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#### In the Night Watches-

Dear night! this word's defeat; The stop to busy fools care's check and curb; The day of spirits; mysoul's calm retreat Which none disturb !

Christ's progress and hs prayer time; The hours to watch high heaven doth chime

God silent, searchingflight; When my Lord's head s filled with dew, and

His locks are wet with the clear drops of night His still, soft call : His knocking time; the soul's dumb watch, When spirits their fair kindred catch.

There is in God, some say, A deep, but dazzling darkaess; as men here Say it is late and dusky, because they See not all clear. Oh, for that night! when I 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-then, 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 Ainelie 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 murmured.

"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 cun-

ning.
And E lith—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! felt as though his very gaze were profa-

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

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

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 upon his arm. Of course she preferred him to them all-else, why did she marry

Then how deferential she was in her manner since their marriage; how very polite, and how careful to perform her duty to the etter! 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 respectable 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

She walked through the busy streets, leading on his arm, with an unseen 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 admiration. He left the service at the was attracted by the conversation of two end of the war with an enviable

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 it has made of him. However, she is well punished; for, with all of her consummate tact and effort to keep up appearances, 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 h t 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 footsteps deliberately homeward.

It was the deceitful calm before the whirlwind. He found Edith pale and self-possessed, as usual. He was quite she commanded the utmost respect, and as much so himself-even went so far as it was paid her by all who, in meeting, to compliment her on a coquettish little sadmired her. jacket that fitted her round figure very charmingly.

"I'm thinking of taking a short journey, Edith," said he, seating himself by her side, and playing with the silken cord and tassels about her waist. "As thirteen sheep in two hours. The it is wholly a business trip, it would hamper me to take you with me; but you'll hear from me. Meanwhile, you know how to enjoy yourself-hey,

He looked searchingly at her. There upon. was no conscious blush, no change of expression, no tremor of the frame. He he pointed to a pen of fine wool sheep. and-do it!

he bade her one of his characteristic think of that 'ere gal, if yer can!" adieus; and, when the door closed, Edith felt as if a weight had been lifted

pursue. She knew it—she had already women's rights.

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

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 book, 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 confinement, and the weary inward struggle, started like a frightened bird at every

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 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 It is needless to say what that meet-

ing was. Days and months of wretchedness 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

"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

The revulsion was too dread'ul. 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

and 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 individual 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 Callender, a captain of artillery, had withdrawn from the battle, and had disobeyed Putnam's orders to return. The battle over, Putnam declared that if Callender was not cashiered or shot, he would himself leave the service. A court-martial convicted him of cowardice, and dismissed him "from all further 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 commanded. The twenty-seventh of August found him on the heights overlooking Flatbush. His captain and lieutenant had fallen, his companions were beginning 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 tremendons onset of the enemy. Courting death, he made no signal of surrender when the 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 reputation.

# An Old Time Girl.

We saw her on the street yesterday, says the St. Louis Journal. She wore neatly fitting, plainly cut and modestly Ainslie. You never saw such a wreck as 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 tilter as high as the small of her back. She didn't walk like a of any but true gentlemen, and of these

# What the Girl Did.

We recently mentioned the remarkable fact that an Illinois girl had sheared sequel of the story is related by the Chicago Journal as foll ws :

"What do you think of the girl?" inquired our representative of the farmer who owns the sheep that were operated "Think!" echoed the old fellow, as

might as well have addressed a marble "Jest you look at them sheep, will ye, stranger-not an ear or a tail left t'the

#### MODERN CRUEL WARFARE.

The Horrors of the Egyptian Abyssinia Campaign--From 100,000 to 200,000

From a private letter from an officer of the khedive's army in Egypt we take the following: The result of the fighting in Abyssinia between the Egyptian troops and King John's army, the government 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 rut out of which she can't lift herself, but must sooner 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 estimated at from 50,000 to 100,000 fighting 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 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 incomprehensible 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-ward released, after some suffering from ill treatment.

You may form some idea of his suffering, the horrers of his dreams night and day, when I tell you that he was sewounded in the leg, then captured, 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 comfortable. Then, several days after capture, to see in all directions prisoners and friends forced by the pricks of spears to flee for their lives, and then barbarously shot down, with the fear 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 huried to a neighboring hill where the foul deed could be more privately accomplished-more in harmony 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 horrible mangling by their scimeters, dull and awkwaardly 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 summit, when a horseman, it is supposed from King John, ordered their return, and our friend's escape from a barbarous

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

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 expectations of those persons who thought the subjugation of Abyssinia was intended, it was not the fault of Ameri-

# 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 slone is account able. He should derive all the benefit he can from the counsel of those older mule with a loose set of harness on and and wiser than himself. Then he should flies bad. No; she wasn't dressed in a sit down and meditate by himself, and style calculated to attract the attention make up his own mind a 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 determination to accomplish what he undertakes without reference to the opinions of others. No man is of any real account in the world unless he is something 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

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,

whole crowd, an then ask me what I be added her one of his characteristic adieus; and, when the door closed, Edith felt as if a weight had been lifted off her heart.

There was but one course for ler to fine the are.

There was but one course for ler to fine heart.

Then was but one course for ler to fine women's rights.

Whole crowd, an then ask me what I of monroe, mich., General Custer's native city, have taken steps toward erective city, have taken steps toward erection and both rush into the back yard. The areal red!" "But, dector, they always are! How?" "Oh, it is down, whistles tor a policeman, and humilated flock of mutton and agreed with wonder the mutilated flock of mutton and agreed of the toward erection of the party to follow her taken steps toward erection. The fleet of agitated barkeeper runs to the front agitated barkeeper runs to the front down, which the Athenians defeated and they into the back door, whistles tor a policeman, and humilated flock of mutton and agreed with wonder the mutilated flock of mutton and agreed with the old farmer that sheeppens were not exactly the place for the exercise of you not tell me so at first?"

Then he begins to realize the stream of the party to follow her and they are all red!" "But, dector, they always are! How?" "Oh, it is down, the continuous to the form the party of the carthagenians, brought into action the death!" the death!" is the determined reply, and both runsh into the back door, whistles tor a policeman, of the party into the death!" the death!" the death!" is the determined reply, and

# COLLIE DOG TRIALS.

A Scene at Alexandra Park---The Sagacity of Sheep Dogs --- An Exhibition of Welsh The London Standard has the following: It has occurred to the Kennel club, 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 ters township, Washington county. The mound visited is situated on the highest on a little nearer the metropolis, and they therefore organized a meeting in ground in a field near the Boon resithe Alexandra park. The mode in dence. It has been almost entirely which the trials are conducted is as folding over, and its proportions destroyed. lows: A flock of Welsh wethers, one hundred in number, have been brought stone for some purpose on his farm, reup to the park, and were penned near moved the earth at this elevation, and the grand stand on the racecourse. From this flock three animals were taken at hazard, and conveyed to the side of appearing that they were placed there the hill on which the palace stands and in some systematic order. Another peset at liberty. On the circular cricket ground, some half mile to the west, a was that there were many kinds of stone triangular pen of hurdles, with an opening in the base, formed a sort of station, from distant localities. This led him to 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 burial place. On careful observation, it be tested took his departure. The man was manifest than one-half of the elevaand dog walked together along the racecourse until the sheep were sighted, when he gave a sign or a word to his four footed companion, and the intelligent brute at once started off at a gallop and sought firet 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 ribs, jaw bones, and teeth and the phapenning 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 disadvantages, and animals which have no their own hills failed to distinguish themselves under totally novel condidoult a well deserved reputation on ions, though enough was demonstrated | the shoulders of each he found a flat, to make it apparent that these collie trials are likely to become a very interesting annual performance. Though a covering (this was hard to determine, space of ground was marked off by ropes and stakes, which were respected by the spectators, the sheep felt under no restrictions, and the poor collie, therefore, that had been used to the clear view of a Welsh hillside, with no human being but his master within miles of him, had the earth from the stones in one place to dodge his charges among visitors and and saw something of their peculiar ound 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 tendency to rejoin companions. In several cases, on the dog nearing the three sheep, the nimble and independent wethers scattered and galloped in different directions out of sight, 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 marvelons sagacity of this breed was seen when the sheep were near the pen and the dog had to overcome their natural disinclination to enter. Not only did the ani-

mal in this position obey every sign and word of his master, but he would exercise 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 behavior of the three particular sheep. One famous dog named Handy, which won the champion prizes two years running 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 enter. They broke away a score of times, and, after a display of ability worthy of his high reputation, poor Handy failed to accomplish the task within the twenty minutes. The most successful performance was that by a slut named Maddie, belonging to Mr. John Thomas, of Bala. Favored by tractable wethers, she succeeded in a little over four minutes. A famous dog named Boy did the work in seven and a half minutes. Another called Laddie took nine minutes. and two others, Pentre and Tweed, twelve minutes each. There were nineteen entries for the all-aged stakes, and these were tested. Mr. Lownds' Laddie 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,

Boy, who brought his charge to their pen 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 Modern naval architecture has largely let their sheep wander in freedom "over borrowed from the ancients. Only withthe hills and far away," but Mr. J. Glendinny's Tool got his lot together very well, and penned them cleverly. A Dyer. A wealthy resident falls ill and the doctor is called in. He feels the

invalid's pulse, examines his tongue and largest of this day, is about 300,000 tons, writes a prescription. In the drawing- but the Athenians, 355 years before the ing-room, as he is going out, he meets | Christian era, being a republic with less the invalid's wife. "Doctor, how is than 2,000,000 of inhabitants, sustained he?" "Madam, very ill indeed." a navy of 411 rams, with a tonnage of up my happy family, villain that you "Heavens! Of what disease?" "Scar- 103,577 tons, with 90,000 men, and the are, but now come out here and fight A CUSTER MONUMENT.—The citizens latina? "Scarlatina? At his age? How Romans, in a single naval battle with me like a man!" "I will fight you to rode her horse close up to the edge of a Monroe Mich General Custer's national of the Contraction broads and proudly defied any do you know it!" "By his hands. The the Carthagenians, brought into action the death!" is the determined reply, yawning chasm and proudly defied any

### RELICS OF THE PAST.

Great Mound in Pennsylvania-Skele-

The Canonsburg (Pa.) Herald has the following: We made a visit to an interesting mound, containing the remains of a large number of human bodies. This mound is one of two situated on the farm of Wm. Boon, in Pe-A short time since Mr. Boon, needing was surprised at the regularity of posimore closely investigate the mound, when he found evidences of an extensive tion had been at some remote time disturbed. In that part of the remainder which he inspected he found the remains of at least eleven or twelve human bodies. These remains were very much decayed, even the best preserved presenting 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

well preserved. The bodies seemed to have been arranged according to a very peculiar sys-tem. Mr. Boon informed us that he found in each instance the bodies radiating like the rays of a star from a shelvy kind of stone. The remaining stones, used as a wall of separation or a from the advanced stage of decay), were systematically placed or built, so that they overlapped and made it difficult to remove them unless the keystone could

be first found. With Mr. Boon's assistance we bared disposition. In this case the body had been entirely amalgamated 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 secured some of the best specimens of the

There is every evidence that the persons whose bones have thus been discovered died long since, possibly centuries ago. The soil containing their remains is elevated and dry, and the surroundings, one would think, favorable to their long preservation, and yet, as intirated, in some instances only the slightest trace of their existence could be obtained. Who were these people? Who placed their bodies here? Were they of a pre-historic race?

# The Tortures of a Turtle.

A big, green sea turtle splashed impatiently in the narrow limits of a large box 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 learned to light up with the fire of love at the sound of your gentle jaws as they clashed in greeting, or over whose cheek the soft rosy blush of affection came at the tender pressure of your fins?"

"Ah!" replies the turtle, "you will never know the anguish that rends this bosom. If thou wouldst list, I could tell thee a tale that would make thy heart bleed, of a family proud and distinguished, 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-

"What mean you?" said the re-

porter. "Bend lower, while I whisper," said the turtle, in an excited voice; "they never cook me. Know that for twenty years I have done duty at this place, a the consumer against indulgence later few days to be stared at by little boys and gloated over by gourmands, anticipating 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 veal 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

# Modern and Ancient Navies.

in about twenty years America and Europe adopted the ram both for offensive 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

# Hints About Bathing.

Strong men may bathe before breakfast, but the best average time is about three hours after breakfast.

Walk at a moderate pace to the bathing ground, so as to be neither too hot nor too cold, and undress as speedily as possible, putting on your bathing dress without delay.

It is better to plunge at once into deep water; don't unless you can swim, however, but rather after bending down and laving the face and both arms, drop right underneath the first wavelet. Wear a bathing cap, especially if

If you can swim, swim and nothing else; if you cannot, you can at least tumble about and keep moving, and also rub your limbs with the hands. Come out before you have actually

ceased to enjoy yourself. It is better to have in your bathing house your own towel, one at least, and let it be moderately rough.

Remove your bathing dress. Rub your face, shoulders, limbs and body, using moderate friction, and finish dry ing with a smoother towel. When quite dry, dress, and it ought

not to be at all necessary to dress quickly. If faintness or sickness comes on which must be looked upon as quite an accident, lie down for a few minutes.

After dressing, a brisk walk should be taken; and now a lunch biscuit will do you service.

Remember that the glow after the bath is the grand event to be looked for.

If instead of this glow a decided chill takes place, and if not removed by a brisk walk, a small drop of brandy, taken along with a biscuit, becomes a langes of hands and feet were passably necessity, or for ladies a glass of some

Don't forget flannel underclothing if at all delicate.

#### A True Hero.

The city of Marseilles, in France, was once afflicted with the plague. So terrible was it that it caused parents to forsake their children, and children to forget their obligations to their own parents. The city became as a desert, and funerals were constantly passing through the streets. Everybody was sad, for nobody could stop the ravages of the plague. The physicians could do nothing, and as they met one day to talk over the matter, and see if something could not be done to prevent the great nothing could be effected without opena corpse in order to find out the agreed upon the plan, but who should him from among the throng of busy-be the victim, it being certain that he bodies who come and go at the post-

Suddenly, one of the most celebrated physicians, a man in the prime of life, rose from his seat and said: "Be it so; only Father he ever knew. I devote myself to the safety of my country. Before this numerous assembly, I swear, in the name of humanity and religion, that to-morrow at the break of day I will dissect a corpse, and

write down what I observe.' He immediately left the room, and, as he was rich, he made out a will, and spent the night in religious exercises. During the day a man died in his house of the plague, and at daybreak on the following morning, the physician, whose name was Guyan, entered the room, and critically made the necessary examinations, writing down all his surgical observations. He then left the room, threw the papers into a vase of vinegar, that they might not convey the disease to another, and retired to a convenient place,

where he died in twelve hours. Thus died a true hero! While we all admire the bravery which appears on the battlefield, let us not forget that there is an opportunity for the heroic in other places as well.

# How to Breakfast.

Let a healthy man "break" his 'fast" with a substantial meal, and not break his breakfast with irritating little nips or slops beforehand. After the stomach has at its leisure emptied itself during sleep of its contents, and sent them to repair the worn tissues and exhausted nerve force, and the blood has been purified by washing and dressing with the window open, then is the time when the most perfect of all nutritive articles, farniaceous food, can be consumed in larger quantities with advantage. Butter also, and fat and sugar, troublesome customers to weak digestions, are then easily coped with, and contribute their invaluable aid to performing the duties of the day. For example, many persons can drink milk to a fair and useful amount at breakfast, with whom it disagrees at all other hours. And the widely advertised "breakfast bacon" by its name warns on in the day. Cafe au lait and sweet creamy tea are to many men poisonous in the afternoon, though in the prime of morning they are a wholesome beverage for the same individuals, Let the vigor, good humor and refreshment then felt by a healthy man be utilized without delay in eating a hearty meal immediately after he is dressed and not frittered away in the frivolities of other occupations. Let not reading, writing or business-muscular, political or economical-exhaust the nervous system. The newspapers and letters should not be opened, preferably not delivered, till the appetite is thoroughly appeased.

# A Fighting Trick.

They call it the "fighting trick" in Detroit. A benevolent looking man enafter by a wiry little fellow who invites disclosed does not take place. Nobody No. 1 to take a drink and a cigar. The liquor is swallowed, the cigars are follows. Marriages are opportunely arlighted, when suddenly No. 2 exclaims : "For thirty long years I have followed music and descending curtain.

## Little Joe.

He used to stand in front of the post-office and yell: "'Ere's your papers!" a few weeks ago—a ragged, sad eyed, light haired boy, frail and hungry look ing. No one noticed him; no one cared for him; even his fellow newsboys, with whom he seldom associated, knew him only as "Dominie." Yet he was at his post from early dawn till late at night, always civil and obliging, never boisterons, ever attentive to business. Of late little Joe has been missing. They missed him first at the news offices, where he was a general favorite. He had been weary looking and haggard for days, and when he came in for his morning pa-pers he would take a drink of water and lie down on a bench for half an

One morning Joe woke up on the steps of a house and found that he could not move. His head ached, his eyes were dim and his hands and feet were swollen. His tongue, which seemed to be burning, was dry and cracked; and he was frightened when he saw the door open and heard the hired girl call to her

"Missus, missus, here's a sick boy on the doorsteps."
And little Joe again tried to get to his

feet, but failed. The mistress came out and saw the little fellow. She bent over him and

"Little boy, what is your name?"
"Little Joe," he murmured.
"Can't you get up?" kindly asked the

lady.

The little fellow made a fruitless attempt, but it weakened him so that he fell back again on his stone bed and be-

gun to cry.
"Poor boy!" said the lady, as she called the hired girl. And both of them lifted the nearly unconscious form of little Joe and carried him to a bed in a

quiet room in the rear of the house. Next morning Joe was no better, and his nurse waited on him tenderly. He could only look gratitude at her—the poor little street waif knew no words of thanks, accustomed as he had been to the rougher side of life in the busy me-

tropolis. Joe wanted to look out of the window. They propped him up with pillows, and he felt happy. He longed to be well

Then he grew delirious, and would cry in a strangely altered tone:
"Mister, here's your papers!"
Next day little Joe was no more. The destruction of life, it was decided that kind lady, who had learned to love him while she ministered to his wants, wept a few tears over the inanimate form of mysterious character of the disease. All the motherless waif. But who misses who should make the examination would certainly die soon after.

There was a dead pause!

The newsdealers say: "Guess Dominie Joe's gone up the river somewhere;" but none of them think that the poor little fellow has been taken away from this world of sorrow to the

# A California Play.

Bret Harte's drama has been acted and met with success. A correspondent says the personnel of the play is as fol-

One First-Class "Masher," to act as a well circumstanced barkeeper, or as a gambler or a first-chop swindler. One Young Reprobate, afflicted with delirium tremens, a soft heart, a husky voice and a maudlin regard for his

mother's sex. One Old Fraud, morally muddled between early iniquity and eleventh-hour

repentance. Another Old Fraud, embodying the extinct abolitionist idea of Southern chivalry, a strictly comic person, using the ante-bellum plantation dialect; a lawyer by profession not by practice, a colonel by courtesy, a braggart, a theoretical imbiber of gore and a pronounced

tippler of juleps. One Mexican Don, descended from the old Castile breed, living in rich retirement on his "scap."

One Small Heathen, a sample of broken One Vaquero, for emergencies. One high stepping, recreant Mexican Donna, jaundiced and jealous. One Yankee Schoolmarm, suitable for a cold missionary's wife.

One Absurd Female, dubious as to the orthodox number of husbands, but sound hearted and stylish. One conventional, consequential, attractive, flirting, guitar twanging Atten-

dant upon the donna above specified. The story of the play is as follows: Old Morton, who was a disgraceful father once upon a time, and who by a combination of bad example and brutality drove his son Alexander to the bad via the California mining camps, has, to use the dialect of the play, "tumbled to himself" and reformed to such an extent that, in company with Colonel Starbottle, his legal leech and adviser, he has crossed the continent in search of his long lost son, to restore him to his rightful position and inheritance. John Oakhurst, who is about as bad as the devil can make them, even in California, is mistaken by the old man for the prodigal for whom he has advertised, and Oakhurst, in order to advance a love match with Jovits, concludes to second the old party's delusion by filling the position of profit and emolument so suddenly opened up before him.

The last act is a sequel to the first, the intermediate acts having little if anything to do with the play itself. Sandy Morton, who has been in liquor pretty steadily ever since the play began, now straightens up and becomes aware of the presence of his father and of the cheat which his former "partner," John Oakhurst, had put upon himself and the old Detroit. A benevolent looking man en-ters a drinking saloon, followed soon after by a wiry little fellow who invites hurts anybody. A general make up ranged, with tableaus, benediction,

A very daring Kentucky girl lately