

How many readers of this column have scrap books? We hope many have, but if there are any that have not why not begin to make one now? There have already been given in this column many hints, recipes, etc., that are worth remembering, but we cannot always recall these things when we wish to. Now if we will take some of the Patent-office reports, or some old school book that has outlived its usefulness, we can in a short time change a book of little or no value into one that we should be very sorry to part with. In many homes the week's paper is thrown aside as soon read; if so, before it is torn up, cut out anything you wish to preserve. It is better to keep subjects by themselves, and have several books, as, if this is once begun, the collection will grow much faster than one would suppose. It is much nicer to have some blank leaves in a recipe book, to copy other recipes on,—but writing paper may be tied into any book.

If any have scrap books now, shall we not have the benefit of their experience, and occasional extracts therefrom?

—Correspondence for this column has not been so brisk of late as we could desire. If one has not time to write a letter why can't they send a few hints on a postal card?

For the Home-Maker's Column. It is very convenient, and especially in the summer season when we are likely to have friends drop in upon us unexpectedly, to feel that there is something in the house to fall back upon in a time of need. Our city sisters can hardly realize what it is to live where it is impossible to order anything that is wanted at a moment's notice as they who have the telephone, etc.

Still, we would not have them think that we are not always glad to see them, although the butcher has not called for a week and there is not yet anything green in the garden. Here is a place where canned goods are very useful, and we would advise everyone to keep a small stock of this useful food, however much is said against it. There are some reliable firms, and although there are occasional instances of poisoning, canned goods have probably done much more good than harm. The great trouble is that cans are opened and the contents allowed to stand in them until the air acting upon the tin, etc., forms a poisonous substance. But enough of that.

If one has good bread and butter they never need worry over company. Then, preserve of any kind with bread will answer for desert.

Here are some recipes for cake, etc., that will keep indefinitely and it's nice to know there is something put away. Any kind of cake may be warmed by steaming and served with a sauce for pudding. As our Montreal friend suggested, last winter, stale sponge cake may be soaked in fruit juice and served with whipped cream, etc. Some of these recipes may have been given in this column before, but, oh, perhaps will bear repeating.

THE FASHIONS.
Vests are seen, both the close-fitting and the loose. Millinery vests, though now these are generally shirred at the waist line or fastened with metal clasps. Clasps are used a great deal, some dresses having them instead of buttons; often they are seen at the neck and waist. White pique vests are a novelty with plaid gowns.

High-shouldered capes of white lace are very fashionable, and are worn with all dresses—silk, velvet or muslin and lawn. They are made like a deep yoke for a waist and two or three rows of lace gathered in for the shoulders to give the high, puffed effect so fashionable. The edges are finished with a row or two of lace. These are specially pretty for little girls. Similar capes are made of black lace and embroidered with jet beads. Shoulder capes are made, too, of the same material as the dress, and take the place of a jacket for street wear.

Two-button kid gloves are one of the latest ideas, but the long gloves will be worn with elbow and short sleeves. Small mantles are short behind and long in front. Tucked skirts are still worn and tucked dresses are pretty for some materials. Gowns are again used on basques.

A late fashion magazine says the hats of misses and girls never were more graceful and becoming in shape or more plainly trimmed. A straw in natural tint, having band and knob of ribbon with perhaps a buckle at one side, is the leading style.

A pretty costume for young girls, suitable for all wash material, is a simple skirt tucked or ruffled and a round waist with low neck and merely shoulder straps. This is worn over a white waist. The white waist is often of lace or some unbleached goods.

NEEDLE-WORK.
(Boston Advertiser.)
A pretty work-case can be made in the shape of a dressing slipper, by cutting out two pieces of cardboard for the sole, and covering one with white silk or cashmere, the other with brown holland, and sewing them together with white silk; this makes the pin-holder. The front part of the slipper is also of cardboard, covered with velvet or satin and embroidered with colored silk or beads. Sew this on the sole, and stick around the open part a piece of silk large enough to draw up into a bag, which will hold work. Fasten some bands of white elastic across the heel part of the sole to hold the thumb, packets of needles, scissors, etc. [We would suggest a small needle-book, or at least a few small leaves would be more convenient than the needle-papers.]

VOLUME LI.

MY BIRTHDAY.

For the President.
My birthday comes mid-way sweet May-dew,
When sweet May birds are singing;
When nature's blessing, only smiles,
Where nature's blessing, only smiles.

III.
The birds are twittering in the trees,
Their songs burst forth with gladness;
On merry, warbling little birds!
Ye borrow naught of sadness.

IV.
Such carolling! they're so sweet with gladness,
Sweet little lives of holiness!
My morning drowsiness are broken,
By their joyous, happy intonations.

V.
A robin's calling to his mate!
Quick, quick! come quick, says he,
On how the spring-time waves,
To this old apple tree.

VI.
The babbling brook goes on its way
With many little voices;
Winks in and out among the rocks,
Slips over stony places.

VII.
Then glides into the shadowy woods,
Where little dew-drops lie;
Quite chilling some of their whirly breaths,
Why don't they say good-bye?

VIII.
Soft sighs are whispering through the trees,
These kisses on the water,
Make on the surface tiny waves,
Then to some other quarter.

IX.
A butterfly goes flitting by,
And then the busy bee;
I missed after a while a wish—
Much joy, oh come to me!

X.
To tell you now, that if you wish
To know how I feel to-day,
That wish to you will surely come,
By subtle, magic power.

XI.
Hark! doves are cooing to their mates,
As only doves can;
An acolyte one to maidens fair,
Love-stricken, sweet young men.

XII.
All things between spring is here!
The grasses green are growing,
The tender buds are swelling now,
The birds' new nests are seeking.

XIII.
Sweet murmurs of childhood's days,
These little flowers wake,
Or life untold by care or pain,
In faith and trust and prayer.

XIV.
For the Oxford Democrat.
PRAYING VERSE'S BOASTING.
LXXXVIII. 10, 14.
CRYSTALLIZED BY LUCAS BISHOP.

Two men to the temple went one day—
A Pharisee and Publican to pray.
The Pharisee, white washed, and outward fair,
Thus prayed himself and then called it a prayer:

"Thank God that I am like no other man,
Nor like this vile and hateful nation;
No adulterous act I commit,
Nor with extortioners do I ever sit;
I fast like my Lord, and I give to the poor,
I claim my legal rights, and that is all;
I thank I always fast in every week,
With heaven's gifts I feel seldom speak;
Times I give of all that I possess,
Once visited a widow in distress,
No heaven's right, of course to gain;
Indeed, my right to heaven is very plain!"

The Publican, out on the temple steps,
A view of his polluted heart he got;
He cried with penitence, and deep surprise:
To heaven will not lift up his wondering eyes.
He sees the awful force of God's blood,
In angels' smiles upon his guilty breast,
And prays, as never in his life before,
"O God, thy slightest mercy I implore,
And he went down, all purified and free,
Rather than the self-righteous Pharisee."

Exalted self did ever will above,
Wrote every humble soul, He crowns with grace.

STREET-CAR ROMANCE.
HOW A DRIVER WON THE HEART OF AN ALBANY BELLE.

Many years ago a freckled-faced, red-haired, round-shouldered Vermont boy, nineteen years old, was employed as a driver on a horse-car in Albany. Living not far from the corner of State and Eagle streets was a sixteen-years-old bewitching maiden who was one of his passengers almost daily. We will call her Louise Robbins. This driver, whom we will name Henry Martin in order to conceal his identity, though far from prepossessing in appearance, had as tender a heart under his rough exterior and far more genuine manliness than the majority of the city swells who parade State street then just as the dullest do today.

But Miss Louise thought the young car driver the most awkward and uncouth specimen of man-kind she had ever set her soft laughing black eyes upon. She drew his portrait and presented it to a lady friend, and labelled it, "The Red Horse, or the Horse-Car Heater." Many were the jokes she and her associates perpetrated on poor, inoffensive Henry Martin, and he was not so stupid as not to know it. Yet, unnatural as it may seem, the more she ridiculed him for the fonder he grew of Miss Louise; for the awkward youth, fully realizing the great gulph between their social stations, could not help worshipping the ground she trod upon. He knew how preposterous it was for a car-driver to cherish affection for the daughter of so wealthy an Albanian, yet her image was ever before him though he struggled hard to destroy his mad love. He ascertained her name by watching the store packages sent to her home, and the old diary still in his possession shows the name of Louise Robinson on every page.

His letters to his widowed mother in Vermont at that time were filled with descriptions of the dark-eyed school girl whom he thought the prettiest and dearest lady in all the land—and to that mother, the only person in the world who knew the value of his noble heart, he told the story of his silent worship of Miss Louise. Sensible mother that she was, she warned him of his folly, which must end only in disappointment.

At last there came a day when Louise was his only passenger. With a tempest in his soul and tears streaming down his face, he stammered out the declaration that she was an angel, and that he knew he had no right to talk so to her; "but

O Miss Robbins, if you knew how I love you, you would not blame me, for I can't help it." Louise did not scream or get frightened, she only laughed in his face and said, "You get back to that horse or he will run away and kill us both, and don't you dare to set like a fool again."

Notwithstanding Louise was still in her teens, she had listened several times to the tearful entreaties of fashionable young and old men, who not only knew that she was a fascinating creature, but were surely aware that she was the only daughter of a very wealthy gentleman.

She had told them all that they were very kind and she would always be their dear friend, sister, cousin or any thing but their wife. But poor Henry, with his fiery head, weather-beaten face, big hands, red and chapped, did not quite fall in touching a tender place in her heart; and when she had gone to bed that night, though she laughed almost hysterically as she thought of the car-driver's ludicrous performance, there came the conviction: Here is a genuine man, the only one of my admirers who means what he says, and for the first time she pitied a man. Then she grew angry with him for his audacity, called to her father and told him of the incident; but when the angry father said he would have him discharged and fired out of town the next day, she pleaded that he was a poor, simple fellow and that he did not mean to do anything wrong. But the father was obstinate, and the following day Henry was not surprised when he was not only discharged by the company but was warned to leave the city. The newspapers stated that the "bleared, red-headed ruffian, Henry Martin had made indecent proposals to a horse-car, and that he deserved to be lynched." At night he crept near the abode of Louise, that he might possibly have one more glimpse of her, when a policeman arrested him as a suspicious character, and he was taken to the lockup. While there a messenger brought a tiny envelope containing a little bunch of flowers, forget-me-nots, and a half sheet of paper on which were these words: "I know you mean no harm. I don't love you and I don't love any man. Please go away and don't come back for ten years." "A."

To most young men this would have been a very cheering letter; but to Henry it seemed the very gate of heaven. Next day he was liberated on the promise that he would leave the city. It had taken all of his earnings to support his mother, who was an invalid. The street railroad owed him only \$3, which was all the money he had in the world. With \$4 of it he bought a bouquet and sent it to Louise. In the centre of it on a piece of brown paper were these words: "I shall return ten years from yesterday. My hair may change, but my heart never. I shall think of you every hour, and pray for you each night."

He found a man who was shipping a blooded horse to Chicago, and by taking care of the animal Henry was allowed a free passage to that city. When he arrived in Chicago he had only 10 cents left. He spent five cents in a stamp and wrote to his mother. There was no despondency in that letter. He got a job in a livery stable that same day at good wages.

Within a few days a horse was stolen from the stable and Henry arrested on suspicion of being an accomplice. He lay in jail for ten days, when he was liberated for lack of evidence, just as he was coming down with brain fever. He was sent to the city hospital, where for two weeks he was delirious. His attendant noticed a strong cord about his neck, to which was attached a pewter locket, in which was a bunch of dried forget-me-nots. He was a mere shadow of his former self when he regained consciousness. A kind-hearted clergyman became an interested and frequent visitor to him; he loaned him books to read and, when he became strong enough, took Henry to his home. The red hair of Henry all came out, and when it grew again it was a dark Auburn color, and the freckles never returned.

The clergyman needed a man about the garden and to care for his horse, and gave Henry the situation at good wages. I must be brief in this romance from real life. In less than two years Henry Martin, thanks to the benevolent clergyman, was in Harvard College. In six years from the time he left Albany he was a minister of the gospel.

At the end of eight years he was the pastor of a fashionable church in Chicago at a salary of \$5000 a year, and he had \$5000 in his credit in the bank. Nine years and eleven months from the time he left Albany he started on his annual vacation. As he kissed his white-haired old mother good-bye he said, "The ten years are nearly gone. I can surely find her, and will telegraph the result. God help me."

Five years after Henry Martin's departure, misfortune came upon the father of Louise. Almost penniless, he and his daughter removed to New York, where he became a book-keeper for a gentleman whom he once employed in his store in Albany. The father and daughter lived in a modest way in an up-town flat.

Mr. Robbins never reproached Louise for anything, except that she was such a recluse from society and would allow no attention from any gentleman. He could see no beauty in an old dried bouquet, which Louise kept in her room, which she brought with her from Albany. He sometimes had fears lest she was losing her mind, for in her sleep she was conversing with him as if he were still there.

She almost stared at him to see if it was possible that he is a relative of the car-driver. No, she says to herself, it cannot be. What a magnificent bearing this gentleman has. He is the picture of health. His dark Auburn hair is brushed from a high, classical forehead. He is tall and thin, but is very erect and has square shoulders. His voice is deep and mellow and though his eyes are piercing there is an expression on his face as tender as a woman's. In a calm, dignified way the stranger inquires:

"Did you ever know a car-driver by the name of Henry Martin?" Before she could answer, the tears involuntarily filled her eyes. With trembling voice he interrupted her, and says: "It is now four o'clock; ten years ago, at this very hour, Henry Martin received your precious note. Are you willing to see him to-day, or—"

Before he can finish the sentence she has her arms about his neck, and says: "I knew you would return to me." When the Rev. Dr. Martin returned from his vacation he brought his wife with him, and, to day, in a city still further west, where he is the leading clergyman, he shows me a pretty locket containing some dried flowers, which he says were forget-me-nots, and introduces me to his wife, one of the loveliest ladies I have ever seen. Will your Albany readers recognize this very happy couple?—*Dover Cor. Albany Journal.*

A DOUBLE EAGLE.
Miss Sammis was the only daughter of the person so invariably called Old Sammis, in his native town, that no one called him by any other name, and until his will was read, the fact that he had been christened Octavius Cicero Sammis was actually unknown to many. However, he had actually not lived as many years as some who had not been thought of yet as more than middle-aged. It was his manner, his long nose and sharp chin, the wrinkles in the forehead, and the sparse gray hair that gave him the reputation of age, and his voice had not been those of young men, even at five-and-twenty. A prudent, saving boy, he had gone on to be a stinging young fellow and a miserly elderly man. His long, straight, brown coat, his shabby stove-pipe hat, his wrinkled boots, and the trousers, which, always too long and full for him, fell over them in many wrinkles, seemed always to be the same, and he had worn one glove for five years, having lost its mate three years after its purchase.

When his wife was ill the doctor had ordered wine and beef tea, but he had ordered "Beef-tea" uses up so much meat, and wine is very dear—and a bad habit also, my love. Don't you think you could take a nice little piece of fried pork and some old cider instead?" The poor woman had answered that she would try. But after she had tried a week even Old Sammis said that something must be done. He bought the wine and the beef, but before the tea was made she was past swallowing.

Her daughter came home from her uncle's then and cried over what the neighbors told her, but did not say to her father what she intended to say; for in going down stairs to hide in the cellar the bottle of wine his wife had left as full as when it came into the house, Old Sammis tripped and fell, the bottle broke and cut his arm and erysipelas set in, of which he died, and the girl who had washed dishes in her uncle's kitchen (to save her keep) found herself worth half a million.

She was a small, thin girl. She stooped a good deal, and her nose and chin nearly met; but she was neat and prim; and as soon as the power was hers she furnished this old house decently, and hired a servant. She might have cut a dash, and become a fashionable woman, but the thought did not occur to her. She felt happy when she thought of the money that belonged to her, and she could not bear to part with much of it. She was not able to bring herself to the point of buying a black silk dress for her aunt, who needed one sadly. Two or three hundred dollars would have filled a trunk over which those poor little shabby cousins would have danced with joy; but she could not do it. She could not have denied any one food or medicine, or fire, or light, or any thing useful under her own roof, as her father had denied her mother, for she was only twenty-one and a woman; but she had the old

man's blood in her veins, and the miser's craving lurked in her soul.

So the interest of her money was slowly but surely added to the principal, and she grew richer.

However, she was not yet a miser, and when certain things in the way of table-linen were wanted, she went down to the city to buy them, and to make a call or two as well, and was hurrying up Broadway from the ferry when just as she passed Trinity Church a man touched her on the arm, and said:

"Beg your pardon, lady, but haven't you lost a twenty-dollar gold piece?"

Now Miss Sammis knew well enough that she had had no gold whatever with her, but she hesitated before saying no. "I'm not sure, I must look," she said, looking for her porte-monnaie.

"I think I see it drop out of your pocket when you took out your handkercher," said the man.

Satan got the better of Miss Sammis. "Then I must have lost it," she said.

"Yes, lady; and it's honest of me to pick it up for you, ain't it, when I might as keep it?" said the young man, holding out the money. "And you hadn't oughter begrudge me a dollar to get a meal of victuals with, had you, just as a reward for honesty and encourage me?" whined the young man.

"Well, no. I think I ought to give you something," said the miser's daughter. "I was thinking of a quarter, but—"

she looked into her purse, and there lay a dollar bill—"but there!" she added, with a thrill of generosity. "There!"

The young man seized the money, said "Thank'ee," and vanished around a corner; and Miss Sammis, with the joy of one who has drawn a prize in the lottery, hurried to the shop where she intended to purchase her table-linen, made her selections, and offered the twenty-dollar gold piece. Cash carried it away in a basket, and in five minutes made a request that she would "step into the office" was made by a suave floor-walker, and she found herself under arrest on a charge of having tried to pass counterfeit coin.

"But I'm Miss Sammis of Hometown," exclaimed the poor girl, amidst her sobs. "I'm rich. It is impossible to suspect me."

"If you could remember where you got the money," said the policeman, as he put her into a cab, "it would be better for you. We are looking out for these very good pieces, and women are getting rid of them, and that makes it bad, you see."

And so they drove away from the little crowd that had gathered about the carriage, and Miss Sammis soon found herself in the presence of a justice of the peace.

The shopkeeper made his charge, but she had collected her senses. She gave her address, the name of her pastor, of her lawyer and influential persons in Hometown.

"It is mortifying to be charged with a thing," she said, "but you will soon find that I am not connected with a band of counterfeiters. I inherited half a million of money a short time ago. My father was Octavius Cicero Sammis."

Money commands civility, as a general thing. Every one became immensely polite. The lawyer was telegraphed for, and came in a tremendous state of excitement. He questioned his client as to her possession of the money, and her vague answers led him to believe that she was desirous to shield some one from suspicion.

"The truth must be told, my dear young lady," he said. "We will make you on oath. Your good heart makes you desire to protect an unworthy person, but for your own sake we must put you on oath."

And so the thin lips of Miss Sammis kissed the Bible, and the questions were asked:

"Where did you get this gold piece?"

"From a man on the street."

"What was the man's name?"

"I do not know."

"Why did he give it to you?"

"He asked me if I had lost it."

"And you said?"

"At first I did not know; then, perhaps, and I gave him a reward for finding it. He asked for it."

"Had you dropped it?"

"No."

"How do you know?"

"I brought no gold with me."

"It is a very common trick, and generally succeeds," said the judge to the lawyer. "It is clear that Miss Sammis did not know that the money was counterfeit."

The lawyer took the lady home. On the way they scarcely spoke; but alone, in her own room, Miss Sammis, overwhelmed with shame, wept herself ill.

She might have felt only indignation at a false arrest, but she knew in her inmost soul that when she falsely claimed that money, she was at heart a thief. She began to think as she had never thought before, and she understood that she had inherited the miser's mania, and that it was growing on her, so that she, a rich woman, had, as she believed, taken from a poor and honest man what did not belong to her. It was true she had been tricked and cheated, but that did not alter the facts.

Then she prayed for help, and grew strong. She did not alter her plain way of living, but she entertained her friends and gave to the poor. She saw to the education of her little cousins, and sent many a kind gift to her aunt and she helped her pastor in his work.

Kindly feelings grew in her heart, and her face softened, and she grew agreeable in appearance and attractive in manner. And, finally, the most softening influence in the world filled her heart. She loved a good man, who loved her tenderly. Together they live amongst their children in old Hometown, and are known as the most kindly of its people. No good object but they are ready to further. The miser's daughter has conquered her hereditary vice—one so nearly allied to dishonesty that the miser is always ready to become a thief, and generally is one—and the angels smile over her victory.

For the Democrat.
NOTES OF A NEW ENGLAND TRIP.
No. 111.
NEWPORT, R. I., May 26, '84.

Mr. Editor: Have just arrived in this "city by the sea," the most elegant and fashionable watering-place in America, as well as the most beautiful city. Its splendid avenues are lined with costly and palatial residences, surrounded by shaded and decorated lawns, and with groves and flower gardens of the utmost beauty and elegance. There are many buildings more than a century old, and the old dwelling-houses along the shore present a striking contrast to the fine villas in the upper town. Washington Square is the principal one, while the Avenue is said to be the most magnificent promenade in the country, being two miles long and eighty feet wide, with the most costly mansions on either side. The Avenue has recently been extended, and now includes ten miles, affording some of the finest scenery.

The Beach—and there are three fine ones—is composed of smooth, hard sand over which the breakers "break and flow" in grand succession. The harbor is deep and one of the best. It is guarded by Forts Wolcott and Adams, the second strongest in the U. S., mounting 160 guns.

But few people are here now, although some have come early. The height of the season will be during July.

The chief object of interest, as well as of curiosity, is the old "Stone Mill" or "Round Tower," the origin and probable purpose of which, though veiled in mystery, has furnished the theme of many a tale in story and in song. When and why it was built is unknown. Some claim it to be the work of the early Norse adventurers, while others maintain that it is an old colonial windmill built by an early Governor of the Island. Be that as it may, it is a singular structure, being circular in form, built of small stones cemented, resting upon eight pillars of the same material with arched doorways between. Its height is about twenty feet, and it contains several windows or loop-holes.

Other objects of interest are the Jewish Synagogue—the first one in America—the State House, the Redwood Library—with 15,000 volumes, and a choice collection of paintings and statuary—and many fine hotels and churches. Among the last named is old Trinity, 150 years old, with its ancient organ, its high-backed pews and pulpit in the centre of the congregation. Here Washington, Lafayette and others attended divine service, and here the *bon ton* of the city, the most "fancy" people, still worship. Around it is the old cemetery, where repose the ashes of several illustrious men. Other interesting objects about the city and in the bay will write of later.

Tomorrow is to be a great day for Newport. It is "Election day" and Fourth of July isn't a circumstance to it. Political matters are different here than in Maine. The Island of Rhode Island—from which the State takes its name—was once the whole State, while outside of it was Providence Plantations. Writes of election, and votes are still made out in the old form, while two capitals still exist in the little State, one at Newport, the other at Providence.

Elections are held on the first Wednesday of April, while Inauguration—or as it is popularly called "election day"—is on the last Tuesday in May, annually. Everybody prepares for the latter day. New clothes and finery are bought, and everyone is on the *quiver* for a good time. Today and for a long time the boys, and girls too, have been busy picking up and saving for the glorious election "Fourth." Old bottles, junk and scraps have been "acared up" by "Young America" and sold to be converted into the snap dragons of china, and the other paraphernalia of patriotism, so dear to the average small boy. In this State a man who votes is somebody. He is a man of property, as that is one of the essential qualifications of his voting. Every voter must have at least \$154 worth, we think it is, to entitle him to Newport.

The Newport is a beautiful city, but, like other large places, it has a very extensive and beautifully laid out "City of the Dead," over the "narrow houses" of many of which are elegant monuments and sculpturings. As we walk about the fine avenues of its many yards there is a squad of soldiers preparing for Decoration Day, planting The Flag above the graves of those who died to save it. Thus does the whole country remember its honored dead, scattered in thousands of yards all over the North; while also the "Boys in Blue," who this night are quietly sleeping under the stars of a Southern sky, many of them in unknown graves, are still "to memory dear" in the homes and hearts of the North. And let us hope that even the people of the South may drop a tear of sorrow and re-

gret above the graves of the brave boys who fell on their soil in defense of country and the rights of man. For "All silent and still, the Blue and the Gray are sleeping now, side by side."

Ed. Hall.

THE COPIAH COUNTY VERDICT.
(From the *Vindicator*, Port. Ind. Dem.)
"Wheeler has been found 'not guilty' by the jury at Hazlehurst. It has come to this. A man of friends and influence may deliberately, without cause or provocation, shoot his fellowman down upon the steps, and then come before the courts of this country, and stand a mock trial and go free. This is why mob law prevails to such an alarming extent in our land. It is a fearful thought. Just as certain as there is a world, things are getting into an appalling shape. That the killing of Print Matthews was deliberate murder, we believe no man doubts. And yet he is acquitted by a jury of 12 men acting under their solemn oaths, and who say they invoked the guidance of the Supreme Intelligence of the universe before making up their verdict."

We believe those fellows to be perjured scoundrels and detestable hypocrites, whose disgraceful conduct is a burning, blistering shame upon the people of Copiah county, the people of Mississippi, the people of the United States, and our common humanity everywhere. This is past endurance. It must be corrected, or the fall of our institutions is inevitable. In addition to the Wheeler case, and almost on "all fours" with it, is the Butler case in Lafayette county. Unless the newspapers belied Butler most shamefully, he deliberately took the life of Sam Thompson, and left his widow and orphan to struggle through this wicked world alone; and this, too, we believe, to avenge some petty spite growing out of a local feud in Oxford. Yet he has been acquitted. Oh! shame! Words fail us. The bitterest denunciation would be feeble.

A FALSE THEORY.
It has been the delight of agitators to ring the changes on the phrase, "Rich men are growing richer and the poor, poorer." In an address by Carlton, revised by Dio Lewis, and given in his Magazine for September, exceptions are taken to the statement so lightly uttered and so generally accepted without argument. It says:

"It is true that the rich are growing richer, but it is not true that the poor are growing poorer. The poor man keeps step with the rich in the enjoyment of our numberless improvements. His house, his dress, food, newspapers, library, lectures, &c., &c., are the great blessings of life, and he enjoys them in common with the rich man. The poor man of today is vastly better off than the poor man of fifty years ago. The Irish ride to the cemetery, when one of their number dies, in coaches far more luxurious than the best at the demand of England's great Queen, Elizabeth."

At the beginning of the century, there was probably not a bed in the world as comfortable as may now be purchased by two day's wages of a hod carrier. Carpenters and blacksmiths can spread their tables with luxuries which it was not possible for Queen Victoria to obtain when she ascended the throne. The fruits of all climates are to be found in our markets."

For the Oxford Democrat.
A PLEASANT RIDE.
Mr. Editor:

BETHEL, June 24.—Your correspondent starts from Bethel to Norway, by the way of Greenwood City, (so called because when first settled quite a collection of houses were erected there.) A little beyond is what is called Hix Pond and still further on, Mad Pond. A very pleasant drive of a few miles further brings us to Noble's Corner, also a little distance from the road is Swift's Corner. Now a charming scene is the apple-tree blossoms, which almost fill the air with their fragrance. Soon we come to Frost's Corner, and the pond called by some Norway Pond presents a lovely scene. The school house is very pleasantly situated here and the water affords pleasure for scholars and teacher. Soon we come to Norway Village which is a rapidly growing place, and amply supplied with good stores of every variety. The dentist, Mr. Clark, filled some teeth for us in a very skillful manner. It is worth while to get a good dentist to fill decayed cavities in season and thus save your teeth. The milliners, Crockett Sisters, are very fine appearing ladies and have a superior stock of goods. We took our trip back by way of So. Paris, W. Paris and Bean's Corner, thus getting a good view of the most important places. So. Paris is also a growing place. It was a lovely ride. The frost has disfigured some of the leaves, but a softer tinge of green on trees and grass is seldom seen, and the orchards all along presented a fine collection of blossoms, which bespeaks a good crop of apples to many who raised so few last year.

We think Norway Village exceeds any we passed through or saw in business. Bethel is a fine place for summer resort, and at this season of the year beauty seems to be an all pervading presence everywhere.

The perfume of flowers, the waving fields, the hills that have for ages stood, Each little brook and singing bird, All things we speak of and find so good.

NON DE PLUME.

The *Human Atlantic* brings the end of "A Roman Journey," Mr. Crawford's best story and one of the best serials the Atlantic has ever printed; and two additional chapters of Dr. Weir Mitchell's excellent story, "In War Time." Richard Grant White has a second paper on "The Automating of William Shakespeare," in which he pays his pungent respects to a recent critic of the Riverside Shakespeare. Rev. J. G. Wood writes of "

