PORT ROYAL STANDARD AND COMMERCIAL.

VOL. IV. NO. 18.

"The Boys."

Are we "the boys" that used to make

The tables ring with noisy follies ?

Are we the youths with lips unshorn,

The days of prehistoric tutors ?

Or Fox's martyrs, if you please,

Or hermits of the dismal ages ?

Where are the Harrys, Jims and Joes

If we are they, we're not the same;

Do tell us, neighbor What's-your-name,

You once were George, or Bill, or Ben ;

I know you now-I knew you then-

You used to be your younger brother!

THE TWIN PORTRAITS.

sages,

rainted :

other:

At beauty's feet unw inkled suitors.

Whose memories reach tradition's morn-

"The boys" we knew-but who are these

"The boys" we knew-can these be those ?

Their cheeks with morning's blush were

With whom we once were well acquainted ?

If they are we, why then they're masking;

Who are you? What's the use of asking ?

There's you, yourself-there's you, that

-Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Whose heads might serve for Plutarch's

The ceiling with its thunder volleys ?

BEAUFORT, S. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1876.

Mr. Butterwick's Gas Bill.

\$2.00 per Annum.

A Bad Cold. I've caught a cold-I don't know how ; I go "k-chu-z!" When I "k-chow!" And when I try, Like a Chinee, To say "p-kitz !"

I say "k-chee !"

Items of Interest. Isiant

Single Copy 5 Cents.

Out of 52,465 primary school teachers in Prussia only 3,881 are women.

It is said that more ice will be housed this winter on the Kennebec than ever before.

The skin of the common house cat is rapidly rising in favor for pur-pusses of dress fur.

It cost Pennsylvania a round \$100,000 to suppress the riots in the coal regions last year.

It is said figures won't lie ; but the figures of some women are very deceptive, to say the least.

The London Times calls the Constitution of United States the " most sacred document in the whole world."

A jury in a suicide case lately found the following verdict: "We, the jury, find that the deceased was a fool."

They have a new way of putting it in Philadelphia : John Jones picked poc-kets on the cars and "will not go to the Centennial."

When you see a strange Italian boy breaking windows, you may know that his father, who mends glass, will be along directly.

A hungry man desires a situation inan eating house ; has had some experience, and is willing to work and make things generally useful to himself.

Mother -- " Charlotte, how do you like your new teacher ?" Charlotte-" Oh, she's a splendid teacher. She don't care whether we know our lessons or not. Salutatory of the editor of the Madi-sonville (Ky.) Southwest: "Good morning. We intend publishing a paper. If you don't like it, you needn't read it."

Language was given to men and women that they might communicate their wishes and say pleasant things to each other with it, but it has been great-

ly abused by lying. Mrs. Swisshelm hits the mark in a let-ter to the Chicago Tribune, in which she says: "We need a religion which means 'sixteen ounces of sugar for a pound,'

As her eyes fell upon the pictures, Whose deep-lung'd laughter oft would shake

"Yes-would you not like a copy ? "Oh, so much!" she answered, her eyes becoming brilliant in anticipation. Which "You shall have one of them.

and the young creature knelt before the mother, while tears filled her eyes.

ered his face with his fingers. "What is your name ?" asked Gilbert.

knew that before.'

the old man.

again asked Gilbert.

eral years ago."

bread ever since ?"

"Well, if you are to have the picture, I want you to sing me a song now. You will do so, will you not?"

"Oh, yes, willingly." She began one of her wild strains, and the dwelling was filled with melody.

A rising artist! So Gilbert Lawson was called, but only by a small circle of his especial friends. Otherwise he was entirely unknown to fame. But he was hopeful. Once he saw an eagle lows it nest, and soar up high towards the sun, while its unfeathered young fluttered, • but remained behind unable to follow.

He felt that it was much the same with himself-that struggles would strength- and, with a dull shrick, tho mother fell en his pinions, and he would in time be fainting upon the floor. able to ascend the great ladder of fame. And so he toiled unceasingly.

For some months he had been engaged upon a portrait. He had found his claimed : "Oh, this is the other piomodel in a young girl, perhaps twelve years of age. He had first seen her in the streets, and she was a beggar, or the next thing to it-she was a street singer. When her voice first fell upon his ears it thrilled him, for it was wildly beauti-ful. He knew that voice trembled. He saw her hand as it was extended to realso, and that it was very tiny and deli- ness.

rate. Then he looked upon her face.

she stood motionless for a time, and then said: "Why, you have painted two pictures of me, instead of one, Mr. Gilbert."

do you prefer ?" "This, I feel as if I could love it !"-

This was too much for the grandfather. He sunk into a seat, and cov-

"Katie Courtney. I thought you

"Courtney was his name," groaned

"Do you remember your parents?" "Only my father. He was not very kind to me, and died in Plymouth sev-

"And you have been singing for your

"I have."

chair for support and then asked, in a faint voice: "Who is this singer?" To have answered in words would have been useless, however, for her eyes

had fallen upon the face of the child In an instant, Katie, or Gracie, as was

her real name, was by her side. As she gazed upon the marble face, she exture !" tion.

"Can you imagine who it is ?" "Not my mother ! Oh, tell me, is it my mother ?"

" It is.'

Joy never kills. The orphan child at this moment gave vent to her feelings in sobs, caresses, and words of endearment; ceive the pitiful coin dropped into it, and it was not long before the mother and he observed that this trembled was fully conscious of her great happi-

Those twin portraits had been the

A THIEF BY TRADE.

Designed for a Priest bat Graduated as a Confirmed Felon. Of the many oily-tongued rascals and thieves who have been run to cover in this city, says the Kansas City Times, Philip Watt, who was arrested for complicity in the Leavenworth robbery, is the king. He is a man about thirty years of age, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, and stands six feet and an brows look out as foxy a pair of gray eyes told:

as ever a person looked upon. A reporter paid a visit to the county jail, and ensconced in cell No. 3 on the

left hand tier this man was found. "Do you want to be interviewed ?" "Well, I don't mind, but I tell you, to begin with, that I won't tell you any-

thing that will in the least possible manner criminate me. What do you want to know?"

"I would like a history of your life, answered the scribe.

"Well, get out your note book and I will commence.

The man then, with as few words as possible, gave the following account of

his life: "I was born in San Antonio, Texas, in 1845, and lived there until I was nearly four years old. My father then removed to Fort Laramie, and I lived in that place until he had served his time out in the regular army. At ten years of age my father and mother moved to Leavenworth, where my younger days were passed. It had been my father's wish that I should become a Catholic priest, and my early education all tended toward that thing. In Leavenworth I attended St. Mary's College, and was under special charge of the bishop of that place. At fifteen years of age I was sent to the Jesuit college in St. Louis to complete my education. While there I came to the conclusion that I was not cut out for a priest, and jumped the institu-

"On coming back to Leavenworth, I made the acquaintance of a number of bad characters, and when once on the

road down hill a person goes fast, and in a short time I was the leader of the gang. I have been arrested scores of times, and have seen the inside of nearly every jail in the West. The first time I was sent to the penitentiary was for obtaining \$400 from the American Express ompany. I was caught, but handed

A Glimpse of the Cuban Rebellion. The Machias (Me.) Union publishes the following letter, received by Miss tor's wife. I well remember the day

a dress to put on.

Susan L. Brown, of Machins, from her when Mr. Snow asked me to become his sister, Mrs. Julia M. Garcia. The Gar- wife. I confess I liked Mr. Snow and, cia plantation was situated about four thinking it would be a very fine thing miles from Sagua. The insurgents made to be the wife of an editor, I said yes, a raid about the middle of January, and as pretty as I knew how, and became burnt one of the sugar houses, stole one Mrs. Snow. I have seen ten years of horse and departed. It was hoped that married life, and find my husband to be they would not return, and Mr. Garcia, with some seventeen hands, was busy ways spends his evenings at home, and with some seventeen hands, was busy ways spends his evenings at home, and with his season's work, having about is in that respect a model man; but he head, crowned by a growth of sandy hair, and from beneath his dark eye-

> My DEAR SISTER: Now don't be of an hour's length, I break the silence frightened when you hear what has hap- by asking :

> pened to us, with thousands of others. spoke to you about? We have been visited by the insurrects, "What did you say, my dear?" he

and our house and plantation burned with everything we had in our house. asks, after a few moments' silence. We are left without a bed to lie upon or you about ?

Only about twenty or thirty negroes "Indeed, my de came, afoot. They tied Desiderio and forgot all about it."

another white man, and made us all lieved by the baby's crying, and, rather form a line, with guns at our breasts, to kill us if we moved to save anything. liking to hear a noise of some sort, I make no effort to quiet him. First they killed my dog with shot and stabs, for he defended himself until the "My," says Mr. Snow, after he has

cried a minute or so, "you had better last moment. Then they stole everything they wanted, even taking the give the baby some catnip tea to quiet rings from my fingers; then set fire to him, he troubles me."

The baby is still; another hour passes without a breath of noise. Becoming addressed one of the clerks: all the houses, took my oxen and cows, and then marched us off among them, and then marched us on among the second tired of silence I take a hand and take

When at last they took us off outside of the plantation, I was determined to night he comes to bed, and just as he save Desiderio, so I took hold of the has fallen to sleep, the baby takes a captain, a negro, and would not let him notion to cry again. I rise as quiet y as you made; I want you to correct it." go until he gave me back D., but the possible, and try to still him. other man they would not let go; they am walking in the room with a young took him a little way off and chopped off Snow in my arms, our next-a boy of his head. Oh, my God! what a night of three years-begins to scream at the top horror! Is there no one to hear, to see, of his lungs. There is no other ourse to save? to save? Mr. Snow! Mr. Snow!

Make my case known, and if possible see if something cannot be done. All the houses, all the plantations, they are plies: burned. Every one is coming to town and famine will follow.

running about the office. I reply rather We are here, in Sagua. I have \$17 to commence life anew with. All my photartly : tographs, all my books, papers, every-thing lost. Do please send me a Bible when you can. I don't know what to "No, I don't want any more copy-I have had enough of that to last me my lifetime-I want to see what Tommy is crying about." think or do; one can find no house here; Mr. Snow makes a desperate effort to we are in the house of a friend for a few days, no more. But nothing can be

The Editor's Wife. During one of the few cold snaps that Yes, I'm Mrs. Peter Snow, an ediwe have had this winter the gas meter in

Mr. Butterwick's house was frozen. Mr. Butterwick attempted to thaw it out by pouring hot water over it; but after spending an hour upon the effort, he emerged from the contest with the meter with his feet and trowsers wet, his hair full of dust and cobwebs, and histemper at fever heat. After studying how he should get rid of the ice in the meter. he concluded to use force for the purpose, and so, seizing a hot poker, he jammed it through a vent hole and

stirred it around inside of the meter with a considerable amount of vigor. elbows of our pantaloons and coat. After we have had a Quaker's meeting He felt the ice give way, and he heard the wheels buzz around with rather more vehemence than usual. Then he

went up stairs. He noticed for three or four days that the internal machinery of that meter seemed to be rattling around in a remarkable manner. It could be heard all over the house. But he was pleased to

find that it was working again in spite of the cold weather, and he retained his serenity.

About two weeks afterward his gas bill came. It accused him of burning, during the quarter, 1,500,000 feet of gas, and it called on him to settle to the extent of nearly \$350,000. Before Mr. Butterwick's hair had had time to de-

scend after the first shock, he put on his hat and went down to the gas office. He

"How much gas did you make at the Blank works last quarter: "I dunno; about a million feet, I

reckon.' "Well, you've charged me in my bill

is all right. It's taken off the meter.

That's what the meter says." "Spose'n it does; I couldn't have

burned more'n you made." "Can't help that. The meter can't

lie." "Well, but how d'you account for the The third time he starts up and re-

difference ?" "Dunno. 'Taint our business to go "What? Tim, more copy?" As though I was Tim, that little imp nosing and poking around after scientific truth. We depend on the meter. If that says you burned six million feet. why you must have burned it, even if

we never made a foot of gas out at the "To tell the honest truth," said Butterwick. "that meter was frozen, and I rouse himself; as Tommy stops to take stirred it up with a poker and set it

and no sand in it." d 2 no tasurunois

Mr. Snow, did you order that coal I

Did you order that coal I spoke to

"Indeed, my dear, I am sorry, but I Another hour's silence, which is re-

venture, he replies :

children troubled you.'

very sorry.'

wore a sad expression and were downcast. Her golden hair fell in tangled masses over her shoulders-indeed, she was beautiful, although no one but the young and enthusiastic painter had as yet especially noticed that beauty. When he explained to her his wish, her face became radiant with pleasure, which lent it an additional charm.

*

The picture was completed and the artist sat gazing on it. He could scar 'e' ly decide in his own mind which he loved the best-the original or the semblance. But, dropping a curtain before the work, he arose, and walked to the window, gazing into the street. A sigh escaped him, and so absorbed were his thoughts that he did not observe the entrance of a second party until a hand was placed on his shoulder, and a voice said : "Gilbert, I have called to see you work, as I promised you."

The artist blushed and even trembled, and as he lifted the covering, remarked : "Mr. Byrd, my fate depends upon a few words which you will speak now. I have thrown my whole soul into this picture, and I am everything or nothing. You are an old painter-speak candidly-tell me just what you think."

It was some moments before the young man raised his eyes, and then only when attracted by the long continued silence of his friend. When he did so he saw that Mr. Byrd was pale as death, had sunk into a chair and that he trembled violently. He sprung to his side with a cup of water, and when the old man had partially recovered, he asked : "What. in the name of Heaven, is the matter with you, my friend?"

"Where is your model ?-who is your model ?" gasped Byrd.

Ail was explained, and then the old man continued :

"Take your painting; come with me to my house.

Gilbert followed his old friend, and he entered a superb mansion in due time, and was then taken direct to the studio. His own picture was placed beside another, and it was the young man's turn to start in surprise, for here was two portraits exactly alike with the exception of the dress.

Mr. Byrd now said : "Be seated, I will tell you Gilbert, and a secret which has never been breathed to mortal mau before. Twenty years ago I painted the likeness of my only daughter, and the picture that you see before you. She was then ten years of age ; she is now thirty, and still with me.

"May not this by her child-this model of mine?"

"Listen. At the age of nineteen my daughter did as many a good girl has done before her-she married, without my knowledge, one who was to me an entire stranger, and nearly so to her. That husband proved to be a villain, for, in two years after, he forsook her. More than this-he took with him a daughter by the name of Gracie. The blow nearly killed the mother and even time has never healed the wound. I have made every effort to trace out the man, and recover our darling, but in vain. I gained such information, however, that I was satisfied he had died miserable in

"I can divine your thoughts." "What is the name of your model ?"

.

Her eyes were of heavenly blue, but means of uniting those loved ones, who had been so long and cruelly separated.

The Law's Delay.

A correspondent tells us a story of the law's delay as follows: We have been for two years knocking at the door of the supreme court of the State of New York, praying for judgment on a claim so obviously valid that we are utterly at a loss to conceive any tenable ground upon which it can be defended. The debtor is anxious for delay, and the excuses by which he staves off a trial have been a great deal more numerous and far less cogent than many of those which are cited above. The other day we received notice from our counsel that the trial was positively to be "reached." We smiled incredulously, but nevertheless performed our customary journey to the courtroom, with a cartload of

books and a cloud of witnesses. To our great surprise the case was actually 'called," a stage of progress far ahead of any that it had previously attained, and for a moment we were cajoled into the belief that the end was approaching, of one of the chief miseries of onr existence. Vain delusion ! The dofendant's lawyer had a case to try in another court, and ours "went over," the judge and counsel on both sides acquiescing with as much readiness as if they considered it a matter of course. Not the slightest consideration was given to the circumstance that a dozen witnesses or more were waiting, as they had waited many a time before. Our own advocate smiled blandly while the adverse party When I die it will be some satisfaction mentioned that he was otherwise engaged, said rever a word, but took up his hat and papers and left the room, very much with the air of a man who felt that he had been practicing the recognized fore.

'courtesy" which the gentlemen of the bar are so fond of displaying towards each other, when they have clients who are able to foot the bills. However, we were told to keep com ing until these little hindrances were got

out of the way, and we did. Sure enough, after several days of expectancy, it happened that there was no other case ready, and ours really did begin. The jury was impaneled, and our attorney rose to commence his opening. He had not got a sentence before his alert opponent interposed some objection. Then ensued a sort of conference between the two lawyers and the judge, and it turned out, as near as we could get at it, that our counsel hadn't put in the right sort of complaint-that it was not in such form as would admit of his getting his evidence in, and that everything must be done over again. And so here we

are, with nothing to show for our two this?' years of anxiety but keen realization of the eccentricity of law and the shadow of an impending bill of costs of sufficient magnitude to convince us that our system of judicature is the dearest of all human institutions.

Danger from the Cat. Stories of danger to infants from cats

attempting to suck their breath have been frequently narrated, but similar attempts of the animal in regard to grown persons are not so common. An instance occurred in this city, says the

the 'swag' to a 'pal,' and while serving my time in the jail had the use of the money. I was sixteen months in jail at Independence, and was at last sentenced

for three years. After serving eighteen months I was pardoned out, through the exertions of my counsel, the Hon. Henry P. White. I was good for a time after my release, but the detectives would not let me alone, and kept hounding me from one place to another. At last I made up my mind to go back to the old business.

and at Omaha I ' confidenced ' a jeweler named Hubberman out of \$700 worth of jewelry. I was arrested on suspicion the same night, but, as usual, got away with the 'swag.' Was sent up for three years, but, as in the case in Missouri, was pardoned out after having served half my sentence. " Money and political influence had a

good deal to do with my getting out. On the books it was registered as 'executive clemency,' but I tell you money will do most anything. With it I will make the Missouri river run up stream, or get out of any prison in America. I think this s the worst apology for a jail that 1 ever was in, and I have been in most all of them. I have often thought of being better man, but have never been given chance. The detectives do more to encourage crime than to suppress it. If a man was a thousand miles away, in any honest business, and one of them should ee him they would give him away in a minute. I have never had any inducement officials, and will be tried in the ments held out to me to be a better United States district court at- Parkersman. The world is all against me, and I might as well be crooked as straight. to some, that I leave the world asqueezed lemon. Public opinion is against me, and it is a law higher and mightier than any jury I have ever been brought be-

"You are suspected of having had a hand in the Wyandotte bank robbery. "Yes, I know it. A couple of green-

horns were down here this morning and measured my feet and size. I was sure they were Kansas 'grays. '" "You can tell a Kansas official, then ?" "Oh, yes. Most all of them are of

my stripe, and will steal whenever they get a chance. Tom Speers, now, is a gentleman, and always treated me like a human being."

"You are sure you were not in Wyandotte on the night of the robbery ?' The man looked at the reporter about fifteen seconds, and then said, without

appearing to have heard the question : "I wonder how much they would give me to get back that \$1,500. I guess

it would go a long way toward getting me out of this scrape. "Do you think you will get out of

"Yes. I do. I am innocent, and, like Micawber, am waiting for something to turn up to my advantage.

"Do you think if you got out of this scrape you can do better ?" "No, I cannot, and shan't try. When

I get out I shall go back to the old business, and keep at it until I am gray."

peared to have made propositions to in particular. Now, lately, Pitts says Every missionary is sure of a large audi-An Unfortunate Masquerade. New York parties to procure contracts to himself: "I am getting rather along ence, and an attentive one. He can hear A Health Suggestion. A ludicrous incident at a recent ball in years, and so I'll marry." His busi- a pin drop, that is, should he choose to a distant town, and we have given little It is suggested in the London Lancet in Denver, Col., is thus described by power to secure anything she desired at ness qualities wouldn't let him wait ; so drop one himself. His congregation for a consideration. She professed the that there should be an extension of the Gracie up as lost forever. Now you can the News: Among the masks worn by the War department. There was a great off he travels, calls upon a lady friend, wouldn't make so much noise as that "workship regulation act" which would account for my agitation when I first Utica (N. Y.) Observer, which would at the burlesque Maennerchor during their deal of difficulty in finding the witness, and opens conversation by remarking upon any consideration. All the babies saw your painting, can you not?" compel the registration and inspection least warn people to keep cats out of stage performance was a donkey's head gentleman was awakened by a slight pain to find the huge tomcat of the fam-ily with his paws about his pack and en. The mask was unfortunately as unfortunately as an entire stranger here. their sleeping apartments. A young of enormous size, worn by a St. Louis thought about his getting married. soon as the family arrives at the little "I only know her as Katie, the street gentleman was awakened by a slight gentleman who had just reached town, singer." "You know where she can be found ?" if y with his paws about his neck and en-ity with his paws about his neck and en-the mask was unfortunately so con-the mask was unfortunately s deavoring to get his mouth open. The structed that the wearer couldn't have quently spread by tailors and seam- was created that some woman had at- I am not very greatly interested, and I "Yes." "Let us go for her at once." In two hours after, the little begar entered the splendid saloon of the Byrd mansion. She was bewildered, for she had sere states through the closely curtained windows. Here confidence was sconter et to the study. "Gavoring to get his month open. The structed that the wearer couldn't have structed that some woon and the closely curtained the structed that here have structed that some as countify for this story. It is now structed that here have score the sound ago do datations the structed that have have score the sound structure the have have score

Don't think that we shall have to suf- me to pace the room in as much verafer hunger, for we can all do something tion as I can comfortably contain. The to gain our living until better days. But next morning at breakfast, when I gave these things ought to be stopped; this

war ought not to last longer. We are all quite well. After we get settled I will write again. JULIA.

The Romance of a Ring.

Some time ago a wealthy and attractive young gentleman of Washington was engaged to be married to a beautiful belle of Morgantown, West Virginia, but a month ago the engagement was broken off. Of course, her engagement broken, the young lady quickly sent back the ring, and the quickest way she could think of was by mail; so by mail at his stupidity. it went-that is, it started from Morgantown, but never reached Washington. The gentleman made no inquiries about it, and might have gone on thinking that his former fiancee was mercenary to hold on to the magnificent ring. But a few weeks ago one of the young lady's know the age of his own baby. He friends saw the ring on the hand of anknows how every contributor looks, but other lady. Investigation was at once I do not believe he can tell whether my begun, and traced the ring to a clerk in eyes are black or blue. the Fairmont post-office, who, it is alleged, had stolen it from the mail, loaned it to a gentleman friend in Manningclothe our boys, and that, too, without ton, West Virginia, who had made it do complaint of poverty. I hope the world duty as an engagement ring for his fiancee in Morgantown ! The Fairmont satisfied it is, I shall advise him to repost office clerk was arrested by govern-

burg To the trial of the post-office clerk will probably be summoned the young lady who "sent back" the ring, and possibly all parties connected with it, including the Washington gentleman and his fiancee.

An Easy Question to Answer.

One of our citizens is blessed, or otherwise, with a very stubborn wife. In his case he finds that when a "woman will she will, you may depend on't, and when she won't she won't, and that's an end on't." This peculiarity of disposition in his wife is no secret among his associates, and one of them meeting him the other day asked : "W., do you know why you are like a

donkey ?" "Like a donkey !" echoed W., opening his eyes wide. "No, I don't.'

"Do you give it up ?" "I do.'

"Because your better half is stubbornness itself."

"That's not bad. Ha, ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home.'

"Mrs. W.," he asked, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey ?" He waited a moment, expecting his

wife to give it up, but she didn't; she looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered :

"I suppose because you were born 50."

W. has abjured the habit of putting conundrums to his wife.

breath, he falls asleep again, leaving whizzing around." "Price just the same, We charge for pokers just like we do for gas."

works.'

"You ain't actually going to have the Mr. Snow an account of last night's adaudacity to ask. me to pay \$350,000 on account of that poker ?"

"Indeed, my dear, I am sorry the "If it was \$700,000 I'd take it with a calmness that would surprise you. Pay This is always the way. If I even complain, it is, "Indeed, my dear, I am up or we'll turn off your gas.

"Turn it off and be hanged," explained Butterwick, as he emerged from the But should the very same thing occur office, tearing his bill to fragments. the subsequent night, directly before his Then he went home, and grasping that eyes, very likely he would not see or know anything about it, unless it hap- poker he approached the meter. It had pened to interrupt his train of ideas. Then he would propose catnip tea; but bill was made out. It was running up a -don't rhyme worth a cent-unless you score of a hundred feet a minute. In a would call "purple" and "smokestack" month Butterwick would have owed the ach, he will be far away into the realms gas company more than the United States government owes its creditors. of thought, leaving me not a little vexed So he beat the meter into a shapeless

Mr. Snow knows the nature of every paper published in England and the mass, tossed it into the street, and turned off the gas inside the cellar. United States, but he cannot for the life of him tell the names of his chil-He is now sitting up at nights writing an essay on "Our Grinding Monopodren. He knows precisely the years of every American journal, but he does not lies" by the light of a kerosene lamp.

Sailors' Yarns and Wishes.

Notwithstanding their hardships, They say Mr. Snow is getting rich. sailors cannot refrain from "yarning them."

All I know is, he gives me money to in the most extravagant manner. "If I was a king," said a sailor, would make everybody rich; I would is right in its opinion, and, when I am take off the taxes, and make everybody contented and happy. Then I would sign his editorial honors, and spend a marry a pretty girl, buy a horse and cow, few months in becoming acquainted and go to farming." Jack always has a great terror of taxes, though he never with his wife and children. The little pays any, and a most romantic idea of a ones will feel much flattered in making farmer's life, although he may never have passed a day on a farm. That the farmer has all night to sleep, while Jack

is liable to be called at any moment, is the one great cause of sailors wanting to Doctor Moore, the metaphysician, thus speaks of the effect of light on the be farmers. "If I was a king," said the other, "I would make my father and body and mind: A tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog; mother and all my brothers and sisters rich, and then get all the money I could and an infant deprived of heaven's free light will only grow into a shapeless idiot instead of a beautiful and reasonawould go-probably to "parts unble being. Hence, in the deep, dark "'Vast there," said the first known." Jack, "how much money would you ed in due form. gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valais, want, anywhy? Be easy, now, don't where the direct sunshine never meaches,

the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles take a hog's bite." "Well," said the other, "I would be the traveler. It is a strange, melancholy idiocy. Many persons are incapable of satisfied if that ship were loaded down

with needles, and every needle would articulate speech; some are deaf, some be worn out with making bags to hold are blind, some labor under all these privations, and all are misshapen in almy money.' "Belay there!" said Jack number most every part of the body. I believe there is in all places a marked difference "Don't be a fool! When you one. make a wish, wish for something in reason. Now, I wish that I had a pile of money so big that your pile wouldn't be enough to pay the interest on mine so long as you could hold a red-hot knitting kneedle in your ear !"

Pitts' Proposal.

Pitts is a fast man, a sharp man, and a man of business tact. When Pitts goes to make a purchase, he always gets the lowest cash price, and then says: "Well, I'll look about, and if I don't mammas don't stay at home with their find anything that suits me better, I'll babies on Sunday. The Lapps are a call and take this." Pitts, like all fast very religious people. They go immen, is partial to the ladies, young ones mense distances to hear their pastors.

The day has gone by when you pan chain a grasshopper to an astronomer's telescope, and make the star gazer believe that he has discovered a new breed of horses in the moon mestatal he goil

Miss Fannie Palmer, of San Juan island, was lost on the Pacific. Her body has been found. The waves car-ried it 150 miles and cast it up on the beach almost within sight of her parents' house.

An exchange prints specimens of Walt Whitman's forthcoming book on poetry. registered another million feet since the It is like all his other poetry a good rhyme.

An English newspaper writer describes New Orleans as a city of many tengues, and pays its people a fine compliment by declaring that a lady may walk alone by day or night from one end of the city to the other and not be insulted.

A bright little three year old in Hart-ford having become a little mized between her religious instruction and her nursery rhymes, gravely recites. "The Lord is my shepherd, and he lost his sheep, and he don't know where to find

In the days of our fathers, when a man suddenly dropped out of the community, they used to drag the neighboring ponds and examine all available hanging places in the vicinity. Nowadays the first steps are to examine his bank account.

He was a Parisian. They asked him what would be the most horrible thing to him. He said, after a long reflec tion : "It would be to be guillofined without knowing it, and to come to my self all of a sudden and see myself in a glass, headless."

Hardwick, Mass., still retains the ancient custom of levying a direct "ministers' tax." The members of the Conand leave." He failed to say where he gregational society are regularly assessed on the basis of the town valuation, and their tax bills are presented and collect-...T .one view

John Q. Adams was once asked what he most lamented in his life. He answered: "My impetaous temper and vituperous manner of speech, which prevents me from returning good for evil, and induces me, in the madness of my blood, to say things that afterwards I am ashamed of.

To clean and restore the elasticity of cane chair bottoms, turn the chair bottom upward, and with hot water and as ponge wash the cane ; work well, so that it is well soaked; should it be dirty, use soap; let it dry in the air, and it will be as tight and firm as new, provided none of J: rigsoni the canes are broken.

Lapland Infants.

A correspondent tells a strange story about the Lapland infants, and how they

in the healthiness of houses according to their aspect in regard to the sun, and those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being considered, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to the direct light. Epi demics attack inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and totally exempt those on the other side; and even in epidemics such as ague, the morbid in-

the acquaintance of so literary a man.

Effect of Light.

fluence is often thus partial in its labors. Something More of Mystery.

The old French arms investigation is now recalled by the evidence in the Fort Sill*case. There was a mysterious woman in that investigation, who ap-