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Hope Deferred.

His hand at last! By his own fingers writ, I catch my name upon the way-worn sheet His hand-oh, reach it to me quick !- and yet Scarce can I hold, so fast my pulses beat.

Oh, feast of soul! Oh, banquet richly spread!

Oh, passion-lettered scroll from o'er the sea!

Like a fresh burst of life to one long dead, Joy, strength, and bright content come back with thee.

Long prayed and waited for through months so drear.

Each day methought my wasting heart must break :

Why is it that our loved ones grow more dear.

His hand at last! each simple word aglow With truthful tenderness and promise sweet.

Now to my daily tasks I'll singing go, Fed by the music of this way-worn sheet.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Mrs. James Taylor had been crying for the last half hour, and, like the lady in the play, seemed determined to "weep a little longer." Yes, the very minute her lord and master, with hat in hand, had closed the street door, did the tears begin to fall. Countless, innumerable, not to be mentioned, were the bright drops—and nobody knows how long they would have lasted, had not voices on the piazza, and a summons at the bell, dispatched Maggie, the maid, to the door and Mrs. Taylor's cambric hand-informed of her determination. kerchief to her eyes. In five minutes more those eyes were as clear and bright, or care in the world, or, if so, little merry Mrs. James Taylor cast them to the winds and defied them.

And what had she the rest is the sound of them. My cousin Archie is there, too, and we will have famous rides and drives."

"I hope you will enjoy wormed."

And what had she, the newly married lady, the three months' bride, been cry- relinquished her teasing operations grading about? Why, really, it was too ridiculous to tell; and she had pouted and smiled, and smiled and pouted, for and remarks when he was in a serious some time before she had actually made | mood, and playing sad when he was inup her mind to weep; but she had a dis-tressing suspicion that her husband (he ger throw down his new hat (for which was a very good husband, there was no he had a particular affection) a dozen denying that) did not love her.

Now, all the time that she was ingen-Taylor, was racing to his office as if he wretched and unhappy at the very evening from his jewel at home, his precious little wife. Love her! Why, he adored her. The very sky and air had changed since this prettiest, dearest, most bewitching of women had blessed his home.

Not love her & Why, the very kitten on the hearth knew better. What if he had never told her so; it was entirely a piece of supererogation; it would have been like saying that skies were blue and flowers were fair. And yet silly Mrs. Taylor, for the lack of something better to do, had actually persuaded and wept herself into this idea.

With her visitors her lachrymose mood vanished, and after their departure she husband of hers, until he was forced to display some kind of emotion-rage, if thought she; "he never even asked me he would not love her. Nerved by the if I would!" blissful thought, she closed doors and past one, and laid her head on her pil-

Little did Mr. James Taylor think, as the sweet face, what havoe and destruction the wily laly had been plotting against his peace. There is nothing like a trifle to overturn one's philosophy -so argued Mrs. Taylor-one can summon quantities of resolution for great events, but little, every-day annoyances who can endure with stoicism? She was determined to change her husband; perhaps he would absolutely scold her. What a triumph! Mr. Taylor, the evening before, had requested his precious wife to have breakfast precisely at seven, for the same business which took him out then would occupy him the next morning; he must positively be at his office at half-past seven o'clock.

But Mrs. Taylor gave no directions of the kind, consequently seven, quarterpast, half-past had arrived and no sign or token of the meal. Mr. Taylor did not pretend to interfere with the servants, so he went out in the garden in search of his wife. She was among the roses, looking as blooming, innocent and

unconscious as possible. "Fanny," said Mr. Taylor, in the mildest of tones, "breakfast is not ready, and I am in a great hurry to go.

"You cannot certainly expect me to remember everything, James," returned he carrying her wild fancies with all the his wife, with a most indignantly remonstrating expression. "I did not say a word about it."

Mr. James Taylor did not make the smallest reply to this amiable remark from his little bride, but turned and to the uttermost, then making her apin his hand, or at all events dispatching

his meal alone. But he sat quietly reading the paper. as if there were no such things as impa- said, "where we used to go before we tient clients or prograstinated engage- were married:" and putting her hand in ments in the world. Fanny bit her lips his arm she continued, "now you must with vexation, and proceeded to pour go-I have you captive, surrender at out his coffee. If he had only been discretion." sulky it would have been something | Never had Mrs. James Taylor been gained, and she tormented him with more charming than on this identical questions in hopes of discovering this; afternoon. She behaved (there is no but he answered her as pleasantly as denying it) more like a wild bewitching usual, and at length, petitioning to be child than a decorous married lady; but excused, he bid her good morning in still she was very sweet. Her husband the bland st of tones.

Mrs. Taylor felt quite happy when he magic influence of her smiles. departed, who can doubt it? She had "Take care! Don't go there, Fanny," been making herself exceedingly disa-greeable, and all to no purpose. "Faint bank of the river.

heart never won," thought she, at "But I must have them." length; "I'll try it again."

Sunday morning. "What coat?" replied she, by way of gaining time. "The new one, at the tailor's. You

know I told you "-"I do wish, James, you would not be forever telling me," she interrupted, "but give your orders yourself; they

torment me to death." "Well, it is not a matter of the least

consequence," replied the patient hus-"if you will let me walk to church with you in this old one, I don't Mr. Taylor was extravagantly fond of

plants, and had a magnificent cactus in full bloom; it was a rare species, and this was the first flowering. Fanny had been considering the plan for some time, and one day a suitable opportunity presenting itself when they were on the piazza together, managed to lose her footing and fell, turning the vase over and completely crushing the flowers in her descent.

"Victory!" thought she, as she beheld his distressed, anxious face. But no! it was not the cactus, but his good-fornothing wife he was tenderly picking up

and feeling so anxious about. "He certainly must love me a little after all," thought she; "but I don't know, he is very kind, and would probably have been just as concerned if the accident had happened to any one

"I'll go home," sobbed Mrs. James Taylor that evening. "I'll see how this horrid man can live without me." "How long do you intend to remain?"

"Oh! six months," she replied. "I am tired to death of staying here, and it

"I hope you will enjoy yourself," re-maked her husband, quietly. Fanny ually before her departure-restrained from overwhelming him with questions times a day, and pretend that it was entirely accidental, and invite disagreeaiously tormenting herself, racked to the | ble company when he was least in the very soul with distrust and mortifica- mood to bear it. It required all her restion, the object of her misery, James olution to leave her husband; she felt had on seven leagued boots, wishing the and would walk around the house thinkclient away who was to detain him that | ing of his loneliness, and wondering whether he would ever feel sad or remember her abominable behavior when

she had gone. Her very heart was bursting the morning she left, and it was with the greatest difficulty that she could restrain her tears. Yet one never would have suspected it, for she was gay to an excess. "I leave you with the comfortable conviction that you'll not miss me at all," she said, lightly, as her husband as-

sisted her into the carriage. He smiled, said "Good bye," and the horse started. Mr. James Taylor would have been flattered if he had known that Fanny cried all the way Lome, and her pretty face was so swollen and disfigured that she did not even see Archie or sat absolutely contriving ways and ured that she did not even see Archie or means to annoy this good-for-nothing half of them till the following morning." "I'll punish him by not writing,

And write she did not for a fortnight, windows, for he would not be home till | till at length, growing desperate to hear from him, she penned an epistle aboundlow, with a rich flush on her cheek, and | ing in questions and directions, orders the brightest of smiles around her levely and counter-orders, with a fceble hope at the end that it might find him flourishing. He replied immediately by he bestowed a fond, admiring glance on a very kind letter, not love-like, but in unison with the rest of his conduct, affectionate, proper and amiable. Fanny waited a fortnight again, then sent for him to take her home. And now was Mr. James Taylor, if he had the least tove for his amiable helpmate, to undergo a slight purgatory.

She was absent when he arrived (of course she intended to be), riding with her cousin Archie, and walked her horse leisurely up the avenue talking gayly to her escort till her husband reached her side. Nothing could be more coolly well bred than their meeting. No rap-ture or emotion on either side. She "hoped he was well;" "had she enjoyed her visit?" "yes; more than tongue

could tell." "I don't believe he is well," thought Fanny, as she glanced at him afterward ; how pale and thin he has grown, and he looks more melancholy than ever. I wonder what is the matter with him, murmured Fanny to herself. It was surprising how many plans Fanny had with her cousin during the three days that her husband remained. She had not been particularly civil to him before, for he was an old lover, and she did not You forgot to speak of it last night, care to be; but now there really was no end to the jests and excursions they got up together; she gayest of the gay, and

zeal in the world. "I don't think James looks either well or happy, Fanny," said her mother

"Don't you?" returned Fanny, and she felt quite charmed at the idea, and went in the house. A full quarter of an racing after her husband, who was at hour elapsed before Mr. Taylor was the foot of the garden, she proposed summoned to table, and she loitered ten her mother's remark without the slightminutes longer by way of teasing him est circumlocution. He looked for a moment at her animated face, then repearance, thinking it quite possible that | plied gravely that "he was perfectly | withdrawn from down his throat, and she might find her spouse with a whip well." Fanny was uncertain again, yet the joining was instantly completed.

rather troubled. "You must go and take a walk with me, James, down by the river," she

yielded himself unhesitatingly to the

"Fanny, did you send John for my further lost her belance and fell in. She good a woman out of the family.

sense of suffocation, and lost all consciousness. When she revived, she was on the bank of the river, her husband bending over her clasping her hands, pressing her wildly to his heart, and with every tender and endearing term entreating her to look up and speak to him again; but she could not. She felt his vain appeals for help, with naught but the wind and leaves to hear his wild, desperate misery, and with that deathly sickness yet upon her, Fanny had a de-

ment's bliss. "But, my dear Fannie, how could you think I did not love you?" exclaimed Mr. James Taylor, no longer cold, dull and silent, but as enthusiastic and candid as his wife could desire.

"How could I think otherwise?" rethat you did."

entirely be the burden of my song for the rest of my life," he continued, "and you must be content to hear it for your abominable suspicions."

"I certainly shall be, James Taylor," replied his wife.

The Peasants of Herzegovina.

Says a correspondent: As we got higher, the number of people coming down the mountain increased. The women were all dressed in the long white Dalmatian jacket; while the men wore the round scarlet Montenegrin hat, with the initials of the prince, N. I. (Nicholas I.), embroidered in gold on the crown, and a black silk band round the edge, put on as mourning for the occupation of Servia by the Turks.

In their belts gleamed daggers and silver mounted pistols, while all had on the "opanche," or sandals made of ox hide, which we, in our stiff soled civilized boots, could not help envying when we saw the ease with which they enable their wearers to climb. The agility displayed by them was astonishing. They quite disdained the winding path we followed, and went straight Gazing at the silver buckles and necklaces these Herzegovinian women wore, we wanted to purchase some of them; Our old hostess, seeing I had a fancy

for these gewgaws, beckoned me to fol low her; and, taking me up a ladder into a garret, the dirt and dilapidation of which it would be hazardous to describe, she unlocked a wooden box, in which was stored finery that might have made a duchess envious. She had one belt, for which, she said, sho gave \$20. It was of massive silver, with ever so many chains and ornaments hanging to it. Beside this, she had at least forty or fifty shirts, embroidered in colored silks, for festal days. I particularly wanted one of these, and offered her a handsome price, but she would not sell. "No, she said. "I am keeping them all for my daughter, when she marries," pointing to the pretty little girl who held a

'so she ought to make a good match." How Japanese Work.

lamp for us to examine the family splen-

dors; "and she can read," she added,

A correspondent of the Congregationalist relates a curious little incident which he observed in the Japanese department of the Main building at the Centennial Exhibition, illustrative of the method in which a Japanese artisan

performs his work: The arm of the small figure of a knight on a carved bedstead had been broken off, and was to be glued on. The glue pot was at some distance from the bedstead, but was held in a light teakettle of hot water which might have been easily taken to the spot where the work was to be done. But the workman did not choose this way of doing things. He carried the bit of wood to the glue pot, sat down on his heels with great deliberation, carefully examined the fractured surface, then as carefully stirred the glue. Then he had some jocose by-play with a fellow workman, and finally began to apply the glue. Every movement was so slow that I began to wonder how he was to get the broken surfaces together before the glue should be cold and hard, for he had a long way to narrow and crooked passage. There was no need of worrying about it; the thing was easily done. When all was ready he took his time about rising from | fore me: his seat upon his heels, opened his mouth wide, thrust the bit of wood held between thumb and finger deep within the warm, moist cavern nature had so kindly provided, and in this ludicrous attitude, breathing heavily, he threaded his way slowly through the crowd till he reached the bed. Then he hunted around for a stepladder, took his time about placing it, examined and wiped the surface from which the arm was broken, and as soon as he couldn't think of anything else to do, the bit of wood was

Presidents of	the Un	ited	States.
President.	7	erm oj	f Office
George Washington	.Two terr	ns	1789-1797
John Adams	One term	1	
Thomas Jefferson	.Two terr	ns	1801-1809
James Madison	Two terr	ns	1809-1817
James Mouroe	Two terr	ns	1817-1825
John Quincy Adams	One term	1	1825-1829
Andrew Jackson	.Two terr	ns	1829-1837
Martin Van Buren	.One term		1837-1841
William H. Harrison	.One mon	th	1841.
John Tyler	.Three yr	s. 11 r	nos1841-1845
James K. Polk	.One term	1	1845-1849
Zachary Taylor	. Four mo	nths.	1849.
Millard Fillmore	.Three ye	ars 8 1	mos.1849-1853
Franklin Pierce	.One tern	1,	1853-1857
James Buchanan	.One term	1,	1857-1961
Abraham Lincoln			
Andrew Johnson			
Ulysses S. Grant	.Two terr	ns	1869-1877

A . Kentuc'y father married the divorced wife of his son. It was a re-She returned, and bending an inch bake to the young man for putting so

The Rocky Coast where the Apostle of the Gentiles was Stranded---Malta as it Is --- A Visit to the Grotto of Calypso. Charles Warren Stoddard writes from

Malta to the San Francisco Chronicle as

follows: All day we plowed an ugly sea, slowly working our way toward deathly faint and relapsed into a sort of half stupor and heard his agonized cries, the horizon when I went on deck in the early morning, and like a blue cloud it faded out of the horizon and was seen no more. I knew that Sicily was but sixty miles from Malta and took hope, licious sensation at her heart. He loved her, there was no doubt about it now, in these waters, and came to shore on though St. Paul had a rough time of it the little island in anything but shiploved her madly, devotedly, and even if she had died in the cold river, she would shape. Toward twilight, before the sun was fairly down, we were all astir on not have exchanged for her life that moboard. Some one had kindly raised land on our larboard bow, and though it was poor land to look at, and might have passed for a big turtle asleep on the waters, we accepted it and began to congratulate ourselves that we would ride at anchor that night and take breakfast of their discomfiture. To get them out plied Fanny, smiling faintly, for she was right side up instead of horizontally, as was not so easy, yet with the intelliyet very weak. "You never told me was the case only a few hours before. gence and sagacity which characterizes Malta is certainly an unlovely island. It the semi-human brute it was accom-"Told you?" exclaimed Mr. Taylor, is quite the fashion to speak lightly of plished and they received not a scratch. its soil; there is little of it; and to call They obeyed every instruction, kneelthe water brackish, and to wonder why ing down, putting out one leg, then there are three little islands in the another, turning and twisting with all group, when one of that sort would be the intelligence of a child, eclipsing in sufficient to satisfy any reasonable soul. marvelousness anything performed in The Maltese on board are indignant and the ring. When relieved from their point out its celebrated resorts and perilous situations they gave expressions speak with enthusiasm of its charming of joy which were emphatic and unmisclimate. It lies half way between Italy and Africa. It is better than either in a The remainder of the trip was made many respects, they who dwell on this overland, and this the animals enjoyed lonely rock think, which means, in reality, that it is neither the one thing nor | moon bright. The missing bridges on the other. As we draw in nearer the shore a fellow passenger who has made opportunity for indulging in sport. Malta his home for many years grows. They arrived here before the train; cars jubilant and seizes me by the arm to tell me the old story of St. Paul's wreck.

"There is the very spot," says he, "and many a picnic have I enjoyed in the cove under the hill." Sure enough, there was "a certain creek with a shore," and on the cliff above the shore a colossal statute of the saint, just distinguishable in the twilight-a great white figure like a ghost, brooding over the fretful sea. It was undoubtedly a favorable season for refreshing one's memory of that notable down the side of the mountain, those at given in as many languages by men who was shipped to Italy; how he touc Sidon, and how "Julius courteously enbut it is curious how loath they are to on with his friends and refresh himpart with their finery. They will go about in rags, and yet keep their caps covered with silver chains and coins. Self." How afterward they sailed under Cyprus and over the sea of Cilicia and Pamphylia, and came to Lysia. How they cruised by Cnidus and Crete, and the Fair Havens, and then the prophetic lips foretold the danger that lay in store. But the old salts of those days had as little confidence in landsmen as in this, and "when the south wind blew

softly" they loosened sail and bore down under the shores of Crete. It was a bad move, for Euroclydon, a tempestuons wind, caught them, and they could not bear up against it, so "we let her drive," saith the Scriptures. For many days neither sun nor stars appeared, and the ship was driven up and down in the raging sea. They lightened that storm bound bark, they undergird ed her, they "strake sail;" with their own hands they threw out the tackling of the ship and then yielded to their fate. Again the saint was moved to prophecy, and had them this time. You should have staid at Crete," said he; "yet fear not, for no man among you shall be lost, but only the ship. They came to a land which they knew not, after fourteen days of unutterable misery. It was midnight and very cold. They sounded and found that it was twenty fathoms; again they sounded and found it was fifteen fathoms, and then they threw four anchorsout of the stern, "and wished for day." The saint was, after all, the best seaman of the lot, for without him that company could not have got safely to shore. In the morning they took up their anchors, made sail, and drove their bow right into the sandy beach, and the ship went to pieces, and every one of the two hun-

dred three score and sixteen souls set foot on Malta without stopping to consider the beauty or the barrenness of the island at the moment. My Maltese friend assures me that the snakes in Malta, and there are plenty of them, are all perfectly harmless, and that this has been the case ever since St. Paul shook the viper from his hand into the fire, on the bank yonder, the morning after the wreck: When I had come to the end of my sojourn in Malta, and was thinking of the chief walk through a crowd of people in a point of interest on the sixty monotonous miles of coast, my eye chanced to fall upon this paragraph in a small history of the island that lay open be-

"St. Paul's bay is now a watering place, where many of the inhabitants pass the summer months."

Half an hour's ride from St. Paul's watering place is the grotto of Calypso. Could Homer have ever seen it, or was he born blind that he sung of the spot in a strain that ought to increase immigration to Malta? It is now celebrated for the enormous quantities of sandwiches and soda-water consumed on the premises, and there is not a line of Homer discernible as far as the eye can reach. It was after sunset when we focus any given object; but now we lay as still as a picture in the deep, quiet waters, only a stone's throw from shore. All above us towered the hills that are literally clothed with fortifications. The city stands on end, with one house m the water's closed in glass, and dark blinds give ing.

coat yesterday?" asked Mr. Taylor, one heard a deep, agonizing groan, had a THE SCENE OF ST. PAUL'S WRECK. them a tropical appearance that reminds

Sagacity of Circus Elephants.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, describing the experience of a menagerie after the late storm in Iowa, speaks as follows of the sagacity of the trained elephants:

Assistant Superintendent Royce sent a large force to repair damages and relieve the circus train, and the task was great-every bridge gone and miles of track under water and washed out. The road was put in temporary repair, and the train started in three sections. When about ten miles out a trestle sunk, and five cars of the third section capsized in the soft mud. The first car contained horses, the second an elk and camel, the other three the five performing elephants. The roofs were cut away and the first two cars easily emptied, but the elephants were all in a heap and giving emphatic expression hugely, as the night was cool and the had to be provided for them, but ordinary cars were too low. Finally two were found which were about an inch higher than the largest elephant's back. "Jack," the largest, was called first to mount the platform. He noticed the strange car, and gave a careful scrutiny, seized the doorpost with his trunk and gave the car a powerful shake, mounted the platform and cautiously walked in, headed to the front, rocked the car sideways, and then humped his back. His back struck the shipwreck, and in half an hour no fewer than five versions of the wreck were given in as many languages by men who down the side of the mountain, those at the summit holding long conversation spoke as if they had been eye-witnesses there again." It was decided to remove the roof limbs, which was done, the five the roof limbs, which was done, the roof lim with their friends far below. * * * of the scene. We recalled how St. Paul the roof limbs, which was done, the five The Indians waited until every ounce When this was done, "Jack" was treated Paul, and gave him liberty to go again invited to take a ride. He promptly assented, entered the car, rocked it and swayed it and then humped his back. Finding it all right, he trumpeted his assent, marched around it a few times, and went to eating hay. Each elephant tested the car himself.

A Useful Invention.

Mr. Woillez, who last year gave the French Academy of Sciences a description of the spiroscope, an instrument for the auscultation of the lungs, has now communicated to the same learned body a paper on another apparatus which he calls a spirophore, and which, in his opinion, will render great services in cases of asphyxia by drowning. It conat one end and open at the other. It is large enough to receive the whole body of the patient, which is brought in up to the neck, the head remaining outside exposed to the air: a diaphragm closes the opening round the neck. A powerful pair of bellows, situated outside the cylinder, communicates with it by a tube, and is set in motion by a lever, the lowering of which causes the aspiration, by the bellows, of the air that is confined round the body. A translucid glass plate fixed in front of the cylinder enables the practitioner to see the patient's breast and abdomen, while a vertical rod, sliding up and down in a tube, and resting on the sternum, reveals the motions of the latter. The apparatus is worked as follows: When a human body has been introduced into it and secured as described, the operator briskly pulls the lever downward; the air inside the cylinder rushes into the bellows, producing a vacuum round the body. The consequence is a simultaneous tendercy of the breast to heave and of the outer air to penetrate into the lungs through the nostrils and mouth. The sternum is thus seen to rise, as in the action of breathing, to the amount of a centimeter and more, which is shown by the rod. Moreover, the epigastrium and even the abdomen move upward, proving that the capacity of the breast increases, not only by the upheaval of the ribs and sternum. but also by the depression of the diaphragm. These respiratory motions may be repeated from fifteen to eighteen times per minute, and the air thus admitted each time measures a liter (nearly two pints), whereas the physiological verage is only half that amount. This apparatus may therefore be useful, not asphyxia of infants, in that caused by

chloroform, etc.

A Child's Adventure. Six months ago a ch ld of S. S. Prouty, of Topeka, Kan., aged two and a half years, swallowed a metal top of a small mucilage bottle. The child was immediately examined by a physician, and after a thorough inspection the doctor gave it as his opinion that the metal had gone into the child's stomach, and steamed into the harbor of Vallett and that it would eventually be dissolved by let go our anchor. Half an hour before the gastric juice and pass off. On the we had been rolling up under the low same day the child gave symptoms of cliffs of the island, finding it difficult to catarrhal affection, and the physician prescribed for it a treatment for catarrh, which has been administered constantly ever since, but without apparent benefit. Mucus of an offensive odor ran from the nose, and the breath was intolerable. In other respects the beginning where another leaves off, so child seemed to be well. It was seized

INDIAN MASSACRES.

The Massacre at Fort Phil : Kearney Ten Years Ago.

Old Fort Phil Kearney, in the Platte

valley, is invested with a tragic interest that overshadowed everything of late years but Custer's death in the West. It is but ten years since the massacre near this old fort occurred, wherein between eighty and ninety persons, among whom were the gallant Fetterman and Brown and Lieut. Grummond, fell fighting the Sioux. Old Fort Kearney was established a year before the massacre by Col. H. B. Carrington, then in com-mand of one of the old infantry regiments before the army reduction. He started from Leavenworth, and Reno and Kearney were built as defenders of the old Boseman trail. Kearney was located about sixty miles beyond Reno and about ninety miles to the south and east of old Fort C. F. Smith. The Indians that year-1866-were very troublesome. The Sioux, then under the leadership of Red Cloud, who has since become and remained friendly, had repeatedly menaced the post. With all their wiles and strategy the Indians had on being qu that season been unable to induce Colonel Carrington to hazard a general engagement. Numerous skirmishes had taken place, the Sioux never appearing taken place, the Sioux never appearing in any great numbers. On the day of the massacre they had attacked the wood train. The assailing force was not apparently larger than thirty or forty warriors. These were driven off by the troops, and Captain Fetterman, after routing them, followed the fleeing Sioux over the bluffs and out of sight of the poet. post. This was what the Indians expected and desired. They seemed to retreat before Fetterman, and that officer, suspecting nothing of the trap that had been set for him and his troops, pressed them to a point where the savages could hold him.

Once in the neighborhood of Indian hill they rushed in between him and the fort. He saw the plan for the first time. His men, who numbered nearly ninety then, having been re-enforced by Lieutenant Grummond with twenty-eight cavalrymen, found their chances of es-cape few. Fetterman tried to force a passage through the Indians, who numbered about 3,000, back over the bluffs and to the post, but found it impossible. The doomed men found their ammunition giving out. All hope was gone. of lead and nowder was exper ing their white foe virtually disarmed, they rushed in and butchered the brave fellows who remained. From the posi tion occupied by the bodies of Fetterman and Brown it was concluded that, seeing hope die and a horrible death by torture awaiting them should they be taken alive, they reserved one bullet each, and had shot one another the moment the Sioux were congratulating themselves on their capture. The bodies were found next day by a strong detachment sent out to reconnoiter, for such was the effect of the slaughter on the garrison that none dared to venture to the field and learn the fate of the gallant Fetterman and his brave band. The Sioux had left the remains on the field after denuding them of their clothing sists of a cylinder of sheet iron closed and scalping and mutilating their reat one end and open at the other. It is mains. The dead were conveyed to the fort and buried with military honors in

sight of the stockade.

The Wear and Cost of Bank Notes. dinary syncope of the waters lasted all During the period of two years and ten days, from June 20, 1874, to July 1, 1876, the comptroller of the currency of the United States received from the engravers new bank notes to the amount of \$272,376,512; and he issued for replacement of notes redeemed and the supply of new banks, or banks increasing their circulation, to the amount of \$218,050,874. During the twelve months ending June 30th he received \$112,232,-625, and issued \$90,720,565. The total amount of mutilated currency received by the comptroller and destroyed as unfit for circulation was \$238,398,022 during the two years and ten days, and \$106,473,190 during the last twelve months. These figures indicate that in order to keep the bank note circulation in good condition it is necessary to renew them once in about three years and three months. The whole expense of paper, printing, redemption, reissues, and probably engraving the entire issue of some \$331,000,000, or about 44,000,-000 of separate notes, has to be incurred regularly about once in three and onefourth years. The greenbacks have to be renewed oftener, because the proportion of small notes to the whole issue is greater, and the small notes wear out faster. The ones and twos constitute about two and one-half per cent. of the amount of bank issues, while they constitute more than fourteen and one-half per cent. of the amount of greenbacks. The difference will be more clearly seen only in cases of drowning, but also in when it is stated, with respect to the number of notes, that forty-two greenbacks out of every sixty-five are ones and twos, while only twenty-two out of every eighty bank notes are ones and twos; or, approximately, sixty-four greenbacks and only twenty-seven bank notes in every one hundred are ones and twos. It is fair to assume, therefore. that the greenbacks and bank notes taken together have to be renewed as often as once in three years. Coin money will last from seven to ten times as long, and then it can be renewed at a com-

A Horse Race Decision.

paratively trifling cost, and the loss by

wear during the whole life of the coin

will seldom exceed one per cent.

ed a decision of interest to turfmen, at our streets to be paved with wood and Judge Wilkes, of Toronto, has renderleast in the Dominion. Proceedings tar, which rot slowly away. We have had been instituted against the managers sewers which generate diphtheria; we that you can see nothing but windows with a vomiting spell lately, and during of the race meeting at Ochawa for re- have sidewalks burdened with death. the retching the top dropped out, as covery of a purse claimed to have been edge to the very sky. There are hanging sound as it was the day it was swallow- won in the two-mile dash by Passion. ing, innocent souls of gardens, tier upon tier, that carefully ed. The doctor in now of the opinion The horses were started by flags, but hide all traces of verdure, and you don't that the metal obtained a lodgment be the judge rung the bell for a recall. from the want of fresh air who is not a know they are green and lovely gardens hind the palate, where it remained until The rider of Passion, knowing it to have martyr to the system which sways this until you wander about the town, climb- vomited up. It was filled with and ening hither and thither, and suddenly find veloped by the same offensive mucus yourself in one of them. The house windows are mostly pushed out over the windows are mostly pushed out over the charged from the nose. The catarrhal narrow strets, like small balconies in- symptoms are now rapidly disappear- Wilkes gave his decision in favor of the children of the poor are dying by

Items of Interest.

Woman's grief is like a summer storm, short as it is violent. A turkey, dropped from a balloon at a height of three miles, alighted in New Bedford unhurt.

A Methodist journal says that there are 4,173,047 members of the Methodist church in the world.

The Norwich Bulletin has at last found a way to keep cool. It proposes to buy a suit of perforated buckskin and then cut, the buckskin out.

Colorado produces \$15,000 in silver every twenty-four hours, \$10,000 in gold, and \$1,000 in other minerals; or \$26,000 daily, equal to \$9,490,000 yearly.

They let an Evansville (Ind.) doctor alone as long as he confined himself to the human race; but he went to killing chickens, and they arrested him.

A student who failed to pass in Greek history examination, repudiated with scorn the insinuation that he was not prepared. He had crammed himself, he said, so tight that he could not get it

Little Alice was crying bitterly, and, on being questioned, confessed to having received a slap from one of her playfellows. "You should have returned it," unwisely said the questioner. "Oh, I returned it before," said the little girl.

The Utica Herald says that a party of hunters threw away a bad potato in their camp in the North woods. The potato sprouted in a day or two, and within a few hours a potato bug was seen on the sprout. This was miles from any potato

According to a Cologne newspaper, there is in that city a north in which is exhibited a "bearded lady." At the entrance is stationed a girl to take money. Recently a visitor, having feasted his eyes on the strange phenomenon, thinking on his departure to have a joke with the little money taker, said to her, fondling her under the chin the while:
"Well, little one, I suppose the bearded woman is your mamma, eh?" "No, sir," replied the child, "she is my papa."

How Niagara Almost Ran Dry.

On March 29, 1848, a remarkable phenomenon occurred. The preceding winter had been intensely cold, and the ice formed on Lake Erie was unusually thick. In the warm days of early spring this mass of ice was loosened around the shores of the lake, and detached from them. During the forenooa of the day named, a stiff easterly wind moved it up the lake. A little before sunset wind chopped suddenly round and blew a gale from the west. This brought the vast field of ice back again with such tremendous force that it filled in the neck of the lake and its outlet so as to form a very effective dam, that caused a remarkable diminution in the outflow of the water. Of course it needed but little time for the falls to drain off the water below this dam. The consequence was that on the morning of the following day the river was nearly half gone. The American channel had dwindled to a deep and narrow creek. The British channel seemed to have been smitten with a quick consumption, and to be fast passing away. Far up from the head of Goat island and out into the Canadian rapids, and from the foot of Goat island out beyond the old tower to the deep channel of the Horseshoe fall, the water was gone. The rocks were bare, black and forbidding. The roar of Niagara had subsided to a moan. This extraorthe day, and night closed over the strange scene. But during the night the dam gave way, and the next morning the river was restored in all its strength, beauty and majesty.

The Chinese Coolies.

The first trading in Chinese coolies, on any extended scale, was between China and Cuba, and China and the Chincha islands. From the outset, and up to the present day, a Chinaman, either in Cuba or in Peru, is in all essential matters a slave. In Cuba his condition is really worse than that of the African slave, because by law the Chinaman can never manumit himself. Once landed, he is a slave for life. Some twelve months ago the Chinese government, after having received reports of the manner in which its subjects were treated in Cuba, sent a commission of investigation to that island. The Spanish government tried its utmost to hoodwink the commissioners, but in vain. The scandalous treatment of their countrymen in Cuba was too patent, and on the return of the commissioners to China their report led the Imperial government to put a stop to the further immigration of its subjects to any Spanish colony. The justice of this determination is best proved by the rejection by Spain of a proposition made by the Chinese authorities that Chinese consuls should be permitted to reside in Cuba, to whom Chinamen might present claims of redress for wrongs. Adispatch from San Francisco announces the arrival in China of a Spanish ambassador, who declares that his government is determined that the trade of coolies, which the Chinese government has prohibited shall continue.

Dying by Thousands.

In referring to the fact of the terrible fatality among the children in New York city, the Herald says: Rings control the city. To please one ring rapid transit is postponed; to please another soap factories are permitted to pollute the atmosphere; to please a third the Harlem flats and other nuisances are allowed to generate malaria; to please a fourth we give up one of our downtown parks to a railway and propose to throw in the Battery; to please others we allow

There is not one of the gentle, sufferchildren who have died within a month