# THE TRIBUNE.

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## BEAUFORT, S. C., JULY 21, 1875.

#### Another's.

She has the most alluring eves. A lttle Grecian nose. She wears the most bewitching guise And parti-colored hose ! Her touch can thrill one strangely when When one clasps her in the dance; At least, they tell me so-but then, I never had the chance!

Her melting tones, so people say, Intoxic te the brain And leave, when she has gone away, A joy akin to pain. Her voice is like sweet music when Its strains are soft and low; So those who've heard it say-but then,

I never did. you know She makes the most superb ragout-Knits stockings by the score;

Knows Latin, and Italian, too, Greek, French, and plenty more ! She's just the girl to sweeten life-Adorable !-- divine ! In short, she is a perfect wife ! But then she isn't mine !

#### DOOMED.

On a handsome lawn fronting an old ivy-grown mansion in the State of Vir-ginia, one pleasant afternoon, not many years ago, a group of young people of both sexes were gathered. Standing in their midst was an old woman, bent down with age, looking as if she stood on the brink of the grave; but her dark, restless eyes showed that there was vigorous life in her mind, if not in her body.

She had been "telling fortunes" for the young people gathered around her, and to all but one she had foretold a bright and happy future. The excep-tion of this rule of blessedness through life was a handsome boy of nineteen, with a dark, passionate face, and an ex-pression which indicated perfect fear-

lessness. Five years before the opening of this story an old gentleman and his nephew had moved to Virginia, and buying a farm, had made it their home. Mr.' farm, had made it their home. Mr.' Mercer and his nephew, Frank, were treated with kindness by the gentlemen of the neighborhood, and they received invitations to visit the plantations hear them them.

Frank soon became acquainted with all in the country; but his uncle never left his farm, and seemed to shun society. For this, many reasons were given; but the true one was that he had lost his whole family, and Frank's parents hav-ing left him to Mr. Mercer's charge he determined to devote himself to the boy, and found sufficient enjoyment in his company, and in cultivating his farm. Though reported very wealthy, and that he always kept a large sum of gold in the house, Mr. Mercer and Frank lived in a quiet way, and made no display. no display.

no display. Thus passed Frank's early youth from his fourtcenth until his nineteenth year, when our story opens. A man of su-perior education, Mr. Mercer bad been his nephew's teacher, and had imparted to him much knowledge of the world, of letters, and people, so that Frank, at nineteen, was as well informed as if he nineteen, was as well informed as if he had possessed a cultivated education. There were those in the neighborhood who reported that the boy was wild and dissipated, and this found ready believ.

tence, which was to die on the gallows. When asked if he had aught to say, Frank arose, and looking around the court room, and in a clear voice, answered :

"I have! Circumstantial evidence "I have ! Circumstantial evidence has condemned me ! I admit it looks as if I did the deed, but I am guiltless of murder ! Dropping my percussion cap box in a mountain stream, I return-ed home for more; for without caps my gun was useless. It was a lovely night, and I determined to enter the house by mv room window, get caps, and return without awakening my uncle. I tied my horse to the fence, sprang into the win-dow, and then heard a loud crash, a call, and a shriek in the direction of my dow, and then heard a loud crash, a call, and a shriek in the direction of my uncle's room. I rushed thither —a dark form dashed by me in the uncertain light of the room—and I fell over something upon the floor. With fear in my heart, I arose, lighted a candle, and saw my uncle's body covered with blood, gold scattered upon the floor, and my own knife, which had done the deed, lying near. I picked up the knife; and thus near. I picked up the knife; and thus was I found by the negro, and seen by the peddler. As God is my witness, I did not murder the good old man who has protected me throughout life, and whom I loved as though he was my own father! I am guiltless of the deed, but submit to my fate."

A silence fell upon all ; there were, however, but few who believed the youth's statement ; among the latter was Mr. Dewes and his family, who, through all, remained stanch friends.

Frank Mercer was to be hung, to die an ignominious death on the gallows, and hundreds flocked to the little town where the execution was to take place, to see him die. How were they disappointed to find that the night before he had escaped ! How, no one knew, but he had left a note addressed to the gaoier, thanking him for the kindness shown him while he was in his charge, and his regrets that his escape might cause him trouble, but saying he had had an op-portunity of escaping, and took advan-tage of it, for he had no idee of dying an ignominious death for an act he was not guilty of, merely to gratify the curi-osity of a gaping crowd. Freedom was offered him, and he accepted it, and hoped he would yet be able to prove his

This was about the subject of the let-ter, and when it was published in the local paper, there were some who were glad that the boy had escaped the gal-

Mr. Mercer's property was, in his will, all left to Frank, and it was found to be considerable. Trustees assumed charge of it, and before long the quiet community had settled down to its usual routine, and the murder and escape

were almost forgotten. Ten years passed away, and no word of the fugitive had been heard, and peo-ple believed him dead. One exception was Mary Dewes, now grown to woman-hood. She had never believed him dead, and through her life had treasured Frank's image in her inmost heart, the mystery that hung around him but a ding strength to her regard. Her sis-ters had married, her mother was dead, and together with her father, they lived

at sea, when in the dead of night the fearful cry of "Fire!" aroused all from slumber. The ship was on fire, and in vain were efforts made to quench the flames. The seamen in fright rushed into the only available boat; and it sank with them, and left them struggling in the ocean, borne away by the wind and waves, while Mr. Dewes and Mary, the captain of the ship and a few others, were huddled away upon the stern, awaiting the doom that must over

confessed just before his death that he had murdered your uncle, and you arriving when you did had prevented him from getting the gold, but made him escape from the house. He knew your uncle kepta large amount of money, and you being away, as he thought, he took your knife and committed the fatal deed.

Frank listened to Mr. Dewes almost reathless, and then, bowing his face in

"But come in," said Dewes, at length; "we are hungry and need breakfast; and are dying to know how you became a captain in the Mexican

"My story is easily told, my dear friends; for, after escaping from prison binduces I wont to Mexico, through your kindness, I went to Mexico, entered the navy, and, having rendered some service, rose to my present com-mand, which has been the means of saving your lives."

Little more cun be added. Frank resigned his commission and returned home, when he was lionized by the whole community. He came in posses-sion of his estates, which were greatly increased in value; and, six months afterwards, in the very town where he was to have had the haugman's halter placed around his neck for death, he had the noose of matrimony thrown around him for life, and the bride was Mary Dewes. Thus his life had been both dark and bright.

#### A Colorado Gold Mine.

A Tribunc correspondent, writing from Colorado, gives the following sketch of a mine in that section : I went 1,500 feet into a mine, following the tunnel straight in. It was cut through the solid rock without a disclosure of "pay" during the entire distance. It was eight feet high and seven or eight was eight feet high and seven or eight wide, and seemed almost large enough for a railroad tunnel. A track was laid within it for the doukey cars to haul out the ore to the mouth of the drift. At found. They diverged in allocated is allocated as the set of the drift of the diverged in allocated as the set of the drift. found. They diverged in different directions. Even underneath the tunnel a sewer or canal had been built to carry away the large streams of water found in the mines, and I saw what I had not thought of before-that the ore had been taken out scores and scores of feet be-low the level of the tunnel, and that the roof of one corridor, formed of timbers and covered with earth, made the floor of the corridor or hall above. Here, thousands of feet within the mountains, where the sun never shone, were busy workshops. Here a large engine was fizzing and putting; here was a black-smith's forge; here was a shaft extend-ing above and below, hundreds of feet out of sight; here was a hoisting machine, with wire ropes and bells ringing as signals for raising or lowering the immense iron ore-tubs; here were steam pumps working away as though the mines would be flooded if they stopped to take breath; here were immense water pipes to carry the water into the main canal; here was a stable filled with mules waiting for their details; here was an iron bin containing powder, fuse, etc., for blasting, and here was a chest containing drills, hammers, and other tools—in all, the most unexpected sight

No Fear of Death in the Dying.

A striking fact in connection with the dying is that they are not afraid of death. You notice this even in executions. The majority of men who are hanged are re-ported to die "game." Death following disease or injury is, with the rarest ex-eptions, unaccompanied with fear. Disease dulls the intelligence so that the situation may not be fully comprehended; or there may be pain, and death is looked upon as a relief. Nature, by a kindly provision, seems to prepare for the flight of the spirit ; as the hold upon to them to be an ordinary heap of field stones, came upon some very large blocks life grows weaker, so does the desire for life grow less; and in scarcely a single instance has not the dying man re-linquished life at the last without seem-ing reluctance or fear. stones, came upon some very large blocks of sandstone placed in the center of the pile. One of these they sledged to pieces, and thus opened one side of what appeared to be a megalithic chamber, containing a large quantity of human bones, among which were several shulls in fine preservation. It is much

The several physical phenomena which, accompanying the act of dying, vary considerably in the earlier stages with the causes which produce death, where is much similarity in the latter steps. Death offers then a physiognomy, which, once witnessed, is not hard to recognize again.

Among the more constant signs are the failing pulse, which gradually becomes imperceptible, first at the wrist and lastly at the breast itself ; the extremities grow cold; the countenance changes as the venous blood courses the arteries; the skin grows clammy and the vessels relax; skin grows clammy and the vessels reax; the eye glazes; the jaw droops; the fluids accumulate in the windpipe, caas-ing the "death rattle," so called, the breath comes short and finally ceases. As the red blood leaves the brain the indemant becomes discurred and the

As the red blood leaves the bran the judgment becomes obscured, and the ving senses deficient. Speech is incoherent. Many times "last words" are imagined by affection to mean more than intended, if there was any intention at all. "It grows dark," or "more light," are com-It mon sayings as the-optic nerve loses its ight stimulus. Or strange sights may be

#### The Poor Children.

Do not tease a sick child with much dressing, but keep it as easy and com-fortable as possible in loosely fitting garments that subject it to little or no garments that subject it to little or no fatigue in their adjustment. Beware, though, of altogether dispensing with flannel, even in hottest weather, seeing how variable is the American, climate, and if a change is required, let it be made with all due caution. Gauze flan-nel shirts protect the breast and other vital parts without incommoding any child, save one with a most excentionally circles. child, save one with a most exceptionally sensitive skin. Death has been seen to ensue from no graver cause than the untimely removal of a flannel shirt. The thoughtless parent who indulges

ar eagle to carry off a cat, which oc-curred at a farm on the bay shore of Kent county, Maryland. A young me-dium-sized cat was treading leisurely along in a potato patch, when a large, full-grown eagle swooped down, and, catching her in its talons, bore her up. Pussy wriggled and mewed piteously for some moments, but suddenly scening her child with a taste of every tidbit has often sad cause to rue her imprudence. Witness the case of a young mother who helped her eighteen months' old baby to a dinner of lamb and two of the tiniest some little new potatoes—wee things just suit-ed for pretty baby's palate ! That night baby came near dying of cholera infan-tum, and that mother has never forgotten pressor. So great were her struggles that the cagle was unable to fly longer, and kept up a continuous flapping with its wings to keep aloft. After much ex-ertion, the cat succeeded in her object, so severe a lesson in baby dietetics. Nature's provision of mother's milk is of course the best food and medicine for and obtained a firm grasp with her claws infancy, but, from some cause, this supply is often failing nowadays, or pronounced by physicians not to agree with the child. In that case such substitutes must be sought as the constitution of the infant may require, as indicated by the state of the bowels. Often the mere change from brown to white sugar, from raw to boiled or scalded milk, may have a decidedly alterative effect, if the constitution has not been already injured by the use of narcotics. In those alarming and sudden attacks of cholera infantum, which frighten even experienced nurses if no doctor is at hand, the proper thing to do is to apply a mustard plaster (not too strong) to the stomach, and to give mint-julep, a little at a time, prepared with ice pounded up as fine as can be, no water, a dessert-spoonful of best French brandy, and a little loaf-sugar.

### Burning Bodies in Ireland.

by which they were surrounded, of

pieces of charcoal in perfect preserva-

A Vanquished Eagle.

teresting account of a recent attempt by

Close by is a fine example of a so-

tion.

come

Some very interesting antiquarian dis-coveries have recently been made in the sand hills of Finner, a wild district ex-tending along the coast between Bally-shannon and Bundoran, Ireland. It appears that the owner of the land, Colonel Falliott, of Holybrook, near Boyle, has given directions for the erection of a wall on that portion of his estate, and that the workmen employed, in helping themselves very freely to what appeared

**Detroit Free Pressings.** The German soldiers are going out on a target shoot this fall. There will be only be 1,200,000 of them.

A tornado which crossed Missouri was described as "the wailing, writhing, wriggling, whistling wind.

skulls in fine preservation. It is much to be regretted that before any intelli-gent person had been made aware of the "find" the place was invaded by a number of treasure seeking roughs from Some papers are mean enough to say that the lieutenant-governor of Michigan would never have been heard of had he not been caned for trying to kiss a woman.

Ballyshanuon, who, besides doing much damage to the cist, broke the crania to pieces, and scattered the other remains. A New Orleans man will sit on a log in the broiling sun and fish all day and feel rewarded with one bite, and yet if his wife wants a pail of water brought he will exclaim : "Oh, yes—keep right on—fix me for burial !" That the bodies had been subjected to the action of fire, was evinced by the scorched appearance of many of the bones, and by the presence in the clay, and among the small and larger stones

If your son, or father, or brother went to California last winter to escape the rigors of this climate, and didn't take a thousand dollars along, you should di-rect your letters in care of some poor-house if you want them to go direct.

called "geant's grave," a stone circle and portion of another, and a little dis-COULDN'T WHITEWASH IT.-It was only a line or two in the daily paper-a few words to the effect that the Central workmen had sometime previously broken into a cromiese, which was found tew words to the elect that the Central station had been newly whitewashed. Goodheart, of Sixth street, came home, after a night's absence, with whitewash on his back, and as he met his wife he said: "Hang my luck! Got carried off on a Lake Shore train." She picked off on a Lake Shore train." She picked to inclose human ashes, burned bones, charcoal and a fine cinerary urn, some fragments of which only have been preserved. We understand that Mr. Wakeman, honorary secretary to the Archeo-logical Society of Ireland, has visited up the paper, placed her thumb on the word whitewash, and there were icicles in her voice as she replied: "Don't let that happen again, William Goodheart." this site of what appears to be a great pagan cemetery, and that an account of the discovery, accompanied by meas-

ured drawings of the various monu-ments, will appear in the journal of that association. We are sure, in the mean-time, Colonel Falliott will take steps to prevent any farther intrusion of ignor-JUST AS WELL.-An old farmer, mail-JUST AS WELL.—An old farmer, mail-ing a letter at the post-office, edged up to the stamp window and inquired: "I suppose you don't keep sheep-shears here, do you?" "Of course not," was the reply. "Never did keep 'em, did you." "No, sir, and never shall." "Well, sheep-shears sell pretty well at this time of the year, but if you haven't got 'em I must go somewhere else. It's just as well, probably, for I may con-clude to get me some summer socks and let the shearing go until next year." ance or acts of vandalism. The place is well worthy of a scientific examination, especially now, when the pros and cons relative to the practice of cremation among Christian communities have besomewhat ventilated in certain The Baltimore American gives an in-

#### Thoughts for Saturday Night,

It is but one step from companionship to slavery, when one associates with vice.

Active natures are rarely melancholy. Activity and melancholy are incompati-

In life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief—enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the moments, but suddenly seeming imbued with courage, she began a deter-mined effort to obtain a hold on her opbest.

Toil, feel, think, hope. A man is sure to dream enough before he dies, without making arrangements for the

Whatever rouses the moral nature, whether it be danger or suffering, or the approach of death, banish unbelief in a moment.

#### Somewhere-in desolate, wind-swept s In twilight land, in no-man's land-Two hurrying shapes met face to face, And bade each other stand.

Identity.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM.

"And who are you?" cried one, agape, Shuddering in the glosming light. "I do not know," said the second shape,

"I only died last night !" -T. B. Aldrich

ers in others; so that Frank had some enemies as well as many friends.

.Thus we find him; and the evening of the commencement of our story he had been invited to an entertainment given'

by a wealthy planter to his children. Mr. Dewes, the planter, had three Mr. Dewes, the planter, had three children, the youngest and loveliest of whom was Mary, a girl of twelve. Mary and Frank were the best of friends, and loved each other dearly; so when the fortune teller predicted a dark and stormy future for Frauk, the tears arose to the child's eyes, and she said : "Do not listen to her, Frank."

But the boy laughed, and, turning on his heel, walked away. Two days afterward, he left home for

a week's hunting in the mountains; but the second night after his departure, the neighborhood was aroused by the startling news that old Mr. Mercer had been murdered by his nephew. One of the servants, passing the house at night, heard a cry, and, seeing Frank's win-dow open, he sprang in and walked across the hall to Mr. Mercer's chamber, from whence the cry came. Lying upon the floor was the old man, dead, while near him stood his nephew with a bloody knife in his hand. In fright, the negro rushed from the house and gave the alarm. Persons from the neighbor-hood were sent for, and Frank was seized against every protestation that he did not kill his uncle, and thrown into gao!

The feeling against the youth was in-tense, for the negro told the story of faring peddler, who had just ascended escape from a horrible death. the front steps to ask to stay all night, corroborated his statement.

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The trial came off, and the charges were made known. Frank was accused of starting upon a hunting expedition as a blind, and then returning from the mountains by night, had entered the room, and attempting to remove a large of gold kept by his uncle, had aroused him, and, upon being discovered, had driven his hunting knife into the heart of Mr. Mercer; the gold was on the floor, its weight having torn through the bag when it was raised. The knife with which Mr. Mercer was killed was one he had given to Frank some days before, and was a large dirk knife incased in a silver scabbard.

Pale as death, but showing no sign of fear or guilt upon his handsome face, the prison r and unmoved by his sen-

take them. "Sail ho!"

The joyous cry came from the captain, who had been straining his eyes over the ocean, in hopes of seeing some vessel coming to save them. Swiftly flying to-wards them came a low, rakish, threemasted schooner, which ever and anon sent up a light, to prove to those on board the burning ship that succor was near. Hark! the deep boom of a gun is heard, and as the captain listens he exclaims : "Miss Dowes, we are all right now ; cheer up, for there comes a vessel-of-war to our aid."

"Ship aboy !" came in ringing tones from the schooner, as she came near the burning ship, which was being driven rapidly along by the wind. "Ahoy!" answered the captain.

"Throw a long line from your ship, and I will send you a boat," came in the same clear tones.

The lines wa thrown, the boat at-tached, and, after a little difficulty, the people from the ship were transferred to the schooner ; and Mary was soon in the

At breakfast the next morning, the young captain of the war schooner de-scended to join his guests at the table, and, as he entered, Mary sprang towards him.

"Frank Mercer! Oh! it is you-is it not?"

One glance at the beautiful girl, and, though years had passed, Frank Mercer, for it was no other, recognized the play-mate whom he had loved so well, and whom he had never ceased to think of. Mr. Dewes came forward, and what a joyful meeting was there! but seeing a cloud, as if of bitter memories, come over the young captain's face, Mr. Dewessaid, quickly: "First, let me relieve your mind of one thing, Mercer. Your innocence in Virginia is thoroughly established; for a negro runaway hung the other day for killing a woman,

car, or a pickaze, or step into a bucket of water, you are laughed at by a dozen owl-eyed miners, whose sight, by long training, has overcome the darkness.

The superintendent asked me if I would like to go down into the shaft a few hundred feet. I asked how I was to get down that distance. "You can get into that tub," said he, "and we will lower you with a rope around a

"Or," said he, continuing, "you can go down that ladder about eighteen feet, when you will find a landing; then you can take another ladder and go on until you reach the bottom.'

As the ladder was almost perpendicu-lar, and only the top round could be seen in the dim light, I again declined the polite invitation. My present situation in the clammy atmosphere, the sound of escaping steam in my ears, the creaking of rollers, the digging of picks, the noise of dozens of drill-hammers, the sound of water gurgling beneath my feet, and I lost in the heart of the mountain-all this served to fill me with awe and apprehension.

#### Large Ears and Small Ears.

Large ears, says a theorist, mounting his hobby, hear things in general, and denote broad, comprehensive views and modes of thought; while small ears hear things in particular, and show a disposition to individualize, often accompanied by the love of the minute. Large ears are usually satisfied with learning the leading facts of a case, with the general principle involved—too strict an attention to the enumeration of details, es-pecially all repetition of the more unimportant-is wearisome to them. People with such ears like generality, and are usually fitted to conduct large enteroriser, to receive and pay out money in large sums; they prefer to give with a free hand, without reference to the amount. Small ears, on the contrary, desire to know the particulars of a story, as well as the main facts; take delight often in examining, handling, or constructing tiny specimens of workman-ship; are disposed to be exact with reet to inches and ounces in buying or selling, to the extent at least of knowing the exact number over or under the st itel measure given or received. Pcople with such ears would, in most cases, prefer a retail to a wholesale business. How They Died.

Augustus chose to die in a standing position, and was careful in arranging his person and dress for the occasion, Julius Cæsar, when slain by the conspirators in the capitol, concealed his face beneath the folds of his toga, so that his enemies might not see the death pang upon his countenance. Siward, Earl of Northumberland, when at the point of death, quitted his bed and put on his armor, saying: "It becomes not a man to die like a beast." Maria Louise, of Austria, a short time before she breathed her last, had fallen into an apparent slight slumber, and one of the adies in attendance remarked that her majesty seemed to be asleep. "No," replied she, "I could sleep if I would indulge repose, but I am sensible of the near approach of death, and I would not near approach of death, and a work in allow myself to be surprised by him in my sleep; I wish to meet him wide awake." Lord Nelson, on receiving the fatal shot, said to Captain Hardy: "They have done for me at last, Hardy; my backbone is shot through ;" and had the presence of mind, while carried below, o take out his handkerchief and cover his face and stars, to be concealed from the graze of his crew. And last of all, the great Bonaparte died in his field marshal's uniform and boots, which he had ordered to be put on a short time previous to his dissolution.

The Delaware peach growers' association, in making an estimate of the crop for 1875, are of the opinion that not less than 6,000,000 of baskets will be gathered, 4,000,000 of which, it is probable, will be transported by rail and 2,000,000 by water.

on the breast of the eagle, which made every possible endeavor to free itself in vain. It flapped its wings, shook its body, and appeared to heartily regret having meddled with pussy in her peaceful ways. Finally, as if in despair and exhaustion, it spread its broad wings and fell slowly to the bay, over which the struggle had been going on. Immediately upon touching the water, the cat loosed her hold and swam boldly ashore, while the eagle, upon being freed of its troublesome burden, shot upward and sped rapidly away.

#### A Parisian Story.

A Paris paper narrates a story of which a Parisian recently returned from the cape was the hero. One day, having strayed away with two companions for a long distance from the town, he, with his friends, came upon a cabin, which, his friends, came upon a cabin, which, being very hungry, they entered. In it was an old negress, who was making and cooking a sort of omelette. They made her understand by signs that they were very hungry, and particularly wanted that omelette, and would pay a good price for it. She, by signs, assented readily. Then, pointing to a string of muchrooms have they string of mushrooms hanging by, they intimated that these would make a savory addition to the meal. The woman, with a scream of horror, abandoned her cooking and took refuge in a corner. They, without more ado, added the mushrooms for themselves, and found the whole delicious. As they finished, a cry of despair was heard at the door. The negro husband had returned to see the last of the ears of his deceased enemies vanish down a Parisian throat. The three friends were ill for fifteen days, and cannot hear a mushroom mentioned without turning pale.

#### Can Have Them.

Does any one desire to have swarms of mosquitoes about his house in the course of a few weeks? Well, nothing is easier than to cultivate them—a little pool of stagnant water on the premises is all that is necessary. If you haven't a pool near by, a hogshead, barrel or tub filled with rain-water and allowed to stand in the yard a few weeks will answer the purpose. About four weeks are required to make a first-class mosquito, that is, to develop it from the egg into a buzzer and biter. An examination of the surface of stagmant water with keen eyes, or, better still, with a microscope, will reveal the source of these destroyers of our summer peace.

The height of earthly promotion and glory lifts us up no whit nearer heaven. It is easier to step there from the lowly vale of humiliation and sorrow.

vale of humiliation and sorrow. "Mary," said a preacher, addressing a colored convert, "is not the love of God wonderful ?" She replied : "I do not think it is so wonderful, because it is just like him." Grace is glory militant and glory is grace triumphant; grace is glory begun, glory is grace made perfect; grace is the first degree of glory, glory is the highest degree of grace.

degree of grace. Generosity during life is a very dif-ferent thing from generosity in the hour of death; the one proceeds from liberality and benevolence, the other from pride or fear.

True or lear. True science, which is the knewledge of facts, and true philosophy, which is the knowledge of principles, are always allied to true religion, which is the harmony of the soul with facts and prin-ciples. ciples.

No man's life is free from struggles and mortifications, not even the hap-piest; but every one may build up his own happiness by seeking mental pleas-ure, and thus make himself independent

of outward fortune. Human reason, after guessing and roaming from sect to sect, yearns for a Lord and Master, not to crush it down but to take it up, weak, bewildered and weary, and fold it in that divine reason whence alone it borrows vigor and illumination.

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn It is a good and sate rule to spend in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an op-portunity of doing a kindness, or speak-ing a true word, or making a friend. ing a true word, or making a friend. Seeds thus sown by the wayside often bring forth abundant harvest.

As an instance of what one check ac-complished, and how its meanderings terminated, it is stated that one was drawn by a prominent gentlemen of New Haven about two weeks ago for about \$300, and was passed by the indorser to a lumber firm in another part of the city. From thence it went to seven other concerns, and found its way to the original drawer of it. The last indorser happened to be one who was in arrears to the drawer, and seeing his name to the check and the rounds the check had gone and the good it had done, concluded he would "do something" handsome to the drawer, and paid it over. That check liquidated several thousand dollars' worth of accounts.