

VOL. I.--NO. 20.

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Baby Died To-day.

Lay the little limbs out straight; Gently tend the sacred clay; Sorrow-shaded is our fate-Baby died to-day !

Fold the hands across the breast, So, as when we knelt to pray: Leave him to his dreamless rest-Baby died to-day !

Voice, whose prattling infant lore Was the music of our way, Now is hushed forevermore-Baby died to-day !

Sweet blue eyes, whose sunny gleams Made our waking moments gav. Now can shine but in our dreams-Baby died to-day ! Still a smile is on his face,

But it lacks the joyous play Of the one we used to trace-Baby died to-day !

Give his lips your latest kiss; Dry your eyes and come away; In a happier world than this Baby lives to-day !

MY KING.

"Josephine! Josephine! wake up, there is some one trying to get into the room!" And my aunt shook me roughly.

I sprang up in bed, rubbing my eyes. "How—where—what for?" I asked,

"How where what for?" I asked, sleepily. She laid her hand on my mouth as she whispered: "Sh! sh! don't you hear that?"

I listened, by that time fully awake, and heard a sound as of some one work-ing at the door. "What shall we do, Aunt Mary?" I said, faintly. She shook her head. There we were.

alone in the house, with the exception of John, the hired man, who slept on the floor above us, and who might as well floor above us, and who might as well have been sleeping the sleep that knows no waking for all the good he could do us. I grabbed hold of my ancient rela-tive and laid still, with my heart beating wildly. "Oh ! we should be murdered, I knew we should." I thought of the silly wish I had expressed that same evening, as I complained of the dull-ness of my country life, "that something would happen to wake us up a little." Here was the awakening, but such a one! Here was the awakening, but such a one! I hid my head under the bedclothes while I prayed softly. Then, not daring to lie alone, for my aunt had left my side, and feeling that it would be better side, and feeling that it would be better to die together, I, too, found my way to the floor. With the only weapon she could find—a pair of curling-irons—my late bed-fellow stood shaking behind the door. I crept close beside her, and with a transme feeling of faccination fixed with a strange feeling of fascination fixed my eyes on the door. Very gently it opened, and a head made its appearance. Tighter and tighter grew myarmsaround my companion's waist, but when our house-breaker stood before us, every house-breaker stood before us, every feeling gave place to astonishment. In-stead of the hideous face I had expect-ed to meet there came to view the slight figure and handsome face of a mere stripling. My aunt's fear seemed also to have vanished, for stepping boldly up to him she caught hold of him, saying : "Ah, I have you now, my pretty fel-low," at the same time crying for John. low," John.

The captive struggled to free himself,

still slept. I took from my small pocket-book its contents and hurried back, and just as I had left him I found the boy. I placed the money I had brought into his hands, then whispered, "Go and sin no more.

And The I demonstrate which

He caught my hand, and while hot tears fell upon it, kissed it. "God bless your sweet face, I shall never forget it," he murmured, then passed down the path and out of my sight.

With a warm feeling around my heart I went softly back to my bed and was soon fast asleep. It was about eight o'clock when my slumbers were again interrupted by a shrill voice at my ear crying:

"Josie, he has gone, after all my pains; it's too bad; all Johu's fault; I'll never forgive him, no, never." Poor John protested he had fastened the door, but it was no use talking. She believed through him she had lost her captive, and aunt from that day ceased to have any confidence in the poor fellow.

Our sleep after that was unbroken, and the years carried mesafely to my twentieth birthday. I was called a very pretty girl at that time, with a handsome pair of dark oyes and a wealth of golden hair, that, let me confessithere, I prided myself very much on. I had several admirers among the young gentlemen of the village, but had never felt any great inclination for them and on the targement had acquired the them, and on that account had acquired the name of being rather proud and cold. Aunt Mary, who had not grown younger or better natured in the past four years, predicted my becoming an old maid. As I looked at her I felt somewhat frightened, still I could not bring myself to accept any of the illustrious names offered.

Ours was a pretty little place, and for the past two years had become quite a resort for city people in the summer months. I used to look with envious gallant gentlemen that flitted before my vision like gay birds, and who acted as though the world was made for their sole enjoyment, and after the summer had passed, taking them with it, my foolish heart grew harder and harder towards my country swains, and stronger the sed, taking them with it, my foolish longing to get away from them all, and out into the world that my only real pleasure was to read about.

It was on a beautiful afternoon in the It was on a beautiful afternoon in the latter part of June, that, returning from the post-office, I passed the hotel. I say the hotel, for it was the only one the town afforded. The stage had just ar-rived, and as I went by a gentleman stepped from it. For an instant I paused incomparish to look at him. He was I involuntarily to look at him. He was, I suppose, twenty-two, not more, tall, with the handsomest face I had ever seen. I the mindsomest face I had ever seen. I found myself blushing deeply as I met the glance of his dark, earnest eyes, and with averted face quickly passed him. Alas! for poor Will May, that I met shortly after, and who walked with me towards my home. As the face I had just seen rose before me more silent did I become charter prover more silent did become, shorter my answers to his no doubt witty remarks. I was glad to get to my own room, where alone I let my thoughts rest uninterrupted on the handsome stanger. Not long was I per-mitted to do so, for my aunt called me a little patch of black silk placed on the to make biscuits for tea. I went down; under side, and ironed smoothly. There better for all had I remained where I was scarcely a trace left on these worn was. I do not know as I was in love, for the honor of my sex I hope not, but must have been blind, for instead of the white sugar I should have taken I used salt. Heavens! I see to this day my aunt's face as she tasted one. A week went by, and though I had heard the stranger's name, I had not seen him, save in the dreams that visited me nightly. Several of the girls calling on me had spoken of the handsome gentleman stopping at the Lion, and sighed to think he was beyond their reach. How I hated my life at that period, with its same dreary routine. The sound of my aunt's voice as she called me at six o'clock in the morning, "Josephine! Josephine! going to sleep all day?" would dispel the castles I was building and send me back to the endless making of bread and cake. How I longed to get away from the sewing she had al-ways ready for the long afternoons, and out into the woods and fields ! We were going to have a picnic, and the guests of the hotel were to favor us with their society. All was excitement. for it was not often we had the pleasure of being in the company of gentlemen who wore their hair parted in the middle and called us deuced pretty girls. The day came. Don't think me vain, reader, if I tell you that I looked lovely. It is some years ago, and I could see that I did, by the whispering among the girls and by the envious glances they cast at me also by some tonder once I previous for me, also by some tender ones I received from the opposite sex. We were at our first dance when the gentlemen from the Lion arrived. I felt my heart beat quickly, as I saw among them Edwin Kime, and alpace King, for so my stranger was called. Truly a king in manly beauty, I thought, as I looked at his tall, graceful form, into the strangely handsome face. As he saw me his eyes lit up, and coming forward he begged my hand for the next dance. I assure you, gentle reader, that I did not refuse. Very happily passed the day, and I was sorry when Aunt Mary called me. As Mr. King led me to her I thought he looked rather strangely at her, but soon forgot all else in the pleasure of having him at my side as we walked slowly home through the scented fields. My new friend did not forget me, and hardly a day went by without bringing him to my side. Even my aunt seemed pleased with him, and spoke in warmest terms of his gentlemanly bearing. One evening, ah ! how it comes back to me, as we

"Josie, I have a little story I wish to

tell you, will you listen ?" I whispered a faint "yes," so taking in his the hands lying idly in my lap, he went on:

"Once on a time, a boy, friendless and He had been trying for weeks to find work, but met not one who cared to give him even a kind word, so, faint and weary, he came to this village I speak of. I do not know what devil tempted him, but he crept into a farm-house, having but one thought and that was to obtain food, which he failed in getting, for he was caught and fastened into a room to wait until morning, when he would be taken to prison. Too miserable and hopeless to speak in his own defense, he laid weeping on the hard floor when the door was opened and a young girl with tender, pitying face stood before him. In her soft, low voice she bid him weep no more but to follow her and she would set him free. Noiselessly they crept down the stairs, out into the silent night, then telling him to wait an instant, this boy's good angel left him, but soon re-turned with money, which she gave him, bidding him 'go sin no more.' Shall I tell of the prayer that went up to Heaven, of the vow this boy took, of five years later where he had become a man how later, where he had become a man, how he returned to that village, hoping to find the girl who had never been for-gotten, how he did find her, fairer, sweeter even than on that night when she saved him ? Shall I tell, Josie, how he knelt at her feet praying her to be his own? How he waited with fast beating heart for her answer, knowing if she failed him the home he had striven so hard to win for her dear sake, his very life, would be worthless ?"

My king was on his knees before me as he ceased speaking. I bowed down my head until it rested on his breast, and he was answered.

The Old Black Silk.

Our grandmothers thought they knew Our grandmothers thought they knew all about the economies in their day and generation, but they were vastly behind the present age. A sharp-witted girl who likes to look nice, and yet has a scant purse to draw from, could teach her frugal grandmother a lesson that would make her open her eyes in wonder. Silk was silk in those days and a silk Silk was silk in those days, and a silk dress was an honest garment, fit for the closest inspection from head to foot. It does not do to inquire too closely into the make-up of much that we see promenading the streets, and looking very handsome, now-a-days. Still it is handy to have the knack of making over an old dress into something very presentable, without a great outlay. Two good heads, and two pairs of nimble fingers, recently made over a black silk in a way that may give a hint to somebody else.

First, the old garment, which was scant and plain, and darned in many places, was carefully ripped apart. Then it was sponged in water in which an old kid glove had been steeped, then out hid give had been steeped, then ironed on the wrong side, and it was found to be as stiff as new. Now the old black silk bag was brought out, and the mucilage bottle. The tiny holes and thin places were gummed over, and a little worth of black silk placed over. Saved by a Spider.

The following singular escape from death of Noah Hopkins is related by his descendants, who youch for the accuracy

of the incident: Mr. Hopkins, over one hundred years ago, resided in Dutches county, N. Y. After disposing of his property he joined the Susque-hanna Company and went to live in the far-famed Wyoming valley, Pa. The Indians from the lakes became very troublesome and continued to roam in bands through the white settlements, ravaging their stocks and crops. One night a sudden and unexpected attack was made upon the settlement by a large band of infuriated savages, and the settlers fled for their lives into the woods and mountains. The Indians purupon the cars of the defenseless whites like the cries of wild beasts in search of prey. After roaming about in the dark-ness for some hours Mr. Hopkins stum-bled over a large log that lay across his pathway, and finding it hollow crept into it. Here he laid for several hours. The sun had arisen and he was debating whether he had better continue his march over the mountains, when he heard the footsteps of his pursuers near by and their subdued but animated con-versation. He felt that his doom was sealed and the cold sweat oozed from his body and brow. Weary with their long search, the Indians sat down on the very log in which Mr Honking was equeceded log in which Mr. Hopkins was concealed, log in which Mr. Hopkins was concealed, while their eyes peered hither and thither, hoping to catch a sight of some poor fugitive. Mr. Hopkins heard the bullets rattle in their pouches, and gathered from their broken savage tongue, intermixed with English words, the intelligence that some of his friends, and neighbors had been captured and slain. It was a moment of fearful auxiety. Some of the Indians walked anynety. Some of the Indians walked around to the end of the log, and seeing that it was hollow stopped down and looked in. Their companions were call ed and they all gathered around like hounds with their game holed, as if ready to shoot the moment it emerged ready to shoot the moment it emerged. Indians seemed to be holding a The brief consultation. Mr. Hopkins was just on the point of surrendering himself and begging for mercy on the ground of his many kind acts in former ground of his many kind acts in former times to the Indians, when his attention was arrested by a large spider, which was busily engaged weaving a large and beautiful web right over the entrance. He threw his threads from side to side with great rapidity, so that when the Indians came to look in they, too, seemed to notice this aerial work, and supposed, of course, no one could be concealed within. Soon after they dis-appeared. After remaining in this cramped retreat as long as he could en-dure he came out and wandered formany dure he came out and wandered for many dure he cane out and wandered for many days in the wilderness, subsisting on nothing but the carcass of a putrid tur-key which he found dead. His clothing torn into shreds, his body lacerated, he came once more upon the dwellings of

The Port-au-Prince Fire.

white men.

One-third of the entire city of Portau-Prince was destroyed by the late fire; four hundred houses have been con sumed, and the loss to property is esti-mated at \$2,000,000. The fire origi-nated near the "North Gate," spread in an easterly direction to the Croix des Bossales, and extended to the quay and the vicinity of Bel Air, where it was stopped. The property was chiefly owned by foreign residents, composed of Englishmen, Hollanders, Germans, Frenchmen, and a few Americans, and was insured in companies in European cities, mostly in Amsterdam, Holland, where the loss falls very heavily. No American companies lost anything by the fire. The period of the strength of the fire. The portion of the city which was dcstroyed was composed of very old houses, some of which were built at the time of the first settlement, three hundred years ago, and were, for the most part, low frame buildings of little inpart, low frame buildings of the lower part trinsic value, occupied in the lower part

THE SAD STORY OF A LIFE.

The Unfortunate Wife of Maximilian, Once Emperor of Mexico.

The Belgian papers announce that the death of the unhappy Carlotta, the wife of Maximilian, once emperor of Mexico, is daily expected. During the last years of her eventful life the som-ber darkness of mental night has rested upon her, and even the consolution of forgetting in insanity her misfortunes has been denied her. The light of this world's pleasures, though not the gloom of its pains, long since went out for her, and that she should not follow her brave and unfortunate husband to the grave may be regarded as the only hap-piness which the future had in store for her, and as a grateful relief to the royal hearts who have watched over her desolate years with constant and loving ten-derness. The daughter of Leopold I., of Belgium, the wisest and shrewdest sovereign of his time, blessed with beauty and a superior mind, graced with the accomplishments of courts and the polish of letters, it was Carlotta's destiny to be united at a very early age to the most amiable and able of the Aus-trian archdukes. Maximilian was dis-tinguished for his virtues, his courage, his courtly bearing and the liberal tone of his thought and facilings. At the of his thoughts and feelings. At the time of the marriage no more brilliant prospect than the luxurious life of an emperor's brother and sister opened be-fore them. Maximilian thought of no loftier destiny than to form one of the princely galaxy around Francis Joseph's throne, to govern a Slavic or Croat province, perhaps lend his sword to the glory of Austria, or to spend happy summer months with his lovely bride at his casthe of Miramar, on the Adriatic. No graver danger than that of a European war or local insurrection threatened to interrupt a tranquil and contented

life. The ambitious projects of Napoleon suddenly intruded upon the even tenor of this calm existence. The conquest of Mexico by Bazaine and the necessity of finding a wearer of royal blood for the new imperial crown, caused Louis to cast his eyes over Europe for the avail-able candidate, and he fixed upon Maximilian as the prince best fitted for his purpose. The Archduchess Sophia urged him to decline the bauble. Carlurged him to decline the bauble. Car-lottota, with all the enthusiasm of youth and ambition, begged him to accept it. To her Maximilian unfortunately yield-ed; he went to Mexico, accompanied by his dauntless and exulting wife, and bravely nerved himself to meet the perils of his new position. These perils were not fanciful; the long conflict between the virtually usurping emperor and the persistent Juarez is well known. Its tragic termination, in which the gallant Austrian went calmly to the fate of Charles of England and Louis of France Charles of England and Louis of France is one of the most thrilling episodes in history. Carlotta stood stanchly by her husband from first to last. When his cause waned and bid ere long to be des-perate, this heroic woman hastened to Europe, fell at Napoleon's feet, and begged him to go to the rescue. Stung by the refusal of the one who had lured Maximilian acress the order Maximilian across the ocean, the unfortunate princess broke into wild imprecations. From St. Cloud she hastened to Rome, only to learn at the Vatican that it was hopeless. Desperate with disappointment, Carlotta wandered over Europe, pleading with Francis Joseph at Vienna, mourning with her brother in Brussels. Then the bright though weary intellect began to fade. She sank into alternate idiocy and madness; and while in this diseased fancy she was fighting the battle over and over again in the quiet retirement of Lacken, Maximilian was shot at Queretaro.

Items of Interest. An Illinois grange is negotiating for the lease of 8,500 acres of land in Monroe

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

county, Mississippi, and fifty Illinois families are ready to move in and occupy as soon as the negotiations are completed.

A poor, ill-clad wife in Montreal said to her husband just before she died : "I accumulated such a store of love for you during our courtship that six years of neglect and coldnesson your parthave failed to exhaust it."

Plenty of people in Boston and vicinity are anxious that Jesse Pomeroy, the boy murderer, shall be hanged. Peti-tions to the Governor and Council that they will not commute his sentence are receiving numerous signatures at South Boston.

On a recent trial in Wales, to test the validity of a will, it was proved that in 1868 the testator became impaired in in-tellect to such an extent that he went to the post-office with a postage stamp on his forehead and requested to be sent to a place he mentioned.

Gen. Judson Kilpatrick indignantly repels an attack made upon him by a correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, and the editor says: "If it will be any gratification to the general, he may, with our leave, take satisfaction out of any Enquirer correspondent he may find."

When a man is leaning over the back fence telling a neighhor how he would shed his last drop of blood for suffering Louisiana, it disturbs him to have his wife yell from the kitchen : "Look at here ! are you coming with that bucket of water, or shall I come out and see to you ?" you ?"

George Henstock, whose daughter a fow days ago picked up in the street at Hanley, in England, a purse containing £66, and who acted on the schoolboy's maxim, "finding's keeping," was charged before the magistrates with stealing the money, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

If the heat which a human being gives off in twenty-four hours could, consis-tently with life, be retained in the body, its temperature would have at the end of that time have reached one hundred and eighty-five degrees Fah., a temperature above the point of coagulation of albumen, and high enough to cook the tissues.

The British frigate Thetis has captured two slavers, one containing one hundred and ninety-two and the other one hun-dred and ten slaves. The Portuguese attacked a slave barracoon south of Mozambique, containing one thousand slaves, but were repulsed with loss. The Thetis subscountly preceded to attack Thetis subsequently proceeded to attack the barracoon.

"Frank " said an affectionate lady the "Frank." said an affectionate lady the other day to a promising young Ameri-can, "if you don't stop smoking and reading so much, you will get so after a while that you won't care anything at all about work." "Mother," replied the hopeful, leisurely removing a very long cigar, and turning another leaf of Scribner's, "I've got so now."

A Penrith correspondent of the Lon-don Court Journal says that about three weeks ago an easterly wind blew down a large fir tree on land belonging to a lady in the neighborhood of Appleby. The gale from the west, last week, how-

but in vain, for my aunt held him the closer while she screamed the louder for John Very soon he appeared on the spot, where he gazed in amazement on the picture before him, but as his mistress kept saying, "Tie him, John, tie him," he went for the first thing handy, which happened to be my aunt's long worsted garters. They being strong enough answered every purpose, and soon our prisoner stood meekly before soon our prisoner stood meekly before us. Then Aunt Mary, looking sternly at him, said: "Now, John, take and lock him in the empty room at the top of the stairs, and in the morning we will see whether peaceful citizens must be robbed and murdered in their beds."

I had stood quietly by, taking no part in the programme, and feeling, it must be said, more pity than anger for the handsome youth. Once I met his eyes fixed earnestly upon me, and as John led him from the room mine was the last face they sought. After my aunt had expended all the threats she could upon the culprit she fell fast asleep, but though I tried to follow her example I did not succeed, for the face of the burglar kept rising before my closed eyes,

I was only sixteen, and of rather a romantic turn. I pictured his dark eyes filled with penitent tears, and thought that bitter necessity had perhaps driven him to this act for which my aunt would send him to prison on the morrow. No, I could not sleep, so slipping on my dress I crept up the stairs to the door of the room containing him who was de-frauding me of my rightful rest. I lis-tened. All was still; and I stood hesitating what to do, when I heard a loud sob from within. In an instant I had the door unlocked. There lay the lad on the cold floor, his head on his crossed arms. He lifted his tear-wet-face; oh! how pale it looked as the dim morning light fell upon it. I am sure my voice

light fell upon it. I am sure my was very gentle as I said : "There, do not weep, but tell me what has impelled you to such work." "Ah, miss," and his voice was strange-ly sweet, "such bitter need as I pray Heaven you may never know. This is Heaven you may never know. This is my first offense, believe me." I did believe him, and made up my

mind on the spot to get him away before my aunt should awake. I bade him fol-low me, and silently we crept down the stairs and to the front door; then telling him to wait until I returned, I hastened The old waist pieces were turned and

basted to the waist portions of a polonaise lining, piecing them where it was needful. Then the polonaise skirt was cut out of the best breaths of the skirt, joining it to the waist pieces very neatly, closing the polonaise in front. The old closing the polonaise in front. The old sleeves cut the lower half of new sleeves by judicious piecing, and the upper sides come from the skirt. The polonaise was a success, and there were still pieces enough left to flounce an old alpaca skirt cut scant according to fashion; and a plain strip of silk above the flounce came well up under the polo-There were scraps enough to naise. ruffle this upper garment on the edge, and to trim waist and sleeves so as to hide the piecings. When all was done. it was a very respectable dress, and especially in the evening would pass almost for new.

It is always a good rule to save the pieces, as long as a dress is in existence. Even some scrap may be just what you will need to piece out a corner. Old black silk and alpaca always come useful. Even the smallest pieces of alpaca are worth saving to cover for cording which is just now in order as trimming. A little bias band of black alpaca often answers in place of more expensive trim-ming, and brightens up a little girl's dress of blue, or red, or plaid.

An old alpaca dress can be vastly improved by ripping apart, sponging with coffee, ironing and making over after a

An Indian Story.

A gentleman of Sioux City, who is just back from a trip up the river, gives the particulars of a rather extraordinary case of experience in the last awful storm. An Indian and his squaw were caught out in the storm while journeying from Fort Randall to the Fort Thompson agency, and becoming bewildered, took refuge in a small ravine. They wrapped their blankets about them and sat down under the bank. The snow soon covered them, but the Indian kept a hole through the rapidly-forming drift with his gun, which he would poke up occa-sionally. They remained there all night, and the drift became so high in the meantime that he was obliged to splice the ramrod to the end of his rifle in order to reach to the top and keep up ventilahim to wait until I returned, I hastened back to my room. The sounds that issued from the bed told me Aunt Mary | long silence: and it was christened "Snow Drift."

as stores and above as dwellings. The entire northern portion of the city was swept by the flames and destroyed.

How to Break off Bad Habits.

Understand the reasons why the habit binderstand the reasons why the month is injurious. Study the subject until there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons and the thoughts that lead to the temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge in the thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice—a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolutions just think the matter over, and endeaver to understand why it is you failed, so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it is an easy thing that you have undertaken. It a folly to expect to break off a bad habit in a day which may have been gathering long years

Antelope and Rattlesnake.

The rattlesnake, the most dreaded reptile of America, is bravely attacked and killed by the antelope. The manner of attack is curious and effective. As soon as the snake is discovered, the male antelope commences trotting swiftly round the enemy, seemingly with the purpose of confusing it; then springing high into the air, and bringing his four sharp hoofs together, descends with all his weight upon the snake. The instant he touches it he separates his feet with a quick movement, and tears it to piece before it has time to strike.

What a Hoax Did.

The Chicago Times lately indulged in a sensational hoax by getting up a column with glaring head lines, giving a de-tailed account of the destruction of a theater in that city to which it added a theater in that city to which it added a list of the "burned alive." The pro-posed object of the hoax was to show what would result were one of the theaters in that city really to catch fire. This was one of the results : A gentle-man just out of Chicago, left his home the night before, for the purpose of attending this theater with a friend who was visiting him. They were to stay in the city over night. The next morning at breakfast, the wife of this gentleman took we the morning to breakhast, the whe of this gentleman took up the morning paper, and was greeted by the display headlines of this infamous hoax. In horror she turned to the list of "killed," and found the name of her husband. She shrieked and fell to the floor. The man's mother, who lived with him, immediately seized the paper to find the cause of her daughterin-law's distress. On finding it, she fell to the floor beside her, and expired. The wife became a raving maniac. Surely, there must be some form of retribu-tive justice that will reach the causes of calamities such as these.

A Recommendation.

In the early part of this century, while Rev. Dr. Backus was pastor at Bethle-hem, Conn., he eked out his salary by fitting boys for college. At one time he had a scapegrace from the South. When the young man was about to join Yale College he asked his teacher for a letter of introduction to Professor Kingsley. The doctor promptly complied, as fol lows: "Professor Kingsley-Dear Sir I hereby introduce to you the bearer. He is the only ϵ of his mother, and she is a widow. The Lord have mercy upon her."

The first American patent to a naturalized Chinaman has just been granted. It was for an improvement in overalls,

ever, blew it up again, and it is "now standing quite stately and majestic, as if nothing had ever happened to it."

It is now possible by the aid of hydaulic machinery to bend iron shafts of twelve inches diameter to any required shape. Incredible as this statement may seem to an expert, crank shafts are now so made, instead of the slow, laborious, and expensive method of forging. The bent shafts are also much better than forged ones from the fact that the fiber of the metal runs in one direction continually, whereas in forged ones it is often across the line of strain.

Tell Your Wife.

A correspondent of the Ledger, who says he is getting into serious pecuniary difficulties, wants to know whether it would be best to tell his wife about it at once, or to hide your troubles from her until he weathers the storm, or finally

goes under, as the case may be. Tell your wife, of course, and tell her at once. The effort which a man makes to keep his troubles from his wife under such circumstances, is a heavy addition such circumstances, is a heavy addition to his burdens. Any wife, worthy of the name, would be drawn closer to her husband by his confiding his troubles to her. And what a source of strength her sympathy would be to him ! intellect, when aroused by sympathy for her husband, whose fortunes are imperiled, is intuitional and prophetic. She sees straight into the very heart of complications which her husband's harassed mind cannot penetrate. His own mind is warmed and quickened and strengthened by communion with hers. When a husband confides in and counsels with his wife in his days of trouble. she is then in very truth what God made her to be, "a help meet for him."

A Surprise Party.

They got up a surprise party on a young married couple at whose house in Chicago a similar affair was one of the social successes of last season. The conspirators were met calmly but cordially at the gate by the husband, who rested on his shotgun, while his beautiful and accomplished wife, whose face and form were visible inside the porch, said she was very glad to see them, but she didn't think she could hold the bulldog back more than a minute longer.