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The Dreamer and the Sunbeam. A little sunbeam straved into his room And nestled on the paper, as his pen

Traced wearily the word "Sometime. The Which shrouded his sad fancy there and

Drifted away, Like melting mist before the god of day. Just like a crown of gold the little beam Circled the word-so little meaning! and Within the golden space he saw the gleam Of snow-white fingers and a dimpled hand, Which seemed to write

Mysterious letters on this spot of light. Circling still the little word "Sometime," The fair hand softly moved, until the same Was all surrounded, not with liquid rhyme, But flashing pictures in a golden frame-

Then passed away, Like fading cloudlets at the close of day. The sunbeam still remained and still the word. Like fabled picture in its frame of gold, Gleamed thro' its veil of sunshine, when he

heard The music of a voice, oft heard of old, But silent long

Amid the chorus of a sadder song. "Read, dreamer, yonder mystic scroll My hand has drawn beneath the golden beam !

Then cast the shadow from thy doubting soul, And change the tenor of they idle dream! Look, and behold!

The future hidden beneath its veil of gold!" The "dreamer" looked, and round the word

"Sometime" Such fairy pictures clustered that his heart

Filled with an ecstasy at once sublime. Seemed of the sunbeam and the word a part, While all the earth

Was filled with music, such as hailed its birth The vision of his brightest dreams fulfilled-A sunny pathway, free from cank'ring care-A heart with every yearning passion stilled-A happy future-all were pictured there! And-brightest, best-

Beyond the lines, a calm eternal rest! With head still bent, but not with sorrow bowed.

The dreamer long in eilent rapture stood. The years of quiet sorrow round him crowd, A silent, uncongenial brotherhood ! Each friend of old

Stands smiling there, with folded wings of gold!

How welcome to the heart thy voice. When naught but echoes of the haunting

Sound in its chambers! or the louder noise Of battling passions, crowding fierce and

I's portals, filled With voiceless singers cruel fate has stilled.

NEAR THE END.

Culmination of a Horrible Tragedy - A Husband Accidentally Kills his Wife in Self-Defense Against her Father and then Commits Suicide-The Father Hangs Him-

A six months' old domestic tragedy, at Roseville, Pa., has lad a melancholy sequel in the suicide of William Russell. years ago from England. He brought post haste for Roseville. He went to girls. Buying a farm, it was not long before his industry and integrity placed him in a leading position among his rural neighbors. Three years after becoming a citizen of the community a sad casualty left him a widower and robbed maining child was ten years old at that and redoubled his efforts to kill his sonan extraordinarily bright and active child, despite her tender years she took almost entire charge of her father's Sackett, being her only assistant.

At a party in Roseville last spring the motherless girl met a young man named Horton Hurd. His father had formerly owned a farm adjoining the Russell dispute arose between him and Russell as to the location of a line fence between certain of their fields. The dispute led to a bitter quarrel, and finally to long and expensive litigation. which resulted in the defeat of Russell. The decision of the court was taken deeply to heart by the English farmer, and his hatred for Hurd became general against every member of his family. Two years ago Hurd died, and Horton Hurd, as the only male representative of the estate, endeavored to obliterate the feeling held by Russell against the the family by offering to make certain gravating it. The Hurd farm was leased to other parties and the family removed to Roseville.

The acquaintance between Miss Ressell and young Hurd, ripened into an forbade her ever again meeting or speaktween them must cease, and she thenceforth declined all invitations and soliciwhich this section is noted.

Meantime Lizzie Sackett had grown

the Sackett girl increased, and the daughter saw with pain that her father's affection seemed not only alienated from her, but that her position and authority in the house were being gradually usurped by the servant. Smarting under this injustice, in July last, during the absence of her father, Miss Russell ordered the girl to leave the house, and in such decided terms that she did not

dare disobey the command. When Russell returned home that night and was told by his daughter that she had discharged Lizzie Sackett his and returned with the discharged girl, reinstated her in her place and forbade his daughter using any authority in the ment, and never cloying upon the appe-house thenceforth. The poor girl determined to remain no longer under his roof, and hastily penning a note to that effect she left it in her bureau, walked to the village and sought the house of a friend, where she found shelter. Next in the village, and set to work to earn her own livelihood.

The affair, of course, was soon spread through the entire community and occasioned great scandal. The indignation of the neighbors finally became so intense that Russell was glad to send the Sackett girl to her father, and begged his injured daughter to return home. She consented to again take her place on the farm. About the middle of August she ascertained that her father was making frequent visits to the Sacketts. She at once remonstrated with him, when he remarked that his visits to the girl was honorable, and that he intended to marry her and bring her

back to the farm.

During her brief stay in the village, after leaving her father's house, Miss Russell had been visited by Horton Hurd. She would not consent to a hasty marriage, but assured her lover that she would give him her hand the coming fall. Recalled to her father's house, she resolved to bring him to agree to her marriage. His subsequent avowals showed her the attempt would be futile; but when she found that he had no care for her comfort and happiness she determined to wed Horton Hurd, let the consequence be what it

On the twentieth of September last Farmer Russell, after eating his breakfast, dressed himself carefully, and told his daughter that he was that morning to be married to Lizzie Sackett; that they would be back to the farm for dinner. Crushed and dumbfounded atthis sudden intelligence the poor girl could make no reply, and as her father drove away she fell fainting to the floor. When she recovered consciousness it was nine o'clock. Dragging herself to her room she dressed herself and packed a valise with a few personal effects. She then wrote a note to her father. Leaving the house she came to the village, where her story was soon made known. Horton Hurd visited her at once and she consented to his proposal of immediate marriage. They proceeded to the resi-dence of a sister of Hurd, where they were married.

About twelve o'clock on that day Russel returned to his farm with his former servant, now his wife. He found no preparations made for his reception, and, greatly enraged, at once begun a search for his daughter. He found William Russell came to Roseville, a only the note in her room. He stormed letter from that place says, about ten and swore like a madman and started with him his wife and two children, both | the house where were the newly married couple. He seized Hurd and attempted to stab him. All the inmates of the room except the young wife, fled at the sanguinary appearance of Russell. young man, driven to desperation, drew his pistol and warned Russell to desist. him of his youngest daughter. The re- but the latter seemed crazed with fury, time. Her name was Hattie, and being in-law. He at last raised his pistol. The young man's wife, wild with terror, sprung between her father and her husband at the moment the latter pressed household, a servant girl, named Lizzie the trigger, and the bullet crushed into her brain. She fell to the floor and died

Russell retreated in horror toward the door, and the husband kneeled by the side of his wife's corpse, and frantically homestead, but about five years ago a called her by name. Seeing that his bride was dead he rose to his feet, and in an instant shot himself through the ter ple, living but a few seconds. Russell was apprehended at once. He

without a moan.

could be held only on the charge of deadly assault, and he was admitted to bail. Russell went home, but it was seen that his mind was deranged, and it became necessary for a constant watch to be kept over him, as it was evident that he would destroy himself. For three months he gave no sign of even a glimpse of sanity, but finally, by de-grees, recovered his mind. His wife had been his constant attendant, but concessions, but only succeeded in ag- when he began to regain his reason he evinced a repugnance toward her which culminated in her being compelled to seek her father's house. Since January Russell has attended to his business matters as before the tragedy, and it ardent mutual affection, and the two seemed that he had entirely recovered. met frequently in the village. Although An indictment was found against him she made no attempt to conceal her at the last term of court, and he was to choice of a lover from her father, it was be tried. John Coleman, a hired man some weeks before he was aware of the of Russell, went to the barn to feed the intimacy that had sprung up between stock. On entering the haymow he was the son of his old enemy and his horrified to see his employer hanging daughter. He at once and emphatically by a rope to a beam. He was cut down. but found to be cold and dead. His bed ing to Horton Hurd on penalty of his had not been disturbed during the severest displeasure. Loving her father night, and doubtless he had hanged devotedly, Miss Russell sacrificed her himself early in the evening. No paper own happiness to his will, and wrote to of any kind has been found setting her lover that all future intercourse be- forth his reasons for suicide, but they are sufficiently evident to every one. A will has been found in Russell's writing tations to the merry social parties for desk, dated March 15, 1876, by which his property is left to a brother in England. An inquest was held on the refrom a healthy chubby girl of thirteen mains of the farmer, after which they to be an attractive and tidy young were buried by the side of his first wife woman of twenty. For a year and over and youngest daughter in the family Miss Russell had noticed her father's graveyard on the farm. The only conduct toward the housemaid. Her mourner at the funeral was his discarded

VIENNA BREAD.

Something that will Interest Housewives

The Kniser Semmel, as the bread of Vienna is termed, is a smooth, irregularly rounded, small, wheaten flour loaf, of uniform weight. It presents a rich, reddish brown crust, and a delicately shaded yellowish-almost white-interior. It is always light, evenly porous, free from acidity in taste or aroma, faintly sweet without the addition of saccharage knew no bounds. He went away rine matter to the flour or dough, slightly and pleasantly fragrant, palatable without butter or any form of condi-

The first requisite is to procure good flour. Good flour can only be made from pure, sound wheat, and by good milling. This means in general flinty wheat reduced by the process of high day she obtained a situation in a family or half high milling, and a selection of the products of the milling, not to exceed one-half the total weight of the wheat ground.

The next requirement is fresh pressed yeast. It is not difficult to manufacture, since it is made by skimming the froth from beer mash in active fermentation. This contains the upper yeast, which must be repeatedly washed with cold water until only the pure white yeast settles clear from the water. This soft, tenacious mass, after the water has been drawn off, is gathered into bags and subjected to hydraulic pressure until there remains a semi-solid, somewhat brittle, doughlike substance, still containing considerable water. This is the pressed yeast, which will keep for eighty days in summer, and for an indefinite time on ice. For use it should be of recent preparation and sweet, so that it will yield

only alcohol and carbonic acid as pro-

ducts of fermentation. Next follows the very important operation of mixing. Into the middle of a zinc-lined trough, about two and a half feet wide and eight feet long, semicylindrical in form, the Vienna baker empties his flour sacks. Then, into a pail holding about five gallons, equal parts of milk and water are poured, and left to stand until the mixture attains the temperature of the room, between seventy deg. to eighty deg. Fah. It is then poured into one end of the trough and mixed with the bare hand with a small portion of the flour to form a thin emulsion. The pressed yeast is next crumbled finely in the hands, and added in the proportion of three and a half ounces to every three quarts of liquid. and then one ounce of salt in same proportion is diffused through the mixture. The trough is now covered and left undisturbed for three-quarters of an hour. Then follows the incorporation of the flour from the neighboring heap; and as this is the last of the ingredients, we may write the recipe as a whole, thus: Flour, eight pounds; milk and water,

three quarts; pressed yeast, three and one-half ounces; salt, one ounce, Tqe mass of dough, being left quiet for two hours and a half, becomes a smooth, tenacious, puffed mass, of yellowish color, which yields to indentation without rupture and is elastic. It is now weighed into pound masses, and each lump is then cut by machinery into twelve small pieces, each of three-quarters of an inch in thickness. Of each one of these, the corners are brought together in the center and pinched to secure them. Then the lump is reversed and placed on a long dough board for further fermentation, until the whole batch is ready for the oven. Before being introduced into the latter, the rolls are again reversed and restored to their original position, having considerably increased in volume, to be further enlarged in the oven to at least twice the volume of the original dough. In the oven they do not touch each other, and the baking occupies about fifteen minutes. To glaze the surface they are touched in the process of baking with a The rest is soon told, and it is a story sponge dipped in milk, which, besides imparting to them a smooth surface, in-

creases the brilliancy of the slightly reddish cinnamon color, and adds to the grateful aroma of the crust. No peculiar form of oven is required, the only necessary point being that the receptacle shall be capable of maintaining a temperature of about five hundred deg. Fah.

Potato bugs are ravaging Long Island farmers' hot beds. Beetles, the parents of the potato bugs, that had slept in the beds all winter, awoke on the appearance of spring, and settled on the tender growth about them. They laid their eggs on the softest leaves. From the eggs were hatched potato bugs, and

Bad for the Farmers.

they begun to devour the leaves on which they were hatched. Taking the reporter to his hot beds, wherein were egg plants, a Flatbush farmer uprooted plant, whose leaves were pierced and withered, and peppered with bugs, and said: "See how lively they are! The potato bug eats a farmer out of house and home, until it gets to be a perfect beetle. Then it dives into the earth. and stays nine days, probably getting ready to lay. When ready, the beetle comes out of his hole, and lights upon the youngest plants. On them it lays eggs, and then bobs away. Last June the beetles came upon us, and caused thousands of dollars' loss by breeding upon the plants in the hothouses. I had egg plants enough to yield two hundred pounds of seed, that I was to sell to a Philadelphia seedsman for \$800; but the potato bugs ate all but \$40 worth. They couldn't hurt the potato shoots. because they were about a foot high. The beetles hung around all summer, crawling and jumping in the sun, and in the fall burrowed in the earth. Farmers are setting out only half as much potatoes as usual, and are terribly

afraid. In plowing, we turn up lots of

beetles. The ground is full of them,

Two Orphans' Adventures.

Says the Atchison (Kansas) Patriot: Conductor Ben Cole discovered, crouched under one of the seats in a smoking car, a boy and a girl. "Mister, is this road to Haven?" said the boy, as he crawled out, and the girl said:
"Mister, please don't put us off, our folks live there, and we ain't got any father or mother, and here's a letter," at the same time drawing from her faded calico apron a crumpled piece of paper, and handing it to Mr. Cole. After looking at it a long time, for it was badly written, badly spelled and blurred, he made out this:

"All good people: These children ain't got no father or mother. They died here in February, and Is'e been tending to 'em. They ain't got no folks here; and their folks live in Haven, Connecut. Ise a poor nigger woman, and can't keep 'em no longer. Is'e got myself to support, and theyse a going back to their folks. They is good children, and don't do 'em no harm. " JANE MAUPIN."

Mr. Cole sat down by the boy, who was about thirteen years of age and bright. He learned that in the spring John Howell with his wife and two children left New Haven, Conn., for the West, and arrived at Pueblo, but that there both died, and during their sick-ness the old negro, Jane Maupin, was the only attendant at their bedside, and the only attendant at their bedside, and the only attendant at the underground when the children were thrown out upon the world, orphans, friendless and penniless, she cared for them as she would for her own children. But having learned from the father that they were from New Haven, and that they had an uncle there by the name of Martin Howell, she conceived the idea that they ought to go back, and she thought that the letter she wrote and gave them would be a passport to all the world. They started, taking a train for Atchison, and a conductor had put them off near

But they had started for Haven, and ground. they resolved that they would go. By "stealing rides," now in a freight car, now under the seats in the smoking car, and now in the caboose among the piles of trunks and packages, and begging their food, they reached Topeka, fifty miles from Atchison. They wandered of trunks and packages, and begging their food, they reached Topeka, fifty miles from Atchison. They wandered around Topeka all day, and at night they by the man. He stated that they left by the man. hid themselves in a flat car laden with building stone. In the gray dawn they intention of joining a number of famreached this city, begged a breakfast ilies formerly from Kansas, who are and dinner, and at two o'clock hid them- now living in Brown county. They selves under the seat 11

they were found by Mr. Cole. Mr. Cole took the children to Kansas City, the end of his "run," cared for them there, telegraphed to Martin Howell at New Haven, Conn., and received an answer to send the children in care of the conductar to New Haven, and to draw upon him for the expenses of the wished to bury the body of the infant

The American Prima Donna.

Miss Emma Abbott, the American inger, made a very successful debut as Daughter of the Regiment at Covent Garden, London. Though her acting leaves something to be desired, she pessesses a voice of great power and purity, and is almost perfect in her rendering of the character. She was twice recalled

after the first act. Emma Abbott was born in Wisconsin her father being a well known violinist there, and although at an early age she developed wonderful musical talent and a voice of exceptional sweetness, yet there was little encouragement given to her, owing to the humble circumstances of her parents. At fourteen years of age, when she was singing in a church at Milwaukee, she had the good fortune to meet Miss Kellogg at Toledo, Ohio. She called on the great prima donna and asked her with childlike simplicity: "Will you please hear me sing?" A cordial compliance greeted her request.

that more deeply will enshrine in universal loving remembrance America's representative cantatrice. Miss Kellogg discovered the undeveloped purity, sweetness and power of her voice, and placed her under the care of our best musical teachers. Mme. Nilsson heard her sing at Dr. Chapin's church. New York city, and at the close of the services the Swedish Nightingale, with the enthusiasm of genius greeting genius, rushed up to her, introduced herself, embraced her, and said: "You can sing as well as I can; there are golden ducats in your voice." The growing tons. talent of the fair young singer induced a number of admirers of genius to subscribe a sum of money sufficient to send her to Italy, where she received the most valuable instruction, and where renowned maestri predicted a brilliant career for her. Whatever success Miss Abbott may meet she owes to her own untiring energy and determination to

succeed

Another Wife's Protest. In the Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise is advertised a "notice" which reads: My husband, Michael McCarthy, advertises that I have left his bed and board. I wish to say that the bed was my own, bought with my own money, and that for the most of the time since we were married I have furnished the board for both him and myself. Last Sunday night he beat me, and forced me, half naked, to leave the house. On Sunday he came home beastly drunk and quarrelsome, and compelled me to seek a neighbor's protection. I am covered with wounds where he has beaten me. He has beat me and dragged me by the hair repeatedly, and is ruffian and tyrant. He has never clothed me, and has repeatedly robbed me of my little money and valuables. I could not get credit on his account. He has none himself. The public may judge ANNA McCARTHY. between us.

father was nearly fifty years of age, and the girl twenty. He was a rich widower; she the daughter of a poor laboring man. Miss Russell at once made up her mind to speak to the girl and warn her of the impropricty of her conduct. She did so. The girl told the farmer, who commanded his daughter to confine herself over officious about his served to her household duties and not affairs.

The familiarity between Russell and They were Russell and the farmer and as nearly fifty years of age, and the girl twenty. He was a rich widower; she the daughter of a poor laboring man to be amiss to salopt as for incinnati Bar association has applied (incinnati Bar association has applied

Chinese Building Propensities.

The Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise says: The Chinese quarter of the city is being rapidly rebuilt. The sons of Confucius work like beavers. They are busy early and late, and both underground and on the surface. In their part of the town the Celestials have kept pace with the march of rebuilding in that part of the burned district which is in the hands of the whites. In ordinary times no one ever hears of a Chinese carpenter, but now all are carpenters. One would suppose that "John," the manner in which his eyes are set in his head being considered, would never be able to saw a plank square across, yet he manages to make all manner of joints and bevels. When a house much above the ordinary size is to be built, they precipitate themselves upon it in hosts. They go at it much as they set about tunneling through a mountain. They swarm like ants, and like ants each is doing something. When a large building is being roofed by them, it seems, at a little distance, to be covered with a flock of giant crows, each pecking with all his might, and squawking with all his "main." When a Chinaman is excited and is rushing things, he is very un-happy unless allowed to "give tongue." To suddenly cut one of them short when in full vocal blast would be as difficult

as to silence a donkey when in the midst labors of the Mongolians. It may be necessary to explain that once John Chinaman has come into possession of a piece of ground, he not unfrequently builds both up and down. He has an innate love of subterranean dens and caves. In Chinatown, as it is being rebuilt, the underground apartments are likely to be even more abundant than in Chinatown as it is. In the "bombproofs" and other holes they are digging and building, and they will have their gambling and opium dens down below the sunlight, underneath the

Sorrew by the Wayside.

A family from southern Kansas, consisting of a husband, wife and three Kansas on the first of March, with the traveled rapidly, and met with no mis haps until one Sunday morning, when their little babe, aged about eighteen months, was suddenly taken ill and died. The grief of the poor mother on the death of her child knew no bounds; in fact, she became tempor-arily insane, and when her husband she clutched it wildly in her arms and fled from him and hid herself in the woods, where she remained over night along with the corpse. It was not until nearly noon on the following day that he found her. She was so completely exhausted by that time that he had but little difficulty in taking her back to the wagon. She was induced to take some nourishment, and soon afterward fell asleep. While she lay sleeping the little corpse was placed in a roughly constructed box, and the father and children buried it under a live oak tree by the roadside. The mother slept several hours, and awoke with her mind restored. She assisted her husband in building a fence around the lone little grave, and then, with many backward glances, the afflicted family pursued their weary journey.

Fashion Notes.

Clinging mantles are fashionable wraps.

The close polenaise is the accepted overdress for church and street occa-

Ecru batiste dresses will be made un with a great deal of silk. The capote remains a favorite style in

bonnets both for straw and silk. The long-pointed pocket or the newer square one is seen on almost all

agonal and shield fronts both in basques and polonaises. Gloves for evening wear are very long, requiring from six to twelve but-

Square bows are a new feature in

dress trimmings. Squares and crescents of Mechlin lace are now used for ornamenting the ends

of China crepe neckties. Fine gingham, in gay colors, trimmed with Smyrna lace and elaborately made, will be the rage for country dresses during the summer.

For general wear the undressed kid. or gant de Suede gloves, are most fashionable, and white undressed kids are now selected for evening dress.

Many of the linen collars are hemstitched, and are made so high that when

Romance in the Kitchen.

The Napanee (Canada) Standard has this story: Miss Jennie Marshall, the fortunate heiress of \$1,000,000, married the object of her affection, A. M. Brown, and started for England to claim the bequest. The cause of her leaving England was to avoid a hateful marriage, and having come out here was content to live as a servant, rather than live in affluence by bartering away her better nature. Mr. Brown was not aware of the possibility awaiting his inamorata, but that need not cause all the young men of Napanee to "pile on the agony in the back kitchens on Sunday even-A GOOD IDEA.—A committee of the ings, unless they are willing to take the chances, which are about one in ten

CRUCIFIXION IN COLORADO.

Horrible Religious Rites of the Penitentes na Told by a Correspondent.

The Denver Tribune gives a graphic account of horrible religious rites of the Penitentes performed in Colorado during Passion Week. The account says: Perhaps some of your readers are not aware of the true meaning of the more "A Paritante" A Paritante is a played out for first-class traffic are word "Penitente." A Penitente is one who is supposed to have committed and other way stations. some crime against society or the church, for which, although he may have escaped civil law, he is yet amenable to the church, and must undergo a self-imposed punishment. A Penitente never does penance in a community where he is known. One who belongs here, for instance, dons a black mask and suddenly appears among strangers in Come-jas, Loma, or some other Mexican town, while Penitentes from either of those points make their appearance at Car-neros. Not one of the eighteen at Car-neros belonged there, and no one had seen their faces or had the slightest idea from whence they came. These masks are simply black sacks drawn completely over the head and tied at the neck. One or two wore red masks. Whether or not it was a symbol of a different degree of crime, we failed to ascertain.

Each Penitente wore simply a pair of the very thinnest kind of knit drawers.

This, with the mask, was their only at-tire. They were formed in groups of four or five Penitentes, and six or seven attendants. The leader of each band walked before, carrying something similar to a watchman's rattle. Another attendant followed, playing a small reed flute, while the other attendants chanted in a low, monotonous voice some words in Spanish. All—both Pententes and their attendants-carried an "azote," or scourge. These were the dried leaves of the soap weed-common in this country—firmly braided and twisted together into a sort of club, in the widest part about four inches, and three feet long. What we took at first to be red shawls was simply blood. They were actually dripping and drenching in blood from head to foot. They had taken sharp flints and dug them into their flesh all over the body until the blood fairly young men doing?" We can't answer for spurted from their bodies. They marched slowly to the chant, always kept up, and at every step gave them fearful blows with these "azotes." We could hear these blows an eighth of a mile. Every two or three minutes one would fall to the ground lifeless from very melanchely man. It should be re-

would pick up his scourge and beat him with all his might on his bare body. He would again stagger to his detand again apply the scourge as long as his strength lasted; and when he fell again the same operation was repeated as before. Occasionally they would roll their scourges, wet with blood, in the sand and fine gravel, and lash themselves with renewed vigor. When one got very weak from loss of blood the attendants held him up and kept up the march in the procession, while another beat him as

a long chain around each ankle, and the attendants, to vary the monotony, would drag him over the cactus plants and speech on the scaffold, in which he exthey walked along. One Penitente had sharp stones by these chains. Occasionfrom the ground, and always keep up ed in dunning their poor tenants. their music. Another had his arms, from the wrist to above the elbow, bound round and round closely with rawhide thongs, in such a manner as to completely stop the circulation, and from the ankle to above the knee in the same fix. The line of march was generally from the lower cross to a log cabin, where a relay of Penitentes awaited the

return of each party. Before we reached the Carneros two had died from the effects of the scourg-ing, and from a gentleman who left there we hear that three more are not likely to recover. We were told while there, by one or two outsiders, that one was nailed to a cross up the gulch, and out of sight from where we were, but we were not permitted to go up to see him. He was dead. Nails had been driven through his hands and feet, and he was actually crucified. Last year, upon this same spot, a man was crucified also. He lived twelve hours, and was not taken down and buried for two or three days, for fear he might not be quite dead. Now this is not romance, as every word can be substantiated. Mayor Barker witnessed these performances with myself, Mr. Helphenstine and his wife, and Mrs. Royal. We were the only Americans upon the ground that day. These things took place within a mile of a well-traveled road, and in sight of two or three ranches. Not one ranchman dare interfere or object in the least to this business, as his stock and houses and barns are at their mercy.

Emperor of Shopkeepers. The London Spectator calls the late

A. T. Stewart "the emperor of shopkeepers," and pronounces the reported estate of £16,000,000 sterling perhaps they are worn it is almost impossible to the largest fortune that ever was at one turn the head without turning the body man's entire disposal, and certainly the largest that was ever made out of a shop or accumulated by trade of any kind in one man's lifetime. It is four times the fortune acquired by the late Mr. Morrison, five times that of Mr. Thernton. two and a half times the highest estimate over formed of the wealth of Mr. Brown, of Liverpool, and probably exceeds that of any business man now alive and without partners, except, perhaps, Commodore Vanderbilt, the Amercan railway speculator, who is credited by rumor-which may, however, be exaggerated-with a larger accumulation

> Practicing. There are some phases of savage life

that it might not be amiss to adopt as

Items of Interest.

The "rinking" and "spelling bee" epidemic in England is there called the foot and mouth disease."

switched off to the Mediterranean, India,

English capitalists are said to have lost about five hundred millions of dollars in twelve months in Turkish, Egyptian, and Peruvian securities.

An English judge has decided that a woman can keep her wedding ring and wear it when she pleases, but she cannot give it away without her husband's consent.

Two hundred women of Guilford Conn., cleaned up the village green . with rakes, hoes and spades. No men were permitted to participate in the

The Ohio Legislature has passed a bill providing for the punishment by fine and imprisonment of all persons who get on or off railroad trains that are in

The disproportion between the weight of a small boy and the noise of his boot heels as he walks out of church at the quietest moment is a curious problem in dynamics. What exploration has accomplished in

Africa may be judged by a single fact. In 1850 the area of cultivated land in Egypt was 2,000,000 acres; in 1874 it was 5,000,000. An Iowa court has decided that if a

man engages himself to be married and then commits suicide, the defrauded party can proceed against his estate for breach of promise.

A shocking case of infanticide occurred at St. Valerien, Canada, when a woman named Guertin, annoyed at her infant's crying, seized it by the heels and beat out its brains against a heavy wooden An exchange asks: "What are our

rest of the country, but around here they are engaged mainly in trying to lead a nine-dollar existence on a seven-dollar salary.

membered, however, that he had nine The moment he fell an attendant hundred wives to advise him what to do when he had a sore throat. A cat at a Detroit fire rescued her kit-

tens by bravely entering the burning building and dragging them out; and her reward is adoption by a wealthy old woman, who will feed her on dainties during the rest of her life.

It may not be comforting to Black Hills miners to be informed that the Sioux, Blackfeet and Assinaboines have held many conferences of late, and that they contemplate a raid on the settlers as soon as the roads are passable.

pressed a hope that this "might be a ally they would jerk him almost clear warning to other landlords who persist-

Sixty years ago, the Saranac river, which flows out of the "North Woods" into Lake Champlain, was navigable for sloops for some distance. Now it is a small stream, hardly navigable for small boats, except during the spring freshets.

Our race of useful fruits is now so extensive and of such excellent quality, that to secure an improved variety is no easy matter. Greater and better results can be achieved through improved cultivation than in the multiplication of mere varieties. ·

McCrispin—"Quite right to get a pair of shoes, Molly, your fut 'll look illegant in leather." Molly—"But sure I can't pay for them till Christmas." McC. (after a thoughtful pause)-"Troth, and it is a pity to hide such purty fut, acushla. The Rev. Grant Powers, of Haver-

hill, N. H., rebuked an ignorant preacher for exercising the office of priest. He replied: "We are commanded to preach the gospel to every critter." "But," said Powers, "every critter is not commanded to preach the gospel." Good beefsteak is twenty cents a pound

in the Black Hills ; deer meat is twelve

to fifteen cents a pound, mechanics get \$3.50 to \$4 a day, and laborers \$2 to \$2.50. The supply of men far exceeds the demand. Custer City has already had a wedding, a birth, and a law suit Mrs. Allen, of Omaha, after twentyseven years of childless married life, gave birth to a boy, and in announcing

the happy event to her relatives in Maine she wrote: "Long have I wandered in lonely cheerless gloom, but thank Heaven, I now bask in the son-shine!" The Russian goverment has in con templation a railroad through central Asia over 2,000 miles in length, the estimated cost of which is \$200,000,000.

If this enterprise is commenced it will open a very considerable market for steel rails and railroad supplies. A ten-year-old boy was arrested in Richmond, Va., for disturbing public worship at St. Peter's cathedral. The court ordered him to be taken to the city

jail and whipped by his mother, and a police sergeant tied him to the whipping post, and the mother thrashed the youngster soundly with a strap. The growing superfluity of brigadiers in the army recalls what O Connell said to a British officer when he was being cross-examined. "Well, soldier," said the Irish barrister. "I am no soldier; I am an officer," was the indignant interruption of the irate Briton. "Well," said O'Connell; "well, officer, who is