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The Difference.

The flowers we lost will all return; Though dead and buried long ago, Beneath the winter's ice and snow, They greet again the sun's bright face, Each in its own appointed place, And through the summer blocm and burn

The dead and lost will surely rise; Though buried deep beneath the clay, Through years and years they waste away, Yet in a brighter, better land, We hope to take them by the hand, And find them glorious in our eyes.

The flowers will come again, we know, For touch, and taste, and sight, and smell, The truth of resurrection tell. Last season brought them back again, And other seasons will, and then We do not grieve because they go.

We do not knew the dead will live. They never greet our mortal sight, Beyond the dark we see no light, And we have naught to check our grief, Except a shadow called belief, And such a sense as hope can give

NO ONE TO LOVE.

There had been a summer shower roof, window, garden, were washed to dazzling polish, and the wonderful liquid couleur de rose of the moment poured over all an air of enchantment. The slender young woman in deep mourning whom the stalwart proprietor of the vehicle lifted down like a feather accepted her dreaded destination with a smile.

"How lovely!" were the first words that escaped her lips; and they were appropriated as a fitting compliment by a rastily clad man, who seized the little gloved hand vigorously in his horny palm, and "hoped he saw Miss Thatcher

quite well." "Supper's bin ready this half hour," was the laconic and not amiable salutation of Mr. Seaman's spouse, who received Louisa in the porch.

"Au' the boys is gone fishin', you see," said the host. "When Solon's to hum from grammar school, Ezri's sure to jine him, an' take a day off."

After tea, served in a narrow, whitewashed anteroom to the stiff, funereal parlor, where Miss Thatcher was bid take off her things," the young lady begged to be shown to her own room, and was led up stairs to a low-windowed bedroom, carpeted with braided rags, and furnished with reddened pine and been pushed in with a mental ejacula-tion: "What on earth can a distric schoolma'am want with two big trunks?' and the andible information: "I've filled your pitcher. Here's a candle. The git-up bell 'll ring at six."

With as slight preparation as might be, the overweared girl-homesick to her heart's core-crept into bed.

She awoke with a start. The room was quite dark; a cool, damp moun'ain wind rushed through the open windows. She lighted a match and glanced at her watch. Only nine o'clock, and the world still wide awake. A burst of hilarious laughter arose from the kitchen below, where the returned fishermen w. re scaling their fish. From the house beyond the orchard came the tinkling of a piano, and a thin, sharp female voice practiced gingerly a song just then come

"No one to love, none to caress, Traveling alone through life's wilderness.

"My serenade," thought Louise, as she tried in vain to recompose herself to sleep. "Could any words express me better? An orphan, without brother or sister, penniless, nearly friendless, the one being that I loved and adored gone from me forever. 'No one to love, none to caress.' Could anything be truer of me than that?"

The village schoolchildren were enchanted with their new teacher. She was gentle and firm, interesting and companionable. There was not a sunny day all summer when some of them did not come after school to take her with them to Red Cedar pond, the holiday rendezvous of the country round.

If the afternoon proved rainy, and this juvenile escort failed, Miss Thatcher, wrapping herself in waterproof, and taking a book with her, would go down the orchard's steep bank to the old mill. She made friends with Tim, the miller's boy, and Bill Bowles, the miller, and "the old deacon," the prehistoric proprietor of the premises, who had not failed a day these fifty years to look in, rain or shine, to see "if things was to

She found a love of a corner where through the cracks under the great beams, she could see the water wildly rushing, and where she could hear, in its grand excitement, the grind and whirl, the boom and splash, of the mad flood who: e sound up on the hill yonder assumed such a drowsy monotone.

"You be so fond of readin', miss," said Tim, the miller's boy, "mebbe you'd take a shine to a curus book we've | gli apse of her. . got 'ere. There wus a time when all the visitors to Red Cedar pond cum down like. A hand writ book, miss-a man- companied by the indefatigable young scrip sum folks calls it. It b'longs, you might say, to Bowles' mill, for it wus to Miss Thatcher. left with 'the old deacon,' to be kept till called fur, an' wus writ by the curusest spesmin of a human cretur; but he | walking slowly along the highroad and died afore my time. I'm a stranger in | the pretty wood path that closed it, and these parts. I was reared twelve miles | giving each other gradually, with all the

back. "And no one has called for the book ?"

"Not yit," said Tim, mysteriously-"not yit. Folks is too sup'stitious. There be sum who say it never will be sitting in Mr. Seaman's parlor by the lage in no time." called fur till 'the old deacon' lies aside dim lamp, dignified by the mercenary o'the cretur who writ it. He died sud- genius of Mrs. Seamen into "an extra," nolent dwelling of old Squire Wells. lemons, \$72. put it back."

by certain footholds not very visible, nation. and brought down, with a flying leap that startled Miss Thatcher to her feet interested in me to inquire into my perin nervous apprehension for his safety, sonal history, they will find my diary in a dusty volume, which he gallantly the old mill where it was written, at Red wiped upon his coat sleeve and offered.
An autobicgraphy, not so very old, for its closing date was 1847. Four hundred pages of yellow letter paper stitched together by the dozen sheets, and feelly hand in a record of block.

through college—as my father, one of date for the winter term, to whom they and finally bound in a wrap of black leather. Written in a fine, pointed hand, difficult to read at first, but once mastered in its idiosyncrasies, legible at ease. And having this peculiarity: on the dearest and noblest of men, but had kindly given her the preference.

never fortunate in money making, could Excitement fourth attacked flax almost every page, mixed in the text, were maps carefully drawn and dotted, but without any figures or marginal references to show connection with the when I became for the first time en-"I am one of two brothers," the narra-tive commenced, "in all points as uncouragingly established in my profession, I determined to commence my vacation by looking up the neglected diary. I confess I do not find myself in-

inclosed in neatly ruled parallelograms,

like, from the moment of birth, as Jacob

had been inspired with sufficient curios-

ity to read the volume to its close.

"The manscrip's bin called fur."

startling whisper:

up till I had ter."

low," said Miss Thatcher.

darkened by two figures.

manuscript in her hands.

"No one to love, none to caress."

Hardly had she written this when the

sound of a crutch was heard on the mill

bridge, and voices, and in another mo-

ment the sunny doorway of the mill was

There was no escape for Louisa. She

"I believe I am the owner of the

I shall be in the village over the Sab-

"Oh, no," said Miss Thatcher, quickly

but embarrassment, or perhaps fate, urged her to decline the strangers'

She was going, and as she went an un-

On Monday morning, as she trudged

along the highroad to the schoolhouse,

she met him, and he evidently expected

"She blushed, though," the young

At noon the next day the mother of

From that time they met daily on the

trustful facility of youth and irresistible

attraction, the confidential histories of

came to see her.

their young lifetimes. At evening he

One evening the young couple were

man reflected, consolingly. That even-

leave the book with you gladly.

feel a little love for him.'

her through and through.

utterly unblessed and dissatisfied; and will love him a little." tyranny of fate, the personal history de- had not done since she had entered her

veloped into a descriptive diary of new world of love and loving. "Worlds of what, my dearest?" travels and business connections in South America, whither the writer had immigrated in his twenty-sixth year.

So far, and little further, the manuscript bore marks of having been read; pages were dog-eared, and there was an occasional thumb print. But the style was so dull and monotonous and the struck his rision; it was the line on the struck his rision; it was the line on the was so dull and monotonous, and the detail εο lacking in adventure, that not one of "the visitors at Red Cedar pond"

(No one to love pone to career "

"No one to love, none to caress."

Miss Thatcher saw it too. "Yes, I tribute of my sympathy.'

One Saturday morning—a beautiful sunny morning, for rainy days could no longer be waited for, the interest of the ness of her face smote his heart paindiary had become so absorbing—Miss
Thatcher was early in her favorite place
at the old mill, when Tim, with a surprisingly long face, accosted her in a
startling which are the startling which a second discontinuous and the startling which are t

"Let me tell you," she said, disen-gaging herself from his embraces, "what a strange thing I found, or thought I found, in that diary. First Miss Thatcher turned quite pale. "Is it gone?" she asked, faintly.
"No, miss, not gone," said Tim, radiantly, well satisfied with "the start" my own sad loneliness. I felt the depth he had given her; "net tuk away when of meaning in his complaint. Yes," she said, trembling, "I must confess, and you was a-readin' on't. Catch me! Says I: 'Sir, you must bring a written or I do repent, even in his complaint der.' So he went up the hill to the old against Heaven. Alone in the world.

deacon's—that wus yesterday. He'll be Sometimes that happens." And here let it be explained to the here fur certain to-day. But you've got the manuscrip, miss, to look at once reader that by an accident in the cradle calico counterpanes. The luggage had agin, anyhow. Catch me a-givin' on't the writer of the diary had been made physically repellant, and his sensitive "Tim, you are a very good, kind fel- soul exaggerated his misfortune into a barrier between himself and the loving sympathies of all mankind. As for wo-She took the manuscript, and it was then that, before she read a word, she mankind, he knew not-for his mother wrote in fine pencil mark upon the margin | died at his birth—even its maternal tenof one of the sallow pages—a page she turned over leaf after leaf especially to

derness. "Leonard, dear," Miss Thatcher went on, "you will think me, perhaps, the most superatitious being; but I think
—and the ide, has gathered some reasonable pleas—I cannot help thinking that this book is framed as a mode of bequest. I believe the writer, your father's brother, stung with the bitter thought that his hard earned fortune would be spent by those who never arose from her love of a corner, with the knew or cared for him, devised a meth-"I am sure you have come for this," od by which a part at least should be she said to the old deacon. Then she the reward of affectionate gratitude."

glanced at his companion. She caught | She explained to him then her theory of the impression in her rapid glance of a the maps, and her instinctive construcscholarly looking young man, with a pale tion of one particular map which she forehead and a dark mustache, who wore had studied at the very last reading in the old mill.

Leonard Mansfield's cheek flushed as he listened. At the close he said: "Your record left here so many years ago," the young man explained. "But I have no reasoning is sufficiently plausible to deserve to be tested, and so it shall be. reason to carry it away at this moment. But first promise me one thing; prombath, perhaps through the week. If ise me that if this mi acle of intuition you have not finished reading it, I shall proves true, you will be my wife to-morrow. My darling, you shall not say 'No.'" He prevented her, indeed, in a -too quickly she afterward thought; lover-like way from saying anything. And silence is "yes" to love.

The last day of August the whole village was thrown into a torment of excontrollable impulse caused her to turn back and say: "If you are kindred to in one of the twin houses on the "Meeting house hill" at five o'clock in the the man who wrote the book, 'twill make you very sad. I hope—I hope you will morning. Miss Tabitha Butts stood in her nightdress peeping through the blinds of a dormer window. She never could tell, as she declared afterward,

At church on Sunday the claimant of what made her peep. She saw the back door of "Dick Seathe Bowles' mill manuscript appeared in a conspicuous pew, and Louisa Thatcher man's" open, and Louisa Thatcher look felt, even when he was not looking at mysteriously out. Then she saw Tim, her, that his thoughts were studying the miller's boy, creep stealthily around the porch with a pickax and a spade, which he gave to Miss Thatcher, who disappeared with them into the house. Then Tim, stealing back again as far as a recognition; but intent upon the necesthe lilac bushes, and cautiously surveysity of absolute dignity in a "district ing all approaches, put his hand over school na'am," she vouchsafed him his mouth and gave a low whistle. Immediately from the horse shed by the church a man came very quickly, and, nodding to Tim as he passed, hastened to the highroad. Miss Tabitha was ing he called at Mr. Seaman's with one of the village dignitaries, but the desire sure, although his cap was drawn over of his eyes was "up stairs correcting his face, that this man was the young com sitions," and he did not gain a stranger to the village who had been so

infatuated with Miss Thatcher. Then Miss Thatcher came to the door again and beckoned to Tim, and whisflaxen-haired Nettie, pet of the baby to take a look at it; but it's grown rusty class, came with Nettie's luncheon, ac pered; and he went, around by way of the church, down the plum orchard, to

man, who was then formally presented the mill. A pickax and a spade! Miss Tabitha had cold shivers; she could think of way to school and the way from school, nothing but a grave. When, two hours afterward, the coast being clear, she sped across the garden patch to the "meetin' house shed," her fancy lost none of its horrors, for there, in the northeast corner, was a space of fresh

turned mold. Miss Tabitha went home, put on her sunbonnet, and was "down to the vil-

din, an' wus buri'd up in the deacon's looking together over the mill manu- Mr. Mansfield had been closeted with him an hour. And when the squire reburi'l lot. An' sum say he wusn't script.

buri'd, but is gone a sea v'yage, an' 'll "I find it so dull," said Leonard appeared he nearly upset his ancient sugar, \$22.77. buri'd, but is gone a sea v'yage, an''ll "I find it so dull," said Leonard appeared he nearly upset his ancient come back; an' sum say he's been seed Mansfield. "Were it not for one con- wife in the hallway in haste to get his round Bowles' mill moonlight nights, sideration and one conviction, I should hat and coat, and choked till he was and five pounds granulated sugar, \$23.58. But you needn't be scared, miss. The book is nat'ral harmless. An' if you tion is for your sake, because you like it, that he was going to U. "on bizniss!" say so, I'll git it fur you this minit, an' Louisa; the conviction was the founda- Off he went at such a novel pace that dred and ninety-nine pounds granulated when you're through readin' on't, I'll tion of my coming to claim the record. the poor dame's feeble faculties aroused sugar, \$22.88. When my uncle's will was read seven themselves to concentrate upon one fatal

Up to the rafters he climbed nimbly years ago, one clause struck my imagi. remembrance: "When an old horse that has allers walked takes to runnin'

"'If any of my heirs feel sufficiently away, there's no ind o' damage." Excitement third was a sealed letter dropped by Mr. Seaman's EzrTinto the post-office at ten o'clock, the hour of general delivery, directed to the trustees of the district school, which body, being in quorum on the spot, opened at once the resignation of Miss Thatcher in favor of the highly recommended candi-

never fortunate in money making, could not afford—and furnished me with a haired Nettie's mother, a pleasant faced small capital to commence law practice. little widow, to whom Tim, who had I had more than one compunctions ridden to U. and back again at breakthought about my benefactor. It seemed neck speed, brought a note from the to me a shame to accept such benefits from a man in whom I had not even sufficient interest to acquaint myself with his personal history. This year, underlined like a pleasantry, that so up-set the good widow's brain as to spoil the count of her one-two-three-four cake.

Last of all, and the grand excitement Then followed, interspersed with the incomprehensible maps, a brief history of an unhappy childhood, unloved as childhood could be, an adolescence childhood could be, an adolescence of the shaunted me: 'I hope you one asked, as the first few slow strokes one asked, as the first few slow strokes were counted; but once fairly set going, after a page of atheistical triade against the inequality of fortune and the bitter. Thatcher, sighing so sorrowfully, as she quickly, jubilantly—ringing not for the dead, but for the living; ringing for a wedding!

Such as campering as there was up the Mill bridge road! There was no lack of witnesses to the simple, solemn service, and of the coming down the aisle, on the arm of her proud young husband, of a delicate little bride, with mourning laid aside for purest white, and day lilies on her bosom.

Not married in haste to repent at leisure were the two loving people who took the evening train at U. for a Not one—except Miss Thatcher. She know," she said, softly. "I wrote it far commercial city, preceded by their there. I could not help it. "Twas the avidity."

Miss Thatcher saw it too. "Ies, I fook the evening train at C. for a far commercial city, preceded by their good fortune in shape of a strong box tribute of my sympathy." banknotes ingeniously bequeathed by an eccentric misanthrope, and discovered in its hiding place by a woman's wit, kindled by a woman's sympathy.

A Living Chain.

well under way two young men, named | ter. Tom Adams and Joe Russian, stepped out, intending to visit a neighboring house for the purpose of procuring cigars for a social smoke together. The night was unusually dark-absolutely nothing being discernible a foot distant. Consequently the two men proceeded slowly, trusting to their knowledge of the locality to carry them to the direction they wished to take.

Suddenly, and without the least warning whatever, their feet slipped from under them, and the next instant they felt themselves plunged downward, neck deep in slum and water. They had fallen into an old shaft, dropping at least forty feet from the edge. Fortunately both fell on their feet, and the mud in the bottom prevented their being bruised in the fall. A new danger, however, immediately presented itself, namely: in the quicksand. Both made desperate efforts to keep their heads above the water, but in doing so nearly suffocated from immersion.

Adams at last caught hold of a projection on the side of the shaft, and although possessing but one arm, succeeded in holding on until Russian climbed over him and reached the mouth of the shaft. Russian then called for help, and the party at Brunsen's was soon on the spot. No ropes were procurable, and something had to be done immediately to save Adams from death

in the bottom of the pit. Men think very rapidly in cases of im mediate danger, and one of the crowd around the top of the shaft proposed that the most muscular form them into a chain, and drop into the shaft. This man was held by one arm by several men at the mouth of the shaft, and a stops over the point where he sunk, while the others range themselves in a was acted upon at once. The heaviest second man sliding into the shaft, clinging to his waist. A third man did likewise, grasping the second man's waist, and each successive link in the human chain did likewise until the bottom was reached, and Adams dragged from his awful predicament. Through the mu- peated, often for two or three hours, the tual assistance of Adams himself and his friends he managed to reach the top completely exhausted, as were his brave

It was indeed a narrow escape for both young men from a horrible death, and a cre litable action on the part of those who undertook in this novel and dangerous manner to rescue Adams.

Lemons and Sugar.

Congressman Williams, of Indiana, chairman of the committee on accounts, in his first speech in the United States House said: "Let me read some of the items from the account for articles furnished to the House of Representa-

"Four and seven-eighths gallons alcohol, and package for same, \$13.19.
"One cask of sal soda, \$26.29. "Fifty pounds tea, \$87.50; two hunhred and twenty pounds granulated

sugar, \$25.30. "Two hundred and nineteen pounds powdered sugar, \$25.19; six boxes of emons, \$78. "Six boxes lemons, \$78; two hundred

and five pounds sugar, \$23.58."
"Six boxes lemons, \$75; two hundred and thirty-two pounds sugar, \$26.58.
The next is "one hundred fans [Mr. Williams here imitated the action of using a fan, amid great laughter. "Two hundred and thirty-four pounds

granulated sugar, \$26.91.

powdered sugar, \$26.45; six boxes and wider and higher under the foot, "Six boxes lemons, \$72: one hundred and ninety-eight pounds granulated

"Six boxes lemons, \$72; two hundred "Six boxes lemons, \$72. "Three boxes lemons, \$36; one hun-The total is \$1,293.08.

Disease from Soap,

Soap is so universally used at the present day that it seems almost impossible to do without it. It may appear surprising to learn that soap is not an uubeen carried about by, the too frequent use of some kinds of the article. Manufacturers care but little what dients they employ so long as the article they bring forth has the proper amount of perfume or the requisite capability of producing suds with little rubbing. In this manner a vast amount of diseased animal matter, taken from beasts which have died of putrescent maladies, is em-Soap fat is well known in the manu-

facture of the soap, and owing to its condition and the imperfect way in which it is refined, it sometimes contains most deadly poisons, which, by friction upon the skin, are introduced into the pores, gradually soak into the blood and develop into some local affection for which no cause can be assigned. Typhoid fever has been often produced in this manner, it is ascertained positively, but the most common form in which this soap poison has made itself felt is in the production of diphtheria. It has hitherto been an inexplicable fact that while doctors have been urging great cleanliness to avoid this disease, it is precisely where this has been most shown that the disease has made most ravages. Boards of health have been constant in their efforts to prevent diphtheria by urging cleanliness, with a result that is already known by the constant increase of death.

It has also been found that a large proportion of the soaps now used are made from putrid and filthy grease obtained from tenement houses, jails, hospitals and public institutions, and which no possible process can remove of their impurities and render fit for human use. The medical faculty of Paris and London have already sounded the keynote of warning in this matter. Alarmed at the warning in this matter. Alarmed at the increase of disease transmitted from imvers still followed their wave wandering pure soaps, they have impressed on the people the necessity of only using soaps of tested purity. The annual mortality of children, which is now so great, in also attributed in large part to this in-The Sonoma Democrat is responsible for the following story: A special dance was in progress at Brunsen's ranch, Green Springs, in the lower end of the county, and after the dancing had got Wise legislation is needed on this mat-

The Sea Otter.

The sea otter is found in greatest abundance at the Saanach island. The food, is mostly clams, muscles and sea urchins, which they manage to secure by striking two shells together, held in the fore paws. When broken they suck out the contents. Crabs, fish, and the tender fronds of sea weeds also form their food. Unlike the seal they are not polygamous. Hunters say they are very playful, and that they have seen them on their backs in the water and tossing a piece of seaweed up in the air from paw to paw, and apparently enjoying the sport of catching it again before it fell into the water. The mothers sleep in the water on their backs, with their young clasped between their fore paws. If surprised, she clasps the pup in her arms and turns her back on the danger. They are extremely wary, and hunters when they go to Saanach island avoid making a fire or scattering refuse food. Their sufferings, encamped for weeks on a barren island with no fire, and the thermometer below zero, are very great. The sea otters will take alarm from a fire kindled four or five miles to windward of them, and Prof. Elliott says resolution is carried out in a very thorthat the "footstep of man must be washed by many tides before its trace ceases to alarm the animal and drive it from landing there should it approach for that purpose." One method of capturing them is by "spearing surrounds." This consists in surrounding a sea otter with a party of men in fifteen or twenty canoes. One canoe darts towards the animal, which usually dives. The canoe Within fifteen minutes or half an hour he reappears, and the nearest canoe moves rapidly toward him, which compels him to dive again before he can re-cover himself. This process being resea otter at last suffers so much from in- finish the work for her which she seems terrupted respiration that he is filled with gasses and cannot sink.

Fashion Notes.

Hats, as a rule, are altogether larger. The last thing in aprons-one pocket in the center.

stockings for ladies. Cream shades find favor in wash dresses, as in everything else.

Fringes are brought out in handsome patterns and are more popular than According to Paris papers the Oxford laced shoes in French kid are worn in-

doors and out. Very broad leather or velvet belts, with silver plated and nickel buckles, continue to find favor.

The coolest possible dress for deep mourning is either barege or black worsted (not silk) grenadine, trimmed with crape.

It is better taste to wear perfectly plain black silk for the first month after leaving off crape, when lace will be appropriate. The bright, gay parasols and sun-

shades seen in Paris are no longer coufined to red ones, but pink, green and yellow figure conspicuously. Shoe; with the so-called Wurtemburg heels, cut in one piece with the sole,

The watch protecting pocket is another novelty, designed to protect the watch from pickpockets. It is made of kid, lined with wash leather, and bound with

have capes forming sleeves.

True Love Out of Fashion.

The country never possessed so many beautiful marriageable young women as it does at the present time. And why do we not have more marriages? We half of his income for board and the other half for clothes cannot improve his condition he will not marry. The shop girl who earns good wages and cannot be distinguished by her dress from the banker's daughter certainly will not plunge into matrix ony unless she can better her condition in life. If a man is fortunate enough to possess money, it matters not how old or ugly he may be, hundreds of intelligent, handsome young women can be found only too willing to become his wife. Love is an after consideration. They marry to be supported and dressed extravagantly. How often do we hear the remark? "Better to be an old man's darling than a poor man's slave." Alas! darlings. They will persist in loving other men after they are married. It cannot be denied that a great number of property of the many of them are not satisfied to be eye could reach not a living thing or object created by the hand of man could be seen. On every side the horizon only appropried many areas and areas and areas areas and areas areas. unmarried men are adventurers looking for wives who can keep them without working for a living. The peace and contentment of a happy home are not taken into consideration. They are willing to suffer a hell upon earth if they can be kept in idleness. If our young people do not abandon this extravagance of dress and greed for money our country will be filled with old bachelors and old maids. We must have more genuine courtships and marriages to have prosperity and happiness in this world. Too many marry for money, only to be disap-pointed and unhappy the rest of their

The Discovery of Greenland.

Though Iceland was thus settled by life, we must believe that they were no the shores of Greenland, to which region he gave the name of Gunnbiorn's rocks. He made his way home again, for the strait between Greenland and Iceland is ing that I knew that the pace at which not so wide but one may see the shores the mouster was coming was far faster of each, when midway between them, than that of a horse at full gallop, but of a clear day. He gave, like all distance the beast had broken away from where I coverers, a very glowing account of his had tied him, and was quickly devournew land, but none went thither until the next century.

In 985, Eric the Red, who, like Ingolf, had been obliged to quit his own country on account of his violence and crimes, went to the new land in the west. He established a home for himself, and three years later, he was back in Iceland with a wonderful tale. In the quaint language of the chronicle: "In order to entice people to go to his new country, he called it Greenland, and painted it as such an excellent place tor pasture, wood and fish, that the next year he was followed thither by twentyfive ships full of colonists, who had furnished themselves richly with household goods and cattle of all sorts; but only fourteen of these ships arrived.". The other eleven, we are left to surmise, were wrecked on the way. -St. Nicholas

A Stubborn Suicide. The London Court Circular says: They are not very lively people in Sufough manner. I read that at a small too, had assumed the shape at once of a village the other day a tradesman's wife got up in the night, and, having proceeded some distance from her house, placed half a pound of gunpowder in a circle around her, and set fire to it, but it did not injure her. She then proceeded to her shop, obtained a pound canister of gunpowder, placed it in a bucket, and held her head over it and set fire to it. The result was that the outhouse was blown to pieces, and the woman frightfully burned about the face. She next procured a shoemaker's knife, and stabbed herself in the throat. Strange to say this energetic female is still living; but, as she is under medical care, she need not give up all hopes of ex-tinction, for the doctor will probably to have commenced so vigorously.

An Honest Convict.

At Des Moines, Iows, a few months ago, in a moment of passion, a young man of upright character, named Morris Spangler, killed a mate with whom he had hitherto been on friendly terms. Solid colors, unbleached and white It was believed there were extenuating for two years. He asked leave of the with black. sheriff to visit his parents, who lived a few miles from the city, promising to in the embrace of the seducer, and the return so as to go with the other prisoners on the day when they were to be movement, and the terrible mouth, removed. The sheriff accepted his which I could now see was as large as a promise. He went home, and bade all his friends and schoolmates farewell, darted out and pulled my poor beast leaving with them various keepsakes, gathered together his school books, and returned promptly, and was conveved to bones, mingled with the stifled death prison. He took his books, saying he should make a man of himself while he bestrode. Then all was still, and the was there.

> A CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.—Some prayer for children corresponding to the evening petition, "Now I lay me down to sleep." The New York World replies that there is such a petition, and this is it. one asks why there is not a morning

" Now I wake and see the light. 'Tis God has kept me all the night. To Him I lift my voice and pray That He will keep me all the day."

drunkenness with one n. Shortly after- to be a grave mistake. ward he returned to his parish, and found himself very coldly received by his parishioners. He sent for the parish don for drunkenness."

Birthdays.

Who weeps when love, a cradled babe, is born? Rather we bring frankincense, myrrh and gold. While softest welcomes from our lips are

rolled

To meet the dawning fragrance of a morn
Of checkered being. Even while the thorn
Keeps pace with rosy graces that unfold,
Do we with rapture cry: "Behold, behold,
A Heaven dropped flower our garden to adorn!"
And yet, when from our darling fall the years
As from the rose the shriveled petals rain,
And into newer life the soul again
Springs thornless to the air of purer spheres,
So blinded are we by our bitter pain
We greet the sweeter birth with selfish tears,
—Catholic World.

A DRAGON IN COLORADO.

The Strange Story of a Traveler in the Great American Desert.

A correspondent of the Denver News says: I was traveling horseback along a stretch of country which, for a long dis-tance, merits the appellation of the Great American desert. As far as the seen. On every side the horizon only bounded the view, and not even where the sky kissed the plain did aught but the scanty prairie grass, already burned to brown under the rays of the fast sum-mering sun, lift itself, dotted here and there by innumerable cacti, from mother earth. Save the quickly recovering thud of my horse's hoofs as he loped over the prairie, not a sound was to be heard, and the stillness was profound.

But the silence and the solitude were

not for long. As I was about to seek a place to build a fire and bivouac for the night, suddenly a long trailing form started from the earth, and a queer rumbling cry was borne to my ears upon the western wind. Hardly had the sound died upon the air when an intense trem-bling teized my horse, and, with ex-tended nostrils and dilated eye, he begun looking on all sides as if to find a way of escape. And now the same strange cry was repeated, and my terrified sight perceived an enormous reptile, half ser-pent, half quadruped, that was now running, now creeping along the earth, with incredible rapidity. Although my limbs almost refused to perform their office for terror, I had turned mechanicing the earth with rapid feet. Not, however, away from the coming danger.

Although destruction stared me in the face, I almost lost consciousness of my peril in viewing the strange scene that followed. As soon as the terrible thing perceived that the horse was able to run at a rate that compelled an inconvenient degree of speed to catch up with him, he suddenly stopped in his career, and for a moment remained silent and motionless, and the only sound to be heard was that made by the retreating horse, which was growing fainter and fainter. Immediately, ere it had become quite lost to the ear, the cause of the brute's flight begun to utter a sonorous roaring that one moment sounded like some brutish mother calling her young, and another a weird imitation of the cooing of a dove. Hardly had the sound been uttered, when the horse, which was now almost lost to sight in the rapidly growing darkness, stopped. Presently he turned around and begun with hastening steps to return. The noise still confolk, but it appears that when one of tinued, and even to my human hearing the natives contemplates suicide the seemed to have a pleading, inviting note in it. The Brobdingnagian beast cat ready to play with her kittens, and of a serpent when trying to charm its

prey into its folds.

And now let me describe the monster. Like other saurians, it had the body of a lizard, uplifted on, as near as I could judge, eight feet, but its propelling power, as already noted, seemed to exist chiefly in its tail, which streamed behind the body at least a hundred feet. The trunk of the monster must have been thirty feet long by about half that figure in width, and at least from eight to ten feet through. The feet seemed little more than paddles with which to push this huge body along, and apparently had little supporting power, the crea-ture's belly touching the ground except when its rapid motion forced it forward in the air. The head was flattened at the top, and towered high up over the body on a neck greater in diameter than a barrel, and fully ten feet in length. The eyes, as large as saucers, were about a yard and a half apart, and gleamed like lanterns on either side of a carriage. Thus far, the mouth was only partly open, to emit the sound above noted, so that in the comparative darkness I could circumstances which would prevent a not see it distinctly. The color was a verdict against him, but he was con- dark purple, such as is sometimes used victed, and sentenced to the penitentiary in churches at Lenten time, mottled By this time the horse had come with-

charming all at once ceased. Another barn door, opened, and a forked tongue within. Then came the sound of the teeth crunching and the breaking of frightful creature lay motionless, as if digesting its meal. Presently it stirred, and, giving myself up for lost, I made up my mind to be its next victim, when, way to this place.

When you reflect that at picnics one hundred years ago it was the custom for the girls to stand up in a row and let the A clergyman was "turned down" at a men kiss them all good-bye, all this enfashionable spelling bee for spelling thusiasm about national progress seems

metal like a portemonnaie.

The newest dust cloaks are of silk and alpaca in the form of Ulsters. They are showerproof. Some have jelly-bag hoods. Others are of the round form or the proof of the parish hoods. Others are of the round form or turned out of a great lady's house in Lon- while the discomfitted flies club together and take it out of the minister.'