlemanly hand, a clerkly hand, and so forth. I had once, said Archbishop Wheatly, a remarkable proof that handwriting is sometimes, at least, an index to character. I had a pupil at Oxford whom I liked in most respects greatly. There was but one thing about him which seriously dis-satisfied me, and that, as I often told him, was his handwriting. It was not bad as writing, but it had a mean, While he remained at Oxford I saw panion. nothing to justify this suspicion; but a transaction in which he was afterward engaged, in which I saw more of his character than I had done before, convinced me that the writing had spoken truly. But I knew of a much more curious case, in which a celebrated graptomancer was able to judge of character more correctly by handwriting than he had been able to do by personal observation. He was on a visit to a friend's house, where, among other guests, he met a lady whose conversa-tion and manners greatly struck him, and for whom he conceived a strong friendship, based on the esteem he felt for her as a singularly truthful, pure minded and single hearted woman. The lady of the house, who knew her real character to be the very reverse of what £200 to £300. she seemed, was curious to know whether Mr. Blank would be able to discover this by her handwriting. Accordingly she procured a slip of this ladge writing (having accordingly the ladge). lady's writing (having ascertained he had never seen it) and gave it to him had never seen it) and gave it to him her playmates instantly slammed to, one evening as the handwriting of a cutting off nearly one half of the memfriend of hers whose character she wished him to decipher. His usual habit, when he undersook to exercise this power, was to take a slip of a letter, cut down lengthwise so as not to show any sentences, to his room at night and to bring down his judgment in writing the next morning. On this occasion, when the party were seated at the breakfast table, the lady whose writing he had unconsciously been examining made some observation which particularly struck Mr. Blank as seeming to betoken a very noble and truthful character. He expressed his admiration of her senti- of the mud, bowed very politely, and ment very warmly, adding at the same time to the lady of the house : " Not so. by the way, your friend," and he put into her hand the slip of writing of her kept the secret, and Mr. Blank never pronounced so severe a judgment was that of the friend he so greatly admired.

In the Household.

There is a pretty story of a French should read to teach her the true practior fcod is suffered to go to waste; and how the value of old garments is doubled tion to all these, and the most holy point by their being cut and altered to fit the poor children to whom they are given. We propose that every housekeeper who reads this shall begin to make of this year a prolonged Christmas. Let her first find one or more really needy femifirst find one or more really needy fami- nantly: "What do you mean, sir? It lies who are willing to work, and therefore deserve such help as she can give. This is a much safer outlet for her charity than any agency or benevolent society. In every household there is a perpetual stock of articles-clothes, bedding, furniture-too shabby for use, and which in the great majority of cases tures seemed to be everywhere. That are torn up, thrown away, or become the perquisites of greedy servants already overpaid. As soon as the housemother has some definite live objects of charity in her mind, it is astenishing how quickly these articles accumulate, and how serviceable they become by aid thoughtless pedestrian, who might shout of a patch here, or tuck there, sewed by her own skilled fingers. Our children should each be allowed to give away proved style of abuse here—all kinds of their own half-worn clothes or toys. unpleasant names; but his turban might be considered as gone, all efforts of its of their little hearts to some barefoot owner notwithstanding, and the best Mary or Bob whom they know, will teach them more of the spirit and practice of Christian charity than a dozen missionaries boxes full of pennies for a general assemblage of these pleasant the far-off heathen. The same oversight and didn't get nary clap. should be exercised by the mother of a family in the matter of food. Enough wholesome provision, it is safe to say, is wasted in the kitchen of every well-to-do American family to feed another of half its size. Very few ladies will tolerate regular back gate beggars, and the cold meat, bread, etc., go into the garbage cart, because nobody knows precisely what to do with them, A woman of society, or one with dominant æsthetic tastes, will very likely resent the suggestion that she should give half an hour daily to the collection and distribution of this food to her starving neighbors. But if they go unfed what apology will it be for her in the time of closing accounts that her weekly recepshould go into it, her own hands could after my wife had a son; he was my serve out nourishing basins of broth to many a famishing soul the winter round, and really it would be is fine a deed as ter. My father's wife, that is, my step- though she had conquered Chopin on

The Winslows.

The pastor of the church to which the family of Winslow, the forger, belonged handing him a pen and pointing to the has written a letter in which he denies register. "What am I to do with this Bicarbonate of soda is found in every kitchen, and hence no more handy remedy could be devised, while it is destitute of any painful effects; and the rationale of its operations and its sim
Recorder Hackett, of Ne 7 York, used to find that it purported to be written by his father, long believed to be dead. It was as follows:

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Recorder Hackett, of Ne 7 York, used the following singular remarks in passing that either the parents or relatives of the following singular remarks in passing sentence upon a criminal: "You have also declared your readiness to kill forger is spoken of as a person of feeble forger is spoken of as a perso

Items of Interest.

Motto for a yeast factory-"Early to bread and early to rise.

In England thirty-nine per cent. of the population are married, in Ireland thirty per cent., and in Germany only nineteen per cent.

Country boys in England average an inch and a quarter more in height and seven pounds more in weight than. city boys.

The friends of a Boston lady telegraphed from Paris that she was "no worse," and the cable said "no more." She was mourned as dead for nearly two days.

The world is a looking glass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it and it will in shuffling character in it, which always inspired me with a feeling of suspicion. and with it, and it is a jolly, kind com-Much distress still prevails among the

laboring classes in Canada. Over 1,000. men, all heads of families, have applied for work on the improvements of the Lachine canal, where only 100 men will be employed.

A young person, describing the looks of a newly arrived M. C. from the far West, as he appeared at the Washington depot, says: "He looked as if he had come all the way across the continent on the hurricane deck of a mule."

In Manchester, England, two fine horses attached to a brougham took fright, dashed through a restaurant win-

crack of the room door, which one of ber.

An editor received the following : Dear sir-I have looked carefully and patiently over your paper for six mor the for the death of some individual I was acquainted with, but as yet not a single soul I care anything about has dropped off; you will please to have my name erased.

A Chinaman in San Francisco was rudely pushed into the mud from a street crossing by an American. He picked himself up very calmly, shook off some the offender: "You Christian, me heathen; good-bye!"

When the sultan of Turkey goes to guest which she had given him the even-ing before, over which he had written bearing a load of edibles. This is not a the words: "Fascinating, false and bad idea. When some of our young hollow hearted." The lady of the house men go to the theater or opera they should be followed by servants bearing knew that the writing on which he had a keg of beer. This would obviate the necessity of said young men going out between the acts to get a clove to chew.

It may be laid down as a safe rule that you should always know whom you are marrying. A Cincinnati man married a woman the other day of whom he knew country family, which every mother nothing except that her name was Mary, and he is not sure that she did not lie cal method of charity. She would learn about that, as she has since left for parts how, in the careful pious French unknow taking with her all the housewoman's menage, no scrap of clothing hold goods, including even her husband's spare clothing.

Person with cold in his head to person opposite (referring to open window is a pretty how-de do when a woman can't open her mouth! I'll have you to know you can't shut me up! A case that puzzled a London magis-

trate was that of a woman who had assailed her husband with an ax, If he sent her to prison, the husband would have to hire somebody to care for her children while she was incarcerated. If he fined her, the husband would have to pay the sum. If he put her under bonds to keep the peace, the husband would be rosponsible. She was discharged with an admonition.

He was a Washington boy, and, we are sorry to say, it was his first visit to church. As he came down the steps, the little fellow that had accompanie him asked: "Bill, how d'ye like it?" Putty good," was the reply. 'Twasn't good as Buffler Bill, but I tell yer, Sam, I was sorry for that feller." "Sorry for him; why?" "Why. he cum out there, dun 'tall by nisself,

A Rich Engineman.

The Jersey City Argus says: Lloyd Clark, an engineer on the Long Branch division of the Central railroad, is probably the richest man holding such a position in the country. For several years he ran an engine on the Central Pacific road, during which time, becoming seized with the speculative fever, he launched out, buying and selling gold and stocks, always with success, until at the end of five years he came East, the owner of between \$75,000 and \$100,000. He established himself in New York with a view of living in a manner consistent with his means, but such a life was too irksome, and after several attempts he gave up the experiment, and securing a position on the Central went to work at his favorite business. Mr. Clark is one of seven brothers, all of whom are railroad engineers in different parts of the world.

"Couldn't Fool Him."

They tell this story of a Maine greenhorn, who recently made a visit to Boston: Seeing a hotel sign, he entered and inquired the price of lodging. "One dollar," said the obliging cierk,