

"I CANNOT AFFORD IT."

Mr. St. John entered the fashionable dry-goods store of Lovering & Brothers to see one of the proprietors. "He has stepped out for a moment," one of the clerks informed him.

And withdrawing to an obscure corner, he stood watching, with a half-smiled, half-comical look upon his handsome face, the streams of gaily attired women that floated past him, gazing with envious and admiring eyes upon the rich fabrics, of every hue and texture, that were suspended from the ceiling and spread out on the broad counters.

Many of them were known to him but he was in no mood to meet the sparkling glances and gay sallies that he knew would be showered upon him if he made them aware of his presence; for Mr. St. John was rich and a bachelor, and had been so flattered and besieged by ambitious mammas with marriageable daughters as to make him almost resolve to always remain one.

So he stood back in the shadow, marking with curious eye, unconscious betrayals of the natural dispositions, like glimpses of feminine human nature and which the dear creatures would not have had him observe for the world.

As he stood there the two Misses Parker came in, charming and brilliant girls, in whose society he had passed many a pleasant hour. They were lavish in their purchases. And Mr. St. John contrasted their smiling faces with the care-worn face of their father, whom he met in the street scarcely an hour before, hurrying from one friend to another to borrow money to pay a note on the point of being protested; their lively chatter jarred harshly on his ears.

"Isn't it lovely!" exclaimed one of the sisters, holding up some costly lace trimmings. "I suppose you will scold when he sees the bill; but so he would if it were only half as large."

"To be sure he would," responded the other. "And I'm not going to let the Dayton girls outshine me, you may be certain. It's my belief that they give the party simply on account of St. John's return from Europe. I suppose they are trying to catch him for Georgianna. Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous?"

"Never! Such horrid taste as the girl has in dress, too! She showed me the new silk she is going to wear. Would you believe it? It is blue! And she is dark as an Indian."

"Only four dollars a yard," suggested the clerk, gathering up the silk in heavy folds, so as to display its lustre and beauty. There was not the slightest touch of envy or regret in the soft blue eyes that rested admiringly upon it.

"It is very pretty and quite reasonable, too; but I cannot afford it." These words were spoken quietly and with such an entire unconsciousness that she was admitting anything painful or humiliating, that with the wonder it aroused in the hearts of her companions was mingled an involuntary respect; though it was conducted they could not have imitated, and but vaguely comprehended.

St. John made inquiries in regard to Mr. Lennox the next day, and learned that he had sustained some heavy losses, but was still supposed to be doing a good business. Presuming on former acquaintance he resolved to call at his house.

Despite the adulation he had received and his really fine personal advantages, St. John was no coxcomb, and well knew that with a girl like Rose Lennox, he must stand on his individual merits. So, not venturing to call for her who was uppermost in his thoughts, he was shown into the family sitting-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Lennox sat, with their elder children.

Rose was among them, and the blush that mounted to her cheeks, the bright smile she gave him as their eyes met, spoke a warmer welcome than even her father's extended hand and cordial greeting. But having testified, by looks rather than words, her pleasure at seeing him, Rose left the entertainment of their guest to her parents. And, disappointed as St. John was, he could not but admire her utter unconsciousness that his visit was intended for her, and absence of all desire to attract his notice.

As he conversed with her father, his eyes wandered to the place where she sat, sewing; noting every expression of the pure, young face, even to the quivers of the golden-brown lashes that shaded the rose tinted cheek, especially the sweet, womanly charm of her low quiet tones and gentle movements. The richest party robe never looked half so lovely as that simple, home dress of brown merino, worn with no ornament, save a dainty ruffle at the wrist and throat.

"You will be at Mrs. Dayton's to-morrow evening?" he contrived to say as he took his leave. "No, I am not going." A shade of disappointment crossed St. John's face, almost immediately followed by a gleam of satisfaction as a happy thought struck him.

The next evening Rose was sitting in the parlor quite by herself. Her mother was up stairs with the younger children, and her father preparing to go out. Mr. Lennox looked in upon her a moment as he passed through the hall. "Do you regret your decision in regard to the party, my daughter?"

"No indeed, papa," returned Rose, smiling brightly into that care worn face. Mr. Lennox laid his hand lovingly upon her head. "My blessing! If I pass successfully through this crisis it will be owing to the strength that you have given me."

flower from which she was named. "I was just thinking about you, and wishing that I could thank you for the kindly office you performed for my dear father."

"I am going to ask him to perform a far more kindly one; to give to my keeping the brightest and sweetest rose that ever bloomed. When he asks me what your wish is, oh Rose—what shall I tell him?"

What Rose told him could be easily inferred by any one who looked in upon the two a few minutes later, and saw how quiet the hand of Rose rested in St. John's as though it was the most natural resting place it could find. Rose was as modest as lovely. "I don't see how you came to choose me, Paul, when surrounded by so many stylish and brilliant women."

"Who could so gladly do their best to dissipate my fine fortune," returned St. John, laughing. He then told Rose the little story he had witnessed in the store of Lovering & Brothers, and he had resolved then and there, to do his best to win her, who when tempted to expenditures beyond her means had the strength of mind to say: "I CANNOT AFFORD IT."

FRITTERS.—Put over the fire a pint of new milk; into a pint of flour mix as much new milk as will make a soft, smooth paste; stir the milk in the stew-pan boils, stir in this paste very slowly, and stirring all the time to prevent its being lumpy; remove it from the hottest part of the fire to prevent scorching; when this is well mixed in, let it bubble once; take it off, and add the grated yellow rind of two lemons, add a little salt, and beat well for three or four minutes. Set it aside to cool; add a little of the lemon juice and the yolks of three or four eggs; beat all until light; then the beaten whites, stirred in lightly. Into the dripping-pan put three spoonfuls of fresh lard; when it gets hot drop in a spoonful of batter in a place. Let the fritters cook quickly, and when one side is brown, turn them and brown the other; then put them in a colander and let them drain, but keep them in a hot place, that they may not cool. Sugar and cinnamon, with a little nutmeg, are very nice for sifting over them.

It is a pleasing fact that women are awakening to a just sense of the cruelty with which their fallen sisters have been precluded from recovery, by the rigor of their proscription, and the depths of social infamy to which they have been consigned. It is in deed necessary that virtue and innocence should not be exposed to contagion, but the worst depravity of women of the town comes from their irreclaimable state, from their consciousness that the edict of the world has been pronounced against them, without appeal or pardon, and irrespective of all differences as to circumstances or condition. When this inexorable sentence shall have been relaxed, half the world of reform is accomplished; for we do not believe women so fallen as to be wholly destitute of better instincts, and leave to throw off their burdens is something in moral progress.

CHILD BURNING.—One of the most brutal outrages that it has ever been our lot to chronicle, was committed on the plantation of Mr. Knox Pickett, in this County, on the 30th ult. It seems that Kosum Pickett, a negro, quit his wife, some time ago, and during his absence she gave birth to a child. He remained away, we suppose, about two years. On his return, he and his wife had a quarrel about the child; he becoming enraged, gave the child an unmerciful whipping, after which he held it over the fire until its back and legs were burned to a crisp. The child lived about six days. The murderer was arrested by some colored men, but escaped, and is now at large. This is the most inhuman outrage that has ever occurred in this County.

[Windsboro News.] A party of gentlemen in a saloon, disputing over the question whether the American system of treating or the European system of not treating was preferable, couldn't settle the matter by talking; so they went to work testing it by practice. First each man took a drink by himself. Then each man invited a single friend to drink. After that each single friend returned the compliment. And finally each man in the party—there were six of them—asked all the rest to drink. When all that was accomplished not a soul in the room could tell where the discussion originated or what it was about.—Lake City Press.

Springfield, Ill., is rearing a dome 43 feet higher than the Washington one.

Prosperity.

This either proves a blessing or a curse to ourselves and others, in proportion to the means by which it has been secured and the manner in which it is employed. Some men rise with the occasion. If wealth increases, liberality expands their hearts, and, like a fountain, their beneficence extends to deserving objects. Others are cramped by the desire of still greater gain; the more they accumulate, the more thirsty do they grow for gold, and this devouring greed makes them ineffably mean in small things, while, in more weighty matters, their show of generosity and benevolence is but a quicksand or a mirage, which cheats the unwary, and substitutes bitter disgust for gratitude in the seeming recipients of their favors.

Those who have risen to prosperity by hard shifts and lynx-like sagacity in obtaining money, seldom part with that world-esteemed and valuable ruler of destiny without securing for themselves some fully adequate or superior reward for the so-called gift, which, in nine cases out of ten, is grudgingly bestowed, and will in time call for its pound of flesh near the heart.

It is possible that some men rise to affluence by honest industry, and, retaining a fellow-feeling for those seeking to rise in the same way, will lend a helping hand to struggling merit. God bless them! If they are but few, so much the more should they be prized and entitled to worthy consideration. Were those in high places (wealth being regarded as a criterion of elevation) swayed by this noble spirit, how many tears would be wiped from the eyes of the oppressed; how gladly would they exchange a burning feeling of injured pride and sickening repulsion for one of unmingled admiration and a devotion only ceasing with the term of their ill-starred existence.

Those who bear the cross deserve the crown, and it may be that, in the high courts of heaven alone, human wrong shall be righted. Providence is inscrutable to mortal ken. Its mysteries of time will be made plain hereafter. Naked, and utterly stripped of worldly consequence, will mankind at last stand before that great tribunal, whose glorious and indelible attribute is justice. A little while, and changing time consigns the moving, busy and prosperous to a narrow house, where the worm shall feed as sweetly on the bloated and consequential children of prosperity as on their lean and persecuted brethren, who, grappling with adversity, learned to turn their eyes to a better country, because their honest purposes, in a world where success too often crowns the undeserving.

Prosperity is the universal aim of man; yet Agar was aware of his dangers and temptations when he prayed, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." The golden mean of independence is that which wise men desire, and for which they should strive with singleness of heart and diligence. In the affluence of his poetical conceits and mythical religion, the pagan worshipped Fortune, turning her wheel, but blind to all excellence and deserving. We scarce wonder at this in an age when revelation had not taught mankind to look away from and beyond the seemingly unjust and cruel allotments of a transient sojourn on earth. Here we have no abiding place, nor is there appointed to any of mortal birth a "continuing city." Ever do we pass on to that dark inn, the grave. What does it matter, then, whether we rustle in silk and feed daintily, or sleep on couches of down? The all-equal and eternal life lies before us. Thither we tend, and there should our hopes repose.

VOW OF REVENGE.—After McCarthy was killed, in Washington, his body was taken to a drug store. His mistress of the demi monde, hearing of his death, rushed to the scene. "She gave way for awhile (says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press) to her grief, throwing herself upon the dead man and weeping hysterically. Suddenly she arose, and approaching the assassin, who sat sullenly looking upon the scene, said: 'You know who I am; you may escape the law, but if you do you cannot escape me, for I will kill you. I'll follow you to the world's end—yes, even to hell!' She is said to be a woman of extraordinary strength of mind and determination, and it is not doubted that she will execute her threat, if the opportunity is given her."

The fact that politeness costs nothing does not cheapen its value. Besides it is an investment that always pays.

Funeral Services of Rev. T. S. Boinest.

Rev. T. S. Boinest gently fell asleep in Jesus, on the night of the 2d inst., after a painful and protracted illness; aged forty-three years and eight months. At an early hour on the 5th, the citizens of the vicinity of Pomaria, began to assemble to attend the funeral services of their lamented friend and pastor; and at the hour appointed for burial, there had collected from sixty miles apart the largest congregation ever assembled at Bethlehem church. Seven ministers of the S. C. Synod were present, and all took part in the solemn exercises of burial. An open column was formed in front of the church by the vast crowd of mourners, and the corpse was carried into the church by Revs. J. D. Shirey, J. H. Wertz, J. Hawkins, P. Derrick, J. A. Sligh and H. S. Wingard, headed by Rev. E. A. Bolles. A solemn dirge was played upon the organ as the procession moved up the aisle. The services in the altar were opened by Rev. P. Derrick, reading the 39th Psalm. Rev. H. S. Wingard repeated the Lord's Prayer; after which Rev. J. A. Sligh read I Cor. xv. Rev. J. D. Shirey then read the solemn prayer prescribed in the Liturgy. This done, Rev. J. H. Wertz announced and repeated the 43rd hymn, which the choir sang. Rev. J. Hawkins then rose and delivered an address, in which he sketched the useful labors, the prominent traits of character, and the type of piety and style of preaching which distinguished his dear departed brother, and reminded the sobbing audience of the more than ordinary loss the whole church and community had sustained, in the death of so gifted a minister and so prominent a citizen.

Rev. E. A. Bolles followed with some pathetic remarks, which met a hearty echo in the hearts of all. The corpse was then carried into the church yard and opened to the view of the weeping concourse. A column was opened by the pall bearers, and the immense assemblage began to file in, to take a last, lingering look at their dear friend and pastor, and pass on to give place to others. First the family of the deceased; then the Sunday school; then the congregation. And thus for near half an hour, the living stream passed by the cold, lifeless form of our departed brother.—When all had passed the lid was closed and that familiar form beneath was forever hidden from our sight; and soon it lay beneath the cloths of the cemetery, near the side of the lamented Schwartz and Moser. Rev. E. A. Bolles read the service in a beautiful and solemn manner. Long, long will the day be remembered by that vast crowd of mourning friends, and long will be the day, we fear, until that community shall prostrate the services of a minister who can fill, in every particular, the place of Rev. T. S. Boinest. I shall not undertake here to sketch his life and tell his virtues and his worth. I feel that this deserves an abler pen than mine.

A FRIEND. DISSIPATED MONKEYS.—In Darfour and Sennar the natives make a fermented beer of which the monkeys are passionately fond. Aware of this, the natives cut to the parts of the forest frequented by the monkeys, and set upon the ground calabashes full of the liquor. As soon as the monkey sees it and tastes it he utters loud cries of joy that soon attracts his comrades. Then the orgie begins and in a short time they show all degrees of intoxication. Then the negroes appear. The few monkeys that come too late to get fuddled, escape. The drinkers are too far gone to distrust the negroes, but apparently take them for larger specimens of their own species. When a negro takes one by the hand to lead him off, the nearest monkey will cling to the one that thus finds support, and endeavors to go also. Another will grasp at him, and so on, until the negro leads a staggering line of ten or fifteen tipsy monkeys. When finally brought to the village they are securely sobered down; but for two or three days a gradually diminished supply of liquor is given them so as to reconcile them by degrees to their state of captivity.

A large batch of dough was recently prepared for baking at a fashionable Washington hotel, which a playful kitten observed, and essayed an examination. No sooner was she on than the porous mass took her in and closed over her, unknown to the cook. In due time the dumplings were baked, and served up to the boarders, but there are now more vacant chairs at that establishment than ever was known before.

Cundurango Exploded.

The September number of the "National Medical Journal," of this city, gives a quietus to the commercial speculation in cundurango, which a Ring of charlatans and jobbers have attempted to impose on the public, as a cure for cancer, by persistent and shameless exaggeration. There has not been a single attested case of cancer, treated with this vegetable, which has resulted in any benefit, whatever, and all statements to the contrary are wholly unfounded. We say this with emphasis, because the marvelous statements about the pretended virtues of the plant, originating in a ridiculous and apocryphal story from Ecuador, were fabricated and sent out from here, which is the headquarters of the deception.

All the experiments made by reliable medical men with cundurango, in the navy, in private practice, and now in the New York Hospital, prove it to be utterly worthless, and nothing more than a bald imposture, hardly worthy even to take rank with Helmbold's Buchu. It is well known that a company was organized to put in on the market like any other patent medicine, and all the recent puffery and misrepresentation, were manufactured in that interest only, with utter indifference to every instinct and feeling of humanity.

No language is too strong to brand this imposture with the detestation which it deserves. When men thus prostitute an honorable profession, and trade upon the affections of life for mercenary ends, they become pests of society, and ought to be excluded from the pale of honorable recognition. The Department of State, which indirectly lent its authority to this cundurango business owes it to truth and to the unfortunate victims of cancer, to publish immediately the medical reports which have been made upon the subject. Any suppression or concealment now, such as is known to have been urged by interested speculators, would invite the gravest suspicion as to the motive of withholding information which belongs to the public.

Taking a Swim.

In Ohio, last week, twenty Baptist clergymen who were attending a convention went down to a secluded spot on the river bank, in the afternoon, for the purpose of taking a swim. This score of brethren removed their clothing, and placed it upon a railroad track close at hand, because the grass was wet. Then they entered the water and enjoyed themselves. Presently an express train came around the curve, at the rate of forty miles an hour, and before any of the swimmers could reach dry land, all those undershirts and socks and things were fluttering from the cow-catcher and speeding on toward Kansas. It was painful for the brethren, exceedingly painful because all the clothing that could be found, after a careful search, was a sun umbrella and a pair of eye-glasses. And they do say that when those twenty marched home by the refulgent light of the moon that evening, in single file, and keeping close together, the most familiar acquaintance with the Zouave drill on the part of the man at the head with the umbrella, still hardly sufficed to cover them completely. They said they felt conspicuous, somehow, and the situation was made all the more embarrassing because that night all the Dorcas Societies and the Women's Rights Conventions and the pupils at the Female Boarding School, seemed to be prancing around the route of the parade.

A treat that will discount Pompeii, throw Ninerah in the shade, is in store for antiquarians. A commission has been formed in Italy, headed by Castellani, backed by rich banking firms of Paris, and endorsed by Victor Emmanuel, to explore the bed of the Tiber down to a pre-Adamite deposit. What fiddles of Nero, what diadems of Faustina, what armor of brave Horatius, "who held the bridge of old" and shed his steel as he swam the yellow river, will come up out of its slimy sands! What mysteries of past ages, what secrets of hidden dynasties, what wealth of romance and of history, will come like ghosts from their ancient graves called up by the mystic charm of the sixth Science! It is a wonderful dream that promises so speedy realization.

A New Jersey editor has announced the death of his uncle in Australia, leaving him a gold mine and \$400,000. His village cotemporary professes to regard the matter as a plan cunningly devised to obtain credit for a box of paper collars and a straw hat.

Evolution, earthquakes and pestilence prevail in South America, and famine and pestilence in Persia. The Tabreez Bulletin records 240 deaths per diem.

A diamond of enormous size was found in the bank of Jim River.

One Cause of Crime:

That crime is on the increase in the world at large, and in the United States in particular, is an alarming fact. The indulgence of fashionable dress on the part of women is one cause of it. In the Annual Report of the New England Moral Reform Society, made at the Park Street Church, Boston, May 31, 1871, we find the following:

"We grieve to be obliged to record our deliberate conviction of the prominent causes that lead to the violation of the laws of purity among women. The conviction is forced upon us every day and everywhere. It is the love of dress, or display among women. The love is fostered in the child by parents from its cradle. Consciously or unconsciously, the education of the child comes to feel that dress includes almost everything; that he or she is nothing without it.

"Look at our Christian women, professing to have renounced the world its pomps and vanities. Christian women, adorned with all the paraphernalia of the ball-room, walking the streets, entering the house of God, attracting attention from all eyes by the fineness and quantity of their laces, the rarity of their jewelry, the costliness of their silks. These are the sermons that are heard, these the epistles that are read each Sabbath day; read and pondered by the children, the poor shop-girls and servants, while each, as soon as able, by fair or other means, practice what they hear of young and older women advertising as 'Friends' who will assist them to dress as others do? women, who, in return, give all that makes life desirable to woman."

"Hear what a writer to the Chicago Republican says in connection with this subject: 'One result of my investigations on this subject is to lead me to the conclusion that the passion for dress and display is the cause of a larger portion of this evil than any one other thing. I am thoroughly convinced that more girls are seduced into a life of shame through a desire to keep up with the times in fashionable attire, than in any other way. In fact, I believe that three out of every five enter the gate that leads to destruction through the wiles of the tempter—Fashion.

"The women themselves, therefore, who run riot in the extravagance of dress, are primarily more chargeable, in my opinion, with the existence and extension of the 'social evil' than any other men. 'Oh, mothers, sisters, Christian women, will you continue to give impetus to this tide that is drifting thousands of souls to sure and certain destruction? Will you permit your innocent children to give and attend parties where every frivolity in dress and amusement, everything that can vitiate the taste and lead to looseness of morals, is tolerated, nay, smiled upon as pretty, as stylish. These things are done—done by parents professing godliness.

"A Christian mother, speaking within the hearing of the writer not long since, told of the number of parties her child of nine years old had attended within a short space of time, saying there were others for which she must purchase dresses that she might appear fashionable, adding, 'the poor little thing is almost tired out with the excitement!'

"A writer in one of our religious papers states the fact of a little boy, who boasted the variety of wines that he had for his birth day party. Can any one doubt what the result of such a course of education will be on that boy? These are not isolated cases; they are multiplying constantly. We utter this note of warning as in duty bound, as guardians of youth, as a call to mothers to guard their children against these fearful temptations."

The Leavenworth Daily Times, Republican, contains a letter from Mr. Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, to General William Larimer of Kansas, in which the eminent fitness of Mr. Greeley for the Presidency is strongly urged. If the latter is nominated by the Republicans, Mr. Clay says he will be triumphantly elected. The North will secure the highest interests, and the South will be content we shall "have peace." To this the Richmond Whig responds with the hope that Mr. Greeley may be the candidate of the Republican party. That would insure us, whatever the result of the election, a vast improvement on the present. Mr. Greeley is honest, and not mercenary, and he would give no countenance to thieves and villains, carpet baggers or others, who are now plundering the land.

English Synonyms.

The copiousness of the English tongue, as well as the difficulty of acquiring the ability to use its immense vocabulary correctly, is well exhibited in the following array of synonymous words, which, if not new, is yet a capital illustration of the nice distinction which characterize so many of our vocabularies. It is no wonder that we slip occasionally, even the wisest of us.

A little girl was looking at the picture of a number of ships, when she exclaimed: "See, what a flock of ships!" We corrected her by saying that a flock of ships is called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep is called a flock.

And here we may add for the benefit of the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies of our language in respect to nouns of multitude that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beetles is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of genteel folks is called the elite, and the elite of the city's thieves and rascals are called the ruffians, and the miscellaneous crowd of the city folks is called the community, of the public, accordingly as they are spoken of by the religious community or the secular public.

COURAGE IN EVERY DAY LIFE.—Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket. Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it. Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so; and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so. Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat, even though you are in company with a rich one and richly attired. Have the courage to make a will and a just one. Have the courage to tell a man why you do not lend him your money. Have the courage to show that you respect honesty in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited. Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones. Have the courage to obey your Maker at the risk of being ridiculed by men. Have the courage to prefer comfort and prosperity to fashion in all things.

Famine and cholera are marching hand in hand through Persia. From last accounts the inhabitants were in dismay and flying like sheep to escape their assailants. The famine in the Southern provinces appears to have become far worse than was first reported. In Rhossana one-third of the whole population is said to have perished from it. At Isphahan twenty seven thousand have died of hunger. Meanwhile, in many quarters where rice is the staple of life, the drought has dried up the swamps, and caused the failure of the rice crops. Ever since the Shah's visit to Kairbat, says the Levant Herald, a great curse has weighed over Persia. Cholera, typhus, smallpox, famine and cattle-plague have combined to ruin the country. The greater part of the oxen and buffaloes are said to have died, and substitutes in the way of food have been sought for in vain.

ASSASSINATION IN TENNESSEE.—A special despatch, dated Huntsville, Tenn., 5th instant, to the Nashville Union and American, says: "This afternoon, as a man, named Thomas D. Roseberry, was going to his home by the Jackson Road, he was overtaken by a party of seven men and shot with double barreled guns. Fifteen balls taking effect in his breast, from which he died almost instantly. Four of the parties were Radicals—probably all of them were. Roseberry was a Confederate soldier.

The Greenville Enterprise says that Willie M. and Mrs. Rowell T. Logan, of Charleston, were visiting the up country, and were stopping in Greenville, their little son, 12 years of age, being seized by a sudden attack of cold, and after lingering a short while yielded up his spirit to the God who gave it, and was buried in that city on the 4th inst. We sympathize deeply with the afflicted parents.

Vic. Woodhull and Tennie Claflin, charming, witty, intelligent, fascinating, charming, dashing and pushing gold brokers, are said to rule the "court, the camp and the grove." At their palatial mansion on Jackson square, Washington, they wine and dine the potentate and reverent signers of the Capitol. Cleopatra, with her pearl and pretty eyes, they rival in their Ananias and Sapphira the lavish spender of these rising prynces.

A country editor's sole editorial in one week's issue was that: "A man fell yesterday about the hour, it is to talk velvet to a pair of silk-colored eyes; by night, it is a clover field."