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The Last Wish.

This is all: is it much, my darling? You must follow your path in life, have a head for its complex windings, a hand for its sudden strife. The sun will shine, the flowers will bloom; though my course lead them all is over, I would not that those dear living eyes should light in their joy no more; Only just for the sake of the happy past; and the golden days that have been, By the love we have loved and the hopes we have hoped, will you have my grave kept green?

Just a moment in the morning, in the eager flush of the day, To pluck some creeping weed, perchance, or train the white rose spray; Just a moment to shade my violet from the glare of the noontide heat, Just a tear and a prayer in the gloaming, ere you leave me with lingering feet. Ah! it is weak and foolish, but I think that in God's serene I shall know, and love to know, mine own, that you keep my grave so green.

I would fain, when the drops are plashing against your window pane, That you should be thinking wistfully of my grasses out in the rain; That when the winter veil is spread o'er the fair white world below, Your tender hands twist the holly wreath that mark my rest in the snow. My clasped arms and life's rich gifts grow faint and cold, I ween, Yet, oh! I would hold it to the last—the trust of my grave kept green.

Because it is by such little signs the heart and its faith are read; Because the natural man must shrink ere he joins the forgotten dead. The heavenly hope is bright and pure, and calm is the heavenly rest, Yet the human love clings yearningly to all it has prized the best. We have been so happy, darling, and the parting pang is keen: Ah! soothe it by this last vow to me—you will watch that my grave keeps green?

AN EXPENSIVE TRAIN.

A Russian Story.

At the time when the first open court of law was established in Russia, a lady, dressed with the utmost elegance, was walking on the Moscow promenade, leaning upon her husband's arm, and letting the long train of her rich dress sweep the dust and dirt of the street.

A young officer, coming hastily from a side street, was so careless as to catch one of his spurs in the lady's train, and in an instant a great piece was torn out of the costly but frail material of the dress.

"I beg a thousand pardons, madam," said the officer, with a polite bow, and then was about passing on, when he was detained by the lady's husband.

"You have insulted my wife."

"Nothing was further from my intention, sir. Your wife's long dress is to blame for the accident, which I sincerely regret, and I beg you once more to receive my apologies for any carelessness on my part." Thereupon he attempted to hasten on.

"You shall not escape so," said the lady, with her head thrown back in a spirited way. "To-day is the first time I have worn this dress, and it cost me two hundred rubles, which you must make good."

"My dear madam, I beg you not to detain me. I am obliged to go on duty at once. As to the two hundred rubles—I really cannot help the length of your dress, yet I beg your pardon for not having been more cautious."

"You shall not stir, sir. That you are obliged to go on duty is nothing to us. My wife is right; the dress must be made good."

The officer's face grew pale.

"You force me to break through the rules of the service, and I shall receive punishment."

"Pay the two hundred rubles and you are free."

The quickly changing color in the young man's face betrayed how inwardly disturbed he was; but stepping close to them both, he said, with apparent self-command:

"You will renounce your claim when I tell you that I am a poor man, who has nothing to live on but his officer's pay, and the amount of that pay hardly reaches the sum of two hundred rubles in a whole year. I can, therefore, make no amends for the misfortune, except by again begging your pardon."

"Oh! anybody could say all that; but we'll see if it's true; we'll find out if you have nothing but your pay. I declare myself not satisfied with your excuses, and I demand my money," persisted the lady, in the hard voice of a thoroughly unfeeling woman.

"That is true—you are right," the husband added, dutifully supporting her. "By good luck we have the open court just in session. Go with us before the judge and he will decide the matter."

All further protestation on the officer's part that he was poor, that he was expected on duty, and so forth, did not help matters. Out of respect for his uniform, and to avoid an open scene, he had to go with them to the court-room, where the gallery was densely packed with a crowd of people.

After waiting some time, the lady had leave to bring her complaint.

"What have you to answer to this complaint?" said the judge, turning to the officer, who seemed embarrassed and half in despair.

"On the whole, very little. As the ladies of the court, and being required on duty, compelled me to hurry, I did not notice this lady's train, which was dragging on the ground. I caught one of my spurs in it, and had the misfortune to tear the dress. Madam would not receive my excuses, but perhaps now she might find herself more disposed to forgiveness, when I again declare, so help me God, that I committed this awkward blunder without any mischievous intention, and I earnestly beg that she will pardon me."

There's Many a Slip.

There was a circus giving performance every afternoon and evening, says Mark Twain, and my cousin Jack and I wanted to go to it. Jack's father gave him the money, a gold dollar, and we started off as happy as it is only possible for two boys to be who are possessed of the necessary capital to invest in a circus performance. Jack was about my own age, and quick at invention. He it was, as a rule, who planned the various little schemes of devilry which gave piquancy to our youthful days, and I was generally the one to carry them out. Therefore, if punishment was a consequence of detention, I was usually the one to suffer. Sometime I objected to this rather one-sided arrangement, but Jack would meet me with the argument that "the feller that spoils the game ought to be the one to get the licking, and if I hadn't been a darning fool I wouldn't 'a' got blamed because I wasn't a going to get flogged because I didn't know no better than to go and get caught."

Well, we were jogging along, picturing to ourselves the delightful things we should see at the circus, and I was thinking how I should laugh at the awfully funny clown and be quite careless of the furling wonders and admiration of the young ladies of the acrobats and become so fascinated with the lovely young lady rider in the short skirts and pink tights that I might even dash into the ring and carry her away by main force to a desert island, where I would marry her and live happily ever after, when Jack said: "Mark, let's be high toned and take fifty cent seats."

I nodded assent, and went on thinking about the pebbled horses and the trick mules and the man that caught the cannon balls on the back of his neck, when Jack made another remark:

"Say! it's plaguey hot walking in the sun. Let's go up in the stage."

"Where's the money?" I asked, with praiseworthy forethought.

"Ah! you got my money," said Jack. "I dived down into my pockets in reply to this question, and brought up two top of second hand chewing gum, two lumps, some dried apples, an old jackknife, a vial with four lightning bugs in it, a jews'arp, about fifteen marbles, a section of tallow candle done up in brown paper and a piece of shoemaker's wax—but no money. Then Jack made an exploration through his pockets, and found besides the gold dollar a sixpenny piece.

"That's only good for one fare," said I, as he showed it to me.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he remarked, as he returned the money to his pocket after a moment's reflection; "we'll ride up in a stage and give that sixpence to the driver just as we are getting out. When I hand it up to him you open the door and run like a madman, and I'll come on after you. I'm going to hand it myself, because you'll be sure to drop it or make a mess of it in some way."

We hailed a stage, jumped into it, and soon reached our destination.

"Now," said Jack, after the stage had stopped, as he handed up his fare, "scout!"

Away I went, with Jack close at my heels. We heard the driver shouting after us, and we gave a quick glance over our shoulders. He was standing up and yelling, "Hey, there!" with all his might.

"Hi!" said Jack, "ain't he mad though?"

I rather thought he was, and I did not feel entirely comfortable until we had gone a couple of blocks around the corner. We stopped for a moment to take breath. We were at the entrance to the circus, and could hear the band playing the preliminary music.

"Hurry up," said I, "it's going to begin. Where's your money?"

"Here it is," answered Jack, drawing his hand out of his pocket. He took a look at the coin and then turned ghastly pale.

"Je—rusalem!" he gasped.

"What's the matter?" said I. He held the coin toward me. It was a sixpenny piece.

"Blamed if I ain't given him the gold dollar by mistake."

Words could not do justice to our feelings. We did not speak, but gave one longing look at the circus tent and then sneaked away silently toward home. It was a great while before either of us could hear the word "circus" without thinking that life was a hollow mockery, and that there was very little in it worth living for. I had one consolation, though. It was that Jack, with all his brilliancy, had made the blunder instead of me.

An Exhibition of Bees.

The London Times says: An exhibition of "bees, their produce, hives and bee furniture," was commenced at the Alexandra Palace, the show being arranged in the large hall of the building, and thirteen long tables or stalls being covered with the exhibits. The idea of bee keeping in the midst of the ordinary city dweller appears to be that it is something practiced by poor cottagers to help out their small incomes. But in America, Germany and Spain these are "bee farmers" whose acres are covered with hives. The general idea of a hive is that it is straw cap, something like a dish cover in shape, only round; and that the bees make their honey therein, and that the poor cottager subsequently, to appropriate the sweets, stifles the industrious insects which have swarmed there. Such was, no doubt, the actual state of the case at one time; but such an idea is very far from the truth nowadays. The straw hive has become a "house" of wood and glass, in which the temperature is regulated by a thermometer; the bees are dealt with as valuable property, not stifled recklessly, but "manipulated" by the "apiarian," and some again like dovescotes and quite as fanciful. Inventions, too, for extracting honey from the "comb" are also numerously exhibited, some worked on cog wheel action being called "express" extractors, etc. The "furniture" exhibited is of great variety, also, and much of it new but necessary to those who "farm bees" for profit or pleasure. The specimens of honey in "comb" and extracted, are also numerous, and to these may be added hives of bees to be seen at work, bees swarming, etc. There were entries for thirty-three out of thirty-five classes into which the show was divided, and prizes of silver and bronze medals, certificates and money prizes in sums of £3 and under were offered. There were in all 244 entries, and the exhibition, which is under the management of the beekeepers' association, was well attended and examined with much interest.

Rabbit Warfare in New Zealand.

Some years ago a colonist, with the idea of benefiting New Zealand, took out a few pairs of rabbits and turned them out in the country, forgetting how quickly these animals multiply, and what little means there are, in a country so thinly populated, of keeping them in check. The consequence is that farms are devastated, crops are destroyed, and the earth overrun with increasing swarms of these destructive rodents, and all the efforts of the colonists have been futile to keep down their numbers. At last a happy idea struck some persons who had suffered from this curious plague. They determined to import some weasels, thinking that by their help they would be able to accomplish the desired end, and they have offered as much as \$25 a pair for healthy weasels.

Weasels, however, object to anything like confinement, and, as they would probably die on the voyage out, Mr. Buckland, to whose care the experiment has been confided, has determined to send out some polecat ferrets, which he imagines will be even more valuable farmers' friends. In this making use of one branch of animal life to keep check on another, and so to maintain the "balance of power" between them, he is simply following nature. They have had instances of this scientific adaptation in England in the employment of swans to destroy the superabundant growth of weeds in rivers and ponds, and in the protection of insect eating birds to defend crops from the attacks of insect pests. It is to be hoped that the battle of nature will be fought out to the satisfaction of the colonists of New Zealand, and that they will not have cause presently to import some new addition to their fauna to keep down the too rapid increase of polecat ferrets.

A Base Trick.

Strangers often remark, says the Free Press, that Detroit had seem to have a great fondness for carrying gold watches, and any person walking on blocks on Woodward or Jefferson avenues will see, if it is a fine day, at least one hundred ladies with gold chains hanging down to the watch pocket. But, is the watch there? On a Woodward avenue car there were half a dozen ladies and only one gentleman. Satan must have put him up to do a mean thing. Taking out his watch he looked at it, shook it, sighed heavily and said:

"Ought to have been cleaned a week ago. Will you please give me the time?"

The lady addressed had on a magnificent chain, but she blushed, half rose, sat down again, and whispered:

"My watch is—out of order."

"You have the time, perhaps?" he asked of the next.

"Yes, sir—it's ten o'clock," she replied, looking out of the window.

"Does your time agree with that?" he asked of the third.

"I believe so," she coldly replied, though she knew that her chain was pinned to her dress.

"And what does your watch say?" he smilingly asked of the fourth.

"It's a little slow, I think," she answered, drawing her shawl closer.

The fifth lady had a watch, and a fine one, too. She drew it out, made as much display as possible, and called out:

"Ten minutes after eleven!"

The gentleman smiled, and other four ladies bit their lips and looked, and the driver shook up the lines and called out:

"Go on, now, you old raw bones!"

A Dance of Death.

The Hon. Evelyn Ashley, step-grandson, biographer, and formerly private secretary of Lord Palmerston, writes to a London paper to explain, by means of a private letter he has received from a very authentic source, the meaning of that forty Bulgarian girls were buried. The statement was founded on a misunderstanding of a colloquial Turkish phrase. To burn is yakmak, a verb constantly used in the sense also of ruin. Thus a debtor will say: "Do you wish to burn me?" meaning to ruin me. The truth as to these girls is that they were carried off, and have never been heard of since. Mr. Ashley's correspondent, a consul, further tells him that after two hundred men had been murdered in a certain village, the Turks found some more in hiding places, and told them that if they would dance one of their national dances they would let them off. So the poor fellows began to dance. It was a dance of death. The ruffians shot them down while at it.

Among the Brigands.

M. Domenico di Bernardo, a rich proprietor of Sicily, was recently captured by brigands. For eleven days and nights they kept him marching through the mountains at a rapid pace. Except that his companions never stopped before any obstacle, whether a precipice or a torrent, M. di Bernardo had nothing to complain of in respect of the treatment which he received at their hands. The food with which they provided him was of the most exquisite kind, and such as could not be found in an ordinary hotel in Italy. No luxury, even to the finest ices, was wanting at their table. The leader of the band, the terrible Leone, distinguished himself by his politeness. He showed himself to be a gentleman transformed into a brigand from a mere love of the art. An easy good humor prevailed in the society of the robbers, and when, on the payment of the ransom, he was released, his guardians expressed their deep regret at losing so pleasant a companion.

Newspaper By-Laws.

1. Be brief. This is the age of telegraphs and stenography.

2. Be pointed. Don't write all around a subject without hitting it.

3. State facts, but don't stop to moralize. It's a drowsy subject. Let the reader do his own dreaming.

4. Eschew preface. Plunge at once into your subject, like a swimmer into cold water.

5. If you have written a sentence that you think particularly fine, draw your pen through it. A pet child is always the worst in the family.

6. Condense. Make sure that you really have an idea, and then record it in the shortest possible terms. We want thoughts in their quiescence.

7. When your article is completed, strike out nine-tenths of the adjectives.

The English Corn Trade.

The Mark Lane Express, in a review of the British corn trade, says the amount of moisture in the north has again been excessive; harvesting consequently proceeds very slowly. Such a condition is likely to suffer further detriment in stack. In the midlands a considerable quantity of beans is yet unsecured, carting having been entirely stopped by the continuous rainfall. In Ireland the weather has been better and the cereal harvest is now fairly over. As it has been impossible to thresh freely of late the supplies of wheat at the principal markets have again been light, and the bulk in a damp and inferior condition. Such qualities only have been salable at a decline of a shilling per quarter; even then the trade has been slack. The week's imports of foreign wheat into London have again been light. It is noticeable that there were no arrivals from the United States or Canada. The imports for the first five weeks of the cereal year were 3,631,842 cwt., against 7,840,733 cwt. for the corresponding period last year. These facts enforce the opinion that unless America and Russia ship much more freely than of late prices must rise further in order to attract the necessary supplies from abroad. The more serious aspect of the Eastern question for some days has perhaps somewhat influenced buyers. Russia's going to war would doubtless cause considerable excitement in the grain trade, as short shipments of red wheat from America and elsewhere under the Russian supply for the time being are almost unobtainable. The local trade is almost unchanged, buyers and sellers alike awaiting political events. There were very limited arrivals of floating cargoes at all the ports of call during the past week. Red wheats have consequently firmly maintained prices; white advanced a shilling per quarter. Maize, with continued large shipments from America, ruled quiet and unchanged.