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The Shepherd Boy's Love.

'Twas my name she uttered! 'Twas mine—
oh, what joy!
She knew, then, I loved her—oh, blissful de-
light!

MARVELOUS JUGGLING.

The Incredible Feats of Some Oriental
Magicians—Everybody Astonished.

One of the jugglers then brought
forth, says a Madras correspondent of
the London Times, a ball of fine twine,
and unwound fifty yards of it in a coil
in his hand; this coil he cut through
with a knife at each end of its diameter;

means of a sheet thrown over a small
triangle.
And now, amid a full chorus of voices
and the rat-tat accompaniment of the
tabor, the stone germinated; pre-
sently a section of the cloth was drawn
aside, and gave to view the tender shoot,
characterized by the two long leaves of
a blackish brown color. The cloth was
readjusted, and the incantation resumed.

The Ladies' Darling.

A writer says of 'ladies' darlings':
The creature is delighted if he can per-
suade himself that he has reason to
think that a score or so of girls are over
head and ears in love with him, and
there is ground for believing that he
would become exhilarated to the last
degree if he were informed that some
foolish damsel had pined away and died
of a broken heart on his account. The
fact that so long as his vanity is minis-
tered to he is indifferent as to what un-
happiness devolves upon others affords
not altogether agreeable but thoroughly
reliable index to his character. If he had
any conscience deserving of mention he
would not systematically make love—di-
rectly or indirectly—with whom he is
thrown in contact, but being, as he is,
utterly reckless of the feelings of his
neighbors, he does his best to enslave
the fancy of nine tenths of the attrac-
tive ones whom he meets under circum-
stances favorable to flirtation.

He Meant Well.

The Boston Transcript tells of an old
gentleman that comes down town on
foot every morning, who appears to be a
great friend to dumb animals. When-
ever he sees a dog scratching at a store
door to let in he is promptly opens it
for the animal. The other morning he
made a mistake in the dog business. He
let one in, and soon the same canine
came rushing between his legs, nearly
throwing him down, and covering the
lower part of his pantaloons with paint.

No Use for Stimulants.

Experience has taught men who are
subject to severe and prolonged expo-
sure to cold that there is danger in
taking alcoholic stimulants while the ex-
posure continues. The lumbermen in
Canada, who are engaged in felling him
ber in the pine forests, living there all
winter, and lying on spruce branches cov-
ered with buffalo robes, allow no spirits
in their camp, and destroy any that may
be found there. The experience of
arctic travelers on this subject is nearly
unanimous, and to the same effect.

A Surgeon's Courtship.

In the long list of eminent surgical
and medical practitioners, not one is en-
titled to a higher stand than John Aber-
nethy. He was a quaint, blunt man,
earnestly devoted to his profession, and
with but little thought of things which
had no relation thereto. His ec-
centricities of character have afforded
humorists much material for pleasant
gossip, and among his eccentric doings,
his courtship is certainly not the least,
and unlike much that is printed of the
celebrated man, this may be relied upon
as true.

An Esquimau Story.

There was once a woman who had a
son and a daughter. As the son grew
up he became a hunter, and one day he
killed a thong seal, from the skin of
which he proposed to cut some things.
But the mother wanted the skin for some
other purpose, and she and the boy
quarreled about it.
Then she went and pronounced a
charm on the seal, and when he
went to cut it up the end of a thong
flew up, struck his eyes and made him
blind.
The winter came on, they were desti-
tute of seal meat, and had to live entirely
on mussels, for the blind hunter could
no longer hunt.

A Great Toothache.

At Exeter Change, in the great city of
London, there was, many years ago, a
manager in the second story of a
building. Here the elephant, Chinese
by name—a very quiet, well trained
beast—was confined in a cage, under
which the floor had been strengthened
to support his weight. Chinese never
came out, but seemed very happy for all
that. Suddenly he became raving mad,
and screamed and trumpeted, and en-
deavored voraciously to tear away the
iron bars of his cage.
Now, if he had succeeded in getting
out upon the floor, Mr. Chinese would
have immediately dropped through into
an apothecary shop below. If he had
fallen into the scales his exact weight
might have been ascertained, after a
fashion; but, in other respects, a mad
elephant in a drug store would have
been far worse than a bull in a china
shop. If he had been sane, he might
have had a long time, eating the liquor-
ice and cough lozenges and sugar coated
pills and candy; but as he wasn't sane,
the accident was not to be desired.

Dr. Smith's Patient.

A paper on "Bowdoin College" in
Scrivener for May contains the following
anecdote of Dr. Nathan Smith: Dr.
Smith's name is especially eminent in
the profession, and gave to the school at
the outset a prominence which it has
never lost. An incident shows of what
stuff Dr. Smith was made. When he
began his career as a medical professor
(at Dartmouth), certain individuals
planned a practical joke which it was
expected would entirely demoralize the
young instructor. A messenger sum-
moned him to set a broken limb, but on
reaching the house the doctor found
that the patient was a goose, whose leg
had been broken by some sharp shoot-
ing game. The "friends" of the "pa-
tient" looked to see the doctor beat a
hasty retreat; but he gravely examined
the fracture, opened his case, set and
bound the limb, promised to call the
next day, and bade them good evening.
The doctor duly appeared in the morn-
ing, and for several succeeding days, till
he pronounced the "patient" in a fair
way of recovery. At his last visit Dr.
Smith produced a bill of considerable
dimensions, and the "family" found
that their little joke had cost them
dearly. The level-headed professor es-
caped further indignities.

Parasites and their Work.

There is no organ which is sheltered
from the invasion of parasites; even in
man, cysticerci have been found in the
interior of the lobes of the brain, in the
eyeball, in the heart, and in the sub-
stance of the bones, as well as in the
spinal marrow. Every kind of worm
has also its favorite place; and if it has
not the chance of getting there, in order
to undergo its changes, it will perish
rather than immigrate to a situation
which is not suitable to it. One kind of
worm inhabits the digestive passages;
another occupies the fossa of the nose;
a third, the liver or the kidneys. Each
animal has its proper parasites, which
can only live in animals having affinity
to their peculiar host. The ascaris
mystax, the guest of the domestic cat,
lives in different species of felis, while
the fox, so nearly resembling in appear-
ance the wolf and the dog, never enter-
tains the tenia serrata, so common to
the latter animal. The same host does
not always harbor the same worms in
different regions of the globe. Thus the
large tapeworm of man called bothrio-
cephalus, is found only in Russia, Pol-
and, and Switzerland; a small tape-
worm, the tenia nana, is observed no-
where except in Abyssinia, and, strange
to say, the natives consider their ab-
sence from the body a sign of ill
health; the cecylostoma is known only
in the south of Europe and the north of
Africa, the Maria of Medina in the
east and west of Africa; and the Bil-
harzia, a terrible worm, has been found
only in Egypt.

Spring Fashion Notes.

Deep, wide, round frills, of the new
lace braids, turned down around the
neck, are worn by both little girls and
boys.
The fashionable sun umbrella handle
is the lower part of a horse's leg, in
bone, the shoe being of ivory, with sil-
ver nails.
The new polonaises have four pieces
in the front and four in the back; the
seams meet on the shoulders, and are
also corded.
Many of the corsages button up high
in the neck, finished by a high collar,
around which is worn a dog collar; no
bows or ties are worn in that case.
Marseilles double capes for babies
are elegant, when braided, with stripes
of insertion set in the edge, both capes
being finished with deep Hamburg em-
broidery.
The flowers used on the spring hats
are generally very small and fine. Large
flowers are almost entirely abandoned.
Grasses gone to seed are freely used.
Cream colored cambric cuffs and col-
lars with the corners worked in Greek
squares of blue, scarlet, brown, gray or
black washing wool, is a novelty in lin-
gerie.
A pretty tie is made of white crepe
de chene, the ends embroidered in white
silk and a fine knife-plaiting on the
edge, of cardinal colored crepe de chene.
A pretty evening jacket for half-house
dress is made of white Valenciennes
lace and black velvet in stripes, having
a heavy fall of the white lace around the
bottom.
Many of the hats that come over the
face have no trimming except a silk
scarf, three cornered, brought over the
crown, and tied in two short ends in the
back.
Long white illusion ends will be worn
with hats for evening. They come from
under the hat in the back, are wound
round the neck and fasten in front with
a small bunch of flowers.
A suit for a boy is made of light gray
summer cloth. The skirt is kilt-plaited,
bound with black braid. The vest and
jacket are profusely braided in black,
and bound with black braid.
Camber and print dresses for girls'
school wear have blouse waists, but-
toned behind; this waist is separate from
the skirt, extends over the hips, and in-
stead of a belt has a drawing string con-
fusing it to the waist.
A pretty coat for a boy five years of
age is made of gray cloth, being cut
double-breasted, with two rows of but-
tons. The back has three box plaits,
running from the neck down. The col-
lar is the "Byron" style.
A very pretty hat has the front faced
with black velvet, which sets off a
wreath of wheat. The crown of the
hat has also a wreath of wheat, finished
in the back with a double bow of cream
colored silk, and a bunch of small red
flowers.
Centennial gowns are fashionable,
the favors being made in red, white and
blue. Throughout the evening the old
style Continental hats are worn, with
1776 on one side and 1876 on the other.
These are worn by both ladies and gen-
tlemen.

Centennial Trash.

How the Desire to have Something Very
Old makes Liars of People—The World
is Full of Deceit.
One of the peculiar outcomes of the
centennial period has been the passion
it has awakened for all sorts of old trash.
First of all everybody wanted to get
copies of old newspapers antedating the
Declaration of Independence so they
contained a scrap of reference to the
struggle brewing or opened in America.
Then the passion arose for autographs
of George Washington, Thomas Jeffers-
on, Patrick Henry, John Hancock, or
any one prominent or otherwise in the
Revolution. Then came the mania for
old chairs that Washington sat upon.
There are at least ten thousand of these
in existence, so that up to a few weeks
back there was no difficulty in meeting
the patriotic demand. Then came the
omnivorous craving for anything a cen-
tury old that was in any way attached to
the Father of his Country—old pots, old
crockets, old hats, old iron. Anything
that was rusty enough to look a cen-
tury old was fastened on by the patriots
as relics of Washington.

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

The smile of God is victory.
If we seize too hastily, we may have
to drop as hastily.
A straight line is the shortest in morals
as well as in geometry.
Small cheer and great welcome makes
a merry feast.
Good words and good deeds are the
rent we owe for the air we breathe.
People shouldn't talk about having
the second sober thought who never had
the first.
The man who is honest from policy is
the most dangerous customer we have to
deal with.
When men publish their acts of chari-
ty they doubt the ability of the Lord to
keep accounts.
A willing heart adds feathers to the
beak, and makes the clown a winged
Mercury.
What are Raphael's Madonnas but the
shadow of a mother's love, fixed in per-
manent outline forever?
A singular fact, that, when a man is
a brute he is the most sensual and loath-
some of all brutes.
"Who laughs can commit no dead-
ly sin," said the wise and sweet-hearted
woman who was the mother of Goethe.
Self-deprecation is not humility,
though often mistaken for it. It is only
a pretense of mortified pride.
Truth is a naked and open daylight,
that doth not show the masks and num-
bers of the world half so stately and
daintily as candlelights.
God is the only being who has time
enough, but a prudent man who knows
how to seize occasion, can commonly
make shift to find as much as he needs.
Philosophy is but dry bread; men will
not live upon it, however wholesome;
they require the succulent food and ex-
citing cup of religion.
Folly soon wears her shoes. She
dances so fast we are all of us tired.
Golden wires may annoy us as much as
steel bars, if they keep us behind prison
windows.
Your disposition will be suitable to
that which you most frequently think
on; for the soul is, as it were, fringed
with the color and complexion of its
own thoughts.

Only a Little.

Little I ask; my wants are few:
I only wish a rub of stone
(A very plain brown stone will do)
That I may call my own.
Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things:
One good sized diamond in a pin,
Some, not so large, in rings,
A ruby, and a pearl or so,
Will do for me: I laugh at show.

Kept a Firm Hold of the Recipe.

The Detroit Free Press says: Fifty
years old if a day, and her name was
Eliza Fox. She lives on National
avenue, and she made a trip to the east-
ern portion of the city to get a recipe
for making cake. She got the recipe,
got some beer, and got in the station,
and she wasn't half as anxious about her
case as some of the audience. She
slowly followed Bijah out, musing:
"Use about a pint of flour, put in a
chump of butter about as large as a wal-
nut, and break it in."
"Now, then," interrupted his honor,
"this looks bad to see a woman of your
age here."
"Wall, I had some beer," she softly
replied, "and break in four eggs, grate
in your lemon peel, stir well, and bake
in a hot oven."
"Have you to say about this
case?" asked the court.
"Nothing. You can do all the talk-
ing—quart of flour—four eggs—lemon
peel—nutmeg—hot oven."
"Who were never here before?"
"I don't remember that I was. Will
you take a recipe down for me before I
forget it?"
"I've got a recipe for ending drunk-
ness," replied his honor.
"I don't want it; and after the cake
has baked for fifteen minutes remove
from the oven and put on your frosting."
"De you want to go to the house of
correction?" queried the court.
"No, sir, I don't. What do I want
to go trampin' way up there for?"
"But you were so sadly intoxicated
that the officer had to hire an express
wagon to bring you down here."
"Is that so? Then I came here by
express, did I? Was I packed in a
box?"
"You must be very careful in future.
It's a bad thing for a woman to get
drunk."
"No worse than 'tis for the man; and
after the frosting is on, set the cake
back in the oven for three or four
minutes."
"Will you promise me?" said the
court.
"Ye, I'll promise!" she angrily ex-
claimed, "but I wish you wouldn't talk
so much—you put me all out!"
She stood off and glared at his honor,
and tapping her finger at the rail-
ing continued:
"You take about a quart of flour—
about a quart. You put in a hunk of
butter about as big as a walnut, and you
break in three or four."
"You may break out," said the court.
"Well, I will. I want to get some-
where where I can write down the recipe
before I forget it."
She pushed her way through the
crowd to the door, and as she stepped
out she was heard muttering:
"Quart of flour—four eggs—five
minutes!"

Taxing Church Property.

The taxation of church property is
still discussed, and goes with much
energy. In Massachusetts the bill be-
fore the Legislature providing for such
taxation has been defeated. The Rev.
Dr. Miner, of Boston, has put his opin-
ion on the subject in the following neat
question: "How can there be a model
government which nurtures crime and
large churches to repair damages?"
Ex-Governor Dir's protest against such
taxation has been read with much inter-
est by the people of New York State.
It is evident that a long discussion must
precede the change from our present
policy of exemption, should any change
be made.