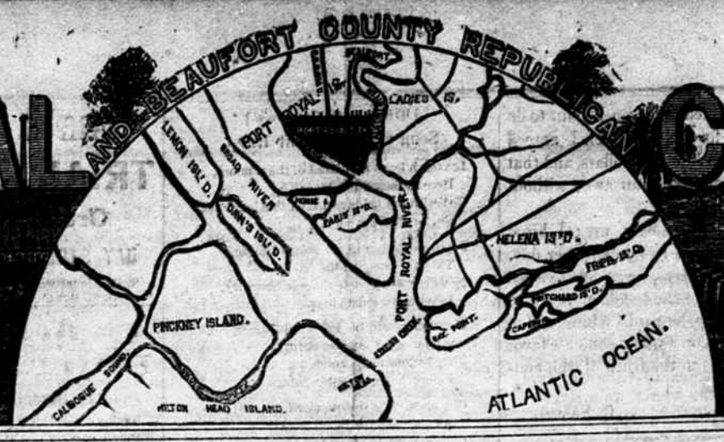
PORT ROYAL AND BEAUFORT COUNTY REPUBLICAN COMMERCIAL



VOL. IV. NO. 9. PORT ROYAL, S. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1873. $2.00 PER ANNUM. Single Copy 5 Cents

New and Old.

New little feet
Patter on the floor;
New little faces
Peep through the door;—
New little souls
Have entered into life;
New little voices
Speak in love or strife;—
New little fingers
Tightly clasp our own;
New little tendrils
Round our hearts have grown.

Still the old voices
Echo in our ear,
And the old faces
Hallowed are and dear;
Still the old friends
Who have passed away,
Live in our affection—
Love has no decay;
And the old words,
Spoken long ago,
Keep the heart tender,
Make the tears flow.

Thus New and Old
Mingle in one,
Each has its blessing;
And when life is done,
Old faces, old friends
Will meet us again—
Treasures long buried
We shall regain—
All that is lovely,
All that is true,
Will live on forever,
The Old and the New.

THE KIDNAPPED BOY.

The following remarkable account of an atrocity alleged to have been perpetrated in New York city is copied from the San Francisco *Evening Post*. It exhibits, if true, an organized system of kidnapping so revolting and cruel in every feature as to seem improbable; yet the paper named above asserts that the account is true in every particular.

George F. Staple, the lad who makes the charges, is a native of Rome, N. Y., and having worked as a carpenter in New York city some time ago, after spending a few weeks with his mother in Rome in May, 1872, he returned here to get work on the Brooklyn bridge. Failing in that, he worked for Hugh O'Neill, stair-builder, corner of Columbia and Congress streets, Brooklyn, and W. F. Furey, on Van Brunt street, Brooklyn. About last Christmas his work gave out. He again went home, taking his aged mother $300. In May he returned here, and his experiences are thus recorded:

For some days he walked around from one carpenter-shop to another without finding anything to do, when, on the 9th of May, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, he found himself on Water street, having been inquiring for work at the shops on the East river side of the city. He had about determined to give up his search for the day, when, as he walked along, a well-dressed man came up briskly behind him and tapped him familiarly on the shoulders.

"Would'nt you like something to do?" said the stranger.

"Yes, sir," replied the lad; "that is just what I have been looking for."

"Well, I think you will suit me. I have been looking for some one to put in the way of a good job. How would you like to go to San Francisco? I have just made a big contract to put up advertising for a patent medicine out there, and I want to get a smart fellow to go with me."

"I should like to go, sir, if the wages are good. Work seems pretty hard to get here this spring. What would you pay me, sir?"

"I will give you $25 per month and pay all of your expenses; so that you can save all your wages. The pay will be in gold, too, and you can have a nice little sum when we get through, and perhaps strike something even better out there, for there is plenty of money to be made there by a smart man. Will you go?"

"Yes, sir. When do you wish me to start?"

"We shall have to get off by Monday at furthest, (it was Friday,) but may have to go by to-morrow night, for the firm I have contracted with are in a great hurry."

"Well, sir, I can be ready, though I should like to have time and bid my mother good-bye. But if I can't do that I can go over to Brooklyn, where I have been living, and get my clothes and meet you to-morrow."

"All right, but you had better come and get supper with me, as it is pretty near supper time, and we can talk it all over."

They were by this time near the corner of Cherry street, into which they turned, and the kind stranger who had the big advertising contract for California led the way to a house opposite the Sailor's Home. It looked like a sailor boarding-house, and on a small sign bore the words,

"CHARLES GLEASON, BOARDING AND LODGING."

Two or three men were lounging about the door, who looked somewhat peculiarly at the lad as he passed in. The stranger, who proved to be Charles Gleason himself, led the way to a small washroom, which opened off a dining-room, where a table was set.

"Now, my boy, I suppose you feel a little dirty, as you have been tramping around all day; take off your things and give yourself a good wash."

The lad took off his hat, his overcoat and vest; hung them up, and rolling up his sleeves, began to wash. When he had concluded he turned around for his clothes.

"Never mind," said Gleason, "I sent them to the baggage room, where they will be brushed and be safe. Put on this till after we get supper," he added, producing an old monkey jacket.

The boy, though somewhat wondering, put it on, and Gleason led the way into the dining-room. No one was there except a man who reminded Staple of a lunatic, and who seemed afraid to say a word, though he commenced grinning in a very significant way. They sat down and had supper, Gleason talking kindly to the boy all the while about what they would do in California. When their supper had been finished he said:

"Now, I guess we had better go down and see the captain, and you must tell him that you are a sailor, and have been going to sea for four years, and then you will get $50 advance."

"But I can't tell him that, for I ain't a sailor. I have never been to sea in my life."

"D—— your soul, I'll make you a sailor," said Gleason, with a threatening air, clinching his fists and advancing on the boy, who retreated toward the wash-room. "You —— ——, come down to the house and eat my supper, and then tell me you have never been to sea."

"But it is true, sir; I never have been to sea."

"Hear me!" thundered the man. "You have been to sea four years!"

"But I can't ——"

"D'ye hear me?" shouted he again, hitting the boy a heavy blow with his right hand on one side of his head. "You've been to sea four years, or I will knock the d—— head off you; do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, thoroughly frightened, and feeling that he could have no chance for escape until he got out of the house.

After some more threatening language a sailor's cap was placed on his head, and with the landlord on one side and a stalwart runner on the other, he was marched into the street. The boy's hope revived as he got into the open air, and he told them that if they did not let him go he would call a policeman and have them arrested.

"You say a word to anybody and I'll knock the teeth down your throat," said Gleason, while the runner, with a menacing gesture, swore he would kick him to pieces if he opened his head. "And hear ye," added the landlord, "the best thing that you can do is to keep as quiet as you can. All the policemen down here are my friends, and if you call to one I'll give him a couple of dollars to club you."

The boy made no reply, but looked as keenly as he could at those they passed; but at the time (it was now after dark) in that section of the city there was no one to be seen to whom he dared appeal. They approached a policeman who was standing on the corner, and the boy, in spite of threats, made up his mind to call to him; but his resolve was checked when his captors and the policeman nodded pleasantly to each other, and he thought his safest plan was to see the captain, who, in his innocence, he supposed would certainly refuse to take him when he found he was no sailor.

When they came to the shipping office—not the office of the United States Commissioner, but an "outside" or private office—the captain, who was present, without asking any questions, told Gleason that the boy would not do, he was not heavy enough, and he might as well take him right back and bring him a heavier man or none at all. The boy attempted to speak, but was silenced by a threat and marched out of the office again. On the way back the runner proposed to take him to another office and ship him for Liverpool, but Gleason refused, saying he was going to send him on a voyage where he would not come back soon and would ship him for China on Monday. Arrived at the house again, he was taken to a small room at one end, where there was a little cot, and ordered to go to bed, being admonished that if he dared to try to escape during the night it would be at the peril of his life.

Left in the darkness, the boy cautiously felt the floor and the bell, for he had heard that there were places in New York where they dropped men through traps; and then, finding nothing that seemed like a trap, he sat down on the bed and abandoned himself to his thoughts. As he thought of his position—a prisoner right in the heart of the great city, and held by men who he was convinced would not hesitate to murder him, and threatened with being sent to China without even having a chance of letting his mother know where he was, and as he thought of her agony over his disappearance—bitter tears came to his relief, and he resolved to make an attempt to get out. It must have been about four or five o'clock in the morning when he succeeded in picking the lock on his door (there was no window) and cautiously opened it, only to see that he was guarded by a sentinel, whose vigilance there was no hope of eluding. There was a faint light in the larger room into which his opened, and by it he saw an immense bloodhound raise himself from the floor, and, with white teeth and low, savage growl, gather himself to spring on the intruder. The boy drew back, for he was very much afraid of dogs, having been badly torn by one in his childhood, and feeling that there was no possibility of escape, commended himself to God.

The long night passed, and morning came, and he was permitted to get some breakfast; but during the whole day was kept a secure prisoner, either Gleason himself or one of his runners being always on hand to check any attempt to escape. In the evening the captain of the Baltic sent up word that if Gleason could do no better he would take the man who had been refused the night before.

Thereupon the considerate landlord fitted out the boy for sea. The pea-jacket he had been wearing was of some little use, so from a box of old clothes, a long, swallow-tailed coat, or what was left of what had once been the property of some shanghaed bummer, was selected, and he was made to exchange. This, with an old quilt, two flimsy check shirts, three clay pipes, a pound of plug tobacco and a sheath knife and belt constituted the outfit with which he was to be sent to round Cape Horn in the dead of the southern winter. Making the boy carry his bundle, he was again taken down to the shipping office, as on the night before, the landlord on one side and the runner on the other.

Two or three men were in the little room, but no one was paying any attention to him. He was marched up to a desk and ordered to sign his name, when the clerk pointed to a piece of paper. "Sign, whispered the runner. Sign, or I will kill you," said the landlord, suiting the action to the word, and striking him heavily under the jaw. The boy wrote his name and was hurried out and down to the wharf with a drunken man, whom he had noticed in the shipping office. On the way he ventured to ask when he was to get the $50 advance which had been promised him the day before.

"You will get that on board," was the gruff reply.

At the wharf a boatman was hailed, the drunken man was bundled down, and, under the threat of being knocked down if he did not move quickly, he was hurried into the boat, which pulled off to the Baltic.

"Take your dunnage into the starboard forecastle," said a man whom he afterward found was the mate.

The boy started off toward the cabin.

"Where are you going?" shouted a man, somewhat in liquor, who confronted him, and who proved to be the boatswain.

"I was just going back there, sir. Are you the captain?"

"Going back there, you fool!" half laughed, half roared the boatswain, hauling off and knocking him down with a blow of his fist. "You're a pretty specimen to come aboard a ship. Go forward there, or I'll kick you forward."

There was no help for it; the boy found the forecastle, and found there a number of men just like himself, who had never been to sea before, but who had all been shanghaed in pretty much the same way. He finally approached the mate, who seemed a kindly man, but who told him he could do nothing for him. Men were scarce, and the ship must go to sea, and $50 had been paid for him. Late at night the watchman found him crying on the topgallant forecastle, heard his story and agreed to take a letter from him to be mailed to his mother, telling where he had gone. The last hope failed when the captain and pilot came on board, and the tugboats came up and pulled the ship through the Narrows and out to sea, and the Baltic's white wings were spread for an 18,000 mile voyage.

It is needless to say that Staples did not get his advance, and, when he spoke of it, the sailors only laughed at him, and advised him to make a cow-hitch in the extremities of his swallow-tail; though they soon relieved him of these by cutting off first one and then the other to make blackball caps. But they treated him well. The crew of the Baltic was largely made up in the same way, and there was among them a barber, a tailor, a shoemaker, a soldier, a fireman, and a carpenter, who hardly knew one end of the ship from the other, and who had no more idea of shipping as seamen to go round Cape Horn than they had of going on a journey to the moon.

The officers treated him well. The first mate took him into his own watch, and he was not even sent aloft until he had got over his sea-sickness. The treatment of the crew was excellent. There was very little bullying and no beating, and Captain Taylor did not add to his sin of kidnapping men the sin of torturing and killing them, though the steward charged exorbitant prices for the few articles which the slop-ches contained. Arriving here, he was taken to Sanders' boarding-house, the third mate having given him the abundant clothes in which he made his appearance to Mr. Morrow.

We have given, in a connected shape, the substance of the boy's story, without color or embellishment of any kind. There is nothing improbable in it to any one who knows anything about the manner in which ships are manned in American ports; and the boy exhibits every mark of truthfulness and sincerity. He appears to be just what he says he is—a good, hard-working boy. He is a member of the Episcopal church, having been confirmed in Rome, and while in Brooklyn attended the church of the Rev. Dr. Bancroft. He fears that his mother never got the letter sent ashore by the watchman, as he asked her to write to San Francisco, but found no letter waiting him here.

A Horrible Trade.

Opium smoking is stealing away the physical and moral life in China, and the horrible sin of forcing the trade upon the Chinese Government, even at the cannon's mouth, lies at the door of the great English nation—a Christian nation whose missionaries are laboring in every open port of China to bring this heathen people to a knowledge of Christ's truth. According to the last quarterly report, the revenue from opium alone nearly equals that derived from all other imported articles; and this enormous amount of poison is nearly all produced and brought into the empire by British subjects and on British ships. All careful observers can see that heathen China is being slowly but surely dragged down to the depths of wretchedness by this rapidly increasing evil, and all the world know that, to a very large extent, the responsibility rests with Christian England. No traveler in China can fail to be profoundly stirred by this subject, or to realize the solemn duty of all Christian nations to strengthen the feeble hands of the Government against this terrible sin.

A Commuter.

The commuters on the N. Haven road, says the Danbury man, have held several meetings recently to give the participants opportunity to declare the road to be a fiendish monopoly, and its officers thieves. For the benefit of those of our readers who don't travel, we wish to explain that a commuter is a man gifted at euchre; he wears large buttons, elegant studs, and occupies two seats. When not engrossed in the vagaries of the game he lightens care by throwing spit-balls, and altogether he is a man who suffers much. We are glad he is holding meetings, and hope it eases him.

Why is a chicken like a farmer? Because both delight in a full crop.

Ladies' Feet in China.

The operations necessary for distorting the feet generally commence between the ages of six or nine, and the later it is deferred the greater is the pain inflicted on the girl. Long strips of native calico are bound round the foot, going from the heel over the instep and toes; they are then passed under the foot and round the heel, and are fixed very firmily. The operation causes much pain, and takes a long time (usually two or three years) before it is perfected, for the only agent employed is the long bandage of cloth; the feet remain extremely tender and useless for all practical purposes till the bones, etc., have become set in the new shape into which they are forced. It is said that after the lapse of a few years, if the operation has been skillful, there is no pain, and the foot becomes, in a manner, deadened, the effect of the bandaging being to check the circulation of the blood, and to prevent the further growth and development of the foot. A medical observer tells us that "there is a class of women whose vocation it is to bandage the feet of children, and who do their work very neatly; and, from what I have seen, the Chinese women, who in childhood have undergone skillful treatment, do not suffer much pain, beyond the weakness of the foot, from the destruction of the symmetrical arch, and the inconvenience of being able to walk when the foot is unbound and unsupported. If the feet have been carelessly bound in infancy, the ankle of the woman is generally tender, and much walking will cause the foot to swell and be very painful.

Without going too deeply into surgical minutiæ, the following seems to be the consequence of the compression of the foot: the instep is bent on itself, the heel-bone is thrown out of its horizontal position, and what ought to be the posterior surface is brought to the ground. The ankle is thus forced upward, and the great toe is the only one that remains, the four smaller ones becoming, in course of time, mere useless pieces of skin. The foot, too, becomes narrow, and tapers off to the end of the great toe; it is placed in a short, narrow shoe, which is pointed at the toe, and very commonly the heel is elevated by means of a block of wood, the consequence being that the woman seems to be standing, as it were, on tip-toe, or, to be more precise, on the tip of her great toe. The following paragraph will give a fair notion of the effect produced by the force of fashion on the Chinawoman's foot under varying conditions:

When the process is begun at the proper age, and the bandaging is properly attended to, the heel sometimes comes down to the ground, or rather to the level of the end of the large toe. The heel seems to elongate under the process of bandaging; but, when the foot is large and almost full grown before the compression of it begins, the heel often cannot be brought down to a level with the end of the toe. Under these circumstances, a block of wood is put in the shoe under the heel. So that the bottom of the block and the end of the toe are nearly on the same level when the individual is standing.

We would here add that the fashionable shoe which the Chinese lady wears is not much more than three inches long, and that strips of cloth are wound round part of the foot and the lower part of the leg.

An Heroic Flagman.

Andrew Hill, the flagman at the Broad street crossing of the Morris and Essex Railroad, will ever be gratefully remembered by a young lady, who was rescued by him from imminent death. The young lady, who is the daughter of a wealthy gentleman residing in Bloomfield, had been in the city during the afternoon, and was on her way to the depot to take the next train to return home. A train from New York had just passed, and the Morristown train down, due at six o'clock, came thundering down the grade as the girl approached the crossing. In her haste to get across, she fell directly in front of the train. The headlight threw its fearful glare upon her prostrate form, and stout men, who had been accustomed to witnessing mutilated bodies of the victims of railroad accidents, too far off to render assistance in time, sickened and shuddered at the thought of the inevitable crushing of the fair girl's beautiful form. The nearest man was Andrew Hill. He threw away his lantern, dashed between the prostrate girl and the train that now was within twelve feet of her, seized her in his arms, and with all his strength threw himself backward. He fell! The din of the wheels drowned the cry of the doomed victims, and the misty outline of the train for a moment hid them from view. Mr. Conklin had made a rush to save the girl, but Hill was nearer to her, and Mr. Conklin, trembling in every joint, saw them prostrate, close by the track, as the train passed by, the girl held firmly in Hill's arms. After the danger was over the brave flagman rose to his feet and assisted his fair charge, who was entirely unscathed, to reach the depot, where she took the next train for home. It is stated that the father of the young lady was inquiring for her rescuer next morning.

The romance is, however, taken out of this affair by the fact that Hill, though young and handsome, is married.—*Newark Courier.*

FANCY SILKS.—The handsomest fancy silks displayed this season, says a Fashion Journal, have watered stripes three inches wide, and are used for trimmings as well as for entire dresses. They show two shades of a color, slate, myrtle, and other stylish colors. For evening dresses are alternate stripes of satin and moire in pale rose, blue and pearl. Prices range from $3.50 to $5.50 a yard. For elegant polonaises to be worn over velvet skirts there are striped velvets, alternating inch-wide stripes of gros grain and velvet, or else satin and velvet. These are shown in black, brown, maroon, and other dark colors.

A Lost Note.

An extraordinary affair happened about the year 1740. One of the directors, a very rich man, had occasion for £30,000 of the Bank of England, which he was to pay as the price of an estate he had just bought. To facilitate the matter, he carried the sum with him to the bank, and obtained for it a bank note. On his return home he was suddenly called out upon particular business; he threw the note carelessly on the chimney, but when he came back a few minutes afterward to look it up, it was nowhere to be found. No one had entered the room; he could not, therefore, suspect any person. At last, after much ineffectual search, he was persuaded that it had fallen from the chimney into the fire. The director went to acquaint his colleagues with the misfortune that had happened to him; and as he was known to be a perfectly honorable man he was readily believed. It was only about twenty-four hours from the time that he had deposited the money; they thought, therefore, that it would be hard to refuse his request for a second bill. He received it upon giving an obligation to restore the first bill, if it should ever be found, or to pay the money himself, if it should be presented by any stranger.

About thirty years after (the director having been found dead, and his heirs in possession of his fortune), an unknown person presented the lost bill at the bank, and demanded payment. It was in vain that they mentioned to this person the transaction by which that bill was annulled; he would not listen to it. He maintained that it came to him from abroad, and insisted upon immediate payment. The note was payable to bearer, and the £30,000 were paid him. The heirs of the director would not listen to any demands of restitution, and the bank was obliged to sustain the loss. It was discovered afterward that an architect, having purchased the director's house, and taking it down, in order to build another upon the same spot, had found the note in a crevice of the chimney, and made his discovery an engine for robbing the bank.

Laus Deo!

The Memphis *Register* says: We announce with grateful satisfaction the decadence of the yellow fever in our afflicted city. We have had a fearful struggle with this dread monster for more than six weeks past. It has slain our people by the hundred; it has paralyzed the business of our city, and sent grief and desolation to thousands of households throughout the country. We have fought the fight as best we could, ever and always trushing in "Him from whom all blessings flow." To us it has been a long, weary night of ilimitable trouble and undefined misery. We have seen our best men laid low and our bravest women cross the river of death. The dread monster has made no distinction. Old and young, black and white, have all been taken from us, and we could but say, "It is the will of the Lord, let it be done." No tongue can describe, no pen can picture the full extent of our suffering. Hence we rejoice with an "exceeding great joy" when we announce that the pestilence is departing from our midst. It has done its work. The graves in the various burying-grounds around our city, the desolated homes of our corporation, and the mourning widows and helpless orphans on our streets, all attest the extent of that work. The reports of our faithful, untiring visitors, with the cold, bracing atmosphere of the past three days, tell us in plain and unmistakable language that God in his mercy has stayed the hand of the destroyer. We therefore say, and our people join as in one united voice, "Let God be praised."

Our Present Duty.

The way to make easy times is as clear as daylight.

Let every man or woman who owes money pay it at once, if it is possible.

Be willing to make a sacrifice in order to meet promptly all your engagements.

Stop grumbling at the faults or mistakes of others, and attend faithfully to your own affairs.

Deal fairly, leniently and cheerfully with all persons who owe you or are in pecuniary trouble.

If you are out of debt, thank the Lord; and then go round among your friends, and enemies, too, if you have them, and render them all the assistance in your power.

Don't hoard your money; but loan it, or use it to relieve the needy, on the same principle that you would give bread to the needy in a day of famine.

Do what you can in every way to relieve pecuniary distress, to check the current of financial embarrassments and restore public confidence.

If you are a bank officer or director, don't be cross a minute. Smile, as a Christian duty, from morning till night. Give an encouraging word, if possible, to all, and by all means strain every nerve to help all who need it.

A Singular Suit at Law.

Some two years since John Joyce and Henry Thompson of Indianapolis, Ind., had a difficulty in which the latter was stabbed, on being tried for the offense Joyce was sent up for two years. His friends circulated a petition for his pardon and presented it to Governor Baker, who consented to issue the papers for his release after he had served out one year of his sentence, on condition that he would give Thompson some recompense for the injury he had done him.

This Joyce consented to, and gave his note for something over $200, payable to Thompson, and at the expiration of one year he was released by order of the Governor. The above note has become due, and Joyce refusing to pay the same, suit was entered in the superior court to get judgement on the note, and the case is now on trial in Indianapolis. The defendant claims that the note cannot be collected, as the object for which it was given was an illegal one.

Bursting of a Bog.

Strange Scene of Devastation in Ireland.

Mr. W. L. Trench, writing to the London *Times* to appeal to the charitable for aid for some unfortunate families, gives this account of the bursting of an Irish bog. He says:

"I have just returned from inspecting one of the most pitiful scenes of the sort it has been my fate to witness since I saw the remains of the village of Visp, in the Rhone Valley, Switzerland, after its destruction by flood some years ago.

"The scene to which I refer is the result of the bursting of a bog, situated about three miles east of the town of Dunmore, in the northern part of Galway county. Heretofore this bog was connected with the Dunmore River, at Dunmore, by a small stream called the Corrabel River, flowing through a continuation of pasture and tillage lands in its course. The level of the upper surface of the bog was formerly 260 feet above the sea, and that of the water at Dunmore 190 feet, showing a fall of 70 feet. Up to a fortnight ago this bog presented the usual appearance of most of our undrained Irish bogs, i. e., its skirts, adjoining the arable land, consisting of high turf banks, being exceedingly wet and spongy.

"On the first of October the farmer occupying a farm on the Corrabal stream, near the bog, was digging his potatoes, when he suddenly observed a brown mass slowly approaching him. He left his spade in the ground and went for the neighbors; on his return the mass (which was the moving bog) had half covered his potato field, and completely hidden from sight his field of corn, with the exception of a few 'stooks' situated on a knoll; they still remain an island in the middle of a scene of desolation. This was but the commencement; since then the bog has continued to advance in a rolling mass, continuing its course right down the valley to Dunmore, burying on its way three farm houses, and covering at least one hundred and eighty acres of pasture and arable land to a depth, in some places, of six feet. The unfortunate occupiers of the three farms have been turned, by this visitation of Providence, farmless and homeless, with their families, on the world.

"At Dunmore a small bridge has been removed, near the junction of the Corrabel stream with the Dunmore River, to afford relief to the lands up the valley, and a bog-laden torrent is being discharged into the latter river. The worst may be said to be over, but the discharging powers of that river will be materially affected by this influx of solid matter. The source of this disaster presented a wonderful appearance. The subsidence at the discharging point cannot be less than about 35 feet. The extent of the bog affected is most clearly defined by a series of black 'crevasses,' where the upper crust of the bog has, by the subsidence below, been torn asunder. The whole assumes the form of a crater half a mile in diameter.

"With considerable difficulty we piloted our way to the centre, where we found the brown liquid bog boiling out like a stream of lava and feeding the moving mass in the valley below. At the point where the bog burst, the turf banks were forced right over and round on either side, and assumed somewhat the appearance of 'moraines.'

"This and similar disasters to which this country is liable must be attributed to the absence of a complete and good system of arterial drainage. A similar catastrophe occurred a couple of years ago, occasioned by the backwater of the River Suck, near Castlerea."

Eating Without an Appetite,

It is wrong to eat without an appetite, for it shows there is no gastric juice in the stomach, and that nature does not need food, and not needing it, there being no fluid to receive and act upon it, it remains there only to putrify, the very thought of which should be sufficient to deter any man from eating without an appetite for the remainder of his life. If a tonic is taken to whet the appetite it is a mistaken course, for its only result is to cause ene to eat more, when already an amount has been eaten beyond what the gastric juice is able to prepare.

The object to be obtained is a larger supply of gastric juice, not a large supply of food; and whatever fails to have any efficiency towards the cure of dyspeptic diseases. The formation of gastric juice is directly proportioned to the wear and tear of the system, which it is to be the means of supplying, and this wear and tear can only be the result of exercise. The efficient remedy for dyspepsia is work—out-door work—beneficial and successful in direct proportion as it is agreeable, interesting and profitable.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Worth Considering.

A pleasant story has run through our principal papers, bearing upon the general prejudice which exists against mothers-in-law, and the subject is pleasantly as well as thoroughly handled. A typical mother is blessed with two children, a girl and a boy, for whom she works assiduously, until both marry. Then, being widowed and alone, she naturally expects a home with them, but finds herself alluded to as a "mother-in-law," which might be interpreted as meaning a nuisance. She is therefore alone in the world, chief object of love to nobody. "I had my solitary home to myself, and very solitary it was. I tried to get up some spasmodic friendships with my neighbors, but, being hollow, those forced intimacies fell through. Perhaps I ought not to complain; it is the way of the world. I only wonder if, considering the love we women have for our children, young or old, the world is not apt to be a little hard on the mother-in-law." Young folks, do you find a moral in this touching sketch?

Items of Interest.

The fashionable virtue for next winter will be economy.

Gloucester, Mass., is said to have lost by drowning 170 fishermen this year.

"Felt slippers," advertised in shoe stores, are thought to be those felt by boys in their young days.

A Kansas paper remarks: "The profit is not large in killing ten-cent buffalo calves with five-cent cartridges."

A dandy is a chap who would be a lady if he could; but as he can't, does all he can to show the world he's not a man.

Among the presents received by a bride a few weeks since was a policy of insurance on her husband's life for $20,000.

An old woman's obstinacy in smoking while crossing a Kansas prairie started a fire which swept over four counties.

The cultivation of oranges in east Florida has had the effect of enhancing the value of real estate on all the navigable streams. In some instances land has gone up from five dollars to one hundred dollars per acre.

A Hillsboro', Ill., philosopher, named Jeff. Yoknm, after listening to various exploits of early days narrated by a party of gentlemen, broke in with: "Well, fellers, I tell you it seems to me that as men get older fun gets skeerser!"

It is stated that parties in London have offered to pay a premium of $2,500 to the inventor of the cheapest little iron cook-stove for small housekeepers' and laborers' families, by which the family meals may be prepared with the smallest possible consumption of coal.

A fellow with a grudge against a Portsmouth, N. H., doctor, revenged himself by forging notes from all the M. D.'s patients, informing him that his services would no longer be needed. About the time the poor doctor came to the conclusion that he was to be starved out, the trick was discovered, although the mean man who perpetrated it has not been found.

Did you ever, says an exchange, just before election day, get up in the middle of the night and chase a mosquito with imprecations and a towel, until your strength was nearly exhausted? If you ever did, remember that a tithe of the energy thus spent, if devoted to the cause of good government, will enable you to save money enough, through reduced taxation, to buy a musquito net.

A day before the execution, the chaplain at Fort Klamath was endeavoring to convert Jack, and seek rest for his soul, and among other things told him glowing stories of the happy land. His remarks seemed to have an effect on the captain, who asked him if he knew all about God and the happy land. The chaplain said he thought he did. "Well," said Jack, "you know all about Him, me give you ten horses you take my place to-morrow."

Oxygen a Poison.

Oxygen, on the plentifulness of which in the air we breathe the bounding blood of health is supposed to depend, is as fatal as a dose of strychnine if inhaled in a condensed form. Paul Bert, a French scientist, has demonstrated this by some recent experiments with birds and animals. Placing sparrows under a pressure of three and a half atmospheres, the birds were seized with violent convulsions. The same results followed when sparrows were confined in common air, under a pressure of seventeen atmospheres. In oxygen at a pressure of three and half atmospheres, or in air at twenty-two atmospheres, the convulsions were extremely violent and soon fatal. In the latter case the symptoms were as follows: Convulsions commence after four or five minutes. The bird hobbles in moving about, as though walking on hot coals. It then flutters its wings, falls on its back, and spins about with its claws doubled up. Death supervenes after a few such spasms. In order to produce convulsions in a dog, oxygen was found to require a pressure of three and a half atmospheres, and a pressure of five atmospheres is fatal. The amount of oxygen in the arterial blood of a dog, in convulsions, was found to be considerably less than twice the normal quantity. From these facts, M. Bert draws the startling conclusions that oxygen is the most fearful poison known.

A Celebrity.

Says the New Orleans *Times*: "Last month there died in the hospital in St. Louis, by whatever alias she might then be known, who used to be Stella del Norte. In the old mining days, when California was but a camp, and the Golden City a rude collection of wooden shanties, the city was electrified to learn one day that as the cashier of the Bank of California was standing alone in his vault, a woman opened the door, and holding a pistol to his head, demanded $10,000 in notes. Feeling the cold muzzle of the pistol in close proximity to his brow, he very reluctantly consented, and the vision left, and the next day he received a very neat card, with the written inscription, 'Thanks. Stella del Norte.' She was afterwards arrested by a vigilance committee, dressed in man's attire, and, taken out to be hanged, was found to be a woman, when they released her, and raised a suqscription of $1,000, with which she left the country, and coming to the States, was known as a desperate shoplifter and sneak thief."

CONVICTED.—Frank L. Taintor, the defaulting cashier of the New York Atlantic National Bank, was convicted in the U. S. Circuit Court. His counsel wanted to show that the $400,000 which he embezzled was used by him in Wall street speculations for the bank, but the Court decided that this was no palliation of his offence, and refused to admit it. A motion was made for a new trial.