

## HOW A HERO DIED.

### The Story of Gen. Maxey Gregg's Death at Fredericksburg.

As familiar a figure as any about the State House is William Rose, the colored messenger at the Governor's office, who has become, through faithful service, a fixture in that position, having served in the capacity for all the Governors since '76, and indeed for a time in 1863 for Governor Bonham.

As the body-servant of General Maxey Gregg through all his service for all the Governors since '76, and indeed for a time in 1863 for Governor Bonham, his career was terminated by death, Rose's relations with the General were naturally of such a character as to bring to his personal knowledge much concerning the General's life in the army and the exact circumstances attending his death possessed by no one else.

This has long been known to many of the friends of the dead hero who have therefore often found it entertaining to talk with Rose upon the subject but his reminiscences and statements have never so far as known been published.

To securely preserve this unwritten chapter of the history of one of South Carolina's most gallant and devoted sons, a reporter of *The Register* last night secured from the venerable body-servant his complete recollections of the master. He has a retentive memory and speaks positively even as to exact words used in certain cases and the story was carefully taken down as it fell from his lips. He holds the memory of his departed master in the greatest reverence, and at times, as his narrative took him mentally back to the old scenes and brought up thoughts of the kindness he had received, his voice would choke with emotion and tears of genuine feeling fill his eyes.

Will Rose's first recollections of Maxey Gregg go back to when he first knew of him as a student at the South Carolina College, but his first at intimate connection with him was when, as his servant, and Colonel Gregg then a member of Governor Meun's staff, he accompanied him on his various trips with the Governor to military inspections and encampments of that time.

When the war broke out Gregg, being commissioned as Colonel of the First South Carolina Volunteers, went at once to Charleston, where his command was soon joined by the Richland Volunteers.

Rose was with them as a musician and applied for and secured the position of body-servant to Colonel Gregg. From that time until death severed the connection, Rose was his devoted follower and attendant, and his faithfulness was properly appreciated. As an illustration of General Gregg's high opinion of his servant the following may be related: Whilst in camp at Suffolk, Va., General Gregg's tent was robbed. Several officers accused Rose of being the robber and so stated to Gregg, but the General wouldn't believe it; laughed at the accusation. It finally transpired that the robbery had been perpetrated by one of Captain Shooter's men, in whose possession several of the stolen articles were found.

Concerning General Gregg's character and habits as a soldier, his humble devoted follower pays high tribute, describing him as an officer beloved by all his men, ever mindful of their comfort and interested in their welfare. Rose says he often expected to hear of his General being killed long before he was, for when at Centreville and elsewhere, being on the advanced line, it was his constant custom to leave camp early in the morning alone and be absent some days until after dark exploring the country in front and seeking to gain any information that might be of value.

Coming to the fatal time, around which naturally the greatest interest must centre, Rose describes the circumstances attendant upon General Gregg's wounding and death as follows: The day was Saturday, and the fighting had been going on since morning. At about half-past ten o'clock Rose went towards a brick house where he was accustomed to get milk. He saw a young man

named James Hamilton, a member of the Richland Volunteers, coming out of the heating battle, wounded in the thigh. He hailed Rose and told him General Gregg had been shot, and he feared was dead by that time. He had helped to carry him from the field.

Rose at once reported the news to Major Harry Ammond, Brigade Quartermaster, and then sent off on horseback to find his master. Near the brick house already alluded to he found Dr. Powell taking off legs and arms in the open air, and was told by him that General Gregg, badly shot, was inside.

Rose found his suffering master in a room on the first floor, lying on a mattress on the floor. "Well, William, I'm shot," he said as his servant entered, and on being told the news of it had reached camp, asked how it got there. Later, he ordered all his belongings brought where he was, which was done, and his gold watch being among them, he then and there gave it to Rose to keep, saying he had intended to make provision for him, but it was then too late.

"When you go home to Carolina," he said, "tell my sisters not to weep nor to mourn at my death, but to look to Almighty God and meet me in heaven."

He several times repeated as a message, "Tell Colonel Haskell that I love him from the bottom of my heart."

He bore his suffering philosophically and most of the time lay on his back with his hands clasped over his eyes, except when some one would come to speak to him. He told Rose that all the surgeons of the brigade were coming to see him, and called each by name—Dr. Powell, Kilgore, Evans and Hughes. They all came in and saw him. General Gregg also said he should die at 9 o'clock that night, but in this he proved mistaken, for he lingered long after that.

About midnight he asked if there was any one in the house who knew where General Stonewall Jackson's headquarters were. A stout gentleman in citizen's dress, who was present, said he did and asked why the question. General Gregg replied that he wanted to see him and accordingly the General was sent for.

General Gregg cautioned Rose who was beside his bed that if asleep when General Jackson arrived he must be awakened, and as it happened when General Jackson did reach the place General Gregg was sleeping. He was awakened by Rose who told him who was there.

General Jackson, approaching the bed, stretched out his hand and said: "How do you do, General Gregg?" Taking the offered hand General Gregg said: "Is that you, General Jackson?"

"Yes," was the reply, "how are you feeling?" "Feeling as well as a man can feel, shot as I am," was Gregg's response; and then addressing his superior officer earnestly, he said, "General Jackson, I sent for you, knowing that I am compelled to die, with no anxiety at dying and having no malice in my heart for any one."

To this great Stonewall rejoined, "General Gregg, you did exactly as I should have done myself."

In reply to a question from General Gregg as to where he was going, General Jackson said he was looking for provisions for his men. Soon after he left, informing General Gregg that in case he grew worse his Medical Director, Dr. Maguire, was left at the house and would quickly come for him.

The two Generals never met in life again, nor was it very long before Death found the second as the first. General Gregg lingered all day Sunday and through the night, peacefully expiring at last at quarter of 5 o'clock Monday morning, December 13th, 1862.

He was fully conscious up to the very last, and continued in conversation on his condition with his physician and as to his dear relatives and some private affairs with his faithful servant, Rose, in whose arms he finally breathed his last.

The circumstances of the solemn obsequies which followed are too well known here where they occurred to need extended mention. The

remains after lying in state at the City Hall were removed to the First Presbyterian Church, where Rev. Dr. Howe preached the funeral oration, and the last act of the tragedy was consummated when, beneath the mould in Elmwood, the tenement of so noble a soul was laid at rest.—*Columbia Register.*

## End of the Trade Dollars.

On a recent Friday afternoon the last "melt" of the 3,495,533 trade dollars which have been received at the United States assay office in Wall street, since the act of congress authorizing their purchase went into effect, was complete and the limpid silver was poured into the mold and transformed into silver bricks, 1,100 to 1,200 ounces in weight. A "melt" of silver at the assay office means 5,000 ounces. Therefore, in order to make way with the whole number of this 3,500,000 of trade dollars about 700 "melts" were necessary. A reporter chanced to be present and stood near the crucible when these last representatives of a dead currency slowly lost their individuality and became a shapeless glittering mass. When the last melt of the trade dollars has been poured into the mold and made into brick, the reporter observed the two small quantities, perhaps of a grain or two each, were put into little receptacles and sent to the assaying room. "These," explained Assistant Assayer J. T. Wilder, "are the samples for assaying. Two are taken from each melt." They are each assayed by different persons and their work mutually. If it does not the work is repeated. If the two assays still fail to agree the whole melt is remelted and fresh samples taken. Then the process is gone through with again.

"The greatest care is taken," said Mr. Wilder, who guard against inaccuracies. The assaying is done by the Gay Lussac method. The exact amount of metal is weighed and dissolved in nitric acid. Then enough chlorine is added to precipitate precisely a drachm of pure silver. The solution is then shaken for three minutes in a shaking machine (run by steam) after which it is allowed to settle. More salt water is added, every atom of which is taken account of, and if any silver remains in solution it shows a slight cloudiness. The operation is repeated until no cloudiness appears, showing that no silver remains in solution; that it has all been precipitated. Then a calculation is made as to the exact fineness of the samples of silver in the trade dollar, which is corrected by silver proofs. When the fineness is thoroughly ascertained it is stamped upon the bar or brick which has been formed by the melted dollars, together with the value, weight, melt number and number of the bar. The bar or brick is sent to the "inclosure" before mentioned, where the other "trade dollar" bricks are kept under a combination safe lock. The combination of this, as well as of the other safe locks in the building, is known only to Superintendent Mason and one other trusted official.—*New York Tribune.*

## What the Boys Smoke.

"Do you tink dot de poys und young mens would pe so vovud und dem cigarettes of dey sees dot?" said a portly German to a reporter of the *New York Mail and Express*, who happened in a cigar store on the East side one evening.

As he spoke he pointed to a filthy heap of cigar stumps that lay in a corner behind the counter.

"Do you make cigarettes out of that dirty stuff?"

"Vy, mine friend, yes," he replied, opening his eyes in wonder at the question.

"Where did you get it?"

"I pyc dem vrom beeples. Dot leedle girl vet goes out mid do pool as you comes in brot me sun."

"What do you pay them?"

"Vell, de girl brot a pail full, und I gives her 15 cents. She'll be here py-und-by mit more," he continued.

"Where does she get them?"

"Pick 'em oop mit de street, par-nous und so—goot peezness she make; ach."

All in all several hundreds of the filthy stuff was laid out on the floor of a rear room where a number of men and boys were engaged in rubbing the bespattered and mud-begrimed stumps when they became dry. The hands of the boys were probably washed once a year.

The German was in good humor and laid bare his operations to the reporter. He smiled and said: "Dot makes a fine smoke, you bed."

When the stumps are brought in, they are first dried by being placed before a fire. When dry they are rubbed between the hands until they are shedded to the size of a pin's head. The stuff is then rolled in paper and sold for cigarettes.

## DYING JUGGERNAUT.

### The Once Famous Indian God Has Had His Day.

The announcement that the once famous festival of Juggernaut has so declined in popularity as to render it necessary for the priests to hire coolies to drag the car, is a measure of the extent to which the destructive solvent of western thought is being applied to eastern creeds. The car of the great god of Pooree was one of the most sacred of Brahminic "proprieties," and the Rath Jatra a festival which, in importance, yielded to that of no other deity in the Hindoo Pantheon. From every part of the vast empire of Hindostan pilgrims flocked to share in it, and when the car of Juggernaut was dragged once a year from the temple in order to bathe the gods in the cool water of the tank, a mile and a half distant, the wildest enthusiasm seized the vast multitude of devotees. Thousands rushed to seize the cables, and so eager were the volunteers for this holy service that the best and the greatest men of Orissa struggled with each other to obtain a hold upon the ropes. To use the language of an old writer who witnessed the Rath Jatra in its palmy days, "they are so greedy and eager to draw it that, discovering, by shouldering, crowding, shoving, heaving, thrusting or in any incident way, can but lay a hand upon the rope they think themselves blessed and happy. And when it is going along the city there are many that will offer themselves as a sacrifice to the idol, and desperately lie down on the ground that the chariot wheels may run over them, whereby they are killed outright. Some get broken arms, some broken legs, so that many are destroyed, and think to merit heaven."

## IN HONOR OF THE GOD.

At you a later date martyrs to Juggernaut, or Jugganna'ath, as he is more correctly termed, were not infrequent. When Francis Buchanan, he describes the harsh, grating of the gigantic car as it moved along, the obscene songs of the priests in honor of the god, and the fierce glances which the fanatics bestowed on the beef eating Englishmen, as a pilgrim announced himself ready to become a sacrifice to the idol. No one daring or daring to prevent the self-immolation, the man prostrated himself in the road before the tower as it moved along, lying on his face with his arms stretched forward. The multitude pressed around him, leaving the space clear, until he was crushed to death by the wheels of the ponderous structure. Then a wild cry of praise was raised, and as the god was seen to "smile" at the liberation of spouting blood the devotees threw cowries and pieces of money on the body of the victim in approbation of the holy deed by which he had won immortality in the Hindoo Wallah.

It is, therefore, suggestive of a strange revolution in Hindoo opinion to hear that not only are victims lacking, but that, instead of thousands struggling for the honor of a place at the dead ropes, laboring men, at so many annas per diem, have to be hired to perform the sacred function. The awe of the Indian people for "the lord of the world" has been declining. For many years past the fame of the great god of Orissa has been on the wane, and the time when a human sacrifice was deliberately offered up to the hideous idol is fast passing beyond the power of the very oldest of the old Indians to recall.

## NUMBER OF DEVOTEES.

Admitting that the number of devotees this year is smaller owing to the loss of two pilgrim ships—and the prophecy that a third will be wrecked before the year is out—it is undeniable that Jugganna'ath is doomed, and the wealth which it brought to the priest and the townspeople of Pooree is likely to vanish before many years elapse. Sometimes a poor decrepit wretch, weary of life or dragged by the priests with Indian hemp or opium, will wildly throw himself in front of the wheels, though he is usually dragged out by the police, who have orders to prevent any attempts at suicide. Sadder abasement of all, from the standpoint of Brahminism, it happened a few years ago, for the first time in history, that, to the horror and chagrin of the priests, the car of Jugganna'ath stood still in the streets of Pooree, while the pilgrims looked on in impious apathy. Yet no harm befell them, although a subsequent famine has been attributed to their sacrilegious carelessness. However, the result has been that, though worshippers still come to Pooree, they just as frequently prefer to save themselves the trouble of hauling the gods, and as has happened on the present occasion, the priests, afraid of the idols never reaching the tank, have contracted with irreverent coolies to perform the job for a stipulated number of rupees.

Mortality there is, of course, still. The poor die for want of food, of disease, and of lack of proper accommodation. But there is no longer any

need for interfering for the wrong will soon right itself by Jugganna'ath ceasing to "draw." The east, we fear, is already grown lax in its religious observances. The pilgrim takes a third class circular ticket to the holy place. Infidel shipowners issue passes to D'Jeddah, and a tourist contractor escorts the faithful over the forty miles between Mecca and the sea. The Egyptian dervishes are becoming extremely chary about making a pavement of their persons for the Sadeeyah Sheykh to ride over and now that the Indian exchequer is bemoaning the reduced returns from the "Jugganna'ath trade," and coolies have to be hired to drag the car, we see a long way from the time when Job Charneck, factor at Fort William, was converted to Hindooism, or when Gen. Stewart engaged a Brahmin to perform daily worship among the idols in his bungalow.—*London Standard.*

## Putting Trust in the Lord.

"No," said the lawyer, "I shan't press your claim against that man; you can get someone else to take the case, just as you think best."

"I think I'll say money to be got out of it?"

"There would probably be some money in it, but it would come from the side of the little house the new occupant and his home, but I don't want to meddle with the matter, anyhow."

"Got frightened out of it, did you?"

"I suppose the old fellow begged hard to be let off?"

"Yes, he did."

"And you caved?"

"No, I didn't say a word."

"Oh, he did all the talking, eh?"

"Yes."

"What did you do?"

"I believe I made a few bars."

"The old fellow begged you to lend you any?"

"No, I didn't say so; he didn't speak to me."

"Well, may I respectfully inquire whom he did address in your hearing?"

"God Almighty!"

"Ah! he took to praying, did he?"

"Not for my benefit at least. You see I found the bench easily enough and knocked at the outer door, which stood ajar, but nobody heard me; so I stepped inside and saw through the crack of the door a cozy sitting room; and there on a bed, with her head high on pillows, was an old lady who looked for all the world just as my mother did the last time I saw her on earth. Well, I was on the point of knocking, when she said, 'Come father, now begin,' and down on his knees by her side went an old, white haired man, still older than his wife, I should judge; and I could not have knocked then for the life of me. Well he began; first he reminded God that they were still submissive children, mother and he no matter, what He saw fit to bring upon them they shouldn't rebel at. His will; of course it was going to be very hard for them to go out homeless in their old age, especially with the poor mother so sick and helpless, and oh, how different it might have been if only one of their boys had been spared to them. Then his voice kind of broke, and a thin white hand stole from under the coverlet and moved slowly over his snowy hair; then he went on to repeat that nothing could be so sharp again as the parting with those three sons—unless mother and he should be separated; but at last he comforted himself with the fact that the dear Lord knew that it was through no fault of his own that mother and he were threatened with loss of their little home, which meant beggary and the almshouse, a place they prayed to be delivered from—saying if it could be consistent with God's will; and then he quoted a multitude of promises concerning the safety of those who put their trust in the Lord; in fact, it was the most thrilling plea to which I ever listened; and at last he prayed for God's blessing on those who were about to demand."

The lawyer continued more slowly than ever "And I—believe—I'd rather go to the poorhouse myself, to-night, than to stain my hands with the blood of a prosecution like that."

"Little afraid to defeat the old man's prayer?"

"You couldn't defeat it," said the lawyer. "I tell you he left it all subject to the will of God. But of all the pleading I ever heard, that beat all. You see I was taught that kind of thing myself in my childhood and why I was sent to hear that prayer I'm sure I don't know; but I hand the case over, just the same."

"I wish," said the client, twisting uneasily, "that you hadn't told me about the old man's prayer."

"Why so?"

"Well, because I want the money the place would bring. But I was taught the Bible straight enough when I was a boy, and I'd hate to run counter to what you tell about. I wish you hadn't hear a word, and another time I wouldn't listen to positions not intended for my ears."

The lawyer smiled. "My dear fellow you are wrong again," he said.

"It was intended for my ears and your ears too, and God Almighty intended it. My old mother used to sing of God's moving in a mysterious way, I remember."

"Well, my mother used to sing it, too," said the claimant, as he twisted the claim papers in his fingers. "You call in the morning, if you like, and tell 'mother and lum' that the claim has been met."

"In a mysterious way," added the lawyer.

## Concerning Marriage.

Marriage is still only too often a bargain, but at least it is no longer an entirely one-sided bargain. It is tending toward the only true ideal of lifelong companionship—a partnership on equal terms, with equal give-and-take on both sides. Women no longer feel bound to render the implicit obedience which was considered *de rigueur* in our great-grand mothers' days, and men no longer universally demand it. Husbands, moreover, are beginning to learn that their prime duty is not "to look after" their wives. The very sentence is indicative of the most ghastly misapprehension of the whole ideal of matrimony. The general feeling of society condemns a man who lives to rule his wife on the same principles as a Pasha rules his harem. And the whole scheme of modern life makes it practically impossible for him to do so. A married woman enjoys, as a rule, complete liberty through the life-long day, and even at night it is frequently impossible for a busy man to escort his wife. Thus everything turns on the relation between the married couple. If a girl is really in love with the man she marries, she may be treated with any amount of subsequent freedom. If not; and therefore we say that the injudicious and worldly parents who are responsible for the great majority of ill-assorted unions are also responsible for the many evil results which are to be seen in society at this day. For it is a fact that rows of English girls are as much forced into marriage as the French girl, whose husband is selected while she is yet in her convent. Not by main force, no—but by the whole tone of her education, by the exaggerated fear of being an old maid, the obvious necessity of making way for a younger sister, by the persistent scheming of her parents, and by her own longing for emancipation. For marriage undoubtedly does mean emancipation to most women; and it is precisely these who look forward to it most who are likely to make the worst use of it.

## How It Works.

"Glad to see you preferred being an old man's darling to a young man's slave."

"Young Widow—Yes, my husband was very kind to the day of his death. He left you, I understand, over \$50,000."

"Yes."

"What do you intend to do with yourself now, dear?"

"Well, I'm thinking of becoming a young man's slave."—*Quaker Herald.*

"Come, doctor," said the hostess, "you are very skillful and I will give you the honor of carving."

"With pleasure, madame."

And immediately he begins his task. He is very absent-minded, and finally makes a deep cut in a leg of mutton, he says, takes a roll of linen and some fat from his pocket, and carefully bandages the wound. Then, after regarding it critically, he remarks, with professional gravity, while the guests are stupefied with astonishment: "There, with rest and cool care there is nothing to fear."

A little girl's mother wanted her to go to bed before she felt sleepy. "But the moon hasn't sent her children to bed yet," said the little astronomer petulantly. It so happened that a storm was brewing and clouds were gathering in the heavens. "Go and see if she hasn't," said her mother. The little head was popped out of the window and the sky scanned eagerly. "Well, I guess I've got to go to bed now," she said after the survey. "The moon is covering up her children and tucking them in."

## One Cashier That is Safe.

"I see you have a new cashier," remarked the president of one bank to another.

"Yes, we set him to work yesterday."

"Had any experience?"

"Lots of it."

"Under heavy bonds, I suppose. Our man is under \$150,000."

"Well, no; we did not require big bonds."

"Great heavens, man, he'll run off in two weeks with the whole bank."

"We have every confidence in him."

"Well, you'll pay dearly enough for it. He'll be in Canada inside of a month."

"I think not. You see, he has just run away from a Canadian bank with \$200,000. I think we are safe enough."

## A Scientific Schoolboy.

When a boy, attending Dummer academy, which was five miles distant from my name, I was excused from attendance whenever the mercury in the thermometer stood at ten degrees below zero. I ascertained that, by filling the tin receptacle with mingled salt and pounded ice, I could produce this desired frigidity; so whenever I wanted to go skating or coasting (there was no tobogganing in those days), I used to slyly fill the basin of the thermometer with cracked ice and pounded salt, and invite my mother's attention to it. The good hearted old lady would at once excuse my attendance at school, and the day was devoted to amusement. This was, I admit, deceitful; but it was a scientific way of evading a five mile pony ride to the academy and back again.

An Irishman threw a side light on the whisky question when he said: "On St. Patrick's day the wholesalers rode in their carriages, and the retailers on horseback, but we consumers trudged along in mud on foot."

As a rival of the ground hog, the goose-bone, the musk-rat, the corn-husk, and the pig with a straw in his mouth, Professor Wiggins is a decided failure.

A diamond with a flaw is better than a pebble without. But the flaw adds nothing to the value of the diamond.

## Coloring Whitewash for Interior Walls.

Please publish directions for coloring whitewash to be applied upon rough plastered interior walls. The special colors desired are pale blue, red, green, light gray, light pink and cream.—*R. J. M., Ridgeway, S. C.*

Answer.—Coloring matter may be stirred into into whitewash to make any desired shade. Spanish brown will make a red-pink, more or less deep according to quantity used. Finely pulverized common clay mixed with Spanish brown makes a reddish stone color. Chrome yellow for yellow, and if small quantity is used, a cream. Use indigo for different shades of blue, and indigo and chrome yellow for green. Green pigments cannot be safely used with lime, as the lime will injure the color and the green will cause the wash to peel off. For different shades of red mix Venetian red and Spanish brown in various proportions, with the whitewash.—*Southern Cultivator.*

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A diamond with a flaw is better than a pebble without. But the flaw adds nothing to the value of the diamond.

There is one household article that appears to have escaped the decorating craze—the wash-tub.

Gentleman (in clothing store)—"I find that I have got to go to Montreal to-night and I want a suit of clothes." Clerk: "Yes sir. You want a cut-away coat, I suppose."