

GEORGE JOHNSTONE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, NEWBERRY, S. C. OFFICE ON LAW RANGE. July 19, 29-3m.

S. FURMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND TRIAL JUSTICE. OFFICE ON LAW RANGE. May 3, 18-1y.

GRAESER & HARMON, CHARLESTON, S. C. THE Undersigned have formed a Co-partnership for the transaction of a COTTON FACTORAGE AND GENERAL COMMISSION BUSINESS. They tender their services to their friends and the public, and shall be pleased to receive a call from them at their office on BROWN & CO'S WHARF. CLARENCE A. GRAESER, THOMAS F. HARMON. Sept. 6, 36-3m.

WM. J. LAKE, Insurance Agent, NEWBERRY, S. C. AGENT FOR THE Piedmont & Arlington Life Insurance Company.

Assets over : : : \$2,000,000 Annual Income : : : 1,300,000 Insures against death from all causes. WM. J. LAKE, Newberry, S. C. Feb. 22, 34-1f.

NOORMAN & SCHUMPERT, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, NEWBERRY, S. C. The undersigned, have formed a Co-partnership in the practice of the Law, and can be found at their office in the building of the "Newberry Bank," front room, up stairs. THOMAS S. NOORMAN, OSBORNE L. SCHUMPERT. Feb. 22, 34-1f.

DR. H. BAER, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST, NO. 131 MEETING STREET, CHARLESTON, S. C. May 3, 18-1f.

R. A. PRINGLE, COTTON SELLER AND PRODUCE BROKER, Central Wharf, Charleston, S. C. REFERENCES: Charleston—Hon. C. L. Lowndes, Pres't Bank of Charleston, W. B. Smith, Esq., Pres't Union Bank of Charleston, Robert Adger, Esq., U. S. C. Presley, Esq., Newberry—Robert L. McCaughey, Pres't Nat. Bank, Newberry. Consignments of Cotton respectfully solicited. Prompt attention given to sales. Aug. 30, 33-3m.

C. R. HOLMES, COTTON FACTOR AND COMMISSION MERCHANT, ACCOMMODATION WHARF, CHARLESTON, S. C. Aug. 23, 34-3m.

Kinsman & Howell, Factors and Commission Merchants. Liberal Advances made on Cotton and Naval Stores Charleston, S. C. Sept. 6, 36-4mos.

C. D. EBERHARDT, MERCHANT TAILOR, MAIN STREET, COLUMBIA, S. C. Invites the attention of the citizens of Newberry, and up-country generally, to examine his stock of Piece Goods for Suits, which consists of a handsome and large assortment of the finest Cassimeres, Cloths and Vestings ever offered in the city of Columbia. Suits made on short notice, fits guaranteed and prices reasonable. Orders solicited. Sept. 27, 33-3m.

DR. E. C. JONES, SURGEON DENTIST, NEWBERRY, S. C. Rooms over Mr. Mower's store, and in front of Herald office. I take pleasure in informing my friends and the public generally, that my dental rooms are now open, and that I am prepared to execute all work in my profession in the most approved manner. I am determined to devote my entire time and energy to my profession. Jan. 12 1/2 f.

MRS. A. SILL, Formerly of Columbia, Fashionable Dress Maker, Respectfully informs the ladies of Newberry, and the surrounding country, that she is located in the house immediately opposite the residence of Mr. M Foot, where she will be happy to receive all orders in her line. Dresses cut and made in latest styles, and any kind of sewing, all promptly attended to. She hopes by strict attention to business to merit a share of the patronage of the ladies of Newberry. \*Oct. 4, 40-1m.

GRAHAM & BUTLER, COTTON FACTORS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, OFFICE NO. 6 NINTOSH STREET, AUGUSTA, GEORGIA. Will give their strict attention to the Storage and Sale of Cotton and other produce on Commission. Will furnish planters with Groceries, Bagging, Ties, &c., at market rates, and will make the usual advances on Produce consigned. Oct. 4, 40-2m.

J. R. THOMPSON, D. D. S. (Graduate of the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery) Office over McCall's Pool's Store. My patients receive the benefit of all the latest improvements in the profession. Special attention given to correction of Irregularities in Children's Teeth. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. Terms very moderate. Feb. 27, 39-1f.

C. F. JACKSON'S, LARGE, BEAUTIFUL AND CHEAP STOCK OF SPRING AND SUMMER DRY GOODS, ALSO, FANCY GOODS. Are now ready FOR SALE. And all CUSTOMERS will be SURE OF BARGAINS as the Stock will be SOLD AT VERY SMALL PROFITS. NO HUMBING. C. F. JACKSON, Main Street, COLUMBIA, S. C. Apr. 5, 14-1f.

PAT. H. DUCKETT, GUN AND LOCKSMITH. CAN be found at Carolina Manufacturing Company's Tin and Store Shop, with a complete stock of GUNS, PISTOLS & MATERIAL in his line, and will REPAIR Guns, Pistols, all kinds of Locks, Umbrells, Parasols, Castors, &c. By doing good work at moderate prices, and being punctual to my business, I hope to receive a liberal patronage. PAT. H. DUCKETT. Mar. 1, 9-1f.

NEWBERRY FEMALE ACADEMY. This School will resume its exercises on the 21st September next. S. P. BOEYER, Esq., Sec. Ed. COL. S. FAIR, Pres't. Aug. 30, 35-1f.

Due West Female College. THIRTIETH year will open Oct. 24, and close middle of next July. Past prosperity most encouraging. Location pleasant and healthy. Faculty full and complete. Eight teachers. Course of instruction thorough. Government, that of a well ordered family. Expenses for the year, (2 sessions, 40 weeks), for board, (including fuel and washing) and tuition in all literary studies, (including Latin, French, Music, Drawing, Painting, &c.), for very reasonable rates. For Catalogue address the President, J. I. BONNER, Due West, Abbeville Co., S. C. Sep. 6, 36-2m.

PAUL B. LALANE & CO., AUCTION, General Commission AND WHOLESALE GROCERS, 171 EAST BAY, CHARLESTON, S. C. CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED. REFERENCES—Messrs. Hart & Co., McLoe & Blue, Messrs. Wagoner & Monroes, Mr. J. Commins, F. J. Roberts, Discount, &c. People's National Bank. May 3, 18-6m.

NEWBERRY HOTEL. THIS eligible, commodious and well furnished HOUSE, recently kept by Mr. Jordan P. Pool, is now under the management of Mr. S. B. Calcutt, who will spare neither time nor means to make it a first class Hotel. Terms moderate. Sept. 6, 1871.

Free Delivery. All goods SOLD BY US will be delivered free of Drayage to any one in Town, or any one in 2 miles of the Court House, and at the Depot. Also to any one at Helena; and we guarantee to sell goods as cheap as any other house. LOVELACE & WHEELER. May 31, 22-1f.

STARTLING NARRATIVE OF REAL LIFE.

BY ANNIE ROBERTS.

I was on a visit to Columbus, Mississippi. I had four or five friends there, schoolmates of mine; for in those days we Southerners used to form parties, and a number of us leave our homes, and go together to the far North to be educated. A great mistake I have since thought; for I have had occasion often to regret not having received instruction in my own State.

At the time of which I write, I was at the house of my most intimate friend, Sue Long. She was lovely in disposition, not remarkably beautiful; but I never saw any one with so sweet a face. Her skin was purely white, and her eyes a dark gray that many mistook for black, because of the long dark lashes veiling them. She had always a beautiful color and looked healthy; yet, I don't know why, she never seemed strong to me.

At school, I have seen her tremble and grow pale at little incidents that scarcely affected me. That very nervous weakness, so opposed to my strength of nerve, endeared her to me, and I came to watch over her as if she were a younger sister. I had been spending the winter with her, and it had been such a happy one. One evening she came into my room just as I was getting ready for a party; she held a note in her hand, and her face was so ghastly that I thought she was ill. She seemed perfectly unnerved, and without a word dropped in a chair, near the bureau, where I was standing.

"Sue, what is the matter?" I said at last. She put her hands to her face, and wept aloud; but calming herself, she sobbed: "Oh, Lilly, poor Lilly is dead!" I uttered an exclamation of horror. "It can't be! It can't be! We only saw her this morning, and she was perfectly well."

"Yes, but a few minutes after we left she was taken ill, and died about an hour ago. Read the note." I took it and read a short statement of what she had told me. We wept together; for Lilly was our schoolmate and dear friend. She was the only daughter of one of the wealthiest men in Columbus; her disposition so kind and amiable, that she was petted and caressed by all. I had never lost a friend before, nor had Sue; and we felt this bereavement most terribly. I put off my party dress with the saddest heart I had ever known, and later in the evening we went around to the house of mourning. She had been laid out in the parlor, and there we went to look at her.

Two evenings before, we had danced on the spot where the still form of the dead now lay. "Sweet flower! cut off while you yet budded new!" She was the most life-like corpse I have ever seen. A smile rested on her countenance and her skin still retained a slight roseate hue. We sat up with her several nights. On Friday she was to be buried; but her father's grief was so heart-rending, and she still remained so life-like, that at his earnest request she was kept some days longer. At first we had many friends to share our nightly vigils; but the last night all were tired out, and only two others besides Sue and myself remained. We were much fatigued and very sad; for the next day Lilly was to be consigned to the tomb, and we had hoped we hardly knew what.

Two hours passed slowly. There were two parlors, with folding-doors between them. They were handsomely furnished; the most luxurious velvet carpet, chairs, sofas, and mirrors of rare value. The body was in the front parlor, resting on a pier, in the middle of the room, lengthwise between one of the mirrors and the folding-doors. On each side of this mirror were candles. We sat in the adjoining room, and several times during the night, two of us, together, went in and snuffed the candles.

About twelve o'clock this night, the other two girls complained of headache, and laid down to get a little sleep, so only Sue and I were left. Some hours afterward, Sue said to me, wearily: "I feel a perfect horror creeping over me. The sight of poor Lilly inspires me with terror." "Yes," I replied, "I feel wretchedly, too; but I attribute it to the loss of sleep, and our long and tedious watch over our friend." As Sue passed me to go into the next room to snuff the candle, she hesitated, as if about to ask me to accompany her. Would that I had! But I was reclining in my chair, and, in a half-dreamy state, watching her as she unfolded the doors and entered the next room. As I sat I could see everything. There were six candles, I think. She went from one to the other, leaving the two in the mirror-stand, at the head of the dead body, for the last. She trembled so that she could scarcely accomplish her task. I saw her resolutely turn her head away as she approached the mirror; but as she stood in front of it, some feeling prompted her to glance up. I was wide awake now; and I could see the reflection of her terror-stricken face, and—great God! The corpse was moving! First one hand was raised, then fell; then the other; then one of the limbs, and the body became so convulsed that the drapery covering it, fell to the floor. Sue had seen it all in the glass, without a word, her face stony. As the pall fell she tottered forward and fell over the body. I uttered shriek after shriek, and soon the room was filled with our friends and neighbors. I did not think of Sue, I only said: "Lilly! Lilly! Save her! Save her! She is alive!" It was a long time before the restoratives were effectual in arousing her from her trance. Her father knelt by her, weeping and praying. Just as we were giving up in despair, he suddenly uttered an exclamation of joy.

The eyelids quivered and opened, and the sweet mouth smiled. There was nothing to fear now; and the room echoed our rejoicing. "Come, Sue, and see her," said one of the girls, going to the sofa on which they had laid her when she was taken up so hastily. "Sue! Sue!" she cried, in alarm, bending over her. "What is the matter? Oh, come here and see! Look at her!" Alas! our neglect of her fainting-fit had proved fatal. In her weak, nervous state the startling fright had been too much for her, and I had regained one friend but to lose another, the most beloved I have ever known. Lilly is a matron now, living in Columbus still; and this incident is well remembered by the older inhabitants of this beautiful Southern town.

CHARITY.—We are told in the classic history that an old painter was employed to sketch the Macedonian emperor. The emperor had received a severe wound upon the right temple, in one of his famous battles, and a large scar was left. The artist proceeded to the work assigned him, sketched the monarch leaning upon his elbow, with his forehead covering the scar. His ingenuity was universally applauded and he became more famed than ever. So it is with genuine charity, which "covereth a multitude of sins." Instead of exposing the faults of others, and holding them up to scorn and ridicule, it covers them with the finger of love, except when truth and justice require them to be openly rebuked. The way of the world is to expose the scars of character, and set them off in more than their real ugliness. They are the subject of gossip and keen satire in the social circle, and the sparks of fire that are struck around often kindle into a flame. How much more beautiful is that spirit which treats the faults of others with forbearance, while it does not accuse iniquity in the earnest friend! That is the secret foundation of all that is good and true. This is the charity which "suffereth long and is kind," and "doth not behave itself unseemly," and thinketh no evil.

That the cream of different cows, when mixed, does not produce butter at the same time, with the same amount of churning, has been fairly illustrated in the family of Mark Hughes, at West Grove, Pennsylvania, recently. They had an Alderney heifer in good flow of milk, and an old cow, a stripper; their cream, when worked together, it was observed that they did not make butter enough for the bulk of the cream. The buttermilk also looked rich and seemed to collect a cream upon it. They put the buttermilk in the churn again, after having the butter first to come, and made about five pounds. They churned again for a few minutes, and found from two to three pounds more butter in the churn, showing that the heifer's cream had made butter first, and that the cream of the old cow needed more churning.

At a marriage ceremony in Wickford, R. I., lately, the groom became impatient during the extended prayer, and interrupted the clergyman with—"Elder, ain't that 'bout enough?" An old-maid's love letter is called a romance of the middle-age.

Boys to Learn Trades. "If there is a sprightly lad in Monroe who can read and spell well, and wants a trade that will render him, as a man, independent, he can find a permanent situation at this office."

The above little notice, from the Monroe Telegraph, forcibly brings to my mind the antipathy that the generality of Southern people have to teaching their children useful occupations and professions. Whether this feeling grows out of the results of the institution of slavery or not, we are unable to say, but that it exists, and so inherently that it is extremely difficult of eradication, we have no chance to doubt.

Physical labor was wont to be associated so closely with the position of the negro, that custom made it almost a degradation for a white man to be necessarily so occupied. A recollection going back some fourteen years in Shreveport, assists us to the conclusion that during that length of time we know of but few cases indeed—not more than half a dozen—of her young men acquiring a knowledge of really any good trade. To become a good blacksmith, carpenter, brick-layer, saddler, practical engineer, or any other artisan, was at one time to take up the badge of inferiority—to the middle-class Southerner revolting if applied to their children, and even to the most impetuous families the idea would have been spurned as an insult. When any useful knowledge outside of agriculture was to be acquired, young men were planted out as it were to grow up lawyers and doctors—at these professions never once being thought of—and the great mass who could not afford this training to their children allowed them to become salesmen, clerks, deputy officials, etc., or, what was more to be regretted, permitted them to do nothing at all, and live as their wits best dictated. A good trade would have been scorned by people claiming to be respectable, or desiring to hold their heads up in society, and the consequence is that our community is not, and never can be, self-sustaining until there is a change in such sentiment.

We do not underestimate the importance of a knowledge of the professions, or of any of the light occupations we have enumerated, but we do reprobate the sentiment that throws odium upon the mechanic or tradesman. When we say that these occupations may be well enough for others, but that they will not do for us, we unwittingly brand those who follow the same, and do more to keep our men imbecile and our women frivolous than possibly is thought for. When lads are afraid to swing the hammer or drive the jack-plain, misses must necessarily preserve their dainty fingers, for the hero of the yard measure will not descend from his high estate to smile upon beauty adorned with a rough hand gained in the kitchen. The result is that we have both sexes striving against the common lot, and society is at variance with the spirit of the institutions upon which our government was first founded.

We all prize well enough about the dignity of labor, but seemingly admire it only in theory. What better fortune can a young man have than a fair education and a useful trade? Men should be educated and trained according to their circumstances in life, and fitted to perform the part for which they are best adapted. It does not certainly follow that a man must always remain a carpenter or a blacksmith because he has been raised one. Give him a moderate education and a good calling and ten to one he gets away above it if the stuff is in him. If it is not, then nature designs that he should remain a hewer of wood and drawer of water. But the boy who has the courage, under existing circumstances, to learn a trade that will render him, as a man, independent, has already achieved a good deal, and he has nothing to fear from a vain although injurious idea. Before we can achieve greatness, materially or otherwise, as a section, we shall have to dispense with certain tests of gentility, and learn to hold the honest artisan in esteem commensurate with the good he does in society. Will parents think of this in future as they fit their children for the battle of life?

[Shreveport South-West.] The man who, whether in his habits or his actions, in great things or in small, separates himself from his friend, seems to set every evil and envious feeling of our nature in array against him. Distinction is purchased at the expense of sympathy.

There would be no evil speakers if there were no evil hearers. It is in scandal as in robbery, the receiver is as bad as the thief. Nature is a book of sweet and glowing purity, and on every illuminated page the excellence and goodness of God are portrayed.

Tyranny.

We clip from the Southern Home the following account of how citizens of North Carolina are dragged from their homes and carried hundreds of miles to be tried before a United States Judge for alleged violations of the infamous Ku Klux laws:

A SHAMEFUL SIGHT.—On the 9th instant, ninety quiet, respectable farmers of Rutherford, Cleveland and Lincoln Counties were marched through our streets by the lowest and vilest of dirty United States marshals, and placed on the Raleigh train to attend the United States Court. Some of the prisoners were carrying their bed clothes strapped on their backs, because too poor to pay hotel bills; some were accompanied by their wives; some had their friends and neighbors, &c. The entire crowd amounted to 200 persons, all torn from their homes to be dragged 300 miles to attend a court, which, but for malice, might have been held within a few miles of the homes of the prisoners. Gangs of negroes followed the prisoners to the depot, jeering, taunting and laughing at them. Here the insults became more provoking, and cries went up from the excited mob, "Damn de Ku Klux," "Hang de last one of dem," "Dey gwine to ketch hell now," &c.

Insults heaped upon an unhappy people by ignorant savages; men forcibly taken from the farms and tried by negro juries and on negro testimony convicted of offences which they never committed; the best people of the State sentenced to the penitentiary; universal terror reigning over the land; a mockery of justice in the forums of the law. What a foul and blackened picture! What a commentary on the slogan, "Let us have peace," these scenes are!

The Richmond Enquirer, in an able editorial, compares the situation to that in England, when the brutal Judge Jeffreys condemned men to death by the scores. The historian, writing of those days, remarks that Jeffreys "showed the people that the rigors of the law might equal, if not exceed, the ravings of military tyranny." Judge Bond seems determined to exemplify to the people of North Carolina that the remark is fully true, and lead them to think that between military courts martial and United States Courts, there is but little choice.—Augusta Constitutional.

Bachelor's Kitchen.

This game was probably instituted by a person who understood fully just what kind of people bachelors are—and of how much they stand in need of just this kind of help. The idea of a bachelor furnishing his kitchen himself! Oh he couldn't do it, and a good many times if he could he wouldn't; so kind people who understand the appreciative hearts of bachelors must do this for him, and the best way of doing it is illustrated in the following little game—which we describe to you as we saw it played a short time ago: The company all stood in a circle, and one was chosen to put questions. He went round and asked every one what gift he or she would contribute to furnish a bachelor's kitchen. One said a box, another a chair, another a stove, another a tea-kettle, and so on. If he went round again and asked several questions. Each one was to answer every question by repeating the first word named, and do so without laughing. If any one laughed he was counted out of the ring. One grave young man, who had named a tea-kettle as his gift, it was thought, would maintain his gravity. The following was the result: "What did you say you would give the bachelor?" "A tea-kettle." "What do you boil your potatoes in?" "A tea-kettle." "What do you feed your pigs in?" "A tea-kettle." "What do you eat out of?" "A tea-kettle." "What do you catch fish in?" "A tea-kettle." "What do you ride to town on?" "A tea-kettle." Of course a general roar of laughter followed here, in which the questioned party joined and was counted out.

QUININE BISCUITS.—A new dietary article has been introduced by the London bakers, in the shape of quinine biscuits. They are small, extremely well made, and have a pleasant and delicately bitter flavor. Each biscuit is estimated to contain one-fourth of a grain of quinine, and for delicate stomachs, or where it is desirable to disguise medicine as much as possible, or to combine food with medicine in a perfectly agreeable form, these biscuits are likely to become very popular.

An Arab Prince on the Wife Question. A writer in the Cornhill Magazine has had an interview with an Arab Prince, and gives the following as his views on the woman question: English women think of themselves, always think of themselves, think very much of themselves, think very little of their husbands; so they are disobedient, self-willed, do what they like, and will not do what their husbands like. But Arab women think more of their husbands than themselves; they live to please their husbands; they are obedient; they are much better than English women; a man may do with them just as he pleases. Suppose she should disobey him—what does he? He says to her: "By Allah! I will leave you." And if she disobeyed him three times, and he says that three times, she is no longer his wife; she must go back to her father's house. But suppose an Englishman marry a woman, and she proves to have a very bad temper and disobey him always; a very hot tongue, and scold all day and night too; lead him a devil of a life; make him sweat very much with trouble, make him wish to kill himself—what can he do? He can do nothing; he must keep her, and must not take any other woman to wife to comfort him. Ah! the Arab custom is better than the English custom; and the Arab women are better for the man than the English women. I am sure of that.

William Cullen Bryant has a horror of fashionable vulgarisms and modernized words. It is said that he has hung up in the office of the New York Evening Post, a catalogue of words that no editor or reporter is allowed to use.—Among these interdicted words are bogus, authores, potcess, colided, debut, donate, donation, loaf-er, located, ovation, predicate, progressing pants, rowdies, roughs, secess, osculate (for kiss,) indorse (for approve,) lady (for wife,) jubilant (for rejoicing,) bagging (for captured,) loaned (for lent,) posted (for informed,) realized (for obtained.)

The Princess Alice is the most intellectual of all the royal family of England. The most famous of Spears.—Shakespeare.

Mother's Kiss.

George Brown wanted to go somewhere and his mother was not willing. He tried to argue the matter. When that would not do he spoke roughly, and went off, slamming the door behind him.

Instead of saying, "I should really like to go, but you cannot give your consent, dear mother, I will try to do my best to be content to stay"—instead of saying and feeling so, he behaved in the way I have described, just as too many boys do. George was fourteen, and with fourteen years' experience of one of the best of mothers one would have thought better of him. But he was a boy. What can you expect of boys? So say some people. Stop; hear more. That night George found thorns in his pillow. He could not fix any way to go to sleep. He turned and tossed, and he shook and patted it, but not a wink of sleep for him. The thorns kept pricking. They were the angry words he spoke to his mother, who deserves nothing but kindness and love and obedience from me," he said to himself, "I can never do enough for her; yet how have I behaved—her eldest boy! How she nursed me through that fever!"

He would ask her to forgive him in the morning. But suppose something should happen before morning. He would ask her now—to-night—this moment. George crept out of his bed and went softly to his mother's room. "George," she said, is that you? Are you sick?" for mothers, you know, seem to sleep with one ear open, especially when the fathers are away, as George's father was. "Dear mother," he said, kneeling at the bedside, "I could not sleep for thinking of my rude words to you. Forgive me mother, and may God help me never to behave so again."

She clasped the penitent boy in her arms and kissed his warm cheek. George is a big man now, but he says that kiss was the sweetest moment of his life. His strong, healthy, imperious nature became tempered by a gentleness of spirit. It softened his roughness, sweetened his temper, and helped him to a true and Christian manhood.

Boys are sometimes ashamed to act out their best feelings. Oh, if they only knew what a loss it is to them not to!—Mother's Magazine.

An Arab Prince on the Wife Question.

English women think of themselves, always think of themselves, think very much of themselves, think very little of their husbands; so they are disobedient, self-willed, do what they like, and will not do what their husbands like. But Arab women think more of their husbands than themselves; they live to please their husbands; they are obedient; they are much better than English women; a man may do with them just as he pleases. Suppose she should disobey him—what does he? He says to her: "By Allah! I will leave you." And if she disobeyed him three times, and he says that three times, she is no longer his wife; she must go back to her father's house. But suppose an Englishman marry a woman, and she proves to have a very bad temper and disobey him always; a very hot tongue, and scold all day and night too; lead him a devil of a life; make him sweat very much with trouble, make him wish to kill himself—what can he do? He can do nothing; he must keep her, and must not take any other woman to wife to comfort him. Ah! the Arab custom is better than the English custom; and the Arab women are better for the man than the English women. I am sure of that.

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Recently a lovesick swain was paying court to his dulcinea.

She had smuggled him into the parlor, and the darkness only served to conceal her blushes, while John told the story of his love. The muttered words reached the parental ear, and coming suddenly into the room, he demanded to know of Mary who it was she had with her.

"It's the cat, Sir," was the mumbled reply. "Drive it out of here," thundered pater familias. "Scat!" screamed Mary, and then, sotto voce: "John, mew a little." John set up a woful yowl. "That cat has got a cold," remarked the parent. John yowled louder than ever. "Confound it, bring a light, and scare the thing out." This was too much, and John made a leap from the window, carrying a glass and frame with him.

"Thunder! what a cat!" said the parent, contemplating therein after a light was brought. "I never saw anything like it, its tail is made out of broadcloth," as he viewed the fluttering garment hanging from the window. What the microscope reveals.—Lewenboeck tells us of an insect seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only equal a mite. Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand. Mold is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, and fruit. Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes. The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers one hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself like water through a sieve. The mites make five hundred steps a second. Each drop of a stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like cows on a meadow. Moral.—Have some care as to the air you breathe, the food you eat, and the water you drink. [Home and Health.]

Old Shoes.—You probably think that if you look very sharply at an old shoe, when you throw it away, that you will know it again if it ever comes back to you. But that does not at all follow. One of these days you may button your dress with an old pair of slippers, comb your hair with a boot, or grasp a cast off gaiter while you eat your dinner. You don't see how this can be? Well, we'll see. Old shoes are turned to account by manufacturers in the following manner: They are cut into very small pieces, and kept for a couple of days in chloride of sulphur. The effect of this is to make the leather hard and brittle. Next, the material is withdrawn from the action of the chloride of sulphur, washed with water and dried. When thoroughly dried, it is ground to powder, and mixed with some substance like glue or gum, that causes it to adhere together. It is then passed into a mould and shaped into buttons, combs, knife-handles, &c. So you see how it may come to pass that you will comb your hair with a boot, and fasten your clothes with a slipper.

The bed of the river Tiber is to be thoroughly excavated. An Italian association has been formed for this purpose, at the head of which is Signor Alessandro Castellani, and in co-operation with him will be many artists, antiquaries, and other learned men of Europe and America. The project delights the Italians, who have an almost boundless idea of the treasures buried under the yellow mud of the river. For 3,000 years, they say, every revolution has added its tribute to the hidden mass. The statues, diadems and armor of unpopular Emperors were flung into the Tiber. When the enemies of Rome were at its gates, the despairing inhabitants cast their treasures into the stream to baffle the invaders' cupidity. Fires, inundations, the wrecking of precious-freighted galleys, and the spoils of ruined temples and palaces, have helped to accumulate this store of wealth. All these relics, buried for ages, will be brought to light by modern energy.

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William Cullen Bryant has a horror of fashionable vulgarisms and modernized words. It is said that he has hung up in the office of the New York Evening Post, a catalogue of words that no editor or reporter is allowed to use.—Among these interdicted words are bogus, authores, potcess, colided, debut, donate, donation, loaf-er, located, ovation, predicate, progressing pants, rowdies, roughs, secess, osculate (for kiss,) indorse (for approve,) lady (for wife,) jubilant (for rejoicing,) bagging (for captured,) loaned (for lent,) posted (for informed,) realized (for obtained.)

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