

An old man who had for years done much for the cause of temperance, was found lying by in the State of intoxication. He was drawn up before a committee of the society and asked to show cause why he should not be expelled.

"I acknowledge that I was drunk, brethren, and I've got a mighty good reason for it."

"Family trouble?" asked the chairman of the committee.

"No, sir, I've got no trouble. It was pride."

"Pride!" exclaimed the chairman.

"Yes, pride. As I went along to town I met a drunken fellow, and I began to think well of myself because I had never been drunk. Pretty soon I began to feel proud of it. A little further on I met an ordinary looking fellow and would not speak to him. My neck got so stiff with my pride that I wouldn't even nod to people, I reflected that my pride was wicked, and I tried and tried but could not throw it off. I tried to pray, but was a little too proud to pray with fervor. 'This won't do,' I mused. 'I am getting to be a regular Pharisee.' After walking round awhile I met an old negro and asked:

"Uncle, can you tell me how to throw off my pride?"

"Dat I ken, sah; dat I ken."

"Well, I wish you would, for to continue in this proud way will be dangerous to my soul."

"'Wall, dar's one thing dat neber fails ter knock down a man's pride, boss, an' dat is whisky. Get drunk an' when yer gets sober yer'll feel mighty 'miliated'."

"I acted on this suggestion, an' got as drunk as a—well, as an owl, though I never saw an owl drunk. When I got sober I was the most humiliated man in the world."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

CAN YOU TELL ME?—What is the difference between the head boy of his class and three and nine-tenths? One is foremost and the other is 'most four.

What do men never wish to be in and yet labor hard to possess? Bonds.

What may be called the drunkards' age? Wreck age.

What pit is of great use in the world? The pulpit.

Why is a newspaper editor like a bakery? Because the editor makes puns, and the printer often makes jumbles and p's.

Why is a farmer's green hand like Plato? He is no mower (more).

What two letters will make us food? M and H will make us mool.

At Brooklyn, N. Y., in December, Mr. Rossa said: "In three years we expect to have Irishmen so disciplined that they will be able to create such a panic in England that she will gladly release her hold on Ireland. You break no law of America in supporting the dynamite war. The law does say that you must not make war on England when in the United States, but it is silent about your putting out your dollars for men who will strike England with dynamite." When will the end be? England has found Ireland a most restless province, when by a little moderation and wholesome laws the Irish would be her most loyal subjects.

Said the Prince, on being introduced to Mary Anderson: "I understand your exposition at Louisville is a big thing." "You just ought to see it," said Mary. "I'm just burning to see how those chickens are hatched without any mamma," said the Prince. "Yes, but you'd be scared when you saw the man hold up the little alligator by the tail," said Mary. "You forget how I hunted the tiger in India," said the Prince. "But an alligator is a good deal awfuller than a tiger," said Mary. Here Dr. Griffin, seeing that a dispute might arise involving the peace of two friendly nations, adroitly put in and directed the talk into another channel.

"OUR FIRST DAUGHTER."—It is told of the wife of Buchanan's first postmaster, general, Mr. Brown, that she had been married before, and so had her husband, and each had a daughter by the first marriage. Then they had another daughter. Mrs. Brown, used to present the daughters at her receptions in this way: "This is Miss Brown, Mr. Brown's daughter by his first wife; this is Miss Sanders, my daughter by my first husband, and this is Miss Brown, our joint daughter!"

It is stated in Washington that it is probable that an investigation will soon be made of nineteen United States officials in South Carolina for alleged official misconduct.—*Ex.*

Yes, investigate until every one is 'vestigated out of the State. We have been over ridden abused and cheated by these radicals till patience is about exhausted.

HOW TO CARVE AT TABLE.

First as to tools, let the knife be of the keenest and the fork of the sharpest, and keep them in excellent condition at all times, otherwise the most competent carver cannot avoid mangling fish, flesh and fowl. Before setting the carver to work it may be well to advise as to what may be called carver's etiquette. When carving, do not stand up, or sit with arms akimbo or bow the back. All the necessary strength can be brought to bear while seated by inclining the body sufficiently forward. During all of the pauses in carving the knife and fork should be placed on the knife-rest, and never thrust under what is being carved. Nor should the knife and fork be held in one hand while adding the gravy with the spoon in the other. Do not tilt the dish while serving the gravy, or the tablecloth may be soiled or the roast capsized. Should there be no gravy-well, a tiny crust of bread may be placed under one end of the knife to cant it a little. Serve horse-radish with the fork. Up to the moment of using the gravy spoon should be in a vessel of hot water placed at the right hand of the dish. Hot plates are essential to the perfect condition of roast meat; even a second hot plate for a second helping. It is scarcely necessary to caution the carver not to forget to ask what the preference is before carving.

When carving fish, if salmon, avoid breaking the flakes by dividing crosswise; carry the knife down to the bone lengthwise of the fish, and remove a slice of either the thick or thin part, as preferred. Mackerel are split at the tail, and the upper half raised from the bone at that part; the bone is removed and the lower half served either entire or divided in sections. This applies to most other small fish.

In carving a turkey or chicken, roasted or boiled, place it with the neck toward you; take off the leg at the first joint and then the thigh, or take off the whole leg and then joint it. Remove the wing close to the joint, leaving the breast intact. Then commence from the wing joint, cutting straight into the bone and somewhat diagonally up to the front of the breastbone. Remove the side bones by placing the fork firmly into the breastbone and cutting with the knife from the tail end.

With a goose or duck, after the joints are removed, as already described, draw the knife straight across the breastbone the entire length of the meat and directly to the bone, serving outwardly and with parts of the meat from the thigh.

AUCTION SCENES IN BREMEN.

Although the free Hanseatic City of Bremen has gradually done away with many of her traditional prerogatives, yet she clings to some of them to this day. The Senators no longer wear Spanish wigs or cloaks, but the so-called Council messengers still appear on solemn occasions in flaming red coats, knee-breeches, white stockings and side-swords. The gates are no longer closed at night, nor are the bells rung on the outbreak of a fire; but the "Rathskeller" is punctually closed at 10 p.m., and nobody is allowed to enter the sacred precincts after that hour. With remarkable tenacity, however, the good Bremeners adhere to the ancient custom of the so-called "burning candle," by the light of which all pre-emptory sales of real estate take place to this day, as may be seen every Friday in a hall over the old exchange. At one end of a long table is seated a judge and scribe, at the other stands the city crier, and by his side a Council messenger, in flaming red dress, holding a stable lantern. In his hand he has a box filled with ends of small candles that can burn but a few minutes, and of which he has to light one after the other until no other bid is made before the candle goes out, in which case the last and of course highest bidder becomes the owner of the estate. As late as the beginning of this century every person who overbid another while the candle was still burning, thereby putting up the price, received a gratification of a so-called "fine third," equal to about two-thirds. Frequently some porters errand men would come in and bid in order to turn an honest penny by going for the "fine third," although they ran the risk of some weeks' imprisonment if by chance the candle went out and they thus remained the last bidders without being able to pay for the property knocked down to them on account. It is a comical sight to enter the hall just at the moment when one bidder has silenced a competitor. All eyes turn to the bit of candle in the lantern, which grows smaller and smaller; hardly a breath is drawn; the company looks as if they were petrified. Suddenly there comes another bid, another candle is lighted, and the comedy is repeated, until finally the extinction of a candle has fastened the sale upon the last bidder. This custom of the "burning candle" may be justly termed one of the traditional peculiarities of Bremen, there being but few, if any, other German cities or towns in which this ancient custom still obtains.

THE PLUMBER WAS CALLED.

"You see," said the bad boy, "we have been troubled with rats at our house, and we tried poison, but they got fat on it. We tried cats and the rats drove the cats away. So pa went down and got some steel traps and set them around on the floor of the basement. The floor is cement, and just as smooth as can be, and me and my chum go down there and skate with our roller skates. This morning pa came down and wanted to put on my skates. I told him he couldn't skate, and that he should try some other amusement, but he said he knew all about it, and he didn't want no boy to tell him anything. Well, he waddled around for a few minutes, and held on to things till he thought he had got his bearings, when he struck out for the back end of the basement. As he came along by the furnace one leg began to go over toward the neighbors, and he grabbed hold of the furnace, swung around behind it, out of sight, and we heard an earthquake, and something snapped like a steel trap, and pa yelled 'By crissus,' and ma came down and saw pa and said 'Merciful goodness,' and by that time me and my chum had got there. Well, you'd a dide to see pa. He had come down like a ton of coal, right on that steel trap, and it had sprung and caught a whole mouthful of pa's pants. O, it was the most ridiculous position I ever see pa into, and he got mad and told me to unspring the trap. We turned him over and me and my chum tried our best to open the trap, but it was one of these traps with a strong spring and we couldn't. Pa was the only one that could unspring the trap, and he couldn't go around behind himself to get at it, so I told him I would go after a doctor, but he said this was a case where a doctor was no good, but he wanted a plumber to go up in the parlor to sit on the sofa while I was gone after the plumber, but the trap was chained to the furnace, and we couldn't get it loose, so pa had to lay there on the cement floor till the plumber came. The plumber laughed at pa, and said he had done all kinds of plumbing before, but he never had a call like that."—*Peck's Sun.*

A JUDICIOUS DARKEY.

Texas Sitings.

Old Uncle Mose had never been to the theatre, but having struck up bills for a theatrical troupe and having received a complimentary ticket to attend the performance. He went dressed up in his Sunday attire. He had not been inside of the theatre more than an hour when he emerged shaking his head.

"Don't you like the performance, old man?" asked the surprised doorkeeper.

"No, sah, I don't like dem performance no way ye kin fix it."

"Why what's the matter?"

"Nuffin' much, 'ceptin' a 'oman on de platnum got to talkin' 'bout family 'fairs wid de husband ob an'udder 'oman, an' marster in Virginny got shot plum ter pieces for doing dat berry foolishness. Dars allers trouble whar dat sort ob foolishness is gwine on an' Ise a judicious nigga, I is. I don't want ter be shot in de leg by mistake, or be brunged up as a witness in de case when it strikes de courts."

The bore is usually considered a harmless creature, or of that class of irrational bipeds who hurt only themselves.

Judson B. Rodgers, a leading merchant of Abbeville, died suddenly in that town on the 24th ult.

Miscellaneous.

LETTER FROM GRENADA.

The following old letter has been handed for publication. It will be of interest, as it recites events of the past which are always of interest. This was about the first move made by Gen. Grant down the Mississippi River.

Grenada, Miss. Dec. 1 1863.

EDITOR MISSISSIPPIAN.—In your issue of yesterday I notice an editorial touching the late approach of the enemy toward Grenada. As a participant of the scenes incident thereto, I beg a place in your interesting columns for the insertion of the facts in the case, in order that justice may be done both to the town of Grenada and the military authorities stationed here.

A member of Col. Starke's Cavalry arrived here on Saturday last reporting that Gov. Hoogy, at the head of 12,000 infantry and 3,000 cavalry, had landed at Delta, in Coahoma County on the Mississippi, on the preceding Thursday, that he, the said cavalryman had been captured by these forces, but escaping the next day had made his way to Grenada to report the facts, that the enemy were supposed to be advancing on this town with a view to its occupation if not destruction. This statement being deemed reliable was immediately telegraphed to Maj. Gen. Van Dorn by Capt. J. S. Reid, the efficient commandant of the post, who at the same time, asked for instructions touching the dispositions of the stores, &c; at this place. This was answered by a telegram promising reinforcements, which they never came. At nine o'clock Saturday night, telegrams were received from headquarters at Abbeville with instructions not to remove the government stores, and to have the railroad bridges near our city picketed by the State troops under command of Gen. George.

This assurance of confidence in our ability to repel the invader rendered things in Grenada as quiet as the circumstances would permit, and our citizens slept well on that night. The next morning our breakfast at the Collin House was seasoned with various rumors about the Yanks, and men in blue buckram were reported as having been seen any were within a few miles of Grenada.

The arrival of Brig. Gen. Winter's Cavalry scouts with the information that they had been fired on by the advance guard from Hovey's command the previous night, who according to their accounts were within nine miles of town, dissipated all doubts. Now here let me remark that your informant, however intelligent, does unintentional injury to the fair fame of Grenada, by speaking of anything like a panic, in connection with the Grenada affair. A Nashville miniature painter, could not have been photographed by the most accomplished sensation artist at any time during the excitement, very natural to the unexpected invasion of a quiet, unfortified town.

Your correspondent wishes only to do justice to all concerned, and he most cheerfully bears testimony to the energy, zeal and untiring industry, during the entire dry and night of Sunday of the Commandant of the post, the Quartermaster and Commissioner and their assistants, in putting the town in a proper state of defense, and securing the valuable stores deposited at this place. And so successful were they, that even if the enemy had come on Sunday night, he would not only have found any government stores here worthy of the name, but from the canebreaks on and around Grenada, he would have received a welcome as bloody as his prototype the Persian barbarian received from the gallant Greeks at Marathon.

The citizens, that is the few that remain unconnected with the army, were organized into an impromptu organization under Capt. Stanford, of Stanford's battery, here on full pay, and cheerfully did picket duty Sunday night. The State forces under Gens. Winter and George, were well disposed on the principal approaches to town, and being well armed and led on by such gallant spirits, would have done true yeoman duty on the vandals. But the enemy did not come. A cavalry force of about one hundred, approached within eight or nine miles from town, committing outrages whenever they remained. They burned the railroad bridge near Hardy station, on the Mississippi and Tennessee railroad, entered private residences, stealing whatever valuables they could put their hands upon, wantonly shot down stock, and left the usual Yankee trail of depredation and infamy along their path. May they be accursed, is the fervent ejaculations of every lip. Should they come again their stay may be longer, judging from the gray uniforms swarming the precincts of our town.

The citizens of Grenada owe much to the coolness and ability of

Poetry.

A WISH.

If I could find the Little Year,
The Happy Year, the glad New Year,
If I could find him setting forth,
To seek the ancient track—
I'd bring him here, the Little Year,
Like a peddler with his pack.

And all of golden brightness,
And nothing dull or black,
And all that heart could fancy,
And all that life could lack,
Should be your share of the peddler's
ware
When he unhid his pack.

The best form out his treasure
A smile of yours would coax,
And then we'd speed him on his way,
At midnight's falling strokes;
And bid him hurry round the world,
And serve the other folks!

[Margaret Veley.]

Selected Story.

THE VIGILANTES.

The early history of California and Nevada was filled with tragic deeds. From the spring of 1850 until long after the Washoe excitement, the entire Pacific coast north of Lower California was filled with wild and adventurous spirits, all searching after gold. Every mining camp of any note had its roughs, all well armed, well drilled in the use of weapons, and as reckless of life as any bandit who ever cut a throat. These dare-devils were frequently employed by mining companies to drive off miners and hold mining property, in order to save the trouble of appealing to the courts to adjust their difficulties.

The writer arrived in the wild mining town of Aurora, Nevada, in the spring of 1862, when the "Wide West" and "Real del Monte" mines were at war over supposed valuable mining ground. Each company, acting upon the claim that might makes right, imported from Washoe a lot of the most villainous and reckless roughs to be found in Nevada. After a number of fights between the two factions employed by the wide West owners on one side, and the Real del Monte on the other, the adjustment of the disputed ground was finally left to the courts, and the roughs, being thrown out of employment in their legitimate business of throat-cutting, went to work at a trade which, one of them said, would pay better—highway robbery. After robbing a number of persons, four of the worst villains murdered and robbed, in the public streets of Aurora, a kind hearted man by the name of Johnson, who had fed them in his hotel without receiving any pay.

The names of the murderers were Masterson, Daily, Buckley, and Three-fingered Jack. The four assassins, after doing their bloody work, left town at once, and started for Mono Lake all well mounted, and each heavily armed. The sheriff, Mr. Francis, with about ten picked men well armed, started in hot pursuit. The cut-throats were overtaken the second day out, about twenty miles south of Mono Lake, Inyo county, in the lava beds of that volcanic country. They were surrounded and captured without a shot being fired. Sheriff Francis, one of the bravest and coolest men in Nevada, was asked the next day, when he brought his prisoners in town, heavily ironed:

"How did you do it?"

"I answered in his quiet way: 'We had the drop on them. They knew we were there; and when we covered 'em with ten Sharp's rifles, I said: 'Boys, throw up your hands, and they did it quick as lightning. When I was putting the handcuffs on three-fingered Jack, he laughed and said: 'Francis, old man, you did it mighty quick.'"

The following day a vigilance committee of about seven hundred men was organized, well armed and ready for work. A large, solid scaffold was hastily erected on the sidewalk above the jail where the murderers were confined. Promptly at twelve o'clock, on the fourth day after the murder, a little band of about thirty picked men, headed by Captain Palmer, commander of the vigilante forces, with a twelve-pounder loaded with grape and scrap iron, marched down in front of the jail.

Sheriff Francis, cool and deliberate, with about half a dozen picked deputies, each armed with a Sharp's rifle, stood in front of the jail door. Captain Palmer, as he drew up his little force in front, said, as he raised his hat:

Sheriff Francis, I demand from you four murderers, whom you hold as prisoners."

"By what authority do you claim these men?" asked Sheriff Francis.

Captain Palmer in a clear voice which rang out loudly, replied:

"In the name of the vigilantes."

"Then, by the authority in me vested, as Sheriff of the county, I

refuse to give them up," quietly but firmly answered Sheriff Francis.

Captain Palmer deliberately drew his watch from his pocket, and looking steadily at the minute hand, said:

"Mr. Sheriff, I will give you just five minutes to retire from the front of that jail with your deputies; if you stand there one second over the five minutes, I will blow you, your deputies, and the front of the jail to destruction."

He held his watch steadily in one hand, and with the other lighted a fuse and held it over the cannon. For about four minutes it was still as death—not a man on either side moved. Palmer and Francis stood facing each other about ten feet apart; there faces were white as marble, but not a muscle moved. Both men were giants in stature, and brave as lions. But the sacrifice of one of those lives for the four cut-throats was too much, and Francis stood his hand, and his deputies voted one side, and he walked up to Captain Palmer and handed him his rifle. After the Sheriff and his deputies were put under guard, the four murderers were taken from their cells and led upon the scaffold.

They were blindfolded, and a noose hastily placed about their necks. Masterson stood on the left, a large, powerful man, about forty years old; next to him, on the right, stood Daily, a man, of medium size, about thirty years old, a miserable wretch who stated in jail, just before he was hanged, that he had killed two persons besides Johnson, and one of them was a child. Three-fingered Jack stood in the middle; he was a man of small stature about thirty-five years old, dark complexion, and black, piercing eyes. He looked truly the bandit that he was. Buckley stood on the extreme right; he was a small slender youth, of about twenty years. He asked to have the bandage taken from his eyes. This was done, and he wrote a few words to his mother, and handing it to a friend, said, with a smile to the executioner:

"Now I am ready; you can cut the rope."

Masterson and Buckley died bravely, but Daily and Three-fingered Jack died like cowardly curs. Both attempted suicide on the scaffold. Daily swallowed arsenic, while Three-fingered Jack suddenly drew a derringer pistol from his boot leg, and putting it to his head, drew the trigger. But it snapped. He threw it on the scaffold, and uttered a wild cry, saying:

"I must die like a dog!"

In less than half an hour after the four men were taken from their cells over six hundred men, armed with repeating rifles, surrounded the gallows in close order, to prevent any attempted rescue of the prisoners, as it was said a large force of roughs were coming from Washoe save the culprits. Captain Palmer gave the signal to the four executioners by waving his sword. At that signal a gun was fired on the opposite hill, and the four murderers were hurled into eternity.

—Argonaut.

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