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In the Night Watches.

Dear night! this word's defeat;
The spot to busy toils, care's check and curb;
The day of spirits; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb!
Christ's progress and his prayer time;
The hours to watch high heaven doth chime.
God silent, searching light;
When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and
all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night.
His still, soft call;
His knocking time; the soul's dumb watch,
When spirit their fair kindred catch.
There is in God, some say,
A deep, but dazzling darkness; as men here
Say it is late and dark, because they
See not all clear.
Oh, for that night! when, in Him
Might live invisible and dim!

The Mistake of a Lifetime.

A lovers' quarrel! A few hasty words
—a formal parting between two hearts
that neither time nor distance could ever
disunite—them, a lifetime of misery.
Edith May stood before me in her
bridal dress. The whole world was to
be made believe she was happy and
heart whole. I knew better. I knew
that no woman who had once loved Gilbert
Ainslie could ever forget him—least of
all, such a heart as Edith's.
She was pale as a snow wreath, and
bent her head gracefully as a water lily
in recognition of her numerous friends
and admirers.
"What a sacrifice!" the latter mur-
mured.
"What a sacrifice!" my heart echoed.
Mr. Jefferson Jones was an ossified
old bachelor. He had but one idea in
his head, and that was to make money.
There was only one thing he understood,
equally well—and that was to keep it.
He was angular, prim, cold and precise;
mean, groveling, contemptible and cunning.
And Edith—our peerless Edith, whose
lovers were "legion"—Edith, with her
passionate heart, her beauty, grace,
taste and refinement—Edith, to vow
"love and honor" to such a soulless
block!

It made me shudder to think of it! I
felt as though his very gaze were pro-
fanation.

Well, the wedding was over, and she
was duly installed mistress of Jefferson
Hessons.

She had fine dresses, the furniture, a
fine equipage, and the most stupid in-
cumbance in the shape of an old hus-
band.

But Mr. Jefferson Jones was very
proud of his bride: firstly, because she
added to his importance; secondly, be-
cause he plumed himself not a little in
bearing off so dainty a prize. It gave
him a malicious pleasure to meet her
old admirers, with the graceful Edith up
on his arm. Of course she preferred him
to them all—else, why did she marry
him?

Then how deferential she was in her
manner since their marriage; how very
polite, and how careful to perform her
duty to the better! Mr. Jones decided,
with his usual acumen, that there was
no room to doubt on that point!

He noticed, indeed, that her girlish
gayety was gone; but that was a decided
improvement, according to his view.
She was Mrs. Jones now, and meant to
keep all whiskered popinjays at a re-
spectable distance.

He liked it!

And so, through those interminable
evenings, Edith sat, playing long games
of chess with him, or listening to his
gains or losses in the way of trade; or
reading political articles of which the
words conveyed no ideas to her absent
mind.

She walked through the busy streets,
leading on his arm, with an unseemly
form ever at her side; and slept next his
heart, when hers was far away!

But when she was alone—no human
eye to read her sad secret, her small
hands clasped in agony, and her fair
head bent to the very dust—was he not
avenged?

It was a driving storm. Mr. Jones
resolved to dine at a tavern instead of
returning home. He had just seated
himself, and given his order to the
obsequious waiter, when his attention
was attracted by the conversation of two
gentlemen near him.

"Have you seen the beautiful Edith
since her marriage, Harry?"

"No; I feel too much vexed with her.
Such a splendid woman to marry such
an idiot! All for a foolish quarrel with
Ainslie. You never saw such a wreck as
it has made of him. However, she is
well punished; for, with all of her con-
summate tact and effort to keep up ap-
pearance, it is plain she is the most
miserable woman in existence; as Mr.
Jefferson Jones, whom I have never seen,
might perceive, if he wasn't, as all the
world says, the very prince of donkeys."

Jones seized his hat and rushed into
the open air. Six times he went, like a
comet, round the square, then, settling
his beaver down over his brow, in a very
prophetic manner, he turned his foot-
steps deliberately homeward.

It was the deceitful calm before the
whirlwind. He found Edith pale and
self-possessed, as usual. He was quite
as much so himself—even went so far as
to compliment her on a coquettish little
jacket that fitted her round figure very
charmingly.

"I'm thinking of taking a short jour-
ney, Edith," said he, seating himself by
her side, and playing with the silken
cord and tassels about her waist. "As
it is wholly a business trip, it would
happen me to take you with me; but
you'll hear from me. Meanwhile, you
know how to enjoy yourself—hey,
Edith?"

He looked searchingly at her. There
was no conscious blush, no change of
expression, no tremor of the frame. He
might as well have addressed a marble
statue.

Mr. Jefferson Jones was posed! Well,
he bade her one of his characteristic
adieux; and, when the door closed,
Edith felt as if a weight had been lifted
off her heart.

There was but one course for her to
pursue. She knew it—she had already

marked it out. She would deny herself
to all visitors; she would not go abroad
til her husband's return. She was
strong in her purpose. There should be
no door left open for busy scandal to
enter.

Of Ainslie she knew nothing, save
that a letter reached her from him after
her marriage, which she had returned
unopened. And so she wandered
restlessly through those splendid rooms,
and, tried by this self-inflicted penance,
to atone for the defection of her heart.
Did she take her guitar, old songs that
they had sung together came unbidden
to her lips; that took, too, they had
read. Oh, it was all misery, turn where
she would!

Day after day passed—no letter from
Mr. Jones. The time had already passed
that was fixed upon for his return,
and Edith, nervous from close confine-
ment, and the weary inward struggle,
started like a frightened bird at every
footfall.

It came at last—the letter—sealed
with black. "He had been accidentally
drowned. His hat was found; all search
for the body had been unavailing."
Edith was no hypocrite. She could
not mourn for him, save in the outward
garb of woe.

Ainslie was just starting for the con-
tinent, by order of a physician, when the
news reached him. A brief time
he gave to decorum, and then they
met.

It is needless to say what that meet-
ing was. Days and months of wretched-
ness were forgotten, like some dreadful
dream. She was again his own Edith,
sorrowing, repentant and happy.

They were sitting together one even-
ing—Edith's head was upon his shoulder,
and her face radiant as a seraph's.
They were speaking of their future
home.

"Any spot on the wide earth but
this, dear Ainslie. Take me away from
these painful associations."
"Say you so, pretty Edith!" said a
well known voice. "I but tried that
faithful heart of yours to prove it. Pity
to turn such a pretty comedy into a
tragedy; but I happen to be manager
here; young man!" said Mr. Jones,
turning fiercely toward the bewildered
Ainslie.

The revulsion was too dread'ful. Edith
survived but a week. Ainslie became
hopelessly insane.

Two lives were thus sacrificed to the
mistakes of a moment.

Both had in that brief space opened
up the source of grief for life.

They would not hear and forbear when
it was yet time, by kindly concession,
to repair the breach; irritation had made
a brief word would have amended.
But passion had its way, and the
grave only healed the wound caused by
the unguarded utterances.

A Brave Soldier.

Out of the many instances of indi-
vidual bravery which must have signal-
ized the struggle for independence, few
have been preserved; but one, that has
been, lights up the melancholy darkness
of the scene with a peculiar brightness.
At the battle of Bunker Hill, John Cal-
ender, a captain of artillery, had with-
drawn from the battle, and had dis-
obeyed Putnam's orders to return. The
battle over, Putnam declared that if
Calender would not cashier or shot, he
would himself leave the service. A
court-martial convicted him of cowardice,
and dismissed him "from all fur-
ther service in the Continental army as
an officer." Coward or not, he was
brave enough to step down into the
ranks of the company he had command-
ed. The twenty-seventh of August
found him on the heights overlooking
Flintsbush. His captain and lieutenant
had fallen, his companions were begin-
ning to retreat. Springing in front of
them he ordered them to return and man
their pieces. For a time his courage
nourished theirs; but at length he stood
alone, charging a field piece, while his
comrades were swept away by a tremen-
dous onset of the enemy. Counting
down his hostile bayonets were at his
breast; but a brave officer interfered in
his behalf, and he was made a prisoner.
Washington, hearing of his conduct,
ordered the sentence against him to be
erased and his command to be restored
to him; and when, a year later, he was
exchanged, he gave him his hand before
the army, in token of his great respect
and admiration. He left the service at
the end of the war with an enviable
reputation.

An Old Time Girl.

We saw her on the street yesterday,
says the St. Louis Journal. She wore a
neatly fitting, plainly cut and modestly
trimmed calico dress. Her modest face
beamed with youth and beauty beneath
the graceful folds of a gauzy green veil,
and her rosy cheeks shone through it
like a pair of large cherries. She didn't
carry one-half of her dress in her hand
high up to gratify the vulgar gaze of
blackguards or to draw forth ludicrous
and ungentlemanly remarks of corner
loafers. Nor was she pinned back so
tight she couldn't step, and her heels
didn't kick her titter as high as the small
of her back. She didn't walk like a
mule with a loose set of harness on and
fies bad. No; she wasn't dressed in a
style calculated to attract the attention
of any but true gentlemen, and of these
she commanded the utmost respect, and
it was paid her by all who, in meeting,
admired her.

What the Girl Did.

We recently mentioned the remark-
able fact that an Illinois girl had sheared
thirteen sheep in two hours. The
sequel of the story is related by the
Chicago Journal as follows:
"What do you think of the girl?" in-
quired our representative of the farmer
who owns the sheep that were operated
upon.
"Think!" echoed the old fellow, as
he pointed to a pen of fine wool sheep.
"Just you look at them sheep, will ye,
stranger—not an ear or a tail left 'till
the whole crowd, an' then ask me what I
think of that 'ere gal, if ye can!"
The reporter viewed with wonder the
mutilated flock of mutton and agreed
with the old farmer that sheppens were
not exactly the place for the exercise of
women's rights.

MODERN CRUEL WARFARE.

The Horrors of the Egyptian Abyssinia
Campaign—From 100,000 to 200,000
Men Either Killed or Wounded.

From a private letter from an officer
of the khedive's army in Egypt we take
the following: The result of the fight-
ing in Abyssinia between the Egyptian
troops and King John's army, the govern-
ment at first, it appears, feared to
know—certainly feared to publish the
truth, and not without good reason.
Perhaps it was a continuation of her
traditional Oriental policy which has
worn a rat out of which she can't lift
herself, but must scower or later be
jolted. A part of the Egyptian forces
met King John's army and gave battle,
the fighting continuing three days. At
the end of this time King John had lost
nearly half his army in killed, wounded
and missing; the killed, wounded and
missing of Egyptians totaling about the
same as the killed and wounded of the
opposing forces, which was variously es-
timated at from 50,000 to 100,000 fight-
ing men. More than this, the day after
the last day's fight, King John's army
fell back one march and sent in a flag
of truce asking for an armistice. He
said he had lost a great many of his
people in battle, as he supposed we had
also; that he did not wish to see any
more blood shed; that he was a friend
of the khedive, and wished to live in
peace with him. He thought on terms of
peace could be agreed on if the armistice
should be granted. It was granted
and fighting ceased. The greater part
of the troops have returned, and peace
practically has been restored, though
some of the details in winding up may
not yet have been concluded.

As it was publicly known and pro-
claimed to the Abyssinians that their
territory was not coveted by Egypt; that
the war was made only against King
John and his followers, by the powers
of whom it had been inaugurated, it is
inconceivable why the general facts
—the results of the campaign—could
not have been published, and confidence
and respect, if not credit, sustained. To
an American it is only necessary to say
that the American staff officers connected
with the expedition did their duty
characteristically. Three were wounded,
one of whom was captured, though after
release, after some suffering from ill
treatment.

You may form some idea of his suffer-
ing, the horrors of his dreams night
and day, when I tell you that he was
severely wounded in the leg, then cap-
tured, stripped to the skin, arms tied
behind his back until the pains from the
swelling became excruciating; made to
walk thus for days without meat or
drink, in the unobscured sun of Abyssinia,
with the full conviction that if he did
not keep up with the horsemen he
would be murdered. He was made to
sleep without cover (naked) in the
mountains, where the nights are so cold
that two woolen blankets in addition to
the ordinary night clothing are but com-
fortable. Then, several days after cap-
ture, to see in all directions prisoners
and friends forced by the pricks of
spears to fee for their lives, and then
barbarously shot down, with the fear
of every moment that his turn would
come next; yes, in the midst of the frightful
massacre, to be seized by three or four
Abyssinians and hurried to a neighboring
hill where the foul deed could be more
privately accomplished—more in har-
mony with the usages of the people; and
in ascending to be halted at a large rock
behind which he thought to say adieu to
the earth, and on which two of his
guardsmen and executioners sharpened
their semi-circular shaped sabers, whose
grating suggested thoughts of such hor-
rible mangled by their scimiters, dull
and awkwardly wielded, as to find
pleasurable emotions at the sight of an
Abyssinian with a gun near by, whom
he begged to shoot him. Every large
rock they came to was the same thing
repeated, until they got near the sum-
mit, when a horseman, it is supposed
from King John, ordered their return,
and our friend's escape from a barbarous
death.

For two weeks he was guarded by
boys whom he was obliged to follow,
and who delighted in torturing him by
threatening motions of mutilation and
death.

Of the headquarters staff three were
killed and eight wounded. Among the
wounded are Col. Dye, Major Johnson,
M. D., and Major Wilson, M. D. Dr.
Johnson has recovered; the other two
will in time. Let me assure you that
if the expedition did not meet the expec-
tations of those persons who thought
the subjugation of Abyssinia was in-
tended, it was not the fault of Ameri-
cans.

Take Counsel with Yourself.

Young men cannot estimate too highly
the advice of parents and friends. It
affords them the benefit of experience,
and is given from sincere solicitude for
their welfare. It should be remembered,
and weighed and acted upon.

But, after all, every man has his own
individual existence; he has his own life
to live, for which he alone is account-
able. He should derive all the benefit
he can from the counsel of those older
and wiser than himself. Then he should
sit down and meditate by himself, and
make up his own mind as to the course
which he wishes to pursue in the world.
Having done this he should enter upon
the execution of his plans with a deter-
mination to accomplish what he under-
takes without reference to the opinions
of others. No man is of any real ac-
count in the world unless he is some-
thing in and of himself.

No man possesses real strength if he
cannot, after having heard all that others
have to say, resolve, and resolve firmly,
what to do, and carry his resolution into
effect.

Take counsel of others; profit by their
experience and wisdom; but, above all,
take counsel with yourself; make up
your own mind what to do in this world,
and—do it!

A CRUSTY MONUMENT.—The citizens
of Monroe, Mich., General Custar's na-
tive city, have taken steps toward erect-
ing a magnificent monument to the
memory of that officer and his com-
rades. The New York Herald is also
raising a subscription for the same pur-
pose.

COLLIE DOG TRIALS.

A Scene at Alexandra Park—The Sagacity
of Sheep Dogs—An Exhibition of Welsh
Canlacs.

The London Standard has the follow-
ing: It has occurred to the Kennel club,
a body of gentlemen who are interested
in the improvement of dogs of all breeds,
that the collie trials which had proved
so successful in Wales might be carried
on a little nearer the metropolis. And
they therefore organized a meeting in
the Alexandra park. The mode in
which the trials are conducted is as fol-
lows: A flock of Welsh wethers, one
hundred in number, have been brought
up to the park, and were penned near
the grand stand on the racecourse.
From this flock three animals were taken
at hazard, and conveyed to the side of
the hill on which the palace stands and
set at liberty. On the circular crest,
triangular pen of hurdles, with an open-
ing in the base, formed a sort of station,
about which are grouped the judges and
officials of the show, and from which the
shepherd with the dog that was about to
be tested took his departure. The man
and dog walked together along the race-
course until the sheep were sighted,
when he gave a sign or a word to his
four footed companion, and the intelli-
gent brute at once started off at a gallop
and sought first to drive the sheep down
the hill toward his master. When he
had succeeded in doing this, the man
walked toward the pen, and the dog
drove the sheep after him until they
were near enough to operate in getting
the sheep inside. Twenty minutes was
the maximum time allowed, the prizes
being won by those who succeeded in
penning their sheep in the shortest time,
while those who failed to pen within the
allotted time were disqualified. It was
not difficult to discover that dogs and
sheep were working under great disad-
vantages, and animals which have no
doubt a well deserved reputation on
their own hills failed to distinguish
themselves under totally novel condi-
tions, though enough was demonstrated
to make it appear that these collie
trials are likely to become a very inter-
esting annual performance. Though a
space of ground was marked off by ropes
and stakes, which were respected by the
spectators, the sheep felt under no restric-
tions, and the poor collie, therefore, that
had been used to the clear view of a
Welsh hillside, no human being that
his master within miles of him, had to
dodge his charges among visitors and
round plantations, which frequently hid
them altogether. The sheep were many
of them very wild and ran like deer,
their disinclination to proceed in the
direction of the pen being increased from
the main flock being in full view, and
thus stimulating the natural ovine ten-
dency to rejoin companions. In several
cases, on the dog nearing the pen, the
wethers scattered and galloped in differ-
ent directions over the hill, when the
collie, after an honest attempt to bring
them together, seemed to conclude that
it was hopeless to complete the task in
twenty minutes, so he philosophically
dropped it altogether and trotted back
to his master. Some of the triads of
wethers behaved in a manner more in
accordance with the gregarious traditions
of their race, and when, in addition to
hanging together, they happened to
start in the right direction down hill,
the first portion of the dog's work was
easily and speedily done. The marvel-
lous sagacity of this breed was seen when
the sheep were near the pen and the dog
had to overcome their natural disinclina-
tion to enter. Not only did the animal
in this position obey every sign and
word of his master, but he would exer-
cise what might almost be called his
own reason and discretion in the mode
of carrying out his master's wishes in a
fashion that was astonishing. Success,
however, depended altogether on the be-
havior of the three particular sheep.
One famous dog named Handy, which
won the champion prizes two years run-
ning in Wales, was very unfortunate in
this respect. He succeeded in getting
them to the pen in splendid style, but
nothing could induce the brutes to en-
ter. They broke away a score of times,
and, after a display of ability worthy of
his high reputation, poor Handy was
obliged to accomplish the task within the twenty
minutes. The most successful per-
formance was that by a slant named Mad-
die, belonging to Mr. John Thomas, of
Bala. Favored by tractable wethers,
she succeeded in a little over four min-
utes. A famous dog named Boy did the
work in seven and a half minutes. An-
other called Laddie took nine minutes,
and two others, Pentre and Tweed,
twelve minutes each. There were nine-
teen entries for the all-aged stakes, and
these were tested. Mr. Lownds' Lad-
die perhaps showed the highest training,
by the way in which he followed every
motion of his shepherd's hand; now
circling round, now creeping nearer to
the flock, and then sitting on his
haunches until the signal to move again
was given. The man who worked the
dog had not seen him for twelve months.
But the triumph in point of quickness
was reserved for Mr. Jones' young dog,
Bala. Maddie also penned his sheep
in seven minutes and a half. Mr.
Thomas' Maddie also penned his sheep
very well. It is curious that all these
were Welsh dogs belonging to Welsh
grazers, but then the great home of
collies—Scotland—was not represented.
The English dogs nearly all managed to
let their sheep wander in freedom "over
the hills and far away," but Mr. J.
Glendinning's Tool got his lot together
very well, and penned them cleverly.

A Great Mound in Pennsylvania—Skele-
tons of Ancient People.

The Canonsburg (Pa.) Herald has
the following: We made a visit to an
interesting mound, containing the re-
mains of a large number of human
bodies. This mound is one of two situ-
ated on the farm of Wm. Boon, in Pe-
ters township, Washington county. The
mound visited is situated on the highest
ground in a field near the Boon resi-
dence. It has been almost entirely
dug over, and its proportions destroyed.
A short time since Mr. Boon, need-
ing some purpose on his farm, re-
moved the earth at this elevation, and
was surprised at the regularity of posi-
tion presented by the stones, it evidently
appearing that they were placed there
in some systematic order. Another pe-
culiarly also presented itself, and that
was that there were many kinds of stone
deposited there, some of them originally
from distant localities. This led him to
more closely investigate the mound,
when he found evidences of an extensive
burial place. On careful observation, it
was manifest that one-half of the eleva-
tion had been at some remote time dis-
turbed. In that part of the mound
which he inspected he found the bones
of at least eleven or twelve human
bodies. These remains were very much
decayed, even the best preserved pre-
sented but fragments of the bones.
The flat and spongy bones had almost
uniformly disappeared, and in most
cases the long bones broke at a touch,
showing that the bodies to which they
belonged had been placed there a great
many years ago. In some instances the
ribs, jaw bones, and teeth and the phal-
anges of hands and feet were passably
well preserved.

The bodies seemed to have been ar-
ranged according to a very peculiar sys-
tem. Mr. Boon informed us that he
radiating like the rays of a star from a
central boulder against which the head
of each body was placed. Underneath
the shoulders of each he found a flat,
shaly kind of stone. The remaining
stones, used as a wall of separation or a
covering (this was hard to determine,
from the advanced stage of decay), were
systematically placed or built, so that
they overlapped and made it difficult to
remove them unless the keystones could
be first found.

With Mr. Boon's assistance we bared
the earth from the stones in one place
and saw something of their peculiar
disposition. In this case the body had
been entirely smothered with the
surrounding earth. The peculiar nature
of the soil, and the shape of the body—
which could be traced—indicated the
certainty of this assimilation. We se-
cured some of the best specimens of the
bones.

There is every evidence that the per-
sons whose bones have thus been dis-
covered died long since, possibly cen-
turies ago. The soil containing their re-
mains is elevated and dry, and the sur-
roundings, one would think, favorable to
their long preservation, and yet, as in-
ferred, in some instances only the
slightest trace of their existence could
be obtained. Who were these people? Were
they of a pre-historic race?

The Torture of a Turtle.

A big, green sea turtle splashed im-
patiently in the narrow limits of a large
bowl in front of an eating house. One
eye rested reflectively on a sign which
announced that the turtle which to-day
is, to-morrow is cut up and cast into the
pot, while the other was closed as if in
meditation. The turtle sighed, and a
reporter leaned over the box and gently
inquired:

"Why that sigh? Is it that you are
thinking of the dark blue sea from
whence you have been ruthlessly torn?
Is it that you grieve for an absent turtle
maiden, whose eyes had at the sound of
your gentle jaws at the sound of
blush of affection came at the tender
pressure of your fins?"

"Ah!" replies the turtle, "you will
never know the anguish that ends this
bosom. If thou wouldst list, I could
tell thee a tale that would make thy
heart bleed, of a family proud and dis-
tinguished, for noble blood courses in
their veins, but I will not. I would
only have you know that my very shell
creeps at the thought of the existence I
have led for twenty years—to think that
I, a well meaning turtle, should be
forced into the life of a 'bunko steer-
er.'"

"What mean you?" said the re-
porter.

"Bend lower, while I whisper," said
the turtle, in an excited voice; "they
never could see me. Know that for twenty
years I have done duty at this place, a
few days to be stared at by little boys
and gazed over by gourmands, anticipat-
ing a rare meal from my flesh, and then
to be put in the cellar for a few
days while the public eats soup made
from life and liver. I cannot stand
this life long. It is bringing me in
sorrow to the grave."

Here the turtle dashed a tear from his
eye with his left fin, silently swallowed
a fly, and retired into his shell to mourn
alone.

Modern and Ancient Navies.

Modern naval architecture has largely
borrowed from the ancients. Only with-
in about twenty years America and
Europe adopted the ram both for offen-
sive and defensive purposes in naval
warfare, but the war vessels of the
Greeks and Romans were built on the
same principle. And the extent of the
navies of old is something remarkable.

The tonnage of the British navy, the
largest of this day, is about 300,000 tons,
but the Athenians, 355 years before the
Christian era, being a republic with less
than 2,000,000 of inhabitants, sustained
a navy of 411 ramps, with a tonnage of
103,577 tons, with 90,000 men, and the
Romans, in a single naval battle with
the Carthaginians, brought into action
364 ramps, of 193,376 tons, manned by
120,000 fighting men. The fleet of
Xerxes, which the Athenians defeated
at Salamis, consisted of 1,207 ramps,
of 280,627 tons, and manned by 848,900
men.

A Dyer.

A wealthy resident falls ill and the
doctor is called in. He feels the
invalid's pulse, examines his tongue and
writes a prescription. In the drawing-
room, as he is going out, he meets
the invalid's wife. "Doctor, how is
he?" "Madam, very ill indeed."
"Heaven! Of what disease?" "Scarlatina!"
"Scarlatina? At his age? How do you
know it?" "By his hands. The fever
has broken out on them and they are
all red!" "But, doctor, they always
are!" "Always are? How? Oh, it is
dye!" "Dye? Then your husband is a
dyer?" "At your service." "Why did
you not tell me so at first?"

RELICS OF THE PAST.

A Great Mound in Pennsylvania—Skele-
tons of Ancient People.

The Canonsburg (Pa.) Herald has
the following: We made a visit to an
interesting mound, containing the re-
mains of a large number of human
bodies. This mound is one of two situ-
ated on the farm of Wm. Boon, in Pe-
ters township, Washington county. The
mound visited is situated on the highest
ground in a field near the Boon resi-
dence. It has been almost entirely
dug over, and its proportions destroyed.
A short time since Mr. Boon, need-
ing some purpose on his farm, re-
moved the earth at this elevation, and
was surprised at the regularity of posi-
tion presented by the stones, it evidently
appearing that they were placed there
in some systematic order. Another pe-
culiarly also presented itself, and that
was that there were many kinds of stone
deposited there, some of them originally
from distant localities. This led him to
more closely investigate the mound,
when he found evidences of an extensive
burial place. On careful observation, it
was manifest that one-half of the eleva-
tion had been at some remote time dis-
turbed. In that part of the mound
which he inspected he found the bones
of at least eleven or twelve human
bodies. These remains were very much
decayed, even the best preserved pre-
sented but fragments of the bones.
The flat and spongy bones had almost
uniformly disappeared, and in most
cases the long bones broke at a touch,
showing that the bodies to which they
belonged had been placed there a great
many years ago. In some instances the
ribs, jaw bones, and teeth and the phal-
anges of hands and feet were passably
well preserved.

The bodies seemed to have been ar-
ranged according to a very peculiar sys-
tem. Mr. Boon informed us that he
radiating like the rays of a star from a
central boulder against which the head
of each body was placed. Underneath
the shoulders of each he found a flat,
shaly kind of stone. The remaining
stones, used as a wall of separation or a
covering (this was hard to determine,
from the advanced stage of decay), were
systematically placed or built, so that
they overlapped and made it difficult to
remove them unless the keystones could
be first found.

With Mr. Boon's assistance we bared
the earth from the stones in one place
and saw something of their peculiar
disposition. In this case the body had
been entirely smothered with the
surrounding earth. The peculiar nature
of the soil, and the shape of the body—
which could be traced—indicated the
certainty of this assimilation. We se-
cured some of the best specimens of the
bones.

There is every evidence that the per-
sons whose bones have thus been dis-
covered died long since, possibly cen-
turies ago. The soil containing their re-
mains is elevated and dry, and the sur-
roundings, one would think, favorable to
their long preservation, and yet, as in-
ferred, in some instances only the
slightest trace of their existence could
be obtained. Who were these people? Were
they of a pre-historic race?

The Torture of a Turtle.

A big, green sea turtle splashed im-
patiently in the narrow limits of a large
bowl in front of an eating house. One
eye rested reflectively on a sign which
announced that the turtle which to-day
is, to-morrow is cut up and cast into the
pot, while the other was closed as if in
meditation. The turtle sighed, and a
reporter leaned over the box and gently
inquired:

"Why that sigh? Is it that you are
thinking of the dark blue sea from
whence you have been ruthlessly torn?
Is it that you grieve for an absent turtle
maiden, whose eyes had at the sound of
your gentle jaws at the sound of
blush of affection came at the tender
pressure of your fins?"

"Ah!" replies the turtle, "you will
never know the anguish that ends this
bosom. If thou wouldst list, I could
tell thee a tale that would make thy
heart bleed, of a family proud and dis-
tinguished, for noble blood courses in
their veins, but I will not. I would
only have you know that my very shell
creeps at the thought of the existence I
have led for twenty years—to think that
I, a well meaning turtle, should be
forced into the life of a 'bunko steer-
er.'"

"What mean you?" said the re-
porter.