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GENERAL NEWS.

Fifty-six thousand coconuts will be planted at Key West, Fla.

In one week, near Wiluna, Miss., Buffalo gnats killed over 100 horses and mules.

Lowndes county, Miss., has over \$16,000 in its treasury and does not owe a cent.

The white Baptists of South Carolina have 640 churches and 58,782 communicants, and the colored Baptists number 90,000.

It cost \$70 to raise 324 bushels of rice at a point in South Carolina, which sold for \$340 in Charleston. Net proceeds \$270.

Nearly one hundred thousand dollar worth of buildings have been erected in Morristown, Tenn., in the last twelve months.

The State of Virginia expended more than a million dollars in 1882 for the support of her common schools. Of these 4,062 are white schools, and 1,525 colored.

It is found at the South that land planted in cotton, after a vegetable crop, produces a bale to the acre, where only one bale to three acres was the rule.

Near Lake City, Fla., is a dead pine, which is broken off at a distance of sixty feet from the ground. In the top of this tall stump grows a huckleberry bush.

In 1860 there were 546,750 sheep in North Carolina. In 1870 the number was 463,435. In 1880, by the aid of the Legislature and the dogs, the number had fallen to 461,638.

The great need of New Orleans is admitted to be a comprehensive and harmonious system of drainage. The city authorities have determined on the appointment of a commission to look into the matter.

New Orleans has discovered a new thing to do with its oyster shells, which is to plant them for the production of more oysters. It is now found that bedding them out in oyster waters stimulates production.

A short time ago Mr. Thomas Peters, of Birmingham, Ala., sold 20,000 acres of mineral lands lying in Fayette and Walker counties, to the Kentucky and Alabama Coal, Iron and Land Co., for \$90,000.

The Governor of Alabama has awarded contracts for 400 convicts. Of this number 200 were let to the Pratt Coal and Coke Company at the rate of \$19 a month for first class hands, \$1.50 for second and \$7 for third class.

Adams' cotton factory of 3,000 spindles, started last year at Montgomery, Ala., was closed recently for want of satisfactory prices realized from yarns. The property will be sold by resolution of the stockholders at an early day.

The shipping of cattle from West Florida to Texas has not proved successful. Maj. Hizes, of Marianna, lost one out of every six head shipped, and that before the arrival of the shipment, in New Orleans. The cattle do not seem hardy enough to stand any rough trips.

According to the Atlanta Constitution, Georgia will produce 6,000 car loads of melons, or more than 7,500,000 separate melons. The price of melons in Chicago from twenty-eight to twenty cents. Averaging the crop this year at twenty cents, and putting 1,250 melons to the car, each car will be worth \$250. This will make the crop worth \$1,500,000 for this season.

The largest sale of Georgia gold lands ever made has just been consummated in London. Negotiations between Dr. Josiah Curtis, of Washington, D. C., the representative of the Nacoochee Mining Company, and an English company, have been pending for several months past, and have resulted in the purchase of the latter. The purchase includes nearly 8,000 acres of the best gold lands in the county, including lands of J. K. Dean, J. H. Nichols and others, besides the Nacoochee Mining Company's canal, mill and lands.

How strange it is that, considering the millions of birds born every year, dead ones are so seldom seen. To each little youngster in turn comes the tragedy—sickness, decay and death—yet, even in the woods, it is rare to find a dead bird. Who buries them? One can find it in one's heart to believe in the pathetic robin of olden story, and turn up the leaves to see if, perchance, some stray feather may not betray the hidden melancholy. It is ominous to think that they have become the prey of others of their species, or of enemies prowling in wait for their hour of weakness. But nature manages her affairs so well that doubtless the obscurities are conducted with order and regularity, and if we had but eyes to see them, we should find traces of our songsters doing their part to fertilize and enrich the scene of their brief existence.

It was once said there is nothing so hard to hear as prosperity; but most men would like to engage in some kind of work that description just to have a practical illustration of the adage.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The annual dividend of seven per cent for the unfortunate depositors in the Freedmen's Bank has been announced. This makes sixty-two per cent of the funds restored to them.

Malloy, the southern man, who recovered \$20,000 for libel from the New York Herald, for having been charged with being suspected of incendiarism, has had his damages cut down to \$2,500 on a second trial.

The City of Wilmington, Delaware, having ordained a dollar tax upon every telegraph pole in that city, the company refused to pay. The authorities ordered the removal of every pole from the streets, and \$850 were promptly paid under protest. This is a new form of sole tax.

The Brooklyn Eagle, commenting on the recent change in proprietorship of the New York World, says: "A newspaper, to be successful, must draw its support from the public; to deserve and win support, it must be true to the public interest and free from even a suspicion of control by public enemies." This is a truth of general application. Its force is not limited to New York.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided that giving a letter to a carrier is equivalent to depositing it in the post-office. For it can make no difference whether one hands a letter to a carrier or puts it in a letter-box a few feet away whence the letter-carrier will take it. The decision arose out of a suit in which the indorser of a note claimed that he had not received notice of protest.

Goldsmith Maid trotted 232 heats in 2:30 or better, won \$364,200 during her trotting career, and captured 121 races. American Girl won \$118,190 in forty-nine races. Rarus won \$114,950 in sixty-three races. Judge Fullerton won \$12,635 in thirty-two races. Flora Female won \$90,000 in eighty-six races. Heffel, \$80,000 in forty-nine races. Lady Thorne, \$79,575 in forty-one races. The actual gains brought to her owners by Goldsmith Maid, over expenses, were 246,750.

During the ten months ended April 30th, 1883, 417,688 immigrants arrived in the United States at the principal customs districts. During the ten months ended April 30th, 1882, the number of arrivals at the same districts was 544,601, showing a falling off during the ten months last past of 126,913.

By fiscal years immigration to the United States was at its highest tide during the year ended June 30th, 1882. The arrivals for the current fiscal year will be fully 150,000 less than they were for that year. Still, with the exception of the fiscal years 1881 and 1882, immigrants are now coming into the United States at a greater rate than ever before in its history.

The bones of Charles J. Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield, after having been in the Army Medical Museum since July 3d last, have at length, it is stated, lost their identity as his bones. The day following the execution, which took place on the 30th of June, Guiteau's body was entered under the floor of the east wing of the jail. On the night of July 3d it was resurrected by the anatomist of the museum, Dr. E. F. Schaffner, and taken to the museum. Here the bones were prepared for articulation, and being in fine order for such purpose, it was supposed that some day or other Guiteau's skeleton would be placed in a glass case in the museum, properly labeled. It was known by a number of clerks and other employees of the museum that the bones were there, but only a few persons have been permitted to see them. It has been deemed inadvisable, however, to place the skeleton on exhibition as that of Guiteau, for like the cervical vertebrae of the assassin of Lincoln, Wilkes Booth, it would have attracted too large a crowd.

Recently Dr. C. H. Crane, the Surgeon General, took the bones into his personal possession, and he has made a disposal of them of which every other person is ignorant. Gen. Crane will doubtless keep the secret to himself. It is thought the bones are yet in the building as an entire skeleton, or that they, with other bones, form exhibits there.

Keep Young.
Don't grow old and rusty and cross, afraid of nonsense and fun. Tolerate the follies and crudities of youth. Gray hair and wrinkles you cannot escape, but you need not grow old in feeling unless you choose. And so long as your age is only on the outside, you will win in confidence from the young and find your life all the brighter for contact with theirs. But you have too many wrinkles, too many weighty and ethereal duties, too much to do to make this trifling possible, you say. The very reason, my friend, why you should cultivate fun, nonsense, lightness of heart—because you need them so much, because you are "weary with thinking." Then do try to be young, even if you have to be foolish in so doing. One cannot be wise all the time.

The Viennese Dandies.

The Viennese dandy is something wonderful. He is invariably slender, very slender, and has a face that is meaningless and has no more expression in it than a flour dumpling. His hair is invariably parted in the middle and is combed for tenderly and with great solicitude, his teeth must be white, or if otherwise, he keeps his mouth shut so tightly that they may not be seen. He has a beard, always a light one, for the material for heavy beards is lacking, and he shaves that meaningless face at least once, if not twice a day.

His clothing is something to wonder at. If the fashion for collars is the standing, his is a trifle higher than any one else's, except those of his own class, and if the turn-down is the mode it is always wider than any actual gentleman would wear, and his trousers are wide at the bottom, or tighter, as the case may be, than any one else wears them. If short coats are the fashion, his are shorter than those shown on the fashion plates, and if long, longer. One thing invariably marks him, his cuffs are always enormous, there is a vast extent of white on his wrists, and his hands, up as far as at least as that part which the cuffs do not expose, are strikingly clean, and always white. In short, whatever the mode he dresses to, it is always exaggerated just enough to attract attention.

As to what is underneath these exaggerated garments, that may never be known. There probably are no stockings under the immaculately cleaned and polished boots, and very likely the gaudy scarf suffices also for the shirt, and possibly the body, except what is visible, has not known soap and water for weeks, but what is to be seen is purity and a light touch of a comb, and in the day of the 'feet away' whence the letter-carrier will take it. The decision arose out of a suit in which the indorser of a note claimed that he had not received notice of protest.

His waiting in the dancing-halls is something never to be forgotten, any more than his walk as he promenade the principal streets. They have the same kind in Paris, and also in America, but as in America they are employed during the day, they are not so frequent. In Vienna the saloon is generally a saloon, and the Viennese walk out from the hall, and have of time to do sport in the beautiful streets. How he lives no one has ever been able to find out. He hasn't brains enough to gamble, nor ability enough to do business. Probably the most of them live upon their mothers. They appear to have just enough capacity to do law that profession. It almost resembles one to do a manly job to know that these insects are compelled, like all other males, to serve three years in the army.—*D. H. Locke, in Toledo Blade.*

About Horrets.
Old Jerry Greening, the hunter, says that on one occasion he shot a bear and was going to drag the carcass home, when he discovered the bear had just been robbing a yellow jacket's nest and was still covered with the fly little insects. "If that bear had only known that he would find a waltz right in 'em," said Jerry, "but a couple of them cussed little hot-tailed critters came arter me 'I skipped, and I didn't dare go arter 'em 'no two days."

Horrets build their nests high up in the branches of trees or fasten them to the rocks. But as cute as these insects are the bear is more than their match. A bear discovers a horret's nest far out on a limb beyond his reach. He climbs the tree, breaks the longest branch he can get, and, holding it in his fore paws, hits the nest until it drops to the ground. Sometimes he dances or stamps on the top of the log above it, where he gathers stones and sticks and rolls them down the side of the rock till one hits the nest and sends it tumbling to the ground below. The horret's nest, you know what has caused their ruin and all remain in the fallen nest till the bear appears, when they attack him.

"A horret's sting," says Jerry Greening, "is 'bout as strong 's a whack from a sledge-hammer, and one horret 'll knock a bull down, but their bite won't raise a lump bigger 'n a buckshot on a bear, nor the shaggy critter thinks it 'n. He'll stan' on his hind legs an' square off with his fore paws just as if he were a boxer with somebody, only he's dum' keorful 'I know his eyes soon. Then he'll lay down an' roll over 'n' jest 'ez if he didn't care a cent for 'em. One 'ez I soid a she 'bar knock a horret's nest bigger 'n a half-bushel basket of 'n a rock an' pick it up 'n' tuck it under her arm an' walk off with it ez cool ez 'I were one o' her cubs."—*Correspondent Philadelphia Times.*

An Act of Charity to a Villain.
We quote the following from a recent issue of the Detroit Free Press:
"Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Burnham, of 14 Columbia street west, were walking up Woodward avenue, and at the Congress street crossing one of those street-sweepers of ladies addressed an insulting remark to Mrs. Burnham. Her husband of course heard it, but with great self-control he passed on a few doors, let the lady in a friend's store and returned to the place where the incident occurred. The fellow was still there leaning at other ladies passing by. Walking up to him Mr. Burnham quietly said: 'You have insulted a lady and I and I am going to punish you for it. Put up your hands.' The fellow accepted the challenge and in about three minutes he was performing mortal strokes of Detroit pummeled mortal the streets of Detroit have seen in a generation. Bleeding, limp and helpless some men landed him on a dray and carted him off, while Mr. Burnham wrapped a handkerchief around his swollen and bleeding right hand, rejoined Mrs. Burnham and went on his way as coolly as if he had not done the community an invaluable service. His example is eminently worthy of emulation. Tom Dime is the name of the person to whom the wholesome correction was applied."

IMMORALS.

—It always an amateur poet to find that his poetry has been "run in" by the intelligent compositor and every other line quoted.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—Young ladies who are afraid that lovers are after them for their money can make an effective defense by regularly bucking down to the wash-tub and bludge the backwater will whip 'em every Monday morning.—*Chicago Daily Tribune.*

—We are sorely puzzled by an associated press dispatch, which says the country seat of an editor, near Long Branch, was robbed of a valuable watch. There is something about this dispatch we cannot understand.—*Middleton Transcript.*

—A New York man says he keeps shoes and coats for several days in the hottest weather by burying them in meal. Meal is a good thing in any weather for shoes and coats. We more particularly refer just now to the morning meal.—*Dunbury News.*

—Gummi is really a very good thing to use in cold water as a wash. We put in a notion that oatmeal could be used in cold water as a wash. Hereafter it has been principally used in cranks who keep boarding houses as a means of killing appetites for breakfast.—*The Judge.*

—"So you've worried the lady," said a lady to her next door neighbor. "Yes, I did that some time ago. Why?" The neighbor stepped out on the front porch as she replied: "Well, and did you know the lady she worried last night I know you were worrying him up by hand?"

—The door of a woman's living that could have been heard of in the next county.—*Saratoga Herald.*

—Hundreds of thousands of men are annually from spring drink.—*London Pictorialist.* We never undertake to criticize any other editor, but we do not believe any man can do annually. Annually means every year, and no man can die every year, for any great length of time, unless he has a great deal of practice and experience at the business.—*1883 Bulletin.*

—The sensible correspondents of some of our various esteemed contemporaries appear to find the ocean in a highly devotional and reverential mood this season. One of the 33 speaks of "the land hoasmas of the waves," another of "the solemn hymns of the surges," and a third of "the deep Te Deum of the midnight tide." All of which is very beautiful and poetic. But, even when you come down to hard and prosaic fact, the idea seems to be carried out and strengthened. One does not need to go very far from Boston any day to see a "Ocean spray." A key to this job will be furnished to our readers on application at this office.—*Boston Journal.*

A Missing Finger.
Judge Lyter is as good a name as any other to call him by. He is one of the best-known lawyers in the State, and not long ago spent several days in Nevada City trying an important case before the Superior Court. One of his hands, which people observed, is missing a finger, or rather the best part of one. There is quite a history connected with that immutably short piece of flesh. As the story goes, the Judge did not always center all of his talents on solving knotty legal problems. Ever so many years ago he lived in one of the northern counties of the State. He was an infant in the profession then, and the denizens of the mining camp had a way of settling their little legal things with pistols and knives. Consequently grass got pretty short with the young lawyer, and the first thing he knew he became one of the "bluys."

One night he got into a game of poker with "Black Bob," an eminent card sharp. There was a mint of money on the cloth, and both players became oblivious of the crowd of interested spectators, who had seldom witnessed such a show of money as this. Bob had the first deal, and he dealt well, for he and the Judge continued to shove coin to the center till their respective treasures were exhausted. They then showed up.

The Judge tossed two aces and three kings down, and reached out to rake in the spoils. As his hand slid across the table it came in contact with a bowie-knife that Bob had fished out from somewhere, and one of his finger joints was whacked off clean as a whistle.

The astonished lawyer looked up in amazement to learn the cause of his opponent's eccentric action. The latter had three aces and two kings alongside the other "fall."

The Judge gazed at the two batches of cards a minute, then raised his eyes to the stained knife that the other was holding in readiness for any emergency.

"All, yes, I see," he stammered nervously, "queer kind of lay-out, ain't it, Bob? But your apology is accepted."

Bob appropriated the spoils without any demurrer being filed, and it is said that for a long time after the two men had great respect for each other, and hunted in pairs.—*Nevada City Transcript.*

Able to Support Themselves.
The imperial family of Germany is quite able to support itself. If the Crown Prince were deprived of his inheritance he could easily win bread and butter by his skill as a turner; while his eldest son, Prince Wilhelm, is an excellent amateur artisan. On the Emperor's cabinet are several samples of his dead grandson Waldemar's proficiency as a bookbinder. This acquisition of a trade is in accordance with the traditional custom in the royal family which prescribes that every Prince of the blood shall learn some useful handicraft, so as to strengthen his spirit of independence and make him wise through actual contact with the material world.

"Yes, you may come again next Sunday evening, but"—and she hesitated.

"What is it, darling? Have I given you pain?" he asked, as she still remained silent.

"You don't mean no, I'm sure," she responded, "but next time please don't wear one of those collars with the points turning outward, they scratch so."

Learn a Trade.

It is very evident that if great disproportion exists, as regards education, between kind which is needed and is of practical importance, and that which is not; but that thousands acquire without any definite purpose; and if they decide upon some pursuit it is not chosen with that regard to their qualifications and deficiencies which the importance of the question requires.

The young man who thinks he will be a lawyer, a doctor, or a minister, and hopes to attain success, must decide on his choice of any profession by something beside his own ambition and conceit in the matter as to his fitness and ability for the same. The desire to fill a high and influential position is laudable only when it is not disproportionate to one's ability.

One of the strongest incentives that induces many to rush into the professions without that careful deliberation which the subject demands, is the idea that those avocations will reflect more honor and credit upon them than a trade; but instead of such honoring the profession, the reverse is glaringly apparent, that a large portion of them are really out of place.

It does not require much sagacity to see that one had better be a good lumberman than a third-rate lawyer, a first-class mechanic than a quack doctor.

There are those who have spent a great deal of time and money in studying Latin and Greek, and many other things, which never did them any good, practically speaking, and have learned to realize that their time might have been employed to better advantage.

Many young men, after years spent in unproductive effort, have had to resort to any thing that offered. Of this there are instances innumerable on mention. The world is full of so-called educated men who don't know anything of any importance, considering the kind of knowledge which the needs of the country demand. There is a need of skilled mechanics, capable, active men, instead of doctors, lawyers, ministers and clerks.

It is a question of great importance not only to the young, but to the parents, this of preparing their children for a business which they can not only earn their daily bread, but secure to themselves some of the comforts and conveniences of life, and an honorable position in the world.

When people get out of the prevailing but foolish notion of thinking that it is more honorable to have a profession than a good trade, and when the reverse of this latter is taught to the young, it cannot fail to have a judicious tendency toward correcting an error which has been fostered long, and has done to the interests of all.

It is very true that an occupation that was chosen because he was better fitted for it than for any other, he would be in a condition to enjoy much in life, and his sphere of usefulness and influence would be greatly enlarged. Practical education, with a careful consideration of one's abilities and deficiencies, with an adaptation to the wants and needs of one's life, cannot fail to make one a condition much pleasanter and our labor more remunerative.

The Pleasures of Business.
No human mind is contented without occupation. No human soul is satisfied without an aim or purpose in life. The greatest success in life consists not in the mere accumulation of riches, but in being able to acquire wealth with a disposition to apply it in such a manner that it shall be a comfort and blessing to others—not in the mere giving away of money, but in putting people in a way to labor and help themselves. There is no pleasure in oppression. There is no joy in gaining and exacting gold from the poor; but there is a great deal of genuine satisfaction in being able to help steadily and honorably employment to the many willing hands that have nothing to do. One of the greatest enjoyments of the prosperous business man consists in being able to comfortably provide for the many employes in his house and manufactory. In doing this he is fulfilling his obligations to society; he becomes a useful and honored citizen; and to him it is real pleasure in enjoying his successes, when they are fairly won because he feels that he deserves them.

When a business man has the right kind of a purpose in life he enjoys his occupation, he feels a just and worthy pride in his prosperity, he is pleased with the respect and gratitude of those whom he directs and controls in the management of his affairs, and he feels that in benefiting himself he is conferring a favor upon others.

A Few Points in Etiquette.
Wedding and engagement rings are both worn on the same finger, third of the left hand; the latter serving as guard to the former, when both are in place. The bride does not give the groom a wedding ring. She gives him a seal ring, a cat's-eye or a broad ring with gems sunken in it. No bride should wear at a wedding anything that has been worn before, unless it be some trifle to conform with the superstition that a bride, for luck's sake, should wear something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue. When asked to dance, a lady need only bow in accepting the invitation. There is no necessity to return thanks either before or after the dance; your partner will thank you. It is "bad form" for a lady to thank a gentleman who invites her to dance, ride, drive, row or walk with him. It is always presumed that he is the obliged party, and that she graciously confers a favor. There is no law of etiquette as to which side of a woman a man walks in the street. He allows circumstances to determine on which side will be most agreeable and safe for her. Nor does he keep changing at the street corners. A man raises his hat to the woman to whom his friend bows. This is an acknowledged etiquette of the polite world everywhere. A woman's one bow, if gracious, will do for several acquaintances whom she may meet at once. Smile and glance at all as you do so.—*Clara Belle, in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Pretty Women's Portraits.

"Is this a fancy picture?" asked a dainty old woman, opening her purse to a photograph of Lotta, in the character of a rousing, mischievous school-girl.

"No, ma'am," replied the girl behind the counter, "it's the picture of an actress."

The woman couldn't have dropped the card quicker if it had been red-hot.

"Here is a very pretty one that isn't an actress," the sales girl continued.

"Who is she?"

"I don't know; but she's not on the stage."

The photograph showed a beautiful face, one unknown in public performances, yet manifestly belonging to a New York woman, for it was the original work of a well-known photographer. In a round of half a dozen stores where such pictures are largely dealt in, only two more pictures of other than stage favorites were seen. In neither instance were they portraits of women very extensively known in society. They had undoubtedly been produced to meet the demand indicated by the conversation about the "professional" beauty is one of the London peculiarities not yet brought to New York.

The sale of actresses' pictures do not fall in the least, though the business is not done so much by itself as separate stores. A photograph counter is now a common thing in the fine-goods establishments of Broadway and Sixth avenue. The buyers are mostly women, who simply desire pretty things for mantels and parlors, and are not actuated by admiration of the originals. These actresses' portraits are the most attractive to be had at trifling cost, and, therefore, sell rapidly. The purchases by men are usually for collection of dramatic portraits, though a handful wealthy sometimes buys the counterfeit presentation of some burlesque in a manner indicating an intention to wear it next his heart.

Curious of the sellers elicited the fact that many former pets of the camera are wholly unappreciated. Lydia Thompson, Pauline Mackham, Ada Harland, Rose Massey, Rosina Volkos, and other favorites of a few years ago, are hardly to be found in the best assortments. Even Maud Branscombe, of whom 300 negatives are said to have been made, in positions ranging from simpering prettily in a swing to clinging desperately to a crook, is dropping out of favor. The run at present is on Mary Anderson. A cabinet picture representing her as the "Countess in Love," with a hawk perched on her lifted finger (just as she usually refuses to perch in the play), is the most rapid selling thing now in the market.

Her head in profile, with a languishing expression on her face, and her back hair mussed, stands next in popular favor. The writer counted twenty-seven different assortments of Miss Anderson's beauty in one Sixth avenue collection.

Among the actresses who firmly hold their places before the camera are Lotta, Kate Claxon, Minnie Palmer, Fannie Davenport and Maud Granger. Their faces are adaptable for photographing, and the photographers are constantly putting them into new and bewitching poses. Alongside them remains Betty Tracy, about whom, with the counterpane of a sister, the new ones that sell well are Adelaide Cary, Catherine Lewis, Elsie Eldler, Carrie Howard, Annie Pixley, the western star, and Ada Gilman. Many purchasers do not know or inquire whose the portraits are, and have no further interest than to get a pretty picture. On the other hand, the prominence of an actress on the stage makes a demand among her admirers.—*New York Sun.*

Men Are Liberal to Be Seen of Men.
An eminent British clergyman was severely opposed to what he called "sentimental methods of gathering collections. He denounced the practice of passing collection boxes or baskets through the congregation, and said it was unscriptural. He believed that giving ought to be done on principle, without special impulse, and without appeal to the feelings. He determined to put his views into practical operation in his own way. So he told his people that for one year they might put their donations for missionary work into two boxes, which he placed for the purpose in the church vestibules. These boxes, which were made of stout oak, were securely locked, and would not be opened until the close of the year, when he hoped they would be full of money. He wanted people quietly and unostentatiously to deposit their gifts in the openings of the tops of these boxes, in the sight of the Lord, and not "to be seen of men." The boxes were recently opened. On carefully counting the contents of both, the total sum was found to be somewhat less than two shillings, all in copper coin.

The eminent clergyman still believes that his theory of benevolence is the correct one. But he believes that he is in advance of his age, for he is persuaded that the people will not put his views into practical operation.

Stinking Pride.
Some of the upstarts of to-day can not carry a package. The late Chief-Justice Marshall, the first biographer of Washington, was once in market in Washington, when an insurance agent, with a waxed mustache, was pricing a turkey.

"I'd buy it," he said, "but I've no way of carrying it home."

"How much will you give?" said the Chief-Justice.

"Twenty-five cents," was the reply.

"Give me an order to your wife, then," said the money-grubber.

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