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The Two Lovers.

The love that will soonest decay. The love that is surest to die, The love that will soon fly away. Is the love That is told by a sigh.

The love that is surest to last, The love that a woman's heart needs, The love that will be kept last,

Is the love That is spoken in deeds.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Bridget, hand me my handkerchief." "Yes, ma'am, the one with the lace border?"

"That's all, Bridget; you needn't So Bridget obeyed this order, teo, going down the three pairs of stairs to the

basement kitchen, and back to her task of polishing the silver.

"Oh, dear, how forgetful I am! giving myself the trouble of ringing twice. I think bell pulls, if they are old-fashioned, are a great deal more convenient that knobs, Cousin Augusta."

The good-natured face looked in at the basement kitchen, and back to her task

The good-natured face looked in at the

bedroom door again, flushed with hurry-ing up the stairs the fifth time within an "O Bridget, my work box; it's in the end room on the sofa. Can't you find it? Well, look in Cousin Augusta's room; I

had it there yesterday morning."

There are two long halls and a flight of stairs between the rooms; but Bridget, a young Irish girl, with a slender figure, showing rapid growth, and not much strength to sustain it, hurries away, for it is high time the dining-room was in order. The mantel clock warns her the luncheon-table must be ready in three-

quarters of an hour. "How long Bridget is! I must have left the work-box there, in plain sight; but the Irish are so stupid!" exclaimed the young lady, with increasing impa-

"I do not remember seeing it this morning," Mrs. West said, quietly. "Bridget!"

"Yes, ma'am; I'm looking, but I don't

"Stupid creature! It's almost one, I declare. I shan't have ten minutes to sew; but the box might as well be found.
Bridget!" And a stamp of the slippered foot emphasized the last call over the

"It isn't there, ma'am," said the girl, appearing from below; "I've looked everywhere."

She could not help thinking Miss Danforth unreasonable; and there was the silver lying on the kitchen-table, and the marketman, and grocery boy, and dust-man, coming and going perhaps. But to have vented her impatience and un-easiness, as Miss Danforth did, by even an altered tone of voice, would have been an attered tone of voice, would have been considered as impertinence, and perhaps led to dismissal. Yet Irish waiter girls are only human, and have not high breeding to help them control their tempers.

"I declare, Bridget, you don't earn your salt! Look in the blue chamber

somewhere, can't you? Don't answer me back again; no impertinence, miss! What if you have looked! Look again;

keep looking till you find it."

No wonder Bridget mutters a threat of giving a warning, as the clock strikes the half hour.

"Isn't this it on the dressing-table, Bridget?" suggested Mrs. West, looking searchingly around the room herself.
"Thank you, ma'am; it is, indade."

And a grateful expression came into her large gray eyes. "Miss 'Ginia towld me the end room."

"Never mind what I told you. "Twas your place to hunt for it until it was found somewhere. And don't let me hear any more of your impertinence when I tell you to do anything."

The scowl came back to the girl's face

The scowl came back to the girl's face as she hurried away to her work again.

"Bridget"—Miss Danforth's head was over the banister now, the call arresting the girl in the lower hall—"get Mrs. West's lunch as soon as possible, and bring mine up here. I haven't more than time to dress before Miss Powell arresting the girl in the lower hall—"get Mrs.

comes," she said, looking back, apologetically, to her cousin. "You won't mind lunching alone, will you? I've been so hurried all the morning. Callers

seem to put everything back."
"I? Oh, not in the least. I was only thinking, Virginia, if you had not almost as much time to go down for your lunch as Bridget has to bring it you."

"Her time's no consequence," returned the young lady, carelessly. "Did you see how impertment the creature was? Servants all are nowadays.

Mrs. West said no more in the defense. While the toilet proceeded, the luncheon was dispatched, and then came a message from Miss Powell, instead of herself moves lightly and quickly; two very good things in a waiter. The Irish are While the toilet proceeded, the luncheon and carriage, saying she would not be able to keep her engagement before Friday. Miss Virginia was highly indignant, and vented her annoyance in no measured terms.

"If there was anything she did hate, it was people who did not keep their en-gagements! Why couldn't Caroline Powell have discovered she should not get away, and sent her word in time to save her the trouble of dressing and wait-ing half an hour? Some people did not seem to have the least consideration! And what on earth was she to do with herself in full dress the whole of the afternoon? The sun was too hot to walk; there were three hours to dinner time; she couldn't take a nap, and have the trouble of dress-

ing her hair over twice!"

Mrs. West, as before, considered silence the wisest opposition. She read away very quietly until her young hostess had laid aside her flounced silk and rich laces, and settled into something like composure, with the work-box and a strip of cambric she was elaborating into a

heavy insertion of broderic Anglaise. Her own sewing—a set of handkerchiefs for her husband—was then resumed, and the two ladies chatted on indifferent topics very amiably, until Miss Virginia came round to the favorite subject with New York housekeepers—prevalence of

bad servants.

"If I had only known what I was undertaking when I persuaded papa to go to housekeeping, I would have boarded to the end of time. New York servants are the laziest, stupidest, most impertinent set you can invest, and the latest that the laziest in the laziest of the latest that the laziest is the laziest of the latest that the laziest is the laziest of the latest that the laziest is the laziest of the lazies nent set you can imagine. You Phila-delphians have no idea of it. I envied you, I declare; I told papa when I came home that everything in your house went on like clockwork. You had a specimen this morning of my troubles.

"I don't see why your servants should be any worse than ours; they are of the same country, and have the same amount of education generally."

"Why, you keep your servants so long, they get into your way of doing things. Here I've changed our cook three times in five months, and Bridget's the second waiter girl since the first of May. Maria broke everything, and the more I scolded the more careless she was. I did not know then that it was customary to stop all breakage out of their wages; and when Mrs. Hamilton told me so, I found that it could not be done without the agreement was made when the girl was hired. The girl before Maria was only nice about herself. She had superb hair, and it was always dressed as much as mine is for an evening party. She copied me in everything, and I could not stand that. I admire the English fashion of servants wearing calico dresses and caps; don't you?"
"My servants generally do dress plain-

ly. No, I can't say I do like caps on young girls; so that their dress is suitable to their work, I don't know that we have

any right to interfere with it."
"Not if your Marianne should under-

take to copy you?"
"I dare say she does in some measure;
I have never noticed particularly. All

of us naturally copy those we are associated with constantly, if we think their taste and judgment superior to ours."

"You take things very coolly, Cousin Augusta," Miss Hyde said, pausing to pass her needle through an emory cushion, sighing, as she did so, that peculiar sigh that seems to give out the impression of much enduring long-sufimpression of much enduring, long-suffering patience under unavoidable ills. "I wish I could. There's Jane; just see what sewing she puts into papa's shirts, and it's as much as I dare do to tell her of it, she flies out so; and the cook, you must have noticed yesterday that there was no bread sauce with the game. Papa would just as lief not have it at all as without. She knows perfectly well. We had her sister last summer, and she was the most wasteful creature you ever did I never should have known it; but Aunt Lane paid me a visit, and under-took to set things to rights. She found her lighting her fire with butter one morning to save trouble."

"Yes; she rolled up a cone of paper, and filled it full of good pastry butter to make the wood kindle in a hurry. Oh, that's very common, I've heard since, with lard. Ann carried things a little farther than usual. She had very genteel ideas. We left her in care of the house when I went to Newport, and Mrs. Cushing, who lived opposite, you know, said she used the parlors just as if I'd been at home, and lighted the gas for-her company. She must have en-tertained them well, too, for there wasn't a thing in the store-room when we came home. But that's nothing to the trouble Mrs. Cushing had herself. Why, do you know, her waiter man, and cook, and French nurse, all gave warning in one day! Mademoiselle had her dinner in the nursery when this cook came; one of the children was sick. So the cook had the head of the second table, and refused to give it up. John took Marie's part, and wouldn't carve unless she sat opposite to him. Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous?'

"'High life below stairs,' certainly,' said Mrs. West. "Isn't Mrs. Cushing that very fashionable lady who called Thursday, and talked so much about "You won't Paris bonnets and gaiters? I think she ll you? I've said she sent out for all her gloves."

"Yes, that's Mrs. Cushing. She does talk a little too much about 'when I was in Paris.' Papa ridicules her for her foreign airs. Marie was a most valuable foreign airs. Marie was a most vanuable servant, she got up muslins so beautifully; and that's a great deal nowadays. She knew Mrs. Cushing could not replace her. That's another thing; if you get a really good servant, they presume so. There's Bridget, I would not keep her a day, she has such a habit of answering back; but she's tidy, and I hate good things in a waiter. The Irish are generally so stout and heavy." "Bridget is very delicate looking. I

don't think she can be very strong,"
Mrs. West said. "What wages do you give her?"

"There's another thing about her; she asks such low wages. Why, Maria had six dollars; but Bridget asked only four when she came, and that's all I've given her. I'm afraid every day she'll ask to have her wages raised. ask to have her wages raised. Papa allows six yet, and I should have to give it to her. As it is, I can afford two pair

of gloves a month out of what I save."
"How is that?" asked Mrs. West. She could not believe her young relative guilty of so small a saving. Small to guilty of so small a saving. Small to her, but how much to a servant, who had nothing but her wages to depend upon!
"Why, papa allows six dollars, in the house allowance, for a waiter, and as Bridget only asked four"—
"You make two dollars a month out

an eyelet hole with a gold-headed bodkin; and, as she did not see Mrs. West's expression, concluding her economy was considered laudable

"Is she Protestant or Catholic!" inquired the other, after a moment's

"Oh, I fancy her religion doesn't trouble her much any way. They have Sunday afternoon once a month; but I there's not much church-going. It's all the time they have for visiting, you know. I was quite astonished at your girls having half of every Sunday, and one week-day afternoon every month. I did not know it until that day you could not go to Germantown, because you were taking care of the children to

"Virginia," said Mrs. West, "did it ever occur to you that your servants have

"It's not my business to look after it, if they have." And the bodkin was again inserted, with a half smile at what the embroideress considered a clever

answer to her questioner.

"I beg your pardon," Mrs. West, returned, more seriously. "It seems to me you have a great deal to do in the matter. I thought you were very strict

"So I am. I never receive calls or walk, and I go to church twice a day."

"What for?"
"What for? Because it's right, of course. How odd you are, Augusta!" "And you are four—let me see—eight times as wicked as Bridget."

"Why, what do you mean, Augusta?" "If Bridget only needs one sermon a month to teach her, and you need eight.

'But she can't be spared. Don't you Sundays as well as other days."

"So you dress, and go to church, and hear, 'thou, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant,' must work on the

seventh day, and consider the whole commandment observed because you neither receive visits nor walk with your

Miss Hyde looked up, not knowing whether to smile or show her real vexation; but her cousin was perfectly seri-

"Do you ever ask the girls if they have been to church?"
"I don't think they'd stay very long, if they were catechized as to how they spent their afternoon out. It's a pity if they can't see their friends sometimes." Miss Hyde, like all only daughters, did not know how to be found fault with gra-

"I quite agree with you, and that's the reason I give them one afternoon besides, even with a little personal inconvenience sometimes; and I don't see why your cook and chambermaid cannot make the arrangement to relieve each other, just as mine do. It would be easier in your family, for you have a seamstress."

Miss Hyde was too much annoyed at having been snared in her own argument to vouchsafe any answer.

"As long as we do not treat our servants as rational human beings, we have no right to complain if they neglect their duties toward us. How are they going to know that 'Servants, obey your masters, not with eye-service, is a command of our Master and theirs, if they never have time to listen to any instruction?" shortly.

"What else can it be, when you do not take any interest in them or their affairs, but to get as much done for as little

wages as possible?"
"Why, you are always so economical,
Augusta; I thought you would approve of that, I'm sure."
"I'm never economical about paying

-work of any kind, Virginia. Think what very small wages they make, at any rate, and so few of them have any homes to go to, in case of sickness or ac-cident. There's another kind of wages they like just as well-kind wordswhen you see they've tried their best to please you. Kind words and a little conideration will get twice as much accomplished. Now, your calling Bridget up stairs seven times this morning, when she might have done all you wanted in coming twice, for instance

"Why, my dear soul, she's paid for it:

"So it's her work to sweep and dust the parlors and halls, and the sidewalk; to clean all that silver; to set the table three times a day, and wait on it; to answer the door-bell every half hour, and yours—we won't say how often; to be in three places at once; and never to feel fretted, if her work is put back an hour by unnecessary demands upon her time. I believe one never can understand it un-

less they have tried it themselves."

"You seem to." And a slightly scornful expression passed over the young girl's face at the lecture she was receiv-

"I learned by experience." "But you never were a servant, Cousin

Augusta?' "You are mistaken." And a half smile came to Mrs. West's face. "I know all Bridget's troubles by most lamentable experience. No, I won't say that either; it was my own choice, and I had excel-lent wages in the end." "But how? I don't understand

"Perhaps I will tell you all about it some day. In the mean time, here's Bridget waiting for orders, and Master

Ally looking after mamma."

Mrs. West came to the conclusion that her venture in Bridget's behalf was not all lost, when she saw the pains Miss Hyde took to remember all the dinnerof Bridget?"

"You make two dollars a month out of Bridget?"

"Yes," said the young lady, piercing of Bridget?"

"You make two dollars a month out to Miss Lee's after dinner; you look tired, and to-morrow will do just as well." table instructions at once, and heard her

The girl looked not less astonished than grateful, the weary, listless expression vanished, and Miss Hyde did not find occasion for fault during the whole meal. It had never occurred to her before that servants were to be managed rationally, or that consideration was as much her duty as theirs. Mr. Hyde thought she was very absent minded, and rallied her about a certain Mr. Abbott when she helped him twice to fish; but she was thinking of what her cousin had said, and determined to remember her advice, and profit by it. So well did she succeed, that Miss Hyde's servants had, henceforth, comparatively little cause for complaint for her treatment.

Still, he was not Happy.

An uncle of Michael Hogan, of West Troy, N. Y., died recently in Pennsylvania, leaving coal lands valued at \$5,000,000, to a portion of which Michael is heir. Forty years ago Michael Hogan, then twenty-one years of age, and an uncle, the only survivors of a once numerous family, come to this country and adopted it as their own. Michael, a hard-working, industrious young man, finally took up his residence in West Troy. The uncle went to Pottsville, Pennsylvania, or that vicinity, and after laboring a number of years, purchased with his earnings a large tract of land. Michael also saved money, and in the course of time laid by enough to start himself in the grocery business, in which it can be truthfully said he has prospered. The venture of his uncle turned out to be a most profitable one. The lands-purchased by him were found to contain abundance of coal; and by judicious management he gradually increased his earthy store until at the time of his death, which occurred a short time ago, he was worth about \$5,000,000. Michael received information from an attorney that his uncle, with whom he had not communicated for sixteen years, had died, and that he was his only surviving heir. Michael was not at all elated at this announcement, and appeared rather sorry in fact that such good fortune had come to him, says the Troy *Times*. He was getting old, he said, and would not want so much money; besides he had enough for himself, wife and daughter, and the possession of the immense amount mentioned above would only bring trouble and disgrace upon his family eventually, as young people nowadays did not know how to spend money. As we have stated, Michael is a sober, industrious man, and is every way worthy of his fortune, which he intends to claim in modified to the control of th immediately. If he is sorry about this little matter, he can turn it over to us and we'll cheerfully bear the burden for

A Warning to Criminals.

We should imagine that the terrible death of Douglas and Mosher at Bay Ridge, Long Island, and the grisly sight of their bodies lying in the Brooklyn Morgue, would have a depressing effect upon the gentlemen who belong to the burglarious profession. Most undoubted-ly in east-side saloons, and especially in the bucket shops along the river front, the circumstance has been discussed, and bar-rooms held entranced by the recital of the dead heroes' daring deed. But a sudden stoppage of a career of crime as theirs was stopped, is apt to rub the there is no doubt that a tawdry fascination is excited over a certain class of people by the stories of felony written with such rose-colored ink by Mr. Ainsworth and others of his ilk. Only the other day the police of Philadelphia made a descent upon a cellar in which were a dozen or fifteen lads, constituting a juvenile gang of thieves, each of whom had been originally led astray by the influence of the yellow covered romances of crime. Perhaps Mosher and Douglas began in this manner. However they began, and however they have lived, it is certain that they have given in their death the most terrible emphasis to that rather trite heading for a copy book, "Honesty is the best policy."

A Curious Suicide,

The old story of a room with a number of windows, one of which disappeared every day, and the room gradually contracted until it crushed its occupant to to death, evidently haunted the brain of a despairing Parisian jeweler who re-cently committed suicide. The unlucky Frenchman, inconsolable for the loss of his better-half, became subject to a species of somnambulism. He was accustomed to wear a gold necklet, one of his late wife's favorite ornaments, and he used to say to his friends that the necklet daily grew smaller, and that his wife was thus painlessly killing him, much to his joy. The fact was that the somnam-bulist rose every night and went in his sleep down to his instruments, knocked off the link of a necklet, and put on the fastening again. Next morning he found the collar smaller, and, having no recollection of what he had done, attributed the event to supernatural influence. This continued for some time, when the necklet grew so small that, in fastening it on, the hapless widower literally garroted himself to death.

ENGLISH SCHOOL LAW.—A compulsory education law, similar to that which is now in operation in New York State, is enforced in England. There is now a novel difficulty in London in the way of exacting compliance with its provisions. The holiday pantomimes and spectacles of theaters employ hundreds of children, and the pay is six shillings a week. As the fine for parents who do not send their children to school is usually but a shilling, they pay it when brought into court, as they are about once a week, and keep on breaking the law. Higher penal-ties are proposed.

Prentice on Dueling.

The famous letter of the late Geo. D. Prentice on dueling, and written in response to a challenge he had received, is now republished. In his letter the vet-

"Presuming that your notes are written to me with a view to a duel, I may as well say here that I have not the least thought of accepting a challenge from you. I consider my strictures upon your writings entirely legitimate, and, at any rate, the disclaimer that I have made

ought to satisfy you.
"I came here from a distant State be-cause many believed I could do something to promote a great and important enterprise; and as I have reason to think that my labors are not altogether in vain, I do not intend to let myself be diverted from them. There are some persons, and many, to whom my life is valuable; and however little or much value I may attach to it on my own account, I do not see fit at present to put it up voluntarily

against yours. "You may, for aught I know, be a man of reputable standing, and I disclaim any refusal to meet you on the ground of your not being a gentleman; but you are not of the order of men whom I should choose to fight, if I fought at all. If you were to kill me, you would kill a man who is the support and stay of his family, and who is extensively regarded as one of the stays and supports of his party, and as the possessor of some influence in the affairs of the country; but I presume that it is of no great consequence to any, except your immediate personal friends,

whether you die or live.
"I am no believer in the dueling code. would not call a man to the field unless he had done me such a deadly wrong that I desired to kill him; and I would not obey his call to the field unless I had done him so mortal an injury as to entitle done him so mortal an injury as to entitle him, in my opinion, to demand an opportunity of taking my life. I have not the least desire to kill you or to harm a hair of your head, and I am not conscious of having done anything to entitle you to kill me. I do not want your blood upon my hands, and I do not want my own upon anybody's. I might yield much to the demands of a strong public sentiment; but there is no public sentiment that either requires me to meet you or would justify me in doing so.

or would justify me in doing so.
"I look upon the miserable code that is said to require two men to go out and shoot at each other for what one of them may consider a violation of etiquette or punctillio in the use of language with a scorn equal to that which is getting to be felt by the whole civilized world of mankind. I am not afraid to express such views in the enlightened capital of Arkansas or anywhere else. I am not so cowardly as to stand in dread of any imputation on my courage. I have always had courage enough to defend my honor and myself, and I presume I always shall have Yours press etc.

Yours most, etc., "George D. Prentice."

A Sad Sight.

It was a sad, sorry spectacle which

the passengers on the train from North Adams to Cheshire saw, the Springfield Republican tells us, and one not without its lessons. The early comers to the train were met by a man at the car entrance who introduced himself as "John C. Wolcott, of Cheshire, the clown, often called the fool." scendant, he said, of old Oliver Wolcott, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and "I am not," he add-Independence, and "I am not," he added, "a Henry Ward Beecher or a thief or a robber; I am only John C. Wolcott, the drunkard." Alas, the poor fool—for such rum had made him—and it was true! This man in his patched trousers, rusty coat and eminently drunken hat, with a naturally fine face, drawn into a silly pucker, was John C. Wolcott, the eccentric, talented member of the Berkshire Bar, and once quite well known as an effective temperance orator, going to his Cheshire home from a North Adams drunk. Alternately during the ride he played the clown, addressed an imaginary jury, or made faces at an indignant Irish woman, who objected to his companionship when there were many unoccupied seats about her. A while ago there was a demand that he be expelled from the Bar, but Wolcott very ably pleaded his own case at Pittsfield, and the lawyers, who are loth to give up "eccentric John Wolcott," refused to cast him out. Once favorite student of the late Judge Bishop of Lenox, John C. Wolcott dare not now go out of town with more than not now go out of town with more than seventy-five cents, 'tis said, above his railroad fare, lest the temptation for drink overcome him. He lives in a slovenly way, with only a boy for company, on the old "Wolcott place," and this young man for whom Mr. Bishop predicted such a bright career, years ago, cannot now be trusted with the managecannot now be trusted with the manage-ment of his own property. In his sober moments he is yet a lawyer of more than average ability, and in the little cases which are occasionally given him these days he often displays much of his old brilliancy and power. But "the boys" now like to see "Old John," as they call him, drunk, and if he hasn't got any money it is quite the fashion to treat him. Especially is this true at North Adams, where the train officials say they have seen him fighting to get away from his friends (?) who would persuade him to make sport for them over another train. And then John C. Wolcott goes home at last to act the clown to a car load

A New Haven man, while dredging in the harbor at that city, raised a human skull which was thickly covered with mussels and oysters.

of disgusted, pitying strangers, reeling

off at Cheshire station to make faces from

the platform till the train disappears and

shuts him out, an unsightly nuisance.

Items of Interest.

A Chicago plumbing firm advertises "lead sinks." As if everybody didn't know that.

Turkeys who survived the holidays appointed January 2d, 1875, as a day of Thanksgiving.

They do say that the entire crop of mustard this year wouldn't make the Kentucky Library draw when it agreed

A young lady says she longs for fingers like the prongs of a pitchfork, with dia-mond rings enough to fill them to the

A Richmond paper has a plan for keep-ing a party in power. The party is to give every girl in the land a sewing ma-chine and a feller.

A strong effort to have the next college regatta at New London, Conn., will be made at the meeting of the College Boating Association in Hartford.

If there is one thing more than another that will thoroughly exasperate a man, it is breaking a straw off when cleaning out a dirty pipe-stem.

An impertment fellow wants to know if you ever sit down to tea where skimmed milk was on the table without being asked "Do you take the cream?"

It is the thing to import "indoor men," and people who come back from Europe bring, with the rest of their "fixings," a German or Italian "Major dome." It is stated that of the 250,000,000 tons

of coal annually dug from the bowels of the earth, Great Britain produces one-half. Germany and the United State one-sixth each.

The question for discussion at a recent meeting of scientists was: "Which travels faster, heat or cold?" It was decided in favor of heat, as many present had often been able to catch cold.

Of course, a woman doesn't want her plants to freeze, but still one can't blame a man for raising a row when he hops out of bed in the morning and finds a geranium plant in each trousers

leg.

It's truly astonishing how the papers, while they persist in charging a man a dollaran inch for advertising when living, cheerfully give up a whole column of space for nothing, when his obituary comes along

comes along.

Mrs. Eshelman, of Shillington, Pa.,
will arrest the fellow who poured coal oil
in her well if she can find him out. The
trick made her think she had really
"struck oil," and the disappointment is

aggravating. "Madame! take this hundred-pound bill. Use it freely and never say that I suffer your purse to be empty of pocket money," said an attentive spouse in public, but added, sotto voce, "if you spend a penny of it I'll kill you."

President Lincoln, sitting at the foun-tain-head of official patronage, used to say that it sometimes seemed to his dis-couraged mind that seven-eighths of the people of the United States were trying to live at the expense of the other eighth.

The sheriff of Cuyahoga county, Ohio, lately had the disagreeable duty to perform of conveying to the penitentiary on a three years' sentence a "repeater," whose offense consisted in having voted three times for the very official who was conducting him to prison. lucting him

Building in Italy would seem to be a peculiarly dangerous occupation. A new office is being erected in Rome for the Ministry of Finance. The other day a workman fell from the scaffolding and was killed, making the hundredth victim of accidents upon the same building.

A correspondent of a Cincinnati paper writes from Circleville, Ohio: "I have read with some degree of interest a Circleville telegram in the Cincinnati Circleville telegram in the press of to-day, reporting me in a dying press of to-day, reporting me in a dying solely condition last evening. Judging solely from my own knowledge of the matter, I hereby certify that I do not believe the report to be true."

The Denver News records this incident: A man was about dying in this city, and an acquaintance sent the folcity, and an acquaintance sent the fol-lowing telegram to his wife, who was in Chicago: "Your husband is dying. Come quick." She coolly replied: "Can't go now. If he dies, hand him over to the Masons, he's one of them." The man died. The wife hasn't been heard from since.

A farmer, famous for his hogs, was asked what was the secret of his success. He answered: "I always choose a goodnatured pig. Those that when they eat are constantly running from one trough to another, and knocking their snonts against the next pig, I sell to my neighbors, who don't know better than to buy such troublesome animals, while my contented pigs get fat."

The Tray Times relates this: "A

The Troy Times relates this: "A young lady in a neighboring village co-cepted an invitation from a young gen-tleman to ride, and when the gentleman tieman to ride, and when the gentleman came with his horse and buggy, the lady found it impossible to get in, so closely had she adhered to the prevailing fashion of drawing her dress tightly about her. She asked to be excused, and going into the house, let out two or three reefs in her dress, when she was enabled to get into the buggy."

to get into the buggy."

An accident has occurred on the Great St. Bernard in Switzerland. Eight Italian workmen were crossing the mountain, and two monks and a servant, followed by a dog, went out to meet them. The whole party was overtaken by a snowstorm and buried in the drift. One of the monks succeeded in extricating himself, but was only able to walk a few steps. The dog went back to the monastery and assistance was sent, but it was too late. The monk died half an hour after being found; the others will remain buried in the snow.