# THE TRIBUNE.

VOL. II.--NO. 25.

BEAUFORT, S. C., MAY 10, 1876.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

To-Day and Hereafter.

Upon my lips she laid her touch divine, And merry speech and careless laughte died :

She fixed her melancholy eyes on mine, And would not be denied.

I sav. the west wind loose his cloudlets white In flocks careering through the April sky; I could not sing though joy was at its height, For she stood silent by.

I watched the lovely evening fade away, A mist was lightly drawn across the stars; She broke my quiet dream-I heard her say, Behold your prison bars !

Earth's gladness shall not satisfy your soul-The beauty of the world in which you live, The crowning grace that sanctifies the whole That I alone can give.

I heard and shrunk away from her afreid, But still she held me, and would still abide Youth's bounding pulses slackened and obeyed With slowly ebbing tide.

"Look thou beyond the evening sky," she "Boyond the changing splendors of the

Accept the pain, the weariness, the dread,

Accept and bid me stay." I turned and clasped her close with sudder

etrength, And slowly, sweetly, I became aware,

Within my arms God's angel stood at length, White robed, and ca'm, and fair. And now, I look beyond the evening star,

Beyond the changing splenders of t day.

Knowing the pain He sends more preciou

More beautiful than they.

#### MILLY'S FALSEHOOD.

#### THE REASON WHY SHE TOLD IT

"I can't stand it any longer—I can't I'd rather sweep the streets for a living. Oh, father! oh, mother! do you know how your poor child is treated, or can't you feel any trouble in heaven?' Milly sobbed violently for a few mo

ments, then raised her head resolutely, and dried her tears.

"Crying does no good. I must think what I can do. I won't be dependent on these horrible people any longer. But how shall I carn my living? I can't teach—can't even sew decently. All they have taught me is to drudge at housework. I may thank myself for anything else I have learned."

She considered a moment; then said in a determined voice: "I'll do it—I'll go out as housemaid. False pride shan't stop me. What am I now?—only I don't earn anything, as I would in a place. Oh, mother!"—with a sudden revulsion of feeling—"if you had known I would come to this!"

Tears rolled down her cheeks again, poor girl. She was scarcely seventeen, a child in many ways as yet. But the little thing had a resolute spirit of her own, and in another moment she was on her knees before an old chest, looking hurriedly over a very scanty wardrobe. "Poor and plain enough," she mused,

"I think, with all her wealth. Aunt Peters might have afforded to dress her orphan niece a little decently. But she wanted all the finery for her

four lovely daughters."
Milly's lip curled as spoke; her naturally sweet temper had become somewhat imbittered during the last ten years. But her look softened again, as she took from a secret corner a gold chain rather old fashioned in style. It was her mother's gift. She pressed it passionately to

her lips.
"How can I part with it?" she sobbed out. "Oh, mother, dear, forgive me! It's all I can do."

"Another girl to see me?-oh, dear! Very well, Jane; I'll be down directly. Mrs. Young rose, from her comfortable lounge with a gesture of weary impatience. She was a woman of about forty, plump and ro y cheeked, with the look of one who would fain take the world easy it it would only let her. But a very unpleasant frown wrinkled her forehead just now.

Dear, dear! now I must go down again to be questioned by one of those high-flown minxes who want 'high-flown' minxes who want every-thing 'first-class' except their own work. Or maybe it's a creature like the last, in a dirty dress and a white lace bonnet. If it is, I'll send her packing

very quick."
She went down stairs to the diningroom, looking as grim as you please.
No wonder the timid young girl waiting there felt her heart sink within her.

"Keep up your heart, dear," whispered a kind woman beside her. "Remember you've got me to back you

But Mrs. Young's face had softened already. Such a fresh, sweet, modest girl! She looked trim as a daisy in her

girl! She looked trim as a daisy in her gingham dress and neat straw hat. Surely here was the treasure she had sought so long.

"You have seen my advertisement?" she asked, graciously.

"Yes, ma'am," said Milly's companion, answering for her. "This is my niece, ma'am, just come up from the country. I would like to find a place for her."

Milly blushed more painfully than before. Deceit was so foreign to her nature! Never had she felt so abased in her own eyes. Poor child, how she must have suffered, to make Mrs. Kel-

ly, coming to her rescue with this false hood, seem like an angel of relief!

"I suppose you can give me good references, Mrs. Kelly?" said Mrs.

Young, after asking a few questions as to age, capability, etc.

"Indeed I can, ma'am," said Mrs.
Kelly, confidently. "There are many families I've worked for will be glad to speak a good word for me, I'm sure."
Milly, or Maggie, as she now called

herself, was engaged, on condition the references proved satisfactory; and promising to return that night, she left the house with her "aunt."
"You're in luck, Maggie dear," said

Mrs. Kelly, as they went down the street together. "She seems a very nice lady, and twelve dollars is a good beginning for a girl like you."

"Oh, Tom, I am so perplexed and troubled! She really— I never took such comfort in a girl before. So neat and quick about her work, and so sweet tempered and obliging! I felt "-

tempered and obliging! I felt "—
"Well, aunty, why need you worry
so? Just take the comfort of her. It
may be all right."
"All right! How can you talk so?
And what comfort can I take in a person
I suspect of being an impostor? All
sorts of horrible suspicions come into
my head. I think you might help me,
Tom."

"How can I help you?" asked Tom, with a quizzical air. He was a tall, dark young fellow, with a face almost too sharp featured for beauty, but the good natured gleam in his large black eyes softened their keenness. A smile crossed Mrs. Young's anxious face as she looked at him. He was evidently a

favorite of hers.

favorite of hers.

"Why, you are a sharp boy—nobody knows that better than yourself—and if anything is to be found out"—

Tom looked gratified; he was only twenty-three, and nothing flatters a young man of that age more than to be credited with an uncompany degree be credited with an uncommon degree of penetration. Mrs. Young knew his weakness, and took advantage of it in a

way scarcely creditable to herself.
"Come, my young detective, you
must help me. I'm sure you'll clear
matters up."

matters up."
"It seems kind of mean, though, for a young fellow to play spy upon a nice, pretty girl like that," said Tom, in a tone that showed some disrelish of the task imposed upon him.

task imposed upon him.

"It's a great deal meaner to allow your aunt to be imposed upon—to harbor a disreputable person in her house, perhaps," said Mrs. Young, vehemently.

"There's no help to be got from your uncle—he won't hear a word of the matter. And I can't speak to the girl; I may be mistaken, and then "—

"There, there, aunty, I'll do my best for you; only—don't expect miracles from me."

from me."

"I don't; I only expect help. It's lucky you're boarding here—you've more chance for observation."

"Well, to business!" said Tom, leaning forward, and trying to look like his idea of a detective. "State your grounds of suspicion, madam."

"Well, the first time I saw her it struck me queerly, the difference be-

struck me queerly, the difference be-tween her and her aunt. Mrs. Kelly is a decent sort of body, but this girl is so gentle, so refined, numbers of people have asked me who that young lady was. She speaks excellent English, writes a very pretty hand, and I am sure has read great deal. Then "-"All this is very well, but hardly

the poor child too hastily, aunt."

"I don't intend to! But can you explain her being confused and turning as ed as fire when I questioned her about the place she came from? And see what

Cousin Lu found in her room." "Lu be hanged !" said Tom, pushing the little pocketbook angrily aside. "What business has she poking over the poor girl's things that way? I tell you, aunt'

"Tom, Tom, be quiet! we shall be overheard. This pocketbook is a sort of diary; that is, it has a few blank leaves to be written on. And on one of these

"Don't!" said Tom, surprised and almost dismayed at his own agitation. Poor little soul! It's too mean to haul over her diary and things!" He shoved back his chair violently, ready to beat himself for the almost agonized desire he felt to "know the worst."

"On one of these leaves," repeated Mrs. Young, resolutely, "is written a name, Milly Westermann, and right under it, Boston, April 17, 18—. That's just three months ago. The handwriting is Maggie's—there's no mistake about that. What am I to think of that, when her aunt told me this was the first city 'the poor child ever set foot

"It's queer, but may be explained. Perhaps she wrote a friend's name. I must think it over, aunt," said Tom, as he left the room.

Once in his own chamber, he bolted the door, and lighting a cigar, sat down to think. An unpleasant frown darkened his face.

Who got me into this scrape?" he "Who got me into this scrape?" he soliloquized. "Partly my own vanity, partly a wish to quiet aunty, and make her let the girl alone. But it's dead earnest now. Little serpent! to impose upon honest folks with your baby face and soft, innocent ways! But you've met your match now, miss. I'm on your track, and if I don't find you out your track, and if I don't find you out before this week's over "-

Tom never stopped to ask himself the reason of his excessive agitation and wrath. He only shook his head grimly three or four times, in a manner very portentous to poor Maggie, and resumed his cigar.

"What is the matter? Have they found me out? Mrs. Young is so cold to me! and for all Mr. Tom's so polite and smiling, I feel ne's watching me all the time. God help me! A falsehood always brings its own punishment; but if ever a girl was tempted"—

Poor Magging thought all this to her

Poor Maggie thought all this to herself, dusting the parlor mantelpiece the while as if her life depended on it. A few hot tears would fall now and then.

"I've a great mind to confess, and ease my heart of this load. If only"—
"Milly!"
"Sir!" said Maggie, turning, with a "Sir!" said Maggie, turning, with a great start in the direction of the voice. Then she recollected herself, turned scarlet and pale by turns, but braced herself as only a woman can when on her self-defense, and said, quietly: "Did you call, sir?"

"Yes, and you answered," said Tom, coming forward. His voice had a pleasant, half humorous tone, but there was a gleam in his eye that was almost a threat. Not less defiant shone the light in the blue eyes looking back into his, though she dropped them immediately, with a simple:

"Did you wish anything, sir?" "On her guard," thought Tom. pect? She looked fit to murder me jus now.". Aloud he said, carelessly: "Oh, nothing. I run down to Westbrook tolay, and as your uncle lives there"

day, and as your uncle lives there "—
Maggie's face grew deathly white.
She turned away without a word.
"As your uncle lives there," Tom went on, pretending not to notice, "I thought you might like to send some word."

word. "Thank you; I won't trouble you, sir," said Maggie, in a cold, haughty

"Oh, no trouble," said Tom, cheerfully. "Shall I tell him you are well and happy?" "You needn't tell him anything,"

said Maggie, some irritation mingling with her alarm. "How! not a word to the old gentle-man! What an undutiful niece you are,

Maggie struggled a moment with her tears, then took refuge in anger.

"I can manage my own affairs, sir, and send messages when I choose. Please leave me alone."

Tom stood silent a moment, then said, well, if that's the way you feel. Excuse me for asking you." And with a brief good morning he went out, very hotand angry inwardly, and more than ever determined to find the mystery out.

Maggie clasped her hands with a look of utter despect.

of utter despair.
"How cruel he is! I wouldn't have thought it of him. Oh, that wicked lie, and stupid lie, too; for how could I think to pass for her niece? And I'm sure she hasn't told her brother. It's but two weeks since I came here. dear, oh dear! what shall I do?"

"Tom, how late you are! Make haste and dress yourself. Dinner will be ready directly, and we have company,

you know."
"What company have you?" asked
Tom. pausing. He looked pale and Tom, pausing. He looked pale and much disturbed, but his aunt scarcely noticed this in her haste.

"Oh, only the Shaws, and a friend of "Oh, only the Snaws, and a Friend of theirs from Boston, a Mrs. Peters. Run up and dress yourself. I will delay dinner a few moments." Then, in a whisper: "Maggie has done so beautifully all day, I do hope she's all right.

And "—
"Humph i" muttered Tom, under his breath, as he turned away. Half-way up stairs he met Maggie, who had escaped from her work a few moments to change her dress. She was very pale. It was easy to see she had been crying a good deal, but somehow she had never looked prettier, Tom thought. Her dress of blue and white striped calico was becoming to her fair complexion. She wore a jaunty white apron, and bright blue ribbons at her throat and round her pretty head. She started with a half frightened exclamation as she met Tom; but he only gave her a cool little nod, and passed on. The poor child felt her heart swell almost to breaking. Tom had always been so kind, so civil, to her. She had grown to like him so much; and now this young fellow, but six years her senior, seemed turned into her inexorable judge. She hurried on as fast as she could, pausing a moment on the kitchen

stairs to wipe away her blinding tears. As for Tom, he dressed himself in a balf savage mood, feeling the stern satisfaction common to us poor mortals when intent on "doing our duty" some unfortunate fellow creature who has offended us. How much boyish vanity and self-importance was mixed up with this feeling is difficult to tell. We only know that Tom kept repeating to himself, in an excited manner, that "she"—Maggie, presumably—should 'hear of it" before the day was out. He would say nothing to his aunt—at least as yet—but that little jade should know her wickedness was discovered, and confess everything to him, Tom Fox, or he'd know the reason why.

The dinner bell rung in the midst of

these meditations. Hastily concluding his toilette he went down stairs. Ere he reached the foot, he heard somebody rushing along the hall in frantic haste. It was Maggie. She shrunk back, terrified, as she encountered Tom at the foot of the stairs. "What's up now?" asked the young

"What's up now! assaured man, rather sternly.
"I was taken ill—a little faint," gasped Maggie; and indeed she was deathly pale, and looked frightened out of her wits. "Please let me pass, sir," she went on. "Jane has told Mrs. Youngshe will wait on the table, and "-

Here the tears begun to flow; she wiped them away, and made a motion to pass

"No; come into the parlor with me," said Tom, decidedly. "I want to speak to you."
"And I want to be let alone," said

Maggie, firing up, as she marked his determined look. "Let me pass, sir."
"Look here!" said Tom, taking her arm in his strong grasp, "either you come into the parlor with me, or I take you down stairs and say what I've got to say before my aunt. Take your choice

Poor Maggie hesitated a moment, then made a motion toward the parlor door. He understood her, and led her in.

He understood her, and led her in.

"Dinner is all ready, sir," she murmured, faintly, as he released her arm.

"Dinner be hanged!" said Tom, vehemently. "Now, Miss Milly Westermann," in a tone of stern decision, "tell me who and what you are."

Milly gave a frightened little gasp, and was silent.

and was silent.

"I've been to Westbrook," Tom went on, mercilessly. "I saw that worthy old man you called your uncle—I saw his niece, Miss Maggie Reilly. Now I want to know who you are, and why you've been imposing on us all." Then, in a solomy voice and with very little idea. solemn voice, and with very little idea of what he was talking about: "Do you know what you've done? Do you know the penalty of taking another per-

son's name that way?"
Milly was young—only seventeen. It never entered into her head that Tom might not be so hard as he seemed. Dim visions of chains and dungeon cells rose before her. She stretched out her hands to him with a little imploring cry. "Oh, forgive me! I didn't know!"

she sobbed out, and burst into an agony of tears.

"Darn it all !" thought Tom, might have foreseen she'd turn on the water-works." Aloud he said, in a con-siderably softened voice: "There, there! stop crying, Maggie—Milly, I mean. I won't be hard on you; only"—a shade of sternness in his voice again—"you must tell me everything. I'll stand your friend with my aunt, if you'll

only be honest and own up."
"I will," said Milly, trying not to cry. "I wanted to tell Mrs. Young many a time, but my courage always failed me. Mr. Tom, that woman down stairs is my aunt."
"What?"

"That woman-Mrs. Peters." Some what composed by this time, Milly took breath, and with a simplicity that touched Tom and impressed him with her truth, told her pathetic little story

her truth, told her pathetic little story from beginning to end.

"You have done very wrong, Milly, no doubt," said he, gravely, when she had finished; "butthere's great excuses for you, after all. And if that old hag hadn't put it into your head"—

"Oh, don't!" cried Milly, piteously.
"She isn't an old hag. She pitied me, a poor girl all alone in this great city. I was most to blame; I knew better. was most to blame; I knew better. And I'll never forget her kindness as long as I live."

"You're a pretty good little soul, I think," said Tom, "after all that's come and gone. Dry your eyes, now—that's right—and come down stairs with me." right—and come down stairs with me."
"Down stairs! To my aunt! Oh,
Mr. Tom!"

"Y:s. What else ?" responded our hero. And before poor Milly could gasp out another remonstrance, he had whirled her down stairs and into the dining-room with the speed of a young Dinner was nearly over, and poor

Mrs. Young sat trying to entertain her company, while she fretted inwardly over the absence of Maggie and Tom. Suddenly that young gentleman burst into the room, and marching straight up to a handsome lady on Mrs. Young's right hand, said, in his blandest voice Pray look here, madam."

Such a scream as Mrs. Peters gave when she saw the pale young lady on his arm! Further explanations were rendered almost unnecessary.

Our story grows too long. Suffice it to say that Mrs. Young forgave Milly, and retained her in her family, the young lady declining absolutely to return with her aunt. Day by day she grew in the af-fections of her mistress, till she seemed more like a daughter than the servant of the house. "The dearest girl in the world," Mrs. Young calls her, and some say Tom Fox is of his aunt's opinion. But that is only conjecture as yet .-

## A Good Counterfeit Nickel.

The smallest and meanest of all counerfeits is now circulating in great numbers throughout the country. It is a counterfeit five cent piece, and it is vorthless only because the counterfeit, although it is identical in weight and fineness with the genuine coin, and worth just as much, is not made at the vovernment mint. The five-cent piece a sham and deceit at best, for it costs the government, including material, labor, etc., less than half a cent apiece, or en per cent. of its nominal value. Some of the counterfeits were recently sent to the superintendent of the mint in Phila delphia by the treasurer, for the pur-pose of making inquiries and to test their value. The superintendent says the counterfeits have been assayed and found to contain copper and nickel in the legal proportion, that the coins are of proper weight, size and finish, and just as valuable as the good coin. The only way to detect the spurious coins is by the imperfect impression of the legend "In God we trust."

A dignified answer to a beggar girl is: "Go, waif, from me."

Story of a Rag Baby.

Charlotte's fate was so peculiar that I am impelled to relate it for my baby friends. Sitting alone with Charlotte one day, the little child thought to feed this dear creature, and with a pair of scissors she dug a hole in the mouth and adjacent country, then she dragged out cotton till the hole went far enough below the neck to answer all the early purposes of a stomach. Into this arrangement was speedily crowded cold chicken, bread and milk, baked apples and mince pie. Charlotte never closed her eyes for four days. On the fifth her condition was terrible. Whenever poor Meg appeared lugging Charlotte, everybody politely vacated the room. Finally the case became too outrageous, and the trouble was chased up and landed in Charlotte's defective flues. The baby's father was away, so the mother one day did her nose with a clothes-pin, and carried Charlotte by one leg and threw her over the fence. Did this flendish act pass unnoticed? Far from it. Charlotte was rescued by the vigilant baby, and the other inmates sat outside the house till paterfamilias returned and took the case in hand. He represented the complaint of Charlotte as being too severe for treatment—her de-fective digestion could never be remedied; better bury her. Rather tickled with the prospect of a shrown, the child consented, and duly immured in a cigar box, away went the dreadful Charlotte

to a grave under a pear tree.

Then the family went for a month to a Then the family went for a month to a neighboring city; returned in the fall and went to church, bidding the baby come after with a young aunt. The pastor had got to "miserable sinners and there is no health in us," when up the aisle, clasped to baby's bosom in a loving embrace—still wearing the moldy shroud and smiling more like a corpse than ever. there came Charlotte—dug up than ever, there came Charlotte—dug up—the young resurrectionist jubilant over her restored favorite.

It's so long ago that the untimely end of Charlotte is lost to history, but subjected to chloride of lime, she held her own for years.

# A Soldier Without Nerves.

A correspondent of the Manchester

(N. H.) Mirror thus discourses of Gen. Stark: Gen. Stark was never hilarious though his hospitality was sincere, and he eujoyed his guests. It is related of him that he was never known to show his emotions in word or expression of face, an old resident averring that he was never seen to laugh or shed a tear. On one occasion, to test his strength of nerve, a townsman offered to fire a pistol close behind his back while the general was busy conversing. A party in the experiment agreed to watch the general's face in front and report the re-sult, and see if he were startled or not. There was no visible alteration in his expression or manner, but he turned very quietly to see the cause of the explosion. He was quite as much noted for vigor in the management of his farm as in the management of troops, and could never endure indolence in any one who had the strength and capacity to labor. At the time of the arrival of the courier bringing news of the battle of Lexington, Stark was hard at work in his sawmill, taking advantage of the spring floods to finish the sawing of logs drawn in the winter then just past. This mill was on Bay brook, near the site of the dam that produces Dorr's pond, and the remains of it are still discernible when the low water will admit. Old settlers assert that the log left half sawed by Stark, as he mounted his horse to beat up recruits, was never disturbed afterward; it decayed with the mill in the eight long years of fighting that ended with the surrender of Cornwallis. Stark's integrity and economy in government contracts and the disbursements connected with army supplies was never questioned. He sa ficed his private interests and the enjoyment of domestic life through the Revolution without any hesitation, and en-couraged the same spirit in his sons. He was incapable of dissimulation, and

## What he Thought.

even when blunt, rough and eccentric, meant kindness where his manner might

belie his heart.

A gentleman who held a responsible position under the United States gov-ernment at Washington concluded to change his lodgings. He sent one of the waiters of the hotel where he had selected his apartments after his baggage. Meeting the waiter an hour or two afterwards, he said: "Well, John, did you bring my baggage down?"
"No, sir!" blandly responded the waiter.
"Why—what's the reason?" "Because, sir, the gentleman in the office said you had not paid your bill." "Not paid my bill—why, that's singular—he knew me very well when he kept the Girard House in Philadelphia." "Well, maybe," rejoined John, thoughtfully scratching his head, "that was the rea-son why he wouldn't give me the bag-

## Glad to Hear It.

Iceland is better off than was believed. The volcano-vomited pumice dust that was to destroy the pastures, on the contrary, makes the grass grow where it never grew before, and the islanders who were threatened with famine are found flourishing on fish. We are very glad to learn these things, as man attempted but little to relieve the threatened want which nature, in her own mysterious way, removed from the sturdy people who woo her in her most repellant fastItems of Interest.

table of interest-The dinner table.

Hard thinking tires the body more than hard work.

Trousers obtained on credit are breeches of trust. Not less than twelve thousand women are employed in the glove trade in the department of the Loire, France, alone.

Russia contains 12,313,558 children of between seven and fourteen years of age, and only sixty-nine per cent. attend school.

"Is your house a warm one, land-lord?" asked a gentleman in search of a house. "It ought to be," was the re-ply, "the painter gave it two coats reently."

The coroners' reports show that three hundred children are suffocated in bed each year in the central districts of Middlesex, England; and that most of these suffocations occur on Sunday morning.

A young lady who had an offer of marriage from a Mr. Moore, wrote to him and asked for time to consider the matter. The letter was courteous and brief, closing with "No more at pres-ent."

The papers are making a great stir over an apple, still plump and solid, said to have been picked by Washington in 1772, at Portsmouth, N. H., and carefully stuck in with cloves and guarded as an heirloom by two generations.

As a young shaver of five or six years was reading in school the other day, he came upon the passage: "Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from guile." Master Hopeful drawled out: "Keep—thy—tongue—from—evil—and—thy—lips—from—girls."

Atrocious usage of children has been the practice in the Ohio soldiers' orphans' home. An official investigation shows that pounding with barrel staves, blows in the face that left disfiguring marks, and other equally severe punishments, were daily inflicted.

Two hundred trains pass daily over the Pennsylvania railroad between New York and Philadelphia. A train leaves Jersey City every seven minutes, night and day. After the Centennial has fairly opened it is reported that the number of trains will be nearly doubled.

The most trying moment in the life of a youth is when he slips, for the first time, into a barber shop to be shaved, and meets his father there on the same errand. Somehow it takes some time for the parental mind to become reconsider the parental mind to become reconsider the same time. ciled to the fact of his hopeful's p feathers.

"May they always live in peace and harmony," was the way a marriage notice should have wound up; but the compositor, who couldn't read manuscript very well, put in type, and horrified the happy couple by making it read: "May they always live on peas and heminy."

A partridge flew through a window in a house in North Greenbush, N. Y., and striking a sewing machine near the window, broke it, and fell to the floor dead. Upon examination it was found that the head of the bird was crushed into a shapeless mass, probably by its contact with the glass in the window. He was a timid fellow, but fond of He was a timid fellow, but fond of borrowing John Phenix's jokes; so when she asked him how he felt, he averaged himself according to the Phenix plan of being very definite, and he said he felt "about eighty-eight per cent." "Indeed," she said, with a demure look, "are you never going to par?"

From Punch.—Scene on an Engirally train: No. 1. "Rather remarkable, ain't it, sir! But 'ave you he noticed as mostly all the places on this line begins with a 'H?'" No. 2. "Awbeg your pardon." No. 1. "Look at 'em. 'Ampstead, 'Ighgate, 'Ackney, 'Omerton, 'Endon, 'Arrow, 'Olloway and 'Ornsey."

Ornsey. A blacksmith in Humboldt county A blacksmith in Humboldt county, California, offered himself as bail for a prisoner whose trial was put off till the next term. "Are you surely worth \$500 above all your debts?" inquired the recorder. "Why, sir, I hold my wife to be worth \$500, without counting property." "The court is satisfied; take the bail," replied the recorder.

A pauper in an English poorhous A pauper in an English poorhouse re-cently wrote to the guardians that, "Being shut out from public life," he wished them to insert an advertisement for him as a horse trainer in the leading English sporting journals. They re-spectfully declined. Another, at the same meeting, asked to be supplied "with eggs and wine, as she could not eat meat." This was also declined.

A harmless, inoffensive beggar a A harmless, inoffensive beggar appeared in Oconto, Wis., dressed in rags, begging from door to door by day, sleeping in the barns at night, and serving as a target for snowballs whenever the boys felt sportively inclined. Everybody pitied him. Finally he f und one special man, and then it turned out that the beggar was a Nevada detective. The man he found was a murderer, whose trail he had followed for three years, and for whose arrest a heavy reyears, and for whose arrest a heavy ward was offered.

ward was offered.

A certain pompous judge fined seven lawyers \$10 each for contempt of com After they had paid their fines, a stead going old attorney walked gravely up the bench and laid down a \$10 bi "What is that for?" inquired the judg "For contempt, your honor." "Wh I have not fined you for contempt "I know that," said the attorney, "b I want you to understand I cherish secret contempt for this court all time, and I am willing to pay for it."