

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, At Newberry C. H., BY THOS. F. GRENEKER, Editor and Proprietor. Terms, \$2.50 per Annum, Invariably in Advance.

The Newberry Herald.

A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

Vol. X.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 25, 1874.

No. 47.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square... Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements.

Special notices in local column 20 cents per line. Done with neatness and Dispatch. Terms Cash.

Miscellaneous.

J. B. LEONARD & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in TOBACCO, Imported and Domestic Segars, Of which we always have on hand a large and superior stock.

Wines and Liquors OF BEST QUALITIES. Always in store Pure North Carolina CORN WHISKEY, APPLE and PEACH BRANDIES.

J. B. LEONARD & CO. No. 4, 44-3m.

JNO. E. WEBB & CO., COTTON BUYERS,

Will always PAY THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICES FOR COTTON, and also make LIBERAL ADVANCES to parties wishing to ship to either New York, Boston or Charleston.

STORAGE! STORAGE!! STORAGE!!! Parties wishing to STORE COTTON will do well to call on MESSRS. J. E. WEBB & CO., who will store on the most reasonable terms, also insure when desired.

F. N. PARKER, SUCCESSOR TO WEBB, JONES & PARKER, (Between Pool's Hotel and the Post Office.) DEALER IN HARNESS, SADDLES and LEATHER.

Having brought the ENTIRE STOCK of the Harness and Saddle Manufactory of Messrs. Webb, Jones & Parker, I am prepared to do all kinds of work in this line. Also will keep on hand for sale, HARNESS, SADDLES, &c. HARNESSEERS, LEATHER, SOLE LEATHER, UPPER LEATHER, &c. of the best and cheapest. REPAIRING and all work done to order.

At Cash Prices and at Shortest Notice. Apr. 15, 18-17.

THE FALL SESSION OF THE NEWBERRY FEMALE ACADEMY WILL COMMENCE ON THE 16TH SEPT.

A. P. PIFER, A. M., Principal, WITH COMPETENT ASSISTANTS.

The advantages afforded by this institution for a thorough and complete education are second to no other in the State, while the tuition is low, viz: from \$12.50 to \$22.50 in advance, or on satisfactory securities.

For further particulars enquire of the Secretary of the Board, Mr. S. P. Bozzer, or of July 29, 30-17.

A. B. MORRISON, MERCHANT TAILOR, NEWBERRY, S. C.

Having permanently located in Newberry, I respectfully inform the citizens of the town and surrounding country, that I am prepared to execute all orders which may be entrusted to me in my line. My long experience as a Merchant Tailor, makes me confident that I will give entire satisfaction, and all I ask is a fair trial. Cutting in the latest style, and all work done in the neatest manner.

Place of business over Capt. J. F. Speck's Jewelry Store. Cleaning and Repairing done promptly. Sep. 30, 32-14m.

WM. C. BEE & CO., FACTORS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Adger's Wharf, Charleston, S. C.

Liberal advances made upon consignments of Cotton and other produce to be sent to Charleston, or through them to their correspondents in Liverpool, New York and Baltimore.

Particular attention given to sale of upland Cotton. WM. C. BEE, GEORGE P. JARVIS, THOMAS D. JARVIS, LEXINGTON, S. C. Oct. 28, 43-4m.

OUR MONTHLY, is a Religious Magazine. Advocates Brotherly love among Christians.

It has a Local Department. Advocates Temperance. Scientific and Literary Notes. Twenty-four Pages and Cover. SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00.

Subscriptions received at the Newberry Herald Office. WM. P. JACOBS, or send to Nov. 11, 45-17.

NEWBERRY MERCHANTS GET A GREAT DEAL OF TRADE FROM LAURENS COUNTY.

They will find it to their advantage to advertise in OUR MONTHLY, CLINTON, S. C.

JOHN C. DIAL, COLUMBIA, S. C.

Has a full stock of Building Material, Carpenters', Blacksmiths', Masons' and Farmers' Tools.

All goods warranted as represented. Prices as low as the lowest for good goods. Orders by the cash, or satisfactory references, promptly attended to. Nov. 4, 44-3m.

Poetry.

AN ANTRIS. EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

How know we but in you shining space, Some gracious Being with His powers affright— Scarp in the scale of life, and hest Even as we guess the happy angels art— But such a fortunate one, upon the course To some fair star, may check his mates awhile.

And point to this our Earth, and gently say: "In that dark planet—lovely round its sun Turning an aid girl, while ether pole lies ice, but midway on whose rugged sides There springs a thick-set verdure into growth, Forced by the throes of perturbed seas— Within that world a race less blest than we, Dwell, and eke out their lives with sorrowful toil."

A sad and feeble folk of narrowed sense; Their forms are weak and wan, and grinding pains Subtle them, burning heat and biting cold; Their simply countenances are brief as few, And into endless graves successive tribes In mournful generations wander down.

Yet that eternal knowledge, unrevoked, Which breathes through all created things, and lifts Ourselves thus nearer to its Source unknown— Something of this is theirs, feeding desire To question more and so to work and thrive After their fashion; and the secret laws Of beauty and of force they seek them out And bend them to their use, and then—they die.

A sad, sad race, a melancholy world! Since what is seat to light their little round Breeds in them vain ambitions, and they yearn For immortality, and haply find Something within of an immortal sort, To feel, and know, and love, were it but pure.

So dream they empty dreams of after-life, Build temples for a warning of creeds, And strive against their fate, and strive in vain. How low, and poor of notion, is their part In the unending scale—where even we, With all our clear and high intelligence, Long-living, wisdom-crowned, are yet no more Than the fine dust of Heaven's trackless way!

How know we, but this hour some glorious one May thus compassionate and gently scorn, As we the beasts, our uncreated line, And endless gyres hold the happy through High-poised, upon their course to some fair star. —Galaxy.

HEAVEN. Oft weeping memory sits alone, Beside some grave at even; And calls upon some spirit flown, Oh, shall those on earth our own, Be ours again—in heaven?

Amid the lone sepulchral shades, Where sleep our dear ones riven, Is not some lingering spirit near, To tell if those divided here, Unite and know—in heaven? Shall friends who've the waste of life, By some storm are driven: Shall they recant, in realms of bliss, The fortunes and the tears of this, And love again—in heaven?

The warmest love on earth is still Imperfect when 'tis given; But there's a purer climate above, Where perfect hearts in perfect love Unite; and this is heaven. If love on earth is but "in part," As light and shade at even; If sin doth part a thorn between The true hearts, there is, I ween, A perfect love—in Heaven.

Oh, happy world! Oh glorious place! Where all who are forgiven, Shall find their loved and lost below, And hearts, like meeting streams shall flow, Forever one—in Heaven. There exists a tradition that a wish will be fulfilled if expressed while a star is falling.

It was here that we lingered, Carina, One sweet summer afternoon, When the world seemed an Eden of gladness, And only for you and for me. It was here that your blue eyes so tender Gave back all I whispered of love, As we gazed at two stars that together Were smiling in heaven above.

But your little hand trembled, Carina— We wish what was never to be— As one star fell, and only the other Kept watch over you, love, and me. You are from my side now, Carina, I linger alone by the sea; For my love dream is o'er, and a shadow Has darkened between you and me. And I try to forget you, but never There smiles through the mist of my tears Your old look of love like a sunbeam That gleams out of dear bygone years.

Selected Story.

A LOVE STORY. BY LOTTIE.

I was in a great distress of mind. There I was, with all my summer clothes, and favorite books, my mosquito netting, and fancy work, feeling settled for the summer, and my scapegrace nephew, Harry, head and ears in love with the daughter of our landlady.

He was just twenty-one years of age, and had been a terror to us ever since he came into boots and trousers. He was never out of mischief, never free from bumps and bruises of all kinds, always in disgrace at school, always in hot water at home, until he was thirteen years old. Then he grew manish, and nearly drove us wild, and poisoned himself to death, with vigorous efforts to learn to smoke. Just as he got well over that idea, he established a habit of falling in love, and this habit he pursued with an energy and go-ahead-iveness, which in any other branch of business, would have made his fortune.

He went to college, but colleges are the very hot beds of sentiment and tomfoolery, and Harry learned no nonsense than Greek, and in my estimation. However, he kept his head above water, and walked through it, until this vacation of which I am speaking.

Then I packed my trunks, took him away from Kitty Clinton, a black-eyed divinity, who lived in our street, and away we went to a cosy old place in New Hampshire, where there was plenty to eat, a trout brook, a huckleberry hill, and as I fondly hoped, no girls.

We had been there three days, when our landlady's daughter, Rubie, came home from somewhere, where she had certainly acquired a charming array of airs and graces, learned to "do" her hair in the latest fashion out, and dress herself in a manner really very trim, and becoming.

As a natural consequence, Harry fell in love with her. I knew very well that he would, when he invited her to go fishing with him, and I saw them wandering away with the basket between them, but I was hardly prepared for the outbreak which followed.

"I have made up my mind at last, Annie, and nobody in the world can change me. I am going to marry," was the first remark. "Harry Ester!" "Yes, I am. My mind is fully made up. Uncle Tom says there is nothing in this world like settling early in life. A man with a good wife has got the best and surest kind of capital. Just look at Rubie. She is as smart as a round dozen of our city girls."

"Nonsense!" "Oh, of course, you will call it nonsense. I didn't expect else; but you may as well reconcile yourself to it, first as last, I shall marry her. You had better write to mother about it."

Such a case of literal indifference, I never heard. I had expected at least, a little show of humanity, but here he was, with all the assurance in the world, confessing to his unparalleled folly, and actually asking me to write to his mother. I did write. I said—

"Margaret, I think the boy is mad, and I am going to divest myself of every atom of responsibility. He is bent upon marrying this curly-headed, rosy-cheeked country girl, and I dare say he might do worse. But whatever happens, please bear in mind, that I have no part in it."

I expected an immediate arrival of one half of the family, but nobody came, and I had nothing left me to do but to watch with terrible misgivings, the progress of the silliest of all love stories. I hardly blamed him, when I could compose myself sufficiently to forget his youth and inexperience, for Rubie Blake was a pretty girl, with a nice lot of fair curls, all her own, a complexion like the heart of a delicate white rose, and eyes as blue, and sunny, as the summer skies.

Then she was neat and light of foot, and light of heart, and kept the whole house in a glow of cheerfulness, and she was industrious, and not at all too good to do a long calico apron, and go out into the kitchen and cook, wash dishes, or iron her own collars and handkerchiefs. She was sensible, and could talk on any real sound, practical subject with as much ease as

Miscellaneous.

MAGIC. HOUDIN'S TRICKS—MORE WONDERFUL THAN SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

One of the most adroit jugglers of the present age was Robert Houdin, a Frenchman, who for many years gave fashionable entertainments in Paris. Houdin wrote his autobiography, and related many curious feats performed by him in his professional career.

On one occasion he was invited to display his art before King Louis Philippe and his court, at the chateau of St. Cloud. Houdin invented a trick especially for this royal and noble assemblage, and received unbounded applause for his success.

He borrowed from the king and his courtiers six handkerchiefs, which he made into a parcel and laid on the table. Then at his request different persons wrote on cards the name of the place whither they desired their handkerchiefs to be invisibly transported. When this was done he begged the king to take three of the cards at hazard, and choose from them the place he might consider the most suitable.

"Let me see," said Louis Philippe, "what this one says. I desire the handkerchiefs to be found beneath one of the candleabra on the mantelpiece." Ah! that is too easy for a sorcerer, so we will pass on to the next card; The handkerchiefs are to be transported to the dome of the Invalides. That would not suit us, but it is much too far—not for the handkerchiefs, but for us. "Ah ah!" the king added, as he looked at the last card, "I am afraid, monsieur Robert Houdin, I am about to embarrass you. Do you know what this card proposes?" Houdin, with a respectful bow, declared that he did not.

"Well," responded his majesty, "it is desired that you send the handkerchiefs to a spot beneath the roots of the last orange tree on the right of the avenue of St. Cloud. Houdin, affected the utmost nonchalance. "Only that, sire?" he said. "Deign to order, and I will obey." The king gave certain directions in a low voice, and immediately a number of his attendants hurried off to the orange tree to watch it. He then said, "I select the orange tree." Houdin's first business now is to send the handkerchiefs on their travels. So he placed them beneath a bell of opaque glass, and taking his wand ordered them to fly to the spot the king had chosen.

He raised the bell, the little parcel was no longer there, and a white turtle dove had taken its place. The king then walked quickly to the door, whence he looked in the direction of the orange tree to assure himself that the guards were there, and when this was done he began to smile and shrug his shoulders. "Ah! Monsieur Robert Houdin," he said ironically, "I fear much for the virtue of your magic staff." Then he added, as he returned to the end of the room where several servants were standing. "Tell William to dig immediately below the last tree at the end of the avenue and bring me carefully what he finds there—if he does find anything." The attendant proceeded to the orange tree. The earth at the side of the tree was carefully removed, and down among the roots, after much groping, a small iron box, eaten with rust, was found. It bore every appearance of having been in the ground for many years. This curious "find" was cleansed from its mould and brought in, and placed by the side of the king. The greatest excitement and impatience prevailed on all sides. Houdin brought, perched on his finger, the dove to the king, and around its neck his majesty discovered a little rusty key. At the desire of the conjurer he unlocked it and opened the box. The first object that met his eye was a time-discolored piece of parchment, upon which he read: "This day, the 6th June, 1756, this iron box, containing six handkerchiefs, was placed among the roots of an orange tree by me, Balsamo, count of Cagliostro, to serve in performing an act of magic, which will be executed on the same day sixty years hence, before Louis Philippe, of Orleans, and his family." "There is certainly witchcraft about this," cried the king, and then he looked again and found in the bottom of the box a parcel sealed with a well-known seal of the famous Cagliostro. He broke it and opened the parcel, and there were six handkerchiefs which but five minutes before were lying on the conjurer's table. Was not this trick as re-

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markable as the producing of "Katie King" from a dark cabinet? Houdin was employed by the French government to go to Algiers on a novel mission. The Marabout priests exercised great influence over the natives, because they were able to perform certain feats of jugglery, which they pretended proved their divine power. These Marabouts were enemies of the French and encouraged turbulence among the Arabs. The government thought that it might be a good stroke of policy to send Houdin through the colony performing his miracles and demonstrating to the natives that a French sorcerer was greater than an Arab sorcerer. Accordingly Houdin appeared before large audiences, beginning in the city of Algiers. At the first of these performances he introduced a box which became heavy or light at his order. This box was brought by him to the footlights and while holding it in his hands he declared to his hearers that he possessed the power to deprive the most powerful man of his strength and restore it at will. He invited any one who thought himself strong enough to come on the stage. An Arab of middle height, but well built and muscular, came to his side with great assurance. "Are you strong?" asked Houdin measuring him from head to foot. "Oh, yes," he replied carelessly. "Are you sure that you will always remain so?" "Quite sure." "You are mistaken," said Houdin, "for in an instant I will rob you of your strength, and you shall become as a little child." The Arab smiled disdainfully. Houdin told him to lift the box. He stooped and lifted it without any effort, and said coldly, "Is that all?" With an imposing gesture Houdin solemnly pronounced the words, "Behold you are weaker than a woman; now lift the box." The Hercules grabbed the box quite confidently, but to his astonishment, it would not budge. He attacked it vigorously on every side, and over again, while his countrymen sat looking on in silent wonder, but it resisted. He vainly expended on this box a strength which would have raised an enormous weight, until at length, panting, exhausted, and red with anger, he buried his face in his burnous and retired from the stage. Houdin does not explain the secret of this strange trick by which he made bodies heavy or light at will, and without apparently touching them, but it was a favorite of his, and often exhibited to his fashionable Parisian audiences.

At the same exhibition in Algiers of which we have written, Houdin invited one of the audience to come on the stage. A young Moor, about twenty years of age, tall, well built and richly dressed, advanced. There was a plain table on the stage (the space between the top and the floor being unmistakably open) which Houdin asked him to mount. When he did so, Houdin covered him with an enormous cloth cone, and instantly removing it, the Moor was gone. This trick produced a panic in the audience. Screaming, "It is the evil one!" they clambered over the benches in wild terror and rushed out the door into the street, where, in the public street, rubbing his eyes in stupefaction and wondering how he got there, they found the young Moor.

While in the interior, Houdin gave an open air exhibition to the wildsons of the desert. He pretended that he was invulnerable and offered to let a Marabout shoot at him. There was a great crowd, and a vindictive-looking fellow came out of it and claimed to have the honor of killing the hated Frenchman. The pistols were handed to Houdin, who called attention to the fact that the vents were clear.—The Marabout put in a fair charge of powder and drove the wad home. Among the bullets proceeded Houdin chose one which he openly put in the pistol, and it was also rammed down. By the same process the second pistol was loaded. Everybody watched with the most profound solemnity. Houdin posted himself fifteen paces from the Marabout without evincing the slightest emotion. The Marabout immediately seized one of the pistols and, on Houdin's giving the signal, took a deliberate aim at him. The pistol went off, and the ball appeared between the majestical teeth. More angry than ever, the Marabout tried to seize the pistol. "You could not injure me," said Houdin, "but you shall see that my aim is more dangerous than yours. Look at the wall." He pulled the trigger, and on the newly white-washed wall appeared a large patch of

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blood exactly at the spot where he aimed. The Marabout went up to it, dipped his finger in the blood, and raising it to his mouth, convinced himself of the reality. When he acquired this certainty his arms fell, and his head bowed on his chest as if he were annihilated. It was evident for the moment he doubted everything, even the prophet. This seemingly incomprehensible feat, Houdin performed with prepared balls. With bullet-mould and a bit of wax mixed with lampblack he had manufactured a very fair imitation bullet. Another bullet of the same material he had filled with blood. Of course, it was by slight of hand that he changed the bullets forced upon him by the Marabout and substituted his own. An old trick enabled him to get the real bullet between his teeth while the waxen one was shattered to pieces. So with the second ball, it was shattered upon striking the wall, but a spot of blood was produced. If Houdin had not explained this part it would be quite as wonderful to most people as the phenomena of Spiritualism, and could have been passed off as good evidence of spirit agency.

When William H. Seward made his tour around the world, he witnessed some performances of jugglers of India that were quite surprising. He saw a man climb a bare pole sixty feet high, standing in the open air, and when he reached the top he mysteriously disappeared. After a while his feet re-appeared, then his legs and body, and he came down. He claimed no supernatural powers. How did he do it? There was an Indian juggler who had a little den on the Bowery, in New York, a few years ago. He was a dirty fellow, and respectable persons were not much disposed to venture into his place. A gentleman told the writer that, moved by curiosity once, he went in. The juggler made him sit on the floor. In a moment two figures apparently human, rose out of the floor in obedience to the wand of the conjuror. They grew to the ordinary height of a human being. The visitor made a motion to rise, when the figures sank through the floor instantly. An examination of the place betrayed no visible solution to the ingenious performance.

HOW TO TREAT A WIFE. First, get a wife; secondly, be patient. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business with the world; but do not therefore, carry to your home a cloudy or contracted brow. Your wife may have many trials, which, though of less magnitude may have been as hard to bear. A kind conciliating word a tender look will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom. You encounter your difficulties in the open air, fanned by the hearer's cool breezes; but your wife is often shut in from these healthful influences, and her health fails, and her spirits lose their elasticity. But oh! bear with her, she has trials and sorrows to which you are a stranger, but which your tenderness can deprive of their anguish. Notice kindly her little attentions and efforts to promote your comfort. Do not take them all as a matter of course, and pass them by, at the same time being very sure to observe any omission of what you may consider duty to you. Do not treat her with indifference, if you would not wear and palsy her heart which watered by kindness, would to the latest day of your existence, throbb with sincere and constant affection. Sometimes yield your wishes to hers. She has preferences as strong as you, and it may be just as trying to yield her choice, as you. Do you find it hard to yield sometimes? Think you it is not difficult for her to give up always? If you never yield to her wishes there is danger she will think you are selfish, and care only for yourself; and with such feelings she cannot love as she might. Again, show yourself manly, so that your wife may look up to, and feel that you will act nobly, and that she can confide in your judgment.

A beau dismissed by a belle, and an arrow dismissed by a bow, are apt to start off in a hurry. It seems to us babies might drive a "spanking team." If it seems good, a sewing machine may be likened unto a kiss. Are ladies called "Mam" because they talk so little?

Miscellaneous.

MAGIC. HOUDIN'S TRICKS—MORE WONDERFUL THAN SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

MARK TWAIN'S COLD. HARTFORD, CONN., Oct. 5, 1874. DEAR MAMAM:—I regret exceedingly being unable to accept your kind invitation (also Mr. P. G. Duffy's) to be present at your commencement exercises, but the annoying and vexatious illness which still hangs about me together with some business engagements, will prevent. The illness, to which I refer, is a severe cold I took in New York last winter, during the lecture season. Perhaps the revival of how I tried to cure this cold may serve instead of the few remarks you so politely asked me to make to the friends and pupils.

The first time I began to sneeze, a friend told me to go bathe my feet in hot water and go to bed. I did so. Shortly after, another friend told me to get up and take a cold shower bath. I did that also. Within the hour, another friend assured me that it was policy to lead a cold and starve a fever. I had both. So I thought it best to fill myself up for the cold, and let the fever starve awhile.—In a case of this kind I seldom do things by halves; I ate pretty heartily. I conferred my custom upon a stranger, who had just opened his restaurant on Cortland street, near the hotel, that morning, paying so much for a full meal. He waited near me in respectful silence until I had finished feeding my cold, when he inquired if the people about New York were much afflicted with colds. I told him I thought they were. He then went out and took in his sign.

I started up toward the office, and on the way encountered another bosom friend, who told me that a quart of salt water would come as near curing a cold as anything in the world. I hardly thought I had room for it, but I tried it anyhow. The result was surprising. I believe I threw up my immortal soul. Now, as I give my experience only for the benefit of those of your friends who are troubled with the distemper, I feel that they will see the propriety of my cautioning them against such portions of it as proved inefficient with me, and acting upon this conviction, I warn them against warm salt water. It may be a good enough remedy, but I think it rather too severe. If I had another cold in the head, and there was no course left me to take but either an earthquake or a quart of warm salt water, I would take my chances on the earthquake. After this everybody in the hotel became interested, and I took all sorts of remedies—hot lemonade, cold lemonade, pepper tea, bonnet, stewed Quaker, hound syrup, onions and loaf sugar, lemons and brown sugar, vinegar and loaf sugar, five bottles of fir balsam, eight bottles cherry pectoral, and ten bottles of Uncle Sam's remedy, but all without effect. One of the prescriptions given by an old lady was—well, it was dreadful. She mixed a decoction composed of molasses, catnip, peppermint, aquafortis, turpentine, kerosene and various other drugs, and instructed me to take a wineglassful every fifteen minutes. I never took but one dose; that was enough. I had to take to my bed and remain there two entire days. When I felt better more things were recommended. I was desperate and willing to take anything. Plain gin was recommended, then gin and molasses, then gin and onions. I took all three. I detected no particular result, however, except that I had acquired a breath like a turkey buzzard, and had to change my boarding-place. At this new place they suggested a different remedy to any yet tried. A sheet bath was recommended. I had never refused a remedy yet, and it seemed poor policy to determine to take a sheet bath, though I had no idea what sort of arrangement it was. It was administered at midnight, and the weather was very frosty. My back and breast were stripped, and a sheet (there appeared to be a thousand yards of it) soaked in ice water was wound around me until I resembled a swab for a columbiad. It is a cruel expedient. When the chilly rag touches one's warm flesh it makes him start with sudden violence and gasp for breath, just as men do in the death agony. It froze the marrow in my bones and stopped the beating of my heart. I thought my time had come. When I recovered from this a friend recommended the application of a mustard plaster to my breast. I believe that would

have cured me effectively if it had not been for young Clemens. When I went to bed I put the mustard plaster where I could reach it when I should be ready for it. But John Clemens got hungry in the night and eat it up. I never saw any child have such an appetite. I am confident that he would have eaten me if I had been healthy. After all this experience you cannot wonder that I dread going to New York, and feel obliged to decline your kind invitation. Wishing you a pleasant and successful time, I remain very respectfully, S. L. CLEMENS (Mark Twain).

FIX UP.

The farm, we mean, including the house and grounds around it, the barn and barn-yard, the shed, the poultry-house, the orchard, the fields. Don't be slovenly any longer. Nail fast those loose boards that have played the tune of "Hard Times" during every wind-storm for the last two or three years. Mend the holes in the roof through which the rain-drops have patterned on the barn-floor for so long a time, and put new plank in the floor where these same leak-holes have rotted it out. One of the doors of the wagon-shed needs a new hinge and the door of the cow-stable has been lying on the ground all summer; fix the m right away. And we noticed when you drove out with the last load, that the hinge gate-post was sagged so much that you could hardly open it, and the frequent repetitions of the effort have worn the ground away in the shape of an arc whose radius is the length of the gate. Straighten up that post and don't leave the job until your four-year old boy can open the gate with his little finger. Then your front yard! We drove by there the other day and took an inventory of its contents. Three old boxes; one ash-leach; two plows; an old bench; a lot of lumber, spoiled; the wood-pile; a sixteen-year-old sleigh; a pile of debris—rags, old boots, shoes, etc., and, worst of all, a dog. You smile, reader, and are ready by this time to accuse us of exaggeration, but it is actually true. The owner was an acquaintance, and we called his attention to the dog, which was fast becoming a nuisance to the public, to say nothing of his own family. He informed us that the dog had died the day before, and he hadn't found time to remove the carcass yet.

"What will you do with it?" we inquired. "Take it to the woods," says he. "Well, now, see here, my friend," we replied, "the Scriptures say that a living dog is better than a dead lion. I would modify that a little and say a dead dog is better than a living lion. Most of dogs are of no value whatever till they are dead, and then people lose all that ever was, or ever will be of any use, by not knowing what to do with them."

"How's that?" says our friend.—"What shall I do with it?"—"Take it to the manure heap, not to the woods, where it will fill the air for miles around with disease. Why, my friend, the most valuable gases for manural purposes are continually escaping from that dog's carcass, and if you will bury it in absorbents you can save the most of these gases and raise wheat enough from them to pay for a small portion of the sheep he has killed or the cold potatoes and meat he has eaten. You have a swamp over there—just haul out a wagon-load of the muck and pile it over that dead dog, adding a bushel of quick-lime, and the mass will become the most valuable wagon-load of manure you ever hauled out."

Our friend thanked us for the advice, promised to fix up the front yard, and we drove on, wondering why farmers, who have so many natural advantages in their favor, should be content with such unpleasant surroundings. Don't attempt to sod the grounds about the house; it involves too much labor, especially if they are extensive. Plow them up, manure thoroughly with well composted manure, pulverize effectually, and then sow lawn grass thickly and rake it in lightly with a hand-rake. If your work is done well you will have a far nicer sod the next year, and a much smoother lawn than you could possibly make with sod.

If you have not ordered any jet trimming on your dresses you may as well die at once.

Good advice in these dry times for heads of families and girls—Look out for your sparks.

Miscellaneous.

MAGIC. HOUDIN'S TRICKS—MORE WONDERFUL THAN SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

One of the most adroit jugglers of the present age was Robert Houdin, a Frenchman, who for many years gave fashionable entertainments in Paris. Houdin wrote his autobiography, and related many curious feats performed by him in his professional career.

On one occasion he was invited to display his art before King Louis Philippe and his court, at the chateau of St. Cloud. Houdin invented a trick especially for this royal and noble assemblage, and received unbounded applause for his success.

He borrowed from the king and his courtiers six handkerchiefs, which he made into a parcel and laid on the table. Then at his request different persons wrote on cards the name of the place whither they desired their handkerchiefs to be invisibly transported. When this was done he begged the king to take three of the cards at hazard, and choose from them the place he might consider the most suitable.

"Let me see," said Louis Philippe, "what this one says. I desire the handkerchiefs to be found beneath one of the candleabra on the mantelpiece." Ah! that is too easy for a sorcerer, so we will pass on to the next card; The handkerchiefs are to be transported to the dome of the Invalides. That would not suit us, but it is much too far—not for the handkerchiefs, but for us. "Ah ah!" the king added, as he looked at the last card, "I am afraid, monsieur Robert Houdin, I am about to embarrass you. Do you know what this card proposes?" Houdin, with a respectful bow, declared that he did not.

"Well," responded his majesty, "it is desired that you send the handkerchiefs to a spot beneath the roots of the last orange tree on the right of the avenue of St. Cloud. Houdin, affected the utmost nonchalance. "Only that, sire?" he said. "Deign to order, and I will obey." The king gave certain directions in a low voice, and immediately a number of his attendants hurried off to the orange tree to watch it. He then said, "I select the orange tree." Houdin's first business now is to send the handkerchiefs on their travels. So he placed them beneath a bell of opaque glass, and taking his wand ordered them to fly to the spot the king had chosen.

He raised the bell, the little parcel was no longer there, and a white turtle dove had taken its place. The king then walked quickly to the door, whence he looked in the direction of the orange tree to assure himself that the guards were there, and when this was done he began to smile and shrug his shoulders. "Ah! Monsieur Robert Houdin," he said ironically, "I fear much for the virtue of your magic staff." Then he added, as he returned to the end of the room where several servants were standing. "Tell William to dig immediately below the last tree at the end of the avenue and bring me carefully what he finds there—if he does find anything." The attendant proceeded to the orange tree. The earth at the side of the tree was carefully removed, and down among the roots, after much groping, a small iron box, eaten with rust, was found. It bore every appearance of having been in the ground for many years. This curious "find" was cleansed from its mould and brought in, and placed by the side of the king. The greatest excitement and impatience prevailed on all sides. Houdin brought, perched on his finger, the dove to the king, and around its neck his majesty discovered a little rusty key. At the desire of the conjurer he unlocked it and opened the box. The first object that met his eye was a time-discolored piece of parchment, upon which he read: "This day, the 6th June, 1756, this iron box, containing six handkerchiefs, was placed among the roots of an orange tree by me, Balsamo, count of Cagliostro, to serve in performing an act of magic, which will be executed on the same day sixty years hence, before Louis Philippe, of Orleans, and his family." "There is certainly witchcraft about this," cried the king, and then he looked again and found in the bottom of the box a parcel sealed with a well-known seal of the famous Cagliostro. He broke it and opened the parcel, and there were six handkerchiefs which but five minutes before were lying on the conjurer's table. Was not this trick as re-

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