At Newberry, S. C.

BY THOS. F. GRENEKER,

Editor and Proprietor.

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## Poetry.

NOWHERE TO GO.

Nowhere to go! These harrowing words Came from a maiden sad and lone; By howling winds as keen as swords Her fragile form and garb were blown. She paced the grim old streets and courts (With hunger pictured in her eyes,) Those spots were savage want resorts, And hope long baffled, sinks and dies.

The maiden ne'er had stained her name With any crime, but long she'd pined; She shanned the paths that lead to shame, While love lay perfect in her mind. This heedless city, proud and wast, Where life's great current crosswise go, Saw not this creature rudely cast Adrift and dying of her woe.

She heard the hum of restless crowds, While grief was written on her face; Her rags, like thin and tattered shrouds, Half hid and half revealed her grace. She yearned to catch some kindly eye, One face where pity might be seen; For earth seemed like a darkened sky That shows not where the sun has been.

She wandered long but died at last Of want and wee, yet no one cared; Her unclosed eyes were heavenward cast, And with a glassy luster stared! Cold on the payement stretched she lay, A marble pallor on each cheek; Yet on her lips there seemed to play A fond and faint desire to speak.

Nowhere to go! O God, how long Will these sad words strike on the ears? They're ever falling from the tongue And mingling with the bitterest tears. Where want without a crime may dwell-Where women burning miseries hide, And men their sorrows scorn to tell.

An age may come, God speed it on! When famished millions shall be less: And pity reach each friendless one With gifts designed to cheer and bless-An age to hush the tragic cries From hungering hosts in every land; Wherein the pining poor may rise-No more 'tween death and want to stand!

### Selected Story.

THE CUBAN'S PRIZE.

Toward the close of a hot, sultry day, a small, swift-sailing sloop-ofwar, close hauled, was moving with silent grace in the wake of a large schooner, at whose mast-head was borne the colors of the Spanish Republic. In the golden light of the setting sun the names of the two vessels were plainly visible. That of the sloop was the Emerald -that of the schooner, Del Solida.

That the Spaniard was fleeing from the Cuban-for such was the nationality of the sloop-was evident from her endeavors to increase her already remarkable speed.

Upon the deck of the Emerald clustered a score of dark-faced sailors, while apart from them, leaning thoughtfully against one of the three guns which the vessel bore, was a man upward of twenty-five years of age, clad in well-worn uni form, and possessed of a handsome, manly countenance, unmistakably of the Cuban type. His dark eyes scanned the gilded wavelets of the Caribbean and the graceful schooner alternately, the expression expectant, exultant. It was plain that the distance between the two vessels was rapidly lessening, despite the exertions of the crew of the Del So-

One of the sailors, a huge, honest-faced Cuban, past the middle age presently approached the Captain and touched him lightly upon the shoulder.

"Had I not better fetch the long gun to bare upon our foe pretty soon, Capitano?" the old sailor asked, as the young commander turned his face toward him.

"Not just yet, Diego," he answered, smiling at the impatience of the veteran gunner. "We are drawing nearer the beauty each moment and there is yet time enough for you to give her a lesson from your pet, with greater certainty of its being effective. Besides if we fire upon her now, she will doubtless return the shot, which will stand a chance of crippling us to as great an extent as herself. When we are sufficiently near to make the shot sure of doing good execution we will fire. For the present I am content to know that we are surely overtaking her, and that she must ultimately succumb to the superior fleetness of our Emerald.'

but abruptly returned to the side ald stood ready, with their weapons sloop sent a charge into the midst and receive obedience where capaciof the Captain, and said:

the schooner, but are we equally order. Before the latter could a leader they gave a favorable ret the flesh.

# FIRM. Dewier 1

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

Vol. XII.

### WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 15, 1876.

Capitano Despilfaro?" The face of Benito Despilfaro, the young Captain, flushed as he re-

"We have an equal number of men, and are you willing to acknowledge one Spaniard, in an unjust cause, to be equal to one Cuban, fighting for the liberty and honor of his country?"

Diego's eyes seemed to emit fire as he realized that he had doubted the prowess of his countrymen, and his deep voice rang with pariotism as he replied:

"Equal! why, I would face a doz- my command!" en of the cowards myself."

The young man smiled. His words had effected their purpose. Half an hour later the sun had

sunk from view, and the golden moon rose in his place. Then Benito Despilfaro gave his consent to the request of the impatient gunner. Diego sighted the ominous long gun, and presently sent it's thunderous roar over the waters. Anxiously the Cubans watched the course of the shot, which, true to the guidance of the old man's eye, crippled the bulwarks of the schooner and struck the mainmast at a point a few feet above the deck. For an instant it swayed to and fro. then with a crash it fell to the deck,

rigging, and in a few minutes the demolished mast fell, with a splash into the sea. The Cubans anxiously awaited the return shot which they knew would be forthcoming.

The schooner, deprived of so large a portion of her sail, now moved slowly, and each instant her foe drew nearer. There was no hope for escape by flight for the Del Solida now. Suddenly she luffed, and from her starboard side a double flash emanated, and the roar of the two guns reverberated over the water. The shots came dangerously near the mast of the sloop, one of them crashing through the bulwarks and humming within a yard of Benito.

"You can give her one more shot before we are near enough to board her, and aim to dismount one of her larboard guns ere she brings them to bear upon us!" was the command of Captain Despilfaro, uttered even as the shots from the enemy buried themselves in the sea astern of the ship.

As directed, Diego brought the rereloaded long gun to bear upon one of the larboard guns of the Spaniard, and once more the gunner's "pet" sent its shot upon its errand of destruction. A shout of admiration for the skill of Diego went up from the lips of the crew, for the gun towards which he had directed the shot was dismounted amid the flying splinters from the grazed

deck of the schooner. The cry of admiration turned to a murmur of amazement as the crippled vessel suddenly lowered sail and drifted idly upon the swell of the sea, seemingly awaiting the approach of her foe. For a minute the moon was obscured by a cloud, and the schooner became invisible save from her binnacle light.

When the moon again appeared the Del Solida rose and fell upon the pulsating sea within a cable's length of the Emerald, and the objects upon her deck were plainly visible to the crew of the latter. Standing close to the bulwarks nearest the sloop, was the Captain of the Spaniard, dressed in the uniform of the Spanish navy, and holding by the hand a beautiful girl, apparently twenty years of age. The features of the latter were almost deathly white,

tain of the schooner cried in a gruff, to surrender. menacing tone:

part will insure her instant death! pecially, "The Cuban's Prize." Permit me to depart in peace, and a hair of her head shall not be harmed! There is too much treasure aboard of my craft to hazard an encounter with you. Doubtless you recognize the necessity of obedience to

Before Benito could reply, Diego, his bronze face pale and anxious, stepped to his side and exclaim-

"For God's sake do not exasperate him, Capitano! That girl is my daughter, Josepha, and he will surely execute his threat!"

The girl's eyes sought the face of the speaker, and with a cry of agony she swooned in the arms of her

Despilfaro gazed into the face of his faithful gunner a moment in hes itation. Suddenly an idea seemed to occur to him, and he gave the order to let go the schooner.

"You have the advantage this time, senor!" he said in answer to entangled in a maze of canvas and the Spaniard. "But you may yet be taken at a disadvantage and forting truth, nor more nervo In the dim moonlight men could have to succumb. I do not wonder plainly be seen cutting away the that you dare not permit your crew to encounter mine, if they are all as cowardly as yourself!"

The Spaniard was compelled to swallow the taunt of his foe, though he ground his teeth in

apart, and the moon was once more obscured by a cloud. Despilfaro had been watching the cloud, in question, and, when it had cast its shadow upon the sea, he gave the command in a low tone to lower a boat. The command being obeyed with alacrity he entered the boat together with Diego and three of his crew. Scarce a sound disturbed the-silence of the night, save the operations of the crew of the Del Solida, as they got under way. The boat was rowed silently toward the | And in the law doth he meditate schooner, and, ere the moon again Day and night. appeared, was close under the stern of the latter, grappled fast. In the meantime the sloop stood a few points to the south of the course of her foe, but kept carefully within

range of her guns. Despilfaro listened intently to the sounds upon the deck of the schoon er, and evidently satisfied with their import, waited for the moon to become hidden, watching the scudding, squally clouds impatiently. Presently the coveted moment came, and with cat-like stealth he climbed upon the deck of the schooner. having first made sure that his maneuvers were unobserved. He glanced hastily about him and took in every object at a glance. The crew were all forward, while only the captain and his fair captive were aft. The former was engaged in resuscitating Josefa, and, in the | I will give thanks to thee forever. dim light, was barely visible to our hero. Benito walked boldy to the Sing unto the Lord all the earth. captain and touched him upon the shoulder. He turned and with a silent, adroit movement, the Cuban caught him by the throat and with his clenched fist, struck him a terrible blow upon the temple render-

ing him absolutely insensible. He laid his foe lightly upon the Be thankful unto him, and bless his name. deck, and seizing the girl, ran noise- Praise ve the Lord. lessly to the side of the vessel, and Praise God in his sanctuary: sprang into the sea uttering a shrill

whistle at the same instant. The sloop, whose crew heard the signal, quickly came about, and bore down directly upon the schoonwhile her eyes were turned with er, while the sloop's barge came an appealing expression toward the quickly to the rescue of our hero, Captain of the sloop. In one hand and his charge was unceremoniously the Spaniard held a revolver, which hauled aboard by his friends. The he pressed to the temple of the barge no longer striving to move maiden. Fearing to run afoul of the unheard was rowed rapidly toward schooner, Despilfaro brought the the sloop, and in a minute more sloop's head about, the Spaniard was hoisted to its davits aboard having drifted partially to the star- the latter. Cries of chagrine and board of the former and gave the dismay came from the Del Solida order to grapple the latter as they as the moon appeared and revealed ran along side. The order was the aspect of affairs. To add to Diego bowed and turned away, obeyed and the crew of the Emer- their demoralization, the gun of the and thanksgiving could only urge in their hands to board the Del Sol- of the Spaniards. Their Captain ties for happiness exist far above the

The schooner was found to con-"Don't you let a man of yours step tain munitions of war and a large aboard my craft, unless you wish amount of Spanish gold. She was me to blow out the brains of this a valuable capture, but, as Josefa girl! She is a Cuban, and is the Diego ultimately repaid her rescudaughter of one of your crew! A er Benito Despilfaro, by becoming single hostile demonstration on your his bride, she was, I think, more es-

#### Miscellaneous.

[From the Lutheran Visitor.] WORLDLY PLEASURE.

NUMBER VI.

MUST CHRISTIANS HAVE NO PLEASURE?

But is the confessor and follower of Christ to have no pleasure in this world? Must he be an ascetic? Was religion designed to shut out the beauties of creation from his contemplation, and debar him from fellowship with his kind? No. From the commandment, "That he who loveth God, love his neighbor also," results, in this world of beauty, the communion of Saints, in which we of the Lutheran Church, every Sabbath so devoutly confess our belief. It is a solemn confession, and implies that we also believe in the existence of a communion of worldlings. There never was a more com poetry than what is contained in the couplet:

> Religion never was designed To make our pleasures less.

Would you know what are these pleasures, the pleasures of the communion [society] of Saints? Let us again turn over the leaves of the The two vessels drifted slowly Bible, and for want of space confine ourselves to the book of Psalms. Could such a bouquet be culled from thelyrics, composed in praise of those pleasures so charming to sensethose delights that spring from the communion | society | of worldlings | -as this which we gather from the song-book of God's ancient and fa-

vorite people? Blessed is the man that walketh not In the council of the ungodly, Nor standeth in the way of sinners, Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord: Planted by the rivers of water, That oringeth forth his fruit in his seasso His leaf also shall not wither;

And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. Many there be which say of my soul, There is no help for him in God. But thou O Lord, art a shield for me; My glory, and the lifter up of my head. I will be glad and rejoice in thee: I will sing praise to thy name, O thou most High. I will love thee

O Lord, my strength. The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me All the days of my life: and I willdwell In the house of the Lord forever.

Sing unto the Lord O ye saints of his, And give thanks at the remembrance Of his holiness. Lord, by thy favor Thou hast turned for me my mourning Into dancing: thou hast put off my sack-cloth And girded me with gladness; to the end That my glory may sing praise to thee, And not be silent. O Lord my God,

O sing unto the Lord a new song: O worship the Lord In the beauty of holiness

The Lord reigneth let the earth rejoice; Let the multitude of isles be glad thereof. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness: Come before him with singing. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving And into his courts with praise:

In the firmament of his power. Praise him For his mighty acts: Praise him According to his excellent greatness. Praise him

With the psaltery and harp. Praise him Praise him With stringed instruments and organs. Praise him Upon the loud cymbals:

Praise him Upon the high sounding cymbals. Let everything that hath breath Praise the Lord. PRAISE YE THE LORD.

Surely such injunctions to praise

certain of conquering her crew, give that order, however, the Cap- ply to the summons from Despilfaro | STORY OF A BOSTON MER- patient continued on in the even ten-CHANT.

or of his way, being carefully at

ered. The brother went on with

the trial balance, and in a few

enway walked into his office on Lew-

is wharf, and resumed his place as

if he had been absent only a few

weeks. He reviewed the business

transactions of his house during the

satisfied with the result, as vell he

might, for his business had grown

to such proportions as to make him

Henenway went to England to se

cure improved machinery for the

was absent on this affair just 23

sold his whole crop of sugar to a

and made a good transaction. He

then went to Valparaiso, and thence

to London, where his transactions

are very heavy. He is once again

have become more urbane and gen-

tle in manner as well as charitable

-a case in point being cited where,

a contribution to the amount of

\$1,000. As Mr. Hemenway is a hale.

A LAWYER OUTWITTED.

A similar case to that of the Pres-

ovterian clergyman commemorated

in the Editor's Drawer of the Janu-

ary Harper's occurred in a Massa-

chussetts town of high repute quite

a number of years ago. The town,

Boston Herald.

production of his copper ores.

days, and then started for Cuba

look after his sugar estate.

Soon after resuming business Mr.

HIRTEEN YEARS' BLANK EXISTENCE-REMARKABLE CAREER.

Few of the many men who have risen from small beginnings to affluence by their own tact and energy, combined with fortuitious circumstances, can show a more peculiar life history than Augustus Hemenway, who up to about 15 years ago was a merchant of Boston and a most successful business man, but who shortly after, suddenly disappeared from sight, to return once more to familiar haunts some 18

months ago. About 50 years ago, when a mere days afterwards Augustus Hemlad, Mr. Hemenway was in a dry goods store in Charlestown, where his aptitude and smartness attracted the notice of the late Benjamin Bangs, who was at the time engaged in an extensive trade with South | 13 years of his absence, and was America. He took the boy into his employ, placing him in his counting house on Central wharf, in this city, where he continued till he grew to one of the richest men in America. manhood. Young Hemenway was sent to Valparaiso on Mr. Bang's business, where he acquired a thorough knowledge of the same. It is said that about this time Mr. Hemenway aspired to an alliance with his employer by marrying his daughter, but that his hopes were not favored, and the result was that he "struck out" for himself and established a business on his own account in Valparaiso. His business was similar to that in which his employer was engaged and consisted of purchasing all kinds of South American products, such as hides, wool, copper, etc., sending them on to the United greatly changed in disposition—to States and bringing back an assortment of American manufactures. The business, from its very nature, must have been a profitable one, and on hospital Sunday, he handed in under his shrewd and careful management in a very few years became

so extensive and yielded such large hearty man, and apparently recov profits that he decided to come back | ered his faculties, he bids fair to to Boston—and he arrived here a live long and carry out many of his richer man than his former employ- gigantic mercantile operations. er. He sent his brother to South America, to manage the business there, while he remained in Boston and enlarged his operations until their magnitude became almost colossal. He had ships built for him and did his own carrying business. He owned copper mines of large extent in South America, and sugar plantations in Cuba, and it seemed as if every enterprise he engaged in turned out well. He managed his own business, and what was

now a city, maintained a high school according to law. A teacher was employed at a certain salary, by the year. After a while almost peculiar with him it is said his services were not found satisthat during his whole I samess cafactory to the school committee, and reer he never gave a promissory their chairman, a smooth-spoken member of the legal profession, was About 15 years ago Mr. Hemendeputed to perform the ungracious way began to develop all of a sudtask of informing the master of the den a species of mania. He had state of the case. After the settleevidently overworked his brain and ment of the preliminaries, the point nervous system, and felt he was becoming unable to meet his obthe masters resignation was diploligations, which was, of course matically and politely suggested. all the fiction of the imagination. The incumbent if not qualified to One of his friends on State street, teach such a school, was a shrewd to whom this condition became Yankee. He expressed his willingmanifest, told him frankly what he ness to leave so readily that the feared, and Mr. Hemenway seems committee-man became uncommonto have had sense enough to see the ly gracious at the success of his misforce of the apprehension. He acsion. "But," said the worthy pedacordingly prepared for the worst, gogue, "if my services are not satand to place his affairs in a proper isfactory here they may be in some position, sent for his lawyer and had other place; and as I must get my him draw up a power of attorney living, I presume you will give me confiding the management of his recommendation?" business to Francis Bacon and Mr. "Certainly," replied the committee Tileston, his father-in law, of the firm of Spafford & Tileston. Hav ing done this he retired to Litch-

field, Conn., where he placed

receiving such attention as those

suffering from a mind disease should

receive from a skillful and patient

attendant. He passed his time in

quiet, having some amusement to

to occepy his time, and occasional-

ly glanced at the daily papers, though

matters pertaining to business

were never allowed to trouble him.

political and monetary systems of

man, thinking only of relieving his own town of an inefficient instructor and accordingly drew up the paper on the spot. himself in the charge of an able The master read it, and found it and experienced physician, with highly satisfactory. "And now, with whom he remained for 13 years,

said he glancing keenly at his em ployer, "upon this recommendation I am so well fitted to teach, I will thank you to pay me the rest of my salary for the unexpired half The lawyer was caught, and the

money was paid.—Editors Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for March. One of the happiest and most in

He appeared to be hopelessly insane, dependent of all human occupations and the fear was that his disease would develop a softenig of the is that of an intelligent farmer brain. During his term of con- whose land is paid for, and who finement the civil war broke out, keeps out of debt. was fought to an issue, and the whole

strains or radical changes. The ety last week.

ABIGAIL ADAMS.

There was one woman a hundred tended to, when, about 18 months years ago who is perhaps the most ago, more suddenly, if anything, famous woman of the Revolution, than the attack came on, a change admirable in every capacity of wo took place, and Mr. Hemenway, much to the delight and surprise of man's peculiar sphere, and equally fitted for the common sphere his friends, was suddenly restored men and women in human society. to reason. He telegraphed on to This was Abigail Adams, the wife his brother Charles in Boston, of one President and the mother of "Bring on your trial balance-Auanother. She at least was reasongustus Hemenway." This was the able and logical, whoever is not. first intimation that his friends had Writing to her husband, who was of the change, and was such a surin his seat in the Continental Conprise that the physician in charge of Mr. H. was telegraphed to, and gress, on the 31st of March, 1776, returned answer that he had recov-

this al American matron says "I long to hear that you have declared an independency. And, by the way, in the new code of laws which I suppose it will be necessary for you to make, I desire you would remember the ladies and be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors. Do not put such unlimited power into the hands

of the husbands. Remember, all men would be tyrants if they could. If particular care and attention is not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any laws in which we have no voice or representation. That your sex are naturally tyrannical is a truth so thoroughly established as to admit of no dispute; but such of you as wish to be happy, willingly give London house on a strong market, up the harsh title of master for the more tender and endearing one of friend. Why, then, not put it out of the power of the vicious and the lawless to use us with cruelty and indignity with impunity?"

in Boston in familiar haunts, and is said by those who knew him intimately before his sickness to have

are very generous to the ladies for while you are proclaiming peace and good-will to men emancipating all nations, you insist upon retain-

ing an absolute power over wives."

and feminine dependence does not women show that they feel the de-

A MISUNDERSTANDING.-A meek looking colporteur espying him, wended his way towards him, saying: "Here's a brand I will snatch from the burning. Here's a fellow-being from whose wheat I will remove the tares"-feeling in his pocket for a tract. "My friend," said he to the countryman, "I have something here I wish to call your attention to." In an instant the bucolic eves shot a flame that boded excitement of an unusual character. "You have, eh," interrogated their owner. knocking-in ring parlance-the two eyes of the meek stranger into one with a powerful blow.-"You've got a freight bill for me to pay have you? Pou know my folks. too, don't you ?" he continued showering blows on the unresisting man, "You've slept with my uncle Bill. pulled candy with my aunt Bess. and got vaccinated with my grandmother, haven't you? No old hoss, said he giving the man of tracts a weary left-hander under the belt, "I The deaf mutes of Troy and the don't pay my own freight bills, and "We are certain of overtaking ida when our hero should give the was unfit to lead them, and, without apprehension and apprexiation of the country underwent several vicinity, organized a debating soci- I ain't going to pay any for a fellow

No. 11.

Sun thus sketches a recent scene in the police court.

Again in the following May, she

"I can not say that I think you

affect the deep and sweet seriousness of passages that show how penetrating was the glance of this admirabe woman. Indeed she but expresses the instinctive feeling of most of the noblest minds and hearts of her sex. But Mrs. Abigail Adams would have pleaded in vain before a committee of the Congress in which her husband sat The smiling and affable chairman would have heard her courteously, and would then have replied "Dear and respected madame, when privation of the ballot to be a grievance, this Congress will take the subject into serious consideration. You must excuse us if we cannot regard your individual views and wishinclined to believe that most of them would consider the ballot to be an oppressive burden imposed upon them, not a desirable privilege. was reached and the propriety of Home not Congress, is the sphere of women, dear madame—at least that is our opinion, and that seems to have been the universal opinion and practice of mankind. You and your fellow-petitioners, dear Mrs. Adams, have leave to withdraw."-EDITOR'S Easy Chair, in Harper's Magazine

Terms Cash.

A BOY'S PLEA IN COURT.

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JOB PRINTING

Done with Neatness and Dispatch

Love and innocence plead without knowing it, and their presence can soften even the indignation felt against guilt. It is touching, always to find them in a drunkard's home, and perhaps their influence there is not entirely wasted, though they seem to be. The New York

Fourth ward rum exuded from every pore in John Mead's body when he appeared at the bar of the special session to answer for beating his wife. John's face was bloated. and his naturally kind eyes were flecked with blood spots.

His wife, Minnie Mead, bore many marks of privation. Her features could not be seen through the thick veil which she wore. She led a little four year old boy to the stand with reluctance. Judge Bixby asked her kindly whether she wished to prosecute her husband. Before she could reply her little boy rather proud to stand so high and look over so many people, glanced around until his eve fell upon the prisoner.

"O, there's papa John," he cried, in joyous tones, that were audible all over the court room. "Mamma, tell him to come up here. Why don't you come, papa John?"

The prisoner scowled and looked down, and the mother, in wiping away her tears, raised the veil, and the judge caught sight of her eyes. badly bruised and disfigured.

"Did that man do that?" he denanded, with some severity. "He did," was the tearful reply. "But I'd rather you would let him go judge. He don't always know

what he's doing. He's kind when "Papa John, come up here at once," the child's voice rang out again, as if the child had been vermitted to command. The judge evi-The tone of affectionate gayety dently thought there must be a kind streak somewhere under the forbid ding exterior of the prisoner, else the

> child had not been so familiar. "If I grant you your wife's request and let you go, will you promise not to come here again?" he de-

> manded sternly. "Never again, judge," said the

> As he left the bar, a free man, his little boy ran down the steps of the witness stand, crying: "Papa, papa, don't go so fast we are coming!"

HE BORROWED NO TROUBLE.—He was an elderly man says the Louisville Courier-Journal, but his well preserved countenance expanded in a genial smile that made him look ten yers younger, as he said: "I never allow myself to borrow es as those of your sex. We are trouble. Some are trying to effect that loan, but I am not of their sort." And again he smiled, diffusing light and cheerfulness over the group with whom he conversed. Some five hundred miles away, the poor overworked sister of the happy man was boarding, and striving to bring under control his six worthless and troublesome children, and at the same time seeking to teach her own ill-clad, ill-fed and numerous progeny to walk in the way of righteousness. This was why the ellerly man with the genial smile spoke so cheerfully, and when his good sister's health finally departed from her, and she lay down and died, he still borrowed no trouble.

A Kentuckey journal, in contemplating what 1876 will bring forth. breaks out alliteratively, and remarks that "we have entered upon a year of patriotic processions, parades, pomp, puff and powder," which shows that the editor is a prodigiously penetrating and perspicacious

She asked him if her new dress wasn't as sweet as a Spring rose, and the brute said it was even to the minor attraction of still having a little due on it.

The fascination of salaried positions is but too often the fascination of a serpent, which beguiles but to

When the spider left the ark, did he walk or take a fly?

To live well is a glory; to die well is a bliss.