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Finding the Sunset.

Oh, the beautiful home of the sunset,
Hung out on the western sky,
Where the days lay down their brightness,
And bathing in splendor, die!

Sweet friends in the home of our childhood,
The gentle and loving ones, stand
Gazing on as we enter life's wildwood
In search of the sunset land.

Full soon do the meadows grow broader,
And rougher the path where we stray,
Less frequent the cool, gushing fountains,
And the sunset seems further away.

And the friends who have journeyed with us,
We lay with the moldering dead;
They have reached the bright sunset before us,
And lonely the pathway we tread.

But the floods of molten glory
Which beam from the sunset land
Fill our hearts with a restless longing
On those beautiful shores to stand.

Our locks, once sunny and golden,
Are white as the drifting snow;
Our eyes have grown dim with their gazing,
And our footsteps are feeble and slow.

As we near the eternal splendor
We pause at a swelling stream;
We must cross it ere reaching the hilltops
Which glow in the sunset's beam.

So, closing our eyes for a moment
In the sun's last dazzling ray,
We awake where glory dwelleth,
In a land of perpetual day.

Tim Bunker on Printer's Ink.

"Have you got a game rooster?" said Jake Frink to me one morning last week, as he came over to our house.

"No, I haven't. What's up now?" I inquired.

"Why, you see, Squire Bunker, that boy of mine, up in the White Oaks, has got it into his head that if he can raise some game chickens, he can make his fortune in a short time—says he won ten dollars on a bet last week on a fighting cock—at a little set-to with his neighbor's had in his barnyard, and if he had some smart rusters that would stand steel every time, he could make more money in a cock-pit in one month than he could peddle charcoal in a hully year—and I guess he's right. Says he's got two pullets that is all right, and if he can get a rooster that is dead game, he would raise some chickens next season that would have the grit in 'em, and he would bet on the White Oaks again the hull State of Connecticut. I knew you kept blooded fowls, and I didn't know but you might have some of that kind."

"No, I don't keep that kind. Why don't you use printer's ink?"

"Printer's ink!" exclaimed Jake, "I should like to know what that has got to do with it. I've heard of printer's ink for canker worms, but I never heard of it for rusters—how d'ye apply it?"

"Just put it in the Hookertown Gazette under the head of Wants—like this: 'Wanted to buy a yearling cock, warranted dead game, Jacob Frink, Hookertown, Ct.'"

"Never did sich a thing in my life. Taint no use. I never read advertisements, and guess nobody else don't. They're pretty much all doctor stuff. Might be some use in it if it was a steam doctor."

"Just try it," said I, "and if you don't hear of rusters in less than a week, I'll pay the bill."

"I'll try much think Jake would advertise, but the notion seemed to work, especially my paying the bill, and I guess the thought of getting that on to me had more to do with it than his faith in printer's ink. He made a straight wake for the Gazette office, and told the printer to advertise for a game rooster as above, and send the bill to me. The Hookertown Gazette is printed on Thursday, and distributed to town subscribers by carrier, and the rest sent off by mail. Jake got his paper the same evening, and for the first time began to look at the advertisements. It was quite a while before he could find his rooster, and when he did, it only occupied the space of two lines, and seemed so ridiculously small that nobody could notice it. He certainly would not have seen it if he had not known it was there and had been looking for it. He thought he had struck Timothy Bunker this time, and would get square on the horse pond lot trade. Next morning Jake was waked just after daybreak by a loud knock on his door. Jake poked his head out of the chamber window, and shouted "Who's there?"

Billy Peckham's voice answered from below: "I saw your advertisement in the paper last evening, Mr. Frink, and I thought I'd catch my rooster this morning before he got off the roost. He has licked in six fights, and will kill any rooster in town. He was a year old last spring, and cost me ten dollars. But if you want him for Kier you can have him for five dollars. If the White Oaks are goin' in this business, I guess I'll sell out."

"Couldn't think of giving that," Jake answered, and shut the window in disgust. He put on his clothes, and while he was kindling his fire in the stove, another rap at the door. Ben Porter had brought up his rooster in a covered basket, said he saw the notice in the paper, and thought he would bring up his black-breasted red game, that he would warrant to stand steel, and lick all the rusters in town. The bird cost him fifteen dollars, and he had made a hundred on him, knowing just how to bet. He could have him for twenty dollars. Didn't care a cent whether he took him or not. Two men were after the bird, and he only offered him as a matter of neighborly accommodation.

"Twenty dollars," exclaimed Jake, "that's all a feller can get for a two-year-old steer. I ain't a fool quite."

Jake started to milk his farrow cow, and on his way to the yard he met a boy with a game bantam cock under his arm, in earnest to sell. He admitted the cock was small, but he was true as steel, and had whipped Deacon Smith's buff cochin, five times his weight, in a pitched battle. He hated to part with him, but would sell for three dollars cash on the nail. When Jake had done milking, he found at the barnyard bars two more boys waiting for him, one

At the Beginning.

There lately passed away, at the close of a long and well-spent life, one of our wealthiest merchants—a man honored and respected by all who knew him, and noted more for his worldly wealth and honor than for his deeds of true Christian benevolence. We once heard that man tell how he commenced his business career.

At the age of sixteen, having mastered a good common school education, he went to the city in search of employment. His ambition was in the direction of mercantile pursuits. Entering a large store, to which he had been recommended as conducted by excellent men, he asked if they wished to hire a clerk. The answer was in the negative, and emphatic.

The youth reflected that if they did not want a clerk, they might be willing to hire a laborer; but his garb—he had on his very best—was hardly in keeping with the requirements of such a position; so he returned to his lodgings, and donned a garb that had seen service on the old farm, and on the following day he applied again at the same store, and asked if they wanted to hire a porter.

No—they wanted nothing of the kind.

"Then," cried the young man, earnestly, "will you not hire me as a common laborer?"

"A laborer! Are you not the same young gentleman who applied yesterday for a clerkship?"

"Yes, sir," replied the applicant, frankly. "I wish to learn your business, and I am willing to begin anywhere. I care not how humble, or even servile, the place may be, so that it is honorable, and in it I can make myself useful."

One of the partners, overhearing these last words, examined the youth more particularly, and finally hired him as a laborer in the packing and shipping department, down in the basement, where he went to work with a will. Eric long with her, and if she has nothing to complain of then, presents must be made to him and his bride, exceeding in value those he made at first. The Koloski only regard relationship on the mother's side, and the succession and inheritance are confined to the female line. Polygamy is the general custom, and exists even among the Christian Kenseite, where it is tolerated by the native and half-breed priests in the families of chiefs. The wives often quarrel, and stab with knives and daggers are not of very rare occurrence.

The Pet Calf's Grave.

A London paper says it is impossible to disconnect a Scotchman, unless he has been demoralized by residence in the south, and as proof thereof tells the following story: A lady residing near a Scotch city had set her affections on a handsome little calf, and was much annoyed by being informed by her man-servant that her pet had been accidentally so much hurt that he had been obliged to kill it. The lady, who had loved the creature too well to think for one moment of disposing of its remains by any culinary process, ordered the man to bury it, and herself superintended the burial. When the chief mourner was gone, however, it forcibly occurred to the sexton that here was a waste of good material, so he disinterred the calf. Meanwhile, the lady dreamed a dream; she saw a round of real smoking on her servant's board, and when morning dawned, summoned him to her presence, and explained to him that for divers reasons she desired once more to behold the body of her favorite. Without betraying the slightest uneasiness, the worthy man followed her to the rifled sepulcher, took his spade, and dug; no result appeared, and still he dug; dug on, indeed, till his mistress cried out in utter weariness: "Why, John, you must have eaten the calf." "Deed," replied John, without moving a muscle of his countenance, "and that's just what I've done, my leddy."

A Perplexed Indian

Somebody dropped some quicksilver on the sidewalk in Montana, and an Indian tried to pick it up. First he made a grab at it with his thumb and forefinger, and was astonished when he found he couldn't pick it up. He was determined to have that quicksilver anyhow; so he unwound a handkerchief from his hat, and spreading it on the ground got a chip and scraped the quicksilver into it. A look of triumph shot from his eagle eyes as he gathered up the four corners of the handkerchief, but it was replaced by one of horror and disgust when the metal ran through the fabric like water through a sieve. Looking at the metal as it lay on the ground in a puzzled sort of way for a moment, he launched a vicious kick at it, and uttering an angry ejaculation, he turned on his heel and left the quicksilver for some other untutored son of the forest to experiment on.

The Value of Our Crops for 1874.

The total value of all agricultural products in the United States for the year 1874 was \$2,447,538,659. The products derived, directly and indirectly, from the grass crop, are estimated at \$1,292,000,000, itemized as follows: Hay, 27,000,000 tons, at \$20 per ton, \$540,000,000; live stock, \$1,525,000,000; animals slaughtered for food, \$309,000,000; butter, \$514,000,000; milk, \$25,000,000; wool, \$25,000,000; cheese, \$3,000,000. The estimated total derived from grass is probably too large, for the reason that the hay crop, the value of which is given as one of the items, must have been used to some extent in swelling the value of the other items. It is doubtless safe to say, allowing for this account, that in round numbers the value of the productions depending upon the grass yield of 1874 was \$1,000,000,000.

Curious Customs in Alaska.

The Alaska Indians believe in evil spirits who live in the water, and send sickness and disease among the people—a belief to which the occasional disasters caused by mussel or fish poisoning have doubtless given rise. They hold communication with these spirits through their sorcerers, but do not worship them in any way or try to propitiate them with offerings. When a Kolosid dies his body is burned, and a rude monument placed where the ashes are buried. They believe that the spirit lives forever, but have no idea of any reward for virtue or punishment for vice. According to their belief, strict distinction of rank is preserved in the other world, all the chiefs being in one place, the common people in another, and the slaves in a corner by themselves. Only when the spirits are killed remain in effect the spirits are killed. This cruel custom was said to be abolished under the Russian rule, but it always has existed and is kept up to the present day, though the ceremonies are performed out of the reach of the authorities. Several cases of this kind have occurred since the transfer of the territory, in spite of the vigilance of the authorities. When a child is born it is carried and nursed by the mother until it is able to crawl and munch away on dried salmon; then the scanty clothing of fur with which it was covered at first is removed, and to strengthen its constitution, the child is immersed in the river or sea every morning; but as their own parents would be likely to yield to the piteous cries of the little martyr to discipline, this duty is generally entrusted to an uncle or some other relative, who stops all weeping and screaming with a liberal application of the switch. The children implicitly obey their parents at all ages, and great care is bestowed upon the old and disabled. Orphans are always provided for by the community, and fare as well as any of the other children. When a young man wishes to marry, he first asks the consent of his parents, and when that is obtained he goes to the village where his intended lives, and sends a proposal through some "mutual friend," and if the answer is favorable he repairs to the house at once with some presents for the parents and relatives of the girl, and then takes immediate possession of his new chattel without any further ceremonies. A short time after this the new Benedict pays a visit to his wife's relations in company with her, and if she has nothing to complain of then, presents must be made to him and his bride, exceeding in value those he made at first. The Koloski only regard relationship on the mother's side, and the succession and inheritance are confined to the female line. Polygamy is the general custom, and exists even among the Christian Kenseite, where it is tolerated by the native and half-breed priests in the families of chiefs. The wives often quarrel, and stab with knives and daggers are not of very rare occurrence.

THE SEAL FISHERY.

How the Seals are Caught—Incidents of the Work—Dancer all Around.

An interesting letter on the seal fishery is published in the *World*. The writer gives the following incidents of the work:

The aim of the hunters is to reach the young seals which lie cradled on the ice, in "patches" or groups, somewhere in the vast ice covered area extending between two and three hundred miles from our shores. There they lie during the first four or five weeks of their existence, fed by their mother's milk, and growing fat at an enormous rate. Armed with their "gaffs" or iron bound clubs, the seal hunters get among the "white coats" leap on the ice, and then commence the "slaughter of the innocents." A blow on the nose from the "gaff" stuns or kills the young seal, and instantly the knife is at work; the skin and adhering fat are detached with amazing rapidity from the carcass, which is left on the ice, still quivering with life, while the fat and skin alone are carried off. The fact that each seal slaughtered is worth \$3 gives zest and energy to the bloody work. Fancy the crew of one of our largest steamers, numbering three hundred, on an ice field, eagerly carrying on their murderous work; their persons smeared with blood and fat, the ice stained with gore and dotted with the skinned carcasses of the slain; "the shivering seals' low moans," like the cries of babies in distress, filling the air. The shouts of the hunters; the blows of the "gaffs" as they dispatch their victims; the blood that covers the hands and arms of the men and stains the virgin snow; the carcasses denuded of skin and fat, and yet palpitating with warm life, as they are flung on the ice; the eager, exultant humors of slaying; "scraping" hauling loads of fat to the ship—what a scene amid these ice solitudes of the ocean, with the bright sun in the heavens lighting up the glittering pinnacles and far spreading fields of ice. On the deck men are moving about knee-deep in fat and blood, as there the pelts are piled previous to being stowed under the hatches when cooled. The hunters arrive with their loads of fat, snatch a hasty moment to drink a bowl of tea, and are off presently in search of new victims.

The poor mother seals, now cubless, are seen popping their heads up in the small lakes of water, anxiously looking for their snow-white darlings, and refusing to believe that the bloody carcasses on the ice are all that remains of their tender offspring. With a moan of distress they plunge into the water, as if anxious to escape from a scene polluted by the ensanguined trail of the hunters. The maternal instinct is very strong in the seals. The mothers remain near their young, fishing in the neighborhood, and returning occasionally to give them suck. It is a most curious fact that when the ice is unbroken each mother seal has its own hole by which it reaches the water, and which it takes care to keep from freezing. On returning from a fishing excursion extending over fifty or a hundred miles, each is able to find its own hole and, among thousands of others, at once to distinguish its own snow-white cub—by the sense of smell, it is believed—which it proceeds to fondle and suckle. This is one of the most wonderful achievements of animal instinct. The young are scattered in myriads on the ice, and during the absence of the mother the ice borne on the current, has shifted the ice borne on the ice hole—yet each is able to find her own ice hole and to pick out her own darling from the immense herd with unerring accuracy.

At times the hunters have to push forward over the ice two or three miles from the vessel in pursuit of the seals, and should a fog or snow storm set in there is a terrible risk of losing their way and perishing miserably on these ice deserts, or of falling through the openings which are covered with snow. Sometimes the ice field on which they are at work separates without a moment's warning, and they are floated off to lie down and die on the ice, unless rescued by some other vessel of the fleet. "Rafting" the ice or piling the huge blocks one upon another all around the imprisoned ship, and at length crushing her like a nutshell and leaving the unhappy sealers shivering and perishing with hunger on the floating ice fields. Sometimes their sufferings are very great, but on the whole, such are their skill and fortitude in meeting all emergencies, and such their acquaintance with the manners and movements of the ice, that comparatively few mishaps occur. The very dangers of the seal hunt present an irresistible charm of excitement to these daring men who have been nurtured amid such perils. Besides, it is thus they win the bread for their wives and little ones at home; and how happy to be able to enter port with enough to keep the wolf from the door and gladden the hearts of those who on shore are longing and praying for their success.

OUT OF THE SHADOW.

The Romantic Story of a New York Girl—Her Conviction and Pardon.

Lizzie Jones, a young, well educated and pretty girl, some time since arrived in New York city from her native place in the interior of the State, where she lived with her aged parents. She had there fallen in love with a young man of the neighborhood, who, after due courtship, made proposal of marriage, and they were betrothed. But her father opposed the match, and prohibited their marriage, on the ground that her affianced lover was addicted to liquor. Her grief and despair were so violent that her mind became affected, and the once gay daughter of the household turned melancholy, took on strange ways, talked and laughed whimsically, fell into fits of abstraction, and was no more herself. For the sake of her mind, and in hope that a change of scene and circumstances would bring her out of her condition, her father sent her to New York city to take up her stay with some relatives. Anxious to earn her own livelihood, she quickly found a place as servant for a wealthy family. She had been there but a few days when she was accused of stealing a gold watch, arrested, taken to court, and sent to the penitentiary. She was taken ill after reaching Blackwell's island, had to be sent to the hospital, and was there seized with the smallpox. She had recovered, returned to her quarters in the penitentiary, and was employed in the women's workroom, where she happened to come under the eye of Mrs. Bigelow, wife of Hon. John Bigelow, secretary of State of New York, who saw there was something wrong with her, upon hearing her screams and observing how she conducted herself in her presence. After making full inquiry into the young woman's history, and learning the circumstances of the accusation against her, Mrs. Bigelow determined to take up her case and carry it to the governor as a fit case for executive clemency. It has required time, patience, and energy to secure the pardon, but, nevertheless, she obtained it.

At work among the women, old and young, black and white, was Lizzie Jones, whose comely face was deeply pitted all over with smallpox from which she has lately recovered. When the matron was made aware of the pardon she spoke in the highest terms of the young woman, and of her conduct in prison, and expressed gratification over her release. When Lizzie was called to the desk and told of her fortune, she was overcome with joyous emotion. She laughed, kissed her fellow convicts, and trembled with delight, though her eyes had the look of far away. In her prison garb she passed through the women at work in company with the matron to an adjacent room, from which she soon reappeared with a gay little hat on her head and a cloak of blue woolen stuff enveloping her person. It was evident that she was the favorite of all her companions, as she went from bench to bench kissing and embracing her friends; as she stepped up to the desk to kiss the matron; as she gazed upon those who had come to her relief; and as she lingered within the walls that had encompassed her shame. There was universal joy over her luck among the convicts.

As the party landed in New York, the joy of the young girl knew no bounds. "Oh, I'm free! I'm free!" she cried, and soon the party were within the beautiful mansion of a Quaker family, where Lizzie's father had been asked to await her arrival. "Father!" she cried out amid her tears when she saw the face of the venerable old man, and the twin, sire and child, were overcome. The gray beard told his benevolent heart how he had "wept every day and every night" for the loss of his daughter, and how he would take her back to his home in the country to live always with her mother, where the judge's mansion of the Quaker mansion, in front of which was a line of carriages waiting for a fashionable marriage which was taking place in the church of the opposite side of the street. Lizzie was reassured of her safety; but the marriage was not that of herself with her affianced lover.

The patriarch and his daughter walked away from the mansion through the sunshine and left for the home of her childhood in the interior of New York State.—Sun.

Items of Interest.

Romantic death—A young lady drowned in tears. The monotony of life is wearing. Any change is better than an empty pocket. San Francisco has a population of nearly 270,000, according to its latest directory. Five thousand butchers in uniform will parade in Philadelphia on the opening of the Centennial. A man may be said to have been drinking like a fish when he finds that he has taken enough to make his head swim. No man knows how attractive his home is until he offers it for sale, and reads what the real estate agents say about it. "Too many men been hanged on that side of it," was the explanation given why a Sacramento lamppost leaned to the north. Broad purchased with unearned money is never so sweet as that which has been earned by the sweat of one's own brow. Every daily paper in Montreal but one has a libel suit on hand; one has three other two, and the other five have one each. A Mexican girl living at Tuscola has three well developed arms. She can do up her hair without crumpling her mouth full of hairpins. Five thousand workmen in the coal mines of North Derbyshire, England, have struck work in consequence of a proposed reduction of wages. A physician boasted at dinner that he cured his own hands when one of his guests remarked: "Doctor, I'd sooner be your ham than your patient." Representative Williams, of Indiana, cured his consumption by driving a blind yoke of oxen around the farm. His voice is now two miles loud. In the English House of Commons the increase of a penny on a pound in the income tax was agreed to by a vote of one hundred and thirteen yeas to fifty-four nays. We ought to live, says Dr. Hall, five times as long as requires to get our growth. We ought to weigh twenty times as much at thirty-five as on the day we were born. If a generous but ugly boy gives his younger brother "60" for stealing one of his apples, and that night the apples give him "sixty" 2, how many apples did the younger brother receive? "Mother," said Ike Partington, "did you know that the 'iron horse' has but one ear?" "One ear! Merciful gracious, child, what do you mean?" "Why, the engine-ear, of course." "No man was better inoculated to prejudice than my husband was," says Mrs. Partington; "he knew what dog hogs were, he did, for he had been brought up with 'em from his childhood." An American started a bank in Alaska a while ago, but the natives couldn't get checks, drafts, exchange, and discount through their heads, and so they took all the money the banker had and called it square. Large orders have been received in England for steel rails for foreign railroads, and rails which have been closed during several months are about to be put in operation again in consequence. T. J. Magibben, of Paris, Ky., has lost the short-horn bull Second Duke of Oneida, for which he paid \$12,000 at the New York Mills sale. The cow, the Duchess of Oneida, for which he paid \$25,000, had died previously. They have brought things to a pretty fine point in the Boston custom house, where a coin check for one cent was issued. It is directed to the assistant treasurer of the United States, and bears the signatures of the collector and deputy collector. A little neglect may breed a great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; for want of a horse the rider was lost; being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horseshoe nail. A schoolmaster at Exeter, England, punished a boy by beating him with a green willow rod, and in some manner happened to destroy one of the little fellow's eyes. He was tried on a criminal indictment, and sentenced to five years' penitentiary. The children of school age in England and Wales, that is from three to thirteen, number 5,374,801, or twenty-three per cent of the whole population. The amount expended upon primary education during the last ten years in England, Wales and Scotland is £3,918,277. Some people seem to be extremely sensitive. At one of the churches in Norwich, according to the *Bulletin*, one Sunday the minister read the prayer for a person in deep affliction, and a man who had just been married got up and went out. He said he didn't want public sympathy obtruded on him in that way. In Barnham if two married persons are tired of each other's society, they dissolve partnership in the following touching but conclusive manner. They light two candles, and shutting up their hut, sit down and wait quietly until they are burned out. The one whose candle burns out first gets up and leaves the house (and forever), taking nothing but the clothes he or she may have on at the time; all else becomes the property of the other party.

Learn to Swim.

Capt. Webb, the great swimmer, writes, in *Cassell's Family Magazine*: It is the duty of every parent to insist on his son's learning to swim. To teach a very young child to swim, the best place is a large puddle in the sand at low tide. The child, like a puppy, will begin by paddling. If you throw a cork into the water, you will see the puppy run in up to its depth and give a short bark; and the chances are, especially if there is a grown up dog that can swim to set him an example, that in a day or two he will take his plunge of his own accord, and very proud he will be of his first success; only here again, don't overdo it. As soon as the puppy has been in, walk away, and call him, and he will be more anxious to go into the water another time. Now, treat your child like your puppy. Entice him to go in, and if you can get some older child who can swim to go in with him all the better, but let the child do just as he likes. Got two children to play at splashing one another; they will enjoy the fun, and, gradually getting excited, will venture in deeper and deeper.

Two Mothers and Two Babies.

Two women in Des Moines, Iowa, gave birth to children in the same room and at the same time. The woman who cared for the little strangers, bathed and clothed them, and started to present them to their waiting mamma. Then she made the startling discovery that she had inextricably mixed the infants so that she was unable to decide which was the mother of either. The two mothers cast lots for choice, agreeing that if the children should, when grown, develop family traits sufficiently to identify them they should be exchanged if the selection should prove to be incorrect.

Fairly Caught.

Old Mr. Russell was fairly caught in his own trap. He was better known as Major Ben Russell, and being met by his old friend Busby, he was familiarly saluted with a hearty shake of the hand. "How do you do, old Ben Russell?" "Come now," said Major Ben, "I'll not take that from you—not a bit of it. You are as old as I am this minute." "Upon my word," said Mr. Busby, "you are my senior by at least ten years." "Not at all, friend Busby, and if you please, we will determine that question very soon. Just tell me what is the first thing you recollect." "Well, the first thing I recollect," said Mr. Busby, "was hearing people say: 'There goes old Ben Russell!'"