

HOYT & CO., Proprietors.

ANDERSON C. H., S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 3, 1871.

VOLUME VII.---NO. 5.

Extinguishing Burning Clothes.

MARBIED LIFE.

ITS ROMANCE AND REALITY.

Marriage, which most girls consider the sole aim of their existence and the end of all their and of their existence and the end of all their anxieties, is often the beginning of a set of troubles which none among them expect, and which, when they come, very few accept with the dignity of patience or the reasonableness of common sense. Hitherto the man has been the suitor, the woosr; it has been his to make the suitor, the wooer; it has been his to make love, to utter extravagant professions, to talk poetry and romance of an eminently unweara-ble kind, and to swear that feelings which by the very nature of things it is impossible to maintain at their present state of heart will be maintain at their present state of heart with va-as lasting as life itself, and never know subsi-dence or dimunition. And girls believe all that lovers tell them. They believe in the ab-sorption of the man's whole life in the love which, at the most, cannot be more than a part of his life; they believe that things will go on forever as they have began, and that the fire and fervor of passion will never cool down to the more manageable warmth of friendship. And in this belief of theirs lies the rock on which not a few make such pitful shipwrecks of their married happiness. They expect their husbands to remain always lovers. Not lovers only in the best sense, which, of course, all happy husbands are at the end of time, but lovers, as in the old fond, foolish, courting days. They expect a continuance of the romance, the poetry, the exaggeration, the microscopic at-tentions, the absorption of thought and inter-est, the centralization of his happiness in her as lasting as life itself, and never know subsiest, the centralization of his happiness in her society, just as in the days when she was still to be won, or a little later, when being won, she was new in the wearing. And as we said before, a wife's first trial, and her greatest, is when her husband begins to leave off this kind of fervid love-making, and settles down into

the tranquil friend instead. It is in the nature of most women to require continual assurances, just as it is with children ; and very few believe in a love which is not freand very few believe in a love which is not ife-quently expressed; while the ability to trust in the vital warmth of an affection that has lost its early feverishness is the mark of a higher wisdom than most of them possess. To make them thoroughly happy a man must always be at their feet; and they are jealous of every-thing—even of his work—that takes him away form them on every for a function. at their feet; and they are jease thing—even of his work—that takes him away from them, or gives him occasion for thought and interest outside themselves. They are rarely able to rise to the height of married friendship; and if they belong to a reticent and quiet-looking man—a man who says "I love you" once for all, and then contents him-self by living a life of loyalty and kinduess, self by living a life of loyalty and kinduess, self by living a life of loyalty and kinduess. love you" once for all, and then contents him-self by living a life of loyalty and kindness, and not talking about it—they fret at what they call his coolness, and feel themselves shorn of half their glory and more than half their dues. They refuse to believe in that which is not dai-ly repeated; they want the incense of flattery, the excitement of love-making; and if these desires are not ministered to by their husbands, the danger is that they will get some one else to "understand" them, and feed the sentimen-tality which dies of inanition in the quiet ser-tality which dies of inanition in the quiet ser-tality of home. Moonlights, and a bouquet of the danger is that they will get some one clse to "understand" them, and feed the sentimen-tality which dies of inanition in the quiet ser-enity of home. Moonlights, and a bouquet of the earliest flowers carefully arranged and tenderly presented, and the changing lights on the derly presented, and the changing lights on the mountain tops and the exquisite song of the nightingale—at 2 o'clock in the morning—and all the rest of those vague and suggestive de-lights which once made the meeting-places of souls, and furnished occasion for delicious ra-vings, become, by time and use, and the wear-ing realities of business, and the crowding more super of anyieties muerile and approving to with most color, and using it is on to sheak, with pressure of anxieties, puerile and annoying to with most color, and paint it, so to speak, with the ordinary man, who is not a poet by nature. the minutest touches, is the man whose love "When all the world was young" by reason of his own youth, and the fever of the love-making time was on him, he was quite as romantic as his wife. But now he is sobering down ; life is fast becoming a very prosaic pleasure, divested of romance; he pooh-poohs her fond remembrances of bygone follies, and prefers his pipe in the warm library to a station by the vindow, watching sunset because it looks open as it did on that evening, and shivering with incipient catarrh. All this is very dreadful to her; women, unfortunately for themselves, re-maining young and keeping hold much longer than men do. The first defection of this kind is a pang the young wife never forgets; but she has many more, and yet more bitter ones, when the defection takes a personal shape, and some pretty little attention is carelessly received without its due reward of loving thanks. Perhaps some usual form of caress is omitted in the hurry of the morning's work, or some gloomy anticipa-tion of professional trouble makes him oblivious of her presence, or, fretted by her importunate attentions, he buries himself in a book, more to escape being spoken to than for the book's own merits. Many a woman has gone into her room and had a "good cry" because her hus-band called her by her baptismal name, and not by some absurb nickname invented in the days of their folly; or, because pressed for time, he hurried out of the house without going through the established formula of leave-The lover has merged in the husband ; taking. The lover has merged in the husband; security has taken the place of wooing; and the woman does not take kindly to the transformation. Sometimes she plays a dangerous game, and tries what flirting with other men will do. If her scheme does not work, and her husband is not made jealous, she is revolted, and holds herself that hardly-used being, a neglected wife. She cannot accept as a compliment the quiet trust which certain cool-headed men of a loyal kind place in their wives; and his tolerance of her flirting manner-which he takes to be manner only, with no evil in it, and with which. though he may not especially like it, he does not interfere—seems to her indifference rather than tolerance. Yet the confidence implied in his forbearance is, in point of a fact, a compliment worth all the petits soins ever invented, though his hearty faith is just the thing that annoys her, and which she stigmatizes as neglect. If she were to go far enough, she would find out her mistake. But by that time she little, but gave him a raise up to the bath-house would have gone too far to profit by her experience. Nothing is more annoying than this display of affection which some husbands and wives show to each other in society. That familiarity of touch, those half-concealed caresses, those absurd names, that prodigality of tender epithets, that devoted attention which they flaunt in the face of the public as a kind of challenge to the world at large to come and admire their happines, is always noticed and laughed at. Yet to some women this parade of love is the very essence of married happiness and part of their dearest privileges. They believe them-selves admired and envied, when they are ridiculed and scoffed at; and they think their husbands are models for other men to copy, when they are taken as examples for all to avoid .--Men who have any real manliness, however, do not give in to these kind of things ; though there are some as affectionate and gushing as women themselves, who like this sloppy effusiveness of love and carry it on into quite old age, fondling the ancient grandmother with gray hair as lavishly as they had fondled the gray hair as lavishiy as they had folded the treason youthful bride, and seeing no want of harmony in calling a withered old dame of 60 and up-ward by the pet names by which they had called her when she was a girl of 18. The continu-

ance of love from youth to old age is very love-ly, very cheering; but even "John Anderson my Joe" would lose his pathos if Mrs. Ander-son had ignored the difference between the raven locks and the snowy brow. This public display of familiar affection is never seen among men who pride themselves in making good lovers; as certain men do-those who have reduced the practice of love-making to an art, a science, and know their lesson to a letter. These men are delightful to women, who like nothing so much as being made love to, as well after marriage as before; but men who take matters quietly, and rely on the good sense of their wives to make matters quietly too, sail around these scientific adorers for both depth and manliness. And if women knew their best interests they would care more for the truth

than the science. All that excess of flattering and petting of which women are so fond becomes a bore to a man if required as part of the daily habit of life. Out in the world as he is, harassed by anxieties of which she knows nothing, home is emphatically his place of rest, where his wife is his friend that knows his mind, where he may be himself without fear of offending, and relax the strain that must be kept up out of doors; where he may feel himself safe, under-stood, and at ease. And some women, and these by no means the coldest or the least lov-ing, are wise enough to understand this need of rest in the men's harder life and sconting the rest in the man's harder life, and, accepting the quiet of security as part of the conditions of marriage, content themslves with the undemonstrative love into which the fever of passion has subsided. Others fret over it, and make themselves and their husbands wretched, because they cannot believe in that which is not cause they cannot believe in that which is not forever paraded before their eyes. Yet what kind of home is it for the man if he has to walk as if on eggshells, every moment afraid of wounding the susceptibilities of a woman who will take nothing on trust, and who has to be continually assured that he still loves her, be-fore she will believe that to-day is as yesterday? Of one thing she may be certain; no wife who understands what is the best kind of marriage demands these continual attentions, which, voluntary offerings of the lover, become en-forced tribute from the husband. She knows that as a wife, whom it is not necessary to court, or flatter, she has a nobler place than that which is expressed by the attentions paid to a mistress. Wifehood, like all assured conof this folly, and would understand better than they do now the worth of realities, as contrast-ed with appearances. And yet we cannot but pity the poor, weak, craving souls who long so pitifully the freshness of the morning to con-

From the Rural Carolinian for August. How to Encourage Immigration.

I very much regret to learn from the address to the German Society of Charleston, that the Society has been called upon to assist German Society has been called upon to assist German emigrants to Newberry to get off to Walhalla, in the upper part of the State, or to leave the State altogether for the West. When I left home, a year and a half ago, I hoped that the land-owners in Newberry had their eyes sufficiently opened to the necessity of introducing intelligent and skilled labor from abroad to have caused them to make the little nucleus of Germans they had received contented at any hazard, as an inducement to others to follow. But it seems, from this report, that I was mistaken. Our land owners have yet to learn, what it seems ought to be manifest to the most short-sighted, that if we would encourage emigration we must give the emigrant an oppor-tunity of bettering his condition. It is the height of folly to suppose that Germans, or any other class of emigrants, will leave their old homes, and friends, and all that is dear to them, and be content to settle down in South Carolina as day laborers, and live on bacon and corn has day laborers, and nive on bacon and com bread. Everybody makes loud professions of being anxious to induce emigrants to come into our State. If we really desire it, we must of-fer opportunities for procuring land and per-manent homes to those who come.

This brings me to one of the suggestions I desire to make. It is that it would be a profitable investment to all our large land-owners to divide their lands into small tracts and actually give away, or sell at very low prices, alternate tracts to permanent settlers from the North or from Europe. I have no doubt, if we could increase the population of South Carolina, within the next five or ten years, twenty to thirty per cent., with industrious emigrants, that the prices of our lands would be enhanced to more than double their present value. Would not our land-owners in this way be more than compensated for giving twenty to thirty per cent. of their lands? We ought to have an immigration society in every county, with an energetic central society in Charleston. Our planters should subscribe alternate sec-tions of their lands to the society, and fix con-ditions, one of which should be fixed residence for, at any rate, a number of years, on the part of the emigrant to whom it was given or sold. Some arrangement should be made to facilitate the procuring of supplies at reasonable rates for the first few months. With such inducements, I believe we could get emigrants in large numbers. I believe intelligent Northerners and Europeans would settle among us per-manently, be contented and prosperous, and in a few years relieve us of most of the terrible evils we are now suffering from.

I have a special reason for offering these suggestions at the present time. Peace is conclu-ded between Germany and France. The his-tory of emigration to the United States shows that it is always greatest for the two, three or four years after a great war. The wars of '48-'49 sent us the heavy emigration of '50-'54. The great war of '66 sent us the hundreds of thousands of Germans of the last three years. The great war of '70 will send us hundreds of thousands more for the next five years. Shall not we of the South make some effort to profit by it? I am well aware that the tide of German emigration flows so strongly to the westward that it is difficult to turn its course or even to snatch individuals from the current. ut two populous and highly enlightened prov inces are being torn violently from France, against the almost unanimous sentiments of the people. Emigration will most likely be heaviest, for the next few years, from Alsace and Lorraine, and they will rather avoid than seek the German current. Besides, they will naturally seek a more Southern climate, Here seems to me to be a chance for Virginia and the Carolinas, Kentucky and Tennessee, that ought not to be lost. Emigrants from those provinces would be all we could desire. They would be cultivators of the soil, wine-growers, tobacco-growers, manufacturers, etc., all that we need to make our State prosperous. They would have all the industry and thrift of the German, but would suit us much better on account of the climate. I trust some earnest effort will be made to profit by this opportunity. But I would repeat, and urge it upon every one, that all will be useless unless we can offer the emigrants reasonable facilities for procu-ring permanent homes. B. O. D. ring permanent homes. THE KU KLUX COMMITTEE .- The Yorkville Enquirer, of the 27th ult., says: "The sub-Outrage Committee, consisting of Messrs. Scott, Stevenson and Van Trump, reached this place on Saturday last, accompanied by A. S. Wallace, M. C. from this District. As much effort had previously been made to prepare suitable cases for them, the committee were ready to go vigorously to work early on Monday morning; and the early part of the day was occupied in the examination of several young men of this town. In the afternuon. Hon. W. D. Simpson and Col. B. W. Ball, of Laurens, after having obeyed summons to meet the committee at various points, obtained an examination, and left early on Tuesday morning for home. The second day was opened by continuing the examination of persons from this town and the surrounding country. The street reports are to the effect that the persistence of the majority of the committee-aided by the military and other influences equally potent-had been rewarded by the discovery of a witness who had made out a capital case for the next Republican campaign document .--This witness, it is reported, stated in substance to the committee that he knew a number of persons who had been engaged in the Ku Klux outrages ; and gave the names of eighteen gentlemen from this vicinity-persons of high re-spectability. These eighteen had performed a wonderful amount of deviltry; had most of them been present at the murder of the negro, Anderson Brown, which occured last winter. four miles from this place; and many of them were also the murderers of the militia captain, Jim Rainey, occurring shortly afterward, in the Bethesda neighborhood, ten miles below here. They had also raided on Rose's hotel. the Probato office, and done other crimes equally heinous. The witness also admitted, on a cross-examination, that he had stolen a horse, a quantity of bacon and tobacco from his employer, and was generally "a bad man." His name is William K. Owens, and he has been employed for some time in the coach factory of Messrs, Kerr & Roach. The statements of this witness were so palpably false in every particular as to cause little concern to those whose ular as to cause in the content of the bistory; but at the names he has used in his history; but at the same time, it is sufficiently credible, perhaps, cent., or over ten thousand of the number nevfor all the purposes for which the testimony is wanted at Washington. "It is announced that the committee will close their work here, to day, (Wednesday) and dissolve until September, when many of the unexamined witnesses will be called to Washington, and their testimony taken in time to finish up the investigation before the meeting of Congress. Thus far, no arrests of suspected persons have been made at this place."

Incidents of the Tornado in Western Missouri.

The St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette gives a lengthy account of the terrible tornado which visited that section on the 15th of July, and from the particulars in relation to the great destruction f property and loss of life, we gather the fol-

of property and loss of life, we gather the fol-lowing incidents: By far the most painful occurrence of the night, and which was really heart-rending, was the killing by lightning of Mrs. Lucy Lovell and Mr. Henry R. Blakemore, at the residence of Thomas Kiger, about five miles south of the city, near Saxton's station, on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad. The house is two-stories high, with three principal rooms and a hall on each floor. When the storm came on hall on each floor. When the storm came on Mrs. Lovell was up stairs in one of the back rooms of the house reading the Bible to her little daughters. The windows of the room having blown open, she took her children and ran down stairs with them, and passing from the hall door to the bedroom adjoining, put them on the bed and kneeled by the side. In this provision be was killed. Young Blake this position she was killed. Young Blakemore also came from the second floor and was yet in the hall. The bolt which killed them came down a chimney in the centre of the house and followed the partition between the hall and the bedroom in which Mrs. Lovell had placed her children. The electricity followed the walls and partitions, and literally shivered to atoms the doors and articles of furniture contiguous. In the room in which Mrs. Lovell lost her life were Mr. Kiger, who was severely and painfully injured, but not fatally as yester-day revealed ; also Mrs. Kiger, who was slighly scorched. A younger brother of Mr. H. R. Blakemore was also above stairs, but had not yet descended. There were also in the house at the time, in other rooms, Mr. Phil. Helsley and Mr. Chrisman, who were both more or less shocked, the latter not recovering for some time.

The plain fact is, there is scarcely a person who did not sustain more or less damage. Cellars were filled with water, and goods there were inured by the volumes of water that poured down the streets; shade-trees planted years ago, nur-tured with care and pointed to with pride, were torn up by the roots and dashed to the ground ; fruit trees, loaded with delicious fruit, upon which a rich feast had been anticipated, shared the same fate; gardens that had been cultivated with care, and promised an abundant yield, were leveled to the ground, and in many in-stances the products torn up by the roots. Signs around the city were changed in a man-ner calculated to startle their owners. One belonging to a leading physician was carried four squares and landed in front of an undertaker's; another, belonging to a criminal lawyer, brought up in front of the station-house; while still a third, which had swung for years in front of one of our banks, stood prominently before Gus Verhein's barber-shop yesterday morning. Peo-ple stared and smiled as they passed down the streets, and the owners of the signs wondered here sup thirds. The super state is the signs wondered here sup thirds are supported by the state is the signs wondered here support the signs wondered in the state is the signs wondered in the streets is the signs wondered in the streets is the signs wondered in the streets is the signs wondered in the signs wondered in the street street is the signs wondered in the street street is the signs wondered in the signs wondered in the street street is the signs wondered in the signs won another, belonging to a criminal lawyer, brought how such things could "come by chance." To undertake to enumerate the various chimneys

blown down would be an impossibility. Although the storm did not extend very far west, quite a gale seems to have visited Nemaha County, Kansas, resulting in a terrible accident, the particulars of which we gather from J. E. Taylor, Esq., one of the leading attorneys of Seneca, who arrived in the city yesterday. About a mile and a half southwest of Seneca a man named Westfall, some 65 years old, resi-ded, with his two daughters, one aged 30 years,

An Awful Tragedy near Savannah, Ga. The Savannah News says that the most aw ful and appalling tragedy that has stirred the hearts of any community in this section for many a year, if ever before, occurred in Effing-ham county, about two miles above No. 32, on the Central Railroad, about 3 o'clock Monday

produce almost instantaneous death.

It appears from what we could learn from a gentleman who was an eye witness to the horrifying scene, that Mrs. Ash, formerly Miss Laura Dasher, of Effingham county, has for a flame to the utmost. No line of action could be more fatal in its consequences. It cannot she was suspected of being in this condition be too constantly borne in mind that the only from certain singular appearances and conduct noticeable to those nearest her and in most small portion of the dress only is ignited, it noticeable to those nearest her and in most continuous association with her. However, nothing serious was apprehended, except that her husband felt a little anxious about her, and communicated with her brothers on the subject. This was all. No more serious ap prehension was felt, although her husband con-tinued to keep a strict watch over her conduct. A short time previous he had purchased a small bottle of streychine for the purpose of destroytinued to keep a strict watch over her conduct. A short time previous he had purchased a small bottle of strychnine for the purpose of destroy-ing the rats and dogs that were rapidly killing off their poultry. This he secreted in the night time, taking the precaution to lock it up in an old bureau drawer, hiding the key in a ing the flames in this manner. As soon as the place least likely to be discovered by his wife, victim is on the ground the greatest danger is

Sunday night all went to bed as usual, though before retiring Mrs. Ash sat down and wrote a long letter, to whom we could not ascertain; her husband read the letter, but did not sus-pect anything, although it contained an ac-count of her feelings towards certain members of her family, with whom there was some unbill her hanning, which have all three of the children in bed with himself and his wife. Mr. George Patterson, a friend and relative of requisite; cotton wool does very well, but the requisite; cotton wool does very well, but the

her to tell them what she had given them-Mr. Ash tasting the powder which he discovered on little ones. It was but a short time after this before the mother, a young woman about twen-ty-five years old, and her three interesting lit-tle children, two girls and one boy, were lying stiff and cold in the arms of death. Dying in rapid succession, one after the other, the moth-er, although the first to take the poison lived er, although the first to take the poison, lived to see her children all die, and then followed them herself. It is said the struggles of the poor little creatures were awful, the oldest fal-

There are few accidents more terrible than the setting fire to the loose vestments worn by women. Instantly the lower part of the dress s ignited the flames rush upward with great velocity, and the whole of the garments are in-volved in the conflagration. Even if almost the Central Railroad, about 3 o'clock Monday morning, 24th of July. Mrs. Ash, the wife of John H. Ash, formerly of Savannah, killed her three little children, and afterwards committed suicide by adminis-tering a sufficient quantity of strychnine to recture almost instantaneous desth

The first impulse of the victim is to rush about shrieking for help; the second to open the door, if possible, and run along the pas-sages out into the open air, thus fanning the flame to the utmost. No line of action could

no other person in the house knowing of the hiding place.

of medical aid. If the burn is severe, the patient should be laid in a bed and the clothes removed with as little disturbance as possible; they should, if requisite, be cut off, so as to Mr. George Patterson, a friend and relative of Mrs. Ash's, occupied an adjoining room. About 3 o'clock Monday morning, he and Mr. Ash were aroused by the crices of two of the children, and entering the room found Mrs. About 5 o'clock Monday morning, he and Mr. Ash were aroused by the crices of two of the children, and entering the room found Mrs.

the children, and entering the room found Mrs. Ash in the act of taking a spoon from the mouth of the oldest child, a little girl, who had struggled and resisted until her cries awoke her father and his friend, both of whom feeling alarmed, asked her what she was doing. She replied, "only giving the children a little pow-der, and I am afraid that I have not given them enough." They begged and entreated har to tall them what she had given them—Mr. which would be greatly intensified by cold ap-plied to the outer surface of the body. The danger of a burn or scald is not in proportion to its intensity or severity so much as to extent

proboscis like an elephant, only not so large. It will, however, look nearly as large under a good microscope. He cannot do as many han-dy things with it as the elephant can with his, poor little creatures were awill, the oldest fai-ling backwards was drawn together in such a manner that her head and feet nearly touched each other. The afflicted father held his little small way with it. It is hardly the thing to say the musquito bites us, The microscope reveals the fact that he carries The time was too short from the discovery of a pair of scissors inside of his proboscis ; the discover what the drug was, had swallowed each other. When he gets ready to make a enough to render his condition dangerous. Mr. meal off of us, he first buzzes around with those inquest will be held previous to the interment. a place on our skin which is just to his liking. He is very delicate about it. When he gets

seems to them the most trust-worthy and the most intense. They often make the mistake of confounding this show with the substance, of trusting to pictorial expression rather than to solid facts. And they often make the misas time goes on and the gravity of life deepens. And then when the man either quietly keeps them off, or brusquely repels them, they are hurt and miserable, and think the whole happiness of their lives is dead, and all that makes marriage beautiful at an end. What is to be done to balance things evenly in this unequal world of sex? What, indeed, is to be done at any time to reconcile strength with weakness, and to give each its due? One thing, at least, is sure. The more thoroughly women learn the true nature of men, the fewer mistakes they will make and the less unhappiness they will create for themselves; and the more patient men are with hysterical excitability, the restless craving, which nature for some purpose, at

present unknown, has made the special temperament of women, the fewer femmes incomprises there will be in married happiness. All one's theories of domestic life come down at last to the give and take system, to bearing and meeting half way idiosyncrasies which one does not personally share.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.—On Tuesday last, policeman McNulty, of Philadelphia, was torn sadly by a conflict between modesty and duty, but duty dragged him at last from her rival, and placed him in an embarrassing yet honorable position. At the South street bathhouse there are "male" and "female" days, and Wednesday was of the latter sort. The bath-house was filled with such naiads as Philadelphia, that city of beauties, alone can pro-duce, Not one of them was dressed-even in a lace collar. Now the floor of the natatorium is an inclined plane, and a little girl tumbled into a place too deep for her, and was in imminent danger of drowning. Of course, when such a crisis came, the ladies could only wring their hands and scream for help. Policeman McNulty heard that scream. For an instant he hesitated. Modesty caught him by the coattail and shricked : "Ba! shame!" and had she been classical would have spoken of the fate of Actieon. Duty caught him by the collar; said window, and then, with a coup de pied, sent him head first in among the pink beauties who shrunk, yet feared to fly. They pointed to the spot where little Mary Wilson had sunk "for the third time," and in he plunged boldly, regardless of all save virtue and his duty. The child was saved, and when Mr. McNulty looked up he saw but retreating forms and dripping heads-the latter protruding from, the former just entering the bathing-rooms.

WHAT GENERAL TOOMBS SAID TO THE TRI-BUNE MAN .- The Albany News says when General Toombs was in Atlanta recently, in conversation with several friends, a lady asked :

"Gen. Toombs, did you say half the terrible things Mr. Smalley reported to the New York Tribunc ?"

"Madam," replied Mr. Toombs, "the scoun-drel did not say half I did tell him to say.— I told him to be particular to say to his people that they had stolen the graves of their hirelings; stolen that from an old woman-a lame old woman-who had not the power to commit treason-the grand-daughter of Martha Washingtor."

- The great "senses" taker-Brandy and

both the holder and beholder.

ood citizen, he and the other 12. A quie

pursued the even tenor of his way, and won the esteem of all that knew him. Early yesterday morning one of the neighbors noticed that the house in which the old man resided was blown down. He started over to the place. As he approached the spot no signs of life were visible. He wedged his way in among the ruins of the fallen house only to witness a spectacle that was calculated to chill the blood with horror. Patterson came to Savannah to procure coffins to bury the dead, and as soon as he returns an If we let him quietly settle down, he picks out Buried beneath a mass of fall timbers lay the old man, his gray hairs clotted with blood, features contorted with pain, and each of his arms encircled around one of his children. He was lying near the door of the cellar, having evidently endeavored to reach that place to escape the terrors of the elements without. True to the instinct which God had implanted in the parent's breast, in the very last moment he had not forgotten the loved ones of his household, but gathered them in his arms, determined that all should live or die together. The youngest child was dead-her features covered with blood, and her hair tangled in the ruins that lay scattered around. The eldest daughter still lived, but crushed and bruised and bleeding, could only murmur these words, "Help me, friends; I am dying," and expired in a few moments. In a very short time a number of the neighbors ussembled; the bodies were removed from the ruins and conveyed to a neighboring house. During the morning scores of neighbors called to gaze upon the sad spectacle, and in the afternoon the remains of the old man and his two children were followed to the grave by a large concourse of people. The sad affair has thrown

a gloom over the entire neighborhood.

A GRIEVOUS WRONG .- There is the soundest common sense in the following paragraph from he Manufacturer and Builder :

Why is it that there is such a repugnance on the part of parents to putting their sons to a trade? A skilled mechanic is an independent man. Go where he will his craft will bring him a support. He need ask favors of none. He has literally his fortune in his own hands. Yet foolish parents-ambitious that their sons should "rise in the world" as they say-are more willing that they should study for a pro-fession, with the chances of even moderate success heavily against them, or run the risk of spending their days in the ignoble task of retailing drygoods, or of toiling at the account-ant's desk, than learn a trade which gives them manly strength, health and independence. In point of fact, the method they choose is the one least likely to achieve the advancement aimed at, for the supply of candidates for "errand boys," drygoods clerks and kindred occupations is notoriously over-stocked ; while on the other hand, the demand for really skilled mechanics of every description is as notoriously beyond supply. The crying need of the country to-day is for skilled labor; and that father who neglects to provide his son with a useful trade, and to see that he thoroughly masters it, does him a grievous wrong and runs the risk of helping by so much to increase the stock of idle and dependent, if not vicious members of society. It is stated in the report of the Prison Associa tion lately issued, that of fourteen thousand five hundred and ninety prisoners confined in er learned a trade. The fact conveys a lesson of profound interest to those who have in charge the training of boys, and girls, too, for the active duties of life.

A NEW VERSION.—A boy in school was reading a lesson from the Bible in that delib-crate fashion so usual, with chaps of six, and when he came to the passage, "Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from guile," drawled out, - Beauty is worse than wine, it intoxicates with a decided emphasis, "Keep-thy-tongue from evil; and thy lips from-from-girls."

ones and his wife in his arms till they their last. the deed to procure any aid, although a phy-sician was immediately sent for. He arrived er saw. He gets his living by these. They are in time to save the father, who, in his efforts to two delicate blades, and are placed alongside of

ROMANCE OF RALIROADING.-A writer in a ready, he puts his proboscis down, and pushes late number of *Putnam's Magazine* gives us this the little scissors out, and makes a neat cut, so enticing description of a trip across the conti-

nent per rail : "The perfection of American railway travelholder of a through ticket in one of the socalled Pullman cars, who finds, within the same coach, his seat by day and his couch by night, journey, or order each time what he chooses. has a rare opportunity of enjoying the luxury of traveling in his fullest extent. As the train of civilization unrolled as in a vast panorama before his eye ; here in the East, the large city, with all the evidences of highest culture and greatest wealth; then the borderland, where the new settler and the squatter bring their cheerful sacrifice of a hard life's work for the benefit of the coming generation; next the primeval forest and the boundless prairie, with an abundance of animal life, while the emigrant's slow oxen and the Indian's shaggy pony eye each other suspiciously, and their mas- proportion, a "bite" from him would kill us ters represent, in striking contrast, the dying race of the owner of the soil and the undaunted energy of the unsurper. Then he catches a glimpse at the strange Prophet's home, who rules like Mohammed over a host of deluded beings, which he has drawn to him across the vast ocean and the great prairies of the New World, from the very centres of civilization

and the remotest corners of Europe. He rises cigar as he climbs the Rocky Mountains, with waters of another ocean."

BORES .- What constitutes a bore ? What scourge of civilization? A total lack of hupower which enables a person to see, as if by agreeable to the listener, joined sometimes to intense egotism, though this last is not a necin so far as it is connected with want of sympathy. The essence of the bore is the absence of the sympathetic power. This by no means implies the absence of sympathetic power .--The two are quite distinct. A person may bore the wrong time. A bore has no tact. This is prime (perhaps after she was married to her why the masculine bore so largely predominates first husband,) the sort of woman that was alover the feminine. Women, as a rule, have ways popular among gentlemen, but looked upmore tact than men. They are more sympathetic, too, their finer sensibilities enabling them to feel the pulse, as it were, of the indi-vidual with whom they are conversing, or the modest-going ladies called her fast. society in which they are mixing. But, though the feminine type is rarer than the masculine. it is infinitely the worse of the two. The rari-

ty is more than compensated for by the intensity.

- An exchange, wanting to compliment a "live stock journal," says it is edited by a man whose head is full of live stock. trict, are the principal supporters of virtue, morality and civil liberty."

Then he drinks as much blood as he wants and is done his dinner. But he does not leave ing is found on that greatest of roads known to yet. He is going to pay his bill. He has ta-the world, the Pacific Railroad. The lucky ken our blood, and he will leave us something ken our blood, and he will leave us something in exchange for it. With all his faults he is an honest little fellow—after his fashion. He has the pay in his pocket, ready to squeeze out and a restaurant where he may either pay a sum of money for all his meals during the no difference to him. It is the best he has to give us. His poison pocket is at the head of his proboscis, and at the lower end of his pro-boscis he has another little pocket into which carries him swiftly along he sees every phase he puts poison enough for one dose. This poison is very powerful. A very little makes the place where the musquito puts it very sore. After he has sucked our blood, he puts the drop of poison into the place he took the blood from. It is not the "bite" or cut that the musquito makes that hurts, but the dropping of this pow-erful poison into our flesh. If this musquito were large enough to give a powerful does of this poison, it would be bad for us. If he were as big as a kitten, and his poison as strong in

that he can suck the blood out.

MRS. PETIGRU KING BOWEN .- A Washington correspondent writes :

As for Mrs. Bowen, her case excites the deepest interest and sympathy here. She is devo-tedly attached to her numerous husband, and declares that she will stick to him. She believes that her marriage was legal and that it was formed in good faith by both her husband from his comfortable dinner and smokes his and herself. It is said they are now living together, occupying a house here owned by hertheir weird canons and their snow-covered self. Bowen's friends assert that he will at heights, and when he awakes again, he finds himself on the Pacific slope, soon to see the Golden Gate, opening before him upon the still term of another around " the kind-that he is not entitled to a divorce-that no court would dare to grant it now, and

that he dare not apply for it; but that he and combination of qualities goes to make up that Mrs. Petigru King will continue to live together, leaving the world to say and think as it mor, we should say, and of that sympathetic please, thus leaving it in the hands of the other two Mistresses Bowen to obtain divorces on instinct, whether he or his conversation be the ground of adultery, if they see fit. The gentleman who lives in Charleston, above alluded to, says that Mrs. Bowen was celebrated essary ingredient in the bore's character, except for her wit and sarcasm in Charleston, and he related many instances of her brilliancy in conversation and in society. She was at one time regarded as the most brilliant and fascinating woman in the State, and owing to her father's position, her society was greatly sought by disone to death with sympathy, by offering it at tinguished strangers. She was, in fact, in her on with suspicion (born of envy you may be sure) by the ladies. She reigned supreme in

- If a young lady wishes a young man to kiss her, what papers whould she mention? No "Spectators," no "Observers," but as many 'Times" as you like.

- Franklin said : "A newspaper and Bible in every house, and a good school in every dismorality and civil liberty."