

The Pickens Sentinel.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, MORALITY, EDUCATION AND TO THE GENERAL INTEREST OF THE COUNTRY.

By D. F. BRADLEY & CO.

PICKENS, S. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1881.

VOL. X. NO. 26.

The Elder Booth.

Booth, the elder, knew his characters by intuition; he could assume or doff them instantaneously at will. One night, in the Charleston Theater, while playing in the "Iron Chest," he stood at the "wing" with Jefferson. The latter was playing Sampson, and Booth, of course, his great part of Sir Edward. While they were thus standing, Booth, who was waiting for his "cue," said to Jefferson:

"By the way, Joseph, I notice that you don't sing the song in this part of Sampson. Why don't you do it in the way your grandfather used to do?"

"Well, Mr. Booth," replied the young man, "I think it must be for the reason that I don't know how. I never knew there was a song sung in the part."

"Oh, yes," replied Booth, at once assuming the air and facial expression of a comedian, "your grandfather used to do it capitolly. This is the way the song ran"—and Booth went on with a wonderfully full expression on his face, and sang a ditty beginning:

A traveler stopped at the widow's gate.
Suddenly, and while he was in the midst of this performance, the "cue" was given for his appearance on the stage. In an instant he dropped the comedy part which he had for the moment assumed, rushed before the footlights, had his great scene with Wilfred, and, coming off again, met Jefferson and at once resumed the expression of Sampson with all naturalness, and without a thought of affectation, went on to describe how the young man's grandfather sang the comic song: "A traveler stopped at the widow's gate."

The elder Booth's memory was quite as remarkable as were some of his other characteristics. During his engagement with Jefferson he and the company went from Charleston to Augusta, a trip which Booth had not made for many years. Yet, at every station at which he stopped he stopped he was able not only to recall the names of the principal planters who had formerly lived there, but with the utmost exactness told the number of bales of cotton they had made in a certain year, the number of slaves they had owned and other details of the same minute character.

During this engagement Mr. Jefferson played such parts as Sampson, the Grave Digger, in "Hamlet," and the Lord Mayor, in "Richard III.," which latter part for some hidden reason is always thrown to the lot of the comedian. His impressions of Booth and Macready are that the one was in every sense a born actor, while the latter was the greatest example of what can be accomplished by close application, keen intelligence and untiring study. The latter won, according to Mr. Jefferson's views, by art; Booth succeeded by natural instinct. No man, according to Mr. Jefferson, has ever appeared upon the stage who threw more intensity, soul and passion into his performance than did Booth when he was at his best.

Cracking Wheat into Flour.

Minnesota millers no longer "grind" wheat into flour. They "crack" it, and the people of the Northwest claim that the new process makes their hitherto inferior wheat the most valuable in the world. Burr stones are things of the past and Hungarian steel rollers have taken their place. These rollers are about thirty inches long and eight inches in diameter. It takes five sets of steel rollers to finish the flour. Each set of rollers run closer than the preceding. After the wheat passes each set of rollers it is bolted or sifted through coarse cloth. This cloth lets the disintegrated particles of wheat through and passes off the bulky and larger pieces, which are run through another and a closer set of rollers and cracked again. The last rollers have little else but wheat hulls and waxy germs of wheat, which do not crack up. The germ of a kernel of wheat is not good food. It makes flour black. By the old millstone process this waxy germ was ground up with the starch portion and bolted through with the flour. By the new system of cracking the kernel instead of grinding it this germ is not ground, but flattened out and sifted or bolted out, while the starch portions of the wheat are crushed into powdered wheat or flour. All the big mills of Minneapolis now manufacture by the new process.

Giving Up Their Dead.

An interesting and important point concerning the finding bodies of drowned persons in the Mississippi river is made by Deputy Coroner Freadlow, of St. Louis, who has been engaged in securing and caring for these bodies for nearly twenty years. April is the great month for the finding of bodies in the river. Then is the time when what they term the five and six months are found. Bodies that have been at the bottom of the river all winter always rise in April. In fact, all the cases of drowning in the winter are surely heard of in April, if ever. Most cases of drowning, the figures prove, take place in August. Then, the water being warm, the body rises to the surface within forty-eight hours after its disappearance. In May, the body that goes to the bottom is seldom heard of until nine days have passed by. The temperature of the water governs the time. So long as the water is cold the body is preserved. As soon as the water commences to change from cold to warm the tissues expand and soften, and the body becomes filled like a sponge with water. This equivalent weight makes the body weigh less than the water and it rises to the surface.

A BACHELOR'S SIGNS.

A life mispent, an incomplete mission,
A house all void of merry laugh
Pertain unto that fractional condition
Of man without a better half.

No one to cheer him in this world's unrest,
No need of gentle summer breeze;
No love with fertile fancy to suggest
Some way to "raise the wind" again.

No one to laugh with him when all is bright,
Nor weep when joys seem over gone—
Alas! no fingers, deft and white,
To sew a missing button on.

No pure-white brow, no love-lit eyes of blue,
No tresses moved by summer breeze;
Ah! me! no dewy lips of rosy hue,
No tingling, soft, white hand to squeeze.

No sympathetic hope of morn of life,
Nor memory when he is old—
So sad the thought! no meek and gentle wife
To cheer at when the coffee's cold.

And duties over, when the long day dies,
No need of gentle softly tones,
No one to ask with glad, expecting eyes,
"Dear, did you get the best of Jones?"

Of earthly joys and pleasures he is bare,
He has no hope of heaven withal;
No school for Christian resignation where
He never hears a baby squall.

A PECULIAR WOMAN.

"Ketch hold, Tom. There! I declare if you ain't spilled about a quart! I knew you would get it too full."

"I didn't spill more than ten drops, Cousin Silence. How you worry over the loss of a little grease."

"It's one of my principles to save, as you might a' learned long ago."

"I believe in prudence; but what's a few drops of lard more or less on this farm, and nobody knows how much in bank? You skimp and screw as if you think there were danger of your getting on the town."

"Well, you are the frankest young man I ever saw," and Silence Withers put her arms akimbo and gazed at her young cousin, Tom Lowey, as if he was a curiosity escaped from some museum.

"Yes; I was always noted for my frankness," said Tom, coolly, "and I never hesitate to speak my mind when duty urges. However, I don't want to hurt your feelings, Cousin Silence."

"No danger," said Miss Silence, with a laugh of derision. "I am no spring chicken, an' my feelin's have grown tough. But the idea of your duty urgin' you to speak your mind to me! Perhaps you don't recollect the whippin's I used to give you."

"I haven't forgotten," laughed Tom. "You used to make me do my duty in those days. But I wish I could convince you that it would be only a Christian act for you to send a little help to Mrs. Baldwin. You wouldn't feel the spending of \$50 out of your \$50,000."

"Massy sakes! It seems as if other folks know more about my business than I do myself. Fifty thousand! Law! Who said I was worth that much?"

"Oh, it's common talk," replied Tom. "Well, it won't do you any good to talk. You'll never see the corner of my money after I'm dead and gone. I've made my will; and, since plain speakin' pleases you, I'll make free to say you ain't mentioned in it. So, there!"

"I calculate to take care of myself," said Tom, tilting the chair against the wall. "Leave your money wherever you choose; I don't want it."

"The day may come when you will want it, Tom Lowey, and then you'll be sorry for sayin' them words. I'll remember 'em; so will you when your pride has its fall. There's plenty of things I can leave my money to; it won't go begging."

"I guess not."

"You'd more'n guess if you were to live here a spell and see the stream of visitors I have. There ain't a day but I get nagged about my money by somebody. Deacon Bonney thinks it's his bounden duty to advise me to leave it to found an orphan's home. Old Mr. Craig wants it left to Wolfboro Academy; Squire Darby has his mind on it for a public library, and the minister thinks I ought to remember what a debt's on the church. To hear 'em talk you'd think I had one foot in the grave. I don't give none o' 'em any satisfaction, and then they say I'm peculiar. Well, perhaps I am; but I don't see no possibility of any change in my nature."

Tom laughed. He was spending a couple of hours at the farm, which had been his only home until he began to "scratch for himself," to use his cousin's expression. Now he never left more than a day or two pass without looking in on the lone spinster to see if he could give her any help, and to-day he was making himself useful in lifting jars and boilers of hot grease on and off the stove, for Miss Silence was trying out lard.

Tom's law practice, as yet, was not very exacting, much to his regret; and he had more time on his hands than pleased him.

"But, now, do promise you'll send Mrs. Baldwin something for Christmas, Cousin Silence," said Tom, returning to the attack.

"I never promise what I don't mean to perform," was the characteristic answer he received to his pleading. "Martha Baldwin and me ain't been on speakin' terms for these five years, and I'd be makin' myself pretty small to send her Christmas presents. I'd soon be on the town if I began to help all the poor folk you know. It 'pears to me you take a mighty deep interest in them Baldwins, Tom. Melissa Bonney let out a hint that you was a sparkin' that Prissy Carroll."

"I wish Melissa Bonney would mind her own business."

"Don't get riled. I dare say it's true. 'Twould be like you to court a gal without a penny, because you've not a penny yourself. Prissy Carroll's been raised out of charity by her aunt."

"That don't make her less lovable, Cousin Silence."

"Now, Tom Lowey," said Miss Silence, brandishing the big iron spoon with which she stirred the lard, "don't make a fool of yourself over a pretty face. Butter your bread before you eat it. There's Melissa Bonney, whose father's worth—"

"That's enough," interrupted Tom, and, before Miss Silence could stop him, he was out of the kitchen door and walked briskly down to the gate.

"Law sakes! I what peculiar creatures men are! Talk of bein' peculiar; why, I ain't a circumstance to that Tom Lowey. Hell marry that Prissy Carroll now, if it's only to show me he didn't care for my money." And, with a sigh, Miss Silence went back to her lard.

"Christmas gift, indeed!" she muttered, after standing for some time in deep thought; "I think I see myself eating humble pie to Martha Baldwin." But, somehow or other, her conscience did not feel quite so easy as it had felt before Tom's call.

An hour later Tom was sitting in the Widow Baldwin's small parlor, with his arm around a very trim waist, and a very lovely golden head resting on his shoulder. It was very evident that the closest economy was necessary with the Baldwins, for the carpet was patched and worn, and the muslin curtains washed threadbare, and the furniture in sad need of varnish and new haircloth.

"I wish I saw my way clear to take you out of this, Prissy," said Tom, with a sigh, "but clients are scarce enough in Wolfboro."

"Now, Tom, where's the need to worry? I couldn't leave Aunt Martha, anyway. We are both young enough to wait."

"You're too good for this world, Prissy," said Tom, with a kiss on the dimpled white chin.

"There's some one knocking; let me go," cried Prissy, springing up and running to the door.

It was no visitor, but the hired man from Miss Silence's farm, with the spring wagon, which he had brought to convey Tom to his cousin's home, for Miss Silence had, not ten minutes after his departure, an hour previous, overturned a kettle of lard by accident, and been terribly scalded.

"Where's my hat?" cried Tom, in great excitement, while the man was telling how he had wasted time by going to the office first, and not finding him there, had hunted him up.

"Let me go with you, Tom; I know I can help," cried Prissy, as her lover was springing into the light wagon.

"Oh, Prissy, if you only would."

"Wait until I get my bonnet and shawl and tell Aunt Martha, I won't be gone a minute," and Prissy rushed into the kitchen, where her aunt was ironing.

"Go, by all means," said Mrs. Baldwin, when she had grasped the meaning of the girl's incoherent explanation. "Stay as long as you are needed, and don't worry about me."

Miss Silence made no remark when Prissy entered her room with Tom. She was in great pain, and was thankful to see even this member of the hated Baldwin family.

For three weeks Prissy was chief director at the farm, and managed so cleverly that Miss Silence had no chance to find fault. But the grim spinster had no word of commendation for the young girl's untiring industry.

"I calculate to pay you for what you have done," she said one day, as she watched Prissy making bread. "You needn't think you're workin' for nothin'."

"I don't want any pay, Miss Silence," said Prissy, with trembling lips; "I am only too glad to do what I can, because—" She hesitated and turned scarlet.

"Because you're in love with Tom," finished Miss Silence. "Oh, you needn't blush; I know all about it, and, if he chooses to break his head agin a stone wall, I ain't a-goin' to stop him."

At the end of three weeks Miss Silence was able to be about again, and Prissy went home, declining the \$20 bill for her services. But she had not been gone three hours when the hired man came from the farm, with two large baskets, which he sat down on Mrs. Baldwin's kitchen floor.

"Compliments of Miss Silence, and she sent these in place of the money," and was driving off in the spring wagon before Prissy could recover sufficiently from her astonishment to ask him any questions.

The baskets were full of good things of every sort, and there was a royal Christmas dinner for the Baldwins the next day, much to the joy of the children, who had contemplated, ruefully, dipping on mush and potatoes.

Prissy sent a note of thanks to Miss Silence by Tom, but she never received an answer.

Time moved on, and Tom's law business improved so much that he persuaded Prissy, against her better judgment, to marry him.

Miss Silence did not grace the important occasion with her presence.

"I've no time to be gallivanting off to weddings," was her excuse, when Tom reproached her for this slight.

"She is such a peculiar woman, we must not expect her to act like other people; but she has a good heart in spite of her queer ways," said Prissy, when Tom tried to make excuses for his cousin's remissness.

"But her greatest peculiarity lies in her not liking you, Prissy," said Tom, kissing his bride's soft cheeks. "And I can't quite forgive her lack of taste."

All went well with the young couple for more than a year. They began housekeeping in a modest cottage Tom

was paying for by installments, and were so prudent that they managed to gather about them many little comforts that made their home pleasant.

But fortune seldom smiles long at a time, as we all know, and reverses will come to every one. One bitter night in December Tom's house caught fire and burned to the ground, nothing being left except a few clothes belonging to Prissy and the baby.

Of course Mrs. Baldwin opened her house to them at once, though it necessitated much crowding. Prissy suggested an appeal to Miss Silence, but Tom emphatically declined to make it. He was far too proud to ask for the help which he thought should have been earnestly offered. His last books and papers had all been destroyed in the fire; for he had used a room in the cottage for an office, and getting a living was rather up-hill work. Christmas was dreary enough that year, and even Prissy's courage sank at the thought of the future.

"Tom Lowey will have a chance to show what kind of stuff he's made of," said Miss Silence. "He burdened himself with a wife and baby, and he'll have to look out for 'em. I told him I'd never give him a dollar of my money, and I'll keep my word, no matter what happens."

Miss Silence had thought herself proof against the weakness of falling ill; but in March she caught a severe cold, and pneumonia ensued. She felt she never should get well again, and the doctor told her frankly that in all probability she would live but a few days.

"I want to see the lawyer at once, if that is the case," she said. "I must make a new will."

Mr. Simons, who had managed her business for years, came as soon as he received her message, and the will was made. He hardly left the house before Tom called.

"I'm worse," said Miss Silence, feebly, "but I'm not afraid to go. Perhaps I'm peculiar in that as in other things. Deacon Bonney and the minister, Mr. Craig and Mr. Darby have all been here a' urgin' of their several claims. I told each o' 'em I'd consider the matter."

"Will they be disappointed, Cousin Silence?" asked Tom.

Poor fellow! he was in such a sore strait that he could not help a desire to have some small help from his cousin's hoard. He hardly dare hope she had left him a cent, and yet he was her only relative.

"That remains to be seen," was the unsatisfactory reply he received to his question. "But don't you cherish no hopes, for I ain't left you a cent."

A bitter smile curled Tom's lips, but he made no reply.

"I suppose you think me peculiar in not leavin' you my money, seein' you are the only kin I've got," went on Miss Silence, "but you've taken such precious care not to want me that you don't want it, that I've believed you and acted accordin'."

Tom went home and repeated the conversation to Prissy, who shed a few tears, but tried to cheer her husband's drooping spirits with hopes of more law business in the spring.

That night Miss Silence died, and the whole town turned out to her funeral a few days later.

"I expect Wolfboro Academy will find itself able to erect a new building when Miss Silence's will is read," said old Mr. Craig. "She's told me she'd consider the matter, and I know she was impressed with my arguments."

"I rather think you are mistaken," said Squire Darby, "for I feel morally certain she has left her money to found a library."

The minister, who stood near, smiled to himself. He had not the slightest doubt that the debt which hung over his church like a pall would now be lifted through Miss Silence's will.

Tom did not want to go to the reading of the important document, but Prissy insisted, so they went together, though neither of them looked very cheerful.

Mr. Simons made no objection to the presence of Squire Darby. Mr. Craig and the minister chuckled as Deacon Bonney entered with a pleasant smile for Tom, who well knew what sarcastic triumph lay beneath it.

The will was dated three days previous, and every penny in the bank, and the large farm were left unconditionally to Prissy Lowey. Her husband's name was not mentioned.

Tom's face was a study, while Prissy almost fainted from the sudden relief to all her trouble.

The faces of the other men present were studies, too. The deacon left the house without a word, and the Squire looked grimly at Mr. Craig.

"She was a very peculiar woman," said the minister, wiping his brow, on which the beaded drops of perspiration stood thickly. His anxiety about his church had been very great, you see.

But Tom and Prissy could afford to forget their dead cousin's peculiarities, since she had kept her vow never to give Tom a cent, and yet had managed to make him comfortable for life. There was an immediate fitting to the comfortable farm-house, and Tom furnished a nice office in town and drove in every morning in the spring wagon. Past troubles and cares were forgotten, the Baldwins were made more comfortable, and, considering all things, Miss Silence did more good with her money than if she had left it to found a library or lift a church debt.

Adulterations of Food.

The liberty guaranteed by this great Republic is a fine subject for a Fourth of July oration; but when that liberty licenses fraud, and permits imposition on the people, alike injurious to health and dangerous to life, it reaches the prompt and vigorous check, — *Peoria Freeman.*

SOUTHERN NEWS.

There is only one white woman in the Alabama penitentiary.

It is said that Sabine Pass has been deepened ten feet at an expense of \$50,000.

A vineyard in Live Oak county, Texas, is said to have produced three crops of grapes last year.

A single business house of Greensboro, N. C., has bought 250,000 rabbit skins this season.

Twenty buildings were erected in Raleigh, N. C., in 1880, of which one was a church and sixty-three were dwelling houses.

Col. Thomas Ruffin has been appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, vice John H. Dillard, resigned.

The Arkansas State Senate has passed a bill appropriating \$10,000 for a branch normal college at Pine Bluff for the education of colored teachers.

The proposed amendment prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in West Virginia has been indefinitely postponed by the State Senate.

In Gadsden, Ala., the value of taxable property has increased from \$293,792 in 1879 to \$414,200 in 1880, and the city tax at one-fourth of one per cent. from \$74 48 to \$1,033 15.

The Swedenborgian Publication Society has donated to the library of the Georgia institution for the education of the deaf and dumb Swedenborg's complete works. There are no funds to replenish the library of this institution, and persons who can give books should send them to Cave Springs, Ga., or to Gov. Colquitt.

The North Carolina Legislature has passed a bill providing for the publication of a roll of the North Carolina troops in the late war. The duty of collecting the names has been delegated to Maj. Moore, the historian. In addition to this work he will add other facts descriptive of the movements of each regiment during the war.

Montgomery Advertiser: Considerable sensation was excited by the sudden sinking of nearly 100 feet of the track of the Montgomery and Eufaula railway at a point near the limits of Union Springs a day or two since. Those who visited the spot speak of it as something of a phenomenon in its way. It had the appearance of a depression caused by an earthquake.

Memphis, Tennessee, is in a bad way, financially. Its taxable property has decreased from \$30,890,00 in 1866 to \$13,900,000; there is \$2,500,000 of back taxes due; and the tax rate for the next two years, if the health improvements are carried out, will be \$8.95 on \$100. The present population of Memphis is 33,593, and the total debt, \$6,000,000, is \$178 per capita, and 43 per cent. on the whole taxable property.

The rapid development of the business of importing fruit to New Orleans, the Times of that city says, has materially interfered with and reduced the foreign trade of New York, which city has heretofore supplied the entire West with fruit. New Orleans possesses exceptional advantages as a distributing point. Her climate is favorable. Fruit often reaches New York during the winter frozen, or is exposed to severe frosts on landing.

Speaking of the State debt of Louisiana, the New Orleans Democrat says: Under the provisions of the new constitution the debt, in case all consolidated bonds are exchanged for four per cent. bonds, would amount to \$8,879,550, requiring the sum of \$355,182 annually for interest. Collections for the interest fund already amount to \$355,225 83, or more than enough to pay the interest for 1880 upon the whole amount of the State debt refunded under the provisions of the new constitution. The surplus, \$43 85, doubtless goes to the support of public schools.

It is questioned at Mobile whether the public property belonging to the defunct city of Mobile, now in the hands of the Commissioners for the adjustment of the debt of the late city, should not, under the decision of the United States Supreme Court, in the Memphis case, be turned over to the Commissioners of the port of Mobile for governmental purposes. The port of Mobile has not money enough in its treasury to meet the pay-roll of this month. The port Commissioners have paid to the Mobile Commissioners from rentals and markets about \$8,700 per annum for the last two years.

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

Boiler explosions are becoming so numerous that vaccination appears necessary to keep them from breaking out. — *Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

A Chicago restaurant keeper advertises "roast turkey and cran berry saus," and yet a hungry man might go where they sell better and fare worse. — *New Orleans Picayune.*

"Dost love me? Tell me once again, My little peony toots!"
With love-lit eyes she sweetly replies:
"Do I? You bet your boots!" — *Modern Argosy.*

The Cleveland Herald has published some verses entitled: "Why do I sing?" and written by a young woman. It is probably because her father paid five hundred dollars to a music teacher for spoiling a good stocking darning.

At an undertakers' conference in New York recently, one undertaker complained that the sextons were getting "all the cream of our business." What for Heaven's sake, is "the cream" of the undertakers' business?

Is older times, when people heard
Some swindler huge had come to grief,
They used a good old Saxon word,
And called that man a "thief."
But language such as that to-day
Upon too many feelings grades,
So people smile and simply say,
"He's—er—hypocrite!"

The man who journeyed long to spy upon the grave of his enemy found that the said enemy was drowned in a lake and his body not recovered. There are lots of things in this world to make a man mad. — *Detroit Free Press.*

The Galveston News says a man in that city who had a mule for sale, hearing that a friend in Houston wanted to buy a mule, telegraphed to him: "Dear Friend—If you are looking for a No. 1 mule don't forget me."

An exuberant youth hails a supposed acquaintance with "Hello, Joe," but, finding his mistake, adds: "O, excuse me; I thought you were another man!" Laconic stranger answers: "I am." — *Buffalo Express.*

No Adolphus, newspaper men do not have duplicates of the last straw that broke the camel's back. They are useful, as you say, but newspaper men are so accustomed to d—k—g the other way, they don't care a straw about them!

A MINISTER overtook a Quaker lady and politely assisted her in opening a gate. As she was a comparative stranger in town, he said: "You don't know, perhaps, that I am Mr. Haven? You heard me preach?"

"As for me," says Mme. Z., whose husband is a member of the Assembly, "I always do my shopping when the Senate is discussing the appropriation bills. Then, you see, my husband is accustomed to such large figures that my bills look small to him." — *French paper.*

This is the particular time of the year when the citizen is attacked with a severe case of economy, and immediately cuts off his entire list of newspapers. There is one paper he does not relinquish, however. It is his paper of tobacco. — *Rockland Courier.*

The man who works in a factory, his pay day comes once a month; but the man who works at ditching has his spade day oftener than that. — *Marathon Independent.* Hoel! Hoel! Fork conscience sake shove 'long this pun, and don't harrow up our feelings in this way.

A YANKEE tobacco chewer was in the habit of declaring about once a month that he would never chew another piece, but broke his pledge as often as he made it. On one occasion, shortly after he had "broken it," he was seen taking another chew. "Why," said his friend, "you told me you had given up that habit, but I see you are at it again." "Yes," he replied, "I have gone to chewing and left off lying."

Tom Corwin's Welcome to His Son-in-Law.

At the marriage of his oldest daughter, Eva, to Mr. George R. Sage, a young lawyer of Cincinnati, Corwin manifested so much feeling that the occasion took more of the aspect of a funeral than of a wedding. During the ceremony he shed tears, and at the supper, after a prolonged and solemn silence, he suddenly broke out:

"Now I want it distinctly understood that this thing is never going to happen again in this house. There will never be another wedding here. I will get a nigger six feet tall, and give him a pole ten feet long, and post him at the front door, and instruct him to knock any young man in the head who comes to see my daughters."

Gen. Garfield relates that, shortly before Corwin's death, when he returned to Washington from a flying visit to Lebanon to attend the marriage of his youngest daughter, he referred to this marriage of Eva, and said that he shut himself up in his room for three or four days before it occurred, and could not be persuaded to take any part in the preparations, and only on the most earnest solicitations did he come down to witness the ceremony. He said: "I could not endure the thought of my daughter loving another man better than myself; and yet she married a noble fellow. And now the old feeling has returned. I tell you I had a horrible time of it until the ceremony was over."

If a woman really loves her husband, and enjoys his society, she can find a way to keep him home evenings. Let her get somebody to hint to him that a young man calls very often at an evening at his house, and he'll plant himself in the parlor right after supper, and never think of going out.

The universe is but one great city, full of beloved ones, divine and human, by nature endeared to each other.