Sauber

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What the Chimney Sang,

Over the chimney the night-wind sang And chanted a melody no one knew ; And the woman stopped, as her babe sh

And thought of the one she had long since lost,

And said, as her tear-drops back she forced, "I hate the wind in the chimney.

Over the chimney the night-wind sang And charted a melody no one knew ; And the children said, as they closer drew, "Tis some witch that is cleaving the black

night through-'Iis a fairy trumpet that just then blew, And we fear the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang And chanted a melody no one knew And the man, as he sat on his hearth below, Said to himself, "It will surely snow. And fuel is dear, and wages low, And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang And chanted a melody no one knew : But the post listened and smiled, for he Was man and woman and child—all three, Kud said, 'It is God's own harmony, This wind we hear in the chimney."

THE SPORT OF OLD BILES.

" Take that chicken out of your hat, was the expression uttered in a shrill, boyish treble, that fell upon my ear; and a ragged, dazed-looking old man, in a very seedy suit, and a dilapidated stovepipe hat, surrounded by a crowd of vicious-looking, rowdy boys of all ages, was the spectacle that met my eyes, as I turned the corner one day recently I was about to pass on without civing I was about to pass on without giving the affair any attention, when some-thing familiar about the old man's appealing looks struck a chord of

I stopped and drove off the crowd who were persecuting him, while he looked still more imbecile and woebegone at the unexpected succor than he had at the abuse. Evidently feeling the necessity for some word of thanks and expansion, he faltered out, "I ain't got no more chicken in my hat than you has, sic, and them young uns knows it; but they has just got so into the habit of persecuting poor Old Biles, that they can't sort of help it, it seems like. I mobleged to you, sir, for your kindnest; and, replacing the battered hat, which he had removed both as an act of courteys and to reside both as an act of courtesy and to verify his words, he shuffled off down the hill. I grasped my cigar tighter between my teeth, and swung my cane in that ever-lasting whirling fashion which has be-come second nature to me, with more than usual vehemence, as I went on toward my daily vocation; for in that momentary flash of memory there had opened to my inner sight a glimpse down the vista of the past, in which a young love, a broken heart and green

grave, were prominent objects. I had known the man whose identity was lost in the miserable appellation of "Old Biles," in days which were to his present position as is the noon sunshine to the midnight storm—when he bore an honest name, and lived a

peaceful life. Years ago, when I was but a strip-pling, I first knew him among the green hills of Maryland, where he was a plain unassuming, but well-to-do farmer, then in the prime of life—one of that class of men once so common in the Middle States, who, without education or culture, and depending solely upon native shrewdness, move through the world calmby and world calmb and world calmb and world calmly and prosper after their own fashion. Biles had quite a little farm upon the eastern shore of the Chesapeake Bay, and owned an interest in the little schooner which conveyed his garden products to market. He was a widower with one child, who was

Originally named Dorothea, after her mother, a feminine fresk had changed it to the prettier and more euphonious Dora; and who at the age of sixteen was one of the fairest of Maryland's was one of the lairest of Maryland's fair daughters. Her face was that of pure oval form rarely seen. Eyes of limpid liquid blue. Hair of that indescribable shade which more nearly resembles sanshine in way folds than aught else to which it can be compared. A form petite, yet perfect in its rounded beauty; and a voice musical as the laughter of birds. Ah, me! even at this distance of time—in spite of the gray threads that are thickening around my temples, and the furrows that gather in my brow—my heart beats faster and the blood circles through my veins more rapidly as I look with the lingering glance of memory upon Dora as she was in the days of my youth.

It was a hard trial for Biles when he reclied the recessity for griding him

realized the necessity for sending his blue eyed girl away from the home which was desolation without her; but he had no lack of honest common sense, and knew that to carry out the golden dreams of Dora's future in which he reveled, she must be educated; and he placed her in the academy of Dr. Tilton in the city of Baltimore, where she soon, by her beauty and quick wit, won the hearts of her teachers and

Dora had remained at school for a year, and her father had made monthly trips on his schooner to visit her, when the first heavy blow of his life came upon him. In the innocence and sim-plicity of his soul he had never thought of his awkward ways and ignorant speech as being anything out of the way. What he lacked in knowledge or refinement was to be more than compensated for by Dora's accomplishments and beauty. To him the opportunity of seeing her in her loveliness,

surrounded by admirers and friends. granted him on occasional visits to the school receptions and social parties, was the one glimpse of brightness that lighted up his life. It had never oc-curred to him that his daughter could be ashamed of his uncouth ways, or annoyed by his rough yet simple mannoyed by his rough yet simple manners. Yet Dora, in protesting against his presence at a Christmas festival of more than ordinary style and promise, deliberately told him that she did not want him to come—that he mortified her, and that if he wanted to do her real service he would go back to the

real service he would go back to the farm and stay there.

Like all men whose perceptive faculties are slow, Biles, when he did comprehend anything, realized it to its fullest extent; and now for the first time his eyes were opened to the hiddens fast that in advancing and hideous fact that in advancing and beautifying his idol he had destroyed its original purity, and that between him and his daughter there had been placed an impassable gulf. The base thought that Dora was ashamed of him thought that Dora was ashamed of him rankled in his breast until he was well nigh mad over it. Determined to step the evil current that was bearing her love away from him, the foolish man did everything of all others calculated to increase its force. By removing her from school and conveying her, against her will, and in spite of her remonstrances, back to the farm house, whose rough comfort was to her eyes repulsive in contrast with houses of friends she had made in the city, he succeeded she had made in the city, he succeeded she had made in the city, he succeeded in damming up for a time the stream of willfulness and waywardness which had been rapidly developed in her character by his opposition to her will. But it only added force and impetus to its wild outburst when she broke the bounds and swept away in one angry flood all there was of love, of happiness and of honor in that humble home.

One night there was a long and bitter quarrel between father and child. dard, cruel words were said, and harsh threats made. The next morning Dora had left the farm, leaving word only with the faithful old nurse, who had been nurse, friend and second mother to her, that henceforth she would travel her own path in life. The old man was like one stunned when he fully

realized the situation, but he accepted it and howed his head in sorrow.

Dora returned to Baltimore, and for a few weeks visited around among her former schoolmates without exciting any remark or suspicion, until her strange talks and singular actions awoke inquiry, and the train was developed. She then began to realize the fact that while she was the welcome guest so long as she came in the capacity of a visitor from her father's house, yet, as the voluntary refugee from its shelter, once hospitable doors were closed against her.

It was in this emergency that Dora's

true character developed itself, revealing the fact that under the form of an angel there had laid dormant a heart of stone. Acting upon the advice of friends to whom he had confided his troubles, the old man had placed in the hands of the commission merchants who attended to his business a sum of money sufficient for her support, and she was notified of the fact. Without the least hesitation or embarassment she accepted it, and would present herself regularly once a week at their ance. At these times, instead of existing any feeling either of respect or gratitude for the broken hearted old man, upon whose money she was subsisting, she would chatter gayly with the clerks and exercise the fascination of her wondrous beauty upon the susceptible heart of the old bachelor bookkeeper until he could hardly write a receipt for her to sign. Once she only met her father on the occasion of one of these visits, and as the old man stepped forward with tearful eyes and extended hands, ready, willing, anxious to forgive and forget, she swept past him with a scornful anger flushing her sheek and passed on alone. Her posi-

tion in society was a peculiar one.

The means which she possessed through Biles' bounty enabled her to live at a boarding-house kept by a de-cayed gentlewoman, the pressure of whose poverty had darkened her eye-sight and deadened her hearing as to what went on under her roof, so long as people kept up the outer semblance of respectability. So Dora went when she pleased and with whom she pleased, and the character of her male asso-ciates may be readily imagined by any one who has ever observed the style of men who flock around a woman when she is young, handsome and careless. Her life was one round of gayety. Theaters, balls, picnics and excursions filled in the measure of her time. Of male companions are had a host; well-dressed men, with pockets filled with jingling coin, yet who were never met in the parlors of staid citizens, were always to be found escorting her in her round of pleasure. Young men of the round of pleasure. Young men of the "first families," inclined to be fast, spoke her name trippingly at their clubs, but kept judicious silence in the presence of their sisters.

In short, Dora came at last to occupy that register in accident which is a contract to the presence of their sisters.

that position in society which is a sad one for a woman, when unspoken sus-picions set a wall of fire between her and the pure of her own sex. Mean-while Old Biles grew visibly older; the native energy which had built and kept him up was gradually giving way; but still the farm was productive and his agents faithful, so that even the some-times blessed boon of poverty, which would have at least given him the necessity of temporary oblivion of his woe in the struggle for daily bread, was denied him. I used to meet him in those days as he would walk through

the streets, with the beginning of that dazed look coming on h is face which I noticed the other morning. Things went along in this way for some time, went along in this way for some time, until the morning of a day made ever memorable, in the City of Monuments, by a sad disaster which plunged all its inhabitants into a sea of grief. On the 4th of July, 185-, the day epened bravely, flags floated, cannon roared, and Christ's church bells laid aside their dignity and merrily chimed out "Yankee Doodle." A grand picnic excursion had been arranged at Rider's Grove on the Susquehanna railroad, a few miles from the city, and thousands of gayly dressed people filled the various trains going to and from the

After the festivities of the day had ended, the pleasure seekers were all gathered into a long train of cars and with merry voices and joyous hearts were speeding rapidly homeward, when in an instant of time there was a crash, a chorus of wild shricks, then an instant of silence succeeded by the groans of despair from a mutilated host of victims. Two trains had collided. The difference of a minute in two watches, the lapse of a single instant of watchfulness on the part of an engineer, and three score of mangled corpses, and three times three score of wounded men and women lay crushed in the debris of the shattered trains.

It was midnight when the relief train It was midnight when the relief train which had been sent out to the spot started for the city, and among the dead laid out in the baggage car lay the form of Dora crushed out of all semblance of beauty. Charity draws the mantle of forgetfulness over the sins of the dead, yet it is neither uncharitation or unkind to say that it was bet ble nor unkind to say that it was bet-ter for Dora that she passed away thus, than that she should have lived to travel to its bitter and inevitable end the road in which she had set her way-

The effect of the disaster upon old Biles was terrible. He blamed himself and vented curses on the day he was born; he rayed until exhansted nature gave way in him, and then settled down into that semi-idiotic condition of mind so painful to see in one whom we have known in brighter times. His sole oc-cupation now was the adornment and beautifying of the grave of Dora, in the shady center of Greenmount cemetery; and on any afternoon the poor old man could be found seated by its side. His friends, seeing that unless some change could be effected in him he would soon into the bornelogs in the bornelogs. sink into hopeless imbecility, succeeded in persuading him to sell his farm and try the effects of an entire change of place and scene. It cost him a terrible struggle to make up his mind to leave the one green spot on earth to him—the grave of his child, but he had yet strength of mind remaining to see that unless he made some effort he would sink hopelessly into despair.

And so, with man y a pang, he turned his back upon his home. But the his back upon his home. But the young, vigorous manhood, instead of inspiring him with energy and life, was too much for his grasp, and the money he brought with him was soon rapidly meiting away in unwise operations, in which he was made the dupe of unscrupulous or visionary speculators. The poor old man's helpless state, and some little inkling of his unhappy history which had gained currency through letters from home among the Baltimoreans here, awoke a feeling of sympathy for him, and a kindly merchant man-aged to recue, before it was all gone, a sufficient sum to yield, in the way of a sufficient sum to yield, in the way of interest, a little stipend amounting to a few dollars a week, just sufficient to keep body and soul together, which is now paid to him at stated intervals. During the existence of the Monumental Fire Company, principally composed of former residents of Baltimore, Old Biles was always welcome to the old Biles was always welcome to the

engine house.

He would stand by the old engine, hose panels were decorated with views of the City of Monuments, and caress its sides with loving touch, as though it were a connecting link binding him to the green earth where lay buried his broken heart in the grave of his child. For hours he would sit on the wooden ench outside the door, gazing into vacancy, and an occasional look of shadowy happiness would pass over his countenance, as though a passing angel

had stopped in pity to lay the hand of sympathy upon his frosted hair.

I had entirely lost sight of him for some years, until my meeting with him as above related the other morning, and as his life story flashed through my brain, my quicker footsteps had overtaken and passed Old Biles with the same old sad look in his face, and his bent, decrepit, aimless walk, passing along among the busy throng of men with the air of one in a dream.

The New York Constitution. The question of the validity of the new constitutional amendments of the State of New York, having been raised upon the claim that they were somewhat changed in the second Legisla-ture that passed them, the New York Express, the editor of which was a nember of the Constitutional Convention, says upon examination it is found that every amendment submitted is an that every amendment submitted is an independent one, and is in the precise form in which it purported to come from both Legislatures, with the exception of the second amendment to article 7 (being the amendments referring to the Black river canal). The amendments rejected by the Legislature of 1874 form no part of the amendments submitted. submitted.

The new army bill of France increases the army to 930,000 men.

A SENATORIAL STORY.

How Zach Chandler Got Even with Roscoe Conkling in the Gymnasium.

Zach Chandler, of Michigan, loves to boast of his strength, a corresponden writes. Upon this particular occasion he raised his arm over the table.

"See my musclo," said he; "I can lick any man of my size anywhere, if I

am an old man; that is because I am scienced in the business. But I won't

scienced in the business. But I won't lick a man unless he is a gentleman."

Chandler's great hobby is his skill as a pugilist. Roscoe Conkling, of New York, is also a great boxer. He has a private gymnasium in his residence at Washington, where after dinner he invites such of his friends as are gymnastically inclined for a friendly little bout with the gloves. Conkling is a very with the gloves. Conkling is a very good amateur boxer, and as he is a very large, powerful man, he generally has it his own way with the guests who are bold enough to put the gloves on with him. For some time it was an open dispute between Chandler and Conkling which was the better boxer of the two. Chandler would, after every dinner party of which he was a member, calmly assert that he could lick any man of his weight in the United States. One day last winter Chandler dined with Conkling, and the latter inveigled the great war Senator into the private gymnasium. The gloves were donned, and the two champions began to make graceful Senatorial passes toward one another. The bout, however, was of very short duration. Chandler suddenly received a blow between the eyes which caused his huge form to go over backward; his trusty legs failed him, and then he sat down so hard that tears came out of his eyes. It took four men to get the war Senator upon his legs, but he threw up the spenge at once, without any further effort to punish Conkling. The only remark he was heard to make was, "strange," and "I'll six him yet." great war Senator into the private gym-'I'll fix him yet."

Conkling and Chandler were much together in a social way, and it was not long after the above occurrence when Chandler received another invitation to come up to his house and spread his legs under Conkling's social board. Chandler sent back word that he re-gretted very much his inability to be present, but he had a guest at his house, a valued constituent from Michigen, and he could not leave him. Conkling sent back word, "Bring your friend along." With this form of invitation Chandler consented to come up. He brought his triend with him, and introduced him as Mr. Howard, of Detroit, Michigan. Howard was a sad-eyed man of diffident manners, who contented himself with paying a very close attention to the themes of the bill of fare rather than to join in the general conversation of the dinner table. Conkling was in great glee during the dinner. He told over and over again he story of Chandler's discomfiture as a boxer, and never seemed to tire of asking him what he thought about him. asking him what he thought about his ability to lick any man in the United States. Chandler took all these remarks in an absent-minded way, as if, suddenly, he had become lifted above any such petty ambition of considering himself a fine athlete. After dinner Conkling led his guests into the gymnasium for a general smoke and chat.

"Come," said he pleasantly to Chandler, "don't you want another bout with the gloves ?" and then Conkling laughed again as he put on a pair of gloves.

"No, I don't want to box," said Chandler; "but perhaps my friend here would consent to amuse you." Tarning to Mr. Howard, Chandler remarked, "You box, do you not?"
Mr. Howard still looked sad-eyed

and absent-minded. He aid once know something about it, but it was such a long time ago.

"Come, come," said Conkling, "let us have a friendly bout. I won't hurt

Evidently the great New York Senator was pining to knock some one down. The sad eyed Mr. Howard, evidently flattered at the prospect of being knocked down by so distinguished a man, began slowly to put on a pair of gloves. As he was drawing on the gloves Chandler was observed to walk down a little to the background. A contented look was on his face.

The sad-eyed man now came forward, and the round began. Conkling was for proceeding at once to knock his opponent down, and he would have done so had he not found great difficoulty in getting anywhere near the sad-eyed man. The affair culminated by the sad-eyed man's suddenly rushing forward and landing a thunderbolt of a fist between Conkling's eyes. The Senator went over like a big tree, and rolled into the corner of the room, where he lay for a moment stunned by the concussion. He was heard to say afterward that he thought a house had fallen on him. Conkling had enough of boxing for

mce. Chandler made several pleasant little remarks about the skill of his friend Conkling, which were not repeived in the most cheerful way. Judge of Conkling's feelings the next day when he learned that Chandler had played a joke upon him by giving Mr. Howard \$100 to come up and bounce Mr. Conkling. The Mr. Howard, of Detroit, Michigan, was none other than

A TRIBE OF THEM.

The Mulberry Sellers of Society -- A True Picture.

Of the tribe of Sellers, says the Tri bune, there are many families, but the two great divisions are, perhaps, the honest and the dishonest. The honest Mulberry keeps himself, as well as every one around him, in perpetual poverty. He is always on the point of making a fortune too huge for the use of one man, colonel though he be, and he announces his intention of sharing it with you; as a preliminary step he induces you to indorse his note or to lend him the little store you had laid up against a rainy day, and shoots it into the hopper of his enterprise. You are ruined, and his eye still beams upon you with disinterested affection and unabated hope. He believes every word he says. His sincerity is coex-tensive with his imagination, and the more gigantic his castles in the air the more profound his conviction that he is the owner of them all in fee-simple The honest Mulberry went into oil, and was ruined; went into stocks, and was ruined again; went into real estate, and came out poorer than before; went into railroad bonds, and emerged a bankrupt, though no one could see what there was left to go to smash. And every time he comes up smiling, with the light of a new "corner" or "strike" sparkling in his eye. He is a genuine Micawber flowered on Ameria genuine micawher nowered on ameri-can soil, but a greater than Micawher, for he is invincible. He is too Ameri-can for despair; he steps up promptly to each new round with fate—and gets thrown every time.

The dishonest Mulberry is a less

pleasing fellow. He makes a precari-ous and disreputable living by the expenditure of ingenuity and industry which honestly exerted would make him a millionaire—if his name was anything but Sellers. His schemes are no less stupendous than those of the more scrupulous Mulberry, but they are all aimed at the appropriation of somebody else's money or thoughts or labor. He is a civilized robber, and is invariably captured. He plots a railout with their pencils; he worms him-self into the confidence of defrauded bondholders, and is speedily dis-charged; he publishes a poem, and next day sees the original and his plagiarism printed in parallel columns; he secretly infringes upon a patent, and is at once served with papers in a suit for damages; he commits a forgery, and is detected by the first cashier he approaches. The curse of ill-luck withers every speech and action of his life, and yet he goes on to the end of his days the same undaunted, rascally

Mulberry Sellers.

At Washington, Mulberry Sellers is ubiquitous and influential. He has held a score of seats in every Congress within the memory of man, while in the lobby he is always in a majority. Mulberry, the lobbyist, lives a gilded, hollow sort of life, dining sumptuously during the session and starving during the recess. His bill fails of passage for want of three minutes' time on the morning of the fourth of March and morning of the fourth of March, and is knocked on the head by the blow of the Speaker's mallet which declares the Congress ended; or his project is reto a committee whose chairman. he finds to his disgust, is virtuous. He inaugurates Pacific railroads and lays foundations for vast fortunes on which others build. He takes a hand at President-making, and his candidate suffers a paralytic stroke the week before the convention. Mulberry, the Member, fails to get the appropriation his constituents wanted, and those kindly souls burn him in effigy, and intimate their purpose of running him out of the country if he should ever

Many a man is a Mulberry Sellers who would be astounded if you dubbed him so. Superficial men who never learn or do or say anything thoroughly; immethodical men who lack the system and fidelity that make success; inconstant men who abandon one purpose as soon as their quick brains conceive another, and accomplish none of them; foolish fellows who think that real success is a thing to be stolen or bought or snatched out of the hand of fate these are representative Americans and representative of much that is raw and worthless in our civilization. The moral of Mulberry Sellers is good, whatever his morals may be.

THE STOCKHOLDER.-Two boys were standing before a cigar store, when one asked the other, "Have you got three cents?" "Yes." "Well, I have got cents?" "Yes." "Well, I have got two cents; give me your three cents and I will buy a five center." "All right," says No. 2, handing out his money. No. 1 enters the store, procures the cigar, lights it and puffs with a good deal of satisfaction. "Come, now, give us a pull," says No. 2, "I furnished more than half the money." I know that," says the smoker. "I have "I know that," says the smoker; "but then I'm the president, and you being only a stockholder, you can spit."

STUPID BOY.-A clergyman was endeavoring to instruct one of his Sun-day-school scholars, a plow-boy, on the nature of a miracle. "Now, my boy," said he, "suppose you should see the sun rising in the middle of the Detroit, Michigan, was none other than Jem Mace.

The Mace.

The French government has decreed that army officers must not marry unless the bride has a dowry of 25,000 francs. Heretofore the limit has been 10,000 francs.

Bethe sun rising in the middle of the night, what should you call that?"

The mune, plase, sur." "No, but," said the clergyman, "suppose you knew it was not the moon, but the sun, and that yeu saw it actually rise in the middle of the night, what should you think?" "Plase, sur, I should think it was time to get up!" THE NORTH OF EUROPE-

The Scandanivians and their Peculiarities -- The Laps.

In the north of Europe, says Du Chaillu, before the American Geo-graphical Society, there is a large tract graphical society, there is a large tract of country very thinly inhabited by Swedes, Norwegiaus, Finlanders and Laps. Its coast is indented by numerous flords of great beauty, the scabeing of great depth, and winding its way inland, often in the midst of stupendous scenery. These flords were dug out of the solid rock by glaciers on their way toward the sea. The geological features of their country impressing the stores of the country impressing the country impressing the country in the contract of the country impressing the country impressing the country in the country impressing the country in the country impressing the country in the cou gical features of that country impress the mind with the great and constant changes that have taken place or are taking place. The rocks are granite, gneiss and mica schist. As one studies the coast line the eyes rest continually on series of terraces one over the other, perfect in shape, almost all situated at the entrances of valleys. These terraces show distinctly by their rounded pebbles the rising of the land above the water, this slow and almost imper-ceptible rising still taking place in our time. This country was once under the influence of a much milder climate, as genial as that of England now. We must conclude from inferences that the icy period is making again its appearance, and that that impenetrable belt of ice which seems to bar the way to the North Pole, and which our distinguished member, Dr. Hayes, has partly explored, was once an open sea. In the interior of the country inhabited by Laps, one meets everywhere positive proofs of the rising of the land. Shells are found several hundred feet above the level of the lakes; mountains have been polished as smooth as glass by the action of the ice; boulders of all sizes have been scattered over the land by the glaciers. Advancing glaciers are demolishing to this day and breaking the granite hills which oppose their march, while their retiring enes leave behind them boulders, sand, gravel, etc.

There are sea Laps, forest and river Laps, and nomadic Laps. To night I invariably captured. He plots a rail-road swindle, and the reporters pry it The whole population of Lapland out with their pencils; he worms him-amounts to about thirty thousand, the nomadic Laplanders numbering about twenty-five thousand, and possesssing about five hundred thousand reindeer. Their herds vary from fifty to five thousand. There have been Laplanders possessing even ten thousand reindeer. A man possessing from five hundred to a thousand reindeer is considered rich. Those who possess only fifty to one hundred are poor. The reindeer is everything to the Laplander." With its skin he makes clothing, shoes, gloves; with its sinews his thread. He feeds on its flesh, and the animal is his beast of burden. The value of a reinder varies according to the country. Driving reindeer broken to the harness are not very plentiful, and cost from ten dollars to fifteen dollars each; a com-monone from four dollars to six dollars. The most intelligent Laps are the Swedish and Norwegian, compulsory education having reached that distant region. They all know how to read. Every one is or must be confirmed, this ceremony being part of the Lutheran creed; hence all must be able to read the Bible and know their catechism. Churches are scattered here and there in the desolate regions and the church-going Laps come into them

on Sunday from every side.

M. Du Chaillu described a genuine, old, arctic sleigh-ride, and his amusing trials and mishaps in learning how to manage the ticklish, coffln-like conveyance. His first lesson took six hours, and during that period he managed to overturn the machine an hundred times, more or less, but without stopping his steed or attempting so futile a task, he held grimly on to the single task, he held grimly on to the single rein, and thumped and bumped along over the snow until a lucky kick sent him back into the box. There was a rule of driving, that the throwing of the rein to rest on the left flank was a signal for a slow gait, while touching signal for a slow gait, while touching the right flank meant full speed. For himself he had never been able to discover the difference, the swift-footed messenger going at his best rate from the moment of harnessing. The scratching of the reindeer for the white moss, through a five foot crust of snow, was shown with practical illustrations, while the interest of the ladies culminated in a most heathenishly-civdilized chignon, a nondescript affair of open woodwork, possessing the merit of perfect ventilation, if not of beauty. The struggles of the speaker to fit this to his own bald pate were received with hearty laughter. M. Du Chaillu, by special request, concluded by donning the suit worn by him in his Northern travels, his "swell" clothes as he styled them.

How to Tell.—Alexander Dumas pere, when he gave a dinner-party to commercial men, had a somewhat singular method of deciding the time for the inferior wine to be produced. He enjoined his servants to put the best wine on the table at the beginning of the meal, while the guests' heads were clear; "then," said he, "watch the conversation, and directly you hear any single one of the company say, '1, who am an honest man, you may be quite sure that all their heads have gone astray, and you can serve up any rub-bish you choose."

One man said of another who was unpopular, and was fearfully dilapidated physically, that he looked as though he were walking about the streets to save funeral expenses.