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Diocry.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree Upon the school-house play-ground, Which sheltered you and me; But none were there to greet me, Tom, And few were left to know, That played with us upon the grass, Some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, dear Tom; Bare-footed boys at play Were sporting there as we did then, With spirits just as gay; But the master sleeps upon the hill, Which coated o'er with snow, Afforded us a sliding place Just twenty years ago.

That old school-house has altered some— The benches are replaced By new ones very like the ones Our pen-knives had defaced; The same old bricks are in the wall, The bell swings to and fro, The music's just the same, dear Tom, 'Twas twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still; The willows on its side Are larger than they were, dear Tom; The stream appears less wide; The grape-vine spring is ruined now, Where once we played the beat, And swung our sweet-hearts—pretty girls— Just twenty years ago!

The boys were playing the same old game, Beneath the same old tree— (I do forget the name just now,) You've played the same with me, On that same spot; 'twas played with knives, By throwing so and so; The leader had a task to do, There, twenty years ago.

Down by the spring, upon an elm, You know I cut your name, Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, And you did mine— the same— 'Twas dying, sure but slow, Just as the one whose name was cut Died twenty years ago.

My lips have long been dry, dear Tom, But tears came to my eyes— I thought of those we loved so well— Those early broken ties; I visited the old church-yard, And took some flowers to strew Upon the graves of those we loved Some twenty years ago.

Selected Story.

LOVE AND REVENGE.

A THRILLING EPISODE. BY PAUL PLUME.

The town of F— was once a considerable trading place, but its commerce has long ago departed. For a delightful situation, it was not excelled by any of our Southern ports. The blue Atlantic washed its beach, and many a white-winged vessel came and went from the harbor; but as we have said, these things belong to the past.

Looking from the shore, far into the country which rises with low hills at the back of the town, one could discern pretty villas, surrounded with odoriferous shrubbery, while graceful palm trees stood like sentinels at different points about. Wealthy people, cultivated and given to hospitality, lived in those abodes. Some are now living, but the times have changed, and a bloody desolation has swept over the land, and they live in another style from that in which they formerly indulged.

But for the greater portion of the male population sleep in soldiers' graves, or else wander about maimed and shattered in health. When I was at F—I was deeply interested in the history of a young lady whose melancholy fate was sincerely deplored by all who knew her.

Constance Woodham was the daughter of Judge Woodham, a very distinguished jurist of the South. Born with an ardent soul, and an imagination which the beauty of the country contributed still more to exalt, nothing around had power sufficient to captivate her heart. She was naturally disposed to meditation, and study became her favorite pursuit. Her mind was early adorned with those acquisitions which were calculated to heighten its native elevation.

So deep did her love of books become, that when her father (as he frequently did,) visited large cities, Constance would remain at home rather than accompany him; happy to pore over the volumes on the capacious book shelves. This habit finally produced a melancholy on her mind, that gave her father much anxiety; but as he honored her every whim, she was permitted to go on in her old way. Her wishes never seemed to wander beyond the beautiful house and grounds where she resided. This calm, however, was too apparent. Constance Woodham had too lively an imagination and too ardent a soul, to long retain that tranquillity which generally is, sooner or later, disturbed by the passions.

The first new sensation her heart experienced was in the person of Gulian Langford, a young gentleman who was traveling for amusement, having just completed his term at college. His father and Judge Woodham were old friends, and as Gulian bore a letter of introduction to the Judge, the latter insisted upon his remaining with him during his stay in F—. He had not been domiciled long with the Judge, ere he was taken ill with a fever which is sometimes prevalent in the country, and during his long convalescence, the merits of Constance made a deep impression on his mind. So enchanting did he find the society of this amiable girl, that he looked forward to his complete restoration to health with a sort of regret. The idea of quitting her presence made him unhappy. He had not as yet declared to her his passion, but he could not long postpone it. Constance, with woman's quick penetration, was not wholly ignorant of Gulian Langford's feelings, and the strange sensations which often filled her heart, caused her to acknowledge a feeling akin to that of the interesting invalid. Before he opened his heart to her, Gulian determined upon a plan which is not (and was not then) customary among lovers, that of first acquainting the parent with his passion, before admitting it to his lady. The Judge was a man who delighted in the dignified old-time way of doing business, and was flattered by Gulian's mode of proceeding. He gave his consent for him to address his daughter. Constance heard his tale and promised to wed him, and there were two happy hearts beneath the Woodham villa. In the intoxication of his love Gulian forgot everything but his beloved Constance, and when a letter from his father demanding his instant return home reached him, he was filled with grief. Mr. Langford's letter was

exceedingly brief and curt, and the absence of a word of remembrance for the Woodham family, filled Gulian with amazement, and caused him some painful emotions. He bid adieu to Constance, promising to write her constantly, and saying he would soon return to her side. Alas! he little knew the news that was soon to fall upon his ears.

Constance had a brother older than herself, who was absent at college. Gulian also had a brother in the same institution. Edmund Woodham was a hot-headed fellow, good-hearted in the main, but as he was addicted to fast living, his impulsive character made it unsafe for even friends to interfere with him at all times. Leonard Langford partook somewhat of the character of his sister. He was amiable, studious, and of an even temper. Between Langford and Woodham there never had been an angry word, and they were considered good friends, though never intimate. One evening the students were at a public house, when a difficulty occurred between Woodham and a classmate named Terry. The latter was of Northern birth, and Woodham, who was abusing the North, was clearly in the wrong in his attack upon Terry. Most of the students sided with Woodham, and those who did not agree with him held their peace on account of his violent temper, all save Leonard Langford, who rebuked Woodham for his treatment of one who was guiltless of offence. Instantly Woodham's wrath was transferred to Langford.

"Oh!" he sneered. "You are constituting yourself the champion of Yankees. By what authority, pray, do you meddle in my affairs?" "I claim no authority at all," replied Langford; "I simply say that Terry was not to blame, and you were, and seeing it, I expressed my conviction."

"Your conviction," I argued Woodham, in an insulting manner. What do you suppose I care about your convictions?" "Hold," cried Terry, approaching Langford, and laying his hand upon his arm. "This is my quarrel, Leonard, and I am able to take care of myself. I don't desire to involve my friends in my trouble."

Though Leonard Langford had a quiet disposition, he was not one who would submit to imposition. "Very true," he replied; "but Woodham has insulted me as well as yourself, and he owes me reparation as much as he does you."

"Take it, then," cried Woodham, at the same time slapping Langford in the face, and spitting in that of Terry's. "Leonard Langford was a powerfully built young man, so he promptly knocked Woodham down. A scene of confusion ensued, then all present adjourned to their rooms in the college for consultation, and the following day Langford challenged Woodham to a duel. These things were so common at that day, that they scarcely excited comment.

The combatants met, and Woodham fatally wounded Langford at the first fire. When Terry saw that his friend Leonard would be likely to die, he determined to challenge Woodham himself. 'Twas a sad mistake, for Woodham was the best shot in the college. They met upon the same ground, where the day previous Langford had been shot. "I shall kill that Yankee," said Woodham to his friends. He kept his word, and Terry was brought in a corpse.

Before a week had passed Langford died. Gulian had arrived home only in time to see his brother expire. When he knew that his brother had fallen by the hand of Edmund Woodham, his affliction was of the deepest character.— Woodham had departed for parts unknown as soon as he killed Terry, or else Gulian certainly would have shot him. When, however, he became tranquil, he wrote Constance, giving her an account of what had occurred. She was driven almost frantic by the news. The recollection of his expiring brother racked the soul of Gulian, and overwhelmed as he was by distress, the image of Constance was ever present to his thoughts.

The father of Gulian sternly refused to hear the name of Constance Woodham mentioned, and told his son that if he dared wed her, a curse would follow the act. "Can you forget your murdered brother," asked the older Langford. "There never was a coward among the Langfords, and, unless you make the first, there never will be."

Stung to the quick by his father's words, Gulian brooded gloomily, alternately making a vow to kill Edmund Woodham, and to love Constance to the end of his days. One promise Gulian made his father, and which he sacredly kept. He would not visit Constance without first informing him of the fact. In the meantime the letters between them grew more rare, though Constance abated none of her affection for her lover.

Nearly a year had passed since Leonard Langford's death, and Edmund Woodham was still absent from his home. It was almost the Christmas holidays when a man with cold, gray eyes, and hairs lightly streaked with gray, crawled under the shadow of the wooden building that answered for a post-office at F—. Presently a negro boy from Judge Woodham's came for his master's letters. The man watched the boy with eyes that glittered like a serpent's, and when he had departed, he followed him until he was beside some bushes that grew thickly by the roadside, when he whistled, and the negro looked back. Then the man beckoned, and the boy walked towards him.

"Be quiet, sah," cried the black, "Ise afear'd dy'll see me." "Hush!" replied the man, at the same time taking a letter from the negro's hand, and scanning it attentively. "Yes, this must be the clue," he said, speaking to himself. Then with a thin round stick, he adroitly opened the letter and read it, while a savage smile illumined his face the while.

"Humph?" he ejaculated, as he replaced it in the envelope, and took a small bottle from his pocket, which he shook briskly before applying the cork to reseal the letter. When it was completed he gave the negro a handful of silver, cautioning him to hold the letter in the sun as he went his way, that it might thoroughly dry. An hour after, the man was riding at a hard gallop out of the town.

Edmund Woodham was sitting in a public room in one of our seaboard cities, awaiting a remittance of money from his father, some weeks after the circumstance we have described. As he sat carelessly looking over the papers, the same person who had accosted the negro entered the hotel, and took a seat near Woodham. Only a close observer would have detected the expression that beamed from the eyes of the corner. In a careless way he addressed some commonplace remark to Woodham, and they were soon in conversation. After a while they took a drink, and in the evening they visited the theatre. That night Mark Terry learned from Woodham's own lips that he would leave for his home as soon as he received money from his father.

"You need not wait for that," said Terry; "I'll let you have as much as you wish. You can send it to me when you get home." Such generosity caused Woodham to invite Mr. Farley (so the stranger called himself) to visit him, and, to his surprise, the invitation was accepted. For a moment Woodham regretted his hasty invitation, but it was too late, so he contented himself by thinking that Mr. Farley might not, after all, accompany him home. But Mr. Farley put up the same hotel with Woodham, and never lost sight of him, and was ready in a few days afterwards to start away with him.

"By the way," said Farley, "we will pass through Norfolk. I would like you to try with me a couple of days, as I wish to transact some business in that city." Woodham assented, and when they reached Norfolk they halted. It was the day before they were to resume their journey, that Farley and Woodham rode out a short distance in the country, and dismounted to get a drink from a spring. They had tied their horses, and Woodham was stooping down in the act of taking a drink, when Farley struck him upon the head such a blow that he fell, and for some minutes was unconscious. When he recovered, he found himself bound hand and

foot, and a gag in his mouth. He made a motion for Farley to remove the gag, as he wished to speak. The latter shook his head. "It's no use," he said. "I know pretty much what you words be. You would first wish to know how I, professing friendship for you, could act thus. Then you want to know my motive, and what I intend doing with you. So, to save a waste of words, I'll tell you. I intend to leave you bound and gagged, that you may die. This is rather a lonely spot, and won't attract much attention, unless your voice is heard, which I'll take care won't happen.— Now you wish to know why I perpetrate this barbarity? Well, I tell you this also," and he brought his face close to Woodham's, and spat in it. "Did you ever spit in any unfortunate man's face?"

Woodham turned pale. The question brought the ghost of Terry up again. "My name is not Farley," continued the man. "That was my arranged to get you into my power. My name is Terry. I am the elder brother of the man you first insulted and then murdered." Woodham struggled to speak. "Oh! yes," replied Terry. "I know you wish to explain; but, unfortunately, I have neither time or inclination to listen. I thirsted for the revenge I have obtained. Farewell," and he turned on his heel, and left Woodham struggling on the earth in his bonds.

Weeks passed away ere the body of Edmund Woodham was discovered. It was identified only by letters found in the pockets of his clothing. By this means his father and sister learned his sad fate. Constance Woodham never would see Gulian Langford again, and made him promise that he never would seek her. She passed most of her time in solitude, and was never known to smile. Nothing appeared to afford her any interest, and she always went about clad in deep mourning. At the period I saw her she had just heard of Gulian Langford's death, and morning and evening she went and came from the little chapel, where she prayed for the repose of her lover's soul.

DON'T BE TOO SENSITIVE.— There are some people, yes, many people, always looking out for slights. They cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family without some offense is designed.— They are as touchy as hair-trigger. If they meet an acquaintance in the street who happens to be preoccupied with business, they attribute his abstraction to some mode personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fact of their irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see impertinence in every one they come in contact with. Innocent persons who never dreamed of giving offense are astonished to find some unfortunate word or momentary taciturnity mistaken for an insult. To say the least, the habit is unfortunate. It is far wiser to take a more charitable view of our fellow beings, and not suppose a slight intended unless the neglect is open and direct. After all, too, life takes its hues in a great degree, from the color of our mind. If we are frank and generous the world treats us kindly. If, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious to us. Let a person get the reputation of being touchy, and everybody is under this way the chances of an imaginary offense are vastly increased.

CAUGHT WITHOUT BAIT.— An eccentric divine has said that the Devil takes the hook for all classes of sinners except swimmers; when he would take the swimmer he just lets down the empty hook. If you will reflect a little you will be convinced of the truth of this statement. He offers a reward, such as it is, for lying, stealing, cheating, and all sorts of sinful indulgence, except swearing; for this he does not even promise any pay. This being true it is not only wicked to swear, but foolish and profitless. Don't swear my friend. No possible good can grow out of it but much evil, to yourself and to others. In an address to his soldiers, General Washington said, "no gentleman will swear," and higher authority has said "swear not at all," and again "I will not hold him guiltless that taketh my name in vain."

Be great in what you have been in thought.

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Miscellaneous.

QUEER STORY OF A RAT.

A LADY BECOMES AN INVOLUNTARY WET NURSE FOR A FASTIDIOUS RODENT—A CASE ALMOST SURPASSING BELIEF.

More than one authentic instance is recorded where rats have horribly mutilated corpses ere the rites of sepulture have been performed. They have been known to deprive more than one new-born baby of a finger or part of an ear. The healthy human snout has not been sacred from their attacks when the owner was cared for by Morpheus. They have riddled brick-and-mortar walls, pierced through lead water-pipes, and rendered night hideous by their fierce gnawing of floors. Hitherto they have confined themselves to the demoralization of the pantry when it was reasonably stocked—only foraging further when pressed by hunger. Now, however, they have developed a new line of business, and we have to chronicle the authentic particulars of a case where a member of the genus Mus actually converted a member of the genus Homo into a wet-nurse.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hanley are both New Yorkers. They have six children, the youngest being an infant. While nursing this boy her husband and the doctor observed that she was much emaciated and very weak.— Nourishing food was procured, and Dublin stout was liberally supplied. The Hanleys then occupied the second floor of a house on West Sixteenth street, and the father who is an engineer, was a good deal from home. One evening when he returned he was shocked when his wife informed him that she had awoke in the early morning, when everything in the room was quite visible, and found a rat at her breast nursing as quietly and naturally as a baby.

An involuntary shudder, she said, crept over her frame, whereupon the audacious animal ceased operations, looked calmly at her, and then leisurely trotted to the foot of the bed, turned, looked round again, and upon her sharply glaring her foot and ejaculating "pshe-w!" the brute jumped to the floor and entered the hole behind the stove, where was space for a grate. That night Mr. Hanley remained at home, and about the same time in the morning he beheld the creature repeating its operation. He could scarcely believe his eyes, and he gazed at it as if spell-bound. He dared not attempt to strike at the beast, lest it might inflict a dangerous wound with its long gleaming fangs. So he was compelled to watch and impotent to succor.— When the creature was gorged it quietly tottered down the bed over his feet, and when he stirred, darted into its hole. Next day he procured sheet iron and barricaded the beast. Then it commenced operations under the floor, and three days after, when he was again absent, the brute had succeeded in piercing a hole by which to emerge. The poor woman was almost dead with terror. She even became so enfeebled and superstitious by feeding the creature with the blood of her body, and dwelling on the horrible thought with her mind that she dared not tell her husband, and made light of it, and denied it when questioned. It was apparent, however, that she was becoming a skeleton, and therefore Mr. Hanley resolved to leave the house. Accordingly, a floor was procured on West Fortieth street, whither the family and furniture were removed. It will be deemed incredible, but it is, nevertheless, absolutely true, that the second night after they removed the same rat again made its appearance. The poor lady now believed herself under some demonic spell, and gave herself up to despair. Her husband, too, was almost at his wit's end. Two or three times he took a club to bed with him, resolving to smash the skull of the now bloated creature. But when he raised himself with this hostile intent, the creature would cease, still retaining its hold, and grin fiercely at him; and Mrs. Hanley would beg him to let the creature alone or worse might befall. Matters were getting serious. The woman had grown very weak, and her child had to be artificially nursed. The family again moved, this time taking extraordinary precaution lest the animal might migrate with them among the furniture or bedding. This time they removed to West Thirty-sixth street. But pre-

cautions and hope were alike futile. At last it became evident that either the rat must die or Mrs. Hanley certainly would. The husband took counsel with discreet friends, and advised his wife of his scheme. He took a horse pistol loaded with buck shot to bed with him, and resolutely lay awake till the brute appeared and gorged itself. When it was satisfied it walked quietly to the foot of the bed, and sat licking its mouth like a cat. The muzzle of the pistol had been pointed to this spot anticipating this invariable habit of the creature. The trigger was pulled. There was a heavy report, and a big rat was riddled to pieces and weltering in its gore.

This, we take it, is the most extraordinarily rat story ever published. As has been already stated the foregoing particulars may be absolutely relied upon.— Mr. and Mrs. Hanley are highly respectable people, and are still residing in this city, and scientific and other skeptics can be furnished with their address.

[From the N. Y. Mercury.]

ALAMANCA.

A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE REVOLUTION.

The first blood shed in a conflict between the Colonists and the King's troops was at battle of Alamance, in North Carolina, on the 16th of May, 1771. On the 24th of April of that year Governor Tryon marched from the town of Newberry with about three hundred men and a small train of artillery. On the 3d and 4th of May he was strengthened by detachments which met him on the way and by a troop of light horse, until the force under his command exceeded a thousand men. On the 15th of May he approached the camp of the Regulators at Alamance Creek, in the county of that name. The story of that battle is well worth repeating. When Tryon had reached the vicinity of Alamance Creek the Regulators sent a message to him demanding a redress of their grievances, and giving him four hours to reply.— They complained of exorbitant fees exacted by officers of the crown, and particularly on deeds and attestations of sales of landed property. Until those fees were reduced, the poll tax of two dollars abolished, and official embezzlement prevented and punished, they declared they would pay no taxes. They insisted on their right to enjoy the privileges and liberties of their ancestors under the constitution framed by them, and their determination to maintain it on its ancient foundation, so that it might stand firm and unshaken. He promised to send an answer by noon the following day. In the meanwhile he sent out two persons—Ashe and Walker—to find out the position occupied by the Regulators. They were captured by the latter, tied to trees, severely whipped, and held as prisoners. When the messenger, promised by Tryon, reached the camp of the Regulators, instead of making any concession to them, he demanded their submission, and gave them one hour to consider. Their answer was, "Go back to Billy Tryon, and say we defy him."

On the return of the messengers the army marched to within three hundred yards of the Regulators' camp, and there halted.— The Regulators advanced also, in order of battle, to a short reach of the road, where they halted waving their hats as a challenge to their opponents. Gov. Tryon now sent a magistrate and an officer with a proclamation commanding the insurgents to disperse within one hour, but they refused to listen to him, crying out, "Battle, battle!" On the return of the magistrate, the Governor, understanding that the Regulators proposed to put Ashe and Walker in front of their lines, sent a message that as he should keep the prisoners he had taken in a place of safety, he hoped the same care would be taken of those gentlemen. To this they returned no direct answer, but offered to surrender the two prisoners if the Governor would surrender those he had taken, seven in number. The proposition of so unequal an exchange, implying a concession on the part of the Governor, was at first rejected; but afterwards, at the solicitation of his men, who were apprehensive of the treatment these two persons might receive he agreed to the exchange. The enemy being tardy in their compliance, and the army complaining of the extreme heat of the sun and manifesting great impatience to ad-

vance, it was thought advisable to lead them on. They marched in profound silence till the lines of both parties met, almost breast to breast. The governor forbade his men to fire until he ordered them. The troops in the first rank were almost mixed with those of the vanguard of the enemy stationed a little before the main body, and who now began to retire upon it, shouting defiance and daring their opponents to advance. The army kept on till within twenty-five yards of them, and then halted. The Regulators continued to call on the governor to order his men to fire; several of them advancing toward the artillery, opening their breasts and defying them to begin. As Tryon still hesitated, they fell back slowly to a fine defensive position, leaving the governor and his troops open to their fire, whilst most of them were secure from his. Another parley ensued. An adjutant was sent forward to say that if they did not directly lay down their arms they should be fired on. That order the governor then gave, but it was not immediately obeyed; whereupon, rising in his stirrups and turning to his men; he called out, "Fire on them, or on me." The action now began, and almost instantly, became general.

The insurgents pursuing the Indian mode of fighting, did considerable injury to the King's troops, who would have been defeated, but for the excellent service done by the artillery, which the Regulators, being poorly armed, were unable to capture. Nevertheless, with the odds against them, they fought desperately for more than an hour, and did not take to flight until all their ammunition was expended. It is our duty to do honor to these men. Disdaining to live under a tyrannical government, many of those who survived the battle of Alamance crossed the mountains into Tennessee, opened new settlements there, and on the 4th of October, 1780, formed part of the gallant band that fought the memorable battle of King's Mountain.—Baltimore Gazette.

FUN AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the misty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your son, let him think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded only as a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought at other and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirit of your children. Half an hour of merriment round the lamp and freight of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright and domestic sanctum. A home with mirth and cheerfulness is one of the dearest of earth's possessions.

The following dispatch was sent to New York recently: "I lent you a year ago to-night four dollars and eighty-seven cents. If you have not had it long enough, keep it one year longer." We give the answer: "Had forgotten it, and hoped you had. Let her run another year."

HOW TO KEEP THE CHILDREN PURE.

"Will you not use your influence in trying to deter large boys from contaminating the minds of smaller boys? Things which should be told in a wholesome manner and as solemn truths are distorted into vile shapes, and permanent injury is done to children's minds. Would it not be better for the body to be poisoned than the mind, that parents might see the harm done, and thereby be enabled to use cures and antidotes? But I am sorry to say that I think the trouble lies deeper than with the big boys. I have been looking around, and am quite sure that it does. A jury might acquit them with the verdict, more sinned against than sinning. It is the men that I am coming at, for just so long as they meet in groceries, on street corners, and in shops, telling stories unfit for the ears of their mothers, sisters, wives and daughters, just so long big boys will listen and think it cunning to emulate the filthy example. Is it not a terrible thing to look into a young man's face and think of the impurities his mind must be loaded with, unless he has had strength to cast off the unclean thing and be a nobleman?"

No subject more vital in its bearing on the morals of the young could have place in this column, says the New York Tribune, in reply to the above letter. There are parents who recognize among the duties they owe to their children that of instructing them with respect to the origin of life. This is left shrouded in impenetrable mystery, and all manner of lies are told in reply to the questions which at a very early age children will ask. The mother leaves this matter for her daughter to be told about by any chance schoolmate, who with the few grains of truth she may communicate, is more than likely to sow tares that never can be weeded out. The innocent hearted boy learns from his own father or mother should have told him with perfect simplicity and ingenuousness, and learns a great deal that they would never had him know. Truth is sacred, truth is pure and never corrupts any one. It is the vile admixture of falsehood with it that contaminates. Every fact in human physiology can be so communicated to a pure mind that its delicacy shall not be in the least offended. The time to make these facts known is when the desire to inquire into them manifests itself, and the best teacher is the parent. As between husband and wife, so between parent and child there is no place for shame. Where virtue reigns shame cannot come.

A child thus taken into sacred intimacy with its parent will instinctively revolt from whatever is vulgar and base and obscene. At every period in the development of the young life the parent should be before everybody else in preparing and fortifying his son or daughter against the dangers which lie in his or her path. There is nothing that so strongly binds a child to virtue and honor and chastity, as perfect and unrestrained intimacy between it and the father and mother. We are careful about the sewerage of our houses, about ventilating them, and see to it with diligence that every nook and corner is kept neat and sweet. Let us carry the same thing into character and open all the doors and windows of the soul by total frankness and transparent simplicity, that the pure air and sunshine of heaven may have access to them and keep them pure.

One word more. If home is made so attractive that boys and men prefer it to the corner groceries, an ounce of prevention will be found better than many pounds of cure. No man's abilities are so remarkably shining as not to stand in need of a proper opportunity, a patron, and even the praises of a friend, to recommend them to the notice of the world.

Josh Billings says: "Whenever I find a real handsome woman engaged in wimmin's rights business, then I am going to take my heart under my arm and jine the procession."

Men are too prone to view their own errors and failings with indulgence, whilst they visit those of others with unsparing reprehension.

The only true method of action in this world is to be in it, but not of it.