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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 bloom 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 know 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 hops 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 rascally old 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 re-
ceived Louisa in the porch.

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

After tea, served in a narrow, white-
washed 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
calico counterpanes. The luggage had
been pushed in with a mental ejacula-
tion: "What on earth can a district
schoolma'am want with two big trunks!"

And the audible information: "I've
filled your pitcher. Here's a candle.
The git-up bell'll ring at six."

With a slight preparation as might
be expected of a girl—homesick to
her heart's core—except into bed.

She awoke with a start. The room
was quite dark; a cool, damp morn-
ing 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
were sealing 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
into vogue:

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

"My serenade," thought Louisa, 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 care.' Could anything be truer of
me than that?"

The village schoolchildren were en-
chanted with their new teacher. She
was gentle and firm, interesting and
compassionate. 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 Thatch-
er, 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 prop-
rietor of the premises, who had not
failed a day these fifty years to look in,
rain or shine, to see "if things was to
rights."

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 of 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
got 'ere. There was a time when all the
visitors to Red Cedar pond cum down
to take a look at it; but it's grown rusty
like. A hand-writ book, miss—a man-
script sum folks calls it. It b'longs, you
might say, to Bowles' mill, for it was
left till called fur, an' was writ by the
cursest spesimen of a human creetur; but
he died afore my time. I'm a stranger in
these parts. I was reared twelve miles
back."

"And no one has called for the
book?"

"Not yit," said Tim, mysteriously—
"not yit. Folks is too 'emptionsions.
There be sum who say it never will be
called fur till 'the old deacon' lies aside
of the creetur who writ it. He died sud-
din, an' was burid' up in the deacon's
burial lot. An' sum say he wusn't
burid', but is gone a sea y'age, an' 'll
come back; an' sum say he's been send
round Bowles' mill moonlight nights.
But you needn't be scared, miss. The
book is nat'ral harmless. An' if you
say so, I'll git it fur you this mornin',
an' when you're through readin' on't, I'll
put it back."

Up to the rafters he climbed nimbly
by certain footholds not very visible,
and brought down, with a flying leap
that startled Miss Thatcher to her feet
in nervous apprehension for his safety,
a dusty volume, which he gallantly
wiped upon his coat sleeve and offered.
An autobiography, not so very old,
for its closing date was 1847. Four hun-
dred pages of yellow letter paper
stitched together by the dozen sheets,
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
almost every page, mixed in the text,
were maps carefully drawn and dotted,
inclosed in neatly ruled parallelograms,
but without any figures or marginal
references to show connection with the
writing.

"I am one of two brothers," the narra-
tive commenced, "in all points as un-
like, from the moment of birth, as Jacob
and Esau."

Then followed, interspersed with the
incomprehensible maps, a brief history
of an unhappy childhood, untraced as
childhood could be, an adolescence
marked by a page of abstruse and disas-
tressing mathematics, and a bitter
struggle of the intellect against the
tyranny of fate, the personal history de-
veloped into a descriptive diary of
travels and business connections in
South America, whither the writer had
immigrated in his twenty-sixth year.

So far, and little further, the manu-
script 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
detail so lacking in adventure, that not
one of "the visitors at Red Cedar pond"
had been inspired with sufficient curiosi-
ty to read the volume to its close.

Not one—except Miss Thatcher. She
read every page carefully, even with
avidity.

One Saturday morning—a beautiful
sunny morning, for rainy days could no
longer be waited for, the interest of the
diary had become so absorbing—Miss
Thatcher was early in her favorite place
at the old mill, when Tim, with a sur-
prisingly long face, accosted her in a
startling whisper:

"The manuscript's bin called fur."
Miss Thatcher turned quite pale. "Is
it gone?" she asked, faintly.

"No, miss, not gone," said Tim, ra-
diantly, well satisfied with "the start"
he had given her; "not tuk away when
you was a-readin' on't. Catch me! Says
I: 'Sir, you must bring a written or-
der.' So he went up the hill to the old
deacon's—that was yesterday. He'll be
here fur certain to-day. But you've
got the manuscript, miss, to look at once
agin, anyhow. Catch me a-givin' on't
up till I had ter."

"Tim, you are a very good, kind fel-
low," said Miss Thatcher.

She took the manuscript, and it was
then that, before she read a word, she
wrote in fine pencil mark upon the margin
of one of the salow pages—a page she
turned over leaf after leaf especially to
find:

"No one to love, none to care."

Hardly had she written this when the
sound of a crutch was heard on the mill
bridge, and voice, and in another mo-
ment the sunny doorway of the mill was
darkened by two figures.

There was no escape for Louisa. She
arose from her love of a corner, with the
manuscript in her hands.

"I am sure you have come for this,"
she said to the old deacon. Then she
glanced at his companion. She caught
the impression in her rapid glance of a
scholarly looking young man, with a pale
forehead and a dark mustache, who wore
eyeglasses.

"I believe I am the owner of the
record left here so many years ago," the
young man explained. "But I have no
reason to carry it away at this moment.
I shall be in the village over the Sab-
bath, perhaps through the week. If
you have not finished reading it, I shall
leave the book with you gladly."

"Oh, no," said Miss Thatcher, quickly
—too quickly she afterward thought;
—but embarrassment, or perhaps fate,
urged her to decline the strangers' politeness.

"She was going, and as she went an un-
controlled impulse caused her to turn
back and say: 'If you are kindred to the
man who wrote the book, 'will make
you very sad. I hope—I hope you will
feel a little love for him.'"

At church on Sunday the claimant of
the Begbie's mill manuscript appeared in
a conspicuous pew, and Louisa Thatch-
er felt, even when he was not looking at
her, that his thoughts were studying
her through and through.

On Monday morning, as she trudged
along the highroad to the schoolhouse,
she met him, and he evidently expected
a recognition; but intent upon the neces-
sity of absolute dignity in a "district
schoolma'am," she vouchsafed him none.

"She blushed, though," the young
man reflected, consolingly. That even-
ing he called at Mr. Seaman's with one
of the village dignitaries, but the desire
of his eyes was "up stairs correcting
com'positions," and he did not gain a
glance of her.

At noon the next day the mother of
flaxen-haired Nettie, pet of the baby
class, came with Nettie's luncheon, ac-
companied by the indefatigable young
man, who was then formally presented
to Miss Thatcher.

From that time they met daily on the
way to school and the way from school,
walking slowly along the highroad and
the pretty wood path that closed it, and
giving each other gradually, with all the
trustful facility of youth and irresistible
attraction, the confidential histories of
their young lifetimes. At evening he
came to see her.

One evening the young couple were
sitting in Mr. Seaman's parlor by the
dim lamp, dignified by the mercenary
genius of Mrs. Seaman into "an extra,"
looking together over the mill manu-
script.

"I find it so dull," said Leonard
Mansfield. "Were it not for one con-
sideration and one conviction, I should
never be able to finish. The considera-
tion is for your sake, because you like it,
Louisa; the conviction was the founda-
tion of my coming to claim the record.
When my uncle's will was read seven

years ago, one clause struck my imagi-
nation:

"If any of my heirs feel sufficiently
interested in me to inquire into my per-
sonal history, they will find my diary in
the old mill where it was written, at Red
Cedar pond. Personal application to be
made to Deacon Treat or Squire
Wells." The heirs noted this direction
with indifference.

"My share of the legacies took me
through college—as my father, one of
the dearest and noblest of men, but
never fortunate in money making, could
not afford—and furnished me with a
small capital to commence law practice.
I had more than one compunctions
thought about my benefactor. It seemed
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,
when I became for the first time en-
couragingly established in my profes-
sion, I determined to commence my
vacation by looking up the neglected
diary. I confess I do not find myself in-
spired by its revelation. What did you
find, dear Louisa, to kindle you into the
request that has haunted me: 'I hope you
will love him a little.'"

"I found words in it," said Miss
Thatcher, sighing so sorrowfully, as she
had not done since she had entered her
new world of love and living.

"Words of what, my dearest?"
asked the light hearted young lawyer.
He was clasping her hand in one of his
as he spoke, and with the other he
turned absently the leaves of the time-
stained book that lay on the table. A
little bit of handwriting that he knew
struck his vision; it was the line on the
margin:

"No one to love, none to care."

Miss Thatcher saw it too. "Yes, I
know," she said, softly. "I wrote it
there. I could not help it. 'Twas the
tribute of my sympathy.'"

He turned to her very earnestly.
Something in the tremulous sensitiv-
ness of her face smote his heart pain-
fully. Tears started to his eyes. He
folded his long arm around her with a
sense of infinite tenderness.

"Let me tell you," she said, dis-
engaging herself from his embraces,
"what a strange thing I found, or
thought I found, in that diary. First
of all, you know, I was drawn singu-
larly into rapport with the writer by
my own sad loneliness. I felt the depth
of meaning in his complaint. Yes," she
said, trembling, "I must confess, and
I do repent, even in his complaint
against Heaven. Alone in the world.
Sometimes that happens."

And here let it be explained to the
reader that by an accident in the cradle
the writer of the diary had been made
physically repellant, and his sensitive
soul exaggerated his misfortune into a
barrier between himself and the loving
sympathies of all mankind. As for wom-
ankind, he knew not—for his mother
died at his birth—even its maternal ten-
derness.

"Leonard, dear," Miss Thatcher went
on, "you will think me, perhaps, the
most superstitious being; but I think
—and the thing has gathered some rea-
sonable plea—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
knew or cared for him, devised a meth-
od by which a part at least should be
the reward of affectionate gratitude."

She explained to him then her theory of
the maps, and her instinctive construc-
tion of one particular map which she
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
reasoning is sufficiently plausible to be
serve to be tested, and so it shall be.
But first promise me one thing; promise
me that if this misdeed of intuition
proves true, you will be my wife to-mor-
row. My darling, you shall not say
'No.' He pressed her, indeed, in a
lover-like way, from saying anything.
And silence is "yes" to love."

The last day of August the whole vil-
lage was thrown into a torment of ex-
cited curiosity. The excitement began
in one of the twin houses on the "Meet-
ing house hill" at five o'clock in the
morning. Miss Tabitha Butts stood in
her nightdress peeping through the
blinds of a dormer window. She never
could tell, as she declared afterward,
what made her peep.

She saw the back door of "Dick Sea-
man's" open, and Louisa Thatcher look
mysteriously out. Then she saw Tim,
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.
She saw, sailing back again as far as
the lilac bushes, and cautiously survey-
ing all approaches, put his hand over
his mouth and gave a low whistle. Im-
mediately 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
sure, although his cap was drawn over
his face, that this man was the young
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 whis-
pered; and he went, around by way of
the church, down the plum orchard, to
the pickax and a spade! Miss Tabitha
had cold shivers; she could think of
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 Thatcher went home, put on her
sunbonnet, and was "down to the vil-
lage in no time."

The next excitement was at the som-
nolent dwelling of old Squire Wells.
Mr. Mansfield had been closeted with
him an hour. And when the squire re-
appeared he nearly upset his ancient
wife in the hallway in haste to get his
hat and coat, and choked till he was
scarlet, screaming into her wrong ear
that he was going to U. "on business!"
Off he went at such a novel pace that
the poor dame's feeble faculties con-
sented themselves to concentrate upon one fatal

reminiscence: "When an old horse
that has allers walked takes to runnin'
away, there's no ind o' damage."

Excitement third was a sealed letter
dropped by Mr. Seaman's Ezzi into the
post-office at ten o'clock, the hour of
general delivery, directed to the trustees
of the district school, which body, be-
ing in quorum on the spot, opened at
once the resignation of Miss Thatcher in
favor of the highly recommended candi-
date for the winter term, to whom they
had kindly given her the preference.

Excitement fourth attacked flaxen
haired Nettie's mother, a pleasant faced
little widow, to whom Tim, who had
ridden to U. and back again at break-
neck speed, brought a note from the
minister of U., saying "if agreeable,"
with her that evening to Red Cedar Pond
"in virtue of his office," a sentence
underlined like a pleasantry, that so up-
set the good widow's brain as to spoil
the count of her one-two-three-four-
five.

Last of all, and the grand excitement
of the day, was the ringing, at four
o'clock in the afternoon, of the meet-
ing house bell. "Who is dead?" every
one asked, as the first few slow strokes
were counted; but once fairly set going,
the old bell tripped up all calculations:
fifty, eighty, a hundred; still on;
quickly, jubilantly—ringing not for the
dead, but for the living; ringing for a
wedding!

Such as camping as there was up the
Mill bridge road! There was no lack of
willow to the simple, solemn service,
and of the coming down the aisle, on
the arm of her proud young husband,
a delicate little bride, with mourning
hair 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 far
commercial city, preceded by their
good fortune in shape of a strong box
filled with Spanish doubloons and English
banknotes ingeniously bequeathed by
an eccentric misanthrope, and discovered
in his hiding place by a woman's wit,
kindled by a woman's sympathy.

The Sonoma Democrat is responsible
for the following story: A special dance
was in progress at Brunson's ranch,
Green Springs, in the lower end of the
county, and after the dancing had
well under way two young men, named
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 direc-
tion they wished to take.

Suddenly, and without the least warn-
ing whatever, their feet slipped from
under them, and the next instant they
felt themselves plunged downward, neck
and shoulders first, into a shaft, which
dropped into the earth, dropping at least
forty feet from the edge. Fortunately
the bottom prevented their being bruised
in the fall. A new danger, however, im-
mediately 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 projec-
tion on the side of the shaft, and al-
though possessing but one arm, suc-
ceeded in holding on until Russian
climbed over him and reached the mouth
of the shaft. Russian then called for
help, and the party at Brunson's was
soon on the spot. No ropes were pro-
curable, 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 there into
a chain, and drop into the shaft. This
heaviest man was held by one arm by
several men at the mouth of the shaft, and
a circle half a mile wide around him.
Within fifteen minutes or half an hour
he reappears, and the nearest canoe
moves rapidly toward him, which com-
pels him to dive again before he can re-
cover himself. This process being re-
peated, often for two or three hours, the
sea otter at last suffers so much from in-
terrupted respiration that he is filled
with gasses and cannot sink.

It was indeed a narrow escape for both
young men from a horrible death, and a
creditable action on the part of those
who undertook in this novel and danger-
ous 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 of articles
furnished to the House of Representa-
tives:

"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 hun-
dred and twenty pounds granulated
sugar, \$25.30.
"Two hundred and nineteen pounds
powdered sugar, \$25.19; six boxes
lemons, \$78.
"Six boxes lemons, \$75; 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 fads [Mr.
Williams here imitated the action of
fishing with a fan, amid great laughter.]
"Two hundred and thirty-four pounds
granulated sugar, \$26.91.
"Two hundred and thirty pounds
powdered sugar, \$26.45; six boxes
lemons, \$72.
"Six boxes lemons, \$72; two hundred
and five pounds granulated sugar, \$23.58.
"Three boxes lemons, \$36; one hun-
dred and ninety-nine pounds granulated
sugar, \$22.88."
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 sur-
prising to learn that soap is not an un-
mixed good, and that some of the worst
diseases have originated in, or at least
been carried about by, the too frequent
use of some kinds of the article. Manu-
facturers care but little what ingredi-
ents they employ so long as the article
they bring forth has the proper amount
of perfume or the requisite capability
of producing ends with little rubbing.
In this manner a vast amount of diseased
animal matter, taken from beasts which
have died of putrescent maladies, is em-
ployed.

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 con-
tains most deadly poisons, which, by
friction upon the skin, are introduced
into the pores, gradually soak into the
blood and develop into some local affec-
tion for which no cause can be assigned.
Typhoid fever has been often produced
in this manner, it is ascertained posi-
tively, 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 dip-
theria by urging cleanliness, with a re-
sult that is already known by the con-
stant increase of death.

It has also been found that a large
proportion of the soaps now used are
made from putrid and filthy grease ob-
tained from tenement houses, jails, hos-
pitals 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
increase of disease transmitted from im-
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, is
also attributed in large part to this in-
discriminate use of soap. The sensitive
and tender skins of the little ones more
readily absorb the poison and disease
transmitted by the soaps referred to.
Wide legislation is needed on this mat-
ter.

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 very
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
clashed 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 ther-
mometer below zero, are very great.
The sea otters will take alarm from a
fire kindled four or five miles to wind-
ward of them, and Prof. Elliott says
that the "footstep of man must be washed
by many tides before its trace ceases to
alarm the animal and drive it from land-
ing there should it approach for some
purpose." One method of capturing them
is by "spearing surrounds." This con-
sists in surrounding a sea otter with a
party of men in fifteen or twenty ca-
noes. One canoe darts towards the an-
imal, which usually dives. The canoe
stops over the point where he sunk,
while the others range themselves in a
circle half a mile wide around him.
Within fifteen minutes or half an hour
he reappears, and the nearest canoe
moves rapidly toward him, which com-
pels him to dive again before he can re-
cover himself. This process being re-
peated, often for two or three hours, the
sea otter at last suffers so much from in-
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.

Solid colors, unbleached and white
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
ever.

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 crepe.

It is better taste to wear perfectly
plain black silk for the first month after
leaving off crepe, when lace will be ap-
propriate.

The bright, gay parasols and sun-
shades seen in Paris are no longer con-
fined to red ones, but pink, green and
yellow figure conspicuously.

Shoe with the so-called Wurtemberg
heels, out in one piece with the sole,
and wider and higher under the feet,
are much worn just now in Paris.

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
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
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
answer, says the Albany Argus, because
marriage for love is the exception and
not the rule. The young people of this
age have gone fashion and money mad.
If the dandy bank clerk who pays one-
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 matrimony 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 ex-
travagantly. How often do we hear the
remark: "Better to be an old man's
darling than a poor man's slave." Alas!
too many of them are not satisfied to be
darlings. They will persist in loving
other men after they are married. It
cannot be denied that a great number of
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 this extravagance
they will be filled with old bachelors and
old maids. We must have more genuine
courtships and marriages to give pros-
perity and happiness in this world. Too
many marry for money, only to be disap-
pointed and unhappy the rest of their
lives.

The Discovery of Greenland.

Though Iceland was thus settled by
the Vikings, and although these sea ro-
vers still followed their wandering
life, we must believe that they were no
longer the "pyrates" of the mainland.
One of these sailors was Gunnbjorn,
who, driven westward by a storm, soon
after the settlement of Iceland, fell upon
the shores of Greenland, to which region
he gave the name of Gunnbjorn's rocks.
He made his way home again, for the
strait between Greenland and Iceland is
not so wide but one may see the shores
of each, when midway between them,
of a clear day. He gave, like all dis-
coverers, a very glowing account of his
new land, but none went thither until
the next century.

In 985, Eric the Red, who, like In-
golf, 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 him-
self, and three years later, he was back
in Iceland with a wonderful tale. In
the quaint language of the chronicle