

The Newberry Herald.

A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

Vol. X.

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No. 48.

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
At Newberry C. H.,
BY THOS. F. GRENEKER,
Editor and Proprietor.
Terms, \$2.50 per Annum,
Invariably in Advance.
The paper is stopped at the expiration of time for which it is paid.
The mark denotes expiration of subscription.

Miscellaneous.

J. B. LEONARD & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
TOBACCO,
Imported and Domestic Segars,
Of which we always have on hand a large and superior stock.

Imported and Domestic
Wines and Liquors
OF BEST QUALITIES.

Always in store Pure North Carolina
CORN WHISKY, APPLE and PEACH
BRANDIES.

J. B. LEONARD & CO.
Nov. 4, 31—3m.

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COTTON BUYERS,

Will always PAY THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICES FOR COTTON, and also make LIBERAL ADVANCES to parties wishing to ship to either New York, Boston or Charleston.

STORAGE! STORAGE!! STORAGE!!!

Parties wishing to STORE COTTON will do well to call on MESSRS. JNO. E. WEBB & CO., who will store on the most reasonable terms, also insure when desired. Sep. 29, 28—4t.

F. N. PARKER,
SUCCESSOR TO WEBB, JONES & PARKER,
(Between Pools Hotel and the Post Office.)
DEALER IN

HARNESS,
SADDLES and LEATHER

Having bought the ENTIRE STOCK of the Harness and Saddle Manufactory of Messrs. Webb, Jones & Parker, I am prepared to do all kinds of work in this line. Also will keep on hand for sale, HARNESS, SADDLES, &c., LEATHER, UPHOLSTERY, &c., of the best and cheapest. REPAIRING and all work done to order.

At Cash Prices and at Shortest Notice
Apr. 15, 15—4t.

THE FALL SESSION
OF THE
NEWBERRY FEMALE ACADEMY
WILL COMMENCE ON THE 16TH SEPT.

A. P. PIPER, A. M., Principal,
WITH COMPETENT ASSISTANTS.

The advantages afforded by this institution for a thorough and complete education, are second to no other in the State, while the tuition is low, viz: from \$12.50 to \$22.50 in advance, or on satisfactory securities. Boarding in private families at moderate rates.

For further particulars enquire of the Secretary of the Board, Mr. S. P. BOOZER, or of A. P. PIPER, Principal, July 29, 20—4t.

A. B. MORRISON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
NEWBERRY, S. C.

Having permanently located in Newberry, I respectfully inform the citizens of the town and surrounding country, that I am prepared to execute all orders which may be entrusted to me in my line. My long experience as a Merchant Tailor, makes me confident that I will give entire satisfaction, and will ask for a fair trial. Cutting in the latest style, and all work done in the neatest manner.

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Cleaning and Repairing done promptly. Sep. 20, 20—4m.

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AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
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Particular attention given to sale of upland Cotton.
WM. C. BEE, | EUGENE P. JERVEY,
THOS. D. JERVEY, | LAURENS N. CHISHOLM.
Oct. 28, 43—4m.

OUR MONTHLY,
Is a Religious Magazine.
Advocates Brotherly Love among Christians.
Has a Local Department.
Advocates Temperance.
Scientific and Literary Notes.
Twenty-four Pages and Cover.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00.
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Nov. 11, 45—4t.

NEWBERRY MERCHANTS
GET A GREAT DEAL OF TRADE FROM
LAURENS COUNTY.

They will find it to their advantage to do business in
OUR MONTHLY,
Nov. 11, 45—4t.

JOHN C. DIAL,
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Has a full stock of Building Material, Carpenters', Blacksmiths', Masons' and Tanners' Tools.
All goods warranted as represented.
Prices as low as the lowest for good goods.
Orders with the cash, or satisfactory references, promptly attended to.
Nov. 4, 44—8m.

Poetry.

TO MY OLD SILK DRESS.
BY MATHIE A. SINGLETON.

I have a dear silk dress which I really adore; About five thousand years ago—perhaps a little more— Mrs. Noah in her kindness did bequeath it unto me. And the vessel which did bring it, navigated every sea, Red, Black and White and Yellow and others, as is plain, For in laylessness upon it, from each sea there is a staving; And I never feel so queenly or so grand as when I wear This brave antediluvian dress, so old, and very dear!

The rents upon its surface are quite numerous indeed, But the ancientst of darning, and the modern, both succeed In helping well its brave old threads from falling into rags; And grandly as on battle-fields do flaunt proud battle flags, This venerable garment with me wound its way to the church; And in the congregation, let the busy body search For some gossip about dresses—she is welcome, I declare, To be as stylish as she pleases at the dear old dress wear.

Old friends are highest valued—and old wine, as I have heard, And old coins of rarest mintage—so the learned have averred!— Are most prized among the knowing, and the rule should be the same With old dresses, by the silly and the giddy worn with shame. But let others sport their muslins of the newest cut and print, And spend money by the million as if parents owned a mine, I shall prize my economy, and more, my love of thee, Dear old dress, which Madam Noah, my ancestress left to me!

A MARRIAGE SERVICE.

MINISTER.
This woman with whom have And cherish her for life, Will love and comfort her And seek no other wife?

HE.
This woman I will take That stands beside me now, I'll find her honest and chaste And have no other "frow."

MINISTER.
And for your husband will You take this nice young man, Obey his slightest wish And love him all you can?

SHE.
I'll love him all I can, Obey him all I close, And when I ask for funds He never must refuse.

MINISTER.
Then you are man and wife, And happy may you be; As many be your years As dollars in my fee!

Selected Story.

Eva, or the Mason's Daughter.

CHAPTER I.

Faster and faster spread the flames, and now the ship was enveloped in a fiery sheet. Men and women rushed madly over the side to seek a quicker but less painful death. The boats, with one exception, had been overloaded and capsized. There were hasty prayers, and heart-rending cries of misery and distress. Death hovered, and clung like, over his victims; some died desperately to the vessel's side, some supporting themselves in the water by articles snatched hastily from the burning ship, and with which they had leaped wildly into the sea. The Captain sang through his trumpet, "Take heart, and sustain yourself as long as possible. A ship is coming to our relief."

James Durant stood upon the almost deserted deck, with his only child, but four years of age, folded closely in his arms. His eyes swept the horizon in search of the ship to which the Captain had alluded. He discovered it at length, but it was at least four miles off. Before the ship could arrive, they must be burned to death; or, if he sprang as others did down into the water, both he and the child would be drowned, for he was not a swimmer.

The little arms were twined about his neck, the pale cheek rested of confidence against his own, but the brave child did not tremble. "O, my God, is there no help?" cried the despairing father, as the flames swept nearer, and he felt that his present position could be held but a little longer.

"Here, give the child to me, and I will save her," and turning quickly Mr. Durant stood face to face with a stranger who held a life preserver in his hand.

"Quick there is no time to be lost. The child can have my life preserver, and it will float her easily. Yonder is another ship; I have been watching it for the last five minutes. It will reach us in half an hour at the most. There, is that fastened securely? Now, little girl I am going to throw you into the water. You are not afraid?" "No, no; but my papa!"

The father caught her frantically in his arms.

"My darling, Eva, you may never see your father again; but do not fear—God will guard; and, as some body will find you and care for you. If you never see papa again, remember he is in heaven with mamma."

"Has she no relatives?" asked the stranger.

"None in this country; I am from England and am traveling for her health."

"Take that pin from your bosom and fasten it to her clothing."

"Heaven help you for the thought," said the father; and in a moment the square and compass was glistening in the bosom of the child and the stranger took her from her father's arms, saying: "I am stronger than you; and she must be cast beyond the reach of these poor drowned wretches, or they will rob her of her life preserver."

The white drapery fluttered through the air, and sank below the waves; then rising it floated lightly upon the waters.

James turned to the stranger with fearful eyes:

"May God bless and preserve you, noblest of men. But you and myself must be lost."

"No; I am a good swimmer, and here is a piece of board with which you can sustain yourself till relief arrives."

The father cast another glance at the white speck floating rapidly away and with an inward "God preserve her!" sprang into the sea followed by the stranger; but the two floated in different directions and they saw each other no more.

Two hours later James Durant awoke, as from the sleep of death, and found himself in the cabin of a strange ship, with kind and sympathizing faces all around him. In a moment he realized all that had passed, and said eagerly, though feeble, "My child, my little Eva, is she safe?"

There was no response, and a low moan escaped the father's lips.

"Courage, sir," said the lady with fearful eyes, "some passengers were saved by another ship."

The father's countenance lighted, "God grant that she may be saved!" Mr. Durant recovered his usual strength in a few hours, and sought among the saved for the stranger who had proven himself so true a Masonic brother, but he was not to be found.

"He must be on the other ship," said Mr. Durant, "and he will care for Eva."

Both ships were at port in New York the following day, but although Mr. Durant found the stranger who befriended him, and who proved to be a Mr. Wadsworth, from a Southern city, Eva had been seen by no one, and was given up as lost.

CHAPTER II.

"Here, wife, is a child that has just been washed upon the beach. She is now cold and stiff, but I think she is not dead. Let us have some warm flannels immediately, and tell Thomas to run for Dr. Hunt."

It was long before the quivering lashes and feeble fluttering of the heart gave token that success would crown the efforts of Eva's rescuers; but, by and by the lids parted, and revealed two large, liquid sky-blue eyes, that wandered from face to face in a bewildered way, and then closed wearily.

"I fear she will not recover very rapidly," said the Dr. "She has a delicate constitution and will require the best of care."

"Poor child," said Mrs. Turner, "I do not wonder she is nearly dead, but who can she be? Some terrible accident must have occurred at sea."

"You had better examine her clothing," said the Dr., "perhaps you may find some clue to her relations."

Mrs. Turner lifted the gossamer white dress and turned it over and over. The square and compass placed by Mr. Durant flashed upon the eyes of all at once. "The Dr. and Mrs. Turner looked at each other, but neither spoke, and Mrs. Turner did not notice the tear that glistened in her husband's eyes.

The doctor's fears that Eva would not recover rapidly, proved to be well founded; days and weeks of fever succeeded the awakening to life, during which she talked incoherently of "papa" and "poor dear mamma" and of the "burning ship," and of "hunger." She finally awoke to consciousness, and asked many questions as to how she came in that dark room, and who were those who attended her, but Dr. Hunt forbade her being questioned until she was stronger.

How interested were all in the

little convalescent, whom the elements had cast into the little sea-board town! The ladies declared that never before did a child possess such lovely eyes, or such beautiful curls; while the gentlemen seemed not less interested, and brought her gifts of everything that might please her childish fancy.

"My dear little girl," said Dr. Hunt, when Eva was at length able to ride out, "will you tell me your name?"

"Eva," said the child, "I thought you knew it."

"Yes, I know your name is Eva, but I want to know the rest of your name—your father's name."

"Eva Durant, Mr. Durant is my papa."

"Yes, now I want you to tell me all you can remember about your father and mother."

"Eva's eyes filled with tears. "Oh, sir, my mamma, died and went to live with the angels. And I do not know where father is. He said if I never saw him again I must know he had gone to mamma."

"Where were you when he told you this?"

"On the ship; and oh, the fire burned me; and papa held me in his arms until a strange man took me and tied something under my arms, and I have not seen papa since. O, sir, can you tell me where he is?"

"No dear child; but perhaps we may yet find him."

And this was all that Eva's new friend could discover. It was plain that she had come from the ship which had been burned a few weeks before; that she had been cast upon the shore; and where was her father? Had he been saved; and was he searching for his child?—Every possible effort was now made to find him. The circumstances of the case, with the statement of the child, were published fully in the newspapers of the neighboring cities; but the grief-stricken father, believing his child to be lost, had sailed a week before for Europe, and it soon became evident in the minds of Eva's protectors, that he had perished. But the little one still prattled about her "papa," and said he would come by-and-by, and those who believed differently would not pain her by contradiction.

The square and compass that had been found upon her clothing was regarded as a powerful appeal from a Meson to his brethren to care for his child. So it came to pass that Eva became as it were, the special charge of Hiram Lodge, No. 93.—Mr. Turner would gladly have taken the entire care of the little waif, and the wealthy Senator W.—requested to be allowed to adopt her as his daughter, but the Brethren in Lodge assembled, declared by vote that Eva should be reared, educated and protected by the Lodge, and that as Providence had placed her in Brother Turner's house that should be her home.

And so the years went by, and Eva became a healthy, joyous child, flitting here and there, and everywhere meeting the warmest of welcomes. The Masonic Hall was but a few rods from Mr. Turner's residence, and Eva often went with him as far as the door, and then returned alone, always bidding the Tiler and sending him home early.

CHAPTER III.

The six years that followed the death of his wife and the loss of his child, passed wearily to James Durant. He visited nearly every country in the Old World, seeking among scenes of beauty and grandeur as well as historic interest for the mental rest that could never be found. Once more he turned his steps towards America and sought his Masonic friend, Mr. Wadsworth, about settling out with his family on a journey to the Atlantic coast. Mr. Durant accepted the invitation to accompany them to Saratoga, and Niagara, then to New York, where, leaving the ladies, Mr. Wadsworth and Mr. Durant wandered from town to town along the coast, enjoying the beauty of the scenery and the quiet hospitality that greeted them, more than the crowded hotels and the fashionable styles of the popular watering places. Fancy and the kind hand of Providence at length led them to the little town of B.—, and the second evening after their arrival they visited the Masonic Lodge. A warm welcome was extended to these Brethren from such distant homes, and both were invited to address the Lodge. Mr. Durant said:

"Brethren: I have traveled much and long. I have found Masonic sympathy in every part of the globe, and everywhere is masonry substan-

tially the same. I can hardly tell where I reside. The world seems to be my home, as I remain but a short time in any town or country, but my name is recorded in an English Lodge. I love my English brethren, for they first brought me from "darkness to light," and I love English soil, for within it sleeps the wife of my youth. But I love American soil also, for here I have found the warmest welcomes, the kindest of brethren. And, too, my own child is sleeping in American water, even beneath the very waves that wash the shores of your beautiful village."

"Six years have passed since this dear friend and brother robbed himself of his life-preserver that my little Eva might perhaps escape, and we hoped the elements might be kind, and that Heaven would send her relief; but she was never heard of more."

The voice of Mr. Durant was quivering with emotion, and unable to speak further, he seated himself. Glances of surprise and pleasure were cast from one to another among the brethren of Hiram Lodge. No one spoke however, but all eyes turned upon the Master, Mr. Turner. For a moment he seemed re-reading; then taking a slip of paper from the Secretary, he wrote:

"Mrs. Turner—Do not allow Eva to retire until I return home. I am going to bring a strange gentleman who wishes to see her." And calling the Junior Deacon gave him the note, saying in a low voice, "Take this to Mrs. Turner, immediately."

"Why, Eva," said Mrs. Turner, when she had read the message "you are to have company. A gentleman at the lodge room wishes to see you."

"Who can it be?"

Eva looked perplexed and thoughtful; suddenly her cheeks flushed, her eyes brightened and clapping her little hands, she sprang to her feet and exclaimed: "Oh, it must be papa! no one else would wish to see me; no one in the world," and before Mrs. Turner comprehended the child's interpretation, she had passed the threshold, and was flitting through the moonlight to the lodge-room. The Tiler looked amazed when Eva burst into the ante room, her cheeks burning, her eyes flashing with joy and excitement. "Do not stop me! I am going in!" she exclaimed. But the inner door was fastened, and the impatient Eva cried with vexation.

"Wait a moment," said the Tiler, who having heard nothing of what had transpired within, was at a loss to account for the strange conduct of the child, "wait a moment and I will send your request to Mr. Turner."

"I shall not wait; I do not want to see Mr. Turner; I want to see my papa."

"The child is crazy, that is evident," said the perplexed Tiler to himself; but calling out the deacon he bade him say that Eva was there and determined to get into the lodge room.

The deacon went to the East, and delivered his message in a low tone, and a moment afterward moved "that the craft be called from labor to refreshment."

"Now," said Mr. Turner, "tell the Tiler to let her come in."

And Eva did come in, or rather bounded into the hall, more beautiful in her excitement than ever before. She advanced to the center of the room and stood beside the altar; half poised upon one tiny foot she scanned rapidly the faces of all. Her eager eyes soon detected the strangers, who were seated beside each other, and for a moment she seemed irresolute, then darting forward with a glad cry, she threw her arms about the neck of Mr. Durant, crying, "Oh, papa! my dear papa! you have come home at last! You were not burned in the ship?"

We will not attempt to paint the scene further, but will leave our readers to imagine the joy of the found father, and also leave them to decide whether the tears that wet the cheeks of the Brethren of Hiram Lodge were caused by sympathy with the happiness of their little charge, or grief that they should lose one whom they all loved.

In five hours and three quarters an Indianapolis fireman ate seventeen and three quarter watermelons, and lives to tell the tale.

Thirty-four vessels laden with this season's wheat are reported to be on their way to England from San Francisco.

Written visiting cards cannot be mailed at less than three rates of postage.

Miscellaneous.

Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.
WILD BILL.

A DAY'S HIDE WITH A NOTED WESTERN CHARACTER—THE SCOUT AS HE REALLY IS.

After a month's sojourn in Colorado I stepped on board the eastern bound train and bade the city of Denver and the grand old Rocky Mountains a final adieu.

I had seen the wondrous Garden of the Gods; I had feasted my eyes upon the glorious sunsets equal to those of Italy; I had stood on mountain tops, with eternal snow around me, and the gray, misty clouds rolling at my feet, and yet I was returning home, a weary and disappointed man. I was returning home to meet the jeers of sarcastic friends, with no better record to show than a few insignificant squirrels and mountain grouse.

In the bitterness of my spirit I went into the baggage car to wreak my vengeance upon all luckless prairie dogs or jack-rabbits that came within range. I was so fortunate as to knock over two or three of the comical little "pups," and a rabbit, while the train was at full speed, much to the delight of the train-boy, as true a type of bright, sane young America as I ever saw.

In the course of the day several passengers dropped in to see the sport. Among them was one who appeared to be a spirit kindred with my own, for he stood by and watched the success (or failure) of each shot for full an hour with unabated interest. He was dressed in a neat gray suit, and was to all appearances only an ordinary traveler, of medium stature; but I have since fancied that I might have detected in his keen, sparkling blue eyes some of the traits which have made him famous.

Now one of the pleasant things in the Colorado tour is that you are liable to be thrown in contact with some distinguished person at any time without knowing it.

Still, I was really much surprised when the train-boy whispered in my ear, as the gentleman walked leisurely away, that "He was the regular old injun fighter, Wild Bill."

I had heretofore clung to the stage conception of the Western desperado—a being some six and a half feet high, with long, flowing hair, scarred face, tobacco stained mouth, and buckskin vestments adorned at all available points, with some offensive or defensive weapons. So when I was informed that the mild, gentlemanly young man, looking exactly like a clerk out, on a holiday, was the celebrated scout and Indian fighter, Wild Bill, I naturally supposed that the train-boy was exercising his propensities for mischief upon me by endeavoring to perpetrate a "glorious sell," and it required the united assertions of several passengers and the conductor to convince me this was really the veritable "Wild Bill."

"Oh, what a fall was there," etc., and was this dapper little fellow, who, from all appearances, might have been a patent right man, or a dry goods drummer, the same rugged daredevil of a scout who figures so largely in the dime novels and the imagination of Young America. "It is all on account of his hair," softly whispered the train-boy, seeing my look of incredulity; "if you could only see him when his hair is long."

The ellipsis was left for my imagination to fill, but the impression intended doubtless was that I would be rooted to the ground by awe and amazement.

Actuated by a pardonable curiosity, I seated myself by his side and proceeded to interview him according to the best known models. In this I succeeded far beyond my expectations, as Wild Bill is usually very shy and reticent with strangers.

He informed me that he was then on his way to an Eastern city to meet a large party of English gentlemen to whom Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack and himself were to act as guides during a three months' hunt in the Yellowstone country and in the Rocky Mountains. They were to receive for their services the small sum of \$8,000. These famous scouts are always well paid for their skillful guidance and are frequently the recipients of valuable presents from generous tourists.

Wild Bill wore in his breast, at the time I met him, a magnificent diamond pin presented to him by an English nobleman.

I could not help wondering, as I looked in the face of the quiet, resolute man beside me, whether he, more had over laid her evanescent lash upon him, or if memory did not sometimes call back his victims

from an untimely grave to haunt him with their awful presence. And I was afterward informed, on credible authority, that he lives in constant fear of assassination, and that he frequently suffers under some horrible nightmare, when, after uttering the most dreadful groans, he will gradually awaken in an agony of fear. We passed through a little town in Kansas, where it is said Wild Bill could not show his face without being shot or strung up. He was once United States Marshal there, and ruled the town with a strong and heavy hand. It is said that he killed four United States soldiers there in one drunken squabble, and it was not a very good night for soldiers either.

But this article would be incomplete should I pause here. It is my duty to gently but firmly dispel the illusions fondly cherished by many young persons of an ardent and romantic nature. Many boys have an idea that the Western scout is a person of rare bravery and nobility of soul, who generously devotes himself to the business of rescuing disconsolate maidens burnt in ruins in the eleventh hour among Indians engaged in burning his bosom friend, whom he invariably succeeds in freeing before the amazed savages can do either of them any injury; while his leisure time is engaged in such agreeable diversions as "chasing the Buffalo over the boundless prairie," "decaying the timid antelope," etc.

In conclusion, I will draw a slight sketch of what I conceive to be the true character of the average Western scout:

He is sometimes, but rarely, a gentleman in deportment; very often kind hearted in a rude, rough way, and generally an inveterate gambler, besides drinking frequently and copiously. Valuing his own life at but little, he is ever ready to resent any fancied affront with the bowie knife or pistol. In short, he is a being leading a most unnatural existence, destitute of the feelings which lend polish to civilized life, and generally perishing by the hand of violence before the prime of life.

THE WAY TO CONQUER.—"I'll master it," said an axe, and his blows fell heavily on the iron; but every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw; and with his relentless teeth he worked backward and forward on its surface till they were all worn down or broken; then he fell aside.

"Hi! hi!" said the hammer, "I knew you wouldn't succeed; 'I'll show you the way.' But at his fierce stroke off flew his head and the hammer remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft small flame. Now they all despised the flame; but he curved gently around the iron, embraced it, and never left it until it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of these and hard indeed is the heart that can resist love.

THE HAND.—Profound study has led M. d'Arpentigny to the conclusion that the hands represent three types. Those whose fingers have pointed tips are possessed of a rapid insight into things; are extra sensitive and pious, impulsive. To this class belong the poets and artists. To the "square tops" belong scientific people; sensible, self-contained characters, professional men. The spade-shaped tops—thick tips, with little pads of flesh on each side the nails—are materialists, commercial, practical, with a high appreciation of all that tends to bodily ease and comfort. Each finger, no matter what the kind of hand, has also one joint—that which is nearest the palm—representing the body; another the middle, the mind; and the top, the soul. Each of these divisions corresponds with one of the types above given.

ECONOMY.—The most economical Governor is the Governor of Wisconsin. The Chief Justice of that Commonwealth rendered a decision some weeks ago, in the railroad cases, which was thought the most important decision that was ever rendered in that State. But the Governor sent a message to the Chief Justice requesting him to cut down his opinion to about one third or one-half its present length, because it will cost too much to print it.

The proportion of the illiterate under eighteen is smaller in San Francisco than in any other large city in the Union.

A TRUE TEMPERANCE SKEETCH.

BY MRS. ALICE RANDOLPH.

Paul Remington was addicted to the terrible vice of intemperance, which his friends greatly deplored, and strove in vain to break him of. But what his friends could not do, it was reserved to a beast without reason to accomplish.

He had a favorite goat, which was very tame, and, as the sequel shows, was very sensible also. In his daily walks to the village tavern, he was always followed by the goat, which generally entered the place with its master. On one occasion he thought to play a joke on the sensible beast, and gave it so much ale that it became intoxicated.

From that day, although it followed its master to the door, no persuasion could induce it to enter again. It knew that within those doors it had been disgraced, and it determined to slum the spot forever.

The lesson was not lost upon Paul Remington. He pondered it thoughtfully in his heart. He was an animal, a beast, without reason, that refused to go into the place where it had once been made drunk; yet here he was, a thinking, reasoning being, going day after day into the tavern on purpose to get intoxicated. He could not but be struck by the superior wisdom of the brute, and he resolved to emulate the good example it had set him. From that time, he set about reforming, and became a sober and respectable man.

Oh! that men would, like the wise goat, slum the spot where they were once made drunk. Taverns and drinking places would cease from out the land, and men would be saved from degradation and despair.

SUNSHINE AND SLEEP.—Sleepless persons should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum, and the very best, sunshine. Therefore it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours as possible in the sunshine, and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet they do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their hearts, they wear veils, they carry parasols, they do all possible to keep off the most potent influences which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. Is it not time to change all this, and so get color and roses in our pale cheeks, strength in our weak backs, and the courage in our timid souls? The women of America are pale and delicate, but with the aid of sunlight they may be blooming and strong.

WORKED TOO HARD.—If woman could be free from hard labor until she reaches the age of twenty, mankind would be the gainer. This is a physiological matter, and the result of our investigation of facts in this connection, and our careful consideration of the subject leads us to express the hope that, if no other subject connected with the labor question is thought worthy of legislation, this may be selected for legislative study and action.—No argument is necessary to convince people of the importance of giving the years under sixteen in a girl's life to the growth and development of her organization, on the healthy condition of which so much depends—her own health and usefulness,