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triangle.

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The Shepherd Boy's Love.

'Twas my name she utter'd ! 'Twas mineoh, what joy ! She knew, then, I loved ber-oh, blissful de-

light ! Her love would ennoble the poor shepherd

boy-Bright day would succeed to despairing dark

night !

Whilst watching my flocks as I sat by the stream,

So fair and so levely one morning she came-

vision of beauty ! I foar'd 'twas a dream ; And as she came nearer, she utter'd my the foliage was much thicker, the sap-A vision of beauty ! I foar'd 'twas a dream ; name

I sprung up to meet her, to tell her my love, Again she called "Carlo "-how tender her

The joy I then felt was removed far above My hopes when I languish'd unloved and

alone.

How odd was her smile when I cried : "I am thine !"

And in answer she called me a "bumpkin" and " noodle :"

I look'd back behind me. I heard a low whine, And found that my lady was calling her poodle !

MARVELOUS JUGGLING.

The Incredible Feats of Some Oriental Magicians-Everybody Astonished.

think that a score or so of girls are over One of the jugglers then brought head and ears in love with him, and forth, says a Madras correspondent of there is ground for believing that he there is ground for believing that he would'become exhilarated to the last the London Times, a hall of fine twine, and unwound fifty yards of it in a coil degree if he were informed that some in his hand; this coil he cut through foolish damsel had pined away and died of a broken heart on his account. The with a knife at each end of its diameter; fact that so long as his vanity is ministhen, doubling the several lengths, he tered to he is indifferent as to what uncut them through again, and repeated the operation until the twine had been happiness devolves upon others affordsa not altogether agreeable but thoroughly reliable index to his character. If he had divided into pieces not exceeding four inches in length. Taking up these dis-jects, he put them in the lad's month any conscience deserving of mention he and bade him swallow them, which, would not systematically make love-directly or indirectly-with whom he is thrown in contact, but being, as he is, after some effort, he, to all appearance. did. Then, asking one of the company for a sharp penknife, the man, obvious- utterly reckless of the feelings of his ly, made an incision in the skin of the lad's stomach. From this he picked out, with the fancy of nine tenths of the attrac-

the point of the knife, the end of the tive ones whom he meets under circumthread ; this thread he pulled forth, at stances favorable to flirtation.

first gently, then faster, then hand over It would be injudicious to deny that he had introduced her to the friends as-hand, nutil he had coiled down on the he achieves success. It would be sembled to receive them, "you must ground a continuous length of about one unwise to declare that he does not ob-hundred yards of wet sewing thread. tain many triumphs; for some girls are to give my lecture at St. Bartholomew's

means of a sheet thrown over a small In the long list of eminent surgical And now, amid a full chorus of voices and medical practitioners, not one is en-

and the rat-ta -tat accompaniment of titled to a higher stand than John Aberthe taber, the stone germinated; presently a section of the cloth was drawn aside, and gave to view the tender shoot, characterized by the two long leaves of a blackish brown color. The cloth was readjusted, and the incantation resumed. Not long was it, however, before the cloth was a second time drawn aside, and it was then seen that the two first

leaves had given place to several green ones, and that the plant now stood nine as true. ling being about thirteen to fourteen inches in height. A fourth time, and the little miniature tree, now about eighteen inches in height, had ten or twelve mangoes about the size of wal-nuts hanging about its branches. Final-ly, after the lapse of three or four min-utes, the cloth was altogether removed and the fruit, having attained the perfect on of size, though not maturity, was plucked, and handed to the spectators, and, on being tasted, was found to be approaching ripeness, being "sweet-

ly acid. This concluded the entertainment and the jugglers, having been rewarded, made their obeisance and retired well pl ased.

The Ladies' Darling.

A writer says of "ladies' darlings" The creature is delighted if he can per-suade himself that he has reason to nethy. He was a quaint, blunt man, earnestly devoted to his profession, and with but little thought of things which had no relation thereto. His eccentricities of character have afforded humorists much material for pleasant gossip, and among his eccentric doings, his courtship is certainly not the least, and, unlike much that is printed of the celebrated man, this may be relied upon blind.

A Surgeon's Courtship.

One Sabbath, when Abernethy was very near, if not quite up to the middle age, he found time to go to church, and was shown into a pew, where were two ladies-one of them young, and the other elderly. He had no prayer book, and the young lady handed him one. At the close of the services they walked out from the pew together, and found, at the porch, that it was raining heavily. Abernethy offered to take them home in his carriage, which was waiting for him. On the way he fell into conversation with the younger of his companions, whom he found to be remarkably intelligent and ladylike. He learned that they were mother and daughter, the husband and father having been an officer in the army, and killed in the Indian war with Tippoo Sultan; and he furthermore dis-

covered that they were in straitened circumstances. Abernethy set them down at their

humble dwelling, and waited upon them into the narrow hall, where he handed his card to the daughter, saying, as he did so :

"Young lady, I am Mr. Abernethy, the surgeon. I have never married, be-cause I never have had time to spare for that sort of courting which girls of the present age seem to expect. I should like you to be my wife. If you will have the goodness to write me a note on Tuesday, saying whether you will have me or not, I will, if your decision be favorable, call on the following day and take you to church." And with that he left.

The note came on Tuesday. On Wednesday he took a very pretty and happy woman to church, and was married to her, and thence they were driven to the stately mansion of which she had become the honored mistress.

"My dear," said her husband, after he had introduced her to the friends as-

A Great Toothache.

An Esquimau Story. There was once a woman who had a son and a daughter. As the son grew

up he became a hunter, and one day he killed a thong seal, from the skin of which he proposed to cut some thongs. But the mother wanted the skin for some other purpose, and she and the boy

quarreled about it. Then she went and pronounced a charm on the sealskin, and when he went to cut it up the end of a thong neck, are worn by both little girls and flew up, struck his eyes and made him boys.

The winter came on, they were destitute of seal meat, and had to live entirely on mussels, for the blind hunter could

go hunting no more. But one day a bear appeared at the window and begun to est away at the window pane, which was made of skin. The mother and daughter fled to the other side of the house, but the stripling asked for his bow. His sister gave it to him; he bent it, asked her to take aim for him, and then he shot and killed the animal. The mother said: "Thou hast missed." But the sister whispered "Thou hast killed the bear."

They had now plenty of meat, but the mother refused to give the boy any, pre-tending that as he had not killed the bear there was none, and only gave him mussels. But the sister gave him his share of the bear meat in secret.

Finally in the spring a flock of wild geese restored the boy's sight and he resumed his hunting occupations.

He, with his sister, used to go out on the edge of the ice, where the seals and white whales (a kind of dolphin) were

seen, and he would kill them with his harpoon. He had no hunting bladder, but he used to tie the harpoon line round his sister's waist instead, and when the animal was struck they would drag it up on the ice by means of the

One day he asked his sister: "Dost thou like our mother ?" She made no answer, but upon his re-

peating the question she replied: "I am fonder of thee than of her."

"Then to-morrow," he replied, "she shall serve us for a bladder." The next day he accordingly proposes to his mother that she should help him in the hunt, and to this she consents without the slightest suspicion. He ties the line round her waist as he had done to his sister, but she now begins to grow

eyes," and when she sees him preparing to throw the harpoon she cries:

of three generations, day and night, the voice of their murdered mother has been always ringing in their ears :

"Oh, my son ! it was I that suckled thee, it was I that suckled thee !" Then he disappears, and is never

heard of more.

Spring Fashion Notes.

Deep, wide, round frills, of the new lace braids, turned down around the

The fashionable sun umbrella handle is the lower part of a horse's leg, in bone, the shoe being of ivory, with silver nails.

The new polonaises have four pieces in the front and four in the back; the seams meet on the shoulders, and are also corded.

Many of the corsages button up high in the neck, finished by a high collar, around which is worn a dog collar; no bows or ties are worn in that case.

Marseilles double capes for babies are elegant, when braided, with stripes of insertion set in the edges, both capes being finished with deep Hamburg embroidery.

The flowers used on the spring hats are generally very small and fine. Large flowers are almost entirely abandoned. Grasses gone to seed are freely used. Cream colored cambric cuffs and col-

lars with the corners worked in Greek squares of blue, scarlet, brown, gray or black washing wool, is a novelty in lingerie.

A pretty tie is made of white crepe de chene, the ends embroidered in white silk and a fine knife-plaiting on the edge, of cardinal colored crepe de chene. A pretty evening jacket for half-house dress is made of white Valenciennes lace and black velvet in stripes, having a heavy fall of the white lace around the bottom.

Many of the hats that come over the face have no trimming except a silk scarf, three cornered, brought over the crown, and tied in two short ends in the

with hats for evening. They come from under the hat in the back, are wound round the neck and fasten in front with a small bunch of flowers.

bound with black braid. The vest and feiters who prey upon them and a cen-tennial mad society. The counterfeiting frightened at "the look that is in his jacket are profusely braided in black,

Combrid and print dresses for school wear have blouse waists, buttoned behind; this waist is separate from the skirt, extends over the hips, and instead of a belt has a drawing string confining it to the waist.

CENTENNIAL TRASH.

How the Desire to have Something Very Old makes Liars of People--- The World is Full of Decelt.

One of the peculiar outcomes of the centennial period has been the passion it has awakened for all sorts of old trash. First of all everybody wanted to get copies of old newspapers antedating the Declaration of Independence so they contained a scrap of reference to the struggle brewing or opened in America. Then the passion arose for autographs of George Washington, Thomas Jeffer-son, Patrick Henry, John Hancock, or any one prominent or otherwise in the Revolution. Then came the mania for old chairs that Washington sat upon. There are at least ten thousand of these in existence, so that up to a few weeks back there was no difficulty in meeting the patriotic demand. Then came the omnivorous craving for anything a cen-

tury old that was in any way attached to the Father of his Country-old pots, old crocks, old hats, old boots. Anything that was musty enough to look a cen-tury old was fastened on by the patriots

as relics of Washington. All this patriotic fervor has led to lamentable results. People who have always had the reputation of being truthful and honorable citizens have

fallen into habits of lying shameful to contemplate. Such a one finds in the attic an old dust covered cocked hat that

had been used years ago in amateur theatricals. He says to himself: "Washington may have worn such a hat." Then he tells his friends that

Washington actually did wear it. The hat is put under a glass case, and Brown and Jones, and Robinson become the dupes of Smith ; but Smith reproaches himself inwardly that he is a liar in this centenary of American independence.

The centennial deceit does not end here. Jones, Brown and Robinson heap up hecatombs of falsehood about their ancestors who "shivered with Washington at Valley Forge, by jove !" or "cheered for the great Jehovah and the Continen-

tal Congress with Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga, by thunder!" or, at least, "held Lafayette's horse when he was going to see the surrender of Cornwallis." If this were the limit of the deception it would not be so dreadful, but Jones, Brown, Robinson and Smith have called forth a nemesis of mercenary counter-

I only wish a hut of stone (A very plain brown stone will do) That I may call my own. Jewels are baubles ; 'tis a sin To care for such unfruitful things One good sized diamond in a pin, Some, not so large, in rings, A ruby, and a pearl or so,

Only a Little,

Little I ask ; my wants are few :

Single Copy 5 Cents.

The smile of God is victory.

as well as in geometry.

merry feast.

rent we owe for the sir we breathe. People shouldn't talk about having the second sober thought who never had

the first. The man who is honest from policy is the most dangerous customer we have to deal with.

When men publish their acts of charity they doubt the ability of the Lord to ceep accounts.

A willing heart adds feathers to the heel, and makes the clown a winged Mercury.

What are Raphael's Madonnas but the shadow of a mother's love, fixed in permanent outline forever?

A singular fact, that, when a man is a brute he is the most sensual and loathsome of all brutes.

"He who laughs can commit no deadly sin," said the wise and sweet-hearted woman who was the mother of Goethe. Self-depreciation is not humility, though often mistaken for it. Its source

is oftener mortified pride. Truth is a nalled and open daylight, that doth not show the masks and mum-meries of the world half so stately and

daintily as candlelights. God is the only being who has time enough, but a prudent man who knows

how to seize occasion, can commonly make shift to find as much as he needs. Philosophy is but dry bread; men will not live upon it, however wholesome; they require the succulent food and er-

citing cup of religion. Folly soon wears her shoes. She dances so fast we are all of us tired. Golden wires may annoy us as much as steel bars, if they keep us behind prison

Kept a Firm Hold of the Becipe.

The Detroit Free Press says : Fifty

years old if a day, and her name was

Eliza Fox. She lives on National

avenue, and she made a trip to the east-

ern portion of the city to get a recipe

for making cake. She got the recipe, got some beer, and got in the station,

and she wasn't half as anxious about her

case as some of the audience. She

"Use about a pint of flour, put in a

chunk of butter about as large as a wal

slowly followed Bijah out. musing :

back. · Long white illusion ends will be worn A suit for a boy is made of light gray summer cloth. The skirt is kilt plaited,

and bound with black braid.

Will do for me : I laugh at show.

\$2.00 per Annum.

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

If we seize too hastily, we may have to drop as hastily. A straight line is the shortest in morals

Small cheer and great welcome makes

Good words and good deeds are the

This, if a deception, was a marvelous so silly and have such susceptible hearts one: for the operation had all the appearance and token of reality, since the skin of the stomach was slightly raised ly set up and dressed in male habiliround the orifice through which the ments, and called a man, and others, who thread was evidently drawn.

Our friends were fairly puzzled, and, to add to their perplexity, the operator cut off the thread close to the skin and placed a piece of sticking plaster over it, leaving it to be inferred that the supply of thread was unlimited, and could be drawn upon "to order."

"Master, give me a piece of money, said he who appeared to be the principal juggler, suddenly speaking in English to Mr. Hawthorne.

"Why?" asked the latter, taking a rupee from his pocket and handing it to in order that he may be glorified; while the man.

"Good rupee !" said the man, jerking his face and pour unmeasured con-the coin into the air with a sharp fil p of tempt upon him behind his back. Nor is "Good rupee !" said the man, jerking his thumb nail, and drawing the true it surprising that they should do so, for ring from the metal. "Good rupee! Master sure can hold him tight in his he is a shallow and egotistical fool. His hand, so he cannot run away ?' conversation consists of a series of dreary insanities, ridiculous compli-"To be sure I can," replied the young

geutieman.

"Master try, th n," said the juggler, in bad taste, and melancholy jokes which taking Mr. Hawthorne's left hand and consist for the most part of ill natured speeches at the expense of some unforplacing the rupee on the palm of it. He then requested him to place the palm of tunate victim or other. He seldom assumes that his lady his right hand over the coin, to close friends have brains enough to underboth hands tightly, and not let the money by any means escape. stand anything except the most super-

Thoroughly determined on that point, our young friend pressed his hands together till he was red in the face.

"Master quite sure got money in his hand ?" asked the juggler.

"Quite," was the reply. "Can feel him, master ?"

" Yes." The juggler took the gentleman's two

hands between his own, and muttered some cabalistic words; then blowing upon them, and giving them a heavy shake, he asked, with a grin : "Can feel him now, master ?"

Starting from his chair with a bound, the young Englishman, with an affrightened look, unclasped his hands, and there fell on the floor beneath not the rupee, but a lively, wriggling little brown snake, about fifteen inches long, which made immediately for the legs of Capt. McTurk.

Now this gentleman, who under ordinary circumstances was as brave as a door to be let in he promptly opens it lion, by no means relished, or was prefor the animal. The other morning he pared for, an encounter with the approaching reptile, so hastily tossing made a mistake in the dog business. He let one in, and soon the same canine both legs high up in the air the worthy captain lost his balance, and, together came rushing between his legs, nearly throwing him down, and covering the with his chair, came heavily to the ground, though, fortunately, with no lower part of his pantaloons with paint. serious consequences beyond a broken | A man with overalls on was chasing the dog, trying to get a line shot at him back-of the chair, we mean. with a paint brush he had in his hand.

The worthy skipper soon picked himself up, and seeing that the snake had The old gentleman expostulated with been captured by the lad round whose the irate painter, for such he proved to arm it was now entwined, joined in the, be, saying: "My good man, why do you wish to general laugh, and seated himself in anhurt that dog?' other chair that was placed for him.

"Because he hastipped over my paint and made an infernal mess of every-"Master, take this rupee again," said the juggler, offering the coin to Mr. thing. Some blasted old idiot let him Hawthorne with, it must be confessed, a into the store when we were all trying to regretful look. keep him out while I was doing some

"By Jupiter ! no," said the gentleman ; "you have fairly earned it."

An empty flower pot was now placed upon the floor by the juggler, who rewent, and in two minutes returned

that they would become fascinated with count." They were a happy couple-happy and true. When Abernethy died in 1831, he left the whole of his wealth to his widow. who survived him a score of years, honare a trifle wiser than to be guilty of such oned and beloved for her solid goodness, stupidity, are still foo'ish enough to beand her deeds of charity and Christian lieve nine-tenths of what every shallow benevolence

pated noodle tells them. But though this is so, there is cause to hope that the career of the would-be ladies' darling is not one of uninterrupted success, and that he is not the object

At Exeter Change, in the great city of London, there was, many years ago, a menagerie in the second story of a of so much admiration as he generally imagines. Occasionally he receives a building. Here the elephant, Chunee prompt and decided check from ladies by name-a very quiet, well trained who have no wish to be made fools of, or

beast-was confined in a cage, under to suffer in reputation, however slightly, which the floor had been strengthened to support his weight. Chunee never not a few females play up to him before came out, but seemed very happy for all that. Suddenly he became raving mad, and screamed and trumpeted, and endeavored vigorously to tear away the he gives them every reason to think that iron bars of his cage.

Now, if he had succeeded in getting out upon the floor, Mr. Chunee would have immediately dropped through into ments, which are as insincere as they are an apothecary shop below. If he had fallen into the scales his exact weight might have been ascertained; after a fashion; but, in other respects, a mad elephant in a drug store would have

been far worse than a bull in a china shop. If he had been sane, he might have had a nice time, eating the liquorice and cough lozenges and sugar coated pills and candy; but as he wasn't sane. the accident was not to be desired. Well, Chanee grew more and more

merely repeats the cant jargon which is current in the set in which he moves, wild and dangerous, until, at last, the "Beef-eaters," who are the keepers of the Tower of London, were called upon and which frequently condemns what is good and praises what is bad. Beside his manner is affected, he wears on his to destroy the poor beast. They disface a continual grin, and he is dressed charged many balls from their oldup in such a fashion and has such a fashioned muskets into his body, but slinking way about him that he appears loss of blood seemed to increase his altogether as much unlike a genuine fury, and not lessen his strength. There man as he could well do. For the rest. were no rifle teams in those days, to he lowers the moral tone of those with reach his brain with a single shot, so a whom he associates, and scoffs at everypiece of artillery was actually brought thing in which people of correct feeling up, and poor Chunse, obeying his keeper's voice even in his rage, kneeled down, and was shot to death with a can-

non ball. Then the surgeons discovered that the elephant had been suffering from the greatest toothache ever known. His tusk, preserved in the warehouse of the East India Company, shows this.

Now just think of what an awful thing six feet of toothache must have been. for May. .

Dr. Smith's Patient.

A paper on "Bowdoin College" in Scribner for May contains the following anecdote of Dr. Nathan Smith: Dr. Smith's name is especially eminent in stuff Dr. Smith was made. When he begun his career as a medical professor

(at Dartmouth), certain individuals planned a practical joke which it was expected would entirely demoralize the young instructor. A messenger summoned him to set a broken limb, but on reaching the house the doctor found wants. that the patient was a goose, whose leg had been broken by some sharp shoot-ing gamin. The "friends" of the "pa-

"My son, choose a small whale, hospital, which I cannot omit on any acchoose a small one." Just then a large white whale rises to

the surface of the water at the edge of the ice near his feet. He throws his harpoon into the animal and then lets go the line.

The whale instantly begins to drag his mother toward the edge of the ice, she struggling with all her might to get free and crying out for a knife to cut the line.

But her son only reproaches her for her cruelty in having made him blind. and says : " This is my revenge." Then she cries out : " Oh, my ullo ! my ullo ! it was I that suckled thee, it was I that suckled thee !" And this she flowers. continues crying until the whale drags her into the water. She floats for a few moments on the surface, still crying :

thee, it was I that suckled thee !" then disappears forever. The brother and sister gaze a few tlemen. minutes at the spot where she went down, and then, terror stricken, turn and

flee. But the cry of their mother continues ringing in their ears, and follows them

wherever they go. They finally fly from the village to the interior of the country, far away from any human kind. with this voice still pursuing them, still ringing in their ears : "It was I that suckled thee, it was I that suckled thee !" like the refrain of "Macbeth shall sleep no more," in Shakespeare's sublime tragedy.

They disappear, and nobody who knew them ever sees or hears of them again.

But they are not dead.

Their death would not carry out the Eskimo idea, and the poet has added one more act to the tragedy in which there is a grandeur of conception not unworthy of Shakespeare himself.

The event recorded in this act takes place a long time afterward; nobody knows how long. It may be a hundred years, for all, even the children who knew the matricides, have grown old and died. The tradition of the crime is almost forgotten.

The scene is laid in the interior of the house of the angakok, or priest magician. It is night-a winter night in the Arctic, with an Arctic moon throwing its glamour over the plains and not the chance of getting there, in order house the priest magician is peforming and pity poor Chunee!-St. Nicholas a conjuration, and the people are gathered around, silent and trembling. listening to his muttered incantations.

Suddenly they hear a cry outside, and the angakok says : "Something evil is approaching."

They go to the door and look out. There they behold a gigantic hunter a the profession, and gave to the school at little distance away, standing in the the outset a prominence which it has moonlight. His hair is white as the never lost. An incident shows of what snow on which he stands, and it hangs down over his shoulders in long, silvery locks.

But his face is black as night. They watch him for a moment, and he gazes at them with burning, fiery eyes. Then the angakok comes forward and asks the stranger who he is and what he

"Do you not know me?" They answer in the negative.

A very old woman then remembers

A pretty coat for a boy five years of age is made of gray cloth, being cut double-breasted, with two rows of buttons. The back has three box plaits, running from the neck down. The collar is the "Byron" style.

A very pretty hat has the front faced with black velvet, which sets off a wreath of wheat. The crown of the hat has also a wreath of wheat, finished in the back with a double bow of cream colored silk, and a bunch of small red

Centennial germans are fashionable, the favors being made in red, white and blue. Throughout the evening the old style Continental hats are worn, with 1776 on one side and 1876 on the other. 'Oh, my son ! it was I that suckled These are worn by both ladies and gen-

An elegant full dress underskirt is made of nainsook. The skirt has three flounces, each having first an edging of deep Valenciennes lace around the bottom, and about an inch above this a Valenciennes insertion. Each ruffle is sewed on separately with a band.

Centennial kerchiefs of lace are intended to take the place of the long scarfs now worn in the street outside of wraps and close about the neck. It is a three-cornered point of white muslin, with the folded ends trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and fastened by a long and slender brooch.

A pretty Scotch suit for a little boy has a kilt-plaited skirt of Scotch plaid; the vest and jacket are of black velvet. A long scarf of the plaid is fastened on the right shoulder, brought down and tied under the left arm. A black velvet Scotch cap, with a border of plaid, comes with this suit.

Parasites and their Work.

There is no organ which is sheltered from the invasion of parasites; even in man, cysticerci have been found in the interior of the lobes of the brain, in the eyeball, in the heart, and in the substance of the bones, as well as in the spinal marrow. Every kind of worm has also its favorite place; and if it has

mountains of ice and snow. Inside the to undergo its changes, it will perish rather than immigrate to a situation which is not suitable to it. One kind of worm inhabits the digestive passages; another occupies the fossa of the nose; a third, the liver or the kidneys. Each animal has its proper parasites, which can only live in animals having affinity to their peculiar host. The ascaris mystax, the guest of the domestic cat, lives in different species of felis, while the fox, so nearly resembling in appearance the wolf and the dog, never entertains the tania serrata, so common to the latter animal, The same host does not always harbor the same worms in different regions of the globe. Thus the large tapeworm of man called bothriocephalus, is found only in Russia, Poland, and Switzerland; a small tapeworm, the tcenia nana, is observed nowhere except in Abyssinia, and, strange what was recommended. If it has satis-

to say, the natives consider their ab-

of the newspapers of a century ago has taken alarming proportions. The reprowindows. Your disposition will be suitable to ductions are so like the originals that it that which you most frequently think on; for the soul is, as it were, fringed would be difficult to tell which is which -same old type, same paper, same yelwith the color and complexion of its low age tint, same torn edges, same dog's ears. The Washington old chair own thoughts.

manufactory keeps six reliable workmen employed painting "G. W.-1776," on the seats ; six steady old women are engaged collecting cobwebs to be laid upon the choicer specimens, and a dozen silent but sturdy fellows toil night and day kicking the otherwise completed spurious old chairs round a musty cellar to give them appropriate mildew, dints and cracks. The Centennial autograph works is also very busy turning out faded letters from all the Revolutionary

patriots. We would, therefore, caution the people against the dangers besetting their souls and would advise them, whatever tremendous yarns they spin about their Revolutionary forefathers or their

relics, not to believe the stories that others tell in the same direction, and to smile respectfully, but irritatingly, at

I Don't Care.

tc anger," said a patient mother.

"I am sorry to see my son give way

"I don't care," replied the passionate

"You will become an ignorant man

"I don't care," he muttered, under

"Those boys are not the right sort

"I don't care," he answered, turning

" It is dangerous to taste wine," said

"I don't care," was still his obstinate

Don't let it find a place in your heart,

or pass your lips. Always care. Care

Pray earnestly that you may never

lose your soul from a reckless spirit of

How Advertising Affects Business.

The man who advertises his business

if what he offers for sale is honestly

of companions for you," said his pas

unless you study better," said the faith-

Herald.

child.

ful teacher, later.

his breath.

on his heel.

done wrong.

"I don't care."

his friend, warningly.

tor.

reply.

"Well, I had some beer," she softly replied, "and break in four eggs, grate in your lemon peel, stir well, and bake their Revolutionary bric-a-brac ; not to invest even paper money in old papers, old chairs, old letters, old hats, or Marin a hot oven." tha Washington petticoats, or if they have already bought them to stow them

age here."

"What have you to say about this case ?" asked the court.

"Nothing. You can do all the talkignominously away until another cening-quart of flour-four eggs-lemon peel-nutmeg-hot oven." tury of the republic has given them that much genuine antiquity .- New York

"You were never here before ?" "You were never here before?" "I don't remember that I was. Will you take a recipe down for me before I

forget it?" "I've got a recipe for ending drunkenness," replied his honor.

"I don't want it; and after the cake has baked for fifteen minutes remove from the oven and put on your frosting." "Do you want to go to the house of

correction ?" queried the court, "No, sir, I don't. What do I want

to go tramping way up there for?" "But you were so sadly intoxicated that the officer had to hire an express

wagon to bring you down here." "Is that so? Then I came here by express, did I? Was I packed in a box ?"

"You must be very careful in future. It's a bad thing for a woman to get drunk."

A few years after, he was a worthless "No worse than 'tis for the man ; and drunkard, plunging into every sort of excess, and finally ending a miserable after the frosting is on, set the cake back in the oven for three or four minutes."

life of crime without hope. "I don't care," was his ruin, as it is "Will you promise me?" said the the ruin of thousands. Look out for court. it, boys and girls. Keep away from it.

"Yes, I'll promise !" she angrily exclaimed, "but I wish you wouldn't talk so much-you put me all out !" to do right, and care when you have

She stood off and glared at his honor, and then tapping her finger at the railing continued :

"You take about a quart of flourabout a quart. You put in a hunk of butter about as big as a walnut, and you break in three or four "-

"You may break out," said the court. "Well, I will. I want to get some-where where I can write down the recipe

what he represents it to be, or what it before I forget it." ought to be, is constantly assisted in his She pushed her way through the business by those who have been attractcrowd to the door, and as she stepped ed to him and tested him. A buyer has out she was heard muttering :

read his advertisement, and gone to his "Quart of flour-four eggs-five store, or workshop, or warehouse, or minutes!" whatever the place may be, and tried

Taxing Church Property;

stuck his forelegs into the paint pot, and tipped it over. Brown paint on a fied him, he is pleased, and recommends marble floor looks well, don't it? I wish sence from the body a sign of ill it to his neighbor, who is likely to go to quested that his comrade might be al-The taxation of church property is lowed to bring up some garden mold people would mind their own busihealth; the anchylostoma is known only the same place, and tell his neighbors in in the south of Europe and the north of Africa, the *filaria* of Medina in the east and west of Africa; and the *Bil*-from all sides, and the current of his fore the Legislature providing for such Then he asks : tient" looked to see the doctor beat a from the little plot of ground below. Permission being accorded the man ness !" "Do you remember the son who used hasty retreat; but he gravely examined his mother for a hunting bladder?" the fracture, opened his case, set and No Use for Stimulants. hearing her mother talk about the crime harzia, a terrible worm, has been found business grows stronger and wider, and taxation has been defeated. The Rev. Experience has taught men who are bound the limb, promised to call the with a small quantity of fresh earth more rapid, all because to strict atten- Dr. Miner, of Boston, has put his opinsubject to severe and prolonged expo- next day, and bade them good evening. tied up in a corner of his chudder, only in Egypt. was a very little child. which was deposited in the flower pot sure to cold that there is danger in The doctor duly appeared in the morn tion to business he added indicious ad-vertising. But for this he might have lingered on in the community for years, and his business would scarcely have and lightly pressed down. Taking from | taking alcoholic stimulants while the ex- | ing and for several succeeding days, till The hunter replies : At the Waterloo railway station, Lon-"I am that man, and I still live." posure continues. The lumberers in he pronounced the "patient" in a fair ing it around to the com pany that they might examine it and satisfy themselves that it was really what it seemed to be, the juggler scooped out a little earth from the center of the flower pot and placed the stone in the cavity. He then turned the earth lightly over it, and a been heard of. 5. During the period of 1870-5, the pop-ulation of Kansas has increased from 468,487 to 528,487, and in the latter year there were 4,740,000 acres of ground under cultivation. baxes churches to repair damages?" Ex-Governor Dir's protest against such taration has been read with much inter-est by the people of New York State. It is evident that a long discussion must precede the change from our present policy of exemption, should any change the basket a dry mango stone, and hand-Then he tells them something of the don, a rat, three parts grown, has been life he and his sister have lived since found with a bone ring round her neck. that time; says they are still suffering The bone is an ordinary section of a all the tortures of remorse as on the day pig's leg, such as is found in rashers, of their flight ; that he has been driven , and has cut deeply into the rat's neck. by some mysterious power to come and denounce himself to the people, that the crime may not be forgotten, and— fearful retribution—during all this life of it again. furned the earth lightly over it, and, be found there. The experience of having poured a little water over the sur-face, shut the flower pet out of view by unanimous, and to the same effect. If men would set good examples, they might hatch better habits.

The other replies :

The Boston Transcript tells of an old gentleman that comes down town on foot every morning, who appears to be a great friend to dumb animals. Whenever he sees a dog scratching at a store

painting; he jumped through the door.

He Meant Well.

take an interest.

ficial matters, and when he does ven-

ture to touch on the last new book, new

play, new parson or new sensation, he