

The Newberry Herald

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THE MAY-FLOWER PARTY.

BY OUR REPORTER, JOHN QUILL.

WHO, IN ACCORDANCE WITH HIS RUSH NATURE, JUMPED RIGHT INTO THE MIDDLE OF THINGS, QUITE OVERLOOKING THE ADDRESSSES, AND TAKING NOTE ONLY OF THE LIGHT, AIRY EVENTS, AS THEY CAME TO HIS EYE AND EAR.

It was a bright and beautiful May-day in the "woods," where the flowers had assembled to enjoy the first picnic of the season.

Little, blue-eyed Forget-me-not tripped along, her eyes sparkling and her face glowing with sunshine, as she bowed, chatted, and laughed at every one; for there was quite a gathering already in the grove.

Mr. Laurel and Widow Myrtle, Miss Anemone and her cousin Hepatica, and Mr. and Mrs. Pinxter, and Miss Spiderwort, and little Daisy, were quite at home there, and knew all the pretty, grassy places, the mossy spots, just where to deposit the baskets of goodies, the throw-off scarfs and shawls, and to arrange things generally.

Miss Cactus, who sat up stiff and prim, and seemed to think herself called upon to do the honors of the occasion, said it was "really quite chilly there in the woods"; she thought "the sunshine more inviting than the shade," and with a shiver, she drew her scarlet breakfast shawl about her.

Doctor Crocus looked over at Poly Anthus, whom he had just carried safely through a fever, and said it was "quite too damp there for an invalid." Poly's face at this moment was the reflection of her bright-colored dress; her mother bowed to the Doctor's remark, adding, her daughter must take the advice of her superiors, and be more careful in future.

Here Master Lagged Robin shouted as he came up, his hair frizzy and uncombed, looking as if he habitually slept in it, his clothes soiled, rumpled and awry, "I am not going to stay here and freeze; I'm going down to the meadow to play ball with my cousins, the Cappers." As he trotted away, Miss Primrose remarked to Narcissus in an undertone, "How Mrs. Robin can let that child go in such a deplorable, unkept state I can't understand! That woman hasn't the least idea of neatness and order; and then to bring up a family of children in that way is sad enough." Miss Anemone, who thrives in the shade, thinking the case a little desperate, ventured to say she thought "the hot sun would bring on a fever—it always gave her the headache, and so wilted her down that she would be good for nothing, for days after." Now cousin Hepatica came to the support of Miss Anemone, who was really trembling from head to foot with the effort of speaking before so many—and her breath came short and quick from fright. Mr. Laurel shaded her from the gaze of the curious, till she could recover herself, while he remarked, "It is a lovely place beyond, on the hillside—the grass is so fresh and soft, and velvety, while a little further on spreads the green meadow for the children and their games, though I should enjoy the shade," looking round at Miss Anemone, who seemed a little more reconciled to the sun now. "Yet it will not be a hot feverish June sun by any means, I think the warmth rather grateful."

Mr. Pinxter talked with Madame Pinxter, whose opinion it was evident had weight with the company, they were such dressy, showy people. Forget-me-not said she "liked sunshine both inside and out," and then she laughed, and it was such a merry, rippling, contagious little laugh, that all the rest laughed, too. So the removal to the hillside was soon accomplished. It was indeed a lovely spot, this sunny hillside—the beautiful green meadow stretching out, banded with its bright, silvery stream, the dark green grove in the background—the blue, sharp-lined mountains in the distance—the air so full of sunshine, and fragrance, and song—and the clear, blue, cloudless sky above. "Yes," they all said, "Mr. Laurel had an eye to the beautiful in selecting this spot for the occasion." Miss Cactus in addressing Forget-me-not, called her Miss Myosotis, she thought it sounded more dignified and company-like, but Forget-me-not laughed at the idea of such a high sounding, foreign name, and turning aside to Miss Hyacinth, who, by the way, is doing a large business in the perfume trade, said, "Did you ever hear the romance connected with our name? that makes us love it so well that nothing, not even marriage, could induce us to change it." And here she blushed a little as Miss Primrose said, "What an idea!" and Miss Buttercup, who was busy taking drops of golden butter from

her basket, shook her head in such an emphatic manner that words were needless. Mrs. Cowslip, a big, portly woman, said for her part she didn't like a remark favoring, even in the slightest degree, the "Woman's Rights question." "For my part I have had enough to do to bring up my family of children—keep them clean, tidy and their feet dry, and my house in order. Mr. Cowslip don't like children, and don't want any thing to do with them." Here Miss Jessamine said, in an aside to Miss Clematis, "He ought to—such a big family of 'em." "He thinks it is a woman's place to stay at home and mind the children, and not meddle with men's affairs, and of course, I think so too." And here she trotted her foot as if her always well-filled cradle were even now at her toes' end. Widow Myrtle who was very busy here, there, and every where ordering and arranging things, said she didn't like to see so much feeling manifested—it was a question being discussed in all circles, and we ought to talk about it coolly, dispassionately." And then she hurried away to see if her ice-cream would be in readiness.

Doctor Crocus had come to the conclusion by an ingenious species of reasoning, that it was a "Reform against Nature," and that settled the question forever and ever, and ever. Here little dumpy, round, fat-faced Dandelion said she didn't "bother her head with any such Reforms;" she was "willing to take things as she found them, and leave them so," she was "going to have a good time," and then she looked over wistfully at the butter, honey and sugar-plums. Mr. Apple-blossom, a fine-looking farmer—a real utilitarian—came forward, saying, "I think this question will settle itself, if we will only give it time and place. We should not be so over-anxious about Nature. She is fully competent, and will work out this problem, if we are only willing; but the trouble is, we are not—we are afraid that the result will run counter to our dear prejudices and preconceived notions." Now all looked interested, for they expected to hear sensible things from Apple-blossom; but here the discussion was broken in upon by the appearance of May Rose in her new silk, and Pansy in purple velvet and gold, in such beautiful contrast, and so becoming to her figure! The Pink family and Tulip sisters came together, dressed very gorgeously, and accompanied by young Mr. Cherry-tree, who was all attention to the ladies. The graceful Wisteria, a graduate from a Philadelphia college, a lady of much refinement, dressed in lilac purple silk, without ornament, and Miss Heliotrope, attended by a gentleman with a foreign air, who was engaged talking to her about an exquisite French perfume, brought up the rear.

May Rose said, as she threw aside her scarf, "You see here isn't a fair representation of our family." Every one knew she felt proud of her old, aristocratic ancestry, and really considered herself of much importance, from family connection. "You know the principal branches of the Rose family are staying in the city yet, except some distant cousins," looking over her shoulder at little Wild Rose. "I received a letter from Mrs. Damask, last week, saying she couldn't think of leaving the city while these chilly winds lasted. Mr. White Rose sent an apology, and a request for a June or July picnic, when, he said, the ladies of the family could appear in full dress. Mr. Yellow Rose accepted the invitation, saying, 'A bachelor can well afford to hazard some dangers, undergo some difficulties, for the sake of feasting his eyes on such delightful Spring Beauties.'" But I think I know the reason he hasn't come. Mr. Japan Rose is there from abroad on a visit, and he is afraid he'll fall in love with his girl from China. Oh, he is such a jealous fellow!" And May ran on about her rich relations in the city; for she was a great talker, and dwelt largely on the fair phases of the family—was never known to speak of thorns, though she knew all the world knew they had 'em, and she had often been pierced by 'em herself. So she tossed her head and looked askance at Miss Daffodil, who was just then helping Spiderwort loosen her net, which had caught in Sweet Briar's button. A significant look it was, as much as to say, "Played out, little maid!" And her dress did look worn, and faded, and sunburnt, though she had purposely kept it in the shade for the occasion, and herself in the background; for she knew it didn't look as fresh and sweet as on that early spring morning, when every one stopped to look at her and welcome her. But little Pansy, seeing at a glance the state of things, thoughtfully stepped up to Daffy, and with a pleasant word reassured her. "O, Pansy," said Daffy, "you are all

ways doing somebody a kindness, and you are always so contented and happy, I don't wonder you are called Heart's-ease." Now the foreign gentleman was seen to turn his eye-glass towards Lily-of-the-Valley, who looked like a bride, in her white veil and kids, and so utterly unconscious of her beauty, that every one raved about it. She was one of the few—the very few—whom no one, not even the malicious Weed family, could say anything against. Lily served the company with nectar. The Tulip sisters distributed kisses, for which they were noted the world over. The Misses Pink brought lady-fingers, and Daffy said she knew May Rose furnished the lemon-drops. Widow Myrtle passed the cream which she had superintended, and Mr. Laurel followed with ice-water. These two were always together, but they were first cousins, and no one remarked about it.

Such a fine, merry time playing "Ball," and "Croquet," and "Ring around a rosy," and "Oats, peas, beans and barley grows," and "Pussy corner"; for all joined in the games, except Miss Cactus, who couldn't unbend, and Miss Prim Rose, who confounded stiffness with dignity, and Dr. Fish Geranium, who didn't like to get his blood heated, for fear of erysipelas, and Mrs. Columbine, who was wedged with the over-supply of honey furnished, and, of course, Mrs. Cowslip, who didn't think it lady-like. The little Strawberries did the running for the balls. Spraying kept the counts from memory. Forget-me-not laughed till her sides ached; and every one said such a merry, delightful, happy, holiday time was never had before; when Miss Cactus brought every one to his senses by saying she was "sure the dew was falling that minute; Miss Prim Rose and Butter Cup had already left the grounds, while Mrs. Cowslip had been gone an hour."

Here Miss Hyacinth called to Forget-me-not for the story, and a score of voices shouted, "The Story!" But Forget-me-not shook her little head and said, "Wait till June; I'm too tired."

Now, Mr. Apple Blossom, who didn't have a chance to finish his "say," and who never liked to have an opportunity pass without an attempt to turn it into something useful, called the attention of the company to the propriety of instituting a permanent organization for the promotion of social intercourse and the discussion of questions of general interest.

Here Dr. Crocus was seen to shake his head, and there followed a general buzz of conversation as to the how, what and when.

Mr. Peach-Blossom, who was in the early part of the gathering cousin and near neighbor to the last speaker, after securing their attention, said: "My dears"—Peach knew this wasn't the usual manner of addressing a promiscuous company, but he had such a big, full heart he couldn't help it—"I fully approve of the sentiments just advanced by my right-hand friend; therefore I move that Apple Blossom, Mr. Laurel, Dr. Sage, Widow Myrtle and Minnie Nette be appointed a committee to organize a society whose object shall be the benefit of the various orders and classes of our Floral tribe."

Several voices simultaneously cried, "I second the motion."

Arbor Vita, a stiff, shining gentleman, stepped forward, rubbing his hands, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, you have heard the motion, which has been seconded. All in favor will signify by the usual sign." Shouts of "Aye!" were heard from all directions. "Contrary, no." There was but one dissenting voice, and that was Dr. Crocus, as might have been expected. The majority was overwhelming, and with smiles and bows the party dispersed.

Wood's Household Magazine.

A curious story is afloat about the Baron James de Rothschild having sat for his picture some years ago, to Ary Scheffer, in the character of a beggar. It is added, to complete the romance, that a chance visitor, seeing the baron in the artist's studio made up for a sitting, and believing him to be what he appeared, slipped a louis into his hand. The pretended model took the coin, kept it invested for ten years, and then sent back to the donor ten thousand francs as the accrued profit, with a note to the effect that a good action always brings good fortune. A distinct corroboration from the giver of the louis, published in a respectable Paris journal, alone prevents this tale from being incredible.

MARRIAGE.—No man ever knows when, where, or whom he'll marry. It's all nonsense, planning and speculating about it. You might as well look out for a soft spot to fall in a steep chasm. You come down in the very middle of your speculations.

Industrial Resources.

The following is the report of the Committee on the Industrial Resources of South Carolina, submitted before the Immigration Convention, by Mr. B. F. Crayton, for the Committee, and read by Prof. John McCrary, as follows: Your Committee, feeling assured that the very comprehensive character of the duty assigned them, viz: that of reporting on the industrial resources of the State, is itself, an evidence that no exhaustive treatment of the subject over is expected by the Convention, nor even a specific account of what has been done towards the development of their resources, limit themselves to a few general considerations, as to their nature, and the great policy for promoting their development.

From South Carolina to Texas inclusive, the climate of the Atlantic and Gulf States, is of that intermediate kind which embraces the features both of the tropics and the temperate zone, and while exposed to many of the evils of both, likewise enjoy in combination many of the advantages of each. It is precisely in such a climate that the utmost diversity of industries can most easily flourish, provided only the markets of the world be open to it, and there be a population sufficiently dense to make division of labor possible.

Indeed it may be safely said that no other climate but one offers equal opportunities for diversifying labor. The natural products of our country exhibit this diversified character; we have heretofore, by side, the animals and plants of the tropics, and those of the temperate zone, pines by the side of palms, wheat growing in sight of rice fields, apples ripening in the same orchard with oranges, crows and bears and foxes inhabiting the same swamps with the ibis, the vulture, the parakeet and the crocodile, though our forefathers, unacquainted with tropical animals, gave them the names of cranes, buzzards, and alligators, which make us forget their equatorial character, and prevent us from reflecting when we read of such things in books of foreign travel that they are, in truth, nothing but what we see about us every day. In our waters is found equal variety. The herring, which is peculiarly a Northern fish is sold in our market by the side of the fishes of the Caribbean Sea, and the muscel, the clam and the oyster, all useful as food, are found even where the Peninsula of Florida is built up of coral reefs, like the South Sea Islands. Even in the domain of the miner there is something to remind us of this commingling of temperate and tropical features in the aspect of nature by which we are surrounded. For does not the guano of the equatorial islands find its counterpart in our phosphate beds? And does not the coal, which is rather characteristic of temperate climates, show itself not far from these highly prized deposits?

In short, the climate of the Southern States, their geological structure, their great rivers, and the seas by which they are washed, offer every incentive which climate can offer to a development of the utmost diversity of physical and intellectual labor.

But it is perhaps feared by some that a climate like this may be incapable of supporting such diversified industry, in consequence of the very variety of its products—that what yields everything with facility will yield the best of nothing. Such a conclusion, however, is forbidden by a simple array of facts. The cotton and the rice we produce are the best in the world, nevertheless the wheat has likewise been recognized as having no superior. And in the opinion of your Committee there can be no doubt that the difficulty of obtaining the best of any grain product in a climate of so catholic a character, is precisely such difficulty as is necessary to incite the human intellect to the exercise of patient and minute observation, coupled with reflective industry.

But that such a climate as we possess is really capable of developing and supporting this diversity of occupation may be established in another way. There is no climate in Europe exactly comparable with ours. If we travel Eastward in search of a counterpart, we shall pass over the whole of the old world until we reach China and Japan. Here alone, do we find all our chief characteristics repeated, though of course in forms which, belonging to the old world, are so far different from those of the new. But our extremes of temperature, our cold winters and hot summers, our commingled tropical and temperate fauna and flora, are as familiar to the Chinese as to ourselves. The United States and the Flowery Kingdom are what the physical geographers might call homol-

gous parts of the two continents.

The same relative situation to the equator, the same coast configuration, the same great rivers, the same warm oceans, current like the Gulf Stream flowing Northward along the coast, the same system of hurricanes, which the seamen of those seas know as typhoons.

And what is the aspect which industrial pursuits present in that country, physically so like our own? We see there, the densest population on the globe, whose existence in their crowded state is only rendered possible by the diversity of their industries.—There is not land enough in China for its hundreds of millions to cultivate, and the consequence is that millions are engaged in manufactures of many kinds of rare excellence, and when even so, all cannot find the means of living, the rivers and the seas are made to yield their harvest, whole villages are built upon the water, and on the water whole populations are born, live and die, as their neighbors are born, live and die, upon the land.

Now such is the similarity of climate that it is not too much to say that there is hardly an important product of China which may not be equally well produced in the Southern States. We have already surpassed the Chinese in the culture of cotton, rice and sugar-cane, and without doubt, whenever, with the proper means, we set ourselves seriously to the task, we will surpass them in the culture of tea and silk, both which it has been demonstrated we can produce.

That the white race is both intellectually and physically the superior of the wonderful Mongolians of whom we have been speaking, has never been doubted. If in their hands the climate of China can do such things, in the hands of the white race, the similar climate in which we live can do much more. The difference lies in this, that in China, increasing density of population has created industrial diversity by necessitating it, while we are striving after a diversity of pursuit but are foiled by scarcity of population. It may be laid down as a universal economic principle, perhaps without an exception, that no scanty peopled country, whatever its advantages, ever exhibited a really diversified industry. The problem we are striving to solve, if it is not insoluble, is at least one of the most difficult in the whole circle of human endeavors, and if we do solve it successfully, we shall be greater than success in any, however glorious, could have made us. Being without that density of population which could of itself create diversity of occupation, and which our Northern neighbors have had so long, we are striving to exhibit such a diversity of resources and capacity of development as will attract capital and the streams of immigration poured out year after year from Europe into climates more like than is ours to that of the home of the white race. Your committee do not mean to report that the thing is impossible, but to point out its true difficulties as the best preparation for surmounting them. If ever we succeed it will only be by the union and concentration of all the intellect and all the capital there is among us upon the one great problem. And it is this very union and concentration which is so hard to maintain, when the few thousands of our population are scattered over so wide an extent of country.

Your Committee would then suggest that there is no way in which our people can so well provide for the future development of the almost inexhaustible resources of the climate, the soil and the waters, bestowed upon them by Providence, as by providing for a consistent and permanent unanimity of purpose and concert of action, by frequent gatherings, like the present Convention, by forming and sustaining local Clubs and Societies, and by maintaining periodical publications, devoted to the discussion of the industrial resources of the South. The attrition of mind against mind attained by such means, while it tends to produce unanimity of purpose conduces also to a division of labor, and diversified industry is only the full development of division of labor. They must also learn to value those scientific methods of investigation which alone can be sure of eventually reaching precise and trust-worthy results. They must, too, be willing to risk something in the investment of capital upon experiments. Knowledge and money are two different forms of power which go on accumulating much faster when they work together than when earth is left to toil alone. We must learn to organize for a common purpose the administrative skill of the successful man of business, and the skill in

research, which is the gift of the successful man of science.

And for this purpose we must combine scientific education as far as possible with education in business. One of the ways by which a people may be forced into a full development of its material resources is by foreign conquest, shutting out from it every other avenue of progress—and it may emerge from such subjugation the conqueror of its conquerors.

The most difficult thing in the world for a woman to do is to get ready to go anywhere; and there is nothing a woman will resent more or more fiercely than an intimation that she may possibly miss the train. Our friend, Brayfogle, gives us an instance of this. Mr. Bray was supposed to take the ten o'clock train on the Bee Line to visit some relatives in an interior town. Having suffered on previous occasions for injudicious suggestions, Bray thought that, for once, he would let things take their natural course. So he sipped his coffee and ate his eggs on toast, while Madame curled and powdered, and danced attendance on the looking glass, and tied back on the back of her head. Then Bray sat down by the stove for an hour and read the morning paper, while the Madame still continued to get ready. At last, just as he had reached the final paragraph of reading matter, and was beginning on the advertisements, Madame tied her bonnet strings under her chin, took one long, lingering, loving look at the image reflected in the glass, and sweetly announced:

"Well, my dear, I'm ready." "Ready for what?" asked Bray, in well affected astonishment. "To go to the depot, to be sure," said Mrs. Brayfogle, tartly. "Oh!" said Bray, "I'd forgotten. Well, Madame," continued he, looking at his watch, "that train has been gone thirteen minutes. Just keep on your things, and you'll be ready for the train tomorrow morning." We draw a veil over what followed. We are assured, however, that next morning Mrs. B. was ready an hour ahead of time.

The Northern negroes, quicker than their Southern brothers to comprehend the new political situations produced by the fifteenth amendment, are already moving in behalf of a separate political organization in harmony with, but not of the Republican party. They do not intend to be swallowed up as a helpless atom, among the mass of Republican voters, but aim to hold the balance of power between the two great contending parties, coquetting with either entirely in their own interests. That this course is a wise one, as a new political move, none can doubt, any more than they can the certainty of the example spreading through the South. As a natural result of enfranchisement it is useless to discuss it, as the natural and unavoidable antagonism of race produced thereby will produce new issues and complications, before which the present ones are but of pigmy importance.

ANOTHER POLAR EXPEDITION.—The North German Correspondent, of Berlin, announces: "A great Polar expedition is being prepared in Sweden for the years 1871 and 1872, under the direction of Professor Nordenskiöld, the celebrated scientific leader of the Swedish expedition of 1863. Parry's attempt to reach the Pole by pushing on to the North of Spitzbergen is to be repeated, and it is proposed to winter on one of the Seven Islands. Professor Nordenskiöld intends to proceed to Greenland this summer to purchase dogs for the sledges and procure some necessary information."

Dubuque furnishes us a tale with a moral; it is a man who left his wife and six small children for the purpose of spending a year South on business. He was a receiver and intended to go to Indiana and get a divorce and marry a younger and prettier woman than his wife. He went, but retribution overtook him in the State of divorce, with chills and fever and shook him into a repentant state of mind. He went back again to his home, was forgiven, and everything was lovely once more. Chills are good for something, after all.

Vaccination direct from the heater is all the rage in Paris, and in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, as well as to avoid disgusting their arms, the French ladies insist on being vaccinated in their calves.

The woman's movement is a confessed failure. Miss Anthony says the women will never accomplish anything until they stop crying.

The Qualifications Requisite for a Superintendent.

The following essay, after some preliminary remarks, was read before the late Sunday School Convention by Rev. T. S. Boineist, of Newberry:

Next to the office of the Christian Pastor, there is perhaps none other in the Church of the Redeemer fraught with such high responsibilities, and presenting such an extensive field of usefulness, as the Superintendent of the Sunday School; and we almost shrink from the task of even endeavoring to present our beau ideal of a Christian Sunday School Superintendent, lest some good and worthy man now in this position, and doing much and valuable service among the Lambs of Christ's flock, should be induced to sink under a sense of their inability, and exclaim "who is sufficient for those things?" But let these remember the woman in the gospel, who received the approbation of the Master in that telling and comprehensive sentence, "she hath done what she could," and go on and do likewise. The Superintendent should first of all be a man of piety. If it is requisite, as all are agreed, that the teacher should be possessed of a heart devoted to God, how much more the Superintendent. He is not perhaps to be in the strictest sense a "teacher," to him no special class should be committed; but he is nevertheless a more than teacher. Not of a single class, but of all; from his lips comes the general instruction; by him are teachers and scholars both taught; and if the object of Sunday School instruction is to cultivate the heart, to educate the soul, to lead to Christ, then must he who would thus train, and lead and educate, himself be acquainted with what he would teach, and know the way whether he would lead. Further, not only should the Superintendent be a man of piety, but should possess a degree of information beyond those over whom he is to preside. There are many good men in the world, ornaments to the Christian living epistles, commended of all life, yet without of these elements of the Christian character, they would not make efficient Superintendents for the Sunday School; but add to these, literary qualifications, and you are progressing in the combination of elements which will give you the "coming man" for your Sabbath School supervision. To the graces of the heart, he adds the cultivation of the mind; with deep and fervent piety he combines ability to teach, and while his unassuming piety commands the universal love of his teachers and his pupils, his knowledge gains for him their respect.

Your Superintendent should be a man of sound judgement and systematic business habits. If "order is Heaven's first law," its introduction into the earliest training of those who are to be Heaven's future inhabitants is not a matter of inconsiderable importance. To systematize, to set in order, to regulate all the affairs and exercises of the Sunday School, is the province of the Superintendent. Classes are to be formed—regard is to be had to the capacities and attainments of pupils in their formation—teachers are to be assigned these, and for the success of the Sunday School instruction, much depends upon their appointment. Much work is to be done in a short time, and without system and order and regularity it cannot be accomplished. But give us a man who is sound of judgment, systematic in his arrangements, husbanding carefully every moment of time, possessed of the requisite qualifications of mind, and that mind stored with intellectual wealth; and add to it a heart filled with love to Christ, and love for the souls of the Master's lambs; with a correct free read of all; with a smile to greet every little bright-eyed pupil, and word to cheer them in their search after truth, and you have one who is qualified at least in a large measure to fill the responsible position of a Sabbath School Superintendent.

BADLY SOLD.—At the Express Company's sale of unopened packages, recently, in Charleston, there were many wild and venturesome bids by gentlemen eager to go into the lottery. The best joke is told of two well-known hardware merchants of this city. Seeing a box marked "Hon. B. F. Randolph," (the defunct martyr,) they began to surmise as to its contents, and finding it somewhat ponderous, concluded that it contained pistols or revolvers. They immediately formed an extemporaneous copartnership and bid it in for \$41. On opening their prize, the box was found to contain 20,000 pewter medals of Grant & Colfax, which the martyr, doubtless, intended for campaign purposes. Persons desiring to purchase medals, can get them cheap at the stores of Messrs. [Charleston Courier.]

Very Important to Drunkards and Opium Eaters. A correspondent in Tennessee sends us the following: During my pleasant sojourn in Memphis, Tenn., my attention was called to a matter of great importance to the great masses of their fellow men who seem to be vicing with each other in efforts to ruin themselves by intemperance; and we really think they should be called upon at least to reflect and learn for themselves what I was assured by the most prominent citizens of Memphis had been found for the relief of those who are unable to control their appetite for opium and liquor. During the cholera in 1866, Dr. J. D. Stillman, who now resides in Memphis, originated a theoretical preparation for the purpose of injecting into the veins of collapsed cholera patients, which was a natural blood purifier, holding largely the organic gases. The success of this preparation indeed led him to try its effects internally by the stomach. He found that it answered the purpose of liquors, but produced no unpleasant effects. The preparation is very pleasant, and is used in a great variety of forms in beverages. He found that by using this once, the drunkard became more desirous of better liquor, and that after he had used it for a certain length of time he ceased to desire it, and found that liquors of all kinds, tobacco, and almost everything unnatural to the system became obnoxious to him. This becoming known, the experiment was tried upon the most abandoned cases of the city who were in the state of delirious wretchedness. The success was just as complete with the most popular gentleman as with others, and the thing has become generally known in this section by success in every trial. The idea developed in Dr. Stillman's mind the philosophy of a natural system of reaching those ills of life. This did not satisfy the theory of Dr. S.; that this was available for every ill that man is heir to; so his efforts were directed towards the opium and morphine eater. He had commenced treating a prominent gentleman in Mississippi, just a week before a lady in Memphis had taken twenty grains of morphine to poison herself. She took it at 4 p. m.; at 9 p. m. she was abandoned by the most popular city physicians as beyond any possibility of cure. Dr. Stillman heard of the case, and took it in hand at half past nine o'clock. At 2 A. M. the reporters of the Memphis Appeal visited her, and pronounced her beyond all hopes of recovery, yet Dr. Stillman continued until morning, and finally succeeded in fully restoring her. The city journals gave the correct account in their issues of the 24th and 25th of May, 1869, which called the attention of many victims of opium and morphine to this counteracting power, perhaps available to restore them to their original constitution. The fact having become known through the medium of the press that it was in reality successful in relieving the worst cases, many are now rejoicing in a perfect freedom from those disagreeable habits, as the result.

When the Fifteenth Pennsylvania cavalry entered the town of Dawson, Ga., in the spring of 1865, among those who welcomed them was a negro woman, whose appearance denoted extreme old age. Impelled by curiosity, one of the "boys" rode up to her and asked: "How old are you, Auntie?" "Well, child," she replied, "I don't exactly know how old I am; but I was here when Columbus came."

Some idea of the extent of the Western egg trade may be formed from reading a paragraph in the Toledo Blade, stating that recently there arrived in that city in a freight train on the Wabash Railroad, seven car-loads of eggs. There were in each car 125 barrels in all. Allowing 120 dozen in each barrel, there were, one million two hundred thousand eggs on board that train. This is the calculation of the Blade, but an ordinary acquaintance with oval luxuries would induce the belief that there were more chickens than eggs on board.

Americans, do you know what the Cucyanickpuka, Yakutskiylikms, Sakitskiylikms, Ankachegammuks, and Mekutonacaccocotts are? They are your fellow citizens, and live in Alaska, upon the Arctocokuluchagrut, Nocoacachigat, Kayayruk, Connovozh, Unatachul, and Golsovarickha Rivers.

When we see two young lovers kneeling at the altar, the heart's wish is, that they may resemble the married in heaven, who, according to Swedenborg's vision, always melt into one angel.

A lady at Montezuma, Iowa, has the smallest child on record. It is two weeks old, and weighs only two pounds. Still it is perfectly healthy.

Very Important to Drunkards and Opium Eaters.

A correspondent in Tennessee sends us the following: During my pleasant sojourn in Memphis, Tenn., my attention was called to a matter of great importance to the great masses of their fellow men who seem to be vicing with each other in efforts to ruin themselves by intemperance; and we really think they should be called upon at least to reflect and learn for themselves what I was assured by the most prominent citizens of Memphis had been found for the relief of those who are unable to control their appetite for opium and liquor. During the cholera in 1866, Dr. J. D. Stillman, who now resides in Memphis, originated a theoretical preparation for the purpose of injecting into the veins of collapsed cholera patients, which was a natural blood purifier, holding largely the organic gases. The success of this preparation indeed led him to try its effects internally by the stomach. He found that it answered the purpose of liquors, but produced no unpleasant effects. The preparation is very pleasant, and is used in a great variety of forms in beverages. He found that by using this once, the drunkard became more desirous of better liquor, and that after he had used it for a certain length of time he ceased to desire it, and found that liquors of all kinds, tobacco, and almost everything unnatural to the system became obnoxious to him. This becoming known, the experiment was tried upon the most abandoned cases of the city who were in the state of delirious wretchedness. The success was just as complete with the most popular gentleman as with others, and the thing has become generally known in this section by success in every trial. The idea developed in Dr. Stillman's mind the philosophy of a natural system of reaching those ills of life. This did not satisfy the theory of Dr. S.; that this was available for every ill that man is heir to; so his efforts were directed towards the opium and morphine eater. He had commenced treating a prominent gentleman in Mississippi, just a week before a lady in Memphis had taken twenty grains of morphine to poison herself. She took it at 4 p. m.; at 9 p. m. she was abandoned by the most popular city physicians as beyond any possibility of cure. Dr. Stillman heard of the case, and took it in hand at half past nine o'clock. At 2 A. M. the reporters of the Memphis Appeal visited her, and pronounced her beyond all hopes of recovery, yet Dr. Stillman continued until morning, and finally succeeded in fully restoring her. The city journals gave the correct account in their issues of the 24th and 25th of May, 1869, which called the attention of many victims of opium and morphine to this counteracting power, perhaps available to restore them to their original constitution. The fact having become known through the medium of the press that it was in reality successful in relieving the worst cases, many are now rejoicing in a perfect freedom from those disagreeable habits, as the result.

When the Fifteenth Pennsylvania cavalry entered the town of Dawson, Ga., in the spring of 1865, among those who welcomed them was a negro woman, whose appearance denoted extreme old age. Impelled by curiosity, one of the "boys" rode up to her and asked: "How old are you, Auntie?" "Well, child," she replied, "I don't exactly know how old I am; but I was here when Columbus came."

Some idea of the extent of the Western egg trade may be formed from reading a paragraph in the Toledo Blade, stating that recently there arrived in that city in a freight train on the Wabash Railroad, seven car-loads of eggs. There were in each car 125 barrels in all. Allowing 120 dozen in each barrel, there were, one million two hundred thousand eggs on board that train. This is the calculation of the Blade, but an ordinary acquaintance with oval luxuries would induce the belief that there were more chickens than eggs on board.

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