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The Old Oak Door.

The old oak door is silent; but, then, it has more fancies than most of men; The roses hang over, the meads are in clover, And the world goes on, from dawn to dawn, Giving some joy and giving some pain; My cot is kissed by the tearful rain, And the oak door, swinging to and fro, Seem's life's frail shuttle, weaving slow.

TRIED BY FIRE.

"The man is ruined—hopelessly ruined!" "The words startled me." "So bad as that?" said the individual to whom the remark was made. "Even so bad."

me to stand up securely among the rushing waters. The best of all is, my property, which has been apportioned to my creditors, will pay every debt. That gives my heart its lightest pulsations. "I heard that you were ruined," said I, as we sat talking together; "but I find that the man is whole. Not a principle invaded by the enemy—not a moral sentiment lost—not a jewel in the crown of honor missing."

Mrs. Beecher's Teeth.

In supreme court, circuit, New York city, Henry Ward Beecher made his appearance, the occasion being his compulsory resistance of a suit brought by Solomon S. Skinner, a dentist, to recover payment for two sets of false teeth alleged to have been furnished by the plaintiff to Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher and one set to Dr. Lyman Beecher, some twenty-five years ago.

What a Weak Woman Can Do.

She can sit at the open window of a railway carriage with a stiff northeast wind blowing in that chilly easterly wind in the vicinity of the marrow, for two hours in a thin muslin dress without flinching.

TURNED SHAKER.

Developments of a Replevin Suit—An Abnathan Becomes a Shaker and Abandons his Wife. A suit which was disposed of in Albany, N. Y., brought to light a strange and interesting story, the facts of which, as related by the father, are summarized by the Argus as follows: Two years ago one Henry George, a former resident of Albany, wooed and won Harriet, daughter of Mr. William Clapham.

How the Oyster Grows.

As anything pertaining to oysters is of interest we quote the following explanation of their growth, given by Mr. Frank Beckland. How near correct he is we will not attempt to say.

The Man who was Scalped.

A seedy individual stood at the corner of a St. Louis street. It was midnight, and the moon glimmered among the floating clouds. A well dressed citizen approached. The seedy one tilted his hat and looked at the citizen.

Inside a Fighting Turret Ship.

I once heard an old sailor who fought in a monitor, describe the sound of the shots beating against the vessel's plates. You know that it is to be in a long railway tunnel,—how intensely dark it is, far darker than a starless night, and how yellow and feeble the lights look.

A BROTHER'S CRIME.

The Ohio Herald—A Brother Poisons his Brother's Family—Thirteen Persons Eat Arsenic. One of the most terrible tragedies that have made conspicuous the criminal annals of northern Ohio for the last few years took place in Orange township, Hancock county. This tragedy was the poisoning of thirteen persons, members of the families of two brothers and a nephew, by Isaac B. Charles, a resident of Ada, and late city treasurer of Ada, a man who has up to a short period borne an excellent reputation, and known as an honorable man and valued citizen.

Beautiful Thoughts.

Have not thy cloak to make when it begins to rain. There is a long and wearisome step between admiration and imitation. The touchstone by which men try us is most often their own vanity.

Items of Interest.

When you see a man trying to clean a paper collar with a piece of rubber, you can make up your mind that he has been hit by the hard times. "Does this razor take hold well?" asked the smiling barber. "Yes," replied the unhappy victim; "it takes hold well, but it don't let go worth a cent."

Curiosity of New Englanders.

Conversing one day with a Virginia officer relative to the curiosity of New Englanders, he told me that finding he never could procure any refreshment for himself or horse till after he answered all their questions, and they had compared them with their information, he adopted the following mode to avoid their inquisitive delays: Whenever he traveled from his own province to Boston, and alighted at an ordinary (the name given to inns in America), the master or mistress, and other company in the house, assembled at the door, and he began in this manner: "Worthy people, I am Mr. —, of Virginia. My trade is a tobacco planter, and a bachelor. Have some friends at Boston, whom I am going to visit. My stay will be short, when I shall return and follow my business as a prudent man ought to do. This is all I know of myself, and all I can possibly inform you. I have no news. And now, having told you everything, have compassion upon me and my horse, and give us some refreshment."

Taking Out a Lien.

A Norwegian farmer named Knudson sold a quantity of wood to his countryman, Ole Olson, of Green Bay, Wis., recently. Olson was slow in speaking of the payment of the cord-wood, and Knudson thought it best to get a lawyer and get his money.

Good Advice.

Ladies who are planning to visit the Exhibition at Philadelphia will do well to dress simply and sensibly. Plain, neat garments are the most appropriate, nice ones are almost certain to be injured. In some parts of the Exhibition grounds the dust is very penetrating, and the asphaltum walks become sticky under the hot sun.

A Parole.

The parole of Lord Cornwallis, a venerable document, is now on file in the Richmond (Va.) library. It reads as follows: "Charles Earl Cornwallis, Lieut. General commanding Her Majesties forces. "Do acknowledge myself a prisoner of war in the States of America, and having permission from his Excellency General Washington, agreeably to capitulation, to proceed to New York and Charleston, or either, and to Europe. Do pledge my faith and word of Honor that I will not do or say anything injurious to the said U. S., or armies, &c."