

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.
Published Every Thursday
At
CAMDEN, S. C.,
BY
G. G. ALEXANDER.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
(In Advance.)
One Year \$2 00
Six Months 1 25

The Camden Journal.

VOLUME XXXVII.

CAMDEN, S. C., OCTOBER 10, 1878.

NUMBER 13.

TIME.	1-in.	1/2 col.	1 col.
1 week,	\$1 00	\$5 00	\$9 00
2 "	1 75	7 50	12 25
3 "	2 50	9 00	15 25
4 "	3 00	10 50	18 00
5 "	3 50	11 75	20 50
6 "	4 00	12 50	22 75
7 "	4 50	13 25	24 00
8 "	5 00	14 00	26 00
9 "	5 50	15 00	28 00
10 "	6 00	16 00	30 00
11 "	6 50	17 00	32 00
12 "	7 50	18 00	34 00
13 "	8 50	19 00	36 00
14 "	9 50	20 00	38 00
15 "	10 25	21 00	40 00

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Business entrusted to his care
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Mr. W. S. Alexander being in Camden
on a short visit, will open his Gallery for
the accommodation of his many friends and
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fine Photographs as can be made in the
State.
Copying and enlarging also done in the
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He has on hand a splendid assortment of
Picture Frames, Chromos, etc., for sale at
the lowest cash prices.
Give him a call.

FREDERICK J. HAY,
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Will furnish plans and estimates for all
kinds of buildings. Contracts taken at
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fully attended to.
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will receive immediate attention.
March 1st

MERONEY & REED,
Auctioneers.
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Orders solicited and satisfaction guar-
anteed.
Feb 12th

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AND
SIGN PAINTER.
Paper Hanger & Glazier,
CAMDEN, S. C.
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Riddle's Hotel,
LANCASTER C. H., S. C.
Having purchased the Hotel formerly occupied
by Mr. Jones Crockett, situated on Main street, I
am prepared to receive transient and permanent
boarders.
Good accommodations at reasonable rates.
Stables and Lots free to drivers.
J. M. RIDDLE,
Jan 1st

**Be Sure to Stop at the
Latham House,**
CAMDEN, S. C.
(TRANSIENT BOARD, \$2.00 PER DAY.)

Ample accommodations. Tables sup-
plied with the best of the Markets afford. Every
attention paid to the comfort of Guests.
Persons stopping at the Latham
House will be conveyed to and from the
depot free of charge. Passengers, without
heavy baggage, will be conveyed to and
from any part of the town, not above De-
Kalb street, at 25 cents.
Connected with the house is a first
class bar, which is located separately from
the house, and orderly kept.
Conveyances supplied to guests on
liberal terms, either for city or country use.
S. B. LATHAM, Proprietor.

BOOTS, SHOES, & C.
The undersigned respectfully informs his
friends and the public generally that he
is still to be found at his shop, one door
east of the postoffice, where he is prepared
to execute promptly and in the most stylish
manner all orders for boots, shoes, and
repairing. He will also make or repair
knives, or in fact anything else in his
line. He only solicits a call.
ISAAC YOUNG.

Special Attention
directed to our stock of Pipes and
Schaum Goods.
KIRKLEY & SMITH.

**Tobacco, Cigars and
Smokers Articles.**
and better stock, and at lower
prices than ever.
KIRKLEY & SMITH.

Childhood.
Before life's sweetest mystery still
The heart in reverence kneels;
The wonder of the primal birth
The latest mother feels.

We need love's tender lessons taught
As only weakness can;
God bids his small interpreters—
The child must teach the man.

We wander wide through evil years,
Our eyes of faith grow dim;
But he is freshest from his hands
And nearest unto Him!

And haply, pleading long with Him
For sin-sick hearts and cold,
For angels of our childhood still
The Father's face behold.

Of such the kingdom! Teach thus us;
O Master most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of thine!

The haughty feet of power shall fall
Where meekness surely goes;
No cunning find the key to heaven.
No strength its gates unclose.

Alone to guilelessness and love
Those gates shall open fall;
The mind of pride is nothingness.
The child-like heart is all.

**THE STONE-CUTTERS
STORY.**
He was whistling over his work, care-
less, from long custom, of the solemn
significance of the letters he was cutting
in the white marble. A June sun was
nearly at the end of the day's journey
sinking slowly to rest upon the bosom
of the broad Atlantic, whose waves
washed the shores of the little seaport
town of Monkton. A stranger, hand-
somerly dressed in gray, with large
lustrous brown eyes, came to the fence
that was around the yard where the
stone-cutter worked, and read the let-
tering, almost completed, upon the
tombstone:

HIRAM GOLBY,
Aged 35.
LOST AT SEA, JANUARY, 1866.

The last six was nearly completed. A
strange pallor gathered for a moment
upon the stranger's face, and then he
drew a long, deep breath, and said:
"Is not ten years a long time to be
cutting letters on a tombstone, friend?"

"Eh, sir?"
The stone-cutter looked, shaded his
eyes with his brown hand, and he turned
his face to the setting sun.

"This is 1876," was the grave reply,
"and Hiram Golby has been ten years
under the waves."

"Well, sir, that's the question—is he
there?"
"Is he there? Your stone tells us he
is and has been for ten years."

"Yes, sir, so it does—so it does. And
yet she has ordered it. She came over
a week or so back with a worried look
upon her sweet face that I have never
seen any thing but patience in the ten
long years, and she said to me: 'You
may cut a stone, Davy,' she says, 'and
put it up in the churchyard, and I don't
want to see it. I'll pay you whatever
you choose to ask, Davy,' she says, 'but
he's not dead, and don't want a tomb-
stone.' 'Lor, mum,' says I, 'he'd not
turned up all these years if he was not
dead.' But she shook her pretty head,
the prettiest I ever seen, sir, and said
she: 'My heart never told me that he
was dead, Davy, and I'll never believe
it till my heart tells me so.'"

"His sweetheart?" questioned the
stranger.

"His wife, sir—his loving, faithful
wife, that's had property, and loneliness
and misery, her full share, and might
ha' bettered herself."

"How was that?"
"Mr. Miles, sir, the richest shopowner
hereabouts, he waited patiently for seven
long years, trying to win her. Then he
said that she was free even if Hiram
came back."

"Enoch Arden," muttered the stran-
ger.

"What did you say, sir?"
"Nothing, nothing. What answer
did the widow make, Mr. Miles?"

"If Hiram's dead," said she, "I'm his
faithful wife." "Maybe you are from
the city, sir, and have heard the story
of our Pearl?"

"What story is that?"
"Well, sir, it's been told many times
more particularly in the last year, but
you're welcome to what I know of it.
There, that's done, and I'll leave
the Scripture text till morning. If
you'll come to the gateway and take
a seat on some of the stones, I'll tell you,
that is, if you care to hear it."

"I do care," was the grave reply; "I
want very much to hear the story."

"Maybe you're some kin to the
Pearl of Monkton—that's what they
call Mrs. Goldby hereabouts. It's a
matter of thirty-three years back, sir,
that there was a wreck off Monkton
rocks, that you can see from here, sir,
now tide's low. Cruel rocks they are,
and many a wreck they've seen, the
more the pity. You see them, sir?"

"I see them."
"Well, sir, with this one wreck,
thirty-three years ago, there was nothing
washed ashore but a bit of a girl
baby three or four years old, with a
skin like a lily leaf, and great black
eyes. Hiram Goldby found her on the
rocks. He was a boy of twelve years,
strong and tall, and he carried the child
in his arms to his mother. You may
see the cottage, sir, the second white
one on the side of the hill."

"I see it."
"Well, Hiram took the baby there,
and Mrs. Goldby was the same as a
mother to it—a good woman, God bless
her soul—the Widow Goldby."

"Is she dead; then?"
"Aye, sir, six years ago. The baby
I was telling you of, sir, talked a fore-
ign lingo, and was dressed beautiful in
rich clothes, that must have cost a power
of money. But never would Hiram or
the widow sell them, putting them up
carefully in case the child was ever
looked for. She was that pretty, sir,
and that dainty, that everybody called
her Pearl, though she was not like our
girls, but afraid, always dreadingly afraid
of the sea. I have seen her crouch her
mite of a hand and strike at it, for she
had a bit of temper in her though not
to harm."

"When Hiram made his first voyage
for they were all seafaring men—
about, and there was nothing for
to do but ship, the Pearl was just
washed-out lily, a fretting little
came home again. And it was so what-
ever he went, for they were sweetheart,
from the first time he nestled her baby
face to his breast, when he picked her
up from the wreck. She was sixteen
when they were married, as near as we
could guess; Hiram was a man of
twenty-four. She prayed him stay at
home then, and he stayed a year, but
he fretted for the sea, and he went
again, thinking, I s'pose, that his wife
would get used to it, as well as all his
hereabouts must do. But she never
did—never. It was just pitiable to see
her go about, white as a corpse, when
Hiram went away, never looking at the
sea without a shudder like a death chill.
All through the war it was just awful,
for Hiram enlisted on board a man-of-
war, and Pearl was just a shadow when
he came home she last time."

"After the war?"
"Aye, sir; but he made no money of
any account, and so went again, after
staying at home a long spell. Well, he
never came back. Twasn't no manner
of use telling Pearl he was lost; she'd
just shake her pretty head and say:
'He'll come back.' Not a mite of
mourning would she wear, even after
his mother gave him up and went in
black; for, sir, it stands to reason he's
dead years ago."

"It looks so."
"Of course it does; nobody else
doubts it but Mrs. Goldby. Old Mrs.
Goldby's last words were—I'm going
to meet Hiram, and they say the dying
kiss. But even then that didn't
make Pearl think so. She wore mourn-
ing for her who had been the only
mother she knewed of, but not weede.
Weeds was for widows, she said, and
she wasn't a widow."

"And the stone?"
"Well, sir, I'm coming to that. A
year ago sir; a fine gentleman from
France came here hunting for a child
lost on this coast. He'd heard of Pearl
by happen-chance, if there is such,
and came here. When he saw the clothes
he just fainted like a woman."

"She was related then?"
"The stranger's voice was husky, but
the sea air was growing chill."
"Her father, sir?"
"He took her away?"

"He tried to. He told her of a splen-
did home he had in New York, for he'd
followed his wife and child, sir, to the
city they had never reached. He was
rich and lonely. He begged his child
to go, but she would not. 'Hiram will
come here for me,' she said, 'and he
must find me where he left me.'"

"Oh, how has she lived?"
"Sewing, sir, mostly. The cottage
was old Mrs. Goldby's, and bless you,
Pearl did not eat much more than a
bird, and her dresses cost next to noth-
ing. But there's no denying she was
very poor—very, and yet the grand
home and big fortune never tempted
her. So her father come off and on to
see her, until April. An' he died, sir,
and left our Pearl all his fortune and
the grand house in New York. But
she'll not go, sir; she'll die here, wait-
ing for Hiram who'll never come."

"The stranger lifted his face that had
been half hidden in his hand and
said:
"There was a shipwreck in the Pacific
Ocean, Davy, years and years ago, and
one man only was saved—saved; Davy,
by savages who made him a slave, the
worst of slaves! But one day this sailor
saved the life of the chief's daughter,
who was in the coils of a huge snake,
and the chief released him. More than
that, he gave him choice spices and
woods, and sent him aboard on the first
passing ship. So the sailor landed in a
great city, sold his presents and put the
gold in safe keeping. Then he traveled
till he reached the seaport town where
he was born, and coming there at sun-
set, heard the story of his life from the
lips of a man cutting his tombstone."

"Not a word spoke Davy. Standing
erect, he seized an immense sledge ham-
mer, and with powerful blows from
strong uplifted arms, dashed the mar-
ble into fragments. Then, panting
with exertion, he held out his brawny
hands to the stranger—a stranger no
longer."

"I've done no better work in my life,
than I've done in the last five minutes,
Hiram. Go home, man, and make
Pearl's heart glad. She don't need it,
Hiram—she don't need it. You asked
me about the stone. The neighbors
drove her to ordering it, twitting her
that she was now rich, she grudged the
stone to her husband's memory. So
she told me to cut it, but says, 'Don't
put dead upon it Davy—put lost at sea;
for Hiram's lost, but he'll be found and
come back to me.' She never looked at
it Hiram, never. And there's not an
hour, nor hasn't been for ten years, that
she hasn't been looking for you to come
back. Go to her, man, and the Lord's
blessing be upon both of you."

"So, grasping the hard, brown hand,

Hiram Goldby took the path to the lit-
tle white cottage where he had been
born forty-five years before. The sun
had set and the darkness was gathering,
but a little gleam of light streamed from
the window of the cottage. He drew
near softly, and standing on the seat of
the porch, looked over the hall curtain
into the neat but poor sitting-room.

"It was not the grand house, Pearl's
heritage in New York, but Pearl herself
was there. A slender woman, with a
pale, sweet face, and black hair smoothly
banded and gathered into rich braids at
the back of her shapely head. Her
dress was a plain, dark one, with white
ruffles, cuffs and an apron.

She had been sewing, but her work
was put aside, and presently she came
to the open window and drew aside the
curtain. She did not see the tall figure
drawn closely against the wall in the
narrow porch, but her dark eyes looked
toward the sea, glimmering in the half
light.

"My darling!" she whispered, "are
you dead, and has your spirit come to
take mine where we shall part no
more?"

Only the wash of the wave below an-
swered her. Sighing softly, she said:
"Is my darling coming? I feel him
so near me, I could almost grasp him."
She stretched out her arms over the
low window-sill, and a low voice an-
swered her: "Pearl! Pearl!"

The arms that had so long grasped
only empty air, were filled then, as Hiram
stood under the low window.

"Do not move, love," she whispered,
pressing her soft lips to his: "I always
wake when you move."

"But now," he said, "you are already
awake. See, Pearl, your trust was
heaven-given. It is myself, your fond,
true husband, little one, who will never
leave you again."

"It is true! You have come!" she
cried at last, bursting into a torrent of
happy tears. "I knew you were not
dead. You could not be dead and my
heart not tell me." It was long before
they could think of anything but the
happiness of reunion after the many
years of separation, but at last, drawing
Pearl closer, Hiram whispered: "I
walked down,"—love, and an enor-
mously hungry."

And Pearl's merry laugh chased the
last shadows from her happy face, and
she bustled about the room preparing
supper.

"Supper for two!" she cried, glead-
fully.

The grand house in New York is ten-
anted by its owners, and Hiram goes to
sea no more; but in the summer time
two happy people come for a quiet
month to the little white cottage at
Monkton, and have always to listen to
Davy's tale of the evening when he was
cutting Hiram Goldby's tombstone, and
ended by smashing it into atoms.

"For," it is the invariable ending of
the tale, "Pearl was right, and we were
wrong, all of us; for Hiram Goldby was
lost at sea, sure enough, but he was not
dead, and he came to her faithful love
as she always said he would."

A Big Job.
Two years from this time the great
St. Gothard tunnel through the Alps,
uniting Switzerland and Italy, must
either be completed or the contractor,
Mr. Favre, will have a heavy penalty
to pay. Under the terms he must pay
\$1,000 for every day later than Octo-
ber 1, 1880, on which it remains un-
finished. If six months afterward it is
still uncompleted he loses \$2,000 per
day, and if twelve months go past with-
out it being turned over, he forfeits
everything, including his bond of
\$1,600,000. The undertaking is a gigan-
tic one, and some engineers doubt if
Favre is not badly beaten at last. The
main tunnel is over 29,000 feet long,
and the work on it is only prosecuted
under tremendous difficulties. All the
power used in drilling is furnished by
compressed air, which is prepared out-
side by powerful pumps and stored up
in vast tanks. The locomotives which
draw from the tunnel the blasted rock
are also run by compressed air, as the
use of steam in such a hole would be
impossible. As it is, the men at work
often suffer excessively from the foul
vapors, partly natural and partly pro-
duced by the explosions of dynamite,
which are so constant that an observer
compares them to cannon-firing in battle.
These gases would collect and be fatal
except that the exhaust air from the
drills is employed to drive them toward
the mouth of the excavation. Favre is
laboring with splendid energy, and the
working force is as large as he can put
on. It is vastly to his interest to hurry
for he will receive a bonus of \$1,000
for each day previous to October 1st,
1880, on which he has his task finished.
The tunnel will cost about \$55,000,000,
although when it was first undertaken
the estimates were some twenty millions
less than the above figures. The discre-
pancy was occasioned by engineers'
mistakes, and when it was found that
the discovery discouraged all concerned.
But the Swiss, Italian and German gov-
ernments increased their subscriptions,
private subscriptions were stimulated
and financial success was assured. The
laborers employed are Italians, about
the only workmen who could be en-
gaged at the small wages paid, averag-
ing from 60 cents to \$1.25 per day.
A writer speaks of them as the Chinese
of Europe, but we doubt if even John
Sueh laborer, exhausting and danger-
ous work for the same amount of pay.

Too Hot for Him.
As Confederate war reminiscences are
the order of the day, here is one too
good to be buried. The hero of the
joke we call him Jim. He was at-
tached to Rosser's Cavalry, in Stuart's
command. Jim was noted for his strong
antipathy to shot and shell, and a pec-
uliar way he had of avoiding too close
a communion with the same, but at last
all plans failed to keep him out of the
"row," and he with his comrades under
a lieutenant, was detailed to support a
battery that composed a portion of the
rear guard. The enemy kept pressing
so close in fact, as to endanger the re-
treating forces and the troops covering
the retreat had orders to keep the enemy
in check, for a given period, at all
hazards, and the order was obeyed to
the letter though under a galling fire.
Our friend Jim grew desperate. He
stuck behind trees that appeared to his
excited vision no larger than ram rods.
He then tried lying down. In fact, he
placed himself in every position that
his genius could invent, but the "his"
of the bullet hunted him still. At last,
in despair, he called to his commanding
officer: "Lieutenant, let's fall back!" "I
cannot do it, Jim," replied the officer.
"Well! I'll be drat if we don't get
cleaned up if we stay here!" "My
orders, Jim, are to hold this place and
support that battery of guns," pointing
to the artillery close by. "If we fall
back, the enemy will rush in and cap-
ture the guns." Just at that time a
well-directed bullet impressed Jim with
the fact that a change of base became
necessary. Jim found another appar-
ently protective spot, and as he recover-
ed his mind, he sang out: "Oh!
Lieutenant! what do you think them
'ere cannons cost?" "I don't know,
Jim; I suppose \$1,000." "Well,"
said Jim, "let's take up a collection and
pay for the d-d guns, and let the
Yankees have 'em."

Russian Ladies Fight a Duel.
A good deal has lately been heard of
the progress of female emancipation in
Russia, but it is somewhat of a novelty
to find the Russian ladies figuring in the
character of duellists, as was the case
not long since with two belles of Peti-
gorsk, a well known fashionable resort
on the northern slope of the Caucasus.
A dispute arose between the rival
beauties, springing out of the attentions
paid to each in turn by a handsome
young cavalry officer quartered in the
village. The affair was of a trifling na-
ture, but one of the Amazons at length dis-
patched her maid to the other with a
formal challenge, which was instantly
accepted. The belligerents met with-
out seconds in a lonely place outside
the town, each armed with a brace of
loaded pistols. Before, however, they
had even taken up their respective
positions, the trembling of the one
lady's hand caused her pistol to explode
prematurely, sending a bullet through
the dress of the other, who shrieked and
fell down in a swoon. The assailant,
frightened out of her wits, flung away
her weapon and rushed to raise the
supposed corpse; but her ungrateful
antagonist, recovering her senses as
suddenly as she had lost them, clutched
her by the hair with one hand, while
boxing her ears with the other in the
most energetic style. The firing hav-
ing now ceased, the battle proceeded
hand to hand. Looks of hair, ribbons,
and shreds of clothing flew in every di-
rection, and but for the timely advent
of three or four policemen the affray
might have ended like the somewhat
similar combat of Kilkenny cats. The
military Lotherio's only remark on
hearing the story was: "It's lucky
they took to clawing each other instead
of me."

How Fortunes are Made Quick.
The growlers assert that the recent
times in silver stocks does not make the
times any better. As fast as lucky
operators clean up they rush off to San
Francisco or the lakes to spend their
money, and some are in such a hurry
that they do not even settle their small
bills. A good many Comstockers who
assert that Sierra Nevada was going to
\$200 a share could not resist the tempta-
tion to realize at \$35 and \$40, and got
out with a handsome profit.

A couple of Italian vegetable dealers
on C. street realized \$11,000 on a lot
of this stock, which they had bought
at \$4.75 a share. They gave their
store away to a friend, and will start
for sunny Italy next week.

A man who was dealing far over the
El Dorado saloon bought some of the
stock at \$5, and induced every body
around the game to go in except one
man, who said that far was good enough
for him. All had sold out last Satur-
day at \$37, and are going off to have a
good time. The man who didn't buy
was a case-keeper, who says that he
hasn't called the turn right in five years.

Numbers of people who passed for
poor folks, and were always ranked as
such, are now coming to the front and
pulling money out of old stockings to
invest. Capital is coming out of its
hole with a vengeance, and \$20 pieces
are swarming like flies who rush to fit
joyously in the warm sunshine, or stick
in the seductive molasses jug, may be—
Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle.

As many as 7,000,000 persons in all
are computed to have died in the Chin-
ese famine. The province of Shansi
alone is said to have lost 5,000,000 of
inhabitants in the last winter; in the
districts where the distress is most se-
vere people prey upon each other like wild
beasts; and in hundreds, or even thou-
sands of villages, seven-tenths of the
population are already dead.

A Dream.
The editor sat in his arm chair in mu-
sings deep, and weary and worn he fell
asleep; his thoughts had been running
on the promise made, "when cotton
comes in you will surely be paid." The
days of the spring and the summers
as well, were pulled through as editors only
can tell; but buoyed by hope and living
on air survived he, and now the cotton
is here. The tale is a sad one, the subs
seem all fled, or fly as they sell, and he
sees not a "red." Alas! while the
breezes play through his locks, and the
door some one impatiently knocks,
and not only one but many another,
creditors all, ah! there is the bother.
But what is that sound that breaks on
the air, and makes his heart throb
while he dreams in his chair, subscribers
are tramping who cotton have sold, they
are coming, yes, coming, with greenbacks
and gold. He wakes from his dream
and looks all around, no subscriber is
seen, not a greenback is found, and, alas,
this poor editor falls prone on the ground,
and but for some kind friend who
helped him to rise and sprinkle water
in his face he might have died in the
swoon.

There is more truth than poetry in
this, reader, and if you owe us anything
please bring it in without further notice,
and oblige yours truly,

A Wife's Skull as a Souvenir.
An English paper says that a very
unpleasant discovery was made at Nimes,
a short time ago by the wife of a mason
who, while looking for some linen in one
of her husband's boxes, came upon a
woman's skull. She at once requested
her husband to inform her how he came
into the possession of such a sinister
object, and when he told her that it was
a souvenir of his first wife, she begged
him to get rid of it, which, after some
hesitation, he consented to do. The
story got bruited abroad in the village,
and, on its coming to the ears of the
police, the mason was prosecuted for
"violating a burial place." The case
was tried before the local tribunal, and
from the evidence given it appeared that
the accused, hearing that the remains of
his wife, who died in 1871, were to be
disinterred, induced the Mayor of his
village to allow the grave digger to give
him a part of the body that he might
preserve it as a souvenir. The grave-
digger brought him the skull rolled up
in a piece of cloth, and this the mason
piously preserved in a box. The tribu-
nal, noting that the accused had not
been guilty of any sacrilegious act, ac-
quitted him, and this decision has been
confirmed by the Court of Appeals at
Nimes.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Poisons.
The poison so frequently used by the
Italians in the seventeenth century was
called "aqua tofana," from the name of
the old woman Tofania, who made and
sold it in small flat vials which she
called manna of St. Nicholas, on one
side of which was an image of the saint.
She carried on this traffic for half a cen-
tury and eluded the police, but on being
detected confessed that she had been a
party in poisoning 600 people. Num-
erous persons were implicated by her
of all ranks, and many of them were
publicly executed. All Italy was
thrown into a ferment, and many fled,
while persons of distinction, on convic-
tion, were strangled in prison. It ap-
peared to have been used mainly by
married women who were tired of their
husbands. Four or six drops were not
a fatal dose but the effect was not sud-
den and therefore not suspected. It
was as clear as water, but the chemists
have not agreed about its real composi-
tion. A proclamation of the Pope de-
scribes it as aquafortis distilled into ar-
senic, and others considered it as a solu-
tion of crystallized arsenic. The se-
cret of its preparation was conveyed to
Paris, where the Marchioness de Brin-
valiers poisoned her father and two
brothers, and she, with many others,
were executed; and the preparers of it
were burned at the stake.

A Beautiful Allegory.
Mr. Crittenden, of Ky., was once en-
gaged in defending a man who had been
indicted for a capital offense. After an
elaborate and powerful argument, he
closed his effort with the following strik-
ing and beautiful allegory:
"When God in his eternal council
conceived the thought of man's creation
he called to him the three ministers who
wait constantly upon the throne—Justi-
ce, Truth and Mercy—and thus ad-
dressed them: 'Shall we make man?'
Then said Justice, 'O God make him not
for he will trample upon thy laws.'
Truth made answer, also: 'Oh! God,
make him not, for he will pollute thy
sanctuaries. But Mercy, dropping
upon her knees, looking up through her
tears, exclaimed; 'O, God, make him—
I will watch over him with my care
through all the dark paths which he
may tread.' Then God made man, and
said to him, 'O man, thou art the child
of Mercy; go and deal with thy brother.'"