New Berne Weekly Journal.

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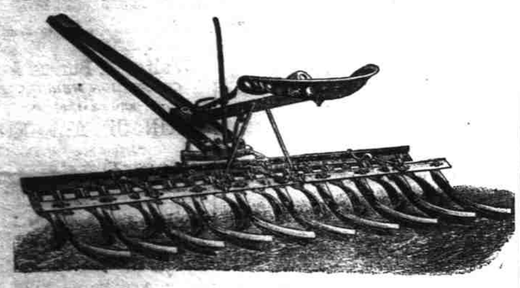
NEW BERNE ADVERTISEMENTS.

Whitty's Specialties

FOR THE

SPRING OF 1883.



ACME Pulverizing Harrow, Clod Crusher and Leveler.

Tennessee Wagon—The Farmer's Favorite.

The "BUCKEYE," Two-Horse Cultivators, with Sweep Attachments. Cultivates the whole row at one time.

The IMPROVED IRON CULTIVATORS (one horse) with attachments.

The Celebrated "CLIMAX" Cotton Plow, the best Cotton Plow in use.

The GILBERT FORCE PUMP. No well regulated family can afford to be without one.

THE "MAID OF THE SOUTH" Grist Mill. B. Bender, Jones Co., N C., says: "I have ground one bushel of GOOD meal in ten minutes with the 16 inch Mill bought of you." A. Tolar says "that the 24 inch Maid of the South Mill works to perfection, grinds 12 bushels of good meal an hour with perfect ease."

Oneida Engines, Stationary, Portable and Mounted; Kriebel's Vibrating Valve, Stationary, Portable, Mounted and Boat Engines.

Oneida Saw Mills, Hoges Saw Mills, } From $200 up to $950.

Saw Gummers, Side Files, Swages, etc., etc.

Novelty Belt Hooks—better than lacing or rivets.

Alligator Nut and Pipe Wrenches. You have only to see them to appreciate their advantages.

COTTON SEED OIL MILLS.

No. 1 Mill, capacity 2 tons a day, $1,800.
No. 2 Mill, capacity 4 tons a day, $2,500.

Extending to all a cordial invitation to give me a trial for anything in my line, I am, very respectfully,

JOHN C. WHITTY,
CRAVEN STREET, NEWBERN, N. C.

Carraway's Liver Pills.

Contains no CALOMEL or other MERCULIAL Ingredients, but are composed of

Pure and Unadulterated Vegetable Ingredients

MAKING THEM THE

Surest, Safest and Best Liver Pill on the Market.

☞ Try them and be convinced of their merit.

☞ All Druggists and Dealers keep them. 25 cents per box. sep1w1y

GEO. ALLEN & CO.,

Pollok Street, New Berne, N. C.,

Offers

Truckers' Peas,

Seed Potatoes,

Cotton Seed

Peruvian and Bone Guano,

Good Luck Guano,

Merryman's Super-Phosphate,

Lister's Dissolved Bone,

Whann's Plow Brand,

For Truckers and Cotton Planters.

PLOWS, HARROWS AND CULTIVATORS,

In Great Variety and at Very Low Prices.

GEO. ALLEN & CO.

NEW GOODS

—AT—

HOWARD & JONES.

We call especial attention to our large line of SHIRTS:

The Eighmie Shirt, the bosom of which will not break or crease, only $1.00.

The Elm City Shirt, manufactured for us; all the later improvements reinforced, and everlasting stays which prevent tearing down the back or up the sleeve; only $1.00.

Regular made British H. Hose; only 25c. a pair; a bargain.

Full line of Gents' Handkerchiefs, white and colored borders. We have just received a new lot of White Silk Handkerchiefs at $1.00.

New Ties and Scarfs just received.

Linen Buggy Robes, $1.25.

Our Spring Line of Clothing will soon be complete. Blue Flannel Suits in great variety.

Hats! Hats!! Hats!!! Closing out to make room for Spring Stock.

Give us a trial on Underwear. All wool goods at Cost.

Boys' Shirt Collars and Cuffs.

To arrive by next steamer—New Straw Mattings and full line of Boys' and Children's Clothing.

HOWARD & JONES,
Opposite Episcopal Church.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

By J. S. Long, Esq., at the Decoration of the Confederate Graves.

Amid the gleaming lights and radiant landscapes of the new world, which has sprung from the desolation of war, we are met to-day to remember the old world which has passed away. The warrior banner has been caught up to meet the warrior soul. The restless changes of diplomacy, the sturdy conflicts of battle and of siege, the mournful tears of fair women and the martial cravings of brave men, have been sealed up in the book of history and of fate. A new creation, fringed with the rosy faces of happy children, bordered by the scarlet splendors of purity and youth, and pervaded by the celestial airs which blow over a land girt in by Heavenly sympathy and peace, is stretching its golden capes and silver seas on every hand. Night has given place to day. On every hill-side the merry shout of the hunter responds to the babbling music of the vale. The rivers glow with the opulence of commerce, and the far wastes of waters smile unde the rich heritage of blessings which they bear. Where now is the sad memory of war? In the midst of the fruition of the new world, shall we forget the wrecks of the old? Is there no voice coming out of the realm of shadows, which was dear to us before? Has the gallant form which wore its suit of gray at the suggestion of our patriotism and pride, which went out from us brave and strong with its love of country and of home, and never returned again to the fair hands which decked it for the strife, never the power to visit us even in our dreams? Away with such a heartless retrospection of the times that are dead. To-day we are renewing the wedlock of our hearts to the vanished joys, which shall never come to us again in this world. This is the holy Sabbath of domestic memory and grief. To day "the warrior banner" returns from behind the clouds of the setting sun, unrolls its streaming stars from the shadowy ramparts of the spirit land, descends amid the roar of unseen artillery, and is grasped on the field of glory by the hands which pressed ours with so much tenderness and love. To-day we are keeping "watch and ward" by the sweetest graves to us in all this land. They are the graves of knights, of martyrs and of heroes. Their dust is dearer to us than the yellow gold, which lured the steel-clad followers of Pizzaro and Cortez, in the days of chivalry and romance.

But men say that this is a utilitarian age. The forests are being leveled, new mines are being opened, new railroads are being built, explorations into every recess and secret of nature is being made, uncounted millions are being invested in property which but yesterday was the mere vision of the dreamer's brain, the teeming myriads of population are crowding with their industry and skill every acre of the virgin soil, and men stand amazed at the material progress of the nation. Even the South itself, in the very region of the country where the institution of slavery was the strongest, and the shocks of battle were the fiercest, is beginning to bloom like the gardens of Damascus, under the touch of mechanical genius, and by the application of capital and labor. The cotton mills of New England, for the improvement of the fabric, and the increase of profit, are being removed to Southern cities and towns. Money, hitherto invested in Northern inventions, factories and mercantile enterprise, is being bestowed for the expansion of Southern ventures and the development of Southern resources. Add to all this, that the fair-hand goddess of learning hath descended in our midst, and is erecting her bright temples in every grove and by every flowing stream, kindling the ecstacy of the poetic lyre, exciting the genius of the Historic muse, arousing the intellectual aspirations of the gifted and the good, pouring the limped streams of eloquence like the Gods poured the waves of Pactolus over its yellow-sands, and we have a picture of material and intellectual progress and advancement, which the most extravagant thinker could never have anticipated.

But it is precisely at this point, fellow citizens, that we construct the argument of our indebtedness as a people, and discover the fitness of the memorial tribute which we this day pay to our honored dead. No talents or cultivation of our own could have produced the prosperity which now greets us. Impoverished, scarred and broken by the calamities of war, we should have stood upon the utmost verge of our stranded fortunes, and sighed in vain for the vanished good. But when back of us the whole country has been planted with heroic bones; when every stalk of corn and blade of wheat is nourished by heroic blood; when that single fiery struggle of four years gave the South an immortality of fame, and a moral armory of imperishable forces, we started out with a capital which no adversity could reduce, and no misfortune despoil of its energy.

The force of moral example does more for the civilization of a people than literature or art. The Italians had the splendid imagery of Virgil and Dante, of Raphael and Angelo, and yet not even the valor and patriotism of Rienzi could save them from slavery and chains; while the English, with the memory of the gallant defence of Harold at Hastings, of Alfred against the Danes, and of the royal Elizabeth, when, mounted at the head of her own troops, she inspired them with courage to meet the Invincible Armada, which came to launch itself against their altars and homes, have grown stronger, more enlightened and powerful with every passing year. The Southern soldier, after being stripped of his property and pride, and left only his livery of honor, can point with a noble gratification to the glorious example set him by our departed braves. And we ourselves, while treading the cedary alleys of peace, and weaving our rosy chaplets for the richest, the most sacred and hallowed dust in all the sepulchres of this world, can strike again the grandest chord in all the harmonies of earth. Where is the race of men who ever struggled, suffered and died like our Confederate soldiery? Even amid the electric lights and overflowing riches of this new world which now flashes around us, we return to this question again and again, for in it is concealed the purest gem of Southern excellence and honor. Were they the men of Camden, Trenton and Valley Forge? Nay, verily. The soldiers of that heroic time contended against a powerful foe, but he had to cross three thousand miles of ocean before he locked bayonets with our patriot sires, while the Confederate soldier was always in the presence of an enemy who outnumbered him, cut him off from his supplies by his cruisers and ships of war, wore him out with his superior equipments, and left him not a single advantage with which to meet the emergencies of the struggle. Were they the Federal participants in the Civil War? These came out clothed in purple and fine linen, nourished upon the fat of the land, armed with the most effective weapons, and recruited from every quarter of the civilized world, while our poor boys often won their grandest victories upon an empty stomach, shivering in rags, and with the defective muskets of a vanished age. Who does not know of these facts, which we have repeated again and again to our children? And yet they constitute the proofs of a moral courage, which has done more to arouse the Southern people from their reverses, to stimulate them to a fresh activity and labor, and to crown them with the most brilliant successes, than all the capital, patronage and material resources of the country. Close by the side of the fortitude, the courage and endurance of the Southern soldier, is the far-reaching effectiveness of the battles which he fought. The victories of Blenheim and Malplaquet not only built the luxurious castle of the Duke of Marlborough, and enriched the fortunes of his family, but they imparted such an *esprit du corps* to the character of the English people, such a breadth and fullness of self-confidence, and elevation of national pride in all their relations to the world, that such illustrious battles came as it were to inaugurate a system of military glory, and advanced the English Empire on every possible road of material and social development. So the battles of the Confederate soldier, whether he lost or won, were fought against such tremendous odds, with such a storm of enthusiasm rocking his embattled squadrons as they dashed on the foe, and with such a reckless disregard of all the deadly perils of the stricken field, that even in the gloom of defeat they have given him a military prestige, a royal and holy occupancy of the land, which is the basis of all his dawning prosperity. So that the blood which hallowed the soil of Manassas, of Shiloh and of Sharpsburg, has built the factories and cotton-mills of Georgia, transferred the looms of Massachusetts to the Pedee and Savannah, peopled the orange groves of Florida with the pioneers of agriculture and of commerce, and sent the fresh streams of a higher life into every vein and artery of the South. Yea, more, the loftier plane of manliness to which the victories of the war, won out of the very jaws of poverty, penury, hunger, nakedness and cold, brought the gallant people of the South, has opened a wider intellectual area, where the blessings of education have fallen upon them like the manna in the desert. So that it has come to pass that the thunder of the guns at Chicamauga and Reams' Station hath built the fairest temples of learning in every city, village and hamlet, caused the humble poor to flock to them like doves to their windows, and set in motion the forces of social chivalry and pride, which will yet redeem us from the last abyss of disaster in which we fell by the hardships and sufferings of the war. Said I not, that we were indebted to the Southern soldier for almost every blessing we enjoy? And is it not fitting that the memory of the dead should be preserved as a sacred legacy?

One of the most startling consequences of the war is the exalted respect cherished for us by our great adversary. If the Southern soldier had not been braver, truer and greater than all other men, like the defeated adherents of the House of Stuart our brave veterans would have fallen under the last pains and penalties of conquest. But it was not in human nature to exterminate a race of men who had proven the truth of Homer's Illiad, and embellished modern history with unparalleled examples of fortitude and valor. And now that the excitements and prejudices of the conflict are flying like the bats and owls into obscurity, nowhere is the Southern soldier valued so highly and honored so greatly as among the generous people of the North. The recent flattering entertainment of our own knightly Fitz Hugh Lee by a Brooklyn regiment, in the very heart of all the wealth, splendor, luxury and political influence of that imperial country and people, is a tribute to the undaunted courage and energy of our soldiers. Fitz Hugh Lee was only one among the gallant riders, who outrode the fiery storm of shot and shell from Bethel to Appomatox. Though from spur to helm a spotless soldier, full of all the high and generous qualities of a leader among men, yet it was as a representative of his people, bearing the scars of their battles, illustrating the virtue of their sufferings, and speaking the words of their hope and courage, that he received the hospitality of the North. This spirit of respect and admiration for the conquered is growing everywhere. In the earnest language of the pulpit, in the epigrammatic sentences of the daily press, in literature, in the forum, on the platform and on the bench, in every stratum of society and in every relationship of business, this respect for the vanquished is made manifest. And this is creditable to them and to us. It shows that defeat does not always bring infamy, nor victory an eternal vanity and arrogance. It shows that the people of the North, as great as they were in that tenacity of courage that never gives up, but fights on to the end, were greater still in that princely magnanimity which can appreciate and do justice to a gallant foe. And this also we owe to the bravery and fortitude of the Southern soldier. Such men as Stoneman and Rosecrans, Slocum and Hooker, who crossed swords with him across the red tide of war, have by their generous praises helped to weave chaplets for him amid the harmless activities of peace. And whatever respect and admiration have been given to our sunny land, are to be credited to his heroic deeds.

But, fellow citizens, as golden haired morning springs from the loins of night, so is meek eyed peace the first born daughter of war. Night with its horrid tumult of bitterness and strife is gone, and the radiant day, as we step upon the shining marge of the new world which dashes into space, breaks upon our vision. What of the day, and what of its signs of promise? A complete unification of every language and race, tongue and people, literature and custom, temper and thought, on this continent, is the first necessity of this people. There must be no more talk of cavaliers and Puritans, witch-burners and slave-drivers. There must be no more mixing of the poison chalice of jealousy and hate, merely "to point a moral and adorn a tale." The old oracles of calumny and spite, maintaining their fearful mysteries by the Ashley and Massachusetts Bay, like the vanished oracles of Delphos, must surrender their priestly robes. A universal brotherhood, linking itself with every sacred interest of the family and the home, stretching its loving arms around every altar of religion and every policy of the State, touching with its magic pity the very hatchments of the grave, and climbing the very steeps of the beautiful world, must now surround every community of this nation. And then, the pure chrism of education must be bestowed upon every palace and hovel in this land. There must be no more prisons and hospitals built up by the hands of ignorance and vice. The Southern soldier never died for such homes of wretchedness as these. The pure light of mental culture, streaming over every hill-top and vally of this new world that dances under our feet, must be sent into every secret recess of its forest paths. Every brain must catch the reflection of the newly risen glory, and every heart must burn with enthusiasm for the good, the beautiful and the true. And then, over all this ecstatic scene of universal harmony and culture, the consecrating influence of the love of country must pour its libations of sympathy and affection. No Manlius on the Tarpeian rock "in the brave days of yore," nor Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham, nor Sergeant Jasper with his heart of fire, should eclipse the grand devotion of the Southern patriot to his native land. In the proud cathedral aisles of liberty and law, before the dazzling altars of civil purity and truth, with the glowing vestments of priest and acolyte filling the chancel, and clouds of incense rising to fretted roof and swelling dome, let the sublime patriot hymns of our earnest brotherhood lift every worshiper in a chariot of flame. Then shall our country be as good as it is just, and as true as it is powerful.

But, fellow citizens, while dwelling on this conservative theme, let us not forget the gifted Southern statesman, who, on last Memorial day wreathing flowers for the Confederate soldier, is on this Memorial day standing on the sea of glass, hearing the harps of Heaven. Any notice of the Southern soldier would be incomplete, which has not to-day a tribute to Alexander Stephens. Let us uncover before his mighty shade. There was a time in the wildest tumult of the struggle, when we thought him untrue to our tempest tossed flag. God forgive us for our unjust and ungenerous suspicions. We have long since learned to know better. Never ultra or radical in his sentiments and opinions, conservative in every fibre of his moral and intellectual nature. Perhaps however he was not fitted either by his character or political education to play a successful part in a struggle of giants, like that into which he was thrown. As a matchless parliamentarian and political thinker, equipped for all the difficult arts and winding ways of diplomacy and state craft, he was richly furnished for the piping times of peace, and stood first among his equals in genius, eloquence and learning. But to drive the flying steeds of war over broken and trampled ranks, to hold the reins firmly and bravely in the presence of victory or defeat, and to command the resources of a leader for every emergency, whether in the cabinet or the field, was altogether beyond his capacity. But what an orator he was. He was an armory of celestial lightning from his feet to his crown. We heard him in the autumn of 1861, standing on the platform of the railroad train in Goldsboro, when the whole air was charged with electricity, and a vast, excited multitude was crowding around him. It was a scene never to be forgotten. His voice rang out like the battle cry of one of the old Greek leaders on the Trojan plains. The very car seemed to rock under the sweep of his imagery, and the rushing influence of his impetuous thoughts. And no popular audience, under the spell of any speaker, and living in any age, was ever more completely under the enchantment of a human tongue than the audience that heard Stephens on that stormy day. And what a writer and thinker he was. Never writing histories of himself, like some of the other great leaders of the war, his eminent talents and great literary resources were devoted first to his beloved South, and then to the history of the whole country. And if he had not distinguished himself as one of the mightiest orators and statesmen of the Republic, these literary efforts would have made him immortal. Let us not forget to drop a tear and weave a chaplet to-day to the memory of Alexander Stephens.

Fellow citizens, it is meet and proper that we should scatter flowers, beautiful flowers, over the graves of our Southern dead. Only let the incense of our hearts mingle with the tribute, and sanctify the sacrifice which we offer to their illustrious memory. All races and nations have had tears of sympathy for those who have suffered, and those who have attained to exalted places in the world's history. In the Pere le Chaise at Paris, where the dead of that brilliant capital await the resurrection, is the tomb of Heloise and Aberlard. The deep pathos of the French people has made it a Mecca for all that is true and touching in the passion of human hearts. Standing by it the traveller recalls again the suffering of the beautiful novice, and the superb rhetoric of the wonderful churchman. He sees Heloise fair and innocent as the morning, filled with every grace of intellect and character, moving like a Greek Goddess in the proud stateliness of her youth, faithful, generous and pure, with the lights of home gleaming around her like angels' visits, and herself the central object of every affection, sympathy and devotion. Out of her dreams the eloquent voice of Aberlard awakes her. It breaks upon her like the song of nightingales, under violet shadows and sapphire skies. And when the gifted rhetorician, smitten at last by the lightning of his own eloquence and the paralysis of pain, falls at his post, the sorrowful woman buries him under the shadow of her own altars, and fasts and weeps by his tomb until she dies. Can we not emulate the fadeless remembrance of the French people, and of the beautiful mourner of the Paraclete for our heroic dead, who were greater in their lives than all the masters of eloquence, and more pathetic in their death than the fairest victims of suffering and grief. Let us bring flowers, then, the brightest flowers for the soldier's grave. Let us scatter them with a lavish hand over the noblest dust ever placed under the funeral canopies of this world. And then as we sing our paeans of victory for their valor and their glory, let us enshrine them in our heart of hearts for the sacrifice they accomplished.

Figures of Interest.

The vastness of the sum which would have resulted from an investment of one million dollars, made at the time the Pyramid "Cheops" was built (if it had been possible to have so "planted" or lodged it; or its equivalent, that it would have, in any wise, increased at an average rate of one per cent per annum), it is very difficult to comprehend. The figures given in the last line of the table printed hereon, we will not attempt to enumerate, but simply write the total there shown (resulting in 3900 years at one per cent interest), as follows: 4,052,555,153,018,976,267,000,000 dollars. We thus leave the reader to suit his own notions in regard to enumeration. We remark, however, that if so vast a sum of the foregoing should be divided equally among the 1,400,000,000 men women and children now inhabiting the globe, each (including all the babies) would have the very handsome fortune of $2,894,000,000, an amount sufficient to buy the city of New York, for a winter residence, and also the northern portion of the state itself in which to recreate in the summer, and still have a residue large enough to buy half the states of Delaware and Rhode Island, to hold for any possible heir of the next generation. Or this residue would be large enough to secure, at least, of the chief railway and other transportation system of the United States. If the evidences of wealth that would have thus grown should all be canceled except in one isolated case, that one, when he arrived at man's estate, could, under existing laws, make a continent dance whenever he should choose to pipe.

The Pyramid Kings reigned about 4000 years ago. One of the Pyramids of the Gizeth group Cheops now standing, covers 18 acres, and is 480 feet high. Herodotus says 100,000 men worked 20 years in building this sepulchral monument. At one cent per day, the cost for labor alone would therefore have been six million dollars. If one-sixth of this amount (or one million dollars) had been lodged at that period where it would have increased at the rate of one per cent, and a small fraction additional, so as to make the increase even three-fold each 100 years, the total now would be as shown in the accompanying table:

The time "Cheops" was built,		$1 million	
In	100 years	3	"
"	500 "	243	"
"	1000 "	59 049	"
"	1500 "	14 348 907	"
"	2000 "	3,486 784 401	"
"	2500 "	847,288 609 443	"
"	3000 "	205 891,132 094 649	"
"	3500 "	50,031 545,098,999 707	"
"	3900 "	4052,555,153,018,976,267	"

A young woman in Georgia never speaks to her father. She converses with her mother and with her brothers as long as they remain single, but as soon as one of them marries she ceases talking with him. She declines to give any reason for her eccentricity.

In life it is difficult to say who sometimes do you the most mischief, enemies with the worst intention, or friends with the best.

HIS LAST COURT,

A Story of the Sternest Judge that Arkansas ever Had.

Old Judge Grepson, a justice of peace, was never known to smile. He came to Arkansas years ago, and year after year, by the will of the voters, he held his place as magistrate. The lawyers who practiced in his court never joked with him, because every one soon learned that the old man never engaged in levity. Every morning, no matter how bad the weather might be, the old man took his place behind the bar, which, with his own hands, he had made, and every evening just at a certain time he closed his books and went home. No man ever engaged him in private conversation, because he would talk to no one. No one ever went to his home, a little cottage among the trees in the city's outskirts, because he had never shown a disposition to make welcome the visits of those who lived even in the immediate vicinity. His office was not given him through the influence of "electioneering," because he never asked any man for his vote. He was first elected because having once been summoned in a case of arbitration, he exhibited the executive side of such a legal mind that the people nominated and elected him. He soon gained the of the "Hard Justice," and every lawyer in Arkansas referred to his decisions. His rulings were never reversed by the higher courts.

He showed no sentiment in decision. He stood upon the platform of law which he had made a study, and no man disputed him.

Recently a woman charged with misdemeanor was arraigned before him. "The old man seems more than ever unsteady," remarked a lawyer, as the magistrate took his seat. "I don't see how a man so old can stand the vexations of a court much longer."

"I am not well today," said the judge, turning to the lawyers, "and any cases that you may have you will pleased despatch them to the best, and, let me add, quickest of your ability."

Everyone saw that the old man was unusually feeble, and no one thought of a scheme to prolong a discussion, for all the lawyers had learned to reverence him.

"Is this the woman?" asked the judge. "Who is defending her?"

"I have no defense, your honor," the woman replied. "In fact, I do not think that I need any, for I am here to confess my guilt. No man can defend me," and she looked at the magistrate with a curious gaze. "I have been arrested on a charge of disbursing the peace, and I'm willing to submit my case. I am dying of consumption, judge, and I know that any ruling made by law can have but little effect on me," and she coughed a hollow, hacking cough, and drew around her an old black shawl that she wore.

The expression on the face of the magistrate remained unchanged, but his eye-lids dropped and he did not raise them when the woman continued,—

"As I say, no man can defend me. I am too near that awful approach, to pass which we know is everlasting death to soul and body. Years ago I was a child of brightest promise. I lived with my parents in Kentucky. Wayward and light-hearted, I was admired by all the gay society known in the neighborhood. A man came and professed his love for me. I don't say this, Judge, to excite your sympathy. I have many and many a time been drawn before courts, but I never before spoke of my past life."

She coughed again, and caught a dow of blood on a handkerchief which she pressed to her lips. "I speak of it now because I know this is the last court on earth before which I will be arraigned. I was fifteen years old when I fell in love with the man. My father said he was bad, but I loved him. He came again and again, and when my father said he should come no more I ran away and married him. My father said I should never come home again. I had always been his pride, and I loved him so dearly but he said that I must never again come to his home—my home the home of my youth and happiness How I longed to see him. How I yearned to put my head on his breast. My husband became addicted to drink. He abused me. I wrote to my father, asking him to let me come home, but the answer that came was, "I do not know you!" My husband died—yes, cursed God and died. Homeless and wretched, and with my little boy I went out in the world. My child died, and I bowed down and wept over a pauper's grave. I wrote to my father again but he answered 'I know not those who disobey my commandments!' I turned away from that letter hardened. I spurned my teachings. Now I am here."

Several lawyers rushed forward. A crimson tide flowed from her lips. They leaned her lifeless head back against the chair. The old magistrate had not raised his eyes. "Great God!" said a lawyer, "he is dead!"

The woman was his daughter.

Oswaldus Nothingerus is said to have made 1,600 dishes of turned ivory, all perfect and complete in every part, yet so thin and slender that all of them were included at once in a cup turned out of a pepper-corn of the common size. They were so small as to be almost invisible to the eye. They were presented to Pope Paul V.

As Kalakaua, King of the Hawaiian Islands, has become a prominent personage lately, it is well that his real name should be known. It is Dayld Laamea Kamanakapua Mahinulani Naloiachokalani Sumialani Kalakua.

A Chinese coin 3,000 years old, has been found by gold miners, who were digging in a claim at Cossiar, Cal. It is supposed to have been left there by Chinese mariners wrecked on the coast long before the Christian era.

A South Carolina negro has 12 children and 324 grandchildren.

The Isle of Woe.

All the lepers found in the Hawaiian group are banished for life to the island of Molokai. From time to time a Government mandate is issued requiring all leper to report themselves to the health-officer of their district. He inspects them and reports them to the sheriff, who has the leper removed to the Isle of Woe. The law is binding on rich and poor, native and foreigner, men and women, as the isolation of the few is the only hope of safety for many. About eight hundred lepers are at present upon the island.

The village has its churches, schools, stores, and Government offices. The resident Superintendent is Mr. Clayton Straun, a white man. After residing for a time at Honolulu, he went to Philanelphia. While there the loathsome leprosy declared itself. He immediately returned to the Sandwich Islands that he might end his days on Molokai. Miss Cummings, in her description of this settlement of lepers, thus speaks of one who, though not a leper, has chosen it as his earthly abiding-place. She says:

One there is who, in pitying love to these outcasts, has voluntarily taken his place for life in their midst. Father Damieu, a young Roman Catholic priest, resolved some years ago to devote himself to this work, and, following in the Master's steps, seek and strive to save these poor sheep in the wilderness.

It was truly a noble act; for apart from the daily horrors of his surroundings, there must be the ever-present knowledge that he may one day develop symptoms of the deathly doom.

Hitherto that devoted life has been mercifully preserved, and the good young father continues to be a centre of brightness and sunshine in that sad colony.

The Protestant congregation is in charge of a native pastor, himself a leper (there are several such on the island), and the poor little children born to such a heritage of woe are taught by leper teachers in two schools.

Latterly, a company of volunteers has been formed, though it is hard to see what pleasure these poor creatures can derive in playing at soldiers.

The gratest success is the leper band, for the whole community thoroughly enjoy their cheerful music. The choir, too, is excelent and is led by a young girl with an exquisite voice—truly a nightingale in a dreary prison.

One of General Butler's Pranks.

Governor B. F. Butler relates one of his college pranks in breaking up an abolition meeting. We students went into the country and paid an old farmer fifty cents to let us catch in his barn all the swallows we wanted. We got a dozen or so, and on the night of the meeting a number of us were present, distributed judiciously about the room, each boy with a swallow in his pocket. The church was lighted by old-fashioned chandeleirs, holding each five or six whale oil lamps. At a given signal, when the services were under way, the swallows were let loose, and almost in the twinkling of an eye out went the lights. The birds of course went for the lights, and the rush of air caused by their wings put out the lamps. We kissed a girl or two and they of course shrieked. All was commotion and confusion for a few moments. Then the moderator, demanding silence, said that some unaccountable accident had put out the lights, but that the audience must sit quiet and preserve order, and the lamps would soon be lighted. The sexton hurried away for a torch—there were no lucifer matches in those days—and presently he came into the church, holding it in front of his face and shielding it with one hand; the swallows of course went for the light, and one of them struck the candle; knocking it out of the old man's hand and into his face. He tumbled back, gave a yell of fright, and gathering himself up took to his heels, vowing there were spirits there sure. The crowd, now frightened in earnest, the students leading, got out of church in a hurry, and that abolition meeting was at an unexpected and unexplainable end.

Fourteen Mistakes.

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, if they told the truth, that there was no limit to the mistake of life; that they were like drops in the ocean or the sands of the shore in number, but it is well to be accurate. Here then, are fourteen great mistakes. It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expres uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgement and experience in youth; to endeaver to mould all dispositions alike; not to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our infinite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest mistake is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us in eternity.

California Hero.

The recent explosion of a gunpowder factory at Berkeley, Cal., developed a hero. Frank Roller saw the shower of sparks set fire to a tarpaulin on the deck of a schooner lying at a wharf. He knew that fifty tons of the explosive was aboard the vessel. The crew were aware of it, too, and they scampered away as fast as possible. But Roller leaped through the window of his house, ran to the perilous craft and extinguished the flames by throwing on water with a bucket. If fire had reached the cargo the town and everybody in it would have been destroyed.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A New York physician offers to cure men of snoring for $10.

The duty on sugar yielded $47,000,000 to the Government last year.

This country spends nearly $800,000 a year on dolls for its little girls.

The late Congress appropriated the enormous amount of $186,570,000 for pensions alone.

Weavers' looms were brought into London from Holland in 1676. The steam loom was introduced in 1807.

Microscopes were invented by Jansen in Holland about 1590, by Fontana in Italy and Drebbel in Holland about 1621.

Over 4,000 floral crowns were heaped around Gambetta's coffin in the Palais Bourbon. Their value is estimated at $100,000.

The par value of a share of stock in the Chemical Bank of New York is $100, but if you wanted to buy one it would cost you $2,105.

A new machine for picking cotton is estimated to pick from 3,000 to 5,000 pounds of cotton a day with the aid of two mules and one laborer.

Soap bubbles can be blown to a size of two feet in diameter and kept for two days by using a preparation of oleate of soda and glycerine.

A tree was cut a few days ago in Hempstead county, Ark., that measured twenty-six feet in circumference. It took six men, working constantly, half a day to fell it.

A new instrument of war is the mole torpedo, which can burrow in the earth or under a wall, and then either explode at once or wait a while, according to the will of its master.

It is estimated that in the two Carolinas, Georgia and Louisiana, a total population of about 200,000 people, white and colored, are dependent upon the cultivation of rice.

A set of paper wheels under a truck of an engine of the Central Vermont Railroad has been in use twelve years, and is still apparently sound.

A man in Georgia last year made $9,000 from one hundred acres of watermelons, This year 7,000 acres, in seven counties, will be planted with the vine.

Edward Everett's Politness.

Even an amiable man my be excused for being a little irritated, when aroused from an after-dinner nap by one whose business is of much more importance to himself than to the sleeper. The following anecdote of Edward Everett, published in the Boston *Traveller*, shows how a gentleman will behave who is conscious that the disturbance of his siesta has made him cold and curt.

Those who were familiar with Edward Everett will remember his dignified personal presence, his unexceptionaple politness and his uniformly grave appearance in the presence of both friends and strangers.

It has been stated that he was rarely known to smile that he seldom indulged in the jocose, and that levity was altogether foregin to his taste.

His public addresses were always very carefully prepared and committed to memory; and many who read this brief sketch have as they approched his library door, heard him rehearsing his speeches.

He was not fond of being interrupted at such times, and signified to callers, not in words, but acts, acts, that short visits were desirable.

Mr. Everett always gave the manuscript of his oration to one of the daily papers in advance of its delivery, and after the printed copy had been carefully read and corrected, he gave orders to deliver slips to other daily papers that might want to publish the speech.

On one occasion, having been advertised for an oration in Faneuil Hall, and having given a copy of the manuscript to one of the dailies, he went out the day before to Arlington, where he was living for a short time.

The daily *Traveller* by some accident had not recieved a copy of the printed slip. As the oration was to be given at 12 o'clock on the next day, it could, of course, be printed entire for the evening editions of the several papers.

The writer of this was instructed at about two or three o'clock by the proprietors of the *Traveller* to hunt up Mr. Everett at any expense and obtain an order for the printed slip.

The steam-cars then did not take one very near the house and a horse and carriage were procured. Mr. Everett's home was reached at about five o'clock.

A colored porter came to the door and said Mr. Everett was asleep and could not be disturbed. He never allowed himself to be waked up from his after-dinner nap, and the servant declined peremptorily to speak to him.

After much parleying a bargain was made, by which the writer would take all the blame upon him self, and save the porter from all harm, provided he would say to Mr. Everett that a gentleman with business of great importance wished to see him.

The distinguished orator appeared with a frown upon his face, but gave the order for the printed slip.

On the next day, between eleven and twelve o'clock, as the distinguished guests who were to occupy seats upon the platform were assembling in the mayor's office, together with the representatives of the press, Mr. Everett, who was present, advanced from the opposite side of the room, and taking the hand of the writer, asked his pardon for being so uncivil the day before.

This incident will serve to show that if Mr. Everett was ever discourteous, he hastened to make the most ample reparation. He was uniformly polite.

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