

The Newberry Herald.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR.]

FOR THE DISSEMINATION OF USEFUL INTELLIGENCE.

[INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.]

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For the Herald.
Letters to the People of Newberry.
No. 5.

It is a sad day for any country or community when drunken rowdies are allowed to set at defiance the constituted authorities, and to trample under foot all law, order and decency. It is seldom that any community is compelled to witness such a disgraceful scene of riot and lawlessness as was exhibited in the streets of the town of Newberry on the night of Tuesday, the 16th of November. In this respect there must be parity. It is the right of all men of all parties to assemble peaceably and discuss any question they may see fit. And they may assemble at any hour of the night or day so long as they do not disturb the peace of the community. But no set of men have the right to parade the streets at any hour with cries of retaliation and oaths, and firing of guns and pistols so as to disturb the quiet of peaceable and orderly citizens. The demonstration to which I refer was made by colored people; members, as I have been given to understand, of the Union League. Permit me to say, as a friend, that there are far better ways of showing your attachment to the Union than in riot and drunkenness; that you can use your rights as free men and as citizens of a great country in a much more honorable and acceptable way than in making dogs and beasts of your race. But I, for one, do not so much blame the colored people for this lawless folly, as I do others who hope by exciting strife between the white and colored citizens, to be able to keep themselves in power, and so to continue the control of the State. I blame white men for the lawless acts of the black. It is such men as these who are creating enmity between the white and black citizens for no purpose under heaven but that they may get office through the votes of the deluded colored people. Let there be no more riot, no more drunken threats. Let there be a reform in this respect. No man is worthy to be a free citizen of a free country who does not feel the great responsibility of his position, and that he, individually, is accountable for the welfare of his country, and the transmission of its institutions to posterity pure and unadulterated.

In my last letter I mentioned the great multiplicity of offices and the terrible expense to the people connected therewith. There was one I did not mention and to that I now call your attention. The office to which I now allude is that of District or County Census Taker. We have an officer appointed according to law to take the census of the County of Newberry. He has a good salary, one, indeed, for which he could very well afford to do the work, and for which he ought to be required to do it. But no, instead of being required to do the work himself, he has the privilege of remaining at home and is permitted to employ such assistants as he may think necessary, and who are to be paid, not out of his salary as they should be, but by the State. From a calm review of the extravagant method of conducting public affairs at present, does it not appear that the sole great object of the party now in power is to draw from the body of the laboring people as much money as possible? May they not well be called leeches and blood-suckers? You never can gorge them. Great God! you may as well hope for the lower regions to become glutted with lost souls and in consequence to you for more, as for these hungry ghouls to let go their hold of the purse as long as there is a dollar in it, unless you choke them off.

Follow-suffers, if we will go to work faithfully and manfully we can, in a short time, change all this. But we must work, strenuously and vigorously. It will not do to sit down supinely and fold our arms in hopeless despondency. The white citizens must make common cause with the colored and throw off the incubus that now crushes with an intolerable weight the industry of the country. I believe it would not be hard for us to show that we are better friends to the colored people than any Northern man that ever lived. The black man is not the vile and despicable creature that Parker Pillsbury now represents him, I know the colored people well. I have nursed them in sickness; I have fed and

clothed them; they have nursed me in sickness, and I know that I have never had kinder people about me than they have seemed to be. And I know that by far the greater part of the lawless meanness they now exhibit is infused into them by men with white skins but with souls as black as hell. JUNIUS.

The Only Female Mason.

The Hon. Elizabeth St. Leger was the only female who was ever initiated into the mystery of Freemasonry. She has had two degrees—the first and second—conferred on her. As it may be interesting to the general reader, we give the story as to how Miss Leger obtained this honor, premising that the information comes from the best of sources. Lord Donerulle, Miss St. Leger's father, a very zealous Mason, held a warrant and occasionally opened lodge at Donerulle House. His sons and some intimate friends assisting; and it is said that never were Masonic duties more rigorously performed than by the brethren of No. 150, the number of their warrant.

It appears that previous to the initiation of a gentleman to the first degree of Masonry, Miss St. Leger, who was a young girl, happened to be in an apartment adjoining the room generally used as a lodge room, but whether the young lady was there by design or merely accident, we cannot confidently state. The room at the time was undergoing some alteration; among other things the wall was considerably reduced in one part for the purpose of making a saloon. The young lady having heard the voices of Freemasons, and being incited by the curiosity natural to all to see this mystery, so long and so secretly locked up from the public view, had the courage to pick a brick from the wall with her scissors, and thus witness the two first steps of the ceremony.

Curiosity gratified, fear at once took possession of her mind, and those who understand this passage well know what the feeling of any person must be who could unlawfully behold that ceremony; let them judge what were the feelings of a young girl under such extraordinary circumstances. There was no mode of escape, except through the very room where the concluding part of the second step was still being solemnized at the far end, and the room a very large one, Miss St. Leger had resolution enough to attempt her escape that way, and, with light but trembling steps, glided along unobserved, laid her hand on the handle of the door and opened it, but before her stood, to her dismay, a grim tiler with his long sword unsheathed.

A shriek that pierced through the apartments alarmed the members of the lodge, who, all rushing to the door, and finding that Miss St. Leger had been in the room during the ceremony, resolved, it is said, in the paroxysm of their rage, to put the fair spectatress to death; but at the moving and earnest supplication of her youngest brother, her life was spared, on condition of her going through the two remaining steps of the solemn ceremony she had unlawfully witnessed. This she consented to, and they conjoined the beautiful and terrified young lady through those trials which are sometimes more than enough for masculine resolution, and little thinking they were taking into the bosom of their craft a member that would reflect a lustre on the annals of Masonry.

Miss St. Leger was cousin to General Anthony St. Leger, who instituted the interesting race and celebrated Donerulle St. Leger stakes. Eventually she married Richard Aldworth, Esq., of Newmarket, a member of a highly honorable and ancient family. Whenever a benefit was given at any of the theatres in Dublin or Cork, for the Masonic Female Orphan Asylum, Mrs. Aldworth walked at the head of the Freemasons, with her apron and other insignia of Freemasonry, and sat in the front row of the stage box. The house was always crowded on these occasions. The portrait of this estimable woman is in the lodge in Ireland.—*New York Era.*

The inhabitants of the town of Red Dog, California, being disgusted with the name appointed their outraged sensibilities recently by moving to the neighboring village of "You Bet."

IN THE TOILS OF THE WOMEN.

THE HON. HORACE GREELEY IN A STARTLING POSITION—HE DINES WITH THE EUNADAPHA—SUSAN B. ANTHONY AND MRS. STANTON BASK IN HIS SMILES—MR. GREELY GIVES THE REVOLUTIONISTS SOME PRACTICAL HINTS—OTHER EDITORS THREATENED

The Eunadapha is the first-born of the Women's Suffrage Bureau, in Twenty-third Street. It is a word of Greek origin, and means good sisters. It is a society of which Miss Anna Dickinson is President. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Miss Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Phelps, and Mrs. Wilbour, are the allspice of the Society. Their object is the promotion of female suffrage and the elevation of the sex generally. Their means are novel. They propose inviting to breakfast, at stated periods, all leading journalists and sojourning legislators or statesmen, who may prove obtuse or refractory upon the question of women's rights, and talk them, one at a time, into common sense. When Esther and Vashly, say they, had favors to ask of Ahasuerus, they gave him a banquet. Mellowed by golden wines and savory stews, he invariably succumbed.

INVITATION TO THE HON. HORACE GREELEY.

Mrs. Stanton having heard that the Hon. Horace Greeley had privately indulged in sundry growls at her political course on various occasions, and feeling, moreover, that the sage of Chappaqua had proved himself somewhat heretical upon the woman question, suggested that he should be the first guest. This was agreed to, and the lady consequently wrote the philosopher an invitation to breakfast. It was accepted without comment. Due preparation was therefore made, and the roseate little reception room on the entrance door was duly dusted, and hung with portraits. In the centre of them all, like Cupid among the nymphs, was a picture of the Hon. Horace Greeley. Perched above was a female Victory triumphantly driving Mars in a chariot.

THE PHILOSOPHER BEFORE TIME.

Breakfast had been ordered at a quarter past eight, yesterday morning, though the invitation to the distinguished guest specified eight as the chosen hour. Mr. Greeley came at half past seven, while Mrs. Stanton was yet giving the finishing touches to a superb toilet of black barge, trimmed with blue ribbons, and was placing a peculiar and tasteful black net upon the chignon at the back of her snowy curls.

As the bell rang, Mrs. Anthony, in her usual black dress and gold spectacles, with a crimson erape shawl, opened the door. "You see, Mr. Greeley," said she to the philosopher, "I am always up and dressed, and ready; Mrs. Stanton, as usual, is behindhand."

MRS. STANTON APPEARS.

Mrs. Stanton speedily came down stairs, her rosy face brimming with smiles and humor. The two shook hands, and the lady entwined herself in a sky-blue arm chair. The philosopher dropped upon a soft couch of crimson. Mrs. Phelps then entered the room, gorgeously arrayed in black silk and pea-green ribbons, with an imposing head-dress. Miss Anthony soon joined the party, and requested them to walk below. The staircase was narrow. They went down in single file, Shaker style. The fair President was absent; she was lecturing upon woman suffrage in California and the Territories. Mrs. Wilbour was also absent.

THE BREAKFAST.

The breakfast table was a blaze of beauty. Hugo bouquets were scattered among the decanters. Their perfume was mingled with the aroma of a juicy steak, which was nestled in a fringe of parsley. A baked fish floated in a patten of melted butter. Scrambled eggs, bordered and dotted with sweet herbs, smiled at Mr. Greeley, and pots of coffee, chocolate and tea awaited his pleasure. Odorous melons, peaches, and bananas encircled the principal flower vase, clusters of luscious grapes hung to its gilded sides, and milk white rolls threw their warm incense over Mr. Greeley's head.

The conversation grew witty and brilliant. The sparkling sallies of the la-

dies were interrupted by startling propositions of the philosopher. "In Constantinople," said he, "where women lead the most secluded lives, public morals are on a higher plane than either in London or New York."

The ladies had not been to Constantinople, and could not contradict him. "But," said Mrs. Stanton, "If Turkey is preferable, why not go back to Turkish life? We judge of public morals by the leading men and women of a nation. Has Turkey produced a man equal to Horace Greeley?"

THE PHILOSOPHER NONPLUSED.

The philosopher was nonplussed. He lapsed into a weak smile, and ate two peaches. He said:

"I agree with you fully, ladies, in regard to the education of women in some trade or profession, by which they may be thoroughly fitted for self-support; but, as women have always been in a comparatively secluded position, it is evidently in the Divine order they should always remain in it."

"If, Mr. Greeley," said Miss Anthony, "you assume that everything that is, stands in harmony with the Divine order, why did the Republican party abolish slavery? We can as well assume that God placed the negro in slavery, as that he consigned women to it. The few have always governed the many, through all time, and it has only been in those days of advancing civilization that we have found power placed in the hands of the masses."

"But," said the philosopher, "the status of the negro has not been so universal a fact, as that of the woman. There was no slavery in Vermont, for instance."

HORACE WANTS TO GO.

The talk continued in a similar strain for nearly two hours, when the philosopher said he had an engagement, and arose to leave. The ladies said they intended to invite sundry editors, and asked who should be next in order.

"Ask Bigelow, of the Times," said the philosopher; "but why not have several at once?"

"For two reasons," said the ladies. "In the first place, good men are scarce, and we desire to spread these entertainments through the winter. In the next, we wish to stand every man on his individual merits alone, that he may gain no strength or advantage from his companions. The battle might otherwise be unequal."

THE PHILOSOPHER DEPARTS.

The ladies then thanked the philosopher for his visit, urged frequent calls on his part, that they might enjoy the wisdom of his counsels, and promised a full and circumstantial account of their mutual interview in the Revolution of next week. By this time the philosopher had donned his white coat. All shook hands, Miss Anthony accompanied him to the door, and he departed.

Mark Twain, lecturing to a Boston audience on the Sandwich Islands, when he came to discuss cannibalism, remarked: "At this point I usually illustrate cannibalism before the audience; but I am a stranger here, and feel diffident about asking favors. However, if there is any one present who is willing to contribute a baby for the purposes of the lecture, I should be glad to know it now. I am aware, though, that children have become scarce and high of late, having been thinned out by neglect and ill-treatment since the woman movement began."

A White woman in Louisiana has been initiated as a priestess of the Voodoo Order. The ceremony consisted of an incantation, in which the novice danced, clad in a single white garment, within a charmed circle of beef bones and skeletons, loads' foot and spiders, with camphor and kerosene oil sprinkled about.

The Editors are now making out a list of "notable deaths" of 1869, to publish on New Year's morning. We would therefore suggest to those who wish their names recorded on this list to make their preparations and govern themselves accordingly.

End of a Woary Life.

A man died in Kansas City several weeks ago, whose life had been a weary one, and, maybe, harder than he could bear, for to those who know him there were a few hints of a brief death struggle that was not natural. George R. was born in Kentucky, and came to Cooper county, Missouri, at the age of 16. This was 1818. Soon his parents died, and he was left alone and penniless. In 1856 he went to California, entered the mines with the zest of a boy, worked hard, was successful, bought land near Sacramento City, and soon became a rich man and prosperous man. In 1858 he met the woman who, through no fault of his, was to exert such a sad influence upon all his after life. This woman was said to be beautiful, accomplished, pure and lovable. R. met her, was fascinated, proposed, and, as a result, an engagement followed. The wedding day had been suggested, if it had not been decided upon, and for one brief month the sun of happiness shone out solacingly before the clouds closed over it forever. Preceding the wedding, it became necessary for R. to return to the mines to arrange some business there claiming his immediate attention. He went, became involved in a quarrel with a man he had never seen, was attacked, and, to save his own life, killed his antagonist. The dead man he did not know it then, nor until his trial was over, nor until after he went again to Sacramento to see all that he had ever known or loved. It is not necessary to depict the interview—the terrible remorse on the one side, the frenzied reproach and regrets on the other. At last the sister grew frightfully calm—so calm, indeed, that she told her brother; how he had left home at the first news of the gold discovery; how he had not written; how wild stories had come back of his recklessness and his dissipation; and at last the dreadful day when he lay dead at the feet of her lover. R.'s grief was no less bitter than that of the stricken sister, and so when she said to him, "I will love you till I die, but I will never marry you on this earth, because my brother's blood is on your head," he sold out everything he owned in California, and came back to Missouri, first plugging to each other to correspond as regularly as the condition of the mails then permitted. She wrote once, and no more. In a month following her first letter she, too, had gone to join her brother in the eternal world. This second blow fell heavier than the first, for the poor man had some hope while the woman lived. Now he was alone forever. Presently the war came, and R. enlisted in the Confederate army. In the hot charge made upon the graveyard fort, at the battle of Helena, Ark., a minnie bullet passed through both of R.'s cheeks and cut his tongue evenly off about midway in its length. After that he never spoke an intelligible word again. Indeed, he cared very little to speak. In subsequent battles he tried hard to throw his life away, and was noted in his command for the most reckless audacity.

At Jenkins' ferry, it seemed as if he would get what he most desired, for he was badly shot in the head, the skull being fractured, and brain exposed. He recovered in so much that the wound healed, but the poor tried man had convulsions until he died. It is supposed that these convulsions impaired his mind to a certain extent, for he frequently declared he saw the face of the woman whom he once loved—the face of the woman whose memory never left him long during all the bitter and sorrowful years of his life.

A Romance of the Bar.

Who has not read the memoirs of Richard Swiveller, Esq., who always said that there was a young lady saving up for him, and who finally justified his own prophesy by promoting the "small servant" to the magnificent rank of Marchioness, and ultimately educating her for the matrimonial honors within his gift? If there lives the man who has never read that we hope, for the sake of his innocent family, that he is either blind or a Chinaman. The rest of the world, being more fortunate in their literary recollections, will recognize in the following little domestic romance a strong likeness to glorious Dick's happiest move, and enjoy it none the less on that account. Years ago, there arrived in the city of Louisville, Kentucky, a young man who sought employment, and was ready to accept any honest livelihood. Having neither business experience nor recommendations, he could not gain a position in any of the mercantile houses, and so was obliged at last to take the situation of bar-keeper in a popular hotel. Thither came, bright and early every morning, a little girl having mint for sale, who was always so neatly dressed, and smiled so sweetly, that the chivalrous minion of the bottles took an immediate interest in her. Learning, upon inquiry, that she was an orphan, earning a living by selling mint and working for neighbors, he forthwith adopted her as his sister, and set apart a portion of his earnings for her benefit. Greatly prospering in his calling, by dint of a developed genius for concocting the most ravishing of juleps and cobblers, he was presently able to send his little Araminta to school. Then he sent her to a fashionable academy to learn all the accomplishments of young ladyhood. Years went by and this Kentuckian Swiveller became master of a hotel of his own, and had friends among the best in the city. Araminta, in the meantime, had grown to lovely womanhood, and regarded her benefactor with such genuine well-founded devotion as it is the fortune of few men, especially ex-barkeepers, to inspire in the bosom of a refined virgin. He, it need scarcely be said, doted upon her, and so, like Mr. Richard Swiveller and the Marchioness, they were married. At the present time the hero of this true story is one of the richest owners of real estate in Louisville, while his charming wife, the former mint girl, moves in lofty social circles and is the mother of divers young marquises and marchionesses.—*Sunday World.*

"A GROSS INDIGNITY TO SOUTH CAROLINA SENATORS.—Under this heading the radical paper in Richmond, Va., says: "A gross outrage was perpetrated on the 6th inst. at Clover Hill Station, on the Danville Railroad, by the authorities of that road, by ejecting from the cars three Colored State Senators from South Carolina, and treating them to indignities.—United States Senators Sawyer and Robertson and several members of Congress from South Carolina, on their way to Congress, were accompanied by three State Senators of the same State, highly respectable colored men, all bright mulattoes. These latter purchased first class tickets at Columbia, and rode in a first class car through the reconstructed States of South and North Carolina, without molestation; but when they reached the Virginia line their troubles began. At Danville they were ordered out of the first class car, but refused to leave it. There was a good deal of excitement, and no effort was at once made to eject them. On reaching Clover Hill Station, however, two of them happened to get out to obtain refreshments, and when they would have entered again were refused admittance, and forced to take their places in a common car. The third, Senator Wright, was then ordered out, but persisted in retaining his seat. At Clover Hill Station, however, by order of President Buford, our informant says, he was forcibly and roughly ejected, amid great confusion and excitement, and much to the indignation of the South Carolina Senators and members. It is said there was a lively time on board the train."

It is stated that Mr. Jefferson Davis is to get \$15,000 a year from the Life Insurance Company in Memphis, to which he has been recently elected President.

Queen Victoria has set the style in favor of riding habits as short as the ordinary walking dress, but gored on the inner side exactly to fit the conformation of the saddle, and so heavily shodded as not to rise.

Atrocious Crime in Darlington.

WANTON MURDER OF AN AGED CITIZEN BY A NEGRO BOY.

The Darlington Democrat says: One of the most cold blooded and atrocious murders ever committed in this community, was perpetrated near this town on Saturday last. Mr. J. LeGrande Dickson, an old feeble and highly esteemed citizen, living on the public road about two miles from the town, was brutally murdered on the road, about half-past twelve o'clock P. M., within one hundred and fifty yards of his home. The old man had been to the village, made some purchases and collected a small amount of money. About mid-day he left for home, walking. He was found lying on the side of the public road, about one hundred and fifty yards from his house; he was carried home and soon became speechless—he died about 2 o'clock the next morning. Although able to speak when he reached home, he was unable to tell what had happened to him. He had evidently received two severe blows on his head from a heavy paling, which was found near him, and two blows in the face, inflicted by the fist of his cruel assailant. Of these blows he died.

By a curious combination of circumstances the murderer, while thinking himself safe, was arrested, and evidences of his guilt were found upon his person. He is now in jail, and evidence against him accumulates. No doubt he thought his victim whom he followed from the town had more money on his person than he found. He has cruelly murdered a good old man, made orphan of a large and interesting family, and a widow of a most worthy and estimable woman, for an old knife, one dollar and eighty-five cents, and a little bundle of homespun.

The murderer is a colored man—a youth of bad character. It is due to our colored population to say that they expressed great indignation, and, at one time, seemed inclined to administer summary and extreme punishment on the murderer. His trial will come; his conviction is certain; the pardon of the Governor, almost as sure. And then another murder, another trial, another conviction and another pardon.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.—And before I close I must say a word about a beautiful golden wedding, attended in one of our pretty suburban villages last week. There is something almost holy in tenderness and sweetness in the thought of a couple united in youth, walking together for fifty years through the bright noon of middle life, and the shadows of age. Time's hand has touched them together. Side by side, through the changeful years, they have rejoiced and sorrowed. By green pastures, and close beside the still waters, their feet have been lead—down to bitter March, through weary lands, comforted and upheld because together trusting in God, they have walked and known no fear.

Fifty years together, like twin barks upon a restless sea, through storms and calm, sailing together, nearing together the peaceful port, the summer haven of God's fair land.

When the voyage is ended, when spicy odors and seaward drifting blooms shall proclaim "Land at last," this side the verge of silver breaking seas, may the good ships sail into port together, and cast anchor side by side on eternity's quiet tide. The couple whose golden wedding we celebrated, are well known. Their home is at present with their son and daughter. Everything that filial love can do to make that home pleasant is cheerfully accorded. The day of the anniversary dawned—one of the brightest days of early fall. The ceremony was held at just the hour of the day of the week that they were united fifty years ago. Beautiful flowers in lavish profusion were scattered everywhere. Smiles and good cheer, and sun bright faces.

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