The Planters' Banner.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND STATE INTERESTS, AND TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. XXXIV. NEW IBERIA, LA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1872, NUMBER 38.

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BREAUX, JOS. A., Attorney; Front room over Lee's Drug Store.

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BOAS, A. C., Gun-maker, new building on Julia Street, occupied by Mistrot & Decuir.

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BROWN, A. H. & Son., Excelsior Cooperage, Hubertville, Parish Iberia.

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DELAHOUSSAYE, D. B., Auctioneer for the parish of Iberia.

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MULLANE, PHILLIP, Engineer and general Machinist,

PERRY, ROBERT S., Attorney and Counsellor at law.

ROBERTSON, JULIUS, Notary Public, office in Court House.

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Agent at Franklin, Parish St. Mary, La,
Sept. 27, 1871.—1y.

Poetry.

MARCH OF THE DEATHLESS DEAD.

BY FATHER RYAN.

[The following beautiful poem was recited at the close of the funeral observances at Savannah, Georgia, on the occasion of the reinterment of Confederate soldiers who fell at Gettysburg:]

Gather the sacred dust
Of warriors tried and true,
Who bore the flag of our nation's trust
And fell in the cause, though lost still just
And died for me and you.

Gather them one and all!
From the private to the chief,
Come they from hovel or princely hall,
They fell for us, and for them should fall
The tears of a Nation's grief.

Gather the corpses strewn
O'er many a battle plain;
From many a grave that lies so lone,
Without a name and without a stone,
Gather the Southern slain.

We care not whence they came,
Dear in their lifeless clay!
Whether unknown, or known to fame,
Their cause and country still the same—
They died—and wore the Gray.

Wherever the brave had died,
They should not rest apart,
Living they struggled side by side—
Why should the hand of death divide
A single heart from heart?

Gather their scattered clay,
Wherever it may rest;
Just as they marched to the bloody fray;
Just as they fell on the battle day;
Bury them breast to breast.

The foeman need not dread
This gathering of the brave;
Without sword or flag, and with a soundless tread,
We muster once more our deathless dead;
Out of each lonely grave.

The foeman need not frown,
"They are all powerless now—
We gather them here and we lay them down,
And tears and prayers are the only crown
We bring to wreathe each brow.

And the dead thus meet the dead,
While the living o'er them weep;
And the men whom Lee and Stonewall led,
And the hearts that once together bled,
Together still shall sleep.

From the Diary of a Detective.]

THE COINERS.

During the year 1847 the West was flooded with counterfeit coin. It was so well manufactured that it passed readily. The evil at last became so great that the United States authorities requested that a skillful detective might be used to ferret out the nest of coiners. I was fixed upon to perform that duty.

I had nothing to guide me. The fact, however, that Chicago was the city where the counterfeit coin was most abundant, led me to suspect that the manufactory was somewhere within its limits. It was, therefore, to the capital of the West that I proceeded. I spent five weeks in the city without gaining the slightest clue to the counterfeiters.

I began to grow discouraged, and really thought I should be obliged to return home without having achieved any result. One day I received a letter from my wife, requesting that I should send her some money, as she was out of funds. I went to the bank [illegible] time handing a sum of money to pay for it, in which were several half dollars. The clerk pushed three of them back to me, saying, "counterfeit.'

"What!' said I, "you don't mean to tell me those half dollars are counterfeit?'

"I do.'

"Are you certain?'

"Perfectly certain. They are remarkably well executed, but deficient in weight. See for yourself.'

And he placed one of them in the balance against a genuine half dollar, and the latter brought up the former.'

"This is the best counterfeit coin I ever saw in my life,' I exclaimed, examining them closely. "Is all the counterfeit money in circulation here of the same character as this?'

"Oh, dear, no,' the clerk replied, "it is not nearly so well done. These are the work of the famous New York counterfeiter, Ned Willett. I know them well, for I have handled a great many in my time. Here is some of the money that is circulating here,' he added, taking some half dollars from the drawer. "You see that the milling is not so well done as Ned Willett's, although this is pretty good, too.'

I compared the two, and found that he was right. I supplied the place of the counterfeits with good coin, and returned the former to my pocket.

A few days after this I received information which caused me to make a journey to a small village about thirty miles from Chicago. I arrived there at night, and took up my quarters at the only tavern in the place. It was a wretched dwelling, and kept by an old man and woman, the surliest couple, I think, it was ever my lot to meet. In answer as to whether I could have a lodging there that night, I noticed that the host gave a particular look at his wife, and after some whispering, I was informed, in the most ungracious manner possible, I could have a bed.

I have frequently in the course of my life been obliged to put up with wretched accommodations, so I did not allow my equanimity of temper to be destroyed by the miserable sleeping apartment into which I was ushered after I had finished my repast.

The chamber was of small size, and certainly well ventilated, for I could see the stars through the roof. The bed was simply a bag of straw thrown in one corner of the room, without sheet or covering of any kind. This last fact, however, was not of much consequence as it was summer and oppressively hot. I stood more than an hour gazing out of the opening which served for a window. Before me was an immense prairie, the limits of which I could not see. The tavern in which I had taken up my abode appeared to be isolated from all other dwellings; and, save the croak of the tree-toad and the hum of the locust, not a sound reached my ear. It was a beautiful moonlight night, so bright that I could read the smallest print.

At last I began to grow weary, and throwing myself on a pallet I was soon asleep. How long I slept I know not, but I was awakened by a dull sound which resembled some one hammering in the distance. I suppose it was the peculiarity of the sound which awoke me, for it was not loud, but conveyed to me the idea of some one striking iron with a muffled hammer. I rose from my bed and went to the window. The moon was now in the western horizon, by which fact I knew it must be near morning. The sound I have before referred to reached me more distinctly than when in the back part of the chamber. It appeared to come from some outhouses which were situated a hundred yards from the house.

Now, I am naturally of an inquiring mind, and this sound occurring as it did in the middle of the night, piqued my curiosity, and I felt an irrepressible desire to go out and discover the cause of it. The desire, as the sound continued, grew upon me with such intensity that I resolved to gratify it at any price.

I put on my boots, the only article of attire I had discarded, cautiously opened the door of my chamber, and noiselessly descended the rickety staircase. A few steps brought me into the lower apartment, which I found entirely deserted. I crept quietly to the window, and unfastened it without making the slightest noise and was soon in the moonlight. Not a soul was visible; but the sound I have mentioned grew much more distinct as I approached the place from whence it proceeded. At length I found myself before a long, low building, through the crevices of which I could perceive a lurid glare issuing. I stooped down and peeped through the keyhole, and to my extreme surprise I saw half a dozen men, with their sleeves up and coats off, performing a variety of occupations. Some were working at a forge, others were superintending the casting of moulds, and some were engaged in milling coin. In a moment the whole truth burst upon me. Here was the gang of counterfeiters I was in search of, and the landlord and his wife evidently belonged to the same band, for in one corner I saw them employed—the man polishing off some half dollar pieces, and the woman was packing the finished coin into rolls.

I had seen enough, and was about to return to my apartment, when I suddenly felt a heavy hand placed on my shoulder, and turning my head around, to my horror I found myself in the grasp of as ill-looking a scoundrel as ever escaped the gallows.

"What are you doing here, my good fellow, he exclaimed?' giving me a shake.

"Taking a stroll by moonlight,' I replied, endeavoring to retain my composure.

"Well, perhaps you will just take a stroll inside, will you?' returned the ruffian, pushing open the door and dragging me in after him.

All the inmates of the barn immediately stopped work and rushed toward us when they saw me.

"Why, what's all this?' they exclaimed

"A loafer I found peepin' outside,' said my captor.

"He's a traveler that came to the tavern last night and asked for a lodging; the last I saw of him he was safe in bed,' said the landlord.

The men withdrew to a corner of the apartment, leaving one to keep guard over me. I soon saw they were in earnest consultation, and were evidently debating some important question.

The man keeping guard over me said nothing, but scowled fiercely. I had not said a single word during all the time I had been in the barn. I was aware that whatever I might say would in all probability do more harm than good, and it has always been a maxim of mine to hold my tongue when in doubt. At last the consultation seemed to be ended, for the blackest of the party came forward, and without any introduction, exclaimed:

"I say stranger, look here, you must lie!'

I did not move a muscle nor utter a word.

"You have found out our secret, and dead men tell no tales.'

'We will give you ten minutes to say your prayers, and also allow you the privilege of being shot or hung.'

Suddenly [illegible] bered something that might save my life. I burst into a violent fit of laughter; in fact it was hysterical, but they did not know it they looked at one another in amazement.

'Well, he takes it mighty cool, anyhow,' said one.

'Suppose he don't think we are in earnest,' said another.

'Come stranger, you had better say your prayers,' said the man who had first spoken, 'time flies.'

My only reply was a fit of laughter more violent than the first.

'That man's mad,' they exclaimed.

'Or drunk,' said some.

'Well, boys,' cried I for the first time, 'this is the best joke I ever saw. What, hang a pal?'

'A pal—you a pal?'

'I ain't nothin' else,' was my elegant rejoinder.

'What is your name?'

'Did you ever hear of Ned Willett?' I replied.

'You may be certain of that. Ain't he the head of our profession?'

'Well, then I'm Ned.'

'You Ned Willett?' they all exclaimed.

'You may bet your life on that,' I exclaimed, swaggering up to the corner where I had seen the old woman counting and packing the counterfeit half dollars.

Fortune favored me. None of the men present had ever seed Ned Willett, although his reputation was well known to them, and my swaggering, insolent manner had somewhat thrown them off their guard; yet I could plainly see that their doubts were not all removed.

'And you call these things well done do you?' I asked taking up a roll of money. 'Well, all I have to say is that if you can't do better than this, you had better shut up shop, that's all.'

'Can you show us any better?' asked one of the men.

'I rather think I can. If I couldn't I'd hang myself.'

'Let's see it,' they cried.

This was my last *coup*, and on it depended my life.

'Look here, gentlemen,' I exclaimed, taking one of the counterfeit half dollars from my pocket it [illegible] rejected at the bank. 'Here is my last job; what do you think of it?'

It was handed from hand to hand, some saying it was no counterfeit at all, and others saying it was.

'How will you prove it is a counterfeit?' asked one.

'By weighing it with a genuine one,' I replied.

The plan was immediately adopted, and its character proved.

'Perhaps he got this by accident,' I heard a man whisper to another.

'Try these,' I said, taking the other two out of my pocket.

All their doubts vanished.

'Beautiful!' exclaimed some. 'Very splendid!' said others.

When they examined them to their satisfaction they all cordially took me by the hand, every particle of doubt having vanished from their minds. I carried on my part well. Some questions were occasionally asked me involving some technicalities of the business; these, however, I avoided, by stating that I was on a journey, and would rather that a glass was produced, and we made a night of it. It was not until morning dawned that we separated.

The next day I returned to Chicago and brought down the necessary assistance, and captured the whole gang of counterfeiters in the very act. The den was broken up forever, and most of them were condemned to serve a term in State prison.

I have those half dollars still in my possession, and never intend to part with them, for they were certainly the means of saving my life.

A fashionable Atlanta boarding-house keeper, whose lady boarders got jolly at dinner, discovered that her last promise of vinegar consisted of corn whisky.

From the New York Weekly.]

A Remarkable Dream.

Few there are of the sometime residents of the city of New York who do not remember those days of public and private agony, in October, 1854, when the Collins steamship Arctic was overdue and supposed to be lost at sea. It was a favorite line and vessel, and on board were persons of the highest social standing. Consequently the name of the Arctic was on every lip, and while the friends of those on board were oppressed with the most terrible apprehensions, the public mind generally was scarcely less excited.

The Collins vessels were so regular that merchants timed the delivery of the mails almost to an hour, and when day after day passed by, and neither the vessel nor any tidings of her came to hand, the gloom became deeper. Strange to relate, one of the most desponding was Mr. E. K. Collins, the manager of the line, and the person after whom it was named. The crowds who flocked to the office to question him, and who naturally expected to see him full of hope, found him pale, dispirited, and often in tears. His wife and two children were on board, but it was thought that his confidence in the staunchness of the vessels, and the seamanship of those in charge of them, would make him treat the matter in a totally different spirit from what he did. Much surprise was expressed, but the actual reason for this great depression was at that time known only to a few of his relatives and most intimate friends. It arose, in truth, from a dream, which left an impression beyond his power to overcome, and which in the end was verified in every particular.

A number of the directors and various merchants were assembled in the private office of the company on Monday afternoon. The vessel was then some two days overdue, having been expected on the previous Saturday evening. At the time Mr. Collins lived at a magnificent residence in Westchester county, and had remained in town over Sunday, to receive his family on the arrival of the steamer. He spent Saturday at the house of his brother, and on Sunday morning came down to the breakfast table so haggard that it attracted attention. When spoken to about it he frankly stated that he had passed a restless night, broken by a dream that the Arctic was lost. The matter was laughed at by the brother, but when Monday morning came without the vessel having been reported, Mr. Collins again spoke of his dream. During Monday he related it to several others, and at the hour of the assemblage in the private office it was told over again—with any injunction of secrecy, however, which prevented it from reaching the public. As one after another came into the office, they were painfully impressed with the gloom which was pictured in the face of Mr. Collins. A large man, of erect stature and marked dignity of manners, he did not [illegible] a person who would give way [illegible] fears on any occasion. But [illegible] more quiet than usual; [illegible] those in company [illegible] a death-like [illegible] and; but [illegible] and pretty well furnished [illegible] new, 42 by 28 feet [illegible] ween and a 10 feet [illegible] rooms, and other [illegible] children are on board, tastefully shaded with [illegible] one, in reply.

"Yes. It is located [illegible] Price, the [illegible]; "but there is no occasion for any [illegible]. The ship is a staunch one, and within a few hours, at most, will, I think, come gallantly to her wharf."

"Never!" said a deep, solemn voice.

All gave a slight start at the tone and words, and turned in the direction whence they proceeded. The speaker was Mr. Collins himself.

"I am satisfied, gentlemen," he remarked in the same solemn manner, "that the Arctic has gone to the bottom."

"Impossible," cried all.

"I am quite astonished at that opinion," said Mr. James Brown, a prominent director. "No one knows better than you do, Mr. Collins, the superior construction of the ships of our line, and the qualifications of the officers and crew in charge of the Arctic."

"Any vessel may be lost," said Mr. Collins; "and while I am satisfied that, as directors and public servants, we have done all that human beings could do in the premises, still I believe the Arctic to be lost. May a good God have protected those on board."

Here his voice failed him, and his eyes were suffused with tears. With his thoughts far out on the broad, dangerous ocean, he had seen the faces of his wife and children among those helpless ones, and for the moment he could say no more.

The scene was affecting in the extreme, and perhaps never had its equal in any counting-room in the world. For some time there was entire silence, and then Mr. Brown remarked:

"Mr. Collins, you must have some good reason for your opinion."

"None in the world," returned Mr. Collins, "except a dream."

"A dream!" repeated one and another, in astonishment.

All sneered, and some almost laughed aloud.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Collins, with a dignity which was peculiarly impressive in him—"gentlemen, you no doubt regard this as a great weakness. Perhaps it is. Dreams are generally regarded as foolish things, but I have had one under such circumstances that it has become to me a presentiment of evil to this ship, which no power on earth can remove."

Every man there listened with his ears wide open, and looked full in the face of the usually strong minded man, who spoke these words so seriously and impressively.

"Last Saturday night," continued Mr. Collins, "I dreamed of the Arctic. I saw her as perfectly before me as I ever saw her. It was her graceful model, her spacious decks and her noble officers and crew. I saw all this, and more. I saw a hole in her side; there was a panic on her decks; people were running hither and thither, and crying to be saved; and, sirs, I saw that noble ship go down."

"But all this was a dream," said Mr. Brown, after a moment.

"I believe it a reality," replied Mr. Collins, "and again I say may Heaven have protected these poor souls on board. However, I beg that neither my dream nor convictions may reach the public."

Soon after the merchants went their several ways. Not one of them could shake off the impression made by what had occurred. Meanwhile, the newspapers endeavored to sustain public confidence by all kinds of plausible stories. Three days later the first of the survivors reached our shores, with the harrowing tale of the disaster by collision to the Arctic, and of the loss of most of those on board. When all the facts became known, they were exact in every particular with Mr. Collins' dream, and it may properly be regarded as one of the most striking and remarkable that ever occurred.

Elopement.

Correspondence New York Herald.]

POUGHKEEPSIE, February 17, 1872.

Belle Eno is a young lady of prepossessing appearance, seventeen years of age, and the daughter of William Stewart Eno, of Pine Plains, Duchess county. Henry Morgan is about twenty years of age, and the nephew of Senator Morgan. Last fall some time he hired out to Mr. Eno, the contract stipulating that he should board and lodge in the family. It was then that he became acquainted with Miss Belle, and at once fell in love with her.

His employer was well satisfied with the manner in which he performed the duties assigned him, and in a short time increased his wages, not knowing, however, of the love affair. During the present winter they were almost constantly in each other's society, until finally young Morgan concluded to go into business for himself, in order, that he might accumulate sufficient money with which to get married and to provide his affiance with a new home. In accordance therewith he left the house of his inamorata, but nevertheless they often

Met by chance,
The usual way,

and finally concluded to elope. On Wednesday of last week Mr. and Mrs. Eno left Pine Plains on a visit to a friend. The same afternoon Henry Morgan procured the services of somebody to carry liquors to Mr. Eno's house, to give to the hired help, intending to get them intoxicated and thereby get them out of the way. Whether in this particular point his plan succeeded we are unable to state. However, between two and three o'clock, Thursday morning the persevering lover was beneath his darling's window, and gave a signal. The window sash was cautiously and quietly raised and almost immediately a trunk emerged from the window pressed forward by unseen hands. Around it was a rope with which it was lowered to the ground, when it was quickly seized by Morgan, placed in a sleigh and taken to the depot of the Duchess and Columbia railroad. This trunk, according to the statement of a correspondent, bore the name of Miss Belle's aunt. The lovers had previously agreed that they should meet each other at the depot in time to take the early morning train to Stissing, then come to Poughkeepsie via Poughkeepsie and Eastern. She was to get on board of the train from the platform, and he was to go around on the other side out of sight and get on board. It was also agreed that if anything occurred she was to go to Rhinebeck in some way and then come down on the Hudson River road to Poughkeepsie, where he would meet her and both go to College Hill Hotel. But there's

Many a slip
Twixt cup and lip,

Both met at the depot at the time agreed upon. Unfortunately the train was behind time. As soon as it came, however, young Morgan rushed around out of sight, and got on board, leaving Miss Belle on the platform to get on board alone. Just as he was getting into the car, and unknown to him, Miss Belle's sister appeared on the [illegible] and, as subsequently stated, "spoiled the whole thing." By dint of upbraidings and tearful solicitations she prevailed upon Belle to return to her home, while the train whirled with her lover, he happy in his dreams of the future, not suspicioning for an instant that his well-matured plans had been frustrated.

When Miss Belle reached her home again she hurriedly and secretly dispatched a note to her lover's brother, Mr. Charles Morgan, explaining the situation and giving him instructions how to act. He had a good sleigh, and hired a pair of horses to draw it.

As soon as they were harnessed he drove to an adjoining highway, when Miss Belle left the house privately through a window, passed out through the barn and cemetery adjacent to the spot where her lover's brother was waiting, and jumped into the sleigh. The whip was applied, and, as the sleighing was good, the horses dashed away lively for Rhinebeck. By this time all was again excitement in the village. The girl's grandfather and another person quickly harnessed a pair of black trotters owned by Mr. Eno and started in pursuit, always urging their horses to the top of their speed. When near Rhinebeck they discovered the fugitives ahead, and urging their horses to a still higher speed caught up with and passed them, and then, whirling their animals around blockaded the road and demanded the girl. A discussion ensued, which resulted in Miss Belle being taken back to Pine Plains. Young Morgan came to Poughkeepsie and put up at the Morgan House, staying there till Friday afternoon, waiting patiently for the arrival of Miss Belle. During Friday he learned how she had been intercepted, and in the latter part of the day, with saddened heart, left the city for Pine Plains with the determination of yet marrying the object of his adoration. The parties move in the highest circles of society at Pine Plains, and this little episode in their lives has created the liveliest gossip.

A Clerk's Story.

When I used to tend store at Syracuse the old man came round one day, and says he: "Boys, the one who sells the most between now and Christmas gets a vest pattern as a present." May be we didn't work for that vest pattern! I tell you there were some tall stories told in praise of goods just about that time; but the tallest talker, and the one that had the most cheek of any of us, was a certain Jonah Squires, who roomed with me. He could take a dollar out of a man's pocket when the man only intended to spend a sixpence; and the women—Lord bless you—they just handed over their pocket-books to him and let him lay out what he liked for them. One night Jonah woke me up with "By Jo, old fellow, if you think that ere's got cotton in it, I'll bring down the sheep it was cut from and make him own his own wool. 'Twon't wear out, either; wore a pair of pants of that stuff for five years, and they are good now as when I first put them on. Take it at thirty cents and I'll say you don't one me anything. Eh, too dear? Well, call it 28 cents. What d'ye say? Shall I tear it? All right, its a bargin." I could feel Jonah's hand playing about the bed clothes for an instant, then a rip, then rip, tear went something or other, and I had my head under the blankets, perfectly convulsed with laughter, and sure that Jonah had torn the best sheet from top to bottom. When I awoke next morning I found that the back of my night shirt was split from tail to collar band

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A Baptist journalistic expounder of the prophets, who regards the building of the Suez Canal as an attempt to thwart Providence, predicts that one of the successful enterprises of the millenium will be a canal from the Mediterranean Sea to the Dead Sea and thence into the Red Sea. The level of the Dead Sea is over 1300 feet below that of the Mediterranean, from which it will be seen that some very extensive locks will be required, unless the millenium introduces some hitherto undiscovered method for over-coming this difference of altitude.

Farewell.

Farewell! 'Tis an oft repeated word, and yet it is one in which is concentrated a world of sadness and gloom; one which speaks volumes of heartache and heartbreak, and tells more than one tale of sorrow which it has caused; for who has not felt the bitterness of parting, when being separated from those whose hearts have been turned to beat in unison with our own. When the ties that have bound us to some endeared one are severed, and when the last token which affection prompts is reposed in that dreadful word farewell; when some kindred spirit, who has participated in our joys and sorrows, who has rejoiced with us when prosperity gilded our pathway, sympathizing with us when adversity darkened it, guided and counselled in seasons of sore temptations, spoken kindly and cheeringly in moments of despondency; to find one who is cemented to us with the firmest bonds of friendship, is called away, and at such times as this, has not felt that it is not a little thing to part—that it is not a trifling thing to say farewell to the loved ones?

Ask the fond mother, as she says farewell to her children, when about to leave the paternal roof, if it is not a word fraught with many a pain and anxious fear? Ask the youth, as he is about to go forth for the first time from home and his native land, as he bids farewell to friends and every familiar object, rendered dear by a thousand tender recollections, ask him if his bright star in the future does not grow dim and his resolutions falter, by the gush of agony that comes over him, as the time arrives when he can no longer delay his farewell.

Ask the scholar if it is not hard to say farewell to those companions who, with him, have been struggling, to ascend the rugged hills of science—to those schoolmates with whom he has been accustomed for many a day to enjoy the pastime, and to endeavor to overcome the hard tasks—to those teachers who have so kindly instructed and guided them, and when tired of despairing, have encouraged to persevere, by pointing to their reward when they should have overcome every obstacle that impeded their progress? Ask him if it is not a dreadful word. All, all acknowledge the influence of this magic word. And, oft, it would be an overwhelming one were it not for the hope that final reunion in that bright world

"Where ties of love are never broken,
And parting words are never spoken."

Many woman suppose that they love, when unfortunately, they have not the beginning of an idea of what love is. Love to be admired by a man- love to be petted by him, and loving to be caressed by him, loving to be praised by him, is not loving a man. All these may be when a woman has no power of loving at all; they may all be, simply because she loves herself, and loves to be flattered, praised, coaxed, as a cat likes to be coaxed and stroked, and fed with cream, and have a warm corner. But all this is not love. It may exist, to be sure, where there is love—it generally does. Love, dear ladies, is self sacrifice; it is life out of self and in another. Its very essence is the preferring of the comfort, the ease, the wishes of another to one's own, for the love we bear them. Loving is giving and not receiving. Love is not a sheet of blotting paper, or a sponge, sucking in everything to itself; it is an outspringing fountain, giving from itself. Love's motto has been dropped in this world as a chance gem of great price by Him who said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Now, to love there are ten persons in this world who like to be loved, and love love. The one who is one who knows how to love, ladies, is a nobler attainment than French and music, and dancing. You lose the very power of it by being under a load of self indulgence.

The King of Sweden [illegible] cellent locksmith, and to [illegible] to the improvement of the [illegible] ties. The King of Portugal [illegible] ner of wood and ivory [illegible] the royal house of Hanover [illegible] with a view to some future [illegible] all been trained up to some [illegible] present Crown Prince is said [illegible] book-binder, and his wife an [illegible] miniature painter. The Queen of [illegible] is a poetess, but poetry is an inspiration and not an art. Louis Napoleon and Queen Victoria have both essayed to write books. The wife of the Prince of Wales is a superb musician, and has but few equals among amateurs as a pianist. The Czarina of Russia paints miniatures well. The Queen of Belgium is a horse trainer and a fearless rider, while the Queen of Denmark is a great housekeeper, and one of the best cooks in her dominion. It is also said that some of the junior male members of the royal family of England are proficient and doctrical composers, while the Prince Imperial of France is a first-class typographer.

TOO MUCH FOR THE DEVIL.—This is Edward Hale's story: A man had sold himself to the devil, who was to possess him at a certain time, unless he could propound a question to his Satanic majesty which he could not answer, he being allowed to put three questions to him. The time came for the devil to claim his own, and he subsequently appeared. The first question the man asked was concerning theology, to which it caused the devil no trouble to reply. The second he also answered without hesitation. The man's fate depended on the third. What should it be?

He hesitated and turned pale and the cold dew stood on his forehead, while he shivered with anxiety, nervousness and terror, and the devil triumphantly sneered. At this juncture the man's wife entered the room with a bonnet on her head. Alarmed at her husband's condition, she demanded to know the cause. When informed, she laughed and said, "I can propound a question which the devil himself can not answer. Ask him which is the front of this bonnet!" The devil gave it up and retired, the man was free.

Grace Greenwood writes from San Francisco, December 1: "All is bright and balmy again, the waters of the bay sparkle with almost intolerable brightness and the gardens and grounds have put on new greenness and glory. The garden under my window (my window which stands open) sends up the fragrance of heliotropes, geraniums, carnations, verbenas, and magnificent roses of many sorts. Fuschias are in full bloom, and oleanders, and the bountepus laurustinas and a sort of honeysuckle, and sweet peas and tuber roses."

A New England engineer lately dreamed that one of the forward trucks of his engine was cracked. When he awoke he had a premonition lest his dream might prove true, and thought that he would go down and see that everything was right. On examining the engine at the engine-house he found the truck in precisely the same condition as he had seen it in his dream, and another engine had to be substituted in its stead

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Petroleum may be applied with excellent advantage in the extirpation of the dry rot, it being only necessary to paint the surface of the wood thus affected with the petroleum. A solution of carbolic acid, however, answers the same purpose, and involves much less danger from fire

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A teacher in an Illinois school district received the following excuse one day from an indignant patron: "miss brown i want yot to strictly understand that you hant boss of my Childreu n if you keap maria for ben late you Wil have trubi you nea not think Wee are Slavs becas wee hant we liv inn free land adoo."