

The Independent Press.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, THE ARTS, SCIENCE, AGRICULTURE, NEWS, POLITICS, &c., &c.

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.)

"Let it be instilled into the hearts of your children that the Liberty of the Press is the Palladium of all your Rights."—Junius.

[PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.]

VOLUME 6—NO. 12.

ABBEVILLE C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 23, 1858.

WHOLE NUMBER 272

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

The Proprietors of the Abbeville Banner and Independent Press, have established the following rates of Advertising to be charged in both papers:

Every Advertisement inserted for a less time than three months, will be charged by the insertion at **One Dollar** per square, (12 inch square of 12 solid lines or less), for the first insertion, and **Fifty Cents** for each subsequent insertion.

The Commissioner, Sheriff, Clerk and Ordinary's Advertisements will be inserted in both papers, each charging half price.

Sherriff's Levies, **One Dollar** each.

Announcing a Candidate, **Five Dollars**.

Advertising an Estray, **Two Dollars**, to be paid by the Magistrate.

Advertisements inserted for three months, or longer, at the following rates:

1 square 3 months	\$ 5 00
1 square 6 months	10 00
1 square 9 months	15 00
1 square 12 months	20 00
2 squares 3 months	8 00
2 squares 6 months	14 00
2 squares 9 months	18 00
2 squares 12 months	24 00
3 squares 3 months	10 00
3 squares 6 months	16 00
3 squares 9 months	21 00
3 squares 12 months	27 00
4 squares 3 months	12 00
4 squares 6 months	18 00
4 squares 9 months	24 00
4 squares 12 months	30 00
5 squares 3 months	15 00
5 squares 6 months	22 00
5 squares 9 months	28 00
5 squares 12 months	35 00
6 squares 3 months	18 00
6 squares 6 months	26 00
6 squares 9 months	32 00
6 squares 12 months	40 00
7 squares 3 months	21 00
7 squares 6 months	30 00
7 squares 9 months	36 00
7 squares 12 months	45 00
8 squares 3 months	24 00
8 squares 6 months	34 00
8 squares 9 months	42 00
8 squares 12 months	50 00

Fractions of Squares will be charged in proportion to the above rates.

The Business Cards for the term of one year, will be charged in proportion to the space they occupy, at **One Dollar** per line space.

For all advertisements set in double columns, Fifty per Cent. extra will be added to the above rates.

DAVIS & CREWS,

For Banner;
LEE & WILSON,
For Press.

MISCELLANY.

Monthly Bank Statement.

We subjoin says the *Guardian* a full synopsis of the condition of the Banks of this State as exhibited by the monthly Comparative View of the Comptroller General for the month of June:

Total specie on hand, \$5,912,048.12; total circulation, \$2,035,175.49; Notes discounted on personal security, \$10,294,162.98; Domestic Exchange, \$71,412.71; Foreign Exchange, \$1,425,809.60.

In relation to the Banks of the interior, with which our people are more or less intimately associated in business intercourse, we subjoin the following items in their returns:

Bank of *Anderson*—Bills in circulation \$403,393.00; Specie on hand \$56,551.62; Bill of other Banks in this State \$3,051.00; Domestic Exchange \$377,664.45; Notes discounted on personal security \$67,605.62.

Bank of *Charleston*—Bills in circulation, \$290,215.00; Specie on hand, \$51,296.52; Bill of other Banks in this State, \$8,896.00; Domestic Exchange, \$312,566.42; Notes discounted on personal security, \$142,015.04.

Bank of *Georgetown*—Bills in circulation, \$165,925.00; Specie on hand, \$50,107.82; Bill of other Banks in this State, \$1,239.00; Domestic Exchange, \$250,536.04; Notes discounted on personal security, \$84,717.11.

The *Columbia Bank* exhibits as follows: Commercial Bank—Specie on hand \$75,632.40; bill of other banks in this State, \$19,547. Domestic Exchange, \$343,304.34; Notes discounted on personal security \$470,264.00; circulation, \$33,620.00.

Exchange Bank—Specie on hand, \$36,111.10; bill of other Banks in this State, \$5,468.00; Domestic Exchange, \$400,045.68; Notes discounted on personal security, \$110,821.18; circulation, \$215,842.00.

This exhibit, as compared with last month's statement, shows the following changes:—Total specie on hand, Increase, \$402,491.00. Total circulation, Decrease, 657,924.00. Notes Discounted, Decrease, 305,810.00. Domestic Exchange, Decrease, 949,544.00. Foreign Exchange, Increase, 175,785.00.

The above synopsis gives the reader a fair view of the condition of our banking institutions on 1st inst.

ALL HAIL MINNESOTA.

The following is an extract from the inaugural address of Governor Sibley of Minnesota.

"Minnesota enters the Union as the thirty-second State. She extends a friendly hand to all her sisters North and South, and gives them the assurance that she joins their ranks not to provoke sectional discord or enjoin strife—not to entertain a crusade against such of them as differ with her in the character of their domestic institutions—but to promote harmony and good will, and to lend her aid on all occasions in maintaining the integrity of the Union.

There is much pleasure in giving publicity to such a sentiment as the above from the Chief Executive of the State of Minnesota. If the same spirit were to animate all the other common-wealths of the Union we might postpone indefinitely the fears that have sometimes hung around the future destiny of the nation.

THE CORN.

The New Orleans Picayune says:—We are indebted to Mr. Henry Lawrence for a fine specimen of the African corn, grown in his famous garden in the Third District, the first produce of seed obtained direct from the land of the Nile and the Mountains of the Moon. The ear is over a foot long, and the deep blue-black grains are of very large size, and are of them very nearly. If not quite half an inch in their longest diameter. This variety of maize is said to be very delicate and nutritious.

A Mischance.

Intending to be absent a few days, I blanketed a shingle with the following, without date, and mailed it upon his door: "Will be home in a ten days from the time you see this shingle."

A post office has been established at 115 Savannah & G. W. Railroad, called *Wagon Station*, and W. J. Way, appointed Postmaster.

POLITENESS PAYS.

From the Boston Olive Branch.

"THE LITTLE BRATS."

"Seems to me you treat that ragged little brat with more politeness than I should," said a rough-looking man to a young shop-keeper who had just done up a three cents' worth of sugar very neatly in a brown paper, and tied it carefully.

The boy in question had presented a marked physiognomy. From under his rimless hat projected a wide, full brow, deep, sparkling eyes, and features full of energy and resolution. His face and hands were scrupulously clean, but his clothes were poor and patched, though not as the man above had insinuated, ragged: his mother was a woman possessing much force of character—a hard-working woman, who was apparently reared in better circumstances than those that now surrounded her for she was the wife of a drunkard.

The grocer was busy, and he evidently had not heard what was said, so the rough-looking man remarked again,

"I say, Wyman, you're a queer one."

"How queer, Gross?" asked the grocer, throwing a cup of tea into the scales.

"Why you treat all the beggars about here with as much consideration when they come with their pennies, as if they bought by the wholesale."

"And why shouldn't I?" asked the grocer, looking up with his honest eyes wide open and clear.

"O I don't know; it's queer, that's all; you're the only man that does it I reckon, in these parts."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Wyman deliberately unwinding a spool of cord and twisting the string about a package which he held in his hand, "the fact is, if I wasn't naturally tender towards the children, I should treat them as I do from motives of policy. You see I'm but a young man, and these 'brats' as you call them, are growing up fast. Many of them, of little worth as they seem now, will become men of character, and men of business. Now I want to retain their custom," he said, laughingly; "their pennies, in the course of a few years, will turn into pounds; their three cents' worth of sugar will change into orders by the barrel. I shall have many good customers among the 'brats'; besides, I've always found that politeness pays well."

"Something in that," ejaculated the coarse man, thrusting his hands into his pockets, "something in that; but I never looked at it in that light before."

"The boy who bought the sugar," continued the grocer, "is one of no ordinary mind, if I am not mistaken. If his father was dead, I'd take him with me into the store, and make a man of him—though I reckon nature will do better for him than could;" and the far-seeing grocer smilingly handed a cents' worth of pins to a little timid child, whose top curl just reached to the counter.

Time verified the prediction of Wyman the grocer. There wasn't a shop in the place where so much small change was spent as in his; for the children loved to go where they were not afraid of rough actions or rude speeches. They felt themselves a while making their little purchases; they saw that their rights were respected; and it is well known that on such trifling sales much profit accrues in the aggregate. Time passed, and Wyman the grocer was the most popular man in town. His pleasant face at forty years was greeted everywhere. Young men and maidens always patronized Wyman. It is strange to see the transformation that took place so gradually.

The little dirty faced juveniles shot up into awkward youths learning trades, and then grew to respectable business men. Wyman enlarged his shop, and built him a splendid house, "all the fruits of the children's pence," he often said, laughingly.

Yes, with him, it paid to be polite; it always pays. It pays the merchant as well as the mechanic, the lawyer as well as the physician. Urbane manners have been the means of making many a fortune, while the cross-grained have wondered why they didn't get along. The roughness that "speaks its mind at all times and in all places, boasting itself that it is only honest, blunt, and straight-forward," is a habit that demoralizes as well as insults. Ask any man you may chance to see if he remembers those who treated him with urbanity when he was a child, and he will call his name with a throbbing pleasure. Perhaps, too, he will couple some other names with the epithet of "old rascal" and "I've never liked that man—I wouldn't have dealings with him."

It paid the grocer to be polite. The ragged boy, the drunkard's son, became a great, as well as a rich man. He established his mother in a handsome residence of his own, and sent in unlimited orders to the grocer. It was his influence that gave Wyman several posts of honor in his native city—for the town became a thriving city, and when silver hair hung on the shoulders of the old man, and the young congressman's name rang far and wide, spoken by admiring tongues, praised by men of wisdom and sterling worth, it was no idle boast for him to say, with a smile of triumph, "I told you so!"

Politeness pays!

A Hint for the Ladies.

An exchange paper has a bit of advice to young ladies, setting forth how they may know whether a young gallant is really courting them, or only paying them polite attentions. The confounding the one with the other has been the source of very much trouble, both before and since the end of Pickwick and Bardell.

A young man admires a young girl and must manifest it. He can't help doing so for the life of him. The young lady has a tender heart, reaching out like tendrils for something to cling to. She sees the admiration; is flattered; begins to love; expects some tender avowal, and perhaps gets so far as to decide that she will choose a "white silk under that gauze, etc.," at the very moment that the gallant she half loves is popping the question to another damsel ten miles off.

Now, the difficulty lies not in precisely understanding the difference between "polite attention" and the tender manifestations of love. Admiring a beautiful woman, and wishing to make a wife of her, are not always the same thing, and therefore it is necessary that the damsel should be on the alert to discover to which class the attention paid her by handsome and fashionable young men belong.

First, then, if a young man greets you in fond, free, hearty tone; if he knows precisely where to put his hands; stares you straight in the eyes, with his mouth open; if he turns his back to speak to another; if he tells you who made his coat; if he eats heartily in your presence; if he fails to talk kindly to your mother; if, in short, he sneezes when you are singing, criticizes your curls, and fails to be foolish every hour then don't fall in love with him for the world! He only admires you, let him say what he will to the contrary.

On the other hand, if he is merry with everybody else, but quiet with you; if he is anxious to see if your tea is sufficiently sweetened and your dear person wrapped up when you go out in the cold; if he talks very low and never looks you steadily in the eye; if his cheeks are red and nose only blanches, it is enough. If he romps with your sister, sighs like a pair of bellows, looks solemn when you are addressed by another gentleman, and in fact is the most still, awkward, stupid, yet envious of all your male friends, you may go ahead, and make the poor fellow too happy for his skin to hold him.

Young ladies! keep your hearts in a case of good leather, or some other tough substance, until the right one is found without a doubt, after which you can go on and love, court and be married, and be happy, without the least bit of trouble.

We consider this advice so sensible that although it is open to the charge of bluntness, we have no hesitation in pressing it upon the attention of our lady readers.

A SENTIMENTAL ROBBER.—Kisses More Precious than Jewels.

A night or two ago, a fair, sweet girl, residing on Race, near Fourth street, was partially awakened from her slumbers by a man in her chamber, but not fully aroused she lay with closed lids for a minute, when the sound being repeated, she started up and saw by the light of the little jet upon the gas-burner a man's form disappearing through the window. She screamed involuntarily, and her father, armed with a revolver, was in her room in a few moments, greatly agitated and alarmed, questioning his lovely daughter as to the cause of her fear. She told him what had frightened her, and he ran to the open window, looked out upon the balcony and into the yard, but could see nothing of the terrible man, the midnight robber and disturber of the doze-eyed darlings' rest.

The parent was disposed to think his daughter had been dreaming; that her imagination had painted what was not real; but on returning to her apartment she assured him she was wide awake, and that she had seen all she had stated. Her father was still incredulous, when in looking around, he observed upon his daughter's dressing bureau, where a beautiful enamelled watch, a pair of heavy bracelets, a diamond ring, and a neck-lace were lying, a slip of paper, on which was written:

FAIREST, DEAREST GIRL: I came here to rob, but your beauty has made me honest for the time. I saw these jewels, but believing them yours, I could not take them. I have stolen what I value more—three delicious kisses from your unconscious lips. Do not be offended, they were gentle and innocent.

AN UNKNOWN LOVER.

This story sounds romantic, we are aware, and perhaps some of our matter-of-fact readers will be sceptical in relation thereto, but we are assured upon the best authority that it is strictly veracious, and we publish it as an evidence that the age of gallantry and sentiment is not at an end; that the race of Rinaldo Rinaldini is not extinct.

A special train on the Canada Grand Trunk Railway ran 28 miles in 25 minutes last Monday.

From the Atlanta American.

My Own Mountain Home

By REV. L. T. DOYAL.

Oh! how I do love thee,
My own Mountain Home,
Embowered with flowers,
Which fragrantly bloom
Around me wherever
I wander or stray,
Mid the gloom of the night,
Or the radiance of day.

My soul thrills with rapture,
As the voice of the breeze
Sports wild o'er the mountains,
Or sighs in the trees;
And, swell with emotion,
As I hear, far away,
The notes of the wild birds,
So sweet and so gay.

When wearied with traying,
I lay me a-down,
Beneath the blue sky,
On the vine covered ground,
To hear the sweet voices
Of the silvery rills,
As they sportively leap
Down the mountain hills.

How soft sigh the zephyrs,
How fragrant the air,
That fans the bright flowers
That bloom o'er me there!
Oh! I could forever
In ecstasy roam
Amid the wild scenes
Of my own Mountain Home!

I love thee, I love thee,
My own Mountain Home!
Embowered with flowers,
Which fragrantly bloom
Around me wherever
I wander or stray,
Mid the gloom of the night,
Or the radiance of day.

New Way of Paying a Subscription.

A correspondent of the *Lagrange Whig* gives the following amusing account of the way a farmer was taught how cheaply he could take the papers. The lesson is worth pondering by a good many men "we wot of."

"You have hens at home, of course. Well I will send you my paper one year, for the proceeds of a single hen for one season; merely the proceeds. It seems trifling, perhaps, to imagine the product of a single hen will pay the subscription; perhaps it won't, but I make the offer."

"Done!" exclaimed Farmer B. "I agree to it, and appeal to me as a witness to the affair."

The farmer went off, apparently much elated with his conquest; the editor went on his way rejoicing.

Time rolled around, and the world revolved on its axis, and the sun moved in its orbit as it formerly did; the farmer received his paper regularly, and regaled himself with the information from it, and said "he was surprised at the progress of himself and family in general information."

Some time in the month of September, I happened up again in the office, when who should enter but our old friend, Farmer B.

"How do you do, Mr. B?" said the editor, extending his hand, and his countenance lit up with a bland smile; "take a chair, sir, and be seated; fine weather we have!"

"Yes, sir, quite fine indeed," he answered, and then a short sentence ensued, during which our friend B, hitched his chair backward and forward, twirled his thumbs abstractedly, and spit profusely. Starting up quickly, he said, addressing the editor, "Mr. D., I have brought you the proceeds of that hen."

It was amusing to see the peculiar expression of the editor, as he followed the farmer down to the wagon. I could hardly keep my risibles down.

When at the wagon, the farmer commenced handing over to the editor the products of the hen, which on being counted, amounted to eighteen pellets, worth a shilling each, and a number of dozen of eggs, making in the aggregate, at the least calculation, \$2.50—more than the price of the paper.

"No need, sir, of men not taking a family newspaper, and paying for it too. I don't miss this from my roost, yet I have paid for a year's subscription, and over. All folly, sir; there's no man but can take a newspaper; it's charity, you know, commences at home."

"But," resumed the editor, "I will pay for what is over the subscription." I did not intend this as a means of profit, but rather to convince you. I will pay for—"

"Not a bit of it, sir; a bargain is a bargain, and I am already paid, sir—doubly paid, sir. And whenever a neighbor makes the complaint I did, will relate to him the hen story. Good day, gentlemen."

A young lady, who is well posted in all the fashionable literature of the day, quotes Byron and Tom Moore, and works blasted dogs in sky-colored convulsions to perfection, innocently inquired of a young gentleman the other night, why this Mr. Quaker was who had occasioned so much trouble at Washington!

Some great genius has discovered that the centre of gravity may be found in a Quaker's meeting.

The Literature of Science.

It is an extraordinary fact, and yet a commonplace one, that true science is scarcely ever disseminated among what are called "the masses," viz: those who make up the bulk of our population. We have colleges, schools, and literature for the education and improvement of the people, but of their general value, or rather the width of their scope, we can only say that it is lamentably small. For present consideration we shall only take the literature.

We may find conveniently divided scientific literature into two broad divisions: books and newspapers, or periodicals. Of the former there are many treating of every science, and going deeply into the hidden mysteries of nature, but the only reliable ones are those written by men of high repute and good education; these are unfortunately, the very men who are most liable to fall into the great error of long and hard words—it is not done intentionally, but the habit which they have acquired of using technical expressions and Latin names for common things.

Another drawback to these books is their price, which is always high, from the fact that they are only expected to have a limited circulation. Now we ask our readers what chance has an ordinary man, who really wants information on some subject, of obtaining it from the best and only reliable books? His education is simply reading and writing, and then, perchance, he had to study nature while picking stones off a farm; and obtained his knowledge of chemistry while errand-boy to a druggist. His college has been the workshop; his desk the plow, the anvil, or the loom; his study, the noisy yard full of men enjoying their hour's relaxation from labor. What time we ask has he to conquer hard names and learn a new tongue? None at all; and if the desired information, is not to be obtained in his own way, he will have to do without it. Again, it is true that there are innumerable cart-loads of books written on "popular science," but we would as soon recommend a man to drink at a pool of dirty water as to seek information from them. It is true that it contains science, but it is very bad; as it is true the pool contains water but who would drink it if they knew there was a clear, bubbling, running stream within a mile or two? There are, of course, many good ones, and they are no less exceptions to the general rule—if general rule it is—that popular science is too popular to be good.

The Councillor Poed.

At a trial in the Court of King's Bench, June, 1833, between certain publishing tweedledums and tweedledees, as to an alleged piracy of an arrangement of the "Old English Gentleman"—an old English air, by the by—Tom Cooke, the composer, was subpoenaed as a witness by one of the parties. On his cross-examination by Sir James Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger, for the opposite side, that learned counsel rather flippantly questioned him thus:

"Now, sir, you say that the two melodies are the same, but different. What do you mean by that, sir?"

"To this Tom promptly answered—"I said that the notes in the copies were alike, but with a different accent, the one being in common time, the other in sixteight time; and consequently the position of the accent notes was different."

Sir James—"What is a musical accent?"

Cooke—"My terms are a guinea a lesson, sir." (A loud laugh.)

Sir James, (rather ruffled)—"Never mind your terms here. I ask you what is a musical accent? Can you see it?"

Cooke—"No."

Sir James—"Can you feel it?"

Cooke—"A musician can." (Great laughter.)

Sir James, (very angry)—"Now, pray, sir, don't beat about the bush, but explain to his lordship (Lord Denman, who was the judge that tried the cause) and the jury who are supposed to know nothing about music, the meaning of what you call accent."

Cooke—"Accent in music is a certain stress laid upon a particular note, in the same manner as you would lay a stress upon any given word for the purpose of being better understood. Thus, if I were to say, 'You are an ass,' it rests on ass; but if I were to say, 'You are an ass,' it rests on you, Sir James."

Reiterated shouts of laughter, by the whole court, in which the bench itself joined, followed this report. Silence having been at length obtained, the judge, with much seeming gravity, accented the chop-fallen counsel thus:

Lord Denman—"Are you satisfied, Sir James?"

Sir James, (who, deep-red as he naturally was to see poor Jack Reave's own words, had become scarlet in more than name), in great huff, said: "The witness may go down!"

And go down he did, amidst renewed laughter, in which all joined, particularly the learned brothers, except one, who didn't see any joke in the matter.

OBSERVATION.—The habit of observation is one of the most valuable in life; its worth can never be too highly estimated, and it is one that can be easily cultivated. Never do anything without observing that all you do is correct. Do not ever take a walk without having your eyes and ears open, and always try to remember what you see and hear. By this means you will acquire more knowledge than can ever be learned from books, as you will find the observation immediately the form you are capable of receiving it. Read books and newspapers, but above all, acquire observing habit, for they will be always with you, and ever ready to store your mind with the truths of nature.

AN EARTHQUAKE.—An earthquake was felt at Kingston, Jamaica, on the morning of the 16th of June, immediately succeeding an intense hot day with heavy rain. No damage resulted.

A Brave Boy.

A little boy in Holland was returning one night from a village to which he had been sent by his father on an errand, when he noticed the water trickling through a narrow opening in the dyke. He stopped and thought what the consequences would be if the hole was not closed. He knew, for he had often heard his father tell the sad disasters which happened from such small beginnings; how, in a few hours, the opening would become bigger and bigger and let in the mighty mass of waters pressing on the dyke, until the whole defence being washed away, the rolling, dashing, angry waters would sweep on to the next village, destroying life and property, and everything in its way. Should he run home and alarm the villagers, it would be dark before they could arrive, and the hole might even then be so large as to defy all attempts to close it.

Prompted by these thoughts, he seated himself on the banks of the canal, stopped the opening with his hand, and patiently awaited the approach of some villager. But no one came. Hour after hour rolled slowly by, yet there sat the heroic boy, in cold and darkness, shivering, wet and tired, but stoutly pressing his hand against the dangerous breach. All night he stayed at the dyke, at last the morning broke. A clergyman walking up the canal heard a groan, and looked around to see where it came from. "Why are you there, my child?" he asked, seeing the boy, and surprised at his strange position. "I am keeping back the water, sir, and saving the village from being drowned," answered the child, with lips so numb with cold, that he could scarcely speak. The astonished minister relieved the boy. The dyke was closed, and the danger which threatened hundreds of lives was prevented.

Stubbs Seeks Revenge.

"Pappy, old Mr. Smith's gray colt has broken into our cabbage patch again."

"He has, has he? Well, just land my rifle, my son, and we will see if an ounce of lead will not learn Mr. Smith's colt to reform his habits."

This colloquy passed between Mr. and Master Stubbs, just after tea. As soon as it was dark, Mr. Stubbs takes his rifle, marches over towards old Mr. Smith's farm, and when within thirty rods of old Mr. Smith's barn, he raised the deadly tube, pulled the trigger, and dropped one of the very best looking gray colts in the country.

Stubbs, having fulfilled his mission, returned home, went to bed, and slept with a lighter conscience than he had enjoyed for the last eight months. The next morning while seated at breakfast, who should be seen striding towards the domicile of Mr. Stubbs, but old Mr. Smith. Smith entered the house—Smith was excited, and for a moment lacked words to express himself.

"Mr. Stubbs, I've come over to tell you that a horse was shot near my barn—last night."

"Sorry to hear it, Mr. Smith, although not much surprised, for that gray colt of yours was not calculated to make many friends."

"But it was not my colt that got shot. Wasn't your gray colt? Well, which horse was it?"

"That gray colt you purchased last week of Widow Dubois. He broke into my pasture last evening; I intended to send him home this morning, but it's no use now—his brains lay scattered around the barn-yard."

"Mr. Stubbs was thunder struck. The idea that he killed the wrong horse drove him to desperation, and caused him to seek relief in a direction that rather astonished his household. The last seen of Stubbs, he was chasing his eldest son Jim down the turnpike with an eight foot sapling.

WIGS VS. WEATHER.

An important case occurred in the English Court of Exchequer on the 16th ult., and is thus reported:

On the Lord Chief Baron taking his seat in Court yesterday morning, Mr. Knowles, who was counsel on the first cause in the list, applied to his lordship for permission to dispense with his wig during the very hot weather. It would be a very great convenience to him personally, and he understood also to several of his learned friends, if the permission could be accorded.

The Lord Chief Baron.—Certainly, in permanently hot countries where the English law is administered, both the judges and the bar dispense with wigs.

Mr. Knowles.—I am afraid, my lord, we cannot call this a permanently hot country; all we can say is that it is excessively hot just at present. (Laughter.)

The Lord Chief Baron.—If you can say, Mr. Knowles, that wearing your wig gives you a headache, or causes you any serious inconvenience—I am afraid, my lord, I cannot put it so high as that, but only as a matter of inconvenience. Perhaps your lordship will consult the other learned judges. (Laughter.)

The Lord Chief Baron.—I certainly might do that in the course of the day.

Mr. Sergeant Shee.—Perhaps the best thing then is for us to dispense with our wigs now, and your lordship may, at the close of the day, report the result of your conference with other learned judges.

Mr. Knowles, however, took nothing by his motion, for wigs, despite the intense heat, still continue to be worn.

"Look here, Petz," said a knowing darkey to his companion, "don't you stand on de railroad? Why, Jos? 'Cause if de cars see dat mat of yours, dey'll think it am a depot, and run rite in!"

"There Goes my Horse."

A noted 'man about town' who hadn't dined or breakfasted respectfully for three days cast about him one day last week for a chance to appease his appetite, which had got to be enormous, but without success, for a time—for he had run out his credit at the hotels, at the restaurants he was known at, and he couldn't even venture into a bar-room, at 11 o'clock, for fear of encountering too familiar an acquaintance with some attendant's boot.

Desperate, however, and well nigh starved, he went down towards the market, with the