

The Hurray Herald.

"BE TRUE TO YOUR WORD AND YOUR WORK AND YOUR COUNTRY."

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MR. BEECHER'S LETTER.

To Parents on the Training of Children.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 23. I do not like to sow the seeds of suspicion in the minds of parents about their children, but there are thousands and thousands of parents in our great cities who think, who know that their children "never lie," and yet their tongue is like a banded bow. They think their children never drink; but there is not a fashionable saloon within a mile of their homes that the boys are not familiar with. They think their children never do unvirtuous things, and yet they reek with unvirtue. There are many young men, when they return to their fathers' houses, are supposed to have been making visits to this or that person. It is a mere guise.

The practice of allowing children to go out at night to find their own companions and their own places of amusement may leave one in twenty unscathed and without danger, but think that nineteen out of twenty fall down wounded or destroyed. And if there is one thing that should be more imperative than another, it is that your children shall be home at night; or that, if they are abroad, you shall be abroad with them. There may be things that it is best that you should do for your children, though you may not do so for yourself; but you ought not to go anywhere at night, to see sights, or to take pleasure, unless you can go with them until they are grown to man's estate and their habits are formed. And nothing is more certain than that to grant the child liberty to go outside of the parental roof and its restraints in the darkness of night is bad, that continually.

Do not suppose that a child is hurt only when he is broken down. I have quite a taste in china cups and such things. I like a beautiful cup and I have noticed that when the handle gets knocked off from a cup of mine that cup is spoiled for me. When I look at it afterwards I never see the beauty, but always see the broken handle. If I have a beautiful mirror and it is cracked, it may still answer all the purposes that I want a mirror for, to reveal my beauty, but nevertheless it is spoiled for my eye. There is that crack, and when I look into the glass I never see myself half so much as I see the crack. Its perfection is gone. In the matter of beauty, a speck or a blemish is more than all besides. And it does not require that a child should be broken down to be made useless by his exposures to temptation. I know there are many things which no man can learn without being damaged by them all his life long. There are many thoughts which ought never to find a passage through a man's brain. As an owl, if he were to wiggle across your carpet, would leave a slime which no brush could take off, so there are many things which no person can know and never recover from the knowledge of.

There are the minions of Satan that go around with hidden pictures and books under the lapels of their coats, showing them to the young, with glaring, lustful, and infernal scenes represented, which once to have seen is to remember.

I can say these things, when some other could not, because I am known and want to be known, as a friend of liberty and a friend of pleasure. I rebuke the young who would turn monks. I do not believe in solitude, I believe in gravity and joyousness, and I believe that the closer a man keeps to the laws of nature the happier he will be, and ought to be. Therefore, being on the side of liberty, though not on the side of license—being on the side of wholesome, many pleasures, and freedom in the indulgence of them—I have authority to say: When you pervert nature in this way it is utterly wicked and utterly abominable.

There is another application which, although partial, is of great range and of supreme importance, addressing itself to doctors, guardians and to parents chiefly. I refer to the practice of allowing children to go out at night into the streets, in cities, or if in the country allowing children to find their companions at night and their pleasures at night away from parental inspection. If I wanted to make the destruction of a child sure I would give him unwatched liberty after dark. You cannot do a thing that will be so nearly a guarantee of a child's damnation as to let him have the liberty of the streets at night.

I do not believe in bringing up the child to know life, as it is said. I should just as soon think of bringing up a child by cutting some of the cords of the body and lacerating his nerves and scarring and tattooing him and making an Indian of him outright as an element of beauty, as I should think of developing his manhood by bringing him up to see life—to see its abominable lusts, to see its hideous incarnations of wit, to see its infernal wickedness, to see its extravagant and degrading scenes, to see its miserable carnalities, to see its im-

aginations set on fire of hell, to see all those temptations and delusions which lead to perdition. Nobody gets over the sight of these things. They who see them always see scars. They are burned. And to let the young go out where the glaring courtesan appears, to let them go where the lustful frequenter of dens of iniquity can come within their reach, to let them go where the young gather together to cheer with bad wit, to let them go where they will be exposed to such temptations—why a parent is insane that will do it. To say "A child must be hardened, he has got to get tough somehow, and you may as well put him in the vat and let him tan"—is that family education? Is that Christian nature? Is that bringing a child up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?

I thank God for two things—yes, for a thousand; but two among many. First, that I was born and bred in the country, of parents that gave me a sound constitution and a noble example. I never can pay back what I got from my parents. If I were to raise a monument of gold higher than heaven it would be no expression of the debt of gratitude which I owe to them, for that which they unconsciously gave, by the heritage of their souls, to me. And next to that I am thankful that I was brought up in circumstances where I never became acquainted with wickedness. I know a great deal about it; for if I hear a man say A. I know the whole alphabet of that man's life, by which I can imagine all the rest. If I see a single limb, I have the physiologist's talent by which I know the whole structure. But I never became acquainted with wickedness when I was young by coming in contact with it. Never was sullied in act, nor in thought, nor in feeling, when I was young. I grew up as pure as a woman. And I cannot express to God the thanks which I owe to my mother, and to my father, and to the great household of sisters and brothers among whom I lived. And the secondary knowledge of these wicked things, which I have gained in later life in a professional way, I gained under such guards that it was not harmful to me.

To all husbands and wives whom these written words may reach, I say, if you have children, bring them up purely. Bring them up with consistent delicacy. Bring them up so that they shall not know the wickedness that is known, unfortunately, by the greater number of men.

And if there are children that are sometimes impatient of parental restraint, let me say to them, you do not know what temptation you are under, and if held back by your mother, if held back by your father, you shall escape the knowledge of the wickedness that is in the world you will have occasion by and by to thank God for that more than for silver, or for gold, or for houses, or for lands.

Keep your children at home at night. There is many a sod that lies over the child whose downfall began by vagrancy at night, and there is many a child whose heart-breaking parents would give the world if the sod did lie over them. What a state that is for children to come to, in which the father and the mother dread their life unspcakably more than their death! What a horrible state of things this is, where parents feel a sense of relief in the dying of their children! Then, I say, take care of your children at night.

HENRY WADE BEECHER.

The Dead Loss in Protection.

To the Editor of the News and Courier:

In the recent interesting discussion between "Tariff Reform" and "Rice" the former showed that more than one million dollars are paid yearly by way of protection to South Carolina rice, and he asks where this money goes. That is a pertinent question which has not yet been answered. The consumers, as such, certainly get none of this money, and "Rice" showed pretty conclusively that he gets very little. Who then enjoys the rest? No one. This duty represents a vast amount of wealth sunk, wasted, buried in the ground—just so much good money thrown in after the bad.

I buy bananas from the West Indies at three cents a piece, of which one cent represents the profits to the producer. But being patriotic I desire to "diversify" Carolina industry by raising bananas here. I build hot houses, lay in a stock of wood and coal, an improved heating apparatus, &c., and enter upon the business. I raise 1,000 bananas at a cost of a dollar apiece. A beneficent public, desirous of affording me protection, agrees to forbid bananas the market under penalty of one-dollar each. West India bananas come notwithstanding the restrictions, but now they sell equally with mine, for \$1.03 apiece. I make three cents profit, my competitors two cents, while my friendly neighbors lose one dollar each, of which the dollar lost on the foreign banana goes to the Government, while the ninety-eight cents

net loss on my bananas goes nowhere.

In the same way if we can buy foreign rice for three cents and are compelled by law to pay 5¢, we lose 2¢ cents a pound. But it costs the rice planter 3 cents to raise it, this gain we be your loss" in the proportion of 3 to 2.

Loss to consumers on 50,000,000 lbs. of rice at 2¢	\$1,250,000
Gain to home-producers on same at 3¢	500,000

Capital sunk and lost	\$1,000,000
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(These figures are merely illustrative. They are not assumed to be accurate.)

In discussing the question of protection many persons make the mistake of assuming that the home producer is benefited by the whole amount of the duty paid by the foreigner. The very fact that he requires protection is evidence that the cost of production to him is greater than to the foreign producer. This difference represents the actual loss in money to the world at large from an honest protective system. When the home producer can raise his products as cheaply as the foreigner he does pocket all the extra price caused by the duty, but in this case he, or at least the law, is perpetuating a swindle on the public.

I am considering only the economic side of the question. Whether the public should put their hands into the pockets and give money to their struggling brethren as they did to the sufferers from the earthquake in an entirely different question—one that has nothing to do with political economy. If they begin to help, where shall they stop?

Rice planting is a struggling industry, therefore it should be aided. Then an island cotton planting is also a struggling industry, therefore it should be aided.

But short staple cotton planting, too, is now a struggling industry of the most pronounced type, therefore it should be aided.

Where is all this aid to come from?—RE-ELECTOR.

The President's Coachman.

Albert Hawkins, the President's coachman, is a large, fine-looking negro, as black as a piece of polished anthracite coal, and in private life is a rollicking, jolly, good fellow, full of stories and wit, and he keeps the stables in a roar, so that it is said the horses laugh sometimes. But when he is out on business Albert is as solemn as a Hindoo-god. He sits on the box of the President's carriage without moving a muscle of his face for hours, and when the carriage is waiting anywhere he always shows the other drivers around what true dignity is. He has driven seven Presidents and no one appreciates the circumstance so well as he. In twenty-five years of driving and of handling all sorts of teams no accident ever occurred with him and not a strap ever broke. He has driven Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Arthur to take the oath of office, and has followed the bodies of Lincoln and Garfield to their tombs.

Albert is particularly proud of Mrs. Cleveland, and feels a sort of proprietorship in the President's wife. He used to be quite fond of Mrs. Fred. Grant, and Nellie Arthur he still thinks is "the finest young lady in the world," and the finest young lady in the world." But Mrs. Cleveland seems to occupy his mind more nowadays than the friends of the past, and Albert spends a good deal of time when off duty in extolling her beauty and graces. Whenever she smiles at him, as she always does when he takes her from or leaves her at the White House, his own face spreads all over his coat-collar and stays that way for some time. When Mrs. Cleveland rides out Albert is always a little more erect and his face a little more serious with responsibility.—Washington Letter.

Opossum and Rats.

A Mr. Young reports in the Houston (Mo) Herald an interesting fight which occurred under his corn crib between a drove of rats and an opossum. He was gathering corn and throwing it into the crib. He made two or three trips, and each time heard a fearful noise, which so closely resembled that produced by a couple of fighting tom-cats that he paid no attention to it. But the noise finally changed and became more like the snarling of a lot of puppies and he thought he would look under the crib and discover the cause.

To his surprise he saw a large drove of rats knawing at the beams and legs of an opossum, which was still alive and trying to get away. He seized a club, drove the rats away, and dragged the opossum out, when the rats swarmed out after it, and would not relinquish their prey until at least half of their number had been killed. He then killed the opossum, which was still trying to drag itself around, after fearfully half its body had been eaten off.

Never put anything into the ear for the relief of toothache.

Breaking the Will.

II. H. in Bits of Talk About Home Matters.

This phrase is going out of use. It is high time it did. If the thing it represents would also cease, there would be stronger and freer men and women. But the phrase is still sometimes heard; and there are still conscientious fathers and mothers who believe they do God service in sitting about the thing.

I have more than once said to a parent who used these words, "Will you tell me just what you mean by that? Of course you do not mean exactly what you say."

"Yes, I do. I mean that the child's will is to me once for all broken! that he is to learn that my will is to be his law. The sooner he learns this the better."

"But is it to your will simply as will that he is to yield? simply as the weaker yields to the stronger—almost as matter yields to force? For what reason is he to do this?"

"Why, because I know what is best for him, and what is right; and he does not."

"Ah! that is a very different thing. He is, then, to do the thing that you tell him to do, because that thing is right and is useful for him; you are his guide on a road over which you have gone, and he has not; you are an interpreter, a helper; you know better than he does about all things, and your knowledge is to teach his ignorance."

"Certainly, that is what I mean. A pretty state of things it would be if children were to be allowed to think they know as much as their parents. There is no way except to break their wills in the beginning."

"But you have just said that it is not to your will as will that he is to yield, but to your superior knowledge and experience. That surely is not breaking his will. It is of things furthest removed from it. It is educating his will. It is teaching him how to will."

I read once, in a book intended for the guidance of mothers, a story of a little child who, in repeating his letters one day, suddenly refused to say A. All the other letters he repeated again and again, unhesitatingly; but A he would not, and persisted in declaring that he could not say it. He was severely whipped, but still persisted. It now became a contest of wills. He was whipped again and again, and again over yesterday's ground. Willie cried. He ate very little breakfast. He stood at the window in a listless attitude of discouragement, which she said cut her to the heart. Once in a while he would ask for some plaything which he did not usually have. She gave him whatever he asked for but he could not play. She kept up an appearance of being busy with her sewing but she was far more unhappy than Willy.

Dinner was brought up to them. Willy said, "Mamma, this ain't a bit good dinner."

She replied, "Yes, it is, darling; just as good as we ever have. It is only because we are eating it alone. And poor papa is sad, too; taking his all alone downstairs."

At this Willy burst out into a hysterical fit of crying and sobbing. "I shall never see my papa again in this world."

Then his mother broke down, too, and cried as hard as he did; but she said, "Oh! yes, you will, dear. I think you will say that letter before tea-time, and we will have a nice evening downstairs together."

"I can't say it. I try all the time, and I can't say it; and if you keep me here till I die, I shan't ever say it."

The second night settled down dark and gloomy, and Willy cried himself to sleep. His mother was ill from anxiety and confinement; but she never faltered. She told me she resolved that night that, if it were necessary, she would stay in that room with Willy a month. The next morning she said to him, more seriously than before, "Now, Willy, you are unkind; you are making everybody unhappy. Mamma is very sorry for you, but she is also very much displeased with you. Mamma will stay here with you till you say that letter, if it is for the rest of your life; but mamma will not talk with you, as she did yesterday. She tried all day yesterday to help you, and you would not help yourself; to-day you must do it all alone."

"Mamma, are you sure I shall ever say it?" asked Willy.

"Yes, dear; perfectly sure. You will say it some day or other."

"To you think I shall say it to-day?"

"I can't tell. You are not so strong a little boy as I thought. I believed you would say it yesterday. I am afraid you have some hard work before you."

Willy begged her to go down and leave him alone. Then he begged her to shut him up in the closet, and "see if that wouldn't make him good." Every few minutes he would come and stand before her, and say—very earnestly, "Are you sure I shall say it?"

He looked very pale, almost as if he had had a fit of illness. No wonder. It was the whole battle of life fought at the age of four.

It was late in the afternoon of this the third day. Willy had been sitting in his little chair, looking steadily at the floor, for so long a time a

as a matter of obedience to her. Because it was a thing intrinsically necessary for him to do so, she would see, at any cost to herself or to him, that he did it; but he must do it voluntarily, and she would wait till he did.

The morning wore on. She buried herself with other matters, and left Willy to himself; now and then asking, with a smile, "Well, isn't my little boy stronger than that ugly old letter yet?"

Willy was sulky. He understood in that early stage all that was involved. Dinner-time came.

"Aren't you going to dinner, mamma?"

"Oh! no, dear; not unless you say G, so that you can go too. Mamma will stay by her little boy until he is out of this trouble."

The dinner was brought up, and they ate it together. She was cheerful and kind, but so serious that he felt the constant pressure of her pain.

The afternoon dragged slowly on to night. Willy cried now and then, and she took him in her lap, and said, "Dear, you will be happy as soon as you say that letter, and mamma will be happy too; and we can't either of us be happy until you do."

"O mamma! why don't you make me say it?" (He had said several times before the affair was over.)

"Because, dear, you must make yourself say it. I am helping you make yourself say it, for I shall not let you go out of this room, nor go out myself, till you say it; but that is all I shall do to help you. I am listening, listening all the time, and if you say it, in ever so little a whisper, I shall hear you. That is all mamma can do for you."

Bed-time came. Willy went to bed unkindly and sad. The next morning, when Willy's mother opened her eyes, she saw Willy sitting up in his crib, and looking at her steadfastly. As soon as he saw that she was awake, he exclaimed, "Mamma, I can't say it; and you know I can't say it. You're a naughty mamma, and you don't love me." Her heart sank within her; but she patiently went again and again over yesterday's ground. Willie cried. He ate very little breakfast. He stood at the window in a listless attitude of discouragement, which she said cut her to the heart. Once in a while he would ask for some plaything which he did not usually have. She gave him whatever he asked for but he could not play. She kept up an appearance of being busy with her sewing but she was far more unhappy than Willy.

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He looked very pale, almost as if he had had a fit of illness. No wonder. It was the whole battle of life fought at the age of four.

It was late in the afternoon of this the third day. Willy had been sitting in his little chair, looking steadily at the floor, for so long a time a

that his mother was almost frightened. But she hesitated to speak to him; for she felt that the crisis had come. Suddenly he sprang up, and walked toward her with all the deliberate firmness of a man in his whole bearing. She says there was something in his face which she has never seen since, and does not expect to see till he is thirty years old.

"Mamma!" said he.

"Well, dear?" said his mother, trembling so that she could hardly speak.

"Mamma," he repeated, in a loud, sharp tone, "G! G! G! G!" and then he burst into a fit of crying, which she had hard work to stop. It was over.

Willy is now ten years old. From that day to this his mother has never had a contest with him; she has always been able to leave all practical questions affecting his behavior to his own decision, merely saying, "Willy, I think this or that will be better."

His self-control and gentleness are wonderful to see; and the blending in his face of child-like simplicity and purity, with manly strength, is something which I have only once seen equaled.

For a few days he went about the house shouting "G! G! G!" at the top of his voice. He was heard asking playmates if they could "say G," and "who showed them how." For several years he used often to allude to the affair, saying, "Do you remember, mamma, that dreadful time when I wouldn't say 'G'?" He always used the verb "wouldn't" in speaking of it. Once, when he was sick, he said, "Mamma, do you think I could have said 'G' any sooner than I did?"

"I have never felt certain about that, Willy," she said. "What do you think?"

"I think I could have said it a few minutes sooner. I was saying it to myself as long as that," said Willy.

It was singular that, although up to that time he had never been able to pronounce the letter with any distinctness, when he first made up his mind in this instance to say it, he enunciated it with perfect clearness, and never again went back to the old, imperfect pronunciation.

Few mothers, perhaps, would be able to give up two whole days to such a battle as this; other children, other duties, would interfere. But the same principle could be carried out without the mother's remaining herself by the child's side all the time. Moreover, not one child in a thousand would hold out as Willy did. In all ordinary cases a few hours would suffice. And, after all, what would the sacrifice of even two days be, in comparison with the time saved in years to come? If there were no stronger motive than one of policy, of desire to take the course easiest to themselves, mothers might well resolve that their first aim should be to educate their children's wills, and make them strong, instead of to conquer and "break" them.

Origin of Cinderella.

There is no fairy tale that is better known or more loved by young readers than the story of the poor little cinder girl, who was so ill treated by her cruel sisters, had such a delightful god-mother, with a magic wand, and was so lucky as to lose her pretty dress and become a princess thereby.

Looking over an old book, we came upon an anecdote that is said to have been the origin of this favorite tale. Cinderella's real name, it seems, was Rhodope, and she was a beautiful Egyptian maiden, who lived 670 years before the birth of Christ, and during the reign of Psammeticus, one of the twelve kings of Egypt. One day Rhodope ventured to go in bathing in a clear stream near her home and meanwhile left her shoes, which must have been unusually small, lying on the bank. An eagle, passing above, chanced to catch sight of the little sandals, and mistaking them for a toothsome tid-bit, pounced down and carried off one in his beak.

The bird then unwittingly played the part of fairy god-mother, for, flying directly over Memphis, where King Psammeticus was dispensing justice, it let the shoe fall right into the king's lap. Its size, beauty, and daintiness immediately attracted the royal eye, and the king, determined upon knowing the wearer of so cunning a shoe, sent throughout all his kingdom in search of the foot that would fit it. As in the story of Cinderella, the messengers finally discovered Rhodope, fitted on the shoe, and carried her in triumph to Memphis, where she became the queen of King of Psammeticus, and the foundation of the fairy tale that was to delight boys and girls twenty-four hundred years later.—American Agriculturist.

Little Mabel stood besides colored Aunt Chole as that person was engaged in some household whole. Aunt Chole was troubled with heavy breathing. Mamma," said little Mabel afterwards, "what makes Aunt Chole stand up and snore?"

Never wet the hair if you have any tendency to deafness; wear an oil-silk cap when bathing, and refrain from diving.

Never be alarmed if a living insect enter the ear. Pouring warm water into the canal will drown it, when it will generally come to the surface and can be easily removed by the fingers. If few puffs of tobacco smoke blown into the ear will stupefy the insect.

Gladstone and Tennison.

It is interesting to see with what differing perceptions Gladstone and Tennison review their past. The former sees in the fifty years of the Victorian era a steady march of progress and improvement. The latter finds in the results of this half century matter for little else than regret and reproach. Of course, the radical divergence in the views of two such acute and competent observers must be attributed in part to temperamental differences. Tennison has a prescriptive right in his character of poet, to the sad vaticinative humor, and it is a mistake to say that he is now exhibiting gloomy forebodings for the first time.

The temperament of Gladstone is sanguine. All his life he has been buoyed up by an exuberant vitality, while the absorption of his energies in practical legislation has trained him to concrete and definite views of life. It is to be observed, however, that his outlook has nothing in common with the Laureate's. The statesman finds no difficulty in cataloguing a series of measures designed to ameliorate the condition of the poor, to facilitate the spread of knowledge and the freedom of deliberation, to protect the workingman against the greed or indifference of his employer to promote education, to relieve the taxpayer, to abolish old abuses, to secure purity in the public service and generally to make life easier to the people. It is not to be supposed that Tennison would dispute any of the points made by the Premier in regard to material progress. He might indeed point to the recognition of this kind of progress in his own poems. But he would probably defend himself from the charge of misrepresenting his age by asserting that he and Gladstone are not discussing the same order of things. The truth perhaps lies between the two conflicting views, neither of which is wholly right or wholly wrong. Gladstone's gaze is fixed upon the practical material prosperity of England, proof of the growth of which in the last half century is easy. Tennison for his part perceives only the signs and evidences of spiritual decadence, and these may very well co-exist with all the advances of which Gladstone boasts. The poet feels the spread of skepticism of materialism, of Utilitarianism. He believes that a very plethora of wealth, which is one of the signs of the times, may be a means of retrogression rather than that of development; that the increase of luxury and the complexity of modern wants are not necessarily working together for good; that the decay of faith, the growth of cynicism, the augmentation of all carnal and sensuous pleasures and indulgences, indicate a general degradation; and that all this backsliding may proceed in parallel with an external appearance of flourishing prosperity.

Two Wee Travelers.

PITTSBURG, March 20.—Two small travelers, who had no one to look after them, attracted special attention at the Union Station in this city this morning. One was Emil Borek, ten years of age, and the other Gussie Borek, three years of age. Attached to the coat of the older boy was a card, on which was written the address of their father, D. J. Borek, of 12 Third avenue, New York, to whom the children were being sent.

The story of the elder boy was that his mother had left her home and taken her two children to San Francisco. There she left them and they were taken in charge by benevolent people, who placed them in an orphan asylum. Their father heard where they were and sent for them. They had traveled all the way alone from San Francisco to this city, en route for New York. On the train several ladies connected with a theatrical company had befriended the little fellows. They arrived here at 2 o'clock this morning. Special Detective Tom Pendergast got the children a breakfast, and sent them on their way in a happy humor. The father of the children is an engineer employed on the New York and Central Rail Road, and is the first time, it is said, that children of such extreme youth have crossed the continent alone.

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Never be alarmed if a living insect enter the ear. Pouring warm water into the canal will drown it, when it will generally come to the surface and can be easily removed by the fingers. If few puffs of tobacco smoke blown into the ear will stupefy the insect.

Never meddle with the ear if a foreign body, such as a bead, button, or seed enters it; leave it absolutely alone, but have a physician attend to it. More damage has been done by injudicious attempts at the extraction of a foreign body than could ever come from its presence in the ear.