At Newberry, S. C.

THOS. F. GRENEKER,

Editor and Proprietor.

ms, \$2.50 per Annum,

Invariably in Advance.

The paper is stopped at the expiration of or which it is paid.

The x mark denotes expiration of sub-

Poetry.

How many pounds does the baby weigh? Baby who came but a month ago; How many pounds from the growing curl To the rosy point of the restless toe?

Grand-father ties the kerchief knot, Tenderly guides the swinging weight; And carefully over his glasses peers, To read the record-"only eight."

Softly the echo goes around. The father laughs at the tiny girl; The fair young mother sings the words, While grand-mother smooths the golden

And stooping above the precious thing, Nestles a kiss within a prayer, Murmuring softly, "Llitte one, Grand-father did not weigh you fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smiles, Or the love that came with the helpless

Nobody weighed the threads of care, From which a woman's life is spun.

No index tells the mighty worth Of a little baby's quiet breath, A soft, unceasing metronome, Patient and faithful unto death.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul, For here on earth no weights there be That could avail. God only knows Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul, That seeks no angel's silver wing, But shrines it in its human guise Within so fair and small a thing.

Oh, mother, laugh your merry note, Be gay and glad but don't forget From baby's eyes looks out a soul That claims a home in Eden yet.

Selected Story.

Bob Gratchit's Christmas Dinner.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

It was a remarkable quality of the Ghost (which Scrooge had observed at the baker's) that, notwithstanding his gigantic size, he could accommodate himself to any place with ease; and that he stood beneath a low roof quite as gracefully and like a supernatural creature, as it was possible he could have done in any lofty hall.

And perhaps it was the pleasure the good spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on the threshold of the door the spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "Bob" a week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name, and yet the Ghost of Christmas Pres

ent blessed his four-roomed house! Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap, and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the bakers they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onions, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fi e, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother Tiny Tim; and Martha warn't as late last Christmas day by half an hour!" "Here's Martha, mother!" said a

girl appearing as she spoke. the two young Cratchits.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried rah! There's such a goose, Mar-

"Why bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

Denier 1



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

Vol. XII.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 5, 1876.

No. 1.

HOW A MONEYED MAN MAKES HIM

SELF COMFORTABLE.

I have spent in England was a vis-

it to Mentmore, Buckinghamshire,

child, and still the home of his

widow. I had known all my life

of the Rothschilds, but had no

such vivid conception of the real-

The estate comprises 15,000 or

In one of the numerous grape-

every month in the year, I saw

ries on which were about the

size of good, large plums and the

most luscious I ever tasted. Or-

anges, figs, pineapples, bananas,

the conservatories of Mentmore.

When the Baroness is absent

her London house, orders by

telegraph are sent to Ment-

more daily for the supplies requir-

The vases in the Fountain and

Italian Gardens cost each £1,000.

The statuary is all of the most

costly kind, executed by the first

originals which I saw in the Louvre

great hall, which from the entrance

seemed to me about 20 by 30 feet,

is filled with vases and statuary.

Its contents must represent a val

ue of not less than £800,000. We

finish is exquisite, and the furnish-

may be formed of the whole from

the furniture of a single bedroom,

one of the many great chambers,

costing £25,000 or £30,000. In

the dining room and baronial hall

are furnishing exceeding £200,000

each. Costly cabinets of the time

of Louis XIV. of ebony inlaid

with ivory or gold; jewelled

blocks, made of solid gold, dia-

costliest tapesery of Louis XIV

or covered with the richest needle

of the Baron seems to have been

to build and furnish a mansion

such as no other person in England,

except perhaps the Duke of West-

minister, could hope to rival.

ity as I brought away with me.

"and had to clear away this morning, WEIGHING THE BABY. mother!"

you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless in.

"No, no! There's father coming." cried the two young Cratchits, who are everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide."

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe hanging down before him; of horrors were supposed. and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame.

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking around. "Not coming?" said Mrs. Cratch-

"Not coming!" said Bob, with sudden declension in his spirits; for he had been Tim's horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas day?"

Martha did not like to see him disappointed, if it were only in a joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim and bore him off into the washhouse, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper!

"And how did Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob. and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so and oranges were put upon the ta- day, she passed at home. Also on the probable number of drownmuch, and thinks the strangest ble and a shovelful of chestnuts on things you ever heard. He told, people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple and it might | ing a half one. Then Bob proposbe pleasant to them to remember, ed: upon Christmas day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see." Bob's voice was tremulous when

he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty. His active little crutch was heard

upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire. Master Peterand the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned Such a bustle ensued that you

might have thought the goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon to which a black swan was a matter of course; and, in truth, it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha if he be like to die, he had better dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shrink the goose before their turn came to be helped. plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all around the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle

There never was such a goose. versal admiration. Eked out by the apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a finished dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratch. it said, with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone on the dish,) they hadn't ate it all at last!

"We'd a deal of work to finish youngest Cratchits in particular up last night," replied the girl, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, "Well! Never mind, so long as Mrs Cratchit left the room alone -too nervous to bear witnesses-to take the pudding up and bring it do, poor fellow!"

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning over! Suppose somebody had got over the wall of the back yard, and stolen it while they were merry with the goose; a supposition at which the two young Cratchits become livid! All sorts

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the cop per. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, and a laundress next door to that! That was the pudding. In half a minute, Mrs. Cratchit entered; flushed but smiling proudly; with the pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, with Christmas holly stuck on the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it the greatest success said that now the weight was off of Peter's being a man of business; at my head, displaying my body said or thought it was at all favor when he came into the receipt ily. It would have been flat tha, who was a poor apprentice at me, and pretty soon it had so tilted

the fire. Then all the Cratchit famcoming home, that he hoped the ily drew around the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, mean-

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!" Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's the voice and sang it very well in- him. side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered hand in his, as if he loved the child and wished to keep him by his side and dreaded that he might be taken from him. "Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before.

"tell me if Tiny Tim will live." "I see a vacant seat," replied the Ghost, "in the poor chimney corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the

future, the child will die." "No, no," said Scrooge. "Oh no, kind spirit! say he will be spared.' "If these shadows remain unal-

tered by the future, none other of my race," returned the Ghost, "will find him here. What then do it and decrease the surplus pop-

Scrooge hung his head to hear his own words quoted by the spirit and was overcome with penitence

and grief. "Man," said the Ghost, "if man you be in heart, not adamant, forbear that wicked cant until you At last the dishes were set on, and have discovered what the surplus grace was said. It was succeeded is, and where it is. Will you deby a breathless pause, as Mrs. cide what men shall live, what men Cratchit, looking all slowly along shall die? It may be that in the the carving-knife, prepared to sight of Heaven you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child. Oh God! to hear the insect on the leaf pronouncing on the too much life among his hungry brothers in the dust!"

Scrooge bent before the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes

"The founder of the feast, indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

Yet every one had enough, and the dren; Christmas day."

"It should be Christmas day I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious,

stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas day." "I'll drink his health for your sake, and the day's," said Mrs Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A merry Christmas and a happy New Year !—he'll be very merry and

very happy, I have no doubt!" The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care two-pence for it. Scrooge was the ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party which was not dispelled for full five min-

were ten times merrier than before, form the mere relief of Scrooge the baleful being done with. Bob situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-six-pence week-

something to say about it, but no | what peculiar investments he should | he was off. a small pudding for so large a fam- of that bewildering income. Marheresy to do so. Any Cratchit a milliner's, then told them what that looking down the declivity, I would have blushed to hint at such kind of work she had to do, and saw the beach at an immeasurable At last dinner was all done and stretch, and now she menat to lie bathers, while the surface of the the cloth being cleared, the hearth abed to-morrow morning for a good water was atudded thickly with swept and the fire made up, apples long rest; to-morrow being a holi- pleasure boats. I tried to speculate how she had seen a countess and a ings that would occur before nightlord was much about as tall as Peter: at which Peter pulled up his steep that I fainted from fright. collar so high that you could not have seen his head if you had been there. At this time the chestnuts went round and round, and by-andby they had a song, about a lost child traveling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive lit-

> There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being water proof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another and contented with the time; and when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright sparklings of the spirit's torch at parting Scrooge had his eye upon them, and

> especially Tiny Tim, until the last. TWEED'S FAITHFUL WIFE .- They were married when the man was a chairmaker, and they might have had a happy career had the former remained honest. They lived plainly, mingled with mechanics' society, and were the parents of two boys and two girls, good looking and healthy children. The era of their unmeritorious splendor has come and gone like a dream. Each had a diamond wedding, and each have sunk into obscurity and poverty. The two sons once held fine appointments in the service of the Ring, but are now only lounging around the city hall. The mother is in a widow's desolation. The ill-gotten wealth is almost all gone. A million and a half has passed into the hands of her lawyers, and her husband is still a prisoner. A seedy and corpulent old man, inhabiting a pair of rooms in Ludow street jail is all that is left of one who has been alderman, congressman, chairmaker and lawyer, commissioner of parks, public buildings and docks, state senator, and for seven years autocrat of this city. The only redeeming feature is the faithful wife, who is reducing herself to poverty in hope of obtaining her husband's

What two letters of the alpha-"My dear," said Bob, "the chil- bet indicate very cold weather?

release .- New York Letter.

Miscellaneous.

OBITUARIES IN ENGLAND.

The following amusing sketch from London Fun shows that the obituary style of literature, though exotic in England, flourishes very well there:

with Messrs. Boltwhack & Tearsheet, linen-drapers, had gone down to Stuckup-super-Mare for a lungful of ozone, and had met many friends. My condition may be inferred-I was overcome by excess of ozone. Endeavoring to catch my hotel I ran into a churchyard, intending to pass through and intercept the hostelry on the other side—head it off. Unfortunately I struck my foot against a tombstone-there were many stones—a numberless multitude of stones was in that church-After it had passed away, they yard-companies, squadrons, and battalions, performing their summer manenvers. They appeared to be trying to surround me Cratchit told them how he had a as, lying flat on my back, I watched their little games. Sometimes they would circle about me so closely that I could almost decipher the inachieved by Mrs. Cratchit since ly. The two young Cratchits scriptions, and one portentous feltheir marriage. Mrs. Cratchit laughed tremendously at the idea low, I could swear, came and stood her mind, she would confess that and Peter himself looked thought name and age in insulting capishe had had her doubts about the fully at the fire from between his tals; but when I turned to get a quantity of the flour. Everybody had | collars, as if he were deliberating | better look at the date of my death

All this time the earth was heavhow many hours she worked at a distance below, thronged with lord some days before, and how the fall, but the declivity between me and the beech grew so alarmingly

When my senses returned it was late in the afternoon. The earth resumed its level, the tombstones had ceased their evolutions. Somebody was stirring me with his foot -a wild looking young man with an unholy light in the eyes of

I would behold his work. bent and read:

Supposed to be floating about."

ing about?" My companion regarded me for moment with a compassionate eye then led me silently to another

"Beneath this stone repose one Who, when his task of life was done, We buried by the salt, salt sea,

"This," I flamed out, is atrocious! this is intolerable! 'Pickled he,' indeed! I will trust myself no longer with a man to whom grammar is a tradition and a myth!"

He would not release my hand, and I followed him unwillingly to the next stone:

She went a bathing when the damp Produced in her a sort of cramp.'

likeness of my wife's aunt!"

Boating in a gale; Midland County Member Managing the sail. Midland County Member

I struggled no longer; my heart was broken in my breast, and the all that I can now recall:

I, Mr. Dapper Voluble, salesman,

ing and swaying unsteadily beneath

monly vigorous kick I rose to my feet, "fear not; I am a mortal like yourself. I am the Parish Epitaphist. Would you behold my

Taking me familiarly by the hand, he led me to the nearest tombstone.

"Here lies the body of Jonathan Scout, Who went in the water and never came out.

"But," said I, "this is a bull! nice things." How can this body lie if it is float-

Which thoroughly had pickled he."

The lady who lies here asleep

gling vainly to release my hand, this is mere murder. Take my purse, my watch! Take anything I have, but let me go, I tell you! Ha! take this locket, containing a daily business.

> Didn't look alive, 2d of September,

fiend had his will of me. The following "tributes of affection" are

THE PALACE OF ALADDIN. "Good Mr. Bloomer-seeds and flowers.

Took to the water out of sheer revenge, Because he'd quarreled with the missus. Stark Naked he dived into the hungry-shark!

They caught that creature at the turn of

And laid him here with Mr. B. inside.' "How sad alas! to think that Mrs. Nancy | the seat of the late Baron Roths-

Was lighter in feet than she did fancy Down plumped her head, and in the wave she sprangled. Her winding sheet was linen, nicely man- of the almost fabulous wealth

"Poor Jack (stretched here his corpus is) Went out in Harry's Smack: And Jack he fished for porpoises-

Then Harry fished for Jack!" I could endure no more. "Denon!" I shrieked, extricating my hand from his by a dexterous turn of the wrist; "do you think thesethese things! - these - preposterous parodies!-these ghastly insults to the dead !—are funny? Do you fancy it wit to thus outrage the most sacred sentiment of the human heart? Take that, you thief, take that!" And I struck him a tremendous blow on the top of his

in that churchyard, broad awake and rubbing my knuckles, which in the fault of the ozone-really!

down in the Orphanage grounds upon one of the seats, talking the range of vision. with one of our brother trustees, when a little fellow, I should think about eight years of age, left the other boys who played around us and came deliberately up to us. He opened fire on us thus: "Please, Mr. Spurgeon, I want to come and sit down on that seat between you two gentlemen." "Come along, Bob, and tell us what vou want."

"Please, Mr. Spurgeon, suppose there was a little boy who had no father who lived in an orphanage with a lot of other little boys who had no fathers, and suppose those boys had mothers and aunts who comed once a month, and brought them apples and oranges, and gave them pennies, and suppose this little boy had no mother, "Illustrious visitor," he said, as and nobody ever comed to bring in response to a more than com- him nice things, don't you think somebody ought to give him a penny? 'Cause, Mr. Spurgeon,

that's me." "Somebody felt something wet in his eye, and Bob got a sixpence. and went off in a state of delight. Poor little soul; he had seized the opportunity to pour out a sorrow which made him miserable when the motherly visiting day came around and as he said, "Nobody never comed to bring him

Which would you do-smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make everybody around you miserable? You can live as it were among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire surrounded by frogs and loathsome reptiles. The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you can show a smiling face and a kind heart and speak kind words. On the other hand, by your looks, cross words and fretful disposition, you can make a number of persons wretched beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in yonr eyes, and love glow in your face .-There are few joys so great as "By Jove!" I thundered, strug- that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, in morning when you rise, and through the day when at your

Two old crows which perch on a tree in Dudley, Mass., every afternoon, and caw until hundreds Moody and Sankey.

A Milwaukie editor has had returned to him a book borrowed twenty-seven years ago, and begins to have hopes of humanity

The stud is said to contain more A new name for tight boots-a high bred horses than any in the not paid for. corn crib.

Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00

per square—one inch—for first insertion, and 75c. for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements tenper cent on above.

Special notices in local column 15 cents per line,

Advertisements not marked with the num-ber of insertions will be kept in till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special contracts made with large adver-tisers, with liberal deductions on above rates

JOB PRINTING

Terms Cash.

Done with Neatness and Dispatch

world. It embraces thirty-five hunters and as many racers. None of which I heard were less in value than £600, while many of them run up into the thousands. One of the most enjoyable days Favonous, Maccaroni, and Old Tom, the last patriarch of high bred racers we saw, all winners of famous

> were but recently paid. St. Louis Times.

ALL ABOUT ADVERTISING.

Of course all newspapers want

races. For Favonious £12,000 were

refused, and for Maccaroni £7,100,

advertisements, just as all mer-20,000 acres of the finest land of chants desire to sell goods-just this famous shire. The approach from Cheddington station, from as all manufacturers desire orders which it is distant about two miles for their wares-just as all farlies through a magnificent lawn mers desire customers for their leading to a wooden acclivity; up- produce-just as all laborers deon the summit of which the man- sire a position in which they sion stands. From the tower the can get an equivalent for their laview is one of the finest in the bor. The solicitor for advertise-Midland counties, embracing on ments is not in any sense a differone side the ancient manor and ent man from him who waits upon village of Wing, on another you for an order for goods; and the manor of Tring, and on a yet he is generally considered a third the historic site of Ivanhoe. | bore if he asks for your advertise-A moment later I was sitting up | How the course of the world's his- | ment. You look at him as though tory has been changed by the blow | you were about to confer an imwhich an ancestor of John Hamp- | mense favor if you yielded to his my sleep I had abraided against a den struck the Black Prince, the request. You don't advertise as tombstone. It was pitch dark, and victor of Crecy and Poictiers, though you were investing in was dank with dew. Thus I knew for which "Tring, Wing, and Ivan- something that would prove advan-I had been dreaming. It was all hoe" were forfeited! In the dis- tageous to yourself. You seem tance is the value of Aylesbury, to think that when you pay for and far away on the right of the advertising you are donating to "THAT'S ME."-I was sitting Chiltern hills the monument of the newspaper man. You do the Duke of Bridgewater bounds other things to bring your name and business before the public-Tring Park, owned by another you ornament your place of busiof the Rothschild family, is said to ness to attract customers-you be second in the beauty of its gar- hang out an expensive sign, and den only to Mentmore; but this I arrange your wares attractively, had no time to see. Subtropical and hire men to ask people to buy gardens, vegetable gardens, the your goods. But when you are invited to make your wishes Fountain garden, and the Italian known through the best and cheapgarden occupied us for hours. The first is second, I suppose, on- est medium in the world, you bely to the Royal Botanic Gardens gin to wonder how you can get in Kew; the second embraces, rid of this newspaper man withwith the fruit gardens about twen- out absolutely kicking him out of ty acres, the whole proceeds of your establishment.

Here you make a great mistake. which are consumed in the man-Because you don't hear from an advertisement as soon as it is inserted is no proof that the adverries, arranged so as to furnish fruit tisement is doing no good. One seldom hears any good of himself. single cluster of grapes which To prove how much effect notices would weigh six pounds, the berof one's business are, note how sensitive most men are in regard to what is said of them in the newspapers, especially if the notice is not altogether complimenand other tropical fruits consumed tary; note, too, how jealous are in the mansion, are all grown in many about what is said favorably of another in the same line of business. Thus do men tacitly yatching in the Channel or at admit the power of good and evil of notices in the public prints, and yet these same men will cry out: "Well, I don't see as it does me any good to advertise." This theory that advertising is simply conferring a favor upon the editor of the newspaper is the silliest of notions. One might as well say masters, many of them copies of he buys his groceries at Smith's just to patronize him, or his dryor in the British Museum. The goods of Brown just to keep him from starving, or gets shaved at Thompson's because he wants to encourage the tonsorial art. It's all bosh. You trade where you get the best return for your own were not less than three hours good, and not from any desire to passing through the rooms. The sustain your newspaper.

[Hubbard's Advertiser.

ing of each sumptuous. Some idea A German philosopher, whose confidence in a friend was grossly betraved by the latter's conduct in running away with his wife and the contents of his money drawer, was heard moralizing somewhat after the following style: "Vell1 vell! So longer a man lives, so more he finds by gracious out! I did tink dat Jake had by himmonds, rubies and all sorts of preself some sense; but ven he go cious stones; walls hung with the away mit Kattarine I tink he was nothing better as a fool."

Why is coal the most contradictory article known to commerce? Because when purchased it goes to the cellar.

An Irish doctor lately sent his bill to a lady as follows: "To curing your husband till he died."

When a sea captain is not a captain-when he's aboard.

A bad habit to get into-a coat

of his knife, and feebly cried: "Hurembroidered satin, may give some upon the ground. But he raised He took me! The next one ran idea of the wealth lavished on them speedily on hearing his own this more than princely mansion. "Little Billy Kemper, of others are collected, are called The costliest paintings adorn the Bob said he didn't believe there "Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll ever was such a goose cooked. walls, and the most skillful and give you, Mr. Scrooge, the founder Its tenderness and flavor, size and expensive workmanship is displayof the feast!" cheapness, were the themes of unied upon the ceilings. The idea