

The Orangeburg News.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 8, 1873.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE

NUMBER 4

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME 7.

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

PUBLISHED AT
ORANGEBURG
Every Saturday Morning.

BY THE
ORANGEBURG NEWS COMPANY

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One Copy for one year..... \$2.00
" " Six Months..... 1.00
Any one sending TEN DOLLARS, for a Club of New Subscribers, will receive an EXTRA COPY for ONE YEAR, free of charge. Any one sending FIVE DOLLARS, or a Club of New Subscribers, will receive an EXTRA COPY for SIX MONTHS, free of charge.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
1 Square 1st Insertion..... \$1.50
" " 2d "..... 1.00
A Square consists of 10 Lines Brevier or one inch of Advertising space.
Administrators' Notices..... \$5.00
Notices of Dismissal of Guardians, Administrators, Executors, &c..... \$3.00
Contract Advertisements inserted upon the most liberal terms.

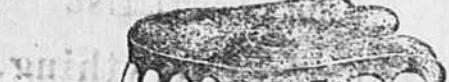
MARRIAGE AND FUNERAL NOTICES.
not exceeding one Square, inserted without charge.

Terms Cash in advance.

Browning & Browning,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
ORANGEBURG C. H., So. Ca.
MALCOLM I. BROWNING.
A. F. BROWNING.

AUGUSTUS B. KNOWLTON
(Formerly of the New York Bar.)
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW,
ORANGEBURG, S. C.

W. L. W. RILEY
TRIAL JUSTICE,
Residence in Fork of Edisto,
ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED will be promptly and carefully attended to.



DR. T. BERWICK LEGARE,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Graduate Baltimore College
Dental Surgery.
OFFICE MARKET-ST. OVER STORE OF
J. A. HAMILTON.



METALLIC CASES.
THE UNDERSIGNED HAS ON HAND all of the various Sizes of the above Cases, which can be furnished immediately on application.
Also manufactures WOOD COFFINS as usual, and at the shortest notice.
Apply to H. RIGGS, mar 6-6m Carriage Manufacturer.

REEDER & DAVIS,
COTTON FACTORS
AND
General Commission Merchants,
Adger's Wharf,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
OSWELL REEDER. ZIMMERMAN DAVIS
oct 16 6m

H. C. HEDGINS. R. R. HUGGINS.
BRODIE & CO.
COTTON FACTORS
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NORTH ATLANTIC WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Liberal Advances made on Consignment.
RUFER TO Andrew Simmons, Esq., Pres
1st National Bank, Charleston, S. C.
may 21 wec 1f

WASHINGTON HOUSE
BY
Mrs. M. W. Stratton,
CORNER
GERVAIS & ASSEMBLY STREETS
COLUMBIA, S. C.
Convenient to the Greenville and Charleston Railroads and the business portion of the City. Rate of Transient Board—Two Dollars per Day.
Regular Boarders received at Reasonable rates.
sep 10 1f

can settle it with me afterwards, said, given me his card with a...

I signified that an absence of that duration might be supported, and Fred started for the refreshment room. We had been married just three days, and the glamour of the honeymoon was upon everything—the atmosphere was rarified beyond that breathed by every mortal—the earth glorified with a new beauty—the heavens with a new light. We ate not bread and beef steak, but some ambrosial dish untasted before and drank golden nectar, etherialized with hot coffee pots.

I watched Fred from the car window until he disappeared in the refreshment room. What a splendid fellow he was! Such eyes—such a mind—such teeth—such a heart—such a general combination of perfections? How charming—how delightful; how altogether inexpressible it was to belong to him forever, never to be separated more? when whiz! clang! Horrors! The train was off again—and with Fred still discussing boned turkey in the eating saloon and his faithful wife hopelessly quiescent in the ladies' car—off, sundering at the rate of thirty miles an hour those whom law and Gospel both declared only death should part.

'What's the matter, mum?' asked the conductor, noticing my excitement. 'There—there's a gentleman left behind,' I gasped. 'Is there mum?' was the stoical reply. 'Bless my soul, that's nothing new!' Three ladies turned around to stare at me, and there was an unmistakable titter beneath the heavy moustach of a gentleman opposite.

'Erry, mum, but it can't be helped. If gents will stop at bar-rooms to wet their whistles we can't wait for 'em.' A bar-room! Fred in a bar-room wetting his whistle? What did the odious man mean? I tried to crush him with a look but I wasn't equal to it. Fred—MY FRED—in a bar-room? 'You needn't be alarmed,' said an old gentleman kindly, there will be another accommodation at eight.

'At eight?' and it was now just past four. I sunk back up in the cushion in quiet desperation. What was to be done of me. With the entire abnegation peculiar to the early phases of the honeymoon, I had put little velvet portemonnaie, handkerchief and vinaigrette in Fred's breast pocket—not that I hadn't a pocket of my own but there was such a delightful novelty in feeling that now I had a right to his.

Was there ever such a confiding bride left in such a plight. Without a husband and without a cent—and not the least misfortunate to one inclined to the feminine weakness of tears—without even a pocket handkerchief. 'Tickets, mum.' The conductor was again making his rounds. 'I haven't a ticket,' I stammered in bewilderment. 'Two thirty?' then if you please, mum as far as Baltimore. 'Ticket, sir.'

'Two-thirty, as quick as you can, mum—time's short.' 'But my—my husband has my ticket,' I faltered. 'He was left at the station, you know.' 'Beg pardon mum, but our orders are strict. That sort of dodge has played out entirely on this line? Two thirty, mum if you please. Will refund at the office, when ticket is presented.' The man suspected me, actually suspected me—Fred's wife? Oh! dear, dear! How utterly lonely and unprotected I felt after the strong trust and sweet reliance that had been mine.

'I haven't any money' I said in a faint voice. You'll have to be put out some where, I suppose, I added with despairing resignation. 'Allow me, madam—the moustach gentleman was up' pocket book in hand—let me arrange this matter for you until we reach Baltimore. Your husband

can settle it with me afterwards, said, given me his card with a... Fred's answer was a shower of kisses. 'How did I come. In a coal car. It wasn't the pleasantest ride in the world, but it brought me quicker to you—poor little frightened bride. And as I met the glance of those loving eyes, I nestled closer to his heart and felt in spite of Aunt Tabby's expectations. I was at home again.

The Harsh Look.
BY MARY A. DENISON.
'Maggie, Maggie, how could you? Why? what have I done but look at the child?' 'But, Maggie, you looked at her so harshly!' 'Well, and if I did—is she too good to be looked at?' 'Oh! but Maggie, she is an orphan.'

Maggie Lilburn tossed her head lightly, affecting disdain at her sister's trembling lips, but, nevertheless, the words and the tearful glances sunk deep into her heart. In a chamber, richly furnished, two little beds stood side by side. Both were daintily shaped—furnished with soft linen and delicate netting like lace. Refinement floated in the air above them—hung in every fold of drapery about them—touched the rare adornments of the room—laid in each dimple of the rounded cheeks—in each careless curl of hair, threading its golden way over the pillow.

There were two of them—two sweet darling little girls, one in each soft bed; but one was ruddy and healthy, the other pale and more slightly formed. They slept the beautiful sleep of infancy; but, beneath the fishes of one were traces of tears, and the infantile lips curved downward slightly, as with grief. It was very silent there; and, in the silence, soon a step sounded. Mary Lilburn, a gentle, graceful creature, came softly in, and, pausing, looked at the children. She kissed the brow of the rosiest slumberer; but over the other folded her hands, as if with a benediction, and gazed with a long, yearning glance.

'Poor, dear, sweet little darling,' she murmured, at last: 'how can any one speak harshly, or give one cold glances to so gentle a child! Poor sweet little orphan! God bless you!' and she bent over and kissed her sweet lips, lingering long on the fair face they pressed, and then she went to her own room. She had scarcely gone before another step sounded along the chamber; and Maggie, the young, healthful, happy mother, came forward. As she stood there, a shade of regret stole over her beautiful face, and she sighed, 'I suppose I haven't got the patience I ought to have with her, poor orphan!' but she kissed her of her of the children.

It was the dead of night, and Maggie Lilburn, worshipped wife, happy mother, tossed restlessly upon her luxuriant couch. She had not yet slept. A little figure, looking mournfully out of dark eyes, haunted her. Occasionally she heard a short, quick sob coming from the dim corner in which were outlined the beds of the two sweet children. At last the great clock of the city struck twelve, and Maggie had found the bonnier nature craved—she slept. Slept, but not in peace—not in quiet. Her head turned uneasily, her hands moved, the lips quivered, and sobbing sighs and tears attested a troubled dream.

Still deepened the quiet gloom, and larger grew the shadows in the chamber. The babes were moved away; footsteps and whispering voices disturbed the silence. A sombre man, dressed in black, bent over the bed whereon lay Maggie Lilburn. A gentleman, much younger, stood further back, giving passionate way to some strong grief. He was half hidden by the pale blue hangings of the bed. Mary, pale as marble—her beautiful white face an awful sternness in its anguish: the result of strife for self-composure—kneel, clasping one hand of the sufferer in her own. A servant crouched in the distance, hiding her face, and weeping in silence. On the bed lay Maggie, the young wife and mother, no longer restless, but white, faint, and still. Her blue eyes wistfully wandered from face to face; and the lips, so beautiful in repose, were distorted in her vain efforts to speak. At last the eyes closed, the lips were still. She slept, lightly, gently; it was, alas! the sleep that precedes death.

'How did you get here so soon? How did you find me? Oh, Fred, Fred, Fred, I have been so frightened and miserable.'

'How did you get here so soon? How did you find me? Oh, Fred, Fred, Fred, I have been so frightened and miserable.'

'She will be able to speak when she awakes,' whispered the doctor. His words were true. The dying mother awoke with renewed strength—a sudden meteoric brilliancy that flashed the premonition of dissolution. 'Husband! Mary!' she said, slowly; her eyes wandered from them and her white lips murmured, 'My child! my little Maggie!' They brought the little girl, who wept because her mother was pale. 'This is the bitterest cup!' said the dying woman. 'Oh! Mary—oh! my husband, how can I leave Maggie? Oh! this hard world—this cold, cruel world—how can I leave Maggie?' 'She shall be as my own,' whispered Mary, the tears raining down her cheeks; 'she shall be loved as you would love her; cared for as tenderly. God will give me strength and patience.' Her voice failed her, she could only weep.

Quietly lay the mother—her life ebbing out—a troubled expression gathering, and deepening upon her face. Again she essayed to speak. She turned her dim eyes toward her sister; her lips were quivering; the last tears drained from the fount of life, as she said, with a touching manner of self-rebuke, and so solemnly. 'Mary, you won't look harshly at my poor orphan?' 'God helping me, never!' cried Mary. Her voice seemed to ring with supernatural distinctness through the chamber.

The dying woman struggled fearfully, and—awoke! Springing up in her bed, she clasped her hands together in an ecstasy of joy. The gray dawn crept through the shutters, paling the light of the dim lamp. 'Living! living!' she cried, 'my child is not motherless! And oh! my heavenly Father, help me to profit by the vision Thou hast sent. Aid me to remember at all times, that she Thou hast entrusted to my care is motherless. That just as I have, the being who gave her birth, longed for her happiness, wept for her, prayed for her. Never, never will I forget. Thou who art the God of the fatherless, aid me in doing my duty by my sister's orphan child.'

Stepping softly to the crib, she light kissed the brow of the motherless little one. The child awoke, and flung its arms round her neck, and in that silent embrace, Maggie asked God again to aid her, that she might know no difference between her babe and the little charge He had given in her protection.

A Standing Treat.
The Chicago Post says no American custom causes more genuine surprise and amusement among traveling foreigners than that which is known in our saloons as "treating," consisting in the entertainment of two more with refreshment for which one volunteer to pay. It is a pure Americanism; and all over the Republic it is as common as in Europe it is unknown. There is probably no minute or any day in the year when two or three hundred citizens of Chicago are not guzzling something stronger than water at somebody else's expense.

The casual meeting of two men who have never exchanged a word together is a signal for both instantly to exclaim, "Come, let's have something!" and for both to drive down into the nearest subterranean cavity below the sidewalk. The one who spoke first usually insists upon "paying the shot," the word "shot" being a metaphorical reference to the deadly character of the contents usually taken into the stomach. If two old friends meet, the regular thing to say first is, "Let's drink to old times;" and the resident must invariably "treat" the stranger. If a man be well acquainted, it is considered the generous and princely thing to seize upon all his acquaintances as often as possible, take them to a saloon and give them a complicated stand-up drink at the bar.

If there is anything absurd than this habit, we are unable to put our finger on it. Men do not always "treat" one another to car tickets because they happen to meet on the same seat. We never saw a man take out his pocket book on encountering an acquaintance, and say, "Ah, George! Delighted to see you! Do you take a postage stamp? It's my treat!" Do men have a mania for paying each other's board bills? And is drinking together more "social" than eating together or sleeping together?

A traveler may go all over the continents of Europe, of Asia and Africa, without seeing any man, except a Yankee, offer to "treat," and the Frenchmen are quite "social" enough, but when they turn into a cafe to tip their wine or brandied coffee together, each man pays for his own. When two Germans, long separated, meet, they will be very likely to embrace, and then to turn into an adjacent beer cellar, sit down and drink lager and eat pretzels and chat, but when they part again, each man settles his own score independently.

So in Italy. The Italians are proverbially merry and generous, but every man pays for his own wine, macaroni and cigars. They never go into each other's pocket books in the sacred name of friendship. They would as soon think of transferring to each other their washer woman's bills. The preposterous fashion of "treating" is responsible for the terrific drunkenness in America. There would be as little need of temperance societies and little work for the Good Templars as there is in Germany, France and Italy, if this pernicious and insidious habit was abolished. It is, take it all in all, the most ridiculous, the most unreasonable and the most pestilent custom that ever laid its tyrannical hand on civilized human beings.

of floor, and came home at midnight intoxicated. We can never sufficiently thank Judge Kelly for the innocent enjoyment thus furnished us. The memory of that happy evening will linger on our minds very much longer than that hired girl ever lingers when she lights on a lot of substance which she thinks will suit the constitution of her aged parent.

"Beware of Vidders"
A Connecticut Romeo has recently indulged costly luxury of suing his Juliet for the recovery of his wretched affections and damages in vulgar currency. The suitor alleged that the fair widow (you see he forgot what the older Weller said) had cost him something like \$6000. Could anything have been more aggravating than this? Picture the awful cruelty of that pretty widow at whose feet the unhappy swain laid his homage, and for whose delectation and capture he expended the sum before mentioned. Fancy, if you can, the emotion with which Romeo heard the verdict which was in favor of the captivating defendant. The barbarous jury doomed the unhappy lover to pay costs, so that his lovel-making has cost him the handsome of \$1,000, to say nothing of his blighted heart and smashed up happiness. In repeating this dismal story, we beg leave to remind our readers of the advice to "Sammy" by his sagacious parent; for had the hero to this romance been on his guard against "vidders" he would have escaped with a whole heart and full pocket.

Typical Trees.
For gouty people—the ache cora.
For antiquarians—the date.
For school boys—the birch.
For Irishmen—the oak.
For conjurers—the palm.
For negroes—see dah!
For young ladies—the man go.
For farmers—the plantain.
For fashionable women—a set of firs.
For dandies—the spruce.
For actors—the poplar.
For physicians—the sye-a-wor.
For your wife—her will oh.
For lovers—the sigh press.
For the disconsolate—the pine.
For engaged people—the pear.
For the sewing girls—the helm lock.
For boarding-house people—ash.
Always on hand—the pawpaw.
Who was this written for—yaw.

Important Dates.
The following will refresh the minds of our readers as to the dates of the most important inventions, discoveries and improvements, the advantages of which we now enjoy:
Spinning wheel invented 1330.
Paper first made of rags 1417.
Muskets invented and first used in England in 1422.
Pumps invented 1425.
Printing invented by Faust 1447.
Engraving on wood invented 1490.
Postoffices established in England 1464.
Almanacs first published 1441.
Printing introduced into England by Caxton 1474.
Violins invented 1477.
Roses first planted in England 1505.
Hatchets first made in 1504.
Punctuation first used in literature 1520.
Beforehattimewordsandsentenceswereputtogetherlikethis.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL CROWS.—J. Snyder, of Virginia, owns a crow which serves as a substitute for dogs, cats, and all other domestic sentinels. He destroys every frog about the well, allows a mouse no chance for his life, drives away hawks from the poultry, and bids fair to act as the best squirrel dog for the country. He rapidly spies the squirrel either upon the fence or on the tree, and with a natural antipathy to the squirrel tribe his shrill keen note is readily detected by his owner accompanied by rapid darts up and down, and the owner is thus led to his game. The most remarkable feature about the crow is that he invariably keeps five or six days rations ahead of time, well concealed.

A Feeling Tribute to the "Pub. Docs"
A Philadelphia editor thus relieves his mind on a subject familiar to all newspaper offices, the inevitable Pub. Dec. We owe our thanks to Judge Kelley for the latest Patent Office reports. We already have sixteen hundred of these interesting volumes in our little library, but they have been read and re-read so many times, that we know every page of them by heart. This new volume came opportunely and gratefully on Christmas morning, and that night we gathered our little family around the fire and read it through to them. The affecting tale entitled "Improvement in Monkey Wrench" seemed to touch every heart, and when we came to the climax of the little story about "Revisable Pieboards," there was not a dry eye between the front door and the stable. During the reading of the piteous narrative entitled "Gum Washers for Carriage Axles" the family gave expression to boisterous emotion, and the hired girl was so much excited that she lost her presence of mind and went around to her mother's inadvertently with six pounds of sugar and a butter bettle full

of floor, and came home at midnight intoxicated. We can never sufficiently thank Judge Kelly for the innocent enjoyment thus furnished us. The memory of that happy evening will linger on our minds very much longer than that hired girl ever lingers when she lights on a lot of substance which she thinks will suit the constitution of her aged parent.

"Beware of Vidders"
A Connecticut Romeo has recently indulged costly luxury of suing his Juliet for the recovery of his wretched affections and damages in vulgar currency. The suitor alleged that the fair widow (you see he forgot what the older Weller said) had cost him something like \$6000. Could anything have been more aggravating than this? Picture the awful cruelty of that pretty widow at whose feet the unhappy swain laid his homage, and for whose delectation and capture he expended the sum before mentioned. Fancy, if you can, the emotion with which Romeo heard the verdict which was in favor of the captivating defendant. The barbarous jury doomed the unhappy lover to pay costs, so that his lovel-making has cost him the handsome of \$1,000, to say nothing of his blighted heart and smashed up happiness. In repeating this dismal story, we beg leave to remind our readers of the advice to "Sammy" by his sagacious parent; for had the hero to this romance been on his guard against "vidders" he would have escaped with a whole heart and full pocket.

Typical Trees.
For gouty people—the ache cora.
For antiquarians—the date.
For school boys—the birch.
For Irishmen—the oak.
For conjurers—the palm.
For negroes—see dah!
For young ladies—the man go.
For farmers—the plantain.
For fashionable women—a set of firs.
For dandies—the spruce.
For actors—the poplar.
For physicians—the sye-a-wor.
For your wife—her will oh.
For lovers—the sigh press.
For the disconsolate—the pine.
For engaged people—the pear.
For the sewing girls—the helm lock.
For boarding-house people—ash.
Always on hand—the pawpaw.
Who was this written for—yaw.

Important Dates.
The following will refresh the minds of our readers as to the dates of the most important inventions, discoveries and improvements, the advantages of which we now enjoy:
Spinning wheel invented 1330.
Paper first made of rags 1417.
Muskets invented and first used in England in 1422.
Pumps invented 1425.
Printing invented by Faust 1447.
Engraving on wood invented 1490.
Postoffices established in England 1464.
Almanacs first published 1441.
Printing introduced into England by Caxton 1474.
Violins invented 1477.
Roses first planted in England 1505.
Hatchets first made in 1504.
Punctuation first used in literature 1520.
Beforehattimewordsandsentenceswereputtogetherlikethis.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL CROWS.—J. Snyder, of Virginia, owns a crow which serves as a substitute for dogs, cats, and all other domestic sentinels. He destroys every frog about the well, allows a mouse no chance for his life, drives away hawks from the poultry, and bids fair to act as the best squirrel dog for the country. He rapidly spies the squirrel either upon the fence or on the tree, and with a natural antipathy to the squirrel tribe his shrill keen note is readily detected by his owner accompanied by rapid darts up and down, and the owner is thus led to his game. The most remarkable feature about the crow is that he invariably keeps five or six days rations ahead of time, well concealed.

A Feeling Tribute to the "Pub. Docs"
A Philadelphia editor thus relieves his mind on a subject familiar to all newspaper offices, the inevitable Pub. Dec. We owe our thanks to Judge Kelley for the latest Patent Office reports. We already have sixteen hundred of these interesting volumes in our little library, but they have been read and re-read so many times, that we know every page of them by heart. This new volume came opportunely and gratefully on Christmas morning, and that night we gathered our little family around the fire and read it through to them. The affecting tale entitled "Improvement in Monkey Wrench" seemed to touch every heart, and when we came to the climax of the little story about "Revisable Pieboards," there was not a dry eye between the front door and the stable. During the reading of the piteous narrative entitled "Gum Washers for Carriage Axles" the family gave expression to boisterous emotion, and the hired girl was so much excited that she lost her presence of mind and went around to her mother's inadvertently with six pounds of sugar and a butter bettle full

of floor, and came home at midnight intoxicated. We can never sufficiently thank Judge Kelly for the innocent enjoyment thus furnished us. The memory of that happy evening will linger on our minds very much longer than that hired girl ever lingers when she lights on a lot of substance which she thinks will suit the constitution of her aged parent.

"Beware of Vidders"
A Connecticut Romeo has recently indulged costly luxury of suing his Juliet for the recovery of his wretched affections and damages in vulgar currency. The suitor alleged that the fair widow (you see he forgot what the older Weller said) had cost him something like \$6000. Could anything have been more aggravating than this? Picture the awful cruelty of that pretty widow at whose feet the unhappy swain laid his homage, and for whose delectation and capture he expended the sum before mentioned. Fancy, if you can, the emotion with which Romeo heard the verdict which was in favor of the captivating defendant. The barbarous jury doomed the unhappy lover to pay costs, so that his lovel-making has cost him the handsome of \$1,000, to say nothing of his blighted heart and smashed up happiness. In repeating this dismal story, we beg leave to remind our readers of the advice to "Sammy" by his sagacious parent; for had the hero to this romance been on his guard against "vidders" he would have escaped with a whole heart and full pocket.

Typical Trees.
For gouty people—the ache cora.
For antiquarians—the date.
For school boys—the birch.
For Irishmen—the oak.
For conjurers—the palm.
For negroes—see dah!
For young ladies—the man go.
For farmers—the plantain.
For fashionable women—a set of firs.
For dandies—the spruce.
For actors—the poplar.
For physicians—the sye-a-wor.
For your wife—her will oh.
For lovers—the sigh press.
For the disconsolate—the pine.
For engaged people—the pear.
For the sewing girls—the helm lock.
For boarding-house people—ash.
Always on hand—the pawpaw.
Who was this written for—yaw.

Important Dates.
The following will refresh the minds of our readers as to the dates of the most important inventions, discoveries and improvements, the advantages of which we now enjoy:
Spinning wheel invented 1330.
Paper first made of rags 1417.
Muskets invented and first used in England in 1422.
Pumps invented 1425.
Printing invented by Faust 1447.
Engraving on wood invented 1490.
Postoffices established in England 1464.
Almanacs first published 1441.
Printing introduced into England by Caxton 1474.
Violins invented 1477.
Roses first planted in England 1505.
Hatchets first made in 1504.
Punctuation first used in literature 1520.
Beforehattimewordsandsentenceswereputtogetherlikethis.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL CROWS.—J. Snyder, of Virginia, owns a crow which serves as a substitute for dogs, cats, and all other domestic sentinels. He destroys every frog about the well, allows a mouse no chance for his life, drives away hawks from the poultry, and bids fair to act as the best squirrel dog for the country. He rapidly spies the squirrel either upon the fence or on the tree, and with a natural antipathy to the squirrel tribe his shrill keen note is readily detected by his owner accompanied by rapid darts up and down, and the owner is thus led to his game. The most remarkable feature about the crow is that he invariably keeps five or six days rations ahead of time, well concealed.

A Feeling Tribute to the "Pub. Docs"
A Philadelphia editor thus relieves his mind on a subject familiar to all newspaper offices, the inevitable Pub. Dec. We owe our thanks to Judge Kelley for the latest Patent Office reports. We already have sixteen hundred of these interesting volumes in our little library, but they have been read and re-read so many times, that we know every page of them by heart. This new volume came opportunely and gratefully on Christmas morning, and that night we gathered our little family around the fire and read it through to them. The affecting tale entitled "Improvement in Monkey Wrench" seemed to touch every heart, and when we came to the climax of the little story about "Revisable Pieboards," there was not a dry eye between the front door and the stable. During the reading of the piteous narrative entitled "Gum Washers for Carriage Axles" the family gave expression to boisterous emotion, and the hired girl was so much excited that she lost her presence of mind and went around to her mother's inadvertently with six pounds of sugar and a butter bettle full

of floor, and came home at midnight intoxicated. We can never sufficiently thank Judge Kelly for the innocent enjoyment thus furnished us. The memory of that happy evening will linger on our minds very much longer than that hired girl ever lingers when she lights on a lot of substance which she thinks will suit the constitution of her aged parent.

"Beware of Vidders"
A Connecticut Romeo has recently indulged costly luxury of suing his Juliet for the recovery of his wretched affections and damages in vulgar currency. The suitor alleged that the fair widow (you see he forgot what the older Weller said) had cost him something like \$6000. Could anything have been more aggravating than this? Picture the awful cruelty of that pretty widow at whose feet the unhappy swain laid his homage, and for whose delectation and capture he expended the sum before mentioned. Fancy, if you can, the emotion with which Romeo heard the verdict which was in favor of the captivating defendant. The barbarous jury doomed the unhappy lover to pay costs, so that his lovel-making has cost him the handsome of \$1,000, to say nothing of his blighted heart and smashed up happiness. In repeating this dismal story, we beg leave to remind our readers of the advice to "Sammy" by his sagacious parent; for had the hero to this romance been on his guard against "vidders" he would have escaped with a whole heart and full pocket.