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Fashion Notes.

To Old Friends.

Where are they scattered now, The old, old friends? One made her dwelling where the maples

And mighty streams through solemn forest But never from the pine crowned land of

A message sends.

Some meet me oft amid

Life's common ways; And thee, perchance, a word or smile declares That warm hearts throb beneath their load of

For love grows on, like wheat among the tares, Till harvest days.

"But some are fall'n asleep;" The words are sweet! Oh, friends at rest beneath the blessed sod, My feet still tread the weary road ye trod Ere yet your loving souls went back to God!

When shall we meet? Oh, thou divinest Friend.

When shall it be That I may know them in their garments

And see them with a new and clearer sight, Mine old familiar triends-made fair and

bright, Like unto Thee!

ON THE VERGE OF DEATH.

A GYMNASTS ADVENTURE.

I had among my fellow students a special renown for my skill in every kind of gymnastics. Athletic exercise, in the widest sense of the term, was to me a pleasure to which I had surrendered myself, body and soul, and in consequence of which I possessed, although not tall and strong, some muscle and a high degree of confidence, while I had acquired, in perilous situations, pres-ence of mind-all of which qualities form even now a considerable portion of my character. When at last my studies were ended, and I had obtained a situation as pastor in western Germany, I did not give up my old inclination for gymnastics, and there was considerable talk one fine day over the circumstance that garden by his legs, and in this headlong position caressing his little son, who was crawling under him on the ground. I possessed such an article of humanity, since, on my accession to the pastorate. I had steered into the harbor of matrimonv.

But my favorite diversion, when I had a few leisure hours, and the sun was not too scorehing, consisted in climbing to a narrow projection on the lofty church roof, and walking about there while I smoked my cigar.

What a magnificent place this old church roof was! Quite another world than that which lay far below me-a region of rock and stone, without vegetation or water, except when it rained, and the gutters were filled, in which case this special realm presented little attraction. It was a world where I had often indulged in star gazing.

I regarded this airy region as my special province, where I reigned in solitary majesty over my subj cts, consisting of daws and swallows-often very noisy and intolerable ones. It excited in me a merry, perhaps somewhat boyish feeling, as I thought what a look my superintendent would put on when he heard of my excursions in the narrow, gloomy towers, between great grinning stone heads, fat cherubs, scaly dragons and gutters of zinc, or on the pinnacles of the towers, from which was presented a wide prospect over a picturesque landscape. Sometimes I climbed down in the

broad gutter in the middle of the roof. from which nothing was to be seen above but the blue heavens and the swarming swallows, and below, the broad paved church square, on which, a hundred and twenty feet beneath, the people crept about like ants. It was during one of these excursions

that the event occurred which I will relate, and which thoroughly cured me for several months of my desire for roof climbing.

I must first inform you that, around the outside of the cathedral, just where the roof terminated, ran a smooth projecting edge, about a foot wide. Under this, considerably lower, just above the great entrance gate, was a huge stone projection, which formerly supported a colossal figure of St. Peter, holding a great iron lantern. The statue had long ago disappeared, and half of the lantern was broken off, so that what was left had the appearance of an arm chair

without legs. Standing on the stone eaves one day, above this relic of past centuries, the thought suddenly seized methat it would be an amusement of a new and original kind to swing myself down and enjoy my eigar in this fantastic arm chair.

Without hesitating a moment, I turned around, kneeled down, seized the eaves with convulsive grasp, and the next instant was dangling in midair over the abyss, more than a hundred feet from the earth.

As I looked, in this situation, under me at the defective lantern, I found that I was not directly over it-indeed, it was two feet further from the wall than I had thought.

This circumstance, however, caused me little anxiety. Giving myself a swing, by which I easily pressed one foot against the building, I sprung safely into my resting place in the broken

Here I sat a long time, smoking my cigar, drumming with my heels on the wall, and complacently enjoying the cool of the evening and the magnificent

ing below and gazing up at me.

and then there will be a pretty | Tuttle Curtis.

gossip in the place." But I suddenly became aware that return was not so

My seat was so constructed that I could not rise in my usual way. The sides of the lantern were of smooth iron, and so high that I could get no hold. There was nothing left me but to press my hands upon the seat behind me, raise myself so, and draw my legs after me until they could rest between my hands upon the lantern. Then I could on my own axis.

This way of raising yourself every gymnast knows and practices, but every one knows, too, what an exertion of muscular strength in hands and arms is necessary in this procedure, and that any mistake would occasion a failure—

perhaps, too, a fall below. Now, there is a vast difference between a bar erected on level ground, and an iron lantern on the wall of a church a hundred feet high, from which a fall upon the rough pavement must have an absolutely fatal effect.

The more I considered my situation the less it pleased me, and there I sat and smiled feebly at the multitude below, which increased every moment, ashamed to cry for help, or make known

"Well," said I to myself, "if I sit here any-longer I shall lose every favorable chance to escape. It is ludicrous to become bewildered, like a child that has gore astray in climbing, quite aside from the astonishment that the story must cause, if it comes to the ears of my parishioners and supporters. Up, then! I will close my eyes and act as if I were performing on the soft turf of my

In the space of a minute I stood on my legs in the lantern, and wondered at my foolish weakness, when I observed, to my terror, that I still had the most difficult part of my undertaking to perform. Raising my hands above my head to seize the smooth stone eaves, I became aware that they were at least a foot and a half beyond my reach. In vain did I rise on my tiptoes and stretch out my arms convulsively; it seemed highly probable that I should have to spend the night in this situa-

This was truly no agreeable consideration; for the seat was only just large enough for me to sit upright in it, and the pavement. Then they could collect my bones the next morning.

At this critical moment I was rejoiced by the appearance of the sexton on the look out for "Odes to the dying year." eaves. He had missed me, and had come to seek me.

"Silbermann," I cried, interrupting his exclamations of astonishment, "I am, as you see, in a peculiar dilemma, since I cannot reach the eaves. You must help me. It is no use to bring a rope, since you would not have room to brace yourself. If you bend down, however, and reach me your hand, you can exert your entire strength, and raise me. You are a powerful man, and I am not particularly heavy."

"Oh, sir, I am sure that I cannot lift ou!" he replied. "My good man, you must!" I assert-"I cannot indeed pass the whole night in this situation, and, moreover, I

might pack up my bundle to-morrow immediately, when this stupid story became known. Do not be foolish, therefore, and give me your hand." In reply the sexton crouched down unwillingly, and stretched out his hand,

which I firmly seized with both mine by the wrist, while I swung myself out into midair. I felt one or two convulsive jerks, and was drawn up about half a foot, but then at once let down again. He could not raise me.

I looked up. Such a visage as met my gaze, may I never in my life see gain! It was pale as death; the protruding eyes stared with the expression of measureless terror into the abvss beneath us, and a cold sweat stood upon his forehead. "Let go!" he cried. 'Curses upon you, let go! You will break my arm! I can hold on no longer, and shall be dashed in pieces!"

He wailed like a child, at this moment of extreme peril. My hair rose-my brain reeled. I expected myself every instant to plunge below. My desperation gave me coolness, and I was surprised at the clearness and consistency with which I spoke.

"Silbermann," I said, "listen to me, and cease this unreasonable clamor. I can feel that you are gaining the counterpoise more and more every successive second. If I let go of you I shall perish; if not, we both will, and I assure can hold on. You had better, therefore, sweetest. draw me up at once."

I saw that he set his teeth together, and closed his eyes. Then followed a terrible exertion of strength, and I was kneeling upon the eaves. The sexton lay beside me in a deep swoon. I now bore him carefully through the trapdoor to the vestry, and gave him water, so that he soon recovered consciousness; must go for my shawl," said the widow: but neither of us has ever forgotten that and she looked frigid zones at the capperilous adventure upon the eaves of tain as she brushed him by with a toss of

the church roof. As for myself, three months passed by before 1 again trod this almost fatal lace, and you can easily imagine that I

voided St. Peter's lantern like fire. The sexton kept the secret, assuring aquisitive questioners that an eccentric Englishman, traveling through the country, had taken his seat in the lantern. and this version of the story was cur-

rently believed. Although the gymnastic mania was not entirely frightened out of me by this adventure, it only remained in a modified form, and I have since confined my athletic exploits to places less perilous than the scene of those moments of ter-

The sun was selting before I thought making his annual visitation last July a all public teachers he makes no efforts their circles of destruction, hewing down of undertaking my return, which I was ranchman and his wife brought their to subdue his evil passions he strives the fair expanse of bowing golden heads of undertaking my return, which I was ranchman and his wife brought their hard to build up satan's kingdom he as a ship hews down the crested waves, to tell me what it was, I thought if he of one or two persons, who were stand- was a fine baby boy of six months. lends no aid to the support of the Gos- and to hear the smooth, unending click-When the bishop asked the names of pel among the heathen he contributes clack of their glistening sickles. Even as not three minutes before quite the children the mother gave as the largely to the evil adversity he pays the movements of the ungainly red The andible smile that followed in of people had gathered about baby's name "Bishop Tuttle." The enjoy the spectacle of a man bishop mildly suggested his first name to heaven he must go where he will refailing order that has a strange power to was Daniel, but the mother could not ceive the just accompense of reward." o!" thought I, "it is now be driven from her resolution, and the

Humorous Farm Notes. NOVEMBER.

The beautiful, frolicksome grasshoppers have now crawled into their holes for winter. No more will we hear them singing on the fences or in the verdant trees. Not much any more. The bullfrog's melodious voice is hushed and the mudturtle dove has hid herself in the

depths of the green waters. Work on the farm now will not be so rise to my full height, and turn around heavy as some other months. Still, you can put in time shelling your hay and people, and they have the latest imbuckwheat cakes and properly storing proved machinery to aid them. The 'em away in the loft.

Toward the latter end of this month Thanksgiving will threaten. It comes very hard on those not prepared for it. Sometimes occasionally. Now fatten your vegetables and store your poultry away in a warm, dry cellar,

free from frost. For Thanksgiving dinner have turkey by all means.

most savory pie. DECEMBER.

cider, and Christmas and mince pies and corn shuckings and sich. A reaper is a nice thing to shuck corn with. I have separator, five or six headers, one enfrequently started for home with my gine, some twenty-five header wagons, reaper on my back, went out to the crib and shucked several hundred bushels before breakfast.

Look out for some snow this month. Potato bugs won't trouble your vines among them, strange to say, the Portuafter the snow falls on 'em. The bugs | guese. don't like snow. This is snow joke. Now kill your smoked hams and side meat and butcher your dried beef. Christmas was discovered a great

Now set out your winter wheat; mulch

well, but do not prune too closely. Poets have called this month "gloomy, cold December;" but, then, that depends altogether upon the weather, you days of the harvest season you get out

Now look for a "corner" in ice, espe-

At the front end of this month a new year comes in. So the almanac says. It's very easy to see where I left off my the young clergyman of the church of if I fell asleep, which was possible, I old boots, as I gaze with fond emotion St. Blasins had been seen hanging in his should be precipitated headlong upon on my new French calf box-toed ones, old boots, as I gaze with fond emotion rather badly.

About this time newspaper offices

> They are generally owed for, too. Fix up your fishing lines and air your

> woolens and furs. Dig your winter apples and mow your cabbage.

> The Golden Sebright Bantam is, perhaps, the best cabbage grown, though some prefer the Chester White, as they don't eat near so much as other kinds and keep fatter on less feed.

> Hoe your squashes and examine your strawberry beds for grub worms. A grub hoe is the best thing to do it with. Gather your radishes and drain the water off your swamp land. If you haven't any swamp land to drain, drain the cider barrel or something else. A farm isn't worth a sou markee unless there is a drain on it.

And the rosy (nosy) month of January is just the time to do this work in.

A Disgusted Widow.

Capt. W. has just returned from the Warm Springs. The captain is a widower. At the springs was a widow who rather set her cap for the captain. The girls told him to look out, and the aptain replied, well, he was ready.

Sitting out on . the portico one evening, the cool breeze fanning like a tencent palmleaf, and thinking of his daughters far away at school, the widow moved up close by and opened conversation. "I hear, captain, you have grown up

laughters. "Yes, madam, I have." "How I should like to see their

"I will show you a picture of my eldest daughter," said the captain, handing her one. "Oh, such a sweet face," said the

widow; "and such a fine eye. Isn't she called like you, captain?"

"I don't know, madam, that she is." "It is a wonder to me, Captain W., you do not get married." "Well, ma'am, I never think of it:

for the woman I'd have might not have me, and then, you know, vice versa." "Yes, but what kind of a lady would you that I shall not let go, as long as I suit you?" and the widow looked her

It was right here that the captain's wonderful nerve never forsook him, but settling his eye steadily at the widow's, he hardened his heart and replied: "Madam, she must be ninety-five years old to a second, and worth two hundred thousand dollars."

"It is getting so chilly out here I her head.

Punctuate to Suit.

The following can be used for either a friend or an enemy, according to the

way you punctuate it: "He is an old and experienced man cause of Coristianity he has not been | sand times extended. Bishop Tuttle, of Montana, was negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize It is great to see the headers keep

FARMING BY WHOLESALE.

How Thirty-Six Thousand Acres of Wheat are Headed and Stored in Two Months. Glen farm, on the Sacramento river,

in California, contains fifty-six thousand acres, of which thirty-six thousand acres are sown with grain. The ranch is run by laborers, and constitutes a little city of itself. When work is in full and laughter, but later on, as the work running order, say in July, it is carried on from seven different points. At this time the working force is nine hundred proved machinery to aid them. The grain is cut with headers, leaving the straw to be plowed in as manure. The headers used have sickle blades from twelve to sixteen feet long, and just above this knife is a revolving frame that catches the tops of the grain stalks and bends them over the blade. After the sickle has done its work, the heads of the grain, together with the portion of the stalk that has been ent off with the stalk that they hissed and steamed as she rolled, deeper and deeper. There was a race between fire and water to all those lives, and to she best the boald the boats would not be able to save a third of them. of the stalk that has been cut off with A trampled stubble higher than one's Early rose turkeys, crossed with Hart them, fall to the rear upon a traveling knee remains to tell the tale, but all the ford prolific, fatten best and make the belt some forty inches broad, which, This is the month of fun and biled board into a header wagon, which is al-

seventy or eighty men, and the same the men are Americans, but there is a

The work is systematized thus: One of these working parties places itself in a certain position, and then cuts over an allotted section. For example: in case a mile square of grain is to be cut and many years ago by a chap named Judas. a mile square of grain is to be cut and The hop market will be lively this thrashed, the area is divided, suppositiously, into nine equal parts, and the working force attacks each of these in regular order, advancing from one to another on successive days.

of bed at an unusually early hour, and

again climb to the house top. You will sweep the horizon with your Now look for a "corner" in ice, especially if your boots haven't got nails in 'em.

At the front and of this month a new moving slowly hither and thither. They seem to grawl like insects, some going north, some south, some east, and some west. After a while you will distinguish that nearly every one of these dots is of a deep red color. A little later you recognize the awkward shape of the separators, and the broad topped funnels of the engines. Throngs of people, most of them in wagons, yet some afoot, follow on behind. After a while all of these now widely separated groups will come to a standstill. They have teken up their positions for the onslaught upon the grainfields as de-

iberately and with as much thought as batteries take up positions for battle. When one of these corps approaches its station, a header, with its attendant wagons, is sent forward to cut a clear place in the center of the area to be worked upon that day. The machine is pressed upon the wheat, devouring it ast goes, and then, having accomplished proper distance, turns and works in a circle, cutting out a bare spot from three to five acres in extent. This is the point from which seventy acres of wheat are to be hewed down, cast into the thrasher, and sacked for market be-

fore sundown. Then the separator and engine, and all the teams, move forward up the lane, and into the circle. The first comes to a halt in the center, the second takes up its position in the rear, and the headers at once attack the wheat: the first taking the first swath of the encircling grain, the next the se ond, a little in the rear, and so on. .

The belting between the engine and separator is adjusted, and the engineer starts his fires. The shoots that are to convey the grain from the canvas on the ground upon which it is pitched from the header wagons are attached, and the bag fillers bring up their sacks. All the lids that cover the inner works of the great machine are drawn over and all is made fast. The wheels are locked, as are those of the engine. Great care is taken to keep all things on as perfect level as may be, to insure the proper economy of

They try the engine. It is all right. The separator clatters in tune, and nothing is amiss. Now, then, for the grain! In a moment the wagons begin to unload. Huge forkfuls are pitched upon the ground, from which it is borne into the recesses of the separator. Then

there ensues a strange combination of tremendous noises—a sound of grinding, sound of brushing, a sound of thumping, and a sound of roaring. The entire fabric shivers from top to bottom, and from out every crevice there pours a thin sheet of dust. The upper part belches out the waste, hundreds of pounds and tons of chaff, and a stifling cloud follows it. In a second everything is on springs. The men who fill the bags hang them at the edges of the troughs. The brown flood comes pouring down-a stream of clear kernels of wheat—and the day's work fairly begins. From the largest separator in the field there run out six sacks, or eight hundred pounds of grain, fit for market, each minute. This machine, one day in August, 1874, thrashed five thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine bushels. Its owner calls it the Monitor. All the in vice an a wickedness he is never found | engines have names as well-Gladiator, in opposing the works of iniquity he Phoenix, Mars, and the like. No one takes delight in the downfall of his would ever be mad enough to call one neighbors he never rejoices in the pros- of these Ceres, for instance. There is perity of any of his fellow creatures he no suggestion of gentleness, or grace, or is always ready to assist in destroying poetry, in the whole field. All is ingethe peace of society he takes no pleas- nuity, precision, order, force. A cry of ure in serving the Lord he is uncom- admiration rises to one's lips time and monly diligent in sowing discord among again, but the sensation is the same that his friends and acquaintances he takes one feels upon witnessing a string of ten no pride in laboring to promote the strikes in a bowling alley, only a thou-

Most of the men are dressed in brown urn! Some one will find out baby was accordingly baptized Bishop Pa: isians dress their children in richer cazvas jumpers and overalls, and wear

Not one of them is idle, nor seems to wish to be. Most of them are driving. Some are pitching, a few are feeding the separator, a few more are filling, sewing and carrying away the bags, and some are brushing away the heaps of chaff. Early in the day there is plenty of talk

tells and the sun grows hot, the tongues become silent, and the hubbub of the machines alone fills the air. At noon a huge van is driven upon the field, laden down with a dinner of meat, very palatable. Farm hands, like fisher- (which had been smoldering for some vegetables and pies, all well cooked and

them, fall to the rear upon a traveling belt some forty inches broad, which, running up over a shoot projected from the left side of the header, carries the grain out of the header and tips it overboard into a header wagon, which is always in attendance.

One working party consists of one

knee remains to tell the tale, but all the beauty and worth have departed, and the place is desolate. To-morrow the same scene will be enacted in another section of the same size, and a similar bustle and uproar will ensue, and a similar pile of plethoric brown bags piled very high will reward the labor of wible thing to see them going down and the place is desolate. To-morrow the same scene will be enacted in another ting the boats the boat ways in attendance.

Similar pile of plethoric brown bags piled very high will reward the labor of

the day. It must be remembered that there are six other corps, exactly like the one denumber of horses and mules. Most of scribed, at work simultaneously upon the Glenn ranch. Seven throngs of men sprinkling of three or four other races; and two hundred and fifty machines will labor incessantly for over two months to deplete these vast fields of their splendid yield.

> Isabella was the daughter of a French king in the fourteenth century, and the her last, and if she had rolled over and wife of an English one, Edward II., who was deposed by his Parliament, and She did not sink just then. John Wil murdered in a dungeon in Berkley son left her, a sheet of flame, and landed castle. This Isabella was perhaps the cause of more misery to both England and Boston." In recognition of his cour-France than any woman who ever lived. She became the enemy of her spouse, returned to France and fomented a re-bellion against him, kept the young prince (her son, who afterward became Edward III.) away from his father, invaded England with an army, and assisted in defeating and deposing her

husband the king.
Edward III. claimed the throne of France as the Isabella, which claim was opposed by another scion of royalty. Then commenced a sanguinary war, which lasted one hundred and thirteen years, in which the Black Prince, son of Edward III., the Duke of Bedford. King John of France, Joan of Arc and many other historic personages figured conspicuously. The spirit in which it was prosecuted may be judged by that in which it was commenced. knights and gentlemen of England assembled under the presidency of the crown, and bound themselves "to ravage and massacre without pity, to spare neither mill nor altar, nor pregnant women, nor relative nor friend. 1337 to 1450, with short intermissions, was the deadly work prosecuted, sons and grandsons and great grandsons espousing and bequeathing the quarrels of their progenitors. Nobles, ecclesiastics and common people shared alike the cruel destruction. At times France. which was the theater of the war, became so impoverished that many of her citizens starved to death, and the various provinces were so alievated that they almost ceased to be a nation. And for what was this war of over a century's duration waged? Not for the good of

the people, but for the ambition of would-be sovereigns. Kings and dukes in those days claimed not only certain countries, but also the people who inhabited them. They arrogated the right to force them from their homes and pit them against each other. as at Crecy and Agincourt, until the ground was soaked with blood and the corpses were piled high on each other. Their motto was "rule or ruin," and while they did not always succeed in

ruling, they never failed in ruining. Since 1450 the race has made some progress in the right direction. The thirty years' war of the German reformation, and the wars of Napoleon from 1793 to 1815 were certainly long enough. But since then we recall no great war between so-called Christian nations which has continued longer than three or four years.

For the Court to Decide.

Somewhere about a score of years ago, while Neal Dow's law was in full force, an incident transpired in the court held in Paris, Me., worth recording. Judge X. was on the bench. He was a genial olly soul in society, but inclined to be a little testy sometimes in judicial harness. The case on trial was the State vs. a hotelkeeper, and the complaint was sale of liquor. One of the principal witnesses was singularly obtuse. He did not like to lie, nor did he seem anxious to tell the whole truth. He confessed to having made a purchase, but he could not tell what he purchased nor could he remember what he had asked for. At length the county attorney asked him:

" Not thar." "Well, did you drink it anywhere?"

"I must a' done it." "How did it taste?" "I couldn't say.' "Yes, you can say. Certainly you can tell me how it tasted."

out of place. manded.

side and outside the bar, told that the his neck was not broken instantaneous hit was understood and appreciated.

A striking evening dress is one of slowly at the time. Meyer was badly

A Hero in Albany de Fondanque the British consul at New Orleans, writes as follows to the Republicant to city: On the seventh of October, 1859, the British steamship Conaught, 4,000 tens, sprung a leak which gained upon her so rapidly that by the next morning the water had extinguished her engine fires,

heavy sea. In this condition, and while 150 miles from Boston harbor, fire other. The American brig Minnie Schaefer, 198 tons, Captain John Wil-

sunk-what hope for the little brig

age, humanity and good seamanship the British government gave him a gold

watch and chain. The company to which the Connaught belonged presented him with \$1,500; Boston added

a silver service and medals; testimonials and subscriptions in plenty came in.

Nor were his crew forgetten in the gen-

eral enthusiasm. Then came the war.

Some sums granted to him were with-

property in which he

sixty-four years of age, is disabled by

failing eyesight from following his pro-

all his testimonial gifts have been sold

or left in pledge for bread, and this once

self-reliant and always brave and true

man is utterly destitute. Shall we not

paraphrase his own words and says:

going down upon the wreck with so

nuch good yet on board. We will do all in our power to help him." Before

I make an appeal abroad for this afficted hero, it is only fair that his countrymen

should be given the opportunity-I may

almost say the privilege-of assisting

What War Will Do.

The leading journals of the United

States figure that a general war in

Europe will make business lively on

countries of the old world will be shut

manufacture the disturbance in Europe

shipment of surplus products here, or

by increasing the demand for our products abroad. The iron, woolen, and

boot and shoe manufactures, with many

advance. Other undoubted American

securities will be sought, and many mil-

ployment here. These investments and loans will go far to stimulate our in-

There is reason to suppose that un-

stocks and bonds. European investors

have acquired a profound distrust of

most American enterprises. They are

no longer chested by the tricks of

speculators, which fix an artificial price

on the stock board. Strong foreign de-

mand for securities that are known to be

of real value will only bring into clearer

light the weakness of those which enjoy

If France, Germany or England en-

gages in the struggle, financial consequences of the gravest importance may

result. If France, for example, should

be compelled to unlock its immense

store of coin, if Germany should be

forced to abandon for a time its changes

in currency, if England should be

threatened in India or met by a foe

capable of disturbing its commerce by

maritime warfare, the effects in this

country might be indefinitely increased.

But as matters stand, a prospect of war in Europe is a prospect of higher prices for breadstuffs and provisions, larger

demand in sound American securities,

New Use for a Head.

Robert Meyer, the foreman of the

Gould & Curry mine at Virginia City,

was struck by a descending cage. This

record. Meyer was standing in the

pump shaft, and was looking through

into the south compartment of the main

ly. It can only be accounted for by the

fect that the cages were descending very

lower gold, and improved business.

no confidence abroad.

sound concerns will escape loss through to be called upon for the income tax as-

dustry.

This is a horrible affair, to see the sun

fession; his wife is a confirmed invalid

drawn:

rible thing to see them going down and so many people yet on board the wreck, settling down and burning up. I will do all in my power to save them." He nobly kept his word. As good a sailor as he was a man, he came down to the leeward of the wreck, made fast to her, and before midnight the last man on her deck—the captain—had passed into the brig safely. Try to picture it. A great ocean steamer, with water pouring in from without to fill her up and fire roaring within to burn her down; to be the belonger of the belonger of the belonger of the belonger.

War Lasting One Hundred and Thirteen Years. over four hundred lives in the balance. Any lurch she made might have been

From

"Did you drink any of it?"

At this point the court interposed The question was deemed trifling and "Why do you press it," the judge de-

"Well, your honor," replied the attorney, "it is very evident that the witness bought liquor of the defendant, and we want to know what description of liquor it was. As the witness refuses would only tell how it tasted the court to the guides. Every one present at the The audible smile that followed, in-

materials than do the English women. | broad brimmed hats of straw or felt. | black and silver, trimmed with poppies. | but not seriously hurt.

Sealskin is slowly losing ground. All new fans are of medium size. Ribbed stockings are fashionable. Folds, as trimmings, are again coming in vogue.

Breakfast sacks of bright worn again. Fur will be used for dress trimmings in midwin. leaving her a coffin for 601 human beings, sinking slowly but surely in a Beads of silver or gold are the new necklaces in filigree work.

"Invisible setting" is now preferred for all jewels and gems. Myrtle green and sky blue are com-bined for evening dresses.

Armholes of waists and polonaises are corded again with fine cord. China plates now have the monogram

or initial letter in the center. The tack seams of polonaises and basques are corded with large cord.

Leather belts pointed back and front, the he points laced, are quite new.

costumes with basques having Louis as III. skirts are struggling into fashion.

Dresses are cut longer on the shoulders than they have been for some time No suit is complete unless it has a

large handsome pocket on one side of the overdress. Silk handkerchiefs, with the border and the inside of the same color, are

new and pretty. The hair is to be worn further off the forehead this sesson than for some time

Collars and cuffs made of linen, having a fluted ruffle edged with black, are very stylish for second mourning.

Bonnets made of white illusion, white Spanish lace, and delicately tinted flowers, are in favor for theaters and operas. Many of the winter cloaks have long pointed hoods, lined with plaited silk, and ornamented with a cord and tassels. Bonnets made of rich black lace and

ers to match, are exceedingly pretty for evening wear. Instead of elastic for fastening on hats, small combs are used, which are fastened to the hat by means of a safety

cardinal red silk, with feathers and flow-

pin attached to the comb.

English and American Tramps. Our own English tramps, vested his money was destroyed. He is Augustus Sala, are idle, worthless and sometimes ruffianly "cadgers." Yet they are usually arrant cowards, far more given to beating their womankind than to assaulting persons of their own sex, and destitute alike of the cunning and the resolution necessary for the exeention of a "put up" robbery. English tramps form a mysteriously hereditary race of "gutter bloods." grandest names and titles die, De Vere expires, Bohun fades out, Mortimer is but a noise, and "more and most Plantagenet vanishes;" but the great tramp family lives on; it has thus continued in an unintermitting stream from century to century, and has so lived among us, and upon us, ever since the Reformation. The English tramp has ever been a mere canting, whining, shuffling sneak. The American tramp seems to be cast in a far different mold. In caliber he belongs to the mighty and the strong. He is the horror of lonely housewives whose this side of the water. It will increase husbands are out in the fields; and the price of grain, as the grain growing when he meets a little schoolmaid carrying her dinner in a basket he bids the out of foreign markets. The New York child, in a voice of thunder, "git out Tribune says: In many branches of of that," and at once appropriates and devours the savory cakes. In the State would help us, either by preventing the of Illinois alone there was recently, it is reported, an army of these stalwart mendicants five hundred strong roving in a body across the country, and defying the authorities to disperse them. of minor importance, will be affected in The American vagrant would, in fine, greater or lesser degree. The surplus capital of Europe must turn more and more to seek security across the ocean, and United States bonds must tub," "shoulder hitter," and "dead rabbit." He is the rowdy on campagne, the "Bowery bhoy" writ large and lions of foreign capital will find safe em- felonious; and the necessity which must soon arise for devising means to repress him will serve mournfully to convince our cousins that they are no longer a

a general and indiscriminate advance of sessed on all established races. A Singular Case.

new nation, and that they are beginning

At Montbeison, France, not long ago, the magistrate was called upon to adjudge a somewhat singular case. Jean Marie Baron, aged thirty-seven, a wellto-do farmer of Ponclus, had for three or four years entertained the hallucination that some of his neighbors, jealous of his prosperity, had combined to injure him by witchcraft. His cows fell sick, his wheat withered, and he himself had singular fits of oppression and despondency at the sight of the objectionable persons. He consulted several doctors, even going to Lyons for treatment, but as they all derided his story, he resolved to put in practice the remedy suggested by a village cronenamely, to draw blood from each of his persecutors. Accordingly, he armed himself with a number of stout pins with glass heads, hid himself near the parish church door on a procession day, when the whole community would naturally gather there, and, falling suddenly upon his victims, planted a pin in each with remarkable vehemence. Mr. and Mrs. Reynaud and Miss Jeanette Badieu complained to the police of the assault. Baron declared, with an air of happiness, that he was guilty; that he accident was one of the strangest on bore no ill will to the complainants; tuat he had to do what he had done, and it proved effectual, as he and his cattle had recovered their health. The judge shaft, when a double decker cage and endeavored to convince him that he had two cars descended and struck him on never been "possessed," but the the head, and cut off his ear. Meyer's prisoner retorted unanswerably that unhead stopped the cages in their descent til he bad assaulted his tormentors he by instantaneously causing a slack in the had suffered, whereas, from the very cable, and adjusting the safety catches moment that he had drawn blood, he time, and those conversant with the feet health, so that infallibly he must in

shaft, express the greatest surprise that the first place have been bewitched. He was sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment, receiving his punishment gleefully, "since," he said, "that is not so much to undergo as the price of one's health and luck."