Edgefield Advertiser.

BY D. R. DURISOE. EDGEFIELD, S. C., JULY 10, 1873. VOLUME XXXVIII.-No. 29.

G. L. PENN & SON,

DEALERS IN

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS

TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES,

GROCERIES,

TOBACCO, SEGARS, &c.

HAVE now in Store full stocks of all Goods in the **Drug or Grocery Business,** which are Fresh and Genuine, and which we will sell as cheap as any other House.

☞ PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED day or night.

May 7, tf 20

DAVID L. TURNER,

Dealer in

Drugs, Medicines, Groceries,

&c., &c., &c.,

Edgefield, S. C.,

WOULD respectfully state to his Friends and the Public Generally that he has purchased of Dr. W. A. SANDERS, his Entire Stock, and will keep on hand full supplies of

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

Fancy Goods, Foreign & Domestic Perfumery,

HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS, TOILET ARTICLES,
Bathing and Surgeon's Sponges,

Brandies, Wines and Whiskies for Medicinal Purposes,

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, GLASS, PUTTY,
Paint, Varnish and White Wash Brushes,

FULL SUPPLY OF ALL KINDS GARDEN SEEDS,

Together with a general assortment of

GROCERIES, TOBACCO, LIQUORS, &c.,

Such as

BACON SIDES, H[illegible] SHOULDERS, LARD.
MACKEREL, FL[illegible]
SUGARS, SYRUPS
RICE, CHEESE.
Soda, Starch, Soaps
WINES, BRANDIES
Fine White Wheat
Chewing and Smoking
Citron, Currants, R[illegible]
Almonds, Pecan N[illegible]
Buckets, Tubs, Bro[illegible]

All of which will be sold [illegible] ish. A share of the trade solicited.

Dr. Sanders will be on hand at all times to COMPOUND PRESCRIPTIONS at the shortest notice.

D. L. TURNER.

Jan 28 tf 6

NOTICE

TO THE CITIZENS OF EDGEFIELD

WE are receiving our SPRING and SUMMER GOODS, consisting of all the Novelties of the Season.

Our Stock is much larger than usual, and never more complete. Close buyers will save money by giving it an inspection.

Also, full line of FURNISHING GOODS on hand.

WHITMAN & BENSON,

229 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga., Opposite Masonic Hall.

Augusta, Ga., April 2 3m 15

Dr. T. J. TEAGUE,

DRUGGIST,

JOHNSTON'S DEPOT, S. C.

HAVING just opened a **Drug Store** at this place, I take this method of informing my friends and the public generally that I now have in Store a full line of

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery,

GLASS, PUTTY, KEROSENE OIL,

Tobacco. Segars,

In fact everything usually kept in a Drug Store,—all new and warranted genuine.

My prices are as low as such Goods can be sold in any market in the same quantity.

T. J. TEAGUE.

Johnston's Depot, Feb 19 1y 9

MILLER, BISELL & BURUM

WHOLESALE GROCERS

—AND—

Commission Merch'ts

175 and 177 Broad Street,

Augusta, Ga.

WE are now in receipt of our Full Stock of **GROCERIES,** consisting in part of—

Bacon SIDES, Bacon SHOULDERS, Dry Salt SIDES,
SUGARS of all grades.
SYRUPS—New Orleans and New York Drips,
MOLASSES, Rio, Laguyra and Java COFFEE,
TOBACCO, SALT, PEPPER, SPICE,
Crackers, Pickles, Cove Oysters,
CANNED GOODS consisting of Peaches, Blackberries, Tomatoes, &c.
MACKEREL in Barrels, half and quarter bbls. and Kits,
Seed WHEAT, Seed RYE, Seed OATS, Seed BARLEY,
Case Liquors of BRANDY, WHISKEY, GIN,

We are also offering the most complete and largest stock of BARREL LIQUORS of any House in the City, and selling at prices that will induce buyers to purchase nearer home than in Eastern markets.

To the Planters and Merchants of Edgefield we would take this occasion to express our thanks for their past liberal patronage, and respectfully request a continuance of the same.

☞ Buying our Goods for CASH, we are prepared to sell as low, and oft times lower, than any other House in the City.

Augusta, Oct 9 tf 42

My Dream.

A beautiful vision oft comes to me,
When the work of the day is done,
When my heart throws off its weight of care,
And I sit in my room alone;
"I dream of a home where no shadows fall,"
Nor language of strife is heard,
Where anger and bitterness enter not,
But love breathes in thought and in word.

As I sit in that beautiful home
Watching the sunset glow,
I hear a step on the graveled walk,
A step I have learned to know.
One stands on the threshold, whose tender love
"Makes the world all bright to me;"
Whose heart keeps the vow which his lips have made,
My own, and mine only to be.

But I waken, alas! it was only a dream,
Like the fancies I used to weave,
In those far off days of the happy past,
Ere my heart had learned to grieve;
Well I know the face I in dreams behold,
Though I have not seen, it seems for years
I have heard that voice and its cherished tones,
Which are the sweetest of earth to my ears.

But I'm a sad and lonely woman now—
No love words are breathed in my ears;
Life's lessons to me have been sternly taught
In weariness, pain and in tears.
But I love to sit in the twilight hour
While the shadows around me fall
And dream of that beautiful sunny home
And the love that's dearer than all.

How a Lawyer Worked all Night in Preparing a Case.

The New Orleans *Times* tells the following good story:

Among the stirring recollections of the history of our bench and bar during the past twenty-five years, there has been unearthed one touching two high legal luminaries who, a quarter of a century ago, were the first at the bar, but who are now, alas, gone the way of all the earth.

The chief characters in the story were a certain district judge and a certain district attorney, and the occasion was the trial of a very important case in which the district attorney represented the government, being sued for claims that amounted to many thousand dollars. The case was fixed for trial, by jury, on the day appointed, and at the appointed hour the Judge was on the bench, the jurymen were in their places, but the district attorney came not.

An hour—two hours passed—and the patience of court and jury was well nigh exhausted. Messengers had been dispatched in all directions for the laggard, but he could nowhere be found, when lo! as the court was about to adjourn in despair, the government representative appeared on the scene, blowing like a porpoise. The court, in ruffled temper, demanded [illegible] gaged the whole night in preparing this case, his labors had prostrated him, and the slight rest he sought after his task was done became prolonged slumber, from which he had just awakened.

His honor looked daggers, but used none—rather expressing himself satisfied with the explanation—and then without delay the case was ordered to proceed, and proceed it did vigorously to a termination, marked by an elaborate and exhaustive argument at the hands of the district attorney, and a verdict in his favor after only a short deliberation.

After the adjournment of the court, the foreman of the jury dined with the judge, when quite naturally there came up the subject of the recent suit, and the foreman dwelt at length in terms of ardent praise on the faithfulness, sacrifice and devotion to the interests of his office of the district attorney, instancing his labors of the night before as evidence of "what sort of man he was."

The judge smiled at his friend's remarks. "Why do you laugh?" said the other. "Because the story is enough to make a horse laugh. That stuff he told about laboring all night was a confounded lie. I know it, for (now this is secret) I was with him myself last night, and we played poker from early dark until long after daylight this morning, and that was the way he prepared himself for the great case."

A LIVELY POSTOFFICE BUSINESS IN MONTANA.—An amusing experience which recently befell a special agent of the postoffice department illustrates the ideas which postmasters in the far West entertain regarding the dignity and importance of their position. The agent, commonly called "Mac," while officially visiting various offices in Montana Territory for the purpose of correcting any irregularities of postmasters, stopped at Iron Rod. Going into the postoffice he found the room divided into three sections—first, a saloon; next the postoffice, and the last a faro bank. The mail bag was brought in, a rough looking customer opened it and emptied the contents on the floor. The entire crowd got down on their hands and knees and commenced overhauling the letters, among which several were registered, and selected such as they wanted. After they were through the remaining letters were shoveled into a candle box and placed on the bar. The special agant, thinking the office needed a little regulating, asked the bar tender, who had received and distributed the mail, if he was postmaster.

He answered, "No."

"Are you assistant postmaster?"

"No."

"Where is the postmaster?"

"Out mining."

"Where is the assistant postmaster?"

"Gone to Hell's Canyon, and by thunder Bill Jones has got to run this office next week; its his turn."

The government official then asked who he was, and demanded the keys of the office. The bar tender coolly took the candle box from the bar, put it on on the floor, and gave it a kick, sending it out of the door, saying:

"There's your postoffice, and now git."

The agent says: "Knowing the customs of the country, I lost no time in following this advice, and got."

That office was discontinued.

The Southern Admirers of President Grant.

In a recent interview between Col. Mosby and a reporter of the Richmond *Dispatch*, the former expressed himself so much satisfied with the administration of President Grant that he will support him for a third term. If necessary, he will take the stump to secure Gen. Grant's election; and this admiration and attachment is said to arise from personal friendship as well as from political considerations. Mosby has great faith in Gen. Grant's integrity, and he considers him a man of more than ordinary ability. In his conduct toward the South he finds no cause for complaint, but on the contrary his magnanimity excites within him the liveliest feeling of gratitude. Mosby, and one or two prominent men in the South constitute the rank and file of General Grant's admirers.

Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, is an admirer of President Grant. He thinks him a man of strict integrity and of generous impulses. He has no complaint against the President for his action in the Louisiana case. Mr. Wise, of Virginia, is another friend of President Grant; indeed, he is a Grant man out and out—and these three gentlemen constitute the Southern trio. In their devotion to the President they speak for themselves and not for the Southern people. Mr. Stephens is entitled to entertain, and to express his opinions favorable to General Grant's character and standing, and to justify his action in the case of Louisiana, and Colonel Mosby and Mr. Wise have a right to vote for him and praise him for his generous conduct toward the vanquished. But in doing so, these distinguished gentlemen represent their individual opinions, and not the views or feelings of the Southern people, who, with an unanimity almost unprecedented in the history of this country, hold Grant and his administration responsible for the crimes committed against liberty and law, and the deep, burning wrongs against the persons and property of the Southern people. These outrages have become matters of history, and it will take something besides the expressions of apologists like Col. Mosby to reconcile the Southern people to Grant. Mosby states that Grant has appointed his friends to office, and thinks it would be well for the South to take him up and run him for the third term. This fawn- [illegible] cy—for [illegible] grasp of [illegible] powerful and vindictive party; but that time has passed for the South. We have eaten humble pie too long. Grant and the Radical party have done their worst. What is it that they have not done within the past eight years? Every species of insult, of oppression, of spoliation, of robbery have been perpetrated. Our people have been disfranchised, and their property has been stolen and appropriated by the Government, our laws and our institutions have been subverted, and our State governments have been overthrown and committed to the ignorant, and vicious, the licentious and corrupt.

Gen. Grant's conduct during the war we do not discuss here. We are dealing with him since the war—during his administration as President. And the outrages to which we have referred were perpetrated upon the South during his administration. We cannot, therefore, see with what self-respect any Southern man can support President Grant, or seek to palliate or justify his administration. His whole conduct, so far as the South is concerned, has been as bitter and unrelenting as if Ben Wade or Morton were in the chair. He has done all that he could do to insult our people and injure the South. Col. Mosby and other men who seek to create a public opinion in the South favorable to Grant have undertaken a hopeless and humiliating task. Grant will have to do something besides giving a few offices to the friends of Col. Mosby and others like him who have friends to reward, before the Southern people will forgive him. He must make reparation for the wrongs done in our days of sore distress and for the deep humiliation heaped upon a conquered country which he had the power and opportunity to prevent. There must be reparation, and there must be contrition, too, on the part of President Grant before there can be any lasting reconciliation between himself and the Southern people. Col. Mosby represents himself in his estimate of the President, but we think we are warranted in hazarding the assertion that public opinion South is against him. We know of only three men in the South who seek to justify President Grant, while there are some five or six millions of people who are convinced that his administration has been a curse to the South. It may be, however, that the three apologists of Grant are the only wise men in the South, and that the five or six millions who think differently are fools. But we do not see it in this light.—Chronicle & Sentinel.

WHAT GOOD ROADS DO.—An exchange truly says: Good roads benefit every one residing along their course. Good roads save horse flesh; they facilitate the transportation of produce to market; they save your temper; they increase the value of your land; they lend attractiveness to the eye of a stranger; they increase the traffic and business of a town by its vitality in all the various branches of trade. Show us a town which receives a large country trade by means of the fine roads leading to it, and we will show you a place that is lively, progressive, and thrifty, with money circulating plenty, and men in all branches of industry busy as beavers.

The Rhett-Cooley Duel.

NEW ORLEANS, July 1.—A private dispach from Bay St. Louis states that a duel was fought near Montgomery station, this morning, between ex-Judge Wm. H. Cooley and R. B. Rhett, Jr., editor-in-chief of the *Picayune*, in which Cooley was killed at the second shot. The difficulty grew out of an article published in the *Picayune*, and a reply from Judge Cooley, published in the *Times*, of the 27th. Col. Rhett was not touched. It is understood that Rhett was the challenged party.

NEW ORLEANS, July 1.—A special dispatch to the *Times*, dated Montgomery Station, Mississippi *via* Bay St. Louis, July 1, says, in the Rhett and Cooley duel Judge Cooley was killed at the second fire. The parties arrived at this place on the same train at 10 o'clock this morning. Mr. Rhett was accommpanied by Messrs. Chas. Roman and Dr. Burns and Judge Cooley was attended by Col. Geo. W. Carter and Maj. McRae. The weapons were double barrel shot guns—one barrel was loaded with single ball. Distance, forty yards. The ground was promptly selected, the distance measured and parties placed in position. At the first fire Rhett's shot ranged high and Cooley's to the right. Cooley delivered his fire first. At the second fire both fired simultaneously and Cooley fell, mortally wounded by a shot entering his left side and passing apparently through his heart. He expired in six minutes without apparent suffering, only speaking the words to Dr. Holliday, "I am shot through the breast." The gentlemen engaged in the affair exchanged the usual civilities after the second fire and separated with the expression of mutual respect and consideration.

NEW ORLEANS, July 1.—The *Evening Herald* has the following particulars of the duel: For several days past this community has been much excited by an apprehended duel between Col. R. B. Rhett, Jr., editor of the *Picayune*, and Judge Wm. H. Cooley, leading counsel in the case of Hawkins *vs* the *Picayune*. Friday Col. Rhett sent a peremtory challenge to Judge Cooley, which was accepted—the meeting, however, to be postponed until Tuesday, on account of Judge Cooley's engagement to argue a rule for a new trial before Judge Hawkins, which came up yesterday. During the course of the argument Judge Cooly, in opposing a [illegible] carred, is a wild, sandy looking place, some four or five miles this side of Bay St. Louis, where the road passes through a wood of tall pines, behind which is an open field. Near by, and on the line of the railroad, is a small cottage occupied by a family, but with this exception there are no residents nearer than three quarters of a mile. This difficulty is one of the sad results of the iniquitous Hawkins suit against the *Picayune*, of which Col. Rhett is editor. In his speech for the prosecution Judge Cooley made reflections upon the paper, which called forth an editorial in its next issue, pronouncing them false. Judge Cooley then addressed a communication to the editor, calling for explanations, which not being accorded, he followed it up by publishing a card assailing Col. Rhett. A challenge promptly followed and the result is now before our readers.

This is not the first duel in which Judge Cooley has been concerned. Some years before the war he met Dr. Kaufman, one of his parishioners, upon the field of honor, and after an exchange of shots an amicable adjustment of difficulties were made and thereafter the parties became warm friends. The body was brought to the city this evening and left at Luzeberg Hospital. The funeral will take place to-morrow morning.

The following from the New Orleans *Times* gives a full history of the origin of the difficulty:

Yesterday morning the *Picayune*, in an editorial, assailed me on account of my argument in the Hawkins-Picayune libel suit. My statements to the jury were qualified as being "malicious and wilfully false." As seen as I read the article I addressed a letter to Colonel R. B. Rhett, Jr., the editor, which was handed to him by a friend. After reading it, Colonel Rhett stated that he, within twenty-four hours, would answer; and this time was granted. To-day I received his answer; and I now put before the people of New Orleans the two letters;

NEW ORLEANS, June 25, 1873.

R. B. Rhett, Jr., Editor of the Picayune:

SIR—In the *Picayune*, of this morning, under the caption of "Hawkins *vs.* the *Picayune*," you take the liberty of commenting upon the incidents of the trial of the libel suit against the paper. So far as you deal in generalities, it is not my purpose to ask you any explanation; but in referring to me, under my own name, you have been guilty of what I consider a direct misrepresentation. You refer to my concluding argument for the plaintiff, and say that I traveled out of the record and misrepresented facts because I knew no one was to follow me and show my mistakes, which you qualify as not only wilfully but maliciously false. In this connection you allude and quote from my argument as follows:

"This canvass (of the Lynch returning board) was made—this result proclaimed to the citizens of the State of Louisiana on the twelfth day December. What did the *Picayune* do? Did the *Picayune* in the month of December say one word about it? Nill—not a word. Then comes the month of January. Did the *Picayune* in the month of January say one word about it? Not a syllable. Another month is about to expire. On the twenty-third of February, two months and a half since the action was committed, then it is that the virtuous indignation of that very virtuous sheet is aroused, and it published this article.

* * * *

Why is it that they single out Judge Hawkins from the returning board? It was not Hawkins solely and singly who had perpetrated this immense injury of which you had complained. If anybody did it, it was the Board; that Board was composed of five individuals. I ask you, if you put yourselves forward as champions of public liberty and public interest, and on that account claimed exemption of damages for a libellous article which you have written, I ask you if you did that in the interest of the public, why didn't you pitch into Longstreet, Lynch, Bovee and Herrons? I might suggest a reason. I will let you guess at it. Some people, you know, it don't do to trifle with.

In answer to this you pretend that the *Picayune* had repeatedly denounced the returning Board previous to your article against Judge Hawkins, of the 23d of February, 1873. No, sir, I was defending Judge Hawkins against a charge of "perfidy," "perjury" and "bribery" in connection with his labors as a member of the returning Board, and I took occasion to tell the jury the *Pica une* had made no such charges against any other member of that Board. I now reiterate my language, and make this proposition: If you can find and show me, in any number of the *Picayu e*, the words "perfidy," "perjury" and "bribery" applied to any other member of that Board, I shall publicly acknowledge I was wrong; if you cannot, you will make the acknowledgment of contradicting your record.

Your obedient servant,

W. H. COOLEY.

NEW ORLEAN, June 26, 1873.

W. H. Cooley, Esq.:

SIR—Your communication of yesterday was received.

The editorial remarks in the *Picayune* to which you refer were a reply to a portion of your speech therein quoted. You asserted that neither during the month of December nor January had the *Picayune* noticed the canvass of the Lynch Returning Board and the result proclaimed, and that I had omitted noticing all the other members of the Board but Judge Hawkins. I controverted these assertions, and appealed to the files of the *Picayune* to disprove [illegible] the consider- [illegible] what you said.

In the meantime, I am, sir, your obedient servant,

R. B. RHETT, JR.

The public will perceive from the above correspondence that I made a fair, honest and manly offer to Col. Rhett, viz: to publicly acknowledge I was wrong if he could show from his own files that from the 12th of December, 1872, until the 23d of February, 1873, the *Picayune* had used toward any member of the Lynch returning Board, except Judge Hawkins, the terms "perfidy, perjury and bribery;" provided that he agreed to admit that he had spoken incorrectly in the article of yesterday morning, *if he could not prove what I denied.* The valiant and truthful Colonel dodges the issue in his letter to me and very complacently refers me to the files of his paper from December 12th, 1872, to February 23d, 1873. I had already examined these files, and knew that Colonel Rhett could not prove by them that I had misstated the *Picayune* and I presume that Col. Rhett employed the twenty-four hours of delay he claimed, and was allowed to answer my note to him, in examining those files himself; and after satisfying himself therefrom that he was fairly caught, he refused the proposition I made to him. Col. Rhett having written in the *Picayune* that I made assertions to the jury which were "malicious and wilfully false," and having subsequently refused my fair, honest and honorable offer to decide which of us is correct, I publish him to the people of New Orleans as an unmitigated calumniator, a deliberate and wilful falsifier, an artful dodger, and, withal, a thorough-paced braggart.

W. H. COOLEY.

New Orleans, June 26, 1873.

Sayings of Josh Billings.

All successful flirts have sharp eyes, one they keep on you and one on the other phellow.

Don't never quarrel with a loafer. Skurality is hiz trade; you never can make him ashamed, but he is sure tew make yu.

Man is a highly educated animal.

Don't never phrovesy, young man, for if you phrovesy wrong nobody will forget it, and if you phrovesy wright nobody will remember it.

Genuine grief iz like penitence—not klamerous, but subdued. Sorrow from the housetops and penitence in a market place shows more ambishun than piety.

About the best thing that experience kan du far us is tew learn us how tew enjoy mizery.

The reazen why so few people are happy in this world iz bekause they mistake their boddys for their souls.

We are poor, not from what we need, but from what we want; necesetys are not only natural, but cheap.

Vain men should be treated az boys treat bladders—blow them up till they bust.

It is a grate art to be superior tew others without letting them know it.

There is not only phun but there iz virtew in a harty laff; animals can't laff, and devils won't.

Voudou Festival in New Orleans.

From the New York World.

NEW ORLEANS, June 24.—Last night the annual Voudou festival of the negroes was held along the borders of the Bayou St. John and the Old Lake. A more disgusting sight it has never been my lot to witness. An immense number of men and women congregated in the evening at particular places, and at a given signal they all divested themselves of their clothes to actual nakedness. Bonfires were built all along the shores of the lake, and the whole appearance was such as would almost strike terror into a stout heart. The horrid orgies were inaugurated by one wild, unearthly yell, in which all the assembled crew joined their voices, and for a moment afterwards there was a fearful silence. The "worshippers of the demon" then contemplated their naked forms, upon which the fire shone with a ghastly effect, and with a hideous yell they began to dance around the fires, singing weird songs and occasionally bursting forth into a wild and piercing laugh. The songs that they sang could not be identified with any living language, but seemed to be a communion of languages, as, occasionally, you would be able to distinguish genuine English words, German and French. Around these bonfires they kept revolving with joined hands for over an hour and a half without ceasing, uttering their horrid yells and singing their wild unearthly songs. On all occasions a woman presides over these orgies, under the name of "Queen of the Voudou," and when they cease dancing round the fires they go forward and make their submission at Her Majesty's feet, who is usually seated on an elevated mound or a large rock. This Queen retains her title and dignity during life, provided she conducts things with a proper grace, and she is usually chosen out of the most socially elevated class of negroes in the locality. On this occasion the old queen, Marie Lavody, did not attend on account of illness, and her emblem of power, a garland of flowers round the head, was worn by one Mammy Caroline, who has already been named and acknowledged as the successor to the queenly dignity. After the first part of the performance was over, Queen Caroline held her court in an old house on the banks of the bayou, where she shone forth in all the resplendence of her nude beauty. I saw with regret, that these degrading orgies were participated in by a young white girl, about eighteen years of age, and possessed of more than ordinary beauty. This hideous revel was prolonged till a late hour [illegible]

Brevities and Levities.

☞ A man of seventy-three and a woman of sixty-nine eloped from West Amesbury, last week, because their children objected to their marriage.

☞ An Irish physician was called to examine the corpse of another Irishman, who had been assassinated by some of his countrymen. "This person," said he, after inspecting the body, "was so ill that if he had not been murdered, he would have died half an hour before."

☞ The Hemboldt *Journal's* poet brings out the following version,

Mary had a little lamb,
'Twas always on its muscle,
She pulled the wool out of its back,
And stuffed it in her bustle.

☞ There is an Irishwoman of gigantic strength in St. Paul. One morning she lifted a barrel of sugar from the ground into a cart. The next evening she presented her husband with twins. Two days after she did the washing for a family of ten persons.

☞ A story-teller in one of the literary weeklies exclaims: "Ah, what is there more unendurable than unrequited love?" Nothing, nothing! He who loves, and knowingly loves in vain, experiences all the unutterable agony the true Christian feels on hearing of the painful illness of his mother-in-law.

☞ The retiring editor of a Kansas paper "valedicts" himself as follows: "If I have said anything through the columns that I am sorry for I am glad of it. To my friends, I thank you for your liberality, and to my enemies, you can go to the devil."

☞ Josh Billings says: "I have often been told that the best way is to take a bull by the horns; but I think, in many instances, I should prefur the tail hold."

☞ A Methodist clergyman in this conference was recently so deeply impressed with the evil of chewing tobacco that he gave up the habit, and went to smoking.

☞ Senator Scott was talking to a Pennsylvania Sunday school, a Sunday or two ago, and asked the scholars why Simon was kept in prison. One of the teachers quietly prompted a boy to say that it was for a hostage, and the youth, not quite catching the words, piped out: "He was detained for postage."

☞ A New Hampshire farmer scouts the idea of taking a newspaper at two whole dollars a year, and posts a notice on the schoolhouse that "2 hoggs hev trade or bin stoolen" from him.

☞ An exchange says. The Turks have little need of newspapers. When anything happens it is told to the women, and circulates like air in a gale of wind. The Turks are behind the Western nations in many things, but certainly they have the most beautiful circulating medium in the world.

☞ There was a desire on the part of the teacher to make a scholar understand what conscience is. She said: "What makes you feel bad after you have done wrong." "My pap," said the youth, feelingly.

☞ A man named Tease went to see a lady named Cross, and teased her until she consented to be Cross no more.

☞ A steam-boat on the Mississippi passed a drowning man. The unfortunate man struggled, floundered, and screamed for dear life in the water. The pilot of the steamboat yelled to him to "stand up!" He did so, and found the water scarcely knee deep.

How to Live Cheaply.

Says the *Golden Age:* One of the subjects talked and written about a good deal at the present time is how to live cheaply. Prices of all the great styles of life are high. Rents are enormous. Fashions are exacting. Wants multiply, while resources diminish. How to make strap and buckle meet is the problem which presses on hundreds of housekeepers of the middle class. The difficulty in the problem is to reconcile the irreconcilables. The middle class generally want all the fine things, all the style and display of wealthy neighbors. The problem would simplify itself at once, would the middle class family cease trying to appear what it is not, and be content to appear and be thought just what it is. It is what is done to keep up appearances that destroys the equilibrium between outgo and income, and makes life a drudgery and vexation.

How to live cheaply is a question easy enough to answer if one will be content with a cheap living. Substitute comfort for show. Put convenience in the place of fashion. Study simplicity. Refuse to be beguiled into a style of living above what is required by your position in society and is justified by your resources. Set a fashion of simplicity, neatness, prudence and inexpensiveness, which others will be glad to follow and thank you for introducing. Teach yourself to do without a thousand and one pretty and showy things which wealthy people purchase, and pride yourself on being just as happy without them as your rich neighbors are with them. Put so much dignity, sincerity, kindness, virtue and love into your simple and inexpensive home that its members will never miss the costly fripperies and showy adornment of fashion, and be happier in the cosey and comfortable apartments than most of their wealthy neighbors are in their splendid establishments.

It does not follow that in order to live cheaply one must live meanly. The great staples of life are not costly. Taste, refinement, good cheer, wit and even elegance are inexpensive. There is no trouble about young people marrying with no outfit but health, and love, and an honest purpose, provided they will practice the thrift and prudence to which their grandparents owed all their success, and make their thought and love supply what they lack in the means of display. Those who begin life at the top of the ladder generally tumble off, while those who begin at the foot acquire steadiness, courage and strength of arm and will as they rise.

walk into a grocery store and order a barrel of sugar or a sack of coffee, or into a law office and demand a legal opinion from its occupant, or into an undertaker's and request a coffin, without expecting to pay for their respective wares or services, as into a newspaper office and demand the use of its brains and muscle and type, without a thought of recompense. 3. That hereafter all personal or political matter, having for its object the promotion of individual fortune or ambition, shall be treated exactly as other business matter, and charged, at the option of publishers, as editorial advertising. 4. That dead beating—political, personal and commercial—on the Missouri press, is "played out." 5. That any editor or publisher who fails to carry out these resolutions in the letter and spirit, shall cease to be regarded as a member of this association.

Enjoy the Present.

It conduces much to our content if we pass by those things which happen to our trouble, and consider what is pleasing and prosperous, that by the representation of the better the worse may be blotted out. If I be overthrown in my suit at law, yet my house is left me still and my land; or I have a virtuous wife, or hopeful children, or kind friends, or good hopes. If I have lost one child, it may be I have two or three still left me. Enjoy the present, whatsoever it may be, and be not solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward to to-morrow's event, you are in a restless condition; it is like refusing to quench your present thirst by fearing you will want drink the next day. If to-morrow you should want, your sorrow would come time enough, though you do not hasten it; let your trouble tarry till its own day comes. Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly, for this day is ours. We are dead to yesterday, and not yet born to the morrow.—Exchange.

There is a woman in Washington who has buried five husbands. Recently she married a sixth. Upon the day of the wedding a man called at the house of the groom, asked for that gentleman, and proceeded to measure his body with a tape line. The infatuated groom entertained an idea that this might, perhaps, be a man sent round by his tailor. After the ceremony in church, however, the husband was surprised to observe the same person standing in the vestibule and winking furiously at the bride as the party came out to the carriages. Just as they were starting off the mysterious being put his head into the carriage window, and whispered to the bride:

"Got a ready made one that'll just suit him! Beautiful fit—beautiful!"

When the happy man demanded the name of the individual, the bride blushed, and said she believed he was some kind of an undertaker. Then the man was not so happy. He was hardly happy at all, and a certain gloom seemed to overcast the honeymoon. Perhaps the undertaker was too prompt. But still, we like to see a man take an interest in his business.

A STRANGE ROMANCE.—The two Canadian cities, Montreal and Quebec, have a romance to share between them. Thirty years ago this summer a three year-old boy was left without his nurse to play upon his father's door-step in the latter city, and when his parents searched for him he was nowhere to be found. Detectives were placed on track, advertisements were inserted in the journals and rewards were offered, but the little wander r, could not be found, and his family have since mourned him as dead. The father of the child was named Richards, and a friend of his recently visiting Montreal, and having occasion to buy a hat went into the store of a hatter named Richmond. The resemblance of the proprietor to his friend at home struck the purchaser, and he questioned him concerning his history. The man said that when a child he had been stolen from Quebec by an Indian woman whom he had regarded as his mother, until on her death-bed she confessed her act and gave him a name as near like that his father bore as she could remember. After the squaw's death the youth tried to find his parents, but bearing a different name and having but a vague clue he was unsuccessful and settled himself down to the business in which he was found. The mother came on to Montreal, and by certain birth-marks, the strawberry mark perhaps, identified him as her son which is the latest development of the romance up to date.

Curiosities of Journalism.

HOW THEY READ NEWSPAPERS,

UNCLE NED first hunts up a funny thing, then laughs with a will.

Aunt Sue first reads the stories, then turns to the marriages, births and deaths.

The laborer looks only to the "wants," hoping to find a better opening in his business.

Miss Flora seeks out the new advertisements, to ascertain the newest importations in bonnets and kids.

Mr. Pleasure Seeker turns to the amusement column, and decides which entertainment will afford him the greatest enjoyment.

Miss Prim drops a tear—first over the marriages, then over the deaths, for, says she, "one is as bad as the other."

Mr. Politician commences with the editorial, then scans the telegraph, ending his perusal with the speeches quoted.

Mr. Professor slowly examines the [illegible] rhetoric, [illegible] and [illegible] correspondence, [illegible] his Latin, [illegible] he has [illegible] Mr. Merchant looks for the accidents, murders, [illegible] deaths, [illegible] with [illegible] of something [illegible] other.

But why extend the list? Each individual reads for himself, and if each does not find a column or more to his particular taste, the paper is insipid, the editor lazy and deserving of censure.

A MAN WHO NEVER OWED MORE THAN FIVE CENTS.—A correspondent of the Fredericksburg *Ledger*, writing from Essex county, mentions the death of a remarkable and worthy old gentleman of Richmond county, Mr. John B. Sisson, in the eightieth year of his age. He was an industrious man, and had accumulated some property, which he left to his only daughter. He was a soldier in the war of 1812. He often remarked that he never owed any one but five cents during the eighty years of his life, and that was a balance on a bill of goods purchased of old Mr. Hutt. He said he could not sleep that night because of his owing five cents, and he got up very early the next morning, went to see Mr. Hutt, and paid the five cents. Never before or afterwards did he owe any person one cent.

A LOAFER'S SOLILOQUY.—I wish I knew where to get a cent, I do.

Blest if I dont emigrate to Kamtschatka to to dig gold. Money's scarcer than wit; can't live by neither—at least I can't. Sold the last old shirt, pawned my boots for three cents, and went home rich as a lord.

'I told my landlady I had a hundred thousand dollars, and wanted the best room in the house. Insulted me by saying the attic was too good for me.

'I am an injured individual. Society persecutes me. I don't do society any harm, as I knows of. I don't rob widder's houses. I don't know no widders. I don't put the bottle to my neighbor's lips. I ain't got no neighbors, and the fact is I don't own any bottles. Couldn't fill 'em if I did.

'I'm an innocent man. Nobody can look me in the face and say I ever hurt 'em—nobody; and yet I havn't got a roof to lay my head beneath. My old landlady rated me—why? I couldn't pay, and left. 'Cause why! ain't it better to dwell in the corner of the house-top than with a brawling woman in a wide house-top; but if I had a corner it wouldn't be safe, would it? I'm a desperate man, I'd go to work, if it wasn't for my excessive benevolence. I'm afeard of taking the bread out of somebody's mouth.

Besides, wisdom's the principal thing; don't the good book say so? What's money to wisdom? Ain't I studying character?

If a man kicks me because I can't pay for my licker, ain't I getting understanding? Ain't it a lesson in human nature?

I'm told the world owes me a living.

When is it going to pay, I wonder? I'm tired waiting!

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