

STANDARD AND COMMERCIAL.

VOL. IV. NO. 40.

BEAUFORT, S. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1876.

\$2.00 per Annum. Single Copy 5 Cents.

A Lovers' Quarrel.

You will find, enclosed with this note of mine, your letters and gifts in their order set; I have kept, as you see, not a single line. To recall what I now would find forgotten. Your picture—I never liked the pose—the ring and chain, and the rest, you know, I have placed with care, for, indeed, who knows but another will prize—Well, let it go! So snaps in a moment the chain that bound. Oh, better, no doubt, to end it thus than find, too late, as we must have found, that chance alone had united us. You can throw, if you choose, the blame on me, as it always comforts a man to do: No matter; enough if I can see—That the fault of our quarrel rests with you. Let us never meet—it is better so. For, after all, being only human, I feel to the heart—not angry, no. Not angry, but still—an injured woman. P. S.—On the whole, as our letters might stray to some other than you and me, for just this once I will meet you to-night. At the usual time, by the sycamore tree.

I send you here, together with this, your letters you asked for back again, And pardon it if a needless kiss Has blotted the pages now and then. The curl of your hair, the glove you wore, The mignonette—take back the whole, And with them the faith that once I bore, The love and trust of a man's whole soul. The past—is there anything remains behind? The future—what hope have you left me there?

If I go to the dance—But never mind! I scorn to threaten, to rave and swear. No, no, be happy, as women will. Before the kiss on their lips is cold That pledges them to another, still In the new love lightly forgetting the old. Yes, all is over between us now— I never shall look on your face again; So go your way with your broken vow, And think no more of—a desperate man. P. S.—In order that you may see I have kept back nothing, not even a flower, On second thoughts, to the sycamore tree I will bring them myself at the usual hour.

They have met to utter their last good-byes; And there by the sycamore tree they stand, Gazing each in the other's eyes, Holding each to the other's hand. The letters lie on the mossy seat— Ring and picture, curl and glove; While the doubly perjured lips repeat The oft-told tale of changeless love: And over their heads the star of even Twinkles down through the sycamore boughs, Laughing, perchance, as the hosts of heaven May laugh, to listen to lovers' vows.

—Kate Putnam Osgood.

ADVENTURE WITH A MADMAN.

"Well, Tom, you don't mean to say you funk it?" I thought you had more pluck than to stick at a little thing like that. Suppose the spire is a hundred and fifty feet high; why, there are ladders all the way up, and isn't it just as easy to mount the hundredth step as the first? urged my adventurous comrade, as he looked wistfully up at the tall, tapering steeple which the workmen were then slowly painting.

"I tell you what, Willie, I don't see the use of running the risk of breaking our necks in the attempt. For you, who have so lately recovered from brain fever, it would be the height of folly."

"If so, Tom, it's folly's height itself I'm going to climb to, and within ten minutes I'll be astride of the weathercock. Good-bye, my boy; I'm sorry you haven't the courage to follow," and, whistling a lively tune, Willie Bradley walked toward the church porch.

I was now ashamed to hang back; I knew that the next day Willie's adventure would make him the hero of the school—a position which we were ever struggling for in jealous rivalry; so, ere he reached the church porch, I overtook him and signified my intention of sharing the adventure.

"That's right, old fellow," was the retort; "but come, be quick, before the workmen return from dinner," and, passing into the belfry, he ascended the steep winding steps of the tower, and soon gained the battlements.

So far all was well. We had already ascended one hundred feet from the ground; but above us rose the tall, tapering spire to a height of a hundred and fifty feet more—the Corinthian pinnacle surmounted by the glittering weathercock, which had been newly gilded. The ascent had to be made by ladders, which were bound to each other and secured tightly to the stonework.

I glanced at Bradley. He seemed cool and determined. His right foot was already on the ladder.

"Go on," I said; "if you are resolved, I'm with you," and away he went, and I after him.

There is nothing much easier than getting up a ladder. I took care to grasp my way tightly with both hands, and neither to look up nor down. Willie, however, dived much faster than I, though unaccustomed to the work. We both often paused to rest.

At last I heard him shout:

"Here's a pretty go, Martin! this confounded pinnacle projects a matter of two feet above the top bar of the ladder. I don't see how to clamber over it."

"Come down, then, like a sensible fellow," I cried, for I heartily wished the adventure over.

"Oh, go to Bath!" was the courteous retort, and looking up I perceived Bradley's legs dangling in the air, as he endeavored to clamber over the projecting stonework to reach the iron vane.

In this he succeeded. I was equally lucky. A moment later, aided by the crossbars which marked the points of the compass, we ascended the huge weathercock and sat astride of it facing each other.

It was then that the horror of our situation seemed first to burst upon each of us. I looked down, and two hundred and fifty feet below lay the town, and the great space, filled with people, evidently intently gazing up at us, and looking no bigger than dolls. Then, glancing at the churchyard beneath, it

presented the appearance of a small, level grass plot, with white mice running over it, for to my bewildered vision the very gravestones seemed to move. I felt that I was becoming dizzy; the flaky clouds above appeared to flash by with sickening rapidity, and I threw my arms backward round the tail of the cock for support.

At this moment a hollow, harsh laugh broke from my companion; for the first time I glanced in his face, and the terrible expression depicted there I shall never forget.

His eyes flashed lurid and wild, his face was pale as a corpse, and a light foam stood upon his lips. "Is it this glorious?" he screamed, with another maniacal laugh; "right to the blazing sun, I tell you, we are soaring fast. Look at the gaping crowd below. Ah! ah! they can't stay us. There's the old church tower, too, I should say a mile down; but where is the spire—the tall spire we climbed up once? 'tis gone, never mind! Oh, brave bird!" and he struck the cock with the flat of his hand, as if to encourage its flight.

A terrible thought struck me. My friend's reason, so lately prostrated with brain fever, had left him. I was alone with a madman.

This idea was soon confirmed. Again rung forth the shrill hollow laugh, and again Bradley shouted with the accents of delirium:

"Ah! ah! faster and faster! See the blood-red clouds above and below us! the world is gone! There is the sun, a ball of fire, and we are sailing into its very vortex. I say, Martin, let us throw ourselves off this stupid bird's back; we shall get along faster without him."

"No, no, Bradley; I'm tired, and like riding—let us stop where we are," I replied, for I knew it was the best way to humor a madman, but my words had no effect. With an unnatural chuckle he answered me:

"No, no, my boy; you promised to follow me, and you shall come off with me, or I'll pull you off by main force. We fly so fast that if we don't take the leap at the same moment, one will be dropped twenty, eh, thirty miles behind."

He crept toward me as he spoke, still clutched and muzzled. I saw his intention. I again glanced below; more fearful than ever seemed the fearful depth at my feet.

Tighter, with the tenacity of despair, I grasped the tail of the gilded bird, but what would that avail against the strength of a maniac? At this moment a gust of wind caused the ladder to round from east to north; the sudden loss saved my life. Poor Bradley lost his balance and fell from the giddy height. I saw him sink through the air, strike against a pinnacle of the tower and rebound like a ball.

I remember nothing more until I recovered consciousness, many hours afterward, and found myself in bed.

In the Wrong Place.

It was reported to one of the chief physicians in the hospital in the Philadelphia almshouse that there was a man lying in one of the wards in a comatose condition. The nurse declared that he had been insensible for twenty-four hours, and that she had tried in vain to rouse him. The doctor said it was probable that the patient was under the influence of some powerful narcotic; perhaps he had taken a large dose of laudanum. He said that it was imperatively necessary that the unfortunate man should be resuscitated at once by some powerful stimulant. Accordingly he directed two of his assistants to take a strong galvanic battery and apply it to the patient until he recovered. The assistants went into the hospital with the battery, while the nurse stopped for a few moments in the laundry. When they reached the man's bedside they placed the battery on the floor, and baring the patient's ankle they wrapped the wire around it. When everything was ready they turned on the current full blast. A second later the prostrate form of the patient bounded about four feet into the air, and as it came down upon the bed a second shock sent it up again, the patient meanwhile exclaiming:

"Yow-wow-wow! Oh, murder! murder-r-r-r! Oh! Oh! Thunder and lightning! Murder-r-r-r! Yow-wow-wow! Grasha! let up on that! Ow-wow-wow! Another one of them will kill me! Oh, don't do that again."

When he came down the fourth time the doctors turned off the current, with the remark that they guessed that would be about enough. Then one of them asked the patient how he felt, and attempted to feel his pulse. But the patient, furious with rage, said:

"You diabolical scoundrel, what do you mean by hitting that thing to me in that manner, say?"

"Now be calm," said the doctor, "it's all right; you'll be better directly."

"But it isn't all right. I've a mind to knock your head off for blowing me up with that infernal machine. What do you do it for, anyway?"

"My friend, don't excite yourself," said the doctor. "You've been in a very bad way, and we ran the current through you to bring you back to life."

"Bring me back to life? Why, you must be crazy. Back to life? I was no more dead than you were!"

"Now, keep cool. You have been unconscious for twenty-four hours. Narcotic poisoning, no doubt. We saved you from an early grave. It was the closest shave I ever saw. It was, upon my honor."

"Well, well, if this don't beat all! You took me for the man in ward forty-nine. Why, I'm one of the keepers of the asylum, and I lay down on this bed for a nap. The fellow you're after is over yonder. An early grave! Well, now, I have heard of foolishness in my life, but this takes the rag right off. And I give you warning that if you come around here with that apparatus again tryin' your experiments on me I'll wrench your brainpan for you."

Then the doctors moved off in search of the right man, while the keeper went out to hunt a dog to kick in order to relieve his feelings.

When a Turkish woman does wrong she is seved up in a bag and dropped into the Bosphorus.

THE PIUTE FANDANGO.

Annual Dance of the Indians—Strange Customs and Queer Love Making.

The Vincennes (Nov.) Chronicle says: Once a year, usually during the first half of July, the Piute Indians come in from all parts of the State, and have a grand tribe dance. Whether there is the element of religious worship in the fandango nobody knows, but it is natural to suppose that pious motives are uppermost; for the white mind, a less enjoyable assemblage than one of these yearly gatherings could hardly be pictured. It is certainly funny, however. Unlike most Indians, the Putes are not at all dignified or grave in their demeanor, being very like children in the naturalness of their manner. They are especially unconstrained in their ways just about this time of the year. In winter a Piute, male or female, is a dapper individual. Short commons and the shelter of a leaky and comfortable tent of gunny sacks and skins do not conduce to heavy weight. At present, however, all is changed. The bucks look comfortable and happy, while the squaws, especially the young ones, revel in fatness. Piute youth waxeth gallant. It is likely that the yearly fandango is got up in part in the interest of matrimony, for it is at this season that the Putes pair. All the youngsters are just about one year older than their younger brethren. Every healthily squaw has a papoose, and her baby is just about the size and age of every other baby. The annual fandango may perhaps have something to do with this chronological symmetry.

Last year the dance was held on American flat, but we had the fun near home this year. A little valley in the hills to the north of the homestead, between Gold Hill and Virginia, was chosen, and proceedings began on Wednesday and wound up on Saturday night. About two hundred Putes gathered and proceeded to build their camps. The aboriginal home on these occasions consists of a breastwork of sage brush, behind which the family crouch and warm their heels at a fire of the same beautiful shrub. The brush is pulled up from a space about twice the size of an ordinary circus ring, in the center of the camp, and there the dance takes place. The Piute doesn't shine with a dazzling luster as a heel and toe artist. The "dance" is really no dance at all. The bucks form a ring standing side by side; then the squaws take up position, not mingling with the men, but forming part of the circle. The ring being made, a few gifted bucks start up a guttural chant of

Ho, ho, ho, hi-yi!
Hi-yah, hi-yah, hi-yi!
Ho, ho, hi-yah, hi-yi!

To this inspiring air the ring begins to move, all hands going around with short hops, just as soldiers do when making "right dress" or "left dress." This sort of thing is kept up for hours, the monotonous drone of "Ho, ho, hi-yah," going on all ways. When a dancer tires of the fun he drops out, and some one else takes his place. To the white mind there is a certain lack of variety about three days of one kind of a dance, but "Jim" never wearies of it. A more grotesque and absurd crowd of human beings could not be imagined. Out of 150 of the ring which happened about on Saturday afternoon, there were three or four braves who were arrayed in a savage costume of bearskin or buckskin, but all the rest looked as if they had made a raid on a rag shop. Tattered dress coats, filthy linen dusters, frayed and shocking trousers, battered plug hats and hopeless brogans made up the dress of the sons of the soil. One old gentleman had on an ancient swallow-tail coat and a bell crown silk hat, while his nether limbs were tightly clothed in fringed buckskin breeches. A pair of boots that might have belonged to a farmer in Revolutionary days graced the rickety feet of the ancient warrior. An unusual amount of red and white paint is smeared upon the broad countenances of the bucks and squaws at fandango time.

During Friday afternoon and evening there were more whites present on the ground than there were Putes, and it must be said that the Indians were better behaved than their visitors.

Rheumatism.

The *Journal des Connaissances Médicales* contains a review of certain curious observations made by Dr. G. Esbach on the conformation of the fingers in various diseases. In persons that perspire easily, or in the case of disorders such as rheumatism, typhus fever, etc., the transversal curvature of the nail is increased to exaggeration. This symptom, which scarcely ever fails to present itself in rheumatic subjects, has led Dr. Esbach to establish, by a statistical method, the sudoral etiology of that affection, and in the immense majority of cases he has found the following result: A man who perspires easily, and who inhabits a ground floor, becomes sooner or later rheumatic; if, on the contrary, he lives in a dry apartment, he is never troubled with that malady. On the other hand, a man who is not subject to perspiration may live in a damp room with impunity. Rheumatism appears thus to be placed on its real ground; dampness may be the cause of it, but only in such habits as perspire freely.

A Damper.

A vain and loquacious young man, who fills a clerkship in a gas company, visited a wealthy lady the other evening, with whom he had but a slight acquaintance, and, upon entering the parlor, commenced a stream of talk, which he kept up for about fifteen minutes, without affording her an opportunity to get in a word. He finally rested for lack of breath, and then the disgusted damsel quietly asked: "Mr. T., what are you charging for gas now? By the thousand feet I mean." Mr. T. gave the subject some moments' silent consideration, and then, rising slowly from his chair, cast upon his fair companion a look of the deepest reproach, as I passed softly out "where the stars were shining."

CENTENNIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Increased Attendance—Bible Presentation to Mrs. Maxwell—Speech of Thanks of the Colorado Huntress—A New Cook Stove—The Argentine Republic.

The cooler weather has increased the attendance of visitors very greatly, and it is expected that during the months of September and October the number of Centennial sightseers will equal one hundred thousand a day.

There was a rifle presentation by the commissioners and friends of the Kansas and Colorado exposition, in the spacious Colorado reception-room, to Mrs. M. A. Maxwell, the Colorado huntress, who has such a magnificent exhibition of stuffed animals and birds, of her own killing, in the Colorado department. Dr. K. W. Wright, the Kansas commissioner, made the presentation, gracefully acknowledging how much she had done for the success of the Kansas and Colorado exhibition, and in presenting the lady with an elegant Evans' magazine breech loading rifle, capable of being loaded with thirty-four cartridges in twenty-five seconds, and discharged in twenty-seconds without removing the hand from the lock, he said: "We trust you will ever keep it as bright as the eye that directs it, and that, in years to come, you may be able to collect, from the hills and dales of your mountain home, many choice specimens in addition to your already very large collection."

To which Mrs. Maxwell replied: "My Kind Friends—To express my thanks for this valuable present, and for your words of kind appreciation, is quite impossible. I can only assure you that both shall be treasured while life and memory endure. The use of this rare gift shall be directed by a love for science, and, in the pursuit of objects for the study of natural history, it shall be my trusted companion and assistant. Please accept my warmest thanks and my best wishes, not only for this expression of consideration and the numerous words of encouragement and deeds of kindness that I have, at all times, received from you."

A Mrs. Evard, of Virginia, has a model cook stove, of her own invention, in the women's department, which I will try to describe for the benefit of my rifle readers. Its peculiarities are: The fire box is divided vertically, so that wood can be burned in one side and coal in the other, or a fire can be made in one side only. The oven is also divided in the same way into two compartments, so that dry hot air can be used in one side for baking and cooking, and steam in the other, and the flavor of different articles of food cooking at the same time will not intermingle. But the partitions in the fire box and also in the oven can be removed and each two made one.

The bottom of the rear two-thirds of the fire box is solid, to retain the coals, especially of wood, and the front third of the bottom, and all the front part of the fire box to the top is grating, which gives a good draft, and throws the heat out in front of the stove.

To the front of this stove is attached—removable at pleasure—a sheet iron roasting and broiling oven, regulated by a lever so that meats can be adjusted more or less from the fire, and held in any position desired. By means of fines and dampers the heat can be sent over the top, or under the bottom of one or both compartments of the oven, or all around it, at pleasure.

The top is like any other stove, except a fifth cap, equivalent from the ordinary four caps, with graduated heater in form of an hour glass for coffee pot or various uses. The chief merits claimed for this stove are economy of fuel, convenience, and ease and rapidity of working, relieving to a great extent the burden of labor in cooking.

The Argentine Republic has a fine display in the Main building of ores, tin, copper, silver and gold, coal, building stones and artificial stones, clays, kaolin, silica, lithographic stones, whetstones, precious metals, mineral waters, chemicals, pharmaceutical preparations, oils, soaps, candles, paints, dyes, metal compounds, bricks, tiles, fireclay goods, glassware, furniture, kitchen utensils, laundry appliances, cotton yarns, linen and other vegetable fabrics, woolen goods, robes, shawls, hats, caps, boots and shoes, clothing, laces, embroideries, trimmings, jewelry, ornaments, artificial flowers, fancy leather work, fancy articles of various kinds, blank books, and enough articles of the materia medica to cure or kill a nation of people, surgical and dental instruments, carriage and horse furniture, harness, saddles, leather and dressed skins.

In the educational and scientific department there are school and text books, and books of general literature, telegraphic instruments, musical instruments, typographical and geological maps, marine and coast charts, works on government and law, military organization, legislative forms, prisons, reform schools, religious organizations and systems.

In the art department she has a creditable exhibit of sculpture, figures and groups in stone and metal, carvings in wood, ivory and metal, medals pressed and engraved, paintings in oil and water colors, drawings, lithographs, mosaic and inlaid work.

In Machinery hall are looms, type setting machinery, boats and sailing vessels.

In Agricultural hall her collection of woods is magnificently large and beautiful, as is also her display of roots and barks for dyeing and tanning, gums, resins, lichens, mosses, seeds, nuts, cereals, grasses, roots and tubers, tobacco, tea, coffee and spices, and especially dressed skins, leather, hides and wool. A fleece of the finest wool, grown in eleven months and eight days, weighs thirty-one pounds. She has also a good show of wild animals, reptiles, insects, nets, hooks, sponges, furs, butter, eggs, honey, preserved meats, fruits, corn, starch, sugar, wine, bread, cotton, silk, hair, fertilizers, etc. This display of our sister republic is very remarkable and excites much surprise, as well as interest.

S. M. B.

Cormorant Fishing.

The London News says: A very curious sport is gaining ground in this country. The use of cormorants for fishing purposes has been practiced for centuries by the Chinese, who carefully train these birds to deliver their prey uninjured to their master instead of appropriating it to their own use, and from China and other Oriental countries it has been brought to England. Cormorant fishing recalls, in a measure, the old days of falconry, with the exception that while the feats of the trained hawk and falcons were performed in mid-air, the performances of the "sea crow," as the French call it, take place in the water. With a ring placed round their necks to prevent them from swallowing their booty, though well trained birds will dispense with this restraint, the cormorants plunge at a given signal into the water, and hardly ever fail to bring up a finny prize. Their broad webbed feet and their thin, keel shaped body, admirably adapt them for swimming and diving, and they will often use their short, stiff wings as an additional means of propulsion. So swift are they and so sudden their descent, that the nimblest fish cannot escape them. If they seize their prey otherwise than by the head they ascend to the surface, and, quickly jerking it into the air, will adroitly catch it as it falls headforemost. The appearance of a number of cormorants thus engaged, and regularly bringing their booty to their owner's hand, is a very pleasing sight. This employed intermission, and with the occasional encouragement of a handful of the small crowd, can be trained to act in a similar manner, and if this mode of fishing is likely to become at all general it will necessitate a new reading of certain acts of Parliament. Under the salmon fishery acts, for instance, a duty is payable on "instruments" used for the capture of salmon, and it may become a question for the lawyers whether a "cormorant" can properly be called an "instrument" engaged in pursuit of salmon, while it is only an "aquatic tool" at other times. There are, at any rate, few kinds of sport which are not open to objections from which cormorant fishing is free. Cormorants must have fish to eat, and it is no mere cruel to let them feed themselves in the presence of admiring spectators than to catch the fish first of all in a net. It is even superior to the ancient falconry, since the winged prey of the hawk is a more sensitive animal than the finny prey of the cormorant, and the fish do not probably feel any pain in their ignominious descent, headforemost, into the capacious beak of their captor.

All About Snuff.

It takes one year and a half to convert tobacco into good snuff. The tobacco, after being "broken out" of the huge hogsheads in which it is bought, is stemmed, broken by a machine into pieces about four inches in length, and is soaked for twenty-four hours in strong brine. It is then hoisted up to great bins in the upper part of the factory, and there is left to ferment and cure at least six months. Then it is dried in a steam heated room at a temperature of 240 degrees. For coarse Raguee the tobacco is not thoroughly dried. For Scotch and Irish Blackguard, it is made thoroughly dry, and for the latter is also toasted, or parched, on a wire net close in front of a wide grate of glowing coals, where the heat is so intense that the leaves must be constantly stirred to prevent their bursting into flame. Grinding in cast iron mills of peculiar construction follows, and the resultant powder, fine or coarse, is at length recognizable as snuff. In this condition it must lie in bins for months, then be packed into bladders or jars which are hermetically sealed and varnished, and in this form is again packed away to lie for at least six months before it is deemed perfect and fit to be put on the market. All these processes are open to public knowledge, but there is one which is a secret and is zealously kept as such. That is the manner in which snuff is perfumed. Attar of roses is known to be the material employed, but how it is applied is only known to the tobacco men.

The Effect.

As a Detroit salar man quered stood behind his bar, says "M. Quad," in walked a stranger, who inquired:

"Can you inform me what effect lemonade has upon the mental system?"

"It has a good effect, where you pay for it," was the reply.

"And where you don't?"

"The effect is then transferred from the mental to the physical system, and you go out of here with something kicking you forty times per minute."

"Thanks, sir," bowed the stranger, backing out. "I am not thirsty, and I never did believe in street drinks."

He went down the street, stole two harvest apples, and found the effect to be just the same as if he had taken lemonade. When the "machio" ceased kicking, the stranger remarked:

"Between being kicked for three cents or for ten cents, it is my duty to be kicked for ten cents, and that shall be my motto hereafter."

Captain Kidd.

The famous pirate, Capt. Kidd, frequently narrated in the old days, when distillers, slave traders and pirates were numerous. His landing was at the bar on which the south pier was built. His places of resort are still shown, and numerous holes in the ground, made by credulous seekers after his hidden treasure, can be seen in Peacedale and other places. A few years ago a sword hilt was dug up in a field near the pier, on which was engraved the name of Artemus Gould, who was one of Kidd's lieutenants. Twenty-eight of this crew were hanged on one gallows in Newport.

Nothing will undermine one's faith in the sincerity of friendship more completely than to have a friend ask you to "take something," and, after the glass has been emptied to hear him exclaim, as he runs his hands deep into his pockets: "I've got on my other pants."

A Stage Secret.

Many of our readers have been not a little surprised at the intelligence of dogs trained for the circus ring and the stage. A correspondent of the *Illustrated Weekly* lets us into the secret of this training. It says that when Lingard and George Fox separated, and Fox took the Old Bowery, the New Bowery had a celebrated dog star, who with a couple of trained dogs for a whole month played "The Dog of Montargis" to a very good business. This roused a wild ambition in Fox's breast to do dogs also. Tom Corny, the best trained dog, had recently died, and the man at the Bowery had the only educated beasts in the business, however, ignorance attempts and achieves a great deal sometimes. The present historian proposed what should be called "The Beefsteak Drama." A new play should be written, in itself an attraction, called "Jack Shepard and his Dog." "Jack" was a tower of strength in the Bowery without a dog; with one, the new theater stood no chance.

Two splendid black Newfoundland dogs were secured. One, belonging to a fire company, had a fair canine education—would fetch and carry; but dog No. 2 was an ignoramus, and used only as a double.

The eventful evening came. The fire laddie had had neither dinner nor supper, but was peculiarly susceptible to the seductions of raw steak. It seemed as if a young meat market was started on the old Bowery stage. Bits of steak out-acted the artist's attention. It was required that the dog should fly from the wings, up a flight of steps, ring a bell, seize a lantern from the hand of the person answering the door, and then bound off, followed by the actor.

Cesar was held in a wing while George Fox at the door up the steps frantically waved a porterhouse steak. Cesar's attention being called, he promptly rushed to his friend, who as promptly shut the door in his face. Cesar got a smell of the chunk wired upon the bell pull, and gave a savage snap at that, which rung the bell violently. Some one appeared with the lantern, showing Cesar a mouthful of beef conspicuously wired upon its handle. He went for it then and there. Meanwhile George had got round to the opposite side with a sirloin, which he danced and shook as a matter of course his red rag in the face of a bull. Cesar straightway rushed for this promising lunch.

In this way he seized papers which the villain of the play was boasting possession of; he took the whole seat of a pair of pants off Fox, who had a sirloin neatly served upon them; and finally, as the minister of vengeance, he was grappled with by the villain; rolled over and over to the wings, where the green dog, who was a match in size and looks, was muzzled to a padded neckcloth.

Here an instantaneous change was made. Cesar retired to private life and well earned bones, while his substitute was quickly harnessed to the man by the padded collar, which was clasped around the actor's neck. Thus apparently clinging to the villain's throat, the two in a death struggle writhed and twisted about the stage, and, amid victorious hurrahs, the curtain dropped on the successful "Beefsteak Drama."

President Washington's Levee.

At three o'clock the visitor was introduced to the dining-room, from which all seats had been removed for the time. On entering he saw the tall, manly figure of Washington, clad in black silk velvet, his hair in full dress, powdered and gathered behind in a large bag, yellow gloves on his hands, holding a cocked hat with a black cockade in it, and the edges adorned with a black feather about an inch deep. He wore knee and shoe buckles and a long sword. He stood always in front of the fireplace, with his back toward the door of entrance. The visitor was conducted to him, and his name distinctly pronounced. He received his visitor with a dignified bow in a manner avoid- ing to shake hands, even with best friends. As visitors came, they formed a circle round the room; and at a quarter past three the door closed; and the circle was formed for that day. He then began on the right, and spoke to each visitor, calling him by name and exchanging a few words. When he had completed his circuit he resumed his first position, and the visitors, approaching him in succession, bowed and retired. By four o'clock this ceremony was over. These facts have been learned in general from the reminiscences of General Sullivan. Mrs. Washington's levees were every Friday evening, at which occasion the general was always present. It was an occasion for emulous and aspiring belles in a narrative of attention. But he to essay to win his attention. "How many times I have seen you," his countenance was never familiar; his countenance uniformly even, preserved his habitually grave. A lady of his family said it was his habit, also, when without company, and that she only remembered him once to have made a hearty laugh. In a narrative and incident in which she was a party. The truth was his deportment was unavoidably grave; it was sobriety, stopping short of sadness. His presence inspired a veneration and a feeling of awe rarely experienced in the presence of any man. His mode of speaking was slow and deliberate, not as though he was in search of fine words, but that he might utter those only adapted to his purpose.

A Spanish Trophy.

The Spaniards in Puerto Principe have a curious cannon captured from the Cubans. It is about three feet long, three inches in diameter at the mouth, and about an inch thick, and appears to have been made by binding and twisting bands of raw leather hide around the center-piece, which seemed to be the entire piece, smooth throughout, and bore into a sort of basket twist, and then a few bands of plain hoop iron added to fix it to a small wooden carriage—not a very formidable looking piece in appearance, but capable, with a small charge of powder, of throwing a shell or grenade some distance. The insurgents make and use a number of such pieces, but they quickly become useless.

The rector of Mold, Flintshire, England, has been indicted in \$4,000 damages for breach of promise to marry his sexton's daughter.

Items of Interest.

The Connecticut tobacco crop is reported to be excellent this year.

Blind men are employed as attendants in Japanese bathing establishments for women.

It is estimated that there is about \$10,000,000 in gold coin in circulation in California now, against half that amount at the time of the panic.

A man is supposed to be wandering somewhere in Pennsylvania with two live alligators in his possession. He took them from Philadelphia.

The coefficient of friction of leather belts over wooden drums is 0.47 of the pressure, and overturned cast iron pulleys 0.28 of the pressure.

The Western drymen met in convention the other day, and the toasts were all dark in milk. What a disgusting sight it must have been for a brewer.

A person who was sent to prison for marrying two wives excused himself by saying that when he had one she fought him, but when he got two they fought with each other.

A Massachusetts clergyman received thirty cents for a marriage fee the other day. The groom offered him twenty cents at first, but finally added ten, "though times is hard."

Wasn't it rough on Ella, just as she was telling Fredrick at luncheon that her appetite was to have the cook bowl out: "Say, will ye yer pork and greens now, or wait till yer feller's gone?"

The high winds in San Francisco blow dust into latent grease spots on clothing, and make them visible. Bootblacks carry little bottles of ammonia with which to obliterate the spots, and in that way increase their income.

Children reduced to almost the last stages of cholera infantum, when they are unable to hold any other food on their stomachs, will greedily take strong beef tea, salted and made palatable—and will often recover on that treatment.

A traveler staying over night with a Texan farmer, whose estate was miles in extent, said to him: "You must have begun life very early to accumulate such an estate as this." "Yes," replied the farmer, "I began life when I was a mere baby."

A ragged boy was, years ago, cared for by a benevolent young man in Baltimore, who has just married. The boy grew up intelligent, educated, and enterprising. Mark the power of gratitude. A few days ago he eloped with his benefactor's wife.

A natural curiosity called "Indian Well," in the town of Huntington, Conn., is much visited by picnic parties. This well is about twenty feet deep and almost perfectly round, and it has been hollowed out from solid granite by water from a brook.

An artificial chicken hatcher is exhibited in Cincinnati. It consists of a large glass box, holding four hundred eggs, on wire trays. The temperature is regulated so accurately that it never varies half a degree from one hundred. The machine works well.

"King John" was announced for production in a Western theater, and the manager posted the cast in the green room. He noticed one of his actresses examining it closely, after which she turned to him and asked who wrote the piece. He said Shakespeare. "Goodness!" she exclaimed; "has that man written another play?"

The Chinese woodchoppers who went up in the waterpout at Ennis, Nev., escaped unharmful. They were encamped in the bed of the canyon; seven of the thirteen got of the range of the flood; five tumbled down into the valley below, and one was washed two miles. The miners aver that nothing short of an earthquake will kill a Chinaman.

"This, dear girl," said a wise little lady, tapping with her parasol one of the big torpedoes in the Centennial Government building, "this is a wonderful invention for rescuing people. They put them in a close case, dragging them ashore through the surf where ordinary boats could not go." Uninquisitive ignorance is the proper frame of mind for the full enjoyment of the Centennial Exhibition.

A wealthy resident of Holland died in 1691 leaving large estates but no heirs of his own body. The property was appropriated by William of Orange. These estates are said to amount to \$116,000,000, and have been withheld from the proper heirs, whose descendants have now taken steps to recover the same. Several of these heirs are in this country, one of them being Christianu Metzger, a stone mason, of Buffalo.

A gentleman passing by the goal of a country town heard one of the prisoners through the grating in his cell singing, in the softest and most melodious tone, that favorite song: "Home, sweet home." His sympathies being very much excited in favor of the unfortunate tenant of the dungeon, he inquired the cause of his incarceration, when, to his disgust, he was informed that the fellow was put in goal for wife beating.

East Kingston, R. I., has a modified Enoch Arden case. Charles A. Osgood went to Canada eleven years ago, leaving a wife and two children, and, not returning, the wife married again, bore two children and died. Osgood returned Sunday and claimed his daughter, now fifteen, but paid no attention to the son. The girl refused to leave her stepfather, and, after giving her new clothes and kissing and being kissed, the disconsolate father wandered off again.

At the Paris conservatory of music is a young man with an almost phenomenal tenor voice. He can sing the highest notes with marvelous ease, and his compass is extraordinary. He might become the most famous singer in the world, doubtless, were it not for the singular fact that he has "no ear for music." Assiduous study only enables him to master very simple tunes, and intricate pieces are utterly beyond his comprehension. He used to be a cook, and his wonderful voice induced a teacher of opera to take him in hand, but the result is a failure.