

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.
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G. G. ALEXANDER.
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Corner Gates and Plain Streets.

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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
former patrons. He is prepared to take as
fine Photographs as can be made in the
State.
Copying and enlarging also done in the
best style.
He has on hand a splendid assortment of
Picture Frames, Chromos, etc., for sale at
the lowest cash prices.
Give him a call.

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With careful plans and estimates for all
kinds of buildings. Contracts taken at
moderate figures, and promptly and care-
fully attended to.
Orders left at the CAMDEN JOURNAL office
will receive immediate attention.
March 1st

JOHN C. WOLST,
PLAIN, ORNAMENTAL,
AND
SIGN PAINTER.
Paper Hanger & Glazier,
CAMDEN, S. C.
sept 23-12m

Riddle's Hotel,
LANCASTER O. 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 drovers.
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 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.
Jan 1st
S. B. LATHAM, Proprietor.

BOOTS, SHOES, & C.
The undersigned respectfully informs his
friends and the public generally that he
may still be found at his shop, one door
west of the postoffice, where he is prepared
to execute promptly and in the most stylish
and durable manner all jobs that may be
given him. He will also make or repair
harness, or in fact anything else in his
line. He only solicits a call.
ISAAC YOUNG.

S. WOLFE,
CHEAP DRY GOODS STORE.
ALSO,
Buys and pays the highest market price
for green and dry cow hides, sheep, fox,
otter, mink, raccoon and rabbit skins.
Also, rags, wool, tallow, beeswax, old iron,
brass, copper, &c.
Jan 1st

Water-Purifying Chain Pump
Acknowledged to be superior to any other
pump known. No valves to get out of or-
der. Bucket and chains made of galvane-
ized malleable iron. The foulest water
made pure by the use of this pump. 10
feet or less, \$10; each additional foot, 50
cents. This pump may be examined at the
Latham House.
Jan 1st
LATHAM & PERKINS.

BOOT MAKER.
W. C. Young, having opened a shop on Broad
Street, one door below R. J. McCreight & Son's
Gin Factory, in Mr. G. W. Young's building,
specifically solicits the patronage of the public. He
will make or repair.

Boots, Shoes, Harness & C.
On the shortest notice and in the most durable
manner.
July 28-2m

The Camden Journal.

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11 "	9.50	23.00	44.00	75.00
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Transient advertisements must be accom-
panied with the cash to insure insertion.

MY MOTHER.

I hear the evening winds among
The hoary forest trees,
As falling leaf and bending twig
Are rustling in the breeze;
But oh! the music of the leaves—
Leaves meekly strewn and sear—
Reminds me of thy sweet, voice,
Long silent, mother dear!

It brings to my ever-dying mind
Those oft-remembered hours,
When I, a thoughtless child, with thee
Would wander 'mong the flowers,
And pulled their fairest, while ye smiled
Mair sweet than togs can tell:
The gown ye wore was thine, and mine
The bonnie heather-bell.

And how ye winned them in a wreath,
To place them on my brow—
To tell me that a pretty king
Of flowers ye crowned me now:
Then how my happy heart would beat
With love for all, and thee;
And long I laughed, and danced and sang,
In childhood's harmless glee.

Then all was spring, for new-blow'n joys
Sprung on each passing hour;
Or Summer, for they ne'er could die,
But ever freshly flower:
Ah! dark clouds dimmed that sunny sky—
Now winter chills the year,
For thou wert summer's gentle queen,
My long-lost mother dear!

Still, when the bright, the summer sun,
Shines lovely from above,
And yow on every hill and dale
A golden gleam of love,
I wander to those early hours
And think full long of thee,
And ponder if thy spirit keeps
A loving ward o'er me.

And when thy dark eye ceased to shine,
Thy kind-toned voice to speak,
And when thy gentle hand no more
Could pat me on the cheek,
No eye there was to watch o'er me,
No voice to whisper mild,
No hand to lead, no voice to cheer
A weary little child.

Yet still, in sunny dreams, betimes,
I see thee by my side,
And if I've done aught wrong, methinks
I hear thee gently chide:
While sadly in thy downcast eye
Appears the briny tear,
To guide my frail, though willing, steps,
In truth, my mother dear!

But when I walk in wisdom's ways,
And let my words be mild,
Methinks I hear thy praising voice
In every word-note wild;
And thus, oh mother! lead my steps
Through every changing year—
My heart to God, my lips to truth,
As thou wouldst, mother dear!

T. C. PATTERSON.

FOUND.
'Young ladies, this is Miss Del-
mar.'
All eyes turned towards the madame,
as, leading a little dark figure by the
hand, she came among us. It is an
embarrassing position to meet for the
first time the gaze of fifty critical eyes;
but Miss Delmar bore it bravely. Then
and there I took a fancy to the little
thing with her sweet face and great
pleading eyes.
Ours was a fashionable school and
Miss Delmar's dress was very simple,
and of cheap material, but it was worn
with that indescribable grace which be-
tokens the lady, and which no more
outside elegance can give.
I found I had not made a mistake in
my quickly formed estimate of her, and
before long we became the dearest of
friends.
I noticed Ruth never mentioned her
parents, and that when the other girls
were eagerly inquiring for expected
letters she was always silent. So one
day, I asked her:
'Ruth, are you an orphan?'
Instead of answering her dark eyes
filled, and putting her arm around my
neck she burst into tears. I never
asked her any questions after that, for
I knew there must be some sad story
in her life, and not for worlds would I
give her pain.
Time passed; and the girls were all
preparing to go home for vacation—I
with the others; and much to my joy,
Ruth consented to go with me. I had
written and asked papa, and he never
having refused me anything in my life,
wrote back a card of invitation.
We were home. How good it seemed
to roam over our house with a compan-
ion! I never had a sister, and my
mother had died, leaving me, a little,
lonely girl of six, to be the only mis-
tress of 'Ormsby Hall,' as our place was
called.
I felt very glad when I saw that papa
was pleased with my friend, and
Howard, my brother, usually so indiffer-
ent to strangers, treated her with the most
marked courtesy.
As the weeks glided by, I began to
notice a strange change in Howard.
He, who had never seemed to care for
the society of ladies, began to make
excuses to be with Ruth and me, join-
ing us in our walks; and dropping his
beloved law books to take up a croquet
mallet.
Ruth's dark cheek had a brighter
tint at those times; and, with the ro-
mance of eighteen, I at once made up
in my mind a love story, and brother
Howard and my friend were the
'grammatic persons.' But my pretty
dream was shattered when one day
Ruth came to me with a very white
face, and said that she must leave me
and return to school.
'Go back to school! and before me!
Why, Ruthie?'
And then, still with that white
pained face, Ruth told me the reason.
My brother Howard had told her he
loved her, and she had refused him.
Taking her by both arms I held her
off to look into her face.
'Ruth, you do love him? Do not
deny it, for I see it in your eyes! Why
do you refuse him?'
Then she spoke.

'Sadie, dear friend, let me tell you
my story, and that will explain why I
cannot enter your family as your
brother's wife, and your sister.'

We sat down together on the sofa,
and as I held her hand she told me her
sad story. Her mother had died,
leaving her an infant, in the care of a
dissolute father, who while she was
still a mere girl, had committed a rob-
bery, and been imprisoned. Then she
had gone out into the world alone and
friendless, until she had found a place
in a large family to take care of the
young children. By strict self-denial
she had saved enough money to pay for
her education at madame's, with the in-
tention of becoming a teacher. That
was all.

Pressing my lips to her soft cheeks,
I said, impulsively:
'Why, Ruthie, is that the only reason
you refused Howard?'
'The only reason,' she repeated, sadly
—yes, and surely reason enough.

Here an unexpected interruption oc-
curred.
The draperies parted from an alcove
near, and my brother stepped into the
room.
Ruth gave a little cry as she saw
him, (oh! how noble he looked!) And
well she might; for almost in a single
instant her slight figure was clasped
tightly in his arms.

Then, regardless of me, he spoke—
reproachfully, but oh, so tenderly! And
Ruth just let herself stay in his strong
arms, and did not shrink when he
lifted her face to read his answer in her
soulful eyes. I stole away—they did
not heed me. At last I had a sister.
Howard told papa all of his pro-
posed wife's story and the dear old gen-
tleman spoke, as I knew he would,
words of kindness and counsel, and
laid his hand in blessing on my Ruth's
dark head.

So Ruth gave up her idea of going
back to school, and we were happy as
happy could be. This week we were
to give a garden party, and all the
young and old of the neighborhood
were invited. Some of the older peo-
ple preferred to stay in the parlors, and
there papa brought Ruth, to sing for
them his favorite Scotch airs. Of
course, I was there too, and Howard
was not far off.

Ruth looked lovely that night in her
white dress, with creamy rosettes
nestling, as if thoroughly contented, in
her bosom and hair. I had never seen
her wear any jewelry before, and I
noticed on her round, white arm an
elegant bracelet.

As she sat there, the jeweled clasp
of the bracelet on her arm gleamed and
caught the light, and I saw old Judge
Morris, my father's dearest friend, start
violently and bend forward, looking in-
tently at the player's arm; a look of sur-
prised excitement was in his face, and
after she had done I saw him go and
speak aside to Howard, while, then
they left the room together.

The hours swiftly flew by, and it
came time for the party to break up.
The next day Howard went away (on
business he said). He returned, in a
few days, and one morning, shortly after,
the bell rang, some one wished to
see Ruth in the library. Wondering
who it could be, and fearing, she knew
not what, Ruth went down. A time
elapsed, and she came back. As she
went to the toilet-table and took up the
bracelet that was lying there, I noticed
the strange expression her face wore.

'Ruth, what is it? What has hap-
pened?'
Stopping, she dropped a sudden kiss
on my forehead and exclaimed:
'Oh! Sadie, how can I ever thank
you enough?'
Before I could speak she was gone,
and I was left alone with my wonder-
ment.

After a while Howard came—he,
too, with his features strangely work-
ing.
'Sadie, come to Ruth,' he said.
When I opened the library door I
started back, for there, sitting side by
side, as close as if they were lovers,
were my father's dear friend and my
Ruthie. As I entered, Judge Morris
rose and took my hand in both his own.
His eyes were full of tears, and his
voice faltered as he said:
'Miss Sadie, let me give you a
father's thanks. Through God's infi-
nite mercy you have been the means of
bringing me to my long lost child.'
All was soon explained. Judge Mor-
ris had married early in life a beautiful
French girl, and after some years an
infant was born. The mother died soon
after; and all that was left to the re-
verend husband was his child. He had
in his employ a servant, who had lived
with him a few years, and in whom he
had great confidence; but after a time
he began to suspect him of dishonesty,
and after obtaining sufficient proof he
taxed him with it and then discharged
him.
That night his little girl was missing.
Rewards were offered, but no clue to
his lost child could be found. The cabi-
net containing his wife's jewels was
gone, too, and it was conjectured that
the thief had fled to a foreign country.
The bracelet with the jeweled clasp
which had attracted his attention on
Ruth's arm, he immediately recognized as
one of his wife's ornaments.
He had spoken to Howard, as I had
noticed that night, and Howard's "busi-
ness" the next day to the prison
where Ruth's supposed father was
confined; and on obtaining permission
to see the prisoner, my brother had
gained from him the confession that he
and Judge Morris's servant were one
and the same, and that the child he had
stolen for revenge was the girl who
bore the name of Ruth Delmar. He
had given the bracelet to Ruth, and
told her it was her mother's.

As Judge Morris paused, Ruth
raised her lustrous eyes, which had
been hidden on my shoulder, and then,
with one thrilling cry, as if unable to
be parted longer, the newly found pa-
rent and child were clasped in each
other's arms.
Ruth did not go back to school, but
went to her father's home. There,
after a little while, Howard went, too.
Judge Morris could not consent to let
his new found daughter leave him, and
the young couple agreed to make his
home theirs.

In His Own Tomb.
About fifteen years ago the late Wil-
liam Niblo, of Niblo's Garden, built a
handsome tomb in Greenwood Ceme-
tery. He expended a great deal of
money upon it, and it naturally became
one of the attractions of that pensive
spot. Among the eccentricities of
that veteran manager was that of visit-
ing this tomb on sultry Summer after-
noons and sitting there, novel in hand,
until the shadowing of the grand path
before the door showed him that even-
ing was near. One day Mr. Niblo
passed through the lodge gate as usual,
saluted the attendant in his customary
courteous style, and wandered away
toward his home in New York. Nothing
was thought of it, as he had such a
number of friends whom he might visit
and remain until late. But when the
morning showed the room unoccupied
and the bed unadorned, then alarm
sized the household. Search was
made, the clubs, places of public resort,
the theatres, all were visited. He had
not been seen there since the night
previous. Then one remembered the
visits to the Greenwood tomb. When
they were searching for William
Niblo reached the gate of the cemetery
they were met by the man in charge.
He remembered that Mr. Niblo had
been there so many days before that it
had become a custom. "What was the
matter? Mr. Niblo? Come to
think of it, I didn't see him go out of
here when I looked up. He must be
in the tomb." The tomb has an orna-
mental door set into the solid round
surroundings. It is massive, thick, un-
inviting, and seems just the aperture for
a perpetual home of the dead. Beyond
it is an airy apartment, in which the
sunlight filters. When Mr. Niblo en-
tered his favorite resting place that
summer afternoon, he sat in his cus-
tomed seat, opened his book and fell
to reading. The wind rose, the vault was
filled with air until a propelling force
was generated, and then suddenly there
came a short, sharp click, with semi-
darkness after it. Mr. Niblo was shut
in. The vault door had sprung to. He
was found sitting composed in the tomb,
and by no means so much agitated as
were any of those who were looking for
him. He explained the accident, his
shrieks for assistance, and then his re-
lapse into a calm and philosophical con-
sideration of the circumstances. He
knew that no one could hear him call,
but he felt that the active brains of his
friends would seek him out, and that
sooner or later he would be liberated.

What a Fly Did.
Mr. James Howard, of Walker, mar-
ried an interesting young lady named
Symonds about a year ago, and they
have lived happily and together
ever since. But the other morning, at
breakfast, an inquisitive and hungry fly
dropped down from his perch on the
ceiling, and stretching his legs began
skirmishing around for his breakfast.
He crawled slowly around Mr. Howard's
coffee cup once or twice, sniffing the
delicious aroma, and wondering how he
could manage to get a drink, when his
foot slipped, he lost his grip, and in a
moment more was floundering around in
the liquid. His struggles attracted the
attention of James, and he pulled him
out and playfully tossed him across the
table. The unfortunate fly slipped in a
wet and bedraggled condition on Mrs.
H's plate. She indignantly grabbed him
and flung him back into her hus-
band's plate. James gazed steadily at
her moment, and seeing blood in her
eye, deliberately picked up the fly, and
with a hand trembling with suppressed
rage, threw it back on her plate. Then
began a regular game of shuttlecock be-
tween the two, and that fly flew back
and forth until he was completely worn
out. Then the young wife, bursting
into tears, seized her bonnet and rushed
from the house to the residence of her
parents, vowing she would never come
back, and James went out to the barn,
swearing to himself. In an hour or so
the father of the much-abused wife
came over with a team and removed all
her baggage, and now they "meet" as
friends no more. They have separated
for good, and two lives are ren-
dered miserable by a single mishap of
a fly. On such small things do our
destinies depend.—Carthage (Mo.) Ga-
zette.

A man committed suicide in New
York recently, who must have had a
vixen for a wife: His name was Ham-
mond. At the close of a few lines, in
which he stated his intention to take
his life, was this sentence: "Tell my
wife to go to—!" and a photograph
of his wife was found with the eyes and
mouth blackened with a lead pencil,
under which he had written these
words: "The meanest woman God
ever made!"

Bijah Imposed Upon.
Truth must be told, though other
hearts ache. The boy who was sent up
from the Central Station court two
weeks ago for Bijah to wrestle with,
and who, after being soundly spanked
and talked to in a fatherly manner,
seemed on the high road to moral re-
formation is no longer to be seen
around the Twentieth street station.

Nothing of the kind. He laid his
plans to work under Bijah's good na-
ture, and he succeeded. He picked up
education so rapidly that he could spell
"cat" and "pig" inside of two days
and before the third day he could tell
the difference between Lake Erie and a
brickyard. He needed no more spank-
ing, and Bijah gradually allowed him-
self to become delighted. He laid in
gun, peanuts, plums and a new spelling
book, and left the boy in the parlor
while he went out to gather a few early
autumn leaves for a widow woman with
her shoulder out of joint. Returning
home after three hours' absence, the
old man almost fainted away as he
opened the door. The glass eyes had
been removed from the india-rubber cat
and stuck to the table leg; the engraving
of Yosemite Valley had been touched
up with red ink; the autograph of the
Czar of Russia had been enlarged with
crayon, and the lounge stood on its
head in the center of the room in the
most humble attitude. The boy was
nowhere to be seen. Bijah rushed in
and looked for him behind the doors,
in the corners, in his table drawers and
spectacle case, but the reformed youth
had dropped from the window and gone
on his selected route through the great
mad world—

Had departed like a shadow,
Had vanished like the dew,
Had gone away without delay
To begin reform anew.

"And to think," groaned Bijah, as
he looked around upon the evidences of
total depravity—"to think that I only
spanked him once instead of fifty
times!"—Detroit Free Press.

Romance of a Poor Young Man.
A poor young clerk in San Francisco
read a beautiful and affecting story of
how another young man similarly situ-
ated, was once applied to for alms by a
miserable old beggar, and when he had
given the beggar all he had, the latter
threw off his disguise and revealed the
kind young rich uncle, who immedi-
ately fell on his neck and wept, and
afterward left him countless gold.

His poor young man was much
touched by this legend, so he quietly
left the paper where the senior partner,
who was his rich old uncle, could see
it, and then laid in wait for a beggar.
The very next day one came into the
store, and as soon as he started on his
sad story the young man burst into
tears, handed the man all the money he
possessed, an oriole watch, and even
pressed upon him another clerk's new
ulster that was lying on the counter.

When the beggar was gone, the bene-
volent young man turned to have his
uncle, who was watching the whole
proceeding, fall upon his neck. Instead
of this, the capitalist fell upon his back,
with great vigor. He kicked the philan-
thropist out, with a harsh remark,
that he didn't want any such blamed
fool about his establishment. And now
the disappointed victim of romance is
carrying a clothing store sign around,
and wondering what good it does these
story writers to put up jobs on man-
kind.

Graceful Speech.
The value, to a young lady, of a
copious, elegant, and expressive vocabu-
lary, can hardly be overestimated. Were
she never to use the pen in episto-
lary or rhetorical composition, the
beauty and charm of cultivated con-
versation would be a power that would
add to her influence among intelligent
persons more than all the jewels ever
worn. Add to this the fact that wo-
man's tongue is her principal weapon—
next to her eye, at least—in appeal and
menace, in raillery and scorn, in love
and guidance, in song and prayer, what
is there to equal a woman's speech?

While nature does much, reading
and writing do more in cultivating
fluency and felicity of speech. Read
the best English, and avoid the cheap
and sensational literature of the day.
Avoid vulgarity and slang in conver-
sation. Use the same care in purity
of language while talking familiarly in
private, that is taken in public speech.
But the best training is heart training.
Here, as in oratory, it is out of the
abundance of the heart that the mouth
speaketh. If a law of kindness is
within the heart, there will be "milk
and honey on the tongue."

Among the young ladies who sat at
the receipt of customs in a Western
church fair, and retained kisses at the
nominal value of ten cents each, was a
vinegar-visaged old maid, who had
crowded herself in on the gauzy pre-
tence that she felt it her duty to do her
share towards helping along the good
cause. When it came time for closing
the young ladies turned over to the
church treasury from five to ten dollars
apiece, while the ancient female handed
in a solitary dime, the value of one kiss
that she received from a blind man,
whose taste was so vitiated by tobacco-
chewing that he was unable to detect
the imposition.—Danville News.

A Claim Against Peru.

It is said that Theophile Landreau,
of France, and John C. Landreau, of
New Orleans, will file a claim with Con-
gress at its next session to collect a vast
sum of money from the Peruvian govern-
ment. Nearly half a century ago
the Government of Peru made a law
offering to any person who should make
new discoveries to add to the wealth of
that country one-third of the value of
such discoveries. Theophile Landreau,
a scientist and explorer, discovered de-
posits of guano in Peru, from which the
government derived millions of dollars
revenue. Landreau's claim of discovery
was recognized in 1865, but the govern-
ment was unable to pay a one-third
interest in the discoveries, and a com-
promise was agreed upon. Just as the
claim was about to be settled the Pardo
revolution broke out and the national
treasury was exhausted in trying to
suppress it. Since then the chronic
revolutionary state of the country has
prevented the discoverer from settling
his claim. John C. Landreau, of New
Orleans, is a brother of Theophile Lan-
dreau, and advanced the money to
prosecute his discovery, receiving in
return therefor a half interest in the
prospective rewards. As Lan-
dreau, of New Orleans, is a naturalized
citizen of the United States, he claims
the assistance of this government to aid
him in the collection of his money. The
full amount of the one-third rights of
the Landreaus is said to be over \$100,
000,000, but the claimants are willing
to make a compromise with Peru for a
portion of that sum.—New York World.

Mode of Recognition Among Ants.

The combats and communications of
ants are among the most interesting phe-
nomena. The Rev. H. G. McCook has
given an account to the Academy of
Natural Sciences, at Philadelphia, of
some experiments he has made to de-
termine what is the mode of recognition
among ants. He has studied the pave-
ment ants (*Tetramorium caspium*),
which he has observed engaged in con-
tinued combat for over a fortnight,
the warriors being only the workers. There
is no distinguishable difference between
the ants of the fighting parties, yet they
recognize each other infallibly as friends
or foe. They challenge all comers with
their antennae; if they are friends they
pass on; if foes they straightway inter-
lock and "fall to." Sometimes many
ants are congregated against one, which
is being torn limb from limb. Mr. Mc-
Cook surmised that recognition was
based upon a certain odor emitted by
the respective factions. He found that
if they were enveloped in an odor of
eau-de-cologne, while not at all deprived
of activity, all became harmonious;
those who were previously engaged in
battle unclosed one another, and they
went on for several days, amicably feed-
ing, burrowing, and building. The
same experiment was tried on the car-
penter ants, which beheld their enemies;
their hostile proceedings were not
stopped by eau-de-cologne.

An Infernal Machine.

Infernal machines have been em-
ployed of late with fatal effect in several
cities and towns of Mexico. A New
York paper says: "At San Angel, a
little town five or six miles from the
capital of the country, a party of six
ladies and three gentlemen assembled to
open a box assuming to have come from
Southern France, and to contain some
Laurides water and a number of rosar-
ies that had been blessed by the Pope.
One box opened, another was disclosed,
and as they were trying to get into the
second a tremendous explosion took
place, and every person but one was in-
stantly killed. The box contained nitro-
glycerine, and was evidently prepared
for assassination, though why any of the
party mentioned should have incurred
any such deadly enmity it is impossi-
ble to tell. The terrible box, it is said,
was sent to one of the ladies, remarkable
for her amiability and benevolence.
She was unmarried, and a great favor-
ite, and it is surmised that a semi-
adventurer who had proposed to her
and been rejected, had adopted this method
of revenge. Such a thing scarcely seems
credible to us; but in Mexico anything
criminal may happen may happen, with
or without provocation. There are
men there who appear to practice
assassination lest they may grow rusty
in their murderous art."

Courage.

A great deal of talent is lost in the
world for the want of a little courage.
Every day sends to the grave a number
of obscure men, who have only re-
mained in obscurity because their timidity
has prevented them from making a
first effort, and who, if they could have
been induced to begin, would in all
probability have gone great lengths in
fame. The fact is, to do anything in
the world, worth doing, we must not
stand back shivering and thinking of
the cold and the danger, but just jump
in and scramble through as well as we
can. It will not do to be perfectly cal-
culating risks and adjusting nice
chances. It did very well long before
the flood, where a man could support
his friends upon an intended publica-
tion for a hundred and fifty years, and
then live to see its success afterward.
But at present a man waits and doubts,
and hesitates and consults his brother,
and his uncle, and his particular friends,
until one day he finds he is sixty years
of age; then he has lost so much time
in consulting his first cousin and par-
ticular friends, that he has no time to
follow their advice.

Crased by Love.

A story of genuine romance in real
life comes from Maysville, Ohio. A
promising young man of the place, son
of one of its most esteemed merchants,
was engaged to be soon married to a
beautiful young lady, who, a few days
before the day set for the wedding,
was taken sick and died. Her bereaved
lover was inconsolable, and he resolved
to put an end to his life. He first wrote
this letter to his parents: "What have
I to live for? I often think of drinking
to drown my troubles, but that would be
showing respect to the one I so dearly
loved. Rather than to become a drunk-
ard, I will end it all by a dose of prussic
acid: My last wish is that I be buried
next to Dora, and that two monuments
be erected over our graves, to cost not
less than \$500." Then proceeding to
the room of his late betrothed, he threw
himself upon her death-bed, swallowed
the drug and breathed his last. He was
buried beside her in the cemetery, and
a monument will be erected according
to his wish.

Tarantulas.

The nest of the tarantula, occasion-
ally found, excites the admiration
of both old and young, and, indeed,
nothing could be more ingeniously con-
trived. It is a subterranean house
about the size and shape of a cocoanut
of medium growth, and is made of
small pebbles and grains of sand glued
together with some viscid matter. Its
interior is lined with silky material as
fine and white as satin. Just at the
surface of the ground is a circular
opening nearly an inch in diameter.
This lid is lined with the same silken
stuff as the nest proper, and at one side
has a hinge made of many strands of
the same. This door the tarantula can
open and close at pleasure. When the
lid is closed it is impossible to find the
nest as opening to the sand and gravel
on its upper side it presents the same
appearance as the surrounding ground,
from which were gathered the materials
of which it was constructed.—Virginia
City (New) Enterprise.

Twelve days without Food.

The steamship City of Chester sailed
from Liverpool September 24,