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Be Careful What You Say.

I'm talking of a person's faults,
I say; don't forget your own;
Remember those with homes of glass
Sho'ldn't holden from a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin,
The better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.
We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—and who have not?
The old as well as young;
Perhaps, we may, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.
I'll tell you of a better plan,
And one that works full well:
I'm my own defects to cure,
And I of others' toll.
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings I'd me let
The faults of others go.
Then let us all, when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm our word may do
To those who little know.
Remember, cases, sometimes, like
O'r chickens, "roost at home."
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.

HIS OWN MEDICINE.

The Story of a Village Doctor who was Always Drunk.

Old Dr. Bunker was a stout, red faced man of about sixty, in a perpetual state of intoxication. Sometimes he was worse than at others, but he was always drunk.

"Now, only see," some admirer would exclaim, "you go to Dr. Bunker and state your case, and he may be so drunk as to be scarcely able to open his old saddle bags, and yet he will give you something that will go to the spot and no mistake. What a man he would be if he would only keep sober."

This fame of the doctor's, however, came to a tragic ending. We had among us, widely known and much loved, a little girl sadly crippled from her birth. Her delicate and morbid condition seemed to stimulate her brain, so that she became renowned throughout the valley as an intellectual prodigy. Unable to walk, she was carried to school by her parents. She was an only child, and it was pitiable to note the pride they took in her culture. At best she was not long for this world, and her exit was being hurried by the cramping to which her fond friends and relatives subjected her. Her pure white soul seemed to shine through her delicate face, which even traces of pain and the sad, waiting patience of frequent disappointment failed to mar. At spelling bees and other public exhibitions of the schools crowds would gather to applaud the clear, silvery voice that so readily responded to the vexing questions. In this way Lucy Hooper came to be so generally known and so much beloved.

"Little Lucy," one would say, "has an answer ready to any question; and as for spelling, she's ahead of the master."

When about ten years of age little Lucy developed a new torture in the shape of paroxysms of pain that were known to the country as fits. The poor child suffered horribly while these attacks lasted, and Dr. Bunker was called in on a gallop to administer relief. This he did on several occasions. But the evil hour came when, more intoxicated than usual, he sent the medicine to the suffering child. The neighbors were administered, and Lucy, instead of being bettered by them, grew suddenly and alarmingly worse. She said, between paroxysms of intense pain, that the powder did not taste as the others tasted. The doctor was again sent for, but found himself unable to do anything.

The neighbors, who sought in much excitement to sober their favorite medical adviser, felt that the little patient had but a brief time to allow for remedies. They poured cold water over his head and hot coffee down his throat. At last he was sufficiently aroused to justify his being hauled in a wagon to the house of Lucy's parents.

Daylight was stealing softly into the room when the doctor staggered in. A greater error of life's ills than he had endured before. There is a tide in our vitality that finds its ebb between midnight and early morning, and how often are we called to note the coming of death and daylight together! The cool, dewy morning walks in lusty strength over the eastern hills and the birds sing and the hills sparkle, while the cows low and the chickens crow, as if all nature felt a new life, with a renewed lease on all that is pleasant and beautiful. At that moment, as if in mockery of us, the sick unto death feel their hold weakening and the shores of life receding swiftly and silently from them.

Lucy's parents were poor people, inhabiting a log cabin to which had been added a porch, and one end of this porch had been turned into a bedroom for the little favorite. It appeared neat and cleanly, but there was no curtain to the window, no carpet upon the floor. One could almost cover the rude furniture with a blanket, but each spoke in an uncounted way of tenderness and affection. When the doctor entered there was a profound stillness in the little apartment.

"She is better now," whispered the unhappy mother to the doctor, "but she has been very sick."

The now sobered physician took the candle from the stand. At was a tall dip and burned dimly at best, but now had a long unsmoked wick, and a gutter of half melted tallow running like a stream of lard from the summit. Believing Lucy to be asleep, the watchers at the bedside had neglected the candle.

"She is sleeping" seemingly very comfortable now," again whispered the mother.

The doctor nearly put the candle out in a clumsy attempt to snuff it, and then threw such light as it had upon the face of the girl. Alas! the sleep was not one to be courted. The eyelids,

covered but one half the ball, and through the white, the only part visible, death stared. The doctor hastily seized a thin little hand and felt for the pulse. He felt in vain. Bending over the poor snuken face, he listened at her parted lips for tidings of life in her breathing. He listened in vain.

"Lucy, my girl," said the doctor, "how are you?"

"There was no response beyond a quivering of the eyelids so faint that it was almost imperceptible. This was the last signal thrown out by the little soul, then more than half way over the cold river."

"The powders," continued the mother, unaware of the change going on in one dearer than life to her, "didn't seem to act like the others, and Lucy said they tasted differently."

"Have you any left?" asked the doctor, hastily.

"Yes, one; here it is," and she handed the medicine to the physician. He looked and then touched the white substance to the tip of his tongue. In an instant his face became as ghastly as that of the dead child before him. His hand shook so violently that he spilled the powder upon the floor. Throwing out his arms as one drowning, he seized the father frantically and cried, in a hoarse voice:

"Tom Hooper, take me out of this, and as he went the agonized parent heard him mutter: "Poison; my God, poison!"

The word poison was enough to excite the valley to a frenzy. A coroner's inquest was demanded, and physicians summoned from a distance to make a post-mortem examination. Enough was found from these learned men in the veins of the deformed girl to insure death, sooner or later, without the help of any poison administered by a drunken doctor.

He was summoned to appear and offer any explanation he might see fit to make. The coroner found him in his office. He was for once sober, and more wretched in appearance than when intoxicated.

"Have you come to arrest me?" he asked.

"No, doctor," replied the officer; "you're wanted as a witness."

"As a witness," he repeated, looking at the coroner in a vacant, absent sort of way. "Yes, yes; I see. Well, I'll be a witness; I'll show 'em. Wait a minute." Saying this he took from a jar a white substance that he proceeded to measure off into small powders. He made six of these as well as his hands, that shook as if palsied, would permit him, and throwing the several portions together he hid up the dose in a bit of paper which he placed in his vest pocket. Then he accompanied the coroner to the house of the dead girl, where the jury sat in that solemn deliberation of stupidity so common to coroner's inquests.

After being duly sworn, he was asked to tell all he knew concerning the sickness, treatment, and death of Lucy Hooper.

"Gentlemen," he said, in response, "this inquest originates in a belief that there has been malpractice in this case, and that the patient died from the effects of poison administered by me, and not from the convulsions to which she was subject. In this last illness I prescribed for her but once. From the time she took the medicine I sent her she grew rapidly worse until she died. To prove to you that my intent was honest, and to show you how harmless was the remedy, I now proceed to swallow ten times as much as I prescribed for my patient."

Before any move of remonstrance or prevention he had swallowed the drug. The deadly character of the powder was shown in his death, that followed twelve hours after.

"It's all right, gentlemen," he said, between paroxysms of pain, "it's all right; if you want further testimony, meet me at the bar of God."

The doctor's memory is cherished in the valley, where it is generally believed he did not commit suicide, but had the mistaken confidence in his own remedies, and they always wind up with: "What a doctor he would have been had he kept sober."

Dividing It Up.

A certain peasant visited the hodja of Turkey one day, and presented him with a hare. The giver was treated with great consideration, and a soup was made of the hare.

Next week the peasant came again.

"Who are you?"

"I am the man who gave you the hare."

"Oh, yes," and he was again well received.

Some time afterward came several persons and demanded hospitality.

"Who are you?"

"We are the neighbors of the man who gave you the hare."

"Oh, yes; you are welcome," and they also were well received.

Not long after this appeared quite a troop of people.

"Who are you?"

"We are the neighbors of the neighbors of the man who gave you the hare."

"Oh, yes; you are welcome," and they also were well received.

Follow Your Leader.

Pride has much to do with the courage of mankind. Less than a century ago there was a game among the merchants of New York called "follow your leader," the fine of the participant who failed to do so being his wounded pride and a late supper. This game came to an end one night when an intrepid challenger, whose pride had on one occasion carried him in the wake of his leader over the end of a North river pier in among the ice floes, coolly seated himself in his office upon a twenty-pound keg of gunpowder from the banghole of which a paper was lighted at the end of an extending across the room. "Follow your leader!" he said to his friends, but they left precipitately when the paper had burned up to the heel of his boot, which rested against the keg.

Adjusting a Loss.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin has the following: Keen fellows those insurance agents. There was an alarm of fire the other day, caused by a gas explosion in the "saloon" of Mr. Michael McGowan, at the North End. As soon as the excitement had quieted down a little Mr. McGowan started for the insurance office, where he had taken out a policy on his "shebeen" and its contents.

Soon after Michael left, a quiet looking gentleman entered and interviewed Mrs. McGowan on the subject of gas. He was very severe; he thought the gas had been improperly used; he doubted if the company would put pipes in there again if so much damage was done.

Mrs. McGowan was alarmed. She knew that much of Mr. McGowan's business was transacted "under the gaslight," and she volubly protested:

"Aisy, sir, av y'plaze; is it the gas and the fire? Divil a harm have they done anyway, barrin' Mike drivin' the head av him thro' the windy, but many the worse lick he's got win' he's been out wid the byes. Burn, is it? Nothing was burnt but Mike's ould coat. As for the whisky, it wouldn't burn if you'd wait till I get a drop o' whitewash, the mornin', and divil a sign of a scorch ye'll see."

Meanwhile Mike, with his head bound up and wearing a woeful countenance, was waiting at the insurance office. Presently the agent arrived, and Mr. McGowan opened his case at once.

"Good mornin', Mister Premium. I've just darrin' in fur me insurance, sor. The bloody gas works, bad luck to 'em, busted the stoofing all out av the pipes, and sit fire to me place, and trow'd me clean thro' the windy, wid me head agin Murphy's wall, as kapes the grocer's shop, that came from county Cork an' knows me well, barrin' he'll sell a glass whisky on the sly, which, being a grocer, is agin me rights."

As soon as Mr. McGowan stopped for wind, the agent quietly inquired:

"How much do you think your loss is, Mr. McGowan?"

"Well, I do not know, sor. What wid me place busted, and me stock burnt, me clothin' destroyed, me head bruk, to say nothin' av the blud on Murphy's wall, I'm thinkin' a matter of five hundred dollars wid be squaring me."

"Mr. McGowan," said the agent, drawing a bank note from his drawer, "I have been up to your place this mornin' and seen what damage has been done, besides havin' the pleasure of an interview with Mrs. McGowan. There is twenty dollars to pay for a bucket of whitewash, a pane of glass, and your broken head, and don't you ever try to play games on insurance people."

Mr. McGowan's face lengthened inch by inch, and his square jaw dropped as the insurance man continued. Finally, his eye falling under the gaze of the other, he pocketed the money, signed the necessary papers, and merely remarked:

"So ye've had an interview wid the ould woman, have ye? Be gorra! I'll have one wid her meself agin I go back."

Mr. McGowan was true to his word, for he paid the twenty dollars to the clerk of the police court the next morning for, as Mrs. McG. described it, "battin' her like an ould carpet."

The Hay Fever.

An essay is devoted to the treatment of hay fever, and contains much valuable material which may be appreciated.

Removal to a non-cattarial region. This is the great almost untailing remedy. These regions are designated as the villages and hotels among the mountains where subjects have escaped the disease. The practical value of this to those seeking refuge from their enemy is hardly be overestimated. Previous treatment is given, and includes the subject to endure that which cannot always be wholly avoided. While the author has little faith in any specific drug or class of drugs, he has evidently great confidence in preventive and palliating means of treatment, and in place of recommending one cure for all cases, he insists that each case should be studied and treated by itself. This is certainly the best evidence that he is a sound therapist. The best idea of this part of the work may be obtained from the summing up at the end, as follows:

1. Remain in a non-cattarial region during the critical period.

2. Strengthen the system by food and tonics.

3. Avoid dust, smoke, night air, and the vicinity of plants known to produce a paroxysm.

4. Dress warmly, with flannels next the skin.

5. For the cough—Mild narcotics; various household demulcents.

6. For asthma—Smoking stramonium leaves, saltpeter, espie cigarettes, inhalation of sulphuric ether, carbolic acid.

English Country Towns.

The inhabitants of a country town in England, says Louis Jennings, if not jolly, are contented. The squire in the neighborhood is not quite such a despot now as he used to be—once the proscription of the style of dress in Philadelphia, at this time, is the dress that people travel in. It is recognized and encouraged as the proper thing for all occasions, whether for street dress, dinner dress, or evening dress, and it is universal at the Exhibition. Travelers and visitors are here in sufficient numbers to make the style. We repeat that no luggage is needed at this time for any purposes of etiquette or ceremony in Philadelphia beyond what visitors travel in and can carry in the sachel, valise, or shawl strap. Those who bring trunks are simply soving for themselves the seeds for a big crop of delays, regrets, disappointments, and vexations.

An African Foundry.—Lieutenant Cameron mentions an African tribe carrying on an extensive iron trade, having foundries fifty feet long by thirty feet wide, where they frequently get 150 to 200 pounds of metal in a single smelting, but we are not clear as to the locality.

The Reign of Terror.

During the reign of terror all the prisons of France were filled with victims. These were generally the most worthy people in the community, whose only crime was in being obnoxious to the ruling powers. Those who were suspected, if possible, but were generally unable to carry away their property. Millions of property were confiscated. The prisons were crowded with the rich, the elegant and the cultivated classes. Thousands were guillotined; and universal fear and anarchy reigned without a parallel. Deputies, even those who had been most instrumental in bringing about the revolution, were sacrificed by the triumphant Jacobins. Women and retired citizens were not allowed to escape their fury and vengeance. Marie Antoinette and the Princess Elizabeth and Madame Roland were among the first victims. Then it was that terrible scene became of daily, almost hourly, occurrence. Delicate and beautiful women knelt before the bloody autocrats of the revolution, offering a vain appeal for the safety of those dear to them. But the savage cruelty of the republican leaders, tasting for the first time the sweets of power, was not to be satisfied until the populace, seated with gore, across an immense altar, stilled their proceedings with the menacing cry of "No more bloodshed!"

Marat and Robespierre themselves shared the fate of their victims. Upon the former, vengeance was wreaked by the hand of a woman. From the town of Caen came Charlotte Corday, and, after many unsuccessful attempts, made her way to the presence of Marat. The so-called "father of his country" was seated in his bath. A cloth had been thrown over him, and he was writing upon a board, which he used as a desk. He put a few questions to his visitor, who suddenly approached the bath, and, leaning over it, struck the occupant with her knife. The blow was dealt with such force that the weapon entered Marat's totem up to the hilt. He uttered a single cry, and expired almost immediately. Robespierre's death occurred upon the scaffold. In the diary of Charles Henri Sanson, executioner of Paris during the revolution, occurs the following entry: "Robespierre was the tenth to appear on the platform. He went up the steps of the scaffold without any assistance whatever. His demeanor exhibited neither weakness nor assumed bravery; his eye was cold and calm. The man wore ordinary dress, and was wrapped in a shawl, and uncovered his jaw, broken by a blow from one of the mob. The pain must have been horrible, for Robespierre uttered a fearful cry. The blood trickled down from the jaw, and the mouth remained wide open. He was immediately strapped down, and, less than a minute after, the knife fell. The head was shown to the crowd, like that of the king."

How he Got a Coat to Fit Him.

A middle aged son of the Emerald Isle went into a Detroit clothing store the other day, and said he wanted a "good, chape coat." He was a big, round shouldered man, and his arms were almost as long as those of Sir Dan Donnelly, who could "button the breeches of a man whose breeches without stooping." The largest trade size of coats is No. 42, and the salesman took one of that size from the pile and tried it on his customer. It was too small every way, particularly in the sleeves. The cuffs were six inches above the wrists, and the customer said he felt like a pot of porridge that had boiled over. The salesman handed the coat to an assistant and said: "Bring here a forty-four coat." The assistant fumbled a little at the pile, and brought back the same coat. It was tried and rejected, the customer remarking: "Sure, if I wore that coat they'd be sayin' I was a gossamer that wasn't done growin'."

"You are an awful big man," said the astute salesman, winking at his fellow clerk. "I'll try No. 48 on you."

"Make it forty-nine, for the honor of ould Ireland," said the patriotic Milesian. "Forty-nine was brought (the same coat) and also found too small. A Napoleonic look of decision illumined the face of the salesman as he confidently cried: "Bring here a fifty-two coat. I'm bound to fit you, anyhow." The identical coat was again tried on, and the customer appeared satisfied. "I never get sleeves long enough for me," said he, "but I'll get them lengthened out, and then they will be all right." He bought the coat.

The Question of Baggage.

The impossibility of handling promptly and satisfactorily the vast quantity of cumbersome baggage that has been secured into Philadelphia, moves the Ledger to make these suggestions: The trunk or any other piece of luggage that cannot be carried in the hand by the visitor, and be in the railway car under the eye of the visitor while traveling, is a perpetual source of anxiety, disappointment, and vexation. Railway depots have pyramids of them, which the owners never see until about to return home. What can be carried in the hand, valise, the sachel, or with the wraps in the shawl strap, is all sufficient for visitors to the Centennial Exhibition. The prevailing style of dress in Philadelphia, at this time, is the dress that people travel in. It is recognized and encouraged as the proper thing for all occasions, whether for street dress, dinner dress, or evening dress, and it is universal at the Exhibition. Travelers and visitors are here in sufficient numbers to make the style. We repeat that no luggage is needed at this time for any purposes of etiquette or ceremony in Philadelphia beyond what visitors travel in and can carry in the sachel, valise, or shawl strap. Those who bring trunks are simply soving for themselves the seeds for a big crop of delays, regrets, disappointments, and vexations.

Life in California.

Such incidents as the following are still common in stage coach traveling in California: The coach contained eight men and four women, all armed. When the coach reached a part of the road lined by a thick growth of brush, into which it is impossible to turn a loaded wagon or even a light one, two men sprung up and commanded the driver to stop and throw out the express boxes. Both men wore white cloths under their hats, one end being thrown up over the front of the hat and the other, with eye holes, covering the face. One man, with a double barreled shotgun, aimed at the driver, and the other at the body of the coach where the passengers mostly were. After a short parley two boxes of treasure were thrown out, and the driver was compelled to drive on, the shotgun covering him until he was hidden by a turn in the road.

A Grange Barbecue.

A granger in Jena, La., writes as follows: What is a barbecue? Webster defines it to roast a hog whole, and he is considered standard authority. For the sake of your many readers let me try to describe one of greater length, given by Pine Grove grange. It was said to be an average one. When a neighbor decides to give a barbecue a committee of arrangements is appointed, subscriptions of money, provisions, hogs, sheep, goats and calves are cooked up. Poultry, bread and cakes are cooked at home by the ladies of the vicinity and then brought to the manager of the barbecue. This consists of what might be termed a ditch, about three feet deep, the same wide, and forty or fifty feet long, which is filled up with hard wood logs and poles, then set on fire. When well burned to coals, poles from six inches to a foot thick are hauled on both sides, close to the edge of the pit; by this time the beaves are quartered and parboiled, nice peeled handspikes of sweet wood are run through the quarters and other animals and placed across the large poles, care being taken that the meat touch neither sides nor bottom. In twelve or eighteen hours it is cooked. Coffee is made in large pots or small sugar kettles. Plates, cups and saucers, knives, forks and every requisite are placed under a large carving table in the center of a parallelogram dining table, inclosing about one-eighth of an acre. Between the carving and dining tables at either end is a small table, where little boys eat at one and little girls at the other, and their wants are attended to by some school teacher or minister. Some four feet outside of the main table strong forks are driven into the ground, fresh cut pine poles are placed horizontally in them, the outside of these are peeled, and the fresh pitch, with turpentine, springs out like heavy perspiration. Then we betide the garment that comes in contact with it, for it has no respect of persons. This contrivance saves the police some trouble, as they have to stand guard most of the day. They are known by wearing a red ribbon on the left shoulder. Waiters are young or single men, and recognized by wearing a blue ribbon on the left arm; half a dozen expert carvers out of the bread and meat. There is a sliding pole near one corner of the square, so when dinner is announced one of the guards runs it back and another counts as the ladies come in for the number of plates the pole is replaced, and no more can enter. This prevents any confusion inside. The speaker's platform being raised, logs are hauled, with the ends facing the stand, and strong planks laid across for seats. The whole is placed under a dense forest shade, near a cool spring of water, so if all present cannot enjoy themselves it must be their own fault.

A Legend of the Seneca Indians.

Herno, the great Thunder spirit, had his lodge behind the sheet of water which pours down at the falls of Niagara. For a long time he dwelt there, astonishing the Indians with his stunning peals, but never venturing forth to practice his strange art before their eyes. They could hear him and knew he was there; but never as yet had he been seen; nor is it all likely that he or the effects of the sun ever would have been seen but for a little incident, the results of which brought him forth.

A young and beautiful maiden residing at Seneca village, just above the falls, had been contracted in marriage by her father to an old man of disagreeable manners and hideous person. She at once resolved to seek death rather than drag out the life of misery which such a union must bring about; and with this object in view she launched forth from the village in a oak canoe and swept down the rapids of Niagara singing her own death song until she took the awful leap.

But death was not ready for her. Herno, the Thunder spirit, happened to be wide awake; and when he saw her coming down among the foaming waters he coolly caught her in his blanket and conveyed her to his home behind the falls.

Of course, the maiden had romance enough about her to be grateful for all this, more especially when she found she was entirely beyond the reach of the monster her "cruel pa-ri-ent" had selected to comfort her through life. She fell upon the neck of the Thunderer and wept sweet tears. The tears softened his stern heart, and led him to smooth back if not to try with her golden tresses. In short, to hurry through a long story, they got to billing and cooing; they fell in love—they made the interesting affair known to each other; and the wronged though beautiful maiden became the wife of Herno, the Thunder spirit. And, as a matter of course, she was very happy.

About this time the Senecas of the village above the falls were visited with a pestilence which swept them off by hundreds, and while some prayed to the Great Spirit for help, others gathered around the cataract and sent in their petitions to Herno. The tale of their sufferings moved the Thunderer, and he sent the maiden forth to tell her people that a monstrous serpent was dwelling beneath their village, just below the surface of the ground; that it was depending upon their bodies for food, and that it came forth at the end of every moon and poisoned the waters, in order that they might die and be buried within its reach.

As soon as the Indians learned this they pulled up and moved to another locality; consequently when the great serpent poisoned the waters as usual, the earth brought him no food. This was an affair so strange that he crawled forth to see what it meant, when, to his surprise, he found the village was deserted. With many curses on the head of the Thunderer, as the author of his misfortune, the serpent took the trail of the interesting Indians and started away in hot pursuit.

The maiden still loved her people, and when she saw the serpent moving on to effect their further destruction she appealed to her husband to arrest him. Herno was not deaf to her entreaties, and so he stepped forth from his hiding place and launched a hissing bolt after the serpent, which struck him just as he was endeavoring to cross the narrow some distance above the falls.

The wound produced was a fatal one, and the great monster doctored down the stream and lodged upon the verge of the cataract, stretching nearly from shore to shore. The swift waters were dammed up by the obstruction; but they finally broke through the rocks behind, and thus the whole top of the falls upon which the snake rested was precipitated with it into the abyss below, excepting a small portion, which is now known as Goat Island.

It almost entirely ruined the home of the Thunderer, for it reduced the great space behind the waters to a very narrow compass. He still occupies it as a sleeping apartment, however, and you may now hear him snoring under there as you stand on the shore; but if he would exercise himself in his favorite pastime of throwing thunderbolts he is forced to come forth into space less limited.

Unreasonable as this myth may sound, there can be no doubt that the Senecas believed every word of it. When they were to be met with in the Niagara country they pointed out a place near the mouth of Cayuga creek, where the banks were shelved out in a semi-circular form, and declared that it had been done by the serpent in his death throes after having been wounded by Herno's thunderbolt. And to this tradition may be attributed their custom of putting away their dead upon scaffolds above ground instead of burying them.

The Irish Medal.

The medal presented by the Irish citizens of the District of Columbia to the member of the Irish team making the largest score consists of a beautiful five-pointed golden star, depending from a pin in the form of an eagle with outstretched wings. The weight of the medal is sixty pennyweights. A diamond is imbedded at each point of the star. In the center of the star is an engraving of the Capitol building, on one side of which are the figures "1776," and on the other "1876." At the lower part of the star a black and white enameled target with a diamond as a bull's-eye. Crossed over the upper part of the star are two rifles joined together at the top and secured to the upper point of the star by a miniature laurel wreath in gold. From the talons of the eagle, which is of solid gold, in bold relief, are stretched to either side the American and Irish flags done in enamel.

Life in California.

Such incidents as the following are still common in stage coach traveling in California: The coach contained eight men and four women, all armed. When the coach reached a part of the road lined by a thick growth of brush, into which it is impossible to turn a loaded wagon or even a light one, two men sprung up and commanded the driver to stop and throw out the express boxes. Both men wore white cloths under their hats, one end being thrown up over the front of the hat and the other, with eye holes, covering the face. One man, with a double barreled shotgun, aimed at the driver, and the other at the body of the coach where the passengers mostly were. After a short parley two boxes of treasure were thrown out, and the driver was compelled to drive on, the shotgun covering him until he was hidden by a turn in the road.

Items of Interest.

The creditors of H. A. Pierce, a Springfield bankrupt, get one cent on a dollar.

A quack doctor advertises to this effect: "Cough when you can, for after you have taken one bottle of my medicine you can't."

The city attorney of Des Moines, Iowa, recently talked eight hours in order to prevent the discharge of a prisoner, against whom he had no case, until an officer could reach town with a warrant for his apprehension on another charge.

It is easy in the constant use of a familiar saying to forget the circumstances which suggested it, and probably there are but few people to-day who know that the author of the aphorism "It is the little things of life that make or mar our happiness," alluded to fleas and mosquitoes.

An inquisitive young man visited a State prison in New York, and among his questions asked a girl the cause of her being in such a place. Her answer was that she "stole a watermill, and went back after the stream that turned the mill and was arrested." The young man left immediately.

The Burlington Hawkeys says: The first step toward making a man of your son is to train him to earn what he spends; then the best way to teach him to be frugal is to take away his money as fast as he earns it and spend it wisely for yourself. There is nothing like teaching the young by example.

The miners of South Yorkshire were dissatisfied with their work, and attempted to become colliery owners themselves. An association bought a colliery, the profits of which were to be shared among them. The capital raised was about \$400,000. The enterprise has proved unsuccessful, and the money is lost.

The ire of a St. Louis paper toward the editor of a Chicago journal is let loose in this way: He stands up and lies, sits down and lies, eats lies, drinks lies and dreams lies. There is no other name but lies for his preposterous and unprincipled assertions. If there is really a place prepared for liars, the smell of sulphur already arises to his nostrils.

A large boy attacked a smaller and cuffed his ears, but the noble little fellow did not strike back. He bore it all patiently till the big boy had gone, and a silvery haired old man had patted him on the head and given him something. Then he went around the corner and licked that big boy's little brother till he couldn't stand up without leaning against the wall.

There has been an interesting inquiry in Paris lately as to which tree stands town life best, and it is decided that beyond all question no tree is so good for urban wants as the plane. The same verdict is returned in London. Smoke does not seem to affect them, and few finer specimens of this graceful and unobtrusive tree can be seen than those on Berkeley square in that city.

The annual Alpine horror has taken place. George W. Johnson, a London solicitor, and his guide, Franz Saarbach, being precipitated into a crevasse over a hundred feet deep, and buried with ice and snow. His companion, Mr. Hayman, and the other guide escaped, but only after great suffering. Large parties of guides have been out, but so far have wholly failed to recover the bodies.

It is the custom in Lima when any religious question is debated in Parliament for the ladies to go to the House of Assembly, carefully watch the proceedings, and, after a way of their own, take part in them. For example, during the last debate on liberty of worship, each speaker who defended the proposal to separate the church from the State had a garland of weeds flung at his head from the ladies' gallery, and the defenders of the church were honored with garlands.

Piece Work.

While piece work is strongly resisted by the association of the Amalgamated Engineers in England in its corporate capacity, and by a certain proportion of the workmen is much disliked in many important districts, the men who have learned its value to the able and industrious mechanic would strenuously oppose any proposal to limit its operations.

Here I cannot do better than give an extract from Mr. Brassey's essay on "Work and Wages," recording the experience of the author's father, whose testimony is emphatically in favor of piece work.

My father, says Mr. Brassey, always preferred putting a price upon the work rather than paying by the day. This system was modified to suit the usual habits of the people with whom he had to deal. Piece work could not in all cases be adopted without some complications and difficulties; but my father always looked upon day work as a losing game, and all his work was carried out, as far as possible, by sub-contract, making it piece work on a somewhat larger scale. Even the scaffolding for the erection of an iron bridge, such as that over the Severn, near Colebrook Dale, of 200 feet span, was carried out upon the principle of sub contract; and the same system was adopted for the excavation of shafts and adjacent lengths of tunnel. Payment by piece is beneficial alike to the master and the man. The man earns higher wages, while the master has the satisfaction of obtaining an equivalent for the wages he has paid, and completing the contract which he has undertaken with far greater rapidity. On public works the men paid by piece work and the men working by the day were always remarkable. In the canal making days men working in