

The Newberry Herald.

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

Vol. XI.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 29, 1875.

No. 39.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square—one inch—for first insertion, and 75c. for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent above.

Notices of meetings, obituaries and notices of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements.

Special notices in local column 15 cents per line.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in the file and charged accordingly.

Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

JOB PRINTING

Done with Neatness and Dispatch.

Terms Cash.

HOW TO BE ACCEPTABLE.

If we could only impress upon all mankind the fact that a sacred duty which devolves upon each individual is to keep himself or herself pure, sweet and acceptable to those about them at all times, we should feel that we had accomplished a work of priceless value. Of course we cannot do this, nor can we expect to influence any large proportion of the people in that direction of that cleanliness which so nearly approximates godliness. But we do stimulate a select few to greater care of themselves, to greater consideration for the tastes and feelings of others, and in this we have a sweet and lasting reward. Thousands of our young readers will, by and by, reflect that to our teachings they owe something of their good manners, not a little of their good morals and very much of their good habits, and they will, some way, thank us for our earnestness in their behalf. So we remember that when we preach temperance and cleanliness and a life of thoughtful purity, we are teaching our readers an all-important lesson, and one which cannot be too early learned.

There is a great deal of selfishness in the world, and this trait is manifested in nothing more than in personal habits. It ought, for example, to be a sufficient inducement to any man to abandon the use of tobacco, to know that the habit makes him offensive to all the world. To the right-minded man it surely would, for disguise it as you will, the habit of using tobacco by eating it, or burning it in a pipe or in a roll, or putting it in the nose, does make the person so employing it very dirty, very offensive in smell and very disagreeable. The offence does not cease for days after the poison is abandoned. Its odor is wonderfully noxious and wonderfully lasting. It is simply detestable. Those persons who contaminate themselves with this dangerous and unclean herb ought to be placed in a colony by themselves, without permission to approach cleanly human beings. By this means, and by confining marriages among tobacco users strictly to the members of the colony, the poisoned race would speedily die out, because strong and healthy offspring are not possible from such a union. Disease, imbecility and deformity of body and mind and conscience—these are the fruits garnered in the offspring of parents addicted to this selfish vice.

In thus teaching our friends how to be acceptable, we are inculcating a still higher moral—the moral of a pure life. For impurity in thought or act or word is always an offence, always objectionable. We demand of all the young as well as the old, that they preserve themselves pure, blameless and acceptable and free from the contaminations which beset humanity everywhere.

[Hall's Journal.]

A Pittsburg preacher has been requested to repeat his sermon and "say it slow." In one of his sentences he remarks:—"The marvelous multitudinousness of the minutiae of the corroborating circumstances are the insurmountable difficulties which unmistakably prevent the skeptic from discovering truth."

A little girl who sometimes reflects intently upon the phenomena of the great world around and above her, and looking up into the starry night one time she said she thought "God must have lots of company, there were so many lights in his front room."

To understand the world is wiser than to condemn it. To study the world is better than to shun it. To use the world is nobler than to abuse it. To make the world better, lovelier and happier is the noblest work of man or woman.

Danbury has the champion patient boy. He went to a neighbor's for a cup of sour milk. "I haven't anything but sweet milk," said the woman pettishly. "I'll wait till it sours," said the obliging youth, sinking into a chair.

BREAKFAST.

The hour for taking the first meal varies even among the people of the same nation. The farmer rises before the sun, and sits down to his breakfast at five o'clock with a good appetite. The professional man rises later in the day, and eight, it may be nine o'clock, finds him sipping his cup of coffee. The London nobleman is hardly prepared for it by midday, and the shadows of evening fall before the Parisian epicure has taken his first meal. Tobias Venner, of Shakespeare's time, recommended to persons of sedentary habits a couple of poached eggs, seasoned with sauce and a few corns of pepper, drinking thereafter a good draught of claret. Sir Isaac Walton breakfasted while fishing, off a piece of powdered beef and a radish or two. The Greeks ate but two meals, the first at midday, the second in the evening. The English in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries had four meals a day. In the sixteenth century my lord and lady sat down to a repast of two pieces of salted fish and half a dozen red herrings, or a dish of sprats and a quart of lager, and the same measure of wine. Pepys, of Charles II's reign, had at his company breakfasts a barrel of oysters, a dish of meats' tongues, a dish of anchovies, with ale and wine of all sorts.

Miss Sedgwick writes of an English breakfast party that the number of guests is never allowed to exceed twelve. There are coffee, tea, chocolate, toast, rolls, grated beef and eggs, broiled chicken, reindeers' tongues, sweetmeats, fruits and ices. When Mrs. C. H. Hall breakfasted with Miss Edgeworth, the table was headed with early roses upon which the dew was still moist. There was a little bouquet of her arranging by each plate—this from Marie Edgeworth, then between sixty and seventy years old. A breakfast in Scotland consists chiefly of cold grouse, salmon, cold beef, marmalade, jellies, five kinds of bread, oatmeal cakes, coffee, toast and tea. Southly alludes to the different preferences of various nations in regard to food when he describes a man of universal taste as one who would have eaten sausages for breakfast at Norwich, sweet butter in Cumberland, orange marmalade at Edinburgh, Findow haddocks at Aberdeen, and drank punch with beefsteak if the Frenchman had obliged him with an English dinner. He had eaten a squab pie in Devon, sheep's head with the hair on in Scotland, and potatoes roasted on the hearth in Ireland, frogs with the French, pickled herring with the Dutch, sour kront with the Germans, macaroni with the Italians, and turtle and venison with the Lord Mayor; and the turtle and venison he would have preferred to them all for his taste, though catholic, was discriminating.

They have a new wrinkle in Boston for making chickens out of old hens—that is, by breaking the breast bone about one and one-half inches from the point where a person feels for it. It looked as if it had been done with long priers by bending the bone up. It is very nicely done, and cannot be discovered until the chicken is dissected. This is no fish story, for I bought them myself; but I should call it foul play.

The Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Victoria's second son, and heir apparent to the throne of Saxo-Coburg, Gotha, in Central Germany, has sold the right of succession to that Duchy to the German Government for the consideration of an annuity of \$400,000.

Dr. T. D. Johnson, of Clarksville, Tenn., has been appointed a surgeon in the army of the Khedive of Egypt. The Khedive has a remarkable love for Americans and is drawing constantly on this country for legal and military talent.

Student—Well, Professor, I have just discovered what I was cut out for. Professor—Well, what is it? Student—For loafing. Professor—The man who did the cutting understood his business.

have to shell out? To give you some idea of our condition as to capital, I would refer you to two or three points in our State. In Charlotte, which is the biggest town of its size in the United States, we have five chartered banks, with a capital paid in of \$850,000. Their deposits will exceed \$1,500,000, on which they pay six per cent.—total, \$2,250,000. Raleigh has, I learn, over \$600,000 on deposit, and Wilmington some \$800,000, and their banking capital is about half their deposits—total bank capital in three towns, about \$1,550,000; deposits \$2,900,000. Now—seven-tenths of these deposits belong to our farmers—such men as you, down on middle men, and clamorous for more capital. What do they do with it? Will they lend to their neighbors who are in straits and haven't got well on their feet since the war, and secure it by a mortgage at 6, 8, or 10 per cent.? Not one in ten. You haven't confidence in your neighbor, though he mortgages his farm; but you put it in one of these banks on long call at 6 per cent, and your neighbors go to the bank and borrow it at 18 per cent, to raise the wind for the next crop. Or he goes to a commission merchant and buys his supplies, on a credit, at a cost of over 50 per cent. over cash prices, and mortgages his crop in advance to pay for them; and when that mortgage is foreclosed, your crop gone, no supplies on hand, and the same process to be gone over again the next year, you say, its want of more capital. O my brother, take no offense, I pray you, at the words of a friend, when I say it is a want of common sense and common charity toward each other. Make your own supplies, and you will not have to borrow so much money. If you have any to loan let your neighbor have it, unless you had rather see the banker speculate on your money than him. Nobody blames the banker or the commission merchant. If they can run a machine on your money, who should blame them for it? Not I, for one. Learn to use your capital wisely before you clamor for more. Pour your surplus cash on your farms, or into manufacturing, instead of the banks, and you will knock out a middle man every link.

TELEGRAPH OFFICE EXPERIENCE.—A correspondent writing from Palmyra, Mo., says: The other day a colored man walked into our office and requested us to send a message to a town about thirty miles from here. After much questioning we succeeded in getting the address, what he wished to say, and the signature. He said he wanted to "see it go."

"All right," we replied and calling up the office for which the message was destined, inside of two minutes we informed him that it had gone. "Gone?" he said.

"Yes."

He studied awhile, then said: "How long before it will get there?"

"Why, it's there now," we answered.

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"Maybe not," we said. "Was you raised in Missouri?" "Oh, no," we replied, "we are from New York."

"I reckon so," he said. "Why?" "Cause you're so smart; they don't raise folks like you in Missouri." And he picked up his carpet-sack and took his leave, doubtless fully convinced that we had been trying to humbug him.

Miscellaneous.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

The following extract from an address recently delivered in North Carolina, before a Council of Patrons of Husbandry, by ex-Gov. Z. B. Vance, is full of plain common sense and practical and useful suggestions upon the subject of capital and labor, to workers in any department of life:

Brain manure is our great want; education for young and old, especially in matters pertaining to agriculture. We don't so much need laborers as a proper utilization of that we have. Instead of croaking so much at the negroes, we should work a little more ourselves. At every depot and cross-roads in the State, you may see any day crowds of idlers standing around loose, whittling sticks and spitting at a mark, abusing the negro as a laborer, lamenting the scarcity of money, and hoping for that issue of \$44,000,000 of reserve lately discussed in Congress and cussed elsewhere. There is really no ground for despondency anywhere. Notwithstanding our great losses by war, substantially all that we had before is here. Our mother earth is here; and our tillers to it are undisturbed; the early and later rains still fall according to the promise, and the genial sunshine still warms and fructifies as of old, whilst the goodness of God still bestows the increase. The strength and courage of our people are still with them; and though, alas! many of our bravest and best are not here, yet all the glorious recollections of our history remain to cheer and bless us. And the negro, too, is here, as good or better than he was before, if we know how to work him. Don't despair of finding a way to do that. You say he won't work unless he is compelled—very well, neither will white men. But compulsion is of different sorts. Formerly you compelled him by virtue of being his master—now, compel him to work by force of his necessities. Show him that you can live without him, put your own hand to the plough and say to him, if you will help, well; if not, well again; enforce the laws against vagabondage, and he will gladly work when he can do no better. At present he thinks he can make a living by voting, but he will come out of that in due season. On the whole I am inclined to think he is the best laborer we are likely to get in the South; as he is the best tool we have with which to cultivate the soil, let us sharpen and improve him in every possible way. And for this great Anglo-Saxon people, whose blood has filled the earth with the most beneficent and utilitarian civilization it has ever witnessed, and strewed the shores of its oceans with mighty cities, reticulated its surface with steam roads, covered the wild seas with the white wings of commerce, and even invaded their unknown depths with the iron-shod pathways of the lightning, for these men to acknowledge that the wheels of their progress are stopped because the negroes won't work and keep contracts, is a sorry spectacle indeed! Shame to us if it be so!

And as to capital, the want of which makes us complain so loudly—are we really suffering for that? I say not. We are suffering from a want of capacity to use what we have, rather. What relief would a fresh issue of government currency do us, unless we had the equivalent to give for it? Suppose that \$44,000,000 were given to us, how long would we keep it, if our consumption annually exceeded our sales as far as it does now? Like water seeking its level it would soon find its way to those who had a surplus to give for it. What is the use of an idle fellow lounging around with his hands in his pockets, without a thing in the world to sell, but who buys his very axe handle and his cabbage from the north, abusing Eastern capitalists for grabbing all the currency? Let him raise a bale of cotton, and see if he don't rob that Yankee of some of his ill-gotten gains? Let him grow his own pork, flour, corn, and hay, and see if that bloated bondholder don't

have to shell out? To give you some idea of our condition as to capital, I would refer you to two or three points in our State. In Charlotte, which is the biggest town of its size in the United States, we have five chartered banks, with a capital paid in of \$850,000. Their deposits will exceed \$1,500,000, on which they pay six per cent.—total, \$2,250,000. Raleigh has, I learn, over \$600,000 on deposit, and Wilmington some \$800,000, and their banking capital is about half their deposits—total bank capital in three towns, about \$1,550,000; deposits \$2,900,000. Now—seven-tenths of these deposits belong to our farmers—such men as you, down on middle men, and clamorous for more capital. What do they do with it? Will they lend to their neighbors who are in straits and haven't got well on their feet since the war, and secure it by a mortgage at 6, 8, or 10 per cent.? Not one in ten. You haven't confidence in your neighbor, though he mortgages his farm; but you put it in one of these banks on long call at 6 per cent, and your neighbors go to the bank and borrow it at 18 per cent, to raise the wind for the next crop. Or he goes to a commission merchant and buys his supplies, on a credit, at a cost of over 50 per cent. over cash prices, and mortgages his crop in advance to pay for them; and when that mortgage is foreclosed, your crop gone, no supplies on hand, and the same process to be gone over again the next year, you say, its want of more capital. O my brother, take no offense, I pray you, at the words of a friend, when I say it is a want of common sense and common charity toward each other. Make your own supplies, and you will not have to borrow so much money. If you have any to loan let your neighbor have it, unless you had rather see the banker speculate on your money than him. Nobody blames the banker or the commission merchant. If they can run a machine on your money, who should blame them for it? Not I, for one. Learn to use your capital wisely before you clamor for more. Pour your surplus cash on your farms, or into manufacturing, instead of the banks, and you will knock out a middle man every link.

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Two old farmers were talking at the counter a few days ago. One remarked: "The telegraph is wonderful." "Yes," replied the other, "it's the most sublime improvement that I know of."

"How do you ever expect to become a duchess, my daughter?" "Why, by marrying a Dutchman, to be sure."

'Yes, and they have a large yard beside. I think we must hire one of them. I guess I'll engage one to-day; you know our year is out next week.'

'Please wait, Ezra, until to-morrow before engaging one.'

'For what reason?' 'I should like to examine it.'

'Very well, I suppose to-morrow will be sufficiently early.'

Soon after breakfast Mrs. Newton called on Squire Bent, the owner of the new block, and intimated her desire to be shown the corner house. The request he readily complied with; Mrs. Newton was quite delighted with all the arrangements, and expressed her satisfaction.

'Are all these houses for sale or to let?' she inquired.

'Either,' said the owner.

'The rent is, I understand, two hundred dollars.'

'Yes, I consider the corner house worth at least twenty-five dollars more than the rest.'

'And what do you charge for the house to a cash purchaser?' asked Mrs. Newton, with subdued eagerness.

'Four thousand dollars cash,' was the reply; 'and that is but a small advance on the cost.'

'Very well, I will buy it of you,' added Mrs. Newton, quietly.

'What did I understand you to say?' asked the Squire, scarcely believing his ears.

'I repeat that I will buy this house, at your price, and pay the money within a week.'

'Then the house is yours. But your husband said nothing of his intentions, and in fact I did not know—'

'That he had any money to invest, I suppose you would say. Neither does he know it, and I must ask you not to tell him for the present.'

The next morning Mrs. Newton invited her husband to take a walk, but without specifying the direction.

'They stood in front of the house in which he desired to live.'

'Wouldn't you like to go in?' she asked.

'Yes, it is a pity that we have not the key.'

'I have the key,' said his wife, and forthwith walked up the steps and proceeded to open the door.

'When did you get the key of Squire Bent?' asked her husband.

'Yesterday, when I bought the house,' said his wife quietly.

Mr. Newton gazed at his wife in profound astonishment.

'What on earth do you mean, Elizabeth?' he inquired.

'Just what I say. The house is mine and what is mine is thine. So the house is yours, Ezra.'

'Where in the name of goodness did you raise the money?' asked her husband, his amazement still as great as ever.

'I haven't been a managing wife for ten years for nothing,' said Mrs. Newton, smiling.

With some difficulty Mrs. Newton persuaded her husband that the price of the house was really the result of her savings. He felt when he surveyed the commodious arrangements of the new house, that he had reasons to be grateful for the prudence of his managing wife.

A FEW RULES FOR DAILY LIFE.—Do not express your opinion too freely and decidedly when it differs from those around you, for merely saying what "I think" when no good will be done.

Try to give up your will and way to others in trifles as in more important matters, except where principle is involved.

Do not complain of little discomforts, but bear them cheerfully.

Try to avoid making disagreeable remarks of any description and make no unpleasant comparisons.

Do not perform disagreeable duties with a martyr-like air but always cheerfully.

Do not indulge the idea that in a different position from the one in which God has placed you, you would lead a better, happier life.

The new style of pantaloons to be worn this fall will be large enough to tie back.

'Still we ought to be saving up something against a rainy day.'

'That would be like carrying an umbrella, when the sun shines.'

'Still it is well to have an umbrella in the house.'

'I can't controvert your logic, Elizabeth, but I'm afraid we won't be able to save anything this year. When I get my salary raised it will be time enough to think of that.'

'Let me make a proposition to you,' said Mrs. Newton. 'You say one-half of your income has been expended on articles of food. Are you willing to allow me that sum for the purpose?'

'You guarantee to pay all bills out of it?'

'Yes.'

'Then I will shift the responsibility on you with pleasure. But I can tell you before hand you won't be able to save much out of it.'

'Perhaps not. At any rate I will engage not to exceed it.'

'That's well. I shouldn't relish having any additional bills to pay. As I am paid every month, I will at each payment hand you half the money.'

The different characters of husband and wife may be judged from the conversation which has been recorded. Mr. Newton had but little prudence of foresight. He lived chiefly for the present, and seemed to fancy that whatever contingencies might arise in the future, he would somehow be provided for. Now trust in providence is a very proper feeling, but there is a good deal of truth in the adage that God will help those who help themselves.

Mrs. Newton, on the contrary, had been brought up in a family which was compelled to be economical, and although she was not disposed to deny herself comforts, yet she felt that it was desirable to procure them at a fair price.

The time at which this conversation took place was at the commencement of the second year of their married life.

The first step which Mrs. Newton took on accepting the charge of the household expenses, was to institute the practice of paying cash for all articles that came under her department. She accordingly called on the butcher and inquired:

'How often have you been in the habit of presenting your bills, Mr. Williams?'

'Once every six months,' he replied.

'And I suppose you sometimes have had bills?'

'Yes, one-third of my profits on an average, are swept off by them.'

'And you could afford I suppose to sell somewhat cheaper for ready money?'

'Yes, I would be glad if all my customers would give me a chance to do so.'

'I will set them an example then,' replied Mrs. Newton. 'Hereafter, whatever articles shall be purchased of you shall be paid for on the spot, and we shall expect you to sell as reasonable as you possibly can.'

This arrangement was also made with the others who, it is scarcely needful to say, were very glad to enter into the arrangement. Ready money is the great support of trade, and a cash customer is worth two who purchase on credit.

Fortunately, Mrs. Newton had a small supply of money by her which lasted till the first monthly installment from her husband became due. Thus she was enabled to carry out her cash plan from the beginning.

Another plan which occurred to her as likely to save expense, was to purchase articles in large quantities. She had soon saved enough from the money allowed her, to do this. For example instead of buying a few pounds of sugar at a time, she purchased a barrel, and so succeeded in saving a cent on a pound. This perhaps amounted to but a trifle in the course of a year but the same system carried out in regard to other articles, yielded a result which was by no means a trifle.

There were other ways in which a careful housekeeper is able to limit expense which Mrs. Newton did not overlook. With an object in view she was always on the lookout to prevent waste, and to get the full value of what she expended. The result was beyond her anti-

Poetry.

ALL KNOW THEE THERE.

G. D. Prentice said: "No living poem can surpass in beauty the following lines, from the muse of Amelia."

Palo star, that with thy soft, sad light, Comes out upon my bridal eve, I have a song to sing to-night, Before thou takest thy mournful leave, Since then so softly time has stir'd That months have almost seem'd like hours,

And I am like a little bird That slept too long among the flowers, And, waking, sits with waveless wing, Soft singing 'mid the shades of even; But, oh! with sadder heart I sing— I sing of one who dwells in Heaven.

The winds are soft the clouds are few, And tenderest thought my heart beguiles, As, floating up through mist and dew, The pale young moon comes out in smiles; And to the green resounding shore In silvery troops the ripples crowd, Till all the ocean, dimpled o'er, Lifts up its foam and laughs aloud; And star on star, all soft and calm, Float up on arches and in beams; And lost to earth and sense in balm, My spirit floats in ether, too.

Loved one! thought lost to human sight, I feel thy spirit lingering near; And softly—as I feel the light! That trembles through the atmosphere, As in some temples' holy shades, Though mute the hymn and hushed the prayer—

A solemn awe the soul pervades, Which tells that worship has been there; A breath of holiness, left alone, Where many a consecrated ground; Which shrines the wanderer like to one Who troads on consecrated ground.

I know thy soul, from worlds of bliss, Yet stoops awhile to dwell with me; Hath caught the prayer I breathed in this, That I at last might dwell with thee; I hear a murmur from the seas, That thrills me like thy spirit's sighs; I hear a voice on every breeze, That makes me mine its low replies—

A voice all low and sweet, like mine; It gives an answer to my prayer, And brings my soul from Heaven—a sign That I will know and meet thee there.

I'll know thee there by that sweet face, Round which a tender halo plays, Still touched with that expressive grace, That made thee lovely all thy days; By that sweet smile o'er it shed, A beauty like the light of even, Whose soft expression never died.

Even when its soul had fled to Heaven; I'll know thee there by the stary crown That glitters in thy raven hair, Oh! by these blessed signs alone, I'll know thee there, I'll know thee there!

For, ah! thine eyes, within whose sphere The sweetest youth and beauty met, That swam in love and softness here, "Kiss swims in love and softness here; For every hour we breathe apart, Through saddened by a thousand sighs, Were holier than the light that streams Down from the gates of Paradise—

Were bright and radiant like the morn, Yet soft and dewy as the eve; Too sad for eyes whose smiles are born; Too young for eyes to learn to grieve.

I wonder if this cold, sweet breeze Hath touched thy lips and fanned thy brow! For all my spirit hails and sees Recalls thee to my memory now; For every hour we breathe apart, Will but increase, if that can be, The love that fills this lonely heart, Already filled so full of thee; Yet many a tear these eyes must weep, And many a sigh must be forgiven, Ere these pale lids shall sink to sleep, And you and I shall meet in Heaven!

Selected Story.

THE MANAGING WIFE.

Ezra Newton had just finished looking over his yearly accounts.—'Well,' asked his wife, looking up, 'how do you come out?'

'I find,' said her husband, 'that my expenses during the past year have been thirty-seven cents over a thousand dollars.'

'And your income has been a thousand dollars?'

'Yes, I managed pretty well, didn't I?'

'Do you think it managing well to exceed your income?' said his wife.

'What's thirty-seven cents?' asked Mr. Newton, lightly.

'Not much to be sure, but still something. It seems to me we ought to have saved before falling behind.'

'But how can we save on this salary, Elizabeth?'

'Perhaps there is something in which we might retrench. Suppose you mention some of your items.'

'The most important are house rent one hundred and fifty dollars, and articles of food, five hundred dollars.'

'Just half.'

'Yes, and you'll admit that we can't retrench there, Elizabeth. I like to live well. I had enjoyed poor board before I married; now I mean to live as well as I can.'