

The Newberry Herald.

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No. 40.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square one inch—for first insertion, and \$1.00 for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent above. Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements. Special notices in local column 20 cents per line. Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in till filled and charged accordingly. Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

JOB PRINTING

Done with Neatness and Dispatch. Terms Cash.

How to Treat Slander.

Never you fear; but go ahead, In self-protecting strength, What matters it that malice said, "I've found it out at length?" Found out—found what? An honest man Is open as the light; To search as keenly as you can, You'll only find—all right. Yes, blot him black with slander's ink, He stands as fair as now! You score him better than you think, And kinder than you know. What! is it not some credit them, That he proclaims your blame? This merely, with all better men, Is quite a sort of fame. Through good report, and ill report, The good man goes his way, Nor consents to pay his court To what the vile may say, Ah! be the scandal what you will, And whisper what you please, You do but fan his glory still By whistling up a breeze. This little spark becomes a flame, If you won't hold your tongue; Nobody pays you for your blame, Nor cares to prove it wrong; But if you won't so kindly aid And prop a good man's peace, Why, really one is half afraid Your ill report should cease. Look you!—two children playing there With battle-dons in hand, To keep the shuttle in the air Must strike it as they stand; It flags and falls if both should stop To look on; And so Fame's slant cheek would drop, Without a pro and con!

The Massacre at Tient-Sin -- Fuller Details of the Horrible Barbarities of the Chinese Mob.

We have already published the principal facts connected with the inhuman massacre on the 21st of June by a Chinese mob, at Tient-sin, of the French Consul, a number of other French subjects, including several priests, and the Sisters of Charity attached to the French hospital of the city. The London Standard publishes a private letter, written from Chefoo, June 30, in which the barbarities practiced on the fatal day of the massacre are fully depicted. After telling how the French Consul, M. Fontaine, M. Thomassin, an attaché of the consulate and his wife, and two Catholic priests, were murdered, the letter proceeds to give details of the sanguinary sequel to these crimes. The mob, led on by soldiers, set fire to the consulate and the church of the Catholic mission, and burnt all the other inmates who could not escape. Simultaneously with the assault on the French consulate, the mob and soldiers surrounded the hospital of the French Sisters of Charity. Having set fire to a portion of the building, they entered the gates and dragged all the Sisters of Charity out into the street. There they stripped them naked, exposed them to the public gaze, plucked out their eyes, cut off their breasts, ripped their hearts, and deliberately cut them to pieces and divided portions of their flesh amongst the infuriated mob. No European witnessed these outrages on humanity save the Chinese spectators who, in presence of each other, passed through the terrible ordeal, and perished without hope of release, and without any support in that extreme hour of misery and torment save their confidence in a merciful God, whose behests they have endeavored to fulfill amongst a barbarous people, at the peril of their lives. Chinese spectators of the bloody scene relate other horrors perpetrated on the innocent ladies that cannot be mentioned. The lady superioress of the hospital, it is related, was cut in twain while yet alive. God alone and the Sisters know what they endured of agony and bodily sufferings. Their modesty outraged, their purity defiled, their poor, frail frames torn asunder, their blood scattered, and their lives destroyed by savages whose murderous rage inflicted all those and other outrages amidst a scene of horror that alone would be terrible to encounter. One short hour sufficed to extinguish those noble martyrs of charity. Their labor of love amongst the poor of Tient-sin for six years was thus crowned in bitterness and earthly shame by the very people whom they had succored, and fed, and clothed, and tended in the hour of sickness and pestilence. No sooner had the mob and the soldiers glutted their thirst for human blood on the unfortunate Sisters than they burnt the entire hospital. Nearly 100 children who had been received into the orphanage, attached to the hospital, perished in the flames. The mutilated members of the dead Sisters were thrown into the burning ruins, and thus, together with the little children they were charitably nur-

The Terrible Disaster in New Jersey—Further Particulars.

We have stated that a distressing accident occurred on Thursday morning, 8th instant, at Tom's River, near Long Branch, New Jersey. A large picnic party, belonging to Contonary Methodist Church, of Long Branch, had visited the spot. About sixty persons were standing on a bridge over the river, when it gave way, and they were precipitated into the water. Eight persons were drowned, all belonging to Long Branch. From a detailed account of the disaster we take the following: Tom's River is a village of about 2,500 inhabitants, situated upon the banks of the river of that name, about six miles from its mouth. It has become of late quite a summer resort, and a large hotel has been built there. It is also much frequented by the people of the neighborhood for picnicking purposes. The depot of the Southern New Jersey Rail Road is on the opposite side of the river, and is connected with the village by two bridges—one a wagon-bridge, and the other a foot bridge—on trestles, about fifteen feet apart. This structure was attached to the depot side of the river by wood or iron pins. It is about sixty feet long, and the water beneath it is at least ten feet deep. The bridge has been built about one year, and its safety has never apparently been doubted. On Thursday morning at 6.30 o'clock, some five hundred men, women and children connected with the Sunday School of the Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church of Long Branch, started on the cars for a picnic and clam-bake at Tom's River. On their arrival at the depot they began to saunter leisurely across the bridge in groups. When but few had actually got over, and some 60 were on the treacherous support, the pins on the depot side suddenly gave way, and the whole affair, with its living freight, swung over towards the village. The loosened end sank beneath the water, while the other remained fast. If both ends had given way the slaughter would have been frightful. The incline plane which the floor of the bridge made lay at such an angle that about half the endangered people were enabled to clamber up on the village side. They scrambled up on their hands and knees—an indescribably confused and terrified mass of humanity—some looking out for themselves, without much regard to others, some pushing down towards the river to rescue the less helpful. Meanwhile thirty persons were struggling in the water, clutching at each other, and at the fragments of the bridge. Some were even under the bridge. Those of the multitude who were on the depot side could only stand there in painful helplessness; those on the other side managed to save all but eight persons. As is usual in such cases, there were striking instances of heroism. Peter Howland, a carpenter, had already saved his nephew, a boy of 11, when he saw Miss E. Styles struggling in the water. At once, blind to all other thoughts, heedless of the almost certain death from desperate clutching hands that awaited him if he plunged amid that mass of frantic humanity, he dashed into the water. The sight of her there, gasping for breath, was unendurable; for she was his heart's delight—he had been but yesterday looking at her wedding garments, in which she was so soon to stand up proudly by his side. "They were beautiful in their lives, and in death not divided," for he had seized and was bearing her safely to the shore, when Mrs. Sidney Throckmorton, in her despairing agony, seized him by the arm, and so hampered him that all three sank together, although he was an excellent swimmer. The Empress enjoys freedom at Wilhelmshöhe. He looks thirty years older than he did in 1865. His eyes look tired, faint and expressionless, and his movements are slow and mechanical. He retires late and rises early. His window is lighted long after midnight, and at half past 4 in the morning. He dresses in plain black. He talks much to the school children, who gather around to see him. A WORD TO THE COUNTY COMMITTEES.—We suggest that the Executive Committees of the Union Reform party in the different counties put themselves in communication at once with the Executive Committees of the Radical party, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the latter will agree to the appointment of a joint committee, consisting of two members from each party, for every election precinct, which committee shall remain with the ballot-boxes from the opening of the polls until the vote is finally counted. This, without interfering in any way with the managers or committees of elections, would make it impossible for any one to perpetrate a fraud upon the voters of the State. Mr. Ransier, the chairman of the State Executive Committee, authorizes the publication of the statement that he thinks this proposition fair and just, and we presume that there will be no difficulty in making the arrangement. We shall be glad to hear the result of the conference between the several committees.—Charleston News.

The Decline of War.

The admirable certainty with which the machinery of war de-advances human life, its continuous advance toward perfection as an art, while it overwhelms us with its present horrors, shows us through the murky smoke of battle the silver lining beyond, and the shining shores of perpetual peace awaiting the civilized world. Surely the bloody testimony now in progress, of the folly and crime of destroying human life by whole armies, without a shadow of excuse in the beginning or a grain of recompense in the end, is not to be lost on the obscure millions who are thus made the victims of the sanguinary lust of emperors and kings—intelligent as these masses become, and clear-sighted in respect to their individual rights, and in respect to the absurd pretense of crowned bigots and imperial despots to rule and ruin. Indeed, no conflict could have had a happier origin, or have been characterized by more appropriate circumstances, if its purpose were, as we trust it is, in the order of Providence, to make historical a great lesson to mankind, warning the nations against the designs of selfish rulers, and illustrating by its consequences, which are likely to consist chiefly of the ashes of human misery, and most mournful human shame. As the New Orleans Times says, it is no where pretended that France or Prussia required this war. It had its source in the evil minds of selfish and ambitious rulers, whose objects were personal to themselves, marshalling hundreds of thousands of young and vigorous men to the fields of slaughter that they may, on the one hand, perpetuate an individual dynasty, and on the other achieve personal fame. The first lesson to be gleaned from the bloody annals lies in the fact that the great powers have declared there shall be no disarmament on the one hand, or aggrandizement of territory on the other, to either nation, as a consequence of victory or defeat. This leads us to an assurance of pleasing progress in respect to future wars. It will leave tyrants without adequate pretenses for hostilities, and reduce international conflicts, if they still come, to the moral paucity of gladiators. But after an exhibition of strife, so needless and so sanguinary, may there not arise among the leading powers of Europe, a sense of responsibility higher and grander than that of fixing consequences? May not humanity, so far vindicated to its nature and its God, as to inspire them with an impulse rather to direct the prevention of wars than to deny belligerents the rewards of merit when over? It may be well to say to those: "You may fight, but we, the conservatives of European integrity and of the general peace, deny you other consequences than mutual bloodshed." But it would assuredly be better to say: "Fight not at all." How simple and how grand a spectacle might be made to electrify the world and inspire delight wherever the sensitive heart of man thrills in response to emotions of joy, or throbs in painful sympathy to a cry of pain, by means of an international convention of powers or States, met to institute a code of solemn laws, to be enforced in adjusting all disputes between nations, prescribing forever the bloody, and, in the present perfection of constructive art and advancement of military science, desperate recourse to arms? The prospect brightens.—We speak for old Lancaster. The Reform movement is on the high road to success. From most every section we hear of the rapid gains of the party from the colored population. In the Waxhaws large numbers of the colored men have already joined the Reform clubs, and the cry is, still they come. The tide has turned, and all that we need now is vigorous action to carry the county for the Reform candidates by an overwhelming majority. [Lancaster Ledger.] APPOINTMENT OF A LADY CLERK.—Mrs. M. M. Bostwick has been appointed to a \$900 clerkship in the money order office, of the General Postoffice, vice Mrs. S. Pettigrew King, resigned.

Straddling the Saddle—A Lady's Experience in the Mountains.

A lady describes her horseback ride to the Yosemite Valley as follows: "Had any one told me before I started that I should be seen riding my horse as I ride into the Yosemite, whatever the ties of blood between us, affrically intercourse between that person and myself would have been temporarily suspended. When one, more venturesome than wise, suggested a man's saddle for me, I curdled him with the remark—"May I inquire if you take me for a natural fool?" I decided that the combined forces of the universe should not entice or compel me to do such violence to every womanly instinct. But I came to it.—Extremity of physical torture brought me to it. I shifted my position voluntarily, and retained the now. An experienced rider may keep her seat going over the rough mountain trails, but even so, a side-saddle is merciless to your horse. He needs his full poise and strength for every step. You need not keep your foot firm in your stirrup—your weight of necessity falls on one side—your horse's back becomes sore, his joints strained, and ten to one he falls with you, or quietly lies down. If you are not an experienced rider, let me charge you by all means take a gentleman's position on your saddle. It may be embarrassing—you will doubtless experience the sensation of convicted shop-lifters every time you meet anybody; but rather suffer the pangs of mortification than those of dissolution. I am convinced, had I retained my side position, I should have required twelve baskets for my remains, and never known what killed me." FASHIONABLE WEDDING IN WASHINGTON.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald, writing under date of the 7th instant, says: "A fashionable wedding took place here this evening at St. John's Episcopal church, opposite Lafayette Square, on H-street. The happy couple were Mrs. Kirby Smith, widow of General Kirby Smith, brother of the rebel general of that name, and Major General A. B. Eaton, of the War Department. One hundred invitations had been issued to the elite of Washington, and at 8 o'clock this evening the church presented an array of beauty, fashion and wealth remarkable for this season, when everybody is out of town. Among those present were Secretary Robeson, Acting Secretary of State J. C. Bancroft Davis and lady, General Humphreys, Major General Montgomery Meigs, Major General Townsend, General Howard, W. W. Corcoran, Col. Clymer, Commodore Alden, Colonel Lee, and a great number of ladies and gentlemen distinguished in society. Promptly at eight o'clock the happy couple alighted from their carriage at the church door, and entered by the Northern aisle, while the organ pealed forth the wedding chorus from "Lucia Di Lammermoor." The couple, attended by some dozen intimate friends, took their position on a platform that had been erected by the altar, and the rector, Rev. Mr. J. Vaughan Lewis, made his appearance in his clerical robes. The ceremony was performed according to the simple and impressive forms of the Episcopal Church. General Meigs gave the bride away, and at the conclusion of the ceremony the couple were warmly congratulated by their friends. The couple proceeded to the residence of Mrs. Commodore Morris. A stylish young lady came to Richmond from New York, about two weeks ago, and put up at one of the principal hotels. She attracted much attention both for her extravagance of dress and rather mysterious antecedents. On last Saturday night, however, she explained the whole matter by taking a huge dose of laudanum, and leaving a letter to be forwarded to an illicit lover of hers in New York. So intent was she on committing suicide that she bit off and swallowed a portion of the stomach-pump that was used to relieve her of the poison. She can hardly recover. A rattlesnake has been killed in Bladen County, N. C., which had thirty-two rattles and a button. So says the papers, and they always tell the truth. HONG KONG, September 1, via London, September 20.—The feeling in China against foreigners is intense, and fresh outbreaks of violence on the part of the natives is feared. Wade, Secretary British Legation, still remained at Peking. The French Ambassador threatened to retire unless the Mandarins recalled the Tient Sin massacre were executed before the 31st of August.

Lincoln and Slavery.—The negroes of the South have been taught by their new masters (the carpet-baggers) to believe that the "Martyred President" made the late war on the South to emancipate them for their own good. We have, in the following letter from Mr. Lincoln, the proof that this is a falsehood. It appears in a fac simile of his letter to Mr. A. H. Stephens of Georgia, in the second volume of the constitution-al history of the latter. It is as follows: FOR YOUR OWN EYES ONLY. SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Dec. 22, 1860. Hon. A. H. Stephens: My dear Sir: Your obliging answer to my short note is just received, and for which please accept my thanks. I fully appreciate the present peril the country is in, and the weight of responsibility on me. Do the people of the South really entertain fears that a Republican administration would, directly or indirectly, interfere with the slave, or with them about themselves? If they do I wish to assure you, as once a friend, and still, I hope, not an enemy, that there is no cause for such fears. The South would be in no more danger in this respect than it was in the days of Washington. I suppose, however, this does not meet the case. You think slavery is right and ought to be extended, which we think it is wrong, and ought to be restricted. That, I suppose, is the rub. It certainly is the only substantial difference between us. Yours, very truly, A. LINCOLN. The next time a carpet-bagger boasts to a negro that the Lincoln government made war to make him free, he can shut up him by showing him this letter. DEATH OF AN ARISTOCRATIC ROY.—A celebrity of Paris, and indeed, of the whole fashionable world, is gone forever where there are no pictures, statues, wine, equipages and beautiful women to lavish a princely income upon. The Marquis of Hertford, a man of quality and fortune, had been an important personage for many years. He was a Parisian to the tip of his ears. London he detested, except as a place from whence to draw his income. He expended his immense treasures in prodigality of every description, save when tormented by a mercenary gout which of late years scarcely left him. He bought pictures like a man; his agents were all over Europe, and their orders were to pay any price for whatever might be worth buying. He bought the Marillo for \$600,000, having a severe tussle for it with the late Demidoff, who was always rivaling him in expenditures. His father was the original of Thackeray's Steyne, and was a nobleman of surprising rapidity in his life. With the Duke of Orleans and other prodigates, they held the maddest carouses in Paris and London, and were famous, the continent over, as gamblers, melius and libertines. It was with the old Marquis that Philippe Egalite rode stark naked, one day, from Versailles to Paris to win a bet; and it was of the same "blood" the sun of a million of frames was won on the turn of a card. The late Marquis upheld the reputation of the family, but leaves a comfortable estate to his heir, Captain Hugh de Gray Seymour, and an unsurpassed collection of wines, pictures, villas and palaces. ANOTHER BATCH OF JOBS.—The Montgomery Advertiser says 200 Chinamen have arrived at Selma, to work on the Selma and Gulf Railroad for three years. The interpreter is to receive \$75 a month, and the four foremen \$40 per month, each. The laborers are to receive \$16 per month, in gold, free board, lodgings and fuel. It is stipulated in the contract that the working hours shall be ten hours per day—six days in the week; that there shall be five cooks; that a sufficient quantity of rice and pork, fish, beef and vegetables shall be furnished; that in case of sickness a laborer shall receive his board but no wages. Free return to San Francisco, upon the expiration of the term of service, is especially guaranteed. THE STATE OF MAINE DRYING AND BRISING UP.—A dispatch from Bangor, Me., dated 31st ult., says: "The weather continues extremely dry, and the country all about is suffering severely from fire. Passengers down on the Piscataquis Rail Road, to-night, report buildings on fire along the line of the road, and the whole neighborhoods turned out fighting the fire. It is reported to-day, from up the river, that the West Branch drive of logs, containing 20,000,000 feet, which were hung up by the drought, are on fire. A Southern Lady Takes to the Stage.—Miss Lina Edwin, who has just opened her new theatre in New York, has a romantic history, according to the Brooklyn Union. "She is a Southerner, well born, and highly educated. She lived on her paternal estates near Richmond, Virginia, and was brought up in the mollesse of the old Southern aristocracy. During the war the paternal estates were melted in the crucible of the Confederacy, and Miss Edwin turned pluckily to self-support. First she tried literature, and became well known in the interval newspaper world, as a song writer. Then she set about writing music for her songs, and the orchestra world began to know her. She wrote waltzes and fantasias, and in all acquired herself well. Next she took to the stage, and in two years or so from a brilliant, booming, reached the degree of manager in her own right. An opportune legacy has set her right pecuniarily; but it did not arrive until she had got well into the expense list of her ledger on behalf of the public amusement, and now she will appear in her new capacity as manager. ANECDOTE OF GENERAL TROCHU.—The following anecdote of General Trochu may be read with interest at a time when he is called upon to play an important part in public affairs, as it shows that his private virtues, than for his talents and courage as a soldier. Upon the death of his father, some years ago, he became entitled, under the French law of succession, to a moiety of the small patrimonial estate in Brittany, which was to be divided between himself and his brother. This brother had eleven children. The General has none. He simply remarked that his brother needed the property more than he did, and relinquished his share of it. Not long afterward his brother likewise died. Upon this occurrence the General observed that, having no family of his own, he was the better able to provide for that which Providence had bestowed upon him. He adopted his eleven nephews and nieces, laid down his carriage, reduced his own domestic expenditures, and assumed, with cheerfulness, the duty of providing for the whole of his late brother's family and household. Nilsson has appeared, and the New York papers are enthusiastic. The Times says that the impression she made cannot be exaggerated—that her voice is "swonderful"—that it possesses a "velvety breadth" (how is that for high!) "in luxurious abundance never before matched." The Tribune declares her voice "without a flaw," "perfect in purity," "sealing empyrean heights." See. The Herald thinks that in cultivation and distinctness she surpasses Jenny Lind, and the World affirms that she has a note and a half more compass than either Lind or Titiens. And one and all are enthusiastic about her "fair, sweet face," her "charming smile," her "fair, sweet face," her "charming smile," her "bright golden hair, which is the glory of the Northern women." Nilsson is to be a success, that is settled. A Boy Who Is His Own Grandfather.—At a school in Norwich, there is a boy who is really his own grandfather. How is it possible? The reader will ask. I will explain it. A widow, who had a son, married at the same time with her daughter-in-law. The latter married the husband's father of her mother-in-law. In consequence of that, the widow was the father's mother of her husband, that is, her grand-mother. She was her son's grand-mother, consequently, he was a grand-father of his own, and the grand-uncle of her daughter-in-law.—Translated from the German, by J. B. Mrs. Carly Stanton is disgusted with the Republican party. Hear her: "We have perpetuated this political dynasty of wooden heads, donkeys and flunkies quite long enough. If there are no greater men to be found than Grant, his Cabinet and the last Congress, pray let the sex return to their academic shades once more, while the Deborahs, the Huldahs, the Esthers, the Vashtis come to the surface." The Lynchburg Republican tells a romantic story about how young W. C. Rives, a son of the American Minister, and how Mrs. Rives broke it all off, otherwise the present Empress would have been putting up her heels and attending to other household duties on a farm in Virginia. The story is pretty, but as "Major Bagstock" would say, "devilish tough." German Princess no intriguer against the King of Prussia.

Who was it that likened a human being's stomach to Noah's Ark, and said it took in all things? I forget how it was said, but it gave a good picture of man's omnivorous capacity." It is the late Mr. Dickson you refer to. He has said a great number of quiet, sensible things in his day. His words, in the instance you allude to, were: "I am worse than Noah's Ark—of course I mean in my capacity for taking in animals. I will suppose that I have reached the allotted term of man's existence—three score and ten—that I have been blessed with good digestion, and that I have devoured three meals a day. Setting aside the forest of vegetables I have destroyed, the panorama of my animal consumption would take the regular exhibition period of two hours to enroll. There I should stand at one end like the Ark with open mouth, while every living creature of the air, the earth, or the sea, would weave slowly on its solemn procession, disappearing within my individual nourishment. The weight of my individual nourishment in tons would be something awful: it would reach £10,000; and in one horse-wagon load it would number perhaps from eighty to one hundred. Not content with the flesh of birds, beasts, fishes, reptiles, and insects, I must seize upon their bones, and feed upon their skins."

Professional politicians have matured plans in regard to the new German Confederation, to be called the Nord Deutsche Bund, Herr Delbrück to be President. A council has been called at headquarters, and the Baden and Wurtemberg Governments are busily conferring in regard to the political future. Herr Lascer, a National Liberal Deputy, is going to stamp the North German States. It is proposed that Frankfurt shall be declared at the same time neutral and the capital of the new confederation. Thus it will hold towards the new confederation the same position that Washington and the District of Columbia do to the United States. This is the first distinct step towards what has long been a dream of German patriots—not merely German union, but German union of allied Republics.

By the publication of the will of the murdered Benjamin Nathans, it appears that Washington Nathans, the son suspected of the murder, gets \$75,000 conditionally on his leading a life of regularity and sobriety and marrying a Hebrew wife, while the other children get \$75,000 apiece absolutely. This fact seems to have revived to some extent the suspicions against Washington Nathans; but, as the will elsewhere speaks of him as a beloved son, it is probable that he is chargeable with nothing more serious than being a rather "fast" young man, as the sons of wealthy New Yorkers are apt to be.

A bachelor had the blues, and applied to a doctor for some medicine. The doctor inquired into his case, and wrote a prescription in Latin, which the bachelor took to a drug store. Translated, the prescription read, "Seventeen yards of silk, with a woman in it." After the druggist got through laughing, the bachelor proposed to a lady that evening, and was married in two weeks.

READ THIS!!!—Last week 74,389 acres of land were advertised for sale for taxes in the Southern States. This is one-sixth of the whole country, and more is yet to be advertised. 1,103 houses are already advertised for sale for taxes. Reform or starvation!!! [Darlington Democrat.] ORDINATION OF A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER.—The Presbytery of South Carolina, met in the Presbyterian Church of Abbeville, on Friday morning, the 24th inst. The object of this meeting was to ordain the Rev. James L. Martin, and to install him Pastor of the Abbeville Church.

Valjo, California, must be a very bad place to live in. The Recorder, published there, says it harbors men who "have become so saturated with the oil of condensed damnation as to commit an act combining all the horrors of a century of crimes into one."

On a tombstone at Florence is this inscription: "Here lies Salvino Armatò d'Armatò, of Florence, the inventor of spectacles. May God pardon his sins. The year 1318."

A healthy Texan pioneer has received into his manly frame, at various times, 175 shots, has had nearly all his legs and ribs and skull fractured, been scalped by Indians, raised twenty children, and lots of crops, and is tough, and eighty now.

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