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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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CALENDAR, 1874.

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
January					1	2	3
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August							1
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October					1	2	3
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November	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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December			1	2	3	4	5
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BERTIE'S TUTOR.

One of those beautiful October afternoons, when we love to wander along country paths and listen to the story of the falling leaves. Call to mind your ideal of a grand old country house, surrounded with well kept walls and elegant terraces; color the picture with the varied hues of fall, and you have the scene which opens our story. A scene that could not but make the young man regret the poverty which compelled him to labor; yet the knowledge that such a spot was to be the scene of that labor might well reconcile him to his lot. Thoughts something like these passed through the mind of a young Harvard student as he turned in at the carriage gate and walked slowly towards the house, gaily singing his *sac de nuit* as he went. Suddenly the sound of his own name caught his ear, and, unable to resist the temptation, he moved a few steps from the drive, and softly putting aside the leaves of a rustic arbor, he stood an unobserved witness of the following scene:

Two young ladies, beautiful and stylish, were seated negligently within, while a copy of "A Simpleton" and a blue and gold volume on the grass showed that some interesting topic of conversation had interrupted their literary labors.

"Yes, he is a Senior, and is coming to 'cram' Bertie—I believe that is what they call it—so that he can enter the Freshman class before Christmas." These were the first connected words that reached the listener's ear, and they were spoken by a large, showy-looking blonde, whom he at once concluded to be Miss Cressy, his pupil's famous sister. For he had heard much of her as belle of the last Boston season.

"And is Mr. Greene as conceited as collegians generally are?" inquired the second lady, a very pretty, but by no means as handsome a girl as Miss Cressy.

"Oh, of course. You remember the song they sung last class day:

'In Senior year we act our parts
At making love and breaking hearts.'

I have met hundreds of students and never saw one yet but thought that all womankind was crazy after him."

"And what kind of looking gentleman is he?"

"Indeed I have never seen him. But we all know the *tout ensemble* of the *genus* valedictorian. Tall, slim, sallow, spectacles of green glass, seedy broadcloth coat and shabby shoes."

"There is little danger of his breaking your heart, cousin Ida," said the plainer girl; and the subject of their remarks, his vanity probably a little wounded by so flattering a description of himself muttered, *sotto voce*, "No, I should think not. She isn't troubled with such an article."

"Little danger of that, Jessie," responded Miss Cressy, with a toss of her head. "But I am sure we shall enjoy having him here. There has been no excitement since the Marchmonts went away. For my part I'm resolved that our valedictorian shall fall in love with me. Oh, such fun!" and Miss Cressy clapped her beautiful hands in great glee.

"But Ida," objected her cousin, "you ought not to trifle with the gentleman. He is probably one of those poor students that have their own way to make and haven't seen much of the world. Pray be careful, or you may do serious harm."

"Ah, Jessie, you are forever preaching; but really, I only want a little amusement. But we had best go in and dress now. The tutor will be here on the five o'clock train, and we must meet him at dinner, of course," and Miss Cressy arose and yawningly picked up her novel.

Such was the conversation that rung in the ears of Mr. Howard Greene, newly engaged tutor of Bertie Cressy, as he cautiously stole back to the path and went on toward the house. Let not the reader condemn him too severely for thus playing the eavesdropper. If accident had enabled some member of the old Parliament to overhear Guy Fawkes discussing his plan of blowing the whole of that honorable body sky-high, could he have been blamed for listening with all his ears? Here was a young lady plotting against the peace of mind of our hero. Miss Guy Fawkes Cressy had announced her intention of laying a mine which should rend his susceptible heart to atoms, and I am frank to say that in my opinion he had a right to know something about it.

Old Mr. Cressy was a thorough gentleman, even when awakened from his afternoon nap. Consequently, when he was aroused by the stranger's step on the piazza, he rolled out of his hammock and advanced to meet him with a smile and grip that put him at once at his ease.

"Mr. Greene, of course," cried the old squire. "You are none the less welcome for coming a train sooner than we expected. You would have found the carriage waiting to night Pray feel perfectly at home, sir. Bertie has vamosed the ranch—gone off fishing or shooting, or something or other. You may not see him to-day. I would ask you to sit down here awhile and teach me instead, but I know you must be hot and tired." Thus the kind old gentleman ran on, brimful of good cheer. But Howard, who caught a glimpse of white dresses approaching through the shrubbery, hastily accepted the squire's offer to conduct him to his room. He had resolved to make a good impression upon the young ladies, and not care to be seen in his present travel stained condition.

I have not described my hero, of course he was the exact opposite of what Ida Cressy had described. The perfect health which a summer's training for the races had given him, together with a naturally fine physique, made him a very handsome fellow, indeed. Add to this the air and dress of a gentleman and the culture and conversation of a scholar, and nothing was lacking except wealth to make Howard Greene a very eligible *parti*. Though he had during the past two years rather shunned society for many reasons, so that Miss Cressy had not met him, yet his position by birth was such as to make him welcome in the best B——— street circles; and his intercourse with the world was by no means so limited as to make him an easy prey to the designs of any girl of the period.

Consequently, when, an hour after, the new tutor sauntered into the dining-room, half a minute late, he went through the fiery ordeal of introduction with admirable composure. He took his seat, and nonchalently unfolding his napkin, allowed his eye to rove around the circle of faces and rest for a moment on that of Miss Cressy. The young lady was mortified enough to be startled by his self possessed yet respectful glance into awkwardly breaking an egg and making a sorry spectacle of her white hands. Squire Cressy, who believed in table-talk, at once engaged his tutor in a discussion of the respective merits of this and that species of turnips. But Mr. Greene, who was determined to implicate the ladies in the conversation, gradually brought it around to the subject of horticulture and then appealed to Miss Cressy directly for her opinion. He was so evidently a gentleman, and so entirely ignored the fact of his position as tutor himself, that she had forgotten it long ago, and answered readily. This led to a dialogue between him and the two young ladies upon the subject of landscape gardening, in which the gentleman showed a great deal of wit and a very limited knowledge of botany.

When the two girls separated for the night a resolution of astonishment was unanimously passed voting the new tutor a very handsome and agreeable fellow. Nothing more was said by Miss Cressy about winning his innocent affections; but she mentally resolved that it would be very nice indeed to bring Mr. Greene to her feet. But little Jessie Wild, her plainer cousin, lingered a moment before the mirror ere she turned off the light; and I'm afraid there was in her heart "a wish that she scarcely dared to own"—that she had been born as handsome as her cousin Ida. As for the tutor, he was very well satisfied with himself indeed as he retired to rest, and his last thought that night was, "What a magnificent looking woman Ida Cressy is! Too showy, though, by half. And what a shy little thing her cousin was! I could scarcely get a word out of her."

The reader must fill up to his own satisfaction the three weeks that followed the tutor's arrival. At the end of that time Howard Greene felt very well acquainted at Mr. Cressy's.

One morning the young Lord of the Manor, Bertie Cressy, declared that Xenophon might go to Jericho and Homer be everlastingly blowed; but that the only rational thing for rational beings to do on a clear, frosty November morning, was to go horseback riding. So nothing loth, his tutor consented, his cousin Jessie readily agreed, and even his sister bowed her stately head to the young tyrant's decree. Soon after breakfast the young ladies appeared at the door, where they found Bertie and Mr. Greene with the horses.

Now, notwithstanding Miss Cressy rode a jet-black horse named Hamlet and her cousin an equally untamed steed surnamed Tartar, and even in spite of the fact that their road ran through unfrequented woods and past swollen streams and rocky precipices, the reader is not to anticipate a runaway. The heroine of this story—if it is decided which of the cousins is entitled to be so called—will not dash down the road on an affrighted steed, her hair streaming behind her, and be snatched from the saddle by the strong arm of her adorer, just as the horse makes his final leap into four hundred feet of airy nothing. The story is to have a very quiet ending indeed.

The party rode soberly down the river road and into the woods, Miss Cressy and the tutor in advance, with Bertie and Miss Wild some rods behind. During the past fortnight Ida Cressy had felt herself very strongly attracted toward Howard Greene. Had he been rich it is probable she would have acknowledged herself unequivocally in love with him. As it was, she looked upon him with interest, at least, and it was her constant determination to bring him to her feet. But how was our hero inclined in the matter? He was too much a man of the world to have been deceived by Miss Cressy's allurements, even had he not overheard the conversation already recorded. He had too good an opinion of himself, however, to doubt his ability to win a girl like Ida Cressy, if he really desired it; but the truth of the matter was that he liked her less showy cousin far better. The modest, [illegible] company to that of her brother. She was bestowing upon him her most bewitching glances. Had he been in love with her those glances would have placed him in the seventh heaven of delight; but as he was not, he saw in them the heartless purpose of a coquette, and all at once there came into his heart a reckless determination to humble her.

They were pacing along together, his horse, of course, just a trifle in the rear. Concealing in the hand next her an open penknife, he began the conversation.

"Miss Cressy—Ida," he commenced, and as she looked up he threw all possible adoration into his eyes. She did not resent at all the use of her given name.

"Well, Mr. Greene," she said.

"Don't you think this is very sentimental weather?"

She laughed gaily. "Yes, indeed, and I should so like to hear *you* talk sentiment."

"Well, I have a sentiment to tell you about."

"Indeed!" and she elevated her eyes in pretended surprise.

"Yes, I have a proposition to make—indeed, something of a proposal."

A flash of triumph was in her eyes as she answered, "Is it possible! And what about, pray?"

"How can you ask. It must be that you have seen—hat you have noticed—that is, that you—!" Here our hero basely snatched across and pricked Hamlet with his knife—the conversation was progressing altogether too rapidly. The horse made a sudden spring forward, almost unseating his rider. It was some minutes before she could quiet him so as to walk side by side with her tutor's horse once more. As soon as possible, however, he renewed the conversation.

"Mr. Greene," he began again, "you were saying you had a—a—proposition."

"Yes," he replied; "I had been intending to speak to you for some time—indeed, for quite a half hour."

"And pray what this momentous proposition that has so long occupied your mind?" They were fast approaching the town, and she was determined to bring matters to a crisis.

"Well, the truth is, Miss Ida, that I am—in—love!"

"Ha! ha! he! who would have thought of the weak minded love?" She spoke laughingly; she could not keep the flush of satisfaction from her cheek.

"And I thought that I would ask you"—without heeding her interruption he went on, and then stopped point-blank. "Whew!" he whistled to himself; "*what* shall I say next? I'm in for it now!"

She looked at him with a smile by no means discouraging. "Thought you would ask me what?" she persisted.

"Thought I would ask you if—if—that is, I would like to know what you thought of my marrying—*your cousin Jessie.*"

Miss Cressy pulled up her horse with a jerk. Luckily he saw the storm in her eyes before it burst, and he was ready with his penknife again. He pricked Hamlet once more, this time quite emphatically, and the high spirited steed sprung away, and Miss Cressy was unable to stop him again until she reached their destination.

Not one word did she vouchsafe to Bertie's tutor during the ride home, but that gentleman consoled himself with love-draughts from the eyes of Jessie Wild. The next day he asked and obtained Squire Cressy's consent to an engagement. As for Miss Cressy, she had already been consulted.

Murdered For His Money.

A letter to the Charleston News, from Batesville, S. C., dated the 17th inst., says: "Mr. Tillman B. Fallaw, a brickmason, whilst on his way from the circus (Wooten & Haight's) on Saturday night last, between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock, was accosted by two negroes, who battered him for a horse trade. His friend, who was with him rode on, and F. dismounted and agreed to take $150 for his horse. The friend heard this and still rode on and left Fallaw. But after riding some distance, one or more miles, the horse that Fallaw had been riding came up to him in a gallop and stopped. He examined the horse and found that the saddle and bridle had been taken off, and he then turned back, and when he came to the spot where he had left Fallaw he found him lying in the road and unable to speak. He then sought assistance to remove the injured man, and when he returned the man was still speechless, and continued so up to Sunday morning, when he died. His saddle, bridle and pocketbook had been stolen, and his head and arms showed signs of severe blows. The coroner's jury returned the following verdict: 'That the deceased came to his death from a blow made by a blunt instrument in the hands of parties unknown.' The skull of the victim was found, upon examination, to be broken in two places.

We let our blessings get mouldy and then call them curses.

We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.

What Causes Hard Times.

1. Too many spend money and too few earn it.

2. Too much money is spent wastefully and uselessly, and too little saved and made productive and accumulative.

3. We buy too much abroad that we ought to produce at home.

4. We buy too much that we do not pay for cash down—too much of what we buy being what we do not actually need.

5. We are too wasteful, know too little how to economize, and have too little disposition to do so.

6. We are too speculative, unscrupulous and actually dishonest in our efforts to make money.

7. Too many of us prefer idleness to industry, and too few of us know how to work and derive pleasure and profit from our labor.

8. We spend too much time learning what is not useful, and too little informing ourselves upon the best methods of promoting our material prosperity.

9 We know too much of politics, spend too much time and money as politicians, and know too little about political economy and the science of a stable and economical, successful public policy.

10. Our actions are governed too much by passion, prejudice and partisan feeling, and not enough by a broad, intelligent, liberal and patriotic conception of the duties which American citizenship involves.

11. We are too superficial and impatient, and lack the clear purpose and persistent, patient application necessary to permanent success.

12. We depend too much upon our "sharpness" and "cuteness" and readiness to take advantage of circumstances and not enough upon earnest, honest labor.

13. We talk and read too much, and think and act too little.

14. We spread ourselves over too great a surface, and thus fail to dig deep enough in one place for the nuggets that will surely enrich us.

15. We lack in that higher morality which frowns down venality and elevates and encourages purity of life, probity of conduct and a scrupulous regard for a good and honorable name.

16. We do not teach our children that they must, nor how to, earn their [illegible] to a life of easy unscrupulousness, depending on their skill as make-shifts, rather than upon their solid acquirements as men and women.

17. We roll about too much like stones that gather no moss, enriching carrying corporations and speculating capitalists, and defrauding ourselves of the substantial profits of our own industry.

18. We are devotees of show, rather than substance, and pay homage to the glitter of a "success" which is but a robe covering filth, rottenness and corruption—social, commercial and political.

19. We build too many churches and cultivate the Christian virtues and spirit too little; we have too many schools and too few real teachers; we are too undivided in certain directions and not enough so in others; we adhere too closely to what we ought to depart from, and refuse to take hold of that to which we ought to cling.

20. In short, we are too much what we ought not, and not enough what we ought to be.

Is our theory satisfactory?

Profits of Cotton Factories.

As considerable interest has already been manifested in our city in regard to the establishment of a cotton factory, we clip the following items (in regard to the great profit that is made in that city from the manufacture of that staple) from the Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer:

The Columbus Enquirer says that since August 31, the Columbus factories have taken 3,902 bales of cotton, against 2,646, last season during the same time, showing an increase of 1,256. If these 3,902 bales had been sold in this market at present prices, they would have brought $70 per bale, or a total of $273,140. They, however, were passed through our factories, converted into yarns and cloths, and their value trebled, making them worth $819,420, leaving a net gain to Columbus of $465,280. All this money is retained in that section. The manufactories consume yearly a little over 7,000 bales.—*Ex.*

The following is taken from the New York Herald of the 16th inst.:

"On the 13th ult., the most important news from Peru consisted in the discovery and congratulations thereon of large deposits of guano, which have been found on the mainland. A commission appointed by the government to ascertain the quality and quantity of this guano have reported that they find guano enough to pay off the foreign debt of Peru, amounting to about £36,000,000. At a place called Pavellon de Pica they estimated the quantity of good guano there at 6,000,000 tons, 2,000,000 more at Point Lobos and 2,000,000 at other points. They also found signs that guano had been regularly mined by the ancient Indian inhabitants of Peru.

Why is a spider a good correspondent? Because he drops a line by every post.

Daniel Webster on Paper Money.

In 1815 Daniel Webster, then a young member of Congress from New Hampshire, said in a speech in the House:

Whenever bank-notes are not convertible into gold and silver at the will of the holder, they become of less value than gold and silver. All experiments on this subject have come to the same result. The depreciation may not be sensibly perceived the first day, or the first week, it takes place. It will first be seen in what is called the rise of specie; it will next be seen in the increased price of all commodities. The circulating medium must be something which has a value abroad as well as at home, and by which foreign as well as domestic debts can be satisfied. The precious metals alone answer these purposes. They alone, therefore, are money, and whatever else is to perform the offices of money must be their representative, and capable of being turned into them at will. So long as bank paper retains this quality it is a substitute for money; divested of this, nothing can give it that character. No solidity of funds, no sufficiency of assets, no confidence in the solvency of banking institutions, has ever enabled them to keep up their paper to the value of gold and silver any longer than they paid gold and silver for it on demand.

In the next year, 1816, he made another speech, in which he said:

Wars and invasions are not always the most certain destroyers of national prosperity. They announce their own approach, and the general security is preserved by the general alarm. Not so with the evils of a debased coin, a depreciated paper currency, or a depressed and failing public credit. Not so with the plausible and insidious mischiefs of a paper money system. These insinuate themselves in the shape of facilities, accommodation and relief. They hold out the most fallacious hope of an easy payment of debts and a lighter burden of taxation.

In 1833, as a Senator of Massachusetts, Mr. Webster said in a speech:

We are in danger of being overwhelmed with irredeemable paper, mere paper, representing not gold nor silver; no, sir; representing nothing but broken promises, bad faith, bankrupt corporations, cheated creditors and a ruined people.

In a speech in 1836 he said:

If we wish to restore the public credit and to re-establish the finances, we have a beaten road before us. All true analogy, all experience, and all just knowledge of ourselves and our condition, point one way. A wise and systematic economy and a settled and substantial revenue, are the means to be relied on; not excessive issues of bank-notes, a forced circulation and all the miserable contrivances to which political folly can resort, with the idle expectation of giving to mere paper the quality of money. These are the inventions of a short-sighted policy, vexed and goaded by the necessities of the moment, and thinking less of a permanent remedy than of shifts and expedients to avoid the present distress. They have been a thousand times adopted and a thousand times exploded as delusive and ruinous, as destructive of all solid revenue and incompatible with the security of private property.

Mexican Characteristics.

"C. C. F." in one of his letters in the Baltimore American from the cattle-slaughtering region on the borders of the Rio Grande, describes the characteristics of the Mericans, and does but simple justice to a much-wronged, but very excellent race of people:

The majority of the working men in these cattle slaughtering establishments are Mexicans, who are located with their families in little cottages along the bay shore. So also most of the herdsmen at the ranches are Mexicans, and many of the servants in families of the well-to-do citizens are Mexicans. They are not Mexican women who thus make themselves useful, but Mexican men who become household druges. A Mexican seldom allows his wife or daughter to work, let him be ever so poor, and to ask one of them to come for a day to assist in the washing and ironing is regarded as an insult. A lady recently asked the wife of her Mexican servant to come to hire with her as cook, when the indignant response was, "Madam may cook for me, but I can never cook for madam." The men have the reputation of good and steady workers, and are, by no means, the faithless creatures that they have the reputation of being. When they give their word they are strict in the performance of the duty promised—that is to say, if you entrust one of them with a bag of gold to be delivered to John Smith at a ranch one hundred miles distant, the gold is certian to be delivered according to contract, and a receipt for it obtained from John Smith. This, however, in some cases, does not prevent the Mexican messenger from either stealing or conniving at the felonious abstraction of it from the aforesaid Smith. However, as a general thing, they are regarded as honest and trustworthy, and good workers.

"Belles" call a great many people to church.

The County Boards of Education.

The following is an extract from the circular of Alex. McIver, Superintendent of public instruction in North Carolina:

By the constitution of the State the county commissioners who constitute the county boards of education, have supervision and control of the public schools in their respective counties.

The law appropriates annually seventy-five per cent. of the entire State and county capitation taxes, a property tax of eight and one-third cents on the hundred dollars worth of all property and credits in the State, all taxes on auctioneers and licenses to retail spirituous liquors, and the income from the permanent school fund for the support and maintenance of free public schools.

If this money is properly and economically applied, it will be sufficient to maintain a free public school from two to three months each year in every school district in the State. If along with any balance which may remain in the hands of the county treasurer, it shall be insufficient to maintain schools four months, the law makes it the duty of the county commissioners to levy annually a special tax to supply the deficiency. The question of the levy and collection of such additional school tax, however, must be submitted to the vote of the electors of the county. If in any county the vote shall be against the additional tax, the only school fund in such county will be that which the law has absolutely provided as above mentioned.

The school money which is apportioned to each district belongs to the people of the district for the support and maintenance of a free public school for the education of their children. The State does not go into the school district and establish a school without any effort on the part of the people of the district. It rather aids the people to establish their own school. Free public schools will not rise up and grow of themselves. If the people of a district want a public school, they must exert themselves, and establish, maintain and support it. Otherwise the district school money will be virtually wasted.

The Great Famine in India.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.—A London special says an eminent correspondent of the London News, in a letter to that paper descriptive of the India famine, says:—"The scarcity spreads over a wide tract along the foot of the Himilaya boundaries of Nepaul, stretching from Onde to near Darjelling, remote districts removed from the railroads and other means of communication and difficult to approach. Lord Northbroke informs me that most serious distress is threatened in fifteen districts, in addition to Teras, comprising a total population of 26,000,000. These are not all. Twelve other districts, 14,000,000 people, are threatened, and are described as almost entirely without food and water. The Coolies feel the pinch most, owing to a total suspension of work in the rice fields. The government contemplated, prior to the outbreak of the distress, certain public works: 'First, irrigating of canals; secondly, the Northern Bengal Railroad; and lastly, the embankment of the Gunduck River.' In the first named 32,000 laborers have been employed. Their wages were paid and the money exchanged for goods at an adjacent government store. Lord Northbroke says the government has arranged for sufficient food till May, with large reserves to meet contingencies.

The calculations are based on former famines, but it seems doubtful whether they will prove adequate, owing to the fact that large numbers died without asking for relief. The district at present is more remote, and transportation is growing difficult for want of food for the cattle. The correspondent concluded as follows: 'From what I have seen since my arrival in India, I believe, first, neither the government nor the people can tell the precise actual condition nor prognosticate the future; secondly, the government is most fully alive to its responsibilities, and measures have been taken to fully cope with the difficulties; thirdly, the absence of railroads in remote districts is mostly dreaded, as the government is without means for the avoidance of grave obstacles.'"

The Duke de Padone, who was so prominent at the Bonapartist demonstration at Chiselhurst, is a son of General Arrighi, one of the first Napoleon's officers. He is wealthy, and resigned his position in the engineers rather than serve under King Louis Phillippe.

Mrs. Alice M. Sumner, from whom her then husband, Senator Sumner, obtained a divorce for desertion in 1873, has petitioned to the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts to marry again. Mrs. Alice has got permission from a still higher court. Charles Sumner (the negro-worshipper) treated his wife badly.

"Sam, why am de belobed ob my heart, Miss Dinah, de sunflower ob de hill, like a kind of cloth dey make at Lowell?" "I don't know nigger—why?" "Cos she's an unbleached she-ting!"