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THE WADE HAMPTONS.—Among the few splendid mansions spared by the army of Sherman, still stands the old Hampton house, built by the head of the family, a soldier of the Revolutionary war and of the war of 1812. He was the first Wade Hampton, of South Carolina. Springing originally from the cavaliers of England, who filled the world with their fame, and whose descendants still walk the earth as the highest types of genius, his immediate ancestors settled in Virginia, and from thence he came to South Carolina and to Columbia.

The mansion and its grounds occupy one square, or four acres of the city. The house is of the old style of architecture. I have seen hundreds of others in the South presenting a much finer external appearance; but the chief attraction of the place is its shrubbery, its rare trees and exotics. It looks like an earthly paradise.

He was twice married. By his first wife a son was born to him, whom he called Wade. Two or three daughters were the result of the second marriage.—John S. Preston married his daughter Caroline, and ex-Governor Manning his daughter Susan. He accumulated a vast estate around him, and is said to have owned one thousand slaves. I have often, when a boy, heard old people say that he owned so many that he did not know them when he met them, and that they were constantly introducing themselves to him. But be this as it may, when he died he left all or nearly all of his property to his son.

When the successor to the house and to the estate read the will he did what few men ever did before or since. He tore it in a hundred pieces and then made an exact and equal division of all his fathers' property between himself and half-sisters.

As soon as the war of 1812 broke out this Wade Hampton offered his sword to General Jackson, and was assigned a position on his staff. He was one of his aids at the battle of New Orleans. Like his father, he was thrifty, and added greatly to the estate, making purchases of large tracts of land in the valley of the Mississippi, which even yet remain in the family, I believe. His step-mother lived to a great old age, and did not die until some time just before or during the late war between the States.

The third Wade Hampton is the one living to-day, who so distinguished himself during the Confederate war. He has been twice married, and is now a widower. His first wife was a Miss Preston. By this marriage three sons were born—Wade, Christopher, and Frank. His son Wade served on the staff of General Joseph E. Johnston. Preston was on the staff of his father, and was killed by his side. His second wife was a daughter of Senator McDuffie.—*Columbia (S. C.) Correspondence Louisville Courier Journal.*

☞ My friend Dr. McGinnis has been engaged in some very interesting experiments with projectiles. He saw it stated in a scientific journal which he was reading the other evening, that "If a tallow candle be placed in a gun, and shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining any injury." This struck him as being very curious, and as he had his doubts about its truth, he determined to test the thing by firing a candle at the door of his smoke house. Accordingly he seized his gun, which was standing in the corner, loaded, and at the same time he picked up the candle from the table. The doctor is a little absent minded; and his thoughts at this juncture were so intently engaged in considering whether the candle actually would bore a hole in the door of the smoke house that he forgot to extinguish it. As there was deep darkness in the room the moment he dropped the tallow into the right hand barrel, his attention was instantly called to the circumstance that he had made a mistake. Before he could rectify it, however, the charge exploded, and a moment later terrific screams were heard issuing from the room above. The doctor flew upstairs, and found Mrs. McGinnis fainting upon the floor while a huge gob of grease clung to the ceiling above her, surrounded by holes made by a handful of duck shot. Mrs. McGinnis was only frightened.—Presently she revived and—but no. There are some domestic scenes which are too sacred to be unveiled to a cold unsympathetic world. However, the doctor is convinced that a candle may be shot through the ceiling and a floor, but will not be able to demonstrate the fact to his friends. Mrs. McGinnis has sold his gun.—*Max Adeler.*

SOLOMON SWALLOW.

"Rule a wife, and have a wife."

Solomon was a bachelor, and a rusty one too; but nevertheless he had made up his mind to one thing, that he was the only man living who had acquired any knowledge of the art of taking care of a wife.

"All married men are dolts," was Solomon's constant asseveration. 'There, for instance, is my neighbor, Tom Tangible; his wife makes a sort of three-legged stool of him; she moves him in one corner, and then in another, and sits on him, and walks on him as if he was nobody in the house, while he, poor man, takes it as easy as though it was the most natural thing in the world. Now that I were only Tom Tangible, I'd first write a series of matrimonial articles, and if Mrs. T. didn't abide by them, I'd submit her to the wholesome discipline of bread and water and a padlock; and might, perhaps, brighten her ideas touching her conjugal duties by the application of a good cowhide.—And there again, are Evert Easy, Dick Snooks, and a host more of them in the same condition, but I—I'm the boy that will set them all right, if they only follow my example after I have condescended to endow some fortunate female with the legal claim to the title of Mrs. Swallow."

Brave Solomon Swallow (!)

"Well, Solomon," said a neighbor to him one morning, "as you are always boasting of your skill in managing a wife, how comes it that you're not married?"

'Why, because I have not perfected my system! You poked your head into the noose without making any preparation, and hence, Mrs. Everly makes what she likes of you. But I go to work logically, I begin by studying the erudite works of Zinggrubazo. 'On the philosophy of women's holding her tongue.' I then read several treatises on 'the effect of bread and water discipline in making good wives.' Shakspeare's 'Taming the Shrew' furnishes me a few excellent practical lessons. And I am now generalizing all the system into one, which will carry the sway in all future generations, and convert the plague of matrimony into a blessing. In the course of a year or so,' added Solomon, 'My Rules for the Regulation of women, (I intend to publish it) will be completed and then I shall take me a wife.'

And Solomon was as good as his word, for at the age of thirty-five, feeling himself prepared to give battle to any woman in or out of the land of Amazons, he got married. At this important period Solomon was a puffy, comfortable looking little fellow as you'd meet in a day's walk, for albeit the crown of his hand never stood full five feet from the heels of his boots, he was of proportion that would have done honor to an alderman or even a Lord Mayor; and his gait, especially when walking with anything in the likeness of a woman, was as pompous as a Sultan's, while at such times his countenance always assumed an expression that could not have brooked the approach of female familiarity. The lady whom Solomon had chosen for his 'worser half,' was apparently a lamb like creature, so that the chances were very fair that she would not only be a tractable wife, but that Solomon would require no help from his system to make her so.

Now Solomon had the forbearance not to interfere with his lady, or her sayings and doings on the night of the wedding, nor is it recorded that he assumed special authority on the next night either; but about six o'clock the next morning, he softly insinuated to his sleeping partner that it was time to get up.

'And,' he added, 'when breakfast is ready, you may call me, but be sure not to burn the toast.'

'Breakfast and toast,' said Mrs. Swallow, 'why what do you mean?'

'Why, my dear—I mean, madam, that I have begun my system.'

'And won't you get up, too?'

'Yes, when breakfast is ready and my stockings aired.'

Mrs. Swallow was about to reply, but she checked herself, as she was ashamed to say much to him on so short an acquaintance; but though in the present instance she did precisely as she was bid, she resolved in her heart that it was the last time she would get up at six in the morning to prepare breakfast.

At eight o'clock everything being ready, Mrs. Swallow called Mr. Swallow.

'Breakfast is ready, Mr. Swallow.'

'Is the toast made?'

'Yes.'

'Not burned?'

'No.'

'Are my stockings aired?'

'Yes.'

'You'll do,' quoth Mr. Swallow, and to breakfast he went having received the services of the blushing Mrs. Swallow to assist him in dressing.

The breakfast, however, did not turn out to be the thing it had been cracked up for. The toast was done a little too much, and the tea wasn't done quite enough; the slop bowl was at the wrong end of the table tray, and there were several crumbs on the carpet.

'The servant hasn't been here this morning,' observed Mrs. Swallow.

'Servant?' returned Solomon, 'I discharged her yesterday. You don't think I can afford to keep a servant and a wife too!'

The lady again was posed, and she said nothing, but the day wore to its close before she could bring herself to the belief that Mr. Swallow had actually made use of the words 'servant' and 'wife' in the same sentence.

The next morning at six o'clock, Mr. Swallow again informed his wife that it was time to get up, coupling the remark with the suggestion that in the future she must save him the trouble of reminding her of so necessary a duty.

Mrs. Swallow, however, benefited nothing by this soft insinuation, for at the moment she either was, or pretended to be, fast locked in the arms of Morpheus.

'Don't you hear, Mrs. Swallow?' quoth Solomon.

But alas! a slight consciousness was the only response from Mrs. Swallow.

Now this was a ticklish point with Solomon, but he was prepared for it. 'What says my system on this head?' said he to himself musingly. 'It says that a lazy wife who lies abed in the morning may be very properly reminded of her duty by the judicious application of a coercion pin.' And this magnificent idea had scarcely crossed the threshold of his brain pan, than he inserted the point of a huge pin in the right arm of the sleeper. As might be expected the intended effect instantly followed the cause, for the astonished Mrs. Swallow sprang from the bed as through she had been thrown from it by an earthquake! But alas! her agility was too strikingly manifested, for she not only almost annihilated poor Solomon in rolling over him, but she dashed his patent lever to the wall, and broke the dial into a thousand pieces.

'What a dreadful dream,' ejaculated Mrs. Swallow, pressing her left hand on her wounded arm.

'What a dreadful reality,' shouted Mr. Swallow, contemplating the fragile ruins of his demolished time piece.

Here we pass over the interval between this occurrence and the time when the happy pair in question were seated at breakfast.

'Now, Mrs. Swallow,' said Solomon, 'seeing that I can't awaken to call you up in the morning, or eat burned toast, or drink raw tea, etc., it is time I should begin to instruct you in your duties.'

'And what are those, Mr. Swallow?'

'Be silent madam, if you please; not to talk, but listen, is one of the most important of them.'

'Proceed, sir.'

And Mr. Swallow, looking daggers at her for a second interruption, proceeded:

'From six till eight you are to get up, dress quietly, so as to create no disturbance, light fire, air clothing and stockings, sweep rooms, prepare breakfast and announce the perfection thereof. Eight till ten, wash tea things, make beds, rub furniture and clean windows. Ten to twelve, go to the market and prepare dinner. Twelve till two, to devote to dish washing, sweeping up and rubbing the furniture. Two to six, spinning, mending clothes and darning stockings. Seven, tea. From that time till nine, a second course of mending and darning, and then go to bed. And this daily course, madam, with a strict observance of the rules of civility, frugality, decorum and obedience, may in time enable you to do honor to the choice of Mr. Solomon Swallow.'

Mrs. Swallow listened quietly to the end and then mildly inquired:

'And do you really expect this of me, Mr. Swallow?'

'To be sure I do,' responded her spouse.

'Then you'll be sadly disappointed, for I shall do no such thing.'

'No?'

'No.'

'I've a way to make you.'

'How?'

'Spoon diet, locks, chains and cowhide.'

'Mr. Swallow.'

'What.'

'You're a brute!' and Mrs. Swallow threw herself back and looked desperate.

Now this was a climax. Mr. Swallow was called a brute at his own fireside, and by his own wife, which was the worst of all. He, Solomon Swallow, the celebrated founder of a system of matrimonial observation, called a brute, and by no less a person than Mrs. Swallow. At first he was so astonished at such open manifestations of rebellion to his royal will that he only looked aghast; but when he came to himself, he saw that something must be done at once, or the field was lost forever.

'You called me a brute, Mrs. Swallow.'

'I did, Mr. Swallow.'

'A brute?'

'A brute!'

'I'll go mad and break things, Mrs. Swallow.'

'As you like, sir.'

And Mr. Swallow did go mad, but he had a method in his madness, for he seized the cheapest article of delf that was on the table, (an old plate with a crack in it,) and dashed it into a thousand pieces on the hearth, as if he was in a tremendous passion.

'How do you like that, Mrs. Swallow?'

'Vastly, Mr. Swallow, try it again.'

And again he did try, for he had become desperate, and demolished the cream jug.

'Now,' said the lady, 'It is my turn,' and jumping up she sent the slop bowl to keep company with its tea bowl companions.

This was of course too much for Solomon; it snapped asunder the last remaining chord of the little reason he had left, and he slapped his helpmate—we use the word in its most positive sense—on her right cheek; but scarcely had the echo of the blow melted into silence, ere the indignant dame seized the teapot and shivered it into atoms against the head of the devoted Mr. Swallow. Now was this all, for as he was rolling heels over head from the effect of the awful collision, she plied the remainder of the tea traps until there was scarcely a bone in his body which had not echoed to the shock of cups and saucers, and rounds of butter and toast.

Unable to carry on the war any longer that day, Solomon gathered himself up as well as he could, and vowing vengeance he stuck his pipe in his mouth, his hands in his pockets, and then he commenced whistling a jig to the tune the old cow died of, looking as though he could bite a piece off the griddle without cutting his teeth on edge. His good lady, too, determined to follow the example of her lord and master in another matter besides the delf breaking, placed another chair back to back with [illegible], and then providing herself with a novel, as if there was no such things in the world as beds to make or stockings to mend in all Christendom.

Here this affectionate couple sat for six mortal hours, each bent upon setting the other down, ruminating the while upon their relative position. But it must be confessed that Mrs. Swallow had the best of the bargain, for independent of Solomon's mangled head, par-boiled neck and shoulders, he saw as clear as mud that the watch dial and the crockery had to be replaced; so that the workings of the first chapter in his voluminous system to practice must be attended with an outlay of at least twenty dollars. This being the case, I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, thought he, and with that he softly rose from his chair, stole silently from the room, and turned the key upon the gentle Mrs. Swallow.

'Open the door this instant, Mr. Swallow.'

'Not until I have kept you here seven days upon bread and water,' returned the victorious Solomon as he went his way rejoicing.

But alas! how fleeting is human greatness—in about half an hour he returned to see how matters were going, but scarcely put his eyes to the keyhole, when he began roaring like a calf, for Mrs. Swallow had torn every one of his linen shirts (that on his back excepted,) into pieces to make a rope to let herself down from the window; nor was this all, for upon further examination, he discovered that she had also thrown a variety of chair cushions, bed linen, &c., into the dirty yard to make her descent safe.

O, chop-fallen Solomon Swallow!

The archives of the Swallow family are silent as to the remaining occurrences of that eventful day, but on the very next morning, about seven o'clock, Mr. Swallow popped his head from under the blanket and said, 'Mrs. Swallow, dear, isn't it time to get up?'

'Yes,' returned the lady, 'and you may call me when you have lit the fire and put on the kettle.'

Poor Solomon! There was no alternative. So he set about the work with an alacrity which showed that he had the terror of a broken head and demolished body linen running strongly in his memory. In short, Solomon was a conquered man. That he had to prepare breakfast, sweep the room, etc. Then next, his assistance was required in the rubbing of the furniture, and making of beds, and before the end of the week he was initiated into the mystery of washing towels.

Degenerate Solomon Swallow! Nay, in after times, when the Swallows began to gather about him, it is whispered that his better half used to employ him at yet more deeply conjugal offices.

About five years after the celebration of his nuptials, a friend called to see him.

'You must go with me to the theatre, Mr. Swallow,' said the friend.

'He shan't,' said Mrs. Swallow.

'He must,' said the friend, 'and so must you.'

'I may, but *he* can't,' replied the dame, 'for he must stop at home with the children.'

And Mrs. Swallow did go to the play, and Solomon stopped at home.

O, hen-pecked Solomon Swallow!

The moral—Served him right.

CHARACTER IS POWER.—It is often said that knowledge is power—and that is true. Skill or faculty of any kind carries with it superiority. So, to a certain extent, wealth is power, and genius has a transcendent gift of mastery over men. But higher, purer and better than all, more constant in its influence, more lasting in its sway, is the power of character—that power which emanates from a pure lofty mind. Take any community, who is the man of most influence? To whom do they look up with reverence? Not the "smartest" man, nor the cleverest politician, nor the the brilliant talker, but he who, in a long course of years, tried the extremities of prosperity and adversity, has approved himself to the judgment of his neighbors, and of all who have seen his life, as worthy to be called wise and good.

☞ The late Edward Everett condensed into a single brief paragraph his estimation of what constituted a good education. Here it is:—To read the English language well, to write with despatch a neat, legible hand, and be master of the first four rules of arithmetic, so as to dispose of at once, with accuracy, every question of figures which comes up in practice—I call this a good education. And if you add the ability to write pure grammatical English, I regard it as an excellent education. These are the tools. You can do much with them but you are hopeless without them. They are the foundation; and unless you begin with these, all your flashy attainments, a little geology, and all other elegant and sophies, are ostentatious rubbish. That education is imperfect which stops short of the full development of the moral intellectual and physical powers.

CULTURE OF THE TOMATO.—During the past few years efforts have been made to improve the tomato in size, solidity, flavor and earliness of maturity. There has been progress in all these directions, not perhaps so much actual improvement as some of us believe, but still good tomatoes have in the new kinds sustained their reputation. Old varieties seem to gradually give way or else people tire of them, and they thus disappear. We have no tomato the same as we had thirty years ago, at least under the same name, and yet we had them pretty large and good kinds even [illegible] ago.

Without entering closely into the historical part of this inquiry, we yet think our tomatoes have really improved in smoothness and quality as a general thing, when any one has taken any interest in having a good article; and in tomato culture there certainly has been marked improvement. Recently there have been brought before the community several ideas worthy of note in those who strive for the very best article. In regard to training, it is asserted that much better fruit—especially for eating raw—can be had from plants fastened to slant stakes, than when the plants are allowed to run at will over the ground, or even when they are fastened to slanting trellises. Heavy stakes are required of course, as the great weight of a plant in fruit cannot be borne by light stakes.

In regard to training the plants, much attention has been given to thinning the branches, especially when grown on stakes, and in shortening back some of the branches to within a few buds of where the fruit is to set. Those who have followed this practice judiciously report good results.

But the latest novelty in tomato culture is in the matter of root pruning in order to produce earliness. In this matter some surprising results have been achieved, according to those who have given in their experience. While the plants are young they are transplanted several times, which, of course, destroys some of the roots, and after they are put out into their final resting places, a spade is once in a while thrust down into the ground a foot or so from the main stalk. In this, of course, size and perhaps quality is sacrificed to a few week's earliness; but many are willing to pay this penalty for the sake of the early dish. The principle here is much the same as is often done to get early grapes when a ring of bark is taken off. The supply of food being checked the result is early fruit, but with slightly impaired flavor.

These are the leading suggestions that have been made in improved tomato culture, during the past few years—not great improvements, it is true, but still not without value.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

THE ATMOSPHERE.—It surrounds us on all sides, yet we see it not; it presses on us with a load of fifteen pounds to every square inch of surface of our bodies, or from seventy to one hundred tons on us in all, yet we do not as much as feel its weight. Softer than the softest down—more impalpable than the finest gossamer—it leaves the cobwebs undisturbed, and scarcely stirs the lightest flower that feeds on the dew it supplies; yet it bears the fleets of nations on its wings around the world, and crushes the most refractory substances beneath its weight. When in motion its force is sufficient to level the most stately forests to the earth—to raise the waters of the ocean into ridges like mountains, and dash the strongest ships to pieces like toys. But for the atmosphere, sunshine would burst on us and fail us at once, and at once remove us from midnight darkness to the blaze of noon. We should have no twilight to soften and beautify the landscapes, no clouds to shade us from the scorching heat, but the bald earth as it turned on its axis, would turn its tanned and weakened front to the full and unmitigated rays of the lord of day.

☞ The most puzzled man in England lives at Brighton. The other day he waxed at once vindictive and ingenious and resolved to protect the sanctity of his hearth. He mingled arsenic in a bottle of wine, and placed it where any burglar could see it, and unless a practical believer in total abstinence would drink therefrom and surely die. The wife of this intelligent Brightonian, when she found that bottle of wine placed in a conspicuous position, said "that's just like John. He never did have any neatness." Then she took the bottle and put it in the cellar with eight dozen other bottles and arranged them neatly in rows, and contemplated her work with innocent pride. Then she told her husband about it.—Since he exhausted his vocabulary of profanity, he has been spending all his leisure in looking at those bottles and trying to recognize the one which he prepared for the poor burglar; and unless he can solve the problem soon he expects a brain fever.

☞ An Irishman, newly imported, made application for work. On being asked if he could hold the plow, Paddy said he could do that or anything else.—He was accordingly employed, and his master went with him to the field to see him commence operations. It was soon found that the Hibernian was now to his trade.

"Did you not tell me, sir, that you could hold the plow?"

"Arrah, be aisy now," said Pat, "how the devil can I howld the plow, an' thim two spalpeens av horses draggin' it away from me? Bud give it to me in the barn, an' be jabers, I'll howld it wid any body."

ABOUT CABBAGES.—There is a great difference in the quality of cabbage.—Some varieties are invariably large and coarse-grained, strong flavor, and more or less of a woody texture when cooked. For market purposes the large varieties are more saleable than the small, because few persons know anything about the different sorts. A cabbage is a cabbage to them, and its value is measured by its size, quality not being understood or thought of by those who depend upon the market for a supply.

We remember when the still famous Winningstads cabbage was introduced, and the high recommendation which accompanied it—all true, without doubt, as there was no reference to quality beyond that it would come to maturity early, and the heads were very firm and solid.—This is very true, and this old favorite holds its own for market purposes; but, in our opinion, it is far from being a first-rate sort on account of the extreme firmness and compactness of the heads approaching to near a ligenous character.—The Early York and old early Drumhead are, to our taste, far better sorts for home use, and will when well grown, answer equally well for market.

For late market sorts, the Marble head, Mammoth and late Drumhead still lead; but when one wants a good, fine-grained, sweet and rich cabbage, the Mammouth sorts must be laid aside.

For cooking, the Savory cabbage are unequaled, and there are both early and late sorts possessing similar good qualities. They require a richer soil and better care than other varieties, and do not grow to as large size; but they make up for all this in excellence of flavor and tenderness.

For pickling, the red varieties are usually preferred; not because they are any better, but the deep, rich color adds something to the appearance of even a dish of cabbage. Those of our readers who are fond of this vegetable should try the various sorts and see if we are not correct in saying that there is a great difference in the flavor of cabbages.—*Rural New Yorker.*

MEANNESS.—Economy is an excellent thing. That is it is very comfortable to be able to say to one's self, 'I will do without this, that or the other luxury, rather than run the risk of being a beggar in my old age,' or even to find it possible to live without what is usually deemed a necessity, rather than to run in debt. But exaggerated economy, or rather *meanness*, is something which must render its possessor wretched, and something, too, which is often found in people who are too selfish to forbid themselves anything they desire. They covet rich food and fine dress, ease and idleness, but they begrudge to those who minister to their wants their well earned price, and always forget that 'the laborer is worthy of his hire.'

From the lips of such people you hear nothing but complaints. Every one is over-reaching them. The dress-maker has sent in a frightful bill; the cook has no right to such wages; the abominable landlord thinks no rent is too much for his house; it is impossible to have anything done without being cheated. In fine, they want all that people have to sell, and have within their souls a miserly desire to get it for nothing. Always accusing other people of their own vice, they solve their conscience, and when they do get something for nothing, fancy they can never know the pleasant warmth that fills the heart when a generous action has been done at its prompting.—Never can they feel the pleasant independence that follows liberal and ungrudging payment of those to whose toil or trouble one is indebted.

Life is a constant battle to them, and many a spendthrift is happier than those who forget that they have no right to economize at the expense of other people; and whoever wittingly takes the money of another to add to his own purse is, at least at heart, thief.

HOW TO SUCCEED.—If your seat is too hard to sit upon, stand up. If a rock rises up before you, roll it away, or climb over it. If you want money, earn it.—If you wish for confidence, prove yourself worthy of it. It takes longer to skin an elephant than a mouse, but the skin is worth something. Don't be content with what another has done; surpass it. Deserve success, and it will come. The boy was not born a man. The sun does not rise like a rocket, or go down like a bullet fired from a gun; it slowly but surely makes its round, and never tires. It is as easy to be a leader as a wheel-horse.—If the job be long, the pay will be greater; if the task be hard, the more competent you must be to do it.

☞ A negro member of the Texas Legislature was met upon the street with a large roll of greenbacks in his hand, looking at his pile, and cackling so loud that he attracted the attention of a bystander, who said to him, "What are you laughing at Jim?" Jim replied: "You see that money?" "Yes." "Well boss, I jest got that for my vote. I've been bought four or five times in my life, but dis is de fust time I ever got the cash myself."

The feet that are covered with bunions may not be stylish, but they are certainly nobby.

The Indians complain at the prevalent fashion of short hair as a personal insult.

GIT.—The other evening as we were prowling around town we overheard the following interesting conversation in a porch in Market Street. The characters were an ardent young lover, his sweetheart and the gal's old man. The lovesick swain was quoting from Belwer's beautiful play of the *Lady of Lyons*, while the fair young plant hung on his arm, sighing like a dying boss fly.

"Dearest," said he, "if thou wouldst have me paint the home, to which—could love fulfill its prayer—this hand would lead thee, listen—"

About this time the old man stuck his nightcapped head out the window and shouted:

"If you don't git for that home durned quick, I'll *paint* your right eye and *lead* you out the gate by the left ear. Angeline, go to bed."

The way that young American shot through the gate would have done honor to a yeller dorg with a tin pan tied to his tail. As he past by us we accosted him thusly:

"Whither dost thou fly, gentle youth?"

And he replied:

"O, you be d—d!"

And we left the spot, absorbed in deep meditation, our thoughts involuntarily turning to that line of William's:

'The course of true love never did run smooth.'

—*Newton Record & Gazette.*

ONE IDEA OF POVERTY.—It was Bulwer who said in nine cases out of ten poverty is an idea. Some men with ten thousand dollars a year suffer more for want of means than others with three hundred. The reason is, the rich man has artificial wants. His income is ten thousand a year, and he suffers enough from being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day, and does not run in debt, is the happier of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this, but it is true. There are thousands and thousands with princely incomes who never know a moment's peace, because they live beyond their means. There is really more happiness in the world among the working people, than among those who are called rich—always providing that poor folks do not in a smaller way emulate the prodigality of their rich brethren. Poverty is simply the question of good or bad management of money in hand.

HUSBANDS IN DANGER.—The recent Montebello-Metternich duel is the inspiration of much fun in European circles, and the statement is made that at present in Paris when a lady is going to a ball the husband cautions her nervously to be civil to Mr. So-and-so, and not to frown at Count Castowhishi. The worst phase of the matter, according to the wits, is that the ladies have a very effective whip to hold over their husband's backs when they desire to compel a favor. For instance one will say, "Henri, if you don't buy me that bonnet I'll insult M. Trois Etoiles, and he is a dead shot;" or "Hippolyte, if you don't bring that diamond spray home this evening I'll call Baron Saussisard a fool." It is certainly a dangerous thing to be a married man in regions where the duello is honored, if a lady's expression of aversion or contempt is to make her husband a target for the man she insults, as in the case of the Princess Metternich.

GRAND JURIES.—It has been proposed in some of the States to abolish grand juries entirely. Their action, in many cases, has been taken on insufficient evidence and indictments have often been procured by interested parties as a means of gratifying private spite and personal revenge.

But, on the other hand, it often happens that the Grand Jury stands between the citizen and those who would wrong or oppress him. Especially is this liable to be the case when the ground of procedure is of a public nature and has been the subject of general discussion, so as to have become well understood by the community.

On the whole, experience has shown the Grand Jury to be a useful institution. Its utility as a safeguard to the rights of the people is fully recognized in our national and State Constitutions and the fact that it is sometimes liable to abuse affords no sufficient reason for its abolishment.

☞ "I say, old fellow, what are your politics?" asked a witty Aberdeen man, quizzing another.

"Conservative—my father was conservative," he replied.

"And what is your religion," continued the other.

"Protestant—my father was a Protestant," was the answer.

"And why are you a bachelor?" said the other.

"Because my father was a——O, confound it! don't bother me with your stupid questions."

☞ A Macon negro philosopher, discussing the relations of the races, said: "You know de turkey, he roost on de fence, and de goose he roost on de ground. You pull de turkey off de fence, and he will git up again. You crop his wings, but somehow or nudder he's gwine to get back on de fence. Now you put de goose on de fence. He will fall off, he don't belong dar. De turkey am de white man. He's down now, but he's gwine to get up again. De nigger is de goose. He better stay whar he belongs."