

I have been aware of the existence of this second class of necessities ever since I was quite a youth. Most youths know of it, but, like all other sins, they don't like to confess it.

My first impression of them was made by a corset board applied by mother for refusing to take Moffatt's Vegetable Pills for a bad cold. Moffatt died soon after that, and I never could learn whether it was from chagrin at the way in which he was looked upon as a pill-maker by the juvenile world, or whether he died of a broken energy because he could find no way to make his pills any more bitter. Be that as it may, I took the pills and took the corset board also, and though I only received three sound licks and an attempt, as interest for my mother's vain endeavors, it was for eight hours that I could not walk either bent or straight, and had to go half of each, somewhat in the raw-potato-chelic style that you so often see in fashionable circles now, especially in the streets and other public assemblies. But it was not a fashionable style in the time that I refer to, and that is why I did not like it. I am fond of anything that's fashionable, but I have very little appetite for things that are not, especially "necessities that make us." Now, I have often read of necessities that make men, but I have often thought that those three licks and one attempt from that corset board "made me" as effectually as destiny ever made any one.

I come now to the third and last division of my subject—military necessities.

These are the most terrible necessities of them all. They are a mixture of the other kinds of necessities, partaking altogether of the evil natures of both of them.

I had some idea of them when at a military school, but add this to what I knew afterward, and then deduct the difference, and it was just like theory and practice, between which any marriageable man or woman can tell you there is a difference so vast that the sum total would amount to more than the "consequential damages" done by the Alabama.

I admire a military necessity less than any of the necessity family, and have often wished that I had never formed its acquaintance.

I was once told by the "roll call" professor at my institute, that it was a military necessity that I should guard a famous rowdy student during his punishment, because I jumped into my bunk on the right foot instead of the left. My period of watching was six hours—four extra and two regular duty. I had watched five of them and fell asleep. The ungrateful rascal, entirely unmindful of the hardship I was undergoing for him, dropped my jacket collar full of red hot parched ground-peas. I heard a yell like that of a wounded Chocaw, an explosion of blank cartridges on my back, and knew of little else until I was brought to the next morning by somebody rubbing me with turpentine and pasting down a cream plaster parallel with my spinal extension.

My next military necessity came in the form of an order from my Colonel during the war, to remain in the breast-works after the army had fallen back. Now this was a very stern military necessity, and one that I had little appetite for. Ever since that time I have liked military necessities less, and learned to look upon retreats as perfect shams. I had always liked retreats better than any other part of service, because, being a good *retreatist*, I was always sent as "ascout" in front of the army, when going backwards, to hunt chickens and eggs for the hospital.

My next experience was soon after this, and in time of a large battle. It was thought to be a necessity to send our part of the line forward first. I did not see the reason in it, but it was done. I soon saw less reason in it, and so far as I was concerned it was *undone*. I soon became again overwhelmed with enthusiasm as to the grandness of the scenic art displayed before me, and this feeling, conveyed itself from the cerebrum down the colossal artery of the backbone, down the leaders of my legs, and thence taking root in my heels, I hurled gun and ammunition to the idle winds and the seekers after ambition, and led out for the rear, at a rate I have never yet seen equaled. A Yankee bullet was passing in the line of my backward march, and, as two bodies never could occupy the same place at once, I tried to pass it, and the bullet went through quicker than a torch-light procession through a powder house. I never knew of it though, until I had reached a sand bed, vastly to the rear, and lay down in a July sun

to cool off and calculate the circumstances.

But even thus was I better off than when at the front, and in my warm condition felt as cool as a deacon during Christmas.

I was surprised next day to learn that my name was put down among the immortal wounded.

I soon after got a government contract, and then knew very little of necessities of any kind.—*Q. Quilp, in Savannah Republican.*

A Brilliant Peroration to the Greatest Speech of the Century.

The following are the closing words of Sir John Duke Coleridge's opening speech for the defence in the Tichborne trial, offered with calm earnestness—

A great estate and an old and honorable family await your verdict. On you, and you alone, depends whether a young and noble lady of spotless character, and whether a young child—too young indeed for certainty, but of whom all good things may reasonably be hoped—shall enjoy the estate and represent that family, crippled indeed by the ruinous expenses of this law-suit, and by the falsehoods of the claimant, yet still an old and honorable family, and still a great estate; or whether the estate is to be wasted and the family degraded by the man whom I have described in words I don't repent of using—in words I have made good—in words I now repeat, as a conspirator, a perjurer, a forger, a slanderer and a villain. (Applause.) Gentlemen, when Chidlock Tichborne came to die, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, on Tower-hill, he spoke of the family of Tichborne as having lived unstained in its place in Hampshire for two hundred years from before the conquest. Three hundred years have rolled away since the days of Queen Elizabeth, and the family of Tichborne is still there, and the hopes of that great and ancient family are centered in the little child of whom I have spoken. For him—whom I most inadequately represent—I ask for no indulgence. I ask you only to do that which is just and right, according to the strictest principles of law and the clearest rules of reason. I know you will do what you think right, because I have the most absolute trust and faith in the honor, justice and integrity of a body of English gentlemen. English justice cannot, indeed, through you wield the sword which is to smite down craft and crime; but English justice does commit to your hands its equal scales, in which truth will always outweigh falsehood. And, gentlemen, I trust, in no vain or braggart spirit—in no unseemly over-confidence—but in complete confidence, I accept the issue, for my cause is right, and you are just.

Butter in Sacks.

The dairymen of Washington Territory, for want of tubs and jars, have adopted a new method of putting up and keeping butter:

All butter is packed in muslin sacks, made in such form that the package, when completed, is a cylinder three or four inches in diameter, and from a half a foot to a foot in length. The butter goes from the churn, as soon as worked over, into the cylindrical bags made of fine bleached muslin. The packages are then put into large casks containing strong brine, with a slight admixture of saltpetre, and by means of weights kept always below the surface. The cloth integument always protects the butter from any impurities that chance to come in contact with the package, and being always buried in brine that protects it from the action of the air, and it has been ascertained by trial that butter put up in this way will keep sweet longer than in any other way. Besides, it is found easier and cheaper for the manufacturer than to pack either in jars or firkins. And for the retailer, there is no telling the advantage on the score of safety and convenience. These rolls of butter can lie on his counter as safe from injury from dust or other contact as bars of lead; can be rolled up for his customers in a sheet of paper with as much propriety as a bundle of matches. If the consumer, when he gets home, discovers specks of dust on the outside of the sack, he can throw it into a pail of clear cold water, and take it out clean and white. As he uses the butter from day to day, with a sharp knife he cuts it off from the end of the roll in slices of thickness suited to his wants, and peels off the cloth from the end of the slice, leaving it tidy in form to place upon the table.

Mortality Among Infants With and Without Mothers.

Dr. E. Harris, of the New York Board of Health, who has contributed some important knowledge on the subject of the public health in large communities, now furnishes some facts in regard to the history of foundlings and orphans in hospitals. The contrast between the results of treating children with and without their mothers is almost startling in its evidence of the absolute necessity of a mother's care. Dr. Harris shows that in the almshouse infant hospital on Randall's Island the mortality in the foundling class of infants was 76 in 100 of the whole number received in one year, while the rate of mortality of children received with their mothers admitted was only 19 in 100. The fact is indisputable that motherless foundlings die at the rate of from 76 to 80 in every 100, unless wet-nursed during the first year of life. And, further, the fact is clearly shown, in the experience of the infant hospital, that even the spoon-fed infants, cared for by their mothers, have far better chance of life than those fed from the hands of strangers. The rate of mortality in the foundlings and orphans when artificially nourished has proved to be 70 to 90 in 100; when fed artificially by their mothers, only 30 to 40 in 100. This result is worthy of all attention, as associated with moral and economical conditions never to be overlooked. Infants abandoned to the hired wet-nurses in the asylums, or "farmed out," die at the rate of 68 to 80 in every 100 in the first year of life in American cities, and this is far better than is shown at the Montreal Foundling House, which has buried 94 of every 100 received in six years.—*Ec.*

The Great Snow Blockade.—What it Cost.

The consequences entailed by the great snow blockade on the Union Pacific railroad are computed to be equal to the loss by the Chicago fire. Not only is the entire commercial exchange between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts suddenly and completely arrested, but also the business of Europe with China and Australia, which has within a comparatively short time begun to flow happily through American channels, has been dammed up for months together, an experience which will hereafter tend to drive it back to its old courses for at least five out of every twelve months. The cargoes of two eastern steamers, which were landed at San Francisco in December, have scarcely yet reached New York, while the thirty days' notes of California merchants, on goods bought in New York, long since went to protest, the goods themselves, the sale of which was to provide the means of payments lying useless between the snow-drifts of Wyoming. One single banking house in New York calculates its own delayed remittances at \$2,000,000. To this account is to be added the loss to passengers, the distress occasioned by delayed mails, the loss in the earnings of the Union Pacific railroad and the damage to its equipment, of which twenty-five locomotives are laid up for repairs, thus effectually crippling its freight capacity for some time to come.—*Chicago Journal of Commerce.*

THE MORMON GIRLS.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, having been to a "Mormon" party, thus describes the "Mormon" girls—

"You cannot judge of the Mormon girls by what you see upon the streets, for they are not of the sort that go often shopping, but you must attend some ball or social gathering. After that you will acknowledge that nearly all the Mormon girls are good-looking, and some of them very pretty. The young ladies that I saw last night will compare well with the same number picked up at random anywhere. They are not what you would call delicate, and for their own good it is well that they are not. On the contrary, stoutness is the rule, and too much delicacy the exception. Their faces are fair, but without surface indications of chalk; their cheeks are painted, but it is with the rose-tints of nature; their hands plump and pretty, but not exquisitely white and small like the city belle, 'who toils not, neither does she spin,' for the Mormon girls toil and spin both, and help their several mothers do the washing and cooking. They never lace tight, and consequently their waists are not of the delicate and wasp-like proportions of so many of our Eastern girls, who lace themselves into early graves, but they are full and rotund just as nature, who generally knows what she is about, creates them. And not least important of all, they have the freshest, fairest, clearest, most healthy complexions I ever saw to the same number. There is nothing of that muddy, yellow, bilious, unhealthy hue that you see so much of in the Eastern cities and towns, indicating that a half dozen diseases are feeding upon the vitals. A clear fresh skin is not an invariable indication of health, but it is so near so, that an occasional exception only proves the rule."

Pat was asked the other day if he understood French. "Yes, yer honor, if it's spoken in Irish."

Z. C. M. I.

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