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THE DROPPED LETTER.

It is a saying that "truth is stranger than fiction," in proof of which, as the pelting rain quite precludes the taking of my evening stroll, I will here note down a brief incident of my life.

I am a City man, and my offices are situated within half-a-dozen yards of Basinghall street. I am a bachelor, and in very well-to-do circumstances, despite the prophecy of my friends that I should come to poverty—a surmise founded upon the fact that during my business existence one or two of my clerks had made me the victim of their pilferings, on which I had merely discharged them, instead of prosecuting—a method to which, save for a heinous offence, I had never aversion. But to the incident I would relate.

It was one bright, warm July day, about three o'clock of a Saturday afternoon, that I took a stroll through the Park, in a very thoughtful mood. The truth was, I had been again robbed, but this time to a considerable amount. What was I to do? Prosecute? Humpf! I scarcely liked to give in; but here was no opportunity of bestowing a sharp reprimand and a dismissal, for my clerk had dismissed himself and vanished with the plunder. What was I to do? To allow it to pass unnoticed would be no leniency, but folly, it not a crime, as it would but be a temptation for my other clerks to do the same as their absconding brother. No—prosecuted he must and should be, and serve him right! I thought he could never have kept up such a dashing appearance upon the salary—though no mean one—that he received from me.

I had just arrived at this sensible conclusion, when my attention was attracted by a large Newfoundland dog, who, bounding round a corner, came right in the face of a little urchin about five years old—an assault which he met at the child backwards. To save himself, the latter instinctively stretched out his small hands and caught the animal round its neck.

The noble brute, as if pressed for time, strove to shake off the grasp on his collar, and speedily succeeding in doing so, he continued on his way, while I crossed over to pick up the screaming little man.

He belonged to the lower classes to whom the London streets are their home; so a pat on the head and the sight of a few pence soon changed the tears to sunshine.

As his chubby legs bore him away, my eyes rested on a small piece of paper like an envelope, lying just where the child had fallen, and disfigured by the mark of the Newfoundland's broad paw.

I picked it up, and turned it over to see its address. It had a remarkably strange one, being as follows:—

"TO MY DEAREST EMILY."

What ever was I to do with it? It certainly was some love epistle. Bah! its exposure to the air had not yet freed it from its sickly perfume. Should I destroy it? It might be of importance. Again I looked at the direction; as I did so, the adhesive envelope, owing, I suppose, to its contact with the damp grass, opened, and I determined to see the contents, knowing that whatever it might be, it was safe with me. Taking out the enclosed epistle, I opened it. What did my eyes behold? Yes, there was no mistake—I could not be deceived in that bold, dashing style of calligraphy: it was that of my *cicerone* clerk. I now no longer hesitated to read the contents, which began:—

"MY DEAREST—MY ADORED EMILY—
"At last I can brave the self-willed selfishness of my only parent—at last I can clasp you to my heart, and call you my own, my beloved, my wife! 'Oh! what rapturous words. Can I be awake, or is it a dream, I hear my dear one ask. How gladly I reply! I am no longer dependent upon a rich but hard father; no, my uncle, of whom I have frequently spoken,

is dead, and I am his heir; therefore, darling, can now demand of you to fulfil your promise to elope with me and have our happiness consummated by marriage. On receiving this, hasten to prepare, for on Wednesday next I beseech you, as you love me, to come, as agreed, to 13, A— Street. I will have the license ready, and, as you wish, will also procure the services of the Rev. Mr. L—, of St. Andrew's to officiate. You will be true, I know—I feel dearest. I die till you are mine—you can alone restore me to life! Adieu, adored angel—adieu till Wednesday! E. B."

Though astonished at this epistle of lies and rhapsodies, I easily saw through Mr. Edwin Brownlowe's plan. His certainly elegant and gentlemanly appearance had caught the attention of some young stupid, romantic girl, evidently rich, perhaps an heiress, or I was mistaken in my *cicerone* clerk. I determined, however, to checkmate his plot and to rescue the foolish, infatuated girl. For this purpose I hastily took down in my pocket-book the place of rendezvous and the name and church of the clergyman, who no doubt was also a dupe of the wily impostor.

I had scarcely refolded the letter when the dog came bounding back. A thought flashed across my brain. I stopped him, fastened the envelope as well as I could, held it before his eyes, looked very severe—the noble animal seemed readily to understand me—made it secure to his collar, turned his head in the direction he had come, and motioned him to go back. He stood for an instant as if doubtful, then trotted forward, stopped, and looked round. I again motioned him onward, when, as if convinced, he sprang forward and was soon out of sight. My plan might or might not succeed. Any way, I would try; and the next thing was to find out the clergyman, the Rev. Mr. L—.

This a directory speedily enabled me to do; and I proceeded at once to his residence. I found him to be a soft, good-natured nervous gentleman, who was quite able to be imposed upon by any lie. I hastened to explain my business; and never shall I forget the poor man's look of horror when he heard the evil deed to which he unconsciously was to have been made a party.

On taking my leave, I begged him not to mention a word of what had passed, and requested his permission to fill his place at 13, A— street, as I had a plan by which I might prevent this shameful plot against a young girl's happiness. He readily agreed, and over and over again thanked me for having prevented him from appearing in so scandalous an affair besides also assuring me that if any change were made in time and place, he would let me know. After this, I had but to procure a white, venerable-looking wig and a clerical disguise—as it was my purpose to represent a minister—and then wait patiently for the eventful evening to arrive.

I must own that I felt rather excited when, at about seven o'clock on the Wednesday I wended my way towards 13, A— street. I was rather late, owing to having been slightly delayed by a call I had to make at Bow street.

The affair made me both nervous and excited. I could certainly, with the clue I had, have arrested Mr. Brownlowe at once. But I desired to give a lesson to the young girl, and let her know the true character of the man to whom she would have so recklessly confided her happiness.

On knocking at No. 13, A— street, the door was opened by a rather coarse-looking landlady.

"Madam," I said mildly, "will you oblige me by giving this note to Mr. Brownlowe?"
"You are the clergyman, I suppose?" she rejoined, taking it. They've been awful anxious about you."

This was good news, for it proved that the young lady had arrived. The landlady soon returned, and bade me walk up. I did so, re-

questing permission for my clerk to accompany me as far as the landing, in case I might require him.

I followed the woman to a front room, opening the door of which, she bade me enter. I obeyed, and beheld my late clerk, handsomely dressed, standing near the fireplace, with a young, pretty, baby-faced girl resting on his arm.

At first I feared that, despite my white hair, necktie, and clerical appearance, he would recognize me; but not so; he advanced, saying, in an off hand manner: "I am sorry Mr. L— should have disappointed us at the last moment, sir; but as he has recommended you in his stead, no doubt it is all correct."

"I have not the least doubt about it, sir," I answered, disguising my voice. "Mr. L— is the last person to throw up an engagement on a trivial motive."

"Then, sir, I beg you to proceed at once."

"First," I said, "might I ask a few moments' private conversation with you?"

He glanced down at the young lady, who seemed timidly to look dissent, for he said:

"Anything, however private, that you have to say to me, sir, this young lady, soon to be my wife, may hear."

"Are you so sure of that, Mr. Brownlowe?" I said, fixing my eyes upon his.

For an instant, I fancied, his cheek blanched but, recovering himself, he replied:

"Yes, why not sir?"

"Oh yes," murmured the young lady, "dear Edwin; bid him be quick. I fear my father."

"Madam," I said, advancing, "you have yet more to fear the arts of a rogue and a swindler."

"What, sir?" cried he, fiercely, while the poor girl clung to him in terror.

"Yes, swindler! I would have spared the young lady this unpleasant disclosure had it been possible, but it was not. Mr. Edwin Brownlowe, I arrest you for embezzlement!" I said, at the same time removing my wig and whiskers.

"Great Heaven!" he ejaculated, starting back, "Mr. G—!" Then added, indignantly, "It is false! It is a mistake! Look, fellow—the lady has fainted!"

"Do not disturb yourself; I will get assistance," I said, interrupting him as he moved to the door, and opening it myself.

I beckoned to the man who had accompanied me. On entering, I motioned to my clerk, whom the officer, going up to, immediately arrested.

The poor girl, as she at last began to see the accusation was really true, screamed, and burst into passionate tears.

"My dear young lady," I said, kindly, taking her hand, "control your feelings, and be thankful that you have escaped the snares of an impostor and a thief. I believe this man has represented himself to you as rich and well born. Both statements are false. The money he has robbed me of. See, he cannot deny it."

The wretched child—for she seemed little more—turned an appealing look at her would-be husband, and seemed about to speak, but the sullen, almost harsh, expression he turned upon his intended victim was enough, and she sank weeping into a chair. I motioned the officer to remove Brownlowe and have a cab called.

Then I waited till the poor girl's grief was a little less vehement, when I asked her where she lived, so that I might take her home.

After awhile she told me, but on her knees besought me not to let her father know what she had done. Her protestations of repentance were so sincere, and her prayers for secrecy so earnest, that I, thinking the lesson she had received punishment enough, finally consented.

On the way home, she informed me she was the only child of a rich City merchant, and had met Edwin Brownlowe in the Park, where a trivial accident—brought about, I suspect, by the gentle-

man's means—had made them acquainted.

Having, from the corner of the terrace, seen the young lady, whom the event of the evening had assuredly made considerably wiser, safely in her own home, I returned to mine.

The next week, Mr. Edwin Brownlowe took charge of air in one of our metropolitan prisons.

A Gala Day in France.

There is to be a splendid pageant in France, to which royal guests are to be invited. Here is the notification:

Versailles, Oct. 31.—Invitations have been sent to the rulers of the various States of South Germany, to come forward to witness the bombardment of Paris.

By all means let the rulers come, for such a spectacle may not again be seen in the ages! These rulers, who are to sit like the latter Caesars in the galleries of the Coliseum, while Dacian and Gaul butchered each other in the arena, are God's own favored ministers, born to throne and sovereignty, by God's infinite grace endowed with majesty and power!

They are summoned to see a city of two millions of men, women and children, the fairest and most beautiful city in all the world—the metropolis of wealth, and taste, and courtesy—suddenly torn with shells and cannon shot. Libraries as rich as that of Alexandria are to be burned. Palaces as superb as the Parthenon are to become heaps of ruins. There never were such magnificent and extended preparations. This is to be no side show.

They are to be opened from all points simultaneously, and the city is to be fired in six or seven parts at once.

Truly, such a splendid scene was never enacted on this blessed earth! Nor will it end with the cannonading. There is to be variety in the entertainment. After the two millions of people have been bombarded by the kings and princes, there is to be a general day of starvation, in which, as Count Bismarck has expressed the opinion in a diplomatic note, hundreds of thousands will probably die of want. Wars have been seen in these modern days of barbarism. Cities have been shelled and women and children have been slain in the cradle and at the hearthstone. Men have been killed in battle in all the lusty beauty and promise of youth. These things, and deeds more terrible, have been done by the armies of kings for the glory and pride of princes, but never before has a Prime Minister written a diplomatic note announcing that he was about to decree the "starvation of hundreds of thousands," while royal majesty himself spent speeding to his German brothers to come to Versailles to enjoy the spectacle.

There is a tragedy almost to tears in what we see to-day in Paris. A people abandoned and betrayed by their Emperor; armies surrendered by traitors; forts captured; unopposed battalions treading France into the earth province by province; a million of armed men on her soil without an army to meet them; every day of occupation a waste of thousands of lives and millions of francs; society decomposed, industry paralyzed; death in every shape, by cannon and famine and fever—and all because France will be France, and insist upon being free!

Let it be truly a gala day in the splendid palace of Versailles! Let the princes come—and let there be royal festivities, while cannon and typhus and hunger do their work upon a people who have resolved to be free! The day may come when the princes of South Germany will be invited to another spectacle.—*[New York Standard.]*

John Quincy Adams has been elected to the Massachusetts Legislature.

CUT INTO A THOUSAND PIECES.

—The Pittsburg (Pennsylvania) Dispatch chronicles the following painful and distressing accident to one of the hands in a mill in that place:

A man named Joseph Litz, only twenty years of age, was employed in McKnight's rolling mills in the capacity of workman in some one of the branches of their mill manufactory. Between eight and nine o'clock yesterday morning he voluntarily undertook to oil the shears. It was not his duty, and no one expected him to do it. This is usually done with a swab attached to a stick, and is never done while the shears are in motion. Litz, however, paid no attention to this prudent restriction, but inserted the swab while the wheel was revolving. In some way the swab became fast to some leather band attached to the inside of the shears, and Litz was drawn forward. People involuntarily grasp at anything when they feel themselves falling, and poor Litz unwarily caught at the revolving wheel; his arm was thrown forward, and he slipped through the opening in the wheel.

Quick as lightning he was twisted into the space of about 2 inches between the fly-wheel and the heavy upright post which held it in its place. It is incredible that a man's head and neck, shoulders and arms should have been crushed into such a narrow space. At the outside, it could not have been wider than two and a half inches. The jamming of the upper part of his body into the narrow space at once stopped the shears. The poor fellow presented a pitiable spectacle. His head and shoulders and arms were taken out in a thousand pieces.—

We arrived on the spot just as the undertaker had finished his terrible work of gathering up what had once been a human being instinct with life into the coffin prepared to receive it. His head and upper portion of the body were taken out of the bed of the shears in a thousand pieces, and placed in a handsome coffin, on which were inscribed his name and age, and taken from the place.

PHOSPHATE OF LIME IN MEDICINE.

—A French author has recently written a work to impress upon physicians the importance of administering phosphate of lime in their practice. He professes to prove that this substance is above all others the natural supplement of the action of nutrition; that by its action the albuminous matter is made to take the form of cellular, and that it presides over the organization of the tissues; that is to say, it is pre-eminently the agent of nutrition. The lacto-phosphate of lime is also recommended very strongly, as an active agent in medicine; and in the distinctness of its effects, it claims to be ranked with bromide of potassium and chloral as one of the most valuable contributions of chemistry to the healing art made during the present century.

MAKING THE SUPREME COURT A PARTY COURT.

—In a recent speech in Boston, Senator Wilson inadvertently announced the purpose of his associates when he declared: "We have the Congress, we have got the President, we have got the 'Supreme Court,' and we mean to keep them all!"—thus showing that in their frantic efforts to obtain a new lease of political power and patronage, the Radical leaders are counting on a partisan Supreme Court.

Who is to blame?—Could there be a negro majority in Louisiana if the white man did not furnish him with a cabin, a mule, a wagon, the wood, bacon, corn shoes, clothes, &c., and feed also the wench, who sits in the cabin and does no work?

Who can wear this cap? We heard, a few days ago, this matter discussed. One former remarked that he would do as others did and raise his negro force, if his neighbor did likewise. To this an old fellow with a gray beard, replied, "Then if your neighbor robs a hon roost you will go and do likewise."—*Laurens Herald.*

Advice to Girls.

Young ladies, the whole secret with nine-tenths of you, of not being able to secure good husbands, is simply that you do not know how to work. You have no knowledge of practical house-keeping, and consequently are useless as helpmates. Instead of being an assistant to an husband, you are an obstacle to his success. Your style of living, too, is incompatible with his means. You want to begin house-keeping as your parents left off, not as they began, and there are few young men who have not already a good income, can afford to marry you.

There are no possible objections to the accomplishments of music, painting and the like, as such, but the idea is to be able to set these prior amusements aside, for the stern duties of married life call for your practical knowledge. Show the young man that you will not be a dead expense to him through life. Believe us young friends, as many true, patriotic womanly hearts beat over household duties as flutter beneath the soft light of a parlor chandelier. Your kiss is just as sweet, your smile just as bright, your heart just as happy and tender after a day's exertion in a sphere worthy of true womanhood, as in places of dissipation, frippery and silly amusement. Have an ambition to do your part in life, cultivate industrial habits, and let the parlor accomplishments go with the higher accomplishments we have roughly enumerated. It is astonishing how soon a domestic young lady is found out and appreciated. It is because she is such a rare exception to the general rule.

A REQUIEM OF AMAZONS.

—The London Daily News expresses the belief that the female citizens of Paris are apparently weary of the monotony of a besieged existence. They are enlisting in a body called "Amazons of the Seine." Their costume will consist of a pair of black trousers, with an orange color stripe, a blouse of woollen stuff, with a cap, and a black kepi with an orange band, together with a cartridge-bag fastening to a shoulder-belt. Only women of unexceptionable character will be permitted to join this corps, all candidates having not only to be accompanied by husband, father or brother, but to bring with them a certificate from the Commissary of Police, attesting their character, position, &c. The officers will all be ladies. Most wives and daughters of officers in the army, or at any rate possessing some knowledge of military affairs. A special patriotic and most spirit-stirring song has been composed for the corps, entitled, "The Marseillaise of the Amazons of the Seine." In addition to tending the wounded they are expected to defend the ramparts and barricades jointly with the stationary National Guard, and to render the combatants in whose ranks they would be distributed by companies, all such domestic and fraternal services as are compatible with moral order and military discipline.

Dr. Shimas, late Surgeon-in-Chief of the Anglo-American Ambulance, which has done such good service in France, says: The conduct of the French army in all the earlier battles was heroic, but they soon began to lose all confidence in their generals, and this, combined with want of food, spread demoralizing among them. France, he considers, has no general capable of commanding over 20,000. He states that from the very outset the commissariat was miserably inadequate. At Solan he saw French troops skinning horses and eating raw flesh.

COERTING UP.—A man who passed through Nevada City, Mo., one day last week, on his way to seek a location in which to settle, is sixty-four years old, and had with him ninety-four children, grand children, and great-grandchildren. The colony were from Indiana. The man stated that his brother was coming out as soon as he settled, and that he (the brother) had one hundred and seventeen children, grand-children, and great-grandchildren.—A gentleman went to one wagon that had so many heads sticking out from under the wagon sheet that it looked like a coop full of chickens, and asked the woman in the vehicle how many children she had. She looked around and as if counting them, said: "I had fourteen when I started, and I guess they all here."

[Columbus Sun.]

The seventy-fifth S. C. Conference begins in Charleston on the 7th prox.

Expenditures for Manures.

Millions of dollars, says a writer, are annually expended for manures that ought to be saved, for, with adequate painstaking, a farm whose stock is rightly proportioned to the number of acres tilled, will furnish all the manure necessary to keep the farm constantly increasing in fertility. Barns should be so arranged as to shelter and save all the manure, both liquid and solid; then, as a load of solid manure is taken from the stable to the "ordure room," there should be thrown over it two or three times its bulk of refuse straw, sods, weeds, leaves, bean and peavines, mulch, swamp muck, tankard, sawdust and shavings, pouring over the heap as much liquid manure as the compost will absorb. By the constant repetition of this process, there will be created an enormous amount of fermented manure, sufficient to supply all reasonable demands of the farm.

If eight or ten hogs are fattened, by means of the same process, the hog pen is made to furnish a bountiful supply of manure for the garden and a large field of corn. Any farm may thus be made to manufacture all the manure for the crops grown upon it, except potatoes, and those should have plaster instead of manure, as the latter increases their tendency to rot. Potatoes should be planted on a dry piece of land, after buckwheat, and the land well sown with plaster, or the plaster may be thrown a handful of plaster into each hill. Ashes do very well as a substitute for plaster; potatoes are not liable to rot planted with either.

Guano is good and valuable for farm use; but every farmer should save from the droppings of the henery enough for home use, instead of buying the imported article. Prices should be so constructed as to readily yield up their accumulation, either from a tight box, so hung as to be easily moved, or from a sliding drawer, whence the contents should be conveyed to a heap or vat of absorbent refuse, which should also be the receptacle of kitchen refuse, and bed-room deposits. A compost heap is thus formed sufficient to enrich a garden to the highest degree of fertility, and by the use of chloride of lime, or some other disinfectant, all offensiveness may be avoided.

The following deductions, drawn from years of observation and experience, are worthy the attention of farmers:

1st. Farming cannot be profitably conducted without careful reference to the laws of waste and supply.

2d. The nature of the waste must be understood, and the proper remedies applied.

3. All these supplies should be drawn from the resources of the farm under culture.—*Maryland Farmer.*

THE TWO-HEADED AND FOUR-LEGGED WOMAN.

—There is now on exhibition at the Fair Grounds in Columbus, Ga., the most wonderful freak of nature ever presented to the world. It consists of a negro girl, or as some would say, a pair of girls, aged 18 years. The person or persons has two perfectly developed heads and bodies down to the waist, where the two spines and bodies become blended into one solid body. On each body are two perfect arms and hands, of which each has full and natural use. She has four perfectly formed and well developed legs and feet, on which she moves actively. She can walk and dance a quadrille. She was born a slave, the property of Mrs. Smith, in Columbus county, North Carolina, who tenderly cared for and raised and educated her. She is intelligent, and can and does hold converse with two persons at the same time. She is cheerful, and said to be most devotedly attached to Mrs. Smith. What is singular, though she appears from the color of skin to be of pure negro blood, she has straight black hair.

[Columbus Sun.]

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All About Women.

Double you, oh man! is woman. Calico scrap-books are a young feminine freak.

A Texas husband offers \$1,200 for the return of his wife.

Milford, Pennsylvania, has seven times as many women as men.

Mrs. Childs, of Utica, N. Y., has left \$30,000 to Hamilton College.

Ranning matrimony into the ground—getting married in Mammoth Cave.

A Miss Stocker, of Boston, has left \$5,000 to educate young men for the Church.

A pretty brunette was recently married in New York in a plain morning dress, simply and sweetly.

A lady of fifty and a youth of twenty have eloped from Jamaica, L. I. He was a German and irresistible.

Twenty married women in this country propose to become preachers. Heretofore they have only been lecturers.

Three young women of Worcester, Massachusetts, recently pronounced the main street of the town smoking segars.

Mrs. Major Dr. Walker has written a book entitled "Hit," which an irreverent critic says is synonymous with "Blow."

A healthy girl in Blairsville, Indiana, recently drank twenty-seven glasses of beer at a single sitting of not more than two hours. She is a very fine girl.

The Earl of Shaftesbury says that "if His Holiness the Pope had a wife she would not allow him for an hour to remain in the belief that he was infallible."

A Minnesota Benedict advertises his wife for sale warranted sound and kind, his only reason for disposing of her being that he feels his own educational inferiority.

DON'T HURRY.—Believe in traveling on step by step; don't expect to be rich in a jump. Slow and sure is better than fast and flimsy. Perseverance, by its daily gains, enriches a man far more than fits and starts of fortunate speculations. Little fishes are sweet. Every day a thread makes a skein in a year. Brick by brick houses are built. We should creep before we walk, walk before we run, and run before we ride. In getting rich, the more haste the worse speed. Haste trips up its own heels. Don't give up a small business till you see that a large one will pay you better. Even crumbs are bread. Better a little furniture than an empty house. In these hard times, he who can sit on a stone and feed himself had better not move. From bad to worse is poor improvement. A crust is hard fare, but none at all is harder. Don't jump out of the frying pan into the fire. Remember, many men have done well in very small shops. A little trade with profit is better than a great concern at a loss; a small fire that warms you is better than a large fire that burns you. A great deal of water can be got from a small pipe, if the bucket is always there to catch it. Large hares may be caught in small woods. A sheep may get fat in a small meadow, and starve in a great desert. He who undertakes too much succeeds but little.—*John Ploughman's Talks.*

The period between the ages of two and four in a child's life is a very important one, because the child should now be gradually and surely confirmed in those good habits which are the foundation of every fine character, and the rudiments of which should already have been implanted. By the time a child is six years of age, he should have learned perfect submission—not to a confused, inconsiderate, ordering spirit in father or mother—for we can not imagine anything that would keep a strong will from yielding sooner than this; but to an equable just temper of mind, that has no wish to be obeyed simply from the love of mastery. Be discriminating in all your exactions, making them few and simple, and consistent with the good training of your child.