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THE HAWAIIAN GAZETTE. A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO HAWAIIAN PROGRESS.

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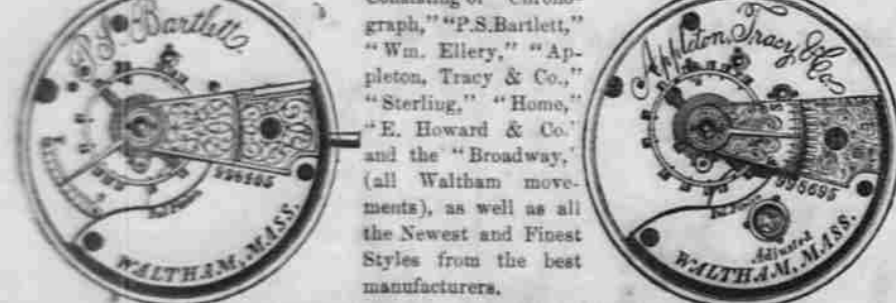


WATCHES, WATCHES



M. McINERNEY

HAS JUST RECEIVED AN IMMENSE INVOICE OF The Finest Gold and Silver Watches ever brought to Honolulu!



Consisting of "Chronograph," "P.S. Bartlett," "Wm. Ellery," "Ap-pleton, Tracy & Co.," "Sterling," "Homo," "E. Howard & Co.," and the "Broadway," (all Waltham movements), as well as all the newest and finest Styles from the best manufacturers.

STEM WINDING GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES To suit all tastes and ages, and ALL SIZES, FOR LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND BOYS.

He has also on hand an Extensive and Elegant LINE OF THE VERY BEST JEWELRY.

Such as Finger Rings, Ear Rings, Breastpins, Studs, Amulets, and all classes of Goods in the Jewelry Line. The Diamond Settings are the purest and best in the market, and the styles the most superb ever offered here.

ALSO, A FULL LINE OF The Best and most Elegant Silverware



FROM THE CELEBRATED GORHAM MANUFACTURING CO., U. S. A.

THE UNDERSIGNED BEING Sole Agent on these Islands

For the above Goods, and as he imports direct from the manufacturers on his own account for Cash, he is prepared to sell

WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE AT A MUCH LOWER PRICE than they can be obtained anywhere outside the United States. The Trade supplied on good terms, and a Liberal Discount allowed for Cash.

M. McINERNEY.

HOME MANUFACTURES



BOOTS AND SHOES

I WANT THE PUBLIC TO KNOW THAT I have prepared to manufacture in order Boots and shoes of every description, and that I have made arrangements with the most celebrated manufacturers in the United States to supply me with the best material for Boots, Shoes and Harness.

Calters, Boots and Shoes, TO SATISFY MY CUSTOMERS

Sold at the Lowest Cash Prices.

THE VERY BEST WORKMEN, AND KEEP THE BEST OF STOCK.

QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS

will have nothing wanting to please my patrons

E. O. Hall & Son.

Downer's Kerosene Oil.

Neonday Kerosene Oil.

Electric Kerosene Oil.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

WHITING FAIR!

IT IS WITH PLEASURE WE ANNOUNCE that our "Whiting Fair" is now open, and that we have secured the best quality of Whiting from the Hawaiian Islands.

FOR SALE OR LEASE.

56 ACRES IN HAWAII, BACK OF PRISON.

CONCHEE & AHUNG

Dealers in China Goods

Clothing, Fancy Goods, JEWELRY AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE

WORY, TORTOISE SHELL & SANDALWOOD GOODS.

Merchandise of every Description.

HAWAIIAN GAZETTE

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY T. CRAWFORD MACDOWELL.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 31, 1879.

No. You Don't.

Mr. Joe Beckly stepped out on the ample porch of the agricultural club. He looked forth with disgust upon the dense fog in which London was enshrouded and then he turned with delight upon a ticket for Calais which he held in his hand.

Mr. Joe Beckly had an exceedingly rural air. Large and brawny, and grizzled, his joints all classily developed, he looked like a backwoodsman. Being a bachelor, also, his toilet lacked that adjustment which a wife's touch or suggestion imparts, and intensified his rural air.

But that Mr. Beckly possessed intelligence was proven by his wide-awake air, and by the fact that he had brought no baggage to Europe, except the little satchel now depending by a strap from his muscular shoulder.

The Honorable Felix Plimpot, M. P., stepped out upon the porch with him.

"Bon voyage, Mr. Beckly. When you get back to America, pray forward us your articles in the *Spande and How*, whenever they appear."

"Good-by Mister Plimpot. The best time I've had in England I had on your demesne, sir; and when the land question comes up in parliament again, I hope you'll send me a copy of your speech."

"With pleasure, sir." The two shook hands heartily, and Mr. Joe Beckly departed.

Every one of the half a dozen body gentlemen in gray approached, and slapped him familiarly on the shoulder.

"How do ye do Barry? When did ye get in Ploverport?"

"You are mistaken in your name," said Mr. Beckly.

"What! Ain't this Barry Baxter?"

"No, sir. My name is Beckly."

"I beg pardon. I mistook you for Baxter name Lund, some whiskers. Where are you from, sir?"

"I am an American."

"Possible! I have a brother in America. What part are you from?"

"Near Springfield, Massachusetts."

"Ah, yes; my brother has been there. Stopping in town with your family, sir?"

"With my family," replied Mr. Beckly, a sly twinkle creeping into his eyes.

"Yes. My wife and the twins are staying at the Merry-go-round."

"Ah! Well, sir, if you see my brother when you get back, please give him my love. And the steady man in gray walked away.

Mr. Beckly looked after him in some surprise, then turned and went on.

Half a square beyond a voice hailed him.

"Cab, sir?"

"No, I'll walk," replied Mr. Beckly.

The cabman dashed on, and just as Mr. Beckly turned back his head, somebody stumbled out of the fog and fell into his arms.

"What a fall!" exclaimed Mr. Beckly, as he caught the man.

"Pray excuse me," he exclaimed. "What is this Mr. Beckly? It certainly is! How do you do, sir? How do you do?"

And the spare man, shook hands cordially with him.

"Really, you have the better of me," said Mr. Joe Beckly, perplexed. "I don't recollect your name."

"Copper, sir. Copper! We met in Massachusetts some months ago, you remember?"

"Oh, did we? Where was it?" at the horticultural meeting?" inquired Mr. Beckly.

"It could have sworn he never met the man before."

"Yes, that was the time. How is Mrs. Beckly, sir? and how are the twins getting on? I should like to see them all. Are they in town?"

A light broke over Mr. Beckly's face. All uncertainty vanished.

"They are with me, Copper, at the Merry-go-round," he said.

"A glad to hear it. You are going that way, I shall be pleased to accompany you. When did you come over?"

"Last month," responded Mr. Beckly.

"And the two walked on, apparently full of good feelings."

"I am proud to welcome you to our country. And what do you think of England, Mr. Beckly?"

"Well, I think it superior to America in some respects, but I wouldn't care to live in England. You are well acquainted here, why America is still cruder; but, after all, your wife has a great many poor people, while we have almost none. What business are you in, Copper?"

"Stock raising. I am just testing a theory of my own. I've learned in what temperature cattle will fatten fastest, and have built sheds, so as to keep them in that temperature all the year round. Don't know how 'twill operate. I'm in town now in the winter months, and this, that reminds me where are we? Ah, this is No. 1,111. I have an errand at No. 1,123. I took a lottery ticket on a debt, and they say it's a prize number. I'd like to step in and see if it's good for anything. Here we are now; just drop in a moment with me, Mr. Beckly."

"No, thank you," said Mr. Joe Beckly.

"Oh, yes, just a minute; then I'll go on with you."

"Very well."

paid the money, and drew twenty-eight pounds and sixpence.

"Lack is against me," said the clerk mournfully. "There's going to be a run of prizes now, sure!"

"Do you see that? Do you see that, Beckly? I tell you we can make a fortune. Try a five-pounder!"

"No," said Mr. Joe Beckly. "I guess not. But I tell you, Copper, you try two shillings for me; if it wins, I'll pay you back."

"But if it don't?"

"Then I won't pay you anything."

"Better try for yourself, sir," said the clerk affably.

"No," said Joe, "I guess not."

Mr. Copper looked at him doubtfully.

"Well, I'll try for you on these terms," he said at last. He tried, and drew ten pounds. Mr. Joe Beckly took it gravely and handed out two shillings.

"Very much obliged," said he.

"You're welcome," replied Copper: "Now let's try five pounds."

"What did you say your name was?" asked Mr. Joe Beckly.

"Copper."

"Copper! Copper! Copper! I thought you said Copper. I guess it wasn't me you met at Springfield?"

"Oh, yes it was."

"It must have been my son James."

"No, it was you."

"Or my son Jedediah, or Ephraim, or Samuel."

"No, it was you."

"Well, then, if it was me—good-bye, Copper."

The men started.

"What, sir! Surely you will try your luck again?" said the clerk.

"This is not fair!" exclaimed Mr. Copper.

"By no means! You must try, sir!" exclaimed the clerk.

Mr. Beckly retreated toward the door. They followed him fiercely, the clerk with club in hand. Mr. Beckly looked at them, then out of an adjacent window.

Upon the level of the London fog dense, but looking through from the house in quite penetrable. A policeman stood below, on the opposite side of the street. Joe Beckly threw up the broad window.

"Do you see him?" he asked pointing toward the officer. "I must leave you, sir. I don't object, or I shall have to call on him, Good-day, Copper."

They glanced out into the street, looked at Joe Beckly's brawny, muscular form, and kept quiet, although livid with rage, as he stepped out.

In the hall, Mr. Joe Beckly looked at the ten-pound note. To his surprise, it was genuine.

He came back and opened the door. The two men stood confronting each other, disputing angrily.

"Ah! Copper, if you visit America again, come and see me. We'll go con hunting, and I'll enjoy your hunting, I know. The con is an interesting animal, Copper, but he's mighty sly!"

He went down stairs, hailed a cab, and was whirled toward the depot, with shrewd smiles on his Yankee face.

A Good Story about Alexander Stephens and Bob Toombs.

A doctor named Royston had visited Peter Bennett for his bill, long overdue, for attending the wife of the latter. Alexander H. Stephens was on the Bennett side, and Robert Toombs was on the doctor's side, and the doctor was for Dr. Royston. The doctor proved the number of his visits, their value according to local custom, and his own authority to do medical practice. Mr. Stephens told his client that the physician had made out his case, and as there was nothing wherewith to rebut or offset the claim, the only thing left to do was to pay it. "No," said Peter; "I hired you to speak in my case, and now speak."

Mr. Stephens told him there was nothing to say; he had looked on to see that it was made out, and it was.

Peter was obstinate, and at last Mr. Stephens told him to make a speech himself, if he thought one could be made.

"I will," said Peter Bennett, "if Bobby Toombs won't be too hard on me."

"Gentlemen of the Jury—You and I are plain farmers, and if we don't like together these two lawyers and doctors will get the advantage of us. I ain't no lawyer nor doctor, and I ain't no objections to them in their proper place; but they ain't farmers, gentlemen of the jury. I don't see this man Royston was a new doctor, and I want for him to get the advantage of me. I ain't no lawyer nor doctor, and I ain't no objections to them in their proper place; but they ain't farmers, gentlemen of the jury. I don't believe he is no doctor, no way; but this man don't care his money, and if you send for him, as Mrs. Sarah Atkinson did for a negro boy as was worth \$1,000, he just kills him and wants pay for it."

"Don't," thundered the doctor.

"Did you care him?" asked Peter, with the slow accents of a Judge with the black cap on.

The doctor was silent and Peter proceeded.

"As I was sayin' gentlemen of the jury, we farmers when we sell our cotton has got to give half for the money we ask, and doctors ain't no one too good to put to the same rule. I ain't no doctor, but I don't believe this Sam Royston is no doctor, nohow."

"The physician again put in his ear, with a look at his diploma, if you think I am no doctor."

"His diploma?" exclaimed the new-fledged orator with great contempt. "His diploma! Gentlemen, it is a big word, but it is printed sheepskin, and it didn't make no doctor of the sheep as first wore it, nor does it of the man as now carries it. A good newspaper has more in it, and I'll put out to you that he ain't no doctor at all."

The man of medicine was now in a fury, and screamed out, "Ask my patients if I am not a doctor!"

"I asked my wife," retorted Peter, "an' she said as how she never saw no doctor."

"Ask my other patients," said Dr. Royston. This seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back, for Peter replied with a look and tone of unutterable sadness:

"This is a hard job, gentlemen of the jury and one that requires a man or to have patience as I've heard tell ceased to be exercised since the Apostles. Does he expect me to bring the Angel Gabriel down to toot his horn before him and cry and cry, 'Amen, ye good, and tell this con man, jury of the doctor of the sheep as first wore it, nor does it of the man as now carries it. A good newspaper has more in it, and I'll put out to you that he ain't no doctor at all.'"

Unhappy Marriages.

[From the *Yankee Statesman*.]

The truth is that these too-frequent "unhappy marriages" are the offspring of ignorance quite as much as of actual sin or wrong. Fools, and especially vicious fools, have no right to get possession of an honest woman's life and soul which they cannot comprehend, and the elevating influence of which they throw away even more by stupidity than by willfulness.

A woman, by her sense and character, has a claim for many things besides shelter, food and clothing. She is not less a woman for being wedded; and the man who is fit to be treated with a good wife reflects all this which implies and shows himself perpetually chivalrous, sweet-spoken, considerate and deferential. The fool and brute who abound among us may think such demands hard; but they are not nearly as bad as to live with and dog life, missing the dearest possibilities of human intercourse.

What right has a man to expect happiness in a household who brings no sunshine into it? What right has he to look for the grace and refinements of early love when he violates them by rule speech, ill-manners and the disregard of those little things upon which the self-respect of a wife is built and maintained? The cynic who presides at marriages generally one and the same with the thoughtless egoist who flows into the presence of his wife careless, stubborn and untempered, though he never vent to his mistress except on his best behavior.

The fate is horrible which a pure and faithful girl may endure by encountering in him whom she loves not as a cruel or a coward, but as a stupid incompetence to understand a woman's needs, dull forgetfulness of the daily graces of life and oblivion of the fact that while men have the special means of masculine indignities do not, indeed, often lead to visible catastrophe nor grow into absolute tyranny, but they equally tend to cloud the soul.

They drag down a wife's soul to the point of despair; they change the sublime meaning of marriage to vulgarity and weariness; they spoil the chance of that best and finest of all education which each man obtains who wins a reasonably good woman for his companion, and they cost more to a million households than money or repentance can ever pay back.

Four Tennessee Girls Who Didn't Go to Church.

There is a beautiful pellicid lake in a certain county in Tennessee, which is noted as much for its beauty as for the beauty of its water and surrounding scenery. It was an impromptu bathing pool for all the boys in the neighborhood, except on Sundays, when they are at church, lying about on the grass and telling stories, which were occasionally interrupted by the loud tones of the preacher. The second warm Sunday this spring four pretty, romping girls were staying together at a farm house near the lake, and when every-body started to church they followed that they would stay home and go bathing in the lake; which they did to their entire satisfaction. They swam and giggled and splashed like mermaids and nymphs, and then sat on the bank like frogs, and then splashed and swam and giggled some more, and calculating their time, so as to get to the house before the church-goers returned, they presently crawled out of the water to dress; but what was their consternation to discover some dozen or so black things attached to the snowy forms of each one of the nymphs. They yelled with forty-girl power, and tried to pull off the leeches, but the vermin had too good taste, in more sense than one, to be pulled off. The attack on faster the more the girls screamed. The fright got the better of manly modesty, and the four fair damsels out for home just as they were in Tennessee bathing dresses, which meant nothing at all. It happened, however, that brother Ebenezer Crawford was sick that day, and services were short, so that the four Eve-like fugitives came out on the main road and met two-thirds of the congregation. Their relatives did not recognize them in that slight state of leeches, and naturally thinking it was a female fanatic asylum broken loose, took after them pell-mell. Away they went over bush and brier, and wamble and the whole congregation, and by the dozens, after the four girls. At last they ran in some hay stacks, and it was only then that the dilemma was discovered. The chase returned, and four old ladies went out and brought the girls in.—Washington Capital.

Why He Fought Not.

John Farrago, a Connecticut militia captain, once declined a duel in the following words:

"Sir—I have two objections to this duel before me. The one is I should hurt you; the other is I should not hurt you. I do not see what good it would do me to shoot you. I could make no use of you when dead for any military purpose, as I would a rabbit or a turkey. I could not eat you. Why then needlessly shoot you down? A buffalo would make better meat than you. For though your flesh may be delicate and tender, it wants that firmness and consistency that makes and retains salt. It might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a racoon or opossum; but I do not like barbecue meat."

Beside, it would seem a strange thing for me to shoot at anything that stands still to be shot at, as I am accustomed to shoot at things flying."

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Meeting of Strange Monkeys.

About a year ago five chimpanzees, or orang-outangs, a species of monkey nearest resembling human beings, were brought to the New York Aquarium, of which only one now remains. Not long since another arrived from Central Africa, and there was much curiosity to see how the two creatures would act at their first meeting. The stranger was put in the cage, "Tommy," the old inhabitant, looked at him a moment with some little distrust, then he approached nearer, and after a little hesitation three or four men by his shoulder in a manner that was almost human. They looked into each other's eyes with serious faces, and clasping their long arms about each other embraced. Then they separated, and "Tommy" extended his hand, which the newcomer took and shook. Then "Tommy" offered the courtesy of his cage to the new-comer, gave him a part of his blanket and the remains of his dinner. When the new arrival was given his first bath he objected strongly, and fought against soap and water, and brush and comb like an obstinate child, while "Tommy" looked on in apparent gloom. At ten o'clock at night the new chimpanzee was wrapped up in his blanket, sleeping soundly, and "Tommy" with his blanket pulled over his shoulders, sat at a low table away, watching him with great solicitude.

"Well, my sweet," said John, pulling up his collar. "That depends upon circumstances. In some cases I should advocate contraction of currency, and in others expansion of it. It is according to the circumstances—that is, the condition of things."

"But what is the difference between the two, and how do circumstances affect them—that's what I want to know, John?"

"Oh! That's easily explained," said John, in a tone of cheerfulness. "For instance, when we are alone we both sit on our chairs, don't we?"

"Yes."

"That's contraction. When we hear your ma or your missus get on two chairs, do we not?"

"I should certainly say that we did."

"Well, my love, that is expansion."

"John," said the burrowing trader, "we are contracting now, ain't we?"

"Yes, but," said John Henry, with intense cheerfulness.—*Pooris Journal*.

A Nevada Sunset.

This is the way an enthusiastic reporter describes a sunset:

The western horizon was banked up with billowy masses of cloud-cushions, like vaporous cushions of the gods, and down into this yielding bed sank Helios! The whole convoluted cloud-bed had, but a moment before, been bathed in the golden sheen of his dazzling rays, but as the feathery edges of the clouds drooped him of his splendor, the beautiful Apollo seemed like a marvellous fair woman, who lays aside her jewels and her gold ornaments and appears in her natural beauty, so rosy and softly bright did he become. The cloud which concealed the sun became black on its earthward side as it fell into shadow, but through the lessening thickness of its margin the dazzling white brilliance of the sun's light was seen, and from the scolloped edges the aerial darts of the god shot a way to the zenith and to all parts of the sky, quivering in their flight. Around the border of the cloud, from the bank of which this magnificent halo emanated, played all the colors of the rainbow, blending into tints which could not be counted for their number or described for their variety. There seemed to be rain falling from one of the adjacent clouds, and traversing the prismatic drops of the shower, the sunlight divided itself into seven hues, which were themselves mingled together again with most varied and exquisite result.

The Human Manufactory.

A man may eat and drink heartily all day, and sit and rest as long as he likes, in any sense of the word; but his body must keep hard at work all the time, or it will die. Suppose the stomach refused to work within ten minutes after a hearty dinner, the man would die in convulsions in a few hours, or he would be so weak and wretched that he would not last a week. Suppose the pores of the skin—meaning thereby the glandular apparatus with which they are connected—should go out of work, he would in an hour be burning up with fever, or oppression would seize upon the system, and soon become insupportable. Suppose the liver became morbid, the appetite would be annihilated, food would be loathed, torturing pains would invade the small of the back, and the head would ache to bursting. Suppose the kidneys shut up shop, and dangers more imminent, sufferings more unbearable, and death more certain, would be the speedy and inevitable result. If the little workshops of the eye should close, in an hour he could not see, and in another hour he would be blind; or if those of the tongue should close, it would become dry as a bone and stiff as steel. To keep such a complicated machinery in working order for a lifetime is a miracle of wisdom; but to work them by pleasures of eating and drinking is a miracle of beneficence.

A Just Victory.

A mother's just victory has ended a singular trial in the court of Common Pleas in New York. William H. Hynes, a St. Louis man of considerable property, formed the acquaintance of a woman at London in 1871, and, while no marriage ceremony was performed, lived with and acknowledged her as his wife. After the birth of two children, about a year ago Mr. Hynes was thrown from his carriage and received fatal injuries. While he recovered, consciousness, the first words he uttered were a request that his "wife and children" might be brought to him. After his death his sisters admitted to the estate in the United States on the representation that he had died unmarried and intestate. Mrs. Hynes came to New York, where the property is situated, with her children, and the suit which has just terminated was brought to test the question whether the wife of the deceased was a marriage recognized as valid by the law. The case was fought with much bitterness by the relatives of the deceased, by whom the services of a private detective agency had been called into requisition to ferret out the life history of the plaintiff in the suit. The detective discovered nothing to her discredit. The verdict was given without hesitation for the plain, the jury evidently being convinced that in all a mere form also was the faithful wife of the deceased, and was recognized, trusted and beloved as such by him to his dying hour. As the happy mother left the court room with her children, it was evident that the sympathy of the bench, the bar, and the finding of the jury was regarded by all as a just and righteous verdict.

What Comfort it is to Poor Women.

What comfort it is to poor women, who yet like to look well, to remember that it is not so much what is worn as how it is worn that produces the general effect of being well dressed. The material may be splendid, but if ill cut or ill adjusted the woman appears no better for it. A linen dress made with taste is more becoming than a silk out of the mode or awkwardly put on; and the simplest dress, tied by one who knows just how to do it, will be more elegant than the costliest scarf in the arrangement of which taste has not been consulted. We have seen a girl who earned five dollars a week and dressed herself in all that produced a fine effect of toilette than another whose father paid her bills without question. The same money may as often be spent on what is ugly and common looking as on what is delicate and elegant. There is a choice in everything, from a calico to a velvet.

A Man can not afford to be unfaithful under any circumstances; can not afford to be mean at any time; can not afford to do less than his best at all times and under all circumstances. No matter how wrongfully you are placed, and no matter how unjustly you are treated, you can not for your own sake, afford to say anything but the truth, and to render anything but your best services; you can not afford to lie; you can not afford to do other than deal uprightly with any man, no matter