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Waiting, My Darling, for Thee. I've been waiting for more than an hour, love. Yes, waiting and watching for thee. While hoping and praying you'd come, love. And keep true your promise to me: For, you told me you'd meet me this evening. And listen to what I've to say— For, to speak the plain truth, I am certain I can't tell you all in a day.

By the lilies that float down the river, By the cowslips that grow on the lea, By the roses that bloom in the forest, I'm waiting, my darling, for thee. I'm waiting, my darling, for thee, I'm waiting, my darling, for thee, I'm waiting, my darling, for thee.

For more than a year I have waited, That promise for you to receive, So surely you'll not break your word, love, And leave me your absence to grieve. So I'll wait and I'll wait here still longer, In hope of your coming this way, When the dim, misty veil of the twilight Has shut out the brightness of day.

By the lilies that float down the river, etc. Perhaps I am a little too hasty, a little too ready to light up at minute's notice; but there are some words that seem to me to carry an especial grain of gunpowder in them, and the above is one of the sort. To have a person, after you've been through a long explanation, put his fingers to his mental ears and query you thus, or worse still, "How?" is too exasperating for human nature to bear. But this is what John Stringer did to me, bending his head a little nearer, and speaking in an absent, aggravating manner that tantalized me beyond words.

You see, John Stringer and I were engaged; we'd been engaged for a long time, and perhaps had got to be a little too matter o' course to each other. We were sitting there over the fire, after the old folks had gone to bed, and I fell to telling him about Sophie Mills's wedding—her white silk dress, her bride-cake, and her bride-maid frosted all over to match it, and I ended this way:

"But it don't make any difference, John, to people that love each other; all that's o' no more account than last year's snow-drift. They could be married in calico and homespun, with their feet on a rag carpet like this, and love each other just as well."

"How?" said John, absently. He was watching the coals flicker up and die out again, and picking up a stray chip now and then to fling on the embers—a fashion he had when he was thinking.

Now I had had the headache all day, and I guess I was rather more tindery than usual, though I didn't think so then; but when John bent his great broad shoulders over, as if he hadn't heard a word I said, and, in fact, had something better to occupy his mind, I just fired up, first, and then the blazed died down into sulks, and when we parted that night John and I had had our first and last quarrel.

"My heart did not missive me that when I saw John's great tall figure going out the door, it was the last time he'd lift the latch for many a year; but so it was.

You see, I held my head pretty high in those days, and I wouldn't show that I was a bit out about it, so I paired off with Mrs. Plumber's Jesse, a likely, spruce young fellow enough, but no more to be compared with John than a cockle-shell is to a brigantine.

Oh, well, neither sighed and tried right hard to bring us together again, but it wasn't to be.

John was a powerful, muscular man, and I used to see him go up the road many a time when I was out in the shed milking, and peeping out at him through the chinks, I thought his broad shoulders stooped more than ever, and his figure was growing more stately like. Such an awkward fellow as John was! I came near rushing out on him once, in my sun-bonnet and with my sleeves rolled up, and flinging my arms right round his neck; but John liked to see folks tidy, and I never did it.

Jesse Plumber was the bean o' the village—dapper, neat, and dainty as you please; and all the girls thought I am o' come to my senses when I looked at him. And by-and-by it was Jesse that came sparring o' nights, and he was so soft-spoken and pleasant that I never mother forgot her vexation. (She always set store by John, mother did.) Well, in the spring we were married, Jess and me, and I had a string of pearls and a real silk bridal dress, and felt kind o' lifted like when the girls crowded round me and hoped I'd be happy. I hoped so too; and I wasn't sure of it.

Remembering the days that came after, I can't recall one hard word I ever heard from Jess. We weren't near enough to each other to quarrel; we just laid apart like two odd volumes; there wasn't any fire 'twixt us, nor any thing 'twixt us, either love or laughing, whereas John and I had always been bubbling over one way and another.

I worked hard, for my silk dress and necklace were all I had of riches; and I cut up the gown one day to make a cloak for the baby. You see I couldn't give up my pride, and was just as high-spirited as ever. But our farm didn't prosper, and Jess didn't prosper; and Mrs. Plumber came to live with us, to look after things, she said; and she got to pitying him every now and then for marrying a poor wife, and—oh, well, what's the use o' talking?—sometimes I couldn't help wishing John Stringer's strong shoulders were at the wheel, when I was working myself to death morning and night for nothing.

Then when baby grew bigger I took a teaching an A B class, as I used to before I was married; but what little I knew hadn't run wild since then, and I couldn't keep the boys straight somehow; and the girls didn't care about samplers, for the sewing-machine had ridden right over every thing. Then Jesse fell ill o' the fever, and with all the fuming and fretting and nursing of his mother, and with all my watching day and night, somehow he slipped off

between us. And I found myself a widow, with the ill-fared, wasted farm on my hands, and Mother Plumber drizzling and mauling after Jess in a way to break my heart.

But I kept my spirit up yet, and I advertised half the place for sale at the court-house; for if I could sell it we should skin through somehow on an acre or two, I thought.

Well, who do you suppose came over one sunny afternoon as I was standing in the kitchen? Who, to be sure, but John Stringer, large as life—a little gray mayhap, and a little more angular, but keen and strong as ever. He'd a use for that bit o' land, it seemed, and had had his eye on it along back. "Al-ways was wanting what wasn't his," Mother Plumber said. She owed him a grudge for being more forehanded than Jess.

It took a deal of looking after and lawyering and surveying and the Lord knows what to settle it; and I used to see John Stringer's stooping shoulders and broad felt hat down just beyond the rise of the meadow time and again. But he scarce ever came near the door, till one day—I can't tell how it was—when the settlements were to be made, I just took baby up stairs and had a good cry; for that bit o' land had been Jessie's favorite piece, and Mother Plumber had been harrying me all day about it.

"The ways o' Providence are so strange!" said Mother Plumber, laying her spees down atop o' the big Bible which was wearing me to skin and bone—"past finding out. Now if Jess had married Sophie Mills that was, and you—"

"But I did not wait to hear any more. As I say, I just caught up baby and went off to the garret. And while I sat by the cobwebbed window Mrs. Barrett—Sophie Mills that was—went riding by in their new spring wagon, she and her half dozen children, round and rosy as a barrel of apples. Sophie nodded and smiled to some one coming up the road; and looking along, I saw John Stringer walking, thoughtful like, right up to our gate, just as he used to come in courting days—for John never had any foolish ways about him. I saw Sophie look back at him as she and the children, and her fluttering ribbons and gay gingham, disappeared at the turn o' the road. Then I smoothed my hair and washed my face and went down. The time of settlement had come, I knew.

"Mary Ann," said John, gravely, "the lawyer will be here presently; but I reckon we can make it all clear in our own minds without his help. And I've—I've settled it, in fact, that there are certain conditions on which I'll take the land—if you agree."

"Then I flew into a passion. "You've been long enough making up your mind," says I. "I don't throw my land at any body's feet, and I haven't asked for any favors of you, leastways, John Stringer."

"Softly, there, softly!" says John, putting out his hand. "Don't be in a flurry, little woman."

"John Stringer," says I, all in a heat, "you're just the same man you was years ago when you thought I was always firing up every time you got out o' temper yourself."

"And weren't you, little woman?" said John, quite gravely. "Don't worry folks always like their own way better than anything else?"

"You don't know anything about women," I cried, any more than you did then. You thought I wanted silks and turbans more than—than—"

"And you did me," said John; "and right enough you was, too, if you could ha' got 'em. I always said so, Mary Ann."

"Any man with half an eye would have known better," says I, hotly.

"How?" said John. His great looking figure lifted itself up, and he looked at me with those sharp brown eyes that used to give me a start in the old times. "How?" he repeated, softly.

"Do you mean to say I was mistaken years ago?" His big hand was all of a tremble as he held it out to me. "Little woman, little woman," said he, "let's ha' done with it all now, and let it all be as if it never was."

Presently, however, Plumber put her head in the door. "Pears to me that lawyers making a long spell of it," says she. "Ben't you a most tired o' waitin' for him, Mr. Stringer?"

"I guess we've settled it pretty much without the lawyer," says John, rising; "and that is the condition I had to propose, Mary Ann—take you and the meadow land together!"

And he did.

Fifty Cents on the Dollar. During the panic of 1857 a large number of persons in Philadelphia had their boots blackened by an old negro at his cellar on Spruce street, who delivered his work promptly every morning at the doors of their hotels and boarding houses, radiant with the brightest of French polish. One unhappy morning these people got up and found no boots at their doors. After a proper amount of blasphemy, equipped with old shoes and odd slippers, they set out for Sambo's shop. On reaching it they discovered a placard on the cellar door bearing the inscription, quite familiar on the bank doors of that day: "Suspended." After many thunderous kicks, Sambo at length opened his portal. "Where are my boots, you black scoundrel?" said one. "Hand over my shoes, you son of charcoal," said another. The artist of the brush, with a smile worthy of a defaulting artist of Wall street, calmly handed over one boot and one shoe, with the remark:—"Gemmen, dis house has suspended, but we pays fifty per cent."

The Glass. Mr. Coville says a looking glass afforded a woman a marvelous amount of comfort and gratification. He says his wife thinks just as much of consulting her glass when she ties on her apron as when she tries on her bonnet. He says that when there is a knock at the door, he goes there at once, but his wife, on the contrary, ejaculates—"Mercy, Joseph, who's that?" and dashes for the looking glass the first thing.

A Minnesota Grain Farm. Any one wishing to see all the stir and hurry of a lively city eclipsed in the country should visit the farm of Mr. George Wilkinson, in Goodhue township. This we were pleased with an opportunity to do on Monday. Mr. Wilkinson's farm consists of something over 1,100 acres, 1,000 of which have been in small grain this season, including 800 acres of wheat. The number of men employed was between sixty and seventy, and at the time we were there seven Wood reapers were following each other around one of the two "considerable" pieces of one hundred acres each which remained to be cut. Forty men were binding and shocking after these seven machines. In another part of the field a Champion reaper was finishing the cutting in that direction. On Tuesday morning the stacking crews were organized with twenty teams, and not an hour needlessly lost between reaping and stacking. They will stack about 150 acres a day, and nearly finish this week. The planning of the work and the disposition of so many men require no small amount of management on the part of the owner of the farm.

The amount of wheat in shocks was a sight to see; stretching far away for two miles was the heavy-headed wheat piled in thickly standing shocks. Considerable of this Mr. Wilkinson thought would yield 35 bushels to the acre. The varieties grown are the Lowland Scotch, Rio Grande, and Odessa, and the seed raised on the new ground turned over each year. Sowing this on old land gives all the advantages of a change of seed.

There is probably \$25,000 worth of grain on the place. This will be brought direct from the machine at the rate of a car load a day, and shipped to Milwaukee. It is remarkable to notice how few weeds are to be seen on the farm and mixed with the wheat.

The farm is not one of the largest, but one of the best in the State. It is gently rolling, and contains not more than an acre that cannot be conveniently ploughed. The soil is excellent and the wheat heavy, even on the highest points. We noticed a number of thrifty groves which had been left to add beauty to the place. Water is plenty and good in various places, and the farm is a very fine one for either grain or stock. Mr. Wilkinson will soon offer the farm for sale, and some of our readers may be interested in knowing the fact.—Goodhue Republican.

Roads and Road Making. There are but few duties performed by town or municipal authorities which are more important than making and keeping in repair the common highways. It is a duty, we are sorry to say, sadly neglected in many sections of the country; and in some localities the matter of road making is regarded as of no importance whatever, and the working out of highway taxes, by the residents of the towns or districts, is simply a farce and a fraud. Every good citizen should feel an interest in good roads, as they contribute immensely to the comfort of traveling, and save much in the wear and tear of carriages. It is true, we must not expect in the rural districts the well-graded, solid roads of suburban towns around cities; but there is no excuse for the rocky, neglected paths which are often found, and over which it is positively dangerous to travel. If towns would attend to one point connected with their highways, that is, care for them, once in two weeks, during the summer, every stone which is brought to the surface by rains or drought, it would render even bad roads very comfortable. These loose stones are not only a cause of great discomfort to travelers, but also of intense anxiety. They put in peril life and limb, as horses are very liable to stumble in passing over them, and carriages are often broken. Try an experiment. Bid some one to take you a country of a mile in extent, if you have the courage; then stop at a farmhouse and give the farmer a couple of dollars to pick out the stones; ride back over the pathway again, and notice how great is the change. Upon your return you can trot briskly along, with a sense of comfort and security; whereas, in passing over it previous to the removal of the loose stones, you proceeded slowly and in misery. This illustrates how cheaply and expeditiously bad roads can be improved. If every town in those sections where lands are full of small boulders would provide simply for the removal of them from the pathway as often as once in two weeks during warm weather, the roads would be more comfortable than if ten times the cost was expended in dumping on loads of sand, or plowing up roadside soil and piling it on the driveway. We hope these hints will not be lost upon those who have our common highways in charge.—Journal of Chemistry.

Womanly Modesty. Man loves the mysterious. A cloudless sky, the full-blown rose, leaves him unmoved; but the violet which hides its blushing beauties behind the bush and the moon, when she emerges from behind a cloud, are to him sources of inspiration and pleasure. Modesty is to merit, what shade is to figure in painting. Nothing adds more to female beauty than modesty; it sheds around the countenance a halo of light which is borrowed from virtue. Botanists have given the rosy hue which tinges the cup of the rose the name of "maiden blush." This pure and delicate hue is the only paint that Christian virtue should use; it is the richest ornament. A woman without modesty is like a faded flower, which diffuses an unwholesome odor, and which the prudent gardener will throw away from his end in shame and repentance. Beauty passes like the flower of the anemone, but blooms and dies in a few hours, but modesty gives the female character charms which supplies the place of the transitory freshness of youth.

The Anthracite Region. The anthracite production of this year is, up to the present date, considerably greater than that of the corresponding period of last year. The increase is about six hundred and sixty thousand tons, or between four and five per cent.

All but a very small part of the anthracite produced in the United States is mined in a district contained within the limits of seven counties of Pennsylvania—Luzerne, Carbon, Schuylkill, Columbia, Montour, Northumberland, and Dauphin. The aggregate production of these counties in 1872 was about nineteen million tons. According to the census of 1870, their annual production was 15,648,275 tons, the total amount in the United States being stated at 15,664,275 tons. In 1873, the amount in these counties will probably be about twenty million tons—an increase, since the taking of the census, of nearly twenty-eight per cent. It is not at all unlikely that by the time of our great National Exhibition, in 1876, the amount will be considerably over twenty-five million tons.

There is a very common impression that the anthracite region of Pennsylvania is a barren district, with little natural wealth except that of its mines. In regard to some parts of it, this idea is, to a certain extent, correct. There is a great deal of poor land in the neighborhood of the colliers, and besides this, much of the country is too mountainous for cultivation. But still, the agricultural productions of the counties we have mentioned are far from being insignificant, and are capable of being increased. The aggregate annual value of their farm products was, according to the estimates of the census, \$15,897,728. Their total area is about 4,500 square miles. There is no richer land in any part of the Middle States than some that is to be found in these counties, and a considerable quantity of it is cultivated in a manner that does no discredit to the general high character which Pennsylvania farming has so long maintained.

There are, as might naturally be supposed, some very marked contrasts between the characteristics of the mining and the agricultural population of these counties. But there are two things to be said here about the unfavorable character in respect to orderly behavior often attributed to the miners. In the first place there is a great difference in the mining population of different districts. There are some parts of the anthracite region which have always been as orderly as the most peaceful agricultural districts of Western New York. In the second place, it only takes a few individuals in any community to make a great deal of disturbance. Still, with all the allowance that can be made on these grounds, it must be acknowledged that the general character of the mining population for rigid sobriety or scrupulous respect for the rights of property, and a strict avoidance of conduct detrimental to public and private peace and quietness, is by no means so high as would be desirable. There has, however, been of late a marked improvement in these matters. But one great difficulty still remains, and there seems to be no practicable way of removing it. The laborers in mines have, as a general rule, little interest in the real estate of the neighborhood they inhabit. The local attachments and associations which are capable of influencing so powerfully and beneficially, therefore, be in a great degree wanting.

Among the most remarkable features of the region of which we are speaking is its ruggedness. The manner in which some of its most rugged and mountainous parts have been penetrated by these highways is among the most gratifying, as it certainly is one of the most beneficial, results of American engineering. We hope, by the way, that at the Centennial Exhibition drawings, maps, and descriptions illustrating what has been accomplished in this respect, and the difficulties that have been overcome, will be placed in a conspicuous and accessible position. The network of railroads with which the whole district is covered is of similar size in the United States, except, perhaps, the vicinity of Boston. The style of work which the roads have been constructed is still more worthy of notice than their extent. There is probably no set of roads in the country where the tracks are better laid, the bridges more substantial, and the whole structure more permanent or better finished.

Twenty years ago, the total amount of anthracite annually mined in the region of which we are speaking was only about six million tons, or considerably less than one-third of what it is now. According to the census of 1840, it was only about eight hundred and fifty thousand tons. The figures which these facts suggest are startling, taken in connection with what we have in the former part of this article briefly shown to be the present progress of affairs; but, without relying at all upon this as a basis of calculation for the future, the probable necessities of the country indicate a degree of increase in anthracite production to which few industries of any description are, even in this age of progress and this land of enterprise, likely to find a parallel.—New York Times.

The Poor Buffalo. The reckless slaughter of buffaloes on the plains continues, and the borders of Kansas and Nebraska are dotted with carcasses from which not a pound of meat has been taken. The skinner, as they are called, go in parties of from two to ten in number, and destroy whole herds with their repeating rifles. Two men, who were met recently on the line of the Kansas Pacific, stated that they had killed and skinned four hundred buffalo on two small creeks not twenty miles long. Over a thousand pounds of every animal slain, and the price for each raw hide is a dollar and a quarter only. It is evident that measures must be taken to stop this wicked waste of valuable food, or the buffalo will soon be exterminated.

Items of Interest. A farmer, who has a fine patch of melons by the roadside, has this admonitory sign chalked out and put up conspicuously in the patch: "Boys, don't take these melons, for they are green, and God sees you."

On Sept. 20 the county magistrate at Dorchester, England, fined three agricultural laborers—whose wages were 9s. weekly with perquisites—£1 each and costs for quitting without due notice the service of Mr. Lovelace, a farmer.

In view of the present iron scarcity in England some of the papers are complaining of the absurdity of wasting it, as is done in tea. It is stated that a very large percentage of iron and steel filings is mixed with various grades of tea, especially in those coming from Canton.

"Does your arm pain you?" asked a lady of a gentleman who, in a mixed assembly, had thrown his arm across the back of her chair, and touched her neck. "No, Miss, it don't; but why do you ask?" "I noticed that it was out of its place, sir, that's all." The arm was removed.

A gentleman was warmly enjoining the constancy of an absent husband in the presence of his loving wife. "Yes, yes," assented she. "He writes letters full of the agony of affection, but he never remits me any money." "I can conceive that," said the other, "for I know his love to be unremittent."

It is said of a Western editor that he is a fearful penman, the style of his hand being a cross between a twisted wire clothes-line and a Virginia worm-fence. One editorial does for several days, the compositor deciphering it from the head down the first day, then tail up the next, and crossways on Sunday.

In a railroad crash, if you can be quick enough, put one hand on the back of the seat before you, and the other hand on that of your own seat, and swing clear of the floor, and as high as you can. Most of the damage to limb, which is not fatal, comes from the jamming of seats and what is under them.

It is said that shortly after Hon. John Hickman's recent illness, Hon. Washington Townsend called on him, and wishing to encourage him, remarked: "Well, Hickman, I can't see that your appearance need trouble you." "No, Townsend," quickly replied the invalid statesman, "it doesn't; it is my disappearance that troubles me."

Somebody has discovered down in Maine, among the Shakers at Alfred, an old lady named Lucy Langdon Nowell, who, as alleged, was born on the 4th of July, 1776. "She has never been in a railroad car, and is in perfect health;" and it is proposed to send her, in a place car, to Philadelphia on the occasion of the centennial celebration.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin has been received in Baltimore by the person of a genius who upon any premises all rats. His weapons of extermination are three black-and-tans, six ferrets, a net, and a small boy. He visits a house, sets his trap in a chosen locality, sets out on a foraging expedition around and through the house, and when he gets back to the point of departure, he has the satisfaction of seeing the small boy gazing with rapture on the ensnared victims of the search. His price is from five to ten dollars, and he warrants the place free for one year.

The oldest church building now standing in the United States is at Hingham, twelve miles from Boston. Three "godly families" from Plymouth made a settlement here in 1633, and in 1681 the town had grown strong enough to build this great church, which now stands precisely as it was built, except that two years ago, unfortunately, the old square pews were taken out and slips substituted. The old pulpit, galleries, immense timbers and beams, six by eight window panes, the bell rope in the middle of the broad aisle, remain. An organ has taken the place of the bass-viol and violin and tuning fork.

The Heart-sick Actor. Stuart Robson relates the following characteristic anecdote: "One day, a few summers ago, I had occasion to enter a street car in Philadelphia. It contained but few passengers—a pair of tired women, their laps encumbered with market baskets as big almost as themselves, a large man with a small voice, a young and pretty lady, the owner evidently of a beautiful little four-year old girl, who was skipping playfully about the car, and a surly elderly looking gentleman, whose head rested on a stout stick. These were the only passengers. The little girl looked so bright and lively and pretty, as she held in her hand a bunch of loosely arranged flowers, the eyes of every passenger followed her as she gambled from one end of the car to the other, with the exception of the surly looking gentleman, whose head still rested on the stout stick. All at once the little creature stopped, looked timidly towards him, then, as if half afraid of the liberty she was taking, picked a rosebud from the bunch, and trotting to his side, placed it with some little difficulty in an uninvited button-hole of the coat worn by the surly looking gentleman, whose head still rested on his stout stick. The movement roused him; he lifted his head, took in the situation at a glance, bent his eyes on the darling, who ran laughingly back to her mother, and—never thereafter have I appeared heartless and unfeeling, but I watched her closely, and though he scarcely changed his position, his eyes never left her until, the car stopping a few paces off, he alighted, and as he did so I discovered they were filled with tears. The car moved on, but until it was lost to view he stood looking gloomily toward us. This man was America's great tragedian, Edwin Forrest, and we may rest assured that the unpremeditated act of this pretty little child mediated him more than many of the great honors which have been showered on this lonely, childless gentleman."